

# The Daily Tar Heel

Opinions of The Daily Tar Heel are expressed on its editorial page. All unsigned editorials are the opinions of the editor. Letters and columns represent only the opinions of the individual contributors.

Harry Bryan, Editor  
Saturday, September 25, 1971

## The Daily Tar Heel awards of the week

**The Get High On Sports Not Drugs Award**—to N.C. State basketball players Paul Coder and Bill Heuts who were arrested Monday and charged with possession of five ounces of marijuana.

**The Profiles in Courage Award**—to Presidential hopefuls Senators Fred Harris, Hubert Humphrey and Edward Kennedy who were absent from the first Senate roll call vote on the draft last Friday.

**The Politics Makes Strange Bedfellows Award**—to Robert R. Stubbs, former state chairman of the American Party and a George Wallace aide, who was convicted Thursday for indecent exposure, soliciting and contributing to the delinquency of three young boys whom he asked to perform unnatural acts with him.

**The Pay Particular Pretension to Award**—to "Citizen Kane," which was shown by the Union for the millionth time this week. Joe Cool was right.

**The That's Life Award**—to Look magazine, which announced

it will cease publication next month.

**The Bring the War Home Award**—to Mayor Ronnie Thompson of Macon, Ga., who reportedly ordered machine guns used during racial disturbances in his town this summer and who plans to sell machine gun tie tacks and lapel pins at \$1 each for his re-election campaign.

**The You've Got Nothing To Complain About Award**—to campus blacks who have complained about the lack of University sponsored activities for blacks. C'mon guys, what about the watermelon feast yesterday in the pit?

**The You Can't Have Your Eggroll and Seat it Two Award**—to the Nixon Administration which is trying to seat both Red China and Nationalist China in the United Nations.

**The We Hope Not Award**—to Bob Hope, who will appear at the N.C. State Fair Oct. 15.

**The John Crow Law Enforcement Award**—to John O. Crow, Jr., deputy commissioner of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, who was almost arrested by militant Indians Wednesday for blocking reform programs. A melee broke out when the group's leader was thrown down a flight of stairs by police.

**The Campus Crusade for Price Award**—to Ralph Nader associate Brent English, who proposed increasing student fees by \$1.50 to form a consumer protection group here. How much would out-of-state students have to pay, Brent?

**The Thanks For Nothing Award**—presented annually to Student Government, which continues appointing committees to study problems that never get solved.

**The Why Don't the Giants Do Something Like That For Willie Mays Award**—to Pope Paul, who was elected to his exalted position by the cardinals.

### The Daily Tar Heel

78 Years of Editorial Freedom

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## Ken Ripley

# Soul Food: a promise of unity

There's a song Christians on campus like to sing that begins with the assertion, "We are one in the Spirit, we are one in His love," and goes on to say, "And we pray that all unity may one day be restored."

Last December at Urbana, Illinois, 12,000 Christian students from all over the world—concluding the last meeting of an Inter-Varsity triennial convention—spontaneously and emotionally began singing that song as they filled out of the mammoth indoor arena for the last time. They meant what they were singing, and everyone there was caught up in a proud proclamation of unity and mutual love.

Christians sing this song here on campus, but for us it is more than a proclamation—it's a promise and a challenge.

For too many years, Christian unity has been little more than a broken promise. With too few notable exceptions, Christian history has been marked by division and mistrust, hatred and isolation, as the Church split into fragments. Denominations proudly asserted their superiority, sects clung stubbornly to their "true" Christianity, Christians battled over doctrines, practices, means and goals. If the world has ever seen an unloving group of people, it has too often seen the Church.

Yet when Jesus sent his disciples into the world, as "lights" in the darkness of

selfishness and hatred, he made it clear that a distinguishing difference between Christians and non-Christians was to be the love and unity they manifested.

"A new commandment I give to you," Jesus said, "that you love one another; even as I have loved you, that you also love one another. By this all men will know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another."

