

The Daily Tar Heel

75 Years of Editorial Freedom

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The Disputed Authority Over Red Clay Puddles

Know what red clay is? It's the thick film of dust on cars when the sun is out and the polka dot splatters on cars when it rains.

Know where it comes from?

Roads that aren't paved mostly, and driveways that aren't graveled.

Surely in North Carolina though there isn't such a problem. You know, the North Carolina where they keep paving and repaving I-85's.

But then, the I-85's are traveled by mostly adult-type people—not student-type people like in Chapel Hill.

Its sort of funny, if your sense of humor fancies irony, that in a small place like Chapel Hill, where there are probably more cars per cubic inch of ground than anywhere else in the state, that such a large number of roads remain unpaved.

Some of the main thoroughfares are paved—so to speak—like highways 54 and 86. But around behind the dormitories, where isn't quite as conspicuous, lurk the plains of red clay which puddle up in the rain.

The wide red clay paths that run behind dorms like paths—are a hazard to every axle that dares to venture onto them.

Its like having to maneuver an obstacle course with the holes, gullies and abysses that put character into the road between the tennis courts and cemetery off Country Club Road.

Connor's Housemother, Mrs. Graham Ramsey described the route to her parking place as a "sea of mud," "a corduroy road," and more succinctly as "wretched."

"It throws the wheels out of alignment," she complained.

The general disgruntled feelings about the state of the back "driveway," found expression last night in a petition circulated at midnight hall meetings in Connor.

David Wilborn, a Connor graduate counselor, drew up the petition—Monday and plans to circulate it to Alexander and Winston dormitories today.

The reported casualties from the road have been one broken axle and multiple alignment jobs. One Connor coed said she had her wheels aligned seven times.

The petition is to be presented to Walter Hamilton, director of the physical plant, as soon as it has accumulated enough names. But early yesterday there was some dispute as to whether he had the authority to pave the road.

Hamilton said that it was a city road—since it was an access road to the cemetery. Town manager Robert H. Peck said that he thought it was under University jurisdiction.

While the contradiction of authority has continued over the past months, however, the residents of the dorms have had to traverse the red clay gap. The jurisdiction is irrelevant to those who travel the road. The important thing is getting it fixed.

Peck said that the University "ought to get involved in the pavement" of the road since it mainly accommodated students.

Hamilton replied "there has always been this conflict over whether it was or wasn't" a city street. He promised that a motor grader would try to reshape the road in the next couple of days and that the physical plant would "probably regrade the road after the rain."

The regrading doesn't work very well though. The road was regraded and raised two or three feet when the tennis courts were paved last spring, but the gravel has gone and so has the road—into holes.

