

# The Daily Tar Heel

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Tom Gooding, Editor  
Thursday, January 7, 1971

## Non-cooperation only method left

The Daily Tar Heel spent a good portion of the past fall calling on students to adopt their own visitation policy and to ignore any policy promulgated by the University administration.

Unfortunately, we spent most of our time fighting Student Body President Tom Bello's efforts for a student-administrative compromise solution to the problem.

Bello felt the best path to take was to seek a solution through the established channels which called for a blanket policy for the six schools in the Consolidated University. This took the issue and the decision making power out of the hands of students and placed it in an advisory committee of

## Mr. Royster will be asset to University

The Daily Tar Heel is happy to announce the return of a former staff writer and editorialist to UNC.

Vermont C. Royster, who accepted a Kenan professorship in journalism and public affairs, will join the faculty Sept. 1, 1971.

Royster, a Pulitzer Prize-winning editor of the Wall Street Journal, will teach editorial writing in the School of Journalism. He will also instruct General College courses in public affairs, a topic in which he is "completely qualified," according to Journalism School Dean John B. Adams.

Royster has written numerous articles and essays published nationwide on a wide variety of subjects. In the words of Dean Adams, "he does so many things so well."

Saturday Review spoke of Royster in a review of his most recent work, "A Pride of Prejudices": "It is refreshing and heartwarming to recognize at the helm of one medium a person of limitless interests, independence of judgments... a gentleman and a scholar."

We share the sentiments of the administration in heralding Royster as a distinguished journalist of great value to the University, the School of Journalism and the student body.

Glenn Brank

## But it's still a hamburger

The Union snack bar underwent startling innovations during the holidays that surprised a lot of us who came in for a meal on Monday.

The long lines usually spreading across the entrance were gone. For that matter, the snack bar itself had disappeared behind dark green paneling.

Once around the corner, we got a second surprise. The self-service operation had been transformed into an exact replica of the standard "Trashburger Drive-In." We looked up at the brilliantly lit signs above the grill—a UNC seal sandwiched between two menus—to behold in blazing print:

Freshman hamburgers!  
Sophomore hamburgers!  
Junior cheeseburgers!  
Senior cheeseburgers!  
Alumni fish sandwiches!  
Fraternity french fries!  
Each group entering the snack bar went into shock momentarily. It was like

students, administrators, faculty members and trustees.

The result was a policy which put the determination of the social activities of many students in the hands of their parents. We labeled the policy "an unnecessary and discriminatory infringement on the personal rights of individuals solely because of their status as students."

In defending the regulations, Bello noted their similarity to the process women are subjected to in order to obtain self-limiting hours. We were disappointed.

However, there was nothing we could do but watch the differential housing plan assume acceptance based on attrition. The plan seemed doomed to inevitable success based on the support of faculty, administrators, trustees and student body presidents.

Then the very group that had adopted the policy decided to scrap it. However, they produced one important by-product—a very irritated Tom Bello.

Bello now feels that the action taken by the other five campuses shows "the inanity of trying to bring needed change on this campus within the structure of the Consolidated University."

We cannot, and should not be forced to make decisions for UNC-CH, based on what is good on five other campuses. If the reorganization proposals advanced by Gov. Scott materialize, we could be forced into a position of making decisions based on what is good at Pembroke State University and Appalachian State (Teachers College) University.

UNC-CH should have the right of self-determination in its affairs just as the students here should have the same right.

We commend Bello for his revised stand in which he advocates that "every student living in University housing individually assume the responsibility to not co-operate with the administration."

We welcome Bello to the fight and join him in saying to the administration: "We are tired of your foolishness. We will not enforce visitation rules we cannot determine ourselves. We will not co-operate with any administration that persists in denying residential units the right to self-determine their own visitation policy."

being hit in the face with an alumni fish sandwich.

The fare was lavishly illustrated. Freshmen and Sophomore hamburgers, we saw, were definitely at the bottom of the professor's pickle barrel. Pathetic slabs of meat, they were adorned with small blurb of Kenan ketchup. The Junior and Senior sandwiches were noticeably superior. It must have been the Sitterson sauce. The Alumni seafood was not quite as appetizing. Cold fish have never been known to be particularly tasty.

The ultimate, however, must be the Fraternity french fries. They are already popularly known as "Stud spuds." Rumor has it that they are seasoned with white alpaca salt.

Amid such visions of digestive delight, we know more is to come.

The Officer Simms sandwich will feature a well-baked parking ticket between two loaves of rather crusty bread.

## Letters to the editor

# Anyone remember the Suez?

To the editor:

It is interesting to note that Mr. William F. Buckley, in his address on the campus of the University of North Carolina on the evening of December 9, 1970, found it requisite to express his belief that the United States will find it necessary in the near future to terminate its efforts in Vietnam and turn its attention to the conflict in the Middle East.

