

Carolina-Duke Contest And Frequent Vandalism

The University of North Carolina has a football team. Duke University and the University of North Carolina are arch-rivals. But arch-rivalry should not lead to vandalism on the part of University of North Carolina students. Rivalry should not lead to vandalism. Vandalism should not be a students should not destroy or de-fact of rivalry. Competition is face the buildings or property of fun. Vandalism is not fun. It is bad. Duke University. Vandalism is bad.

FROM THE VIRGINIA CAVALIER:

The Opposite Stand On Racial Integration

The Daily Tar Heel has always supported educational integration and we offer no exceptions—except that the process be a gradual one.

But we also feel compelled, from time to time, to present the opposite side of the picture, though we violently disagree with it.

The following reprint from the Virginia Cavalier of the University of Virginia uses quotations from a speech made by Thomas Waring, editor of the Charleston, S. C. News and Courier:

Had there been any question in the minds of Virginians as to how the rest of their state stood on the racial question, the victory of Democrat J. Lindsay Almond, Jr. over Republican Senator Theodore R. Dalton in last week's gubernatorial election, should have answered it rather decisively. A vote for Mr. Almond, by that gentleman's own admission, was a vote for continued resistance to integration in the public schools. Last Tuesday Mr. Almond won a thumping 2-1 victory over his Radford opponent, and the die was automatically cast. The state had made its decision. It would fight integration at almost any cost, up to and including the closing of the schools.

But why had matters come to such a pass? Virginia has traditionally tried the conservative chalk-line. Why so up-in-arm? The answer is simple. Virginia had tried moderate measures. But moderate measures, as it turned out, were

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CAROLINA CARROUSEL:

Chest Flat & Pat For Frat: Alliteration

Gail Goodwin

One of the dissenter's favorite methods for proving an opponent of context. By doing this he can make black become or an opponent's idea wrong it to lift words, phrases or clauses out while, baseball became football, girls become boys, and editors become incompetent.



This method was employed most skillfully in the Monday night "open house" for those who aspired to the editorship of the DTH.

An eloquent young political whirlwind zoomed through a number of random-picked editorial headlines which, he felt, would display the incompetence of the editors.

This kind of incriminating "phrase plucking" intrigued me, so I immediately went to the back files of the DTH and extracted these sensible slogans, taken mostly from the Kraar-Yader regime.

1. "The word on kowtow for Snollygosters." This leaves no doubt in the mind of the reader as to the exact content of the editorial.

2. "Say 'Ough'."—What for?

3. "A lance for great worm fanner" is fanner really a worm that crawls on the grass, or is the nasty old editor "picking on people" by calling them worms?

4. "A flat chest? We hope not!" this has to do with the community chest, not Dior.

5. "A pat for frats and a boot for bulls." This shows a little ingenuity in headline writing and besides that it rhymes. There fore it must be written by a childish person. It is not dull enough.

6. "When empiricism won't Bother Aunt Fanny"—here the editor has committed the unforgivable sin of using a word that college students with a ninth-grade level vocabulary will not understand. And who is Aunt Fanny? Nobody knows, so they read the editorial to find out. Unforgivable.

Which is more interesting: A colorful, controversial, cheerful, chanting, charming, commanding college communication.

Or a dull, drab, dutiful, demigod run, dry Daily Tar Heel? (How's that for alliteration?)

L'IL ABNER



POGO



by Walt Kelly

by Al Capp



Who's Next On The B & O?



VIEW FROM THE HILL:

Censorship, Morality & Democracy

By Curtis Gans

Censorship had its ups and downs during the past week, as the Catholic clergy announced that it would step up its fight against "obscenity" and Congressmen and Administration officials pronounced that they would try to cut out some of the restrictive barriers around scientific information. Censorship should only have its downs.

There are two types of censorship involved here. The first, upheld by the Catholic clergy and the state of North Carolina, is of "obscene" literature of every sort. The second has to do with the withholding of government information to the public at large and other allied countries. Both types of censorship are inconsistent with democracy and the free transit of ideas.

In the first case, the upholders of censorship purport to say that literature and magazines material can be categorized as clean or obscene. There is no dividing line between the two, and the dividing line that one individual or group erects in a democracy, may not conform to the conception of a dividing line held by another group.

The rights of each and every individual in a democracy must be protected. The rights of each individual to read, write, and pub-

lish what he wants is one of the rights guaranteed in Amendment I of the Constitution in the clause concerning freedom of the press.

