

Greg Porter  
Editor

Joni Peters, Managing Editor  
Ed Rankin, Associate Editor  
Lou Billionis, Associate Editor

Laura Scism, University Editor  
Elliott Potter, City & State Editor  
Chuck Alston, National Editor

Jack Greenspan, Features Editor  
Jeanne Newsom, Arts Editor  
Gene Upchurch, Sports Editor  
Rouse Wilson, Photography Editor

# The Daily Tar Heel

84th Year of Editorial Freedom

## letters to the editor

# Benefits outweigh food stamp hassles

To the editor:

Thanks for last week's editorial on food stamps. Pride and misinformation do prevent a lot of students who are eligible for the program from ever receiving food stamps. I'd like to add a few additional points to the information in the editorial.

First, it is correct that a student receiving food stamps must be legally independent unless his parents are also eligible for the program. However, it is misleading to refer to an independent student as one who is paying his or her own way through college, because in fact the student may receive up to \$600 per year from his parents and also receive money from financial aid. Claiming independent status is sometimes tricky—the criteria are subject to change, so it might be a good idea to call the Financial Aid Office if you have any questions.

Total income per month for a student cannot exceed \$245 (including financial aid funds). Tuition, but not books, may be deducted. The student may own a car and up to \$1,500 in cash or in the bank.

The food-stamp program requires that the student have cooking facilities to prepare his or her own food. This has caused some disagreements in the past as to whether or not a dorm resident has adequate facilities; the eligibility worker will make this decision with

each individual case. All eligibility decisions are open for appeal.

I would urge students not to be deterred by the red tape involved—the hassles probably won't be that bad, and the benefits can greatly outweigh the trouble. If a person would like to apply, the first step is to call 968-0641 (Department of Social Services) to set up an appointment. The office is located on Conner Road, across from University Mall (easy access by bus). When you go to the appointment, take bank account records, proof of income, bills, tax record, rent receipts and a Social Security card. Students are certified for each semester.

Food stamps help stretch a student's dollars by giving him or her "bonus coupons"—but these can only be used to buy food. They can't be used to buy such items as wine, beer, tobacco or cleaning products.

The Hunger Action Committee has set up an information center upstairs in the Y-Court where students can find brochures about food stamps and also about nutrition and world hunger. Please come by the office of the campus YM-YWCA or call 942-7202 for more information.

**Beat Duke today**

To the editor:

We would like to thank all of you who have supported our tennis team this year with your encouragement and presence. We have had a great season, but your continued support is needed for us to continue on to another ACC championship. Our final match of the season is today against Duke, the only other unbeaten team in conference play. The match is scheduled to begin at 2:00 on the new courts behind the old Chapel Hill Country Club. We urge you to attend and show your support today and also during the ACC tournament to be held Friday, Saturday and Sunday at N.C. State University. We feel we have a great team and a super coach. But this is not our team; this is your team. Show your support today and this weekend. Thanks.

UNC Tennis Team

## Watching the world go by

The passage of the Easter holidays brings to mind one more quirk of the great state of North Carolina.

In case you were wondering why the University and the state celebrate Easter on Monday instead of Good Friday, well, there's really no good reason. North Carolina is the only state in the nation to do so—and the official Monday holiday has been on the books since 1935.

But no one seems to know why.

The custom of celebrating Easter Monday is apparently a very old and inexplicable one. One theory says that the custom began in the 1800s when the gentry gave their domestic servants the day off to rest up from the back-breaking preparation of the Easter Sunday meal.

Whatever the reason, the state shuts down on Easter Monday, while the federal government, most notably the post office, resumes its regular hours.

North Carolinians have often been accused of sitting back and watching the world go by on issues like ERA, liquor-by-the-drink and capital punishment. But on Easter Monday, most North Carolinians sit back, watch the world go by and enjoy their notoriety, drawing not criticism, but envy, from their fellow countrymen.

