

# Sharing season—1975

Election season is over, and football season is near an end for the Tar Heels. Almost unnoticed, it seems, has been the near passage of the annual season for contributions to the Chapel Hill-Carrboro United Fund.

The United Fund, encouraged by the results of prior drives, has raised its sights higher this year. The goal of contributions set by the fund-raising group is \$150,000—\$8,000 more than last year's goal and \$2,000 more than was ultimately collected in 1974.

Except last year, donations were fairly strong throughout the month-and-a-half campaign. This year, with only five days to go before the established deadline, less than half of the goal has been reached.

In the academic affairs section of the fund drive, progress has been much worse. A memorandum circulated yesterday among various department representatives indicates that only one third of the University-wide goal has been reached—\$14,000 of \$42,000. Those of us in the university community are living, in many ways, a blessed existence. Our town has not been shaken severely by the recession; our efforts are directed toward what we have voluntarily selected as interesting pursuits; our resources for education and study are subsidized by the people of this state. We of all communities should share our good fortune with those whose existences are not so secure.

The United Fund is a clever concept. It permits concentrated fund-raising efforts to be launched annually for a short period of time, thereby saving the energies of collectors, the uncertainties of available monies and the tempers of those solicited. Most solicitation occurs at the workplace, thus minimizing obtrusions into the private worlds of the solicited. One gift to the United Fund reaches many worthwhile organizations in a smooth, efficient fashion.

Twenty area organizations, from day-care groups to crisis intervention centers, rely upon the United Fund for a significant portion of their yearly budgets. Without the generous support the United Fund has received in the past, many needs in this community would never be met or would be met only by the inefficient (and involuntary) means of governmental subsidy.

Most of us in Chapel Hill can afford to give. All we need to do is contact our United Fund representatives at work or send a contribution directly to the United Fund of Chapel Hill-Carrboro, P. O. Box 845, Chapel Hill, N. C. 27514. (For those who count nickels and dimes, any contribution is tax deductible.)

November 12, the drive's deadline, is only five days away. Over \$75,000 must be raised. Contact the United Fund. Write out a generous contribution. Share.

## The wisdom of CGC

Conceived in the shadow of the firing of Mike O'Neal and born following a Supreme Court ruling ordering O'Neal from the post of student body treasurer, the bill to establish a Campus Governing Council-controlled student body comptroller has had a curious life history. Three times it has come before the CGC, and three times action on the bill has been delayed.

That delay has been prudent. Even if the bill had only the noblest of goals and the purest of intent, it would appear to be politically tainted by its infant association with the forced departure of O'Neal from the position of the student body treasurer, a position which would become nearly meaningless upon the creation of a comptroller post.

And many other ideas about the proper roles of the student body treasurer, the CGC Finance Committee and the CGC as a whole have been generated in this time of delay. Creation of an assistant treasurer post may very well fill any gap in administration of the public treasury. If the CGC thinks that it cannot trust the executive branch and its treasurer, a staff finance officer to provide its finance committee with information may be appropriate.

But to rush pell mell into the creation of a post which would radically alter the traditional role of student body treasurer for unclear reasons would be overhasty. The CGC has wisely applied the brakes to such a rush.



"WHATEVER HAPPENED TO REGULAR OLD ROCK 'N' ROLL CONCERTS ON THIS CAMPUS?"

Richard Whittle

## Life, liberty and gun control

"If Congress passes a gun control law, only the criminals will be armed."

So goes one of the various scare statements uttered from time to time by the anti-gun control lobby as they fight for the right to an itchy trigger finger.

Oddly enough though, it seems they rarely consider the corollary: "If Congress passes a gun control law, only the police will be armed."

The tactic is common enough. It is a staple of George Wallace's rhetorical diet, as it has been throughout history for those who appeal to the emotions rather than the intellect in their quest for popular support. But the tactic is not at issue—the sentiment is.

Violent crimes have been committed in these United States since the first settlers clashed with the Indian tribes they sought to displace. And, at this point in man's evolution, a simple law banning the possession of firearms by unauthorized citizens cannot be expected to entirely eradicate such crimes.

Nor can a gun control law even be expected to put an end entirely to those crimes committed with guns. But is any law ever put on the books with the expectation that its mere existence can prevent the form of behavior it is intended to curtail?

Certainly not. We do not expect a 55 mile per hour speed limit to make speeders a relic of the past, just as we do not expect laws forbidding the murder of another human being to create a state of blissful coexistence. Some people will drive fast and some others will murder.

However, we do hope when we create a

law that its existence will at least make less frequent the form of behavior we seek to discourage. And a gun control law can be expected to have no different goal.