The early Christians considered themselves as a new community, as an organic body of people united in their faith and in their actions. Decrying the lovelessness and self-centeredness of the pagan world, Paul wrote to the Ephesians, "Rather, speaking the truth in love, we are to grow up in every way into him who is the head, into Christ, from whom the whole body, joined and knit together by every joint with which it is supplied, when each part is working properly, makes bodily growth and up-builds itself in love."

The early Christians had their problems, and their dissensions, but they were "set apart" from others by the strong unity they had, and the love they bore. "How those Christians love each other," one pagan observer noted, "Christianity was a bright promise, and the body grew."

Cancer afflicts that body today, in some cases quite badly. There is still a

## Bob Lenski

# Disrespect for the environment

(Editor's note: Last in a five-part series)

Archie Carr, a biologist at the University of Florida, maintains that "probably in the long run the most destructive enemy of the natural world will turn out to be the capacity of humans not to change nature and environment but to be persuaded to like the changes, no matter how dismal they are—just so no obvious public health hazard is involved."

If this observation is applicable to people in general, it is particularly applicable to a highly transient population like Chapel Hill students. They may not even realize that things here were ever much different.

Anyone who disagrees that Chapel Hill's environment is deteriorating, probably does very little walking—or does it with his eyes closed. He should try a cross-campus walk, beginning on East Franklin and proceeding south through the campus' different historical zones.

Perhaps at the conclusion of such a walk—the endless sea of parking spaces and mobile units which characterizes the hospital complex along Manning Drive and is representative of "where we're at" now—he would agree that something had gone wrong somewhere, that what was begun with beauty, order and tranquility, had ended in ugliness, chaos and mechanical glare.

I know the objections to this conclusion. "Older areas look better, because the trees have had a chance to grow." "Hospitals are necessarily more utilitarian in appearance—for one thing,

they employ a lot more people." And so on.

They are all partially valid, but none of them alter one central, indisputable truth: certain parts of the Chapel Hill campus (the older ones) were designed to accommodate man, while others (the newer ones) were designed to accommodate the automobile. The result is areas of completely unlike character.

The trend toward landscapes which favor machines over man is hardly restricted to the UNC campus, of course. It can be seen throughout the town of Chapel Hill (simply contrast Eastgate to Franklin Street!), and on almost every campus in the country.

If people really prefer the environment they are getting today, and are fully conscious of the choice they are making, I'll willingly accept my more pastoral tastes as minority opinion. But I don't believe for one minute that most students, if they thought about it, would choose surroundings resembling Manning Drive over the park-like atmosphere of the old campus between Cameron and Franklin.

Why, then, aren't people asserting their right to choose the more human environment? Perhaps in a town with Chapel Hill's reputation for outspokenness, we should worry more about such stifling complacency than about the environmental deterioration it leads to.

Why this complacency? In large part, it is because our highly technological society has destroyed a vital part of the human consciousness—the part which

helped us to relate intimately to our physical world and sense a personal role in shaping it. Increasingly, Americans seem to relate to their surroundings only in a subconscious way. We tend to accept whatever environment we are "given," failing not only to compare it critically with other possible environments, but even to perceive any personal role in attaining those environments. We face environments, but even to perceive any personal role in attaining those environments. We face a crisis of human imagination, and a crisis of human potency.

It is time we recognized that it is seldom other people who are dishing out environments, with a thoughtful eye to human preferences, but more often the blind and inhuman forces of uncontrolled technology. With a momentum of their own, these forces will make more and more of man's decisions for him, until he reasserts himself. And if he won't do it in Chapel Hill, where will he do it?

When I said that some technology undermines human consciousness, I had several destructive influences in mind. Foremost among these is the dominance of the automobile in our culture.

It has transformed the landscape, certainly, but it has altered our perception of the landscape even more!

