

The Tar Heel

82nd Year of Editorial Freedom

All unsigned editorials are the opinion of the editor. Letters and columns represent the opinions of others.

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An introduction: Summer Tar Heel

Yes, it is true. Let's try to get it straight from the beginning this summer: *The Tar Heel* will be published twice a week, Tuesday and Friday mornings.

Now, normally we wouldn't take up your valuable time or *The Tar Heel's* space to tell you something like that, but so many camp followers have dropped by the office to either wish us well, or complain that they can't find a paper, we simply must tell you now, this is the first issue of a semi-weekly publication.

And another thing, hopefully you shouldn't have any trouble finding a copy of the paper if you just look in the right places (the Carolina Union, the Y Court, etc.). The main advantage this summer is the delivery time. Last summer and for years before, *The Tar Heel* was delivered in the afternoon. We humbly submit that in a stroke of

genius *The Tar Heel's* editors have set forth onto broad new horizons and late night work to turn *The Tar Heel* into a morning publication. That way, you can get a copy before the afternoon work crews take them all home to their puppies and parakeets.

Logically, if you go back to the same place where you picked up this copy, you should find another there Friday morning, but if you are the adventurous type, look around any of the open dorms, the Scuttlebutt, Granville Towers, Memorial Hospital, the Law School, or even Hector's and the Carolina Coffee Shop on Franklin Street.

Pssst... by the way, if there are any budding journalists or even downright scholars out there in the real world, you might consider dropping by *The Daily Tar Heel* office in the Carolina Union just to see what's happening.

Big car sales drop: Detroit raises prices

The major U.S. auto makers lost millions of dollars during the first quarter of this year as big car sales fell during the gas shortage. GM's profits fell 85 per cent, Ford's 66 per cent and Chrysler made only half what it did a year ago.

Auto manufacturers have never been ones to take losses lightly and their compensatory strategy has now become apparent. Americans will be buying small cars that use less gas, and Detroit will obligingly make more of them. However, the manufacturers will soon be charging as much for their small cars as they used to charge for the big ones.

Last Monday, GM announced its third price increase since September, an average rise of 1.9 per cent. The average price rise on its large cars was just over one per cent, while the price of a Vega, GM's sub-compact car, was hiked 5.3 per cent.

During the last year, the price of a Vega has risen 20 per cent while a full-size Chevrolet costs only four per cent more than it did last May.

Other U.S. manufacturers have announced similar increases. The price of a Ford Pinto, for example, has risen three times more than the price of Ford's least expensive full-size car.

One reason for these increases is to provide incentive for big car buyers; big cars now cost proportionately less than they used to. The manufacturers could, however, have provided incentive in a manner that benefited the buyers as well as themselves. They could have improved the design of their big cars so they averaged more than eight miles per gallon. But this would have taken research and considerable effort, and that is not Detroit's method of operation. They have, as usual, taken the most expedient means to extricate themselves from their problem.

If price increases continue on their present pattern, auto manufacturers will soon be making as much money as they used to.

This will solve Detroit's problems, but no one else's.

—Joel Brinkley

DAY OF THE DUCK

A NOAH'S ARK PRODUCTION

FILMED IN CHAPEL HILL, N.C.



Editor's notebook

Armageddon in urban Chapel Hill

This town's not big enough for the 29,512 of us. At some point, some time in the past, the Village grew to be a town, and then somewhere further along the way got the incredible idea it could be a city.

Incredible: adj. (L. *credibilis*—*credere*) not believable, improbable or unlikely to the point of unbelief.

No... it's just not possible for this town to become a city, not even a small one.

Yes... we've already tried to set all the rules which seemingly follow in the steps of seeming progress; we've pushed the Franklin Street flower ladies into an alley underneath a fire escape; we've established an appearance commission to decide whether or not a building would look better where it is or some place else; we've put our dogs on leashes, or most of them, anyway; we've made parking a miracle worthy of the pope or any saint on down the line; we've jammed the area with apartments here and there plus a few extras just outside of the municipal limits; we've gone to war with the county commissioners, the state legislature, Governor Holshouser and anyone else who would indulge in a little verbal fisticuffs; we have in short, fellow citizens, doomed ourselves to urban Armageddon.

