

DTH Editorial Page

Opinions of the Daily Tar Heel are expressed in its editorials. Letters and columns, covering a wide range of views, reflect the personal opinions of their authors.

Happy Birthday To Us

The Daily Tar Heel, seventy-two years old today, defies definition or analysis. Its journalistic stream, unbound by the common banks of time and continuity, flows out of the fertile minds of the young, sometimes with the raging madness of a furious river and sometimes with the sluggishness of a tiny rivulet trickling down a bone-dry bed of opinion.

Sometimes it is gloriously professional; occasionally it is odiously amateur. There are mornings when it is pounced upon with shameless delight by even the most apathetic, listless student; on other days, hundreds of copies are borne to their grave unappreciated—black and white ballast for a grimy garbage truck.

Throughout its storied past, its editors have sometimes seized firmly upon a cause, a goal or an ideal and clung to it with tenacity, responsibility and honor; on other occasions they have allowed a purely irrational prejudice to thwart them in the pursuit of truth and genuine public concern.

On occasion, the paper has been a mirror reflecting the hopes and dreams and thoughts of the nebulous mass of humanity which we call a University; at other times it has been a radical, stubborn voice of discontent and anger.

It editors and staff members have sometimes been brilliant, dedicated stu-

dents for whom its dusty quarters and battered typewriters have represented the initial rung on the ladder to fame and success; on rare occasions its bleak rooms have been populated by bitter souls who have strangled responsibility and made it a labor of defiance, not love.

Thus, even after seventy-two years of tradition, change and paradox its character and personality are as complex and variable as the colors of a kaleidoscope.

It is sometimes a conscience, pricking the collective mind of the campus; sometimes a thorn in the University's side; sometimes right; sometimes wrong; sometimes the last bulwark of student concern; sometimes a bastion of apathy.

But if there is one quality which never deserts these pages, it is youth. Most of the inquiring, youthful eyes which perused the first edition have been long since blinded by time; the brittle yellowness of age has turned that initial bold venture itself into a frail and weary artifact. But the musty deposit of the years cannot corrode the spirit of this paper. Replenished annually by the same fickle time which sweeps away a part of its very being, The Daily Tar Heel lives on, ever younger, while we who shape the course of its meandering stream quietly come and go.

The Great Debate On Medicare

The CPU presents another exciting first to the campus tonight in a debate on Medicare in Gerrard Hall.

The contest pits past AMA President Edward Annis and former state medical leader Dr. John L. Kernodle against Chapel Hill's Dr. Frank Williams and Socialist R. W. Tucker. The teams will discuss the relative merits of the Administration's King-Anderson bill and the AMA-sponsored Elder Care bill.

But more important than the topic and speakers is the style of debate itself. The two teams will present their case in ten-minute speeches. A short recess will be followed by one rebuttal from each side.

During the rebuttal and afterwards, members of the audience may jump up and challenge a debater on any given point. If the speaker is begging the issue or making a false point, the audience may politely but firmly set him straight.

This requires something from the audience as well as from the debaters. The debate will be enjoyable, but not terribly exciting if students sit back expecting to be entertained. But it will be most interesting indeed for students, and faculty for that matter, to take a stab at cornering one of these first-rate debaters on a given point.

Medicare is a step toward increasing

Social Security benefits to the elderly in helping them to meet astronomical medical costs. It's method of operation is entirely within the limits of what is now done with Social Security in terms of economic philosophy. There is nothing terribly revolutionary about it.

What the AMA is really getting defensively about is not Medicare, which specifically avoids affecting the doctor-patient relationship in any way, but the possibility of the more revolutionary concept of socialized medicine.

Of all the areas that have been socialized in Western economies, medicine has worked out the best. Great Britain has one of the finest programs in the Western World, and one of the most effective.

Thus the real point of debate tonight, though not stated, is the issue of socialized medicine. Tucker will support Medicare as a step in the right direction, Dr. Annis will oppose it as a step the wrong way.

Hopefully this more basic issue will come out and be debated. Those who attend should regard it as their responsibility to see that it does. The King-Anderson Medicare bill is only a front for the real issue.—PETE WALES

The Name's The Same, Isn't It?

