

The Daily Tar Heel

78 Years of Editorial Freedom



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Some Thoughts On The Aftermath Of An Election

I have just been through quite an experience. Running for editor, that is. It has been at once the most repugnant and enlightening experience of my life. Now that it is over, I am at last free again to say some things that I could not say during the campaign—things so reprehensible that I could scarcely contain them during the home stretch. But I did.



You see, one of my distinguished opponents accused me on more than one occasion of hypocrisy, by keeping my "high editorial position" while publicly maintaining "how bad the paper is."

Then, too, there was always the "danger" that I, as Associate Editor, might use Page Two as a political playground to advance my own campaign. Thus I have restrained myself from setting down a few thoughts about the absurdities of the political system in which we operate—a system, which, incidentally, is a microcosm of American politics.

As a preface to my remarks, let me make it clear (to borrow Tricky Dick's cliché) that I am in no way embittered by my "defeat" at the polls. My closest friends (there are about four of them) will tell you that I know I never had a chance to win. Why, then, did I run?

It is a question that I have asked myself many times since declaring my candidacy about a month ago.

Basically, I made the race to insure that the student body would have a choice between two solid, competent journalists who have believed in and worked on the Daily Tar Heel—not political opportunists who have given, at most, lip service to the paper. With Tom Gooding and myself in the race, I somewhat idealistically hoped that perhaps the student body could penetrate the sludge of half-truths comprising the "qualifications" of the other candidates and send one or both of us into the runoff election. My faith has been rewarded on one count.

You see, it is important that the next edition of the Daily Tar Heel be good, very good. The anti-DTH reactionaries have failed with their funding referendum this year; but if the paper displays similar problems next year, the issue may be revived.

The editor of next year's paper must be a journalist with proven abilities as an administrator, writer, and tactician. In view of this, there should be no real necessity for soul-searching to determine your vote in the runoff.

The next editor must be one who is willing to transcend personal differences and hire the best journalists available for the paper. Only through this can the paper be restored to its former very prestigious level.

Throughout my own campaign, I emphasized the necessity of abolishing the "spoils system" which has kept the best journalists of this university off the paper's payroll. I repeat that necessity: the winning candidate must hire qualified journalists even those who did not support him, for the sake of the DTH.

I'm not opting for a job in writing this. I'll admit I am in a very precarious position at present, but I believe I can predict what plans the runoff candidates might have for me. One of the candidates has already indicated that I will not be retained because "he has lost respect" for me—assuming of course, that he ever had any respect in the first place.

I believe I have something to contribute to the paper, but if the winning candidate decides otherwise, that will just be my tough luck. And that brings up one of the most loathsome things which this campaign—any campaign—produces.

Talk to any member of the current DTH staff and ask whether they were approached with threats of unemployment if they didn't support this

or that candidate. Ninety-nine percent of them will say "Yes, I was threatened if I didn't support —."

Now I'm in the same boat, although at this writing I have not yet been approached about my support.

You may be assured, however, that my endorsement will arise from my knowledge of the journalistic abilities of the candidate—not from threats, bribes, or friendships. I will support the man who can give this campus a good DTH next year.

What I have said so far indicates my thorough disgust with only a few of the aspects of "politicking." There are many more.

I entered the campaign with no idea of how to play the game. The rules, I found, were apparently few and simple: go door-to-door in the dorms and talk to as many people as you possibly can, get your best face on about a million campaign posters and strew them all over campus, get the support of as many friends as possible and have them talk to people, spend money like crazy, and tell lies.

Well, I didn't write the rules, and I didn't see the wisdom of some of them. I wish I had a dime for every person who said, "Gonna run for editor, eh? Better get that hair cut, boy, or you'll never have a prayer."

I also rebelled at peddling misinformation or untruths in order to get votes. John Agar says I have "a fear of being compromised." Perhaps true; however, it is my belief that a candidate must first get himself elected—on the basis of what he stands for—before he can be in a position to compromise his own beliefs for the overall good of the university.

In short, I didn't believe that I should try to mask my own feelings on a given

subject. I believe candidates owe the electorate the unadulterated information about their own philosophies. Therefore, unlike most of the other candidates, I didn't go around telling people things they wanted to hear—I told them what I thought.

And sometimes, my conviction backfired on me. There was the night I got in a violent argument about ROTC, and the night a guy took a swing at me because I said I thought the Committee for a Free Press was trying to kill the DTH.

More often than not, however, people were willing to listen to me. And this was the most gratifying part of the campaign. Some of the talks I had with individuals and groups, were, I feel, very beneficial to both parties.

The frustrations, however, much outnumbered the pleasanties. I'll never forget the malice of some people, like the local newspaper pro who growled, "The University will close down the DTH if that son of a bitch gets elected editor."

I'll never forget putting up posters at night, and having them torn down 30 minutes later by workers for other candidates. I'll never forget the way people said, "Yes, I think you're the best man; you did a helluva job this year. But I'm voting for . . ."

