

**The Daily Tar Heel**  
72 Years of Editorial Freedom

*Chapel Hill*  
Site of the University  
North Carolina  
which first  
opened its doors  
in January  
1793

Published daily except Mondays, examination periods and vacations, throughout the academic year by the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina. Printed by the Chapel Hill Publishing Company, Inc., 501 West Franklin Street, Chapel Hill, N. C.

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Offices on the second floor of Graham Memorial. Telephone number: Editorial, sports, news — 933-1012. Business, circulation, advertising—933-1163. Address: Box 1080, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Second class postage paid at the Post Office in Chapel Hill, N. C.,  
Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester; \$8.00 per year.

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**Hypocrisy Comes Into The Campaign**

As November 3 draws ever nearer with all the political indices pointing toward a victory for President Johnson, there are tell-tale signs that a measure of desperation is creeping into the campaign of Senator Barry Goldwater. And though this desperation has assumed several forms in recent days, its most lurid aspect, by far, has been in the area of civil rights.

Several North Carolina newspapers carried large ads yesterday in support of Senator Goldwater, and there was no mistaking their message or intent.

One bore a straight-forward message — "The Choice is Simple!" — under a picture of the candidate, and continued with the words: "If you approve of the civil rights act passed by Congress, Vote for Johnson. If you don't, Vote for Goldwater."

Another ad was directed at white citizens of South Carolina, and concerned itself with recent endorsements of President Johnson by various Negro groups, concluding with the warning "Don't let LBJ-HHH Democrats including a solid Negro vote take this election from us!"

Such advertisements are degrading enough because of their obvious goal of setting race against race. When political hypocrisy is added to such inflammatory tactics, the result is both a taunt and a lie.

Senator Goldwater and President Johnson met early in the campaign and expressed the common hope that civil rights would be largely excluded from the race. Now the subject is obviously going to be injected forcibly into the campaign after all especially in North Carolina and other southern states. This is terribly regrettable.

The most regrettable aspect of all is that Senator Goldwater's backers are attempting to appeal to the baser aspects of Southern voters by casting him as a segregationist, which he certainly is not.

**Seek, And You Just Might Find**

For the first time since 1948, there are definite indications that South Carolina may not end up in the Democratic column. A recent poll gave Sen. Barry Goldwater 53 percent of the votes against President Johnson's 37 percent. Ten percent were undecided.

The racial issue can be chalked up as the prime factor in the margin as the "backlash" is a very real thing in that state. Also, Sen. Strom Thurmond has switched over to the GOP and Rep. Albert Watson recently declared himself in support of the Arizonian.

Because Barry Goldwater voted against the 1964 Civil Rights Act—and for no other reason — newspaper ads like those of yesterday portray him as "the white man's friend," a man just enough like George Wallace to deserve the votes of the most ardent Ku Kluxers.

Those Southerners who are fooled by this sort of propaganda would probably be interested in a pamphlet circulated early in the campaign by Republican organizations in the North. It clearly pictures Senator Goldwater as "the friend of the Negro," making it clear that he is a contributor of the NAACP. The pamphlet has since been withdrawn by the GOP, presumably to prevent it from falling into the hands of Southern Democrats who could use it to point out to their constituents that Barry considers himself anything but a segregationist.

(We might make note here of the report that this very same pamphlet is now being circulated in Louisiana as an anti-Goldwater weapon, proving that most politicians will still fight fire with fire.)

The message, of course, is clear: Senator Goldwater's backers are, as Hubert Humphrey has said, "talking out of both sides of their mouths" concerning civil rights. They are doing so because the Senator is still far behind, and they feel they must do something to catch up. What they have done is to adopt the political philosophy that "it isn't how you talk about the issues, it's how much you can confuse them."

This time, however, their philosophy may well have backfired. For in attempting to pervert into segregationist doctrine Senator Goldwater's constitutionally-based opposition to the Civil Rights Act, they have stooped to the level of openly inflaming racism, thereby destroying any illusions of the GOP as a calm or moderate organization, at least in this campaign.

This is one state where the President is falling behind, and it is also one state where he has not even pretended to want to visit. It is one thing to go into an area where you are popular in search of votes, and another to go into a place where you are an underdog.

