

# 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 16, 1974

## Cyprus: it means a lot to the U.S.

In the confusion following what NBC television called "a bloody coup" on the island of Cyprus, Archbishop Markarios has disappeared and is said to have been killed by members of the Cypriot National Guard who were led by officers seeking a union with Greece.

Cyprus has been the focus of half a century of conflict between Turks and Greeks who live on the small Mediterranean island, and Markarios, who led a theocratic-based government, spent most of his life trying to maintain peace in that part of the world.

Most people that live in the eastern part of America probably wonder how important Markarios and Cyprus are to the United States. In 125 words or less I'll try to explain.

The Soviet Union has tried for years to push its way into the

Mediterranean, and has partially succeeded by gaining a foothold in some Arabic Middle East countries. At the same time Russia has tried to influence Turkey so the Soviets can gain access to the Dardanelles, and again, has partially succeeded.

Meanwhile, America has exerted great influence on Greece's fascist government, which just happens to have a great hatred for Turkey, this hatred being based on the ancient wars of the classical Greeks and Turks.

Now if you'll look on your nearest world map, notice that Cyprus lies directly south of Turkey, in effect flanking the Turks for the Greeks, cutting them, and the Russians, off from the Middle East.

That's Middle East as in "oil." And all Americans know how valuable oil is.

Oh what a tangled web we weave...

## A lull in the storm

After nearly a year of unrelenting pressure, the heat has been off Richard Nixon for the past several weeks. His dramatic trips to the Middle East and Russia, taken in defiance of his doctor's warning of possible death from pleuritis, temporarily removed the limelight from the undramatic plodding of the House Judiciary Committee.

The latest Gallup Polls show he is no longer losing ground: three-quarters of the nation think he is guilty and the other quarter wouldn't change their minds if Nixon committed rape on national TV. These and other factors have caused some to speculate that the Judiciary Committee inquiry is losing steam, that perhaps Nixon won't be impeached after all.

These speculations are wrong. Whatever Nixon's finale fate, the last several weeks will soon prove to be merely a lull in the storm.

During the next few weeks there will be a barrage of events which will bring the impeachment issue back into the national limelight. This barrage has, in fact, already begun.

The House Judiciary Committee, almost as if it realized its closed inquiry was fading into obscurity, released volumes of documents last week comparing Nixon's

tape transcripts with the real tapes. The differences were striking. Additional documents are expected to be released soon and are likely to contain new disparities between the tapes transcripts.

Nixon's most trying moments will come at the end of this month when the Supreme Court rules on whether he must release additional tapes to Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski. If the court rules in Jaworski's favor, as many are predicting, Nixon will lose however he reacts.

Even republican Judiciary Committee members are saying they will vote for impeachment if Nixon defies the court's ruling, and if he supplies the requested tapes, their contents are likely to be equally damaging.

Finally, The House Judiciary Committee is expected to make its recommendations early next month and even Nixon is predicting the verdict will be for impeachment.

Nixon seemed to thoroughly enjoy the millions of effusive Middle-easterners who cheered him during his recent trip. Part of the reason may have been that he realized those were the last cheering crowds he is likely to ever see.

-J.G.B.

## The Tar Heel

Valerie Jordan... Managing Editor  
Jim Grimsley... Asst. Man. Editor  
Jean Swallow... Associate Editor  
Joel Brinkley... News Editor  
Jim Thomas... Sports Editor  
CB Gaines... Features Editor  
Walter Colton... Wire Editor

Bob Jasinkiewicz

## Magic forest has gnomes

Welcome to the enchanted forest. Have you ever driven along a highway that isn't really a highway, past a municipal airport that isn't really an airport, through a village that isn't really a village, to a university that lies somewhat south of the Great Dismal Swamp and north of Xanadu?

If you have, congratulations. You're here. If you use your imagination, you might think you really were somewhere south of heaven, and if you stretch it a bit, you could even take in a genuine castle on a hill rising like a medieval stone half-way house pointing the way to the Holy Grail.

If you want to take a break from pursuing chimeras, you could even romp in a genuine medieval forest, complete with its own stagecraft, just down the hill from the castle in the air—before the pine beetles and parking lots get them both.