The automobile means mobility—complete, carefree, "cheap" mobility. The two words are almost synonymous. People with easy access to cars correctly perceive themselves to be mobile creatures to a degree that those

with only horses or bicycles or mass transit never could.

But this perception has been accompanied by another one: that the environment is a commodity for consumption. As man achieves complete freedom to roam, he is indeed liberated from the burden of responsibility for his immediate surroundings. He can let them go to seed, hit the road, and find the good life over the horizon.

The catch is that when an entire nation is led to believe it can go "escapist" in this manner, nobody is left at home tending the front lawn. And as America is discovering, the results are catastrophic.

City folk flee to the suburbs, Easterners flee to California, the wealthy abandon old resorts and flee to the Caribbean. Rare Earth, refuting its name, sings blasphemously "the highway is my brother." America decays.

If California indeed represents America's cultural future, we should take a good look at it. In Los Angeles, millions rush about on countless freeways which lead nowhere, since the freeways themselves have consumed the land.

L.A. has surfaced in Granville Towers, where students willingly live in blighted surroundings—a sea of asphalt and automobiles—to have the "freedom" of escape to better places.

The alternative—that of banishing the cars, ripping up the asphalt, and using the land in a creative way (they're trying gardens on West Coast campuses)—has not occurred to many. Could it be that the automobile, destructive to earth, air, fire, water and body, also tends to rot the mind?

### Letter

## Arnold story must be told

To the editor:

I have not yet seen a complete, factual account of the circumstances surrounding Billy Arnold's death. Without evidence to the contrary, we are left to believe that the reason the whole story has not been told is that the truth is incriminating to the UNC football program and its members, and to college football as a whole.

Here is the story I compiled from three eye-witnesses, who wish to remain anonymous for obvious reasons.

Bill Arnold fell after the seventh of eight wind sprints. He managed to get back to his feet, but in lining up for the eighth sprint he lined up pointing in the wrong direction. One of these witnesses said his eyes appeared to have rolled back into his head. During the eighth sprint, Arnold fell as he started off, got up, stumbled, fell, at which time two coaches picked him up, yelled at him and shoved him along to run some more. Arnold managed to finish the sprint, but collapsed as he finished. Two players tried to help him, but were told to leave him alone. Arnold managed to stumble and crawl his way to the gate. Outside the gate, two players helped him get his helmet off and helped him walk.

One of the witnesses said that Arnold collapsed completely at this time, falling to the ground and hitting his head on the pavement. He was then rolled onto the equipment truck and taken, not to the hospital, but to the locker room. When Arnold did not respond in the locker room, he was then taken to the hospital. Witnesses estimate that thirty minutes passed from the time Arnold collapsed outside the gate to the time he was finally taken to the hospital. In cases of heatstroke or heat prostration, I understand the time which elapses between stroke and treatment is critical.

These questions come to my mind as I try to relate to this man's death as an accident. Why was Bill Arnold forced or made to keep running after he had fallen down several times, and was obviously ill or injured? Why was he not examined by the team trainer, whose responsibility it is to examine players and determine if they should see a doctor? The trainer is supposedly required to be on the field at all practices. Why was Bill Arnold not taken to the hospital when he fell unconscious outside the gate?

An accurate story of the circumstances surrounding Bill Arnold's collapse should be told, not to increase anyone's misery and suffering, but to prevent any recurrence. I do not know who has the authority to investigate a death surrounded by mysterious circumstances, but I do know that they have not met their responsibility.

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## Letters to the editor

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.



## Charles Jeffries

# BSM reveals its maturity

The Black Student Movement has been on the UNC campus for a little over four and a half years. In these years it has routed out two food services, taken over Manning Hall, succeeded in starting a Black Studies program and generally given the black student on campus a group which he could readily identify with.

These few accomplishments are within themselves enough to make any casual observer take notice of the organization even though he may not agree with the group's tactics.

