

The Daily Tar Heel

91st year of editorial freedom

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A noble victory

The winner of this year's Nobel Prize for Peace was born in a clay hut in Poland; no fancy titles followed his name. He later became an electrician, only to be unemployed at times because of his outspoken politics. He embodied the spirit and pride of the working class making his award more inspiring than the many statesmen and dignitaries recognized before. His name was Lech Walesa and he represented the common man in pursuit of the common man's goals.

There were no special skills that gave Walesa great leadership ability. His voice was harsh from years of smoking; his grammar often broken. Yet when he climbed to a podium, or to a shipyard wall, he was an actor taking the stage. He spoke with emotion and anger and his words never left his audience's grasp. He spoke to the people, not above them and in his words were inscribed the beginnings of the only independent union in the Eastern bloc — Solidarity.

To Walesa, the union was the continuation in the Polish struggle for full freedom. For 1,000 years the Poles had faced invading enemies, namely the Germans and Russians. The invasions instilled a fierce national pride into the people, a pride that Walesa could use to fight the Soviet sanctioned government in 1980. Solidarity was formed in the wake of protests following a decree to raise meat prices. Walesa at the time was unemployed, he'd been fired eight months earlier for trying to organize the workers. In a Gdansk shipyard, he brought the new movement together on the strength of passion rather than organization, with fiery words rather than planned strategy.

Throughout the battled year that followed, Walesa never lost touch with Polish citizens. He strove through the country side, visiting the local families. He delighted in these surprise meetings, they were the force that could carry him through the rigid demands of his position and give him continual hope. "I know that I will lose today, and tomorrow will be a victory," Walesa once said in a *Time* magazine interview. "As any other man I have my faults and my weaknesses. But I am a believer, and I practice my religion. I fall down, and I come up again."

On Dec. 13, 1981, Walesa and his country fell at the guns of martial law. His brief victories as the union leader were lost in the ensuing domination. He was thrown in jail where he remained for 11 months.

Walesa's achievement then was not in a diplomatic victory, Solidarity now exists only in hidden sporadic meetings. Instead his value lies in the ideal he stood for. He was a symbol to the Polish people; his message, that the common man could fight oppression. It was an inalienable right.

Walesa's spirit and his pride earned him his award. As a member of the selection committee said, Walesa showed that "the struggle for human rights is also a struggle for peace and a contribution to preserving peace." Walesa's prize is a commemoration of what was accomplished, but perhaps more importantly of what has yet to be achieved.

CGC: TBA

When there's little else to comment on, there's always the Campus Governing Council.

Those people obviously have nothing to do. Not one substantial piece of legislation has crossed the student body president's desk in months. Where are the issues of days past? Give us food service problems. Give us petty partisan politics. They're starving the *DTH* editorial page.

Sure, the CGC has passed a resolution calling for the divestment of UNC's funds in companies operating in apartheid South Africa. But, in case no one told them, the UNC Board of Governors biffed that notion months ago. No dice.

Of course, this timely outcry from the inner sanctum of Suite C came on the heels of a brilliant bill calling for an increase in student fees. Brilliant because student organizations have been starving for extra funds for years. "Brilliant" because the CGC decided to hold a special election for the referendum. And "brilliant" because they couldn't find the Elections Board chairman.

Apparently, the president's appointee kept missing his appointments with the CGC Rules and Judiciary Committee, so he'd never received final approval. He said he didn't know when they met. Maybe someone should have told him. Maybe he should have found out himself.

No matter. The CGC, in its infinite wisdom, may decide to put off the referendum vote until the February elections. Smart move.

And, until then, the council has jumped back into the fray of representing students' needs by tackling a new controversy. This time, it's the closing of the dorms over Fall Break, and the Student Affairs Committee is putting its reputation on the line by supporting a condemnation of the Housing department's decision. It might be a little late to start screaming, though. The doors are already closed.

We should all feel safe knowing that our CGC will never do anything to harm us. Perhaps they won't do anything at all.

