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**The Daily Tar Heel**

85th year of editorial freedom

letters to the editor

Gov. Hunt made right decision in Ten case

To the editor:

It is unfortunate that the editorial concerning the Wilmington 10 was so poorly titled, too strongly worded, and misrepresented feelings and facts ("Gov. Hunt shames state with Wilmington 10 decision," Jan. 25). First of all, Gov. Hunt has not shamed the state by his decision. Any reasonable poll would indicate strong feelings in favor of his stand. Secondly, the governor's actions were limited. With the evidence available now, it is unclear whether the Wilmington 10 are guilty or not. Furthermore, at the time of the trial, a jury composed of ten whites and two blacks were convinced unanimously that they were guilty and later, higher state courts have upheld the decision.

Considering the alternatives open to Gov. Hunt, his decision was a wise one. Unlike the statement in the editorial that "Hunt has sentenced the Ten to stay in jail," the governor has reduced the terms of the Ten because he thought the sentences were excessive. One option not available to Gov. Hunt was to order a retrial.

In being critical of the editorial, we wish to emphasize that the editorial writer(s) could have made a better case for the Wilmington 10 by writing a more factual and less emotional piece. Certainly, the Wilmington 10 deserve an adequate review of their trial and conviction, especially that based on evidence that the witnesses may have been pressured in providing testimony detrimental to the defendants. Hopefully, all the factors will be reviewed by the Federal courts, but your editorial indicating that the governor has brought shame to the state and performed his obligations wrongfully neither helps the Wilmington 10 nor influences moderates to be sympathetic to their cause.

Philip Hirsch  
Jack D. Voigt  
Lois S. Todd  
Dental Research Center

Smells a rat

To the editor:

Over a month ago we were treated to a DTH front page with two anguished and harassed photographs of Steve Gould accompanied by an article which described his dismissal from Student Graphics because said organization had lost money. Since that time a large and strange surplus has been found in Student Government funds. I smell a rat.

Does anyone else? Have the Student Graphics accounts been examined recently? Was a competent and innocent person hounded from office? Perhaps some young Bernsteins and Woodwards should get busy

on it. They might find this year's Watergate right here at UNC.

Michael Beckerman  
100 Barclay Road

Injustice plagues N.C.

To the editor:

It is a dark time in North Carolina history. And the whole world is seeing the darkness of injustice that covers North Carolina like a plague.

President Carter blasts other nations which practice cruel and inhuman

punishment, conciliation and treatment to their people while he and the rest of the people in America neglect and ignore the same thing going on here.

It is time to clean up our own backyard.

Support the release of the Wilmington 10. Let it be known that the people will no longer allow themselves to be ruled by tyrants who have mocked the Constitution and Bill of Rights of the people.

North Carolina is being watched by the world, and its very future is at stake.

Vaughn McLenore  
Nashville, Tenn.

The Chapel Hill Dome

To the editor:

The front-page article Friday on the Blue Sky candidates seemed to be an editor's admission that regardless of how absurd the platforms and candidates may appear, the party's continued existence and support necessitate some sort of responsible news coverage.

There are, however, significant problems in Chapel Hill that provide for a party which survives predominantly by the satirization of life at Carolina. Perhaps most clearly indicative of this is a platform based on the allocation of funds for the construction of a dome above Chapel Hill. Is there in many respects not already such an enclosing structure?

Consider the major issues of the first term this year at UNC. First a water shortage that was local enough to be alleviated by water from a city only a few miles away. Surely there was a drought, but I doubt that politicians would be pressured by the UNC student body against passage of a bond issue to enlarge the reservoir in a manner, for instance, that would produce ecological considerations.

Other nationwide issues such as Southern Bell's installation rates and parking lot designations have become headlines while items dealing with national politics and energy situations are delegated to the last page of one weekly issue. This is disappointing, considering the influence and energy conservation that could be realized in a University of this size.

While the Tar Heel cannot be expected to provide comprehensive national news coverage, a realization must be made that a very real world exists outside of Chapel Hill and beyond the confines of the ACC. The high school slogans and promises of this year's student government campaign serve only to remind me that there are greater achievements that could be attained by a body of so many thousands of men and women in an educational institution than the maintenance of its own physical plant and of successful athletic competition. The recent Women's Festival suggests such potentials. While I do not wish to support the candidates of the Blue Sky party, I urge the consideration of the significance of their existence beyond an offhand "they do it every year."

