

Senator Thurmond's Defection

The Daily Tar Heel
72 Years of Editorial Freedom

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1793

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From The Cheraw (S.C.) Chronicle
We greet the news that Sen. Thurmond has at long last formally cast his lot with the reactionary wing of the Republican party with a sigh of relief. For too long he has been an albatross about the necks of good Democrats. His action will free South Carolina Democrats of a bad image and give them a chance to join the ranks of those in the Party who believe in progress.

John M. Bailey, national chairman of the Democrats, described our Junior Senator accurately when he said: "Senator Thurmond is a long term malcontent who has been a pretender in Democratic ranks. No man has used a party designation longer and served its principles more poorly than Strom Thurmond in the Democratic Party." Sen. Thurmond will be much

more at home among the radical reactionaries of the Goldwater wing of the Republican Party than he has been among responsible conservative Southern Democrats on Capitol Hill, most of whom do not like him and do not respect him as a political personality. Sen. Thurmond is a loner, he is not a good team worker; he cannot be depended upon to work for party principles and party unity but

cultivates what the Russians would call the "cult of the personality."

The Scare Talk

Few sensible, level-headed South Carolinians will swallow the scare talk that accompanied the Senator's announcement. They know that the nation enjoys good times that they enjoy more individual freedoms than any other people in the world, that the Democratic Party, far from betraying the people, represents their basic interests far more faithfully than Goldwater Republicans, and, above all, they know that the man whose finger lies on the nuclear button is a man of emotional stability who can be trusted not to use his awesome power with reckless abandon.

President Johnson is a prudent, careful, moderate man who is a legitimate political descendant of such Democrats as Jefferson, Jackson, Wilson, Roosevelt, Truman, and Kennedy. To suggest that he is leading the country into "socialism" is either to reveal an abysmal ignorance of the facts of American political life or to assume that the American voter, and, more particularly, the South Carolina voter, to whom Mr. Thurmond's remarks were addressed, are gullible fools.

All this talk about the Democratic Party abusing the Constitution and leading the country down the road to socialism and slavery is simple-minded nonsense. In a democracy the people are the government, and the concept of a basic enmity between the people and their elected representatives make no sense at all. As for socialism, the United States has the least regulated economy of any major power in the world. Even the liberal wing of the Democratic Party is to the right of the Conservative parties in Great Britain and the democracies of Western Europe.

S. C. Needs Cash

Barry Goldwater has suggested that all income taxes collected by the government be turned back to the states and that all government grant-in-aid programs be stopped. A poor state like South Carolina, which each year gets back more from the federal treasury than she puts in, can only be short-changed by any such arrangement as that. It is also probable that such an arrangement would channel most of this money into the hands of the few at the expense of the many.

If South Carolina farmers want a man in the White House who votes against their pocket-book every chance he gets, if the working man wants for President a man who is opposed to the legitimate interests of labor; if businessmen want a man whose laissez faire theory of economics is identical to that of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover and the kind of old-fashioned Republicanism that brings on cycli-

cal boom-and-bust business conditions, and, when faced with a national depression, is impatient and hopeless; If rural South Carolinians want a man in charge who votes against rural electrification, public power, price supports and parity, and all the other things which have, over the past 30 years, gotten them out of the mire and the mud, given them electricity and telephones, freezers and washing machines and generally upgraded their standard of living;

Social Security

If senior citizens, who must live off social security payments, want a man who has said repeatedly he is against the concept of social security and wants to make it "voluntary", thereby wrecking it, and if their children want the added burden of having to support them in lieu of these payments; and if, above all, parents want a President who practices irresponsible brinkmanship with "doomsday" weapons;

Then of course you will agree with Sen. Thurmond's assessment of the Republican nominee, bolt the Democratic Party, and vote for Sen. Goldwater. If, by the way, President Johnson and Sen. Humphrey are such awful, wicked, dangerous radicals, why do you suppose so many conservative GOP businessmen have rallied to their banner? The truth, of course, is that they aren't radicals at all and the average South Carolinian knows it. If it weren't for the race issue in our state, Goldwater wouldn't get to first base and Sen. Thurmond wouldn't be bolting. This is the "gut" issue that momentarily blinds people to the fundamental issues of this election.

GOP And S. C.

