

# The Daily Tar Heel

70 Years of Editorial Freedom

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## Lawler Leads As Lawler Should

Student Body President Mike Lawler has acted in the highest traditions of his office in calling for a student boycott of all segregated businesses. The fact that he has waited until now to do so does not detract from the meaningfulness of his words.

The fact that he has gone further than University officials felt they could

properly go only underlines the difference between voluntary action and official institutional pressure, with its precedent-setting effect.

Lawler's statement was strong and compelling. It deserves the conscious and continuing support of every student on this campus, even though it may sometimes cause momentary inconvenience.

## More On Our Ludicrous Legislators

Thursday evening's session of Student Legislature demonstrates perfectly the sort of ridiculous debacle that can come about when partisanship, selfishness, and a lack of true convictions take the place of a solid commitment to the ideals of representative government.

The session itself was a ludicrous display of the I'll-vote-the-party-line-because-the-other-party-is-automatically-an-ass type of maneuvering. The parliamentary procedure became so involved that a recess had to be taken to untangle it. That the Speaker managed to keep things running smoothly despite all this was no consolation, for there was no need for the spectacle in the first place.

It was obvious from the start that most of the members of the body were in reasonably close agreement concerning what a civil rights bill should say. Jealousy and the inability to compromise, however, forced the legislators to consider two widely separate bills, one of which never reached the floor, and

the other of which was amended black and blue.

After one of the bills was subjected to all those amendments the two pieces of legislation were virtually identical. The minor differences that remained could have been resolved by party leaders without much difficulty.

As yet, though, we have no civil rights bill of any kind from the legislature. We won't have one before the end of next week, and even then there exists the strong possibility that it will be a weak, half-hearted effort which doesn't say anything.

Some people have expressed the opinion that the SL has no business attempting a civil rights resolution in the first place. We have always thought otherwise, for we feel that this is an area of vital student concern.

If the legislature persists in its refusal to reach a compromise, however, and continues instead to play politics over in New East, we might be forced to concur in the opinion that they had better call the whole thing off.

## Anonymous Letters Not Worth Reading

There are two letters posted prominently on the main bulletin board in the Chapel Hill Police Department.

The first reads as follows:

Dear Sir: I would like to give this small amount toward buying gasoline for Rev. B Elton Cox of CORE for burning himself.

If he can get others to join him, I think I can get money enough to run a gasoline pipeline into your town. Here's hoping the people of your town furnish the matches."

This letter is accompanied by a dollar bill and is unsigned. Below it hangs another. It reads:

"Dear Sir: I just want you to know how much my family and I appreciate the way you and the whole police force are handling this whole racial situation.

## Taking License With The License

The Charlotte Observer

An anti-digit licensing spirit lives somewhere within the walls of Raleigh's

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Thank Heaven for such a strong, dedicated force, which has kept its sense of humor and its dignity and full human kindness in response to terrific pressures. Because of your control Chapel Hill has been spared the horror of Birmingham and Cleveland.

The average citizen, although not many of us think to tell you, are very much aware of all you are doing for us." The last letter is signed

We find the same sort of pattern applies to almost all the letters we get. The irresponsible and destructive ones are almost never signed, while the constructive and well reasoned letters, whether in agreement or disagreement with a DTH stand, are almost always signed.

It provides an interesting comment on the type people who write the various types of letters. It is a shame that all are not willing to accept credit for their product.

Central Prison.

Some of the inmates turning out nearly three million state license plates annually have demonstrated that iron bars are not a cage for the soul of wit.

These prisoners have attempted to inject some originality into an assembly line chore. Samples: the letters "U-BUM" on a tag which turned up in Franklin and "I-LOVEU" on a plate which landed in Mocksville.

The strange thing is that no prisoner has yet been able to smuggle out a tag reading "HELP."

Prison officials are not inclined to see much humor in the situation. After all, license tags are not like candy hearts which are supposed to fascinate the children with such legends as "WISE GUY" and "YEAH MAN."

But it would be momentarily refreshing to have police radioing their colleagues to be on the lookout for a blue 1963 Oldsmobile bearing license number "GET LOST."

It all goes to show that even prisoners are liable to take license with their liberties when they've got a captive audience.

### Book Review

## MM: Top Biography

By HENRY McINNIS

Marilyn Monroe, by Maurice Zolotow, Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1960, illustrated, 340 pages.

"No matter what unpredictable events may lie in her future, they cannot change who she is and what she has become. In her heart is a questing fever that will give her no peace, that drives her on to strive, to seek, to find. Her soul will always be restless, unquiet."

With these perceptive words author Maurice Zolotow closed his 1960 biography of the late Marilyn Monroe. On the Saturday night of August 5, 1962, she was lying nude in her recently acquired, barely furnished Brentwood home, her blond hair dark at the roots and a telephone clutched in her hand. Norma Jean Baker, alias Marilyn Monroe, was dead of barbiturate poisoning.