Why would such a maneuver be necessary?

Mr. Buckley did not deem it necessary to expand upon his statement so I will attempt to carry out this function.

Does anyone remember the Suez Crisis?

Since I have found that few of the young people of this country are aware of any such occurrence I feel it is essential to explain.

In the middle of 1956 the late President of the United Arab Republic Gamal Abdel Nasser announced that his government would nationalize the Suez Canal.

Most readers should realize the importance of the Suez Canal to world trade carried on by ships and the great efforts required to bring about its completion.

As a result of this announcement by Mr. Nasser, the British, French and Israeli troops regained control of the canal in a very short time and looked to the United States to support their move in view of the fact that the United States herself controlled a very important canal on the Isthmus of Panama and could conceivably comprehend the reasons for such defensive policy.

Instead, the United States found it necessary to stand up in the United Nations and condemn her Allies for their "aggressive" behavior.

Yet it is interesting to note that the U.S. suppressed revolts in Panama in 1964 by Panamanians demanding control of the canal cut across their country by American and French interests.

A parallel situation? In many respects, yes.

As a result of this lack of support the

British, French and Israeli troops withdrew from the Canal and Mr. Nasser's dream came true.

As soon as the Western powers had withdrawn the Soviet Union moved to ingratiate itself with the victorious Nasser.

Mr. Buckley, like many Americans who are either unable or unwilling to accept or conceive of the seriousness of the Suez Crisis, did not mention that if the United States had supported her Allies at that crucial time the Canal would now be in Western hands and the long, circuitous voyage around the southern tip of Africa would not have once again become a common occurrence.

If any ships have the right of way through the besieged canal today, those ships are Russian; not British, French or American.

If the United States eventually finds it necessary to intervene in the Middle East one of the reasons for such intervention would be to offset the efforts being made by the Soviet Union to gain monopolistic access to the oil-rich regions of the Middle East.

Such an act of intervention would not have to be contemplated if Britain and France today maintained control of what is rightfully theirs.

It is important to remember that the French constructed the Canal and that in 1875 British Prime Minister Disraeli engineered the purchase, by the British Government, of a majority of the Suez Canal Company from the Khedive of Egypt.

It has been the policy of the European Powers to maintain firm control over the Middle Eastern countries in an effort to stifle Soviet expansionist aspirations in that area.

Immediately following the Suez Crisis the Soviet Union made advances to Nasser and they are continuing to enlarge their power base in Egypt at the present time.

Thus, Mr. Buckley, if the United States finds itself enmeshed in the Middle East such a situation will have been brought about by the lack of

foresight on the part of certain officials in Washington.

A lack of foresight and a habit of discrediting one's Allies is not beneficial to international prestige.

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(Editor's Note: The writer is a resident of Nassau, Bahamas, and is a British subject.)

## 'I'd pray for you, Mary Uhlmann, but'

To the editor:

The inadequacies of such a human being as Miss Mary Uhlmann are clearly seen when one reads her article chopping down "freaks and dope." I suspect she has not clearly thought about what individual freedom really amounts to; furthermore, I feel that she has a disturbing and distorted outlook on life.

The pregnant chick is only representing the defiance of such archaic attitudes as those that exist in America today. She also is using her "God-given" privilege to create another human being. If she is happy doing this, then who are you, Mary, to tell her differently?

It is my understanding that Mary, Mary, quite contrary is more interested in those "ridiculous qualities as ambition and industriousness." If that's her bag, then let her be happy living in whatever way that makes her life more bearable. If this includes a big mansion with the executive husband coming home late from work hollering, getting drunk, being sloppy, sick, disgusting, and, finally, fighting, then let her have it. But this couple doesn't want this family type situation. Who are you to deny them this right?

Supposedly, this is a free country and if I'm not wrong, then it is the privilege of each individual to spend his money on gas, or whatever else he desires. Dope is illegal because of barbaric attitudes, typical of Mary's, that exist in society today. I'm not advocating dope, only individual freedom for the body and mind to do what it wants. I don't really

know what Mary classifies as dope, but I suspect it's that "killer drug" marijuana. However, I don't want to get bogged down debating the abolishment of these primitive laws concerning drugs. That's not my main concern.

"With any luck, the pregnant wife will go into labour and die, the child with her. This will reduce the population by two, also removing a welfare-type family from society and from the human gene pool."

The above paragraph written by Mary is particularly disturbing. Knowing that any human being desires another dead is pitiful, and this type of feeling is dangerous not only to this society, but to the whole world. There is a disgusting element in society, all right, and I think Mary sees it every day—in the mirror. I suspect she is a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant with an awfully rich father (or two) who used privilege in capitalist imperialistic America to make the "big time."

