

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.

A Plea: To The Winners, Losers And All Concerned

(Editor's Note: The following editorial was written before any election results were available.) This is, in the truest sense of the word, the morning after the night before, and some 200 students, or ex - candidates, are breathing a sigh of relief that the past month has finally ended.

Today the results are complete - there is no need for door - to - door campaigning, no need for posters and no need for speeches. The winners, and losers, have been decided.

To those who have been selected by their fellow students to represent the student body and the University, we urge diligence and patience in their new tasks. They have received honors which come to only a few, and we hope they will wear their laurels accordingly.

To the losers, we ask their continued interest in Student Government and offer our thanks for trying. The call could be "Wait Until Next Year," and indeed, we hope those qualified will not let their desire stop here.

To those who are departing, we say "well done," and urge them to assist their successors in the difficult take - over period. Political differences and personal feelings should be put aside, in order for the continuity of Student Government to be maintained.

In our final two weeks as editors, we pledge ourselves to

aid in this transition, and to do whatever we can to assist our successor and the other newly elected officers step into place with a minimum of difficulty.

Like most campaigns, this one was not without its novel points, and during the past month several proposals have been advanced which we hope the legislature and the Student Government will investigate and discuss in the future.

One concerns the length of the campaign. There is no legitimate reason for political parties to begin their campaigns a full month before the election. The results of such an early start are fatigued candidates, irritated voters and limitations on proper coverage of the event.

Student legislature should consider closely a bill preventing political parties from nominating candidates prior to a certain date - 15 days before the election should be sufficient.

Another proposal is one we have long supported - that the top two posts in Student Government be elected on a "slate system."

It is absurd to expect a complex executive to function properly when its president and vice president are in constant political conflict. One has only to look at the smooth efficiency that has prevailed this year with Bob Spearman and Don Carson at the helm to see first - hand the advantages of requiring a

"slate" vote for the executive branch.

Those who doubt the validity or importance of the slate system should cast a searching glance in the direction of 1963-64, when the political animosity between the president and vice president almost took precedent over any real functioning by Student Government.

And our third proposal is that the secretary and treasurer of the Student Body be appointed.

These two posts are highly technical, and a bad apple in either, especially the latter, could spell disaster. We recall the situation of two years ago, when the campus elected a "name" rather than a qualified candidate to be Secretary of the Student Body. It later turned out she couldn't even type, rarely showed up and quit at the following semester break, throwing Student Government into chaos.

So a new day dawns, and the new replace the old in Graham Memorial, New East and Davie Hall. We hope the newly-elected officers will carry on the great tradition of UNC Student Government which is being passed their way.

It is a great responsibility, and only with hard work can they hope to keep alive the spirit which has produced so many of our nation's leaders. Congratulations again, and a good luck.

They're Dangerous Too

We see where Surgeon General Luther Terry has cited public opinion polls in testifying before the Senate Commerce Committee regarding the labeling of cigarette packages as a health menace. The people, says Terry, want a warning on cigarettes such as "cigarette smoking is dangerous to health."

That's interesting, mighty interesting, especially since the 62.4 per cent of the public that wants a health label must be composed partially of folks who lack the gumption to give up the weed.

The situation reminds us a little of the man who complained about the presence of mirrors on the front of cigarette vending machines because, he said, "I can't

stand to look at a coward." If the public wants its cigarettes labeled as "dangerous," it would do well to acknowledge faith in that danger by giving up smoking.

Furthermore, cigarettes alone should not be victimized. If we're going to label cigarettes, why not label cigars, pipe tobacco as well? Or, for that matter, what about hard liquor, automobile exhausts - or even automobiles? Automobiles could be labeled with the figure 40,000 - the number of Americans killed in traffic accidents yearly - in bright paint.

And then, of course, we'd have to label girls. They're dangerous, too.

Shorter Campaigns: Yes, Yes

The Raleigh Times

There is talk of doing something to make political campaigns shorter in North Carolina. Such talk is welcome, and shorter campaigns would be even more welcome.

Much of the conversation now centers about proposals to change the party primary dates from May to September, and to make the primary filing deadline in the middle of the summer instead of the present date of 10 weeks before the May primary. Such a proposal would, in effect, bring a campaigning situation in

which the candidates would continue straight from the primary races into the general election campaign. There would be such a combined campaign of about four months.

Such a change should be considered seriously. Of course, no law could prevent an unannounced candidate campaigning as long as he wished, and undoubtedly that would continue to be the case in some North Carolina elections. But, moving the filing deadline to mid-summer and having the primaries in September instead of in May could well have the effect of shortening even the campaigns by the unannounced candidates as well as voters.

