

## North Carolina Scenes: beach

It has become cold in the middle of the day and the sun has gone, as though it were twilight. The dust sweeps off the Union parking lot, the wind twisting it around like a small dirty whisper of the coming storm. In a moment, it is gone. And the wind and the dust and I are all waiting for the rain.

I promise myself, when this is all over, I will go to the beach. But that is not what I really mean to say. It is a way to pacify myself. I don't want to wait; I want to go now. I want to meet the rain with the ocean and the storm and my loneliness.

If I could, I would go this minute. I would wrap my loneliness around me like a shroud and put on my parka and walk. Walk through the waves on the cold, wind-beaten North Carolina beaches.

It is not the sun I want, nor is it the South Carolina beaches, tinsel and tawdry and drunkenly warm with beach friendships.

I have had enough of that. I want the beaches of my childhood, when I could walk alone for hours, down the stretch of beach that seemed endless, no boundary markers, no crowds, no cars, just the ocean.

There are parts of the North Carolina

**Kevin McCarthy**

## Fires of learning snuffed

We came to UNC with the promise of an exciting education dazzling like a pearl before our eyes. We had suffered through high school, its fact-ridden tests, its incompetent pedants. When cap-and-gown time arrived, we all breathed a sigh of relief and anxiously awaited the coming of our first semester of college.

Nursed on a summer of high expectations, the promised pearl grew to such exaggerated luster that even the dismal week of freshman orientation couldn't stifle our naive hopes.

But, by the year's end—sooner for the more cynical—our expectations that college would be the mecca of motivation had splintered irreparably. We had sophisticated, adjusted.

Thus emerged the College Student: the man who skips classes religiously and yawns throughout when he does go; the man who pops a Coke tab during a quiet moment in a

**Peter Gilmore**

## Think impeachment

Contrary to the wishes of many people these days, Nixon has not been impeached yet. From the looks of things President Nixon won't be impeached until July.

But we must not get too depressed at this discouraging thought. Depression can only hinder the activities needed to ensure impeachment by the House. We must continue to write our congressmen, write our congresswomen and write our congresspeople. This is the most important function that we have, besides persuading others to do the same. On Capitol Hill, one letter is estimated to represent 100 constituents.

The House Judiciary Committee will probably report its "favorable without reservation" findings to the full House sometime in the latter half of May. Up until that time most congresspeople will remain uncommitted. But when that report is made the uncommitted are going to be required to commit themselves. There will be no excuses

beaches that are still like that. There are parts of the North Carolina beaches that do not have litter by the side of the road, nor long rows of motels with pools, nor high priced restaurants. There are parts of the North Carolina beaches that are free, just as this land was free, once.

These special parts are the beach. The other parts are civilization. And it has always been precisely that civilization that has always made me run, come back to the beaches of my past.

There was a time when I was just discovering those beaches. My friend and I picked a spot out on the map and at 2 a.m. we set off to find it, to leave behind the confusion and stand in the ocean, the lines sharply delineated, clear and ragingly angry.

Two days later we returned, gritty and red and wet, but our minds were clear. Even though we couldn't get all the sand off when we tried to wash up in the gas station restrooms, there was so much we had washed off, the ocean carrying it away with the tide.

There was the time during the summer when I had been drunk for two months when we went to the Outer Banks in a day. I was

hugely, echoing lecture hall.

There are a good many reasons for this transformation from the happy learner to the cynical student. English I is one. When this year's juniors were freshmen, the introductory English course was billed as an awakening experience designed to light the fires of adolescent creativity. It was an incredible bore taught by the department dregs. We were told, for instance, to tromp off to Kessing Pool, gaze into its murky waters and put down on paper the existential flow that rippled before our eyes.

Then, there is the lack of quality teaching. Out of every five teachers you listen to per semester, you're damned lucky if one is good. Some know their material but are stupendously boring; others cover up real knowledge with exciting lectures. But rarely do students stumble across a teacher who is exciting, knows his field and, most

and this is where we come in. We must each communicate with our representatives to make sure they understand that report. Our congresspeople are going to want to represent their constituents on this most important of votes. Your opinion counts with them. Express it in person or in a letter.

The Watergate scandal and Nixon's other sordid activities have got to be concluded before the November election. If it is not, I shudder to think of the absolute revulsion to the whole thing that will be demonstrated at the polls by the silent majority.

By a majority vote the House can impeach Nixon. This assures a full and conclusive trial in the Senate. We need to assure that trial by pressuring our congresspeople to vote in favor of impeachment as soon as possible.

So if you don't do anything else this summer, please write your representatives. Just remember that Nixon is not impeached yet.

trying to stop drinking, trying to get straight in my mind about what had gone down in my mind, trying to get to the beaches and back in 24 hours. It worked then too, just standing on the beach for several hours before we had to head back, still it worked.

