

## Tuesday election and Mr. Vickery

Psst . . . in case you haven't heard about it yet, there is going to be an election Tuesday, June 4, in the state of North Carolina; and maybe you haven't quite made up your mind, but it would be in the best interest of us all if you'd consider voting this time.

The voter turn-out during last May's primary was poor, typical of the apathy which has settled on the state, and while many voters have been sleeping their lives away, the state senate has been having a great time with the citizens' money.

Fortunately for the residents of Chapel Hill and the surrounding area, they will have a chance to elect somebody who has consistently spoken in favor of the programs and initiatives which will benefit the citizens of Orange, Chatham, Moore and Randolph Counties, the counties of the 16th district in the North Carolina State Senate.

Charles Vickery has been working in the interests of this state's citizenry ever since he began his law practice in Chapel Hill; he constantly expressed concern for the issues which affected the everyday

lives of Orange County residents before he entered into the race for the state senate and has now committed himself to take those issues to the senate floor.

Vickery has worked outside of the senate to repeal the unnecessary sales tax on food, while opposing Duke Power's request for another rate hike and supporting the ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment.

Of even more interest to the students of UNC has been Vickery's recent stand on the Utilities Study Commission, perhaps the most pressing problem in the area at the moment. He has clearly and concisely analyzed and laid open for public scrutiny the position of corporations such as Duke Power which have been trying control the energy needs of Orange County. By doing this, Vickery has again acted in the best interests of the citizens of Chapel Hill, citizens who would have otherwise suffered because of the commission's actions.

To bypass a candidate with the integrity, stature and energy of Charles Vickery would be a mistake by the voters of Orange County.

## Insurance issue: slow down, pay up

Few industries have been the subject of as much controversy and complaint as the automobile insurance industry. Young people bemoan their higher policy premiums and others berate companies for slow claim payments or opposition to no-fault.

The industry has repeatedly presented explanations for these and many other consumer complaints, but a new issue has risen for which there is no defensible explanation. This is the issue of premium rates in light of the new 55 mile-per-hour speed limit.

National highway speeds were lowered last November in an attempt to save gasoline. When the fuel shortage eased, the Federal Energy Office recommended the lower speeds not be abandoned, to save both fuel and lives. The slower speeds, it was discovered, reduced traffic deaths by as much as 30 per cent.

Now, it can safely be assumed that fewer traffic deaths mean fewer traffic

accidents. And, if there are fewer traffic accidents, then insurance companies have fewer claims to pay. Since the cost of a driver's insurance policy is based on his likelihood of having an accident, and since everyone's likelihood of having an accident has fallen by 30 per cent, it makes sense that insurance premiums should be lowered by the same amount. But this has not happened.

This issue was raised when highway deaths were first seemingly falling. Insurance companies said they would "wait and see." They said they wanted to make sure the lower accident rate was not just a temporary trend.

Well, six months have passed, and it is now clear that this is not just a temporary trend. The National Highway Safety Council recorded 35 per cent fewer deaths this Memorial Day weekend than last.

It's time the insurance companies stopped offering excuses and lowered their policy rates. This is one swindle they should not be allowed to continue.

### Editor's notebook

## A college handbook of truisms

"We are lucky to be alive during these exciting times" seems to be one of the more popular phrases used by glib characters in modern times. It has taken its place along with "the Pope's a Catholic," and "a dime used to get you a cup of coffee." (used to, please note,) as one of the accepted Webster's Third Edition of Cute College Truisms.

All well and good of course if you are interested in that sort of thing; after all, a cup of coffee did used to cost a dime and going by the last time I checked up on him, the Pope was indeed a Catholic. But, (aha . . . here is the real crux of this dynamic discourse) are we lucky to be alive in these exciting times?

I'd be perfectly willing to take a show of hands on that one.

