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

Friday, August 2, 1974

Morgan question demands answers

If I was a voter stepping into a balloting booth in November, trying to decide how I would cast my vote for the United States senate race, I would have severe doubts about voting for Robert Morgan.

There is a story that ran about 225 lines long on the front and third page of today's Tar Heel explaining why one might arrive at such a decision. We live in times of turmoil at the present, Watergate being the center of the storm, and little side disturbances keep cropping up all over the country, Florida, ethics and actions. California, everywhere.

Living in the midst of this storm, we all get a little wet, Republicans, Democrats, anyone who has anything to do with government, are no exception.

One can not be sure of the entire consequences of the charges made to gather over North Carolina's against Robert Morgan; much of

what happens in state government seems to occur under the surface, a place where the average Carolinian rarely looks, and when looking, can not seem to get the entire picture.

What is clear in the situation concerning Morgan is the fact he appears to be getting hit from all sides, including charges by Gov. James Holshouser and U.S. senate candidate Bill Stevens.

When a voter casts a vote in favor of any candidate, the voter is declaring support for the candidate's

Before Robert Morgan can ask the voters of North Carolina to send him to the U.S. senate, he should clear himself of all charges made against him by various North and North Carolina state officials Carolina citizens and officials of the state.

> Until he does, clouds will continue political scene.

Mortgaged to the god of lollipops

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Have a dream on me.

Not the kind that keeps the mind awake between forgetfulness and sleep, but the kind that gnaws away on the spirit with the reality of ideals and illusions.

Bob Jasinkiewicz

The kind of dream that in the land of opposites makes of life-perpetually turned inside out-the skeleton around which death is hung.

A land where sugar cake and lollipops make the pursuit of happiness into a lonely flight from the pestilence of reality and the corpses of dying dreams.

A land laid waste by the demands of affluence, a treeless plain where iron and steel meet a neon sky, and an asphyxiated sun sets beneath and beyond the mountains of paradise.

Inhabited by a people laid waste by the demands of affluence and by a perpetual flight from reality-backwards.

Ever try to get somewhere running backwards in a dream?

When what you thought was happening in front of you in hindsight turned out to be merely a catching up with the future that the

Laura Toler

past left behind?

And what you thought you had left behind became the horizon you were perpetually fleeing toward instead of the corpse of a dying dream on the road back to reality?

Imagine, if you can, that the past has caught up with the future; the delusions of what you thought had been left behind caught up with the illusion that you were getting somewhere, when in fact you had never fled the reality slowly closing a horizon you had never seen coming.

Imagine, if you can, that reality has caught up with the dream, a reality that suffocates the spirit and saps the vitality of the sons and daughters of the land where dreams are ground in the gears of the machinery of the night.

Imagine reality to be a process of growing, defining and reconciling-the reality one finds not in the dream ramblings of a wandering star but in the shapes, shades and forms of a land of darkness where one walks in the shadows of the light.

Look about you and weep in a land mortgaged to the god of lollipops.

A land where language is mass-produced and abundant, hanging like cheap veneer on a rare antique, while meaning and substance are hidden away to gather dust with the toys and dreams of a child growing apart from awareness and perception.

A land where the pursuit of success rips away the intimacy that binds and makes of every man the enemy of every other man and the enemy of the self-the treacherous climb that makes broken dreams of the twisted wreckage of minds and bodies.

A land where free is a four-letter word for life and life becomes a sugar substitute to sweeten the bitterness of shackled dreams, while day-break reflects the dull resignation of bent shadows along the walls.

A land where half the inhabitants are playthings for the other half, and the spontaneity and joy of childhood are lost to the superficial games with feelings they play among themselves.

A land where the inhabitants grasp after ethereal things, denying the spirit that separates them from the things that are at best the illusions of the land laid waste, toys

gathering dust in minds grown stale in the darkness and the damp.

A land of opposites, where pain is outlawed but not violence; where beauty is delegated to coating the senses with prettiness, while undermining the spirit with a sweetness that corrodes; where what one has is never so sweet as what one doesn't have or could ever hope to have-among a people sacrificed to the god of ice cream.

