

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tom Gooding, Editor

Editor's Dismissal By GC President Can't Be Justified

The editor of the Greensboro College newspaper was removed from office Wednesday by the college president because the paper published a short story he did not like.

The story, entitled "The Dean" and written by a GC student not on the paper's staff, described the assassination of a college dean who has characteristics similar to two GC deans.

Dr. David G. Moberley, GC president, said, in a letter to the college faculty, the story had "effected a campus climate of fear, threat and deep concern for the safety of members of this campus community."

"At stake in this total issue is the serious matter of the effect upon persons, their families, their livelihood and their professional careers in education. Also at stake is the deepening concern that persons within this community should, by reckless and thoughtless

published prose, be put in the position of professing and working in an atmosphere of threat, intimidation and fear," the letter said.

Robert Collins, the editor of The Collegian, said after his dismissal that he did not believe there was any climate of fear on the campus. We agree with Collins.

We find it hard to believe that a short story, labeled as such and printed in a student newspaper, could have two deans so concerned for their very lives that the entire campus community is unable to function properly.

And even if the story did create such an air of tension on campus, we still can find no justification for the dismissal of the paper's editor.

When Collins was named editor, he was given the job of publishing The Collegian every two weeks. Collins accepted the job with the understanding that he was the editor, and he would exercise his judgment without censorship from the administration.

Collins published the short story because he felt it said something the students of the college would be interested in and because he thought it was of sufficient literary quality to merit publication.

The president of the college evidently thinks the story should not have been published because it upset two deans of the GC campus.

We shudder to think what would happen if the president of the United States could fire the editor of the Washington Post or the New York Times every time they printed a story that upset him or his vice-president.

Moberley's actions are entirely without justification no matter how hard he tries to prove the story created an unhealthy climate on his campus.

His dismissal of Collins is a blatant example of censorship.

Censorship, in any form, is totally incompatible with the ideals of free academic inquiry upon which American colleges and Universities are based.

The Daily Tar Heel

78 Years of Editorial Freedom

Tom Gooding, Editor

- Rod Waldorf Managing Ed.
- Mike Parnell News Editor
- Rick Gray Associate Ed.
- Harry Bryan Associate Ed.
- Chris Cobbs Sports Editor
- Frank Parrish Feature Editor
- Ken Ripley National News Ed.
- Terry Cheek Night Editor
- Doug Jewell Business Mgr.
- Frank Stewart Adv. Mgr.

Letters To The Editor

UNC Football: The True Light

To the Editor:

It is evident that you are a proponent of free speech and the right of dissent. Therefore, I respectfully ask you to print some of my views regarding your editorial 800 or 1.6. I do not wish to engage in any aserbic brouhaha with the editor, but feel that I must disagree with some of the tenents and opinions he puts forth.

I must first call attention to a glaring error (perhaps a typo?). "UNC and Clemson, two of the conference's weakest schools academically, etc." Surely you meant "USC".

Then an attack is launched against the foundations of good representative Carolina Football, and that of the Conference's as a whole. This is an attack against what is near and dear to me, and I feel compelled to launch a defense. Most of the time I go along with the establishment, but this time I must go to the contrary.

Just why must the A.C.C. be the only conference that does not use the 1.6 rule? Are we superior to Harvard and Yale, to Vanderbilt, to Rice, S.M.U., to Michigan, to Purdue, etc.? Is it a matter of academic survival? Must we be responsible for turning out all the geniuses and the intellectuals? Perhaps we have too many of these types already.

The editor suggests a number of other

schools to replace U.S.C. and Clemson. Perhaps that alma mater of mine -Davidson- that perennial football powerhouse. Perhaps M.I.T., or even Salem College.

The editor, as many other intellectuals, seems to have a "thing" about "Professional Jocks." Perhaps he is thinking of Art Weiner, Vice-President of Burlington Mills, perhaps "Whizzer" White, Supreme Court Justice, perhaps John Morehead, James Rand Kenan, or maybe Cary Boshamer, who just endowed two professorships at U.N.C.

I, too, have a "thing" against long hairs, against those who seek to tear down and destroy, and those who just do not care about Carolina football.

Much effort has been spent by Homer Rice, Bill Dooley, and others trying to bring Carolina back to respectability in football. There are too many of us that care to see it all go for naught.

