

The case against Mr. Nixon



Mr. President

The President holds the highest office in the nation with many responsibilities and powers. Yet doubt has hurt the presidency.

This doubt is not of whether Nixon is an honorable man; that he is not. We have no doubt. The doubt is whether he is a man who obeys the laws of the land.

The Congress must impeach him, for Nixon refuses to produce evidence necessary to clear or convict him of "high crimes and misdemeanors."

To impeach the President is not to declare him guilty. Impeachment is to clear the doubt over the Presidency.

These are the areas of doubt on Nixon's honesty, legality and integrity in performing his job: knowledge of crime without

reporting to legal authority--

- Nixon's admittance that he knew of the burglary of the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist

- Nixon's acknowledgement of approving the later aborted "Huston Plan" in 1970, which included burglary and other crimes.

violation of Congress' power of appropriations--

- Nixon's impoundment of congressionally authorized funds, in spite of 20 court rulings that impoundment is unconstitutional

violation of the Fourth Amendment rights against search and seizure

- the break-in of Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office
- the Watergate break-in by persons claiming to be acting on

the authority of the President and/or his assistants

bribery--

- Nixon's meeting with Judge Matthew Byrne when John Ehrlichman discussed the FBI directorship with the judge while he was presiding over Ellsberg's trial

- the milk deal
- Rebozo-Hughes dealings
- the Vesco deal

violation of Congress' power to declare war

- Nixon's use of combat troops in Laos and Cambodia after Congress prohibited such use
- the Watergate break-in by Cambodia

Impeachment is the only way to determine whether President Nixon is a man of the laws.

Randy Crittendon

Chapel Hill tastes belong in Top 40

Having been in Chapel Hill for a while, I have come reluctantly to the conclusion that the UNC student body has mediocre taste. In the popular arts, the sophistication of the collective has proven to rest somewhere between television and last year's Top-40 hits.

There is a tradition of leadership among American colleges in the area of popular music. University communities first spawned or made accessible coffeehouses, outdoor festivals, and mass concerts. As well as serving as a haven for all sorts of classical and experimental artists, the college town has long been a showcase and proving ground for emerging pop musicians.

There's an old legend around Chapel Hill about the fellow who was dragged kicking and grunting by his girlfriend to the Graham Memorial coffeehouse. She wanted to see a certain folk musician of the type big in the early sixties. The boyfriend thought the folksy type really blew he sang with a fudgsicle stick up his nose. As the years

slipped by the complexion of the coffeehouse story changed as the fellow told it to friends. The folksinger was Bob Dylan.

But we're in the seventies now: junior high kids take downers at school and speed at the shopping mall. Dylan gets eight bucks a seat and Elton John jumps on pianos for 75 thousand a throw. There aren't any more pop festivals and the big concerts are on TV.

Go to any major city and the flesh and blood of music is found in clubs and music halls. The Town Hall made a feeble attempt to transform itself into a music emporium here. No Cinderella, though; you can't boogie to Maria Muldaur.

After sell-out crowds in New York City the National Lampoon's satirical revue, *Lemmings*, played Chapel Hill to a half-filled Memorial Hall. The Carolina Union pulls the coup of snatching the Pointer Sisters out of Washington's Cellar Door and other top clubs of Chicago and San Francisco: Chapel Hill asks, "Who?"

In retrospect it does seem as though the Carolina campus has been better concert days. Janis Joplin made UNC her second stop after premiering the Kozmic Blues Band at Bill Graham's Fillmore some five years ago. The big hit of that season was the Fifth Dimension. Joe Cocker, The Allman Brothers, Black Sabbath, and James Taylor all put in appearances before their peak of popularity. However, it's tough to defend a dying trend.

The student body changes every year and we all tend to forget the bombs and remember the glories. Do you recall the New Riders at UNC last spring along with their fall show at Duke? Anyway, the Duke UNC community generally shares concert programming; it's not a competition because everybody wins when a band does a local concert. A great paradox is that, in the case of concert conflicts, the Duke Attractions people invariably come over to Carmichael while Carolina rocks out at Cameron.

