

The Daily Tar Heel

76 Years of Editorial Freedom

Wayne Hurder, Editor
Bill Staton, Business ManagerDale Gibson, Managing Editor
Rebel Good, News Editor
Joe Sanders, Features Editor
Owen Davis, Sports Editor
Scott Goodfellow, Associate Editor
Kermit Buckner, Jr., Advertising Manager

'Law And Order' Means 'Keep Niggers Down'

"Law and Order" has become the catch-phrase of all the candidates this year as each one tries to prove that he is the only candidate that really can bring about such a condition if elected. Meanwhile, out on the fringes, the blacks and liberals are arguing that "Law and Order" is just another term for "keeping the niggers in their place" and ignoring the conditions of blacks in America.

Humphrey, Nixon, Wallace and the thousands of others hoping to be swept into offices on the coattails of "law and Order" reply that this isn't so, that they are interested in the black man's problems, but that they don't think any improvements can be made until there is law and order.

Well, the law and order advocates came through with a fine showing Thursday night in Congress. They very effectively managed to show what they are after—and what they are after struck us as being, not law and order, but "keeping the nigger in his place."

The law and order advocates, most of whom favor loose controls on police so they can enforce the law with no trouble, most of whom favor shooting looters on sight, and punishing criminals strictly, combined Thursday night to make a joke out of the Supreme Court school integration decision, which is supposedly the law of the land.

These solons wrote into the federal education appropriations bill a provision depriving the government of the right to use the school aid funds as a club to force school districts to desegregate.

These legislators, who commonly complain about policemen being handcuffed by recent Supreme Court decisions, deprived the federal government of the only effective weapon they

have for enforcing the Supreme Court decision of 1954.

The provision states that the government cannot withhold federal school funds from districts which use "freedom of choice" school plans or which refuse to bus students.

This means, for the South, that county school districts can use the "freedom of choice" school plan, which federal courts have forbade them from using, without having to worry about any punishment.

Not only are the Congressmen ignoring the law in doing this, they are creating a situation in which the lawlessness of Klan-types will have a resurgence.

The freedom of choice plan, in which parents can send their children to whatever school they wanted, never worked, and therefore was forbidden by the courts. The plan failed because black parents who decide to send their children to the white schools found their lives and property threatened by the Klan. It was not unusual, (and still is not usual) in North Carolina, and across the South, for the Klan to poison the water wells, fire shots into homes, and otherwise intimidate those persons who sent their children to white schools.

Forced integration "leaves the Klansmen with no alternative but to accept the integration. It does them no good to intimidate the parents. It leaves them with nothing to do in their spare time. The Congress action now will provide them, once again, with a target for their terroristic attacks.

America's "law and order" advocates, given the chance, have now shown how they define the term "law and order" and it isn't the way Webster defines it. It reads more like "keep the nigger in his place."

Sitterson Shows Awareness Of What Students Demand

Chancellor J. Carlyle Sitterson, speaking before the Faculty Council Friday, made a far better showing than he did last week in his speech for orientation.

In his speech before freshmen Sitterson seemed more interested in warning the students not to riot and in assuring the students that they were powerful than in showing that he understood what students are after.

Friday he improved vastly, as he told faculty members that students aren't just after power, as some administrators contend, but that they are just interested in improving the University and the education they receive.

Most importantly, Sitterson gave evidence that he recognizes one of the main problems of higher education in America when he told the faculty that teaching is being slighted in favor of community involvement and research.

This has been one of the main criticisms of American colleges and universities made by students.

Many students see the emphasis put on research and community involvement as part of a societal deemphasis of learning in favor of a narrow-visioned burrowing for facts that characterizes research.

Students see the federal government giving huge grants to the top scientists so they can develop weapons of destruction instead of having them teach students, and they dislike this very much. They don't see the University as a center for development of means to destroy people but as a where people are improved through thinking and learning.

Sitterson told the faculty that "if neglect of undergraduate teaching be true of us on this campus in any of our departments, let us resolve to bring it to an end."

The Chancellor showed a greatly improved awareness of some of the academic aspects of student unrest on this campus in his speech. Hopefully, the faculty will realize the validity of his remarks and will recognize the need to emphasize teaching rather than conducting research.

In recognizing the need for a change in the emphasis of the university, however, they must also realize the need to work with students in bringing about change, since the students are the ones to be effected.

Scott Goodfellow

Cut In The After-Burner

It's getting downright exciting around here.

First, a group is formed to keep Horace-Williams Airport from stepping boldly into the Sopwith Camel age. Apparently the University is considering paving one of the runways which now is little more than leveled ground. But the group, with its theme, "Keep Chapel Hill out of the Jet Age," is objecting to this plane, errr, plan.