Zolotow has penned a most remarkable biography; thoroughly factual, tasteful, authoritative and brilliantly literate. Much of the narrative is written from Marilyn's statements to friends and the press and reconstructed from conversations Zolotow had with the actress.

Going to a studio to be made up for a Hollywood premiere, she said, "I want to be all platinum and white tonight. How will I feel when I get out there and look at all the people staring at me?"

On the Monroe's entrance to the theatre, "She felt the strange ecstasy that comes from the sweat and mass love of the mob. It is a sensation of dizziness that is pleasurable, painful, that takes you utterly out of yourself. This, in the end, was what you worked for, lied for, prostituted yourself for, got sick at the stomach for, drilled yourself relentlessly for."

Whether or not you liked Marilyn, this meaningful biography is an exceptionally sensitive account of the star's life. Anyone who is a student of the Monroe doctrine will find this book overwhelmingly poignant.

It would have been commonplace to find her life story written in fan magazine hack style, full of gush and cliches. It is a happy thing to report that such is emphatically not the case here. Zolotow has transcended the myth of MM by revealing her as a pathetic human being, tortured by her sordid background, trapped in a maze of conflicting identities.

Her story is significant because it is not the typical American tragedy, nor merely an account of a celluloid sorceress. It is a truthful representation and a profound example of the tragedy of life itself.

## Jealously

By DOLORES MARCOTTE

I saw you with him Friday night  
And wished that it were me  
I saw him brighten at your sight  
With a look of ecstasy

I saw his sad look when someone  
Stole you away with his charms  
But he'd follow right after you on  
the run

'Til you were back in his arms  
I saw the way he looked at you—  
When he had you, I saw his look  
of pride

When there were obstacles, I saw  
him break through  
And I saw you right close to his  
side

Day after day, the look in his  
eyes  
I admit I really envy you  
The way you hold the attention of  
the guys

I wish I were a basketball too.

## Heelprints

WRAL Radio and TV will probably stay in pretty poor shape so long as Jesse remains at their Helms.

Definition: Trousers — an uncommon noun which is singular on top and plural at the bottom.

Bud Wilkinson's political move indicates he'd sooner be a Sooner senator than a Sooner mentor.

Have you heard the cadence Barry Goldwater uses to drill his Air Force reserves? It goes: Right! Right! Right! 3... 2... 1! About face! About face! About face! To the rear, march!

## "Honest — I Think I Can See Daylight"



Edward P. Morgan

## Civil Rights In The North

By EDWARD P. MORGAN  
ABC News

(Mr. Morgan can be heard on WRAL radio at 7 p.m. weekdays.)

The North is getting a taste of its own medicine in the civil rights struggle. Or perhaps it would be fairer and more accurate to say that those citizens who live above and beyond the Mason-Dixon line and have been inclined to dismiss the racial issue as "strictly a Southern matter" must now confront the inescapable fact that it is, and in some respects always has been, a national problem.

The recent boycott of New York City's public schools, sponsored by civil rights groups as a protest against de facto segregation in classrooms, is a dramatic but dangerous development. Dramatic because again it shows the determination and the discipline of Negroes in demanding first-class citizenship. Dangerous because the turmoil of resentment and misunderstandings it is bound to engender may cancel out whatever advantages might come from increasing the pressure on the New York Board of Education to hurry a solution to racial imbalance in the schools.

Right here it is easy to see the vicious circle in which so many of the civil rights crises in communities across the country are spinning. The Negro leaders are criticized for moving "too fast" because it will arouse the neighborhood and produce new obstacles to progress. But if they don't move with at least the "deliberate speed" which the Supreme Court prescribed in the school decisions, the neighborhood won't be aroused sufficiently to break its pattern of prejudice and discrimination.

In the current New York City controversy, the civil rights leaders may well have over-reached themselves. Not because there is not an urgent need to crack segregated classes. On Manhattan Island, for example, three out of every four public elementary school students are either Negro

or Puerto Rican. But there is utterly no point in striking a racial balance in the classrooms if it is done in such a way that it increases rather than decreases tension and leads to more rather than less chaos. The objective of the public school system is supposed to be to furnish the best possible education to all comers. Arbitrarily carting children across town to a school out of their neighborhood simply in order to meet an arithmetical formula serves no purpose in itself.

But if the leaders of today's boycott in New York City have been unreasonably committed to such a pattern, I suggest they are not so irresponsible as the other leaders of our greatest metropolitan community who have moved far too slowly for far too long in breaking down residential segregation in the city. Without ghettos, without invisible boundaries which nevertheless are a wall against minority groups seeking a place to live in "restricted" areas, the rigid classroom segregation would never have reached its present explosive state.