Or you could take a walk along "main street" with its movie-set facades and costumed pedestrians just lingering before the cameras begin to roll. Or along the campus versions of the "yellow brick road" lined with gingerbread, ivy, and manicured lawns—all like a part of every gauze-covered college movie you wish you had never seen.

But if your imagination begins to flag somewhere between the enchantment with the castle on the hill that dreams built and the disenchantment with the dreams real people destroy, then you may begin to realize that happiness is a state of mind as well as a state of being.

Now Chapel Hill is a beautiful place as beautiful places go, and the university campus is a beautiful campus as beautiful campuses go, but like too much ice cream and candy, too much of a beautiful thing can cause the same malfunction that occurs between the myth of what you thought you could eat and the reality of what your body

knows you can eat.

In a word, the Chapel Hill setting can nauseate as easily as it can please. You find that out in time, just the way you found out that Santa Claus and the good fairy were the same archaic stumbebum who got you this far so you wouldn't repeat the same stupid mistakes he made, or maybe you haven't found out anything at all.

In any case, you're here, and you're so happy to be here that you wander back to your room at night more polluted than Franklin Street at high noon, all the time cursing the good fairy who put you here but checking underneath your pillow just in case.

Or you wander around Camelot and wonder where the castle dumps its garbage. Then you pick your way through the Union, the Pit, the rest of the campus, and the dorms and you realize where the dump is. And why the university still breathes fresh.

And you see a university so happy to see its students here that it does all its planning behind closed doors and behind closed minds so it won't bother its students with the unpleasantness of having to make decision.

And then you realize why students sometimes bite the breast that feeds. Or sometimes you just observe—like the student who stuffs a bag with cookies during a dorm party because he obviously hasn't heard that no one goes hungry in heaven or at the Carolina Inn. And why there isn't enough breast to go around and where it is when you really need it.

Or maybe you just wonder—about how some people define happiness. Like the people at ECOS who continue to sweat through their recycling projects facing the greatest enemy of all—us.

Or like the people in the health "services" who began the Student Health Action Committee to dispense free medical and

Jim Grimsley

## Feeding the nation's hungry millions

So I walk into this hamburger joint, right? I mean, I'm really hungry or I wouldn't even bother to come to a place like this, right?

So I'm barely in the door and all of a sudden I hear this voice screaming at me, "Can I help you sir?!" and there's this cashier leaning over her cash register and waving at me with her towel. "May I take your order sir?"

I walk up to her kinda slow you know, so I can give her the once-over, and take a look at the menu. It's right above the counter, only you can hardly see it in the glare from the fluorescent lights and the stainless steel counter. I stand in front of it for a few minutes and squint at it, but I still can't read it.

"Can I help you sir?" "Just a minute please." She's still flapping that towel around like it's a flag or something. "I'm trying to see what I want."

"May I suggest our Standardburger Deluxe. It's an eighth of an ounce of pure ground beef mixed with oatmeal and shaped into a thick round patty, cooked to perfection on a 365 degree grill for just the right amount of time to let the juices soak through, and placed on a caramelized sesame-seed bun, topped with lettuce, tomato, mayonnaise, cheese and chocolate syrup."

"Just a minute ma'am." "We're very proud of our Standardburger sir, each burger is unconditionally guaranteed to be exactly like every other burger we serve."

"I'm trying to decide ma'am—I still can't read the sign. There are a few people trickling into the lobby now, and the cash register girls appear out of nowhere and wave their towels at them."

"May I suggest an order of our golden brown french fries, each one fried separately in a vat of pure Crisco oil mixed with animal fat, guaranteed never to burn the roof of your mouth because we let them cool for exactly one-half hour before we serve them."

"Doesn't that make them a little cold?" "One can't have everything sir."

I nodded slowly, and stared at the menu a little longer.

"Can you turn the lights down a little, I can't read the menu."

"Certainly sir, I'll ask the manager. We do everything to satisfy our customers."