There seems to be a formula in some persons' minds: if a band doesn't charge at least 20 thousand they are not worth hearing. (Remember: "hearing" not "seeing.") The Duke Attractions Committee works through commercial promoters; Duke grants use of the hall, the music mogul takes the money and runs.

The UNC Administration has never blessed this campus with a hall of decent size and acoustics. Carmichael was designed and built for basketball. The megaphone ceiling gathers the goddam sound, mixes it up, and throws it down onto the playing floor. Dean Smith is king here, not Chip Monck.

With institutions operating within their traditional functions, it's not fair to contend that this area is lacking in high-quality musical offerings. Any businessman can see that the Rolling Stones make money; it is left to the college community to set critical standards and to develop trends, to imagine and to look for fresh musical perspectives.

If the choice of a good college, for you, hinges on the big-money, big-name concert, then transfer to the Greensboro Coliseum.

The Daily Tar Heel

81 Years Of Editorial Freedom

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

Susan Miller, Editor

January 11, 1974

Daily Tar Heel weekly awards

The Hand Is Quicker Than The Eye Award to President Nixon and his legal magicians who ended "Operation Candor," declaring it a complete success.

The Clifford Irving Memorial Spectacular Award to Dr. Kohoutek for giving us his famous dud comet, leaving millions of Americans just staring into space.

The If You Don't Like It Drop Out Award to the University for continuing to put students and faculty alike through the idiocy of Drop-add. Really, you guys, there has to be a better way!

The Let Me Make This Perfectly Clear Award to Union President Gary Phillips who announced on the Union desk calendar there would be a meeting of the Activities Board and then threw a DTH reporter out of the meeting claiming it wasn't a real meeting. Whatever it was, don't get your signals crossed next time.

The Christmas Spirit Is In The Air Award to the generous Brooklyn, N.Y., service station owner who jacked up prices on gasoline to \$1 on Christmas day. This station was one of the few open in the "Big Apple" on the holiday, and motorists were forced to pay the inflated price or walk. The stations owners are now being investigated by the Internal Revenue Service.

The Let Them Eat Cake Award to the head of the American Bakers Association who predicted the price of bread would probably go up \$1 a loaf due to the infamous wheat deal of 1972.

The If You Don't Play The Game My Way I'll Take My Ball and Go Home Award to Charlie Finley, owner of the Oakland A's baseball team. Finley has refused to let manager Dick Williams out of his contract to manage the team and start working for the New York Yankees.

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Letters

The Daily Tar Heel provides the opportunity for expression of opinions by readers through letters to the editor. This newspaper reserves the right to edit all letters for libelous statements and good taste.

Letters should be limited to 300 words and must include the name, address and phone number of the writer. Type letters on a 60-space line and address them to Editor, The Daily Tar Heel, in care of the Student Union.

Letter to the editor

Boulton responds on rape

To the editor:

Thanks very much for your editorial of January 9 concerning precautions on the campus. I fully agree that simply providing notice of assault will not solve the problem. The issuing of these bulletins is only one action which the University community has taken to attempt to deal with this problem. Police patrols have been increased on campus, particularly in areas where students

frequently walk at night.

Improved and increased lighting on campus has recently been installed as a direct result of "walking tours" of the campus at night by University officials and student leaders. In addition, a written survey was mailed again this fall (as it was in 1971) to a sample of 300 women students requesting that they 1) indicate areas they thought needed additional lighting, and 2) identify

pathways they normally use at night.

The Campus Escort Service was initiated by the Residence Hall Association using student escorts on a volunteer basis. Stickers containing emergency and escort telephone numbers were printed by the Office of Student Affairs, and distributed by RHA to all women students.

