

The Daily Tar Heel

71 Years of Editorial Freedom

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This One Bears Watching, Monsieur-Senor

A friend of ours recently took a test to determine his proficiency in French, as part of the entrance requirements to a graduate school.

Like many of his classmates in similar situations, our friend did quite poorly. Not that he couldn't make general sense out of what he was given to read; he could and did. And it's not that he couldn't translate the material, after a fashion. He could do this also. But, as his examiner noted, our friend couldn't think in French—he couldn't therefore, qualify as anywhere near proficient in language.

Fortunately for our friend and many other students bent on continuing their education on the graduate school level, this lack of proficiency wasn't disqualifying in itself. It just meant that he'd have to get to work in the months between now and fall and learn how to think in French.

This situation would be understandable if our friend hadn't studied French in college. But he had—for a year and a half, the required length of time. Nevertheless, he wasn't anywhere near proficient in the language when the chips were down.

This is not to knock the French department. But it is to suggest that the

level and mode of instruction in foreign languages, at UNC and elsewhere, is inadequate. Or that the standards for passing such courses are too low, and that too many students are being allowed to skim through. Or both.

We note this state of events by way of pointing up the need at UNC and elsewhere for close attention to the results of an experimental language program underway at Indiana University.

According to last Sunday's New York Times, the program is based on the principle that one becomes proficient in a language by using it—not just for three hours a week in a more-or-less rote manner, but by using it rather than English in the study of some regular subject.

Indiana plans to offer a special section of the History of Western Civilization in French, and Latin American History in Spanish. Robert F. Byrnes, chairman of Indiana's History Department, said that such language training will be extended to include a number of other courses in specialized fields of history if the experiment proves successful.

Clearly, this is one experiment whose results UNC ought to be vitally interested in. Success should pave the way for upgrading the effectiveness of UNC's foreign language instruction.

Recalcitrant, Old Moss - Backed Editors

One of the things we shall never mourn, if it ever passes from the scene, is the era of computerized education. Computers are obviously a boon to mankind, and a boon to scientific and not-so-scientific research, but in some departments on this campus the faculty seems to have stumbled upon computers and embraced them the way a small child finds a new toy.

We would never deny that every discipline offered at this University should be reviewed and scrutinized with every new approach to knowledge available, but it is cause for serious concern

when a department emphasizes the use of computers to the point of partially neglecting the old, perhaps, but classical approaches to knowledge and learning.

The day of the computer has been with us for quite a while in the scientific fields, but only recently has it received extensive acceptance in such fields as Journalism and Political Science. Certainly the use of computers can aid the study of these subjects to some extent and can facilitate the teaching of the subject, but as a point of personal prejudice we would much rather get our facts and theories filtered through a man's mind than a bunch of tubes and wires.

Of course this is all just railing against reality since we are quite convinced that it is only a matter of time before we will be subjected to a computer's analysis of a Bach chorale or a Caravaggio painting.

This recalcitrance in the face of the inevitable naturally puts us in the camp of such fearless organizations as the Anti-Digit Dialing League, the Anti-Zip Code League and unalterably opposed to such far-sighted organizations as SINA (Society for Indecency to Naked Animals).

But then, we're supposed to be unpopular.

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Heroic Courage At Auburn U.

By DREW PEARSON

AUBURN, Ala.—When you get off the plane at Columbus, Ga., enroute to Auburn University, the first thing you see is a large signboard which reads: "Impeach Chief Justice Earl Warren and Save the Republic."

The sign is painted in striking colors, obviously an expensive job, and below in bold letters is the sponsoring signature: "The John Birch Society."

One of the next things you see on the streets of Columbus is a teenager in a Beate wig. The Beatles that very same day had finished their tour of the U. S. A. and arrived back in London. Fads travel fast.

But at Auburn, things had changed. Not only is the Negro student, Harold Franklin, going about his business without a bodyguard and without insult, but the student leaders of Auburn have shown such courage in thumbing their noses at Gov. George Wallace's high-handed racial policies that he has put at least four of them on his black list.

