

The Tar Heel

82nd Year Of Editorial Freedom

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

Elliott Warnock, Editor

Tuesday, July 9, 1974

Court in position to enforce ruling

The United States Supreme Court met Monday to hear arguments by Special Watergate prosecutor Leon Jaworski and presidential defense council James St. Clair to determine the fate of 64 tapes and documents that President Richard Nixon still has in his possession.

Much to the surprise of spectators, St. Clair did not invoke the semi-mystical reasoning of executive privilege, he instead used a rather clever argument telling the court that the dispute over evidence between legislature and executive should remain between those two branches. One has got to give credit to St. Clair for such originality; I've got to admit that such an argument never crossed my mind.

Sen. Mike Mansfield made an important point Monday afternoon when he emphasized the fact that St. Clair and Nixon should and would

have to obey the ruling of the court.

One can easily see that St. Clair might be trying to set up a situation in which Nixon claims the court had no jurisdiction over the matter and therefore refuses to turn over the tapes in the case the justices rule against the President.

No matter how clever the argument, no matter how original the reasoning, no citizen or public official can legally ignore a direct order of the Supreme Court. The old cliché, slightly rewritten, would read something like: "Mr. Burger has made a law; now let him enforce it."

Unfortunately for Mr. Nixon, he is now in a situation which places the court in a perfect position to enforce any ruling the justices make in the case. If the court rules in favor of Jaworski, and Nixon still retains the evidence, it well could prove to be the catalyst for impeachment.

Right turn on red: who can find one?

Since we're on the subject of the various branches of government, I'd like to take time out to say a few words to the North Carolina Senate and House of Representatives.

Thanks a bunch. In case you're not quite sure what I'm talking about, I'm referring to the new "Right on Red" act which went into effect July 1.

The "thanks a bunch" was meant to have a little tongue in cheek because it seems every time I get to an intersection, it says "no right turn

on red."

For example: imagine it's 3:30 in the morning (imagine, hell, this happened to me Sunday), and you're rolling along in your bug (or Porsche if you're fashionable), then you come to this nice, fat, red light. There's no traffic, no traffic at the intersection, no traffic anywhere for that matter, but the light's red and the sign says "no right turn, etc.," so you sit there for about 60 of the longest seconds you know.

Yes... thanks a bunch.

The Tar Heel

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America's Catch 22: the big If

We've got it bad. I mean, they've got it bad.

We can't help it if we exist on the endless drive of newsprint logic while children are starving in less interesting places of the world than New York City.

I remember peering over the railing last summer at Rockefeller Center in all its yellow umbrella-topped splendor — tables and quaint people (mostly tourists willing to pay Big Bucks to look quaint). It made me wonder if guilty thoughts about starving Biafrans ever entered these peoples' minds, when in the next block over people are crawling on all fours across busy intersections — cars honking and swerving to miss them but never stopping. But it's okay, they're Americans. Besides, what do you do — give them some soup? And a good meal at Christmas?

I remember being told by a veteran New Yorker not to feel sorry or sad about these people rich or poor; it's all part of living in the world's cultural center. Roll up your windows and forget about it.

I remember countering with the argument that no wonder there are so many junkies in the city. At least you don't feel like such a low rent dog-rat after that spike goes in your vein. But that's a stupid circular argument, and I realize it now. It could go on endlessly, with nothing ever done about the problems of the world. Still, it left me pondering the great dilemmas: whenever you start worrying about universal problems and alleviating other people's suffering, someone always has at least a halfway convincing argument which somehow leads to the subject being

completely dropped. There are so many wise people who bask in such stupidity.

What more can you do but give to charities every once in a while? Everybody gives to charities. I give to charities occasionally. Usually the people asking for donations are so lovely or humble or beseeching or whatever it is that makes Pete Seeger more than a soft-spoken concerned citizen that I can't refuse at least some token gesture (usually a lousy quarter).

I never really think about it, though. Giving to charities makes me feel comfortable among my records, television and books. Sympathy or empathy very rarely enter the picture. Somehow, I can't picture myself without food and/or comfort and/or TV dinners.

I think of all the talk in Sunday schools-Bible schools about tithing 10 per cent of your income for God's work. What kind of an income does an 11 year old kid have? And what's God's work? If only I had all of my dimes back from ages eight through 12, then I might make a dent in someone's overseas (yes, always overseas) suffering.

