

## Consider the future

Americans have never been a very farsighted people. We have seldom dealt with our problems before they turned into crises, and have always charged on with a blind faith that there is nothing in the future we can't deal with when the time comes. We have viewed social planning with fear as a tentacle of Creeping Socialism, and have left concern for the years ahead to astrologists and calendar manufacturers. The general attitude seems to have been very close to that expressed by a former speaker of the House of Representatives: "Why do we owe anything to posterity? What has posterity ever done for us?"

This attitude was harmless in the days of the frontier when there was always more land to be devoured. And it was relatively harmless during the first half of this century when there were abundant resources to be exploited by rapidly expanding industries.

Today the future cannot be so easily ignored. We have been forced to realize that as we consume irreplaceable natural resources we are borrowing time from posterity. We have learned that the aerosol sprays that make our lives so effortless may cause our grandchildren to have skin cancer, and that the nuclear wastes that we tidily tuck into the ground may kill millions of people a century from now.

Slowly, very slowly, Americans are beginning to understand the need to look toward the future with concern and to look at the possible long-range effects of actions taken today. There are no more new worlds, and the decisions we are making today are creating — or destroying — the world that our descendants will have to live in. Congress recognized this when they established the Office of Technology Assessment in 1972. The purpose of this long-needed organization is to study the "physical, biological, economic, social and political effects" of the applications of new developments in technology, and to advise the federal government on the management and regulation of applications. But the OTA is only a first step.

The '76 Carolina Symposium, which has America's future as its subject, is a small step in the same direction. The topic is a rather broad one for a two-and-a-half week program, but the schedule has been carefully prepared and reflects the hours of work the symposium committee put into it during the past year.

Even if no revolutionary changes result from the symposium, it's encouraging to know that we are finally looking in the right direction.

## Promises, promises

Forgive us. Due to a variety of financial problems, the *Daily Tar Heel* was forced to extend its spring break by two days. We have now returned to a regular publishing schedule.

Beneath the standard Old English flag and the megaron headlines in today's paper, some changes should be evident. The Illinois primary received front page coverage and the UPI machine is delighted that its by-line has returned to the front page. Julie Knight, a veteran *Tar Heel* reporter, has prepared a report of the grocery store price comparison conducted by the Student Consumer Action Union — the first in a series of consumer-interest articles.

On the inside pages, a Television Highlight section has been added to Kaleidoscope and will appear with that column in the first and last issue of every week. Susan Shackelford, former sports editor, and Jim Thomas, her successor, are working on a box format to provide the scores from the most important intramural games; Bruce Henderson, a senior staff writer, has prepared an in-depth look at the University bond issue which North Carolina voters will decide on next Tuesday.

The editorial staff has changed as well. Robin Clark, a junior journalism major, has assumed the position of associate editor and will devote much of his time to a number of long term projects for the *Tar Heel*. He is presently working on a series of columns by professors and administrators at the University, to be run in conjunction with the symposium. Greg Porter will remain as managing editor, and Greg Nye, a junior journalism major, will be in charge of the editorial page.

Tim Pittman has assumed the post of news editor. Dan Fesperman will be working with him to coordinate and edit in-depth features and various freelance articles. Reviews and articles on arts and entertainment will be handled by Lawrence Toppman, a journalism graduate student, and the sports page will be taken over by Jim Thomas, the former assistant sports editor. Bob King will man the UPI machine, and Charles Hardy will continue as photography editor.

With a fresh editorial staff, we have high hopes for the *Daily Tar Heel's* future.

## The Daily Tar Heel

84th Year of Editorial Freedom

Alan Murray  
Editor

Greg Porter  
Managing Editor

Robin Clark  
Associate Editor

Greg Nye  
Editorial Page Editor

News: Susan Orcutt, assistant editor. Colette Chabbot, Chris Fuller, Sam Fulwood III, Russell Gardner, Teddy Goldman, Jan Hodges, Julie Knight, Vernon Loeb, Nancy Mattox, Jane Mosher, Joni Peters, Mel Rath, Mary Anne Rhyne, Linda Rosenfield, Laura Scism, Laura Toler and Merton Vance.

Tim Pittman  
News Editor

News Desk: Clay Howard, assistant managing editor. Copy editors: Ben Cornelius, Laura Dickerson, Jeff Funderburk and Nancy Gooch.

Dan Fesperman  
Features and Freelance

Lawrence Toppman  
Arts and Entertainment

Arts and Entertainment: Merrill Rose, assistant editor, Hank Baker, Alison Canoles, Susan Datz, Allen Johnson, Vernon Mays, Michael McFee, Liz Skillen, Tim Smith, Melissa Staples, Malia Stinson and Mike Womack.

