

# The Daily Tar Heel

75 Years of Editorial Freedom

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## Old Dad Tells His Son: 'Stay Right, Son, Right'

Everybody knows that God, Mom and Apple Pie are the things which this great nation stands for.

Sometimes, many people go out of their way to show just how much they believe this.

Like 40,000 of them did last week to plop down their 98 cents for the new record, "An Open Letter to My Teenage Son."

Was it Frank Sinatra's new smash—a switch from a duet with Nancy to one with Frank Jr.? No.

Well, then, was it maybe a homey, parental type comeback by an aging Elvis Presley? No.

Instead, it was the effort of Victor Lundberg, a Grand Rapids, Mich., advertising man, to "give the American youth food for thought."

The only thing wrong, though, is that the kind of thought-food Lundberg is trying to shove down peoples' throats is the kind that induces almost instant vomiting.

Lundberg just wanted to get across the message that, while he doesn't think all teenagers are "drunken dope addicts and glue sniffers," there are definitely some who are even worse than that.

But, lo, what could be worse than a drunken, glue-sniffing dope addict of a teenager?

A draft card burner, that's what.

Lundberg's first entry into the world of Top 40 record-making waits until about midway through the non-song to mention this. As he talks, background voices swell to a crescendo with "The Battle Hymn of The Republic."

Old Dad, meanwhile, is telling his kid if he doesn't think the United States' free enterprise system—which gave your father the opportunity to work for his family to give you the things you have—is worth defending, then it is doubtful that such an ungrateful young punk even belongs in America.

But then comes the clincher, from right down inside Old Dad's cash register of a heart. It goes like this:

"I would remind you that your mother will love you no matter what you do, because she is a woman. I love you too, son, but I also love our country and the principles for which we stand.

"And if you decide to burn your draft card, then burn your birth certificate at the same time. For from that moment on, I have no son."

And so Old Lundberg tells his kid where it's at—and a lot of the kids who happen to be listening to a Top 40 rock station when this trash comes on.

But, wretched as this record is, Lundberg has a right to make his point. So does everybody who buys the record have a right to agree with what he says.

That's the American way, you know: freedom of expression.

It's just too bad that Lundberg & Co. can't see that other people have that right, too.

Like draft card burners, many of whom feel a very strong commitment to oppose war—as Americans—and fully realize how much trouble they are biting into when they strike that match.

## Too Much Money, Little News

We don't know everything about student newspapering, but we know enough to know that the first Carolina Greek was pretty much of a dud.

It is not our place to go out of the way to criticize other student publications, either, except that \$2500 of the students money is involved in the Greek sheet, and the first issue alone cost around \$500.

It obviously wasn't worth it. The problems the editor of the Greek faces is the same problem and student editor faces—getting a dedicated staff who can write and will write.

There is no substitute for pertinent local campus news in a student paper, especially in a weekly paper.

That is why The Daily Tar Heel tries to stay away from wire news except in the form of news briefs. The way we figure it, if a student doesn't read a state daily by the time he's in college, he'll never read one, and he really doesn't care what happens in the world if he doesn't.

What we're saying is, the whole front page of the first Greek was a waste of money. So was most of the inside copy.

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The paper would have been much better received if it had been cut to four pages with all the Greek news that was available on the front page, including the football standings.

Granted, that doesn't make for a professional looking paper—but the Greek is supposedly catering to Greeky type news—not to "Soviet FOBS."

In our opinion, the Greek staff should work to accumulate enough campus news to fill their paper, and not publish until the paper can be filled with local news.

Especially at \$500 a shot.

