

In Our Opinion...

DTH Awards Of The Week

Lizard of the Week: Collective award to the members of the N.C. State University football team, cheerleaders, fans and Lobo III, the lizard-skin wolf.

Political Analyst of the Week: Louisiana Gov. John J. McKeithen who lost his struggle against Gov. Dan K. Moore to host the 1967 Southern Governors Conference in his home state — next year's conference will be held in Asheville. Gov. McKeithen remarked, "I have been out-politicked by Gov. Moore and his beautiful wife. I can understand how this governor was elected. He's an operator."

Loser of the Week: Harlem Rep. Adam Clayton Powell who was damned by congressional colleagues as a legislative obstructionist, a spendthrift of federal expense accounts and a chronic absentee from his duties; denounced by union officials; scorned by some Negro leaders as a traitor to his race; accused — unsuccessfully — by the IRS of evading his income taxes; accused by his third wife of having her put on the federal pay roll, then depositing her salary checks in his own bank account; and sued for libel by a Harlem constituent.

Sly, Silvery-Tongued Devil of the Week: ECC President Leo Jenkins, who, in the face of statewide speculation that the special report on the college had killed all chances of East Carolina's having a two-year medical school, said, "I think on the whole the report was rather favorable."

Mad Hatter of the Week: Chapel Hill policemen, whose official uniform now includes crash helmets.

Drug User of the Week: A Wake County man who was released in Superior Court Thursday on grounds the State failed to show he knew the drugs (dexamil) he had taken were stimulating when he got them. The policeman who arrested him said his attention was drawn to the man because he was wearing pink lounge pajamas, a red wig, lipstick, women's shoes and earrings.

Baby of the Week: Phoenix Zoo's female oryx — the only one of its kind in captivity outside Saudi Arabia — born Wednesday. Her name is Annie.

Frat Man of the Week: DTH Assistant Sports Editor Bob Orr, a KA, who told the truth about the frats and school spirit.

No One Under 21 Admitted

Judging from the nicknames that are tagged onto our fair city from time to time — Chapel Still, Whiskey Hill — one might guess that some students do drink alcoholic beverages.

And, judging from the date of birth of the average UNC student, one might guess that most student alcoholic beverage drinkers do so illegally.

So, one might further guess, students do find a way to beat the system. Although state ABC laws prohibit the purchase or consumption of liquor by persons under 21 years of age, there always seem to be "older students" who are willing to lay their neck on the chopping block by "making a run to Eastgate" for their under-age friends.

A couple of weeks ago, however, there were two freshmen who needed a drink so badly they couldn't wait for someone to get it for them. They proceeded to the ABC store and waited in the parking lot until a man came along with whom they "made a deal." The man went into the store, bought the boys a bottle, and brought it back to them.

When they received their precious parcel, they found themselves in the company of some uninvited guests — the Chapel Hill Police.

We won't presume to call for a dry weekend. We do, however, remind you all of the state's regulations concerning the public display and consumption of alcohol and, above all, the booze-buying rule.

Don't take a chance.

Court Rule On Crime, Court Reports Hurts Public Most

The News of Orange County

It's been disheartening to see the reaction to the clamp-down on crime and court information in Wake County. We haven't seen one report of what John Q. Public thinks about the restrictions on information about confessions, evidence, tests and even protestations of innocence. We're afraid the public will get the notion that this is simply a squabble between newspaper editors and lawyers.

It may appear that newsmen are hollering simply because they have been cramped in their work. Indeed, some of the editorialists' fears have already come to pass. There is this quote from an Associated Press dispatch:

"Raleigh reporters were immediately confronted with the impact of the order when Wake County sheriff's deputies expressed reluctance to give out ANY (our capital italics) information about their activities during the past 24 hours. They said they feared they might inadvertently release some of the prohibited material."

But newsmen aren't the only persons who should be alarmed at the restrictions ordered by Superior Court Judges Raymond B. Mallard and E. Maurice Braswell. It is a matter of concern to every member of the public.

The very root reason for any newspaper's existence is the practical inability of the public to get the news it wants of business, government, politics, education or whatever. For example, a person just can't attend all the meetings of public bodies to see how his public officials are conducting the community's business. What has evolved is a system of transmit-

ting information that has a rough analogy to representative government. In a similar fashion, newspapers and radio and TV are the public's stand-ins.