Jim Thomas  
Sports Editor

Sports: Grant Vosburgh, assistant sports editor; Gene Upchurch, desk assistant; Kevin Barris, Brad Bauler, Dede Biles, Doug Clark, Chip Enslin, Tod Hughes, Dave Kirk, Pete Mitchell, Lee Pace, Ed Rankin and Ford Worthy.

Bob King  
Wire Editor

Charles Hardy  
Photography Editor

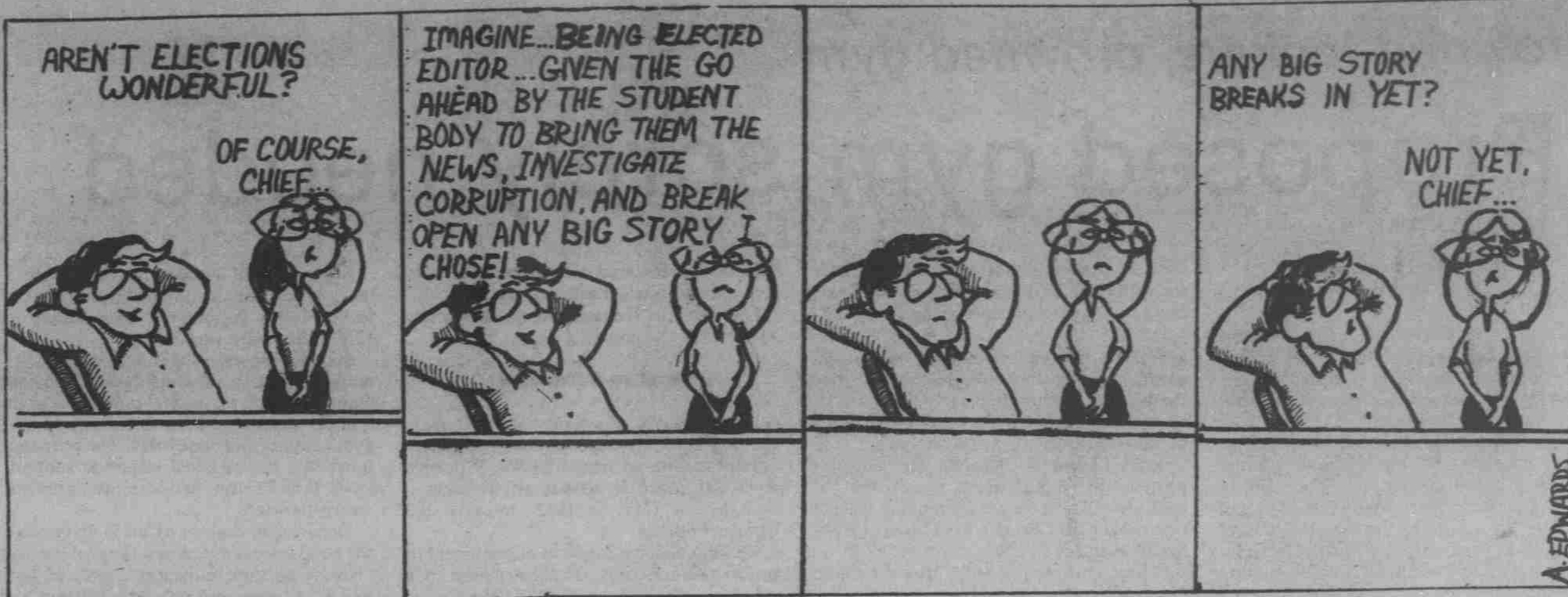
Graphic Arts: Staff photographers: Steve Causey, Dave Dalton, Margaret Kirk and Howard Shepherd. Cartoonists: John Branch, Stan Coss, Alan Edwards, Nan Parati and John Tomlinson.

Business: Verna Taylor, business manager, Elizabeth Bailey, advertising manager; Advertising: Steve Crowell, Mark Dubowski, Mark Lazenby and Lena Orlin. Business: Elisabeth Lewis Corley, Norman Stein and Larry Kulbeck. Circulation: Henry Birdsong and Jay Curlee.

Composition Editor: Ben Cornelius. Distribution Manager: Ken Smith.

Student Graphics, Inc.: Dean Gerdes, shop foreman. Typesetters: Stan Beaty, Henry Lee and Chiquetta Shackelford. Ad composition: Janet Peterson, supervisor; Judy Dunn, Steve Quakenbush and John Speagle. News composition: Brenda Marlow and Joni Peters.

