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# The Daily Tar Heel

88th year of editorial freedom

## Unfortunate delay

Now that the 1979 *Yackety Yack* has been delivered safely into the hands of editor Chrisann Ohler, important questions as to the future of the *Yack* must be resolved.

The disputes between Ohler and Hunter Publishing Co. resulted in a late book and demonstrated the control of a printer over the *Yack*. Student publications are particularly vulnerable to delay pressures because of the transient nature of the staffs.

The many problems that existed between Ohler and Hunter are much too complicated to delve into here; just let it suffice to say that Ohler was dissatisfied with some of Hunter's work (And if one looks at some of the color photographs in the football section, it becomes painfully obvious that Ohler's concern was justified).

It is regrettable that *DTH* coverage caused a delay in the delivery of the books, three to four weeks according to Ohler, yet Hunter's penalizing the *Yack* staff for *DTH* coverage was but the culmination of problems that already existed.

But these snafus have passed into the pages of the 1979 book. Mary Beth Searle, editor of the 1980 *Yack*, will no doubt pursue a course of action that will help alleviate any problems with this year's book.

Searle should, and probably will, seek a more concrete proofing approval system in order to eliminate any difficulties pertaining to the book. Signatures on proofed sections may be one possible solution. A better working relationship between the *Yack* editor and Hunter also seems in order; more communication between the *Yack* staff and Hunter and less with third parties would perhaps eliminate some controversy and confusion.

Some of the problems of this year's *Yack* were due to Hunter's moving to another location, and despite the unfortunate delays, Ohler and Searle both consider Hunter an excellent publishing company. Hunter could further enhance its image by being open-minded and fair in its dealings with the *Yack*; any problems deriving from *DTH* mistakes should not have affected the arrival time of the book.

But there are other pertinent questions still to be answered. Given the ever-increasing budget and book size that has transformed the *Yack* into a substantial operation, it may be appropriate for the *Yack* to seek its own board of directors instead of remaining within the auspices of the Media Board. If such action is not imminent, then certainly the *Yack* needs its own advisory board to help mediate contract disputes and business operations. Smooth transition periods between editors and staff also must be maintained, for such continuity improves the effectiveness of incoming staffs.

Finally, the *Yack* staff should continue to demand excellence in its book. Important decisions that will affect the *Yack* in the future, such as changes in portrait companies, must be made prudently to ensure stability in the future. The *Yackety Yack*, for many students, serves as a lasting remembrance of their days at Carolina. Late books and waiting customers only undermine a tradition of excellence that must be continued.

## The golden grail

A student was rummaging through the lost and found at the Carolina Union the other day when he came across a tall trophy cup, its gold exterior dulled and scratched. Ashes and dirt were inside; apparently someone had used the cup as an ashtray. The student held the cup to the light and read the inscription: "Student Government Scholarship Cup—awarded to the fraternity attaining the highest academic average." He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Down below the winners were etched in black: Sigma Nu in 1957, Pi Kappa Alpha in 1958 and Beta Theta Pi in 1959-1961. And then there were four stars and the names stopped. 1961 was a long time ago. In 1961 John F. Kennedy drew 32,000 people to Kenan Stadium for University Day and pledged "We shall never be red nor dead."



But since that time the good old cup has somehow fallen on hard times. Wednesday night some of the cup's spirit will be resurrected, however, when the Interfraternity and Panhellenic councils award plaques to the fraternity and sorority with the highest averages. Records have been kept of the grade averages of the fraternities and sororities over the years but the people who are running Greek Week this year thought they were starting something new with their plaque—no one had sifted through the dirty clothes and worn shoes in the Union lost and found.

Still, no matter what people say about the Greeks, they get their homework done. Every year the Greek grade average is very close to or above that of the rest of the students. And the IFC's constant refusal to consider a minimum 2.0 grade average for fraternity members and prospective initiates may not be all that significant. All that's needed here is to continue to uphold those time-honored collegiate values that once kept the golden cup glistening—a grail well worth seeking.

## The Bottom Line

### Digging dope

A great deal of the marijuana that is imported into North Carolina comes in through the section of the Intracoastal Waterway that runs through Brunswick County, because it has more water and fewer law enforcement agents. Occasionally, though, the local finest do make a bust; earlier this month they seized a drifting trawler and found 18 tons of dope, a new county record, stashed in its hold.

Then came the tricky part. The trawler's contents were turned over to the county sheriff's department for disposal. Sensibly enough, they decided to do what most people do with marijuana; burn it.

