

# The Daily Tar Heel's Awards of the Week

**The Make Mine on Toast or Take the Salami and Run Award** to the guy in Danwich restaurant who heard an explosion Monday night but kept on eating until someone yelled, "Fire!" then took his salami on rye and ran. He probably had heartburn.

**The Lettuce Be Thankful for Our Daily Bread Award** to Gloria Steinem, who dumped her tossed salad on the ground of the Carolina Inn last week when she was told it was non-union lettuce.

**The Make Mine A Furburger to**

**Go Award** to the Chapel Hill dogs who, in blatant disregard for health regulations, loiter in the Union snack bar. Maybe that's why someone is always finding a hair in his Tar Heel special.

**The It's a Dog Eat Dog World Award** to all the candidates running for student body president and DTH editor.

**The Let Sleeping Beauties Lay Award** to all the UNC men who had the courage to participate in men's liberationist Warren Farrell's beauty pageant for men Monday

night. Another turn in the liberation screw.

**The Fight for Peace Award** to student body presidential candidate El Libre, who said Wednesday he was a pacifist but pledged to blow up Hanes Hall if elected.

**The Students Should Be Seen and Not Heard Award** to UNC Trustee Margaret Harper who asked if University students expected to be called in anytime the administration had a decision to make.

**The Have A Heart Award** to all the professors who scheduled tests

for Thursday. It was the St. Valentine's Day Massacre all over again.

**The Hot Air Can Put You Into Hot Water Award** to the Internal Revenue Service Hot Line designed to help with 1973 tax returns. A recent survey found that nearly one-third of the answers given out were wrong, which could mean audited returns. Thanks but no thanks.

**The Lincoln, Blinkin' and Nod Award** to President Nixon for linking himself with Abraham Lincoln, who remained firm in times

of crisis. Nixon's blink was so firm his eyes were stuck shut not to see the Watergate mess. With George Washington's birthday coming up, we'll probably soon hear him tell us he never told a lie either.

**The It Could Create Adverse Publicity Award** to the S.C. state legislature, which has tentatively approved a bill to make Winthrop College for women fully coeducational.

**The We Always Knew It Was Guenevere Who Ran Camelot Award** to actress Vanessa Redgrave,

who announced this week she will run for a seat in the British House of Commons on the Revolutionary Workers Platform.

**If It's Tuesday This Must Be Belgium Award** to the organizations showing continual travelogues for International Week in the south lounge of the Student Union. Take 20 steps and you've already been through three exotic countries.

**The Streak of the Week or Turn the Other Cheek Award** to the UNC student who ran nude through the Carolina Inn lobby to celebrate his 20th birthday.

## 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

February 15, 1974

## Scholarship aids women's athletics

The first woman in North Carolina history to be awarded an athletic scholarship will be here next fall playing tennis.

The University hasn't wasted any time taking advantage of a rule change in the Association of Intercollegiate Athletics for Women finally allowing athletic scholarships for women.

The people here involved in making this award are to be commended for taking this initial step towards advancing women's athletics at Carolina.

Apparently the Athletic Association has wanted to offer athletic scholarships to women for several years. But the AIAW prohibited scholarships because they were viewed as a negative rather than a positive influence on intercollegiate athletics. This attitude—that scholarships have brought evils to athletics—was

## Eastwood appears in DTH movie

Clint Eastwood plays his familiar role as the tough, silent, don't-mess-around-with-me cowboy in this week's DTH movie.

In "High Plains Drifter" he's out to avenge another murder. Movie time is 11:15 at the Carolina Theatre. Admission is \$1.50. Get blitzed and see it with a friend.

## Les W. Wagoner II

### Mental patient's rights violated

There's a forgotten segment of our population when it comes to civil rights. The blacks, the Indians, the descendants of Italians, etc., all have their minority voices heard loud and strong in the halls of legislatures and back rooms of lobbyists. But, there's a segment of our population drawn from all the ethnic divisions—the men and women behind the locked doors of our mental institutions.

In June, 1973, the North Carolina State General Assembly enacted legislation guaranteeing each patient in a mental institution his civil rights, rights which for years had been abused and ignored, to the point of being criminal. Today, there are still "mental institutions" which flagrantly ignore these rights!

Two weeks ago the Chapel Hill police found a man abandoned in a car on Franklin Street. For sake of identity call him Mike. Obviously in serious condition, he was taken to the Emergency Room at North Carolina Memorial Hospital from which he was sent to the Intensive Care Unit. For four days and nights this man lay unconscious. On Thursday evening at 10:35 p.m., he regained consciousness while two of his closest friends were at his bedside.

