

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tom Gooding, Editor

RCF Should Begin Student Cooperative

The Residence College Federation has decided to attack the high prices in the South Campus snack bars.

A preliminary survey, a RCF spokesman claims, shows some snack bar prices are as much as 90 per cent higher than prices for comparable items in downtown Chapel Hill—and prices in Chapel Hill are not famous for being reasonable.

The snack bars were originally intended to provide a service for students in the high rise dormitories.

However, the snack bars are under the control of the Student

Stores which has never been known for its altruistic nature.

Mark Evens, co-chairman of the RCF, also charged the hours the snack bars are open have been shortened.

Unfortunately, we feel a protest of the situation to either the officials of the Student Stores or to the administration would be fruitless.

The RCF is currently considering establishing a student cooperative that would purchase food products for sale on South Campus.

We recommend that the RCF follow this plan.

Faculty Council Useless

The Faculty Council held its first meeting of this academic year yesterday.

The meeting produced little of worth for the University community.

The council, composed of elected representatives from each department, meets regularly each month. The meetings are generally concerned with minor policy

decisions and issuing meaningless statements.

The faculty on this campus have permitted themselves to be placed in a position where they are powerless.

The administration, rather than administering University policy as decided by the faculty, has the power of considering, negotiating and deciding on University policy.

If the faculty is lucky the administration tells them what policies they will be following.

We find it unfortunate that a group as large and prestigious as the UNC faculty should have so little a part in deciding University policy.

We encourage the faculty to follow the lead of their colleagues at similar institutions by assuming a greater role in University life.

Carl Freedman

And The War Is Still With Us

When I started to consider topics for a column, my first thought was not to write about the War. It's already been written about so much, I figured, and most people are just tired of hearing of it. Even here at UNC—long an important center of political activism and the scene, last spring, of an encouraging, if somewhat confused, wave of moral indignation over the events in Cambodia and at Kent State—even here, not many people seem greatly upset of the War that drags on in Southeast Asia.

The truth, I suppose, is simply that most American, UNC students not excepted, are bored with the War. And this is a pretty frightening fact. There are some things that it is perfectly permissible to be bored with—the tensor calculus, for example, or the poetry of John Milton. But, no matter how much you have heard and done about the War,

it is not, in my opinion, morally excusable to be bored with the weekly slaughter of hundreds of Americans and Vietnamese.

Maybe you are still slightly outraged over the massacre at My Lai; read any of the excellent journalistic accounts of Vietnam, and see if there is any substantial difference between My Lai and the daily business of the War. Maybe you think that the War was once vicious but has been gradually fading away in recent months; take a look at the casualty figures that the Pentagon itself puts out, and wonder how faded the War seemed to the very real people that those impersonal impersonal numbers represent. Maybe you place some hope in the much ballyhooed Vietnamization program; ask yourself if it would be possible in other than a completely Orwellian age to have serious talk about "Vietnamizing" a Vietnamese civil war. Maybe you are even

trusting it to the Congress to keep things in decent shape: try to remember Senator McGovern's statement that "this chamber reeks of blood" after the defeat of his amendment to end the War.

All attempts to rationalize the Vietnam War away break on the rock of one simple fact: the War is still with us. People are still being killed and crippled at the behest of the United States Government for no purpose beyond that of maintaining the material comforts of such corrupt clown as Thieu and Ky and a handful of their friends.

Probably the most natural reaction to what I have written thus far is, "But what can be done about it?" This is a very good question, and one that is now much more difficult to answer than it was even six months ago. Once the anti-War forces seemed to have a wide range of tactical alternatives, but much of

of the current apathy toward the War is traceable to the feeling that few, if any, alternatives remain viable. Shall we keep writing those letters and petitions to the President? There is no evidence that they lead anywhere but to the waste paper basket. Shall we, then, vote with our feet? Last November we put together the most impressive public demonstration in the history of the country, but the President found no difficulty in ignoring half a million citizens in favor of a televised football game. Shall we attempt to stir the conscience of the American people by bearing religious witness of our opposition to the War? The Berrigan brothers sit in jail, and few seem much troubled by the fact. Shall we, as a last resort, try violent revolution? It is easy to understand the frustrations that make this an attractive idea to some people, but no one except a fool or a liar could maintain it as a serious possibility.

Obviously, I am not optimistic about the political future of America. Neither, however, do I believe that it is the time for complete despair—now quite yet. The anti-War forces still have one field that is not totally barren: and that is the United States Congress. Of course Senator McGovern was right that the Congress smelled pretty bloody after the amendment to end the War was shot down. Of course it is difficult to work up much enthusiasm for a council that gives high places to Strom Thurmond and Mendel Rivers. But it is worth remembering that, though the McGovern-Hatfield amendment failed, the Cooper-Church amendment won—at least in the Senate; and that may seem a timid step by some standards, but, by the usual Congressional standards, it was a bold and unprecedented move.

