

March to Capitol to impeach Nixon

This Saturday there will be an impeachment march in Washington. That's right, it is the weekend before exams. But probably at no other time in the past decade will students have such an opportunity to really change national government. Half of Congress is already on your side.

Cars will be leaving at 5 a.m. Saturday, returning at 7 that night in time for the John Denver concert. The cost of the trip will be approximately \$3 or \$4 plus meals. It will be one of the cheapest, most convenient forms of protest possible, and students should take advantage of the opportunity.

Sponsored by the local chapter of the Young Democrats Club (YDC), the march is part of the National

Campaign to Impeach Nixon. Involved Americans from all over the country will be coming to protest the President's actions. You can be an important part of that movement.

Congressmen usually interpret one letter as representing the opinions of 100 constituents. One marcher in Washington is considered to represent the views of far more people. Students must not let the fears and frustrations of the '60's halt active political involvement. This time you can make a difference.

Information about rides is available from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Monday through Friday in the Pit. Sign up now.

Nancy Pate

Marvin hits beach

Meet Marvin. He's what you would call a mature college student. He goes to class most of the time and does most of his own work. The guys like him because he's willing to buy a round of beer now and then. The girls like him because he doesn't try to be a stud. His parents like him because he doesn't call home collect and ask for money. He even does his own laundry.

But then the Thursday before Easter the metamorphosis begins. Marvin the Mature is going to the beach for the weekend.

The transformation starts on the way down in the car as Marvin consumes more beer in four hours than he normally does in four weeks. Marvin the Mature is now Marvin the Menace as he recklessly passes cars on the yellow line, speeds through small towns and attempts to run down anyone in white socks foolish enough to cross his path. The fact that Marvin and his friends arrive at their destination in one piece is nothing short of miraculous.

Something about the sun affects Marvin's brain. Another change occurs once he is on the beach. Marvin the Messy litters the sand with Old Mill cans, Twinkie wrappers and cigarette butts. Playing Frisbee he takes great delight in running over people's towels with his sandy feet. And since the water's cold and it's so far back to where he's staying, Marvin considers the dunes his own private outhouse.

The night air causes yet another personality to emerge. Marvin the Molester appears at the Spanish Galleon, intent on picking up and picking at as many girls as possible. Let me tell you, this Marvin is

really quick on his feet. It's a good thing too, because with a pair of hands like he has, Marvin has to make fast getaways or get belted.

Midnight is approaching and Marvin assumes his most terrifying identity to date. Marvin the Maniac throws beer bottles off the ninth floor of the hotel, shouts obscenities at the top of his lungs and helps push people in the pool before going in for a little dip of his own.

By morning the metamorphosis is complete. Marvin, mature college student, has at last become Marvin the Mindless, passing into oblivion as the sun comes up. But not for long. The whole cycle will be repeated as soon as he wakes up.

The most disgusting thing about Marvin, however, is that he refuses to let people know who he is. If only he would tattoo his name on his forehead so we could avoid him. But no, he insists on masquerading as College Student, always wearing a T-shirt with the name of his alma mater emblazoned across the front. Pity all of Marvin's fellow students who will be labelled nards because they are unfortunate enough to go to the same school. Marvin just can't be content to degrade himself. He must also bring down the image of every other Tar Heel, Blue Devil, Wolfpacker, etc., not to mention the name of college students in general.

So much for Marvin the Mature. He will return from his three days of fun in the sun all burned and hungover. But he will tell everyone what a great time he had and how he can't wait to go back to the beach. Well, we can. Indefinitely.

Bunky Flagler

A final thought: the young, green days

"Just lay it out there on the table for the other guy to see, and tough if he doesn't like it," my friend said to me one chilly night, hot tea spilling over his hand while we crouched on the grey steps of the old white annex, decrepit in its World War II construction.

Those words of wisdom I take to heart. I will write what I feel—I make no apologies for my sentimental attitude toward this place. I have lived and loved here four years, and it's my prerogative to be so.

There's something here. There's really something here. Breaking my heart, it is, to leave. But it's time for me to go.

It has been a glad, happy and also sad place. We have changed immeasurably. We are not the wide-mouthed, bright-eyed girls and boys we were when we first came, gasping at all the young folks, all of them.

Spirit engendering. Growing. Bright in the twilight of our pony days. Galloping and racing. Never slowing. Never will, we thought. Always singing, studying, yelling, whispering, hollering, loving, writing, playing and study-breaking. Always blue and green biking. Long-dress dancing. Planting.

This life here in Chapel Hill: it was like a dream. Green and yellow afternoons glinty with wide smiles, soft with tick heartaches and goodbyes, warm with wet kisses and hugs so tight you lose your breath.

Bicycle rides so fast your legs go too slow to catch up. Gliding rides spinning in your mind too as you whiz by old trees and people and places.

