

The Daily Tar Heel

77 Years of Editorial Freedom



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Pete Ivey's 'News' Bureau

Pete Ivey, University News Bureau boss, comes out with more questionable news releases each day. A release Thursday reported the findings of the Blue Committee, the Student Legislature group which has been investigating the financial operation of the DAILY TAR HEEL.

The primary recommendation of the Blue Report was that the TAR HEEL remain as the campus newspaper, free from administrative control, and that the required student fee continue as a financial support for the paper.

But Ivey—in what has become a classic style—based on ambiguities, obscurities, and half-truths—began his news release by reporting one of the lesser recommendations of the Blue Committee, that of procedures for recalling the editor of the TAR HEEL. His second paragraph reported that the TAR HEEL denounced that section of the Blue Report.

But Ivey's release does not cease to be curious after we recognize its obvious slant and bias and distorting of the news.

He also reports that the Blue Committee "found that fee collection is a legitimate method of financing and urges its continuation."

"Found"? Ivey seems to mean that the Blue Committee discovered some obvious fact. The Blue committee did not really say why required student fees for the TAR HEEL are "legitimate"; it did not cite the specific laws dealing with that alleged legitimacy. And the doubt about such legitimacy has been the center of the controversy concerning the TAR HEEL this year.

Freshmen Battle The Dinosaur

The Class of 1973, which presently does not stand to benefit from the General College reforms proposed by the Merzbacher Committee, has taken as a class project the attempt to make the changes retroactive for the current crop of freshmen.

The class plans to present petitions, hopefully containing several thousand names from among the entire student body, for consideration by the Faculty Council next month.

Effecting major changes in the GC curriculum—drastically reducing certain traditional requirements and making others optional—the Merzbacher reforms are designed to become effective in the Fall 1970 Semester.

Why the Class of '73 should have been excluded from coverage by the reforms is unclear. However, Freshman Class President Joe Wheeler has indicated that Dr. Eugen Merzbacher, chairman of the GC committee, supports the project to extend the revised GC plan to the class.

Yet Ivey reported that the committee had "found" the fee to be legitimate.

Ivey's reporting technique is to assume what cannot in fact be assumed. He assumed that the thrust of the Blue Report is that there are now new suggestions for procedures for firing the editor of the TAR HEEL.

But Bill Blue, who wrote the report, denies Ivey's contention. Blue said, on reading Ivey's release, that Ivey had taken the section on recall of the editor "out of context."

"That's not what I meant at all," Blue said. "I was just trying to guarantee that the editor would be responsible, not that we could grill him whenever we wanted."

Ivey also assumed that the finding of the committee that fees are legitimate was based on actual legal statutes. But neither the Blue Report nor the Ivey release cited those legal statutes.

Ivey's releases are the official sources of information for the public about this University. But they carry with them the unique character of being the distortions of the facts as created by Ivey.

If Ivey is going to disseminate the truth as seen through the eyes of Pete Ivey, why doesn't he at least take credit for his stunning work? Being the boss of a university news bureau is not the kind of job for a true artist.

But then again, there is always the attraction of a powerful position, such as boss of the University News Bureau.

In any event, whoever is responsible for Ivey being where he is might pay more attention to this disturbing distorting mouthpiece.

It will be tragic if this year's freshmen are required to be the last students to labor under the long-ago antiquated General College program. Apparently all that stands in the way of their inclusion under the Merzbacher changes are the old administration singsong excuse of "too much red tape" in the transition.

However, if such sweeping renovations may be afforded to over 3,000 entering frosh in the fall, we feel the University would negate the "red tape" factor and make the changes retroactive to the survivors of the class of '73.

After all, the antiquity of the old General College system is in no little part responsible for the casualty rate among first-year students here—reaching as high as 40 per cent dropouts in recent years.

Those freshmen who make it through this year should be the last to have to operate under the GC dinosaur. The University owes them that much.

Rick Allen

Come Spring, Thoughts Turn To Beating Draft

With spring just around the corner, many a young man's fancy turns to finding a successful way of avoiding the draft.

Over the years, quite a stockpile of ingenious methods has been tried. My favorite has always been the neat little trick of tattooing an obscene suggestion on the flat of the right hand. In this fashion, a military salute becomes something more than a gesture of courtesy. There was a time when it could result in a permanent deferment.

As most artful dodgers are aware, the

Readers Forum

Letters to the editor must be typed and double-spaced, not exceeding 300 words. The letter writer must indicate his willingness for his opinion to be expressed in print. All printed letters must carry the name and address of the writer(s).

Letters should be addressed to the Associate Editor, care of The Daily Tar Heel, Student Union.

