The Tar Heel

All unsigned editorials are the opinion of the editor. Letters and columns represent the opinions of others.

Elliott Warnock, Editor

Friday, July 5, 1974

Yaaaay....US Boooo...THEM

Let's not let this get any farther than between you and me, but (gasp) Russians are people.

I don't mean nasty people or boring, dull people, but just plain everyday people. This little reminder is in today's paper because: one) it's July 5, the day after July 4, and two) the United States and USSR track teams are squaring off in Durham today at about 3:30 p.m.

Sports Editor Jim Thomas and myself spent much of Thursday afternoon over in Durham at the spacious, gracious and downright extravagant Holiday Inn West (as extravagant as any Holiday Inn can be), talking to the Russian athletes who showed up for a press conference.

I can't help but feel that most Americans would be amazed at how much the Russians try to emulate

the dress and customs of Americans. They spend most of their free time over at the Duke University dorms playing ping-pong, drinking soft drinks (Vodka and other various mind-benders are off-limits during the week of the meet), wearing denims and listening to any record they can get their hands on.

What I'm trying to say in a roundabout way is the Russians seem to like it over here, and at least on the surface seem to be enjoying themselves immensely. This brings to mind the fact that everyone in the world doesn't have it as easy as the average American.

I have a cousin living in Minsk, Russia, a moderately large city, and I often wonder how he would act if he enjoyed the freedoms found in the United States. Somehow, that never fails to make me a little more grateful to be an American.

Modern stresses promote blindness

and killed two persons in an Atlanta church. Even if one of the victims had not been Mrs. Martin Luther King, Sr., this incident would still be prominent enough to warrant serious consideration.

A 23 year-old black takes it upon himself to perform a mission of murder. The history of this young man is now unfolding, and the revelations are ominous for all Americans.

Marcus Chenault is his name. He was apparently motivated as much by religious conversions as anything else; he had recently become something of a religious scavenger, perhaps groping for some kind of understanding of himself. After the slayings, Chenault described himself as "Servant Jacob . . . a Hebrew... sent here for a purpose."

The suspect had been a graduate student at Ohio State University. It may ultimately be determined that he is insane or was insane at the time of the murders. Yet here is a man who had a life similar to that of yours and mine.

This man is not a person of a povertystricken background or broken family. Rather, he has had much of what we have, has been exposed to some (maybe many) of the same joys, aspirations, pressures, and fears that we are. Perhaps

Last Sunday morning a gunman shot we are all more vulnerable to emotionalism and potential wrongdoing than we realize.

> It's a disturbing thought, but one that bears consideration over a period of time. How well do we really know ourselves? It may be that we are more prone to anger and depression than we imagine. We may surely be deceiving ourselves as to our supposed security in our churches and homes, our safety in public and in the company of our neighbors .- -

Marcus Chenault is considered by his former neighbors to have been an agreeable and reserved young man until about two years ago. Two years is a long time for people to notice and pick up on changes; there were apparently a good many danger signals from this man's character alteration to warn of possible aggression. Could he, himself, have done anything about it? Could those who were close to him have taken some kind of preventative action before it was

There's a lesson here, somewhere, for all of us. It may be an indication that collectively we are going blind to mental and emotional danger signals. Marcus Chenault sure was. And so were all those folks who "knew" him.

Dire consequences of deficit spending

"If bankruptcy comes to America, who will keep freedom alive in the world?" With these words from a press release, Sen. Jesse Helms, D-N.C., decries the evils of deficit federal spending and calls for a balanced federal budget in 1975.

Although the United States is in little danger of "going bankrupt," Helms is, for once, right. Deficit spending should be stopped. It is an acknowledged cause of inflation, yet is continued year after year after year. President Nixon, as past presidents have for decades, submitted the '74 budget plainly stating that he intended to spend billions more than the treasury had.

Through continued deficit spending, the U.S. has compiled a national debt of one-half trillion dollars, for which there is an annual interest payment of \$33 billion. Balancing the budget is a proposal supported mainly by political conservatives. Liberals have been slow to offer support because a balanced budget would mean considerably less money for them to spend, and therefore considerably less power to exercise. The programs that would suffer would undoubtedly be theirs, such as

welfare, foreign aid and other social endeavors. As fine a program as welfare can be for the poor, and other social programs can be for needy groups, inflation is a problem affecting all Americans. Liberal politicians will begrudgingly admit that eliminating deficit spending can slow

inflation, but most of them are not willing to make the sacrifices necessary to end it. As long as inflation is considered by many to be the nation's number one problem, deficit spending should be stopped. Other ways can be found to finance