The end will come slowly no doubt, in short spasms of nausea and refuse building to the point where

developers will no longer find anymore village atmosphere to prostitute into pecuniary value.

NCNB will pack its three stories of steel, glass and cash and fade into some nice urban skyline sunset while Roberts Associates will try to sell all its Chapel Hill holdings to IT&T and buy up what's left of Hillsborough's greenery so there can be, yes, even more apartments for all of we gullible sardines to stack our scaly sides into plaster-coated walls.

Surely when the end comes, the board of alderpeople will be debating over those biting issues of our time, bicycle paths and the Horace Williams annual open house.

Meanwhile Watergate flows on down the river, apparently into eventual oblivion; baseball's greatest slugger still opens his mail to read "Dear Nigger"; and the world's greatest living writer wonders about the fate of his family. If those aren't enough for you, we can talk about Patricia Hearst for a while, or England's economy, or King Faisal's oil, or Chile, or famine in Africa, on and on... blah, blah... ad infinitum.

You know we've got trouble and I know we've got trouble; the point is that it's not just the rest of the world; we've got trouble right here in River City.

Now don't go writing letters to the editor saying Elliott Warnock doesn't know that there really is trouble in the world. (Just wait, somebody will do it.) Walking down Franklin Street, U.S.A., we can see the averted eyes staring down at the pavement, we can see

the trash lying around the campus, we don't see parking spaces. And just in case you say I'm crying in my beer and I'm just a *Goodbye Mr. Chips* nostalgia freak, let me tell you friend; I can remember back to the times when not only were there parking spaces, not only that; I can remember when members of the Chapel Hill public community could get tickets to the basketball games. That's right... everyday members of middle class America could watch basketball in person. Now don't tell me that was wrong.

No, the good old days are good and gone. We live in the present, in (each) modern Chapel Hill. The University Mall and Granville Towers are here to stay, just like the University. The overriding question that remains with all these fabulous structures is how many more such gems as the NCNB parking deck will be built; how many more times will permanent problems be dodged with temporary answers.

What's worse the UNC student body will probably sit back on its collective haunches and watch as the world goes by and Chapel Hill goes down the gutter.

HA! you say... what can one little old student do? Well, for starters you might try speaking up once in a while, get up out of your comfy bean-bag chair and say something, anything. Think it through before you shoot off your mouth of course; you don't want to make a fool of yourself, but you would be more of a fool to just sit back and watch as what's left of this town disappears into a pyramid of parking decks.

The revolution in SLA style burns itself out

Is nothing sacred?

The Symbionese Liberation Army in its war against the insect or pig or state—for whatever good cause it is fighting—has reached a new low: shoplifting.

The Harris had to shoot their way out of a store after being accused of shoplifting a pair of socks. They managed to escape but not without first dropping a gun, peppering the store front with bullet holes and letting Los Angeles know that the SLA was in town.

Meanwhile, General Field Marshal Cinque and companions hid out in a home for which they paid \$100 a night. They could have gotten a place in the Holiday Inn cheaper. They flashed their guns around again, somebody got scared and tipped off the police.