Who, when they were children, dreamed dreams that no one could take and that gave warmth to a world cold with fear and dread.

Who, when they were young, looked at those dreams as they would at leaves blown from a high arch of woods, with no more thought for ends and means, and went out to meet the world in a sphere of their own wants-with hope, but without faith; with drive, but without fear; with goals, but without dreams.

Who, when they were old, once more met the dreams of youth, but this time at the end of a life of fear and dread.

They found they had lost the warm song of a child for light in the dark cold of night. and the sweet song of love came too late.

Studying away another Friday night

There I was, researching microfilms, becoming progressively more cross-eved. and a thought occured to me (a phenomenon which rarely happens): "Who else in the world studies on a Friday night?"

Time to hit the water fountain again anyway. As I stroll about in the cold of the library's energy shortage, I observe a few other habitual library patrons in their favorite carrels. The mere fact that it is Friday night could never depress these scholars into getting behind in their reading just for the sake of a few fattening, braindulling beers.

Why must we give up our Friday flings to keep up with studies? Working people get every single night off, and weekends, too. doing that reserve reading assignment." Another rendezvous has already ended in the packing up of books and the scraping of chairs.

"What time should we meet Dave at Town Hall?"

And I wonder if perhaps Robert B. House is less of an intellectual tomb than I'd feared. And maybe living and learning can't really be separated-at least not in Chapel Hill, where social interaction with the local intelligentsia supplements one's own academic pursuits.

Finally I arrive back at my table, give up on the eye-straining microfilms, and begin

grasp the seriousness of the population explosion and scarcity of resources that will put us all on diets, like it or not, by 1985. Holy Indian Cow, only ten years. And like everyone else in our future-oriented society. I look up at each person who passes by, contemplating a) whether he's someone l know, or b) what he could be doing here on a Friday night. Love those distractionsespecially when the four janitors troop through rolling squeaky trash cans ... comic relief being the best distraction of all.

Thank goodness, almost midnight; I've learned more about the clock than about the energy crisis. I wonder whether, given our impending doom, I should even labor so consumption of poli sci. I try desperately to hard toward a securely established, eight-to-

five position. And can the increasing complexity of issues even begin to be incorporated into the understanding of one human? Could one 102-year-old creature. having sacrificed all his Friday nights to "constructive" purposes, claim familiarity with all known fields and dominant schools of thought-as well as his resulting personal opinions

At last I gather my possessions, pass the book-check, and find myself free of that awful battle to keep the brain in gear. Shall I employ my time in walking home by thinking of intelligent questions for my professor concerning the reading? Well. maybe. As soon as I've thought about what I'm doing Saturday night ...

And now, a word to all you people

Housing: be glad

vou're not at State

grumbling about the housing situation in Chapel Hill next fall...

If you think you'll have it bad, take a look at North Carolina State in Raleigh. Things are a little less than rosy red in the dominion of the Wolfpack.

At last count, 1,400 people were still looking for a place to live on the NCSU campus, and at last look, there has been a big run on army surplus pup tents since they seem to be the final alternative to sleeping in the comfy confines of a dorm bathroom.

Of that 1,400 people, about 1,200 are freshmen.

If you can remember those halcyon days when you encountered the wondrous accoutrements that went along with being a freshman freshwoman or freshperson at UNC, you might also remember the last thing you wanted to worry about was finding a place to sleep, unless it was with a member of the opposite sex, (and we all know how University Housing frowns on that sort of thing.)

Jim Pate

things are considerably less of a squeeze. Only about 250 students have as yet applied and been turned down for on-campus housing.

Meanwhile, on the UNC campus,

True...some freshmen will be tripled and some students, when seeing they wouldn't get an oncampus room, decided to withdraw their applications, but the situation is still much better than the one at State.

One reason for the difference in the two housing situations is the foresight the UNC Housing Office used last spring, when they; knew there would be crowding. At that time, the housing officials started work on finding as many outlets for the problem as possible, putting women students in the study rooms at Morrison, putting men in similar rooms at Ehringhaus, and so on.