The day of the need for long campaigns is long over. With modern communications media, good roads, airports in every section of the state, the candidates can get all their ideas across to the voters in much shorter time than is now provided under state election laws.

The Daily Tar Heel

72 Years of Editorial Freedom

The Daily Tar Heel is the official news publication of the University of North Carolina and is published by students daily except Mondays, examination periods and vacations.

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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.

Love, Not Hate, Marks Marchers

Editors, The Tar Heel:

So Kerry Sipe went to our Raleigh memorial march for Rev. James Reeb and saw only our "silent pervading hate that poisoned the air."

He saw us "dressed in their Sunday School best and they dragged their hand - lettered makeshift picket signs behind them."

He saw the "dirty green walls," the floor "warped and scuffed with black rubber marks," the "harsh glare of bright overhead lights," and a badly tuned public address system. He noted "the room smelled like a gymnasium smells."

We were a "mass of loud, sweating humanity." One of us was "an acne - marked face of the blond white boy with earrings in his ears," who "clenched his yellow teeth." Our

eyes were "wary, frightened, watchful, sharp as switchblade knives, and distrustful of everybody. There was no love - only hate."

Sipe's description tells more about Sipe than about the march. Or did we even go to the same march? This is the march I went to Sunday.

You joke as you wait in the planetarium lot at 3 p.m., the bright sun crisping colors. You shiver, partly from the cold wind. Someone starts the rumor that Kappa Alpha is going to march with us, someone even believes him. For some it is their fourth march that week protesting Selma brutality. You can somewhat tell the ones who'd never marched before.

The talk isn't serious. It does not have to be. You know what everyone believes and how deeply, deeply enough to accept all

the possible consequences of a public statement of commitment. Besides, these are mostly old friends. You chat away.

Except the ones you knew had never marched before. The 11 cars line up and pull onto the road in a motorcade. It seems to sweep around curves and bounce into sight over hills as you look back from inside the second car. You can tell that the kids in the car behind are laughing and clapping to freedom songs.

You car, with graduate students, a professor's wife, and foreign students, discusses whether an unjust "law" is a law. Back seat drivers in the lead car motion back wild, incomprehensible directions and wonder why you are laughing at them.

You roll into Shaw college and pile out. From the gym comes a swell of "Oho - o -

Freedom," and you join in singing as you pack into the crowd. Friends from other colleges yell to you and you wave and clamor up the bleachers and squeeze in close, trying not to drop your clumsy purse as you clap. McKissick arrives, announces 74 cars and a bus from Durham are unloading, and the crowd cheers.

The singing stills, and a slight brown girl in high heels and a white leather coat speaks of her work on the Mississippi project and at Selma. She lists those who have died from freedom and adds softly the name of James Reeb.

The crowd is very quiet, even those still coming in. McKissick adds, "Reeb was a white man, who died for what he believed, for us. This is not a black march. This is black and white together."

Only "We Shall Overcome" seems right at this moment, and you sing it, annoyed momentarily at yourself for having brought the pesky purse which threatens to fall but you don't unclasp hands to secure it.

Then the march begins, a silent march in memory of a dead white man, black men carrying a white wreath, leading black and white together.

Your partner is an NCC boy you'd met once at a party months before, swapping ideas on your tutorial programs. Ahead of you is a relaxed older white woman with short wavy grey hair, a tan casual jacket, and walking shoes.

She walks next to a relaxed older colored woman with short wavy grey hair, a tan casual jacket, and walking shoes. You had thought your stacked heels would be comfortable. Blisters on an old pro.

Raleigh Streets look like Detroit streets when on a march. You can't help looking at Easter hats in store windows as you pass. You can't help looking hard into passing white faces for some sort of recognition that you are there.

But they scurry by, looking down, looking through. One woman hides her boy's face in her coat so he won't be disturbed and ask disturbing questions, like "What do they want?" and "Why?"

You get the mockers. White once in a while a passing white woman looks at you and you can tell she wants to smile, wants in some way to show her sympathy but doesn't know how.

You remember once seeing a man who hated you because you were white and you wanted to cry out, "I'm on your side, I'm working for you," but you could not and you were white and he was black and he hated you and you loved him.

And you smile at this woman. She looks relieved.

The monitors walking with you, a boy to about every 20 people, somehow sense from ahead something is wrong and quietly ask men marchers to move on the outside. You look up at observers hanging out of fourth story windows and at

open, dark windows and then someone curls a maniacal hatred out of an open bar door and you wonder if any of that hatred might be behind one of those windows with a gun. And you push that worry forcibly out of your mind. You faced that possibility long ago and accepted it, if such is to be.