### The Carolina Greek

#### Winston-Salem Riots Causes Vague

#### Chinese Probe Assaults

#### Soviet FOBS Cause Treaty

#### Dirty Dozen Holds Off North Viet Battalion

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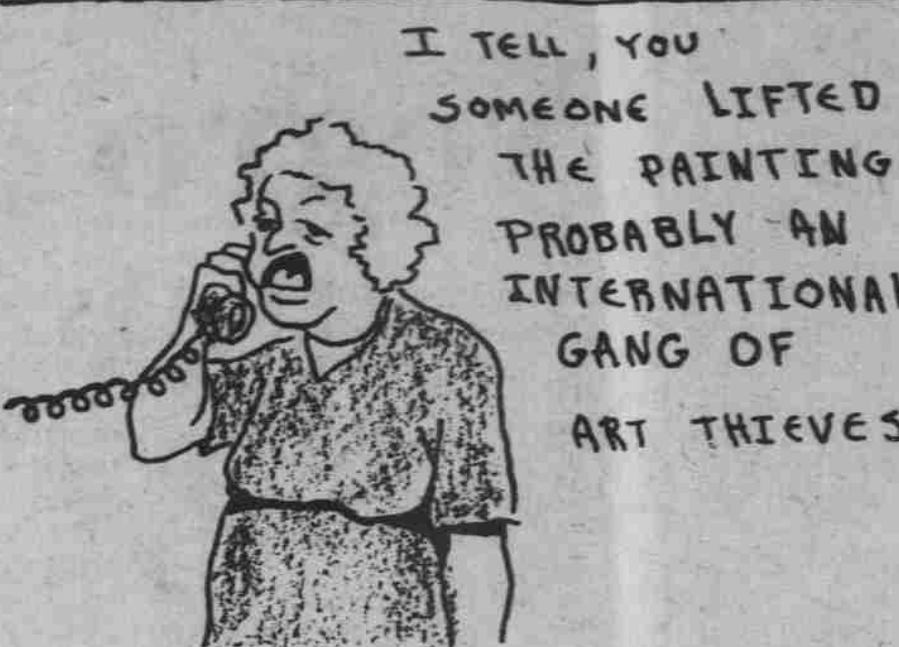
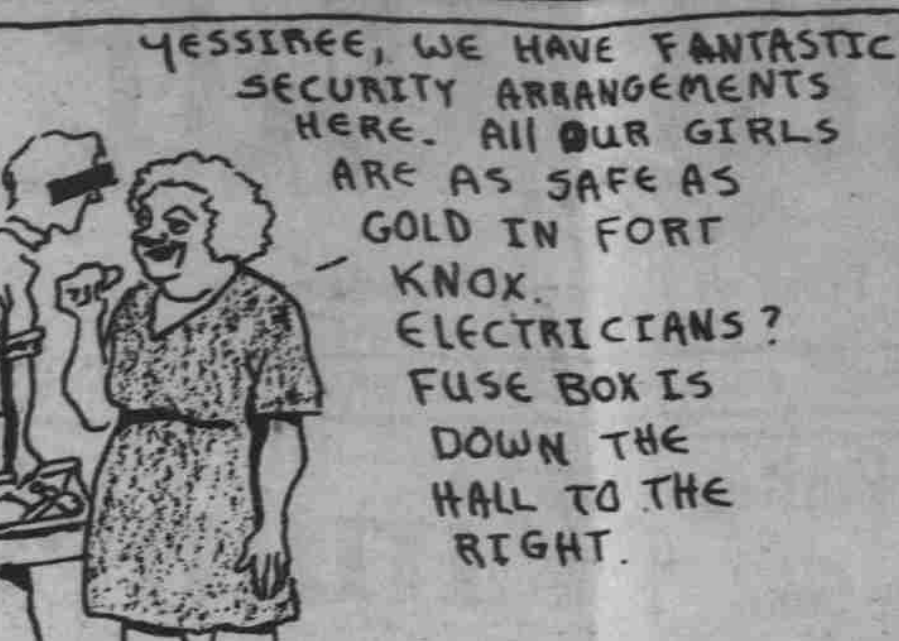
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Pamela Hawkins



## A Weekend In Winston-Salem

This weekend I went to a Winston-Salem that I had never known before.

I went to school there for two years. But I had never seen downtown deserted on Friday and Saturday night. I had never seen soldiers lining the streets or armored tanks stationed at intersections.

On the Wake Forest campus there were a lot of people celebrating Homecoming. Downtown there was a Negro family and neighbors put up in a house from which someone was firing at police and National Guardsmen who had been imported to the city to quell a race riot.

The little Negro band, seven men, three women and a five year old child were eventually routed from their shabby brick apartment by waves of policemen armed with 12-gauge shotguns.

The seven Negro men and two of the women were evicted and told to lie face down with their arms outstretched on the concrete sidewalk.

The other woman sat on the curb holding the child to her breast.

The little girl cried. She didn't know what was going on. She was too young.

But years from now she will know. And she will remember the cold night when a lot of white men in blue uniforms pointed guns at her and her mother.

The scene brought back the memory of a twelve year old Negro girl that I tutored last year in Winston as part of the Experiment in Self Reliance.

The program was a little unorganized. We were told to tutor the children in anything that they seemed interested in.

My little girl's name was Beth. She was smart, probably a lot smarter than most of the kids there. She wanted to learn. She cared about studying.

Beth had a chance to go to Governor's school. Her uncle was going to see if he could save up enough money to finance it. Her parents were separated and she lived with her grandmother who barely had enough money to clothe her.

Beth wanted to go to Governor's school for ballet. Her dream was to become a ballerina. But she had never had ballet lessons in her life. I had taken ballet for several years and so I decided to help her as best I could.

