

# Excuses And Class Cuts: 'Sit On Mama's Wee Knee'

Student body President Sonny Evans has suggested that students be allowed to submit excuses for classes missed due to illness without University Infirmary approval. Evans made his suggestion at yesterday's meeting of student government leaders with the Chancellor's Cabinet. His recommendation must be approved by the Committee on Class Attendance of the Faculty Council.

We suggest that Evans' proposal be implemented for these reasons:

- (1) The University Infirmary—especially recently—has been burdened with an inundating overflow of students.
- (2) Many students have minor illnesses and organic disturbances for which they do not need protracted medical care, and in many cases a one-day rest from class would remedy their problem.
- (3) University students are mature enough to know when they should attend classes and when they shouldn't, and they should be allowed to miss class occasionally with only their own word to individual instructors suffering to excuse them for the absence.
- (4) Most instructors are over-

burdened with academic work and shouldn't have to go through the monotony of submitting notification of infirmary-approved excuses to the University officialdom for official records and approval. In short, any procedure which would simplify the current complicated and maternal class attendance regulation should be greatly appreciated, assuredly, by students, faculty, infirmary officials and administration.

It's up to President Evans' committee—now being appointed to study the proposal—and the faculty committee to formulate and approve a new class attendance regulation.

Last year's proposal, which left class cuts up to individual instructors and departments merely clouded the whole class cut up.

The time for clarification of the class attendance policy is now.

Evans' plan should be implemented immediately if not sooner.

Maternal class cuts regulations—such as University students have to endure—are entirely out of place.

An anachronism from grammar school.

# Soviet's Slobbering And Soaring Shaggy Doggie

Have you heard the latest shaggy dog story?

Russia's sending a shaggy dog into space.

The dog—a she—is named Kudryavka, and in true Russian propaganda fashion, she reportedly "enjoys her work."

An Associated Press release reports:

"Kudryavka offers no resistance when laboratory workers dress her in a special suit and attach the tiny instruments which will record her breathing, her blood pressure and heartbeats during the flight."

Now we really doubt that any dog, Fido or Kudryavka, would "enjoy" being suited up in space helmet and accompanying suit, rigged with instruments from head to toe, shot into outer space with dismal prospects of ever touching earth again.

There are far-reaching connotations attached to the Soviet Union's

# The Daily Tar Heel

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### VIEW FROM THE HILL:

## U.S. Befriends Or Defriends Hungarians?

Curtis Gans

Hanging on the walls of the streets of the cities of Hungary on October 23, 1957, the first anniversary of the unsuccessful Hungarian Revolt, were pictures of Russian soldiers—smiling. Underneath these pictures was the caption, "True Friend."

Compared to the record of the U. S. with respect to friendship towards the Hungarian people, the appellation of the Russian soldiers beneath their pictures represents a truism.

One of the primary assets of any friendship are the qualities of sincerity and candor. The Russian soldier says sincerely and with complete frankness that if the Hungarian citizen thinks and acts contrary to the Moscow line, he will suffer hardship and even perhaps death, but if the Hungarian thinks and acts consistently with the Moscow line, the soldier will be his protector. The soldier can afford to be this frank, for his being in Hungary is nothing more than the guarantee that all Moscow dicta are followed.

However, even this much candor is lacking in the U. S. State Department. It was not too many moons before the Hungarian Revolt than John Foster Dulles brayed about the "new" American policy of "massive retaliation" for all the enslaved peoples of the world and preservation of freedom for all those not under bondage. These were, it proved, no more than words.

There is perhaps no justification for war at all, but the U. S. has fought in wars with less justification than the Hungarian Revolt gave it. If the Dulles policy was to be followed, then the U. S. had no alternative but to fight with the Hungarians against the Russians or at the very least to supply them with arms and equipment. This would have been upholding freedom in the world.

It would also have been calling Russia's bluff, and conceivably could have led to war. Yet, if the U. S. had been afraid of war, then John Foster Dulles should never have made his policy pronouncement. He would then have had nothing to go back on and to ultimately rescind a year later.

To make things much worse, Rep. Walter, co-author of that unfair, unequal law that goes by the name of the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act, stepped on the scene and proceeded to try to limit Hungarian refugee access to the U. S. Of the over 100,000 Hungarian refugees, Mr. Walter was willing to let the U. S. take 5,000. This gave to the world a sparkling picture of the U. S. as a protector of those who have escaped enslavement.

Ultimately the U. S. took several times that many refugees, but the initial limitation has remained in the minds of Europeans ever since and has mangled U. S. foreign policy, at least in part. Moreover, it showed to the people of the world that the U. S. was not willing to lift a little finger unless the cause stood to benefit the U. S. in the long run. What the U. S. overlooked was the ill will that hurt the U. S. in the long run.

