

# The Daily Tar Heel

76 Years of Editorial Freedom

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# McCarthy—A Notch Above Others

By MIKE MCGEE

I don't think Senator McCarthy can win the Democratic nomination for president. He has started from nothing and does not have a genuine mass appeal. I'm not sure that he will ever be loved by me or by the many. But I feel that I must support his candidacy for the presidential nomination. The reasons must be stated largely in a negative manner.

I cannot support Johnson fully at this pre-convention time. He is arrogant and overly vain personally, and takes this out on public policy. One senator supported him and this war policy for a long time, then listened to the other side's argument and altered his views slightly. As a result Johnson refused to approve a request for a new post office to be built in his district. That

is only one of many stories I've heard which shows that Johnson often puts pure political advantage over any calculation of whether government services are actually needed or not.

I am not even entirely opposed to the war in Vietnam. At one time I think it had rational purpose and was being fought in a rational manner. But things have changed. I was there for a year and watched the beginnings of the process by which the war slowly became more of a destructive bedlam and less of a carefully directed effort.

There was a time when U.S. troops in Vietnam were counter-insurgency experts, acquainted with the political nature as well as the military adjuncts of the fighting. The American advisors had to live and work with the Vietnamese troops whom they assisted in combat.

In June of 1965 things began to change. The whole American bureaucratic military establishment began to move into Vietnam. Slowly the emphasis began to shift from political to military action. Logistics and supplies began to take precedence over "people". Only twenty percent of the new troops moved in since the big buildup have been committed to combat positions. The rest have been truck drivers and service club operators and clerks and G-4's. And naturally, since these people were not on the line being fired at, they demanded and got the great American comforts of home.

I was in a medical support unit. Approximately four of our eleven men, by the end of 1965, were engaged in nothing but paperwork relating to the work of the other seven. Our office was air-conditioned. On the base were two large night clubs, two movie theaters, and an ultra-modern post exchange reminiscent of a Sears and Roebuck store.

The helicopter operations were participated in were grand assaults, preceded by bombing runs and artillery barrages. In one month our company expended 200,000 rounds of ammunition. Total confirmed Viet Cong killed that month—nine.

Now I'm not knocking the comforts of home and the security of a pre-bombed landing zone. I enjoyed them as much as anyone. The ironic part of the whole thing is that the predominant military equation left out the Vietnamese entirely. Every day, it seemed, the gap between American and Vietnamese living conditions, ideals, and aspirations grew wider. The loyal South Vietnamese could not trust the average American soldier or commander any more than the American could trust the average Vietnamese with whom he came in contact.

The gap seems to be growing wider with each passing day, right down to the present. Why? Because American commanders are relying too heavily on classical methods of warfare, and are trying too hard to keep the troops happy and comfortable.

The idea of "destroying a village in order to save it" makes sense according to classical military strategy, where the amount of ground taken is the unit by which success is measured. It is so very easy to conduct a military campaign in this manner. You lay out the map, draw lines of advance, and move out.

In political warfare the unit by which success is measured is the person. Soldiers trained in political ideas and terrorism are sent out to gain control of a certain number of people. That's hard to draw on a map.

There is a misconception on the part of many persons, including many of our top leaders, that there is a difference between military strategy and political action in this war. In Dean Rusk's questioning by members of the Senate last week, Rusk was asked for a true

estimation of how the war was going. He started out, "The political situation..." and was interrupted by a senator who said, "I didn't ask about politics; I want to know how we are doing militarily. We'll get to the political situation later!" Rusk did not challenge his separation of the two. Rusk may have some inkling of what the truth is, but all official action seems to be guided by the fallacy that political and military are separate.

The war could be won if the US Army would withdraw fifty percent of its support personnel, close all American night clubs, PX's and Bachelor Officer's Quarters, and send over as replacements only men who had been specially selected and been through an eight week school in political warfare. It would not be like the Special Forces, but merely politically aware footsoldiers. 100,000 would be a good number. These men could each be given a rifle, a supply line or C-rations, and a suitcase full of plastic explosives. Groups could be sent out into the jungle with some Vietnamese counterparts, to set up shop in designated areas where they would try to compete face-to-face with the Viet Cong political and military cadre.

