

The Daily Tar Heel

81 Years Of Editorial Freedom

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Susan Miller, Editor

February 1, 1974

Daily Tar Heel weekly awards

The I Wouldn't Touch This One With A Ten-Foot Pole Award to Black Panther activist Joanne Chesimard, who got pregnant while being in jail for nine months.

The Can't You Hear My Stomach Growl Award to journalism professor Thomas Bowers, who tantalized his 11 a.m. advertising class with visions of food for the last 10 minutes of class. Dr. Bowers made the understatement of the year when he said: "Along about this time every day people get hungry." Eat it.

The Let Me Make This Perfectly Clear Award to the sign that stated: "This exit is for use only in case of fire, disaster or other emergency."

The Now We Understand What Administrators Are All About Award to Dean of Student Affairs Donald Boulton. According to a story in *The Charlotte Observer* about second floor Winston's room-by-room coed living, "He said it spawned sexual activity. 'Certainly it has occurred. It's a basic drive and it will be satisfied.'" Let the truth shine!

The And If Impeached I Will Not Resist Award to President Richard Milhouse Nixon, who has apparently gone crazy in office. One year may be enough of Watergate but four years was enough of Richard Nixon.

The Cookie Monster of the Week Award to the gas station owner who sold gas to customers only if they

bought Girl Scout cookies. Food for thought (and gas): It's a free country. Sometimes.

The We Bet You Can't Pull This One Off Award to all the guys who planned the panty raid for Thursday night in an attempt to bring back the good ole days.

The Now Let's Get This Down Pat or the Marie Antoinette Award to Mrs. Nixon, who when asked during a talk before the wives of the National Religious Broadcasters if the press is the cause of her husband's problems responded, "What problems?" with a determined smile.

The Spare-us, Sparrow Award to all the dorm treasurers who went to Mrs. Frances Sparrow of the Student Activities Fund Office and found out that the figures on how much money would be available for the spring semester wouldn't be ready till Feb. 7.

The Southern Belles Sure Can Ring Their Chimes Award to the Georgia state legislature, which defeated the Equal Rights Amendment this week.

The Sitting Duck I May Be, But Stool Pigeon I Ain't Award to the President's only vocal supporter, Senate Republican Leader Hugh Scott, who said this week, "I won't be anybody's patsy."

The Because I Say So Award to President Nixon for his statement during the State of the Union address: "There will be no recession." How depressing. We need evidence on that one, too.

The While Everybody Else Is Taking Theirs Off, They're Putting Theirs On Award to the blooming dogwood trees beside the Y building. Meanwhile students have to discard their clothes because of the warm weather. To both students and trees, don't show everything you've got. Spring's not here yet.

The We Don't Pay You To Think Award to the Campus Police Department, who installed new metal boxes to collect parking fines, and then left the box unlocked. "Hey, I'll check that out. It's supposed to be locked," one policeman said. Wait till he sees it—there is no slot for the money either.

Russell Roberts

Economics matter in energy crisis

A variety of problems are connected with the current energy crisis. I'd like to examine some of these, particularly in light of a recent DTH editorial which claimed that supply and demand no longer work and that profits should be done away with.

One of the biggest problems we are confronted with is the Arab oil embargo. Stop and think about it for a minute. Because of our support of Israel, we, along with most of Europe and Japan are being punished and blackmailed in an attempt to change our foreign policy. It would be one thing if the embargo was symbolic and of a commodity like apricot leather. But needless to say, oil ain't apricot leather and is instead pretty close to being an essential for a modern economy.

What are we doing about this action? Basically, nothing. The other day, after three months of embargo, Secretary of Defense Schlesinger dared to mention the words

'military action' in a remark about the embargo. But the idea didn't get too much airplay and even Mr. Kissinger was shocked. A real threat of force would, I suspect, be eminently successful. But if real or veiled threats are too difficult to stomach, how about a complete trade embargo on our part in conjunction with the other nations concerned. A sort of reverse pro quid quo.

This hasn't been adopted either. Instead we turn down our thermostats and wait in line for gas on Friday afternoons. Meanwhile Colonel Qaddafi threatens the nation of France because some French journalists had the chutzpah to write something unfavorable about his lovely regime, where if you're caught stealing they chop your hand off.

