

The Daily Tar Heel

72 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Another State College Hits Town

Today our Tar Heels tackle a formidable adversary in the form of the Michigan State Spartans. The visitors are an unknown quantity, yet to be tested on the playing field this season, but Coach Duffy Daugherty never turns out anything short of a first-class outfit. For proof, witness last year's lopsided MSU victory (31-0).

Our Heels, on the other hand, have visited the Kenan turf once this year, though they did not like what they found there. The 14-13 loss to State (that's N. C., not Michigan) last week was disappointing to team and fans alike.

But Carolina did salvage some respect and find some promising factors in last week's game. An untried sophomore quarterback (Danny Talbott) showed everyone that he wears pressure like other 19 year-olds wear neckties, and a savage linebacker (Chris Hanburger) and a devastating halfback

(Ken Willard) tend to discredit the notion that the season will be a long, cold one.

We can't resist harking back to last year at this time. The Tar Heels had looked flat, if not dismal in beating Virginia 11-7 in their opening game, and had been shellacked by the Spartans at East Lansing. But breathes there a loyal Tar Heel who will admit to you now that he had abandoned all hope? Certainly not. For some reason, confidence persisted—in the team and in the fans—and Carolina went on to one of its greatest seasons.

And we have certainly not given up this time, either. We are sure that our Heels will yet be able to present us with several golden victories this fall, for they are dedicated and intent.

Our wish for them today, we are certain, is that of every true Tar Heel: GO GET THOSE SPARTANS!

Being A Bee Beats Work

We stopped by the Circus Room the other day for a quick watery coke, and grabbed a chair among the trees to enjoy the beautiful Chapel Hill day.

We noticed a large swarm of bees huddled on a table nearby, and one of them strolled over and sat down. We had known him since our freshman year, when we lived in Cobb Dormitory. We shook hands (all six of them) and fell into conversation.

"How've you been?" we asked. "Busy as a . . . uh . . . man," he replied.

We commented on his longevity, expressing surprise that he was still around after four years.

"Oh, Carolina is a honey of a place to live," he said. "I've been here since 1946, and nobody has tried to get rid of me yet."

We noticed that he looked a little sad, though, and inquired as to the reason for his mournful look.

"Well," he confided, "I have a problem. The bee colony on campus has been hit by a real population explosion, and being a bee isn't what it used to be. I'm a little old to get in there with all these younger fellows and sting for my supper. There just aren't enough cola

drinks and old ice cream cones to go around."

"I don't know exactly," he said, "but we've got to have help. Some of the group has been forced to move to Kenan Stadium and work the ladies' bonnet business during football crowds. And I hear things are really tough up at Y-court and the Scuttlebutt."

We assured him that the bee business was pretty darn competitive in those areas.

"Yeah," he agreed. "I had a good friend the other day who died because he couldn't swarm fast enough any more. The people all tried to share their food with him, but the other bees beat him to it."

We sympathized and said we would do what we could to help.

"Well," he said, "I think we've come up with a solution in the meeting we've been having over at the next table."

"Really," we asked. "What's the answer?"

"Oh, we're going to send a delegation to the Buildings and Grounds department and get them to build us a hive and a cafeteria. They've been so nice to us in the past, I'm sure they'll help."

A Long Haul That Is Too Long

From The Greensboro Daily News

Another word of comment is in order on Governor Sanford's assertion at his recent press breakfast that the second primary is and should be on its way out.

Terry Sanford, although very much of an idea man and imaginative in his approach to solution of North Carolina's problems, is a realist when it comes to politics. He conditioned his support of elimination of run-off primaries on a growing Republican Party in North Carolina, evolution of a two-party system "within the next few years," which will make them unnecessary. Run-offs heretofore have been required to assure a majority nomination when nomination was equivalent to election.

But aside from these primarily political considerations, there are other factors, humane and pragmatic. On the humane side there must be realization of what a runoff does to candidates who have just come through a hard-fought first primary season on through additional weeks, sap the principals' strength and energy and occupy their time with politicking when they should be preparing for the general election and giving more thought and study to responsibilities and problems which will face the winners.

And then there is the matter of costs. Campaign chests have generally been depleted in the first primary. Either the individual candidate has to dig deeply into his own financial resources or accept additional outside contributions which will put him under further obligations to the contributors. This is hardly a situation which works for government of, by and for the people as contrasted with special interests who expect favorable reaction because of the campaign funds which they have chipped in, not once but twice.

Significantly, the runoff primary is confined almost solely to the Southern states. And the changing political pattern, with party realignments, may make it just as needless throughout Dixie as Governor Sanford envisions it will soon be in North Carolina.



Letters To The Editors

Fraternalities Upset A Reader

'Strict Silence' Curbs Freedom

Editors, The Tar Heel:

"Fraternity men may not converse with freshmen at any time during the semester except for perfunctory greetings," (DTH, Sept. 23).

