

For better or worse the session is over

Adding up the score

The following is a short round-up of some of the accomplishments and failings of the 1974 General Assembly.

The Assets

- Coastal Area Management Act to be aimed at controlling development of the Carolina coast was passed. Though considerably weakened in passage it should be effective, given strong membership on the 15 person committee.
- Campaign Spending Bill was approved and will insure accurate record-keeping, periodic disclosure, general limits on advertising, and criminal penalties for violations.
- Death Penalty was limited by eliminating burglary and arson as capital offenses. Still one of the tougher laws in the nation.
- Equal Credit Rights for women whose financial standing equals that of men with good credit ratings.
- Right to Reply Bill defeated. It would have forced newspapers to publish the responses of any person "assailed" in print.
- Low Income Housing will be aided by the establishment of a Housing Finance Agency which will grant

mortgage loans to the poor at two per cent below the market rate.

The Liabilities

- ECU Medical School Expansion was allowed to pass over the objections of the UNC Board of Governors (which had been created by the legislature to decide such matters), due to immense political pressure.
- Energy Policy in the state will be determined by a weak branch of the Department of Military and Veterans Affairs.
- No-Fault Insurance was defeated by the House.
- Unlimited Mortgage Interest Rates will be legal until July, 1975. They will rise well above the current eight per cent limit.
- Mountain Management Act was defeated, similar to the coastal management act which was passed. Evidently one scenic edge of the state needs protection and not the other.
- Salaries for legislators were doubled on the last day of the session, while a seven and one-half per cent increase for the governor was defeated.

The Daily Tar Heel

82nd Year of Editorial Freedom

All unsigned editorials are the opinion of the editors. Letters and columns represent the opinions of individuals.

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New solons needed

For all the criticism which has been heaped on the 1974 North Carolina General Assembly, the group of honorables did do something. They didn't convene for 64 days and discuss 3,700 bills for nothing.

But whether the legislature did more good than evil is a matter of debate. Claude Sitton, editor of the *Raleigh News and Observer*, claims that the state would be better off if every measure were repealed and a new legislature could begin afresh. Certainly it is questionable whether there were more achievements or failures in the legislature's first attempt at annual sessions.

Such hypothetical questions are morbidly interesting, but largely miss the point. North Carolina used to be one of the more progressive southern states, and the current legislature did neither the citizens nor the traditions of this state much credit, if any at all. Factionalism, special-interests, petty bickering, mindless reaction, and plain tomfoolery contributed to the failures of

this year's session.

The May 7 primaries and the fall elections will provide an excellent opportunity for citizens to improve next year's legislature since every representative is up for re-election, or defeat as the case may be. Of course many are unopposed, especially among the conservative ranks, but a conscientious effort on the part of the electorate could provide an entirely new tone for next year's general assembly.

The people of this state must look at the records of their representatives and discover for themselves and for the community where the problems of this year's legislature originated. Good legislatures, like democracy, begin at home.

What the general assembly did this year is briefly noted in the editorial on the opposite side of this page. It is difficult to determine whether the pluses outweigh the minuses, and with a legislature of any calibre, it shouldn't even be close.

The games people play

The legislature is over, and sometimes you wonder about our home-grown statesmen.

First there was the amendment to the right-to-reply bill which required replies not to be written in "any language of foreign import, pidgin, broken English, Portuguese, vulgar Latin, pig Latin, French (or other language of obscenity), hippie falk, Brooklynese, officialese, bureaucratic jargon, code language, or any other unAmerican or sophisticated vernacular."

Then, Sen. Mike Mullins, not wanting to be outdone by his counterparts in Texas, who a couple of years ago unknowingly passed a

resolution praising the life and good works of the Boston Strangler, snuck through an amendment allowing liquor-by-the-drink, which was finally discovered and reversed. One conservative Republican said that he had been told to watch out for the Democrats. Only thing is, Mullins is a Republican.

To top it all off, the session closed with the dropping of the traditional handkerchief at 3:26 p.m., although all clocks in the building had been stopped at 2 p.m. so that the legislators could officially adjourn on time. And then what... maybe all-around the mulberry bush at the capitol?

Jane Plotkin

Oh, those crazy women...

Listen.

Don't spread it around or anything, but I've heard that those women are bitching again. You know, Miriam Slikin of the National Organization for Women (NOW) and that Barbara Schnorrenberg of University Women for Affirmative Action and those crazed subversives in Up the University.

They're talking about SPA (Subject of the Personnel Act) employees. They say that women employes of UNC are discriminated against because of sex. Now don't tell anybody, but here are a few definitive examples of sex discrimination which are taken from actual cases of female SPA employes.

Sex discrimination is when 68 per cent of all female SPA employes are in clerical positions.

Sex discrimination is not being promoted because you happen to be married to a student and are regarded as temporary help.

