

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tom Gooding, Editor

Courts Unconcerned With Justice, Killing

KENT STATE, Ohio (UPI)—The entire field was covered with a gray haze of gas. The gas felt like a file had been thrust up my nose and rasped against my eyelids. Tears rolled down my cheeks.

The demonstrators split into two groups and ran behind the administration building on the knoll. Troops pursued them behind the building, and they ran down to a recreation area with a practice football field. The crowd had now swelled to more than 1,500 students.

The troops formed in regimental order on the football field with their backs to a fence. The demonstrators surrounded them on three sides.

A student leader wearing a green headband and carrying a green flag pole led a group of demonstrators towards the encircled troops. The students tossed rocks about the size of baseballs.

Suddenly a volley of shots broke out. By their sound and intensity I immediately thought they were blanks. It was inconceivable to me that the troops could fire such a barrage at the demonstrators.

The troops were now retreated, and the demonstrators milled around in bewilderment. I noticed one demonstrator lying on the ground. He was covered with blood. Several of his comrades stood by, some crying and others angered to the point of incoherency.

He had a gunshot wound in his hip the size of a half-dollar and was barely conscious.

A quick look around confirmed three similar scenes. All three were

men and all three seemed to have been shot in the lower abdomen.

All bled profusely.

One victim lay in a pool of blood in a concrete walkway.

As I got closer, I saw he had his skull split open by a bullet, his eyes were crossed and blood was pouring from his mouth and nose.

Students screamed for ambulances. In five minutes the wounded and apparently dead students were taken from the scene.

Enraged students yelled, "Kill the pigs! Kill the pigs!"

One professor broke into tears as he spoke.

The crowd dispersed.

That was the scene last May 4 in Kent, Ohio according to United Press International.

The scene in Ravenna, Ohio, last Friday was quite different. A special state grand jury exonerated National Guard troops who fired on students during that campus protest last May 4.

The grand jury wasn't content to let the issue die there. They also indicted 25 students and "agitators" on 43 offenses of "deliberate, criminal action."

The grand jury said the "over-indulgent and permissiveness" of the Kent State administration led to the campus deaths last May 4 during student demonstrations protesting the invasion of Cambodia.

Bernard Miller of Plainfield, N.Y., whose 20 year old son Jeffery was killed, said: "You mean you can get away with murder in this country?"

Unfortunately, the answer to Miller's question is in the affirmative. The courts of this land have consistently refused to find the appropriate legal authorities guilty of murdering black people.

Now the courts have begun to exonerate people for killing middle-class white students.

A member of the President's Commission on Campus Unrest, James F. Ahern, who is police chief of New Haven, Conn., said the grand jury's findings were "inconsistent with the facts" presented to his commission.

Unless the courts of this land become more concerned with justice and less concerned with political expediency, the only choice for those demonstrating against the government will be between the grave and the gun.

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78 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Let The Voters Hear Agnew

Some students have told me that they are going to Raleigh next Monday the 26th to heckle Agnew. Nothing could be bigger mistake.

Agnew is an evil man. He tries to play on people's anxieties and on their worst sentiments. He appeals to what is smallest in man: his hatreds, jealousies, and fears. He is just looking for someone to point his malignant finger at, someone to blame, someone for everyone to join in jeering at.

Agnew is a walking moral outrage. He knows that people are uneasy about campus freaks and it is easy to tag the college kids with violence. He knows no one likes immorality, and it is easy to call college kids immoral. He will be hoping for some hecklers. It will make his day. It will give him the living proof that

students are intolerant, disrespectful, and deserving of far harsher treatment than they are receiving.

Let's don't give him the pleasure of a rowdy performance. Let's don't play into the hands of a crafty man whose sole touchstone is political gain.

Our best tactic is to let the people hear Agnew. Let no distractions deter their attention to his every word. Let him stand alone in his awful nakedness. Let him hang his own political neck.

Don't forget that Spiro T. Agnew is the man who only two years ago the Republicans were trying to shove under the rug to save a presidential election. Spiro T. Agnew is the man who everytime he opens his mouth loses the support of suburban, educated America—where most of the votes are. Spiro T. Agnew is the man who some political observers already

are predicting will lose the Republican six to eight Congressional seats. Spiro T. Agnew is the man who has his feet in his mouth far more consistently than on calm, reasoned ground.

