

The Daily Tar Heel

Opinions of The Daily Tar Heel are expressed in its editorials. All unsigned editorials are written by the editor. Letters and columns reflect only the personal views of their contributors.

SCOTT GOODFELLOW, EDITOR

DTH Awards Of The Week

Lizard Of The Week — To the Harvard narcotics peddler who sold LSD capsules before exams. The capsules contained a powerful laxative.

Attitude Of The Week — To Dame Joan Vickers, speaking to Britain's House of Commons, "We all know that the only really safe oral contraceptive is the word, 'No.'"

Assignment of the Week — To Boston Herald reporter Anthony Matejczyk (!) who was sent to the top of Mount Washington to see if the mountain deserved its reputation for nasty weather conditions. He was supposed to return Thursday, but snow, hail, fog, thunder, lightning, 100 mile-per-hour winds and below-zero temperatures marooned him.

Copier Of The Week — To the Morrison Xerox machine, which in less than a week almost incited a student picket line and caused the reigning aristocracy on campus, the Book Exchange, to reverse its policies in a dramatic move to help students.

Calmness Of The Week — To NSA representative Eric Van Loon, who after describing how the NSA meeting room was filled with hidden microphones, how camera crews watched from across the street, and how snoopers seemed to pop up everywhere, remarked, "We'd known the place was bugged for a long time."

Nudist Of The Week — Again to Florida's Pamme Brewer who was put on a year's probation Tuesday. "We are going to watch her very carefully," said a University spokesman.

Torrid Scandal Of The Week — To the Morrison canteen after it was revealed last week that the hamburgers served there are only 30 per cent meat.

Expansion Of The Week — To the Student Party, the smaller party on campus, which announced that they will hold their convention in Memorial Hall since no place else is big enough.

Fraternity Integration Is A Good Thing For UNC

Last week the fraternity system at Davidson integrated. This week the fraternity system at UNC integrated.

And that's all there was to it. It was perfect.

We have always been aware that the entire fraternity system is based upon principles of discrimination — not necessarily Negro discrimination. It seemed that the fraternity system was incompatible with any move toward integration.

For this reason we have worried.

We could see the day when an enormous controversy would arise because our fraternities would not integrate. We could see the fraternity system greatly damaged. We could see the Uni-

versity once again slam into a wall of public opinion.

But it is no longer a problem—the first step is the vital one.

Why? Because the brothers of St. Anthony Hall used their fraternity's principles of character discrimination to leap the racial discrimination barrier and select a new member of their choice. It is thinking of this sort which we are proud to have in our University.

Many rushes may pass before another fraternity takes the step which the St. Anthony Hall brothers took this week. But somehow when the mood begins to spread among the fraternities, it will not be as difficult a decision to make.

The decision will be easier because of this week.

Ever Frolic In The Nude?

We can't help but find a bit of humor in the fact that man's best friend is a so-called dumb animal. Dogs have been a favorite subject of writers down through the ages and we're no different.

Is the following list of doggie benefits an indication that your dog is dumb?

— He sleeps when he wants to—usually all day.

— He never goes to work; play is his passion.

— He's called in when it's time to eat. He never has to eat spinach, leftover beans or cottage cheese.

— He never has a nervous breakdown, an ulcer or hernia.

— He doesn't have to dress for any occasion, he pays no taxes and doesn't have to stand in line to get his license plate.

— He doesn't have to worry about the draft, getting stuck in an elevator or remembering to fasten his seat belt.

— He's yet to go to school or attend choir practice.

— He could care less if being skinny or overweight is unsightly and cholesterol is something he's never heard of.

— And what's more his sexual drives are uninhibited and are not subject to legal control.

So ask yourself, when's the last time you slept all day, felt like a million, frolicked around in the nude, enjoyed a home and family without ever getting an education or going to work, didn't care about your appearance and enjoyed sex

in your own front yard or the neighbor's?

Now just how dumb does that sound?