Yet, the church has raised literature as a moral issue. The state of North Carolina has done the same. Modern bestsellers such as Peyton Place are banned from the shelves of Durham book stores. Other more serious works have been banned for quite a while from the State Department libraries abroad, for no better reason than they expressed ideas contrary to American democracy.

But it is quite contrary to American democracy to withhold any idea from anybody. Only the individual can impose restrictions on his reading and writing. As for the morality question, it may be fairly common knowledge that morality cannot be legislated, for the time that someone sets up something as forbidden fruit, is the time that somebody else wants to taste. Moreover, there is no one in the world to judge what is moral and what is immoral, for things are only moral and immoral in respect to their consistency or inconsistency with the credo of the individual. There is no thought or idea that is inconsistent with freedom of thought, speech, and press in American democracy.

Moreover, to ban books as obscene, speaks for the immaturity of Americans and the incapability

of parents to give their children a set of values that will insure them from any harm that these "immoral" books purport to give. For if the sense of what is right and good is instilled in the people of America, then there can be no danger from Escapade or the Marxist Manifesto. Those who believe in living a life in conformance with Puritanical tradition may read the "obscene" magazine without worry of harm. The person who sincerely believes in democracy will see the inconsistencies of the Marxist doctrine. It is only for those who are naturally weak in a moral sense that censorship is created, and the creation is a denial of both the rights of the strong and the weak.

In a democracy the free interchange of ideas must be preserved, for it is only through this that democracy can be improved.

It is basic to a realistic education to present all sides not only one, and the confidence of the people of America in themselves can only be expressed if they leave themselves the opportunity to choose between good and bad.

Without freedom of choice democracy cannot exist. It is only through having no bars that the ideas of each citizen may be tested against the ideas of every other citizen.

Moral censorship of any sort is inconsistent with democracy. It must be stopped.

OLD NATHAN:

Miracle Of Birth & Wobbly Legs

Walt Thomas

Old Nathan, the colored man, walked up to the house one morning, coming all the way from the barn to the house in the rain. Dad had seen him coming and met him on the back porch. Inside we could not hear them talking but I saw Nathan go to the barn a couple of times.

When Dad came back in he drank his coffee quickly and grabbed his coat, then before he went out the door he looked at me and my brother, Ed, saying "Men, come on with me, I may need you." He grinned at us then, the way he always did when he called us "men."

Outside the rain was soft and cool and the wind blew it in smoky gusts across the barnyard and up across the rear lawn of the house past the apple trees green and shining in the damp. It was dry and warm and hay-animal-smelling under the shelter of the big old shingle topped barn.

My brother and I, both of us just kids, stood there with the old colored man, Nathan, and watched as Dad went inside the stable paddock where the big gentle jersey cow lay, breathing hard. Ed and I knew that a calf was going to be born here but we had never seen it happen and now Dad had brought us here to be a part of it.

I could tell Dad was tickled at the idea of the birth, and he was tickled too at the way we stood



so attentively watching: I knew what his cows meant to Dad and I was proud of his wanting us to see this thing as it happened. I knew that he was watching us to see how we reacted to what we saw happening before us there on the piled hay.

I could tell that he was anxious about us and that he would make us leave if he thought it was bothering us at all. But we both were too busy thinking about how wonderful a thing this birth was to be disturbed about it. And when finally the calf was born, and first wobbling drunkenly to its



feet, old Nathan laughed aloud and Dad looked at us and said: "Well, what do you think of that, men."

He told us we could name it and that made us feel really good. So we stood there a long time leaning against the paddock gate watching the little calf get stronger and stronger as it faltered and struggled in the clean straw on the floor of the barn. I stood there and was lost in thought about this beautiful bloody miracle that had been performed before me. I watched the still-wet, tongue searching awkward calf stand now with its mother.

My brother, Ed, tried to reach with his hand through the paddock bars to touch the calf. Dad laughed and handed me his dark, old pipe to hold as he easily lifted Ed over the gate and held him inside so that he could stand in the animal scented hay and wonderingly run his hands over the newborn animal.

Ed looked at me and grinned, and Nathan laughed again while Dad just looked pleased with a smile twitching around his wide generous mouth. Dad let me carry his pipe for the rest of the time we were there at the barn and only when we started back through the rain in the truck did Dad take it back smiling and saying that my mother wouldn't like that yet.

I decided then that no one knew better than my Dad how to make a boy feel like a man.