The governor, in addition to taking time to speak all over the 49 states outside Alabama and running for President in some of them, also has time to keep a list of so-called subversives. Their chief crime has been opposing his views of race relations, and the chief criminals at Auburn are Harry Wilkinson, editor of the hard-hitting university paper, "The Plainsman";

Diane Snoddy of Huntsville, his associate editor, Bobby Boettcher who comes from Texas and is one of the Plainsman's columnists, and John Jeffers, son of the Baptist minister who fearlessly preaches better racial relations and, who despite a lot of criticism, preaches to the largest number of people in Auburn every Sunday—with one possible exception.

The one possible exception is Rev. Powers McLeod, a Methodist who has also bucked the policies of Governor Wallace and is high on his black list.

All of this points to the fact that there is a courageous white minority in Alabama which dares buck the Ku Klux Klan, the White Citizens Councils and ruthless segregationists led by Governor Wallace. To say that this minority is courageous is an understatement. It actually takes courage of a heroic brand to stand out against the majority.

Rev. Mr. McLeod, for instance, was abused and exoriated when he had the first Negro student in his office en route to his first class at Auburn. Real purpose was to make sure no gun had been planted in Franklin's baggage—which would have given university authorities an excuse to throw him out.

Franklin attended his first day of classes without mishap, partly because Bill Van Dyke, giant all-star guard on Auburn's football team, came up to him, stuck out his hand and said: "I'm glad

to have you here."

For befriending Franklin, Rev. Mr. McLeod has had pressure from some members of his congregation to leave town. At one point opposition became so intense that he called his wife and children together for a family conference, fearing life had become too disagreeable for his children.

The decision was summarized by his son Lewis. "Daddy," he said, "I want you to stay here until they run you away."

McLeod's brother Fletcher, also a Methodist minister, has received threats from the Klan. The first threat came when he was preaching at Brewton, Ala., and a warning voice came over the phone: "Preacher, you've been out mixing with the niggers. We're gonna burn a cross in front of your church."

"I'll be glad to have the publicity," McLeod replied.

The second warning came in the form of a threatened whipping party.

"Be sure to bring at least three men," said the Methodist preacher.

"Why?" asked the Klansman.

"Because I've got two barrels on my shotgun and I'll take care of the first two."

The Central Methodist Church in Montgomery also showed courage when it invited Auburn's Negro student to speak. Two of Governor Wallace's private snoops were in the congregation with tape recorders to report to the governor on what he said.



Letter To The Editors

Readers KO Kirkpatrick

Foot In Mouth

Dear "Sonny in One,"

"I wouldn't get in a ring two miles wide with the guy. Unless you gave me a machete. Or a gun. And six bullets. It would take that many to get Sonny down on one knee."

We thought, as we read your article Tuesday morning, how stupendous it would be if Gaseous Cassius could disprove the snide remarks from that elementary gibberish:

"The Champion will win inside of three. Seconds not rounds. . . . Don't look for a long fight. One guy parked his car in a twenty minute zone to watch the second Liston-Patterson fiasco. I wouldn't even turn off the ignition for this one. . . . The betting here is not whether Clay will win or lose, but whether he will show up. . . . The only way Clay can survive the eighth round is by hiding under the ring until the ninth."

Look familiar, Mr. Kirkpatrick? It should! At exactly 10:50 p.m. on the same Tuesday, "The Greatest" threw all of that sarcasm into your face. He did exactly as he predicted only it happened in seven rounds.

Yes, the impossible had happened! Clay had put his fist where his mouth was and made truth of sarcasm.

Someday, Mr. Kirkpatrick, you will learn that a certain amount of common sense must form the foundation of sarcasm. A "foot in the mouth" is a common ailment of sarcastic commentators.

We read your article again at 11:10 p.m. We enjoyed it much better the second time. As a matter of fact, we even chuckled to ourselves. The chuckle was at your expense, Mr. Kirkpatrick.