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Tiki Thompson

## Tiki goes where the boys are

Thank God for spring break! I knew the Carolina exodus to Ft. Lauderdale would be full of surprises, but even I was shocked to discover that the International Date Line runs horizontally—somewhere between Waycross, Ga. and Daytona Beach. What else could account for my losing two full days of my life and 100 bucks of my Dad's money in transit?

Was it just last Friday?! Half the campus had already been "gittin' sun" for two weeks—talk about psyched! I mean, people were really getting sick of tanning slowly in the gentle Carolina rays—can't wait to hit those Ft. Laud beaches and get burnt to a crisp! Then the heartbreak of psoriasis to look forward to after vacation!

Since most of the Tri-Pis had split town before I could leave (love those froggy professors who schedule midterms the Friday before break) I finagled a ride down with two cra-a-azy buddies of mine who just happened to have a CB radio on board for feature entertainment. I should have taken it as an omen when Leaf's car wouldn't start for two hours in the Goldsboro McDonald's—a true garden spot of North Carolina. By that time, however, I had already downed a six pack, so I

just vegged (as in vegetable) out in the back seat until Leaf (now covered with grease and with a Big Mac wrapper stuck on the back of his shirt) got us rolling again.

From then on, the trip was your basic pit stop every 45 minutes—the consequences of travelling with a case of Heineken...oh well. We revived ourselves with reef every couple of hours, saluted the frigore with out last joint and beer, gave false "smokey takin' pictures" alerts on the CB, and greased down once again in Kentucky Fried, before getting lost in Ft. Lauderdale. Maybe all that's why a 16 hour trip took us 24 hours.

But then the real fun began! The Tri-Pis had heard about a big bash at a certain Kappa Kappa Lams on Sunday night, and burned out or not, all the best people appeared to show off their luminescent pink skins. The crowd ran the gamut—a few newsy, artsy-fartsy and jock types were lurking on the cars in the front yard, the Q T Pis and Kappa Diddies appeared in little pastel sundresses to set off their burns, the Sig Manures weren't yet asleep, though a few should have been, the DRKs and their pals, the Brooks Brothers, were out en masse, monopolizing the

backgammon table. A few obnoxious DRKs, notably Audie von Beerfart, were givin' me some grief, but on the whole it was a drunk, congenial, sunfried crowd. The place looked like a John Branch cartoon.

Ah, but the beach was the best! Nothing like the sight of some gorgeous male bods in the sun to get rid of hangover (assisted by my AM joints, of course!) Somehow at the party I became entangled with the newsy and jock types. Our daily ritual entailed loading a garbage can full of beers and driving away from the fleshy hordes of the Ft. Laud strip to a semi-deserted beach—where we could chunk the frisbee, play county fair and frolic in the surf to our hearts' content. One day there even was SURF! A tall, shaggy, handsome guy from St. Royal Albert's hall and I cavorted merrily in the waves while the rest of the lightweights shivered on the beach and got ready to pack up and leave every time the sun went behind a cloud. Our little romp was more exciting than a Salem commercial!

Why did it ever have to end? Those sun-drenched days and steamy-dreamy nights—at the theater, winning quineilas at Jai Alai, dinners on yachts—oh y'all we're so young!!

After a brief visit with my dear grandfather across the state, I flew back to the Miami airport to meet my ride back home—some surfer types who had been in the Bahamas. I arrived at 2:30, expecting them on the 3:30 flight. No show. After checking the 4:30 and 5:30 flights with no luck, I began to experience heart failure. Nothing like your basic 22-hour vigil in the Miami airport for the next open flight to RDU. By 10 p.m., the last flight from the Bahamas in, I'd given up hope; I couldn't even seek solace in getting drunk, because a water main had broken nearby and every toilet in the goddamn airport was out of order. (Talk about adding insult to injury.)

Around 11, the airport really started hoppin'. An Avis woman suddenly started screaming, "I'm sick of it all! The world's screwed up!" until she was dragged away by police. I was approached consecutively by a religious solicitor, who bugged me until I burst into tears (bet she thought I was weird), and a fat old Cuban lecher: "I'm a nice man—you want place to stay?—I have hotel room (dangles key in my face) you could sleep." No thanks, Castro!

In desperation, I paid 100 bucks for a first class fare back to RDU—the last available seat for 12:30 the next day. The Eastern agent, after treating me to Jai Alai, also offered me a place to stay on his couch (sure!) to the tune of "I'm Mark. Fly Me?" Though that would have been more amusing than flying Carol or Elaine or those other stupid ads, I told him I'd forgotten my motion sickness pills and better get back to the airport.

