

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tom Gooding, Editor
Tuesday, December 15, 1970

Grand Jury Report criticizes University with no just reason

It has become fashionable for those in high executive or judicial positions across the nation to gain popular approval by leveling criticism at what are labeled permissive university administrators.

Now the Orange County Grand Jury has added its name to the growing list of attackers.

The Grand Jury has issued a report attempting to fault the University for the brawl which resulted in the death of James Cates on this campus Nov. 21.

It is true that the incident occurred on this campus at a student-sponsored, all-night dance. However, the involvement of the University community in the incident ends at those two circumstantial facts.

Throughout its entire report the Grand Jury ignores the fact that the brawl was between residents of the towns of Durham and Chapel Hill. The Grand Jury neglects to report that no students were in any way involved in the incident and that the brawl grew out of an altercation between the two groups in a Chapel Hill bar earlier that night.

The Grand Jury report states that allowing such a dance was "only asking for trouble." Whereas, in fact, the dance was a cooperative effort between the Student Union Activities Board and the Afro-American Cultural Affairs Committee. The dance was a successful attempt at improving

relations and contacts between the races on this campus until outside forces disrupted the event.

The Grand Jury also feels that "the University must assume some of the responsibility for this tragic accident and should take appropriate action that such circumstances or similar assemblies not be allowed on the University of North Carolina campus again."

We wish to remind the members of the Grand Jury that members of the University community share the same responsibilities and freedoms as other citizens of Orange County. The University cannot erect walls between itself and the surrounding communities. It cannot regulate the movement of individuals across the campus at night any more than it can during the daylight hours.

Students have held all-night functions on this campus in the past and violence has never occurred. The University had no reason to expect trouble at this particular gathering. University officials had no way of knowing that factions in the surrounding communities were looking for violence at the very time its students were seeking to improve relations between the races.

The University must be aware that problems exist in society, but it cannot let those problems destroy constructive efforts to improve society.

As we noted before, the police have said they feel the incident grew out of an altercation between Chapel Hill blacks and the Durham motorcycle gang downtown earlier in the evening of the brawl. The issue could have just as likely been resolved in an alleyway in Chapel Hill as on the campus at a student dance.

The Grand Jury, which seems interested in preventing a reoccurrence of such an event, failed to provide the University with any constructive alternatives in their report. In fact, copies of the report had not even been sent to University officials by Monday afternoon.

We, as students of this University, deplore and regret such incidents as the brawl that cost a human life. We encourage any rational study that might tend to prevent a reoccurrence of such an event.

However, we find such reports as the one issued by the Orange County Grand Jury to be an unfortunate, needless attack on University officials for problems reflective of society as a whole.

Bernie Oakley

Money, winning ruining sports

Dear Friends,

Tonight will be my last night as a cheerleader for Carolina. This decision was not reached hastily or easily. I've never made so many friends nor have I ever been treated so well. I feel like I need to offer an explanation to all those who supported me this year.

I feel that we have lost all perspective so far as collegiate athletics are concerned. Tens of thousands of dollars are spent each year in promoting our various teams, and I can no longer justify to myself such an allocation of funds. As long as I am a cheerleader I feel as though I am endorsing the program. I just can't do it anymore.

It seems to me that all the emphasis in sports has been shifted from participation and enjoyment to winning and economics. Those involved in sports are now little more than mercenaries and any compromise in standards for admittance only worsens the situation. The amount

of money spent on these "games" is really staggering. I felt as though I had to quit before the biggest offender of them all, the Bowl Game. This game has stretched the season out for another month of regulations and practice for the players. And for what? Lots of money and pride.

All the sports are based so much on physical prowess and deception and these do not seem to be particularly honorable to me. Our friends are getting hurt out there. When a guy comes limping off the field, we are more concerned that we might not win instead of whether he is seriously hurt. We cheer them on, day after day, in some sort of perverted rat race. And when it's all over, where are we? We lick our wounds and start over. Is it really worth it?