Those were special times, when I really needed the beach. There were so many other times when I just wanted to go, to get away, to come back to myself.

Desolate, windy and deserted, these are the special beaches. They have no special attractions, no discount rates, nothing but the ocean and the sand. These are my beaches, they are the North Carolina beaches.

But now, the sun has come out again, and although the wind is still playing in the Union parking lot, the rain looks very far away. So maybe I can wait until the term is over, just a few more days, I promise myself again.

But really, I want to go now. It's not that I need to go, there is nothing I really need at the beach. But I want to go, I want to go home, for we are friends, the beach and I. We are old friends.

importantly, is gifted with that magical ability to motivate students in the manner they dreamed about in that pre-college summer.

We have endured so many types: the pseudo-hip professor who makes organic peanut butter and homemade beer; the picaresque, dogmatic teacher who slashes 10 points off your grade for every misspelled word.

So now an attempt at improving education at Carolina is being whispered about: the course-teacher evaluation. But the College Student can only greet this development with characteristic skepticism.

The Course-Teacher Evaluation Commission is currently conducting a pilot evaluation in various departments throughout the University. Results will be published in pamphlet form and distributed free to students early next fall. Department chairmen and teachers will also see the survey data. It all looks quite impressive on paper: the phrase "student input" dances in our skulls.

But before empty phrases clutter your mind, think about this: What is a good teacher to some is a lousy teacher to others. While some might require that magical spark of instilling motivation in students, others might define a good teacher as an easy one. Until you discover or what basis students assign the word "good" to a teacher or course, you cannot interpret the survey results.

Further, what will department chairmen do with teachers rated poorly by students? Talk to them? Fire them? Or will they just ignore the survey as so much student guff. How about the teachers themselves? Will any of them really make an effort to change?

For just a moment, those old fires of exciting learning flicker with the possibility of academic reform. But it is too late for us. We have hardened. We have become cynical. Winston Churchill once said it was characteristic of youth to be romantic and revolutionary and adults to be conservative and wary. But as far as academic reform is concerned, it seems we have aged before our time.

## Impeachment with honor: a fair trial by the Senate

In the last regular issue of the *DTH* it is important to face the most vital political problem of our generation: President Nixon's impeachment. The stunning question preoccupied the minds of all Americans concerned with the moral bankruptcy of our national government.

We are using the limited, technical definition of impeachment: the process of being brought to trial before the Senate, not a euphemism for getting kicked out of office. The decision whether Congress moves to impeach or not will be made within the next two months.

During the past year Nixon has released bombshell after bombshell on the sensibilities of the nation. Even conservative Republicans are shell-shocked from the continuing salvos of extortion, tax-evasion, perjury, larceny, bribery, invasion of privacy, obstruction of justice and most discouraging of all, plain ineptitude.

Representatives from all parts of the nation are calling for resignation or impeachment; hardly a newspaper in America fully supports the President. They fear that Nixon has lied continually, that

Martha Mitchell has told the truth and, most important, three more years of shadow government. Even the President seems compelled to reaffirm daily that he is not, in fact, considering resignation.

We feel that Nixon should be impeached, that is, formally called into question on his actions. Then it will be up to the Senate to decide his guilt or innocence. It is best for the country that the scandals be examined in detail so that we may once again turn our full attention to the essential problems of government: poverty, unemployment and inflation.

Impeachment is not an easy solution. Close scrutiny of Nixon's actions will be as painful for the country as it will be for the President. And right now the President's chances for acquittal by the Senate do not seem very favorable.

An important part of Congress' decision to impeach will be the vote's many implications. If Nixon is convicted it is uncertain whether Jerry Ford, the mild-mannered leader of a milquetoast Congress, is man enough to direct a strong foreign policy, to tame the lawless

arrogance of the White House staff, or to cut through the Gordian knot of scandal which will still encumber his career as President.

Americans are foolish to think that if Nixon is removed from office, the scandals will be over. The next three years will be overshadowed by investigations into present crimes, just as when Calvin Coolidge succeeded Warren G. Harding's Teapot Dome Presidency. The Nixon mistakes are indelibly written into history; they cannot be forgotten.

Nixon's absence will not rid government of its corruption, even temporarily. We cannot impeach injustice. The lesson of Watergate is to constantly examine our government and ourselves to sound out our weaknesses and strengths. This difficult process must continue even with a new, better president because negligence on the part of the public will always make scandal possible.

A careful regency of the people is needed to insure good government in the future. It is tempting, but foolish to believe that by ridding government of a criminal, government is rid of crime.