I'll never forget the presidential candidate who said, "Man, if you don't stop going to classes, you'll never get around to meeting enough people."

And the worst epithet of all those flung at me during the campaign: "Goddamn politico."

I'm not a martyr. But I'm certainly not a politico. I ran my campaign in the way I thought I could be the most true to myself.

And the record will show that Bobby Nowell ran fourth in the race for Daily Tar Heel editor on March 17, 1970.

Free Press Loses With Hades Invocation

The overwhelming defeat of the referendum to do away with the compulsory funding of the Tar Heel speaks for itself. The students, who turned out to vote in numbers surpassing any in recent history, want the Tar Heel regardless of their specific reasons.

Much criticism was directed at the newspaper by those opposed to the required student fee. Apparently that criticism was not enough to convince the students that the Tar Heel does not belong on campus in its present form.

The defeat of the referendum does not necessarily mean, however, that the Tar Heel is now exonerated of criticism, but by the same token, it does not mean the criticism was necessarily valid.

There is, of course, always room for improvement. And the newspaper, of course, is

not above criticism.

An interesting encore to the Free Press campaign against the Tar Heel was a statement Tuesday, after the defeat of the referendum, by a member of the Free Press group. Last fall, the group sent a letter to the Chancellor stating it believed the newspaper had "rendered itself undesirable for University subsidization" by, for one thing, the "use of obscene and profane language in its editorial columns."

One of the words the Free Press people objected to seeing in the newspaper was "hell."

On Tuesday night, after the defeat of the referendum, Paul King, who signed that letter to the Chancellor, had this to say: "I don't feel I should shut up because 80 per cent of the student body feels they can take my money for something they enjoy. To hell with them."

Ah, the justice of it!

Education Here A Matter Of Forced Toilet Training

The Committee on University Residential Life (CURL) meets today at 4 p.m. to discuss the visitation policy for next year. The Student Legislature has recommended a policy of 24-hour, seven-day-a-week visitation. Dean of Men James Cansler opposes such a wide-open policy, however.

CURL has asked for students to express themselves on this matter, but there has been only a small response to that request.

It seems, in the final analysis, that students have virtually no way of effectively moving things in this University. Once an individual becomes a student, he becomes a possession of the Universities. He does not make his own rules; they are made for him. He is told how to live, where to live, what courses to take, what courses not to take . . . the list is painfully long and inclusive.

The administration operates with the impression that it has both the power and obligation, as well as the ability, to make the rules which govern the lives of the students.

What effect such a value-system actually has on the students as human beings is difficult to discern. But that it is a negative one is not hard to calculate. As educators of human beings, the administrators of this University are working with a system that handles students as if they were dogs that must be taught to salivate when the bell rings.

Students are human beings, not animals to be trained. Their knowledge must derive from naked experience, not from sterile, presumptuous methods of training. A belief is no belief if it is forced into a student's head. It is valuable only if the student possesses it on the basis of his own experience, an experience which has been free of control.

It is generally accepted, for instance, that parents who forcefully toilet-train their children are going to bring up confused children with no sense of order. But children who are permitted to do their business with no fear of being punished if they do it in the wrong place or at the wrong time are going to be in control of their lives, emotionally and otherwise, when they get older.

To continue the analogy, the administration of this University, with its system of rules and punishments, is going about toilet-training in the less human and less positive way.

But to get back to the original point. Students have little say about what happens around here. The reasons are not easily found, but they exist basically as an integral part of the value-system of the administrators of this University.

If students are going to exert any control at all, they are going to have to take the initiative. They are going to have to vocalize their feelings.

In the present matter of the visitation policy, it might not be a bad idea for students concerned with getting the kind of policy they want to make known to CURL their feelings. CURL is meeting at 4 p.m. today. If students drop by the Dean of Men's office today before 4, someone up there might get the idea that students actually do have thoughts on some matters.

Abortion

The passage Wednesday by the New York state senate of a bill for the most liberal abortion law in the nation is a long-overdue step in the right direction.

The new bill, if passed by the state assembly, will leave the decision on an abortion up to the woman and her doctor. Unlike similar legislation passed earlier this year in Hawaii, the New York proposal has no residency requirement.

That means that if the law is passed, any woman in the country could probably get a legal abortion in New York if she really wanted one.

That's a good thing. Abortion is a matter which should be decided by the human being in question—the mother-to-be. By natural law, she has the right to determine the course of her own life. The values of a society should not be so great as to impede the individual from making by herself the decisions which are going to affect her life.

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John Agar

'Alice's Restaurant': The Drug Bust Scene

Pauvre America! "laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked, sweating, proud"—reduced to bawling college kids for possession. If drugs are to be this nation's main object of moral indignation in the seventies, what can one say except—poor America!