If President Johnson will take the time and trouble to visit that state, we suspect he will further his chances a great deal more. If he doesn't go there, he really doesn't deserve their votes.

Hit the campaign trail, President Johnson. It's the only way you'll get South Carolina's electoral votes.

**Fiat Lux!**

The power was shut off yesterday in Graham Memorial for several hours just before dusk, but some ingenuity by DTH writer-in-residence Joel Bulkley allowed us to get the paper out without too much inconvenience.

Joel hooked up the office to a generator outside the building, and the lights went on, as well as the wire machines.

Naturally, student government stayed in the dark, and late in the afternoon the only worker was one poor committee chairman laboring between two candles.

But, of course, this is nothing out of the ordinary. A long Carolina tradition has been that student government remains in the dark while the DTH sees the light.

We're happy to see an indication that this tradition will not be broken.

**Of Calculus And Candy**

By BRANTLEY CLARIS  
Miscellaneous Editor

All my friends will be glad to know that I am no longer taking calculus and will therefore probably be at the University next semester. To my enemies, all I can say is, "I'm sorry."

I got a letter from my 13-year-old brother today, and I quote: "Too bad you flunked your calculus quiz. On my three weeks Latin exam I got a 94." Is that or is that not brotherly love?

On the same day I dropped calculus, something equally wonderful happened: they filled up the candy machine in the basement!

You see, the candy that was in it was left over from last spring, but we ate all of THAT, and then some guardian angel came and put in six new kinds of candy.

There is an especially good chocolate bar with almonds, in case you're interested. (I'm giving excuses for the complexities of the Pocolant squaws at the moment. The candy is too much to resist.)

The kind gentlemen who wrote that letter saying the coeds look terrible came over to apologize Saturday night. It seems they only meant that if the girls were having trouble getting dates, maybe sprucing up was the answer.

I wasn't at the dorm to accept their apology then (I know they were crushed that I wasn't rotting in the dorm on Saturday night), but I accept it now. Just see that it doesn't happen again. Hell hath no fury, etc.

My mother sent me a Care package today. The only thing she seems to overlook is green and has pictures of the Presidents on it.

I issue a warning to impressionable freshmen. (Wait — I know I'm a freshman, but I'm not so impressionable because I'm too stubborn to change my opinions.)

Watch out for the politics your professors are going to drill in to you. I hereby publicly come out for Goldwater. If you're for Johnson, fine, but don't be for either candidate (or for socialism or communism or anarchy) just because one of your professors tells you over and over that this is the only intelligent way to think.

It's not hard to be influenced. Just count the minutes till class is over or draw pretty pictures! I'm campaigning for the UN Seminar to New York over Thanksgiving. People who went last year seem to have had a really great time, and how often do you get a chance at a trip to New York for \$35?

The fact that I'm working for the CCUN has nothing to do with my enthusiasm—I wanted to go BEFORE I got recruited. Y'all come . . .

People, seeing as I have no problems of my own (other than academic and financial), I have decided that you NEED me. (I just heard somebody say under his breath, "Like a hole in the head.") Can I solve your problems? (Are you kidding?) But I'll TRY, and that's what counts. Pocolant girls DO try, you know.

Can I air your gripes? (Contrary to popular opinion, this is not a gripe column, but I'm not adverse to turning it into one.) I'm here, just waiting to help.

The DTH editors are not in favor of a Chapel Hill "Ann Landers," but surely we, the



**Letters To The Editors**

**Campus Cutie Issue Ends**

**Carolina Coeds Called Women**

**Editors, The Tar Heel:**  
Having read in the DTH about Carolina coeds, we think they are being unfairly treated. We see nothing more appealing about import girls; in fact, we feel that Carolina ladies are the best groomed and most attractive in the area.

The ratio is admittedly poor, and that makes it tough. But perhaps because of this disadvantage, we men have allowed ourselves to develop an attitude which frightens the women off. Don't you think all this criticism will only hurt our relations on campus?

If we men would use a little initiative, we would find that the coeds are receptive, friendly, and not at all stuck up or cold, as they are unjustly accused of being.

