

# Lost in the woods, or How not to road rally

By CHRIS FULLER  
Staff Writer

"This rally is approximately 80 miles in length. It is a low-key event to promote accuracy and safety in our highway driving. The entire rally should take just over three-and-a-half hours including a 30-minute rest break. The route is intended to show you some of the scenic, interesting points of the area."

So began the general directions for the UNC Tar Heel Road Rally Sunday. The weather for the event seemed perfect, as evidenced by the number of convertibles lined up at Triangle Porsche-Audi ready to start the rally.

The principle of a road rally was explained to me earlier in the week by Mike Cannon of the Union Recreation Committee who was in charge of the rally. He said a rally was not a speed race, but a contest of skill in driving over a course and deciphering route instructions.

"You go from point A to point B in a certain amount of time. If you get there too soon you are penalized points and if you get there too late you are penalized points."

THAT DIDN'T sound too difficult, I thought. How come the 80-mile course that was supposed to be run in three hours took me four hours and 90 miles to complete?

I thought I was on course until I couldn't find the Ebenezer A.M.E. Zion Church—the

signal for a speed change according to the route instructions. I continued until I was in Wake County (the course was designed to run through Chatham County).

After backtracking for approximately 25 miles, I saw a green MG with a big number 30 on its windshield. "Ah, another rallier," I thought. "I'll just follow him." A classic case of the blind leading the blind.

We stopped at the Apex police station for directions. The man behind the station desk couldn't help us, but at least we weren't alone. He told us another guy had been in before asking for the same directions.

While at the station, I met the two people I would be following the rest of the afternoon. The driver of the MG was Al King from UNC-Wilmington and his girlfriend/navigator Misty Hearin, a junior at UNC.

WELL, what should we do now? King asked, studying his route instructions.

After driving through Apex, down country roads, down dead end roads, across medians, through downtown Pittsboro and after being chased by a dog, we called it quits. We didn't make it to any of the check points.

The penalty for being early or late was one point for each hundredths of a minute and the penalty for missing a checkpoint was 750. We scored 2,250 penalty points. Cannon told me the winner had 29 points.

# Gen. Meade rolled in toilet paper Heels march on Gettysburg

By MERTON VANCE  
Staff Writer

When the UNC Tar Heels defeated the University of Nevada-Las Vegas Saturday afternoon, a group of approximately 40 UNC students on a field trip raced out of a motel in Gettysburg, Penn., ran across the highway to the sight of the Civil War battle, jumped two split rail fences, crossed two stone walls, and charged to the top of Cemetery Ridge at approximately the same position where a North Carolina regiment of Confederate soldiers had crashed into the Union lines on July 3, 1863.

The field trip was organized by UNC history professor James Leutze. A group of 92 students, faculty members and friends were on the weekend tour of Civil War battlegrounds at Manassas, Harpers Ferry, Antietam and Gettysburg.

On the hill where the UNC group celebrated is a large statue portraying General George Meade, the Union commander at the battle, mounted on horseback.

Sunday morning the statue was decked with toilet paper.

The UNC group was appalled that anyone would do such a thing and volunteered to help the National Park Service remove the litter.

Two of the members of the UNC group had mud on their shoes and three rolls of toilet paper were missing from motel rooms where the group was staying. Of course, this was just coincidental.

After celebrating on the battle grounds, the group decided that the Confederacy had won this second charge of Cemetery Ridge and sent a telegram to the team saying: "Confederates in Gettysburg celebrating this time. Go Heels."

# Alger Hiss

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may have known Chambers, under the alias of George Crosley, in 1934. Hiss said he took Crosley and his family into his home for a few days but had not seen him since that time.

When Hiss was asked about his hobbies so that the committee could corroborate Chambers' testimony, he included ornithology. Without being asked by HUAC, Hiss said he once had seen a prothonotary warbler on the banks of the Potomac River.

At the prodding of freshman Congressman Richard M. Nixon, a member of HUAC, Chambers and Hiss were brought together for the first time during the course of the testimony. Hiss said he was prepared to identify Chambers as the man he had known as Crosley. He continued to insist that he had had only a passing acquaintance with Chambers (Crosley) and had never turned over any documents to him.

Hiss filed a \$75,000 libel suit when Chambers made his charges over the radio.

Chambers then produced 43 typewritten documents and four handwritten memoranda that he claimed Hiss had passed on to him. The documents, Chambers claimed and FBI analysis later questionably proved, were either typed on Hiss's wife's typewriter or written in his handwriting.