It's hard enough trying to get people to forget about some of the less tasteful things going on in these exciting times, let alone trying to get them interested in the whole mess. The voter turn-out during the May 7 primary, especially among college students, was so pitifully poor and perfectly projective of the current attitude in the state of North Carolina, and at the moment, it doesn't appear to be in too good state of affairs. Everybody from James Holschouer right on down the line was too busy patting themselves on the back because they just knew all along that NCSU would put those nasty old Bruins back in Pauley Pavilion where they belong. (God forbid those California types should set one foot on Tobacco Road.)

So, while the lights were being put out in Greensboro Coliseum, the lights in most people's eyes and mind seem to be getting a little dim and faded. Seriously . . . do you

remember anything that has happened in this state since the NCAA playoffs? Most of you probably heard rumors about a primary sometime back in early May, and the only reason some people noticed was because election returns kept running across the television screen as Fanny Flagg was about to get hers on the ABC Tuesday Night Movie.

Bloody exciting times alright. About the only thing I've heard students on the UNC campus express disgruntlement on is the absence of the crossword puzzle in the Summer Tar Heel. Seems the summer session professors have done an unusually good job on putting students asleep during lectures this time around. It's agreed that the loss of the crossword puzzle is indeed a sad occurrence, due to a particular lack of pecuniary sources on the part of the Tar Heel, but it's rather hard to accept that crosswords are the most pressing problem in the Chapel Hill area at the moment.

If you are one of those people that has been looking for something to occupy your mind lately, let's get back to the problem at hand and set all those thought waves on the right track. Now don't think I'm harping on the subject, but are we indeed lucky to be alive during these exciting times? (If you have read to this part and are still thinking about the crossword puzzles, go back to the beginning of this article and start all over again; you've missed something.)

Hopefully you are one of those rare and intelligent people who are reading this article to find out what my view on this pressing and important matter is, and it is . . . dramatic pause for effect . . . that you should feel lucky to be alive during these times, exciting

R. Michael Leonard

## Where the mountain rivers talk

The river talks, you know. It speaks in the two a.m. darkness and shatters peaceful half-sleep in the laurel. Its voices mingle with half-dreams, and tense up and begin to reach for the knife hidden in the boot beside your head. Then you smile, and realizing that only the river is speaking, you lie back and listen to its soothing sound. As you listen the last quarter comes rising above a nameless mountain. It catches for a second on the cracked limbs of a barren pine and then casts silver rays through rocks and leaves to the mica that suddenly shines on the ground around your bed.

Thank God for the Southern Appalachians. They are the range of life, the hills of trees and falling water. They are good Anglo-Saxon names like Chunky Gal, Cat Gap, Charlie's Bunion, Hawksbill and Big Butt. They are romantic names like Thunderhead and Standing Indian. They are Indian names like Cullasa ja Nantahala, Tallulah and Cheoha, names that roll off the tongue like the water flowing by logs and mossy stones.

They are green in the summer, so richly

green that they astound the eye and mind. They are wet and full of life from the deep rotting mulch on valley floors to wind sculptured trees on their highest peaks. In March they are a leafless brown, and the shadows and contorted shapes of trees are clear. They include pine woods, stately forests of oaks and beautiful mountain balds. Their sides are often covered by massive thickets of entangled rhododendron, and spruce forests ridge-walk their highest reaches. They are a thousand million places and things, each one amazing and beautiful in its own way.

You can see the Southern Appalachians by driving, but the only way to get to know them is by walking. Only by walking can you feel the steepness of Pilot Mountain or know the immense size of Mount Mitchell. Only by walking can you see Hawksbill cast its shadow at sunrise or camp in a cave at the top of seven hundred foot Whitewater Falls. A car in the Pisgahs shows nothing but views. Your feet can show you Shining Rock, the smell of a fir forest and the rolling meadows of Tennant Mountain.

I have leapt into a deep pool at the bottom of a ninety foot waterfall on Jacob's Fork. I have camped in the ruins of an old cabin at Cat Gap. I have looked down into Tullulah Gorge from Standing Indian. I got to all these places by walking.