The Bottom Line

Biffy Bradley skipped gingerly down the steps of Carr Dorm. It was only 9:50 a.m., and he had a full hour before his first class of the day. He thought about pulling out his Ray Bans, but decided against it since the sun was barely peaking out from behind the clouds and he wasn't too hung over from last night at Purdy's.

Biffy chuckled to himself as he headed toward Phillips. Right now, he thought, his Astronomy 31 class was in session. Was he there? No. He'd done the smart thing and dropped the course. A slide, they said — Right. After one week and a multitude of theories, Biffy was certain he'd rather wait and take Rocks for Jocks next semester.

Actually, Biffy hadn't dropped the course. He just hadn't gone for the past five weeks. Now he was going over to meet his instructor and pick up the drop card.

What a relief, he thought, finally

to have that off his mind (even if he had waited until the last day of the drop period).

Approaching Phillips, Biffy picked up his pace. He looked at his watch. 9:55. He would just barely catch the professor before he left to teach his class.

He strutted through the halls, back beyond all the "A" prints from Physics 45, and into the back part of the building.

As he rounded the corner, he realized the door of his professor's office was shut. Had he missed him? He hoped not because he didn't want to have to come back after the class.

There was a note on the door. "Be back Monday," it said.

Oh, no. A horrified Biffy stood and stared at the notice. What would he do? What would mummy and daddy say? A dejected Biffy pulled out his shades and slunk back down the hall. Another freshman experience had just slapped him in the face.

And that's the bottom line.



Inside the FBI

Shorts and T-shirts have replaced the trenchcoat

Crime is not glamorous. Its only rewards are the heartbreaks, sorrow, imprisonment, and in some instances, death. Criminals are not heroes. They are stupid individuals who feel they can flout the rules of society and get away with it.

In its fight against the forces of the underworld and in maintaining the home front today by combatting spies, saboteurs and other subversive agents, the Federal Bureau of Investigation has functioned as a "We" organization.

— J. Edgar Hoover, Director
 Federal Bureau of Investigation
 U.S. Department of Justice

By JOHN CONWAY

Fidelity. Bravery. Integrity.

An impressive edifice of glass and concrete rises above Pennsylvania Avenue among the other governmental buildings. It occupies an entire block between 9th and 10th streets in northwest Washington, D.C. From the exterior, this is just another federal building, housing hundreds upon thousands of government employees engaged in service to the nation.

But merely walk through its front door into the central courtyard and discover a microcosm of American society. A large sculpture graces the inner plaza. With wings spread, a large bronze eagle perches above the agency's motto: Fidelity, Bravery and Integrity.

This year marks the 75th anniversary of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, an agency created in 1908 largely on the proddings of then-U.S. Attorney General Charles Bonaparte. Bonaparte received funds from Congress to create a permanent detective force for the Justice Department. If Bonaparte were alive today, he would scarcely recognize the agency he created three-quarters of a century ago. Several hundred employees evolved into 16,000 bureau workers by 1949. Today, the FBI employs almost 20,000 men and women, of whom 8,600 are special agents.

Originally, the FBI handled cases involving bank robbery, kidnapping and other federal crimes. The FBI now has jurisdiction in more than 185 subject areas. Its cancerous growth is a by-product of an expanding society that has become increasingly complex. Agents have infiltrated and pervaded almost every sector of American society: industry, small business, church, state and the private lives of citizens.

The inner workings

It's 75 years after the FBI's founding,



and what have we learned? Not much. A cloud of mystery and intrigue surrounds the bureau and its army of suit-clad agents with mirrored sunglasses. Although the bureau has been given more power to investigate and search the lives of American citizens, we seem to know less about its operations and its motives.

One way the public has gained knowledge about the dealings and character of the FBI is through the Freedom of Information Act. This act requires the FBI, among other government organizations, to release documents concerning investigations once it has been determined that the information is no longer classified. But even documents released under the FOIA are sketchy and incomplete.