Letters

'Free Press' Member Deplores 'Distortion'

To the Editor:

Since the Committee for a Free Press began its activities several months ago, there has been a continual distortion of the aims of the Committee by Student Government leaders and the columnists of the *Daily Tar Heel*. First the Committee was deemed too small to notice, since only a few of its members signed the original letter to the Chancellor. The issue of individual rights was then systematically ignored and the false issue of censorship raised. The self-serving staff of the *Daily Tar Heel* has portrayed itself, in opposition, as a courageous [sic] band of well-meaning, sincere (trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, etc) journalists crusading for freedom of thought at the risk of martyrdom.

And now (February 7) we have the latest excuse for the *Daily Tar Heel*, the right to know; the *Daily Tar Heel* is a community bulletin board, no less! It must really have hurt to have to use that argument to justify the privileges of the *Daily Tar Heel*. It is a tacit admission that the editorials and columns are not relevant to the concerns of most students. (Editor's Note: The opinion of DTH editorialists, expressed in personal columns in no way indicate those of the editor of the editorial staff as a whole.) There is no mention of the minuscule [sic] coverage afforded to most campus events of a non-radical sort. This may be perhaps accounted for by the contempt of the Editor has publically expressed for such irrelevancies as fraternity news and the Campus Calendar.

Also, now we have the scare campaign, charges that the paper will fold if it does not have compulsory student subscription enforced by the University. The same people who quite properly decry a conscript army, compulsory sophomore dorm life, and *in loco parentis*, now justify forcing other students to subsidize political, religious, and social views which are abhorrent to them. The penalty for defying this coercive act is to be [sic] suspension of the student from the University.

Where is the pious [sic] talk of individual rights and personal freedom? Where is the much vaunted liberalism of UNC and the Tar Heel?

Perhaps this scare tactic will work. It may be possible to convince the student body that to recognize individual rights is a dangerous precedent. If so, such tactics of oversimplification and scare campaigns will have done their job.

A free press requires that it be supported voluntarily, not by force. Other newspapers do not find it necessary to coerce others to subscribe to their views. What is the Tar Heel afraid of?

Paul F. King
(No Address)

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military will not induct anyone convicted of a felony. The trick has been to find a harmless, serious crime . . . It so happens that shooting an American eagle is a felony, but carries no sentence and a fine of only \$500. With a properly licensed gun, all one needs to do is go to the Washington zoo and fire when ready.

A young Jew I heard about tried to get a conscientious objector deferment, but was informed by his recruiter that Jews have a history of violence and hostility, and have virtually no chance of obtaining a C.O. Taking these sentiments to heart literally, this particular young man punched the recruiter squarely in the nose. A few days later, he got a mental deferment.

Another fellow paid a crippling \$100 to take his physical for him, and got a natural 4-F deferment. Unfortunately for him, a group of protesters destroyed the records of his local draft board, and he was forced to shell out another hundred for a second physical.

If all this sounds ridiculous, that is precisely my intention. The point is, there are a number of honorable

alternatives to the draft. Perhaps the most courageous of these is going to prison.

The conditions of our prisons are horrendous and "draft dodgers" are often baited by guards and tortured by their fellow inmates. Homosexuality is a fact of life. Obviously, going to jail is not an easy course—it is taken out of desperation and a deep commitment to ideals.

It is an act of almost equal courage to leave the country. It takes guts for a young man to abandon his family and friends, to reject life as he has always known it, to suffer the loneliness of expatriation.

Does any country have the right to ask this much of its youth? My answer is no. We young owe a great deal to the U.S., but not our lives or our ideals.

To be sure, there are times when a man feels he must die for his country. This may be an unpleasant thought, but history has proven it to be so.

But if a man must die for his country, it should be his decision. He must not be

forced to become a soldier against his will.

We must loosen the criteria for conscientious objection, and ultimately ask only volunteers to fight our wars.

If a man is to serve as a soldier, he must do so out of free choice, because he wants to serve, or because he feels he should.

Obviously, many men are going to feel that they should not serve. Some will feel this way from cowardice, others from conviction. In either case, it must be their decision.

In the meanwhile, as I have said before, there are enough problems here at work to keep an army of men busy seeking to solve them. Service to America should be required, but not if it is to be odious to those who participate.

This is not a plea to leave us alone, but to let us serve our country in a way that squares with our convictions.

Lynda Stedman

An Expression Of Loneliness

It was Monday midnight in the village. Echo mimicked the long hollow sound her boot heels made on the brick sidewalk. Rain pattered warm patterns on the walk, on her face and her hair. And she remembered the poet who thanked God for dappled things.

She walked the shadow outlines that lay long across her path. Balancing on toe tops. Spreading arms like bird wings. Humming mild melodies.

"If that golden wing gets lost, Mamma's gonna buy you an albatross." She looked behind her.

It was alright. The game was over and each of the motored cars had followed its own headlight path into the night.