## Gossip hits the front page

Billy Carter's now infamous racial slur dropped at an Oakland California cocktail party proves only two things about human nature: One, that people still will say disgusting things about each other (which we already knew); and two, that the press will do anything for a sensational story.

As the television, radio and newspapers have let us know with blinding speed, Carter offended black city council candidate Carter Gilmore when Gilmore asked if their shared name meant they were related.

"Well, I hate to say it, but we all left a nigger in the woodpile, someplace," Carter responded in his own inimitable and uninhibited style.

The basic question all the bruohaha raises is, Who cares? If Carter Gilmore understandably wants an apology for a redneck faux pas, then that's fine, but it's between Gilmore and Carter—not Gilmore, Carter and the rest of the world. Billy Carter is not a public official. He is public only in the sense that he is Jimmy Carter's brother. And what he says at cocktail parties doesn't seem terribly important dinner-table conversation—especially when the President's brother has let his hair down and set a less-than-admirable example for human relations.

The same sort of "journalism" that distorted Carter's fine *Playboy* interview is at work again here. "News judgment," as it is called, has reached another low ebb.

When the word got out not long ago that Earl Butz told a racist yarn or two, many said the reporting of private circumstances was deplorable. The press countered by citing the secretary of agriculture's public trust.

But that argument won't hold now. Billy Carter is a celebrity of the press' making, not a public official. And celebrity talk usually is left to the gossip mags.

## Selling books can reap more than monetary rewards

To the editor:

I sold books for the Southwestern Company last summer. My main reason for wanting to sell books was to build up my self-confidence. Being an accounting major and personally disliking salesmen, I thought that if I could do something that was personally distasteful I could develop my self-will.

I began learning about being of service to people. In southern Missouri, where I spent the summer, there was a school district I worked whose public high school wasn't even accredited for college entrance. If I didn't believe that the books would really help those kids, I couldn't have stayed out there.

I began learning several things last summer that will help me all the way through life: importance of goals, how strange

human nature is, my own strengths and weaknesses, and many other things. And, oh yes, I saved \$1,100—after totally mismanaging my money, having four car accidents (all my fault), and after barely selling a thing the first eight weeks of the summer. I'm just glad I had the opportunity to fail and learn from my mistakes while I still had school to fall back on.

If money is your sole motivating force you will not make it through the summer. Even if money is your primary motivating force, you still must have some emotional reasons for desiring self-improvement. The money is gone, but the wisdom will help carry me through life.

My primary reason for returning to the book field this summer is to continue my

growth of the last few weeks as a spiritual Christian. Getting to know the Lord Jesus Christ better as my personal Saviour should be an exciting experience. Yes, I have a savings goal of \$5,000—but it's the striving toward the goal that's important.

People will treat you about as well as you treat them.

Maturity isn't something you attain at age 18 or 21.

The most important thing I began learning last summer is that it's possible to change your lifestyle and your attitudes. I can't wait to see how much I will begin to learn this summer.

Evelyn Smith  
Co-chairperson,  
Hunger Action Committee

Mike Siler  
219B Bim St.

**The sex of bees**

To the editor:

This is a follow-up to my phone call to the *DTH* on a ridiculously insignificant topic—the sex of bees. I referred to a caption of a bee "busy at work" (April 6). Since I feel that we could all use some comic relief at the end of the semester approaches, I decided that a correction was in order, to wit: in a bee hive, the bees which do all the work are called, appropriately enough, workers, and they are female.

The few males in the hive are called drones and their sole purpose is to fertilize the queen. Therefore, the bee in the picture was "busy at her work."

If anyone wishes to write an angry letter about some little-known species of bee which violates this principle, please do not send it to the *DTH* editor. Send all inquiries to me at the address below. Workers of the world, unite!