In the most bizarre incident of the HUAC testimony, Chambers led two HUAC investigators to his Maryland farm. He retrieved three rolls of microfilm from a hollowed-out pumpkin. The microfilm yielded a three-foot stack of classified documents that Chambers said Hiss had given him.

On Dec. 15, 1948, a New York grand jury indicted Hiss on two counts of perjury for his statements that he had not passed on secret documents and had not seen Chambers after Jan. 1, 1937.

Hiss could not be charged with espionage because the statute of limitations on the crime had run out. But a guilty conviction on the perjury charges would imply that Hiss had participated in espionage activities for the Communists.

The first trial ended in a hung jury, 8 to 4. Rumors were circulated by anti-Hiss forces that the judge was a Communist. Harper's Magazine reports that Nixon allegedly indicated that members of the hung jury should be subpoenaed to appear before HUAC. Nixon joined with others to call for an investigation of the trial judge for possible impeachment action.

At the second trial, the testimony ranged from type styles on typewriters, to oriental rugs and Model A Fords to the famous prothonotary warblers. Symbolism replaced the sharpness of testimony. The trial became Hiss, as the urbane, respected public servant against Chambers, the grubby, fat Communist who had come in from the cold.

Hiss's attorneys could never explain the fact that the documents were typed on a typewriter that the defense conceded was Hiss's.

Nixon would say later that the Woodstock typewriter was the key "witness" in the case. The guilty verdict was delivered, and Alger Hiss's political career was over.

# Kola Pow Wow Indians meet on farm; celebrate culture, friendship

By VALERIE ANN ARSDALE  
Staff Writer

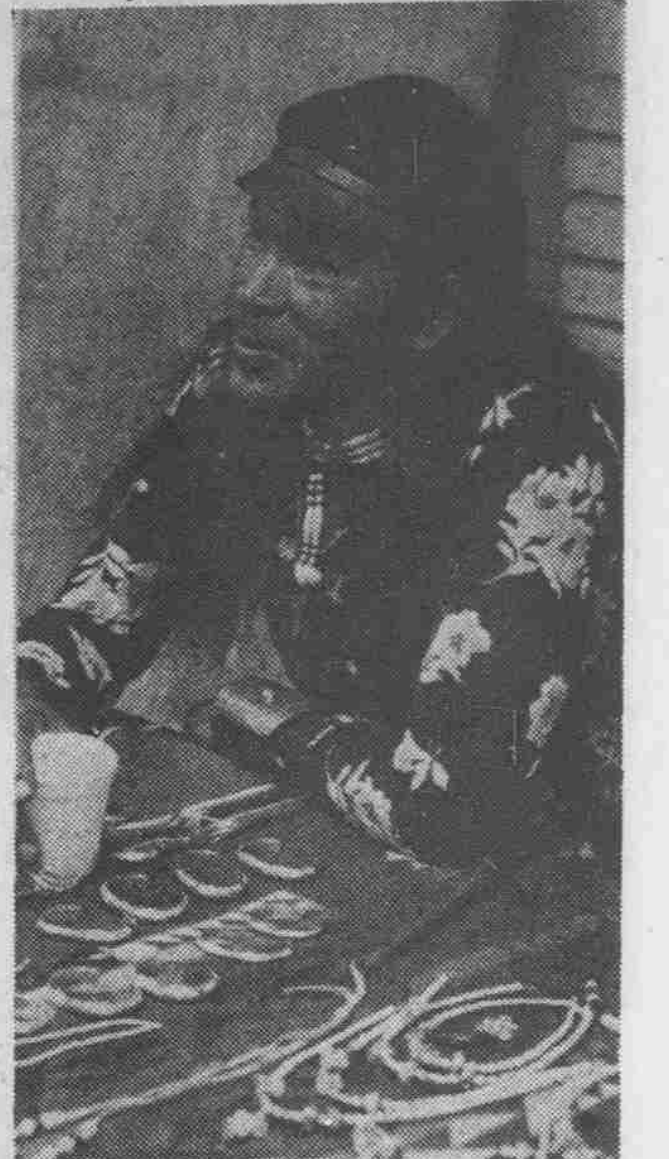
The tall, thin, red man from Oklahoma strode to the microphone and began the invocation in a quiet, dignified manner. The message contained the usual thoughts: "Thank you, Lord, for allowing us to gather here. Let the spirit of brotherhood prevail." He expressed thanks for the wonderful country, America, and all her liberties. He also spoke of a different right: To all the other freedoms," he said, "Let us add the freedom of expression of the American Indian and his friends."

