

The Collegiate

A NEWSPAPER OF IDEAS

March 31, 1977

Election Reforms Needed

Last week's Student Government Association elections were the most interesting in recent years, in several respects. To begin with, there were four candidates for the office of president. Two of the candidates, Annette Ellis and Ray Silverthorne, were defeated in the primaries. The other two, Jones Fuquay and Barbara Stone, survived to face each other in the run-off. Jones Fuquay won the run-off by eight votes, 201 to 193, to become the new SGA president-elect. In other elections, Donna Daniel defeated Connie Lail 191 to 174 to become the new Head Cheerleader-elect; Jack Lassiter defeated Richard Cline 50 to 27 to become the new Day Student Treasurer-elect, and Jay Rollins defeated Lyn Braycher 54 to 19 to become the new Day Student Secretary-elect.

This year's election was marred by controversy. The charge was made, and we feel justly, that friends of the two presidential candidates solicited votes illegally near the voting place. The rule, as stated in the handbook, calls for no campaigning within fifty feet of the voting place. Friends of both candidates campaigned in the lobby of the Student Center and Hines Hall — a violation of the campaign rule.

Mike Sawyer, an Executive Board member with a good deal of experience in the SGA, said that he felt the rules were not broken maliciously, but were rather errors based on an ignorance of the rule. We tend to believe this was the case. The blame if any is to be leveled, lies with the SGA and their handling of the election. More SGA officers or members should have been present near the voting places to make sure that campaign laws were not broken, intentionally or unintentionally. A few more in each voting place could have accomplished this. In the future, elections should be handled more carefully; an election marred by controversy is a poor way for any candidate to have to enter office.

An Ominous Sign

Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and chief arms negotiator Paul Warnke will return from Moscow today after meeting with Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev on the subject of a new nuclear arms agreement. The first round of the SALT II talks ended in failure. The Soviet Union rejected as "iniquitous" President Carter's proposal to limit each side to 1,800 nuclear missiles. At present the United States has 2,320 nuclear missiles, the Soviet Union 2,660. The failure of the first round is an ominous sign. We wonder if the Soviet Union is genuinely receptive to the idea of the eventual elimination of all nuclear weapons. We don't think they are, but we hope we're wrong — the threat of global destruction is a nightmarish one.

A Welcome Defeat For Gandhi

WASHINGTON — Anyone who cares about free elections, a free press, freedom to dissent and all the other institutions of personal freedom will cheer the defeat by India's voters of Mrs. Indira Gandhi, her son, Sanjay, and the Congress party that they have dominated.

And before the cheering dies, we will say a little prayer that this election does not boomerang, giving credence to those who say that "a little dictatorship" and police state repressions are necessary in poor countries.

But let us first applaud a voter revolt in which Indians made it clear that that country of 610 million people is not owned by the Nehru family. Since independence 30 years ago, with only a brief period when Lal Bahadur Shastri was prime minister, Jawaharlal Nehru and his daughter have ruled India. Mrs. Gandhi long ago measured the head of son Sanjay for the crown once she grew tired of ruling.

I am glad that the voters

turned them out peacefully. It has become a self-serving "truism," uttered often by Third World leaders, that their people are too unsophisticated, too volatile, too this or that, to be permitted the luxury of rival parties and free elections.

No society is so poor or so uneducated that any man or woman should arrogantly decree only he or she can guide it to a proper destiny. It is wrong for an oppressive Chung Hee Park in South Korea, and it is wrong for a benevolent Kenneth Kaunda in Zambia or Julius Nyerere in Tanzania to assume some almost-divine right to rule.

I also applaud India's voters for ousting Mrs. Gandhi because she had dragged the world's largest democracy into the increasingly large camp where government officials find a variety of reasons to snuff out freedom — especially press freedom.

At least temporarily, India's voters have said no to this authoritarian search for a security blanket.



It's hard to go to class on a beautiful afternoon when you can sit by Lake Wilson instead.

Viewpoint

Candy Jones and the CIA

A Story of the Abuse of Power

By TOM TIEDE
NEW YORK — (NEA) — If Betty Grable was the No. 1 pinup of the 1940s, Candy Jones was No. 2. You remember Miss Jones. She of the classic profile, the blond waves, the magazine advertisements. Photos of her in a polka dot bathing suit were posted on World War II wall lockers from Guam to Greece. She was every man's dream.

Whatever happened to Candy Jones?

Not much good, to hear her tell it. Now nearly 60, and her features hardened, she tells of an unnatural aging process that is either a monstrous fabrication or the most scandalous story of our times. Miss Jones says that until recently, and for 12 years of her life she was a human guinea pig and helpless zombie of the CIA.

