Just listen to 'em holler! Ah yes, the smirking little Pinks, "Liberals"! Comsyps and Traitors in our midst simply can't stand the Light of Truth turned upon them. We're hitting too close to where they live. Remember the adage about "its a hit dog that hollers?"

Sidner, of course (The Professional) is too cunning to acknowledge us directly and answers and contradicts in her typically devious fashion. For the direct counter-attack, our Prize-Winning, Red Ribbon, forcibly subsidized "Editor" reaches down into her "Liberal" Party Pool and comes up with a stooge by the name of "Wayne Parsons." This Liberal lackey had ostensibly given birth to a Magnificent Epistle which our Pink Princess eagerly published on 16 Jan., 1962 in her "Letters to the Editor "section of the administration-controlled local "press."

We reprint this "masterpiece" of composition, verbatim, in order to clarify our reply which will, of course, follow.

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To the editor:

I doubt that there are words strong enough in the English language to express my reaction to the smut that is being currently distributed about this campus under the name of Rebel Underground. Any decent person, regardless of his opinions about our present social and political problems, should be completely nauseated by this type of filth.

The "Rebel Editor," who continuously hides behind the undemanding mask of anonymity employs the words "Truth, Honesty, Justice, and Liberty" as a justification for his trash. That "R. E." has no conception of the meaning of these terms is apparent in every line he writes.

Rebel Underground thrives on such sensationalistic propaganda tricks as personal slander ("Chancellor Williams is a LIAR" "Thirty Pieces Silver"), ridiculous untruths ("The Pulitzer Prize [sic]. . . . has come under the control of the Communist Conspiracy") and broad unfounded generalizations. With its "Omega 1" and its "Brick and Bottle Minute Yen," it reads like a dime novel from some back-alley newsstand in Skid Row.

Completely without social conscience, the staff of Rebel Underground openly advocates unlawful violence, "red neck" agitation and ill-mannered harassment. Professing unbridled patriotism and an unquenchable love for the Southern Way of Life and Southern Traditions, these juveniles are in fact using these and similar phrases as blackmail for their own sick brand of prejudice and inflammatory emotionalism.

Such a publication as Rebel Underground is without taste and is undeserving of any esteem. It has no place on a University campus.

Sincerely,

Wayne Parsons

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Our critic, "Pink Parsnip," opens his lament to the Party by bemoaning the inadequacy and criticizing, by implication, our Mother Tongue, the English Language. Of course, this is nothing really unusual. An incompetent workman will always deplore and criticize his tools in order to thereby conceal his lack of Craftsmanship. In fact, journeymen are in almost complete agreement that this is the quickest method by which an Inferior Craftsman can be detected.

Next to the Classical Greek, our beloved tongue is probably the most expressive, if difficult, language devised by man. As a means of verbal and scriptural communication, it is superb. Others may be more concise; none are more precise.

No, Mr. Parsnip, your inability to express yourself in the English language stems not from any inherent limitation in the language itself, but from an obviously slovenly misapplication of whatever talents you may possess. A serious study of the subject. The language itself has been (and is) entirely adequate for one such as the Bard of Avon to play the entire descriptive range from Tragedy through Comedy, from the Highest Spiritual Philosophy to the most sordid, mundane animal baseness. It has proven to be a quite adequate vehicle for the King James version of the Holy Bible, which ranges in content thru Law, Poetry, Philosophy and Prophecy with hundreds of graphic descriptive lists of every invention and action most ambiguously described therein.