Let me end with an unashamedly partisan pitch. The Congressional elections are to be held soon, and it is quite possible, though unlikely, that we may be able to elect a Congress that is willing to take basic action against the Nixon war policy. If we accept this as a realistic goal, no single campaign is more important than the uphill fight for re-election being waged by our neighbor, Senator Gore of Tennessee. No Senator has been a more eloquent opponent of the War, and, not coincidentally, no Senator is being attacked more strongly by the Administration. Perhaps you really can't find time to work for Senator Gore yourself, but everyone can send money; the address—and inevitable feature of any unashamedly partisan pitch—is Gore for Senate, State Headquarters, 228 Capitol Blvd., Nashville, Tenn. 37219. If every U.N.C. student who considers himself opposed to the War would send just ten dollars to the Gore campaign—and face it, you can get by with ten fewer dollars this or next month—the chances for the Senator's re-election would be improved significantly, and the prospects for a truly anti-War Congress would be a little brighter.

Howie Carr

'No News Is Good News'

Good morning. This is Kevin Goldberg with the eleven o'clock news.

In his annual crime report, FBI director J. Edgar Hoover blamed lax law enforcement for the startling rise in drug use among young people.

He proposed new, stiffer federal laws against marijuana use, including a 3-year sentence and a three hundred dollar fine for possession. Further, he added, anyone apprehended thinking about its use should receive a six year sentence and a six hundred dollar fine.

Hoover said he was interested in understanding students, and because of this he said he has sent "FBI agents to every campus, and they are working around the clock to keep the lines of communication between radicals and government open."

In his summation, Mr. Hoover asked parents to teach their children that "the law is our friend; anyone who hurts our friend should be beaten senseless."

In a fund-raising speech delivered in Philadelphia, Iowa, Vice President Spiro T. Agnew asked supporters of administration war policies to try a new tactic against anti-war protestors.

Citing a Lou Harris poll which showed that Americans, by a 44%-35% margin, now favor an immediate withdrawal from Viet Nam, Agnew called on the "Silent Minority" to "not only leave your lights on in the daytime when you're driving, but put on your brights at night. The

odds are good that the person you blind and run off the road will be a visceral vacillating vicar of vomit."

Administration officials are mum on the future of the Festival of Life, slated for this week-end in Death Valley, California. Conceived by President Nixon as a bridge of reconciliation between the generations, it was expected to attract over a million young music fans for a concert featuring every major rock group in the world.

It is now unlikely that many kids will attend the Festival, since reporters for the Berkeley Bummer-Rip Off have discovered that the Atomic Energy Commission has planned to detonate a high-yield nuclear explosive device on the Festival site Sunday afternoon.

Riots continued in the black ghettos of Jersey City, New Jersey, following the election of Negro councilman Conk Fetchit as mayor. Twelve policemen suffered injuries in the all-night fracas, mainly to their knuckles.

"We wouldn't mind having an Uncle Tom in there," said black militant Brandon X. "But this guy is an Aunt Jemimah."

Before his election, Fetchit has served as president of the Acme Hair Straightener Company. It has since folded.

Speaking at a press conference in the Cook County Jail, Abbie Hoffman announced the formation of a new

company, Revolution, Inc. The stock goes public tomorrow.

"We figured that going public was the best way to attract the old folks," explained the Yippie leader. "What safer way is there to plan for the future and at the same time show confidence in your country. Our corporation has unlimited growth potential in a completely wide open market. Buy them where you burn."

Local police kept a tight security cordon around the chemistry laboratory at the University of Pittsburgh. Chemists there have synthesized a dangerous new drug, and authorities don't want any to get out.

According to Dr. Wolfgang Pederasti, this drug destroys 10,000 brain cells for every pint used. Overdoses may cause vomiting and diarrhea, and after effects are severe headaches and sensitivity to noise. It induces an aggressiveness that may lead to rape or murder, and its use seriously impairs motor ability. Long term effects include cirrhosis of the liver.

"You can see why we've got to get rid of this stuff," says Pederasti. "If the drug gets out, large colonies of vagrant, derelict users will spring up in the big cities, driving deaths will multiply, and homes will be broken up as parents constantly overdose to escape from reality."

"We haven't thought of a name yet," Pederasti explained, "but how does 'firewater' sound?"