The undersigned of second floor Stacy,
Gene Rector
Ralph Harris
Jan J. Crawford
John MacNicholas
Dave Sentelle
Clyde Wilson

Shocking

Editors, The Tar Heel:

It was a very shocking experience to see on the Sunday news page (Durham Morning Herald, February 9) a destructive piece of propaganda regarding those who have the courage to fight the "speaker ban law"—an article which used the name of Duke University in the wrong context. It was doubly shocking to see that error repeated in Duke's own student Chronicle, February 11th, with the headline: "University architect, Butler praises gag law."

A University is a front line of defense of freedom of speech—the right of a Mr. Butler to express his views, as well as those of his opposition to express his views. The error in this instance is in categorizing the speaker inaccurately because this inaccuracy leads to the false conclusion that he is an official spokesman for Duke.

I think a great deal of the Chronicle. I enjoy it and admire those who work so hard to turn out an imaginative newspaper with a great deal of information

and in general a progressive, constructive point of view. My reason, then, is not to carp but to say that this paper means so much to me that I have to see it sacrifice accuracy for the price of a sensational news story—at least about Duke University details. Students have been inquiring about this particular affair and have been confused and disturbed.

One of the most upsetting aspects of this distorted picture is the unkind statement about Chancellor Aycock, an intrepid educator, respected and highly regarded by the Duke faculty.

If there are those who have any doubt about Duke's belief in freedom of speech one has only to remind them of the Trinity College tradition, the Bassett case, Dr. Few's masterful handling of the Norman Thomas visit in the days when Thomas was considered controversial, and President Emeritus Hart's and President Knight's words championing academic liberty.

Mary Trent Semans '39

Legislature

Editors, The Tar Heel:

For the first time in my three years of residence at this University I attended a session of Student Legislature. The occasion which moved me from my usual skeptical and indifferent attitude toward student government was the special session held last week concerning a resolution on civil rights.

For those who have never witnessed a session of the Student Legislature, I recommend that they do. Perhaps confusion is innate in realized that representing people could be a complex task. Nevertheless, amid the noise of many talking and few listening, there was a certain subtle display of political fireworks apparent.

Case in point was one vote on the controversial "boycott" provision. On this particular vote there was a tie which threw the decision to Speaker Bob Spearman (UP) as to whether the "boycott" provision would remain in the resolution or be taken out. For the first time of the evening Spearman seemed to be at a loss for words.

Out of the political shuffling which followed a UP legislator,

Dotson, stood up, was recognized, and asked, "Is it too late to change my vote?"

Spearman gladly granted permission. Dotson changed his vote in favor of the boycott provision advocated by most of the SP legislators, thus breaking the tie, giving the SP a victory, and relieving Spearman of the necessity to make the decision.

There is nothing particularly unusual about a fellow changing his mind, but it was apparent to many of us on the back row that Dotson had changed his vote against his will, for immediately after changing his vote he stalked out of the room in disgust, leaving an obscene explosive ringing in our ears!

Why did a UP legislator change his vote apparently against his will to give the SP a victory? Why did he make this sacrifice? What political maneuvering on the UP side of the aisle could have prompted Dotson to give the victory to the SP and take the decision out of the hands of Bob Spearman?

Was it because the UP leaders wished to save Spearman from the necessity of committing himself on the boycott issue, and if so, why?

While I can not claim to be on the "inside" of either political party, I do suspect that there was more than the boycott issue at stake in the above drama. I hope that those of us who have heretofore been indifferent about the way we are "represented" will attend some of these sessions and find out just what shenanigans are going on.

Robert Lee Underwood, Jr.
440 Ehringhaus

Four-Oh

Editors, The Tar Heel:

The other night in a Student Party meeting, I understand that some reference was made "To shooting down the Great 4-0."

The only person I can associate with that number 40 is Ken Willard. Now Ken is a damn good halfback, and a pretty fair outfielder too. Why anyone would want to shoot him down is beyond me completely.

