

# The Daily Tar Heel

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Tom Gooding, Editor

Howie Carr

# Ghosts Better Than Shock Flick

It's Saturday again and this week-end there's no football game to go to. You don't have a date; you don't want to do what you did last night; and the movies on Shock Theatre last week were so terrible that you can't bear the thought of watching a Lon Chaney, Jr. double feature tonight.

If you're really after some cheap thrills in the back of your car, there's one chick in Greensboro who really wants to get picked up. Her name is Lydia. She's a ghost.

Lydia has been haunting an underpass on the old High Point road near Jamestown since 1923. The usual story goes that someone is driving along late at night toward Jamestown, when suddenly a girl at the underpass waves down his car. The motorist lets her in, and Lydia pleads, "Please, will you help me get to High Point?"

The man naturally accedes to her request, and through various questions he learns that Lydia is returning from a dance in Raleigh, and that she is worried about getting home so late. She is uncommunicative about how she happened to be stranded at the underpass at such a late hour, and doesn't even answer most questions.

"Why do you question me?" she will finally say. "Nothing is important now, but that I'm going home." When the motorist finally reaches the address Lydia has given him, he turns to his passenger, and then realizes that she has disappeared.

You know the rest: he goes to the door, a woman appears, he asks her where Lydia is, and she begins to cry.

"I had an only daughter named Lydia," she tearfully says. "A year ago she was killed in a wreck near the underpass as she was coming home from a dance. This is not the first time people have tried to bring her home. But somehow she never quite gets here."

A lot of people have seen Lydia, and from time to time, the Greensboro papers run accounts of their experiences. The Greensboro Daily News of August 8, 1966 carried a story about a man who saw her.

"Well, her hair was long and stringy, and it looked all wet," said Frank Fay, who was with three other people when he saw the apparition on a Tuesday night about 11:30 in late June. "It looked like she was trying to get in the right door of that car ahead as it drove through the underpass. Call it an illusion or whatever you want—I can't begin to explain it."

The theme of the ghostly hitchhiker is very common: it has appeared in such a venerable literary journal as a Classic Comic Book; Neil Young has something about such a spectre in one of his albums,

and it appeared in somewhat related form in the 1965 teeny-rock classic "Laurie," which is possibly the worst song ever recorded.

There are at least two other spectral hitchhikers in the Carolinas. The one in Henderson County makes herself known by tugging with cold hands at a sleeve or pocket of an unsuspecting motorist. Unlike Lydia, she has never said a word to anyone.

The other female apparition appears on a road near Columbia, S.C., and asks to be taken to her dying mother. This chick is much more calendar-conscious than Lydia; she appears only on the anniversary of her death in an accident on that same road.

North Carolina has an abundance of ghosts, ranging from the one in the

governor's mansion to the confederate ghost who appears to uniformed men, asking how to get a cannon to some long-forgotten battle.

There's the light at Maco Station, supposedly the ghost of a brakeman killed along the railroad tracks over one hundred years ago. There are the mysterious hoof-prints at Bath, where in 1813 a man about to begin a horse race yelled, "Take me as a winner or take me to hell." The horse reared and threw its rider into a tree, killing him instantly. The horse's tracks have remained ever since, and have defied every attempt to remove them.

In Bentonville in 1905 two hunters witnessed the spectral replay of a Civil War battle that had taken place forty years before. During the Civil War two

Union officers discovered from a one hundred year-old slave the location of a buried cache of pirate treasure. When they began to dig it up late one night, they became aware of the fact that the ghost of a pirate was watching them intently. They never finished their digging.

Unexplained occurrences include the Devil's Tramping Ground near Siler City, a circular area of completely sterile soil, and the Brown Mountain Lights, which were known to Indians in the area long before any white man set foot in North America.

But getting back to Lydia, I can guarantee that she won't put you to sleep, a claim that Dr. Paul Bearer has never been able to make about his "horrible double features."

# How To Beat The UNC Zone Defense

Attention all single undergraduate students living in University housing. It is quite possible your current residence is in violation of the zoning ordinances of the town of Chapel Hill.

That startling fact came to light when it was announced yesterday that "a large portion of the main University campus is currently zoned for single family residences

on the maps and ordinances of the Chapel Hill government."

However, we feel certain that most students have little to worry about. Harry Palmer, planning director for Chapel Hill, says moves are currently underway to change the zoning patterns for the University.