The Daily Tar Heel

78 Years of Editorial Freedom

Tom Gooding, Editor

- Rod Waldorf Managing Ed.
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- Rick Gray Associate Ed.
- Harry Bryan Associate Ed.
- Chris Cobbs Sports Editor
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- Ken Smith Night Editor
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- Frank Stewart Adv. Mgr.

Tony Lentz

A Freshman On The Town

I spent a lot of time drinking when I was a freshman...largely because there was nothing else to do.

If you lived on South Campus you saw a girl once a week, and then the poor thing was so unnerved by your unabashed staring that she froze up like a wax doll.

So the only thing to do was to settle down into the dormitory life style. Buy a Carolina sweatshirt, wear lots of dirty jeans, and try not to look like a freshman.

One of my favorite drinking buddies was a short, spunky grit character named

Royster. The two of us would cash a five or ten-dollar check in the afternoon, buy a couple of cheap cigars and swagger around the hall with that "don't-you-wish-you-were-gonna-get-drunk" smile on our faces.

A night on the town usually consisted of dinner at the Rat, a movie (if we could stomach the local fare) and then a race to the old Tempo Room to see if we could grab a chair before the nine o'clock rush hit.

The pitcher of beer we usually had

with the evening repast was often beginning to wear off as we bounced down the steps into the familiar noise, smoke and heat that made us feel so deliciously evil and nasty.

And when you're a freshman, there's nothing you like better than feeling evil and nasty.

"Hey, Tracy," Royster would call out to the bartender, "two pitchers and two glasses...light."

He slipped on to the stool with a careful, almost professional wiggle.

"Hey Lentz, you wanna get really

plastered tonight? Or you gonna chicken out on me?"

I knew it was gonna be a long night when Royster came out with that line. The unwritten Southern Code for 'beer-drinkin' buddies wouldn't let me ignore a challenge like that.

"Hell, no, I'm not gonna chicken out, you yellow-bellied swamp rat. You just hang onto your hat and try to keep up with the kid."

After about a pitcher and a half Royster would start to get violent. Verbally at first, then he'd try to pick a fight.

Most of the regulars knew better than to irritate him, but often Tracy and I would have to pull him off someone who didn't make an effort to ignore his curses.

The really rough nights, though, were the nights when he couldn't get anyone to take a swing at him. Somehow Royster really felt hurt when he couldn't find someone to go through the preliminary fight ritual with him.

"Lentz," he said, "we're really buddies aren't we?"

"Sure we are, Royster," I slurred. "You know damn well I'd stand by you in any fight you could name. Even if we had to stand a couple of jocks. You know know that, damn it."

"Then why won't you fight me. If you're my buddy, why won't you fight me? Damn it, Lentz. I knew you were never my friend."

Glasses tinkled, the juke box rump-thumpthumped and I just sat there, watching Royster's eyes fill with tears.

"You know that's a bunch of crap, Royster. I've been through worse than this with you, you SOB."

He chugged a glass of beer, clumped the glass on the table, and slowly put his head down on the bar. A funny look of uncertainty passed across his face, as though he didn't know what came next in the script.

And as I helped him up the stairs to the street, he grew calm.

"Lentz, you're a good sunuvabitch, you really are. You shoulda punched me out, ya know? Next time you should punch me out."

"S'funny, ya know? I guess sometimes things just get too messed up for a plain ol' country boy."

Letters

The Daily Tar Heel accepts letters to the editor, provided they are typed on a 60-space line and limited to a maximum of 300 words. All letters must be signed and the address and phone number of the writer must be included.

The paper reserves the right to edit all letters for libelous statements and good taste.

Address letters to Associate Editor, The Daily Tar Heel, in care of the Student Union.

Letters

Movie Critic In Error?

To The Editors

In an editorial by Mr. Scott Langley he stated that movie theatres were going to pot by running such notables as "Female Animal" and the re-run of "Mash" five times.

Just because there are two theaters in a community, this does not necessarily mean that they are under the same management. Mr. Langley mistakenly cut down the theatre management that is opening a new twin theatre near Kroger's. The management he erroneously attacked did not run "Female Animal" and it did not run "Mash" five times. It ran Mash once, the first time it came to Chapel Hill. Some others films brought to Chapel Hill by this management were "The Fox," "Midnight Cowboy," and "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." The theatre being opened near Kroger's is a step towards better service to students such as Mr. Langley who wish to see movies of exceptional quality with the best facilities available.

Bill Sherrill
105 Chase Ave.

To the editor:

Lana Starne's opinion of women is that they are trivial and petty. Small wonder—her column certainly reflects that she is.

M.-B. Keller

