



'OH, ONE MORE THING . . . PUT YOUR FOOT IN THIS!'

Gary Fulton

Write on, Spiro, we'll listen

Immediately after the announcement of his unexpected "vacation" from the vice presidency, Spiro Agnew (you remember him, don't you?) said that he would write a book about political intrigue in high places, and an eager public yawned with anticipation. Playboy Press bought the rights to the book for somewhere between \$50,000 and \$250,000, with serialization going to the *Ladies Home Journal* for another \$100,000.

Agnew's literary agent revealed that the book would be a romantic novel dealing with the lives of a fictional vice president and three women: his wife, his secretary and a woman Cabinet member. If Agnew uses his personal knowledge of current political practices as the basis for the story, the plot might go something like this:

The readers will be given a behind-the-scenes look at the daily life of a political executive. They'll see the frequent visits of influential businessmen, carrying mysteriously bulging briefcases; be present during the long vacations with Mafia-connected celebrities and be spectators at the meetings with lobotomized speech writers. They'll watch as the vice president makes a fool of himself in public, and view the heartbreak and pathos as he lives to regret that his name is a household word. There will be glimpses of a president going about his duty of being unaware of anything that is going on around him. For the first time, the strange nature of the President's relations with oil company executives will be revealed.

For the romantic-minded readers of *Ladies Home Journal* there will be the vice president's wife. She'll be seen in the whirl of Washington social life, hobnobbing with nabobs and competing with effete snobs. Her life with her husband will be complicated by various romances, involving late-night trysts with telephone repairmen and plumbers. For the more demanding Playboy readers, the romantic plot will thicken with the tense, midnight rendezvous of fiery Cubans

at a downtown apartment complex, and the subsequent embarrassment and scandal that follows the discovery of their indiscretions. A special fold-out will reveal to the public what it takes for a woman to succeed in politics.

A secretary also figures prominently in Agnew's book. Like all good Washington secretaries, she will make regrettable errors on a tape recorder keyboard and have the ability to make work mysteriously disappear. She will amaze the country by claiming that her tape recorder was possessed by the devil. The readers will find out the real reason why these secretaries are so abnormally loyal to their bosses, and be shocked when they learn the true meaning of "Executive Privilege."

I won't reveal the surprise ending, but suffice it to say that the butler didn't do it.

Agnew may be setting a trend by committing his story to print. With the abundance of money that seems to be available for such efforts, other political figures may be lured into literature. Energy Czar William Simon may publish a story about his job, calling it "I Got Plenty of Nuthin." Hubert Humphrey could write an allegory for *Sports Illustrated* called "The Choke," about a second string player who always fails when he gets a chance in the Big Game. Press Secretary Ron Ziegler may get into the act with "Great Press Statements I Couldn't Make Perfectly Clear." Henry Kissinger's life story might appear as "Diplomacy and the Single Man," an expose on those "conferences" behind closed doors and the so-called "compromises" made during them. President Nixon, who has already demonstrated his adroitness with presidential papers, may come out with "The People Be Damned; or Democracy, My Way," with never-before-heard-of interpretations of the Constitution.

If Agnew's first book is a success, he will undoubtedly publish another one. Rumor has it that this one will be published by H&R Block, to be called *Spiro's New Tax Secrets*. Write on, Spiro, write on!

Goals needed

Quotas ensure reform

Despite the evils of what are commonly termed "quotas," one major question arises. How else are you going to change universities that have long denied enrollment to significant numbers of minority students?

Just recently, the UNC Board of Governors sent to HEW goals which would increase the percentage of minority students on this campus from 5.1 per cent to 7.1 per cent (from 985 students to 1,395) over a four-year period.

If HEW does not accept this proposal, which is far short of the suggested projections made by HEW officials, HEW and UNC have six months to try and agree on a new proposal. If no agreement is reached, HEW could cut off \$60 million in funds and take court action against UNC.