Sex discrimination is having eight years experience in your field and doing all the typing. Meanwhile, your male counterpart with no experience types nothing while seated at his executive desk.

Sex discrimination is always answering the phone because you're a woman, and women are supposed to answer office phones.

Sex discrimination is applying for a job and being told that you don't have proper qualifications. When your husband calls the personnel office on

your behalf, however, you are hired immediately.

Anyway, that's what they call sex discrimination. But I don't believe it. Not for a minute. And besides, any woman who feels she has been treated unfairly has recourse. So for the sake of all the doubting plebians, here are the alternatives:

a) She can contact Miriam Slikin of NOW who will aid her in filing a complaint with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC). Then, if her employer does not fire her first, an EEOC inspector might appear within a few months.

b) She can contact UWAA which will help make their case considerably stronger.

c) She can call Sherri Shepherd of UTU who will lend moral support.

d) She can have a chat with Jack Gunnells, personnel director, who will treat her kindly, pat her on the head and send her merrily back to her problems.

e) She can contact Dan Burleson, Assistant Personnel Director on Staff Relations and Benefits, who will call her supervisor and possibly reconcile the situation. Possibly not.

f) She can call Robert Gwyn of the Faculty Committee on Staff Personnel who will call Jack Gunnells (see d). If there is adequate evidence, Gwyn might use the influence of his committee to pressure her department.

g) She can visit the office of

Affirmative Action Officer Douglass Hunt who will recommend that she try the grievance procedure.

h) She can enter the grievance procedure which requires 30-45 days and during which she will meet a number of nice white men.

i) She can have a sex change operation.

So you see, there really is no sex discrimination. And even if there is, there are plenty of ways to take care of it.

Letters to the editors

Volunteers needed for project

To the editors:

Whenever anyone brings up the subject of student government around here, the immediate reply is, "Oh, what a crock of shit!"—the Carolina equivalent of "Bah, humbug!" Well, contrary to popular belief, student government is undertaking a project which hopefully will improve the quality of teaching on campus. This project is course-teacher evaluation.

It was begun in the fall by Ford Runge and is now being pushed by Marcus Williams. This semester, a pilot study is being undertaken, evaluating undergraduate courses in the departments of English,

psychology, chemistry, political science and math.

The Board of Trustees recently passed a resolution that some sort of student input be required in all faculty decisions concerning promotion and tenure. A permanent student evaluation of teaching would increase student power in the decision-making process, and it would give the faculty a rational basis for making their decision. In short, it is a good thing for all concerned.

The Course-Teacher Evaluation Commission has five active members and a \$15,000 grant. The amount of money is sufficient; the number of volunteers is not. Last week we implored the DTH to publish our appeal for additional student help. It was published—on page three, somewhere between Hank Aaron and the Adam and Eve ad. Needless to say, the response has been meager. I refuse to believe that students are this apathetic about something as central to their lives as the quality of teaching.

We need volunteers immediately. We begin work this week. The time commitment is not great and the work is certainly not hard. If you are interested, please call me, Mike Johnson, at 929-9304 or leave your name and phone number with the secretary in Suite C. The number there is 933-5201.

Mike Johnson
Chairman, Course-Teacher
Evaluation Commission

Reader admires amnesty stories

To the editors:

I wish to thank *The Daily Tar Heel* for its excellent series of articles on amnesty. While I appreciate Rick Brown's stand and his guts to follow through with what he felt was right, I also feel that he was unfair to those who decided to leave this country and had the guts to stand behind their decision. To deny war resisters the opportunity to express their morality in a legal fashion is hypocritical in the extreme.

The painful conflict involved in the amnesty question hinges on responsibility. Should a person bow to the demands of his society regardless of his personal convictions or should his personal moral convictions guide his actions? To many people (myself included) personal convictions must take precedence over responsibility to a government that has repeatedly demonstrated not only its inability to govern itself, (i.e. Watergate) but

also its inability to fulfill its obligation to the people by governing in an egocentric and non-compassionate manner.

Certainly there are persons in Canada that went because of cowardice, but there are those that left out of a sincere conviction that the country's involvement in Vietnam was wrong. If this country cannot tolerate differences in moral stances, America is sick indeed. The government's refusal to grant amnesty is another example of its intolerance.

James Hutton
321 West Cameron Avenue

Cashion's class refreshing, good

To the editors:

I have read with interest the debate of history instructor, Jerry Cashion.

May I say a few words in response to the author of a letter on April 10th who requested his/her name be withheld?

I am not a typical undergraduate student. As a free-lance writer, mother of one teenager and one elementary school child, I still found Jerry Cashion quite frankly one of the best and most provocatively interesting instructors I have ever had a class under, anywhere.

His attitude in class is refreshing; his demands on his students thought-provoking and his lessons quite simplistic.

