

## Reader urges removal of racist magazine

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Dear Editor:

The University has long been noted for its quest for academic excellence and high-quality scholarship. As a leader of institutions of higher learning, the University has sought to provide the highest quality materials for the members of the University community in which students, faculty, staff and others might contribute to a tradition of scholarship, consequently, affording members of the University in addition to furnishing services for the state, the nation, and the world.

With these meritorious and noble goals that the University seeks to realize for itself (as well as for the members of the University community) it puzzles the author how the University allows itself to sink to a nadir of mediocrity by allowing the University libraries to posit publications that are not only an offense to the dignity of segments of the University community (and human dignity in general) but in addition, particular-

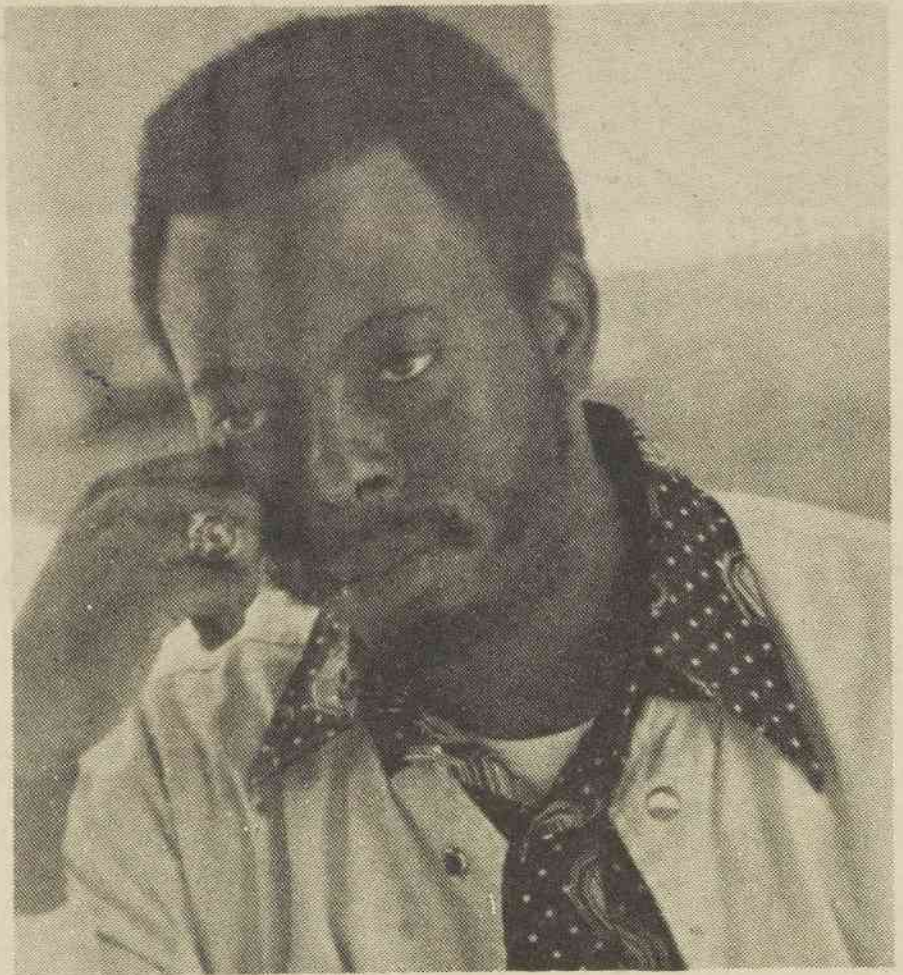
ly discouraging to persons who share the high ideals and aspirations of the University.

Specifically, the publication is *The Thunderbolt*, published by the National States Rights Party (a Neo-Nazi Organization). This publication indiscriminately and irresponsibly reports information that has as its primary goal the degradation of the culture, history, and contributions of the Black and Jewish peoples of this nation.

The newspaper is located in Wilson Library in the Periodical Annex.

It goes without saying, that every member of the University community who shares in the University's aspirations of academic excellence and high-quality scholarship, and moreover, in the dignity of persons, should demand the immediate and permanent removal of *The Thunderbolt* from this institution.

Marvin Hamilton  
Chapel Hill



Staff photo by James Parker

**Black Ink** pays tribute to Reverend Milton Lewis, Black campus minister who has given much of himself in his three years at Carolina. We wish him luck and success in his future endeavors.

## Senior disappointed at UNC life style

Don Personette  
Staff Contributor

I came to UNC with a distinct vision of college life.

Everyone wore sweaters, smoked pipes (the males that is) and was serious about getting a college education.