Some say that quotas involve shuffling of students between universities and the paying of students

to go to certain universities, and are therefore objectionable.

But quotas do serve a useful purpose. If you left the admissions procedures totally to the majority-controlled universities, do you actually think they would go out of their way to embrace minority students?

Quotas serve as useful prods to keep the university hopping towards ending discrimination and from preventing minorities from getting a good education. As Vernon E. Jordan, Jr., says, "Their purpose is not to penalize members of the majority but rather to provide long-denied opportunities for minorities."

Not so much emphasis should be placed on grading and on standardized tests. As is constantly argued, the scores may oftentimes be a result of a cultural bias.

Regardless of how minority students have performed in high school or how

they may perform in college, the question is whether or not these students will be afforded a chance for a quality education at the institution of their choice.

It is certainly no unbearable hardship for the university to increase UNC's minority enrollment from 5.1 per cent to 7.1 per cent over four years. That's an extremely modest goal.

Quotas are not a solution in themselves. They serve as a transition to a time when equality in enrollment is more of a reality and quotas are no longer needed. But one wave of the magic wand of attitude changes will not do the trick.

If the university were simply told, "Well, ya'll be nice and fair from now on," and that was that, there would be no progress. Goals are needed, and money speaks nicely to ensure that those goals are met.

G.C.T.

Job hunting over spring break: just no way and no reason

by Floyd Alford
Special to the DTH

Ah, Spring break.

What a great time of the semester.

After coming back to school, the tales people are coming back with sound fantastic.

For some it was a Florida beach, for others it was Nassau or the Bahamas, some went to the mountains, still others traveled to New York and a minority just stayed around their homes sleeping and talking with Mom and Dad.

My vacation experience was completely different.

I was looking for a job. This past autumn I heard a rumor that the job market was going to be tight this year for graduating seniors, but let me tell you this isn't a rumor, it's a fact.

The definition of frustration should be: calling a prospective employer and saying, "Hi, I wrote you last week in reference to a job with your company." And the person on the other end of the phone saying, "What was your name again, and what did you say your major interests are?" It makes you feel as if you have really made a terrific impression after so diligently trying.

"Not enough experience," "Too much experience and education," or "your qualifications are good, but we just don't have any opening now" were typical replies I received.

How are you supposed to get experience without first getting a job? Have the past four years been spent learning how to be gracious to a person who tells you that you have too much education?

When applying for a job, you have to fill out an application. They may range in length

from a simple two-page form to a complicated four-page questionnaire.

Some questions are really pertinent.

I was so tempted to say that in elementary school my major course of study was reading, writing and arithmetic, but somehow I could never get up the nerve.

After spending all day Monday setting up



appointments for the rest of the week, I was ready to start selling myself on Tuesday.

I'd made up my mind that I'd try to exhaust all possibilities during my free week.

My first encounter was with a radio station. Radio is something that I've had no experience with, but I figured I'd give it a try.

The interview was going really well until the interviewer said that he'd like me to go into the recording studio and tape a newscast. I was fortunate enough to be able to read over the news copy before having to record it.

I was confident that I could do it, but as soon as the recorder was turned on, I freaked out. The strangest thing about it though was listening to myself with the interviewer after the recording session.

Immediately after this interview, I called all the radio and television stations that I had interviews with and told them I wouldn't be able to make it. Who would put themselves through another experience like that again?

I kept my interviews with newspapers, public relations firms and large companies with communication departments, and my week was still busy.

Several of the large firms told me that anyone starting out in the "real world" after college would have to crawl before they could walk. At least give me a chance to crawl, I thought, but no one was interested in having a baby crawling around their office.

By Friday I was tired of beating the streets looking for a job, but I continued my search. Putting on my trusty suit and tie and my cordial smile, I went out again.

But to no avail. I got the same responses, filled out more application forms and still managed to be gracious.

On Friday afternoon I was able to put all of my week's experience together.

If only I'd been smart enough to go to the mountains or enjoy the surf. But no, it was job hunting for me.