People don't want to hear about starving Biafrans or endangered species. They are afraid of what it says to them about their own lives. They are afraid of the wave of cynicism which is drawn from them like a sponge whenever appeals are made of them. Sunbathing in penthouse perfection on the lawn, they have no need for a guilty conscience. They want beer, lots of it.

Mike Rierson

Endless road to an old man's stories

Tobermary-Bunnlevel-Abbottsburg-Nakina-Bughill-Grissetown-Wampee-Wanish. These are the living, breathing towns that stand along the side of the roads winding down through North Carolina, crisscrossing into South Carolina, and making a twisting halt at the coast.

If you are long on time and patience you can search out those endless backroads to slide through the flatlands of North Carolina in silence. Granted a respite from the ever-rising piles of responsibilities and books, you almost seem to harbor a sense of reverence toward the momentary freedom.

Tilted and bent mailboxes sit precariously near the road. Can they bring the rest of the world to these out-of-the-way places, to the people that stretch their hands deep into the rusting boxes?

There are sunbaked, tired concrete churches between the dogwoods and the constant magnolias, and it all drips of the Southern Baptist Sunday-afternoon-supper-talk.

Within one mile I pass the White Savannah Original Free Will Baptist Church and then Tews Grocery, where black men sit out front, doing away with the last of a dying Friday afternoon.

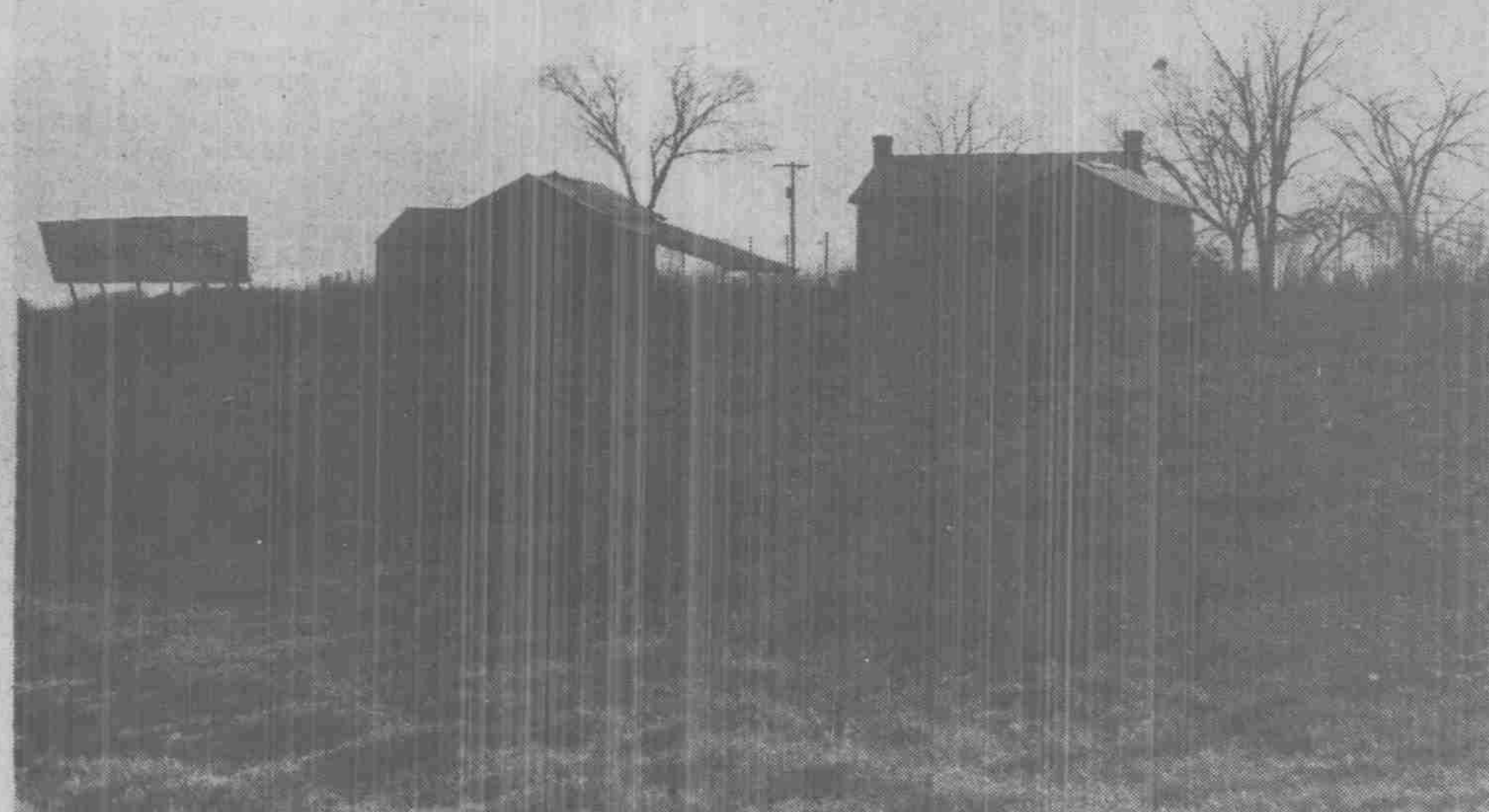
Basketball has usurped King Cotton in the South, and practically every house has a slightly warped goal, graying and peeling, yet waving only slightly in the breeze. Modern technology extends to gas stations and I pull into a "U-Fill-Her-Up" station that sits at the top of a deserted and desolated stretch of this gray green snake of a road.