She remembered the drivers of those automobiles and their soft companions. She had seen the pairs of them earlier that evening leaving the game as spectators, returning as lovers. Embracing in hallways. Laughing under umbrellas.

All laughing lovers are beautiful, she had thought while passing them. And they had made her sad. She remembered someone had said our side had defeated the other side.

She shrugged and jumped onto the stone wall that accompanied the sidewalk through the village. It was all hers for a while.

She walked on it and ran on it and became bored with it so sat down on it. She lay her arms across her knees to make a pillow for her chin and folded her self down into the still and moonless night.

She became fascinated with solitary things.

Like the bird sitting on the street lamp that bunched his feathers up as if from the chill and then soundless flew away from the light.

Like the oak skeleton beside the wall that pointed boney fingers to the sky and shook a little as drops rolled cold down his bark.

She befriended a three-legged dog that stopped by her perch to put his cold nose in her hand. He licked her wrist and she talked to him about little things.

Then together they found the new grass.

She had been playing with the stiff winter stubble, entwining it between her fingers, breaking the brittle away until she found the underneath soil.

Below it was the single blade of grass. It was brave growing there all naked and green in the night.

She dug tunnels around it trying to find end to it, and then she decided some things are better left undiscovered.

So she tucked her pet plant back up for the night, padding and packing his bed cell with the loose earth. She knew spring was just behind the wall, behind the clouds, behind her own temples. And

she told the dog about it. But he didn't hear. He was trotting away down the walk—home for a bowl of something warm or to a thicket bed. She didn't know which.

It was time to go now. She walked to her automobile and climbed inside. The vinyl was cold on her back, and the slick steering wheel made her palms ache cold. She had only one glove.

A key made the motor moan deep inside the metal body. Then it started up. She switched on her radio, but static cut the silence, so she turned it off and listened to her own thoughts.

Al Masters

Trash Or Treasure? Ask The Collector

As we begin this new semester—even new decade—it is with a ray of hope I write this article. There is no real purpose in writing it—I'm not an SDS, BSM, CCC, or anything else by nature. I write only to express the feelings of one average, yet individual student who simply loves people.

This fall semester I periodically noticed a short, gray-haired old man stabbing the various paper debris around our beloved campus. No particular reason to notice him—feel confident he holds no degree, sits on no committees, makes few decisions affecting the lives of others, probably spends his Saturday nights at home, may not even own a car. A real nobody—just an honest, very simple human being.

Yet the bothersome air about this old fellow is that he is always smiling. Not just on beautiful sunny days when things naturally go better with Coke, but on those damn dreary days when a slight mist is falling or after a Chapel Hill snowfall with all that slimy mush making the pathways to education very slick.

One day I couldn't resist speaking to the old fellow—no, I didn't get his name, where he was from, how much he made, or why in God's name he could be happy picking up our trash. I just said hello, made some stupid "intellectual comment," and then asked him about his smile.

He told me, without referring to the Handbook of Physics and Chemistry, that he arose with the dawn at 4 a.m. each day, worked around his home until about 7 a.m., spent his day on campus, and returned home to rest. How the hell

There was poetry at home that had to be read before tomorrow. There was a bed there with two pillows.

She drove a little faster. The puddles made sloppy sound splashes as she drove through them.

Home. She lighted the place. Opened her book. And for a long time read in silence.

There were no distractions to keep her from herself. Only the sound of a clock ticking and the wind wandering around outside. Someone whispered a familiar name into the empty room.

She went alone to her bath.

could one be happy doing this every day? And be really happy—at ease with one's self and one's brother—a natural peace of mind?

I was (am) amazed! Here was the first man I've met in five years of higher education who was enjoying life simply for the sake of living. I thought to myself—grades, drop-add lines, pressures, exams, grad school, etc.—sure, I'm educated, sure I'll make a living, get married and put a few more helpless souls on the merry-go-round. But you know, I really wonder who has tasted the fruits of a worthwhile life?

To me, they couldn't print enough degrees from now until hell freezes that I wouldn't trade for a happy, meaningful, stimulating, something-to-wake-up-in-the-morning-for kind of life to get excited about—not a pill or drug to fool yourself.

But that's not where I want to end. Just a word of tribute to the little old man with his bag. His bag of trash—and in that bag, my friend, he holds more treasure than you or I will ever know. So, this spring, when you see him, don't take his picture so one day it will be spread over 16,000 copies of the DTH. Don't ask his name or request an interview.

Just speak to him and be thankful our educated, computerized, drugged, polluted society hasn't "solved" this man's problems. Thank whatever or whoever your god may be that there really are people left in the world—that life, after all, may even be worth the bell game. And most importantly—return his smile and if it doesn't seem too unnatural and uncomfortable, wear it all day.

If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, infinite.
For man has closed himself, til he sees all things thro' narrow chinks of his cavern.

—Blake