And second, we find the Television Age has come to Chapel Hill with cameras poking out from behind Psych 21 books (on the Span 52 shelf) in the Book Ex, and with hundreds of Econ 31 students boob-tubing their lectures in Swain Hall.

Electronic Eyeballing

The humorous move of the Intimate Bookshop, allowing shoppers to watch the manager in his office over television ("I've got an unusual face."), was in response to the Book Ex innovations. There, it takes little imagination to see Tom Shetley in a back room, with a wall of television monitors spread out before him.

A line of students forms on Screen

3-A. With sinister assuredness, Shetley hits a switch and a row of Comparative Literature shelves slides across the floor, blocking the line. Checkmate.

And meanwhile in Swain Hall, a new type of classroom discussion is going on—the professor does all of it. Twice a week, Econ 31 students sit passively for a 50-minute hour (another new innovation), listening to Professor Arthur Benavie lecture.

Now, Benavie is good, but a student who suddenly finds he violently disagrees with something said can do little more than shoot paperclips and maybe scribble down a note in his TV Guide.

Marshall McLuhan would burn his stock in RCA at this. The message of this medium clearly could be written down and passed out, saving considerable time (which, after all is what it's doing for the Econ 31 teaching staff).

Holding Patterns Coming?

And out at Chapel Hill's own Horace-Williams Airport, the folks are stewing over whether to take that big step toward the Jet Age.