Workers dug a sort of giant bong bowl in the county landfill, dumped in the dope, poured fuel oil over it and stood around waiting for it to burn up. It didn't. After eighteen hours, they either gave up or got too stoned and buried the unburned weed.

Since then, people have been heading out to the dump for the evening, and most of them carry shovels and flashlights. Said one neighbor "It looks like fireflies scattered all around the dump when it gets dark." The locals estimate that as much as 3,000 pounds has been dug up and hauled away.

That means a lot of people are getting trashed.

And that's the bottom line.

# On graduation, revelations and happy hour

By ALLEN JERNIGAN

In the twilight of those pseudo-radical chic wicker and chrome restaurants on East Franklin Street, a revelation suddenly came and sat at my table. It opened the door, sauntered past the hostess, and sat down with all the self-assurance of the uninvited, but vaguely welcome guests I have known.

"Son, I have something to say to you," the revelation began.

"Hey, let me buy you a beer," I interrupted, motioning to the raven-tressed waitress, who hesitated, but coyly shuffled our way.

"A Budweiser for the revelation," I said. The waitress nodded, and went off to wherever it is that good waitresses go.

"You still drink Bud, don't you?" I asked.

The revelation nodded. It had been quite some time since a revelation had come to me. He was clearly impressed with my memory.

"Let me see," I continued, "it was the spring of 1976, in the oddly herbal-scented smoking lounge of Raleigh's own Jesse O. Sanderson High School. I had been shot down by Harvard, but accepted by both Bowdoin and Carolina. 'Don't go to Carolina,' you said. 'Chapel Hill is a town of many temptations, both of the flesh and of the spirit.'"

"And where has it gotten you?" the revelation asked. The waitress arrived, and the revelation sipped timidly at his beer. "A notably lack-luster academic record," he continued, "a depraved and perverse social life, and 47 \$10 parking tickets. And though you will soon depart these formicae halls, imitation sheepskin in hand—if you pass Drama 15, that is—there are few who will mourn your passing, although some assistant professors in Greenlaw Hall might take more joy at your leaving."

At this I knocked back most of my Bud, and the revelation took a longer pull at his. In Chapel Hill, in the

radiance of springtime, beer-drinking can become infectious, a passion not unlike the perspiration-steeped, Carolina true-blue traditional lust of male jogger after female jogger, or the ill-bespoken, but nonetheless revered pastime of scrambling after the big bucks by frantically applying to professional schools.

"You, my friend," the revelation continued, "entered these hallowed halls confidently unsure of your direction; you leave even more confused." He loosened his dark-brown Scottish-knit tie, and relaxed into the comfortable wicker mesh of his chair. "Inexplicably," he went on, "you have come to believe that the unmitigated reward for your labors is happy hour in the dim stickiness of a basement bar, watching M\*A\*S\*H and playing electronic games, all the while stuffing the decaying shell of your body with beer and sour cream and onion potato chips."

"Well, that's no revelation to me," I replied, and ordered another round of brew.

The revelation looked hurt. He stuck his hands into the pockets of his Brooks Brothers jacket and pouted. "I was just warming up," he said.

"Hey, I'm sorry. It's just that you were starting to sound like my conscience, and you know how well we get along."

"OK, OK What I have to say is that..." A mug of beer sliding across the table, as well as the lithe figure of the coy, raven-tressed waitress bending over him, abruptly altered his train of thought. Blinking, and taking an earnest pull at his beer, the revelation glanced around the restaurant.

"As you were saying?" I prodded him.

"Oh, of course. Now where was I? It's these beers in the afternoon, before supper." He belched. "You know," he said, winking, "I usually don't touch the stuff until after Walter Cronkite."

"Me neither," I lied, watching the waitress all the while, as she slipped back to her station with the

arrogance of the totally indulgent.

The revelation, however, stared into the foamy vastness atop his beer. "As I was revealing," he said to the mug, "the real world awaits you. And you are notably unprepared for anything realer...ah, for real, as it were...than uh...man, you ain't ready for nothing but...uh" downing his beer, he said, rather loudly, "Hey barmaid! Miss, that is, another round here for myself and the graduated cylinder...uh, that is, here, uh."

"Nearly graduated senior, I would say," I corrected him.

"Nearly graduated cylinder, of course. Which leads to the salient, uh...point, that is." Pause, gulp. "Which is," he continued, "having taken four years in order to become properly nearly graduated, (hic) just what are they filling you up with, Mr. Gradually Nearer Senior Cylitzenyliner?"