Stacks of Nehi Orange Crush bottles stand beside the dirty building and a rusting oil tank leeches onto one side. As I start to put a quarter into the drink box I notice a bicycle coming over the next hill. Whoever it is stops and stands with their legs apart, giving both me and the drink box the once over. The box swallows my quarter. Nothing.

"Pop machine don't work." The voice startles me and I take a step back in anger at being surprised.

"Wish I could have got out here faster. That damn machine hasn't worked in months. Can't even get your money back cause I lost the key."

This man has to be one of the grizzled, weathered types. He has the overalls, the stubby beard, tobacco stains, everything. I want to read the story that is written in his face, but I shy away, not wanting to stare. He



A view along one of the many highways which stretch through the endless backroads and flatlands of North Carolina. The towns of Tobermary, Bunnlevel, Abbottsburg,

Nakina, Bughill, Grissetown, Wampee and Wanish, show themselves along such out-of-the-way roads for the school-weary traveler. (Staff photo by Tom Randolph)

looks to be a man you could learn from.

"Well, it was only a quarter. I guess about the only thing you can get for a quarter now is five nickels."

"Yeah, I guess so. Sorry, but I can't give you no gas either. It's Friday so me and the boy was going fishing. I went ahead and locked the pump."

As he speaks he shifts from right to left and looks to see the boy holding his bicycle and a cane pole. Tanned and impatient, the boy keeps a respectful distance of about 200 feet.

I don't want to make the grandfather feel guilty, so as I try to size up the stubborn looking, distant, bad temper of the boy, I tell the man that I had just wanted a drink, but that it will hold.

I am encroaching on the boy's property, his Friday afternoon fishing time and he

doesn't like it. All three of us know it and I try to find a way to bow out gracefully.

"Well, I'll let you get on with your fishing. That drink will wait."

"Thank you buddy. I guess I'd ask you to come along with us if you didn't have nothing else to do, but the boy gets kind of jumpy around strangers. He just likes to go on down to the lake and he 'bout pumps me dry trying to get every story in me out."

And I can see why. This is a man full of stories, full of reasons for that beaten face, or the times lost. He holds magic and mystery, a warehouse of information for the boy, the mad, anxious boy that edges closer and closer to me.

The man begins to sidestep in the direction of what must have been the lake. I begin to back up toward the car, and the boy begins to show a big, fat smile. Now he has won. He

can reclaim the man and be on his way, asking hesitant, yet demanding questions. No more snoopy outsiders, only dirt worms on the end of a pole and questions about places the old man may not have even been.

They disappear into the woods and I stand there in the middle of all those Nehi Orange Crush crates, having absolutely no idea of what to do. The Friday afternoon sun is still high, and now I am kind of thirsty.

