

The Daily Tar Heel

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Harry Bryan, Editor
Tuesday, October 19, 1971

Time to do battle against Scott plan

The Consolidated University Board of Trustees has renewed the battle against Governor Scott's plan for restructuring higher education, and it is only right in doing so.

Through Consolidated University President William C. Friday, the board has advocated a plan that would probably be best for North Carolina's state-supported institutions. However, a Joint Committee on Higher Education in the General Assembly has given tentative approval to a proposal that looks nothing like the one recommended by UNC.

Among the areas in which the trustees and the joint committee differ are:

— Scott's bill calls for a complete deconsolidation with all 16 state-supported schools being dumped into the lap of a 33-man interim board, a plan that would bring about complete chaos as a temporary board attempted to work out a new system of education.

The plan presented by the Consolidated University calls for the 10 schools outside UNC being gradually placed in the University system over a two-year period, a proposal that would preserve an institution that has proven itself all over the country and a plan that would provide a smooth transition into the new setup.

— The approved bill would give the central board (the Board of Governors) only limited powers in budgetary matters with its decisions subject to review by the Advisory Budget Commission. One of Scott's primary reasons for pushing the restructuring of higher education was supposedly to take the politics

out of the universities and to eliminate the "political end runs" over appropriations for individual schools (a common practice by men such as Leo Jenkins, president of East Carolina University). This would hardly be accomplished with a board that could be manipulated by the work of politicking educators.

However, the strong central board advocated by UNC would take university presidents out of the State Legislative Building and put them back on the campus where they belong.

— Eight members of the board would be appointed by the Governor under the bill, rather than all being named by the General Assembly. Giving Scott eight appointees — as well as a vote of his own — would only give him the opportunity to hurt the Consolidated University schools and carry out the threat he made last spring.

If the proposal approved by the house committee passes on the floor of the General Assembly when it reconvenes October 26, the schools in the Consolidated University could suffer. It's time for the trustees to pull out all the stops in seeing that it does not pass.

Courts assuming new job?

The U.S. Supreme Court last Thursday rejected an appeal by Thomas G. Jolley, who moved to Canada and renounced his American citizenship four years ago to avoid induction into the armed services, that he be allowed to return to the country.

Fighting deportation after entering the United States illegally, Jolley admitted renunciation of his citizenship but said he had done so under duress. He said he had only wanted to avoid breaking the selective service law.

Jolley cited a law which forbids deportation of an alien who enters the country by fraud if the alien is "otherwise admissible" at the time of entry and the spouse of a U.S. citizen (and he pointed out that his wife is still a U.S. citizen).

However, the Fifth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals had ruled that he was not "otherwise admissible" because he had remained outside the country to avoid service in the armed services "in time of war."

And all this time we had thought it was only a police action. We must have been wrong, but we still thought wars were declared by Congress rather than courts of appeals.

Brad Stuart

Once a junkie, always a junkie

"Once a junkie, always a junkie," Lynne said. "You never lose it, never lose the mark it leaves on you."

Lynne was eighteen. She had become a heroin addict while in a middle-class junior high school in Bethesda, Maryland. A fourteen year old girl "hit her up" for the first time.

"I had one teacher who knew," Lynne said. "She called me back to her desk one day and asked me if I was on junk; just flat out, 'Are you on heroin?' she said. And I was afraid to answer, but she knew. And she was really good to me. She talked with me and said she'd help me. She wouldn't tell my parents right away, she told me, if I'd just clear myself up."

"Parents ... they don't want to know. They don't want to believe it. I can't believe it! God, I can still hear that." When Lynne's parents found out, they worried a great deal, sent Lynne to a psychiatrist and supported Lynne's habit.

"They were afraid I'd run away," Lynne said. "A person will do anything when he needs junk. They were afraid of what would happen to me if I were strung out and alone in the city."