Though unable to talk, and unable even to properly focus his eyes, Mike knew the two friends who were with him and was able to respond by answering squeezes of his hand. After half an hour of consciousness, he slipped into a deep sleep from which he was to awaken Friday morning, no longer in the coma which threatened to be his last existence in life.

When Mike's friends arrived Friday

morning, he was sitting up, watching television, feeling much better, and was attempting to feed himself though his fine muscular control was still somewhat shaky. But, he knew who he was, where he was, and, most importantly, rationally knew those around him.

The nurses and doctors in the Intensive Care Unit repeatedly assured Mike's friends he was improving and could very soon leave the unit. It was suggested he would be transferred the next day to either 3rd or 4th floor, west, which are medical units of NCMH.

At 6:30 p.m., Saturday, afternoon, one of Mike's friends called to inquire about Mike's condition and was told he had been transferred. The receptionist asked the man to hold just a moment and then gave him a telephone number at which information could be obtained about his condition. When the friend dialed the number, a voice answered "4th Floor, South Wing."

God Damn! There had to be some mistake. The telephoner then asked the lady to repeat what she had said again and was told, "4th Floor, South Wing. May I help you?"

"Yes. Could you tell me if you have an admission by the name of Mike?"

"Yes, sir. He was brought over about half an hour ago."

"Why?"

"It was felt he should have continued care and evaluation. We were only notified about 45 minutes ago he was coming over."

"Could you tell me what the visiting hours are, please?"

"Yes, from 10 a.m. until 8 p.m. However,

he cannot have visitors, as he has not had a psychiatric evaluation by one of our staff as yet."

"When will this be done and when can we see him?"

"He probably will be seen tomorrow or Monday by one of our staff."

"Can we come to bring him some of his clothing and personal effects?"

"Yes, but you will not be able to see him or speak with him."

On Sunday afternoon, two of Mike's friends entered the hallway of 4th Floor, South Wing, with a suitcase and paper bag containing, among other things, clothing, cigarettes, chewing gum, writing paper, books, magazines, and a note to him assuring him of their continued interest and that they "would be back to see him as soon as possible."

On Monday morning, one of Mike's friends started calling the hospital at 10:30 a.m. to find out his condition. He was told NOTHING! He was told he would have to talk to the man's doctor. The doctor proved impossible to get in touch with by telephone as she refused to return the call or to accept repeated further calls.

Monday afternoon, another of Mike's friends, after trying repeatedly all day to hear from his friend, finally went to the hospital. He was given the same run around as had the other by telephone. After finally raising his voice and showing his obvious irritation at the shitty way things were being handled, the DOCTOR deigned show herself to inform the worried caller she had not even bothered to do the supposed psychiatric evaluation and no she wouldn't be doing it that

## Tim Sims Story hasn't changed since Adam

Some scientists at MIT have discovered that mixing one part methanol to nine parts gasoline yields a fuel usable in cars which produces 50% less pollution and 20% better gas mileage. Mass produced, the mixture could cost as little as 14¢ per gallon.

Methanol is made from natural gas, and in order for this discovery to become a consumer reality, the government or industry will have to finance the search for natural gas.

Union Carbide is now working on a plan to produce Methanol from garbage. If this research is productive, the country could solve two problems at once.

Yet, when asked last week what the government is doing about the gas shortage, the Assistant Director for the Transportation Department, Robert Binder, said, "We're suggesting carpools."

President Nixon was elected in 1968 on a promise to end the war in Vietnam. In 1973, all American troops were brought home, yet U.S. tax dollars, by the millions, still pour into the war coffers of the Thieu regime.

Since the American pullout, some 50,000 Vietnamese have died in the continuing Indochina War, sponsored, in part, by American money.

The Spirit of Detente abounds between the Soviet Union and the United States—we give them all the wheat they want and they give us a promise of payment. A promise, incidentally, which has never been kept before.

Meanwhile, in the country, an estimated one million people go to bed hungry every night.

In the Soviet Union, the harassment of

personal freedom continues unabated, and Jews and Christians are persecuted, and intellectuals and artists either toe the party line or are sent to labor camps and mental institutions. Or exiled, as in the case of Solzhenitsyn.

Yet the President has been pushing the Congress to grant "Most Favored Nation" trade status to the Soviet Union.