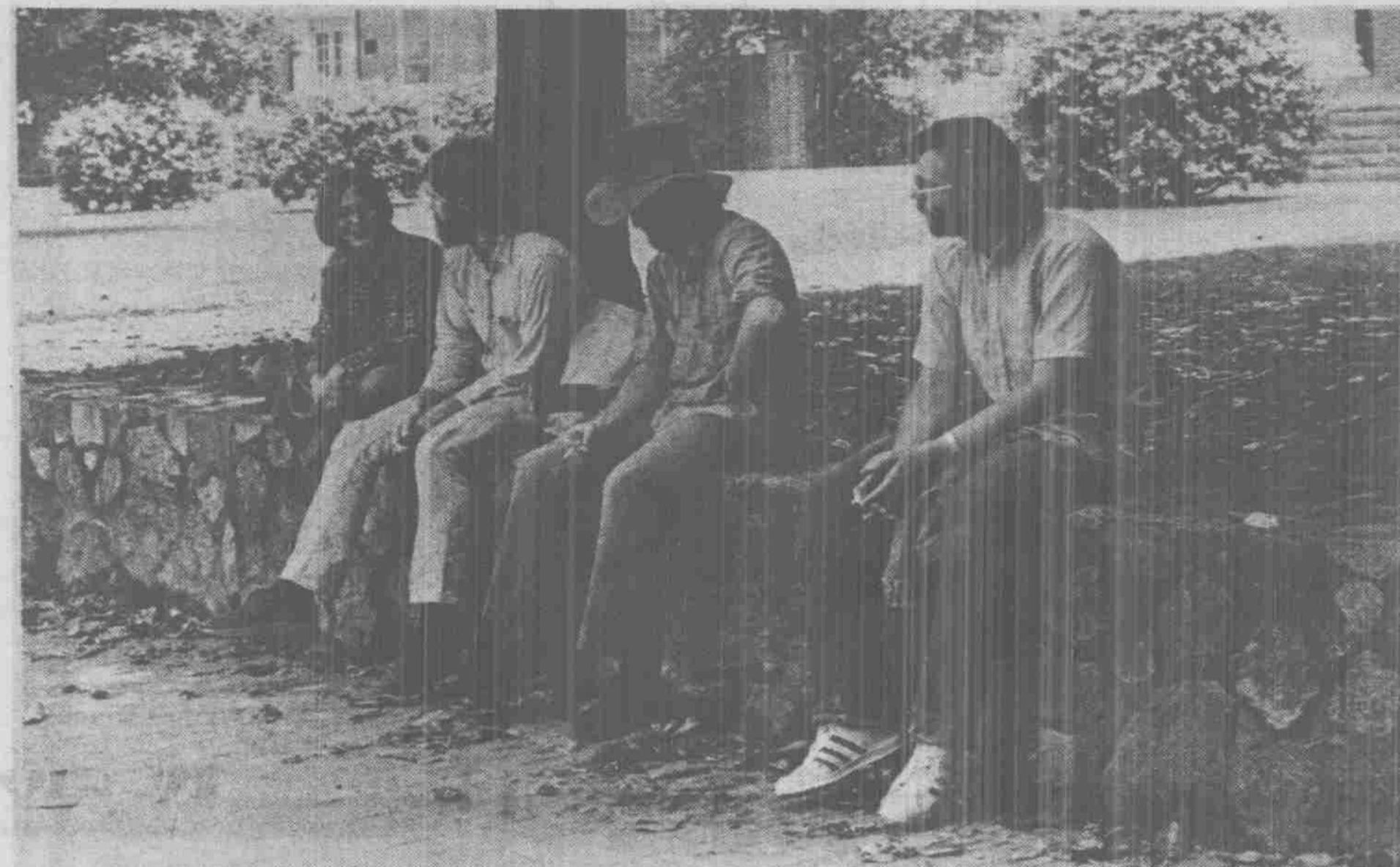
Then, in one of the most one-sided battles since Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid took on the whole Bolivian army, the FBI provided the evening's entertainment for thousands of Americans as they watched a massacre live on TV. The result was six charred bodies and not one cop killed.

The purpose of the SLA's moving to Los Angeles was twofold: first, to escape the pressure of the San Francisco area, and second to bomb the campaign headquarters of San Francisco's Mayor Alioto. But their Bonnie and Clyde style of commanding at least three cars and their itchy trigger fingers made them a vulnerable target rather than providing needed protection. Now the name of the game is to lie low and quiet, plan some spectacular caper, and spring it suddenly.

The next thing to be looking for from the SLA is another tape by Tania declaring herself to be the new Field Marshal General for the SLA. Then be ready to see Tania walk into the Student Stores, shoplift some No-Doz and have it all captured on those hidden cameras for the evening news.

After watching it on TV over a cold beer, the world will know that the revolution we were all waiting for in the '60s has finally come, only to burn itself out in Los Angeles.