—Steve Lail

The Daily Tar Heel

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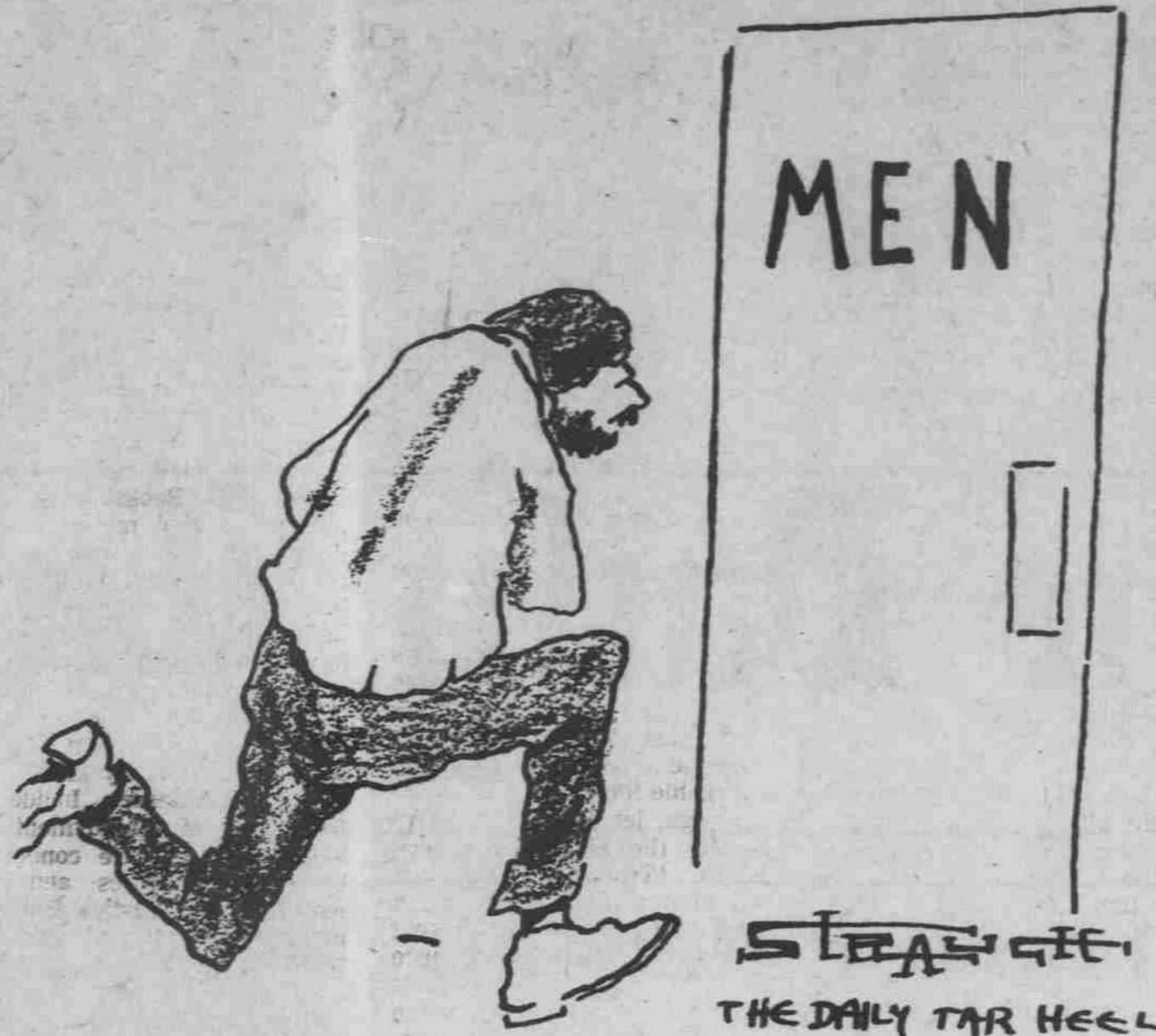
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LIZARD OF THE WEEK: You can't trust anybody
around here these days.



John Greenbacker

Adam's Fallen Folly

(Editor's note: We on the staff of the DTH welcome back John Greenbacker and his column to the pages of this paper.)

In the past, this columnist, as well as many others better established in the trade, has taken a strong stand condemning New York Congressman Adam Powell.

I have tabulated with journalistic efficiency, the sum total of his sins against the American public and have concluded by casting my lot with those who seek Powell's censure.

Now, my support stands behind Adam Powell. When the improbable disk, "Keep The Faith, Baby," hits the record store, it will have one clamoring customer in Chapel Hill.

The reasons for this conversion are undeniable, and they mesh into a pattern of understanding. Adam Powell comes from Harlem. He has represented the ghetto man in Congress for not two, but 23 years.

Since World War II, the Negro preacher, dressed in custom tailored suits and alligator shoes has walked the Capitol hallways. He was aloof and arrogant to his white colleagues, who resented him and his building seniority. His constituents, however, loved him. He was their hero.

But when Adam Powell became too powerful, Congress reacted harshly. The committee's chairman became too free in his dealings, his estranged wife was put on the payroll, and she collected tax funds without work in exchange. Nepotism is not uncommon in Washington, but it becomes a crime in congressional minds when the underserving relative refuses to waste a little time coming around the office at odd intervals.