Pollster Lou Harris who casts a scrutinous eye over the entire national scene is predicting for Agnew a repeat of the Wallace phenomenon.

If you remember in '69, George Wallace rose in percentage points until he deserved national attention. However, when the eyes of the nation finally did focus on him, he was seen for what he was, and his popularity dipped accordingly. Harris predicts much the same with Agnew.

Give Agnew a chance to flame in all his glory. Give the North Carolina voter a chance to view this Vice-President without any deterrents. I cannot believe

that the rational voter will swallow Agnew. Rather, it is becoming increasingly clear that the American voter is tiring of the derision, irrationality, and sheer inhumanity this man personifies.

In any case, the American voter already knows we as students don't like the man. It's like telling your draft board you don't want to be drafted. They know that. The voter knows we don't like or trust Agnew. Going to his rally and expressing our feelings in obscene gestures will prove nothing. We must be better than he. Obscenity on our side will only lower us to the level of a man whose very verbal utterance is an obscenity.

Let us preserve our basic decency. And let the American voter be given the chance, without any harassment or distraction, to realize above all else that this man is truly in the wrong place.

Cureton Johnson

For Blacks The Time Is Now

(Editor's Note: The writer is currently chairman of the Black Student Movement.)

From a logical standpoint, brothers and sisters can sit by and "suck-up" Carolina's white culture, sports, education and various resources.

But is this kind of white logic what we desire?

To some it would have been logical for

Jackie Robinson to play ball with a Black team rather than with the lily white and racist Brooklyn Dodgers. Others would see logic in Muhammed Ali's entrance into military service rather than fighting the screwed-up system.

In that case, it might have been more logical for my mother to use birth control rather than conceive me. But logic like many abstracts, is relative to people, place, situation and time. These four factors are important to Black students here.

First of all, what people are we?

We, in the American white context, have been called niggers, colored people, coons, negroes and other unmentionables. Today, however, we know and pride ourselves in being African. Black Africans. There is no way to escape this cultural fact. We know that our history in America is one of suppression and that freedom in this capitalistic system has always been left to white's discretion. We may not yet be totally and ideologically agreed on what we want, but we damn sure know what we can't stand.

But we are Africans.

We left our homes, families and communities (most of them in the midst of poverty) to come to Carolina.

That leads us to question two. What are we, and what is this place?

UNC is a one-track European school. The culture and life of white stock shipped from Europe is her business.

UNC is a state. North Carolinians. Black and white pour their tax dollars into this institution. Black parents send their children here - here to racism and whiteness. This place therefore accommodates a few Black people, the number she thinks she can control at brainwash.

So UNC is simply a "white school." Upon arriving at Carolina we saw through her liberal facade.

And question three arises. What position did we put ourselves in or what our situation here?

Our situation is that of a thief. We are here to rob, steal, lie and cheat. We are here to regain the skills and knowledge which our people initiated in the first civilizations—those of Africa.

We are here to "snatch back" the wealth and prominence that was ours, the homeland and help free our brothers around the world. But first we must free those in our hometown communities suffering here in Babylon.

We are here, as Du Bois would verify in his theory of the Black 10 percent, to become a vanguard leadership for Black people rather than an Uncle Tom force for the racist American system.

So our situation is at odds with the university.

Then our goal is Black liberation.

What time is it?—stems from this goal.

It is time to think, brothers and sisters. For those of you who have been thinking it's time to put thoughts into action. But make sure you've thought efficiently. Spend your years here in thought if you must, and the time will come when your mind will be free to act.

America is sick and dying. For scores of years Black people have been sick and mentally asleep in the face of American racism. Fighting little battles but nevertheless moving too slow.

Frederick Douglas, in an excerpt from the narrative of his life, can best summarize my feelings about time, thought and liberation.

He said: "I have observed this in my experience of slavery—that whenever my condition was improved, instead of its increasing my contentment, it only increased my desire to be free and set me to thinking of plans to gain my freedom. I have found that to make a contented slave, it is necessary to make a thoughtless one. It is necessary to darken his moral and mental vision, and as far as possible to annihilate the power of reason. He must be able to detect no inconsistencies in slavery; he must be made to feel that slavery is right; and he can be brought to that only when he ceases to be a man."

