

Judge Gordon's opinion settles big central issue

Whether the disbursement of mandatory student fees to the *Daily Tar Heel* is in violation of a student's rights under the First and Fourteenth amendments was the central question in the suit against the *DTH*.

In his decision released last Thursday, Chief Judge Eugene A. Gordon of the U.S. Middle District Court in Greensboro held that no violation of constitutional rights was involved.

It was decided both that it is constitutional for the paper to be funded in such a manner and that funding of the paper through mandatory student fees did not infringe upon the rights of any student.

In the original suit filed against the Board of Governors, University officials and the *DTH*, the plaintiffs argued that in being forced to pay money which ultimately would help pay for the *DTH* they were being forced to subsidize views not necessarily their own.

First of all, it should be obvious that no newspaper, college or otherwise, has ever put out a single issue with which anyone agreed completely.

Newspapers would be foolish and misguided even to try and do that. In

fact, most newspapers try and do the opposite. Instead of trying to appease everyone with each article, newspapers try and appeal to people of greatly-varying interests and opinions through a variety of columns and articles.

A newspaper functions as a forum. And in a forum, ideally, ideas and their opposites and likenesses flow freely.

Judge Gordon held, in his opinion, that for purposes other than publication, the *Daily Tar Heel* functioned as a state agency, and its activities constituted state action.

Once defined as a stage agency, the *DTH* is entitled to receive funds like any other group in the University. The University allows funding of various groups for many reasons, one of which was not a "desire to propagate a particular position or point of view," wrote Judge Gordon.

The University disburses funds to groups as a complement to classroom education by which students can express themselves, gain experience and come into contact with differing viewpoints.

Judge Gordon gave as an example the Carolina Symposium, which receives money from student fees and attracts a variety of speakers.

No one expects to agree with them all, yet everyone through student fees is paying each speaker to express his opinions. In no reasonable way can it be construed that the opinions of the speakers must be the opinions of those paying the fees.

To expect that every expenditure a person makes to an organization must aid that person's views is unreasonable, said Judge Gordon. "To so hold would make every governmental exaction constitutionally suspect," he said, "including the federal income tax."

People are required to pay taxes and organizational dues, said Gordon, to support organizations which allow the payor to work within the group and try to influence its opinions. Just because he is unsuccessful in that respect does not mean his rights have been violated.

So it is with the *DTH*. A person can attempt to influence the paper by running for editor, by voting for editor, by applying for the staff, by writing letters, articles or columns, and by talking to the editors.

An editorial stand with which a student does not agree in no way infringes his rights, nor compels him to adopt the view, and we are pleased Judge Gordon expressed the same opinion so strongly.

State lowers standards

Our neighboring university, North Carolina State, has recently made several innovations in its academic policy. Unfortunately, however, it is not altogether clear whether these changes are improvements.

State decided to outlaw the letter grade D last spring. Although many students preferred the elimination of all bad grades, particularly the F, a good start has been made in that direction as well.

The F has been replaced with NC, the abbreviation for no credit. Apparently the traditional stigma attached to the F was deemed unsavory, and NC seemed more palatable. Students will still receive zero hours credit for an NC (that much hasn't changed) but the euphemism has several advantages over the old F.

It's virtually impossible to flunk out of State now. You may fail as many as half your courses and, just as long as you live in Raleigh for eight years and pay tuition, you're guaranteed a diploma. It's almost like your college acceptance slip comes with a warranty for graduation.

These fool-proof academic criteria make State more a test of endurance than erudition. Once upon a time a

college education was a privilege, not a marathon, and a degree was an honor, not a consolation prize.

Higher education isn't for everyone, and flunking out used to be a rather effective means of telling exactly whom it wasn't for. But now they make it so very hard to fail. Students who NC their way through State mustn't delude themselves into thinking they've achieved much, even though their diploma is hanging on the wall.

The general lowering of standards represented by State's action demeans the entire academic community. While we by now means endorse the traditional grading system, whatever value-judgments one makes of academic work are jeopardized. Diplomas, like dollars, just aren't worth much any more.

State's action devaluing the F and abolishing the D depreciated the worth of their diploma, and our own. College graduates have a hard enough time getting jobs without the senseless inflation of academic credit. Less and less ability and diligence back the diploma, just as less and less gold backs the dollar.

Unrest, jubilation in Athens

Henry Farber, a UNC senior, spent the summer in Europe and was in Greece during the Turkish invasion of Cyprus. This is the first article in a two-part series.

The heat was on in Athens. As temperatures soared in the hundreds, Greece launched its first full-scale military mobilization since World War II.

The show of arms was presumably a counter-move against Turkey's initial invasion of Cyprus. But it was little more than a show. The Turks never did meet any resistance from Greek mainland troops. And, as Greek Cypriot forces were bowled over by one Turkish strike after another, Athens was in a state of pandemonium.

An elderly Greek woman was seen running hysterically from a crowd of people who were huddled around a radio in a market place. News of the fighting had just broken out.