Thus, the Gourd Dance Session of the Second "Kola" Indian and Hobbist Pow-Wow began on Saturday afternoon in the spirit of unity and expression. Designed to promote better understanding and improved relations between American Indian tribes and white Americans, the three-day event was all inclusive, with arts, crafts, traders, campers, singing and dancing. Held on the Raleigh Optimist Club Farm south of Raleigh, the Pow-Wow was unique in that whites, as well as Indians, participated in the festivities.

ON SATURDAY afternoon, however, the "authentic Indian dancing and singing" as the Pow-Wow's literature stated, was controlled much like the Indian nation came to be—by the White Man. There were Indians, sure—singers, dancers and traders from the Comanche, Cherokee, Ponda, Oneida and Kickapoo tribes—but the majority of the faces in the crowd and the dance were not Indian.—They weren't even untanned.

Of course, that was the spirit of the event—to join together many cultures in a celebration—"to have a good time," as the Comanche head singer implored. But it seemed strangely sad and ironic that the Pow-Wow itself, with its exhibition of Indian art and culture, should be thrust into the consciousness of their conquerors.

It was sad because the word "authentic" had taken on a different connotation; they were authentic Indians presented in the white man's way. Commercialism, rampant



Staff photo by Joseph Thomas

throughout the American system, was not even the worst of the evils, though I saw several non-Indians peddling Indian wares. Far sadder was the fact that it seems impossible for a culture to be genuinely authentic within the pervasive atmosphere of white America, for all the efforts at creating the genuine Indian culture manifested themselves like the carnival-come-to-town.

AND THE irony comes into play when one realizes how thoroughly the Indian was forced to accept the new culture that sailed over in wooden ships from Europe; and pow, the irony is the extent to which the Indian embraces it while still attempting to hang on to his own culture. "After the Gourd Dance initiation, we will all shake hands," says the Comanche. "That is the Indian way of doing things."

Well, the way of doing things has changed. Jim Charles, a UNC student who helped organize the event and served as master of ceremonies, invited the public to dance to the music of Ponca Drum—"Come as you are. You don't need a costume." And in the traditional round dance, not many costumes were evident; most of the Indians were dressed like the white dancers—blue jeans, jean jackets and boots, with Indian trimmings and jewelry.

A few inconsistencies also contributed to the mood of the afternoon. I became skeptical of the authenticity of "Indian Fry Bread" when I realized that they were cooking the bread in a deep-fryer, similar to the kind used by commercial hamburger establishments.

LIKEWISE, during the singing for the Gourd Dance, the head singer broke out of the chant into English verses. He was singing the blues about whiskey and women who don't understand.

The most ironic symbol at the Pow-Wow was not the Americanized attire or the white traders or the white dancers; it was the American flag. Instead of dancing under the moon as they would Saturday night, or dancing under the sun on Saturday afternoon, the dancers celebrated under a gold-fringe Stars and Stripes mounted on a straight pine pole. The flag demonstrated the Indians complete indoctrination into the American culture—extolling the virtues of their original lifestyle by dancing under the symbol of the people who had taken that freedom away from them.

I suppose I was predisposed to believe that the Indian would not welcome the white man's participation in his activities, such as the kind exhibited at the Pow-Wow Saturday afternoon. If a horde of foreigners had raped and pillaged my land as well as my people and unceremoniously herded me like cattle into a reservation, I don't believe I would feel very charitable towards them afterwards.

However, this feeling contributes to the beauty of spirit surrounding the Pow-Wow—that the Indian does feel benevolent towards such a culture as ours and, further, wishes to share his civilization with us in the spirit of brotherhood. The ravaging of the Indian country was inevitable; but the inevitability of the situation does not make it excusable. I could always understand why the tall, proud Indian on the environmental commercials was crying; now I realize that he probably never has stopped.



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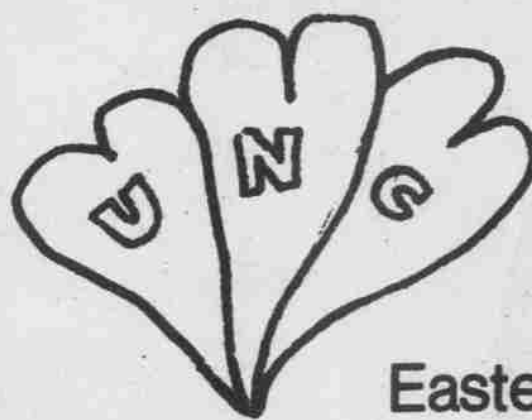
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