

Switchboard: broken connection?

To around 1,100 callers each month, the number 929-7177 may be the most important number they have ever called. It's the number of Switchboard, the Chapel Hill-based crisis intervention center serving Orange, Person and Chatham counties.

The calls come at all hours of the day as people seek advice and counseling about drug use, suicide, parent-child relations and other matters of a personal crisis nature.

Many of those calls may get no answer in the future, if broad community support for Switchboard is not expressed soon.

Switchboard has offered 24-hour counseling service since its inception in 1970. For the first time in five and a half years Switchboard has had to cut back its service. Two weeks ago Switchboard began operating only 12 hours a day from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. because of limited volunteer support to complement the full-time staffers manning Switchboard's lines.

Fortunately, the directors of Switchboard have lined up enough volunteers, so that, beginning Monday, full-time service will be resumed. But because of a failure of the North Carolina Drug Authority to provide requested funds for the center, future gaps in service may appear unless we, the residents of the three county area benefiting from Switchboard, act to express our support for the service.

Switchboard has received \$15,000 from the Town of Chapel Hill and \$10,000 from the United Fund. It requested \$35,000 from the state drug authority; the only major increase requested was to fund an extra position for an administrative assistant outreach worker. The N.C. Drug Authority granted Switchboard only \$10,225 ignoring the request for an additional staff

position and cutting out three of the five positions currently funded.

"No reason was stated for our cut," Kent Kanoy, telephone coordinator for Switchboard, told the *Tar Heel* Wednesday. The result may be to weaken Switchboard's ability to continue year-round, all-hours service, hampering the effectiveness of the telephone intervention center as a primary source of counseling and as a referral service backstopping the Women's Health and Pregnancy Counseling service, the Chapel Hill-Carrboro Rape Crisis Center, emergency counseling for parents of retarded children and emergency referrals for the Chapel Hill Housing Authority.

Switchboard, with its parent body the Chapel Hill Drug Action Committee, is attempting to get a second hearing with the N.C. Drug Authority to appeal for a reallocation of funds to this area of the state. It is also seeking support from various foundations and mental health groups. To strengthen its case, Switchboard is circulating a petition so that it can demonstrate the degree of community support it has. Switchboard workers will be in the lobby of the Carolina Union through Friday collecting signatures.

When governmental agencies fail to support worthy local agencies providing a tangible and necessary service to people, the people must act independently to assure that basic needs are met. Sign the Switchboard petition. Write the governor's office and demand that the N.C. Drug Authority explain its slicing of funds for crisis intervention in the Orange-Person-Chatham area. If government won't watch out for us, we must actively watch out for ourselves.



Gerry Cohen

Chapel Hill budget affects students

What does the town of Chapel Hill's 1975-76 budget mean for the University community? The Board of Aldermen adopted a General Fund Budget of \$4.9 million, a transportation budget of \$1.1 million, \$600,000 for capital improvements and \$465,000 for community development projects in lower-income areas.

The \$1,050,000 for the bus system will be used to continue the system for the year, with some small expansions. Bus service will be added in August for the Booker Creek Apartments, although the Foxcroft and Pinegate areas will be without service. Bus fares will stay at 25 cents cash, or a \$24 annual pass, available at the UNC traffic office. The bus system, employing 51 fulltime drivers, provides an alternative for persons in Chapel Hill—an option that allows them to live without a car. Except for two apartment areas, the town's 35,000 residents have easy access to public transportation, and the system is one of the best in the country, as far as service is concerned.

The town will probably be modifying its police and fire concepts. The town currently has 28 police patrolmen and 22 fire officers. Money has been included in the budget for the addition of 15 new public safety officers in December 1975—persons who will primarily handle police work but also be trained in fire prevention and control and respond first to fire calls.

The town's recreation department has been beefed up and its summer and year round recreation programs continued. A multi-million dollar referendum on new parks is planned for next March.

In the area of day care, the town will hire a child services coordinator in September to help the area's day care centers. The town will also provide financial assistance to approximately 20 low-income parents who need day care, though, under federal regulations, they must be in the low-income residential

areas. In planning, the town will finally get under way the drafting of a comprehensive plan for long range development of the area, and studies may lead to action this time.

Of course, one of the major student complaints has been the lack of bus service in Carrboro. That, of course, is a decision to be made this fall by the elected officials and voters in Carrboro.

As the federal government has shifted more and more responsibility to local governments, the society has put more

and more burdens on government, the size of city government has grown. By January, the town of Chapel Hill will have 355 full-time employees, compared with only 250 as recently as the spring of 1974.

More and more responsibility brings more and more complaints from citizens concerned about the decisions—a good sign, because a democracy must have constant citizen participation.

Gerry Cohen is a member of the Chapel Hill Board of Aldermen.

Rob Whitmire

Get high, shed lbs., stop pain with some Silva Mind Control

"You've heard of the path of Zen and the path of Buddha... well, Mind Control is the super highway to enlightenment."

