

# The Daily Tar Heel

In its sixty-ninth year of editorial freedom, unhampered by restrictions from either the administration or the student body.

THE DAILY TAR HEEL is the official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina.

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## Matter Of Tradition

Every year some forty thousand excited fans descend on Kenan stadium to witness the opening game, which has traditionally pitted our Tar Heels against the gang from State.

Although we sometimes forget, we are indeed as the student body, a collective "host" to the majority of those fans. A definition of Sportsmanship aside, there are nevertheless a few obligations which we as "hosts" ought willingly to shoulder.

Supposedly embodying and therefore dictating the actualization of these obligations is the often-heard-about though rarely-witnessed "conduct of the Carolina Gentleman." That is to say, or rather to imply, that just by virtue of the fact of our being students at this branch of the University, we have submitted our conduct to standards extending from every man's definition of "gentleman."

Although we are very rarely required to submit ourselves to the judgment of every man, we are on an occasional Saturday afternoon, required to present our mode of conduct to the discerning and critical judgment of some thirty thousand football fans.

We would venture a guess that largely because of our past conduct in front of these fans, our beloved town has become known as "Whiskey Hill." That is to say, or rather to imply, that most of the time they have seen us howling, petty, fickle, ridiculous drunks.

It's not that the majority of UNC students drink, or rather get drunk, it's just that for some mysterious reason we conduct ourselves as howling, petty, fickle, and ridiculous drunks.

Somehow, this special manner of conduct, usually reserved wholeheartedly for Saturday's perform-

ance, ought to be altered.

Of course, that is not even one of those things "easily said . . ." The improvement of our conduct, if it is to be effected, must come through the efforts of all of the student body.

If the administration is concerned with our conduct, they might contact an organized force of civil officials, though they would rather deal with you. If the president of the student body is concerned, he might issue a statement of policy, though he would rather speak with you. And if a student editor is concerned, he might write a few columns, though he would rather convince you.

And all the isolated individual actions of just a concerned few are for naught, if the student body as a collective, unified, and participating organization refuses to be concerned.

The Carolina Gentleman is you. The conduct of the Carolina Gentleman is your conduct. His reputation is your reputation. His obligations as "host" are your-obligations. Our obligations and our opportunities.

Our opportunity to demonstrate our support of this the 1962 edition of the UNC football team. Our opportunity to cheer, and cheer loudly.

Our opportunity to show thirty thousand football fans that we, as backers of Jim Hickey's football team, appreciate their coming to the game.

And that we want them to return another time; that we want them to see our football team play, and that we want them to see us conduct ourselves as the proverbial Carolina Gentlemen of whom they hear so much. (cw)

## 'Strict Silence'

"Strict silence," which forbids fraternity members from trying to influence the fraternity choice of freshmen for the first month of school, is generally considered a Good Thing. Supposedly it keeps Orientation counselors and other such persons from using their position to indoctrinate freshmen in the glories of old Alpha Alpha.

But this silence bit can go too far. This week a Tar Heel reporter was instructed to get in touch with a student government officer concerning a news story. The reporter, who was a freshman, called the officer's fraternity house and asked for him. "Are you a freshman," the reporter was asked. "Yes," "Well then, under the rules of strict silence you can't be allowed to talk to him." And the person at the officer's fraternity house hung up the phone.

Be serious, fellows. (jc)

## Ho Hum

State Sen. Ralph Scott of Haw River got in a right good lick at us spoiled, degenerated members of the younger generation in Raleigh the other day.

Scott, a member of the Advisory Budget Commission, commented as the commission heard budget requests from the State Board of Education:

"When you see what happens among those supposed to be our next leaders, it makes you wonder if anything is being done to teach them some damn sense."

He was referring to the arrest of UNC student Hargrove Bowles III on public nuisance charges and other incidents which occurred at the recent Debutante Ball in Raleigh.

Then, reeking with the earthy wisdom which legend says accrues to such as he, the senator continued:

"If they get some education, I am wondering if they will be sober enough to use it."

Thank you Sen. Scott.

Would anyone care to come out for motherhood or against sin? (gb)

Jim Clotfelter  
Chuck Wrye  
Editors  
Dave Morgan  
Business Mgr.

## "Best Little Old Tool On The Market"



## No Genocide For Ross Barnett

Ross Barnett, governor of the extremely sovereign state of Mississippi, has put his foot down. He will not "drink from the cup of genocide."

No—he is prepared to face imprisonment rather than submit to the extermination of the Caucasian race in this country.

It certainly must have taken great courage for the governor to speak up at this time. He served notice that he is ready to stand firm against the mounting tide. He called upon his deep knowledge of historical and sociological trends, saying, "There is no case in history where the Caucasian race has survived social integration."

Let all men of good faith rally to this urgent cause. We know that the propaganda about the colored

An examination of the qualities possessed by those Presidents chafed just wanting equal rights is a bunch of hogwash. It's really part of an international conspiracy headed by liberals, socialists and communists (they're all the same) to wipe out our country's white population.

