

The Daily Tar Heel

75 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Holiday Events Were Revolting

If world, national, state and local events were as revolting every four days as they were during the four-day Thanksgiving vacation, we could say for sure that the world is going to hell in a hand basket.

Maybe you didn't read the papers over vacation, but if you did you probably read some things that really bugged you, as they did us.

For instance, on Thanksgiving Day, the United States won a new piece of real estate. It was an expensive piece of real estate—it cost the lives of 280 Americans. It was called simply Hill 875. It cost us hundreds more Americans wounded, and millions of dollars worth of helicopters and hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of bombs and mortar shells and napalm.

Hill 875 was no Bunker Hill. We got it. And now that we've got it, we'll soon abandon it. Because now that we have it, comes the big

revelation that the hill is strategically worthless to the enemy. And if it's worthless to the enemy, it's worthless to us. And the 280 American dead, and downed helicopters and spent mortar shells and splintered and burned trees on Hill 875 must rank somewhere up high on the list of the follies of the American military.

And if the fact that 280 Americans died fighting for a hunk of dirt that no one wants doesn't turn you off, then listen to Alan Boyd, Secretary of Transportation. Mr. Boyd has latched on to the old cliché that it is safer in the jungles of Vietnam than on the highways of this country. That ought to make you feel better the next time a relative or friend of yours comes home from the other side of the world in a wooden box.

About 7,000 miles closer home, the British devalued the Pound and shook up practically everyone in this country who claims to know

anything about financial matters. It was a blessing in disguise for President Johnson who finds the devaluation scaring many Congressmen into supporting a tax hike. Tax hikes are necessary to control spiraling inflation, and we've got plenty of that. But that's not the real reason we need it so bad. We need the tax hike because of a large budget deficit, and the man who is solely responsible for that is Lyndon Johnson himself. Johnson has escalated the war to the point that domestic spending for anti-poverty measures has practically come to a halt while our tax dollars are spent instead on the other side of the globe in a country where we aren't wanted, and our efforts aren't appreciated.

When you pay those extra tax dollars next April, as you likely will, remember that napalm is expensive.

In the state the Mafia flexed its muscles last week and beat up two

photographers from the Charlotte Observer who were investigating the cigarette traffic to New York down on Tobacco Road. Saying the Mafia did it may be stretching it a little, but not much. The underworld organization already controls the New York end of the "tax free" cigarette business, and it is pure delusion to believe that it won't soon take control this end of the business.

All those service station operators down on 301 may be happy about getting rich while they sell their cartons of cigarettes by the gross to the hoodlums in New York, but one morning they'll wake up on the bottom of the Roanoke River with cement shoes. Apparently it will take many occurrences like that before many people in North Carolina will become concerned about the tax-free cigarette traffic.

And speaking of cigarettes, we note that the good old UNC Book Exchange saw fit to raise cigarette prices from 25 to 30 cents during the holidays. The Book Exchange director, Tom Shetley, talked around in so many circles when interviewed by a Daily Tar Heel reporter that we can only conclude that it was just another golden opportunity to fleece the students.

Just remember this. You can get cigarettes for 22 or 23 cents a pack at any chain grocery in Chapel Hill. Or \$2 the carton.

Enough said. But with holidays like these last four, who wants to see Christmas come?

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Free Speech For All

We were glad to see reports that the National Student Association, in a policy statement, condemned recent attempts by Vietnam War protestors to physically prevent services recruiters from visiting college campuses.

We can be thankful that such incidents by protestors haven't occurred on this campus. As UNC Student and National Supervisory Board member Dave Kiel said, refusal by NSA to recognize free speech for right-wing recruiters would be an indirect justification of discrimination against left-wing speakers, as in North Carolina's Speaker Ban law.

God knows we've heard enough about the right of free speech on this campus. And most intelligent students on campus are fully committed to free speech and opposed to the speaker ban.

We suppose that the so-called "radical elements" on other campuses would be as adamantly opposed to our speaker ban as we are.

But there are radicals at Stanford, and Wisconsin, and Minnesota who don't think that service recruiters should be allowed to speak on campus.

Now perhaps you think that recruiting is not the same as the right of free speech. If you do, you're stretching the point. Because military recruiters do not draft students, they do not drag them off campus. They talk to students, and explain what they have to offer, (usually Vietnam).

If a student wants to talk to a recruiter it's his business, and not that of SDS or any other group that is opposed to the Vietnam war.

We are opposed to the Vietnam war, also. But, unlike the radicals at the above mentioned schools, we don't think it's right to register our opposition by physically assaulting, and shouting down military recruiters.