But will that happen? No. Americans seem incapable of living in the same level as the Vietnamese. They (we) are so firmly convinced of their superiority that they help these ancient and honorable people, even the anti-communist patriots among them.

In sum, the only way we could win this war would be to stop playing house and start playing for keeps.

That's not happening now and there are no indications that it will be happening in the future. So what LBJ has failed to do, McCarthy is the man to get us out of the consequences. The purposeless destruction must be stopped now. Let's accept the fact that this country and her people are not flexible enough to win this war, and from now on work toward as honorable a peace as the lateness of the day will allow. Let's stop the bombing of the north and invite the NLF to the conference table. Maybe it's not too late to get some important concessions from them to protect those Vietnamese to whom we have committed ourselves. A coalition government would be a victory for us, even if it failed later.

I think that McCarthy could accomplish these things if elected, and with a great deal of support he could wield power over the administration even if not nominated by the democrats.

On the domestic scene I think he could handle things as well as our other presidents have done, and perhaps he could do his job without the arrogance which characterizes Lyndon Johnson.

McCarthy is a Woodrow Wilson type; a scholarly, professional man with high ideals and a strong resolve. Not the very best kind of man for a president, but certainly a cut or two above what we have now.

## Small Southern Towns' Own Brand Of Justice

There is a brand of justice that is peculiar to small, southern towns.

It is not necessarily a bad form of justice, one fraught with the connotations of Selma and Montgomery jails, nor even one reminiscent of drawing sheriff's deputies dragging prisoners off to the chain gangs.

Instead, it's almost warm, folksy sort of justice that is dealt out by judges steeped in all the best White Anglo Saxon Protestant virtue and vices.

It's almost as if somebody had rounded up the "good old boys" from down at the gas station, polished them up with an attache case and a little class, and had set them in a court room.

Certainly, it gets the job done. Cases are brought before the bench, verdicts are rendered and sentence is passed.

That's what happened by the time it's all over with, anyway—but it's not quite that simple and direct in the court room of a small, southern town.

Like Chapel Hill, for instance.

**EVEN CHAPEL HILL**, that Piedmont knoll famous as a citadel of learning, has some very small townish ways about its government and courts—despite the fact that less than a mile away there are rather learned professors teaching the intricacies of this nation's governmental and court systems.

Above the police station, and across the hall from the town manager's office, there is a courtroom in which Judge L.J. Phipps presides, sitting behind a light-wood dock and in front of a brown-and-white photograph of Franklin Street during the horse-and-buggy days.

Fifteen persons entered that court room Tuesday morning to face charges of engaging in an illegal sit-in which was designed to hamper a campus recruiter for Dow Chemical Co. For many of them, it may have been their first tastes of small town, southern courts.

All in all, it wasn't a completely unpleasant session for the defendants and their friends who came to watch—even though 14 of them were found guilty.

It was, however, perhaps a bit exasperating.

It wasn't so much the points of law that was brought up—a law in which we are unlettered, and would prefer not to discuss here anyway—but it was the chunks of philosophy handed down along with it.

Especially the way in which they were handed down.

**PERHAPS IT WAS** just a generation gap—a veritable cavern between the predominantly youthful defendants and on-lookers, and Judge Phipps, who describes his age as "three-score and 10."

It seemed, however, to be somewhat more of a gap than one of vocabularies—such as the reference about how the defendants would view society differently "from the vantage point of three-score and 10."

Indeed, it seemed to be an entirely different way of thinking about most of the things which were discussed.

For example, Judge Phipps asked a Franconia College, N.H., coed—who had been involved in the Chapel Hill sit-in during her spring break—if she had ever engaged in similar activities.

She had once picketed an induction center in Manchester, N.H., she said.

Then the judge said how it "would not lower anyone's dignity to be there (in the Armed Services)," which was not really the point of the trial at all, but was rather something that Judge Phipps—being past state commander of the American Legion—felt he should also say.

**HE ALSO REALIZED** how he had gotten a summer job through a campus recruiter, and worked on a survey team in western North Carolina unting for iron ore during his collegiate years. Some of the ore would probably go to make bullets, but people didn't think like that then, he said.