Our decisiveness should set a lovely precedent. If we're not willing to deal with the Arabs then we must be willing to face an aggravation of the oil shortage. Whether

that shortage is legitimate is a question we'll come back to. For the time being let's assume that it is.

And yes my dear Virginia (or Seth as the case may be) there is a law of supply and demand. Simplistically it can be stated as follows: The less there is of a commodity the more valuable it is. The more there is of a commodity, the less valuable it is. That's the supply part. The demand side says: The more a people desire a good, the more valuable it is. The less a people desire a good, the less valuable it is.

Both supply and demand then interact with one another to determine a market price where everybody is happy. And the beautiful thing is that it works all by itself. All the government has to do is to make sure nobody is cheating by breaking the law.

We are currently faced with a decrease in supply. This decrease coupled with an increase in demand caused by more people,

bigger cars and bigger appetites in general, accustomed to affluence, has driven up prices.

The question is whether the oil industry is "cheating," whether they have deliberately withheld gas and oil to artificially cause a supply shortage. But first another economic digression.

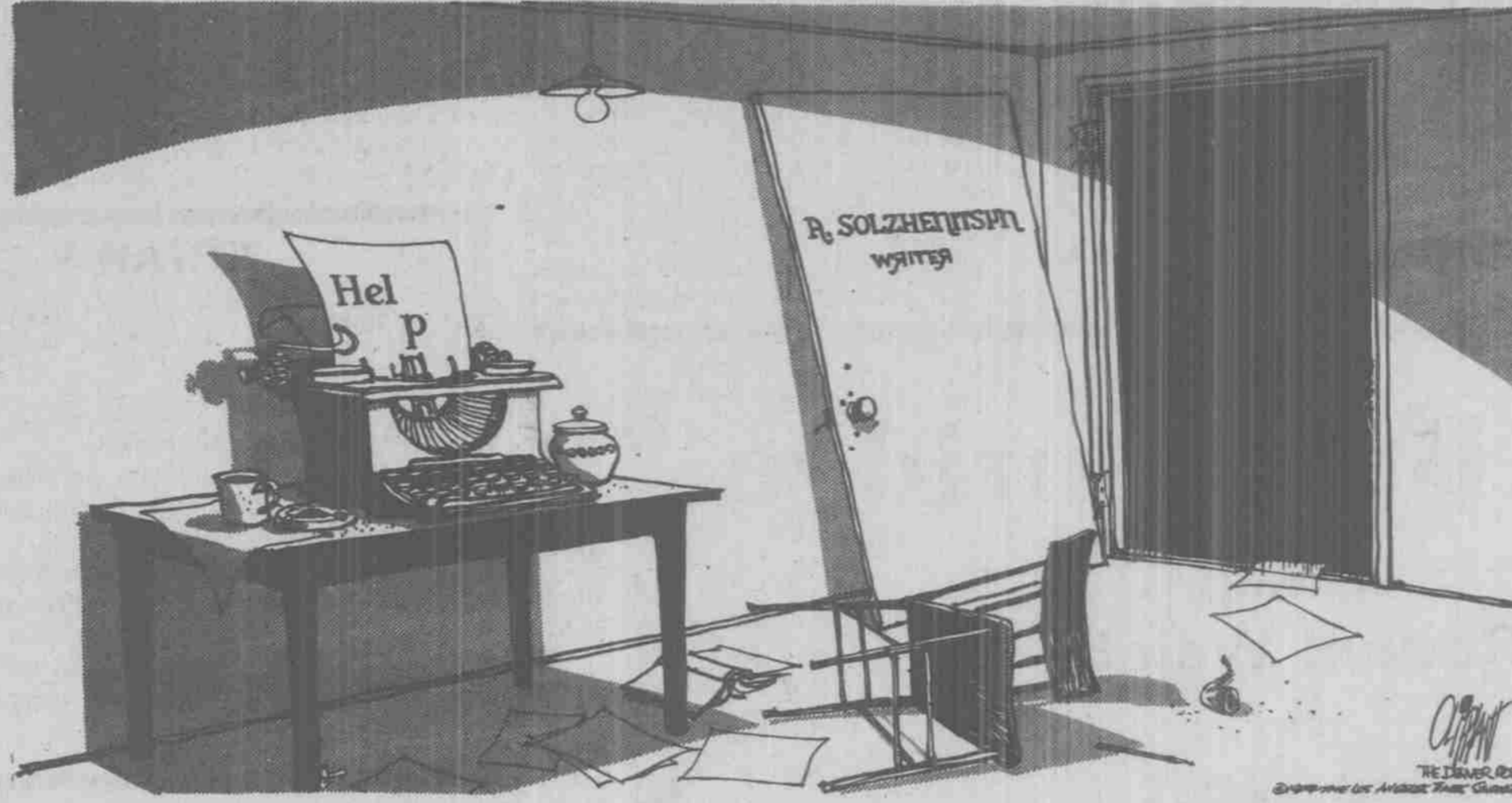
Many economists prefer competition to monopoly for a couple of reasons. Competition inspires creativity and invention and it can be demonstrated (and has been in any Econ 32 course) that a perfectly competitive industry produces more goods than a monopoly and sells them at a cheaper price. The problem is, is that perfect competition doesn't exist. So in general, we try to get as close to it as we can.