To argue against one on the basis that it will not totally solve the problem of crime by gunfire is to obscure the issue. But obscuring the issue seems to be the tactic most often employed by the anti-gun control lobby. Another of their various arguments involves quoting the second amendment to the Constitution, which reads: "A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed."

The U.S. Constitution was formulated very deliberately by a not unimpressive group of minds. One of the characteristics these men foresightedly included in the document they constructed was flexibility—and it is this flexibility which in large part has enabled this nation to survive the traumas of the years between its birth and the present day.

Some of those men may have been geniuses—none were seers. They knew not what the needs of the United States in 1975 would be. Thus, to construct the Constitution so strictly as to make the second amendment inflexible is to ignore the founding fathers' true intentions.

As Haile Selassie's troops in Ethiopia found out when attacked by Mussolini's forces, spears have little effect when used against tanks and airplanes. Likewise, to cling moronically to the right "to keep and bear arms," (especially when those arms are already restricted by law to handguns, shotguns and rifles) on the basis that armed homeowners are America's last line of

defence against the Russian hordes of the future, is to take flight from reality.

The belief in strong prison sentences and swift punishment for lawbreakers does not logically go hand-in-hand with a fear of gun control, though the anti-gun control forces usually associate themselves with the law and order issue too. Here again, their thinking is inexplicably twisted.

It is all well and good—even admirable, perhaps—to proclaim the need for cracking down on criminals, paying more attention to the victims rather than the perpetrators of crimes and calling for a more efficient criminal justice system. But it makes little or no sense to advocate these things and yet allow easy access to the very weapons so often used in violating the laws devised to protect our lives and properties.

If Congress passes a gun control law, life and liberty will be more secure, and happiness much easier to pursue.

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The *Daily Tar Heel* welcomes letters to the editor. Letters must be typed, double-spaced, on a 60-space line and are subject to condensation or editing for libelous content or bad taste.

G. Hugh Moore  
210 Hillcrest Ave.  
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letter

## Murder among friends

To the editor:

John Kiser in his column "Crime Control" in the October 30 *DTH* does a good job of concisely summarizing the strengths of the "gun forces" in this country. His recitation of facts is effective. No reasonable person should seriously dispute the power or authority of the National Rifle Association or its allies on this issue, the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign War. The persuasiveness of the gun lobby in influencing the United States Congress might also have been mentioned. Perhaps the NRA is most impressive when dealing with the nation's lawmakers. It is largely due to the efforts of the gun lobby that control legislation currently before Congress is no more demanding than it is.

Mr. Kiser becomes less informative when he ventures an opinion. In fact, most people have heard it before. Mr. Kiser claims that "no one can prove that banning guns will keep guns out of the criminal's hands." Well, all right. But who is a criminal? Isn't it true that a criminal is simply one who violates a criminal law? A 16-year-old boy is not a criminal until he fires at his little brother with a pistol while playing cops and robbers. A middle-aged housewife is not a criminal until she shoots her husband because of his marital infidelity. And a factory worker is not a criminal until he gets drunk and shoots his buddy for cheating in a card game. Such incidents are not rare. Jesse Fowler's homicide, currently before the United States Supreme Court, involved a disagreement between two friends. The point is that friends, colleagues, acquaintances, family members and lovers kill each other, and they use handguns—weapons which can be legally acquired. Banning the sale of handguns will not eliminate the Seven Deadly Sins, but it might force "law-abiding citizens" to use tongues, fists, rocks or even knives when venting their wrath or showing their stuff, rather than the more deadly alternative.

Some of the so-called "professional" criminals may be able to secure their tools regardless of legislation, but very often the motivation for killing or maiming is not present among strangers. Most crooks would rather take the money and run, that is unless they are provoked into a gun battle (an encounter which is seldom of benefit to the average citizen).

Mr. Kiser says that 41 per cent of the American public agrees that all private handguns should be outlawed. There are other polls, but it would serve no purpose to quibble with these figures. I only wish that that 41 per cent was better represented by the national and state legislatures. Maybe it would be, if gun control advocates did their work as well as the NRA.

David Vogel

## My wide-eyed little mint julip

I'm all right now, but it took some getting used to. These Southern manners is what I'm talking 'bout. I mean, it ain't easy for a boy from the Bronx to be yessired by cops and cashiers and smiled at by total strangers. They ask me how my day has gone—people I have never seen before or since. The last time a stranger asked me how my day had gone in New York, he offered to carve me another mouth just below my chin with a broken beer bottle if I didn't hand over my watch. So you can see why I was a bit leery of all this politeness.