In a great rush of enthusiastic desire to "clean up" dirty rush, Ned Martin, IFC president says of the freshman: "He simply cannot talk to a fraternity man at any time," and he tells the fraternity man: "You cannot speak to freshmen except to say hello."

The DTH Editors call it a "wise and calculated step, a good idea." They say that "a heavy burden has been lifted."

The DTH article further indicated that this decision for silence was supported by all of the fraternities. There was one cited objection to the rule but this objection was not towards the silence question but only toward the length of silence. It seems they all agreed on silence by law.

Regardless of what problem existed by a lack of silence, regardless of the amount of worry a freshman had "about whether he is allowing himself to be dirty rushed," regardless of how "the new system will make things easier for both sides," the action of silence by law itself is a violation of the freedom of speech of an individual, allows (or should I say forces) discrimination, and implies an attitude which downgrades a class of persons. No possible pre-condition or end can justify to me this legal violation of an individual freedom of speech.

Last year I was a freshman

and the program was to be televised, a huge system of lights was set up. During the middle of Stevenson's speech, the main fuse blew and everything went black. No one could see or hear him.

Finally, Fearrington was able to replace the 100-amp fuse and the program continued.

It was very shortly thereafter that Memorial Hall was rewired so that the public address system was on a separate circuit. Now Fearrington has alternate systems which eliminate the possibility of the Public Address system going off in the middle of a program.

Approximately four years ago Fearrington was helping set up for a commencement program in Woollen Gym. Suddenly his heart was unable to keep up with the pace. He collapsed on stage and had to be taken to the hospital immediately.

"I had planned to retire as soon as I had recovered, but they told me that they still needed me and so I stayed on, doing much less work," Fearrington said.

Upon consulting members of the faculty about George Fearrington, they think of him as having grown to be a part of the University. He is a friend to anyone he meets, whether a member of the Board of Trustees, faculty member or just a student.

Yes, George Fearrington is definitely a part of the University, a part which would be hard, if not impossible, to replace.

And as to the "magical power" with which he brings forth the applause, maybe it is all a big joke, and maybe not. Maybe deep down inside we all find respect for a man who has dedicated his life to the maintenance of a worthwhile cause.

I prefer to believe that this is the reason for the applause, and if it is not, then it should be.

So the next time you're in Memorial Hall and George Fearrington walks across the stage, I suggest that you applaud louder than ever before, this time in respect for forty-two years of service to the University.

pro prospective rushees. But the rule implies that it is the Freshmen who are unable to cope with the conversation of a fraternity man, unable to judge for himself, unable to see the trees for the woods. The implication is that other classes ARE capable.

I am not arguing about the truth or falsity of this implication. It may be true. But since when is it the place of a campus organization to take a stand on this issue, to state by law an opinion concerning a group's maturity? It would seem, to be fair, that if the ruling is to be in existence, then it would apply to ALL prospective rushees regardless of class.

Now that would then disqualify the fraternity man from speaking to anyone other than fellow fraternity men. Of course this seemingly fair step is absurd! Then doesn't this absurdity point to the absurdity of the initial ruling also?

Earlier I mentioned the ruling as an act of discrimination. During recent times there has been much talk about the wrongness of discriminating against a person not for his individual characteristics but for his membership in a certain race. Isn't the principle of this similar to discriminating according to membership in a certain class? Not only must a fraternity man not speak to the immature student, but he can not speak to the mature person, the capable one, if and only because he is a member of a certain class.

The fact that this ruling (as reported by the DTH) was passed "overwhelmingly" and is considered "a good idea" by our newspaper editors disturbs me. Have all principles of freedom, personal integrity, equality, etc, been tossed out of the arena of consideration by the matadors of Ends, Efficiency, the lifting of heavy burdens?

Howard L. Geheaux

Repeat Performer In Memorial Hall

By TIMOTHY T. BRENDEL

During the many years that Memorial Hall has served as the main assembly hall for the University, many outstanding and influential speakers and entertainers have appeared there before hundreds of students.

These educators, politicians, actors and outstanding representatives of the student body have often been well received, even to the point of standing ovations, after their address or performance.

It seems, however, that there is one performance at Memorial Hall at almost every assembly. There is no act presented, no spell-binding address is given, and no spectacular accomplishment is demonstrated. A rather short gray-haired man simply walks across the stage.

Quite often he pays absolutely no attention to the audience, and yet, almost without failure, peals of applause spring forth from the audience.

Who is this man who can bring such a response simply with his appearance on stage? What is his "magical power" and what is he doing at Memorial Hall?

The "star" of Memorial Hall is George Fearrington. He has been employed here at the University for almost forty-two years.

He first came to work here in 1923 straight off a farm in Chatham County when the Upper Quad was being built.

For the past thirty years, he has been head of maintenance and completely in charge of the audio controls for all of the assembly programs here at UNC.

Fearrington says that he remembers when most of the buildings which now stand on this campus were either built or remodeled. He also reminded me that Memorial Hall has not always been the well-furnished building which we know today.

At one time there were no nice, padded seats, but hard cold benches. He remembers that the audio system has not always been so efficient as it is now.