But 1,200 people are imposing themselves upon the conscience of the state, are saying a word long forbidden for Negroes in the South, "No." You pray.

You pass the eight anti-picket pickets and nothing happens and then you are there, swinging the lines up to the Capitol, in close to the speaker's platform, your heels digging little holes into the lawn as you stop and sink into place.

Finally you can talk after the silence of the memorial march and you look around for other friends, glad to feel the strength in 1,200 muscled bodies, black and white together. The speeches open with a prayer.

You hear the speeches and they're not very good and it doesn't matter. Rev. Wyatt T. Walker, aide to Rev. Martin Luther King, says that the Negro cause is full of love, and you look around at the 1,000 or so Negroes and they look back at the 200 or so whites among them and a tiny girl with five pigtail beams up at her mother and you wish your eight - year - old sister could be with you to feel this, because you know you do not have the word power to tell her, and you want her to grow up knowing this side too of the classmates and friends some of her other friends call "nigger."

Again you sing "We Shall Overcome," and somehow the song never becomes trite no matter how many times you sing it, accumulating deeper undertones of meaning each time.

A short blessing by a white minister and you leave, quickly because it has gotten very cold and the stacked heels were a bad choice. Your partner jokes about holding a lie - in so you can get carried back to the college.

The march is practically running now in the cold, and you finally reach the warm gym and huddle inside for a moment talking to friends as you thaw out. The younger teens form a shouting, clapping freedom train around the floor, while older kids and adults mainly talk and watch, slipping out early to go back to their segregated schools so they can be prepared for their segregated jobs. But maybe not their children.

You leave early too, and there's eight in the car coming home. The boy you are crushing isa sophomore from eastern North Carolina on his first march. In the midst of old hands comparing it to other marches he sits and thinks and you let him.

Finally he starts to talk to you and he talks the stuff you felt too on your first march and you are glad to be seeing it through his new eyes, and you feel a great joy together.

Carol Schmidt
326 Kenan

Art Is A Peanut Butter Jar Just So

By ART BUCHWALD
The New York Herald Tribune

The other day, Canadian authorities refused to allow 80 wooden crates, which looked like cartons of Brillo soap pads, Kellogg's cornflakes, and Mott's apple juice, to go through customs as works of art. The cartons, painted by American Pop artist Andy Warhol, were not, said the Canadians, works of art but merchandise, and subject to \$4,000 duty.

I think the Canadians are all wet. A few days after the incident in Canada, I went down to the supermarket to buy some groceries. On the way home I stopped at an art gallery where there was a Pop art exhibit. Unfortunately, the carton of groceries got heavy and I left it on the floor.

Then, being so moved by what I saw, I left the gallery and went home.

"Where are the groceries?" my wife demanded.

"Oh, my gosh," I cried, "I left them at the art gallery."

"Well, you'd better get them if you want any supper tonight."

I rushed back to the gallery but I was too late. The groceries had been awarded first prize in the show.

"We've been looking all over for you," the gallery owner said. "Why didn't you sign your work of art?"

"It's not a work of art. It's my dinner for tonight."

The gallery roared with appreciative laughter. "He's not only a great sculptor, but he has humor as well," a judge said.

"You can see that in his work," another judge added. "Notice how the bottle of Heinz

catsup is leaning against the can of Campbell's pork and beans."

"I'll never know how he was inspired to put the Ritz crackers on top of the can of Crisco," a lady said to her escort.

"It's pure genius," the escort replied. "Notice the way the Del Monte can of peaches is lying on its side. Even Warhol would not have gone that far."

"I think the thing that really won the prize for him was the manner in which he crushed the Sarah Lee cheesecake on the bottom of the box."

"It makes Picasso look sick."

"Look," I said, "I'm very grateful for all these honors, but my wife is waiting for this stuff and I have to get it home."

"Get it home?" the gallery owner said in amazement. "I have just sold it to that couple over there for \$1500."

"The groceries cost me only \$18," I replied.

"It isn't the groceries. It's what you did with them. You have managed to put more meaning into a box of Rinz than Rodin put into 'The Thinker.' Nobody will ever be able to look at a can of Franco - American spaghetti without thinking of you. You have said with this carton of groceries, in one evening, what Rembrandt tried to say in 1000 paintings."

I blushed modestly and accepted his check. That night I took my wife out to dinner and the next day I went back to the supermarket and bought another carton of groceries, much more expensive than the previous one, which I immediately took to the gallery.

But the reviews were lousy. "Success has gone to his head," said Washington's leading art critics.