We need to remember that these coeds are women. If we treat them with the respect and courtesy to which they are entitled, they will respond very humanly and with warmth.

Jim Barnhill  
Dick Durham  
DU House

**Final Edition On Date Question**

**Editors, The Tar Heel:**  
This, I hope, will be the final installment of the "Carolina Gentlemen vs. Campus Cuties" dialogue which has occupied so much space in the DTH these past few days.

I will admit it has been a moving (almost to the point of nausea) series of letters, but enough is enough, and it is time that the Tar Heel resumed its campus stance of providing the really important news: more Suzuki ads, pictorials of Y-Court dogs, etc.

**SCENES**

By SKIP ROUGHTON

Have you ever noticed how opposites attract?

Today, as I sat in Lenoir nibbling at my noodles and giblets, I became aware of a couple sitting to my right.

The male member was clad in a pair of moth-eaten jeans and an old perspiration shirt, overlapped by a summer beard. He was exchanging loving looks with a fair young maiden (?) dressed in a smart wool suit and crowned by a sweeping coiffure.

So why must we feud, Carolina Gentlemen and Coeds? Surely, if these two can get together, so can the rest of us.

**The Toilet Seat Campaign**

By DAVID ROTHMAN

"So far, it's been a dirty campaign — one with emphasis on the failings rather than on the attributes of both candidates."

These were the words of a newspaperman driving to Raleigh to hear President Johnson last week.

He pulled into a gas station, chewed the rag with its proprietor and used the restroom. Then, returning to his car, he said: "The owner holds a position in the local Democratic Party. I don't know what's happened to him recently, but it turns out he's now for the GOP. He ought to resign from our party."

A normal situation in this era of changing political loyalties. But the journalist had another observation to make: the owner, it seemed, had the photograph of the President pasted on his gas station's toilet seat.

Entering the Reynolds Coliseum, the journalist most likely saw additional material with which to back up his original statement.

"BURY GOLDWATER," read one placard. Appearing above that suggestion was a likeness of Adolf Hitler, whose teachings probably meant the extermination of Goldwater's European relatives.

Also bearing the Fuhrer's por-

trait was a parody of the Republican slogan: "IN YOUR HEART YOU KNOW HE'LL FIGHT." The implication was clear that Goldwater's election would lead to thermonuclear war.

But the Goldwaterites present at the rally were not to be outdone. Many of their signs carried (out of context) a statement made by President Johnson while referring to the budgets of H.E.W. and the Defense Department: "I intend to take from the 'haves' and give to the 'have-nots.'"

Beside the President's words was a quotation from Marx: "From each according to his ability to each according to his needs."

A Democrat, seeing one of the placards with the two quotations held aloft by a YAF member acidly remarked: "There they go again—those 'Young American Fascists.'"

Another Johnson admirer in the vicinity looked the Goldwaterite in the eye, then asked a question which has become disturbingly common: "Why are you voting for that bigot?"

This brought to mind a dialogue I had recently had with a woman hearing Goldwater in Raleigh.

joined the Young Republicans." "No, madam," I replied. "In this election I'm quite neutral."

"Well, you can't be," she snapped. "It's a choice between freedom and slavery. Young people like you have got to know the issues before they reach voting age. If you don't, one day you may wake up to find yourself living under the yoke of Moscow; and the LBJ crowd certainly has put us on the road to red socialism."

At this point, my self-styled civics teacher was interrupted by a friend. "Careful," he cautioned her "the country's getting redder than an apple all the time."

The woman and her friend felt themselves the victims of one conspiracy or another—international domestic or journalistic. Their speech abounded with clichés — the clichés usually spoken only by the villains of off-beat leftist political novels.

And the conversations of their Democratic counterparts last week often seemed equally slanderous.

Meanwhile, the image of President Lyndon B. Johnson continues to adorn the toilet seat in that obscure filling station. Perhaps it can be removed from there after the election.

**Foreign Policy Lacks Depth**

By TIMOTHY RAY

Secretary of State Dean Rusk disappointed us by not giving us the honor of a major policy speech; but we didn't have any right to expect one.