If people are sincerely in favor of the right of free speech, they will support the right of anyone to speak on any college campus.

If they won't, they're hypocrites.

A Job Well Done

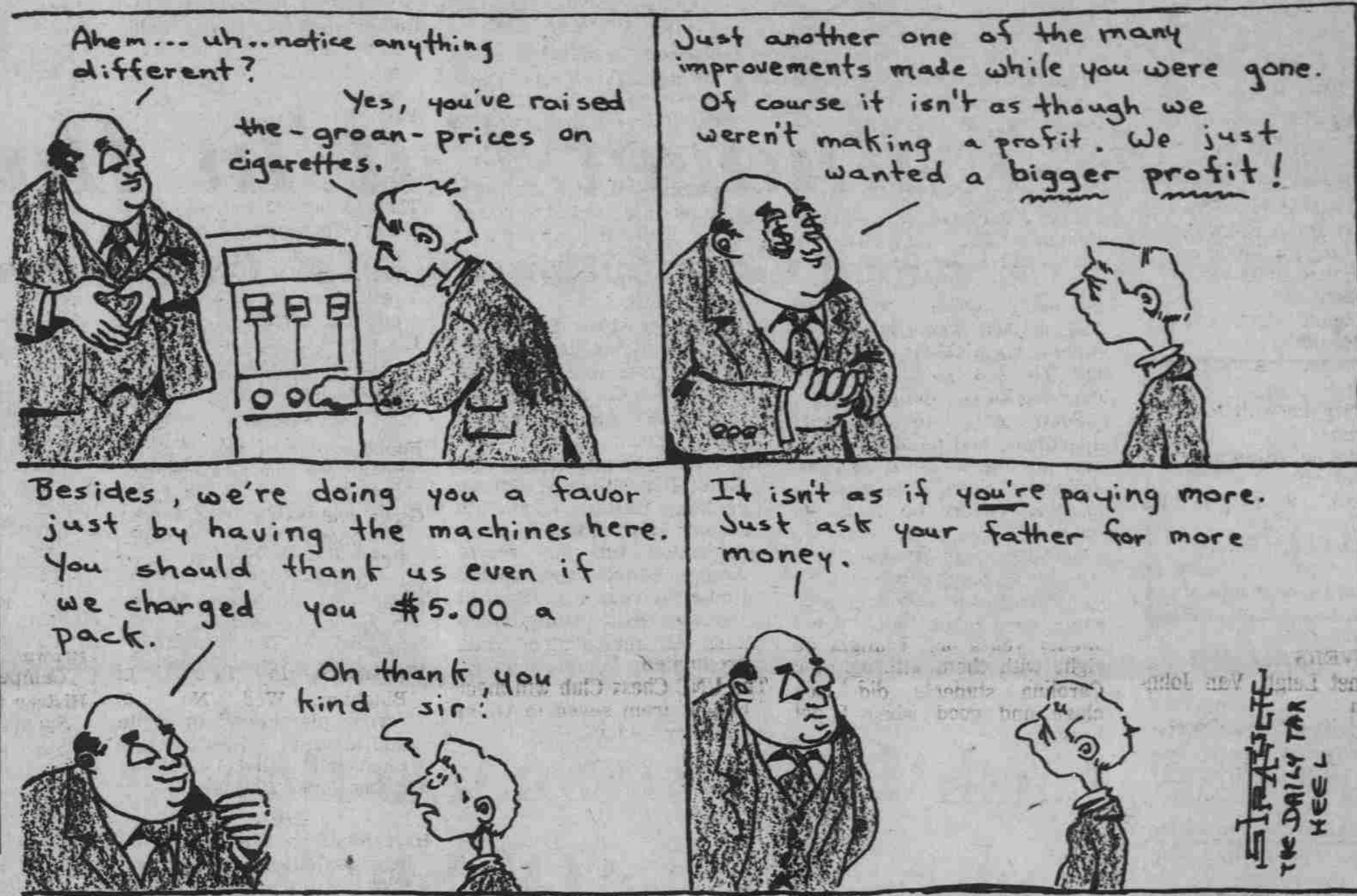
Basketball fans will appreciate the efforts of Sandy Treadwell and Larry Keith in their publication "The Carolina Blue Review." The several contributors to the Review, all former or present Daily Tar Heel staffers are also to be congratulated.

The Review was an unqualified success.

The first 5,000 press run has sold well and more may soon be printed.