What has happened to us when the most important even on campus is the big game? Probably every department in the University needs money and reforms, but no one seems to care. When will we start

being more concerned with improving our educational process than our baseball complex? Our values seem to be immensely distorted.

I had noble ambitions at the beginning of the year of being able to do something about the situation while on the squad, but that is too unreasonable to assume. I

have come to the conclusion that my time can be better spent if I work through other channels.

We have a long way to go. Let's not continue to fool ourselves. Just what are we doing?

With Love
Bernie Oakley
A-15 University Gardens

Karen Jurgenson

Bernie never lost sight of integrity

Bernie Oakley is one of those rare people who have the ability to stand back from a situation in which they are involved and see it for what it is.

I admire him for his honesty. Earlier in the year when the controversy over the length of his hair was in full swing Bernie stood his ground because he believed that he was indeed representing a segment of the student body and that it was unjust for the alumni to use their financial support to manipulate the university.

At that time Bernie still had hopes for the squad and the athletic department. Since then he has come to the realization that athletics on this campus boil down to nothing more or less than big business.

He objects to the dehumanizing and brutal nature of the game and the pampering which the alumni receive (i.e. best seats).

He felt that so long as he remained on the squad he was endorsing "immensely distorted values," because "the emphasis in sports has been shifted from participation and enjoyment to winning and economics."

Earlier in the year I asked head cheerleader Gunnar Froman if the squad represented whoever supported them financially. Gunnar replied in the affirmative. The cheerleaders are supporting the big business, the alumni...forget about the students.

Bernie is first and foremost a thinking individual who doesn't like politics and he feels that he is no longer supporting a positive diversion in cheering but rather playing a game whose ground rules are established for the wrong reasons by the wrong people.

I am thankful that there is at least one person involved in university athletics who has not lost sight of his integrity.

Letters

UNC unconcerned over I-Hall women

To the Editor:

We the women of the International Women's Hall, would like to protest our upcoming eviction from Winston Dormitory over the holidays. We have just received notice that those of us staying on campus over the holidays will have to reside in Morrison Dorm, pay rent of \$1.50 per night, be denied bus service to campus and town, and be without our own cooking facilities in Winston Dorm.

When we were assigned originally to the I-Hall, we were promised that our dormitory would remain open during vacation periods, as most of us have no other place to go. This is an outright breach of promise.

We were informed that one of the major reasons for closing the dorms was security. We were told before Thanksgiving that Winston was to remain open then also for security reasons. This switch to Morrison thus seems a contradiction of the basic premise.

Morrison is remote, and any woman student desiring to use the facilities of the main campus after dark is forced to walk through unguarded and wooded areas—witness the recently reported rape attempt of last weekend.

There are various inconveniences in addition to the lack of security in Morrison. With no bus service and the closure of downtown eating establishments, the students residing in Morrison will be faced with the difficulties of obtaining their food and other necessary items for the two-and-a-half week period.

As foreign students, we ask the support of our fellow American students, and the concern of the administration towards our plight.

Residents of the Women's I-Hall

Tar Heel ignored Buckley's speech

To the Editor:

After only three months on this campus, we have come to the very evident conclusion that the staff of The Daily Tar Heel is concerned only with its own liberal opinions. This is clearly demonstrated by the lack of coverage of the December 9 speech of Mr. William F. Buckley, noted conservatist (sic).

Whereas, columns were devoted to analyses of the speeches of Jane Fonda and Rennie Davis, there was no mention made in the December 10 Tar Heel of Mr.

Buckley's speech which was attended by a capacity crowd.

We feel that by ignoring Mr. Buckley's speech, The Daily Tar Heel has insulted the integrity of the students who do wish to be exposed to all viewpoints whether Fonda radicalism or Buckley conservatism.

In case the staff would explain that the omission in the paper of Mr. Buckley's visit to the campus was due to the time element involved, we would mention that the freshman basketball game on the 9th was adequately covered in time to meet the press deadline for the December 10 paper.

Markay Farmer
Emmy Sanders
636 Morrison



The Daily Tar Heel

78 Years of Editorial Freedom

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The true behind-the-scenes life of Santa Claus

You can fool some of the people all of the time—and that's enough to make a decent living.