In conducting research for a journalism project, I spent two days within the confines of the FOIA Reading Room at FBI headquarters in Washington. The research project was fruitless, but it was an invaluable opportunity to observe the inner workings of this massive federal agency which remains aloof to most citizens.

Me and my shadow

Not just anyone can walk into FBI headquarters and cast an eye at agency documents. Notification must be given 48 hours prior to visitation. I was required to submit my name and subject area requested to the reading room director. Once permission was granted, I went

through a series of security checks. Just exactly what that entailed remains a mystery. But my name was logged into a computer and I was given a coded badge identifying myself as a visitor.

An FBI escort guided me through several narrow corridors to the reading room. At several points along the way I had to insert my badge into turnstiles to pass from one corridor to the next. I finally was led into a small room, about 12 feet by 24 feet, that contained documents released for public inspection.

The room was dimly lit. A few card tables and chairs were pushed up against one wall. Rows of bookshelves stocked with agency documents filled the remainder of the room. The escort seated herself by the door and routinely buried her face in a magazine. I began paging through the files, noticing that the pages had large ink blotches covering up the names of agents and other sensitive material. The reading was often difficult. At the front of each file was a sheet listing how many pages of the file were being withheld from the public. Some files had as many as 200 pages withheld from the public without indicating what material was deleted. It was frustrating. I was thumbing through almost 40,000 pages of FBI files only to discover that the information I needed was probably blacked out or mysteriously withheld.

The amount and detail of information that the bureau had collected was incredible. The FBI knew everything possible about Martin Luther King Jr. They knew when he made phone calls, hotel

reservations and speaking engagements. Recorded in the documents were the types of surveillance equipment used to monitor King's activities. Every newspaper article written about King or his associates was clipped, mimeographed and placed on file.

Also placed on file were letters addressed to Hoover asking for specific information about King. Many citizens feared that King was plotting a mass revolt by blacks. Some letters even inquired about the activities of blacks in their communities. Hoover only perpetuated this unjustified paranoia by writing vague but misleading responses. Most of Hoover's replies praised the citizen's inquiry but stated that the requested information was still classified.

During my entire visit to the FBI, I was never left alone. When I placed a phone call or made a trip to the restroom the escort was only a few steps behind. I wondered if the phone conversations were recorded or whether I was being observed in the bathroom from the other side of the mirror. I once discarded wild claims of FBI espionage and surveillance. For some reason, those stories don't seem so far fetched now.

Nothing is sacred

Of everything I observed in my two-day pilgrimage to the FBI, the diversity of people passing through the main gates into the agency's central offices was most amazing. These people weren't wearing three-piece suits, packing shoulder pistols or toting brief cases. Passing through the turnstiles of the FBI's headquarters were people like the factory worker who lives just up the street, the minister at the local church and the mother who heads the PTA. Most employees wore shorts, T-shirts and tennis shoes. They all had something else in common — a little identification badge that, when placed in the turnstile, would permit them to enter this mysterious entity.

The FBI is a complex network of agents and bureaus strategically placed throughout the nation. There is no longer a stereotype agent. There is no ground sacred or immune to the FBI. It's all part of what makes the FBI so difficult to analyze. After 75 years we still know incredibly little about the sprawling agency that takes such care not to bare its soul. We may never learn more about the FBI.

Perhaps it's better that way.