Michael White  
624 Craige

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 or editing for libelous content or bad taste. Letters should not run over 50 lines (300 words) and should be mailed to the Daily Tar Heel, Carolina Union.

Qualified treasurer needed

When the position of student body treasurer was made an appointive rather than an elective post in 1968, the change was made to ensure that the treasurer was qualified to keep proper financial records of the wheelings and dealings of Student Government.

CGC representative Darius Moss now is fighting to return the treasurer's office to the electoral process. Moss says the change would remove politics from the treasurer's office. His proposal does not address the need for professionalism that was detected a decade ago.

And that need still exists. Under the present system, the treasurer has little political power because he constantly must answer to the student body president who appointed him. He is appointed because of his qualifications for the job not his ability to wage a successful campaign. The president improves his own position by finding a person well-equipped in finance, not in shaking hands, to fill the post.

Moss' proposal would do little to remove politics from the office. In fact, it will make the office more political by making the treasurer more dependent on political allies and back-scratching for power.

It's hard to get qualified persons away from the books and into campus activities because of the enormous drains on time and effort involved. Moss' proposed constitutional amendment would only add to those drains. The CGC would do well to kill its chances of passage by rejecting a referendum on the matter tonight.

Sane way to choose major

Coherence out of chaos. That's the goal of the Major Possibilities Mart today, which kicks off three weeks of activities designed to help sophomores select a major. It's an ambitious task in its own right, but is made even more impressive by the total absence before this year of any kind of major declaration program.

Unfortunately, until this year sophomores on the verge of declaring a major were left to drift aimlessly with no structured declaration program to guide them. The result was confusion and frustration for many. Students entered a major blindly or with very little idea of what they wanted. They didn't know basic facts like course requirements, student-adviser ratios, information about honors programs or career opportunities after graduation.

Major Possibilities Mart and the Declaration Days Countdown answers to these questions and more. It will save students time and trouble not only this semester but also during the next two years. A haphazard stab at a major can result in more than just frustration when you later find you don't like your major. There are different divisional requirements for each major and switching majors means juggling your divisional requirements as well as beginning a new major.

Save yourself future headaches by dropping by the Major Possibilities Mart from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. today. You can find the answers with ease today. And you will appreciate it even more next year.

A Tar Heel kicks out the jams atop Toronto's CN Tower during exchange

By CHIP ENSSLIN

I stayed in a dorm. The girls laughed at my accent. I slept in a bed. The University of Toronto looks like Duke. The radiator was so hot that we had to leave the window open a crack. The washrooms were coed. At Isabel's front door we had to leave our boots in a bag. I was a foreigner. The University of North Carolina basketball team was on TV. Inside we drank hot wine punch. The subway doors stayed open only 10 seconds. My feet were wet. You have to wear a coat when you attend a hockey game. Their student union has a chapel. My gloves froze. I climbed a tree that had snow on it. I rode a streetcar. Don't leave the path, they said. Ty won \$25. I sat in the back row. Mark got sick. The bus would not wait. Radar got his boots shined. I bought seven subway tokens.

and forth and singing songs like "You Light Up My Life" as poorly as they have ever been performed in a public place.

George Small, the third member of the Miss Kitty-Bouffant-George Small triumvirate, had white hair and a gray suit and tried to act respectable in the face of the forces of the ridiculous which surrounded and beset him. He played the organ for the regular acts, and for the local amateur talent. He sat next to the stage at an adjoining table with a tray full of beers. His drunk companion wore a Columbo raincoat — which really made him look like a flasher — and walked like Peter Lorre.

I realized later that a lot of the clientele at the Brunswick didn't have teeth.

A small man with a hat on kept his hands in his pockets while he sang a Frank Sinatra song. Some guy named

with curly hair and American clothes were smoking a joint. One approached me about his mission, the Church of Scientology. Maybe I had heard of it? He said he had inherited a quarter of a million and was spending that to spread the Gospel. He gave me his card, which had his name written on it, and "Anytime tonight!" penciled underneath. "I wrote that for a young lady," he said.

I went back to the table. A boy near me picked up his coat, and he knocked over a glass, which rolled off the table and shattered. No one seemed to notice.

Two days later I was riding a bus uptown, and I saw the Church of Scientology, which had been gutted by fire the night before. Firemen still tramped around, and spectators watched. The trees next to the building were frozen from the firehoses, and a trail of icicles ran down the power lines.