It seems to us that there should be some discussion from the public on the merits of the judges' order. And we would hope that the public would view the restrictions with as much alarm as we do.

The Daily Tar Heel

74 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Ernest Robl .. Asst. News Editor

Sandy Treadwell .. Sports Editor

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Edward P. Morgan

Vietnamese Reconstruction Starts

No matter how hopeful or discouraging post-election developments turn out actually to be in nurturing the thin but bravely planted seed of representative government in South Vietnam, there is an immediate job ahead for American and South Vietnamese forces, military and civilian.

The job is almost unique in the history of military and political warfare—except that, paradoxically enough, the Communists themselves have done it, not here, but with some qualified success in

North Viet Nam and elsewhere in the unsolid bloc of so-called peoples' democracies. The assignment, in brief, is to combine the combat on the civilian and military fronts into one integrated battle. This has long been the theory. It has never yet become the practice, all the pious declarations, including the hearty hullabaloo of last February's Honolulu summit

conference between President Johnson and Premier Ky, notwithstanding.

Today there is sly evidence that efforts are moving in that direction. Great obstacles still lie in the path, not the least of which is negative psychology, a paralyzing reflex action which says: "but we've never done it that way before."

The Communist have. It is an article of Faith of Mao Tse-tung's Chinese-Marxist philosophy that the army is not, as one American China watcher puts it, merely a knife blade but a can-opener and a corkscrew. The army not only fights but it organizes, administers and polices civilian institutions behind the front, at the same time.

The classic western approach to warfare is: destruction of the enemy first, reconstruction of the country later. This order of priority simply has not worked in South Vietnam. It has failed. But out of that failure may come success if both American and South Vietnamese leadership recognize the urgency of ordering, executing and adapting to major change.

Perhaps the hardest change of all involves almost the total restructuring of the South Vietnamese armed forces. Today the military brass is the only power structure in this country. Officers not only command troops in the field, they are the province chiefs and the district chiefs controlling the civilian population—where the Viet Cong is not in control. And the marshals and the generals in Saigon are the government itself. The time must come, sooner rather than later, when military units are assigned to and controlled by a civilian province chief—who would be roughly the equivalent of the governor of an American state, with contingents of the national guard at his command.