Such irrational, immoral and inhuman statements as those made yesterday by Mary are really upsetting. They bring to the surface the way a great deal of Americans are feeling today. I'd pray for you, Mary Uhlmann, but I find it difficult to really believe in a superior, omnipresent God. No God could ever create any humans developed to your standards. I hope in my own head that someday you'll see the truth and find happiness, for I know you must be a bitter person.

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## American mass demands frightening

To the Editor:

As Dean Cansler and Dean Carmichael apparently thought it was their duty to analyze the "student mass" of Chapel Hill, hence of America, so should I like to comment on their generation, the "adult mass."

The adult mass' complacency is doubtless due to his portrayal of himself as the cultivated, modern, technological being who has strived to overcome the problems of the world, and has done, well, the best he could. I feel frankly that the adult mass in America is frightening in its demands on society—things such as keeping the gross national product at a certain level, keeping America the richest country in the world, and maintaining a war on constantly—these demands simply cannot be met, even though the adult mass has tried hard enough.

I do not question either the honesty or the dedication of the adult mass. They have neither. One look at the state of the country today, and at the promises made twenty years ago asserts my judgment.

It is my opinion that the adult mass, like Dean Carmichael's student mass, has been engrossed in a "cult of the ugly." But I do not speak of the clothing habits of the adult (although this is undoubtedly very, very important). I speak of the needless deaths of over 40,000 very young Americans, the existence of Harlem and Watts, of the wretched misery of eight million poverty-stricken people; this is the perverted and shamefully ugly cult of the adult mass.

I can find no fault with the individual adult. They are still the wind-up toys, the "wholesome, pleasant, polite" robots, apathetic toward everything beyond their front yards.

I find, like Dean Cansler, a "clearly discernable paranoia" among adults. But, thank God, they are dying off, and with them, perhaps, their ugly culture, and we "noble savages" can inherit the earth, hopefully to do better.

Robert Welch  
219 James

## Rick Gray

# Pub victim of the times

NEW YORK—It used to be that you could walk into the White Horse Tavern and drink without being bothered by the rest of the world.

There was sawdust on the floor. A bartender who refused to use a jigger got heavy handed late at night. And the Santa Claus face over the bar was like none you'd ever seen anywhere.

But things are different now. The White Horse has fallen victim to the times, and nowadays "the times are tough all over."

The old, grey Santa Claus face, looking more like it was carved out of wood than molded out of a sheet of plastic like most of the Christmas decorations around now, still hangs over the mirror behind the bar during the holiday season, but the bar he looks out over isn't at all like it used to be.

For a while the people who own the bar made it pay for them, despite the fact that it's not in the best location in the world—too far north and west in the Village to grab any of the tourist trade.

But then the tightening economy hit. Three years ago management put in a jukebox, but even that could be tolerated for while since most of the music fit the neighborhood—Dylan, Baez, Paxton, people like that.

For a while though, the White Horse went on being the White Horse. They still

served the best Irish coffee in the city, and their Black Velvets—half champagne, half Guinness Stout—will completely destroy anyone's consciousness after one, and each order is two drinks.

Then the economy got tighter. The price of sawdust went up and the tiles on the floor wore out.

So there's a new floor now. It's wood, and somehow it's not the same as the tiles with the sawdust spread over it.

And up in the corner, on the shelf over the door that isn't used anymore, there's a television.

And it blared out over the entire front room throughout the two weeks of Christmas. The Giants lost and everyone in the place rushed to the bar for a drink to make the pain easier to take.

The Rangers weren't skating as well as they should have been, and that called for a couple of more drinks.

And then the Knicks came on, and they were making mistakes they didn't make last season, even though they were still winning.

No one even talked about the Mets. The jukebox quit playing Dylan, except for a couple of songs from the

middle years. Most of the music was the Temptations, the Supremes and Smokey Robinson himself.

A few of the songs were even Christmas carols. And the people in the bar were different.

These people really cared whether the Giants beat the Rams, whether the Rangers made it to the Stanley Cup Playoffs and whether the Knicks remained on the top of the pro basketball world.

The bartender there now still refuses to use a jigger, but the one that got heavy handed late at night quit. He just couldn't take the television and the Temptations.

The Irish coffee is still the best in town, but it's hard to get a Black Velvet. Not many people drink champagne in the White Horse anymore.

Santa is still over the bar with his grey beard and cigar, but after a couple of hours of the jukebox and the television you begin to wonder if he'll be back up on the mirror next year.

After all, lots of people think aluminum Christmas trees are really pretty.