John Conway, a junior journalism major from Cumberland, Md., is city editor of The Daily Tar Heel.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

If you want to stay, express concern

To the editor:

Much to my surprise, when I read "University plans to close dorms for break" (*DTH*, Oct. 4), I discovered I would be sleeping in Craige for four days in October. This year, the housing department has decided to close the dorms during Fall Break for financial reasons. However, Wayne Kuncel, director of housing, said that if enough students dropped by the housing department in Carr Building to express their concerns, he would consider leaving a second dorm open on South Campus. This action would be beneficial for several reasons:

- Since the dorms were open during Fall Break last year, and no announcement was made otherwise until recently, students had made plans accordingly.
- Since this decision was announced only two weeks before Fall Break, many students are forced to cancel plans to stay or to find alternate housing in the short

time remaining before the dorms close. Out-of-state students will either have to pay for plane fares (if they can even find reservations this late) or attempt to arrange rides at the last minute. Students who have jobs in Chapel Hill will also be forced to find alternate housing (probably costing more money) or to lose scheduled hours (thus losing money). Likewise, students who had planned to stay in the dorms to study or to use the libraries (which will in fact remain open) will simply be unable to do so.

- Since the football team will have to stay in order to practice, 10 resident assistants are already scheduled to remain on duty. Thus, leaving another dorm open would not force more RAs to stay.

Leaving another dorm open would eliminate several of the problems of staying in Craige, such as the added expense, the danger of both person and possessions (the

TV lounges don't have locks, folks!), and the crowded conditions due to limited space. If the University left another South Campus dorm open unless a substantial number would then be able to stay with friends. (I don't know about you, but I'm friends with a lot more undergrads than grad students.)

- Leaving one South Campus dorm open in addition to Craige last Thanksgiving was an effective solution to this problem.

Director Kuncel is receptive to these issues; however, he cannot justify leaving another dorm open unless a substantial number of students voice their concerns to him personally. Drop by Carr Building today for 10 minutes to make an effort to save yourself or your friends from four days of aggravation over Fall Break.

Melissa Croom
 Morrison

Register and vote

To the editor:

As next year's general election draws ever nearer, each of us ought to remind ourselves of how important voting is to a democratic government. In order for democracy to survive and prosper, citizens must participate in government in at least the most basic way — by choosing their leaders. If citizens do not exercise that right and duty, government no longer remains responsive to the needs and desires of the people, and it ceases to function in their best interests.

In past years many young people, including college students, have not voted in even the most critical of elections. But with the multitude of issues and problems (draft registration, cuts in student loans, etc.) afloat in today's political world, students must end this trend and play their proper part in the American political system. To this end, Student Government is sponsoring a voter registration drive in the Student Union this week. We encourage all students who are not registered to vote, regardless of their political viewpoints, to register during this time. Students who are registered in places other than Chapel Hill, including other states, may want to consider moving their registration to Chapel Hill since voting here is not only more convenient but also allows one to influence local elections, the outcomes of which may drastically affect students.

Today from 11 a.m. until 4 p.m. is your last chance to register in the Union Gallery. Everyone should bring some kind of identification, preferably a driver's license.

Do your country, your town and yourself a favor. Register to vote now, and then cast your ballot on election day.

If there are any questions about this letter, please call me at 933-2457.

Winston Gilchrist
 State Affairs Committee
 Student Government

Heist foiled by 'Big Cheese'

To the editor:

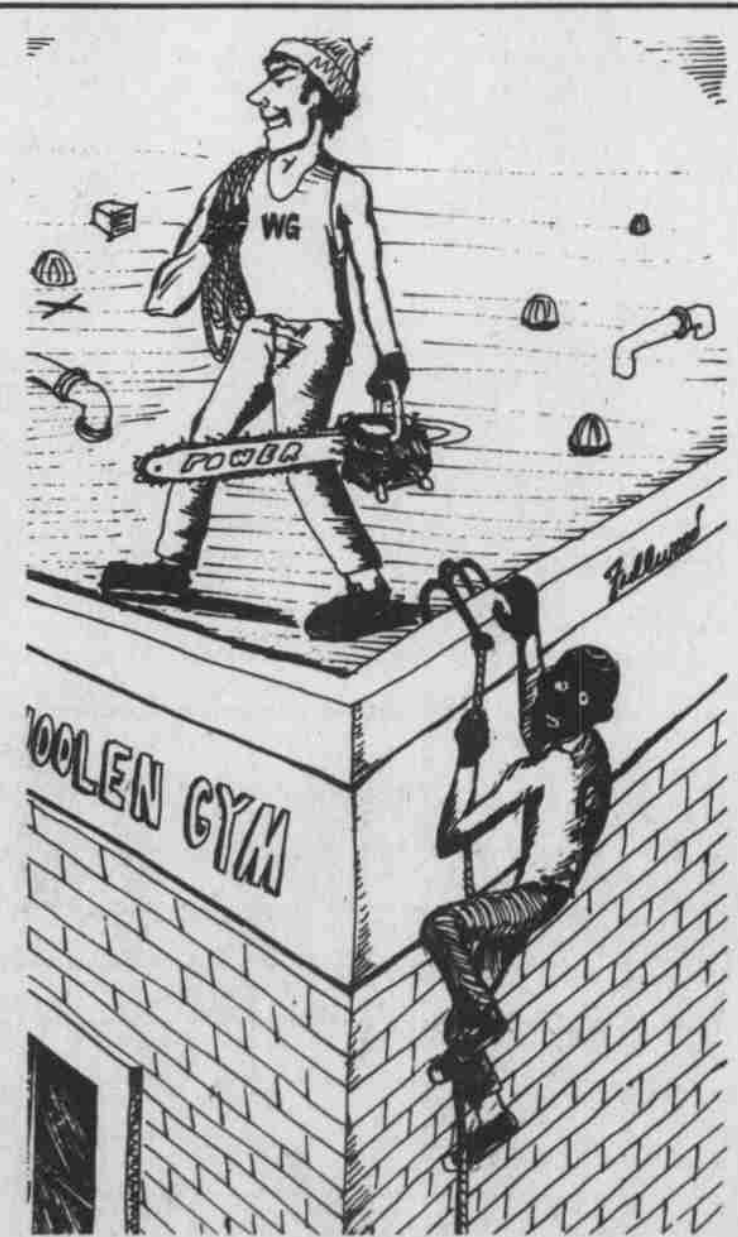
For two years now I have been involved in a complex underground ring code named "The Big Sting." Our goal: to steal the famed Fetzer Gym Golden Basketball. Realizing that security would be tight, we knew that there was no room for error. Every detail was planned with the utmost thought and after numerous dry runs we were ready for the sting.

The night — Sunday, Oct. 2. The time — nineteen hundred hours. We entered Fetzer Gym and cautiously made our way to the main security desk. Once there, I signed a waiver form and checked out the famed Fetzer Gym Golden Basketball with my validated 83/84 student ID. We then proceeded to the gym where I carefully projected the ball to a pre-designated spot three stories above the gym floor. Lodging the ball in such a place in the rafters was a one in a million shot, but I pulled it off on the first attempt.

Our plan then was to go get my ID back and return later that night with a chain saw to cut a hole in the ceiling and retrieve the ball; however, upon returning to the desk, we began getting the cross examination by an alert employee. He then insisted to survey the situation, and did. Deeming redemption by a mere mortal as an unrealistic impossibility, he went to his superior to find out how the situation should be handled.

The Big Cheese questioned our sincerity from the start and proclaimed that my ID would not be returned until the basketball was back in the hands of the proper authorities. This was it — I had to choose between the famed priceless ball, and my ID. Since my ID is necessary for obtaining football tickets, checking out books, checking out athletic equipment and other such oddities, I decided to abort the mission and just settle for my ID.

By this time our plan had been discovered, and my ID was placed under lock and key in the main Fetzer Gym Vault. It is to be kept there until such a time



when I can find a 75-foot ladder, drag it down to the gym and retrieve the ball. I realize that being deprived of my ID (which is causing me not to be able to check out reserve materials in the UL or get Wake Forest tickets) seems like harsh punishment; however, I deserve it. I just pray that some innocent student who may perhaps lodge a ball in the rafters some day should not be treated in the same manner. Congratulations Fetzer Desk personnel.

John Kimberling
 Old West