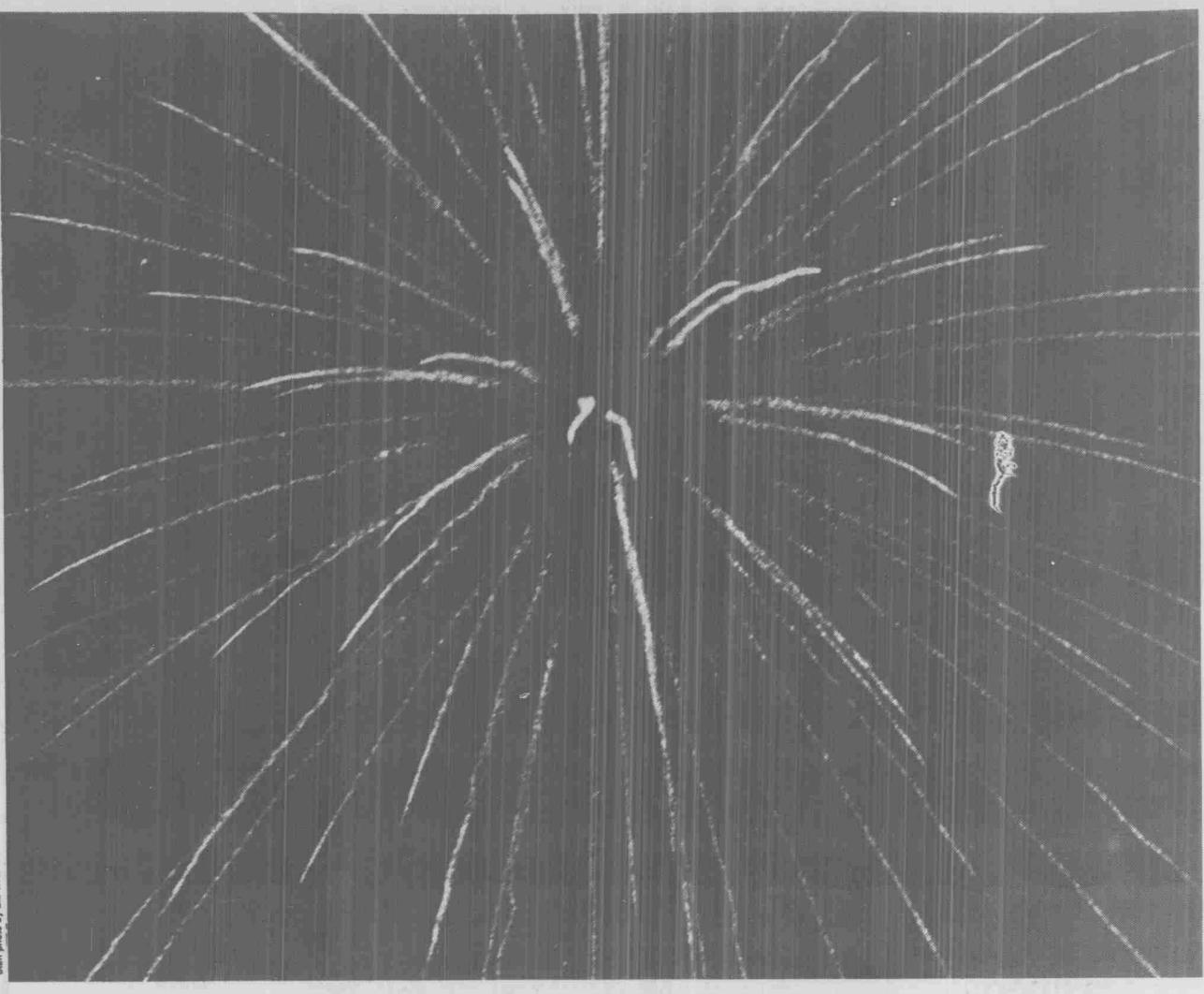
social programs than spending money we don't have. -Joel Brinkley

The summer Tar Heel not only welcomes, but urges the expression of all points of view on the editorial page through the letters to the editor. Although the newspaper reserves the right to edit all letters for libelous statements and good taste, we urge you to write us, whatever your problem, point of view or comment.

Letters should be limited to 300 words and must include the name. address and phone number of the writer. We will not print a letter without knowing the writer's name. Type letters on a 60 space line. Submit them to the Tar Heel office in the Student Union.

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Frozen in frames of memory: July Fourth

by Jean Swallow Associate Editor

I can't remember a fourth of July that wasn't hot and breathless.

I have a picture frozen in the frames of my mind: children stretched out on a dock with only the small sounds of the water lapping against the boards and a sultry breeze ruffling the soft down on their hot sweaty bodies. A few little hands drift with the water and suddenly, as if on cue, someone gets water thrown on him and there is then a general ruckus; all the little bodies with the gentle awkwardness of childhood, splashing, thrashing about in the water. It seems as though the heat penetrates even the water and soon, the children are out of the water, too hot to move. They are waiting for the night and the watermelons and the fireworks.

The whole day is a series of breathless waitings, is it time yet, are the watermelons cool, who else is

This is my childhood, these hot fourth of July days when we waited and watched, watermelon juice dripping down our chins, hide and go seek games with the children on one team and the adults on the other with home base a pine tree so big it took three adults with their hands outstretched to go around it. And then, when the games were all over, all the cousins were allowed one cigarette to cough over while my father and his brother set up the fireworks.

Then we would all trot down to the lake, tired as we were, hot as it was, and watched the roman candles and the bright colors that would explode over the water, stinging the wetness.

And it was worth it, worth all the waiting and the heat and the grouchy parents and swollen bellies filled with too much watermelon. This is my childhood.

Now the lake has been turned into a state park and the motor boats have made the water murky and there are only a few children and no fireworks. The children in my family are mostly grown and we no longer have the house at the lake; the relatives and friends are scattered and busy.

So now I and my friends, we trot through the heat to Kenan Stadium, amidst all the others to watch the fireworks. And I have another memory now: the small boy that sat next to me last year, hands hunched on his knees, eyes aglow, watching and waiting. At least there

Leave us with our childhoods and the hot sultry