While at State, they are now putting students into the lobbies of high-rise dorms.

Grumble if you will, all you Carolina kiddies. Things could be a lot worse.

Exploring the Holy Land

They think college kids are too smart for their own good. "Yeah, they want to overthrow the government now, but they'll settle down once they have to make a living." Will we be glad, when we leave school for the eight-to-five scene, to forget the pressure to read, to expand, to question? Will college implant in us a need to spend Fridays and other nights in the never-ending but fascinating exploration of the world's mysteries, or will we welcome stagnancy in the absence of impending exams?

Before I am thrown out of Chapel Hill as an unacceptable non-conformist, I hasten to add that, in my continuing attempts to experience everything with gusto during my once around, I've had my share of booze in this life and I endorse it as the loveliest relief for the belabored mind-an outlet for the silly spirit. Perhaps the intellectual mind, belabored with organizing the knowledge of the world into some memorable pattern, is in greater need of an outlet than is the mind in the eight-to-five rut.

But enough is enough-often too muchand there comes a time when one must revert to the proverbial grindstone. As I poke reluctantly back from the water fountain, though, I can't help but envy the whispering conversationalists who have closed their books for the night. Giggles escape from among the carrels.

"Oh! You're that cute girl on the front row in my Remedial Reading 01 B class, aren't you? Why I had no idea I would see you here

Letters to the editor

Student apathy unforgivable

To the editor:

We have just finished listening to "our" President Nixon's address on the economy, July 25, 1974. As we begin to watch the House Judiciary Committee conclude its debate on the recommendation of the impeachment of "our" President to the House of Representatives, we try to decide how to express our indignation, not only against "our" President, who spoke tonight with just so much empty and false rhetoric, not only against the American power elite, the totality of which sat in the Century Plaza Ball Room and blankly applauded, at appropriate intervals, for propositions such the reduction of national social programs, but also against the crew of screaming and giggling college students who raged outside our window (during the speech and into the debates) in a heated volley ball game. More intelligent critiques of the economic situation and of the Watergate crisis than ours are available from many sources on this campus. So we will not delve into the details of arguments and counter-arguments here. Rather we wish to focus our present feelings of disgust on those unforgivably apathetic students at this university, symbolized perhaps by the volley-ballers, who sit on their empty asses and watch all this crap float over their heads. We wonder if the true purpose of our being here at this center of "higher learning" is indeed, as it seems, to extend our mediocrities past some sort of university degree into the outside world and our future lives. We could not help but envision those same volley ballers in the Century Plaza Ball Room blankly applauding some other power figure thirty years from now. Are we to "sit idle" and I quote Representative Barbara Jordan, House Judiciary Committee, and watch the "diminution, subversion and destruction of the constitution" of the United States of America? It is our country, like it or not. No constructive action, however nominal, may be taken in the absence of awareness of the situation, in the absence of intelligent thought processes. We see the necessity of this awareness, and therefore we are trying to think.

Perhaps this letter might ve some positive use as a challenge to the UNC Student Body. Dawn Aberg Debbie Easter 106 Kenan

'Cabin': movie bigoted, racist

about the purpose of its showing in an "intellectual society" where one's academic pursuits have theoretically lifted one from the jaws of such ignorance.

At a time when Black people have been oppressed, repressed and depressed I can see no redeeming social value in this myopic minstrel motion picture.

J. Leon Peace Jr. Nixon editorial jumps the gun

To the editor.

Re: the July 12 editorial statement: " . . . if Nixon continues to flaunt the power of the Supreme Court, he should be impeached." Point 1: If you people continue to flaunt your ignorance and/or carelessness by

Alan Bisbort

Major league excuses

Two weeks ago, the California Angels. and one week ago, the Atlanta Braves both avoided making history because of such fear. Both teams refused to let the obvious choices. for their managerial positions even get a fair

Despite the fact that seemingly every halfway astute baseball analyst of the past three years has stated that Frank Robinson would make an ideal manager, the California Angels, floundering around in last place of their division, chose Dick Williams instead. To lend credence to their. choice, they announced that Williams is a Robinson.