We suspect, however, as November draws nearer and as Sen. Goldwater keeps on talking and his record comes clearer, many Palmetto voters who now lean toward the GOP will turn around. As for us, we thank God that we do have a Constitution that is concerned with the rights of every citizen, regardless of his race and that we have men in the legislative, executive and judicial branches of government who are concerned with extending the individual freedom of everyone of us.

Sen. Goldwater and Rep. Miller have taken the low road in this campaign. They have made insulting personal attacks on the Democratic nominees and have encouraged other GOP candidates to indulge in mud-slinging. And they have done something far worse; they have made our bi-partisan foreign policy and the race problem campaign issues, thereby endangering our national security and our domestic unity.

We would certainly hate to see South Carolina vote for a pair like that.

'The Open Forum' Hits The Streets

The Student Party went one-up on its opposition this weekend with "The Open Forum," a partisan party newspaper distributed throughout the campus.

We welcome the paper, not as competition, but as a means of filling the void left on Mondays when the DTH is not published. The SP leadership tells us further issues will be distributed on that day.

The newspaper is not a journalistic success, to be sure. This is due in part to inexperience, but we suspect the major reason is that it had to be distributed by Saturday in order to avoid having the cost placed on the party's campaign expense for fall elections, and

the party didn't start on it until Tuesday.

Of course, this is no real excuse. The newspaper had been planned for several weeks, and articles should have been written in advance.

Typographically, the newspaper is excellent, lay-out is a professional job and photographic reproduction is good.

The writing and news judgment are poor, but this can be chalked up to inexperience. We are sure future issues will be far better.

But the SP is a giant step ahead of its opposition, and has thrown the ball squarely in their laps. "The Open Forum" may have been the first shot of a hot war for the campus this year.

Distortion In The Loyal Opposition

Certainly, a partisan newspaper such as "The Open Forum" is expected to put everything in a light most favorable to its cause, but we do think it went too far in its treatment of several topics.

Most of the over-distortions appeared in a column by Party chairman Don Wilson entitled "The Loyal Opposition."

Wilson charged Student Body President Bob Spearman and vice-President Don Carson with engaging in hanky-panky in the selections of the chairmen of two committees—the Residence Hall Improvement Committee and the Campus Radio Committee.

The SP chairman insinuates that Carson had switched committees solely for political gain, and that Spearman had played along to further the political future of his protegee.

Carson was appointed to head the RHIC shortly after Spearman assumed office last spring, and the radio post was given to him last week. He resigned the former appointment, and turned the committee over to Sonny Pepper, a Student Party stalwart who has expressed a desire to keep the RHIC bi-partisan.

When the RHIC was originally formed, every effort was made to make it bi-partisan. Carson and Dick Ellis, another SP leader, were appointed co-chairmen, and the committee was divided evenly between the two parties.

Spearman re-appointed Carson in the spring because he was the only person who knew the ins and outs of the program from top to bottom. It was understood that he would resign the post when the program was solidly on its feet.

Ellis expressed to us last spring his feeling that "Don deserves all the credit for the chairman's work."

In his article, Wilson said "A strange aspect of Carson's appointment was the fact that many people had applied for the chairmanship and Carson himself had held interviews."

It is true that many people had applied for a spot on the committee, and they were interviewed by Carson as well as Spearman.

But Wilson continues, "The campus

was waiting to hear which applicant had been appointed when the news came that Carson had appointed himself Chairman."

We really can't image the campus waiting breathlessly to hear anything from Student Government, but that's chalked up to rhetoric. The point is that Spearman is the only person with the power of appointment. The decision was his and his alone.

He had to choose the best man for the job, and we believe he did—unquestionably.

As for Carson's taking over the Carrier Current program, this too is a necessity. He is the only—repeat, only—person who knows about the radio system in its entirety, and it was imperative for the success of the program that he play a major role.

Both the RHIC and Carrier Current will be of great benefit to the campus, and Don Carson has spent many hours working for their success. He should be commended, not blindly criticized.

There is only one thing standing between the two programs and successful partisan politics.

If the Student Party will spend a bit more time helping the present administration in a constructive manner rather than looking for skeletons in every Graham Memorial closet, then they will do far more to further their cause among the voters.

And, a third mistake, which probably was more of a misconception than anything else.

Wilson says the University Party did not support Spearman's action when he urged the Administration to get rid of the discriminatory housing rule.

