

The Daily Tar Heel

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.
ERNIE McCRARY, EDITOR

"Rameses Who?"

Rameses is gone.

And UNC students were the last to know. The Office of the Dean of Men has taken the attitude of late that no unhappy news is to be released unless it is forced out — as by publication in state papers. The approach which has been demonstrated is, "Well, if it's out I guess we'll have to talk about it."

The ram was snatched before last weekend. Rumors of the deed circulated around campus and Dean of Men William G. Long said that he knew by Tuesday that the ram was definitely gone.

But on Tuesday a representative of his office flatly denied the rumor to the DTH.

As Mrs. R. C. Hogan, who lives at the farm where Rameses is kept, said, "They have been trying to cover it up until they got him back to keep Carolina students from getting upset and going over and tearing around the Duke campus."

A noble purpose, indeed, but nevertheless we do not feel very kindly toward being on the receiving end of apparent lies — or partial truths — from the administration.

While he has not exactly told any falsehoods about the matter, Campus Police Chief Arthur Beaumont has just been referring all inquiries to the local police — because he knew they had no information to provide.

While completely sympathizing with efforts to avoid any inter-campus violence, we find it hard to swallow this "keep it a secret as long as we can" policy. Naivete is usually not a trait of school administrators, but we can think of nothing else to call it if they think that this or any other story of campus-wide interest can be permanently concealed, no matter how good they think the reason is.

In the meantime, if we don't have a burglar alarm put in Rameses' stall, with maybe a guard or three before the State, Wake Forest and Duke games, our mascot is going to be the most widely travelled ram in the history of the species.

Concerning a rescue raid to the Duke campus, we prefer to see the thieves bring the ram to the game and get kicked out of school — after the UNC football team has soundly thrashed the boys on the Duke squad.

The UP Strike

University Party Chairman Jim Hubbard is being less than fair when he accuses Elections Board Chairman Alvin Tyndall of being "incompetent" and demands his replacement.

No matter how valid or invalid Hubbard's complaints against the handling of elections, he should have first presented his case to Student Body President Paul Dickson, who appointed Tyndall. If Dickson had refused to consider the UP's protests, Hubbard would have been on considerably stronger ground in making his public charges.

Dickson said Thursday that the first time he heard Hubbard's accusations was when a DTH reporter showed him the statement and asked for his comment. He could hardly be expected to say anything except he has "no intentions" of giving Tyndall the boot.

The UP ought to be smart enough to know that if it really wants Dickson to get a new Elections Board chairman, a public statement is not the way to begin going about it. Probably the only thing it created was sympathy for Tyndall.

Crybaby politics is as worthless as dirty politics. Let's get that bi-partisan committee suggested to set up a political code of conduct in operation soon.

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72 Years of Editorial Freedom

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"Would It Help If I Say PLEASE Get Me a Date Ticket?"



Letters To The Editor

Wynn-Lipsitz Reasoning Questioned

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

The letter from Lewis Lipsitz and William Wynn urging students to participate in the March on Washington for Peace in Viet Nam deserves an immediate reply. I respect the professional reputation of these distinguished scholars. I respect their humanitarian motives and in no way question their sincerity, their loyalty — or their right to dissent. I do, however, question their reasoning.

It is, perhaps, understandable that these scholars, in their deep humanitarian concern, should fall into the trap of substituting emotionalism for rationality and in doing so find it necessary to change facts to fit their favorite theories. This is something that many academicians are all too frequently guilty of. I believe that in this case, as always, the students will insist upon cutting the layers of verbose obfuscation to get to the core of the matter — to the truth.

Where facts have been concealed and distorted in a cloudbank of ambiguous terminology, it is well to make a point by point analysis if one wishes to get at the truth. The following is such an analysis of the Wynn-Lipsitz letter:

(1) The authors would like to say (though they seem to be rather reluctant to come right out and say it) that American assistance is the same as North Vietnamese aggression. To this end they refer to North Vietnamese action as "intervention". But the fact, is that when one sovereign nation sends across the border of another sovereign nation thousands of trained, armed, professional agitators whose purpose it is to foment revolution, such action is not "intervention". It is aggression. It is invasion. The fact is that the United States is showing incredible restraint in not wiping the collectivist aggressors in Hanoi off the map. Just as it wiped off the map that other collectivist mob — the Nazi Party.