As she remembers it, her relationship with the spook agency began in 1960. She was by then well past cheesecake posing herself, and was operating a Manhattan modeling school. One day there was a burglary in a room near her office, and in the process of helping authorities in the investigation she became acquainted with the FBI.

The time frame here is important, she says. It was 17 years ago. J. Edgar Hoover was still idolized. The federal government was still to be trusted. Patriotism lived. And so when the FBI asked to use her office as a mail drop, a place where secret letters could be sent, Jones was obliging, and excited: "I thought I was helping my country."

In time, according to Jones, the CIA replaced the FBI as recipient of the woman's eager willingness to assist the government. Jones says CIA agents asked her to become a messenger for them, to deliver and receive information which for security reasons they could not do themselves. Still excited, "naturally I said that I would."

Here the Jones story turns sour, and, if true, most menacing. She says she was introduced to a CIA "control agent," who was also a doctor. She says this man hypnotized her, "because he said I looked tired." Thereafter, she adds, the doctor hypnotized her each time they met, which was many times over a period of months.

Jones says that though she did not know it at the time, the

hypnotism was the CIA's way of controlling her mind. And to facilitate the control, she says the agency gave her two identities. She was plain Candy Jones when not on CIA missions, but she became someone named Arlene Grant for use in intelligence and experimental purposes.

Jones says her alter ego was a terrifyingly real person. "When I became Arlene Grant I looked differently, I sounded differently, I even had different handwriting." Arlene Grant wore a dark wig. She had legal identification, including a passport. Jones says, "For years I was both people, and I never knew when I'd be one or the other."

And why? Why would the CIA want to control Candy Jones or create Arlene Grant? Miss Jones has no firm answer, but her speculation is sizzling. If the agency can turn people into slaves, she says, it possesses the ultimate psychological and intelligence weapon. Jones swears she was part of a CIA experiment to gain this weapon.

As she views it now, the CIA experiment on her was both a success and failure. The agency succeeded in regulating her for years, but it failed to maintain its grip. Jones says she began to regain control four years ago, when she married, when her new husband became aware of her erratic behavior, and when he

Noted Briefly ...

A TRAGIC AVIATION DISASTER

KLM Pilot: "We are taking off." Pan Am Pilot: "We are still on the runway. ... What's he doing? ... He'll kill us all!"

Monday, March 28, will go down in the record books as the date of the worst aviation disaster in history. 578 people died in the fiery collision of two 747 Jumbo jets preparing to take off from a small island in the mid-Atlantic. 76 survived; all were aboard the American-owned Pan Am jet. None of the passengers or crew aboard the Dutch-owned KLM jet survived. Commercial programming in the Netherlands was interrupted to announce the tragic news, after it had been announced, solemn music was played — a national memorial service to those who had died in the crash.

This was the tenth such disaster since March 1974 when a Turkish DC 10 crashed near Paris killing 346. Since 1974 2,437 people have died in aviation accidents. It would seem that, as with the automobile, the heavier the air traffic, the better the chance of accident.

then helped her break the bond.

Today she says she's free. But she is not so sure she's safe. She worries that since the CIA can no longer control her, it may decide to eliminate her. This is why she has gone public with her story. A book has been written about her fears, and a movie is to be filmed this year. Publicity, she reasons, is a form of protection.

Most likely the publicity will be largely negative. Even Jones admits her story is an unbelievable one. Many of her friends agree, she says. When asked about her charges the CIA merely sighs and asks in turn for proof: "Does she have names or places? This is a preposterous thing she's telling."

Unfortunately for Candy Jones' credibility she has no proof for her story. She can document almost nothing. She does not remember important names. She says she was paid for her services to the CIA but she has no receipts, no signatures; "They didn't pay me directly, they would just pay one of my bills, and always in cash."

All the woman really has are memories, recorded on tape, many of them allegedly made by her husband while she was asleep. Is this enough? Even hardened critics of the CIA think not. But then, as Candy Jones asks in her own defense, "What if I am right, what if my story is real, and what if we don't do anything about it?"

Forum

To the Editor:

I would like to tell ACC students what happened one night last week at their most frequented bar. Two friends of mine and I rode to Reubens. We got there about 10:00 or 10:30. We were there long enough to drink one beer each, talk to a few friends, and play a game of football. Reubens was crowded with ACC students. My friends and I are also ACC students.

Around 11:00 we decided to leave. We were standing between the bar and the door, and we were going to tell the guy that gave us a ride that we were going to walk back. Just then a man asked my friend for his I.D. He pulled out his wallet and got his license out. As he did this he commented on the fact that almost every time he came in

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The Collegiate is published nearly every week each regular semester by the students of Atlantic Christian College, Wilson, N.C. 27893. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the faculty or administration.