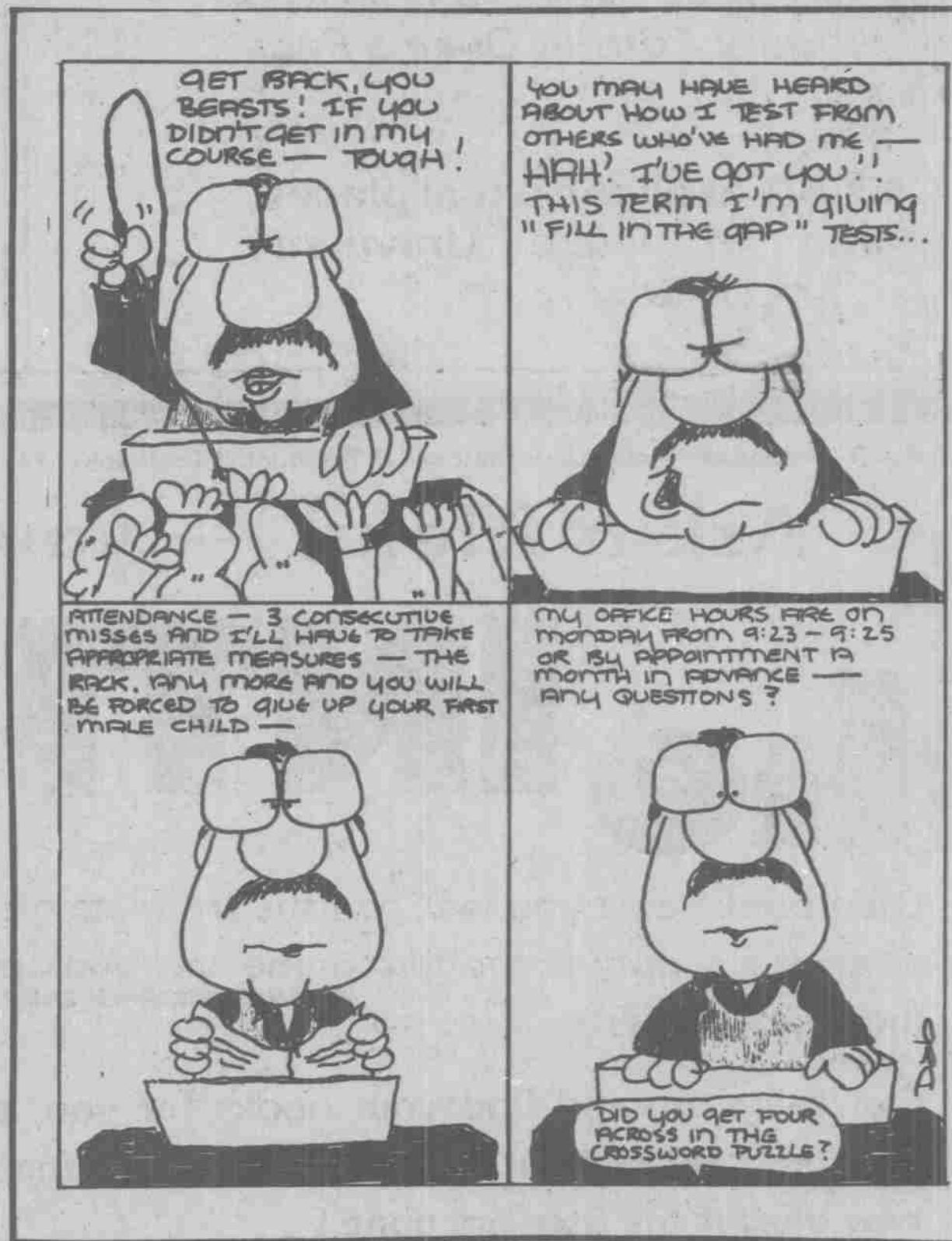
Faculty members teaching evening classes have been provided bus schedules and asked to emphasize the potential dangers of walking alone after dark to members of their classes.

And finally, repeated attempts have been made to warn women students directly that it is not safe to walk alone on campus after dark. Communication to residence hall staff and officers, requests to the Daily Tar Heel for feature articles about safety precautions, and local radio announcements have all urged students to report assaults and not to place themselves in unnecessary jeopardy of assault by walking alone.

We are vitally concerned about the safety of students and are committed to doing all that we can to make this a campus free from assaults, rapes, robbery, etc. But students must also share the responsibility by using the Escort Service, walking in well-lighted areas if alone at night, and taking common-sense precautions such as locking doors.

Thank you again for your editorial concern emphasizing the need for a continuing effort by all of us.