And Powell had another grievous fault. He ran after women. It was a Harlem heritage for which he was well respected, but it didn't gain approbation in the federal capital. A Congressman can freely indulge in a taste for the

female sex, as many often do, but the black man's advocate was offensively open about his activities. He had no discretion, especially with that pretty secretary of his, Carmine Huff. A woman like that should be kept away.

And what about those trips to Miami on government funds? Congress can overlook useless junkets to foreign nations, provided the legislative paradise in the Bahamas—Bimini they were engaged in fact-finding. Powell never did that, so his actions were clearly reprehensible.

Yes, Adam Powell was a playboy, and he didn't really give a damn who knew about it, and he had gotten worse since he had achieved a position of power. The Powell today has much more reprobate than the Powell who took office in 1943. He was totally undeserving of sympathy.

You could see his deplorable state at some of the press conferences. His face, smiling and flushed from liquor, was lined and creased from the tropical tan. The man who mouthed the hip phrases was past 50 and old rouse, and getting older.

"Keep the Faith, Baby," the aging rake told the reporters and the chanting dirty words of his constituents. He was one of Harlem's children, that's for sure, and he kept the faith by running off to his vacation paradise in the Bahamas—Bimini. In Washington they had asked him if he did not prefer being back there. "Wouldn't you," he retorted, laughing.

No, paradise was not lost for Adam Powell. The sins of sexual pursuit and the party life in a tropical garden of beauty called on Bimini's far island.

In the clear morning, iridescent red rays would pierce the long symmetrical density of the palm fronds or clarify perfectly the beach and the sea. The aging Adam Powell could awaken to an aware-

ness of nature that captured the youth Joseph Conrad had called the "romance of illusions." The fresh breeze was laden with the stimulation of the sea air or the seminal odors of earth loam that spawned lush vegetation. Joyously aware of his environment, the Congressman could don his shorts and walk the floral paths and bright streets until he came to the ocean. Near the dock, he could board the "Adam's Folly," a trim craft that cut the tinted plate glass of the tropical water in search of primeval adventure. With the salt spray firming his face, Adam would man the lines and battle successfully the great fish of the sea. Laden with the catch of victory, the boat returned in the waning sunlight.

Some days the rain clouds would wash Adam's skin with cool plastic drops and he would have to hurry to the shelter of the Fountain of Youth Tavern. His face lit in Satanic fire, he would consume tall drinks and laugh loudly with his friends before gambling the night away. The native guides showed him to tourists for a price. "You want to see Adam Powell," they asked, and all the tourists flocked with avid curiosity to the bar room. His face in his cup, drinking and enjoying life, he didn't know how they noted with disgust his age.

And in Washington, Emmanuel Celler and his co-workers continued to cut at Adam's wisdom and decorum but it had only degenerated him into drunken foolishness. The wheels of Washington were grinding, keeping the faith of the nation. Their morality now refuse to see Adam Powell in the light of understanding pity. They will grind him up and cast him from their midst.

But the vengeance of the Lord can expel him from Washington only. He will never be cast from the garden of Bimini's paradise.

Yankee Go Home!

Article From
The Amherst Student
By DAVID T. MOORE

"Our government is not simply bombing steel and concrete," said Barbara Deming, who visited Hanoi last Christmas, "but is waging a war of terror against the civilians of North Vietnam to make them surrender."

Last December, Miss Deming and three other American women went to North Vietnam to witness themselves the effects of the conflict there. Their trip was not sanctioned by the Johnson administration, which has subsequently voided their passports.

VISIT BOMBED AREAS

The four women were taken on a tour of the areas surrounding Hanoi, where they were shown numerous buildings, bridges and civilians allegedly struck by American bombs. "We stood among the wreckage of schools, children's playgrounds, pagodas, workers' and peasants' homes, and Catholic churches," recalled Miss Deming.

In response to the U. S. government's statement that only military targets of steel and concrete are being bombed in North Vietnam, Miss Deming

described a weapon known as the "Lazy Dog" bomb, which she asserted is being used extensively by American pilots. The "Lazy Dog," she said, is a long metal cylinder containing approximately three hundred baseball-sized spheres which all explode and scatter thousands of small pellets in every direction. The significant fact about these bombs, noted Miss Deming, is that "these little pellets have no effect against steel and concrete; they are designed very specifically for the flesh."

Miss Deming said that the fact that these bombs are being used by the United States raises serious questions about the veracity of the government reports on the entire war in Vietnam. If we cannot believe the administration's claim that only military targets are being bombed, she asked, how can we be sure of the rest of the accounts?