That's what these last days of school are

like—spinning in your mind back to bright mornings when the music of a lone silver flute danced through the wind; gliding in memory to familiar rooms jammed with four-year-old memories already dusty and distant; whizzing back to 4 a.m. hikes in a downpour to Roy's Frolics in the graveyard. Hymns in the Halloween forest at midnight. Sobs by the creek. Joni Mitchell singing away the raw edges.

Trees waving good morning and unknown day-seekers throwing you the ever-orange frisbee. Folks calling out, laughing you over for a quick chat—a talk to turn the day around.

A talk that slows you from speeding on sunshine and green grass highs to mellow brown and stone-grey wall thinking.

Thinking about the people who spirited the dream here. People like Richard Cole and Walter Spearman—one a young, bearded man flashy with patent leather belts and shoes and impeccable ties. The other, balding and bespectacled, wearing clothes, stylish who-knows-when, if ever. Physical appearance has nothing to do with these teachers.

What matters is the sparkle, the fiery love of life which fills each of them and subsequently overflows into their teaching. They love journalism, and they have made me, in their combined efforts, to love it, too.

But besides love of a subject, they have instilled in me self confidence unheard of before in me. They helped wipe away the fear of laying myself open on paper—no small

Michael Fawcett

Strauch cartoons: scribbled venom

What would you say if you saw this cartoon in *The Daily Tar Heel* tomorrow?

MANAGER: This is the Pine Room, another area of gastronomic delight in the Chapel Hill area. (In the background, cashier asks, "How'r yew to'day?" and a worker replies "Ho-gih!")

MANAGER: This is the staff behind the counter, who manage to look busy while completely ignoring you.

STUDENT: I want a Coke! (Lady turns her head around, not seeing him.)

SECOND LADY: I wring out rags.

THIRD LADY: I stand with my back to you.

MANAGER: These are our cooks. They specialize in throwing food and producing hamburgers that look like dog meat which has been beaten with a stick. (Lady cook pushes food into face of male cook, who loses his chef's hat.)

MANAGER: We are thinking of changing the name of the Pine Room to something more in keeping with its exquisite culinary savor, like Dirty Bill's Hash House. (In background, student is taken aback by the smell of the food.)

Well, if you did see it, you'd probably say, "Whoever made that up knew what he was talking about," or maybe, "I wonder if somebody in our dorm did that." But that cartoon is actually six and one-half years old. It was done by Bruce Strauch of Burlington, whose cartoons, drawn off and on from 1966-1969, made him one of the most frequently read contributors in *DTH* history. It has been five years since Strauch's last *DTH* cartoon, and very little has been heard of him since. His father says that Bruce studied in England at Oxford University for two years, and that now he works for an insurance company. But that is all we know.

A faded *DTH* article of Oct. 18, 1968 tells the tale. "Strauch... is probably the most maligned student on the UNC campus. And his cartoons are probably the most widely read portion of any edition of the *DTH*." The story goes on to mention that Strauch was publishing a book, *The Best of Strauch*,

or *Where Will Art Be When The Revolution Comes?* This book is in the North Carolina Collection of Wilson Library, and in reading it you almost find yourself in a time warp. You know you are reading material from the late '60s, yet so much of it is relevant to UNC, 1974.

(Scene: the Book-Ex, forerunner of the Student Stores)

CASHIER: Put your name, school address and local address on all checks.

STUDENT: But this is cash!

CASHIER: Don't forget your student number, social security number (they weren't the same in those days), Selective Service number and hometown library card.

STUDENT: It's cash. I tell you! Look, Abraham Lincoln!

CASHIER: Also include a front and side view photo, full set of fingerprints, blood type and cranial index.

STUDENT: Legal tender! Greenbacks! Yankee dollar!

CASHIER: Put your name, school address and local address on all checks.

STUDENT: Keep the books! (crying) I don't want them! I'll fail my courses! I'll... (sob)

The picture of Strauch himself, staring back from that '68 *DTH* surprises one who has read his cartoons. Here is a very conservative-looking fellow with plastic-rimmed glasses and a receding hairline. He was only 21, the article said, but he looked 28 or 30. His world, as expressed in his cartoons, was a weird place where people who didn't watch out got screwed in every direction. One of his favorite targets was Student Government. In one cartoon a student calls up SG to see if they are doing anything for him. The pleasant-voiced guy on the other end says "Let me check... No, the same as usual." "Nothing," replies the annoyed student.

In Strauch's garden of miseries, athletics were controlled by "professional mercenaries," fraternities were made up of snobs who cut the sleeves off \$129 sweaters



and told lies about their sex lives, and the administration was selfish, deluded and indifferent. Whether UNC really was this way I don't know; but Strauch offended somebody with almost everything he drew.

One student wrote the *DTH*, "I think it is nothing less than disgusting and insulting for *The Daily Tar Heel* to allow... Strauch a space on the editorial page in which he does little more than glorify himself... it is high time that the editor of the *DTH* 'cleaned up his own house' by ridding our paper of the blockheaded crusader from Burlington."