She walks off behind the big bin where all the hamburgers are sitting, each one wrapped in what looks like Christmas paper, tied up with pink ribbons. I looked down the counter at all the other girls, waiting on their customers. The lobby was really filling up now. Next to me this customer had one of the girls by the throat, shaking her and screaming at the top of his voice, "I want a

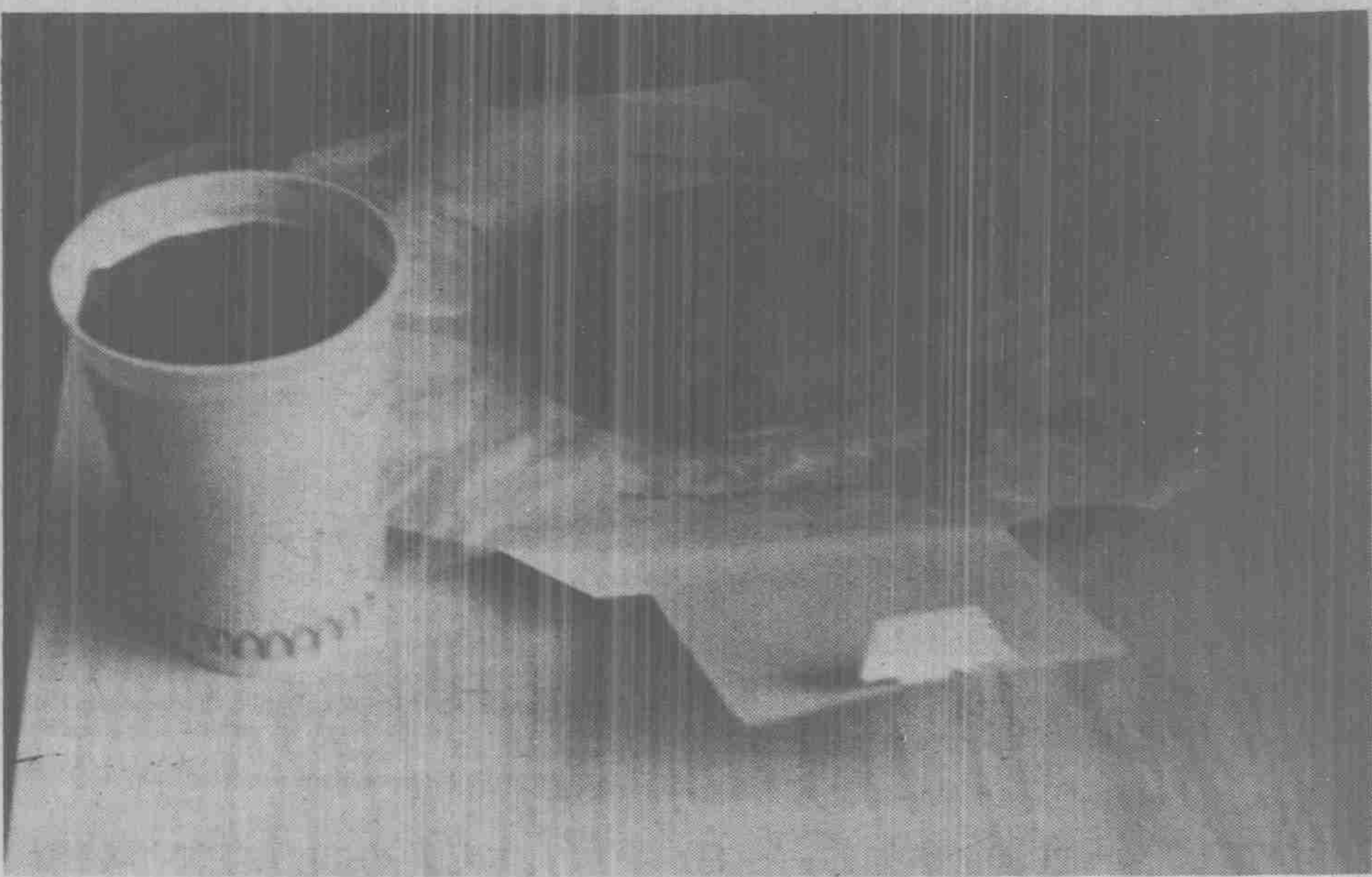
## Jordan & Marsh

## Chapel Hill: miscellaneous ramblings

So, while Jim was at work, someone left the door open and Phoebe ran out of the apartment and down the stairs, out into the street. He returned to find the apartment empty and no sign of Phoebe.

He called friends and others and rang door bells until he was exhausted...no sign nor word of Phoebe.

At work the next day Jim called the Animal Protection Society, and was assured that everyone would keep their eyes open for the little grey-and-white Persian kitten of two months. But they knew nothing about her whereabouts...I suggested he call the Pound, although the Pound has no facilities



'Hold the pickles, hold the lettuce, hold the mustard, hold the ketchup, hold the burger, hold the bun, just give me the bag...'