It is true that the UP did not support him unanimously, but they did support him overwhelmingly. The party defeated a motion against Spearman's action, then passed one supporting him.

We hope the Student Party, no matter how honorable their intentions, will look at the situation more closely in the future, and look at it in a manner which will best benefit Student Government and the students.

You Can't Win 'Em All

If they ever write a poem about the Daily Tar Heel, the last two lines will surely go something like this:

"The readers knock it every day, they fuss and fume and foam;
But boy you ought'a seem 'em when the paper doesn't come."

And so it was on Sunday, when a series of technical calamities delayed delivery of the DTH to many points on campus until past noon. The office was deluged with calls from all over town from irate readers demanding delivery.

What happened? Well, it was something out of an editor's nightmare. First of all, the LSU-Carolina football game in Baton Rouge did not wind up until about 11:30 EST.

Thus, Bob Samsot, our sports writer on the scene, did not file his story until after midnight.

The Chapel Hill Weekly was laboring under the same deadline problems, and had priority on the press, with the result that the DTH did not go to press until around 7 a.m.

Then disaster struck. The Weekly's flat-bed press, a veteran of many, many years of service to town and campus, almost expired. Service was finally restored by 8 a.m., though the printing proceeded rather slowly.

Hopefully, our readers finally got delivery around lunch time, despite our trials and tribulations. Our sincere apologies, and thanks to all our readers for bearing with us in this crisis.

"I just don't understand how boys can be so sloppy!"



Letters To The Editors

Battle Of Sexes Rages On

Amazons Needed For UNC Men

Editors, The Tar Heel:

Where are those gay, self-confident charmers of the Old South who could sweep a lady right off her stacked heels?

The "sweeping" is no longer carried out by the blue-blooded male; rather, it has been forced upon the pink-blooded female. In fact, the whole myth of masculine man-feminine woman has been reversed.

The brooding male of today's campus, complaining incessantly about the ratio, desires a quasi-Amazon coed who flashes Revlon's best smiles and bubbles forth omni-flattering chatter that will revitalize his long stagnant hormones.

Loss of the aggressive male character has been noted by coeds who have been the victims of shy glances and feeble nods from any number of males who are too gutless to give them the benefit of full recognition. Certainly no self-respecting Amazon is going to stalk such sickly game.

But for those panting females who enjoy scrambling after the pitiful, mush-mouthed pseudo-man hear this: run, run, run just as fast as you can, girls, you just may catch one of those gingerbread men.

To the victor goes the crumbs.
A Victim
Name Withheld

Question: Crepe paper in the bathroom? We have toilet paper in Craige.

Oh yes, as to Miss Claris' comment on the Automations, don't knock it less'n you tried it. If I had lacked the intestinal fortitude to accept the challenge, I certainly wouldn't be broadcasting the fact.

Since I am not a Freshman Girls' Dormitory, or even a freshman, (or even a freshman girls' dormitory's telephone or a freshman girls' dormitory's telephone's rule) I will remain blissfully silent on that point. Why, Miss Claris, don't you come out to Craige and try our telephones?

Chuck Cunningham
315 Craige

Campus Males Found Sloppy

Editors, The Tar Heel:

Three "drab, listless bodies encased in formless unappealing attire" would like to sound off concerning the October 6th letter to the editor.

Apparently Mr. Richman, Mr. Wolf, and Mr. Grier have become so accustomed to looking at sockless, blue-jeaned males

wandering around campus, that they've begun to see double. Or perhaps the discontended trio has not yet learned to distinguish the coeds from their fellow comrades.

In any case, most female students at Carolina spend a more-than-adequate amount of time in grooming and dressing, usually with successful results.

The three gentlemen who wrote the letter obviously were too busy jumping to conclusions to bother to get their facts straight. The letter previously referred to left us with the impression of "do as we say, not as we do."

We are wondering if they have ever taken a good look at the male population here—with their grubby little beards, uncombed hair, and blank stares on the morning after the night before. And yet you didn't hear us complaining first.

It might be well to note that all Carolina coeds appear on campus or in town attired in dresses or skirts, while our male counterparts tramp around clad in sloppy bermudas and T-shirts, sweatshirts, or no shirts.