(2) The authors wish to say that the American - South Vietnamese element and the Chinese - North Vietnamese element are equally guilty of bringing about the "terror, death and destruction" in the South. To this end they refer to both elements as "belligerents". The fact is that according to this logic, both the "belligerents" Nazi Germany and the United States share equal guilt for the terror, death and destruction of World War II.

(3) The authors say with emotion (ignoring rationality) that they are against war. The fact is that it is impossible to be "for" or "against" war. The word "war" is a description of a state of affairs and it is impossible to be for or against a description. The question is whether the authors are against the cause of war: aggression. Apparently they are not.

(4) The authors would like to say that the South Vietnamese government is not as freedom-loving as it should be. That may be. But the fact is that we know for a certainty that the North Vietnamese government is not a freedom-loving one (though the authors imply that it is, apparently being of the opinion that totalitarianism means freedom, at least in some cases).

(5) The authors would have us believe

LETTERS

The Daily Tar Heel welcomes letters to the editor on any subject, particularly on matters of local or University interest. Letters must be typed, double spaced and must include the name and address of the author or authors. Names will not be omitted in publication. Letters should be kept as brief as possible. The DTH reserves the right to edit for length or libel.

They Think So

Rolling Stones Have Sex?

By JONATHAN YARDLEY
 Greensboro Daily News

SOMEWHERE IN THE GREENSBORO COLISEUM — The Rolling Stones require the talents (if that is the word) of a Tom Wolfe. The ordinary prose of an ordinary journalist fails them.

Their sounds (zowie! ! wow! ! kerbangggg! !, Mr. Wolfe might say) escape description, and in fact I am not at all sure they are worth describing. The Rolling Stones, unlike the Beatles or the Vibrations (who appeared on the program with the Rolling Stones), are resolutely unwholesome. If they have any sense of humor — the Beatles certainly do — it was not on display here Friday night. If they have any real talent for rhythm and blues — the Vibrations do — it has been ignored.

What the Rolling Stones do have, or think they have, is sex. The leader of their band is someone named Mick, and Mick's stage maneuvers are a sight to see; they make Elvis Presley (remember him?) look like the chaperon doing a fox trot. Mick's appeal seems to lie in his physique, which is skinny; his hair, which comes dangerously close to his shoulders; and his lips.

Love Those Lips

Mick's lips are surely the most remarkable lips ever nurtured on the face of man. They are immense, two great flapping hunks of flesh that reduce the rest of his face to embarrassment at its inadequacy. But they exercise, as all distortions do, an undeniable fascination — mainly among the girls, I trust. One of those most fascinated is said to be Baby Jane Holzer (wowie!! zam!! the most!!), whom my cafe society correspondent reports has been seen with him at various discotheques and the like.

Lips and all, Mick was right here on the stage of War Memorial Coliseum on Friday night. And so were the girls. Hundreds and hundreds of high-decibel little females, a few of them escorted by young men most of whom were rather glum throughout the proceedings.

The young men were glum for two reasons, I suspect: at their age it is considered manly to be unemotional, and their girl friends were doing some rather embarrassing things. (One of these young men must have been a budding sociologist: he set un-moving, unsmiling and unclapping through the entire spectacle, and when the Rolling Stones left he just got up and walked right out. Probably to write a dissertation.)

Up And Down

Some of the girls embarrassed their boy-friends by jumping and gyrating. But that pursuit was dampened by the over-zealous police, who announced that if anyone rushed the stage to welcome the Stones the loud-speakers would be turned off. Since nothing could be worse than depriving the girls of the noise of Stones, they were respectfully stationary.