Even now, though, I drop honeysuckle sweet pleasantries at passing strangers with an effortless grace that causes onlookers to murmur, "Isn't that the Colonel?" I think some of it is too much.

Take, for instance, the incident with the girl behind the counter at the grocery store on Franklin Street. Today, with my newfound charm and Southern-fried savoir faire, I know I wouldn't have acted the way I did, but still . . . Well, judge for yourself.

She was a tall, athletic-looking wench, somewhat of an anachronism, in a pink taffeta dress and silk bonnet, but she had a body that would knock your eyes out—if she wasn't careful when turning. Unaware that my hormones were doing a Zulu war dance, she shyly took my purchases and cracked a sparkling sweet smile—I estimated it in the 50,000 candlepower range—that would have blinded me for sure if my attention hadn't been momentarily distracted by a topless gogo dancer rushing out into the street to argue with a meter maid ticketing her car.

The pair were quickly ringed by a solemn, civic minded crowd of 2,000 freshmen though, and so Lulu Bell Lefkowitz, as I later learned her name to be, had my full attention when she drawled, "Will that be all, sir?"

"Yes," I said testily. "If I wanted anything else I would have taken it, right? Just the vodka, tomato juice and gelatin." I was entertaining that evening and planned on serving my renowned cocktail, The Blood Clot.

"Why bless my soul," she said with a childlike insouciance, "I do believe you would have taken something else if you'd wanted it."

"Put a lid on it, will ya lady?" I said as she handed me my bag, and thanked me with an earnestness that would have been excessive if I had offered to donate a kidney to her sickly grandmother. I stalked out, my mood worsening even further when I was hit by several undesirables for a contribution to something called the Peaches Flambeaux Defense Fund.

I found myself in the area again the next day—I'm very easy to spot—as I had promised to mail home some souvenirs to little Ned (he couldn't wait for his Joan Little autograph model ice pick). So, I dropped into the store, not quite believing what had gone on the day before, on the pretense of buying a magnum of Ripple and a quarter-pound of tongue depressors.

She literally caressed the articles that I handed her with a motherly affection that belied her years—I'd be lying if I said she looked a day over 16—and carefully wrapped them. I had to remind her to take the money.

"Will that be all, sir?" she said sweetly. "Have a nice day."

"Ain't you forgetting something, kiddo?" I asked, suave and cool, with just a soupcon of irony, the kind that drove the waiters wild at "21."

"You know—green backs, moolah, legal tender," I went on. "The stuff that keeps Daddy's plantation running."

"Why, thank you ever so much for reminding me," she said with a wide-eyed honesty.

"You playing with a full deck, babe?" "Why of course, sir," she said, her voice rising slightly at the end. "It wouldn't be fair to play with a deck missing cards."

I nodded and left.

"Please have a beautiful day," she pleaded as I rushed out the door.

She was for real. But I had made up my mind to come back one last time and beat her at her own game. I was going to be cuter, sweeter and more precious than anything this side of Rod McKuen.

Folks, when my back is to the wall, I can turn it on.

She was a golden vision when I walked into the store the next day. Her long golden locks flowed down luxuriously onto the

counter and onto the lox. Flies that ventured too close crashed to the ground in diabetic stupors. Her voice was like a warm, gentle breeze.

"You were here yesterday, weren't you, sir?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am. I'd like a pack of Dentyne, please," I said. The words oozed out like sap from a maple tree.

She gently placed a pack in my outstretched palm.

"No, not this kind. The green." I almost lost control for a second, but I quickly recovered and hung on.

"Shall I wrap it?" she said lilytingly.

"No, my little mint julip. Please don't trouble yo'self. And heyah's yo money." I was making my move.

"Thanks ever so. Yo change." "Thank you, ma'am, and have a nice day." I started to ease away from the counter.

"You too, sir," she quickly countered. "And may the Lord bless and keep you."

I was ready for this and stepped to the side and parried with, "Bless you fo yo thoughtfulness. And may yo and yo kin have health and happiness fo de rest o' dey days."

She was dazed for a second, I could have sworn that I saw her legs wobble, but before I could reach the door, she let fly with a quick, one-two combination.

As I was reaching for the door I heard, "And may you, yo parents and progeny never know want, fear or injustice. And may the rest of yo life be as pleasant as yo mere presence has made mine today."

Well, this was more than I could handle. In an insane dash I made straight for her throat and would have throttled her if I hadn't been intercepted by a group of football players, who had to escort me home, and, being good Southern boys, apologized all the way for holding me so tight. If they had not been there, I'm afraid I would not have been responsible for my actions.

I finally came to my senses, and, like I said, I'm all right now. But really, a body can take only so much.



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## The Daily Tar Heel

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