The walking is hard but the wonder never ceases. It is the wonder of mist blowing through giant spruce trees on Mount Buckley. It is the wonder of a crawfish in a high mountain spring. It is the wonder of the ridges which stretch into one another until the eye strains to see beyond.

Yet, these Southern Mountains begin somewhere. Eventually you go up some steep hills, you go west of here. You can see the Blue Ridge in South Carolina from I-85 if it is clear, but I wouldn't say that this highway is in the mountains.

In North Carolina they don't include Crowder's Mountain or Hanging Rock, but the South and Brushy Mountains are definitely in their number. A geologist could tell you about the Blue Ridge Fault, I suppose, but science doesn't have the only

answer.

When I was small, there was a certain strange rock beside U.S. 321 north of Lenoir. That rock was my marker, and once I went north past that rock, I was in the mountains. But now I like to think of the mountains as beginning near Hog Hill in the rolling farmland of northwest Lincoln County. On the way from Lincoln to Cat's Square you pass a stretch of road called Reepsville.

A great aunt of mine teaches school there and right down the road from her lives Uncle Michael Kiser, the man for whom I'm named. My Great-Grandfather Kiser lived in the big white house on the turn, and my father's father is buried in the churchyard just down the hill. On most days you can look out across a rolling hill or two and see the South Mountains rising up along the Cleveland County line. On a clear day you can see Grandfather Mountain to the north. In half-seriousness I often refer to the Southern Appalachians as my mountains, and when sentimental I like to picture them as beginning at the county line.

Chan Hardwick

## Drinking again

Sometimes my conscience bothers me. The damn thing stings the comfort I feel when walking around this rich campus, or when I lie out in the sun all afternoon, or when I pick up *The Daily Tar Heel* and expect to read a couple of columns on politics, one on drinking beer, and a few angry letters about the parking and the guy who rates the movies. I think we're better than all that.

I am responsible for a few of those trite little pieces which try to draw together the threads of everyday life in this town. They are mostly simple things which look for the inner significance in picking up the laundry, or some underlying importance in having a beer. It is an effort to isolate the mundane under a microscope which, when done with style, wit and sensitivity, can be interesting. My conscience wonders whether it is worthwhile.

Our generation has apparently dropped the mask of student unity and activism. Perhaps this is best, as there is some doubt as to whether it ever existed except in the minds of those who feared it. Of course, the best violence was on the set every night or so, but to most of us it was as much a curiosity then as the SLA is today. Now we are comfortable in our role as apathetic youth, at least until somebody tells us that the opposite sex

cannot live next door to us anymore, then the outrage. Unlike bombings and racial hatred, the problem is too petty for the principle, so it dies.

Apathy is now the rage. It is fashionable in the way that non-conformity and radical methods were in the class of '68.

The fact remains that most students are no more apathetic now than they were then, except that then it was called individuality. This translates into saying that everyone, to a greater or lesser extent, is not apathetic about himself. Individuality is still around. Wealth is once again fashionable. Fraternities are coming back. Scott Fitzgerald is bigger than ever. And Chapel Hill is still the hotbed of Southern liberalism.

The truth is, of course, that the world does not live on beaches or in country clubs. The world in many quarters is a starving, disease-ridden, poverty-stricken wreck. It staggers onto our color televisions nearly every night described in grave tones by Reasoner or Cronkite. We somehow feel justified that the magnitude of its problems is diminished by changing the channel.

In a rather perverse way, perhaps we are as weakened as those who are caught in the throes of a famine. When one considers that as a society, though not necessarily as individuals, we have become immune to the desolation on our street corners, to the barren minds of our leaders, so that not even the youth get fired up over injustice and sacrifice, then it may be possible to understand that the ebb of caring about people and values has left us in a state of moral bankruptcy.