"So they paid me for doing odd jobs around the house. I painted some of the rooms in our house. Sometimes I'd be sick while I was working. I'd finish up and say, 'Daddy, I've got to go downtown.' He'd give me a ride and let me off. We wouldn't say anything—nothing TO say, I guess. And we didn't know what else to do."

"As long as Lynne has money," Lynne said the psychiatrist told her parents, "she's going to buy junk with it. As long as you feed her and give her a house to live in, she's going to find extra money to buy junk. You're going to have to cut her off."

At sixteen, Lynne left her home and

became a prostitute in Washington, D.C.

Months later, strung out, sick with malnutrition, Lynne was admitted to a Bethesda hospital for a cure.

"But I played games. I was very clever," she said self-mockingly. "I sneaked a set of works into my room and shot up sink water. Jesus!" she laughed. "And after a short time I was free to come and go during certain hours. Of course, I sent to see my old friends and scored."

Lynne knew she had to get away from Bethesda, away from her "old friends." She talked to her parents and doctors and was transferred to Duke Memorial Hospital in Durham, N.C.

Lynne had been in Durham for several months, months without drugs, when one day she was walking on the wide, wooded lawn of the hospital.

"I noticed how beautiful the day was," she said. "It was the first time I had

really SEEN anything in for over two years. It was so pretty there. I just walked the lawn and sat and thought. And I realized how much I want life." She gestured with thin arm outstretched, palm upward, her eyes wide, brows raised. "To beat junk you have to want life so much more than most people do."

No hospital can ever cure an addict. The junkie must have the will and courage to cure himself. And few ever do.

Lynne did. Lynne was released six months ago from Duke Hospital, going back only for weekly consultation and urinalysis. She lived "clean" in Chapel Hill, taking no heroin. She met new friends and worked at a new clothing store about to open on Franklin Street. The owner, a young millionaire, said that after the store opened, since Lynne had done most of the work on it, he would give the store to her.

"Everything's going so well," she smiled. "It's unbelievable."

A little over a month ago, at age 18, Lynne died of malnutrition. Though she ate regularly, and voraciously, she lost ten pounds her last two weeks of life. Her metabolism had been abused. It broke down. Lynne died.

"I'm so glad she didn't die of overdose," Lynne's mother's eyes were red; her face was ticking with the fear of one who's child has been taken. "You don't know how many people," she said, "friends of ours in Bethesda, were counting on Lynne to cure herself ... to give them some hope for their own children."

In large part because of the prohibition against a drug used by millions, marijuana, a subculture of harddrugs has been opened to millions of young people. In this culture, heroin is tolerated by people who use other illicit drugs and who buy other drugs from the same sources that heroin comes from. Of the losers of this culture, those who become addicts or psychopaths "burnt out" by methadone, STP, strychnine, almost all were first introduced to the culture by the use of marijuana. Lynne was one of these, one of thousands.

Although many authorities contend it is no worse than alcohol, research concerning marijuana indicates that it has some ill effects. But the effects of its prohibition have been monstrous.

Hard drugs must be isolated from the main body of society. The most effective way to do this would be to end the grass prohibition. In the face of millions of "felons" now using grass, the prohibition is absurd. It aids those profiting from drugs, by opening these millions to illicit sources of both hard and soft drugs.

This situation can no longer be tolerated. If you know a junk dealer, bust him. If you can vote, bust the prohibition. Do not wait, as I did, until one of your friends is dead.

Keith Weatherly

Draft amnesty unjustifiable

A new phenomenon has appeared in the United States. It is a drive to grant amnesty to all the draft dodgers and deserters of the Vietnam War. Two presidential hopefuls, Senators McGovern and Kennedy, have expressed publicly their endorsement for an amnesty declaration. George McGovern has made it a campaign issue and said that if elected president he will definitely give amnesty to all those who have broken the Selective Service law so they may reside in the United States without fear of prosecution.

It would be a deplorable situation if amnesty was actually granted. When are the liberals going to recognize the fact that those who knowingly break the law must face the consequences. We cannot endorse this type of grossly unlawful action.