The only near exception to this rule occurred at the arrival of the Rolling Stones. To a girl they rose, shouting, screaming, armwaving, to greet these demigods. Since those of us toward the rear could not see, we had to rise. And thus we found ourselves standing for the Stones, something I would not as a rule do.

It was the screaming that really embarrassed the boys. No wonder. These girls can scream like meemies.

When To Scream

There is, of course, an art to it. It must be done at the right moment—a high note, a suggestive phrase, a flip of the hip. A little girl sitting near us had it right down pat. During much of the evening she simply sat there with her head in her hands, apparently overcome by the glories of the evening. But whenever screaming time came around, she was right in their with the best of them, hands cupped around her mouth and eyes flashing.

Once she was putting on lipstick when a good screaming moment arrived. She removed the stick, screamed, then resumed lipstick. Such precision demands respect. The final number was called "Satisfaction." It is the Stones' big smash hit, and needless to say the girls were close to delirium. It was what everyone had been waiting for and when it was over the Stones dashed off the stage, without so much as a goodbye, as though their lives were in danger. They may have been.

Away They Went

But what was puzzling was that there was no protest. All the girls screamed for a second or two, but then they got up and mached out. Fulfilled, or sated, I suppose.

Oh well, in a few years they'll all be grown up, married, with kids and bridge clubs, and somehow it doesn't seem likely that Mick and his cohorts or some obnoxious disk jockey or "Satisfaction" will have warped them. We all seem to survive, as many a middle-aged Sinatra fan will attest (while he's smashing Bob Dylan records). Zoom! righto! shazam!!!

(7) The authors maintain that the collectivist want peace. But they are unable to point to any "peace marchers" like themselves in Peiping or Hanoi. If the authors will show me one, just one citizen in those places who is openly picketing and marching to protest his government's imperialistic wars of "liberation", then I will believe them. Indeed, then I will even be prepared to believe that the peace-loving people of those places are free men who may freely voice criticism of their government's foreign policy at any time they please.

While you march on Washington in the cause of peace, gentlemen, I hope you will pause to ponder the fact that in the very act which you perform you completely refute your own argument. And that, like Neville Chamberlain at Munich, you are not advancing the cause of peace but are, instead, promoting a wider-spread and more horrible war.

I hope that you will pause to ponder the fact that, however sincere your humanitarian motives, you are putting your stamp of approval on collectivist aggression.

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Mike Jennings

Consensus On Viet Nam

Thoughtful supporters of President Johnson's Viet Nam policy are murmuring at the war's current dousing in holy water. They're willing to show they agree with the administration, but they see no reason why we should all march down to the Jordan to get dunked.

Their every indication that we're approaching the point where a sincere opponent of the war can win his way back to grace only by shouting, "I was deep in sin, brother, but now I see the light." Even lukewarm supporters will have to show their faith. The hallelujah bandwagon is beginning to roll.

Yet it's not Daddy J. who's at the reins. His may be the loudest "Amen," but he's not preaching the sermon.

We are. We've decided it's time for consensus, so we've jumped up and started spouting glory — which, in this case, is that it's our patriotic duty to be of one opinion.

Well, maybe it is time for consensus. But it's never time for consensus of opinion.

No that's not redundant. Consensus of opinion is a very different thing from consensus of support. Witness the support given Goldwater by most Republicans. But the American tradition demands consensus of opinion in time of war, and that demand is beginning to assert itself.

Alexis de Tocqueville, the Frenchman who wrote *Democracy in America*, examined our burgeoning tradition in the 1840's. One of his comments on public opinion in America seems fitting here:

"As long as the majority is still undecided, discussion is carried on; but as soon as its decision is irrevocably pronounced, everyone is silent, and the friends as well as the opponents of the measure unit in assenting to its propriety."

perhaps America has never really reached the State de Tocqueville describes, but she has approached it in time of war. She approaches it whenever support of national policy becomes a matter of conversion rather than of decision.

She is approaching it now.