—Silva Mind Control Instructor
The analogy above is correct. Silva Mind Control is to meditation what NASA is to outer space. Just as astronauts count down before blasting into space, Mind Controllers count down before slipping into inner space.

"... 3 ... 2 ... 1—deeper and deeper"
Here we find a novel use for Western technology, a way to get naturally high by grasping a few simple tenets of Eastern meditation and putting them in the jargon of the West.

"... going deeper and deeper"
The mind is to Mind Controllers basically a computer that works at different levels of consciousness. One must program this computer to eradicate disturbing habits, encourage relaxation, help psychically cure diseases, communicate telepathically or

use mind power to solve any problem in the universe.

"You are now at laboratory level"
From an Inner Space laboratory one examines and probes anything that exists in our life/movie. We are literally suspended in and by time.

To say that the Mind Control laboratory is imaginary and therefore unreal, while its NASA counterpart on the other side of the reality mirror is real is, of course, a meaningless statement. Both are merely manifestations of respectively different levels of consciousness. While the mind control lab is in the A or Alpha level of consciousness, it is suspended in a delicate balance between the expanding force of the imagination and the contracting force of ego.

The NASA lab is in the B or Beta level of consciousness and is suspended in a balance between the centrifugal force that impels it away from the earth and the force of gravity that compels it not to stray from the Mother too far. The imagination that drives us and the ego that holds us back both demand further explanation, however. Mind Controllers offer practical methods in programming the mind for more lengthy and more varied trips. They stress that the mind should be used for immediate problem solving and not merely to get high.

The jargon of Mind Control is taken from pop psychology, computer programming, or cybernetics. The Eastern mysticism of meditation is, for better or worse, stripped away and mantras are replaced by countdowns; the esoterica that is individually related in Eastern mysticism from teacher to initiate is replaced by mass programming techniques; stories or parables used in the East to explain the unexplainable are deleted from the literature and are replaced by "how to" lessons: how to conquer pain, lose weight, stop smoking, help others, etc.

In the B or Beta world we can parallel the Silva Mind Control movement with the advent of Newtonian physics. Indeed, it is the Newtonian concept of force and gravity that is used to guide the NASA space lab into place and

letter

Horse has heart, too

To Michael Fawcett, concerning his article on Ruffian's death:

If I were you, I would stick to writing about things I understood.

You obviously don't understand the admiration and love people can have for a horse. Or maybe what you don't understand is loving—regardless of what you love, it hurts to lose it.

Every now and then a great horse comes along, one that even those of us who don't care for racing can admire a bit. And what is admired? The class, the exuberant performance, the willingness to give that extra bit—they call it "heart." I believe. That is what the fans identify with. And isn't that what you really admire in a "great" baseball or football player? Did you really feel a personal loss when Morgan Beatty died? I imagine Ruffian's fans did... they lost a little bit of "heart."

Is horseracing believed more important than human survival, as you state? You gave no real evidence to support that contention. You only demonstrated that a horse who died received more press coverage than an ex-newscaster who died. Please remember that the horse was injured during a televised race. It was something people identified with, and that makes a difference. If Mr. Beatty had died during a big newscast he probably would have received more press coverage.

But I will agree with you that certain aspects of our life in this country receive undue attention. Since you are so appalled at that indifferent attitude taken toward human life and the way our priorities are ordered, perhaps you can explain to me why athletic events receive so much money and press coverage in this state in spite of the existence of a large number of poverty-level counties and of children who will grow up with below average IQs because they receive inadequate nutrition. Where is the logic in that?

Lucy Vaughan

The Tar Heel

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Seeking democracy in Camelot

It seemed like a rather good story at the time so I decided to investigate it.

To be honest, I was first turned on by the genuine facsimiles of the Declaration of Independence I had received as place mats from the local bank—the parchment sealed in plastic for easy cleaning—in memory of the American Revolution.

I found that I actually, how does one say, "dug" the rights of man, and I was becoming increasingly alarmed at the reports of secrecy, spying and surveillance coming out of Washington.

So I packed my trusty Ford, which I christened "the dream machine," with apple pie, kissed my mother good-bye, and headed north, after declaring bankruptcy for a tank of gas.

As I was driving through the Virginia countryside in the waning twilight, I couldn't help being awed by the rolling hills punctuated by what from a distance seemed like a configuration of rice paddies.

"Ah, the peasants are going to be restless tonight," I muttered to myself half-jokingly. As darkness began to envelop me—a darkness so laden that it seemed to embody the very premonition of evil yet to come—I was abruptly halted by an angry mob of torchbearers making their way toward what looked like an ancient windmill on the horizon.

"What seems to be the trouble?" I inquired of the first man I saw, a rotund little fellow wearing a sheriff's badge and carrying what looked like a cattle prod.

"Boy!" he replied with so much authority that I had the sudden urge to buff his shoe leather, "git yourself out of here before I do to you what I'm gonna do to him when we catch him."