It is tragic that a young man destined for greatness as a football player has seen fit to fall by the wayside. It seems that football is not his "bag" anymore, and now he has another "bag". Well, football was the thing he did best. I can only hope he will see the true light and go back to his real "thing".

I think that Mr. Keech has a splendid idea and perhaps the best solution. A

whole lot of us are hoping the U.N.C. officials will vote for the 1.6 rule.

How about doing more for Carolina and less for the Kent State radicals?

Jake Morrow
Washington, N.C.

Stancell Thanks Students, Alumni

To the Student Body and Cheerleaders; you are a wonderful group.

To the alumni and friends; you've got to be the most loyal supporters.

To the coaching staff and faculty; you are certainly able, too.

With all this, you, our team, can win anytime you think you can (as Saturday against Virginia).

Thank you,
Charlie Stancell
P.O. Box 444
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Eyewitness From My Lai Ditch

To the Editor:

"A former machine gunner, Gregory Olsen, now a 22-year old college student in Portland, Ore., described today his recollection of walking across the

disputed ditch and seeing the bodies of the victims.

"They appeared to be mostly women and children," he said. "Some appeared to be shot, some appeared to be dead, but some were definitely alive. I remember they looked at me and followed me with their eyes as I crossed the ditch."

"On the other side of the ditch, said former Pfc. Olsen he set up his machine gun position and sat down to eat his lunch."

Quote taken from the Washington Post, October 21, 1970 in an news article covering the "Mylai trial" of Staff Sgt. David M. Mitchell.

Joel Polin

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.

Dane Hartgrove

It's Time To Solve Problems

I am writing this article on Tuesday evening, before the results of today's elections come in. I am writing it now because what I have to say has nothing to do with the outcome of the current game of political musical chairs.

I know there has been a lot said about the strategy of President Nixon and the Republican Party in this election. Men like James Reston have presented a far better analysis of the Republican position than I could ever do.

But I am sick of the President of the United States and the Party that supports

him telling the people of this country that those who protest the policies of the national government are criminals and hooligans.

I think I join most of the fair-minded people in this country in deploring the violence with which Mr. Nixon was met on his recent visit to California. But I also deplore the political philosophy of a man who would capitalize of the weakness and intolerance of a small, unrepresentative group of demonstrators to make political profit.

The course which Mr. Nixon has

adopted in the last few weeks is a calculated attempt to divide this country at a time when both national political parties should be stressing the need for unity in the face of tremendous national problems. But then, Mr. Nixon has never operated in the interests of the country as a whole.

James Reston made a point in his speech here two weeks ago that has stuck in my mind ever since I heard it expressed. He pointed out that the Vice-President of the United States could never have initiated the smear campaign

that he has maintained for the last two years without the connivance and consent of Mr. Nixon.

Nixon has never attempted to unite America in support of his programs. He has shown no talent for dealing with the leaders of the Democratic Party to provide needed legislation to solve the country's problems.

Instead, the President of the United States has behaved from first to last like a hack politician. In his dealings with all his political opponents, from Democrats to SDS, he has adopted the tactics of an angry 10 year-old, a spoiled child.

I am not, however, criticizing the tactics and policies of President Nixon out of any overwhelming love for the Democratic Party.

When Lyndon Johnson and the Democrats were in power in Washington, there was, it is true, a better working arrangement between political parties in the Congress of the United States. But Johnson too was a die-in-the-wool politician, and the interests of the Democratic Party were never sacrificed when it came down to a choice between political advantage and an unpopular decision.

It is past time for the politicians who run this country, Democratic and Republican alike, to stop their bickering and get down to solving the problems of the country.

Because the protests won't stop if the Republicans win a majority in one or both Houses of Congress in today's elections.

Because inflammatory speeches delivered before select audiences of political supporters do nothing to end the way stop discrimination, or halt the downward slide of the economy.

And because words have never done anything to rectify the injustices that have produced the conditions for Mr. Nixon's politics of fear.

Nixon and Agnew will have to do a good deal more than gain a few seats in Congress for the Republican Party to solve



Tony Lentz

'If Only They Knew,' She Sobbed

Look to the Rose that blows about us—"Lo, "Laughing," she says, "into the World I blow."