## G'night Jim, G'night Greg

Well, this is it. Our last issue. For a while, that is.

It's about that time of year again. We on the staff have to stop publishing and start studying. There's just a little work we have to make up from April. Even some from March. Would you believe February too? At any rate, we've just about run out of excuses to give our professors, and besides, professors don't grade excuses.

So before we sing our theme song (which goes to the same tune as the Mickey Mouse theme song), we'd just like to say a few things.

First off, although this is our last official regular issue, a few of us die-hards are going to stay on and put out a 12-page special election issue, to come out on April 30, hoping not to flunk our finals in the meantime.

Also, for those of you who will be around this summer, a summer

version of the paper, simply called *The Tar Heel*, will begin publication on May 20. If you want to work for us, drop us a line.

In the past, the summer paper has come out once a week. This summer we hope to publish twice a week. The present editors have nothing to do with the summer paper; the Publications Board chooses an editor for the summer paper today, and the regular editors take a vacation.

We remind you again about *Variation* magazine. If you're travelling this summer, or you're doing something really strange, and you think it would make good reading, write down your name and idea and send it to *Variation* magazine editor, *DTH* Office, Carolina Union, and we may use it next fall.

And most important of all, we'd

just like to take a moment to recognize one of our editors who is a senior and will be leaving us with this issue.

We refer of course to Associate Editor Michael Davis, who is graduating and moving out into the real world to try and do whatever people with psychology degrees try to do. Mike Davis has been a constant source of wit, life and friendliness in the office, and he will be missed immensely. We hate to see ya go, Mike.

But most of us will be back next fall, hopefully refreshed by a summer break.

There's not much left to say except, to everyone: so long for a while; to seniors: best of luck; to all exam-takers: find time to relax amidst it all—hope for the best, but don't expect too much.

Have a good summer.

# A final thought: three seniors looking back

### A remembrance

I am a senior. In 12 days I will be leaving Chapel Hill. And that is that.

But that is never just that. Because if the facts are simple, the feelings never are.

And I wish I just had some time, in between the term papers and the exams, to sit down and think about and remember all the people and the places of a lifetime, of how I've changed and how I've grown, and what lies behind and what's ahead.

But I don't have the time. Or I won't make time. Not really being able to face or want to face a fact as simple as an end.

What I can't stand is knowing that Carolina goes on without me. If it's not going to exist for me, how dare it exist for someone else. We all have this feeling we're indispensable, and none of us are. Life goes on. Chapel Hill goes on.

Not really. Because I know that Chapel Hill, my Chapel Hill, will cease to exist when I leave.

The buildings will be here, the trees, the grass, McCorkle Place and Silent Sam.

But it's not Silent Sam I'll be remembering in later years, but a gray Sunday in winter when we all trooped uptown for breakfast, in the middle of the afternoon. There was some snow on the ground and someone had a camera so we stopped and took pictures. And there we are, grouped around Silent Sam, laughing and half-frozen, and frozen forever in my mind, although I've never seen the picture.

It's the people that make the place, after all. Looking back, I see us all, as if in a series of slides caught in our characteristic poses, if only for one moment. We are young and often foolish, but mostly we are happy.

Our memories will not be the same, you and I.

We can remember the same things, like Silent Sam and late night bull sessions, but

you'll be thinking of another group, of which you were a part, and of the night you all tried to figure out if there was a God, and if he did exist, where was he. Me, I'll be thinking of my friends and the times we tried to solve all the world's problems at 2 a.m. and then ended up going to Golden West because food was always the easiest solution.

And last night, when I should have been writing this, I was talking to friends, and if I don't remember what we talked about, it doesn't matter, because people are more important than papers.

And I wish there was a way to tell everyone what I think of them—kiss some good-bye and tell others to kiss-off. Because there are some people I'll never see again, and I just want to tell them thanks—for being themselves, for being my friends, for making a difference in my life.

Chapel Hill does not exist without the people. I was up here over Christmas and there's nothing more meaningful than a deserted campus.

And so the Chapel Hill I know is the people I know. And there's no way that it'll ever be the same again. Some will be leaving and some will stay behind, but even they will change. We'll move into different worlds and the day-to-day things that held us together—crummy classes, fighting to be first in the shower, sharing a cigarette—they'll be gone. And that is the way it is.

So my Chapel Hill will end as a reality. Just as yours will. But it never was the same to begin with.

Everything is relative. It all depends on the way you look at it.

And the way I look at it is, well—you know. You were here too. And it's not the same for every person. But it's what we call Chapel Hill.

—Nancy Pate

### An open mind

I've just turned in my last college paper (ta-da) so while the self-righteousness lasts I feel totally justified in skipping a class and banging down some random notes on senioritis and such.