Support Governor Barnett. Don't drink from the cup of genocide.

Get out there and keep those niggers from going to school, getting an education, voting, eating at our lunch counters, sitting in the front of our buses, praying in public and anything else that might lead to the extermination of the white race.

Beat them up. Put them in jail. (Use trumped-up charges if you have to). Shoot at them. Scare their children. Burn their churches and houses. Hang some of them occasionally.

But don't drink from the cup of genocide.

Bill Hobbs

Power Of The State:  
Creeping And Sneaking

Yes, kiddies, the big hideous federal government is going to get you; it is going to grow and grow and soon we will all be slaves.

See the federal government grow. See socialism creep. Creep, creep, creep. Socialists are creeps. See the government money pour in. See the government control how it is spent. Control, control control. This makes people uncontrollably angry. What do the angry people do about it? They open their mouths and yell. Yell, yell, yell. Actually, they are yellow. Why are they yellow? Because they do nothing but yell. Nothing, nothing, nothing. By doing nothing, they accomplish nothing. See, for instance, the senator. See the senator rise to the senate floor. See the senate floor tremble. Tremble, tremble, tremble. The senator says he is against big government. Then see the senator's hometown newspaper. See the senator's name? See the senator announce a new federal project in his state. See the other side of the newspaper. See the senator says he is against federal spending. What is wrong with the senator? Wrong, wrong wrong. Did the senator vote against the federal project in his state. No. The senator voted for it. The senator likes federal projects in his state. Federal projects bring jobs. Jobs bring votes. Votes, votes, votes.

See how similar are the County Commissioners and the senators. Both of them are against big government. Both of them hate government control. See them ask for government funds for their locality. Why is that? Why, why, why. See the man. See how he was educated in a public school. See how he bought his home with a government loan. See how his farm depends on government subsidies. See his social security card. He carries it with him in his wallet. See him drink a beer. See him tell his friends how the dirty socialists are taking over. See him say the government is getting too big. Watch him drive home to his FHA house. See him drive on roads paved with federal money. See his children come home from federally constructed schools. Wonder about him. Wonder, wonder, wonder. See all the funny people. See them yell about the big dirty government. See if they do anything but yell. Why don't they put their money where their mouths are? Mouths, mouths, mouths. Money, money, money.

Here's something to start the bull-sessions going. Seventy-five leading American historians were polled this summer to determine how they rated the Presidents of the United States. The judgments were made strictly on the basis of achievement in the executive chair. Five men were given the accolade of greatness: Lincoln, Washington, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Wilson and Jefferson. Half-a-dozen Presidents were named as near-great: Jackson, Teddy Roosevelt, Polk, Truman, John Adams and Cleveland. Twelve fell into the average or mediocre class. "By and large these twelve believed in negative government, in self subordination to the legislative power. They were content to let well enough alone, or, when not, were unwilling to fight for their programs or inept at doing so." In descending order they were Madison, J. Q. Adams, Hayes, McKinley, Taft, Van Buren, Monroe, Hoover, Benjamin Harrison, Arthur, Eisenhower and Johnson. Six were designated as below average: Taylor, Tyler, Fillmore, Coolidge, Pierce and Buchanan. Grant and Harding were judged to be total failures.

It is extremely interesting to note the positions given our most recent Presidents. F. D. R. was placed third, behind Lincoln and Washington, and Truman was ranked as a near-great. Eisenhower, on the other hand, graces the bottom of the average group.

The big question, of course, is how John F. Kennedy will stand when history votes on his tenure in office.

en as "greats" or "near-greats" leads us to believe that Mr. Kennedy will eventually place in one of these categories.

The five Greats "each took the side of liberalism and the general welfare against the status quo." Each acted "farsightedly" in foreign affairs. "Being strong executives, the five offended vested economic interests and long-standing popular prejudices." "Their sins of commission and omission, though small in the backward view of history, looked enormous to critical contemporaries." They were "realistic politicians" and knew how "to concede what was relatively unimportant to obtain what was essential (in their dealings with the Congress)." "Every one of these men left the Executive branch stronger and more influential than he found it. . . . They acted on the conviction that when the framers of the Constitution provided for a chief magistrate chosen periodically by and responsible to all the people they had intended that he should always be equal to the widening needs of society." "The foremost Presidents possessed a profound sense of history, a rooted dedication to time-sanctioned principles which each, in his own day and way, succeeded in reinventing and extending." —Mr. K.

Garry Blanchard

Only One Answer  
To Cuban Problem

Basically, there seem to be three realistic solutions to the Cuban problem. They are:

1) Invade the island by ourselves, or support an invasion by Cuban nationals.  
2) Set up a U. S. blockade of all Cuban air and sea lanes.  
3) Get the OAS to take positive action against Cuba and the Soviet buildup there.