Consider how some local folks might have felt about this one:

RESTAURANT OWNER: I am the owner of the typical crummy little Chapel Hill cafe. If I could find a way, I'd charge you for the air you breathe. I hire the surliest waiters I can find.

WAITRESS: Eat that and shut up!

STUDENT: Yes'm.

OWNER: (standing at register, talking to student who's just eaten) Crust of bread... glass of water. What kind of bread?

STUDENT: White.

OWNER: Ice in the water?

STUDENT: No.

OWNER: That'll be \$1.45. (Wonder what it'd be today.)

OWNER: Next I'll put in meters and charge you for sitting. (he beckons two disgruntled students) All right, sit down now. (He pushes a lever) Ching-click-click.

Strauch even criticized the ordinary student who hadn't done anything.

STUDENT: Well, Dad, here are my semester grades.

FATHER: 4 Fs and a D, huh?

STUDENT: Well, Dad, I guess it was just a case of... concentrating too much on one subject.

Bruce Strauch's last cartoon appeared on Feb. 23, 1969. It was a Sunday—the *DTH* could afford to publish seven days a week then. The cartoon showed "Your president and mine, Flash (Ken) Day, valiantly battling for student rights at a meeting with the administration." (Day is represented as a balloon held by one of the administrators.)

One thing is clear—whether he was better than today's *DTH* cartoonists and writers or not, Bruce sure had 'em jumping.



Bus system profits: bring us together

Today 80 per cent of the Housing office employees signed a petition against the new parking system. Their specific complaint was that \$72 a year is too much for a poor employee to spend for a parking place.

It is mildly ironic that the Housing office, so long maligned and degraded by the students, is now on the student side of the fence complaining about increased costs

and reduced services. But even discontent can be put to good use. Now perhaps Housing will be more sympathetic to student needs.

Employees, student, and faculty will have to struggle through with the new transit system, changing it where it needs change, but backing the innovative system to the hilt. And maybe the new transportation system will bring us together both on campus and on the bus.

Warlock gang: really nice kids

Would you think it a bit strange if a burly, unshaven, greasy-haired, tattooed, leather-jacketed, spike-booted, scarred, white-socked, body-odored, shoulder-hunched, weather-burned, beer-bellied, switchblade-carrying, blood-shot eyed, motorcycle gangman swaggered up to your stalled car, swallowed his cigarette butt right in front of you, smiled and said cheerfully, "May I help you?"

Just drive up around Philly, pull over to the side of the road, stick your stocking feet out of the front window, lean back and wait for the roadside service of the "Warlock's" motorcycle gang.

You may soon hear a sound approaching that of a thousand jumbo-jets without mufflers, and catch sight of a real mean bike with the fattest wheels and the biggest seat and handlebars you've ever seen, smoking down the highway, doing at least a sixty degree wheelie before cutting in front of your car and coming to a most abrupt halt.

A cat named the Rat leaves his big-chested, long blond-haired chick back on the bike, walks over to you, spits into both of his greasy, black, broken-nail hands, a thick brown oozy spit, rubs his hands together, puts his arm, which is about as big as your

leg, around your shoulder, leads you to the front of your car, yanks open the hood, looks inside, and says, with the best south Philly accent, "Now... what's te matte here?"

"Won't start," you say lamely.

So, the Rat checks the batteries, pauses to light a cigarette, checks the starter, demands your keys, which you supply, gets into the front seat, depressing it most severely, starts your car, leaves the accelerator pressed against the floor while black fumes shoot desperately out of your exhaust pipe, says the car's okay now, which you don't question, leaves you his card, straddles his motorcycle, starts the bike with a ferocious downward fling of the leg, and zips off until he, his bike and his chick are no more than a dot on the horizon.

That's what you call the motorcycle gang version of a public relations campaign.

"We're an organization with a bad name," says outlaw Warlock's gang member Bruce Ettien, 28, of Glenside, Pa., "We're not what people think we are. We're not the cream of the crop, but a lot of us are good human beings, too."

So Ettien, who is free on bail appealing a 2½ to 5 year sentence on a weapons charge, had several thousand business-sized calling cards printed up for the Warlock's 350 active club members, saying:

"Warlock's M.C. You have just been helped by an outlaw motorcycleist. When we do right no one remembers. When we do wrong no one forgets."

Ettien claims that his gang is willing to change tires, provide gasoline, and perform other services for stranded motorists.

"But you know," he says, "There will be people on the roads who will see us coming and get back into their autos and lock the doors."

"When we ride up to help them, I guess they assume we're going to rip them off."

According to Ettien, Warlock's "are no different from average people who have bikes and get together on weekends." Right, Ettien, you go out on picnics, baskets and the whole bit.

But basically, I've no objection to public service, so before I split, just gotta say this—right man, dig it.

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