

# The Tar Heel

82nd Year Of Editorial Freedom

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Elliott Warnock, Editor

Friday, July 26, 1974

## Unbelievable: he's giving the tapes up

That is just unbelievable. It is quite hard to believe President Nixon said he would turn over the 64 tapes special prosecutor Leon Jaworski asked for, after the Supreme Court ruled 8-0 Nixon should comply.

I believe he said it; it's just hard to accept.

After all the back-biting and misunderstandings between Jaworski and Nixon, it seems so odd Nixon issued a compliance statement only eight hours following the ruling.

Two things concerning the ruling are obvious. First, the ruling itself is a constitutional and historical landmark; second, President Nixon, in complying with the order is setting an example for any elected official in following years.

Nixon is, in effect, putting to rest the saying that he has placed himself

above the law. He is instead saying he will turn over evidence that might well be self incriminating, obviously a difficult thing for anybody to bring themselves to do.

Also, Nixon is playing a new role in this confused Watergate quagmire, the role of the honorable man. It goes without saying that to supply evidence is honorable, just as it goes without saying that to obey a direct order of the Supreme Court is honorable.

Nixon has said all along he was trying to protect the office of the president, not just himself, and even as he released the statement of his compliance, Nixon made it clear he was not pleased with the court's ruling. But Nixon still says he will comply, which is the best thing he can do as president.

And as an individual. And that is the best anybody can do.

## About moving on and moving on up

*The Tar Heel* is a testing ground for new journalistic talent on the UNC campus, and invariably, as soon as a young journalist has tested his wings and found them satisfactory, he flies off to another nest.

Valerie Jordan is such a journalist.

After proving herself on the Tar Heel testing grounds, she has accepted a job offer from the Burlington *Daily Time-News* as wire editor and the occasional slot position where she will assign stories to reporters.

Gerry Cohen

## Broad the field, narrow the office

Should the ticket be balanced, or should Bobby Morgan be allowed to pick the next North Carolina Attorney General? Is a secret ballot designed to free up Rufus Edmisten's supporters to desert him? Does the 10 per cent rule eliminate any chance that Nick Galifianakis can win the nomination?

The contestants have narrowed down in the last two weeks, but every lawyer/legislator or ex-politician in the state seems willing to take the spot if offered.

The State Democratic Executive committee will vote this Saturday.

So far, there seems to be a fair number of good candidates, and some mediocre ones. The candidates that would probably run a fairly progressive AG's office appear to be Herbert Hyde, McNeill Smith, Mickey Michaux, and Nick Galifianakis. More

moderate candidates include Rufus Edmisten and Burley Mitchell. The super politico non-issue candidates are Charlie Kivett, Kitch Josey, and Dennis Winner.

All the candidates are issuing the usual shibboleths about keeping Bobby Morgan's consumer division active, but no one is really talking about much else.

The Attorney General's office represents the state in criminal appeals before the Supreme Court and Court of Appeals, and in cases against the state in Federal Courts. Thus the AG's strategy can affect the course of many trials and suits.

The AG also serves on the Council of State, which must approve all land sales by the state, and many leases and buildings (such as the art museum location).

One of Herbert Hyde's assets is geography. None of the Democratic council

of state members, nor Morgan for U.S. Senate, is from the West—Hyde argues that the Democratic party will be hurt in his area unless he is nominated. Hyde has a moderate to liberal record as a state representative from Buncombe County, and has been active against the death penalty.

Nick Galifianakis compiled a moderate to liberal record in three terms in Congress, but was rarely forceful. One gets the impression that Nick pays too much attention to the next election—and if he was up for a full term in '76, this might cause him to shy from controversy. Nick does have a very big name recognition, and would certainly help the Democratic ticket.

McNeill Smith is easily the most outspoken liberal in the State Senate—on death penalty, tax reform, justice, etc. He is not a charismatic campaigner, however, and

is a long shot for the nomination. His nomination would give liberals something to work for this fall.

Mickey Michaux, Durham legislator, is the only black candidate currently in the running. He has compiled a strong liberal record—but it is not known whether the Democratic "leadership" would put a black on the ticket. Although probably 40-50% of the Democratic vote in 1972 was cast by blacks, the party leadership is overwhelmingly white.

Edmisten has national recognition on the Watergate committee, but lawyers spoken to do not think highly of his potential to be an effective attorney general. Edmisten points out that he supervised a large number of lawyers in Washington, and has worked long and hard in the Democratic party. He is also a long shot.