"Poor Guy, He Won And Now He's Too Tired To Take Office"



Over-Directed

Demonstrators, Silent Sam

Rights Crusaders Should Stay Home

Editors, The Tar Heel: There are so many wonderful people in the United States today, people who would forget their own problems and travel across the country to help others in distress.

For instance Mrs. Charles Tobey, wife of the New Hampshire senator, and Mrs. Paul Douglas, wife of the Illinois senator, traveled all the way from their respective states to help the poor people of Ala-

bama. Maybe when these two sweet ladies return home they will get around to ironing out their own difficulties.

Perhaps the kind Mrs. Tobey has overlooked the fact that New Hampshire has no statute prohibiting discrimination or segregation in private education. Perhaps Mrs. Tobey has forgotten the little old problem last Sept. 6 and 7 at Hampton Beach where only 7,000 model citizens were yelling, "Kill the cops."

Maybe also Mrs. Tobey does not remember the policeman who required 36 stitches for his gashed head or the 16 -

year - old boy who was shot in the fact and chest with a shotgun blast of rock salt. She might also have noticed those little old puppies with their little old gleaming teeth the policemen were walking.

Wonder if kind Mrs. Douglas has decided to postpone until later, working on a statute prohibiting segregation in Illinois' private education.

My, but isn't it unfortunate that these warm-hearted ladies and all the other generous souls from New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Oregon, and California, who went to Alabama, just happened to be looking the other way when the "wave of viole . . . Ooops. . . social problem" injured 650 people including 80 policemen and destroyed hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property. It's amazing how much clearer one's memory becomes when he looks on the other side of the Mason-Dixon line.

I know that all of you thoughtful Samaritans have already straightened these problems out - it must be wonderful. If I can ever help you in one of your states, please call me. I'll do the same for you.

Robert L. Harris
695-A Hibbard St.

Order Of The Gadfly Plans Anti-Hamburger Stand Rally

Editors' Note: The following letter was submitted to the Tar Heel secretly during the night. Although our policy normally prevents us from printing unsigned letters, we present this one, because of the signers' previous actions on campus which seem to prove their existence.

EDITORS, THE DAILY TAR HEEL: A PLOT MORE INSIDIOUS THAN ANY EVER PERPETRATED IN THE HISTORY OF CHAPEL HILL, MORE FOUL THAN THE REMOVAL OF DOORS FROM THE LIBRARY HEAD, MORE SUBVERSIVE THAN WOMEN'S RULES, IS NEAR COMPLETION.

CATSUP IS ABOUT TO REPLACE THE BLOOD ON THE OLD WELL.

KNOW YE THAT BURGER-MONGERING CAPITALISTS FROM THE BURG OF CHARLOTTE ARE PREPARING TO CONSTRUCT A MOST VULGAR IDOL TO THE FALSE GOD OF COW'S MEAT IN THE PRE - FAB TIBETAN FASHION, NIGH UNTO THE BATTIST CHURCH.

KNOW YE ALSO THAT THE ORDER OF THE GADFLY

PREPARETH AT THIS VERY MOMENT TO PROTEST THIS SACRILEGE AGAINST ALL MEN OF LEARNING.

ON THURSDAY NEXT, THE TWENTY - FIFTH DAY OF THE THIRD MONTH OF THE YEAR OF OUR LORD NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE, AT THE HOUR OF EIGHT IN THE EVENING, THE ORDER OF THE GADFLY SHALL SPONSOR A RALLY OF ALL MEN OF GOOD WILL, BE THEY OF THE TOWN OR OF THE GOWN.

THE ORDER PROPOSETH THAT THE DAILY TAR HEEL, IF IT BE TRULY CONCERNED, AID IN SPONSORING THE RALLY, AND IN BURNING A GIANT SYMBOL OF THIS PLOT WHICH SHALL APPEAR ON THE CAMPUS ON THAT DAY, THE BURNING SHALL BE HELD ON THE SITE OF THE PROPOSED AT-RICITY.

ARISE, O MEN AND WOMEN OF CAROLINA! LANGUAGE NO LONGER IN APATHY! PURGE AND CLEANSE THE EVIL FROM OUR HALLOWED GROUND!

THE ORDER OF THE GADFLY

Ribak's History Is Full Of Flaws

Editors, The Tar Heel: In reply to Al Ribak's suggestion that Silent Sam be removed, I would like to briefly express my views against this proposal.

Silent Sam is not a monument to "white supremacists and extremists" but a memorial to the rank and file Southern soldier who gave his life to protect his family and his property from advancing Northern armies.

A. K. Bailey, Jr.
385 Winston