

The Daily Tar Heel

77 Years of Editorial Freedom



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Forced To Leave A 'Foreign Land'

Horror grips us as we watch you die.
All we can do is echo your anguished cries.
Stare as all human feelings die.
We are leaving, you don't need us.

Go take a sister, then, by the hand.
Lead her away from this foreign land.
Far away, where we might laugh again.
We are leaving, you don't need us.

And it's a fair wind, blowin' warm out of the south.
Over my shoulder, Guess I'll set a course and go.

—David Crosby & Stephen Stills
"Wooden Ships"

These are sad lyrics to a sad song, a song about the young men of America and where they are going. Which is out of the country.

Bobby Nowell

Kirk Envy's Youth

Gov. Claude Kirk of Florida last week paid an unannounced visit to the West Palm Beach Pop Festival where thousands of students and music lovers had gathered for a Thanksgiving holiday of rock and roll sounds.

Immediately, one youth was arrested when he refused to tell the governor his home town. While Sunshine State policemen were dragging the long-haired lad to the paddy wagon, Kirk heard the angry, shouted protests of his fellow festival-goers. "You risk the possibility of turning this festival into a revolution by arresting someone who has done nothing wrong." To which the governor replied crisply, "Good."

Kirk next caused an uproar by declaring he would do all he could to "insure that Florida never has another pop festival." Explaining the arrest of a person who had broken no laws, Kirk said, "People think they can come down here and play. Well, we're going to show them they can't."

Rock festivals, from Monterey to Woodstock, have always drawn some criticism from elected officials, but never such utterly unreasoning contempt from such as the governor of a state. Florida, at that, the province which proudly touts itself as the play and ironic capital of the nation. Can it be that a state which entertains millions of tourists a year—comprising the lifeblood of its economy—cannot tolerate a sudden influx of about 50,000 kids who, like the music they love, vanish almost as soon as they appear?

What inspires Claude Kirk to try to curtail the peace and fun which draws young people to pop festivals?

Primarily, it is envy. Attending a rock festival represents a microcosm of the impossible, a living-out of the definition of the good life that defies the American dream; forget that steady job, keep crazy hours, get stoned, play music, draw constant attention, and never worry about money.

Young people see ads in the magazines—the gray-haired couple in the rowboat, the happy wife handing her happy mate a worm for his fishing pole. "If you squirrel away now for the future you can retire at sixty and have a cottage on the lake." The reasoning behind this scene—years of working, saving, putting off, sacrificing—has no meaning to an

Mark Rodin

Killing Brought Contempt For War

Ever since the beginning of civilization man has engaged in the business of war. Through two world wars and two major continuous "Cold War" conflicts, Korea and Vietnam, we who live in the twentieth century have witnessed the evolution of mass modern warfare. This modern warfare has two main goals, the mass destruction of the enemy's property, and the slaughter of large numbers of civilians.

Our parents have seen and may have participated in such mass destructions of life and limb as Dresden and Hiroshima. There are many other countless occurrences which are too numerous to be mentioned here.

Yet to the minds of many Americans, there has always been a vast moral difference between the impersonal

Letters to the editor must be typed on a fifty-space line and double-spaced. All letters must be signed.

All letters to the editor are welcomed by the editorial staff, regardless of the opinions and ideas presented within them.

Letters should be addressed to the associate editor, care of the Daily Tar Heel.

There are probably statistics which indicate the number of expatriates from the United States to Canada and other havens from the draft. But the figures are not important; if they show, which they

may, that only an insignificant number have actually left the country, they will still prove nothing.

The tragedy is that these men feel forced to leave at all. The tragedy, as Crosby and Stills have said, is that America has become a "foreign land."

Vietnam and the draft are the villains, but they are only symptomatic of a pervading villainous atmosphere. A young man cannot pack up and leave his home without good reason, without having become so totally alienated from his environment that roots are easily snapped off and any other way of life is preferable to his present existence.

He has only to look around him at the new philosophy America has quietly adopted, and he can see little hope for retribution. It is a philosophy which places young men around a teletype

machine in a macabre game of National Russian Roulette; which pays a Vietnamese woman five thousand dollars for her husband and drops murder

charges against eight Green Berets; which condones genocide like Song My and has U.S. senators blame such occurrences on marijuana; which spends tens of billions of dollars to collect moon rocks while

earth rocks are being thrown through the windows of our starving, burning cities; which makes films like "Easy Rider" normal, and even worse, necessary.

When the American flag becomes the symbol of pride and prejudice rather than hope, how much more attractive seems

the peaceful, maple-leaved banner of Canada.

As yet, there is no general amnesty for draft exiles; it hardly seems the type of thing the Nixon Administration will initiate. So, for now, the decision to leave is not made rashly; it involves a strict

limitation of freedom. The Statue of Liberty cannot include these young men in her "poor huddled masses, yearning to

be free." And they can never go home again.

Let the Silent Majority, which blindly and chauvinistically nurtures the Vietnam War, call these exiles "cowards, pinkos, Communists, scum." They are, in many

cases, the best young minds and bodies of America's young. They are the idealists, the poets, the thinkers, the leaders of tomorrow. And they are leaving.



Letters To The Editor

SDS Meeting: 'Obnoxious'

One grows accustomed to the ceaseless banter of the various radical tracts which are everywhere peddled on the campus. However, the recently circulated invitation to attend an SDS organizational meeting is especially obnoxious and warrants negative response. This circular is critical of a lack of student support for workers, and cites that "No longer can we ally with the University and SAGA in roles that will sooner or later only help the University and hurt the workers."