Palmer also pointed out that the University's physical plant and airport are currently on property zoned for agricultural use on the zone maps of the town.

It would appear that the University has been living outside the law for quite some time now.

However, we are sure any institution as adept as the University is at getting around regulations will have no difficulty with the zoning situation.

In fact, Palmer has already said, "What we are trying to do is to rationalize the zoning ordinance as it applies to the University."

Of course, the zoning discrepancies are not the only ones the University has been dealing with lately. There is always the Anderson case and the 140 per cent water rate increase the University imposed on the town of Carrboro (which the town has refused to pay).

Unfortunately, those individuals interested in the University's view of the zoning discrepancies will be left unsatisfied since the University has maintained its standard policy of "no comment" on this vital issue.

## The Daily Tar Heel

78 Years of Editorial Freedom

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# 'There's A Deadline...'

by Charles Craven  
In The News And Observer

The class was in the spring of 1948. I believe it was called "News Writing One," something like that. Joe Morrison, the professor, would walk swiftly under the new leaves and blossoms that grace the campus of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill at that season. He would bound up the stairs of Bynum Hall, and the class would come to order.

"Now speed is important," said Joe. "If you're going to work on a newspaper you've got to write fast. You can't compose, like writing poetry. You've got to get it out. There's a deadline."

Then he'd give a story situation, just a set of facts. Maybe he'd describe a highway wreck. Or maybe he'd take the action of the town council from a news story in the morning paper.

"Now write me a clear, concise story from those facts," he'd tell the class.

The typewriters in the sunny room would begin to click. Joe Morrison had a way with him. His manner was always cheerful and you wanted to do something good for him.

He loved classical music. And there was a kind of music in his bright, energetic way of teaching.

When he'd write "good lead" on your hurriedly written story, you'd puff with pride. When "too wordy" appeared in his handwriting on your work, you'd sweat at conciseness.

In the years that went by after that class, Joe got his doctorate and wrote books and continued to teach. He was Dr. Morrison. But the now middle-aged World War II veterans who attended his classes in the 1940s could always call him "Joe."

His death Wednesday brought sadness and memories of blossoms and new leaves and a sunny classroom in Bynum Hall.

## Carl Freedman

# General Died Out Of Tune

So—General DeGaulle is dead. The leaders of the world—with very few exceptions, far lesser men than he was—have given their meaningless but required tributes, and the only slightly disturbed world is back to business as usual. Yet DeGaulle was a great man. His famous statement, "I am France," was not the empty boast of a blind nationalist but the quite sincere and quite accurate statement of a leader who felt a passionate identity with his country in all its facets.

He died in retirement but was hardly idle in his last years; just as surely as Churchill was a master of English letters and Stevenson of American letters, so was DeGaulle a master of French letters. His memoirs, of which the first volume has already become an overwhelming best seller, would undoubtedly have been a major achievement. Yes, as old as he was and as much as he had already done, the death of the General was a genuine loss.

However, after giving the General this deserved praise, I come to bury him. As cruel as it may sound, his death was quite symbolically fitting—just as it is symbolically fitting that petty men now stand at the helm of the nations once represented by the imposing Big Four of DeGaulle, Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin. They all belonged to a world that is now gone forever, but none more so than the General.

His rightful time ran from Joan of Arc to Napoleon, both of whom, in different ways, he resembled. Churchill was certainly out of tune with the world after the First World War; and Roosevelt and Stalin, while in tune with the temper

of their time, had little vision for our own.

The fact is simply that European (using the word to include America) politics are no longer all that really matters. Indeed, it seems relatively certain that the industrial West is going to matter less and less as time goes on. The action, the vitality, even the power is beginning to shift to the so-called Third World, the emerging nations of Africa, Asia, and the Near East. From these nations' coign of vantage, the longest shadow in the world is that cast by a man who was of clearly secondary importance in the old days of World War Two: Mao tse-Tung. It is becoming increasingly clear that Mao—not Stalin, not Roosevelt, not Churchill, and certainly not DeGaulle—represents the (tidal) wave of the future. The signs are everywhere. Even some Western governments, like Sweden and Canada, have recognized the fact to some extent.

We have seen a very interesting, though very mindless, attempt by Western college students to identify their own domestic politics with the foreign policies of the Third World, especially China. And I believe that the general pessimism of Western thinkers about the future of the world is based less on an objective consideration of the entire globe than an emotional panic that their own region may be destined to become the kind of backwater that the Third World nations have been considered for so long.