So if you're worrying about having a good time over break and not applying for jobs, get over it. I only wish I'd had as much sense.

Letters to the editor

Blacks urged to participate

To the editors:

May I take this opportunity to urge all Black students to be on hand for a most important meeting of the Faculty Council this Friday, March 22, 4 p.m., in Murphy Hall.

Yep, we're on again, sisters and brothers. The gracious folk have gotten around to our day again as the Committee on the Status of Minorities and the Disadvantaged makes its annual report to the faculty. To be sure we must share the billing (Black folk don't even rate a day of their time any more). But then the quantity isn't the concern but the quality. On that score we're out in front for a very special reason. That reason is simply that Dr. Jim Brewer was on hand working with us.

Shockingly and surprisingly we have been deprived of his continued presence. He was one of our ablest brothers who tirelessly, selflessly, and with unwavering resolve worked to articulate, formulate, and propose solutions to alleviate many of the problems crucial to the lives of Black people on this campus. The Committee's report is perhaps more influenced by him than any other individual.

Therefore, in his name I urge us all to be at Murphy Hall on Friday. No, not as some type of memorial or commemorative outpouring. Jim Brewer's life will serve as a lasting memorial. The contributions he bestowed upon humankind are evident in his learned writings, the many he touched through the classroom experience and in his wise counsel which lingers in the ear of the most unresponsive listener. Rather, in the name of Jim Brewer, I urge that we be there and make ourselves heard because this type of action serves as an extension of Jim

Brewer. Thus it is dictated by our selfish self interest because clearly Jim Brewer was part of the vanguard, insightful, alert and aware, a truly prophetic figure.

Hence we may be assured that this is a wise course of action to pursue, that this final giving of himself is in fact part of the blueprint geared to the eventual liberation of Black people at UNC-CH and beyond.

Friday, March 22, 4 p.m., 111 Murphy may prove the clearest opportunity yet for us to do our share locally in the march toward liberation.

Humphrey S. Cummings
21 Craige

Student blasts firing practices

To the editors:

Usually students are the first people to attack the credibility of a professor, but there comes a time when one finds it necessary to speak up on behalf of someone. I now feel most compelled to expose a grave injustice that will take place on our campus.

J.C. Cashion is by far and away one of the finest instructors that this University has ever had. He has an incredible rapport with all of his students and a knack for making learning a most enjoyable and worthwhile experience. Mandatory attendance is not the reason students show up for his class. His lectures fully express the enjoyment and satisfaction that he gets from teaching.

Now, as a result of a most unjust and utterly ridiculous move, students will no longer be able to learn from J.C. Cashion. Our great University will suffer a heavy loss. The administration has decided not to renew his contract for next year. How come UNC keeps so many lousy teachers and gets rid of the cream of the crop? I can't answer that, but I feel it is time that the students who are paying the salaries of our instructors and wonderful administration must come forward and express their views. Shouldn't we have a say in who will help to enhance our education?

Please, every one of you that has had our lovable J.C. Cashion for a history course, come forward and file a formal complaint with the University. Maybe if we raise a little hell, our thick-headed, upper echelon administration will hear us crying out for justice! Tell them that we want to keep one of our best instructors at UNC. After all, we are

supposed to have some say in the matters that directly concern us, aren't we?

Hang in there J.C.; we'll do everything possible to keep you here, where you most deservedly belong.

Mitchell Alan Wolf
216 E. Rosemary St.

Gary Dorsey

Nuclear power—a complex question

Just before spring break my dad made the biggest sale Florida Steel has ever made to a single customer. He sold five million dollars worth of steel to Georgia Power, a nice sale and everyone was proud of him. Except for me. I couldn't help it. My feelings were, well, mixed.