"At once the silken Tassel of my Purse "Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

—Omar Khayyam

A girl named Lara lived in Chapel Hill not long ago.

She was one of those unusual people who don't seem to fit in anyone's idea of what they should be. Defiantly individual, she would shake her long blond hair and smile her lovely face at you as if to say, "Don't put any strings on me."

She was 17, built like a modern-day version of Venus de Milo, and into the hip scene in Chapel Hill before most of us knew there was one.

She showed up in the bars once in a while, but not often enough to be considered "a regular." Periodically she would drop in with some interesting-looking freak or other, or with a group of kids who seemed to be high on something before they started drinking.

When I met her once in the old Tempo Room I thought she was about 22, sexy in a cold, withdrawn way, and lonely.

Sky-blue eyes shot through you when you looked in her direction, the statuesque smile frozen into a mask, gentle but uncompromising.

I used to hear things about her from various drinking companions, the way stories filter about the group of regulars who frequent the downtown bars at night. Pretty girls in the bars are the object of great speculation, and almost everyone knew who Lara was.

Through the grapevine I learned that she was the child of a splintering home, as opposed to a broken one. When a family splinters it never really breaks apart, they just cut away at the fabric of their life together until there's nothing left but one great big wound.

Knowing this much made it easier to understand the mask she wore, and made me wish I could help, somehow. But you can't just walk up to someone and offer to help these days. They don't understand.

One night Lara was dating a drinking acquaintance of mine. They were tripping and drinking beer, and I joined them at one of the booths in the smoky little bar where I found them.

My friend Jim was enjoying the music and his experience, Lara just sat there with that gentle-hard smile, and I rapped with my friend about inconsequential things in general.

Lara was looking toward the bar when a guy named Buck walked in roaring drunk. The coldness in her eyes melted into the first sign of life I'd seen in her face, and in a moment a tear rolled slowly down her lovely nose.

Buck had just broken up with a close friend of Lara's. She knew the two of them extremely well, loved both of them, and watching Buck wild with pain was more than her invisible shield could withstand.

Buck was a big man with a gruff voice and large, powerful hands. That night he seemed to personify all the hurt and frustration of mankind.

He tried to pick fights, made passes at a couple of the girls, and tried to drink himself into a stupor where he couldn't be haunted by the face of his Nancy.

Jim and I held him, fought him, danced with him and tried to keep him out of trouble as he sang, moaned, smashed beer cans with his hand. You could see the great heart breaking in his ironic grin, the eyes fiery with remorse and frustration.

Lara cried. My friend was laughing at Buck and having a great trip, but Lara was crying herself silly.

"I'm sorry," she said to me when the others went to the john. "But I just love the two of them so much. They love each other so much. If only they knew."

She sniffled, holding her head down so the tears wouldn't show. The tears and sobs being streaming out, as though she was about to lose herself in loneliness and grief.

"I can't help it," she murmured between sobs. "There are so many beautiful people in the world. If only they knew, if there was some way to tell them, to change all this..."

Quietly I reached out to her with both hands. She held on tightly, as though I was the only thing she had left to hold...as though she were hanging over a great nothingness that was about to consume her.

A long moment passed.

Then the others came back, and slowly I let her go. The evening went on as it had before, and just at closing time Buck roared off into the darkness.

Lara and Jim went off to his apartment, and I went home.

The next time I saw Lara I asked her for a date. She had thanked me for helping her the other night, and smiled her uncompromising smile. But I asked her anyway.

We were standing in the yard of a big old house where she lived with a mixed group of freaks. I felt far too straight to be there, as though the old white house itself was sneering at my fresh-scrubbed face.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I've already made plans to do something with a few friends of mine."

She didn't make it easy. The statuesque smile stood there watching as I fumbled something about maybe another time.

"I'd better go now," Lara said. "We're cooking spaghetti, and I think it may be ruined by now."

She swung her long, blond hair and walked back to the house.

I saw her a few times after that, but she didn't seem to show up downtown as often. And I grew out of the regular group and gradually moved away from the night scene.

I guess it's been a couple of years since I saw her. But I read her name in the paper the other day.

Lara lives in the state penitentiary now. She was busted with two or three dozen bags of horse.

And I often wonder how different things might have been if she could have told some of the beautiful people what she wanted them to know.