Donald A. Boulton
Dean of Student Affairs



Russell Roberts

New Year's eve in middle of Big Apple

My New Year's Eves have been traditionally dull and uninspiring. As a youth I was often saddled with baby sitting responsibilities and I still have nostalgic memories of Guy Lombardo, Johnny Carson and the Allied Chemical Building. Now that I am post-pubertal however, my New Year's Eves have become slightly more invigorating. I have even been known to drink alcoholic beverages as a way of welcoming the new year.

This last New Year's was my most unique to date. Mary was coming up to spend a week with me and due to my proximity to the Big Apple (a 65 minute bus ride) we decided to go into Times Square. My parents knew I was crazy. They thought it would be a good idea if we spent a quiet evening at home with a fire, some popcorn and a bottle of wine. But the magnificent sociological import of Times Square overwhelmed me. I had to go.

The evening began at a bizarre party on 90th St. on the fifteenth floor of a luxurious apartment building. I had hoped to have a nice view of the city from the fifteenth floor but instead I was treated to the unexciting vision of a similar building across the street. Despite a pleasant conversation with Fred, who happened to be in my local of the Teamsters, Mary and I decided to leave early and head into Times

Square. The atmosphere there was awesomely carnival. Everyone was either outrageously drunk or stoned. The rain became insignificant. People embraced violently hopping up and down, kissing each other. Others blew obnoxious and surprisingly loud noisemakers they had bought earlier. The noise was as deafening as any rock concert. In the midst of this jam-packed cacophany, rivers of humanity went streaming past us in search of livelier pastures or more specific goals. Some jokingly asked for gasoline while others simply desired matches. Everyone wished us a hoarse happy new year.

We bathed in the thunderous waves of wild joy that washed over us. The sangria we had drunk earlier had left us but the incredible electricity that the crowd was creating was far more powerful. The effect can only be described as dizzying. Midnight was drawing nearer, as inexorable as the crowd itself. As the noise level sustained itself and hordes of drunken people stumbled past us, I kept a tight grip on Mary's shoulder and joked about my obligation to her mother to protect her in the jungles of New York.

If the crowd became too overpowering there was always the tickertape on the Allied Chemical Building.

GOLDA MEIR'S LABOR PARTY RE-ELECTED WITH REDUCED MAJORITY... ARAB TERRORISTS HAVE DEATH LIST OF PROMINENT BRITISH JEWS... HEATING FUEL UP TEN CENTS PER GALLON... GM TO LAY OFF 500,000 WORKERS. 1973, a dismal year by anyone's standards was going out with the proverbial bang. And those around us, taking part in the greatest annual going away party in the world, couldn't have cared less. The grape was king.

Time passed slowly in the eternity of noise we were drenched in. But finally it was 11:45, 11:50, 11:58. My senses may have deceived me, but as the ball began to trundle slowly towards the future, the crowd became almost silent in anticipation.

As it fell more quickly, the noise began to build. It was the ultimate sporting triumph. Even UCLA is not as irresistible as 1974 was that night. The noise grew louder as we demanded the arrival of 1974 as if in recognition of some feat we had all accomplished together. The noise crescendoed as the ball disappeared. Our voices wavered, then exploded as the numerals 1974 under the ball lit up with a nonchalance that belied its power.

All of us in that mass of different races and

nationalities in varying stages of intoxication went berserk as we experienced what has to be one of the finer cheap thrills to be found anywhere. A tremendous rush of sizzling power ripped through the crowd. And then it was over.

We tried to move towards the bus terminal but we became involved in a violent whirlpool of impatient people crushing each other trying to get home. Many times we were close to being knocked down and trampled. As we tried to keep our balance, the crowd crushed our bodies and choked us. It was a terrifying ordeal. Mary's bracelet, a wooden design on two copper wire frames, was totally mangled. I was happy to be alive with my arm still around her shoulder as we moved down 41st St. towards the Port Authority.

The sidewalk was dappled with confetti. Scattered in a circle on the ground was a collection of papers and photographs. It took me a while to realize that somebody's wallet had been stolen and searched. What was left was family, friends and identification. Someone's paper life in a wet shambles. We walked on. The crowd still breathed around us like a dangerous caged animal. Never had the Port Authority looked more inviting with its bums and beggars. It was a wonderful and calm bus ride home.