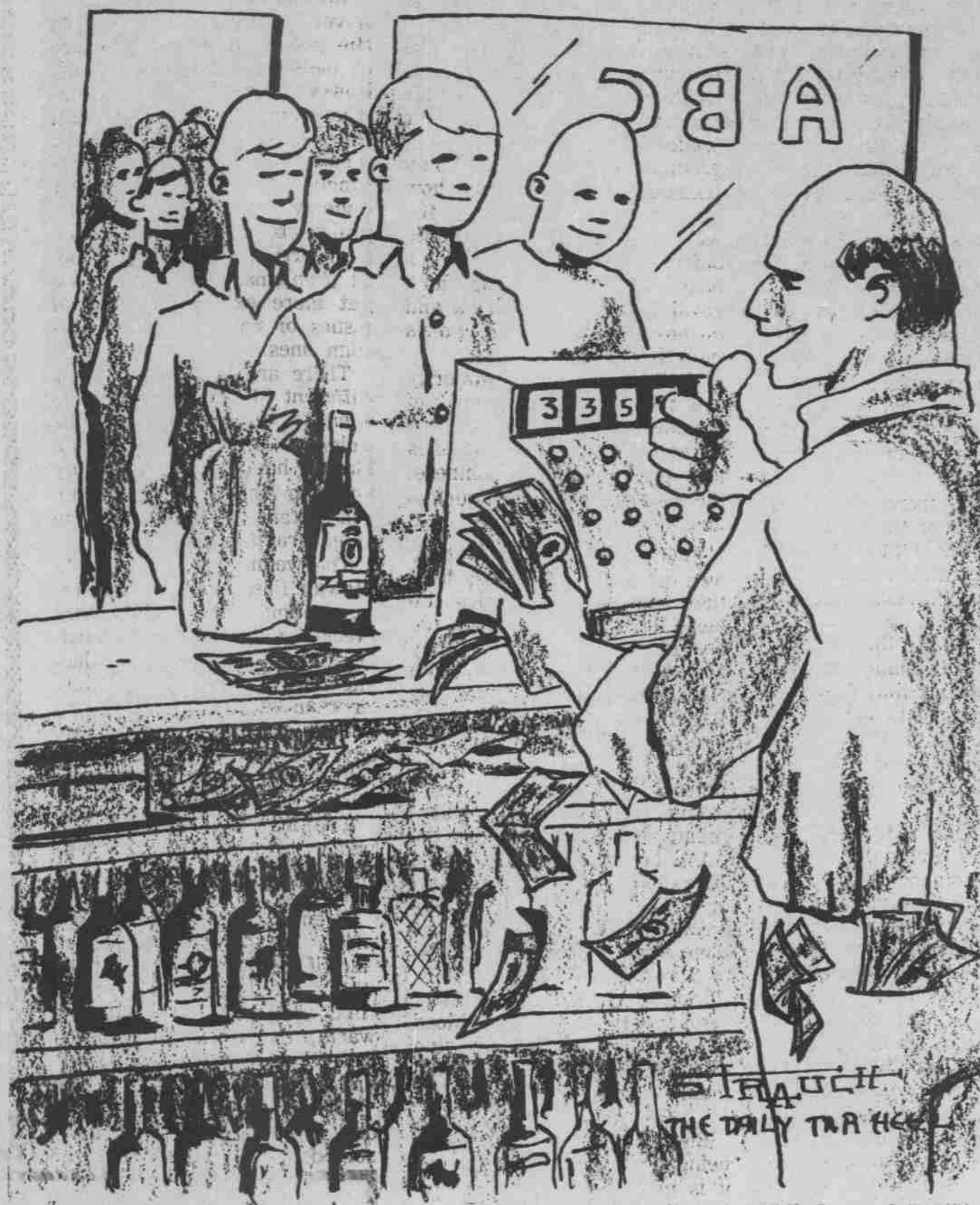
This, obviously, would not apply where police action is necessary. At the moment the idea of a Vietnamese officer taking orders from a civilian is not only impossible but unthinkable. Today even Vietnamese military police on routine patrol ignore the orders of a policeman directing traffic at a busy Saigon intersection.

Yet there is a pilot project already in operation that may be the base on which to build these needed changes, to cement the blocks of civilian authority and military function with the mortar of police protection.

In Binh Dinh, one of the largest and most populous American people. Perhaps patriotism is a better word. It does not seem to be used very often in today's modern world, but it can be as powerful as the people make it. I am not a scholar, and undoubtedly there are many learned men who will laugh at this letter, and return to more important business. To them let me say that it is time to face the facts that exist. Gentlemen, we are in the midst of a war. We are not fighting solely for the freedom of a small Asian nation. We are fighting for our very lives. We either win there, or fight the communists on our own soil. Support the men who are dying for your freedom.

Frank C. Cloyes, Jr.
Army Armor School
Fort Knox, Ky.

'Oh, Goody, Goody For Home Football Games!'



Greenbacker's 'Trash' Hit By Brantley; Viet War Supported

DTH Hard Up

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: What in God's name is going on in your offices? Isn't it a little early in the year to be printing trash like John Greenbacker's column today? Everybody already knows that certain Carolina Gentlemen can be impossibly foul at times; is it worth thirty-six inches to repeat their vile and certainly non-too-rare activities?

If you're really that hard up for material, would you like a nice human interest story about the trials and tribulations of cleaning my gold-fish bowl? A well-mannered fish flopping around in a teacup is just as interesting as the revolting antics of a fraternity's drunks. Come on, now—you can do better than that!

Brantley Claris

LSD Dangerous

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: I question the good judgment of The Tar Heel in accepting frankly partisan advertising about a legally restricted and potentially dangerous substance such as LSD. The overwhelming weight of scientific evidence about this drug indicates a serious hazard for those who are most prone to use it.

The mystical and quasi-religious fervor with which Leary and his partisans promote its indiscriminate use should be of serious concern to responsible individuals. I feel that the Daily Tar Heel could have served the student body much better with factual articles than by promotional and biased advertising.