Now that the General Assembly is about to get embroiled in the name-change controversy at the expense of practically every other important matter

facing North Carolina, we feel obligated to give two suggestions which we think might solve the problem.

The problem, as everyone knows, revolves around the use of the word "State" in the title of the Raleigh institution. Therefore, we will gladly allow them to retain this word.

Our first suggestion is that the city fathers of Raleigh approve a bill which would allow the area encompassing the campus to secede from the city and become incorporated.

This newly incorporated area would be named "North Carolina State." Thus, the name of the university would be "The University of North Carolina at North Carolina State," and we would be called "The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill." Very easy, what?

An alternative to this would be change the name of North Carolina to "State." Thus, we would be known as "The University of State at Chapel Hill" and Cow College could also be known as "The University of State at Raleigh."

Both suggestions would be quite workable and would pacify the beating hearts of the State alumni, who are intent to retain "State" even if it endangers the entire University budget. But, after all, legislators are only human, aren't they?

Vietnamese Works From Inside

The Village Voice

Dr. Vo Thanh Minh of Vietnam is a small, delicate man with a wispy beard. He wears a black frock. His bare feet are in sandals. He sits cross-legged as he speaks to us in French and English. He doesn't want to be noticed—that is, he doesn't want his dress, his home which is anchored in the East River at the south end of Manhattan, his little, black-lace-curtained car, his private personal fasting witness of his country's pain to become the object of America's cute notice.

And yet these are the first things any American sees. No matter who he may be, that American—no matter how eager to extract facts about Vietnam, the truth about the war, the real way the real Vietnamese north and south feel—

the first thing that American is aware of is a man from Asia who looks different and lives a peaceful life of daily action. Dr. Vo hardly noticed us in the exterior apparel of our time and place. It is because he hardly noticed the plain meat of our presence, that he couldn't see why we should give any attention to his physical self.

He told us some of the things he did before coming to America. He spoke three times to Bao Dai. He spoke three times to Ho Chih Minh. Then he realized he could do nothing for the peace of his people in Vietnam, in Geneva, in France, and so he decided to come to where power now lived. In order to speak directly to that power, he crossed the sea, he disembarked at New York. He drove uptown and parked his 1936 Simca in front of the U. N. He planned quietly to live, to fast, to tell powerful Americans that the war in his country must end, that hundreds and thousands of Vietnamese are dead to an American advantage. He wanted ordinary Americans to know that his people are being tortured, brutalized by decades of war. They have spent more years than we realize repulsing invaders, the Chinese as well as the French. They are now in the middle of a civil war which we Americans consider our affair. He was finally arrested for illegal parking.

He now lives in a houseboat on the East River, and Jules Rabin and I from the Village Peace Center and Peter Kizer and Harry Pruvit from CNVA

spoke to him there. We are Americans and of course what we wanted to know about was democracy. Almost all the wars we have fought have been for the sake of that stunning idea, and Americans are right now in Vietnam sometimes dying and often killing just for democracy.

Oh yes, Dr. Vo said, his country knew something about democracy. In the villages, life had been very democratic, the little communities had elected their own mayor or headman and, in spite of the French tyranny, had been very much in charge of their lives and their work. This was no longer true. North and South, external, central power dictated to the villages, installed leaders, and in South Vietnam the Americans had carried the decision to democratize to the point of moving village people forcibly from ancestral lands, gathering them into artificial stockaded, military settlements.

What is essential is to end the war, Dr. Vo said. The war must end before the country and its people disappear in blood. What is essential is to bring together the powers that met in 1954 and promised elections by 1956, but never held them. China and the United States must be part of this great meeting of negotiation. Although Dr. Vo is disliked north and south equally, he believes: Ho Chih Minh is too wise and independent to want to be ever a slave of Mao Tse Tung.

There is a great fear in Vietnam that the American policy of intervention must lead to a confrontation between China and America which will surely force Ho Chih Minh north into that slavery Dr. Vo says he detests.