Ruth M. Shipley  
Department of Biochemistry

**Fanciers of war games, unite!**

To the editor:

Fanciers of war games (*DTH*, April 6) will be glad to know that their passion was shared by—among others—H. G. Wells and Robert Louis Stevenson, Stevenson, who played with his cousin, the art critic R. A. M. Stevenson, and his stepson Lloyd Osborne, even wrote mock journalistic accounts of the battles. These droll pieces can be found, complete with maps, in "Stevenson at Play," *Scribner's Magazine*, December 1898, and—without the maps—in Volume 30 of the Tutusala Edition of his works (1924), both in Wilson Library.

Roger G. Swearingen  
Department of English

**To a former lover**

To the editor:

I'm sorry for having hurt you  
Meeting you spanked my life  
Energy welled within me  
And we knew love...  
I'm sorry for having hurt you  
We knew our love wouldn't last  
But it did, though hesitant  
We knew our common tie would unravel  
But the knot remained firm...  
I'm sorry for having hurt you  
How, then, could I tell you  
That I could not stay, I must go  
Our souls were kindred, not so our lives  
My life stealing yours, yours mine,  
I'm sorry if I hurt you  
Surely you could see, though  
With eyes so easily able to read mine  
We could only steal, we could not share  
I cried as I left you sleeping and stole away  
I didn't want to hurt you  
I did not look back...

Don

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

Letters are subject to condensation for length purposes and should be mailed to the editor, *Daily Tar Heel*, Carolina Union.



**Mutilation a problem for all**

To the editor:

I appreciate the attention that the *Daily Tar Heel* (April 7) gave to the serious problem of periodical mutilation. However, I do not appreciate the shoddy journalism. When Ms. Hart quotes people in the future, I suggest that she quote what is said and not what she thinks is said. There were several inaccuracies in the article due to the sketchy presentation of the facts. Somewhere along the line Ms. Hart missed the point, thereby omitting the most important facts concerning the problem of periodical mutilation. I had hoped that she would have mentioned that, when assigning articles to be read by their classes, professors could help to reduce a large portion of the mutilation problem by placing periodicals on limited reserve within the Periodicals Department.

Perhaps the publicity will make more people (not only students) aware of the problem, but as for this typical *Tar Heel* style of reporting, who needs it?

Jane Bivens  
Wilson Library

anything out of the ordinary, except for the fact that it brought to mind the notion of what true "naturalness" actually is in sexual relationships. A biologist I'm not, but to my knowledge, there are no other animals having homosexual relationships except for Homo sapiens. My human intuition tells me that somehow man (in some cases) has deviated from the true and intended path of sexuality.

Thomas Aquinas has been quoted as saying "sexual distortion is sex (intercourse) without the possibility of conception." This statement is too broad and outdated for an overpopulated world, but it does shed light on what true "naturalness" in sex ought to be. "Therefore a man leaves his father and his mother and cleaves to his wife, and they shall become one flesh." From this passage I draw a norm for "natural" sexual development: human sexuality should lead us toward permanent heterosexual union.

Every society throughout history has condemned, or let's say hasn't condoned, homosexuality, so why shouldn't we?

Michael A. King  
346 James

able to do all the hard work at this fine Southern institution. But boy-oh-boy, things are really swell now. You know it is almost like when I was in high school.

Just the other day I got points knocked off my grade because I turned an assignment in at the middle of class instead of at the beginning of the period. Gosh, Mr. Smith used to do that in my 10th grade Biology class. And just last week one of my teachers gave a tough pop test which everybody flunked. It reminded me of Mrs. Jones' ninth grade social studies class so much that I just had to call my Mommy at home.

Lots of other things happen here that remind me of those days. Tests marked down because "n's" look like "m's" or because the definition I wrote "could be a little more in depth," big exams on the last few days before a holiday, lectures that erase all understanding of material or else never touch down anywhere close to material... These examples continue, but everybody surely has some of their own.

It is a swell idea for this school to be the way it is. This way, I can be just like I used to be. I sure was dumb to believe that in college, intelligent reasoning would replace trite high school stupidity, but I am glad to see that it hasn't—at least not at this school.