The oil industry is an oligopoly (a few big producers like the auto industry) that seems to be behaving like a monopoly. An oligopoly is somewhere between an industry that is perfectly competitive and one that is monopolistic. If collusion is involved then the Justice Department should step in and enforce the Taft-Hartley anti trust laws. In other words, push the oil companies towards competition not monopoly.

Hopefully all this technical garbage is pointing towards the following solution. If there's a legitimate shortage, let the market handle it. Rationing is as inequitable as high prices and creates a wasteful bureaucracy. And as for nationalization, go talk to Mr. Heath.

The market will bring about high prices and temporarily, high profits. Some say those profits are evil. In fact they are the key to solving the shortage problem. The higher profits will induce the oil companies to look for more oil and to sell more of that oil. Supply will increase and price will fall. It will fall even further if we slow demand down by not consuming as much as we have in the past.

None of this will work if the oil companies are colluding and withholding their supplies. It is the responsibility of the Justice Department to insure that the oil companies are not taking advantage of their oligopoly status thereby taking advantage of the consumer who has nowhere else to turn. And hopefully that shall be the only necessary action on the part of the federal government in the current crisis.



Greg Turosak

Sorry, no room at the gas station

"Hello?"
"Yeh, hello—is this the Exxaco Motor-In?"
"Yeh, you're speaking to the maitre d' in the lobby. Look, if you want to get in touch with one of our clients, it'll take a while. The line's too long and we're real busy."
"No. That's okay. I was calling about a gasoline reservation."
"Ah, a reservation, I see."
"Yes, I was told that it is now necessary to reserve gas in advance of coming to the station in order to make sure I get some."
"Yeh, that's right. We're operating strictly on a reservation system now."
"Well, what's the procedure?"
"You ever bought gas here before buddy? Got a credit card?"
"No, I always used to buy at Bozo Gas on the by-pass—you know, that independent dealer? But he's gone out of business."
"Well, then, Mr. Jones..."
"...Jones..."
"...Mr. Jones, we put our credit card

customers and other regular customers first on the waiting list to get gasoline. So I'm afraid they would get preference over you."
"What does that mean? Can't I get any gas?"
"Well, we could book you on a late afternoon slot and if there was still some gas by the time you arrived, you would be permitted to buy some gas."
"That's great."
"Of course, it all depends on how many of the previous customers that day do not buy up to the limited amount."
"And what's that?"
"\$1.50."
"\$1.50?!—that's only 2 gallons worth!"
"That's better'n you'll get at a lot of places."
"Gosh, I really got a lot shopping and running around to do."
"I see, how soon did you plan on going shopping?"
"Well, surely within the next week."
"I'm sorry, Mr. Jones, but the earliest I

could book you would be February 12 at... let's see... 4:45 p.m."
"February 12?—are you crazy?"
"Of course, I could arrange a special deal and perhaps find a slot as early as February 7."
"Special deal, huh? How much'll it cost me?"
"\$5 should suffice."
"You son-of-a-bitch."
"You do want gas don't you?"
"Do I have a choice?"
"Now, Mr. Jones, what kind of gas would you like?—regular, lo-test or economy?"
"The cheapest."
"I see—and how should we make the gasoline transfer? Would you like your car towed in, or will you drive in, or can one of our teenage hands bicycle a home delivery?"
"Well, my tank is empty—what is the towing charge?"
"\$15."
"\$15, huh? Thanks, no. I'll push my car in."