It was quite an achievement for my dad, nearing 60, having worked for Florida Steel for thirty years. I guess, it was a much needed morale booster, he knew he was needed, a worthwhile man in the company, it's bringing in money for him and the company, it's going to send me through school another year, mom's proud, sis is proud and Georgia Power has the steel to build... a nuclear power plant. ("Hush," my mother used to tell me, "be thankful for what you've got." But I never could accept the mixed blessing and rest easy.)

From here I must be careful. Watson Morris, director of ECOS at UNC, told me he knows a scientist at the University of Maryland who was concerned about the dangers of nuclear power and often tried to convince his colleagues and friends about the dangers.

He'd tell them why he was so concerned.

"Each nuclear reactor at full fission product inventory contains radioactive poisons vastly greater in lethal potential than the world total of chemical warfare poisons.

"The Atomic Energy Commission says that an accident is unlikely but one which, if it happened, could kill upward of five million people.

"In 1972, nuclear fission provided only one per cent of the country's energy; even 25 years from now, it will provide no more than 30 per cent.

"There's no need for it. It's senseless to build dangerous plants that are inefficient as well as costly."

Watson said the guy quit talking to people after a while because they all thought he was being reactionary and overly concerned and unduly emotional about it. "You're crazy," they said. Besides, no one would believe that their friendly neighborhood power company would be so stupid. The plants must be safe.

The plants would be safe if there was a 100 per cent certainty that the radioactive poisons the plants make could be contained.

These radioactive wastes make as much radioactivity every year as one thousand Hiroshima-sized atomic bombs. By the year 2,000 there will be over 800 nuclear power plants. The wastes have to be transported and left to process in storage facilities until they are safe. Storage has to continue for 100,000 years or longer, according to the Atomic Energy Commission.

And all the power people say don't worry we'll keep it under control; we'll keep the wastes contained so nobody gets hurt.

They like to brag that there has not been an accident yet in any of their plants.

Well, Last June, Atomic Energy

Commission officials visited Duke Power's Oconee station 30 miles west of Greenville, S.C. and found 37 violations which, if they had gone uncorrected, would have constituted a major danger to the public.

The AEC said Duke Power's violations constituted a Category II danger.

"Category II violations," said the AEC, "are those violations which, if not corrected, may lead to or contribute to an occurrence, incident or situation involving radiation exposure to employees or the public in excess of permissible limits."

The AEC data shows that if 10 per cent of the radioactive poison inside one plant escaped—an error in design, manufacture, construction, operation or criminal activity—people up to 100 miles away could be killed by acute radiation exposure. Agriculture and water supplies would be ruined in an area up to 150,000 square miles. Imagine an atomic blast without the blast. (Am I being unduly emotional? I always ask myself, Duke Power wouldn't let such a thing happen. They rescue cats from trees, and fix my power lines and starve coal miners out of their homes in Kentucky...)

But you can't honestly set the power plants off as being the bad guys in this case.

"I've talked to many of the big officials with the power plants," Watson told me, "and they really, honestly,

sincerely think they're right when they say there's nothing wrong with nuclear power. They've put a lot of money into them."

It's a big business. The Oconee station near Greenville, S.C. cost \$500 million to build. There are three nuclear units, and they are 19 stories high. There are three nuclear reactors in operation in the Carolinas. There will be 24 scheduled for the mid-1980's. Obviously some people believe in them.

Jesse Helms believes in them.

"The economics of nuclear power plants is one best settled by the businessmen who are responsible for the business decisions involved and the agencies which must approve costs. I doubt that any businessman would go into a project where the loss to the stockholders is as plain as some people portray it."

President Nixon believes in them. In last week's press conference he said that in lieu of the energy crisis it is time to move ahead with the use of nuclear power. It's time for the big push.

And my dad believes in them. He's the only one I can really sympathize with because he's my dad and I'm proud of him for making the big sale, and I'm thankful that I'll be going to school next year with his help. But it's a mixed blessing, and I told him so and I think I might have hurt his feelings.

But we must learn. Nuclear power plants constitute a threat to the safety of our society. The big push must be slowed.

The Daily Tar Heel

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