I didn't want to get off the bus when we got to Toronto. I was so pleased with our group from Chapel Hill and having so much fun with them that I didn't want our numbers to double in size when everyone reunited with his or her "co." I was apprehensive about the city, apprehensive about the group that had spent Homecoming Weekend with us in Chapel Hill last semester. I was a little tired.

We got off the bus and the first place they took us was the El Mocambo, for a beer. This is the bar where the Rolling Stones had recorded a live concert last March. The Mocambo is a dive on the outskirts of Chinatown, and we walked there past street signs written in Chinese. The snow on the ground was slushy and gray.

The waiter wiped his nose with his hand and then brought me my sandwich. We drank two quarts of Molson's. Two fags were at the next table. The juke box was playing "Love Me Two Times." The Stones had signed autographs upstairs, on a playbill, which is now so valuable that it was put under glass and bolted to the wall.

"Are you feeling good?" Mick asks the Mocambo audience at the end of the show. "Are you feeling loose now? A bit more relaxed? I feel like stroking everybody. Stroke me Billy. Stroke me darling. Should we introduce the band now?"

"You're among friends," the customs agent told us when we told him we were from North Carolina. "We're Southerners, too. Southern Ontario." Many times our Southern identity seemed to be more significant to the Canadians than was our American.

Many of these people we stayed with had been to Chapel Hill. "You people are so damned polite," I often heard them say.

"Are you with the South American contingent?" A woman asked me at church. "The cookies and coffee are over there."

"Evans dismisses Yale chance; keeps Liberals' hopes alive" said the headline. John Evans is the president of the University of Toronto. He is newsworthy because he told the Yale committee he did not want to be considered for the job of president of that school, thus keeping alive the speculation that he could be the Liberal Party's candidate in the next election. We had dinner at his home, a mansion in the Rosedale section of Toronto. He

and his wife collect Canadian art and Indian art. On his coffee table was a book of Karsh's portraits. Inside was a photograph of Marshall McLuhan, who held a seminar for us the second day we were in Toronto.

The difference between indoors and outdoors is indicative of all the extremes we encountered in Toronto, from the Brunswick to dinner with Evans; from the Mocambo to the offices of Parliament, where a reception was held in our honor by the lieutenant governor of the province. The man introduced you as you walked across the red carpet beneath the crystal chandelier, "Mr. Chip Ensslin, your honorable," and you shook the hand of the Right Honourable Pauline McGibbon, the Queen's representative in Ontario. She calls Northrop Frye, "Norrie." They were at the university together. She was our hostess at a reception where Claude Bissell and his wife and McLuhan were also guests. Plates of the best hors d'oeuvres I've ever tasted were circulating, and two tuxedoed

bartenders kept our glasses full. Representatives of the armed forces were there in full dress, as part of the corps, that escorts and accompanies Mrs. McGibbon.

Standing there in that magnificent room, surrounded by the portraits of all the past lieutenant governors, I felt very grand and important, and I realized that when we began I had no conception of what our experiences really were to be in this city of friendliness and security. When we sold those awful fever flags in Kenan Stadium to raise money for the trip, I really had not thought that one day I would have snow fly up in my face while tobogganing down the side of a hill on a gold course in residential Toronto. When I sold doughnuts in Bolinwood, I had no idea that we would tour the McMichael Gallery, out in the woods, and learn about Canada's Group of Seven artists or jump from a tree onto a roof with powder a foot deep. I didn't dream that one night I would have a drink 1,250 feet up the CN Tower, revolving beside Lake Ontario.

When we told stories and wrote down notes and addresses at that final gathering, I knew there were people there I will never see again. I knew there were some I would. But that was not nearly as important to me as the realization that a blind date with the same sex for two weeks can work, and that we have as much to learn about ourselves as we do about our neighbors to the North.

The bus was to leave Toronto at 10:30. We got to the meeting place late, and still everyone was not there. The bar closed at 11. We were laughing and singing and shouting, and when the bus came, everyone went outside to load it. It was snowing big wet flakes, and I didn't have a hat. I didn't want to get on the bus, and a lot of others didn't either. HURRY UP PLEASE; IT'S TIME. I waited around and most of the others had gotten on when Larry came around and said that the bus driver was getting mad and we really had to get on. HURRY UP PLEASE; IT'S TIME. I walked on the bus and through the window as we pulled away I saw the crowd under the streetlight, waving to us as we rolled away.

The E-Man, a junior English major and a junior journalist from Tampa, Fla., is arts editor for the Daily Tar Heel.



MY LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY? CANADIAN MUTUAL! WHY...?!