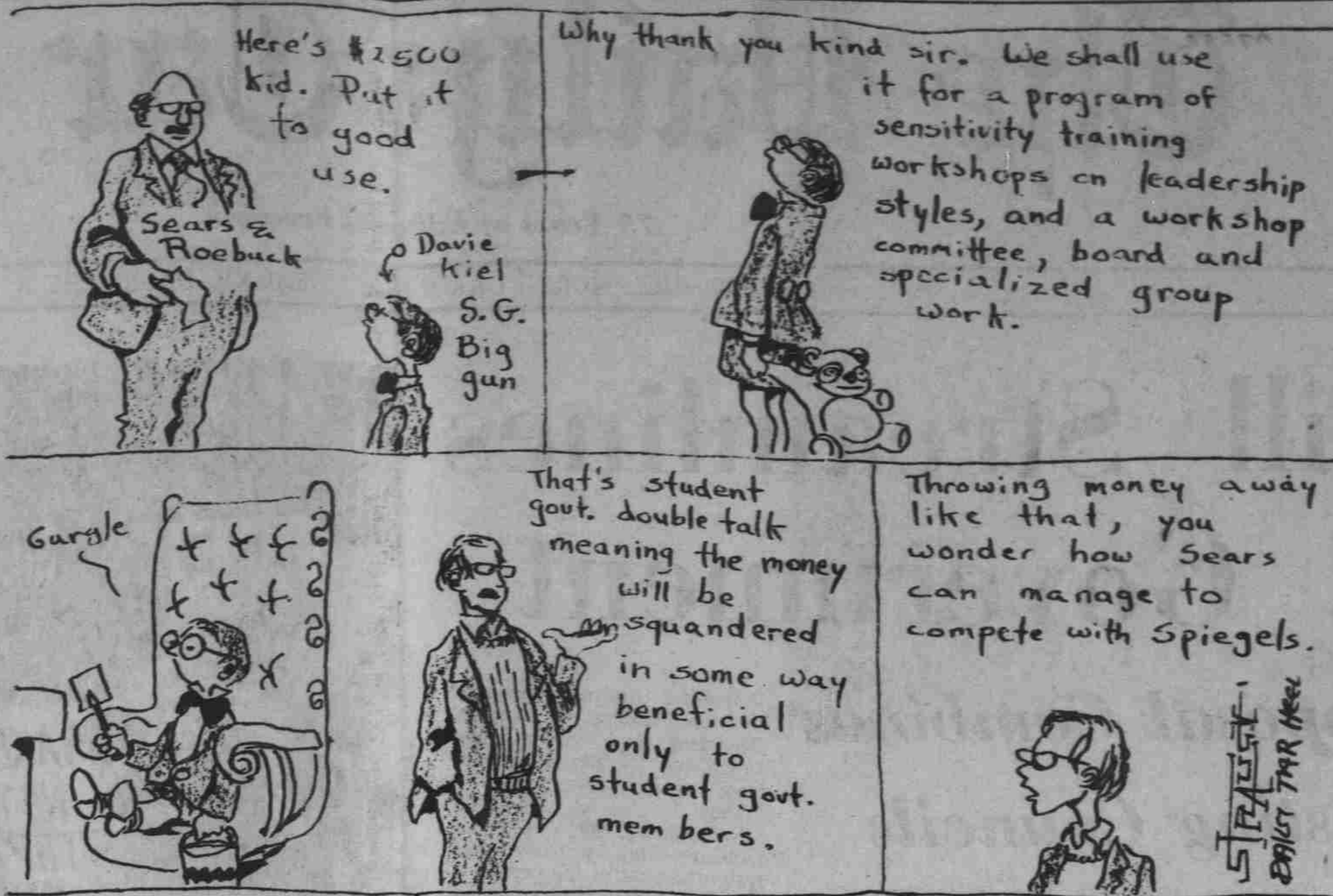
Hamilton said that the physical plant would be glad to do something about the paving if the road was truly under University jurisdiction.

It can only be hoped that someone finds out whose is the responsibility—and soon. The controversial limits of city or not in a university town sometimes make mountains out of those proverbial molehills.

Until someone claims the molehill though, and stops pointing their finger at the other side, the mud puddles and the gullies and the abysses continue to grow.

No matter whose baby this is, someone had better acknowledge custody before the March rains totally flood the red clay strip.

Three-fourths of a block of pavement would be a lot cheaper than financing a ferry service for the months of March and April.



Letters To The Editor

Early A.M. Police Calls

To The Editor:

The other day I went to see The Comedians, playing at The Carolina Theater. The movie was about terrorism in Haiti under the brutal Duvalier regime. The movie reminded me first of Nazi Germany and then reminded me of another place—Chapel Hill, N. C.

The Chapel Hill police have picked out certain persons they do not like and are subjecting them to a vicious harassment. Several nights ago, at 3:00 A.M., in the morning, two squad cars pulled up in front of a certain rooming house. Six officers, including one detective, surrounded the house and began to pound on the doors of each apartment, waking and terrifying everybody. The officers had no search warrants. They gained admission to some of the apartments by alleging that they were searching for a runaway girl, "only fifteen years old—won't you please help us?" In most cases they merely pushed their way in after the frightened occupant had initially opened the door to find out what was going on. Predictably, no runaway juvenile was found, but the police did encounter a few older girls who were spending the weekend with their boyfriends. These couples were hauled out of the house, arrested for cohabitation, and made to fork over \$200 for bail bonds.