Staff photo by Gary Lebrico

small soda, not a large, do you hear, a small soda, not a large." The girl just smiled and said, "But what kind sir?"

I think about telling him to put her down, but I figure she can take it—I mean she's just a cashier, she's hardly even human in that ridiculous orange uniform with that hat shaped like a daisy. And anyway, the girl waiting on me is coming back, with the manager. I can tell he's the manager, because he's got this huge sign around his neck that says "Hi, I'm the manager," and instead of wearing a regular hat, he's wearing a crown.

He slouches up to me and says, in this weaselly voice, "What seems to be the problem sir, has our window girl offended you? If she's done something wrong we can have her whipped."

"No, no, it's just that the lights are so bright I can't read your menu."

"I could read it out loud to you sir, it says..."

"No, that's all right. Just tell me if you've got any kind of fish sandwich. I don't want a

hamburger."

"Certainly sir, there's our world-famous Marshburger, one three-ounce portion of government inspected eel, fried up crisp and served on an open-faced bun, after baking exactly five minutes in a hollowed-out cypress knee. The Marshburger is topped with our own special sauce made of seaweed steeped in swampwater and combined with a tangy goatmilk cheese."

"Can you get it without the sauce?"

"Yes sir, but it costs a dollar extra."

By now I had lost the edge of my appetite.

"Never mind, I'll just take a coke."

"Large small or medium sir."

"Small please."

"Any french fries sir?"

"No thank you."

His smile drooped a little bit. "Get it," he ordered the cashier. She curtsied and hurried away.

Just then there was this piercing scream from the back of the store. The manager's

eyes lit up. The man beside me let go of the cashier whom he'd still been shaking.

"What was that?"

"Just one of our cashiers who forgot to thank a customer and ask him to return to our store."

"What do you do to them?" I shuddered.

"Never mind." The girl waiting on me handed me my coke. "Here's the money, keep the change."

"But we aren't allowed to accept tips, sir." The manager snatched it away from her.

By the time I heard that I had started away, I would have gotten out the door fine too, except I tripped over this red-haired midget who was running between everyone's legs mopping the floor. I picked myself up, and as I was walking away again, I could just barely hear the manager's voice over the shouts of the customers:

"You didn't thank that customer or ask him to return."

That's when I started running.

for cats, really.

Finally, a friend said she had talked to a neighbor who had seen a Policeman pick up the cat. Saved, we thought; the man in blue who is kind to lost children and animals, who soothes children with ice cream cones and kittens with bowls of milk, just like in the Golden Books, we all read as children. "The Policeman is your friend..."

Filled with a sense of gratitude and relief, Jim cheerfully dialed the local police station....

Don't ever lose a cat....

"Sorry, we don't keep track of STRAY cats," he said.

"Call after 11 p.m. and they can give you any information they may have. Sorry, we don't keep a log on stray animals, you should have had her confined or on a leash, sir. Call the night shift if you need some information."

And we kept saying that we were concerned and that we wanted to find out where she was or who had found her....

So here we are at 2:30 in the afternoon, waiting for the Pound to open at 4:30 to go and see if just possibly there is a little grey and white Persian cat there, where there really are no facilities for her to be—they keep only dogs there...Where do they put the kittens they find, I wonder. Will something happen between now and 11 p.m. when we can call the night shift at the Police Station, who may or may not know anything about the officer and Phoebe....

So, if you have a kitten, keep her confined or on a leash, and if someone leaves the door open by mistake, be prepared to fight for any information you may be able to get... and don't believe every Golden Book you read... -V.L.J.

About this heat. Even with air-conditioning, it's inescapable. You may acclimate yourself to the 70 degree comfort of some indoor refuge, but you've got to come out sometime—and when you do, that thick, choking, 90 degree July pays you back with interest for even thinking you could avoid it.

The problem with the heat is psychological. It's out there and you loathe it and you postpone meeting it—but it never goes away. Even at 7 p.m. it's waiting to sap whatever energy you may have harbored in your air-conditioned unreality. There's simply no relief from the thickness about you that suspends dust in the air for moments on end.