Kitch Josey is backed by the party's Eastern establishment—he appears to have strong support everywhere East and South of Raleigh—which will probably give him a base of 25% of the Executive Committee to work with. He is more conservative than most of the candidates, but is not really an issue candidate. He is a former Guilford County Democratic chairman, and is now an Eastern legislator, so he hopes to get broad support.

Burley Mitchell, Wake County's solicitor, has strong support from the Wake County delegation, but has yet to make much outside headway.

Charlie Kivett and Dennis Winner, both Superior Court Judges are also campaigning, but their strength seems minor at the moment.

The Executive Committee's rules, to be set the first order of business on Saturday, will probably be the key to the process. Voting may be by secret ballot. The leadership has made this proposal in the interest of "party unity," but its advocates seem to forget that the business is also the public's business.

The 10/20 rule means that if a candidate has less than 10 per cent on the first ballot, or under 20 per cent on the second, he is eliminated. This may be designed to kill any chance Nick Galifianakis or other darkhorse candidates have. These candidates figure on a stalemate, when they would be the compromise.

When the executive committee meets Saturday in Raleigh, the whole state will be watching. In November the winner faces GOP nominee James Carson.

## Editor's notebook

### New East hit by plumbers?

Leon R. Ivey is a policeman at the campus of UNC.

July 22, 1974, Leon R. Ivey came within a hairsbreadth of arresting Elliott Warnock for breaking-and-entering New East, a building located in the northern section of the UNC campus.

Warnock was going to attend a meeting of the combined senates of the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies of Carolina, two debating and literary societies formed in 1795. He was accompanied by Roger Kirkman, the summer president of the Di-Phi, who locked the keys to New East in the senate's chambers on the fourth floor.

At approximately 7:47 on the evening of the 22nd, Ivey was driving around the northern campus of UNC, checking the locked buildings as he usually does about the same time each night.

At the same time, Warnock was doing his best to slip the back door lock of New East using an NCNB 24 credit card.

As Ivey drove into the parking lot that runs adjacent to Old and New East, as well as Alumni Building, he spotted Warnock and Kirkman, who upon

seeing Ivey, motioned him over to their location.

To put it mildly, Warnock and Kirkman looked slightly conspicuous bent over in front of the locked door, so Ivey complied with their wishes for company.

As Ivey approached the pair, the following conversation took place.

Ivey: Do you two know what you're doing?

Warnock: Yes sir. Give me five more minutes and I'll have that door open.

Warnock was well aware of the fact Ivey had him over the proverbial barrel, but Warnock also thought he knew a little about Ivey as a person.

Ivey had been the bus driver on the bus Warnock rode to and from Chapel Hill's Estes Drive Elementary School as a child. You see, Ivey has held several jobs in the time he has lived in Chapel Hill, the last being his present job as a campus policeman, a job he has held for some time, and a job he seems to fit into well. But to Warnock he has always been the driver of Orange County

## Jim Grimsley

# Losing faith: who do you trust?

In America, we roast Presidents over an open fire.

I was watching the Judiciary Committee debate on TV last night, and it struck me how things had changed. Just two years ago Nixon stood at the right hand of God in this country. Remember the '72 election? A landslide.

Now his name is mud. And we're celebrating.

Look around you. Look at all the kids in the street slapping each other's hand and saying "Right on Supreme Court, we got him now. We're gonna fry the man." Read the graffiti in the bathrooms.

Listen to all the talk about justice, about how the law applies to every American, even the high and mighty Nixon. Watch your TV and read your papers. Every front page in the country is serving Nixon toast these days. I wish I had a nickel for every time I've heard "constitutional" in the past 24 hours.

It's for real. We're on the verge of impeaching a President.

And we're turning it into a circus.

Down at the Union television set the House debate draws as big a crowd in the evening as *All My Children* does in the afternoon. But the difference is Erica isn't the villain, and the good guys aren't pre-

packaged in white intern's uniforms and stethoscopes. The villain is the President of the United States. The good guys wear gray suits, and when they speak their voices are measured and even, like Moses, ringing a little in those quiet halls. Every phrase is punctuated with careful pause, every word given weight and gravity.

Out in the Pit it's a big joke. So they're impeaching the crook; so what? We've tried him already and found him guilty. The thought of that nose in front of the Senate trying to defend itself is funny.

And the voices that used to speak up for the man are quiet now. Nobody questions the court's decision. Nobody disagrees with Walter Cronkite or Howard K. Smith. Nobody bothers to talk sense about Nixon. It's all, "Yeah he's a crook, but we got him now. Thanks to good ol' Sam Ervin and good ol' Judge Sirica and the good ol' guys up in the Supreme Court."

