

The Daily Tar Heel

75 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Student slips on patch of sidewalk ice
... which nobody has bothered to get rid of

Why Go To Class At Risk Of Injury?

When is the Buildings and Grounds Department here going to learn to cope with winter?

This question comes to mind as we sit stiffnecked and aching in our offices, looking out the window at students upending themselves with nearly every hazardous step they take on the red brick sidewalks—now white ice sidewalks—that web across campus.

At first we felt a little foolish Tuesday night when we slipped and sat down very unceremoniously on the sidewalk outside Peabody Hall.

Then we begin to feel a little sore.

And by now we're feeling pretty mad after noticing that many a particle of rock salt or sand has been spread on any of the sleet-slick sidewalks, although the danger was sufficiently evidenced by the fact that the Student Infirmary roster Wednesday listed students suffering from a fractured collarbone and a shoulder separation—both attributable to ice falls.

A phone check with the Buildings and Ground Department revealed that salt had been spread on some building steps, but that none was even scheduled to be put on the walks.

Why?

Is it that there's not enough sand or salt in this town, or that the University could not have ordered a large enough supply of it before the sleet came?

Is it that it would cost too much money to have laborers spreading the sand and salt over the sidewalks—all night long and on overtime, if necessary?

Is it that it would have been too much trouble—once workmen chopped up the sidewalk ice with spades—to have cleared it off the walks, thereby preventing it from freezing again, this time with jagged edges?

Or is it simply that nobody gives a damn?

In any case—or, in all of them—it is about time that somebody high up in this University (a) begin to give a damn, (b) gets hold of some rock salt or sand, and (c) gets this situation alleviated right now.

Until this is done, we can see no reason for anybody going to classes. After all, there's not a professor in this University whose words are so precious that they should be sought after at risk of personal injury.

And if University officials claim that not going to class is not compatible with the academic purpose of this institution, let them be reminded that neither is the possibility of suffering an injury so great that you can't even get out of bed to take finals.

In other words, the time for going to classes will resume at the same instant as does the time that you can get to them without risk.

And not until then.

Don Campbell

On Leaving A Place

Most people who write opinion pieces feel called upon to let fly some long philosophical discourse when they get ready to leave a place, about all the problems of the place they are leaving.

Since I am leaving this place next week—for the last time—I feel called upon to do the same thing, but the problem is I'm not a philosopher, as anyone who has ever noticed my columns knows.

So, instead, I'll just ramble on about how I feel about Chapel Hill, and the University.

And there must be a distinction made immediately. Chapel Hill is not the University, and the University is not Chapel Hill.

Chapel Hill, to me, is one of the biggest myths ever perpetrated by mankind. Somewhere back in the annals of history, some fellow came up with the slogan, "Chapel Hill—The Southern Part of Heaven." I have a strong suspicion that that fellow was in one of three businesses: real estate, men's clothing or restaurants. He got rich and retired after six months. Now he's living in Honolulu and acting as a consultant to the Chapel Hill Merchant's Association.

Chapel Hill is the only town I've ever been in where every building that is built must look like it's a hundred years old when it's finished. Even the service stations are built with little cupolas and

chimneys on top.

This gives the town a "colonial image." At least that's what it's supposed to give the town.

When a new building goes up on Franklin street, the builders use 1967 vintage bricks, 1967 vintage cinder blocks, 1967 vintage cement. Then they go out in the country and tear down a 1850 vintage barn, and plaster the boards over the bricks and blocks and cement.

And it all somehow seems a little phony, because you know, deep down inside, that that building wasn't there six months ago, or if it was, it actually was an old building, before it was renovated.

CHAPEL HILL is one of the few places I've been where you can go into one eating place and drink all the coffee you can hold for ten cents, and go down the street and pay 16 cents for the first cup, and 16 cents for the second cup, 16 cents for the third cup, and so forth.

That's Chapel Hill. The sewage running in the street in the Negro slums is also part of Chapel Hill. And the Negro man standing in his doorway shooting the rats that are dragging away his garbage in his yard—that's Chapel Hill, too.

And the big homes off Mason Farm Road, and surrounding Eastwood Lake, and covering the hills and dales through

the woods off the 501 bypass—that's Chapel Hill.

