

The Daily Tar Heel

77 Years of Editorial Freedom

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John Agar

U.S. Army Out Ranks Nuremberg

The army, and the nation, have indicted 1st Lt. William Calley for the My Lai massacre. But there's a difference in the charges. The army has indicted Calley for premeditated murder, and the case supposedly will rest on whether or not the lieutenant actually ordered the massacre. The nation's charge is less well defined.

The best way to say it is that Calley has outraged the nation's sense of decency. That sense of decency had already been stretched to encompass high saturation bombing, napalm, and the Thieu regime in Saigon. Calley was too much for it.

Of the two indictments, the nation's is

the more legitimate. Premeditation makes little sense, at least as far as the army's case goes. In the heat of battle any man can (and probably does) become temporarily insane. The only thing which determines whether he orders a massacre or blindly kills an individual is his rank.

Calley's lawyers won't overlook this. The army did, and willfully. Its action intentionally clouded the real issues of the My Lai massacre, and the most we can hope for now is that America's rage will not be deterred, somehow will pierce the army's smoke screen and equivocation and lay the blame where it belongs: not, or only incidentally, on Lt.

Calley, but on the army itself.

The issue, of course, is war and the legitimacy of an order. The army has preferred to bypass this by indicting Calley for "premeditated" murder—which somehow implies that Calley was the evil genius of My Lai while his troops were no more personal or individualized than the Lieutenant's hands or feet. All the "good boys" who took part in the slaughter are blameless: the issue is Calley's bloodlust, no more.

This, twenty-five years after the Nuremberg, when this nation helped convict the surviving German Leaders of "crimes against humanity" despite their

pleas that they were "only following orders."

Lt. Calley's troops were also only following orders. But in the case of My Lai that is apparently sufficient justification.

The difference between Nuremberg and this incident is just that it is the army which is conducting this trial. In the army strict obedience to orders, however stupid or demeaning they may be, is the first law. One can imagine how impractical it would be if soldiers were ever encouraged to use their own moral discrimination. Impractical, at least, in a totalitarian society.

How ironic it is. Poor Calley gets tried for first degree murder, as if the inflation of the charge could somehow pay for the enormity of the crime. Calley takes all the guilt on his own head and scapegoats it for everyone else involved. His subordinates get off because accusing them would be to accuse the very life of the army. And the army moves the pieces, seals the indictments, worries publicly that Calley won't receive a fair trial, and ultimately judges guilt. All from above.

In the meantime, conscientious men like Sen. Ervin are suggesting laws to enable the army to try discharged soldiers for crimes committed while in the service. Because, if you haven't noticed, there is a time lapse between the massacre and the indictment of Lt. Calley. Most of the "good boys" of My Lai have gotten their honorable discharges and gone home. The army "couldn't try them even if it wanted to..."

And Sen. Ervin's bill makes good sense. No one should escape criminal prosecution just by getting out of the army.

But Ervin's bill also betrays his own failure to see deeply into the problems raised by My Lai; it reveals how well the army has confused the issues; it leaves us just where we began, with one important question:

Who's going to try the army?

The Power Of The Police

And The Insolence Of Office

Police are kind of a unique breed in this country. They are the keepers of the peace, and that role seems to legitimize a wide range of actions on their part. It seems to say that the police can do just about anything they want if they invoke the purpose of their efforts, which is "to keep the peace."

Well that's part of the background. Another part is this: On Thursday evening, after picketing peacefully in front of Lenoir Hall, demonstrators were ordered by the Chapel Hill Police to disperse within one minute. The demonstrators maintained they had a right to picket and held their ground.

In the ensuing tragedy, sparked by the efforts of the police to make sure their orders were not disobeyed, at least nine demonstrators were arrested, and three were hospitalized. Of the three, one had a concussion, and two had deep cuts. Of the two, one was a woman.

Some more background: A newspaper reporter (and there were a great many newspaper reporters at the incident) who was standing 40 yards from the action, was shoved by a policeman attempting to remove the reporter from the scene, not necessarily because he was a reporter, but because he was a person, a body.

The point is that the police have the power to go a long way, and employ that power, in doing exactly what they want to "keep the peace."

And nobody can really do anything about that.

This criticism has been levelled at the police for a long time. A lot of noise was made about the same problem just before, during, and ever since the 1968 Democratic National Convention.