We're like a crowd on the way to a hanging. We've gotten beyond asking ourselves if the man is guilty or innocent. We're too busy looking forward to the spectacle.

What other country in the world broadcasts its scandals on national TV, play by play? First the Senate Select Committee,

and now the House Judiciary Committee. Not even commercials.

Remember gladiators, trial by combat? Remember the Christians and the lions? Back then they liked blood. We can't understand how people could be so cruel. They weren't human. But we like a little blood now and then ourselves. We're watching a man ruined before our very eyes, in living color.

Do you hear anybody talking about reform? Do you hear anybody asking where do we go from here? What happens after a President is removed from office? There aren't any precedents.

We're a pretty sorry country if the scandal make the headlines while the reforms to prevent scandals get shoved to page 22. We're standing still. All 200,000,000 of us are in the bleachers listening to Harry Reasoner's play-by-play of how the House is handling the ball. Nobody thinks about inflation or crime or the oil monopolies, or the prospect of another winter short of fuel. It's bread and circuses time. The mob is happy.

I'm the mob, you're the mob, we're all the mob. Pretty soon Congress will stretch out its arms and go thumbs down, and we'll all howl while Nixon bleeds.

How would you like to be remembered as the worst criminal in presidential history?

"Equal justice for all" the Supreme Court says. Wanna bet? That's a joke in this country, and in every other country of the world. Maybe we've come a little closer, but the courts still belong to the rich men.

The frightening thing is looking at Nixon and wondering what he has done, and if he's as bad as *The New York Times* thinks he is. They'd like us to think so. They've made hating Nixon fashionable.

Losing faith is bitter. After a betrayal as big as Nixon's a person tends to trust nobody and nothing. If one President is corrupt, aren't they all? What about Congress? What about the Supreme Court?

Who runs this country anyway? When you get down to basics, the Constitution is all we have. And that's paper. The Supreme Court ties a knot in it to keep it from leaking.

Maybe the president of ITT knows who's running the show. Buy a senator from him and he might tell you.

All I know is that I don't trust Congress anymore, and I don't trust Nixon, and I don't trust the president of ITT.

Every little boy can be president. But after this, who wants it?

## Jim Pate

# The agony and the irony of Palestine

Who are the Palestinians? Why do they raise so much hell? They are not only known (and very often hated) for their terrorist raids in Israel, but through the infamous Munich massacre, numerous airplane hijackings, and other terrorist activities that have been carried out all over the world.

The Palestinians became a political "problem" in 1947 when Israel was carved out of old Palestine, as promised by Britain in the Balfour Declaration of 1917. Palestinians in the newly formed Jewish state were given the option of remaining to live under the new Israeli government or becoming refugees in neighboring Arab countries. Most of them chose the latter.

Those who left lost all claim to their property. Their businesses were seized, most without payment, by the massive influx of new Israeli citizens. The Palestinians that remained now live amidst national prejudice and racial hatred. Many of these people also had their property unlawfully seized.

As second-class citizens, they must report regularly to the Israeli government. They are not allowed to possess or own firearms, as can other Israelis and they are discriminated against socially, economically, and politically.

The ironic part is they are in the same position as the Jews before the creation of Israel—a displaced, persecuted tribe of people without a country. It seems that Israel would realize this and sympathize. It also seems that those with the power at the time would not, by solving the problem of one people, create the very same problem with a different people. But then, how much foreign policy in the Cold War has made any sense?

Palestinians who left fled mainly to Jordan, Syria and Lebanon. Here, without citizenship, they are also second-class citizens, although they receive more sympathy from their Arab brothers. Still, their acclimation to life there is difficult.

For reasons of protection and a common cause, they all live together. Because of their national plight, poverty is the rule. Congregating in refugee camps, most of which are near the Israeli borders, they live in hovels and shacks, living from hand to mouth.

Like the Irish Republican Army, they are seeking world attention to their problem and fighting their cause through terrorist tactics. Though their methods are, at the very least, damnable, their cause is as legitimate as the Jews' ever was.

Yasser Arafat is the leader of their IRA equivalent, the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO). Their resort to terrorism is because of their military weakness

in the face of the heavily armed Israelis. They feel cheated as a people. Israel does not even recognize their existence.

The best break they have had in a long time came last week when the new Israeli government recognized the "Palestinian people" and consented to a Palestinian delegation to be represented through Jordan, which is 50% Palestinian anyway. Israel will negotiate with the Palestinians only as citizens of other countries, however. That leaves 3.5 million Palestinians totally out of the picture.