Don't worry about wading through my personal spiel on *You Can Never Go Home, Again*. We batted that one around enough in English II for me to never desire to be literary.

But there are some things that have changed both in me and my contemporaries in the last four years. Time was when a march on D.C. was as much on the curriculum as P.E. I'm meeting too many freshmen who think that *Soul on Ice* is the latest issue down at Baskin Robbins.

Even in my own class and mind, I'm beginning to hear and see things that I never thought possible. Maybe it's the last term madness that turns many of us away from humanitarian thoughts and plans, but whatever the reason, there's a lot of the old time materialism going down.

I remember thinking that when Jesse Helms won a Senate seat that it would be O.K. to say "nigger" on the street again. It's comforting to know that this has not happened yet.

Many of the issues were well under way when we got here in the fall of '70, but there have been some things since that have

carried on the torch of commitment and caring.

Women can now expect a better deal out of society. Lessons of the sixties tell us that collective guilt is not worth half as much as an active mind-set to make things even in the future.

Ecology seems to have kept its respectability even against the odds of the major oil companies.

But back to the "meat hook realities" of Hunter Thompson (at least we know that Effron's read it). I'm a little more frightened than I thought I'd be. Courage is a lot easier come by when you're a trifle mad at the world and demand some retribution. We now know that this recompense is not necessarily coming.

The best we take with us is the energy and experience of the past. An open mind will be harder to come by in the next few years. We've been left with a strong foundation of heroes. King to Kennedy; McGovern to Percy.

There's a sign at the Shack that I've seen several times, but never with the poignancy with which it struck me last night. "I've been a long time leaving but I'll be a long time gone."

Thought I'd leave without that last paragraph unity? Easy "B."

—Mike Thomas

### A fulfillment

Back in 1970, it was still appropriate to cry at graduation. Seniors cried, retiring teachers cried. My father cried, too. Now I'm ready to graduate again, and Dad will probably cry again, but this time I'll know why.

Since I was a child, Dad talked about the value of education, and I always thought he meant the monetary benefits. He was from a farming family of 10 children, his father was illiterate, and his mother taught herself to read from the Bible. None of the 10 graduated from high school. I remember Grandma telling me before she died, "I wanted my children to finish school. I always hoped your dad would, I knew he could, but he didn't want to be a burden."

He married my mother after he came home from the war, went to work in a Hickory furniture factory and joined the Baptist church. Momma went back to the same hosiery mill she had worked in after she got out of school.

I often asked them why we didn't ever go anywhere on vacation except the mountains, which lie only an hour's drive from Hickory. "We're saving for your education. Besides, the world's the same everywhere," was the inevitable answer. I didn't care about education, if it meant no trips to the beach.

Then I watched Dad stay up late at night, trying to get his high school diploma through a correspondence course, or taking courses at the local tech school in everything from automobile mechanics to speed reading. But something always interfered with his studying, and he never got his diploma.

First it was the sleepless nights with Grandpa, as he died with cancer. It was not the family's first experience with the disease. Dad's oldest brother and niece died with it when I was a baby. The same lot fell to his youngest brother, then Grandma died with diabetes. Dad went through it all with them—the convulsions, the moaning nights, the hell. One after another, the long illnesses came, and Dad again would postpone his

studying.

Then it was his turn. The day Mom and I walked into his hospital room, he smiled a little, and said, "Yes, they've found a tumor." Momma and I cried a lot that night, and my brother blamed God.

It's been six years since then. Dad's had surgery three times; been in countless, nameless hospitals; and taken correspondence courses in locksmithing, watch repair and English lit. The doctors don't know how he's lived. Daddy just says, "The Lord still has work for me to do."

I said I wouldn't go to college. I'd stay and give Dad his shot for pain every four hours, and work somewhere at night. "Don't let anything rob you of an education," he said. "You have to learn about the world, how to help people." So I got a scholarship and went to ASU, then Europe for a year, then Carolina for two.

In that time, I've read more than I've remembered, cursed my coffee cramps after cramming for finals all night and several times called home, telling my parents I couldn't take any more. "Just do your best, ask God to help you, and remember what you're working for." Dad would say.

I was never sure what I was working for, until several weeks ago. Sure, I want to be a journalist, but since no job offers have come, I've said it was all for nothing. Then I thought about Dad and Mom, and how they've given their love to me and so many others. And I realized that they've lived to love and help others, not just to be loved.

So I'll go through the graduation ceremony, even though Dad's too sick to make it this time, and have sloppy, sentimental thoughts through the whole thing. But I won't cry about leaving, like I did in high school. I'll rejoice that I've finally gotten the education my parents have had for a long time—the lesson of loving my neighbor and myself, too.

—Gail Bronson

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