

The Daily Tar Heel

76 Years of Editorial Freedom

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We'll Try Harder Again—Even Against Alcindor

There are some things worse than losing.
Especially losing to UCLA.

Or, should we say, losing to Lew Alcindor.

Because that's exactly what happened Saturday night when the Tar Heels of North Carolina were beaten out of a national championship by a basketball team which was good to begin with, but out of sight as long as Alcindor was on the floor.

There was, plainly and simply, no way of getting around him. Alcindor was everywhere Saturday. His monstrous hands seemed to be continuously either blocking Tar Heel shots or dropping in 34 points worth of his own.

And there just really wasn't a whole helluva lot that anybody could do about it.

But sour grapes make a bitter

wine, and it's a lot better that the Tar Heel basketball squad deserves after playing a truly excellent game that Lew Alcindor's height kept them from winning.

They tried.
Even harder.
That's how No. 2's generally are, anyway.

And with everybody on the starting squad returning, except for Larry Miller, there is little reason why Carolina shouldn't be back in the NCAA finals again next year.

And they'll try again.
Harder.

That's how No. 2's get to be No. 1's—Lew Alcindor or not.

So forget the condolences for now, and just start the cheers over—from the beginning. We've got a long way to go back to the finals.

Rick Grey

Honesty Really The Best Policy

Every day campus politics are taking on more and more of the characteristics of state politics.

And that's bad.
State politics, particularly in the race for governor, is dirty—damned dirty.

Governor's races are traditionally the dirtiest races in the state with the local races for mayor, city council, etc. running a close second.

Take this year's race for example. Bob Scott has been straddling more fences than Abe Lincoln ever split rails for, and Mel Broughton doesn't like it.

So what does Broughton do? He blasts Scott for fence straddling instead of taking a firm stand on the issues and not changing them depending on where he happens to be speaking.

In the past, personal attacks of this nature weren't used but other methods

were. I. Beverly Lake threw his support behind Dan K. Moore four years ago, and the two defeated L. Richardson Preyer, who had won a plurality in the first primary, by criticizing him for working with the established machine of then governor Terry Sanford.

Campus politics are doing the same thing this year. There are posters up telling the students that they have had in the race for president "One anarchist, One independent, One POLITICO and one qualified candidate."

These posters support Day for President.

There's nothing wrong with Ken and his supporters saying that he is qualified for the office. He is. But why should they say that another candidate obviously (Jed Dietz) is not qualified for the post simply because he has in his years

at Carolina built up a large number of supporters that he has organized to a high degree.

A political machine is not bad, it is necessary if a candidate wants to be elected.

All candidates have built up machines, and they should not be attacked for their machinery.

A campaign should be run on the issues—what the voters want. The candidates are running because they say they want to help the campus. There is, of course some element of glory-seeking no matter who the candidate is, but he would probably not be in the running unless he felt that he could offer enough to the students to get him elected.

If the stands of the candidates are not different that it would make a dif-

ference which was elected, then they should run on the basis of their personalities.

They should not attack the personalities of their opposition; they should talk to the campus and sell themselves to the voters without degrading the opposition.

The best way to get elected is to be honest, and let it be known that one is honest, not by making fun of the shortcomings of the opposition.

There is an old saying that goes, "If you can't say anything good about anybody, keep your mouth shut."

In spite of the age and triteness of the saying, it still holds true today. People don't like and, more important, will not vote for a person who only speaks negative thoughts.

Positive thinking is the way to get something done. Sell yourself, don't degrade the other fellows product; it ain't cricket.

This goes against the basic premise of many politicians that says "All's fair in love, war and politics." That's a lie. People have been killed for being unfair in love. Countries have been almost destroyed for being unfair in war. And politicians have lost elections because they didn't think the other fellow was morally degenerated and not competent of holding office.

We risk offending many cynics, but realists will certainly admit that the way to get along in the world, no matter what your occupation is, is to treat the other fellow as you would like to be treated, because you may have your back to him someday.

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.



Letters To The Editor

Vietnamese Express Concern

To The Editor:

We, Vietnamese in North America, speaking as individuals and independently of any political or religious organization, together voice our anguished concern over the war in our country.

At the moment, in the name of the highest-sounding principles, the parties to the conflict in our country are fast reducing our villages and cities to ashes and rubble; in the process, tearing apart the whole fabric of our society.

To our widows and orphans, to our civilians mangled and burned beyond recognition, to our dead rotting unburied in sun and rain, we owe nothing less than the truth: this is not a struggle for freedom and democracy; it has become a war of genocide.