John Bishop  
Granville South  
Mike Sumner  
104 Kings Mtn. Court

**The Daily Tar Heel**

publishes Monday through Friday during the academic year. Offices are at the Student Union Building, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514. Telephone numbers: 933-0245, 0246, 0252.

**News:** Keith Hollar, assistant editor; Jeff Cohen, Jeff Collins, Chris Fuller, Mary Gardner, Russell Gardner, Toni Gilbert, Tony Gunn, Nancy Harris, Charlene Havnaer, Jaci Hughes, Will Jones, Mark Lazenby, Peter Masterman, Vernon Mays, Karen Millers, Linda Morris, Beth Parsons, Chip Pearsall, Mary Anne Rhyne, Leslie Sciam, David Stacks, Elizabeth Swearingen, Patti Tush, Merton Vance, Mike Wade and Tom Watkins.

**News Desk:** Ben Cornelius, assistant managing editor. Copy editors: Richard Barron, Beth Blake, Vicki Daniels, Robert Fekke, Chip Highsmith, Newell Highsmith, Jay Jennings, Katherine Oakley, Karen Oates, Evelyn Sahr, Karen Southern, Melinda Stovall, Merri Beth Tice, Larry Tupler and Ken Williamson. **Campus Calendar:** Tenley Ayers. **Editorial assistants:** Robin McWilliam and Steve Perry.

**Sports:** Lee Pace, assistant editor; Evan Appel, Kevin Barris, Dede Biles, Skip Foreman, Tod Hughes, David Kirk, Pete Mitchell, Joe Morgan, Ken Roberts, Rick Scoppe, David Squires, Will Wilson and Isabel Worthy.

**Features:** Laurie Baker, Bob Brueckner, Sara Bullard, Buddy Bultman, Peter Hapke, Carolyn Jack, Deborah Moore, Susan Reed, Steven Shrader, Tim Smith, Valerie Van Arsdale and Ellen Welles.

**Arts and Entertainment:** Tenley Ayers, Assistant Editor; Hank Baker, Pam Belding, Chip Enslin, Beffe Graves, Marianne Hansen, Jeff Hoffman, Bill Kruck, Libby Lewis and Michael McFee. **Kaleidoscope:** Melissa Swicegood.

**Graphic Arts:** Cartoonists: Allen Edwards and Lee Poole. Photographers: Bruce Clarke, Allen Jernigan, Bill Russ and Joe Thomas. Illustrations: Jeff Keleher.

**Business:** Verna Taylor, business manager. Lisa Bradley, bookkeeper. Debbie Rogers and Nancy Sylvia, clerks. Liz Huskey, receptionist coordinator. Tom Rawls, Mac Duncan, Lisa Watson, Priscilla Ellis, Michelle Mitchell, Jan Parker, Leslie Chilton, Karen Honeystaffel, Dan Nobles. Subscription manager: David Rights.

**Advertising:** Philip Atkins, manager; Dan Collins, sales manager; Steve Crowell, classifieds manager; Carol Bedsole, Ann Clarke, Julie Coston, Cynthia Lesley, Anne Sherrill and Melanie Stokes.

**Composition Editors:** Frank Moore and Reid Tuvim. **Circulation Managers:** Tim Bryan, Kevin Campbell, Pat Dixon and Bert Felt.

**DTH Composing Room—Managed by UNC Printing—Mary Ellen Seate, supervisor. Jeffrey Loomis and Robert Streeter, typesetters. Ad layout: Evelyn Sahr. Composition: Ada Boone, Wendell Clapp, Marcia Decker, Judy Dunn, Milton Fields, Carolyn Kuhn and Steve Quakenbush.**

The *Daily Tar Heel* is printed by Hinton Enterprises in Mebane, N.C.

# Training non-females: the Female Dominance League of Carolina

By JEFF TAGGART

On Thursday last I was abducted and tortured by the Female Dominance League of Carolina. I was innocently breezing down a darkened Manning Hall corridor, humming a Wagner overture, when my notes were cut short by a meat hook which appeared from the murk and snatched me into an unforgettable adventure.