Everyone knows that the laws against cohabitation are nearly a dead letter. They are so rarely enforced that their enforcement against any particular person signifies an intent to harass and persecute this individual. Cohabitation is quite common in Chapel Hill; it is also quite safe, providing you're a nice boy. But if you're a long-haired bohemian, then the laws against cohabitation are used to harass you and drive you out of Chapel Hill.

It would be ridiculous for anyone to assert that the cops merely stumbled upon these couples while they were searching for the alleged runaway. It does not require an elaborate pre-dawn raid with 2 squad cars, five patrolmen and one detective to look for a single teenage girl. The policemen bulled their way into every occupied room and eagerly inquired into the marital status of each couple. One married couple of my acquaintance was ordered to produce documents certifying their marriage.

Last summer, another couple was arrested for cohabitation. In this case, three policemen actually refused to temporarily leave the room while the girl got dressed. They stayed there, grinning, giggling, and ogling—Chapel Hill's finest!

Last weekend was not the first time the police have visited this particular house. Before they left Saturday night, they warned one of the occupants that they'd be back. No doubt they will, since they regularly and systematically harass these persons. The knock-on-the-door-at-night is not a monopoly of Communist or Nazi totalitarianism.

There are legions of liberals among the Chapel Hill citizenry and UNC faculty, who rush to the aid of any beleaguered peacenik or left-wing radical, but are noticeably indifferent to the open harassment of non-political scapegoats. One is forced to conclude that Chapel Hill "liberals" approved of such goings on.

Tom Robbins
Graduate Student
Sociology Department

During the Christmas holiday a student spoke to me on main street and asked me if I remembered him? He said he waited on tables at Lenoir and was now teaching in Wisconsin. I told him I had 14,000 children and I just couldn't remember individuals. He asked about my manners crusade and he remarked—"The students may talk about you when they are here, but when they leave, they appreciate you." That's good enough for me.

I was pleased when a town woman, who reads my writings phoned me and asked if I heard Goldwater speak? I said, "No." She said he raved over the students' manners here, and so did Humphrey! I told her I was glad to hear it, that many students tell me the manners are much better here than at the sections from which they come. I gladly share the credit with the students, for if I didn't have such fine children, there is not much I could do for them.

Otelia Connor

Otelia Pleased

To The Editor:

Well, I have been so busy since November that I haven't written, but I am still whacking heads, mainly about elbows on the table when eating, though there is much improvement along this line; pencils behind the ears, and cutting across on the sidewalks in front of a person, instead of crossing behind. I feel like putting out my foot and tripping them over. There is much improvement at Graham Memorial about scratching up the table tops with shoes, though the tops are terrible scarred by now.

Miller Defended

To The Editor:

Congratulations for presenting such an eloquent satire on Larry Miller in the DTH, February 1. Our compliments to Mr. Green's wit and humor.

Also, we sympathize with Larry for suffering such a "jeu d'esprit." We admire Larry's outstanding athletic accomplishments, but we would like to think that he is not the STUDACIOUS nymphet he appears to be in the article.

A. M. Hallmark
A. E. Milloy
330 Morrison

Steve Knowlton

South Campus Hum Drum

SOUTH CAMPUS—They sit out here, four of them, neat, modern, cold, full of people.

The are built in nesting box structure because that is economical and the people-per-square foot figure is important. A little box holds two people and there are four little boxes structured into a bigger, rectangular box. On each side of the rectangular box there is another just like it and it's the same with the floors above and below.

If the overall structure is called Morrison or James, you can get 1,000 people more or less into it. If it's Ehringhaus or Craige, the limit is about 600.