Perhaps the student party member who made that statement would like to clarify it for me. . . . I'm kinda dense at times. . . . especially on campus politics.

Don Curtis

Heelprints

Gaseous Cassius sort of gave Sonny the cold shoulder.

Then there's the Billy Cunningham doll—you wind it up and it fouls out.

Looks as if Bobby Baker came Fifth, rather than fourth.

Definition: Bargain sale — a place where a woman ruins one dress to buy another.

Residents who don't take proper care of the new social room

facilities in Joyner may get called on the carpet.

Smile: as high as the prices at the Book Ex.

Heard about the Jesse Helms foxtro? Your partner is Armistead Maupin, and you step to the right, then step to the right, then. . . (Danced to the tune of "Poor Jesse One-Note.")

Now that February is drawing to a close, we wonder if Chapel Hill is ready for a whole month of march.

The Greensboro Daily News
CHAPEL HILL — Those who ask themselves why CORE chooses the university village for an "open city" showdown may need to update their memories of Chapel Hill. The home base of Southern racial heresy (as some have thought it) is certainly an unlikely candidate for the first American version of what Madame Nhu calls "barbecue shows"—yet even they have been threatened.

One explanation is obvious: Today there are two Chapel Hills—an old Chapel where Horace Williams tethered his goats and everybody knows everybody else, and a Chapel Hill the trading town. With the Research Triangle drawing thousands of non-university people, the old town is lined with haberdasheries and flanked with costly restaurants. Suddenly, too. One place, for instance, which refuses to admit Negroes to its soft lights and \$12 steaks was ten years ago little more than a gas station vending barbecue on the side.

As a dual city, then, Chapel Hill has not even a trace of that "business power structure" which is elusive in the most commercial town—for much of the power remains with the university and the university is officially neutral. The "Freedom Committee," however, holds up to Chapel Hill merchants the "progressivism" of the university, demanding that the mercantile city conform to an ethos long attributed to academic Chapel Hill.

This is not to suggest that the mercantile reaction is entirely orthodox. The mayor of Chapel Hill, to hear the demonstrators tell it, has taken a do-nothing, wait-and-see attitude; but he has also delivered himself of the fairly startling view that it is "criminal" of a business to deny a Negro service.

Yet agreement is slight between the merchants and the "Freedom Committee." The merchants, increasingly put off by lawless tactics, insist that the town is roughly 90 to 95 per cent "open." The demonstrators say that figure depends too largely on places where racial bias is not at issue. The student paper, in a survey of over 100 businesses where racial bias is pertinent, claims it found some 25 per cent in some way discriminatory.

To find the other explanations, one might look in on the demonstrators—the "Chapel Hill Freedom Committee." Though it is only a few blocks from affluent Franklin Street, the side street committee headquarters, in a large dusty room over a rundown funeral parlor, is another world—a world presided over by John Dunne, a young Ohioan who

gave up his Morehead Scholarship and dropped out of UNC to lead the demonstrations. The "freedom committee" is a coalition of protest groups, ranging from CORE—his own—to the student Non-violent Co-ordinating Committee to the NAACP.

The movement's architects and leaders, as well as its boosters among the students, wear their zeal amiably enough. But it is, one must admit, a rather foggy sort of revolution—for the demonstrators say quite frankly they are not protesting any one thing in particular but a condition—a whole spectrum of grievances. Their attitude, indeed, is less zealous than it is categorical and politically ingenious.

Many of the demonstrators and their supporters would seem to have awakened relatively recently to racial injustice, and in many it has the outrage of novelty.

"Heck," one of the student pundits confessed, "I was in the Navy for four years and never thought much about the race question until fairly recently." Shakily grounded as they would seem in the intractable historical postulates about race politics upon which most of their elders, segregationist and integrationist alike, proceed, their vision of the future is both freshening and frightening. They are, for instance, politically defiant — vastly impatient with "moderates" who plead the slow ways of the political bartering system, as with legalists who insist that their use of scowling tactics undercuts their most vital weapon—law and order. In its extreme form, this view emerges in statements such as, "to the average Negro, Sanford and Lake are little different—both simply 'white governors in Raleigh.'"