I say 'simplistic' because Jerry Cashion does not find it necessary or worthwhile to drag highly sophisticated ego-gratifying statements or terms through his lectures—he

The Daily Tar Heel

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paints pictures instead.

And I think of him more as a history artist, illustrating with anecdotes, to awaken his students to a sense of history and the current and future lessons we can learn from it.

I am not ashamed, nor shy enough, to hide my name from my statements. To this date, and in the future (which will someday be history), I remember Jerry Cashion's class and lectures—and the learning I accomplished—with pleasure. It was a highlight of my classes at UNC.

Let's pick on some of the instructors who have tenure and very much more deserve our ire!

One more comment, please. I hope *The Daily Tar Heel* is not planning to make it a practice to print anonymous attacks, either in the letters to the editor section or elsewhere in the paper. No reputable newspaper does so!

Ms. Robin Mays

38-E Stratford Hills Apts.

Editor's note: On the contrary, Ms. Mays, most reputable newspapers do occasionally print letters to the editor and withhold the names.

Cashion belongs here at UNC

To the editors:

To the anonymous Cashion Hater: First of all, I will have enough guts to sign my name to this letter. I feel if you are not willing to face the consequences of something you write, DON'T write it.

You are correct that Jerry Cashion is a very friendly person and shows a genuine concern for his students, but let me ask you if you have had a class under him? I doubt it, or you would not demean his two history courses as you did. After four years at UNC as a history major, I can honestly say that I have not had a teacher that recreates a real feeling for the past as well as Mr. Cashion. Like all courses, there is some trivia to learn, but who are you to say whether or not this trivia played an important part in the development of North Carolina?

The rapport between Mr. Cashion and his classes is very strong for a large class situation. Therefore, I wonder if you really are one of his students.

Mr. Cashion plans to finish his degree this August. This was agreed upon by the administration and supposedly has no bearing on his contract not being renewed. I therefore wish Mr. Cashion luck here at UNC where he belongs!

H.R. Culp

Michael Davis

Grounded on the way to RDU

Earlier in the century, the Wright Brothers took their rickety airplane down a sandy strip in Kitty Hawk, N.C. Aviation has made tremendous strides since that initial shuttle from one end of a sanddune to the other.

Great strides everywhere but in the Triangle Area, that is. Flying into and out of the Raleigh-Durham region is not what one would call easy. It's what a Frenchman would call *tres difficile* if he were disposed to fly into the Paris of the Piedmont.

To make things worse, it's impossible to even arrive at the RDU airport from Chapel Hill at a reasonable price unless you hitch-hike, and who would be crazy enough to walk on the shoulder of Route 54.

There's always the bus, you say. Forget it. Try calling up the grouch at the Trailways station down on Franklin.

"Hello Trailways person. Where and when do the buses depart for RDU?"

"Ain't none."

"How about from Raleigh?"

"Nope."

"Durham?"

"Nope."

"Nowhere?"

"Yep."

"How come?"

"Lookit bo. If'n you kin ford to flah, you kin ford a taxi."

Slammo. Dialtone.

So you punt and take a limousine from the Carolina Inn, right, brother (a cheap pun at your expense). Wrong, brother.

Ever take a look at those limo drivers? They've always got a cat-who-ate-the-condor look on their faces. The reason for their gleeful appearance is that once you're trapped in their

vehicle, you owe them a tenspot, three quarts of Ripple and your first born male son if you want to make it intact to the airport.

So, you punt again (beginning to sound like the Redskins?) and you cajole your roommate into driving you to the airport (I promise not to snore for the rest of my life and I'll even use foot deodorant).

While zipping along at 28 m.p.h. on Raleigh Road you get stuck behind Father Time in his 1961 Chevy pickup who still confuses the accelerator pedal with the brake (it's on the left on muh tractor).

If you're lucky, within thirty minutes you will have found the cutoff for Interstate 50. The Indy 500.

If you are on 40 and it's Sunday, it's all over. Five million race car fans are cluttering the highway and they're all listening to the action on the radio (Ahm gonna kick ass and take names, jes lahk Richard Petty).

After a few minutes on the interstate an imposing, green, luminous sign appears out of the pines. RDU AIRPORT—½ MILE, it reads.

Impressive. The sign. Not the airport.

RDU is not going to be remembered in the annals of aviation history as one of the most elegant structures. In fact, if it were not for the occasional takeoff and landing of planes, one might confuse RDU with an undersized K&W cafeteria.

Parking at the airport is a trip. Thirty-five cents for the first hour and a bodily appendage for each subsequent sweep of Mickey's hand on your watch.

Don't park in the taxi spaces or in the loading zone. I tried that number once and it cost half a week salary to get my car back. They've got a patrol of little men eating Moon Pies in a corner who are ready at moment's notice to slap the chains on and tow your car away.

Certainly, no way to run an airline.