

On the Bench Ken Friedman

The following is a letter which was received by the DTH Editor. He did not print it because the author falsified his name.

"I am smart. When i first come here i wasnt as smart as i am now. College is good. The people are good to me. Every year they give five dollars a pound for me. i am a futball player. This is why they do this to me. When i get out of here i will be just as smart as anybody to. You cant just get smart all at once you have got to work hard if you want to get that way. Almost every day i go to class and at nite i study real hard sometimes i study for along time. One time i stayed up and studied for 10 hours.

Sometimes i drink i can drink 100 gallons of beer and not get drunk. Sometimes i do get some high but even then i remember my futball and make my muscels tough - i am good and strong i can take a telephone off the wall or i can kick down a door. Sometimes i tear up people and kick them i tore up my ole roommate hE was a littul ole kid kinda puny like only weighed about a hundret and ninety. hE Bled a whole lot.

Like i said tho i am a self made man. I am so smart sometimes i wonder if i might go crazy. there are so many of these little guys around who walk around with books and study and never raise hell. i would like to kick all their teeth out. boy are they sick. They will never learn nothin. You have got to turn by doing. sometimes i tole by the girl i go with that i am bad. im not bad i just like to have a good time. But i can worm her up cause i know a lot about sex. Cause i am big and strong i can make them like me. I am nice looking to. Exceptin that part of my teeth are rotted out and i have got a whole lot of pimples and i dont smell good. they are some people who are stupid who call us animals but they are crazy and stupid. They dont no that we are smart. Most of the gang are almost as smart as me. I wont you to know rite now that we are good as everybody and better i guess. i just want people to shut their stupid mouths. If you want to bec real smart and get money thin you just play ball and get to be real strong and hansom like me

Sincerely,
Hoff Boch
Cobb Dorm

This nauseating literary gem took us back to a cool evening this past fall, at the Woman's College Orientation Dance.

The puny little frosh pointed with awe toward the massive brick structure which sat imposingly across from the tennis courts. "That's the zoo!" he giggled spastically. Then he glanced around hurriedly at a sound nearby. A boy, almost as massive as the brick structure, glanced at him, shook his head and walked away. "I wonder where he's going?" the frosh continued (trying not to show that his knobby knees were shaking). "Probably back to his cage." His companions - as spastic and puny as himself - rittered and gazed at Cobb Dorm from their solidly entrenched position in the stag line - a position which they held throughout the evening.

Possibly the boy who wrote the letter above and our knobby-kneed hero of the tennis courts are one and the same. If not, they are both of the same species. If a boy's an athlete, they call him an animal. And may the good Lord have mercy on you if you choose to live in Cobb Dorm. These "fragile - do not touch" packages band together and whisper (they never come out in the open) "zoo . . . animal . . . cage" and the other limited terms of their narrow vocabularies at you (when you're not looking, of course.)

They must compensate for their just feeling of inferiority with these juvenile whispering campaigns. Such a person is the author of the afore-mentioned letter-who didn't even have the guts to sign his name. Most likely he, and the others like him, will remain in a perpetual stag line throughout their lives.

Let's face the facts boys. You're simply jealous of the athletes. Sure they date more than you do (about one date a year would accomplish this). Sure they're more muscular than you are. But there's one other thing. They're probably a hell of a lot smarter than you are too. And - no - they don't get their grades because they're athletes. In many cases this situation hampers them. Some teachers are afraid to be marked by giving an athlete a break on his grade - a break an ordinary student would receive nine times in ten.

They just have a bit more upstairs than you do.

It wasn't the football team which elected Wade Smith "Mr. Alumnus" the other day. It was his own classmates. It wasn't "most of the gang" who selected Jack Cummings on the 1960 Pop Warner All-America team of College Scholar-Athletes. It certainly wasn't our spastic little friend of the tennis courts who captivated the Mock Democratic Convention the way Lee Shaffer did last week . . . or was named to the Order of the Golden Fleece, as were Smith, Cummings, Ray Stanley and so many others over the years.

No, little boy . . . it wasn't you. You'll remain in the crowd for eternity - whispering, making snide remarks, etc.-doomed to the obscurity which your kind always achieves. So crawl back in your hole and try to convince yourself that you're cramming on Saturday night because "you don't really want to date, anyhow."