It recalls the old question: don't the police have anything useful to do—besides playing at Alice's Restaurant? Can't local and federal officials find anything more worth their time than some kids in pursuit of their private life, liberty, and happiness? There's poverty, racism, a crisis in the schools, a widening chasm of disbelief between what government says and what people think. Surely, any of these is fertile ground for innovative, imaginative leadership.

The question is even more to the point because we have today an ability unparalleled in history for seeing and correcting our most grievous problems. With a little honest concern and effort, we might eradicate poverty, we might make headway against inequality and the disillusionment which is the malaise of our generation.

It's disheartening, then, to see America take up the standard with a vengeance and march off on a bogus crusade. This one is against drugs, though there are subsidiary dragons on the way—obscenity, conspiracy, and, of course, the devil, dissent.

It's depressing because we know, after all, that this isn't a real crusade; it's a dishonorable retreat from the issues. Drug busts and the rest seem to be America's way of dissipating energies which might otherwise be stirred into a recognition of the real problems before it.

The situation is not without paradox. Americans seem always to have detested lifestyles differing from their own—and always with the undefined fear that the difference might be catching. This is the justification for drug and obscenity laws: that dope and dirt tend somehow to the inefficiency and corruption of the larger society, of which you are a part, and through which the erring one is—alas!—occultly tangent to you, your wife—your daughter.

Letters To The Editor

'SAGA, Administration Linked In Evil'

It was about this time last year that Chancellor Sitterson appeared before the student body in Memorial Hall to announce his concern and regret regarding the unfortunate and oppressive conditions cafeteria workers had been subjected to for the last decade. Moreover, he made promises of meeting worker grievances, and when a few days later, the cafeteria workers received a slight wage increase the administration for once seemed to be taking the side of the workers. Or so it appeared. Students are aware, however, that appearance and reality are hardly synonymous. In short, what the Chancellor says on the one hand does not mean that he will act upon it on the other.

In fact, the real intent of the Chancellor's speech last spring was to hide the real oppressive and racist role of the university under a cloak of neutrality

and aloofness. Students will recall, for instance, that the Chancellor deplored the racist mentality of one manager, Prilliman, and claimed innocence because he was unaware of the facts.

By pawing the burden of blame off on his bureaucratic agents and by playing dumb the Chancellor after his sobbing speech (he refused to answer questions afterwards) slinked off the stage and escaped the blame he justly deserved—blame which he still deserves today. For today, nearly one year later, the conditions of the cafeteria workers are much worse. Because of the situation, one of two conclusions must be drawn. Either the Chancellor is an ignoramus or an oppressor. With due respect for the man, we feel he is the latter.

In the past year, he, the administration and SAGA have demonstrated lucidly that they are opposed to the cafeteria workers' struggle for decent working conditions. That is, they are a part of a problem that explains why 29.7 million persons are poor today and why another 15 million hover just above the \$3000 poverty line. To understand the validity of this statement students must strip illusion from reality and take an objective look at the events of the last year.

In September of 1969, 142 workers were employed by SAGA Food Services. Today only 51 workers remain employed. Of the 98 that joined the union in December, only 22 remain. Granted the University found jobs for those who were laid off legally according to the terms of the December contract ratified by the AFSCME Union and SAGA; yet, what about the additional 31 workers, all union members who have been laid off unconditionally and illegally?

What of these 31 workers who have been denied their fundamental rights as workers, rights which they have been heroically struggling for the last past year? Are they to set idly by drawing no paychecks as the administration and SAGA would like them to do?

Students must realize that the administration's promises have been

nothing more than one huge hoax. Indeed, the Chancellor and his colleagues have clearly shown that when their own purse is at stake they can ruthlessly deny just incomes to other people. Nor is it difficult to understand why they have been successful at exploiting workers. They have the powerful support of the police, big business and the judicial system. As a result, if the workers are to preserve their gains of last December, they will need power to combat power, and students must add to their power by allying with the workers in their struggle.

Peter Gallaudet
No Address

Posters Hinder Cleanup Campaign

Dear Editor:
I guess that some people just have more money than they have anything else. When I walk around this beautiful campus I always find posters and placards galore, something that never fails to aggravate me. If the people (i.e. politicians) who are so interested in cleaning up our environment would kindly keep their trashy rubbish off the walls and boards of this town and campus possibly we might have a cleaner place.

Can you just imagine the amount of money that is wasted every year on these posters? I realize that some are necessary, but to see dozens scattered around on the ground should surely point to the fact that something has to be done about littering. Why do these people have to waste money to try and attract attention only to win a few votes? I ask that in silent protest that if you see any candidate's posters in an abundant quantity on the ground that you do not vote for him, no matter what the circumstances. Obviously that person is not very interested in the cleanliness of Chapel Hill's environment.

ERVIN RAY



Then bring out the glossy photos and all of officer Obie's paraphernalia . . . And as for that brawling, proud Sandburgian youth—poor, poor America!