Oh sure, police are only human, and in some instances they can only take so much from hecklers, rock throwers, gun-toters, and the like.

But the police didn't take that kind of crap from people picketing Lenoir Hall Thursday. Those people were picketing peacefully. There are plenty of witnesses who can testify to that. The fact that the police first ordered the demonstrators to disperse, and then started clubbing them and anyone else who happened to be in the area (remember the newspaper reporter), doesn't say much for the discretion of the police in carrying out their responsibility of keeping the peace.

What it does say, and what it does forbode, is that the police have a hell of a long way to go before they can be respected as keepers of the peace. It's rather frightening to think that they have the power to do whatever they want, and can only be reprimanded after the fact. That doesn't much help the three people who ended up in the hospital Thursday night.

Ah, the police.

Oh yes, one more thing: After the trouble at Lenoir Hall Thursday night, Chancellor Sitterson had this to say: "I regret any violence or any disturbance on campus at any time. The University always seeks to preserve order and peace and to respect individual rights." (The italics are our's).

That's all well and good, but as far as we know, the University wasn't calling the shots for the Chapel Hill Police Thursday night.

Which leaves us where we were—with the power of the police.

Ah, the insolence of office.

Why STOP Signs?

The University Trustees have gotten together in an all-out campaign against motorists driving on Cameron Avenue between the arboretum and the Scuttlebutt.

The pedestrian walk-ways near South Building and the Old Well sport four shiny new red STOP signs, wishing a very Merry Christmas to the campus' police who will get to write many more tickets for unsuspecting drivers.

After all, what driver would ever suspect full STOP signs to be located at a spot other than an intersection? And who but that fine coalition of Trustees and police would think to put them up?

So the Trustees want to protect the students from getting run over. Who has ever gotten run over out in front of the Old Well? Can students not get to class fast enough because the traffic fails to stop for pedestrians?

This is entirely true. Even Chapel Hill Police cars do not pause for pedestrians in that area all the time. (Next time a patrol car doesn't stop for you to cross, get

the car number ... it's worth knowing).

At any rate, the absurdity of it all is that, by law, pedestrians walking in cross-walks have the right of way. We guess the trustees didn't know that. And we imagine the trustees didn't know that signs reading STOP are supposed to exist for pedestrians.

Signs like that work on Columbia Street and Franklin Street. It would be interesting to see full STOP signs put in their places.

It is awfully lonely on Cameron Avenue around 8 p.m. to have to come to a full stop, the way completely clear, or risk a ticket. But then the police must enjoy that much more revenue from tickets. Maybe they'll ease up on over-parking fines if they can get enough drivers to run those stop signs.

What we suggest, however, is that the University remove their signs and replace them with STOP for pedestrians signs.

Rick Allen

Lottery Draft System: A Step But A Grossly Inadequate One

For most young men, Monday night was like a game of Russian roulette. Each capsule chosen from the large container was like the click of the hammer on an empty chamber, until each man's birthdate had finally been chosen.

For some it was a second chance and for others it meant the same as before.

The nation's first draft lottery since 1942 gave the assurance of avoiding military service to about one-third of our 850,000 eligible males, while indicating to another third that they would definitely be chosen.

The lottery marks the end of the traditional seven years of anxious waiting, reducing a young man's jeopardy to a period of one year.

It may seem cruel to some that their futures have been decided so arbitrarily by the luck of the draw, and it is in many ways a capricious and unfair method.

But this is definitely a step in the right direction. Instead of subjecting all males between 18 and 26 to a period of brutal uncertainty, only one third of these men will have to wonder and only for one year.

Some of us can look forward to a few years of loafing or a chance to get ahead in our chosen professions. Others can decide in advance to postpone their June weddings. At least we will know one way or the other.

But even a step in the right direction, while it has its limited benefits, is grossly inadequate when we have so far to go.

The problem is not to find a more equitable method of determining which young men must be sent against their wills into the military, but to eliminate the necessity of making that choice.

Letters To The Editor

SAGA Must Go

To The Editor,

It has become apparent to many that, regardless of the outcome of the present food service workers' strike, SAGA must go. The prospect of cutting employment and service, especially as increased unemployment threatens nationally, is not in the best interests of the University community; either of the students or of the workers who have served many years with substandard wages and working conditions.