The "meat hook" turned out to be the left forearm of the leader of the gang, der Her-her, Ms. Eliza Squash. She dragged me by the hair into a garish room full of young women wearing riding breeches and carrying whips. Their exclamations upon seeing my pale face, "Oh, der Her-her, you have captured a male human creature for us," led me to believe that these were no ordinary Southern belles.

"We are women..." rang the great Madam Squash.

"I knew you looked familiar," I shot back imperiously. My right ear was singed by a flying whip and a charming giggle.

"And you, I believe, are man," she continued. "Right again, mein her-her," I retorted. I noticed a curious patch on her air national guard paratrooper boots. All of the gaggle wore this F.D.L.C. emblem: a tall tree crashing to the ground, and a shining ax.

"The F.D.L.C. knows what to do with your kind," the maternal figure patiently lectured. "My kind?"

"People who are not women," she clarified. "We are going to train you, socialize you into your new role as non-woman in this dawning age."

"Sounds good to me," I quickly assured her, glancing uneasily at the buggy whips held in most tender hands.

"Dahlia! Dahlia, come here and hypnotize our inking guest." Enter Dahlia, whose hair on her head was shorter than that in her nose. I looked into her daintily crossed eyes, entranced. Quicker than the flick of a woman's whip, I was under her spell.

"Mr. Taggart... oh Mr. Taggart," she warbled. "Here my sweet... hippopotamus," the prey

replied.

"You are my man, you love me..."

"That's a pretty tall order, fat one," some part of me intoned back.

"You are madly dependent on me, me alone. You can't live without my lovin'. And Goff... I may call you Goff, mayn't I?"

"My name's Jeff, but if you want to call me Goff, I have no trouble with that," I hypnotically chortled.

"Well, Jeffie-Poop... you'll agree with everything I say. When I bat my lava-coated eyelashes, you will come out of it, remembering all." She batted; I awoke and remembered.

She looked at me and said slowly, "Honey bun, there's been another man..."

"Arghh!! Aaacchhh!! Say it ain't true, my beloved sow." I was in agony.

"He gave me a part of him that only he could give..."

"God, let's not start that again." I was sobbing now. "Hand me the Vegemite—my life is over!"

"I'm so glad to see that you don't mind, soft one," she suggested. And suddenly I understood

the new order. My sobbing subsided. I lay down and placed my head under her elephantine hoof, and said, "It's important for you to be independent, dear."

"We do have a remarkably egalitarian relationship, don't we?" she said, stepping down a bit harder.

"We sure do," I replied. "Girl, am I glad those old days of outmoded sex roles are over and gone. Everything is in the open and rollin'."

"Exactly. Now Jeffie-peffie," my beloved said, lifting her foot, "stand and meet Ronnie, the other man." The breeched maids rolled in a department store mannequin, J.C. Penney suitcoat slung over wooden shoulder. Dahlia settled into his dumb embrace.

I maintained my cool remarkably well, smashing only five of the six windows in the room with my head, while emitting sharp, animal-like cries.

"Now, J.T., this is a free relationship, right? I just love it when Ronnie pines to me..." said the core of my being, my reason for life on this earth,

all 297 pounds of her.

"But a J.C. Penney store mannequin..." I was crushed.

"Don't be crushed, be grateful for the honor of having known me." And, miraculously, I was grateful; I was humble. My masculinity was under control. I was ready for the real world, chock full of real women. I congratulated Ronnie, man to man, and his arm popped off into my hands.

Ms. Eliza Squash stepped forward now, and told me that I was conditioned and all set for the turbulent Spring that awaited me. She told me to forget Dahlia, as I promptly and happily did. The Her-her said that I knew my place, that I was calm, that I was realistic. Be gone, be gone, non-female, she said.

Gracefully and with dignity, I got down on all fours and crawled away.

Jeff Taggart is a graduate student in the Department of City and Regional Planning, from Ann Arbor, Michigan.