Those who protested and rioted just before us seem now to have been expressing an incredible frustration toward a world that has always cared about the same things. There was little that a group of people, even perhaps an entire generation, could do about such a huge destiny. See how we look back, to the twenties, to the fifties, to the sixties?

So, there is a good deal to be cynical about. There are all these big, tyrannical generalities to tell us how ineffectual we are. I don't believe it. I don't believe any of us walk through this world feeling controlled by some strings attached to vast, nebulous generalities. Such thinking is best left to a comfortable armchair where we can relax and cast a jaunted eye on the whole of our knowledge. I don't believe anyone thinks of himself as caught in some web of moral loss.

We are the ones who walk around campus, pick up the laundry, read the paper, and waste a night now and then over a beer confident about the future, and we cope very well. I just hope we do as well as we think we can.

Even though my conscience will ever beat against the thick, gray wall, I shall continue to magnify the common place, hopefully with style and sensitivity, but, in the end, even this is a beer drinking story.



Gerry Cohen

## The well-guarded secret

One of the best guarded secrets in Orange County is that a Democratic primary for State Senator and County Commissioner will be held on Tuesday, June 4.

The primaries result because in four of the five local races, no candidate could get a majority on May 7.

In the State Senate race for two seats, Russell Walker, Carl Smith and Charles Vickery are in the running.

I believe that Vickery and Walker

offer the most progressive platforms as candidates for the Senate. Vickery, a 31 year old attorney, has taken strong positions for ratification of the equal rights amendment, for repeal of the sales tax on food and for abolition of the death penalty. He has also issued a strong statement in support of Consumers Utility Corporation, the local consumers group which is trying to purchase the UNC utilities. His candidacy represents an issue oriented bid for an important state office — and in North Carolina, candidates have traditionally avoided the discussion of issues.

Walker has also endorsed ERA and the repeal of the regressive food tax. As a delegate to the 1968 Democratic Convention from a Republican county, he courageously supported the anti-war resolutions which were soundly trounced by the LBJ regulars.

While Smith has also stressed consumer oriented issues, he is tied in strongly with the Chapel Hill business community. While more liberal than most in the State, there are clearly two better candidates in this race.

Any registered Democrat or "no party" voter in Orange County can participate in the runoff, even if he or she did not vote in the first primary on May 7. Individuals continue voting in their old polling place even if they have moved, as long as the move took place after April 8.

Traditionally in Orange County, liberal candidates have led the ticket in the May primary, but got swamped in the June runoff as Chapel Hill voters failed to vote again. The importance of having two progressive Senators from this district makes it critically important that there be a high turnout next Tuesday.

The County Commission race pits Norman Walker, Melvin Whitfield, Tom Bacon, and Jan Pinney. In the first primary, Pinney finished second in the student precincts, behind Norm Gustavson, who won without a runoff.

In another crucial race, Durham county voters will choose a district court judge. In the first primary, Jim Keenan got 34 per cent of the vote in an activist campaign, while Gantt got 21 per cent. Most of Keenan's support came from the black and Duke University wards.

Keenan's candidacy represents a strong break from the usual North Carolina justice, where the rich get off lighter than the poor, who stay in jail and get poorer legal assistance. If Keenan can win, it could indicate a change. Durham county expects an especially light turnout in this race.

Tuesday, June 4 is when you get to choose who will represent you in Raleigh. Many have complained that the Sixty-Third General Assembly was a ragtag bunch, passing anything big business wanted and shortsheeting the consumer. Next Tuesday is the voter's chance to remedy that.

When voters don't vote, this is a clear signal to the politicians that they can get away with anything, because the voters don't care. One of the most stunning things to me is that when I ran for alderman last fall, 55 per cent of the voters came out, quite high for a city election.

But on May 7, only 34 per cent of the voters came out for a U.S. Senate primary. If we can't do better than that next Tuesday, then our political system will be in sad shape.

Remember, you can vote June 4 even if you did not vote May 7 (as long, of course, as you are registered to vote here.)

The Tar Heel

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