The obvious trouble with the first two solutions is that they probably would not only start a small war which might become big, they would also tend to undermine the faith of OAS countries in our general pledge to deal with hemispheric problems in concert with them. For we would, in effect, be saying that the OAS is only useful in minor squabbles and can't really cut the mustard. But the trouble with the third solution, getting the OAS to take positive action against Cuba, is even more obvious. It lies simply in getting the OAS to do so. Remember, Castro is synonymous with "savior" to millions of Latin Americans. And governments have a way of toppling when a large part of their citizenry violently disagree with their actions. Yet, if the trouble with this last solution is obvious, so are the solution's merits. For if the organization of American States were to

## Reactions By Wuamett

## Yes... There

## Is A Virginia . . .

I like Virginia. It's a good state to go through. As long as you don't stop. Unfortunately, it is often necessary to stop when you are thumbing. That's when you really get to see Virginia closeup.

Take Altavista, Va. I took it for two hours, standing on the square with my hand outstretched and thumb extended. At noon. Not that I don't like Altavista. The people there are very friendly. They really want to pick you up, but just can't. They apologize for it, however, by pointing either to the right or the left—meaning they are only going a couple of blocks or a couple of miles. They therefore assume that you don't want to ride with them for that reason. And it really does no good to shout, "Yeah, that's me, man. Like main highway, that way, two miles." And so you walk the two miles. Heavy suitcases, sweat, blisters—like tiring.

But Altavista can even be forgiven for that. These people are well meaning. They're just stupid. The others are the ones that really crack you up. They ride by slowly, which is all right. And then they smile, and even that is all right. But then they wave. Which is their way of saying hello to that nice clean-cut young college man visiting their town. All this time, of course, their subconscious mind is telling them you're a crook, or maybe even a nigger-lover.

After a while it becomes rather

evident that the townspeople just don't like you. So then you go paint a sign saying, "Help run a stranger out of your town. Like, in your car." Which doesn't go over too well either.

But finally you get a ride. And after two hours on the square of Altavista, Va., you really aren't too concerned when the driver of the '48 Buick is 83 years old, four feet tall and drunk. And doesn't get tired driving and doesn't need any relief at the wheel, which looks like it's about to come off anyway. And the only consolation is that he is so dumb that he doesn't realize you're directing him 40 miles out of his way so that he will stay on the main highway north.

Going north on U. S. 29 is bad. Coming south on U. S. 1 is even worse. It's almost as bad as Harry Byrd's roads. First of all, you get a ride with a guy who lives in Scarsdale, N. Y., has eighteen Cadillacs and is beaming proud of the fact that 95 per cent of the high school graduates in Scarsdale go to college. And very modestly mentions the fact that the town is the richest per capita in the country. Besides all that, he actually drove through Washington because he likes to drive and enjoys the scenery in our nation's capital. On a day when the only thing that is higher than the temperature is the humidity. And with eighteen Cadillacs, he says air conditioning is too expensive. The worst part of all is when you get out at Richmond and realize he's the nicest guy you've ridden with yet.

But finally you get to good old North Carolina again. It's raining. The first rain at Henderson in two months. And the cars pass by and by and by. The dumb farmers keep on waving. The nice women smile sweetly at the nice clean-cut young college boy saving money by thumbing. And never realizing they are being called the foulest names in the language by that boy they would have picked up, except that he would have gotten the seat wet.

You get that last ride into Chapel Hill. Except it's not actually into Chapel Hill. It's more like on the outskirts. It's only three miles to your house. Only now it's steaming hot while you're still soaking wet. From crying. The sign reading "Washington" is still on your suitcase. People now smile and say, "How lucky that boy was to get a ride all the way from Washington to Chapel Hill. They keep on driving. You keep on crying.

Then you see it. It seems to be a mirage at first. But then the letters get clearer. ABC. And you are safe once again in the fat soft bosom of Chapel Hill.

Hitch-hiking is a very educational experience, however. You learn many interesting facts about human nature. Like, people are mostly bastards. When they're driving cars. The rest of the time they are worse. And Bertrand Russell can take that and cram it up his humanist navel.

Garry Blanchard

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take action against Cuba, Castro would have all of North and South America arrayed against him. Being less than reasonable, usually, he still might spark a war, but it is highly unlikely that Russia would honor her protection guarantee in the face of such a combined force, while she would be forced to if we act unilaterally.

This is why we bet JFK and our Latin American ambassadors are quietly sounding out support for possible OAS action against Cuba.

It has been demonstrated that John F. Kennedy is nobody's fool and that he is not indecisive.

He knows that Castro's communized Cuba is a malignant tumor, and that waiting only makes the job of stamping it out more painful and laborious than if we act immediately. But he also knows that the only even remotely "safe" way of dealing with Cuba is through the OAS.

So let's give him a chance. Another month or so should find us openly resolved upon a more positive course of action than we now seem to be following, and Cuba certainly will not in one month become any more of a menace than it already is—particularly if our NATO friends cease allowing their vessels to be used to supply Castro with additional Soviet materials.