Then we asked him about the Buddhists; Americans like to hear about people who are religious. He laughed and said, Well, they had not changed at all, Time magazine to the contrary. They were the same as a l w a y s. Their activities had been, publicly enlarged, and glorified when American wanted to depose the people of Ngo Dinh Diem, and now a revised image of imminent violence was being evolved for other reasons.

We asked him about the peacefulness of his own people, because all of us present that afternoon were committed to nonviolence as a whole way of life, not only as a clever tactic for temporary use by the civil rights movement. He said they were not a particularly peaceful people. They were a small country, and yet they had manfully fought them (though they looked for a while as though they'd never learn) how to use come to this light, airy, river-

tilting apartment. When he'd debarked from the French freighter the Americans must be somewhat surprised too. Of course they were not without sin either. A good peice of South Vietnam was properly Cambodia, and possibly 500,000 Cambodians had found themselves incorporated into the nation Vietnam.

Laos was another story, a peaceful people of absolute non-fighters. The American victory there was over that peaceful nature. Americans had successfully taught them (though they looked for a while as they they'd never learn) how to use rifles . . . mortar.

The Captain's Help
We wanted to know how he'd come to this light, airy, river-tilting apartment. When he'd debarked from the French freighter that brought him to America, his car which he'd brought with him simple didn't work. He had to push it from the pier to the street, and Captain Fred Kosnac of American Boat Carriage, who happened to be passing, offered his help. When Dr. Vo was arrested, the police communicated with Captain Kosnac because his name was the only American name — apart from several like Dulles or MacNamara — that Dr. Vo had written down. So Captain Kosnac, who is a tough Captain on the East River, invited Dr. Vo Thanh Minh, a Confucian from Vietnam to be his guest, to live on the second floor of his houseboat, where Dr. Vo is proud that he often helps by waking the men below for 2 a.m. or 4 a.m. shifts.

Dr. Vo is 58 years old. He was a teacher of philosophy and history during the years Vietnam was being protected from other countries by the French. His life has been one of service; he worked with Boy Scout organizations and with orphanages. Few Vietnamese who have dealt with important upper-class doers have also lived and worked among the poor, the homeless of the cities, and the destitute. He has come here to speak for these people.

Dr. Vo spoke to us through the good offices of CNVA. He does not admit newspapermen, who have treated him up to now as a curiosity and passed lightly over his concern. In fact, the day after we met, shouting in wild English and French, he attempted to toss overboard a photographer who might have enhanced this story somewhat. And yet, having met us and not bothering to know our names, he said. Write anything, I will trust your intention.

Free Speech With Dignity Part Of Southern Tradition

By TIMOTHY RAY

My fellow Southerners, it is necessary to state clearly that our behavior at the Free Speech Rally is something to be ashamed of.

I am not writing this in order to agree with the Free Speech Movement, whether here, at Berkeley, or anywhere else. I don't think that is the main issue.

Nor is the main issue the insult received by the Liberian student, whose tribal robes were referred to as a "bathrobe" for a "circus", though why shouldn't he have been offended? A typical Southerner is insulted if the Confederate flag is treated with disrespect. Both are proud symbols, each with its own kind of dignity, of eras and ways of life that the modern world is leaving behind.

The point I want to make today is that, regardless of the intentions of these free speech and civil rights organizations, they were, in organizing their rally, only doing something which the American way of life, and this University, gives them the right to do. If you want to express contempt for such a rally, the dignified and gentlemanly way to do it is to leave—not to stand and jeer like a bunch of trashy carpetbaggers.

James Gardner believes in sponsoring public forums, where people of every opinion can stand up and be heard. Maybe we don't need that here at Carolina, where we can express ourselves through contacts with faculty and admin-

istration, through student government and our own newspaper, and through such organizations as Young Republicans and Young Democrats. Gardner seems to think that these outlets are not enough, or are not sufficiently open or representative.

Now I am not trying to say that he is right or wrong. What I am trying to say is that there was nothing wrong in sponsoring this rally, especially since the permission of the administration was obtained ahead of time, and the administrators were asked to come. Therefore there was no call for rudeness or the hostile and aggressive vocal behavior that many of us demonstrated at the rally.