The road looks like it was bent out of shape with the heat. It is the kind of heat that sends you down to the fishing hole if you live alongside these roads where grandfathers take boys fishing.

For some good reason I know that there was another fishing hole down that road, and hopefully they had an extra cane pole. Because I want to hear some of those stories.

CB Gaines

Angela Davis begins the new fight

At a time when everybody is saying that the movement is dead, when more and more people are placing faith in the system to right all wrongs, when the only revolutionary force seems to be some terrorists who succeed in feeding the poor, but only the San Francisco poor. At this time when even our own rights as students are being overlooked by illegal dorm searches, a new face has appeared to carry on the struggle against repression.

Angela Davis is now the co-chairperson of the National Alliance Against Racism and Political Repression (NAARPR). She is one of the organizers and leaders of last week's march in Raleigh. And she called the day of the march "the beginning of a new era in this country."

What kind of an era can we expect, and is she the person who will make a good, new leader? After all, it has been over six years since any massive demonstrations were held here in the South, yet she (as one of the leaders of NAARPR) came to Raleigh, North Carolina for the first demonstration of her newly formed alliance.

Well, at a press conference the morning of the rally, she said, "This alliance is going to be one of the central weapons against the racism that is now developing." She said that the alliance would work to effect change not only through marches and demonstrations, "but all the ways masses are able to make their voices heard." She didn't explain what those ways might be, but she did emphasize that nonviolent resistance would be an

important aspect of the alliance's program.

Violent means of revolution, such as the methods of kidnapping and murder of the SLA, Davis did not mention. She questioned whether the SLA had accomplished anything, even their own goals. "We believe that encompassing thousands in this country is how we are going to stop racism and repression," she said.

Davis has a reason and a drive behind her struggle against racism. Her determination which makes her a good leader is based on the time she herself spent in jail facing the death penalty. She said, "If my fate had been left up to the justice system, I would be in jail right now." She believes that it is only because of the thousands of people around the world who organized in her support that she was freed.

"We are not going to stop until the majority of all people are with us in the struggle against racism."

With those words, Davis's determination is heard. She has pledged to herself that she will devote her life to working to free those she left behind in prison. And her movement is growing.

There are now 25 chapters of NAARPR in 21 states. Davis says that there will soon be chapters in all 50 states. She sees the next large mobilization in California where racism has run rampant, not only with San Francisco Mayor Alioto's decision to search every young black male but also in the

senseless Zebra killings.

Davis said, "We are continuing to fulfill the legacy of the 60s movement and the legacy of Dr. Martin L. King, Jr." Unfortunately, the civil rights movement of the 60s was upstaged by the anti-war movement. The anti-war organizations had a large support from the white middle class, and now U.S. involvement in that war is over. It appears that the movement was successful.

The alliance must now gain the support of many different groups. In Raleigh, blacks, Puerto Ricans, American Indians and a few whites marched in the streets. Whites who previously had nothing better to do than watch their brothers boycott bussing, now have a tangible organization and direction to follow if they should care to.

It remains to be seen if the alliance will have any effect whatsoever. After their march in Raleigh, will Gov. James Holshouser commute the sentences of those on death row? Or did the fact that he spent July Fourth fishing show in any way how much he cared? It's like when President Nixon spent the day watching football on television while thousands marched past his house protesting the war. Hopefully, somebody will act and make nonviolent protest a meaningful avenue of change before the majority become lethargic while a few tote guns and wreck havoc upon this land.

Letter to the editor

Suicide information somewhat misleading

To the editor:

In the Friday (June 21) edition of *The Tar Heel*, a feature article on suicide among college students ("Drink And Be Merry For...") attributed certain information to me which was misquoted.

First, the article stated that there are about two completed suicides each academic year at UNC. Actually, there is one completed suicide at UNC about every two years.

Second, the article made reference to five to eight suicide attempts made each year by students at UNC. It would be more correct to state that there are perhaps five to eight very serious or nearly completed suicide attempts made each year at UNC which come to the attention of the Student Health Service. In addition, there are a number of less serious attempts and suicidal gestures made by students during each year.

With these corrections, the article is accurate in stating that a completed suicide at UNC is an unusual occurrence. However, the rarity of a completed suicide here does not negate the fact that a number of serious attempts are made each year by Carolina

students.

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Letters

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.