That the Review as well received is substantiated by the fact that Coach Dean Smith bought 100 copies for recruiting purposes, and Athletic Director Chuck Erickson is considering purchasing several thousand copies for sale at the Greensboro coliseum.

To Treadwell and Keith we say: "A job well done!"



Political Leadership Needed

From The Raleigh Times

We in North Carolina need now a man who gives promise of leadership during the four years beginning in January of 1969.

The time to begin assessing the nature of that leadership is right now. And, the first step in making that assessment must be the admission that a skillful welding of factions into a seemingly unbeatable combination isn't the kind of leadership we need. That is self-seeing manipulation, not leadership.

The kind of leadership we must have is the kind which will offer programs and challenges. It cannot be the kind which contents itself with platitudes, no matter how pious they may be, or with attacks on the courts and on certain groups of citizens, no matter how well those attacks may be timed to appeal to the passions of certain groups of our citizens.

The kind of leadership we must have isn't the kind we can get from attempts to shout "me, too" so loud that other candidates can't match the noise.

The kind of leadership we must have isn't the kind which will vary the selection of the major issue from section to section and from prejudice to prejudice. The kind of leadership we must have isn't the kind which would seem to exhibit a willingness to be all things to all men. The kind of leadership we must have isn't the kind which will seek to place itself either on the fence or on both sides of the fence.

As of now, there is no such leadership on the horizon in the Democratic primary race of 1968. Lt. Gov. Bob Scott, who has been running hard for the gubernatorial nomination for several years, apparently has built up a strong combination of forces from the Lake and Sanford wings of the

Democratic Party. In the process, he has exhibited real talent as an organizer and as a builder of a political bulldozer. But, whether he has exhibited any of the real qualities of the leadership North Carolina needs so desperately is open to question.

In his seeking to woo support from the full spectrum of North Carolina Democrats, he seems to have been willing to be something of the things that all men might want. There seems now to be real reason to wonder whether he is motivated by a real desire to lead the people of North Carolina into better things, or by just a real desire to be Governor of North Carolina.

This prospect of the lack of real leadership isn't a pleasant one for the people of this State. It shouldn't be a pleasant one for the Democratic Party of North Carolina, either, for it could help set the stage for the election of a Republican Governor in 1968.

There already is one announced Republican gubernatorial candidate hard at work, John Stickley of Charlotte. He is campaigning from one end of the State to the other, and it is likely that Congressman Jim Gardner of the Fourth District, the young Republican who unseated the veteran Harold Cooley last year, will oppose Stickley in the Republican primary. A hard-fought Republican primary could help bring issues into the race, real issues. Such a development could work to the advantages of the Republican nominee in the 1968 general election.

This isn't to say that the Democratic Party will suffer if there is no gubernatorial primary. But, it is to say that if no more real leadership is offered than is now the case, the Democratic Party will suffer in 1968.

Does The U.S. Have A Single Friend?

By JIM BISHOP
In The Charlotte Observer

Home. There was a big sign outside the front door, "Welcome Home World Travelers" and the valises were carried indoors for the final time. The girls jumped straight up and down, the dog whined and licked our faces, and my father sat for his kisses because he was too nervous to stand.

The office was ankle-deep in mail; some bills hadn't been paid for two months; there were two pages of phone messages and I was too tired to unpack. We hunted for the gifts the magi always bring, and didn't know where to begin to tell the family what it was like.

Well, what is it like? This is the second time Kelly and I made the complete circuit and, unless we have learned something, the air voyage is without value. Truly the second trip confirmed the impressions of the first. These were bad impressions in the main and, to an optimist like me, they hurt.

About 90 percent of the riches and sophistication of the world lies around the edge of the north Atlantic basin. The rest of the world, with the exception of such areas as Japan and Kuwait, are hungry, poor and depressed. India for example is inundated by its own people.

TWENTY YEARS AGO the Big Brother nations sent D.D.T., penicillin and the sulfonamides to India to cut down the outrageous death rate. It worked. More people lived. They procreated and made more Indians. Now we send The Pill to India to cut the population that we increased.

Nothing seems unselfishly intelligent. The Germans are the most industrious of the Europeans, and they are America's dearest friends because they have nowhere else to go. It's us or the Russians. They can look over the Berlin wall and see what happens to those who share a pillow with the Slavs.

De Gaulle, whose nation was twice saved from extinction by the Americans, is a general who never won a battle, but he pulls France away from the orbit of the U.S. toward a gigantic neutralist bloc in which Paris will stand as a third power between Washington and Moscow. A dangerous and irresponsible game. Italy is pro-Catholic and anti-priest.