Gardner is trying to change our attitudes about race. If he wants to do that, he has the right to try. Now my great-grandfather had slaves and fought for the right to exercise his own judgment whether he should have them or not. In

fact, he fought bravely in spite of sustaining a number of wounds.

Now I don't approve of slavery, or segregation for that matter. But I cannot help but feel pride at the courage with which our ancestors defended their beliefs. The harsh Reconstruction, after the War Between the States, left us filled with hatred and bitterness toward those who might want to come down and interfere with our freedom to live the way we want to. It wasn't so long ago, only three generations in my family, and it is very difficult for us to get over feeling this way.

But now we are students at an outstanding University, and we have a chance to partake of the wonders of education, which used to be reserved for the rich and the well-born. The decision to seek education is a powerful decision, and it carries with it certain ideals as to how we should live.

One of those ideals to which we should be committed is the willingness to listen to another man's ideas calmly, respectfully — for it is a fellow human being who speaks — even though we might think that his ideas are wrong or even harmful. In a great university, all men get their chance to speak, in atmosphere of dedication to truth and a faith that reason can decide, in most cases at least, where the truth lies.

I give you one parting thought: would Robert E. Lee — a man of honor nobility — have respected our raucous behavior at that rally? Or that great North Carolinian, and former president of our University, Dr. Frank Porter Graham?

LETTERS

The Daily Tar Heel solicits letters to the editors at any time and on any subject.

All letters must be typed DOUBLE SPACED and must be free of libel. The editors reserve the right to edit for length. Letters should be submitted at least two days prior to date of publication.

LETTERS

TO THE EDITORS

Fraternity Doors Must Open To All

Editors, The Tar Heel:

As a Negro student at the University of North Carolina, I have watched the events of the past week with a great deal of dismay. I have put-off writing this letter, hoping to gain some perspective on an important challenge to the University and to me. The naive treatment given by the DTH to what I consider a grave incident has, in the Southern tradition, glossed over the deeper and more direct problem of fraternity discrimination against Negroes.

I believe that the insults against Mr. Hage and Mr. Gardner are much more than lamentable incidents, and further, I believe that the frat man (or Men) responsible were not sorry. Not one accidentally yells "nigger" or "nigger-lover." These are insults by design.

The thesis is that fraternities are the last and strongest bastion of naked segregation on this campus. The antithesis follows that groups and individuals will and must put themselves to the task of eliminating this discrimination. Fraternities must no longer get the comfort and sanction from South Building that they now enjoy.

I roundly urge the repeal of all clauses in frat constitutions that require them to discriminate against Negroes. For it seems only right that fraternities should judge men on no other ground than the personal worth of the individual.

Color of skin has nothing to do with the individual's dignity. Further, fraternities should not discriminate, because they, in effect, keep Negroes from the mainstream of campus life. Exclusion from the student power structure is antithetic to the idea of a free university where all students share in student self-government.

The administration must move to end fraternity discrimination, not because of threats of demonstrations or legal action from CORE or NAACP, but because it is right, and this none can doubt.

Finally, let us not be misled from the issue by labels or personalities, but let us "reason together" as honest men and women. Let our goal be the immediate and complete elimination of all discrimination in fraternities on this campus, and the realization of a free and integrated University of North Carolina.

This, we ask, not through revenge or hate, but through justice and morality.

Phillip Clay
118 Lewis Dorm

'White' Money Big In Liberia

Editors, The Tar Heel:

During the recent agitation on campus, rumors were circulating to the effect that "white" people are not allowed to own property in Liberia." The following is a quotation from "Basic Data on the Economy of Liberia," a U. S. government publication issued in April, 1964, with Luther Hodges' name on the title page as Secretary of Commerce:

"Private foreign investors constitute the dominant factor in the Liberian economic scene. All the large rubber plantations (representing a total investment of about \$60 million) are owned by foreign concerns . . . Much of the commercial, and nearly all banking, activities in the country are managed and financed by foreigners — Lebanese, Americans, Swedes, Germans, the major portion of private capital entering Liberia." (pg. 13)

The white man can own property in Liberia—and does own most of it.

Clifton Brock
Wilson Library

"Hey, Boys, The War's Over There!"



The Daily Tar Heel

72 Years of Editorial Freedom

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