Taxi cabs dumped tourists out to make room for Greek men who had to report for military duty, then sped off down busy streets with their horns blasting. Every able-bodied Greek male under 40 had been drafted into active service.

Meanwhile, the thousands of tourists in town were not exactly enjoying the excitement. The entire city, as far as tourists were concerned, closed down. Restaurants, stores and museums, faced with sudden staff shortages as a result of the all-out draft, locked their doors.

So did all banks and money-exchange windows. Newly arrived tourists, or those who had planned on exchanging foreign money for Greek drachmae, were without cash to buy as much as a glass of ouzo, the Greeks' powerful wine.

And there was no escape. The airport closed, boats were docked and the army commandeered the bus systems.

When the mobilization was announced I was on my way to the remote Aegean island

of Salamis, a few minutes' ferry ride from Piraeus, the port of Athens. I had heard nothing of the news; there were no other English-speaking people on our ferry.

Little Salamis was a mad scene. Hoards of islanders were heading for the pier to get to the mainland. As soon as I stepped off the boat, a policeman said something in Greek "... to Piraeus." I tried to explain that I had just come from Piraeus. He had to be kidding.

Then he held his hands in machine-gun position and said, "Boom-boom," to convey that shooting was going on. I knew something was wrong, but I decided to find someone who spoke English before turning back.

Fifteen minutes later I found a friendly young bartender who spoke broken English. When he finally got me to understand that a war was going on, I laughed in disbelief. He laughed too. Then he closed his cafe to report for duty.

Before getting back to the ferry, I wanted to get some pictures of the islanders making their mass exodus. Whole families were leaving by the truckload by foot and by bicycle.

A naval officer gestured that I should stop taking pictures, so I got back on the ferry for Piraeus. I was one of the last passengers allowed on board.

I was standing on the boat's stern. The naval officer was on the pier. There were several feet of water between us when I shot a picture of him. He shouted something in Greek.

The boat lurched, then started backing up toward the pier. The officer jumped on board, grabbed me by the arm, dragged me onto the pier and took the camera from around my neck.

I tried to reach out to the camera to offer him the film, but some civilians held me back. Finally, I was able to get close enough to him to pull the film release. He violently

ripped the film out and allowed me to leave. The civilians handed me the camera and helped me back onto the ferry.

The following day things cooled off. The temperature was considerably lower and a few drops of rain fell from the overcast sky. They say it rains five days out of the year in Athens.

Sunday is usually quiet anyway, but that day the streets outside the hotel were deserted. I was just a few blocks from Omonia Square, one of the busiest tourist districts. (I was staying at the Hotel Carolina, owned by some natives of Charleston, S.C.)

The few Athenians outside were clustered in front of the cafes, or *tavernas*, as they're called. While the radio stations played depressing military marches, the people were no doubt sharing bits of information about the fighting.

The radio music was interrupted from time to time for news dispatches. But reports were short and patriotic, lacking the relatively explicit coverage Americans are used to. The military junta controlled the news media with an iron hand.

The only English-language newspaper on the newsstands was the *Athens News*, a poorly written paper with a misspelled headline over the lead story: "Turkey Invades Cyprus," which was again propagandistic in news content.

The other papers in English were either censored out of circulation by government order or by the airport shutdown. I knew I would have to get out of Greece before I could get a complete picture of the situation.

Little did I know the heat would rise once more before my departure. The disaster-prone military junta was destined to take an abrupt fall from its seven-year reign of oppression. The return of political government to Greece was to come two days later.

Gary Fulton

A new Bedd-time story

The moguls of Hollywood television have completed their annual raids on various mental hospitals and homes for the bewildered. They have returned with a new batch of feeble-minded writers and nitwit actors—just in time to ungate them for the upcoming television season.

As usual, the high standards of Hollywood assure the public of another year of moronic melodramas, cretinous comedies and vacuous varieties.

With so many fads to choose from this season, the producers probably had a difficult time deciding which to imitate. However, one enterprising entrepreneur is rumored to be working on a new show that will incorporate a number of the latest crazes. Here is the scenario he presented to one of the networks for his latest degradation.

"She's rough. She's tough. She knows her stuff. She's HELEN BEDD! A blonde bombshell with a badge. A new breed of lady cop. Proficient in kung fu, karate and cooking. She's soft as a kitten, but when it comes to criminals, she'll kick 'em. Where it hurts."

"As chief of detectives in Philadelphia, it's Helen's job to solve the crimes in the Big Scrapple. Murderers, rapists, arsonists, dirty old men. Helen handles them all with the charm of a Miss America and the deadly chop of a Bruce Lee. Like the boys on the force say, 'She's a real knockout!'"

"Helen came to her job with a background in Excellence. Field hockey, volleyball, badminton, the balance beam. She'd mastered them all with poise and determination, a cross between Amy

Vanderbilt and Muhammed Ali. A B-plus average at the police academy, and a body to match. Helen Bedd had it all, and she knew how to use it.