Those big homes, that's where the sociologists and the political scientists and historians live. They're the ones who write books and scholarly papers about the plight of the Negro American, and urban renewal, and the flight of the poor from the South to the North.

And the Negroes on Edwards Lane, and Jolly Lane—they're the ones the professors write about. And just keep writing and writing and writing.

AND THEN there's the University. And it deserves some sort of superlative like as much as the town of Chapel Hill doesn't.

I don't give a damn what anyone says, this campus is the prettiest in the country. The foliage on the campus accentuates the seasons the most sharply. If a fellow is prone to meditate or contemplate, he could do no better than to come to this campus.

If he wants to see brilliant minds at work, go-off students in action, pseudo-beatniks, pretty girls and a smattering of Southern Gentlemen, he should come to Carolina.

People and events will stick in your mind when you leave this University. In my mind, the names of Walter

Spearman, Ken Byerly, Mark Etheridge, and William Geer will stick a long time.

As long as they are around, this University will never get too large, the student will never be just an IEM card.

The events that come to mind are Bob Lewis' scoring 40 points against Florida State. Or Herbert Apherer is making one of his cut and dried speeches over Governor Moore's wall, while the state was in hysterics. Or, for irony, watching former Student Body Paul Dickson film the University Day speech in 1966 for a Charlotte television station, and remembering that he wasn't even allowed to take part in the 1965 University Day ceremonies—when he was Student Body president.

Or my getting kicked out of a Ku Klux Klan rally near Durham while being called a "white nigger" by the 2,500 klansmen. That incident alone was worth more than reading all that's been written about the South.

There are other things that bugged me, that must bug other students. Like professors who have to lecture from notes. And professors who send you to the book exchange to buy a 71-page paperback which cost \$5.15. And the book exchange in general.

So I'll retire to New England, and hope that I can visit this campus many times. And I know just how I'll do it too. I'll approach the campus from Raleigh Road, and park my car down by the Forest Theater, and never, never walk too far toward Franklin Street.

Nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulates in the form of inert facts. — Henry Adams.



Good Luck!
You'll need something!

STRAIGHT
DAILY TAR HEEL

A Need For International Cooperation

To the Editor

The League of Students for International Cooperation and Development is a consequence of my trip to the Student Forum on International Order and World Peace which was held a fortnight ago at Arlie Conference Center, Warrenton, Virginia, forty-seven miles from Washington, D.C. And before I go any further, I should first of all extend my tons of thanks and appreciations to Dean Cathy, Mr. William Geer, and Dr. A. C. Howell, for their unstinted support and encouragement. In addition to that, I wish to thank my International Law professor, Dr. K. Frazer, for his intellectually exciting atmosphere in sense of numerous advices and guidance.

In spite of the fact that this Organization is still in an embryonic stage at this writing, I would like it to be "a your tapis" pending its hatch.

As the title thus implies, this Organization is basically concerned with jus postlimini and with the rule of uti possidetis—this precious virtue that man has lamentably polluted with his arrogant and glattonous ideologies for power and prestige through erroneous interpretation of science and technology. Preoccupied with this zigzag wisdom, man seems to prefer an "animal-mind" to a "human-mind" by the way he wildly wanders on the international scene without a recourse to jus gentium, and jus naturale. Consequently, he is per se enslaved by the concept of "we" and "they" in the sense of power politics; he is obsessed with Machiavellianism in the sense of acquisition of more power through military power; he is engulfed into pangs of cold war because of his parochialism of the world order through a world law; he is chained into the concept of nationalism and bloc politics because of his "unbaptised" sense of segregation and due to his lack of a long-sight in internationalism; and finally, he is so saturated with hallucination and paranoia that he now assumes to be le vanquer de vanquer de la terre and yet, at the same time, he paradoxically engages himself in intensive utility of science and technology not for his advancement but for his self-destruction! Along this road to "unknown worlds", man is lamentably engaged in producing

massive atomic and hydrogen weapons for use against himself contrary to jus gentium and jus naturale.

But as to how such a "animal practice" can be prevented from la scene internationale is one of the current crucial questions at issue that the League of Students For International Cooperation and Development (LSICD) will be acutely determined to tackle as soon as it sees the light.