So we started out, twice a week. I began teaching her the fundamentals and we worked up several routines. Tutoring sessions were only an hour and a half, but as the months passed we made progress.

Beth was limber and she was graceful. She caught on fast. She'd work for hours each day and then proudly show me how she had mastered the new steps I taught her.

Time was creeping by fast, and the Governor's school auditions were getting near. Her uncle still said that he would be able to help her.

Beth worked harder. She was about to step into a dream.

With the little bit of training I had given her, I was hoping that her potential would be recognized at the auditions.

We talked about her not being accepted. I didn't want to prop her up too much and then have her not be accepted. She realized the situation.

She was more mature than most 12-year-olds. She had a dream but she realized that maybe dreams don't ever come true.

Then one day Beth didn't come to tutoring. The school directors didn't know where she was. It was the first time she had been absent. I couldn't understand why.

She came late to tutoring at the end of the week. It was my last day to be there.

She wasn't wearing her old blue jeans and the plaid shirt that she usually practiced in.

She came up to me and didn't say anything. Then she started crying quietly.

We walked outside in the light drizzle and she told me that her uncle had come to see her and said that he would not be able to pay anything toward Governor's school. She said he had cried, too.

It was all gone. Her dream was fizzled. I said maybe next year. She said no, it was over.

What do you say to a 12-year-old girl, who is sobbing in the rain because she can't even have a chance at something she's always wanted.

My tutoring was over and I wouldn't have a chance to talk to Beth again.

She walked with me to the car and I told her something optimistic. I can't remember what.

She looked at me with an expression I will never forget and said, "I'm a Negro. I'll never get anything I want."

The tears were gone and so was the expression. All that remained was a hardened look. A look of contempt against the world that didn't give her uncle enough money to let her try for Governor's school.

The little girl standing on the curb this weekend in Winston-Salem reminded me somewhat of Beth.

There could be one big difference, though: because of her memory of what happened that night when the men came with the guns, maybe she never would even be able to dream—just hate.

## Black Power For The Blacks

To The Editor:

America has on her hands a real revolution today. The fact that it is a Black revolution has, is, and I assure you, will continue to cause a certain uneasiness among whites. It causes uneasiness because they know that this struggle for Black Power (or recognition, security, power and respect for Blacks) is a direct threat to the forces and means of assertion, power, and authority which they've held for so very long in this country without meaningful challenge. Sure, there has been the kind of challenge where Black brothers marched in the streets to get beaten over the heads for freedom while northern whites watched us on TV, shook their heads and sent money so that we could march and get beaten some more. But when some of the brothers stepped up on the curb and said, "Hey man, like my head is sore and I ain't takin' no more," they were labelled as being violent and rash; impatient young malcontents who believed that the slow, meticulous, prayer-making, hand-shaking, head-beating process of change could be speeded up by different tactics. Thus was the beginning of a new concept of bringing about change (at least in this movement).

A revolution of this type necessarily calls for a radical change in the self-image of those who would propose change in man to man and group to group relationships. The self-image of Black Americans, especially college students, is undergoing a metamorphosis which is so rapid and of such vast proportion as to make change inevitable. One of the most obvious manifestations of this metamorphosis is a pride in being black, Beautiful Black. This stems from a growing awareness of the richness of our heritage, and the bountiful depth of our culture. Seeing the impact of this new knowledge and awareness on the beliefs of young Blacks, who no longer believe that white makes right, makes it a little easier to understand the systematic attempts made by many whites to eliminate the Black contribution from the arena of world culture.

The day is rapidly fading when going to college, and especially one designated for whites, is seen as a means by which we escape and turn on both our cultural background and the less fortunate brothers left behind. More and more Black students are seriously discussing future investment of our knowledge, skills, and resources into the making of power, yes Black Power, for the Black community.

The consequences of this change? They shouldn't be too hard to figure, Baby. Preston Dobbins 425 Craige

## Letters

The Daily Tar Heel accepts all letters for publication provided they are typed, double-spaced and signed. Letters should be no longer than 300 words in length. We reserve the right to edit for libelous statements.