It appears to me that there is serious confusion of organizational roles among those sympathetic to the workers. Since when is the University or SAGA obligated to make work for the unemployed? The University is in the education business. It feels that the providing of campus eating facilities can be provided at the lowest cost to the students and most efficiently by private enterprise, as have concluded many other large schools. Support for this conclusion is demonstrated by the lack of efficiency and high prices found in public utilities and the student store, two areas where the University has its fingers.

SAGA, like any other business, needs to operate at a profit, while at the same time providing fair prices. It cannot do this by maintaining a work force artificially inflated by unreasonable union demands.

The tactics of the workers have been especially obnoxious. Spurred on by the ready student support which they received last year when their grievances were more legitimate, they have continually exploited the good will of guilt-ridden middle class students and professors who are just waiting for a chance to assuage their consciences.

Fortunately, both SAGA and the University have withstood the various intimidations of the workers. I would hope that most students, also, will avoid jumping on an irrational SDS bandwagon that leads to nowhere, without carefully examining the legitimacy of the worker's grievances which might not even have been considered as such had not the majority of the workers been black.

Henry A. Whitfield

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Mr. Friday Is The Last Hope

The crisis on this campus seems to revolve about the question "Who works here?" The critical issue is one of determining which party, or parties, must address themselves to resolving the crisis by assuming responsibility.

SAGA has the responsibility of operating the food service under the terms of its contract with the University. It has the responsibility of insuring equity for its employees.

The responsibility, however, does not end with SAGA. The University has a great deal of responsibility, both to the workers and to the members of this University community.

It was the University which last spring made promises to the striking cafeteria workers in order to end the strike; and it was the University which last spring hired SAGA, but which in no conceivable way thus dissolved its responsibility, both legal and moral, to the workers.

Now, however, the University chooses to function as merely an "interested" third party, thus, effectively, imagining it can slide away from its position of responsibility.

Chancellor Sitterson told the Faculty Council Friday in no clear terms what the official position of the University is in the matter of the strike. The University, Mr. Sitterson explained, wants to see a "just" (or whatever his rhetoric was) settlement of the strike.

Unfortunately, the Chancellor has told us nothing. Nothing—that seems to be what Mr. Sitterson is best at saying. That is about all he said last spring during the strike and the consequence was that Governor Scott superseded the Chancellor's authority and settled the strike himself.

But the question now is not one of how the state keeps its family in

order. The question is whether the University is going to step out of its position in the jelly in an effort to do something consistent with its position of responsibility.

Mr. Sitterson does not seem willing to take a stand. So we ought to realize he is not the man to expect answers from. Perhaps President Friday can be looked to as the one man in this University who is both willing and able to make a substantial move towards ending the strike and insuring equity and justice for the food service workers.

The University has the power, as defined in the University-SAGA contract, to fire SAGA. Using that power, the University is in the position to tell SAGA what terms must be agreed on to end the strike, and if SAGA fails to agree to those terms, SAGA can be fired.

We imagine Mr. Friday realizes what is at stake in this strike and what power and responsibility the University actually has for ending the strike. The precedent in the past year in questions of food worker strikes on this campus has been for the University to lose its power to act constructively because it has remained silent.

That was the case last spring, and it was the case Thursday night when violence occurred between the Chapel Hill Police and the picketers outside Lenoir Hall.

It promises to happen again. SAGA announced Friday it had requested Governor Scott to inject the state into the situation. That request, if complied with by the Governor, would once again demonstrate the impotency of the University in handling its own affairs.

Mr. Friday has the power and the responsibility to act so as to remedy both the failure of the University and the grievances of the workers.

We suggest he use it.

Flash From A Deep, Dark Past

The following editorial appeared in the Daily Tar Heel on January 15, 1932 under the headline, "Shines De Luxe." Strange as it may seem, the editorial was rediscovered purely by accident.

There is no more pathetic figure to be found among groups of people than the individuals whose affection and efforts to be different from their fellows signals (sic) them out for the contempt of the many. Psychologists have agreed that these unfortunates, unable to adapt themselves to their surroundings, are suffering from a mental condition that is neither normal nor healthy. We see mild cases all around us of the young man who makes loud remarks and noises at the movies and in other ways endeavors to attract the attention that he feels is being denied him. Such types are, however, suffering from adolescence and usually emerge safe and healthy.

There exists, unfortunately, a smaller group whose condition is far graver and whose reactions are in proportion far more intense and obnoxious. The long-haired communist and the pseudo-literary enthusiast are but two of this class that are prevalent at colleges. A normal person may, and in many cases does, possess a belief in communism and a keen interest in the arts, but those who do and are normal, do not bend every effort to focus attention on their feelings

and attempt to gain recognition or notoriety through these channels. The sincere and genuine disciple of such interests is, as a rule, the quietest and most unobtrusive of people. A small group, suffering from acute inferiority complexes, often seize upon such comparatively remote interests, and by manifesting their supposed zeal in outlandishness and extremeness, seek to gain the name of genius or intelligentsia. This type also revels in persecution and abuse which enables them to assume the role of martyrs misunderstood by the herd and sacrificed to their lofty and noble ideals.

Groups such as these may, and have, become dangerous to the welfare of the group as a whole. Representing not an iota of the general opinion, they often succeed by vigorous publicity seeking in bringing unfavorable results to an innocent majority. They must remember that they are not normal but in a measure diseased (sic), hence "more to be pitied than censured." We must handle them with kindness and a sense of humor. Grant the freedom they profess to seek, endeavor to ignore their obnoxiousness, cease to attack them and soon finding themselves unable to shine they will subside into the unenlightened but normal herd.

There's some fine sentiments there. That's January 15, 1932.