It is easy to be romantic and overemphasize the current importance of the Third World. The West is still very

important indeed, and the emerging nations are still emerging. But the trend is clear and irreversible. We of the West had better prepare for some rather radical psychological re-orientation if we wish to remain sane. We are going to have to transcend almost all Western political thought prior to the last twenty years or so. The mentality of the General was a mighty one indeed, but one that would be found sorely wanting in the cultural identity crisis to come.

"DeGaulle is dead; France is a widow," said President Pompidou in the first of the eulogies. True enough, I guess. But the larger truth is that the West's long time lover, History, is about to break it off and choose a new mistress. The General and all that he stood for are the essence of a great world, but one that does not exist now and will never exist again.

The Daily Tar Heel is published by the University of North Carolina Student Publications Board, daily except Monday, examination periods, vacations, and summer periods. Offices are at the Student Union Bldg., Univ. of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514. Telephone Numbers: News, Sports-933-1041; Business, Circulation, Advertising-933-1163. Subscription rates: \$10 per year, \$5 per semester. Second class postage paid at U.S. Post Office in Chapel Hill, N.C.



Tony Lentz

# Americans Should Have The Right To Vote 'No'

If the arrangement of society is bad and a small number of people have power over the majority and oppress it, every victory over nature will inevitably serve only to increase that power and that oppression. That is what is actually happening.

—Leo Tolstoy

"What's wrong with our country?" everyone whispers sadly. The young wonder where the Declaration of Independence went, where along the road the "pursuit of happiness" picked up a clause excluding blacks and draftees.

The old shake their heads and curse when the young demonstrate for change.

turning away from words like live and freedom because they dislike long hair.

The black man has developed a bitter cynicism like the pre-revolutionary fire of Voltaire when he said:

"In general, the art of government consists in taking as much money as possible from one party of the citizens to give it to the other."

We as a nation are developing many of the symptoms that led to the Civil War in the early 19th century.

As the people of the Eastern States moved westward a great political shift occurred in the Houses of Congress.

The Southern States lost their ability to muster a majority, and gradually their numerical strength diminished to the point that they couldn't block a two-thirds vote for closure of debate in the Senate.

Southerners like John C. Calhoun

began talking about the tyranny of the majority and searched for ways of protecting the South's economic interests against the onslaughts of Northern industrialists.

The South began to feel powerless, left out. And when the slavery question erupted Southerners had little affection for the "majority opinion" of the Union.

They had become a voiceless, powerless minority. And they revolted.

The poor and the young in our society have become a voiceless, powerless minority.

Our nation has reached the point in its growth where a solid majority of the citizens are satisfied with their existence. They have warm homes, enough food to eat, big cars, a little money put away and color televisions.

And they will hardly vote to increase their taxes to help the poor.

Politicians are free to exploit the conservative apathy of the American middle class, free to claim they represent "the silent majority" when in truth they do not.

In the last presidential campaign, for example, citizens in every major primary where they had a choice voted overwhelmingly for Robert Kennedy and Gene McCarthy, the two anti-war candidates.

But politicians chose Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon to go on the ballot.

This is not to day that I have lost my faith in the basic principle of democracy—majority rule. I still believe it to be the best form of government, as did Wendell Phillips:

"Trust the people—the wise and the ignorant, the good and the bad—with the

gravest questions, and in the end you educate the race. At the same time you secure, not perfect institutions possible while human nature is the basis and the only material to build with."

But I think our government must be made more responsive. Rule by majority vote means nothing if economic and political realities allow only mediocre candidates to run.

The eighteen-year old vote is a step in the right direction, as was the voting rights legislation which protected the black's right to register.

But an even greater change is necessary if we are to make our republic truly responsive to the wishes of the people. When our forefathers set up our system of elections they did not foresee the development of political parties or the convention system of choosing candidates.

I think we should adapt our constitution to allow each citizen the right to reject a slate of candidates if he feels none of them truly represent his interests.

In other words, I think every citizen should be granted the right to a negative vote.

To be elected in a given contest a candidate would not only have to get more votes than his opponent, he would have to receive more than the number of negative votes. A plurality of "no" votes would force a new election.

This arrangement, I believe, would insure that candidates would discuss more substantive issues than their opponents had breath.

And a blank ticket on both parties could be attacked directly by the people in a campaign using this simple slogan: "Vote No!"