Assuming that South Building is more or less the center of the University campus—at least in a geographical sense—these four are almost a mile away and those people jammed in out here spend over an hour a day walking to and from their beds, their books, their study desks.

That's what goes on out here. 3,500 beds, 3,500 private libraries of text and anti-boredom books and 3,500 desks.

There's also a cafeteria that's open during mealtimes only. It's called Chase Cafeteria for the want of a better name and under the eating floor there are two rooms with lots of pictures of past University presidents and the like hanging on the walls.

These great visages of the past look austere and unfeeling as they stare down on the overstuffed but modern furniture and the slick floors. The rooms are always empty because there's no reason to go in them.

In the four buildings which have the beds, there are various televisions which

are always turned on because watching television is something to do and things like that are rare out here.

There are also four snack bars, which now have magazine racks to stand around and a pool table apiece so four people per building can play pool if they want to.

There are also social rooms scattered around—some on each floor. But they usually turn into study rooms, or at least reading rooms, because there's not much else out here to do.

There are people out here. About 3,500 of them. You can stand over by Chase at 7:30 and at 8:30 a.m. every morning Monday through Saturday and for ten minutes you can see them all because that's when they all go to classes.

They come back slowly and in small groups, often alone, all afternoon and they disappear again into the four buildings.

In the evenings, you can find them usually in their own room-cages, or in one of a few friends' cubicles. On the weekends they sit around and drink beer and play cards and sometimes get destructive and break windows—mostly because the windows are there and it's something to do.

SOME HAVE tried to change the whole picture and they have been working on it for five years now, but successes come slowly and sporadically because what they're fighting can't be overcome with an occasional chess tournament or a combo party the weekend.

Roger Davis and A. D. Frazier worked on it in Craige and what they came up with they called the Maverick House. But

Garrison Unjustified

To The Editor:

Your description of Carson's questioning of New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison as "provincial political thinking" disturbs me; it leads me to wonder if you really understood what Carson was up to. My impression was that he tried merely to inject some degree of rationality into the flamboyant D. A.'s campaign to indict "the Administration" for complicity in the murder of President Kennedy. He did so by posing a few reasonable objections to Garrison's contentions.

First, Garrison not only has claimed that "President Kennedy was shot by the CIA," as you state, but also that such diverse factions as communists, anti-Castroites, John Birchers, etc. as well as the U. S. Government "shot" President Kennedy—is it too much to ask that he explain these contentions, which on their face are so inconsistent as to border on the ludicrous?

And was Carson wrong in refusing to accept Garrison's statements of "fact" as being valid on their face, without any evidence to back them up? I am not prepared to accept wholeheartedly the government's version of what occurred as accurate, either. But to accept what this man says as true merely because he says it is (and, I suspect, because it is novel) requires a leap of faith I am unwilling to attempt. The "demigod of the late-night T. V. world" may have lost, all right, but if so only to that demagogue of sensationalism, Jim Garrison.

Frank Goldsmith
School of Law

Apathy Slain

To The Editor:

The March on WRC was a success. Women students made it clear to their representatives that they wanted to be given the chance to act as responsible people.

The feeling demonstrated Tuesday night was not new; neither was the issue. Many students have wanted to do something about women's rules for some time. The blame for apathy should rest on many.

But the point is that something has been done. Someone took the responsibility for organizing the women students and convincing them that something could be done.

Karen Freeman got enthusiastic, talked to a lot of people, made a lot of posters, and was rewarded for her pains by the sight of about 500 previously immovable Carolina Coeds turning up on a rainy night to show that they do care.

Lots of people have thought about something like this; Karen took on the job and succeeded.

Maybe the rest of us can take it from here.

Julia McMillan
810 Granville Towers

Letters

The Daily Tar Heel accepts all letters for publication provided they are typed, double-spaced and signed. Letters should be no longer than 300 words in length. We reserve the right to edit for libelous statements.

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