In Newark, New Jersey, a famous cathedral, worth an estimated several million dollars sits a snug four blocks from a ghetto area where children have no soles on their shoes or heavy coats for winter.

In Chapel Hill, N.C., a famous university sits snugly in place, its philosophy and religion departments debating about the "continuum of human existence," while racial and political discrimination rages, and

the welfare rolls, crime rates, and other real problems of human existence grow.

And you wonder—"Why does the Symbionese Liberation Army kidnap a rich man's daughter and demand—as part of the terms of her release—150 million dollars worth of food for the poor?"

In Huntsville, Alabama "Honor America Day" will be held again this year for Wallace-type types who agree in principle with Nixon's proclamation that, "America is a great and good land," i.e., "you trouble-makers shut up now, you hear?"

Flag waving and fried chicken and podium thumping will not solve, or in any way be relevant to solving, the disparities in this country, some of which are outlined above.

As students of this University, we are supposedly preparing ourselves for the future, if only our own personal futures. The Nyle Franks of the world may try to recreate a lost time of student concern for us, and the Jean Swallows may rationalize their non-involvement as "lying in the grass and waiting," but, ultimately, the only force which will make us concerned enough to DO anything will be ourselves.

I don't really believe this generation will improve over the last one, nor do I believe that this generation of students will retain any more of its humanistic righteousness than the last one did.

Some of us will get into the cliched middle class syndrome via the average social life on campus, some of us will enter that sterile, self-possessed, helpless world of academia via graduate school. We will be many things, perhaps, but will any of us be FOR anything which will realize the concerns our generation has so often talked about?

I look at the wide range of students on this campus from frat rats to "library dwellers," as a friend of mine describes the budding academes perched horribly in the corners of the library on Saturday nights, and I think—very few. And I wonder—which ones?

Don't be surprised when you let events conspire against you to move you from concern about injustice, etc. (I'm so sick of that word—injustice) to concern about yourself. Adam did it, and the story has never changed.



## Letters to the editor

### Apology needed for Ms. Alexander

To the editor:

I am somewhat shocked by AWS's treatment of one of its guests for the Women's Festival. I'm referring to the visit on Saturday of Judge Elrita Alexander, a black woman judge from Greensboro.

AWS didn't publicize the event and it scheduled two other events at the time of the judge's speech. At a reception prior to the speech given by the YM-YWCA Black Relations Committee, AWS chairperson, Amelia Bellows merely showed up for a few

minutes.

While Judge Alexander was here, the responsibility for entertaining her was left to persons not involved in AWS. This in itself was not objectionable as those persons were happy to do it. But the circumstances were a disgrace.

The DTH, which has made a point of giving full coverage of all other AWS functions, simply ignored Judge Alexander.

Due to the judge's shoddy treatment, I suspect that AWS was not genuinely interested in her as someone who had something significant to contribute to the festival, but that she was invited in some misguided attempt to appease campus black women.

In fact it appears that one of the members of the "Women in the Media" panel was invited partly because AWS mistakenly believed she was black!

To invite a person of Judge Alexander's achievements and intelligence (or any of the distinguished media women) anywhere for such a purpose is to gravely insult that person.

As a black woman, I was a bit pissed by the entire affair, but an explanation and apology is not due me, but Judge Alexander.

Linda D. Williams  
834 Morrison

### Shelton column praised, enjoyed

To the editor:  
In response to Mr. Huston's response to

Ms. Shelton's response to Shaney-the-dog, I feel compelled to respond. The column was a vignette (from the French word for "vinegar"), a bitersweet comment on one aspect of life. Ah, too true it spoke to those of us who have had experiences with the damned beasties who throw up on the rug and answer nature's summons in the house simply out of spite! Ms. Shelton's column was a comment on growing up in America, on being a person and yes, even on our relationship with the Eternal. We hear you, Stella! (Stay out of neutral!)

Faith Lapidus  
301 Joyner

### Chemist doesn't share viewpoint

To the editor:

In reference to a recent letter in the DTH I would like to point out that all chemists do not share Mr. Young's views on priorities as such, by placing music in his category.

I (and no doubt many others) owe their sanity to the existence of various art forms. Should we discontinue or even diminish subsidy of our arts? Functioning as human beings involves more than solving the "mysteries of the world"; and besides, who cares about your jacketed flash photolysis cells anyway? (no offense Dr. Meyer)

I need music!  
H. Wayne Richardson  
405 Kennan

## The Daily Tar Heel

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