The relevant question, then, is what institution, if any, will fill the gap. The state has failed, private enterprise has failed; experimentation is now called for.

I would like to suggest a type of student cooperative, which is used at some schools for bookstores, grocery stores and the like. A governing body representing all concerned parties in this community—students, faculty, workers and others—would make decisions affecting employment, output, wages and prices.

This, of course, is only the briefest suggestion of the type of set-up which might answer our needs. SAGA ought to be encouraged to leave, and the community to begin to determine its needs as it sees them.

Stuart Lynn
T.A.-Economics

Just Stop To Think On These Thoughts

To The Editor:

Things to ponder:
What has Alan "Mushmouth" Albright done for you this year?
What has Student Government done for you this year?
What has Student Government ever done for anybody?
How many campaign promises did Ken Day keep?
How many campaign promises did Ken Day try to keep?
If the guardians of morality destroy all the marijuana in the world, don't worry; there's always heroin, supplied by organized crime, and how many members of organized crime have been busted recently?
If you get drafted and killed in Viet Nam, it's all right, because Sidney

Schmuck, Silent Majority Leader, can sit safely at home watching HEE-HAW and gloating about his country's honour.

Did you know that the unauthorized wearing of a uniform, any part of a uniform, or anything resembling a uniform, is a federal misdemeanor punishable by six months and/or two hundred and fifty dollars?

What does Chancellor Sitterson do?
Worse yet, what does Kitty Carmichael do?

Worst, why does she do it? Doesn't she know that traitors are frozen in the ice in the ninth circle of hell?

On the brighter side:

Have you noticed that the ROTC's are wearing their hair longer this year? Some even have mustaches, and—Dylan was right—it is rumored that some uniforms were brightened by moratorium buttons.

Was Dean Casler really heard chanting "Hare Krishna"?

Kitty watches soap operas.
Jim Gardner eats at MacDonald's.
Onassis saves green stamps.

Will the resolution be passed that makes it obligatory for the university to repay the students' tuition when a teacher is so consistently late to class that he blows six or seven hours a semester?

Did you know that a North Carolina doctor has shown statistically that moderate cigarette smoking is good for you?

Beer contains Vitamin D.
Spiro Agnew is a holograph.
The use of bras on campus is down by twenty-four percent.

A recent government survey on morality has admitted that there is a precedent for sex.

The average UNC student, with the aid of a dictionary, is able to complete the crossword puzzle in the DAILY TAR HEEL in less than eleven hours.

A member of the Female Liberation gang sued for divorce on the grounds that her husband refused to bear their second child.

A thrill-seeking hippie recently died when he tried to shoot up with chunky peanut butter. It was the first case in medical history of death by cerebral peanut clot.

Sincerely,
Thud
410 Chateau Apts.
Chapel Hill



Robin Brewer

Presidential Droppings

Greetings from the President!

A little under a score of years ago your father and mother brought you forth on this continent, conceived as you were sometime during the late Forties, and dedicated themselves proposition of bringing you guys up in the All-American Way.

Now, it seems we are engaged in a guerilla war, testing whether our nation (that's America, boy, big A, big A!) or any nation so confused and so debilitated can remain secure.

We met just the other night over a fishbowl and I just want you to know that we have come to dedicate you, meager person though you are, as a brand new starting point for that war, so that you may give your life that others may not.

I can imagine what you are thinking, but most things considered it is pretty much fitting and proper that we do this. Of course, in a larger sense, we cannot draft, we cannot conscript, we cannot bother you much more than we already do.

However, we brave men, living and struggling in little of Washington do a lot of things you don't really understand, and that don't add up for you folks out there as veterans.

I fancy that very few of you will give a lousy padoodle about what I said last Monday, but you can never forget what I

did to you. It is, rather, your lot to realize that there is just gobs and gobs of unfinished work left, so if y'all can shut up a while, we can get on with it.

WE THEREFORE smugly resolve that the last full measure of devotion we gave in picking your birthday number shall insure that you will not die in vain, you lucky dog, and that this nation, considerably beneath God at the present, is gonna rise again, and, dadgummit, this "of the people, by the people, for the people," crap won't get in our way. With luck your sons will be skirmishing from birth.

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