"We are waging this war against children and helpless people," Miss Deming asserted. "Americans must ask themselves, 'What are we doing, what are we becoming?' What are our actions in Vietnam going to symbolize to other generations, what are they symbolizing to the rest of the people in the world today?"

When Miss Deming and her companions were in Hanoi, they were granted an interview with President Ho Chi Minh. They emerged from the conference, according to Miss Deming, with the conviction that the North Vietnamese are resolved to fight against American domination as long as they are able to breathe. To the Vietnamese, she asserted, "the war is a struggle for independence from foreign influence. As Ho says, it is a fight for freedom from slavery."

"The one way we can defeat these people," Miss Deming went on, "is to exterminate them all. And we have to ask ourselves if we want genocide committed in our names."

Calling the excessive anti-communism in this country a "mental deformity," Miss Deming said, "We are supposedly in Vietnam to stop Communism and to secure self-determination for the people; but we are self-determining what they want. We are not willing to admit," she continued, "that the people might want communism. We can't hear the cry, 'Yankee, please go home!'"

Kerry Sipe

Humans Are Called To Fight Machines

I read in the paper this morning where some fellow in New York put two-bits in a stamp vending machine and got 2,760 stamps in return—\$960 worth.

This guy must have been a robot or something. Only a machine gets treated like that by another machine.

The world of vending machines is a discriminating and closely knit society in which few human beings are ever offered special privileges. In business transactions with the metal monsters, men are at an overwhelming disadvantage.

Machines, in their silent wisdom, know the shallow minds of the men who seek to use them. They separate the weak from the strong. They know their friends from their enemies.

The man in New York was obviously a friend. He never kicked or beat a machine that refused to deliver his dime's worth. Occasionally he may have put a few extra pennies into the slot when he purchased something from a machine — just to appease the vendors and strengthen his position in their good graces.

I, on the other hand, have been branded as one of their enemies.

The machines judged and found me guilty when I was a young boy, before I was old enough to realize the penalty I would have to pay for my trespasses.

While playing in the neighborhood around my home one day near the skeleton-frame of a half-built new house, I happened upon some small metal disks that the workmen had punched from the light switch boxes when they wired the house for electricity. Round and smooth, they were a dull lead color and about the same size and weight as a twenty-five-cent piece.

Their close resemblance to quarters was not fully appreciated until several weeks later when I was caught thirsty and penniless after a ballroom dancing lesson at the neighborhood community center. I took the silver disk — the only thing in the pocket of my Sunday suit — and dropped it into the slot of one of the soft drink machines that lined the corridors of the place.

The result was instantaneous. The machine's efficient whirr changed to an uncertain rattle. Its cheerful fluorescent lights waned and blinked. With a pained cough, as if the piece of metal were caught in its throat and was strangling it, the machine stopped cold. Needless to say I didn't get my soft drink. I had killed it.

The word spread quickly, and soon every vending machine in the state had heard the story and knew my description. Odd things began to happen to me whenever I was around the machines. I tripped over their power cords. I got my finger caught in their coin slots. More than once I found the neck of my soft drink bottles chipped with the broken glass in the bottom of the bottle.

I realized soon enough to save myself that they were trying to get me. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a slug for a slug. I carefully began to avoid dealing with the machines. I simply refrained from purchasing anything unless there was a human being around to sell it to me.

The economic pressure was too much for them. After several months I received a formal threat through the mail from their leader, a large UNIVAC 190 somewhere in the North. It promised to spare my life if I would resume open trade with the vendors.

Things are quieter now when I go to buy a soft drink or a pack of cigarettes from a machine. I am no longer in fear of my life. The machines even yet, however, have their own little ways of letting me know that they haven't forgotten about my past:

—When I press the button marked "Coke" the machine never fails to deliver quinine water. I have learned to get my way by pressing the button for quinine water instead.

—When a machine takes my dime and gives nothing in return, I just fashion an "out of order" sign and tape it over its coin slot. Usually the machine surrenders my coin immediately.

—When a machine delivers me a stale pack of cigarettes or a broken soft drink bottle or a sour ice cream bar, I am left no alternative but to pull out its plug. The plug is a machine's most vulnerable point. I hate to do it, but if we don't stop aggression wherever we find it, heaven knows where it might end.

I get along pretty well with vending machines now. We understand each other. They don't trust me and I don't trust them.

I pass along my experience, in the chance that you might be able to profit from it in your own dealings with the vendors.

Maybe you're like the guy in New York who consorts with the iron dictators and gets special favors in return. If you've already sold your soul to the enemy, forget it.

But if you'd rather fight the oppression and injustice that the machines force on us, the line forms here. We may lose a few bottles, but we'll win the war.