"And, Mr. Jones, you might like to know you are entitled to a free four-piece place setting if you do *not* buy the full amount of gas."
"Thanks, I really appreciate that."
"Well, ...service is our business. And with a smile."
"Yeh? What's the smile for?"
"Any other questions?"
"What if I don't make it on time?"
"I'm afraid if you don't make it within five minutes of your appointment, we'll just have to cancel your reservation. So, good luck."
"I see."
"Well, Mr. Jones, thank you for shopping Exxaco."
"...yeh sure..."
Click. Click.
.....
"Hello, is this the Chapel Hill Bicycle Center? Yeh, my name is Joe Jones, and I was wondering about how much your bicycles cost..."

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Second-floor residents protest Boulton's decision

(Ed. note: The following is a statement from the residents of second floor Winston.)

The cube in the Pit pronouncing a Save Second Floor Winston movement has provoked curious comments and questions as to the specific merits of the project that warrant such an action. So far, no coherent, organized statement from the floor has been formulated. This column is an attempt to let everyone know just what second floor is, who we are, and why we feel the project is so important.

Second floor Winston was set up as one of a variety of living situations in Henderson Residence College. Men and women live in separate, alternating, non-adjointing rooms. There are separate, labeled bathrooms—two each for male and female—on the floor.

This style of coed living has been officially cancelled by Donald A. Boulton, dean of Student Affairs. Initially, Dean Boulton attempted to justify his decision on the basis of "inadequate facilities" and "potential adverse publicity" which might be damaging to the overall success of the Living-Learning Center. These reasons seemed absurd at the time, and, upon questioning in a meeting at Winston Tuesday night, Boulton conceded that these reasons were not the true ones. He also disavowed his earlier claim that the decision was his alone. He termed the cancellation of second floor Winston "a University decision, and not just me."

Boulton cited "impending political pressure" that he could sense coming from the North Carolina General Assembly. He said he had speculated that members of the legislature might look at the present living situation on second floor in a bad light and reflect their feelings by cutting the UNC budget. Apparently he believes that by making the decision within the University, he is "maintaining control" of the situation. Since when is bowing to political pressure "taking control"? His reasoning here seems shaky and paranoid.

So that is where we stand. We have been told that our cause has little chance of success. So why fight it? We are fighting it because we feel the second floor offers the best and most natural lifestyle offered by the University Housing and because our hall is important to us for many reasons.

The most important aspect of the living situation is that it helps break

down the stereotyped views of male and female images and roles in society. The men on the hall have become more aware of women's problems in society and are more receptive to the Women's Liberation Movement. In addition, the women have become aware of the problems that men face in coping with the roles society expect them to play. This inevitably leads to a friendlier and more open atmosphere. Honesty tends to replace contrived images.

There has been little formal dating within the group on the hall itself. Instead, groups go to movies, concerts and basketball games together.

The living situation has promoted a sense of community through hall dinners and pot-luck suppers. At one dinner, we invited faculty members and we sat and talked informally long after the meal was over. We feel that this sort of thing brings faculty and student together in an atmosphere impossible in the classroom.

We adopted a North Campus tradition of exchanging Secret Santa gifts the week before exams. Names were picked at random and residents exchanged the final gifts at a Christmas dinner at the Colonial Inn in Hillsborough.

Section-by-section coed living also exists in the living-learning center. Residents of section-by-section floor complain that they don't meet members of the other sections. On second floor, this is not the case. Almost everyone knows everybody else on the hall. The community spirit is very strong.

Residents of second floor feel strongly that we must comment on a statement attributed to Dean Boulton in the *Charlotte Observer* (January 31, 1974). We quote from the article: "He (Boulton) said it spawned sexually activity. 'Certainly it has occurred. It is a drive and it will be satisfied.'"

This seems to imply that second floor Winston has sexual activity of a nature unique to this campus. This is a completely false and unfounded implication.

Also, Boulton cited media reports as an example of the adverse publicity he uses to help justify his decision. The message class was not a second floor institution. It was of the college, as a whole.

In fact, it seems the only adverse publicity received so far has come from Boulton, himself. Self-fulfilling prophecies, anyone?



"A coed what?" "Porno from UNC!"
"Oh my heart!" "Better tell Jesse!"