The Chapel Hill Freedom Movement burns, finally, for an almost Puritanical resolve that the demonstrators will either bring the old town into the kingdom of the enlightened or they will soundly thrack it and invite the world outside to hear the hollow sound.

Doubtless they exaggerate this reputation and misunderstand its sources. But they think they have leverage here, for if they change the racial climate they believe they can reduce the state's industrialization prospects. Certainly the symbols of slow but sure change upon which white North Carolina — increasingly comfortable white North Carolina—plumes itself are ashes on their tongues. Racial injustice, in their pristine vision, is staggering: It must be changed drastically. That is the formula, like it or not.

A Review

'Favorite Game'

By BILLY KEATING

"The Favorite Game," by Leonard Cohen. The Viking Press, New York. \$4.50.

This touchingly lyrical first novel by Leonard Cohen is the soul-revealing epistle of a young man. The young man in question is localized in time and place—the present time in Montreal. The almost disconcerting present and the heretofore much unpublicized Canadian city blend to make the book contain an even more astonishing revelation. The protagonist is the author, who describes himself in a section to be identical with the dust jacket picture. It is the story of an unduly sensitive youth who makes his way through the "hard, cruel world" with remarkable ease and with a great variety of people helping in his search for the upstream spawning ground.

Judaism, and Lawrence Brevman's saturation with it, forms an important part of the book that distinguishes it from others of its kind and puts it in a class different from others of an almost similar nature. Brevman's childhood, his friends Krantz and Lisa, and the games they played change the tone of the book, and the reader learns of the would-be sexual experimentation of Lisa and Brevman in a childishly comical seriousness. Krantz serves as a messianic figure, a vibrant awareness, and it is Krantz who offers the practical service of those who are put into the position of curbing the over-active imagination of their best friends and at the same time provide a basis for their friendship to continue.

Brevman's home life is brought so impressively to the reader's mind that he is entranced at the thought of the inquisitive young boy who at his father's funeral notices that his bearded uncle doesn't wear a tie. Brevman's attitude to death is the unskillful, morbid interest of the naive. When his white rat dies, he buries it under the pantries which flourish, and the young boy takes new interest in smelling the pansy that his father wears in his buttonhole. It is this quality of reality-compassion with a macabre vicious-

ness—that makes the hero appealing throughout the book, long after one's interest would have flagged at the well known adolescent adventures. These are much more—Brevman is susceptible to more intense feelings and betrays them with a disarmingly honesty that is remarkably successful with the many understanding women in his life. If he can be said to be promiscuous, it is an explained promiscuity, one that is understood by this man's, and every man's, capacity for living and feeling needed. Paradoxically Brevman makes quite a fetish of his need rather than that of those around him. His detachment from his hypochondriac mother and his egoistic relationships are symptoms of his self-infatuation that draw the thin line this side of callousness.

Brevman's affair with Shell is handled with such poignancy that had there been any doubt as to the autobiographical quality in the book it would surely be demolished by the account of the delightful hedonistic adventure between two kindred souls. Brevman takes a job at summer camp, courtesy of his old friend Krantz, and he finds another kindred soul in one of his small campers, Martin Stark—capital S, small t, small a, small r, small k, no e. It is this affinity for the young orderly mind that indicates Brevman's wish for freedom and individuality more than anything else in the book. He excuses the boy from the boring round of camp activities so that he can satisfy himself by counting blades of grass and killing large numbers of mosquitoes in a nearby swamp. This episode is so powerful in style and content that the reader must take some time to recuperate before finishing the book.

Sensual and intelligent, the book places itself on the "altar of love" to be sacrificed (corny as it sounds and probably is if thought about in this manner too long) in the same manner as does Cohen himself. The reader can realize with what motivation the author has asked his question and found the answer.