"Helen joined the force as a meter maid. She had to endure the jokes of the male drivers, like 'Hey, honey, how'd ya like to punch my ticket?' She ignored the taunts of the garbage men, who would yell 'Hey girlie, wanna haul my ashes?'"

The men at the station house subjected her to numerous friskings, and ribbed her with friendly jibes, like 'Say, baby, why don't you scrub the floors and fix us some coffee and sandwiches?' She vowed that someday she would give the orders and tell those two-bit gumshoes where to stick their badges.

"After 10 years on the force, she has her chance, and she becomes Helen Bedd, chief of detectives. Her fellow cops respect her now as a human being, and criminals throughout the city fear her famous kick to the groin, a move that makes them cry 'Aunt.' They all know her as the woman with the big '38s (guns, that is)."

"At home, Helen is her own woman. The most famous men in town frequent her plush bachelorette pad to taste her gourmet cooking and view her collection of embroidery. She can be sweet, but when the men get fresh, she gets hot (under the collar), and she warns them with a stern 'Watch it, Buster,' or 'Keep your hands to yourself, Mack.' She knows how to handle herself.

"She rules the department with an iron fist, covered with a kid glove. She's tough as nails, and twice as sexy. She's ready for anything, and she's HELEN BEDD!"

"The first episode will consist mainly of flashbacks. Helen will remember the woman

who inspired her to greatness, Jane 'Butch' Oldfield, her high school gym teacher. She will recall the sage advice of this simple woman who encouraged her with philosophical sayings like, 'Men are all Brutes, Helen, so just kick them in the balls when they get in your way'; 'Never trust a man with a bulge in his pants'; and 'Keep your hair neat and carry a big stick.' Successive episodes will contain numerous flashbacks as Helen draws on this inspiration to overcome all manner of nasty things.

"Other stories—Week Two: Helen investigates a case where a woman accuses her husband, the owner of a bra factory, of non-support.

"Week Three: Helen is hit by a car, beaten up and shot. The next day she arrests a gang of pervers after one of its members, a male nurse, tries to molest her in her hospital bed.

"Week Four: Trouble starts when a prominent mobster approaches Helen and asks her to put her biscuits in his oven and her buns in his bed.

"Week Five: Helen cries 'Discrimination' when she discovers that the women's bathroom at police headquarters has a sign that says 'Little Girls' Room.'

"Week Six: A scandal erupts when an ex-cop whom Helen had fired accuses her of raping him.

"Other episodes will include stories on bombings, murders, kidnappings and helping little ole men across the street."

So get out the beer, warm up the tube and sit back on your bed, and someday soon you may be able to exclaim 'Goddamn. She sure is Helen Bedd.'

Letters to the editor

Remarks not in context

To the editors:

Reference is made to an article appearing on page 7A of the Aug. 29, 1974 edition of your newspaper. You quote me directly as saying I "was afraid that 'hippies would move into the neighborhood.'" The article continues to quote Mr. Jeffery Obler of the Department of Political Science as saying he would "rather have students next door. I like students. I teach students, and I wouldn't mind a bit if they moved in next door to me."

It is the purpose of this letter to set forth and hopefully clarify my feelings concerning this matter. First, I find the statements by Mr. Obler to be basically in harmony with my own. I have lived in Chapel Hill nearly all my life. During this time I have seen the University grow and develop into one of the most outstanding institutions of higher learning this country is fortunate to possess. During the same period of time, I have also

noted that many different lifestyles have become existent in and around Chapel Hill, and I would not be opposed to having students as my neighbors, provided they were like the majority of the student body we are fortunate to have at the University who conduct themselves with integrity and serious concern for their fellow citizens.

Unfortunately, there has appeared in recent years a very small number of "students" (and I use the word with some reservations) who, by their actions and deportment display a lack of consideration for the privacy and lifestyles of anyone with whom they come in contact. It is this small segment of the student body which I object to having as neighbors.

In conclusion, I feel that the manner in which my remarks were quoted in your article is misleading, out of context, and do

not reflect my true feelings concerning this matter.

Mrs. Albert H. Poe
202 Vance Street

Williams lauded

To the editors:

The *Daily Tar Heel* of Sept. 3, 1974, included an article discussing the various services Student Government is offering this year. Among these are legal assistance, coordinating rides, distributing parking spaces, and renting refrigerators, typewriters, and calculators.

Since last spring, though, President Marcus Williams has assisted in still another major project. The *DTH* of August 29, 1974, stated that "campus radio station WCAR has applied for an FM band permit from the Federal Communications Commission." In truth, though, the applicant for the FCC permit has not been WCAR, but rather Student Government with Marcus Williams as principal of application.

Although many members of the WCAR staff, including myself and Chief Engineer James Srebro, have laid the groundwork for the application, it was filed by SG under Williams' direction.

Again, just to set the record straight, Williams and his administration share the credit for any prospective FM broadcasting by an SG-funded radio station. Their assistance is greatly appreciated.

Gary Rendsburg
General Manager, WCAR
E-3 Carolina Apts.
Carrboro



An elderly Greek woman was seen running hysterically from a crowd of people