"...I did not hesitate to let it be known of me that the white man who expected to succeed in whipping must also succeed in killing me..."

Be men, brothers! Be women, sisters! The people, place, situation and time is now.

Letters

More Papers Are Needed

To The Editor,

Why have approximately 1,000 residents of Morrison Dormitory only been receiving approximately 300 copies of the Daily Tarheel in the morning when every student is entitled to one?????

Sincerely,
Robert L. Laws III

Financial Cuts Hurt

A letter to the editor on another part of this page asks why only 300 copies of The Daily Tar Heel are delivered to Morrison dorm each morning when 1,000 students live in Morrison.

Only 300 copies of the paper are delivered to Morrison because only 13,000 copies of the paper are printed for a student body of more than 17,000 students.

The press run of The Daily Tar Heel is governed by the amount of money given the paper by the Student Legislature.

The printing appropriation for The Daily Tar Heel has been decreased every year for the past four years. For example, three years ago the paper had \$88,000 for printing. Now it has only \$83,000.

As long as the appropriation falls, The Daily Tar Heel will be limited in the number of papers it can have printed. We can only print the largest number our budget will allow.

During this time the enrollment of this University has increased from 13,000 to 17,500, and printing costs have risen sharply.

Unfortunately, this number is not even close to the number needed to supply each student with a copy of the paper, not to mention supply subscribers with their copies, advertiser with tearsheets and the files in both the library and The Daily Tar Heel office.

Until our budget is increased, however, we can only ask that the students bear with the situation.



Harry Bryan

Durham Diner At 3 A.M.

The following is a story about pigs and blacks, police and Niggers or police and blacks, whichever the reader prefers. But no matter what terminology the reader wishes to use, the story is true.

Several weeks ago my date and I were sitting in a restaurant in Durham waiting to be served. It was about 3 a.m. on a Saturday morning, and the place was packed.

Behind us a black couple was arguing about whether or not they should leave. They had been waiting about 15 minutes to be served, and the guy was really getting mad.

Finally, after we had listened to them arguing for about five more minutes, the waitress—black and obviously new on the job—brought their order, or at least what she said was their order.

"I didn't order ham and eggs," the black guy said. "I ordered a ham and egg sandwich."

"You did order ham and eggs because that's what I wrote down," the waitress replied, showing him the check.

"I didn't order ham and eggs, and I'm not going to pay for this."

And so it went for a few moments before the couple got up to leave and walked out the door.

As the couple was getting into their car, the waitress told the manager—at

least I think he was the manager; he was white and seemed to be running the place—what had happened, and he rushed out the door and stopped the couple before they could pull off.

The manager argued with the black guy for a minute or two, wrote down his license number and walked back into the diner and called the Durham Police Department, as the black guy pulled off.

All this time my date and I had been waiting to be served, and we were watching the show with interest. Neither of us had ever known any type of restaurant to make a customer pay for something he did not want—at least we had never known any type of restaurant to make a white customer pay for something he did not want.

A few minutes later a Durham police car screeched to a halt in the parking lot, and two Durham policemen jumped out the car with nightsticks drawn.

Another car arrived a few seconds later and a third patrolman jumped out with his nightstick out.

The three talked to the manager, who by this time was so uptight he was almost shaking, and left to our great surprise, without hitting anyone.

Right after that another policeman—an officer, we presumed, due to his graying hair and the size of his gun—arrived at the

scene of the crime(?) and inspected the two plates left by the couple and the tickets.

He talked to the manager, who by this time had settled down to the point that he had stopped shaking and was then only a little pale, in what we guessed was the back office.

He then came out and looked at the table at which the couple had been sitting, and feeling the urge to do something, I pointed out the fact that the couple had not touched their food.

In his best college-kids-are-all-right-as-long-as-they-stay-in-their-place form, he told me, "They ordered it (the couple had said they hadn't) and it don't make any difference what they do with it; they still have to pay for it."

He also intimated that I was all right as long as I stayed in my place and that I had better get into my place fast.

And so my date ate her waffle, and I ate my hamburger with lettuce, tomato, mayonnaise and mustard, and we left. I don't know what happened to the couple and probably never will.

We left Durham with a totally different feeling about that restaurant, those four members of the Durham Police Department and the society that created them.