—CB Gaines



LuAnn Jones

Summertime: living is easy

If you've never experienced Chapel Hill in the summer—welcome.

The pace is slow around here. It's a forget-your-troubles-and-relax kind of town. Activity changes tempo from a four-four to a six-eight rhythm May through August.

Despite rumors that Chapel Hill is quickly losing the village atmosphere, a small-town manner still pervades in the downtown area for the most part.

Take a stroll down Franklin Street about noon and you'll see what I mean.

Lolling on the Post Office steps, jean-clad students take a break just to watch the world go by. They sit, absorbing the sun's heat and, at the same time, are oppressed by that boiling blaze, as if waiting for some supernatural power to come along and move them.

Across the street more young people lounge on the wall, sitting cross-legged so the impression of the stones will remain on their ankles long after they leave their vigil.

Near the corner of the University Methodist Church lawn a huge old magnolia tree just beginning to bloom gives off a delicious fragrance and blessed mid-day shade.

Pertly-dressed secretaries file out of Baskin-Robbins, exchanging office gossip and trying to stay one lick ahead of their rapidly melting tutti-frutti mint nut sherbet.

Bisbort and Swallow

Weekends in Chapel Hill

If God had not wanted us to drink, He would not have made Chapel Hill.

That is to say, there is very little to do in Chapel Hill during the summer weekends. Summer movies range from bad to worse and are best seen under an alcoholic haze. There are no dinner theatres, no nightclubs, no liquor by the drink, no brothels, no concerts, no places to dance.

What we do have are bars, beer bars and lots of them. We have five hip bars, ranging from subtle hip (Cat's Cradle) to bluegrass hip (Endangered Species) to down and out freak hip (Town Hall). We have an old jock/frat bar (The Tavern) and a new jock/frat bar (McCauley's). We have a preppy bar (The Shack). We have a gay bar (The Electric Co.) We have a teenie bopper bar (The Hideaway). And we have a hard hat bar (Scoreboard).

What more could anyone want? All manner and variation of bars. And so, on the summer weekends in Chapel Hill, we drink. Over and over come the sounds of

someone having a good time. Just like the jive TV beer commercials with the burley-chested sideburned grunts who come off the imitation old ships and throw their ring tops all over the beach. They're just having a good time. Good old boys. Don't you just hate them?

Don't you think you're above such macho nonsense? Don't you think that you ain't no animal? I'm polite and mannerly when I drink, you think. Bullshit. You are as slobbery and skunk drunk as the rest of them (even if it's only in your head.)

Town Hall's a dive and that's from someone who ought to know. But don't let that scare you. Nothing like an onion bagel after you can't see from all that beer. Can't walk either. (Why do you do such things to yourself? Well, got any better ideas?) Town Hall is also good if you want someone to fall over you or make a pass at you. It's sometimes called Pick Up City and if it's freaks you want, Town Hall is the place.

On the other hand, if you want to be jostled by preppies in starched tennis shirts go to The Shack at night. Preppies always have good loudmouth drunks.

At the Scoreboard the lights are so low, it's hard to tell who's there. You can play with the knobs on each table's individual juke box selector. And with the lights so low you can pretend to be whatever you want.

There is something for everybody. That is, if you want to drink beer. You could go to the ABC store at Eastgate where they don't ask for an I.D. and take a bottle home and drink like a true ice bucket alcoholic, or put it up on the shelf and impress yourself.

Or you could stay at home and watch T.V. and pretend you aren't at college or in Chapel Hill.

Everything you always heard about Chapel Hill and Carolina and drinking is probably true. You can be cynical if you want, but well, if God hadn't wanted us to drink...

The summer Tar Heel not only welcomes, but urges the expression of all points of view on the editorial page through the letters to the editor. Although the newspaper reserves the right to edit all letters for libelous statements and good taste, we urge you to write us, whatever your problem, point of view or comment.

Letters should be limited to 300 words and must include the name, address and phone number of the writer. We will not print a letter without knowing the writer's name. Type letters on a 60 space line. Submit them to the Tar Heel office in the Student Union.

The Tar Heel

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