Today, amnesty has become the key word for all those who want to dance, but do not want to pay the fiddler. Convicted criminals in our prisons stage long and bloody riots only to "demand" amnesty when the riots are quelled. Radical students burn buildings and harass administrative officials, but when caught only plead tearfully for amnesty. Now, in the forefront, is the last of a long line of amnesty-seekers, those who have shirked their duty to serve in the armed forces.

The situation is quite simple. Those young men who had rather live in exile outside the United States than to serve in the Army should be satisfied with their lot. No one forced them to leave — it was of their own free will. We should not anymore think of removing the guilt from a draft dodger than a thief or a kidnapper. A person cannot decide for

himself the morality of our laws and choose which to obey and which to break. Our society makes laws not for only those who wish to support them. Legal statutes must never, never be bent or broken for the convenience of a lawless minority.

McGovern and Kennedy are using the amnesty to capitalize on the young voters. Their chances to realize higher political ambitions rest with the newly enfranchised young voters and their stand seems like a politically expedient move. If either of these men becomes president in 1972 and indeed declares amnesty for draft resisters, it would set an extremely dangerous precedent. Such a declaration would, of course, open the doors for all men to refuse induction into the armed services.

The United States could never again expect to field an adequate army if our Selective Service legislation were rendered impotent. We must not allow this to happen! I sincerely hope that in the near future we can implement a volunteer army, but until that time comes, our draft laws must be strictly enforced.

Recently the N.C. Veterans for Peace at UNC began circulating a petition calling for amnesty for draft resisters. This opportunistic group of people began the action in response to an article in the New Republic.

The petition reads: "We, the undersigned, support a national policy of universal amnesty for all those who, for reasons of conscience, have refused to participate in the Vietnam war effort. This includes political exiles abroad, Vietnam prisoners at home and under indictment by the Justice Department."

The clincher here is the phrase "for

reasons of conscience." How, may I ask, is anyone going to determine whether a person dodges the draft "for reasons of conscience" and not simply for reasons of cowardice? I suppose this organization also supports amnesty for any criminal who claims that his crime was committed for reasons of conscience. I am quite sure that James Earl Ray, Sirhan Sirhan and Lee Harvey Oswald could easily have justified their actions to their own consciences. Their consciences told them that what they did was right — should we grant them amnesty?

Everyone wants to get into the act. A group of sixteen "doves" publically announced their support last week in Atlanta of amnesty for all war crimes, including Lt. William Calley. These men represented an interesting array of organizations: Carl Holman — President of the National Urban Coalition; Joseph L. Rahn, Jr. — former head of Americans for Democratic Action; and Andrew J. Young — former Executive Director of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, just to mention a few. It was to be expected that members of these organizations would endorse such a policy.

Those persons advocating amnesty for crimes committed "for reasons of conscience" should be ready to include any and all that fall in this category. The granting of amnesty to draft resisters will undoubtedly open a Pandora's Box for everyone acting merely "for reasons of conscience." These persons will all demand amnesty under such a guideline for their crimes, and justifiably so.

Letter

Fire alarm system in dorms worthless

To the editor:

Heartiest congratulations to the University Physical Plant, which has characteristically "solved" one problem by substituting another.

The dorms on the upper quad are fire hazards, being very old and having no means of escape in the event of a fire. Until a few weeks ago there was also no alarm system, so the University graciously had one installed.

Fine. But of what does this "alarm system" consist? Each floor has its own "mini-system," complete with a nifty wall buzzer, unprotected, which any one can ring at any time, tripping off the beautiful raucous bells. And the alarm does work so well ... if I had a penny for every time that alarm has gone off by the finger of some dorm rat ...

Also, the system is not inter-connected, so that a bona fide alarm could be given the first floor and those guys would be safe, but the suckers on

the fourth floor wouldn't know about it until too late. Of course, if they were connected as they should be, then I'd be subject to not only the whims of bell ringers on my own floor but also those of the other three floors. No rest for the weary.