"Well, I'm not really..."

Once again, the coy waitress interrupted, her dark hair softly framing the deep brownness of her eyes. I was in love. She sat the beers before us, and turning to thank her, I elbowed mine across the polished wood table-top soaking my well-dressed revelation with the coldness of freshly drawn Budweiser. Up he leapt, taking with him, in a sort of volcanic eruption of glass and liquid, the ashtray, salt and pepper shakers, and of course, several empty mugs, along with his brimming mug, which splashed me before crashing atop the coy waitress' extended left foot, its contents drenching her rave tresses. Meanwhile, the table and the ashtray landed in my exposed lap as the revelation tripped over his wicker chair and tumbled back-wards onto the floor. The waitress and I groaned in a graceless unison, and as I searched for my knees, she hopped away on one foot to where-ever it is that sore-footed waitresses go.

Allen Jernigan is a senior history and English major from Raleigh.

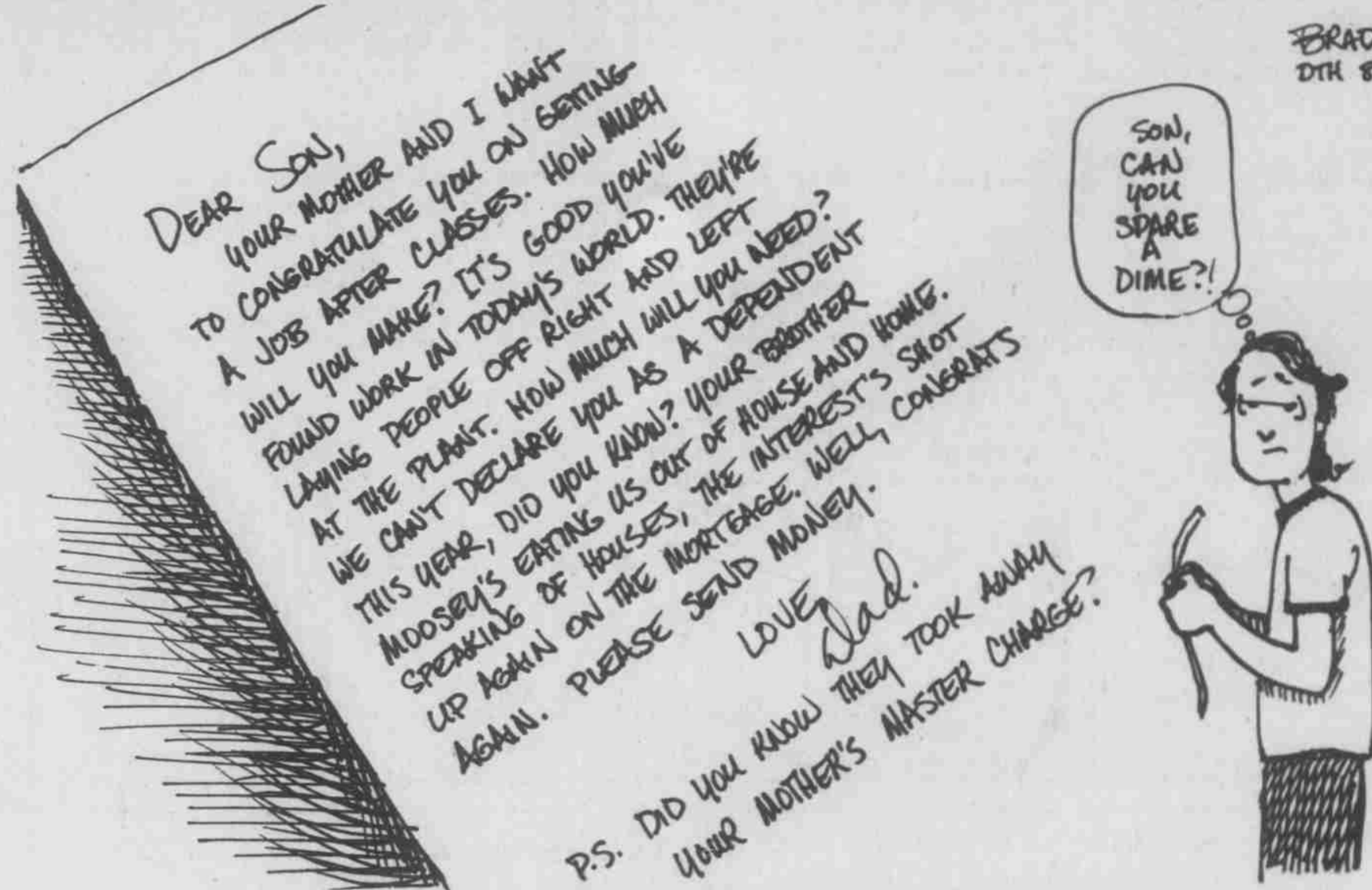
## letters to the editor

### Legal smoke cleared up

To the editor:

Your editorial of Wednesday (March 19 "Legal smoke"), struck a harmonious chord in our thoughts. You state, "The functioning of the American judicial system is hampered increasingly by complex... language. Legal documents seem to be so full of 'heretos,' 'heretobys' and 'heretofores' that they are nigh unintelligible to those without specialized education." We agree. In an attempt to demystify the law and legal problems, we would like to remind the UNC student body that Student Legal Services is available to serve them. Furthermore, we would be more than happy to provide students, through the medium of *The Daily Tar Heel*, with a plain language column on legal questions and processes. We hope you'll take us up on our offer as an opportunity to clear away some of the "legal smoke" shrouding the campus.

Dorothy Bernholz  
Director of Student Legal Services  
Mark A. Sternlicht  
Staff Attorney, Student Legal Services



## U.S. must protest South African policies

By BOYD GILMAN

President Carter has affirmed once again the relationship between sport and politics by calling for a boycott of the Moscow Olympics because of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. A similar connection was made with the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City, only this time not so apparent to the United States. Through the efforts of exiled black poet Dennis Brutus, president of the South African Non-Racial Olympic Committee and speaker at 8 p.m. in 101 Greenlaw Hall, more than 46 countries joined together in protest over South Africa's racial policies to bring about the withdrawal of that country's 1968 Olympic invitation. The United States, neglecting to see the connection between politics and sport, did not support the protest. The proper relationship between international athletic events and politics is a tricky issue.

Regardless of one's opinion of President Carter's efforts to boycott the 1980 Olympics, the distinction between sport and politics becomes meaningless when a country's political policies completely overshadow the institution of sport in that country. As Dennis Brutus wrote in 1971, "All sport in South Africa is apartheid sport."

Non-whites, including blacks, coloureds (of mixed descent) and Asians are allowed neither free participation in national sports events or membership on national teams. Though laws are slowly changing, it

has been illegal for non-whites in South Africa to use white facilities and compete against white teams. They have been refused equal fields and equipment, press coverage, coaching and funding. They are directly and indirectly excluded from all levels of national South African sport. And to cement the impact of apartheid sport, any non-white voicing discontent with the system suffers the threat of arrest and imprisonment.

What causes the South African government to be singled out as a violator of international sports code is the institutionalization of its racial sports policy by pieces of legislation such as the Group Areas Act and the Riotous Assemblies Act which restrict and control non-white movement. It thus becomes difficult, even for the United States, to overlook South African sports policy while ascribing to the Chapter of the International Olympics Committee which states "there shall be no discrimination on the grounds of race, religion or politics."

Due to the efforts of Dennis Brutus and SAN-ROC in bringing about increased international pressure, South Africa has been forced to implement changes in its racial sports policy. Under the threat of total international isolation, South Africa has recently changed the face of its sports bodies. Non-whites have gradually begun to be included on national teams and allowed to participate abroad as representatives of their country—albeit with one condition: All non-whites wishing to participate on national teams must first state their support for apartheid sport. Because of such conditions

and the realization that cosmetic changes cannot conceal the pernicious effect of racial policies, most South African blacks have refused to participate on national teams and most, although not all, international sports organizations continue to deny South Africa membership.

It has grown increasingly clear that South Africa has no intention of changing the fundamental, determinate structure of apartheid sport. South Africa refuses to divorce the institutions of politics and sport, and therefore precludes the possibility for other countries to dismiss the issue. When a country publicly and institutionally violates the International Olympic Charter there is no other alternate action than to deny it membership to international competition. It thus becomes the responsibility of all member countries to discuss the issue of politics and sport. Countries must continue to pressure the South African government to accept a sincere willingness to end its racial sports policy and indeed, its apartheid system as well.

If President Carter continues to campaign for the close tie between sport and politics, his policy should be consistent and unalterable. Until South Africa has begun to include non-white citizens in all levels of sport, and to do so unconditionally, the United States has no other choice than to support the international pressures for political change in that country.

Boyd Gilman is a senior international studies major from Salisbury.