By now, it is clear that there are limits to what American power can do in Vietnam; on the other hand, there are no limits to what American power can do to Vietnam. Unleashing on a small country the most destructive firepower ever known to mankind, the United States has brought our nation to the brink of annihilation. The words of the American commander, that "To save Bentre it became necessary to destroy it," plainly bankruptcy of American policy in Vietnam. Both self-interest and moral responsibility, then, make it imperative United States take the lead in ending this that the people and government of the conflict.

To end the war before it is too late, we call upon the American government to heed Secretary-General U Thant's appeal call upon the United States government, to stop all bombing of North Vietnam. We call upon the United States government, the government of South Vietnam, the government of North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front to promptly reach a peaceful settlement. A lasting peace for Vietnam should be based upon a total withdrawal of foreign troops that

will allow us, Vietnamese, to shape our future free from all foreign interference.

We urgently appeal to the world community, through the United Nations, to condemn, in view of their devastating effects on our people, the use of chemical warfare, napalm, and anti-personnel bombs. Finally, to prevent the ultimate crime against mankind, we ask the General Assembly to forbid the use of nuclear weapons by any party in this conflict.

In this dark hour of history, we appeal to all men of good will in the world, particularly in the United States, to join us in denouncing this war and in working for an immediate return of peace to Vietnam.

STUDENT SIGNERS:

Le Anh-Tu, Bryn Mawr College
Quan Tu-Anh, Montreal
Vo thi Bach-Tuyet, New Haven
Nguyen Huu-Dung, Universite de Montreal
Nguyen Quang-Hoc, Universite de Montreal
Trinh thi Hoang-Mai, Quebec
Nguyen thi Loan-Anh, Cornell University
Ngo Vinh-Long, Harvard University
Le thi Mai-Van, Yale University
Nguyen Ngoc-Phuong, Universite de Montreal
Cong Huyen Ton Nu Nha-Trang, Berkeley
Nguyen Thu-Huong, Macalester College
Vo Thu-Nguyet, Universite Laval
Nguyen Thuy-Hoa, Universite de Montreal
Nguyen Manh-Tung, Universite de Montreal
Nguyen Hoi-Chan, Radcliffe College

Otelia Connor

It looks as if the Daily Tar Heel not only gets around, but is read. Recently I had a letter from a Fraternity House Mother at the University of Oklahoma saying the student paper had an article on me, and she was very much interested in how I went about getting results in my efforts to improve the manners at UNC, as the students there seemed entirely satisfied to do as they pleased. She also asked for some of my writings on the subject.

Today at the Intimate Book shop the student who was helping me looked much surprised when he learned I was Otelia Connor. He was from High Point and said his English teacher read my writings to the class every week (more or less). Was I surprised! I know from the many people who comment on my writing that I have an audience here, but I didn't know I had spread to Oklahoma and High Point!

Nguyen Van-Nha, Universite Laval
Vinh Anh, Universite Laval
Dinh Van-Phuc, Universite Laval
Luong Chau-Phuoc, Universite Laval
Nguyen Duc-Tuan, Universite Laval
Vinh Sreu You, Carboro University
Ngo thi Kim, Chicago

Bernard Samonds

If They Answer, Give Thanks

Tried to phone anyone on South Campus lately? I did and a comedy of errors resulted that even I find hard to believe. It all happened last week when I tried to contact a friend, whom I'll call Joe Swift, in Craige Dormitory.

About 4:30 p.m. Thursday afternoon, I placed my first call. The phone rang and rang, for well over six minutes (that's 60 times, in case you haven't counted the rings) and no one answered. Hoping for better luck, I waited a few minutes and tried again with speedy results.

"Hello?"
"Hello, may I speak to Joe Swift in room IX, please?"

"Just a minute, I'll go get him," the voice responded and then it disappeared. After about five minutes I figured that someone had decided to pull the old "leave him holding the phone trick" on me. In any event, I waited a while longer and then hung up. By this time, it was about 5 p.m., dinner time, and the chances of getting my friend would be slim. I tried again and slowly dialed the number without bothering to look it up again. No sooner had I rested my elbow on the phone booth than an alert young voice answered, "Operator." I confessed that I had mis-dialed the number and resolved to try again later.

I resumed my vigil at the phone booth about 7 p.m. and placed my call. A voice quickly answered at the other end, "First floor Craige."

"May I speak to Joe Swift in room IX, please?"