However, this does not necessarily entail converting Hindus to Islam or vice versa; Christians to Buddhism or vice versa; nor does it mean converting Communists to Capitalism or vice versa. The principal aim behind this League is by and large to devise a workable formula with which to transmute all these clashing ideologies into one whole—into internationalism, brotherhood, and a oneness for the sake of our succeeding generations. One might ask: "What is this formula?" To this query, I could answer in one word: "International cooperation"—it is only international cooperation which is the building block on which International Order and World Peace can be successfully founded. If we had this formula, both cold and hot wars would undoubtedly be as useless to man as missiles are to God. Tranquility and bliss cannot be possible in the Middle East and Viet Nam without Moscow-Washington cooperation. Should these two hemispheres unconditionally cooperate, these current crises would not even last 12 hours before a settlement was reached. This argument can well be exemplified by the latest Cyprus crisis. Despite the fact that Moscow did not take as much a part as she could have—considered it a NATO problem—this problem did not last long before the world community settled it. Tranquility in this area was simply a consequence of cooperation not between the parties concerned but among the World Community as a whole. To this end, one could, therefore, deduce that tranquility in the Middle East and in Viet Nam would be but a 12 hour task to solve if only the two super powers would cooperate within the concentric circles of jus naturale and jus gentium.

It is a paradox in that from time and again, some of us have tended to be

somewhat skeptical and sophisticated by devaluing our ancestors' wisdom and inclination to jus inter gentes thereby calling them uncivilized, and yet most of us together with those who in fact claim to be more civilized seem to be living the same type of life by the way we resort to more destructive weapons than our ancestors had ever dreamed of. Like the Visigoths, the Huns, and the Vandals, we are militantly engaged in various weak spots for expansion of our empires through insidious warfare. Preoccupied with these intents, we are at opposite horizons gnashing our teeth against each other with hate and malice—wishing to tear one another apart as if we were cannibals.

To this end, this burden should not be left to the student of International Affairs alone; but should be a shared task for the betterment of our world community.

To bring about this goal, this League could be composed of both interested professors and students in the same way some other campuses have done. We could start this League as a non-credit seminar where professor and students could exchange their views on current international issues inter alia. For instance, we could discuss "War Prevention," "World Order", et cetera. From such discussions, we could issue some pamphlets or leaflets as we so desire to the World Community through any form of mass media. In addition to that, we could establish other auspicious avenues through which our thoughts and feelings could be heard of and utilized by the World Community. It should be up to the University and College students to be militant and surgeons in international affairs in order to cleanse some of these wire-pullers from further deterioration and corruption. Finally they should be a most indispensable fountain of wisdom from which these wire-pullers could draw their guidelines. Unless students quit muckraking, those power-hungry politicians, are likely to subject this planet to massive disaster—to a poison of human co-existence. It is ipso facto up to the students' perspective and perspicacity to hatch this idea and produce more avenues of international cooperation for world peace.

Ago Auma-Osolo

Letters

McCarthy Gets More Advice

To the Editor

In a recent editorial (Sunday, January 7) the Daily Tar Heel offered some interesting suggestions about the possible future strategy of Senator Eugene J. McCarthy. I agree with the editors: we need a better alternative than the two major political parties seem inclined to give us. But I have grave reservations about the course of action you suggested for Senator McCarthy. At this point it is not wise for McCarthy to force the Kennedys' hand either for him or against him." Before the Democratic presidential campaign is over, Kennedy very well may be forced to express a preference. But at this stage it would be dangerous for McCarthy to exert too much pressure on R. F. K. To do so would be risking split among many silent but devoted McCarthy backers in various wings of the party. Those rallying around the Senator include members of the pro-Kennedy and anti-Kennedy factions of the Democratic Party. This is true among his open supporters; it is true among those who are presently inclined to give Senator McCarthy quieter but potentially very effective backing.

You also suggested that McCarthy attack Johnson's Vietnam policy in the name of a politician—not as a "latter day Greek philosopher". Your warning that McCarthy avoid the image of the latter seems very appropriate. However, may I suggest that Senator McCarthy approach Vietnam, as well as other issues, in the forceful yet straightforward manner of a statesman? Thus he may perform an important educational function for the American public. And he might also win some primary victories over Lyndon B. Johnson—a man in whom such qualities are sadly lacking.

Matilda Kirby Smith Curtis

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.

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