Lord knows how those interim hours passed, but at last it was 12:30 Sunday and I was on my way home. Even the six drinks on the flight couldn't blot out the fact that I'd spent \$90 more to get back than I expected. Christ! So much for surfer types!

Tiki Thompson is a junior transfer student from Tahiti.

The *Daily Tar Heel* welcomes letters to the editor. Letters must be typed, double spaced, on a 60-space line and are subject to condensation for libelous content or bad taste.

Unsigned or initialed columns on this page represent the opinion of the *Daily Tar Heel*. Signed columns represent the opinion of the individual contributor only.

Letters should not run over 50 lines (about 300 words) and should be mailed to the *Daily Tar Heel*, Carolina Union.

## letters

### Carter doing Nixon one better

To the editor:

This past week Jimmy Carter was challenged to provide some specifics on his plans for a national health program and for cutting government bureaucracy. His campaign staff replied that the public didn't need details, that his promise to do something when he got into the White House should be enough.

This is typical of how Carter has evaded taking stands all through his campaign.

In 1968 Richard Nixon convinced the American people to elect him President because he promised them that he had a secret plan to end the war in Vietnam.

In 1976 Jimmy Carter is trying to do Nixon one better by promising us a secret plan for every issue in the campaign.

This year, let's reject candidates who are all image and no substance, and vote for men like Fred Harris who aren't afraid to tell the public where they stand.

Bob McMahon  
106-A Kenan St.

Williams says "Thanks"

To the editor:

I would like to thank all the many people, old and new friends and the many interested supporters I never had the opportunity to meet, who worked on my campaign. Your effort certainly did not go unnoticed or unappreciated. I think we did succeed in bringing some concrete proposals and ideas to the attention of the student body and of those in Student Government.

I would also like to wish Billy Richardson the best of luck in the coming year. He has taken a difficult job, one that requires dedication, ingenuity, diligence and a touch of insanity. Again, good luck, Billy.

Finally, many people have expressed to me their outrage at the "irregularities" at three of the ballot boxes for the run-off election. But I do not think that there was any malevolent attempt by anyone to open, close or alter the location of those boxes in hopes of affecting the outcome of the election in either direction. The mishaps were simply the result of poor planning and personnel shortages; therefore, even though the outcome of the election might have been different had the boxes remained open according to schedule, to challenge the results of the election would achieve no constructive end. It would not reverse a deliberate sabotage; there was none. It would serve only to further fragment and hinder Student Government during the time of budget hearings. Ultimately, the student body would be the loser. I therefore want to go on record as discouraging any movement to challenge the results of the election.

Again, my many thanks to all those who worked on the campaign and especially to my campaign manager, Walker Smith, who spent endless hours on the phone corraling supporters to put up posters, hand out literature and do all the dreary, mundane

things needed to run an effective campaign.

David Williams  
M-11 Colony Apts.

Get out and vote

To the editor:

The March 23 Educational Bond Referendum for Capital Improvements at state universities is especially important to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

The Chapel Hill campus will receive \$5.4 million for a larger and improved physical education and intramural facility. The present facilities were built more than 35 years ago. The women, in particular, fare poorly — more than 8,000 women must squeeze into a facility designed for 700. Bathroom facilities are a luxury (one shower for every 100 women, one lavatory for every 1,650 women). Physical education classes are restricted (five classrooms must serve 3,000 upperclassmen). Continuing education programs cannot be offered to Chapel Hill and Orange County citizens because of the lack of space. Intramural programs and club sports cannot grow.

The need for more gymnasium area, showers, dressing and locker rooms, offices, classrooms, training and exercise rooms has existed for years. The chance to remedy the present overcrowded and sometimes

hazardous conditions is to vote for the bond issue on March 23.

The students and faculty have a personal stake in this particular bond issue. Please make the effort to vote.

Linda Mews, President  
Chapel Hill-Carrboro  
Chamber of Commerce

Get on the ball

To the editor:

The Carolina Union Bowling Lanes are in sore need of some attention. During my four years here, it has been a rare occasion when more than half of the lanes were working at any given time. Each time I have inquired as to why they were not repaired I have gotten various answers from "in the near future" to "they don't want to put any money in them since they will probably close them down in the near future for lack of business."

How do they expect to make money to keep the lanes going and profitable if you cannot get on a lane because only six lanes work and leagues are using all of them? I would like to ask that until someone does his job and repairs the lanes, the *Daily Tar Heel* should refrain from running the advertisement which states that one can bowl there for "55¢ a game anytime."

David H. Hopper  
305 Country Club Rd.