Granted, Williams is a fine baseball man and will probably make a good manager. But Frank Robinson has won pennants himself as a manager in the Puerto Rican leagues during the winter. Not only that, he plays for the Angels, making the entire situation a perfect one for the crowning of baseball's first black manager.

and above all racist. It causes one to wonder flouting the most elementary conventions of grammar and the English language, you all deserve to be flogged with the Oxford English Dictionary (unabridged).

Point 2: Nixon has not yet flouted the power of the Supreme Court, he has only intimated that he may do so.

Ellen Zwicker Curtin

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.

Security was tight in the Israeli harbor of Beirut. I had stayed up until 4 a.m. the previous night with a bottle of Ouzo (obviously named for the hangover it gives you) having an endurance contest with another reporter and one of the tourguides. That morning, I was groggily navigating the way from my cabin up to the main dining room to wash the lack of sleep out of my eyes with coffee. I got as far as the main deck when ten Israeli soldiers and several custom agents passed me quickly on their way to the upper decks. Thinking I had awakened in the middle of a "Sgt. Rock" comic, I stepped out to the gangway for fresh air and to make sure I had gone to sleep on the right ship.

Floating playfully in front of our ship like Donald Duck in a tub were two Israeli gunboats with 50 cal. deck guns trained intently on the bridge of our good ship Neptune. It was then that I noticed that the ship had stopped and there were approximately 20 scubadivers in the water. apparently searching the bottom of our ship. I thought maybe the Israelis recycled barnacies but someone told me they were looking for explosives.

The entire group was assembled and told by the custom agents that it would be impossible for us to spend American dollars and mask. Beer and wine were out of the

him, I feel like I've known him all my life. Elias is, without a doubt, the best guide in all of Israel. Every time Cousin Billy Jeremiah Leviticus Graham makes a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to recharge his halo, old Elias is his guide. Elias has also guided Dwight L. Moody and in the early 1950's, was twice a personal guide for Howard Hughes. For the ever-curious, Elias said Howard's feet stunk worse than any Moslem temple rug he'd ever run across.

Knowing his Bible by heart, Elias can quote scripture, verse for verse about every rock and ruin in Israel. Elias was studying the ministry years ago and is still a very religious man... in his own way. At the outbreak of WWII, he became an intelligence officer for the British. He gave up the ministry, however, after killing a German officer in the Judean Desert. He is very fond of Arab cigarettes and Dutch beer, so Elias makes plenty of "pit-stops" to make sure no one, especially himself, gets thirsty. Everywhere I went with him, I received the royal treatment by his friends-and everyone was Elias' friend.

A person needed a brass band to get a waiter's attention and when one finally came over to me, he might as well have worn a gun

Like an indignant Gentile, I got up and walked out. Elias told me it was that way all over because of Israel's run-away inflation. "And if you are a tourist

I finally ended up paying 75¢ for a Pepsi. As I offered the clerk an Israeli note, he inquired if I had any American dollars.

"If you don't mind," he told me, "I'd rather have the American money."

I found out that it was the same way with all the other merchants. Yessiree...the moneychangers were everywhere.

As a matter of observation, I saw not one synagogue in all my travels through Israel. With the great influx of Jews, I expected mammoth building programs to be going on.

I saw two more places where the head of John the Baptist was supposedly entombed, Jesus' home in Nazareth, and three different places where the Saviour was born; one for the Lutherans, one for the Catholics, and one for the Baptists. No, make that four. Some local youths had a nondenominational coffeehouse going on the legendary sight of that holy manger. At a dollar a cup, that can turn some pretty good profits/ And then there was a manger-site run by the Jewish contingent ... where they swore Jesus was not born. That seemed to be the biggest attraction of all.

Why does professional baseball try to mask its desparate fear of Blacks in the management with face-saving but lame statements to the press.

shot at the job.

proven winner and that he would get along well with the sometimes controversial

What do the Angels have to lose in hiring,

the position for manager wide open for either Hank Aaron or his brother, Tommie, who manages a Braves farm team. What credentials do either of these two men lack that Mathews (or any other choice, for that matter) possessed? Both would be logical choices, right? Wrong. At least in the eyes of the Braves' front office. (Just keep the boys happy and maybe they won't complain.)