E. McG. Hedgpeh, M.D.
Director, UNC Health Service

Freedom Fight

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: As a former student of the University, I am naturally quite interested in the University and its students. It has been eight months since I left Chapel Hill, and I am presently an Officer Candidate at Fort Knox, Kentucky. I am writing this letter be-

cause of the many articles and reports I have read concerning the war in Vietnam. Apparently, the American people are very apathetic towards the war, and the cause itself. I can not be too specific, for the schedule here does not leave very much time for the reading of magazines and papers. The general attitude that the papers convey does give me this impression, however.

I do know that the average college student is not as aware of, or concerned with the war as he should be. Perhaps fraternity parties and football-games seem more important at this time of the year. They did to me.

Being an American soldier, it is now my war. This war can not be effectively fought without the support of the

Customers Fooled

From The Wall Street Journal
A number of Brian Miller's customers are angry with him, and Mr. Miller can't understand it. The misfortune of the Tiverton, England, hopkeeper, however, would be plain enough in the political arena.

To draw the public's attention, Mr. Miller placed a bowl of water in his shop window; nearby was a sign promising passersby that the bowl contained "transparent Chinese dragon fighting fish." Everything went, well, swimmingly; crowds gathered and several

people wanted to buy some of the fish.

The trouble began when Mr. Miller finally owned up that the bowl contained nothing but water. Some of his regular customers — especially those who were sure they had seen the fish fighting — did not like his fish story at all.

Promises certainly can be attention-getting, but as the politicians could tell Mr. Miller, it doesn't pay to admit the promises are airy — or watery, as the case may be. Not until after the votes are counted anyway.

June

It comes on the crest of despair. I've been running again and not known where.

Relationship!
Shrink, you're right—
But with whom?
This one's neurotic, that one psychotic,
And not one erotic.

Too late for Mom
And I never dug dad scenes;
I'll just wander on,
Living at guilt edged play-dreams.

—Mark Steinberg

John Greenbacker

Vu Van Thai Is A Man Without Hate

Vu Van Thai, the ambassador from South Viet Nam, boarded a plane for Washington Thursday after smiling at his hosts and waving a goodbye. "You know something," he said to the other as they left the airport, "he was really a nice guy." The other merely nodded his head and reflected over the past evenings' events.

In the dressing room of Memorial Hall shortly before 8 p.m., the urbane Vietnamese official calmly waited out the last few minutes before going on stage.

He was informed that there were about 30 pickets and counter pickets marching outside the hall. That was nothing new to him, for he had met them often on the West Coast.

A slight wave of irritation and sadness passed over his placid features when he was handed a yellow sheet that labeled him "Ambassador of Infamy." Members of Students for a Democratic Society had been handing them out all day, he was told. He had been called worse names before by college students.

Before stepping onto the stage, he was asked if he wanted the moderator to "run interference" for him should the audience get ugly, and he laughed before shaking his head. He had heard all of their quotations and questions before, and he knew what to expect.

He probably also knew that the opponents of the Viet Nam war had created an

image for him to fill. They expected him to parrot the language of the U. S. State Department and General Ky. They were fondly awaiting unilateral defense of the Diem government, and maybe outlandish claims that the average South Vietnamese peasant wanted to fight for democracy and was not interested in peace at just about any price.

They heard him defend only the defensible. They were surprised when he told them he was a native of Hanoi and an early follower of Ho Chi Minh. He tried to describe the disillusionment he felt that night in Paris shortly after World War Two when he heard Ho had signed an agreement with the French which allowed French colonial forces to destroy the non-communist nationalist forces of Viet Nam. With those patriots and countrymen out of the way, Ho would have a clear hand in forming a nationalist force that was completely communist controlled.

They would have been even more surprised if they knew the Diem government gave him three days to leave the country after he resigned from his government post in 1961.

That was aware of all the difficulties of his country in wartime, but he had resolved himself long before that ending of the freedom to dissent in a communist society was too great to pay.

As they sped back to Chapel Hill one of the Ambassador's hosts turned to the other and recounted the words of one girl during Wednesday night's reception: "It's very strange," she said. "He doesn't hate."