The Israelis refuse to give in and the Palestinians also refuse to modify their position. That is the main crux of the failure to find a permanent solution to the war.

PLO leader Arafat has modified his position some with the recent warming of Arab-U.S. relations. Palestinian hopes now rest on a Palestinian state to be created on the west bank of the Jordan River.

Under heavy pressure from PLO extremists, Arafat ordered the June 24 raid on the Israeli sea resort of Nahariya, where three civilians and three terrorists were killed.

That particular night, I was asleep in the comfort of my ship's cabin in the beautiful harbor of Beirut. Two days later, with our guide, a small group of reporters journeyed into southern Lebanon to find out more about the Palestinians and the war. The camps around Tyre are the home of many terrorist activities, so that's where our guide decided to take us.

About eight miles from Tyre, I got as close to a real war as I ever hope to get. We were frantically flagged down at a military checkpoint and ordered into a bunker. As I hurriedly walked from the car, I looked at the clear sky toward Tyre and I knew, with a sick feeling in my stomach, that the rumble I heard was definitely not thunder. We had almost interrupted an Israeli air raid, heaven forbid.

After three hours and many cigarettes (and I didn't even smoke), we were allowed to leave...back towards Beirut. We stopped in Sidon to get a look-at the refugee camps there. The Burj-Elshamli camp had suffered an air raid at the same time and clean-up was still going on. The streets were jammed and the living conditions made Harlem and Watts look pretty good. While her children played in the dust, a lady leisurely washed her clothes as workmen not 30 feet away were digging bodies out of the rubble. We were run away in a few minutes by soldiers, but I heard enough.

An 18-year old Palestinian boy, Zaki Shihab Ali, told me he had the most education in his family; he had graduated from high school. I asked him what he planned to do with his education.

"I have already completed two years of training in a commando camp," he explained in French. "I will now train full-time as an officer in the PLO, for Arafat's fedayeen."

I asked him if that was his only ambition.

"My only ambition is to return with my people and reclaim our homeland, to take back the land stolen from my father," he stated fiercely.

How would he do this, I asked.

"By killing the Jews and driving them out of Palestine," said Zaki.

"Have you ever seen your homeland?" I asked him.

"No, I was born in this refugee camp," he replied.

"How many people were killed today?"

"About 150," Zaki replied.

I went to sleep without supper that night, with no answers and only more questions. The next day, I bought an American paper, the *Times-Herald*, published overseas by *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*. The headlines over the story said 29 Palestinians were killed in that raid. I almost puked.

## Murray Fogler

# Where are the bills?

Sometime last spring there was a minor crisis in student government (some people contend that there still is one, but that's another story)—a student-wide referendum was postponed all set of an old Student Legislature bill that could not be found. The gory details of the petty politicking need not be related here: what is important is that it took a week to find the damned bill. It seems the records of student government were in such a mess, no one even knew where to begin looking.

I must admit that when Marcus Williams, the student body president, first told me that he was trying to codify all the student statutes that are still in effect I was a little skeptical. (And imagine my feelings when he asked me to write a "witty" article about it—I could just as easily try to find humor in counting the floor tiles in 100 Hamilton Hall.) I had seen the frightful state that the laws were in and I wrote Marcus a note that essentially said, "The job is mammoth—forget it." But Marcus is more stubborn than people give him credit for; he was actually determined to do it.

Oh, I see the need for codification of the laws, don't get me wrong. Probably one of the main reasons for the atrocious lack of continuity from one student government administration to another is that the new people never know what governs their

behavior (so naturally they behave as if nothing does). Who knows what one may find in those stacks of yellowed legislation? Just the other day, for instance, Marcus showed me a copy of an act that set mandatory limits on the penalties that can be given to violators of the visitation policy. That may not sound enlightening (or "personally edifying" to paraphrase Marcus's favorite phrase), but it has important implications on what happens to those students who were caught after hours in Melver dorm.

Well, to make a long story short (yawn), Marcus and some other crazy misguided fools have begun to restore the laws of student government to some semblance of order (I may be a bit harsh on poor Marcus, but this article threatens to destroy a journalistic rapport I have established with my many avid readers). He hopes to place them for permanent reference in the NC Collection of the Wilson Library (so you see, he takes his job seriously even if I don't).

I think the whole purpose of this little article is to let the readers know that student government is not sitting on its haunches this summer. I have added to the obvious fact that this task is not the most exciting in the world, but the point is that it is necessary and that it is being done in order to increase the effectiveness of student government.

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