Finally, after sentencing the defendants—fairly, considering they were found guilty of violating a state statute which carries heavier potential penalties than he gave out—Judge Phipps continued his remarks about recruiting:

"I hope that the defendants will view this whole matter of the free speech of individuals in a little different light. These people, (the recruiters), are coming here to try to give some of our young people, graduating in six months, jobs."

That is how Judge Phipps seems to view the entire question of campus recruiting by even such firms as Dow, which are manufacturing war material for the Vietnam conflict. And, really, that is probably the only way in which a small town, southern judge, especially one who is former state commander of the American Legion, could see it.

After all, that is how small, southern towns and American Legion posts everywhere see it.

And that is one very big reason why there will always be a brand of justice that is peculiar to small, southern towns.

## New Hampshire Primary



'I got me a little Tail last week.'

From The Old Gold & Black

## Letters To The Editor

# Time To End Merchants' 'Milking' Students

To the Editor:

Twice in the past semester I have experienced some minor technical difficulties with my old '55 Chevy and since I live in Granville I have taken my business to Norwood Bros. Esso which is directly across the street from the dorm.

Having carried a Humble Credit card for some years and having generally been quite satisfied with Humble service, I had every reason to believe that the stations in Chapel Hill would render the same service for the same cost as elsewhere. But I was greatly surprised by the threat of bodily harm I received from the Manager of Norwood Bros. when I sought to get an explanation of the excessive labor charges imposed on me. After a brief examination of the Chapel Hill market I discovered that the stations here in town fix prices so that all will have a great profit and no one will compete in any real sense of the word "compete." Students here in town are paying a higher rate for gas and labor than is charged in nearby areas and we are the suckers for not taking any action. I have checked with other stations in town who have assured me that their labor charges are not as high as those listed on the local price list and if the students will

find out the lowest places to buy then we all will profit.

Hopefully student government could check up on all merchants and publish the best place to buy certain items. If we could encourage students to shop where there are lower prices then we might instill a little competition in this closed market of virtual monopolies where the merchants make deals and the students get milked.

This is not the first time that Norwood Bros. has threatened a student customer and we would all be well advised to avoid this station at all costs—we cannot help but get a better deal elsewhere.

Grant Harmon  
1918 West Granville Towers

## Darrah's Word

To The Editor:

It is rare indeed on this dismal campus that one finds opportunity to praise anyone or anything. But lo the time is now ripe for praising.

For Bill Darrah, his most praiseworthiness and governor of James Dorm is a candidate for delegate to the NSA convention. Mr. Darrah's career, though brief, is perhaps unequalled in its dedication, perseverance, and above all, facility with the Word. Mr. Darrah has but to open his face into that smile (that we all have come to so love) and utter the Word: Freedom: and James is free. Closing hours are abolished; house meetings are no longer

required; each student is free not to invite girls to their rooms; each student is free to transform James into the great intellectual center that it is.

Cynics reply "NSA, facility with words. Qualified? Balderdash."

O ye of such short seeing, the NSA convention lives not on bread alone but solely on the Word. It tells the country in words so eloquent, so intelligent what the (good liberal) college student knows to be right. And the country is impressed: nay, transformed by this utterance of the Word.

And Darrah is an honorable man too!

Remember; **BILL DARRAH WILL DARE ALL!!**

Bob Bradbury  
754 Morrison

## What Med Schools Need

From The Charlotte Observer

A committee drawn from leading medical schools has concluded that "the only possible solution to the financial crisis affecting all medical schools... (is) substantial direct support by the federal government."

Here is a gloomy thought. The crisis that these deans and medical educators from Duke to Southern California are talking about is not just a crisis of money. It is a crisis of training. They are actually saying their schools cannot turn out doctors in adequate numbers without big new infusions of federal money.

Private sources are inadequate. State sources are inadequate. Either the federal government steps in, or this country can expect to go on training too few physicians to meet its needs.

There is no reason why the federal government couldn't become a better partner in educating doctors. But its record so far isn't encouraging. And if medical educators don't want their plea for help answered through "make shift redirection of existing federal support," they had better be prepared to map their own plans and lobby for them.

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