Their reasons are obscure at best. They mumbled something about Tommie Aaron being embroiled in a tight pennant race in his league (when everybody knows that minor league ball doesn't mean much to anybody). They also said that Clyde King, their choice, was a first rate baseball man, etc., and that Hank Aaron didn't want the job. Before the All-Star Game, though. Aaron said that he would take the job if offered. That gave the Braves plenty of time to offer the position to Aaron. Nothing doing. brother.

The advantages of Hank Aaron as manager are numerous, if not more. To name a few: 1) He has been with the Braves organization for 23 years (Yes. Virginia, baseball is a business; therefore, seniority should hold some weight). 2) Aaron just might have picked up a few things from his experience. 3) If the Braves are worried about white backlash, then they are more senseless than I thought. An overwhelmi

in Israel. It just so happened they had brought a treasury officer aboard and would happily exchange Israeli pounds for our dollars, at a nominal rate of 15%. It sounded like a deal I couldn't refuse.

Our guide, Elias Subeh was the finest fellow 1 met while traveling over the eastern Mediterranean countries. He and Terrell were old friends and I hit if off so well with

question, for me at least.

"How much is coffee?" I asked. One dollar a cup ... no, he wasn't kidding. Cautiously, I asked, "Well, how about tea?"

Ditto!

So, I asked him if the water cost anything. No? O.K. I'll have a glass of ice water. "That will be 25¢ for the ice," he said.

Jim Grimsley...... Managing Editor Jean Swallow Associate Editor Joel Brinkley News Editor Jim ThomasSports Editor CB Gaines Features Editor Waiter Colton......Wire Editor

Everyone usually commits some little faux pas in a foreign coumtry. My little transgression came at the Garden Tomb, where Jesus was buried and later arose. The entrance was so small, only one person at a time could enter. I was very reverently waiting my turn outside the door when a very fat man exited with heavy hiking boots. I was wearing moccasins because of an ingrown toe-nail. Well, he stepped right on it and turned around to speak to someone inside...and I swore God's name-very vainly, because my toe hurt like hell. Eight little old ladies inside inhaled very suddenly. I quickly stepped inside to get out of the lightning.

So it goes in Israel. Let the true church roll

surgery in particular bas

on.

To the editor:

On the night of July 18 I happen to have had the misfortune of viewing a nugatory arlequinade entitled Cabin in the Sky. Obviously antiquated, it was mistakenly referred to as "delightful comedy etc." on the summer calendar register. The motion picture although opulent in Hollywood decor and "magic" was somewaht bereft with respect to cultural taste. The musical renditions of Ethel Waters did not compensate the indiscriminate, buffoonish gesticulations of Steppin Fetchit, Mantan Moreland, "Rochester" and other mountebanks large and small. The picture may only be regarded for what it is: bigoted, biased, prejudiced, predilected, stigmatic

even it only on an interim basis, Robinson? They simply do not want to make an inevitable decision, one that has been put off far too long. Surely the Angels don't expect Williams will lead them to the pennant in the short time remaining for this season. It takes a decent team to win a pennant.

The Atlanta Braves too eagerly followed the example of the Angels. In the first place. it is not comprehensible why they fired their old manager, Eddie Mathews. Most of the Braves players will attest to that. He did a much better job than anyone expected. After all, wasn't this the year that the Braves were supposed to create new dimensions in losing by possessing the all-time homerun king Hank Aaron plus a losing team?

Anyway, Mathews departed, so that left

number of his fans are white, as if that should make any difference in the first place, 4) Aaron is not into a superstar complex; he gets along with his teammates. Isn't unity part of a good team? 5) The Braves also have little to lose. The Dodgers and the Reds seem in command of things in their division. 6) The final reason is a very general one, but perhaps more important than all the others Hank Aaron's appointment would have been a big decision which could have helped baseball.

But, I forgot. Big decisions are made by big people. The Braves front office avoided a big decision by appointing what they thought all the fans would like to see ... yet another white manager.