Once, when Adlai Stevenson was to speak at Memorial Hall

and the program was to be televised, a huge system of lights was set up. During the middle of Stevenson's speech, the main fuse blew and everything went black. No one could see or hear him.

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Private Initiative Goes Automatic

By SIDNEY J. HARRIS

(From The Raleigh Times)

"You eggheads have lost the spirit that made America so great," said my friend, Blague, as he swung open the door of his new automobile to let me in. "I mean the pioneer spirit that took hardship in its stride."

He stepped on the starter, with its automatic choke, and set the automatic transmission into "Drive."

"Those early settlers knew what it was to struggle," he continued, as he switched on the radio and heater, while the car settled into "Over-Drive."

"The were indomitable," he pointed out, as he flipped the button on the electrically-controlled windows, and adjusted a lever for air conditioning.

"Life was a constant challenge—and that's the way it has to be," he scowled at me, as his little finger spun the power-steered wheel into a sharp turn.

"You eggheads just don't realize the bracing value of initiative," he accused, gliding to a stop with his power brakes at a red light.

"When will you wake up to the fact that we have to learn to do things for ourselves, as our forefathers did?" he asked,

lighting his cigar from the gadget on the dashboard.

"They knew what it was to suffer cold and discomfort," he nodded reflectively, as his right hand moved to switch on the "Defrosting" mechanism.

"And what's more," he added, as he flicked the left-turn-rear-light-arrow, "They weren't afraid to use their bodies for hard work. They weren't always asking other people to make life easier for them."

He pushed three or four buttons on the radio panel to bring in the station he wanted, and said, "The men who made this country great were resourceful and self-sufficient."

By this time, a sooty snow rain was coming down, and Blague pressed a button releasing a stream of water on the windshield, and then switched on the automatic wipers, adjusting his lights from "Bright" to "Fog."

"I don't know about this car," he murmured, making an absent-minded adjustment to the electric controlled front seat.

"It doesn't seem to be riding so well. Think I'll take it back for a checkup. Those ads promised me 'effortless driving,' and that's what I aim to get!"

The Vice-Presidential Candidate

By FRED SEELY
DTH Co-Editor

THE EXTREMISTS

Fourth of a Series

J. B. Stoner is a candidate for vice-president of the United States. He is also suspected by the FBI of killing Negroes in Mississippi and Georgia.

He stood in a dingy little store in Cincinnati, Ohio, one night this summer and addressed a gathering of the National States' Rights Party, under whose banner he is campaigning for office. His rumpled, baggy suit would not be found on Hubert Humphrey or William Miller, and neither would his oratory.

"This area is under siege from the FBI—the Federal Bureau of Integration," he shouted. "The head of the FBI, J. Edgar Hoover, is a scoundrel, a Communist, a nigger-lover, and a master of deceit."

The nineteen people at the meeting nudged each other and chuckled. Murmurs of assent filled the room.

"The FBI dug up a whole state just to find the bodies of three lousy scoundrels," he added. "They're now out chasing good white Christian Americans while the country is being overrun by the Communist Jew conspiracy."

Mr. Stoner added, "This organization only wants good white Christian Americans."

He is a lawyer from Mableton, Ga., a sleepy suburb of Atlanta. Most of the 7,127 residents of Mableton are too busy with other things to worry about the communist conspiracy, but J. B. Stoner wants "To make up for all the bums."

"My party platform says we should abolish the FBI, and when we get elected we're going to kick everyone off the Supreme Court and do it our way. We'll stack it the way the niggers have it stacked now."

The nineteen people liked what Mr. Stoner said. They chuckled, rather than applauded, and not until the end of his fifty-minute oration did they stand and clap and rush to pound his back.

Across the street from the dingy little store a black car with two men sat silently. They listened to every word Mr. Stoner said, because he talked very loud and you could hear him half a block down the street.

And every now and then they winced at the invective, but they never stopped their shorthand scribbling, recording every word. It was not hard to guess where they came from.

The Presidential candidate for the National

States' Rights Party is John Kayser, but Mr. Stoner said he would rather not say where Mr. Kayser came from—"We don't want to reveal that."

The party is on the ballot in several states. Mr. Stoner said, but he would rather not say where because "the Communists would start a campaign against us and we're having enough trouble with the nigger Democrats and Jew Republicans."

He pointed with pride at the party banner, a crude, imitation of the Confederate flag with a white circle and lightning bolt cutting through the center.

"The men that stand behind that flag are the only hope to save America," he confided. "You saw what happened on that March on Washington, didn't you?"

"The thing was led by a man who admitted he was a Communist, and those who went were just black niggers, white niggers, and Rabbits."

"And that spoiled brat Kennedy let them get away with it."

And then J. B. Stoner and his nineteen followers went to the corner bar and had a beer and discussed ways to rid the nation of the Communists and Jews.

And the men in the black car watched, and wrote, and every now and then they winced.

THE DAILY TAR HEEL

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