—The Wizard of Id.

The wind wailed around the snow-tractor, the whistle piercing the rumble of the big diesel engine as it plowed through the ice.

"Hey, Marvin, what time's it getting to be?"

"Pretty close to noon, I think. Can't see my watch so good. Turn on the overhead light, willya?"

Harry reached up, flipped the overhead on and then looked back out into the brief expanse of white stuff his headlights reached through the black of the arctic night.

Marvin pulled back the fur lining of his

coat, held his watch up to the light and yawned.

"Yup. 'Bout noon." He yawned again. "Man, what is it about this darkness? I stay sleepy all the time."

The two lapsed into silence as the yellow tractor roared through the icy darkness. The broad tracks of the whirling wheel assembly threw a fine spray of ice over the little "Ice Patrol" sign on the side of the tractor door.

"Hey!" Harry said. "What's that up ahead?"

"I dunno," Marvin said softly, his eyes bulging. "There isn't anything on the map. Only 'sposed to be ice and wind for five hundred miles, any direction you'd care to name."

"It looks, Jeez, it is. It's a big neon sign. My God, a big neon sign."

"Harry, it says Merry Christmas, So

help me God. 'S the snow, man, I been up here too long."

Marvin shook his head as Harry looked over at him. The two sat open-mouthed while the tractor slowed to a stop before what appeared to be a castle based on an A-frame design.

"Hey, lookit," Harry breathed. "There's a teenie little guy in the door. With a tuxedo on. And he's wavin' us in."

"Lookit the compass," Marvin said. "The North Pole."

"Y'mean to tell me you been makin' a PROFIT on this stuff all these years?"

"Ho-ho-ho, yes SIR! 'S the American way, you know. Everybody's got to make a livin' somehow."

"But what about all the kids," Marvin asked. "How'dja think they'd feel if they knew you were living in this palace

instead of the little cottage they show in the TV commercials?"

"Oh," Santa huffed, "we wouldn't want to destroy their little images of Christmas, would we? I mean, we want them to enjoy themselves and all that don't we? Besides, SOMEBODY's got to do it."

"Sure," Harry said, "but how does that explain the heated swimming pool, the billiard room and the girls I saw upstairs. What'd you do to Mrs. Claus?"

"Ho-ho-ho! You mean you didn't hear about the little divorce in Reno? Whew. My Public Relations firm gets a bonus this year." He pulled a cigar from his red velvet jacket.

"Ho-ho-ho. Well, sonny boy, we couldn't have a sad ol' Santa sitting alone and blue at the North Pole, could we?"

Depress all those little tykes, it would. No wifree! Santa's got to stay nice and cheerful. Ho-ho-ho!"

"I don't know," Harry sighed. "I just expected something a little different, that's all."

"Ho-ho-ho. We just have to keep up with progress, you know, Specialization, and all that. It was inevitable. What with the Feds forcing me to pay the elves and all..."

"You have to pay the elves?"

"Ho-ho-ho. It's been getting worse and worse ever since that fool Abraham Lincoln put out his silly Emancipation Proclamation. Now they're up to \$3.25 an hour. Next thing you know they'll want a pension. Our friendly toy manufacturers are just going to have to come through, or Santa's official Seal of Goo-ood Toymaking just won't make it

out next time. It's those lil' ol' royalties that have staved off the wage-price squeeze."

"Inflation?" Harry asked.

"Ho-ho-ho. Progress my boy, progress. But I'm forgetting my manners. Won't you stay with us for a few days? We don't get visitors up here very often. Tomorrow's Christmas Eve, you know, and we've got quite a spread fixed up. Filet mignon, a nice beaujolais, crepe Suzettes..."

"But what about the kids?" Marvin said.

"What about the toys and all that? Don't you have to deliver them on Christmas Eve?"

"Ho-ho-ho. Not this Christmas."

"You mean..."

"Yep. This year Santa goes on strike until the lil' ol' parents come across with a bigger kickback. Heh-heh-heh."