I think it was reasonable, however, to expect a consistent and informative speech. This, I believe, he did not give us.

No attempt was made to reconcile the standard public re-announcement of the present division of the world into the good guys and the bad guys with the insistent desire that some good will come of mankind.

That we are leaders in the modern world of many nations and that the responsibility falls upon us to protect and save the free world from the oppressors sheds very little light on the questions of how we are going to save people, what we are saving them from, and what the salvation consists of.

Does our government believe that the governments of South Viet Nam, Formosa, South Africa, Iran and Angola are justified by "the consent of the governed?" Does saving the people of these countries from oppression mean only saving them from oppression by Communists? Is that sufficient to justify calling these countries "free?"

Using "free world" to include all nations not under Communism is like using "morality" to mean whatever isn't murder. Let him who fights in the trenches for freedom hope that he fights for more than this.

If you haven't got a ballot box, or a free press, or religious tolerance, or academic freedom, or at least a chance to work and bring home bread, you're not free in any meaningful sense, regardless of who is running the government where you live.

A full stomach without a ballot box is a great deal better than an empty stomach without a ballot box, regardless of who is in charge, or his basic theory (if he's got one) about the nature of man, society and the historical process.

The Secretary wants us to realize that nuclear war is outmoded and evil, like burning people at the stake. If bombs are out, sir, what's in—the Geophysical New Year?

Does the Secretary plan to consult the International Congress of Bacteriology and Parasitology the next time the Shoe Banger stops traffic on the Autobahn?

The Secretary's boss has committed our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor to that city (so recently a nest of bad guys). Does this include our bombs, and if not, why not?

During the Cuban Missile Crisis we had to "look operationally at a nuclear possibility." This is an explicit statement that nuclear war is thinkable, that we are willing to take steps that may bring the final exchange that ends the world.

Or are there some limits to what we will do to keep the world uncommunist? Does the philosophy of freedom include any principles of morality that can reasonably be applied to the regulation of and moderation of the use of weapons whose inherent nature is the extermination of civilian populations?

Does it all boil down to a basic commitment to each of two mutually contradictory premises: 1) that anti-Communism anywhere in the world should be defended at any cost (including nuclear war); and 2) that our policies do not include "frying" people with atomic bombs?

W. H. Blanton  
11 Ridgcrest Rd.

**Day For Voguing Ravidly Abroaches**

By BILL MARTIN

November 3 is election day, you know. In alternate nuns and verbes, we electrify our polygonal leaders at the poles on this day. Yes. And boat candy-dates has been giving speeg on speeg—some in our own catiput of Rally. And sins we, of most, sturdy here at this grade Universe of N. C., we shod way itch candy-date and their respectable flarfarms.

If you be an conservative, than you shod vogue Republic. Barefoot Goalwater and Willy Demille are on that ticky. Vogue this weigh unless you name is Keaty or Jabber. Strong Theroshotle wood be you pal, and Dan Moosse just mide be you pal also! But you wood, alias, have few Nero pals.

If you crave Nero pals, lack Body Kidney pray for Dino Rust, believe in dissemination, supporde the Civil Service Bill, than you most infinitely hasn't got the conscious of a conservative. And you shod be a Demogogue. The

Demagogic Parley is offering up Lenden Banal Johnnyson (now Resident of the U. S. A., you know) and Hufert Hubby as his most incapible running matey.

There are some other impossibilities — Bill Scrap 'em, and Nail some Rockinelly mide be right-in candy-dates, bud really they hasn't a hobe. Claire Wilkes-Booth Lucy-Desi wood lack to be Resident, I repose. Even Body Kidney (the aforementioned) wood well come the job.

On the state sin, it's Republic Bill Galvinometer verses Demogogue Morose. Also there is the oldie joke, "We live by a Lake—right-in!" L. Richie Prior, a federated jadge, is a right-in hobe-ful, bud, lack them all, not too hobe-ful.

So, if you wood lack to chews you leaders, go to the poles on ejection day and vogue you constrictions. It is Nescafe to do this in odor to preserve our Demagogic (not to be confused with Demagogic Parley) high-society in which we live and sturdy!

**The Daily Tar Heel**

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