## Domestic Needs Suffer From Vietnam War

To The Editor: In his reply to Mr. Otis, Douglas Campbell has said that there are political goals and ideals worth more than human life. I can't agree with him more. Yet this by no means justifies the war in Vietnam. Perhaps a few basic facts about the war and its origins are in order. In the early 50's there was a social revolution which overthrew French colonial rule in Vietnam. In 1954, an International treaty called for free elections in Vietnam. Certainly, this is one of the things that Mr. Campbell implies is

worth dying for. Certainly, this "self-determination" is the reason that we are in Vietnam according to our leaders. Yet, in 1956, the United States came into Vietnam and stopped the elections. Why? In the words of President Eisenhower: "I have never talked or corresponded with a person knowledgeable in Indochinese affairs who did not agree that, had elections been held at the time of the fighting, possibly 80 percent of the population would have voted for the Communist Ho Chi Minh as their leader. The mass of the population

supported the enemy." So, instead of allowing the election, we instituted a despotic and unpopular ruler (Diem) as our "democratic alternative." Through very dubious elections two military men have taken power. One of them has an idol by the name of Adolf Hitler.

That's just great, isn't it Mr. Campbell? Is this the "political ideal" that is worth dying for? Doesn't any of the above bother you?

Don't tell me what your next argument is. Let me guess. "If Vietnam falls, then the Communies will easily conquer the rest of Asia and soon they will be knocking at our door. Fortunately, things aren't all that simple. The Asian nations are rather complex. For instance, the king of Cambodia is a socialist and an anti-Communist at the same time! No, the Asian nations will not fall one by one, like dominoes, to the omnipotent force called Communism. The Sino-Soviet split and the increasing independence of the East European nations bears this out. A comparison with Hitler's Germany is, therefore, quite irrelevant.

But let us hypothesize that the domino theory is applicable. The central question is now whether we are doing our utmost to halt the spread of communism through our work in Vietnam. The answer, once again, is no. While we are spending \$30 billion dollars a year to save 15 million peasants from "the perils of communism" we can afford to spend only a fraction of that percentage to help 100 million Indonesians return from the brink of communism. The Government program "AID" which gives money and assistance to such important Asian countries as Indonesia and India suffered a drastic cutback in Congress this year because of the rising cost of the Vietnam

war. The Alliance For Progress program which was gaining success in South America (and was an important factor in stemming Che Guevara's communism) was also severely cut back. By simple mathematics, one can see that the money sent to Vietnam has been badly wasted.

Probably the most horrendous thing of the war is that we are neglecting our own people for the apathetic peasants of Vietnam. It is becoming more and more apparent that there is a great revolution taking place in this country, a far greater one than the one being fought in Vietnam—the revolution of the poor. After 200 years the Negro has finally awoken to the horrible truth about his past and present existence. And he's mad, fighting mad. What started out to be peaceful demonstrations have now turned into riots. To those Southerners who proudly said that "we don't have any riots", I'd like to welcome you to the club. Winston-Salem gives us good evidence of that. Some prognosticators forecast that gorilla warfare will soon break out in the streets of our cities. This threat to our country is certainly more important than the one in Vietnam. What is needed is a good, constructive, poverty program larger than the one now. Yet the war on poverty has suffered a severe cutback of funds by Congress. Why? You guessed it—Vietnam.

Perhaps I have misinterpreted the facts. Perhaps I have greatly exaggerated Mr. Campbell's position. If I have, Mr. Campbell, please let me know. But it seems to me that if there was ever a "political ideal" in Vietnam it has become horribly perverted.

Donald Worth 319 Morrison

## Student Press Maturing

THE KENTUCKY KERNEL In the last decade, college student newspapers have been going through another stage of journalistic growth. They have been developing from what are "student produced newspapers" into what are more aptly "newspapers that are for the students." That is, college papers are beginning to leave behind the form of the play-thing publication. This growth is taking place because today the college student is expanding—his thoughts and opinions no longer are confined to the realm of campus life—and today the student press wants to know about the national and world problems around it; the student press in colleges in America today wants to voice an opinion that will be recognized as more than "of merely students."

But, as the student press and all the students grow and mature, all too many college administrations, perhaps in many cases with too passive an eye toward this growth, view it as a threat to the security of the college. Such was the case in

Montgomery, Ala., where last year the editor of a student publication was censored from running an editorial criticizing the Alabama legislature. The President of Troy State College, Dr. Ralph Adams, testified to the fact that he forbids the student paper to criticize the governor or legislature because, he says, "Our life's blood depends on them." At present Federal Judge Frank M. Johnson Jr. is saying that Troy State may have deprived the student editor of his right to free speech when the administration censored the editorial.

We believe that it is the student and student opinion that is the "life's blood" of any university, of any state, and of any nation, and that any administrator who attempts to block the sincere student voice is defeating his own educational motive. All we ask is that we be given the right to speak as students and as Americans, without the fear of jeopardizing or committing anyone to that opinion but ourselves. Given his sample right, we believe everyone will surely gain. This is what progress is made of.

The Carolina Greek's First Edition ... was it worth what it cost?