The men send their women and children to church and search for materialistic triumphs. Everywhere, we found the college students to be opposed to the United States. When they turned their backs on their own envy, then muttered: "Get the hell out of Vietnam."

THIS WAS STRANGE because in Saigon, the soldiers voted 11-to-1 to ask the folks back home to please back Lyndon Johnson and to urge him to let them cross the D.M.Z. and "clean up North Vietnam." It was stunning, because these are the kids who will have to do the bleeding and dying. Only one of 12 said: "Aw, let's go home."

American bombers and nuclear submarines form an almost complete necklace around the Soviet Union and China. They, in turn, have one bead of a necklace close to the continental U.S.—Cuba. The unofficial word in every

capital was the same: "You are going to have to help us, or we will fall into the orbit of the Socialist world."

We purchase their loyalty each year. The Communists in China feel that North Vietnam has done the best anti-U.S. job yet. It continues a war it cannot win, because it bleeds America of \$25 billion a year and can continue until the U.S. has economic anemia. No man in the Red world has done as well as Ho Chi Minh.

In 33 years, two of every three persons in the world will be Oriental. The wave of the future favors them, not us. Unchecked, they must sweep the world and the white man will be a minority protester like the American Negro today.

INDIA OPENS new schools and finds that empty bellies cannot concentrate on geography. Polite bellboys, aged 12, smell the steam of food in Hong Kong and

watch U.S. tourist eat what the children cannot afford. In Japan, women with infants laced to their backs work the rice paddies all day. In many countries, the teenagers have resigned from civilization and the boys grow braids and wear beads. The world of technological progress moves too fast for anyone to digest. The greatest all-time feat of science was to build Saturn V and send it thundering off into a void.

Someone forgets that we spend \$300 million a year just to store surplus wheat and butter and keep it off the market. We haven't got a true friend in the world. We have the poor and defenseless, who look to us for salvation and despise us for our strength. We have the strong, who are pledged to sink us in their world of socialist tyranny.

It could be that God is ready to disinherit man.

Otelia On November

By OTELIA CONNOR

The first frost browns the simmons
And gets the cur dogs fat.
And purples up the simmons leaves
To show where dey is at.
The next frost gets the possum
Big and fit to eat,
And fills his hide with simmon juice
And greases up his meat.
But tain't till the third frost
That I be gin to roam
And takes my torch, and cur, and ax
And fetch dat possum home.

I have forgotten the author of the above little poem, but it always fascinates me for it recalls my youth when we ate the persimmons and locust after the frost sweetened their juices.

We also attempted to make beer from the persimmons and locust using straw as a base. I don't know how good it was, for I don't remember drinking any of it.

We just had to try our hand at making beer as we did everything we saw the servants do—skin rabbits, pick turkeys, geese, ducks quail etc: ride horse back

and milk cows. But I never could make the milk come!

Our mother was very wise about letting us try to do everything in sight. Youth is the time for learning skills. It is fine to specialize later on or in college, but "In our youth, we should stand four-square to every wind that blows."

My husband once said he thought every boy should spend his summers on a farm, learning to do manual work. "Part of our grey matter is in our hands, and we had better become acquainted with it!" says Mark Van Doren.

The girls were also taught to sew, crochet, knit, and to weave etc. all of which are automated now. But statistics show that more people than ever before are returning to these elemental skills, something we had all better do if we don't want to land in a psychiatric ward.

Here is an account of an ante-bellum dinner in Charlotte County, Va, when guests were expected, as told by the head butler: "Yes, sir we had fine dinners in those days. The butter molded like a temple with pillers and a rose stuck in

the top. . . Susan biled the ham in cider. We had roast pig, biled turkey, chickens fried and broiled; spring lamb, ducks and green goslin! Every cut glass dish in the house was full of preserves and the great bowl full of ice-cream, and floating island, and tipsy cake, cheese cakes and green sweet meats and citron." John was bothered where to set all the dishes!

My mother was from that county but in food and all other areas, she practiced the Greek phyllophoe — "Beauty with economy. Nothing too much." I can recall usually two meats on our table—ham and turkey, ham and chicken, or quail, etc. Ham was nearly always a must because the hogs were raised on the farm and the hams cured in the smoke-house by the smoke from hickory logs. Hams were a real treat. The sugar cured hams so prevalent today, couldn't be compared with them. After I moved to town I always served Smithfield, Va. smoked hams. I understand many of the East Carolina smoked hams are delicious. You have to know how to cook Smithfield hams. Too bad if you don't.