"Hang on, I'll go get him," the voice replied and then it vanished. I heard a door go shut. A few seconds later, someone hung up the phone without even checking it. Like good ole Charlie Brown, I wanted to bash my head up against the wall and cry, "Good grief! Why do these things always happen to me?"

Hoping that someone would still be in the hallway, I quickly called back. The phone rang a few times and someone else answered. He agreed to go get my friend. He soon returned and told me that Joe was not there and

he didn't know when to expect him. I thanked him and hung up. I had almost decided to write Joe a letter (that only takes one day, you know), when I thought of another friend living in Craige. I was on the phone again and a few minutes later I had told him about the trouble I had getting Joe on the phone.

"If you still want to talk to him, I'll go get him, Bernie."

"He's not there, I just checked."

"Oh, yes, he is. I just left his room. Hold on and I'll go get him."

He soon returned and told me that Joe couldn't come to the phone, but Joe was there and he would be happy to give him a message. Naturally, this sort of thing doesn't happen every day, but there are still complaints from people about the South Campus phones. In Craige and Ehringhaus, the callers have to hope and pray that someone near the elevator and phones will answer. You can't really blame the suite residents nearest the phone for not answering every phone call. There is a limit to what should be expected of an individual.

Obviously, the best remedy would be to place a phone in each suite. Then there would be less inconvenience and better phone service in these multi-level dormitories. Second best and until phones can be installed, a message phone might prove invaluable to all the residents. The phone could be placed in the snack bar and an employee instructed to take phone messages and post them on a nearby bulletin board. The residents could easily stop by there to check on messages for themselves and in case of emergency and true necessity, the phone answerer could go call the person to the phone. This method would be a beneficial service and possibly the residence college would be willing to maintain the total costs of the answering service.

Something must be done to improve South Campus communications for phoneless suites and it needs to be done now. Until something is done South Campus residents will just have to keep saying, "Don't call us, we'll call you."

Signs Of The Times?

From The Raleigh Times

"Wallace For President."

"Let's Win In Vietnam."

"It's Christ Or Anti-Christ."

"Support Your Local Police."

One day this week, a Cadillac bearing those four slogans on stickers on the rear bumper was seen in town. It would be hard to find four slogans which could put more strain on the mind or the imagination when considered all at once, and presumably believed in enough by the car's owner to cause him to think seriously about each of the causes involved.

Let's take them one by one.

Why Wallace for President? Because he made a career of urging his State of Alabama to resist federal law? Because he vowed that he'd stand in the doorway of the University of Alabama to prevent integration—then clammy stepped out of that doorway when federal power in the form of an Alabama National Guardsman stepped up? Because he has preached hate across the length and breadth of the land?

Now to the next one, "Let's Win In Vietnam." What does that mean? Win a military victory? Win the hearts of the people of South Vietnam? Win over corruption in South Vietnam? Win over Communism in Southeast Asia?

How about "It's Christ Or Anti-Christ?" What does that mean? What is Anti-Christ? Is that someone who, in the Apostle Paul's definition opposeth and exalteth himself against all that is called God? Or is that the beast mentioned in The Revelation? Or is it any one of the literally thousands of historical figures who have been labelled by opposing propagandists as the Anti-Christ the thousands who have been given that label during debates over theology down through the centuries? Or, is an

Anti-Christ one with whom you may disagree violently over a current subject, such as Communism or Vietnam?

And, how do you "Support Your Local Police?" Do you demand that city hall pay them decent salaries? Do you demand that city hall give them adequate training? Do you support them only when they are taking stern measures against people from the wrong side of the railroad tracks?

Perhaps this proliferation of bumper stickers is symbolic of the American mind of today. We listen to the George Wallaces, but we make so little effort to go behind what he says to the meaning of his words. We want to win in Vietnam, but we have so little idea of what winning should mean or whether what we are now doing there could ever bring anything by a Pyrrhic victory. We go to our churches every Sunday, but we insulate ourselves in them not only from any anti-Christ that might be stalking our streets but also from the real Christ who is so eager to have our hearts as well as our mere physical presence in the physical sanctuary of our church. We content ourselves with not bothering the police unless they bother us with their law enforcement, and we never think of actually supporting the police officer as he does his so often unpleasant duty.

The American mind—or spirit, to use a better word—isn't as confused as that Cadillac's bumper stickers might indicate. Perhaps lazy is a better word than confused. We're having it too good to really get into thinking on the things those bumper stickers are talking about.

Sometimes a real jolt is needed to jar the laziness out of a man, or a nation. May this jolt not be harder than we can stand.

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