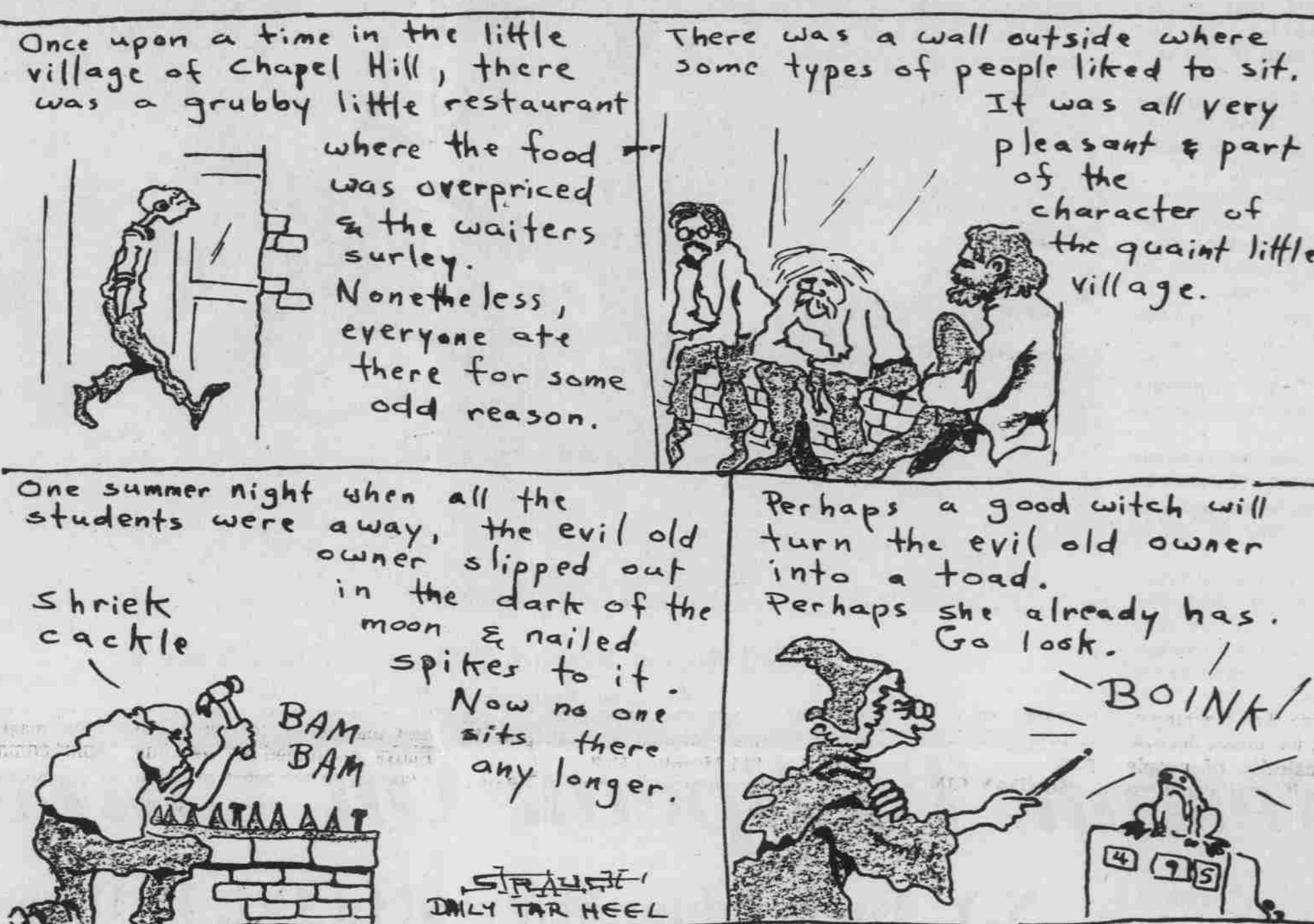
The proposed runway would not be

promptly mobbed by Eastern's 727 fleet, but the worries are that someday it might. And with the lightning speed that Raleigh-Durham supporters are using to get their needed improvements (fast as a bloated sea urchin), Horace-Williams might beat 'em out.

Admittedly the visions are intimidating. Planes might be delayed in Atlanta because of no room in the holding pattern over University Lake (University Pond). And the sounds might crack the vases of the flower vendors on Franklin Street.

Imagine a Boeing 747, with 400 persons aboard (the out-of-state freshman class), comes rumbling in (after holding over Chattanooga so the movie could finish). As the plane passed over the Geology building, the seismograph in the basement would hit 9 on the Richter Scale. Classes would stop all over campus and a portion of Benavie's Econ lecture would be lost forever.

It's truly a horrifying thought. Perhaps our town isn't really ready for such things as the Television Age and the Jet Age. Time will tell.



Letters To The Editor

Professor Cruises Parking Lots

Editor:

Like everyone else I have now paid my dues to the UNC parking club and, like everyone else, spend my daily drive to the campus wondering if, through some miracle, I'll find a legal place to park my car.

I have two questions. Where is all the parking fee money going? Is anything specific happening now to increase parking facilities for this year?

Sincerely,
Roger Hannay

Law Firm Admissions

Editor:

Scott Goodfellow's article on the names of some of UNC's buildings brought to mind the comment of a friend of mine, a fellow Yankee newly arrived on campus: "There's Old East and New East, Old West and New West," he said, "but there's no New South—and no North at all..." Battle-Vance-Pettigrew has always been my favorite; I could never decide if it sounded like a law firm or someone swearing under his breath.

Linda Rodd
Psychology Department

Red-Neckery Pops Up

Editor:

That WRAL-TV in Raleigh is a chief factor in the care and feeding of redneckery in central North Carolina is well known. Recently, however, things have been developing into a sickening impasse.

I am not referring to the wholesale seeping of editorial bigotry into their news reporting; this has happened all over, for example in the New York Times.

Some weeks ago a late movie titled "White Nights" was shown. My uneasiness at the title evaporated, for the

movie was a passable affair with "Mar-chella Mastry-oney", as the announcer said.

Thursday night, the movie was "Tomango," a disgusting wallowing in celluloid. Its subject was the events on a slave ship; WRAL must have searched the world over for it. It was like "Mutiny on the Bounty," except that the captain was Hubert Humphrey's version of an overreacting Pig, and Fletcher Christian was an angry black militant. What did he have to be militant about?

The idea that the whitewashed savagery from that station is vibrating in the air all around is emetic.

Surely that station has committed enough abuses that someone would have sued them by now on a score of valid counts. But even though their license was last renewed by the FCC by only a vote of 3-2, that hatred continues to radiate from America's last stronghold (what presumption! millions of others) of the Confederacy.

Another thing: while the Di Phi monotonous abstractions and the DTH whines about the Book Ex, the university continues its despicable policies of racist (pardon the jargon, but, well...) exploitation ("Blood! Shades of Communist teeterin'!!!").

Recently the university needed three maids. When a woman I know went down to apply, there were already sixty applications for the positions, obtained by solicitation and advertising. And the university was still advertising and asking for more applications. I worked around Chapel Hill and Carboro this summer taking what work was available—and guess who I worked with? The black people whom the white power structure bounce around like tennis balls, keeping them moving, and just far enough down so as not balls, keeping them moving, and just far enough down so as not to get their hopes up and take some reg'lar job or something. This summer a guy came down from "upstate", where he was making three times what the university had paid him, for a visit. Nobody went back with him; here there was always a job to be found, and it was home. So they bounce around from the university to other bosses and back, fifty dollars to take home here, buck and a half there. Sooner or later the whole story will be

better investigated, and our protest-prone radicals, couple thousand of them, might sit in Polk Place until their asses sprout. They'll obtain promises from Ole Lyle, and then they'll be able to smile at black folks again.

The blacks, if by freak some promises make it through a hastily assembled bureaucracy for militant inaction, will be able to buy a little more booze or have more shoes to go around. That's what comes of student power, when the

students aren't helpless any more.

But don't worry folks, we won't be having any of that. Them radicals will be working on women's rules, something that can be changed. Also we won't have no fee-raisin' with women's rules.