Vast and tortured as it is, the problem is not hopeless. Only last week there was a highly encouraging development in Chicago. As the result of a suit begun three years ago by eight Negro physicians, a federal judge on January 31 appointed a seven-man commission to handle complaints of racial discrimination in Chicago hospitals. The doctors had charged that 56 hospitals were by conspiracy systematically excluding Negro doctors from staff appointments. Also named in their suit were the Chicago Medical Society, the Blue Cross-Blue Shield plans and the Chicago Hospital Council. At the heart of the complaint was another vicious circle, for, if a Negro doctor

## A Challenge

Editors, The Tar Heel:

This week Avery Hall informally accepted your challenge to a basketball duel offered some time prior. This letter is to be the formal acceptance. Let it be known, then, that this battle is to be a grudge match of the severest nature. This ardor stems from the past action, or lack of action, by the editors. Avery invited the editors to attend the reception for several of the various deans and the Chancellor. The editors, in consistency with the policy of covering campus news, did not show, nor did they send a representative. Avery demands satisfaction in acceptance of the DTH basketball challenge. I doubt that the game will receive any coverage, either, since the DTH team will be wiped off the court.

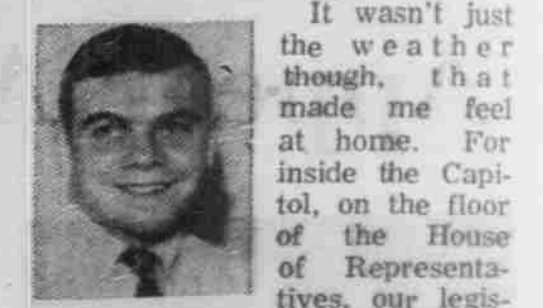
C. K. "Rooster" Lynn  
Pres., Avery Hall

(Ed. Note: Sorry about that reception. We were so busy covering news we couldn't break away for a go at the ladyfinger circuit. However, we can make time for a basketball game. See Fred Seely, our basketball editor, for further arrangements.)

Hugh Stevens

## "It's All The Same War..."

Washington, D. C. and Chapel Hill, N. C. seemed very close together last weekend. As I climbed the interminable steps up to the U. S. Capitol, a damp chill seemed to penetrate to the marrow of my bones, not unlike a walk to class here on a typical winter's morning.



It wasn't just the weather though, that made me feel at home. For inside the Capitol, on the floor of the House of Representatives, our legislators were locked in conflict over the same issue that was being contested in streets of Chapel Hill.

The House convened at noon in an extraordinary session to continue debate on the controversial Civil Rights Bill. At about that same time, dozens of demonstrators were convening in our town for another push against discrimination and injustice. The means were different, but the ends were the same for both sides in both conflicts, and I felt that the House debate and the Chapel Hill demonstrations were simply separate battles in the same war.

Earlier in the day, I had obtained a gallery pass from Horace Kornegay, N. C. Congressman, but I was hardly prepared for the scene outside the gallery entrances. The halls were jammed, unusual considering the time of day. The first three sections were filled, but I managed to squeeze into a line and grab one of the two remaining seats.

As I settled into one of the uncomfortable chairs provided for visitors, I was conscious of an atmosphere of expectancy and busy preparation not common to the Congressional sessions which I had seen before. There was the usual shuffling around of Congressmen, but somehow the attitude was one of thoughtful restraint. The faces of the legislators, pro and con, were serious. I could not refrain from comparing their countenances with those of the CORE members and policemen that I had seen at Brady's and the Rockpile.

As the debate commenced and wound on through the long afternoon, my thoughts were drawn again and again away from the Capitol and back to Franklin Street. The words of our country's leaders mirrored a thousand towns like Chapel Hill or Williamston or Asheboro, and for the first time the true significance of the struggle going on around me struck home.

I had known that I was going to witness a battle of minds over the familiar topic of civil rights, but I was surprised at just how familiar it all seemed. In the words of our representatives I saw the same conflict, the same emotions, the same opposing forces that I had seen dozens of times in Chapel Hill.

Before, the words "civil rights" and "discrimination" conjured up pictures of our local Board of Aldermen debating a public accommodations law, or teenagers camped in front of a colonial drug. But this was different. Now the lines were drawn, not between local citizens, but between the members of the U. S. House of Representatives.

The debate was not loud, or vicious, or angry. The Washington papers would later comment at length on the dignity with which it was conducted. Perhaps that was why, to one who was unfamiliar with the situation, it might have seemed that the controversy was not really very important, just as local citizens tend to dismiss a few scattered arrests or demonstrations.

The faces, though, told a different story. They told of the desires of some men to be free and equal, and of other men to be free from what they considered undue interference of government in their private lives. Most of all, though, they reflected the huge revolution that is even now occurring in our land.

I rose from my seat to let in one more person from the long lines that had formed outside the door. As I descended the steps, the day was still a bleak steel-gray. It seemed the perfect setting for the conflict I had been witnessing.

My car radio soon informed me that Chapel Hill had been the scene of conflict that afternoon, too, and that several dozen persons had gone to jail. I did not have to see them. I had seen their faces all afternoon on Capitol Hill.

Otelia Connor