After last Tuesday's meeting and the suggestions that came out of that

meeting, it is clear to see that the organization is about to come of age.

Just as age comes to a human being, so it does to an organization. As the person matures he becomes aware of the things around him and, if they are to his dislike he avoids them or he attempts to change them.

The aging of an organization is no different. Upon recognizing the issues which confront it, a group takes action to see that the issues are settled or eliminated, but just like the individual human, the group can choose to avoid the issues also.

The BSM has chosen to confront the

issues which it has recognized as relevant to its members and in doing so has proven that it has matured. The off-campus tutorial program, which was started last year, shows that the group recognized the importance of educating the masses of people whom the University has systematically eliminated as a source of insight into the problems of black people and has considered them only an "employment pool."

The black library and the Black Ink are indications that the group recognizes the importance of helping the black student outside the usual university framework which for so long seemed to stifle the individuality of black students and attempted to integrate him fully into the white world.

The formation of a black radio program shows that the organization sees the need for the black student to be informed and entertained in the manner in which he is accustomed, without having to purchase a \$270 stereo system to pick up all-black WSRC in Durham.

With these programs underway or still in the planning stages, one can easily see that the BSM is well on the way to becoming a mature organization.

Yet there is a facet of maturity which should be kept in mind. That facet concerns goals.

Unless the group makes concrete plans to achieve specific goals, all of the thought that accompanies the recognition of a problem or issue of relevance is wasted.

Although the failure of an individual to achieve a goal might cause the individual to destroy himself, the failure of a group to achieve a goal should be accompanied by increased effort, not disintegration.

In the past, failure by the BSM to achieve some of their goals has resulted in the downfall of the organization's ability to attract all of the black students on campus. And without members, an organization may as well commit itself to a state of non-existence, or death in human terms.

As you have probably discovered by now, the purpose of this column this week is to praise the ideas of the BSM and to urge it to carefully plan its course of action on the issues it has recognized, for all too many times the integrity of the black student on campus has been criticized due to the inability of the BSM to mature and come of age.

promise, but now it is more a challenge.

Christians have come a long way in the last few years to restoring some of the promise of unity and love. Denominations are gradually breaking down their barriers. Christians are slowly breaking down their barriers of religious and racial prejudice. Some fresh air is blowing into Churches, slowly, and the institutions are not without hope.

Christian groups on this campus have come a long way towards unity. Three years ago, different groups were almost hostile to each other, pledging unity but acting in competition and mutual bitter criticism. There was little communication not only among the different groups but also among the groups and campus religious centers. Christians on campus, in these groups or not, were generally apathetic and silent. It was a frustrating time for everyone.

Christians on campus this fall are optimistic, and with reason. Gradually the groups and the different religious institutions on campus are breaking down their mutual distrust. Communication and sharing among the different groups has grown stronger, and the groups—like Campus Crusade and Inter-Varsity—have grown closer.

Campus Christians are surfacing, getting together across denominational and group lines, and are rediscovering that the mutual ties we have as Christians

are stronger than the ties we have to any organization, any pet doctrine. Christians at UNC are beginning to show that they do love each other, and that their love is real and powerful.

But the year, however optimistic, is still beginning, and though the promise of unity is greater than ever before, there are still seeds of division to watch out for.

The barriers between the non-denominational Christian groups on campus and the institutional centers and chaplains are breaking down, but more communication and understanding—sought by both sides—is still needed if these two parts of the body are to function together.

A strained, unspoken tension exists between the charismatic Christians on campus and other Christians—and in this tension there is mistrust and separation, "brotherhood" in name only. Unless both sides can learn to accept and appreciate the unique value and contributions each can make, unless we can truly confess one Spirit active in all Christians, love and unity will give way in a terrible mess.

But unless Christians on campus continue as they have begun, joyfully bearing one witness to one Lord, accepting the challenge to love each other, our claims to love and unity are not even promises. They are broken dreams.