"Who?" I asked somewhat sheepishly.

"Some New York liberal, came down here stirring up trouble," he shouted with the velocity of a watermelon seed at three feet.

"He raped my daughter's mind," screamed another fellow from the shadows behind, visible in the darkness only by the transluence of a white sheet. "We want him and that fat little Puerto Rican with him."

In the distance I could barely discern the loping figure of a huge man, dressed in armor and astride an old nag, with a squat little man running quickly behind him.

"There's the monster now, git him," someone shouted, and the mob was off again.

As I drove on up the road, I turned just in time to see the mill go up in flames like spikes being nailed into the darkness of the night.

I was grateful that they hadn't come for me.

The road was becoming foggier and my vision was much reduced, but I knew from the dankness of the air that I must be near my goal.

Suddenly, rising from the mist before me, I could see the faint outlines of a city on a hill, its lights shimmering in the putrid night air.

My Camelot, I rejoiced, I'm here.

I parked my car on the fringes and slowly made my way across a wide park until I arrived at my destination—a large white mansion, its columns and the iron grill fence surrounding it throwing the shadows of bars across the street outside. To one side was a small body of water.

How pleasant, I thought, a moat.

As I made my way to an opening in the fence, I suddenly stumbled over the outstretched form of a seedy-looking character sprawled drunkenly across the sidewalk. The vagrant, in beard and a dusty

stovepipe hat, arrested my attention.

"You don't want to go in there, buddy," he rasped, "the place is haunted."

"Excuse me, sir, but I've come looking for democracy," I replied.

"It's not here. Can you spare a dime?" was about all he could manage.

Not wishing to be delayed any longer, I tossed the old coddler a dime and made my way into the grounds. The gates slammed behind me.

The old man was right. From a distance the mansion looked like a jewel sparkling in a velvet darkness.

But up close the illusion gave way to reality. The walls were scarred, windows were broken, the steps creaked, and the foundation, although firm enough to support the ruins of the once great house, was beginning to sag under the weight of time.

Once inside I picked my way through the cobwebs until I came to an oval-shaped room somewhere in the bowels of the darkness.

Just then a group of people entered from the left in solemn dignity and formed a semi-circle to one side. Each was carrying a little black bag and a crucifix.

"We're from the Church Committee," their leader intoned, "and we've come to rid this place of all things foul and evil."

"You'll probably find some skeletons in the closets upstairs," I chuckled.

Just then, I noticed another figure seated behind a huge desk, a figure of mocking visage, when suddenly he began to somersault about the room. All at once he stopped in mid-air, and turning his head completely around, he spit venom at the committee and returned to his seat.

Then from the right side of the room, three

more gentlemen came rushing in—a minister, a rabbi and a rather ordinary looking man with horned-rimmed glasses and a wide, toothy grin.

"Who are you?" I inquired, taken aback by this sudden onrush of events.

"Silence!" the rabbi and minister intoned together. "We know this demon well. Though his body be ashes, his spirit lives on."

The two then slowly went up to the seated figure and began praying earnestly.

"Who are you?" they asked, laying a small tape recorder on his forehead.

"I am no one," the voice replied from the depths of the hollow man, "but this man is mine, and you shall not have him."

"He's obviously possessed by some house demon of the past," the leader of the committee interjected as he fumbled with some wires under the rug.

Just then the man of toothy grin came up from behind and began to laugh heartily.

"How are ya?" he said in an unmistakable New York accent.

All at once he grasped his throat and, letting out a piercing scream, threw himself out the nearest window.

I could hear the splash all the way from the ground.

Not wishing to pursue my quest any further, I headed for the nearest exit where I tripped over several bodies lying the staircase. It was apparent that others had been trying to get here but failed.

I was soon back on the road again, but before I could make it to the border, my car sputtered to a halt.

The dream machine had run out of gas.

Bob Jasinkiewicz is a 1975 journalism graduate from Winston-Salem.

Spout off your steam

Have you been feeling a little like a number lately?

Is summer life in Chapel Hill getting you down? Do you feel depressed, as if no one really loves or understands you, not even your professors?

Well, writing a letter to the *Tar Heel* won't solve any of these problems, so tough luck there. But if you feel like lashing out at something dumb you've read in our paper (God forbid) or in some other paper, sit down at the nearest typewriter and let us know about it. If you don't have a typewriter of your own, come to the *Tar Heel* offices and use ours.

We would really appreciate a few letters of

concern. They should be typed on a 60-space line, double-spaced, reasonably grammatical and include the name and address (and phone number if you have it) of the author. We don't publish the phone numbers.

A 60-space line, by the way, means you set your margins on 20 and 80.

If you're more long-winded, you might try writing a reaction column, which is a lengthy (50-80 lines) reply to the editorial opinion expressed by the *Tar Heel*. Only unsigned or initialed editorials are the opinion of the *Tar Heel*; signed columns represent the opinion of the individual contributor.