Warren To Hurl For Heels In Title Match

Durham, N. C. — North Carolina and Duke square off today in a game that will decide the Atlantic Coast Conference baseball championship. Starting time is 3 p.m.

Carolina carries a 10-3 loop record into this tilt. A win would wrap it up for the surging Tar Heels. Duke is 9-3. A game with Maryland was rained out last Monday. If the Blue Devils win, they will have to make up the contest with the Terps.

Nick Warren, the sophomore stopper, will return to his home town to pitch what must be the most important game of his youthful career. Warren has been the surprise package in Tar Heel pitching, right when the chips have been down.

Duke coach Ace Parker plans to start his mainstay, sophomore Don Altman. Altman had a 8-1 record, with a .97 earned run average. Warren is undefeated on the campaign (3-0).

Wayne Young's brilliant hurling job against challenging North Carolina State set up the title match. Young limited the Wolfpack to two cheap hits in the 1-0 victory. Bruce Crump's triple scored Vaughn Bryson with the winning run.

MURALS MONDAY

SOFTBALL
4:00 - Phi Delt vs. Chi Psi (Blue), Chi Psi vs. Delt Sig-2 (W), Alexander vs. Cobb (finals).
5:00 - Peacocks vs. Med Sch-1 (finals).

TENNIS
4:00 - Parker vs. Ruffin, Beta vs. SAE (W), Peacocks vs. Med-1
5:00 - Zeta Psi vs. Phi Del. Sig Nu vs. winner (Beta-SAE) (W)

BANQUET
The annual Intramural Awards Night banquet will be held Tuesday night at 6:45 in the Monogram Club. All intramural awards for the year will be presented at that time.

Sylvia Meets Cullen In ACC Tennis Finale Here Today

By RIP SLUSSER
North Carolina's tennis horizon is bright with Bruce Sylvia in the finals of the singles competition and with the team championship virtually locked up.

Yesterday, the second day of the three-day Atlantic Coast Conference Tennis Championships, Sylvia gained the finals with victories over teammate Marshall Happer and Maryland's Chuck Abelson. Bruce did not have much trouble with the surprising Happer, as he whipped him 6-2, 6-2. The Abelson match was another story.

Abelson, who made the quarter-finals by virtue of his 6-2, 6-2 decision over Duke's Dickie Katz, made Sylvia's hopes for the title seem very dim at times. Chuck took the hard fought opening set by a 7-5 score. He used his booming serve and his net game to befuddle

the Tar Heel. The second set saw Sylvia using that same script, plus several excellent passing shots, to wrap up a 6-4 decision. The third and final set was all tension. Both players committed several costly errors. Abelson grabbed a 4-2 lead in games before Sylvia caught fire. Battling with his back to the wall, Bruce parlayed his booming serve and his forcing game to eke out the victory, 7-5.

For the Carolina team, the cloudy, ominous (Friday the thirteenth) day brought assurance of John Kenfield trophy, the symbol of the conference title.

There were other exciting matches during the morning and afternoon sessions. Defending singles champion, Bill Cullen of Wake Forest, came within a very points of being eliminated from competition. Carolina captain, Ben Keys, gave it everything he had, but lost to the big red head, 9-7, 4-6, 6-4, with a capacity crowd watching. Keys made his finale a brilliant and a memorable one. He simply rushed, rushed. He was constantly forcing the game. It was very good strategy, but just not enough. At the end of the match, the senior from Greenville, N. C. had won the hearts and a standing ovation from the fans.

Cullen was involved in another breath-taker in the afternoon matches. Clemson's Bobby Burns made the champs life miserable in the second set of their match, before bowing 6-2, 13-11. Cullen's victory put him in the finals with Syl-

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PHONE 9-2681 CHAPEL HILL

Elon Beats ACC, 3-0

WILSON, N. C. — Gary Henson fanned nine batters and walked only one Friday as he pitched Elon to a six-hit shutout over Atlantic Christian 3-0.

A home run by Steve Wall with one on in the fourth inning gave Elon its first scores and all that were needed or the North State Conference victory. Wall had two for four and Terry Harris had two for three.

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