Wow.

Sincerely,
Marc Haynes
No. 4 The Glen
Chapel Hill

Moran Or Gold?—A Name Hang-Up

(Editor's Note: Thursday's DTH contained a large headline which read, "Writers-In-Residence, Moran: First Of Four" with accompanying picture.)

BY INSIGHT

The Daily Tar Heel learned today that the identity of the identity of the English Department's Writer-in-Residence remains clouded in doubt. Since Wednesday's sensational disclosure that the putative Herbert Gold may, in fact, be Herbert Morgan—and a minister of the cloth to boot—the Tar Heel INSIGHT team has turned up startling new facts.

According to Christopher Brookhouse Armitage, Press Officer of the English Department and himself a distinguished short story writer, Gold came to Chapel Hill at the invitation of a young Associate Professor Max Steele. Armitage lives in Nova Scotia.

Making a witticism, the Press Officer noted, "He came as an alloy, and only a Moran could mix things up."

INSIGHT learned, however, from a source in Lenoir Hall that Gold may be in fact the notorious Boston strangler Peg Woffington. An elderly table-hopper told our reporter, "Don't let Gold fool you. He's a master of this identity game."

As if in confirmation, the elderly Steele's office issued a news release saying that Gold (soi disant) would give a talk called "The True Lie."

An informant in Murphy Hall, with close connections to the office of Intramural Athletics, told INSIGHT that the whole Gold identity imbroglio came from an effort inside the department to have Ron Moran appointed Writer-in-Residence. Moran is reported to be disgruntled over not having his own mug in the Lenoir coffee line, an honor that comes only after ten years of service or sixteen cups.

INSIGHT, after several false starts, contacted the elusive Gold. Having cannily vacated the plush suite put at his disposal in Gerard Hall, Gold is now living in the Carolina Coffee Shop.

"I am Herbert Gold," he told INSIGHT. "Not to be confused with William Golding, who wrote 'The Pirates of Penzance.' I live on Broadway in San Francisco. I like it here. I am going to leave."

Gold had made his first slip. INSIGHT's team of experts can report authoritatively that Broadway is, in fact, in New York and not in San Francisco. Chancellor Sitterson's office had no comment.

The middle-aged Steele, a former barrister, said that Gold is being paid \$75,000 and free postcards of the Old Well.

A march protesting Moran's appointment will leave from Y Court at midnight on Sunday.

Kennedy Death Hit Very Hard

By JED DIETZ

On June 4, I was in Bristol England studying modern drama with a group from the University. That day we travelled to Oxford to see a student production, and when we arrived the news about the shooting was just as sketchy as it had been in Bristol: Robert Kennedy had been shot after claiming victory in California and South Dakota, but no report had been given as to the seriousness of the wound. I tried to keep track of things I heard and saw during the succeeding twenty-four hours, and I thought they might be useful now.

The picture that one saw everywhere was that horrible one with the blank eyes. A woman in the food market tried to understand what he must be thinking. "You know, he is a rather brash young fellow, but he would make a civilised President." An old man who overheard us said he was from Ireland and started to cry. The newspaper headline read: "No Brain Damage."

"Americans are brutes. A man says what he feels, he starts to challenge the existing power, and he is shot. It happens all the time in America." I was in a small pub near Trinity College. "How can America tell any other country that she is the model of how things ought to be?" The first statement was made by a student, the second by a don of Trinity College. "America just cannot bear too much leadership; I just hope he lives so that you will have to make a choice. I do not believe you want to." The conversation ended after I agreed to come to the don's apartment in the college the next morning for tea.

It was a beautiful day, and I had gotten up early to attend church in the Christ Church College Chapel. As I walked to Trinity College I stopped at a shoe store to pick up some boots. Sensing that I was an American, the shoemaker came out from his work shop to tell me that Kennedy had died a few hours earlier.

"Why do you Americans have guns?" I explained that many people like to hunt, and they were kept for sport. His response was unspoken, but very clear; "some sport," his face said. "You have never been very subtle about your violence." With increasing defensiveness I said that guns were part of the American frontier, before and after the Revolution. "Yes," he said, "as American as cherry pie."

I stepped back into the beautiful day, feeling happy that the sun was still out. A boy was selling newspapers, and the farmers were busy setting up the market place. The headline read: "God! Not Again!"

The Daily Tar Heel is published by the University of North Carolina Student Publication Board, daily except Monday, examination periods and vacations.

Offices are on the second floor of Graham Memorial. Telephone numbers: editorial, sports, news—933-1011; business, circulation, advertising—933-1163. Address: Box 1080, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

Second class postage paid at U.S. Post Office in Chapel Hill, N.C. Subscription rates: \$9 per year; \$5 per semester.