People don't seem to eat so much in this weather. The stagnancy can only be offset by liquid, and water is the only real relief from thirst. Anything other than water either carries a metallic aftertaste or tastes syrupy. You just drink more. Beer tends to bloat the body, conducive to greater lethargy.

Swimming pools are like baths, too warm to be refreshing. Physical activity of any kind is unthinkable. Tennis or volleyball could result in heat stroke or fried neurons. Now

you know how it feels to be wilted lettuce incarnate.

Heat affects one's motivation to do things. Traveling in a car is out of the question without air-conditioning. A motorcycle is ideal. A bicycle is insanity. It's over a hundred out on the street. Where would you go, anyway?

Sitting in a cool, dark place, a locker in the basement of Woollen Gym, chanting for snow and arctic air. Futile. Next effort proves mildly satisfactory: 75 pounds of ice distributed evenly in the bottom of a bathtub. You can't swim in it, but it's refreshing for over an hour.

The fact of the matter is, the worst is yet to come. August will bring a desert-like pall to Chapel Hill, a drier, searing sort of heat that will distort the air in visible waves. The grass will brown in patches, dogs and cats and birds and flies will all become as torpid as we are, and the town will look wistfully toward an autumn of cooler breezes and a sense of renewed activity.

The answer for August is escape, if you have the will and the means. To some, this may be the mountains; to others, it's the prevailing winds of the coastal beaches. A fortunate few may find their way north, to New England or the Great Lakes region. I'm one of the latter and I'm already making plans. One early August evening, I'll make off at around midnight and not stop until I begin to feel a chill. The great escape. -JTM

Gerry Cohen

## Controversy over Art Museum site

Anyone who has been around long knows that the urge to vomit comes easily from watching North Carolina politics. The controversy over the North Carolina Art Museum is about the worst in a long time, however.

Back a number of years ago, the General Assembly decided to appropriate money for a new art museum for the state, to be built in Raleigh. Then governor Dan K. Moore appointed an art museum building commission, composed of cronies like then State Sen. Tom White, and Louis R. "Snow" Holding, president of First Citizens bank.

Everyone sort of assumed that the museum would be built downtown, where all of the major state offices are being built. In November of 1973, Raleigh voters okayed an \$18 million civic center on Fayetteville Street, and the city is about to make extensive renovations to Memorial

Auditorium. The state is meanwhile building the last of a gigantic mall of office buildings, the combined impact of which will create a large mass of people in what is now a decaying downtown area.

The Museum Building Commission, however, voted to put the museum in the suburbs, at the Polk Youth Center Site, on I-40 at Blue Ridge Road.

Then a lot of folk began to be upset. The many school children who come to see the capital would have to take a separate bus ride to see the museum.

The many state and city employees would be able to have more cultural exposure during lunch periods, etc., and the added prestige would help downtown Raleigh and provide another magnet for the civic center complex.

In the '73 General Assembly, legislation to mandate a downtown site got bottled up in

committee, but in '74, it passed the Senate, getting killed in House Committee.

While the state is under no obligation to help the city of Raleigh, the idea of a suburban site is absurd. It will encourage the use of private transportation, and make it inaccessible to the many black Raleigh residents who could walk or take a bus downtown. By being an official state encouragement of the flight away from downtown, it can only encourage urban rot.

So the downtown Museum advocates took their fight to the State Capitol Planning Commission, composed of the nine council of state members, two legislators, and Mayor Clarence Lightner of Raleigh.

The Commission, composed of such persons as Lt. Governor Jim Hunt, voted 9-3 for the suburban site. Only Lightner, and legislators Wade Smith and McNeill Smith voted for downtown.

The hearings were highlighted by the

authoritarian comments of "Snow" Holding, who put on his last performance denouncing land use planning as a threat to private property.

Holding, helping present the case for the cronies on the museum commission, said that "one of the great problems the commission has is that there is a large body diametrically opposed to the (suburban) site." Holding also publicly ripped into what he called the "Daniels newspapers" (the Raleigh N&O and the Raleigh Times) for unfair coverage.

The capital planners had scheduled their so-called public hearing in the middle of the July 4 weekend, on four days notice.

Politicians say a lot about wanting to help the cities, about being concerned about mass transportation, and wanting to abide by the wishes of the people.

But when they voted for the suburban site, it was pretty obvious that actions speak louder than words.