### L'IL ABNER



### POGO



### "Yoo-Hoo, Everybody!"



### READERS' REPOSITORY:

## Reader Lpoons Daily Tar Heel Ed

EDITOR:

At times, one wonders whether the Carolina system of voting is a valid indication of which is the better man for particular office. Consider: last spring, popular Neil Bass was pitted against unknown Charles Sloan for the editorship of the Daily Tar Heel.

A quick look at the masthead shows Bass won. We do not say which man was the better; we merely say Bass won. Since that time, editor Bass has turned out some of the most ridiculous editorials, in our opinion, in the history of the Daily Tar Heel. Ridiculous, yes, but they have gone unridiculed. What could have happened to all the letters which have been sent to the readers' column, which has been renamed by the editor, is anybody's guess. Were they, in the editor's belief, too "personal?" Was there not room? Were they so poorly written that they would have looked bad on the edit page?

The editor has angered many by his simple tactics of avoiding criticism in "his" paper. The policy of this paper has long been to print all letters, with an appropriate headline, with no cutting, except when, in the editor's belief, a letter is libelous, slanderous, or in poor taste. And poor taste does not mean "anything with which the editor disagrees."

The editor has fallen into the habit of putting his own feelings into the headlines over letters to the editor, and tacking negative statements under the column. Previous editors have kept their thoughts in the left hand side of the edit page, and have given the

reader a chance to speak his mind. Bass is apparently unwilling to let a reader have the last, or best, word.

We refer specifically to last Saturday's Daily Tar Heel in which a letter by one John Yardley in which he retorted to a letter by Grayson Mills. Yardley's column was titled, "Yardley Yodels and Grips." Is this the head Yardley would have wanted? Under the letter was printed the following: It is obvious that Yodeling Yardley likes nothing or nobody. Vice versa from the editorial office.

Did Yardley want that added to his views? The editor seems to forget that he was elected, that the Daily Tar Heel is not his paper, and that there are certain ethics and standard practices which he should be following.

One of the editor's campaign promises was that of "no Afghanism," no world news. Friend, glance over the last few issues of the paper for a starter, and count the inches of world news, or outside news. Staggering. We do not know, but it would be our guess that news of campus activities could have filled some of that space.

WALLY KURALT (The phrase "sour grapes" most aptly describes Kuralt, who last spring served as campaign manager for defeated Daily Tar Heel editorship candidate Charlie Sloan. As for not printing letters—even occasionally in poor taste—the printing of Kuralt's bitter and trite personal attack disproves this accusation. The Editor)

by Al Capp

### OF WANTON WAR:

## Dutch Dealt Dike Demonstration . . .

Walt Thomas

This lean young man sat across the table from me with his long slender Dutch hands clasped in a very sincere, almost prayer-like manner. As we sat there in the little foggy windowed restaurant, we spoke of the girls he had introduced me to that day. When the waitress came he had unclasped his hands for a moment and smiled at her with his extremely bad and crooked teeth.

He was very ugly in a gaunt and displaced way. But people, especially the girls we saw on the streets smiled back at him, maybe they felt that he needed their smiles. He talked then about how he had gotten his job with the Canadian electric company. While he drank his tea I watched him replace his cup and reclass his hands, wriggling his long sprung fingers into place between the knuckles.

He was very tall and slow, his clothes always were too short and his ties were too wide for my



... WITH PRAYER-LIKE POSE ...

American taste. But I had immediately like him and had learned to admire him. He hadn't much accent because he had studied English in Holland. His voice had grown thick and guttural only when we had talked of how he came to this country as a displaced person.

He told me of how his father had owned an inn in a small Dutch village. He spoke of two older brothers both killed in action, and of his nine-year-old sister who had been afraid of the planes. He told me of his mother and how she had truly scrubbed the sidewalks in front of the inn. He told me of the happy times he had known in the village, then of the despondent times when the old men had gathered in the Inn and, smoking, had talked in low tones of how the war was going.

Clasping his hands tighter he told me of hearing the radio reports of how the Nazi units were drawing closer to his homeland. Then how one afternoon when he was 13 his father had summoned



... WITH OBLITERATING LAUGHTER ...

the people in the inn to the door. His father pointed out to them a cloud of dust and even as they watched, a small column of German motorcycle troops dived across the flat countryside and into the village.

The Germans had taken over everything. They had shot some defiant people and had set up their headquarters in the inn. The Germans set ved there almost three weeks and eventually shot his father when the radio was discovered in the chimney.

When the order came by word of mouth to the village of the date that the dikes were to be opened the old men of the village had renewed their lives by taking those of the young German advance guard unit. He had spoken of how the sea came in to ruin everything after the women and children had been boated away at night. He had never seen his mother or little sister again. He smiled only ruefully as he assured me that the sea had stopped the Germans.

Later on the street outside the little restaurant he introduced me to a pretty blond girl with whom he often played chess. He laughed an awful lot with us there on the street. And I decided he would never have to tell me anything else about the war. I wouldn't ask, because I liked to see him laugh a great deal.