## Mix-up harms American, Israeli relations

By AL ROSENTHAL

When Secretary of State Cyrus Vance testified in front of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last Thursday it may have been the last chapter in the often bizarre and always embarrassing string of incidents that began with U.N. Ambassador Donald McHenry's mistaken vote almost a month ago. The hearing was an insightful and illuminating session in a number of respects, but it did not achieve its intended purpose: the investigation of any new directions President Carter's Middle Eastern policy might be taking. The penetrating questions asked by a politically diverse but uniformly irritated gang of Senators did, however, manage to cast aspersions on Carter's ability to govern.

As background for those who found the litany of diplomatic jargon too confusing to fathom, the disaster began when our McHenry shocked the world by voting for U.N. resolution 465. For the first time, the United States joined the Soviet Union, China, and many of the Third World nations in calling for the dismantling of Israeli settlements on the West Bank of the Jordan River and censured Israel for occupying East Jerusalem. However, whether to assuage an irate Israel and its supporters or, as he claims, to acknowledge a simple mistake, Carter appeared several days after the vote to explain that his wish that the United States vote for the measure be

conditional upon the removal of two clauses pertaining to Israel had not been transmitted to the Ambassador. Thus, the vote was cast contrary to the President's current and thus far consistent policy. Secretary of State Vance subsequently claimed full responsibility for the error.

It was with great deference and courteousness that the Foreign Relations Committee addressed Secretary Vance, knowing that he, the quintessential diplomat, might well be assuming the role of sacrificial lamb for the Administration. However, the Senators' disgust for the government's incompetence surfaced throughout the proceedings as their questions and comments were as scathing as any criticisms heretofore directed at Carter's foreign policy. Save venerable Sen. S. I. Hayakawa, whose capacity for sleep is surpassed only by Rip Van Winkle's, every member scored points in shots to the executive's midsection.

Sen. George McGovern, hardly an ardent supporter of Israel, landed the first blow by asking the most fundamental question: why censure any party at all by public resolution, when through the quiet push and shove of negotiation we have succeeded in gaining concessions which had been previously deemed unthinkable? He attacked the Administration, saying its action had been "detrimental to our fulfilling the role of an impartial arbiter." To condemn Israel, which has already taken significant risks for the cause of peace, can

hardly encourage their leaders to take more chances; unlike other Mideast leaders, Israeli Prime Minister Begin has an electorate to placate. Vance's mild response was that the United States had chosen "a different tack in pursuing the ultimate goal of peace." He spoke with a lack of enthusiasm that suggested the authority for the censure might have come from higher up than he.

Even our own Sen. Jesse Helms was in rare form. In persistent questioning, he forced the Secretary of State to admit that Israel had never made either written or verbal agreements to refuse Jews the right to settle on the West Bank, but also got Vance to state his support of the traditional U.S. stance backing an undivided Jerusalem. Both views are slightly antithetical to the resolution, and pointed out Carter's reneging of promises made before the United Nations vote. Vance refused to comment on the Senator's observation that the vote had hardened Israel's position instead of influencing it toward moderation. Vance was aware that, in a show of independence following the resolution, Begin had appointed a right-wing West Bank settlement fanatic as foreign minister.

The issue at hand was not the legitimacy of West Bank settlements. Rather, the mercurial nature of American foreign policy, which leaves friend and foe alike befuddled, was questioned. Senators Jacob Javits and Richard Stone asked that the president simply disavow the entire resolution rather than qualify

it. Said Javits, "I knew exactly where the United States stood before, when (U.N.) Resolution 242 was standard policy, and would feel the air cleared about our position if we could go officially back to that time." But Vance could not authorize such a complete return to our prior position, which left the Committee confused in light of Vance's repeated pledges that American policy had not changed.

Whatever motivated Carter's qualifications, he has been politically hurt by them. If he intended to respond to public opinion in the midst of the presidential primaries, he appears a spineless world leader sacrificing security for political expediency. If it was, as he asserts, a communications foul-up, he appears to be a bumbler who might be a better president after a few years in M.B.A. school.

The incident further alienated Arab governments by indicating that U.S. policy was swinging in their direction and then abruptly reversing that trend. For Israel, which for 32 years has seen every agreement made with another nation unilaterally broken, this incident can mean a more intensely independent, security-minded stance. It is, as Jacob Javits said three times on Thursday, "an unmitigated disaster," and cannot help Carter gain primary votes today in Javits' home state, New York.

Albert Rosenthal, a senior political science major from Raleigh, attended the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing on the U.N. vote.