There was more to it than that, however. I thought the high school days of queer-baiting and nigger-calling were behind me. An enlightened group of people went to college, I innocently believed; prejudices and biases would not enter into a university environment.

Reality has slapped me repeatedly in the face for four years now. I look back and find it difficult to believe I ever had such idealistic beliefs. It didn't take long to realize that higher education didn't necessarily mean higher attitudes. Intelligence is one thing,

I quickly learned; ground-in prejudices are another.

Four years of constant comments about niggers from so many acquaintances of mine have somewhat disillusioned me. People who are intelligent, people who have eagerly helped me when needed, used the word nigger as if they didn't understand its implications. But they did. Blacks were niggers and niggers were dumb and lazy. And often nothing was said, but the prejudice was obviously there. Any ideas of integration helping solve the problem die in a dorm housing only whites.

If prejudice is so widespread in college students at a supposed bastion of liberalism, what hope is there for ever doing away with it? These are college students, the so-called cream of the crop, not the everyday uneducated redneck figure. How is it possible to watch a basketball game and dismiss the

Vegas as a "bunch of niggers" and then, in the next breath, applaud Ford and Davis? I must admit that I'll never understand this exception rule, especially coming from a college student. I must keep telling myself, though, that education and attitudes do not necessarily go hand-in-hand.

There's more than the race problem. There's also the situation of queers and fags, as the gay population is so commonly and laughingly referred to. Surely a college student would be able to live by a "live and let live" philosophy, I thought.

Surely in the southern part of heaven, people would be free (free from cruelty and prejudice) to practice whatever they pleased so long as it didn't directly interfere with someone else's life. Once again I was wrong. Sample comments about gays during the recent Southeastern Gay Conference include: "In my mind, there's nothing worse that you could be (a child killer? a rapist? a Manson?)" and "I think we just oughta take 'em and hang 'em." It was made to sound as if straights had gays to fear as well as the opposite.

There are so many, not nearly all, but so many students who feel this way. Intelligent, personable people—but unwilling to accept even the existence of an opposite style of life, be it Black or gay. I had been unprepared for this in a college town.

But maybe I've expected too much from college students. Maybe I'll look back after a couple of weeks and see the good side of college—the harmless pranks, the close friends, the intellectual fulfillment, the laughs, the camaraderie, the personal insight I've gained about myself.

But for now, in many respects, I am simply disappointed. I hear how enlightened this University is, from students, from faculty, from outsiders, and I just want to laugh... or maybe cry.

Sincerely,

Ernie Pitt

Editor-in-chief

Winston-Salem Chronicle

## Are Blacks really better?

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from both."

Yet one thing remains an absolute fact in sports and that is that Blacks dominate some sporting events and whites dominate others. Seventy per cent of the players in the NBA are Black. Ninety-nine per cent of the pro hockey players are white. As shown in the Olympics, the United States representatives for the 400 and 1600 meter relay teams were composed of many Blacks and few whites. Sprinters such as Harvey Glange, Herman Frazier, Moxie Parks, and Fred Newhouse carried the baton in the United States' gold medal-winning relay races.

O'Koren also notes that environmental factors have kept the game's greatest players on obscure playground courts. "I think the best players are still on the streets, especially in Harlem. I went up there and those guys were good. They could be millionaires, but they just use so much dope. It's just so easy to take a sniff or use cocaine or something in the city. A guy will come over to the school yard and he'll try to give you some dope. He'll call you every name in the book, but I think you'll get respect if you just say, 'Look, I don't want it because I don't want to be standing on the corner for the rest of my life. I want to go somewhere and be somebody.'

If the situation that Mike O'Koren mentioned, in which the Blacks in the city play in the school yard and the whites in the suburbs play by themselves was reversed, then how would things be under those circumstances?

That's a question to keep in mind.

## Editor makes appeal

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed the Awards Banquet last week and was quite encouraged by what I saw.

The *Black Ink* is very much in the same vein as newspapers of the Black press. It has been a struggle for both of us.

I was very happy that you and your staff and members of the UNC Black community have recognized your talents. Quite often we will wait to get sanction or approval from the powers that be before we feel good about ourselves. But I think we do well to recognize ourselves and be proud of whatever accomplishments we make.

I think the training that the *Black Ink* staff has gotten, whether they are journalism majors or not, is valuable for coping with the many struggles in life. You perhaps most of all can testify to that.

I hope that some of you will look beyond simply wanting to work for a daily at a decent wage or wanting to change the dailies to something the Black community can relate to. Instead, I hope some of you will get into Black press as owners of weeklies. The need is as pressing today as it was 150 years ago.

The Black press needs workers more than we need journalists. Someday the distinction will become evident.

Again I congratulate you and your staff for one Helluva good job under some very heavy circumstances. Much luck and success in the future.