One final thought—most coeds are here to get an education, not to participate in a fashion show

Alicia Babenco
Shirley Appel
Betty Hemphill
112 and 113 Spencer

HEELPRINTS

Sign on a Gulf station in Raleigh: "We clean the tiger hairs out of your tank."

It's a shame, but the most petite thing about most of the GM Petite Musicales is the attendance.

Definition: Extremist—a person who wonders why there is only one TV station in Austin, Texas.

Headline of the Week: "Ku Klux Klan Sets Up Booth at Alabama State Fair." We suggest that they have people throw darts at the Constitution, and anyone hitting the 14th Amendment should get an electric cross for his front lawn.

After seeing the "Jim Gardner for Congress" plane flying over Kenan Stadium for three straight weeks, we've decided to vote for Jesse Jones.

Broken Bottles Litter Grounds

Editors, The Tar Heel:

Where there were coke and beer bottles on campus yesterday, there is broken glass today. Empty bottles don't add to the beauty of our campus and broken glass creates a hazard. Let's correct this before we lose the privilege to carry bottled cokes around or someone gets badly cut.

If the empty coke bottles are returned to the bottle holders beside the machines from which they were purchased and if the beer bottles are thrown away through our garbage disposal system, then we can prevent a future hazard while the present one is being cleaned up.

You know, it was mighty slippery going during all that rain we had last week.

Charles Barwick
312 Lewis

Autumn Rains Add Insult To Illness

By BRANTLEY CLARIS
Health Editor

Life at Carolina is so enchanting—especially when you're sick. People are so sympathetic and cheerful, the world seems so bright, the skies stay clear and sunny. Your room is warm and cozy, you have miraculously little homework to do, and before you know it, you're well again and ready to meet the world.

Well, now that we've had our Laugh of the Day, let's consider the true vicious circle. Everything starts when one of your best friends contracts some vile disease as close to double pneumonia as you can get without moving into the infirmary. You nurse her and look after her, and it seems like she just MIGHT get well.

Then comes Saturday morning, and YOU seem to have a little cough. A quick trip to the drug store for some cold pills and cough syrup fixes you up nicely for the game and the parties afterwards.

Then you get a little reckless. After Saturday night's date, you wash your hair and tumble into bed. My, but the room is chilly! Sunday morning you meet your Waterloo: you wake up with bronchitis. Isn't this fun, though? It's absolutely, utterly POURING outside, so you sit and rot in the dorm all day long, coughing whenever you feel like scaring your enemies and sipping your "Warning: Maybe Be Habit Forming"-brand cough medicine.

Meanwhile, your roommate has decided to catch The Disease too so you're in excellent company. And again, as you stumble into bed, the room seems awfully cold.

Monday morning comes bright and early—especially when you wake up at seventeen minutes to nine. Still, you manage to swim to your nine o'clock — on time, even. But you seem to have that little cough still.

There's no need to feel embarrassed because your resound-

ing hack sounds like it belongs to a 300-pound football player. But still, the fact that all the other girls have ladylike coughs may make you wonder if you're violating the Campus Code.

At any rate, things are very exciting when you find yourself choking and gasping for breath in mid-lecture. At this time the decision is reached to experiment with class-cutting and to wade back to the dorm and crawl in between the sheets.

After one last damp, frigid excursion into the outside world for a sandwich, you resolve to rot in the dorm for the rest of the day — especially when they finally turn the heat on.

Everybody knows you're there, because your cough reverberates throughout the halls. You're so sick you won't even go outside the dorm with your boy friend! That's really sick, believe me.

Monday night is a little different, because you cough so much and so hard that you don't fall asleep until 6 a.m. When you awaken at 7:20 (with a class in fifteen minutes), wheezing asthmatically, you have no warning that today you will be a social outcast.

When you take your linens to exchange them, the lady behind the counter won't even count them, because she's afraid of your germs.

People seem to avoid you—but maybe it's only because you smell like a walking Vicks advertisement. On the street or in the laundromat — people stare whenever you feel inclined to cough.

You make the great decision: to the infirmary you will go, that very afternoon. The doctor who he doesn't like your eye makeup, but he still gives you a couple of prescriptions. Off to the drug store you go to have them filled—then home to bed you drag, all good spirits suddenly dissipated.

Nine dollars and twenty cents worth of pills and cough syrup would make anybody sick.