With three guys to a room, these dorms are potential death traps, but the University ignores the safety of students and keeps piling 'em in. Simple fire escapes at the ends of the halls would be so cheap, compared to the lives that would be lost in a fire. At present, there is no way to escape from a fire unless you live on the first floor. And who on first floor is going to risk his life by running up to fourth floor yelling "fire?"

The University forces students to live in these dorms. Let the University see to it that the students do not die in these dorms, also.

David Rolfe
313 Grimes

The Daily Tar Heel

78 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Laughing enhances survival, improves digestion

During the past few years, it has been my sad task to report on the ever-growing number of hidden menaces to our health and well-being.

Cyclamated Kool Aid corrupted our bodies, and noise makes us sick. Children's games, I found, breed evil influences over children. Last fall I discovered that subtle "brain pollution" is softening our minds under tons of pollutants by the brand name "hull." All these I have exposed faithfully and with regret, as the walls of illusion come tumbling down around me. Between the environmentalists and the consumer advocate nothing seems safe any more.

Nader told me I can't trust General Motors, and I lost my faith in big business. Cereal studies showed I can't trust Tony the Tiger, and my childhood

disappeared. Agnew told me I can't trust the press, and I suspect myself.

But there is a ray of hope. Yesterday morning, columnist-doctor T.R. Van Dellen informed me that laughter is healthy.

"Researchers found," he reported in his daily column, "that laughing enhances survival, prolongs life, benefits the heart, compensates for low and high blood pressure and improves digestion. In addition, it is good exercise and excellent tonic."

Van Dellen's authority is reassuring, if not surprising. Medicine finally has upheld something we've suspected all along.

Folklore is full of illusions to the therapeutic value of laughing. Take, for instance, the traditional western where

one cowboy tells another, "Smile when you say that." If the guy took the advice his chances for enhanced survival and prolonged life were increased considerably.

The early Romans no doubt found that laughing at the Christians in the arena improved their digestion for the post-game orgies.

A distant cousin of mine worked wonders with laughter treatment. Whenever I had a severe headache or stomach ache, groaning with pain, she would tell me, "It doesn't exist. Laugh it off." And she was right. I always got better as I laughed at her.

And laughter can overcome tension and do wonders with the blood-pressure. I knew one extremely uptight friend,

overworked and ready for a nervous breakdown, who was induced at the fair to go on a roller coaster ride to "take your mind off your problems." About two minutes in the ride he began to laugh, and he was still laughing three hours after the ride had ended. Not once in the whole time did he mention his problems. He had completely forgotten them.

But laughter is more than physically healthy. Nothing is more relaxing as we forget our troubles and sooth our minds in hearty laughter at the slapstick clown, the drunk and his lampshade, the little brother getting spanked.

A minister visiting one Washington, D.C. church, all solemn and serious, almost upset the congregation and

embroidered their minds and consciences in perplexing moral dilemmas. He saved the day, however, when his false teeth began falling out. Laughter swept the congregation, and crisis was averted.

Not everyone can laugh, but it helps. We always hear how poor people are happy, how their Saturday night laughter fills the ghetto night. Their laughter helps them overcome their misery. But the rich slumlord, sources say, "try all the way to the bank." How much better would they feel if they could laugh a little?

But with laughter, as with anything else, there can be danger. Laughter can get us into trouble. One student was last seen laughing at a policeman. His trial comes up soon. An employee laughed at his boss, though laughter got him through

unemployment. I knew someone else who laughed at himself, and it so shattered his carefully built seriousness and pomposity that he failed to get all A's for a semester.

And laughter, if not carefully used, can cause physical pain and torture. Puns are beautiful weapons. Well-aimed, they can leave people groaning and sickened. Too well aimed, and they can get the punster massacred. Puns make excellent dueling weapons, though.

"I went to a poetry reading where the poet wrote about everything bad he could find," one punster fired. "The audience was so revolted they revoked his poetic license."

"That," fired back his friend, "is known as going from bad to verse." Touche.

