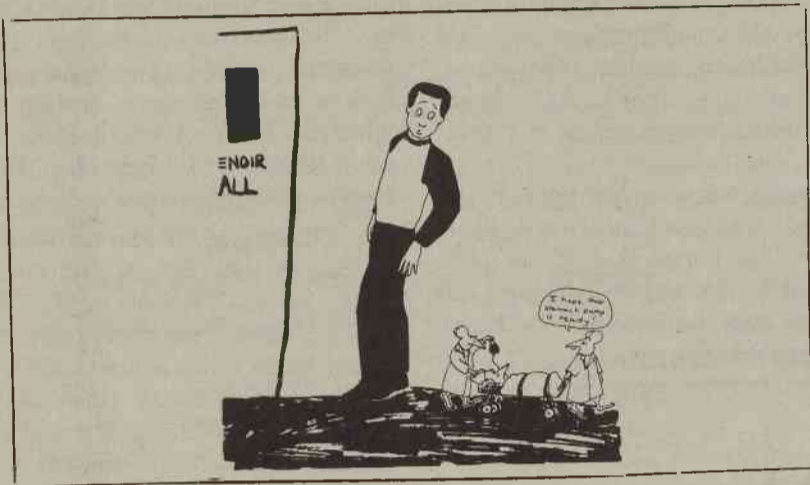


Viewpoint

If you want to eat good
don't go far away,
just dine at Lenoir
through food service ARA.
The hamburgers taste better
than the Whopper and Big Mac
And after you eat them, you'll have an attack
to rush to the Commons to eat more
good food
but please don't jump line, UNC
students are not rude.
Now if you're like me and can't afford
an expensive meal,
Don't worry cause ARA knows the deal.
They have prices that are too good to be true.
Hey, I've gotten a complete meal for \$2, haven't you?
And space is no problem, there are plenty of seats.
The University made sure we all have a place to eat.
Oh you can go to Red Lobster, The Rat or Four Corners,
it's true.
But ARA is your best bet, by the way **APRIL FOOLS!!!!**

LDW '86



In Perspective

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the recommendation, but the Director of the Campus Y has nothing to do with hiring or firing of University EPA (Exempt from Personnel Act) non-faculty positions. Very rarely does a decision to terminate someone's employment, especially someone with Gamble's long experience at UNC make it through the necessary channels, especially when proposed by a new, black female employee, unless the party in question is rightfully worthy of such a decision. Again, according to Sen. Susan Ehringhaus, assistant to the Chancellor, said that Gamble's personnel record should show "any written record why he was terminated." Robert J. Cannon, the University's affirmative action officer, said, "If George Gamble wants to see his personnel file, he can take the matter to court." Why hasn't Gamble done so?

The point I'm trying to make is this: Throughout the entire Campus Y cold war, Gamble has received great student support, while Hatcher-Wilson, his superior, received a great deal of criticism. However, close scrutiny reveals that Hatcher-Wilson is not the bad guy in this case, and Gamble is not the angel some would make him out to be. Gamble agrees that he is not entirely supportive of Hatcher-Wilson, and that the "abnormal" situation at the Y is at least partly due to his actions. Again, the race and sex aspects come into play, for there are rumors, unsubstantiated, but still thought-provoking, that these factors are causing problems, to the extent of racial slurs thrown at the director. As a result of the negative publicity she has received on the issue, Hatcher-Wilson no longer grants personal interviews by student representatives. Gamble, on the other hand, says, "It's extremely gratifying to find so many people supporting me and a very critical issue." It's time someone supported Hatcher-Wilson. Not just because she, as Director, is the superior, and efforts should be made to get along with her, not the other way around. Not just because she is black, and we, as blacks, should stand with our own. But mainly because facts seem to point to the conclusion that she was not only justified, but correct in her course of action after months of unproductive labor resulting from the dispute. And for too long people have been relying on simple loyalty in this affair and not questioning the whats and whys about what's really going on at their university.

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It's getting to be that time of the year when the weather gets warm. This means that shorts, ray-bans, and miniskirts will become plentiful. It also means that the yard, mysteriously, becomes more crowded, and it usually holds true that with more people on the yard, there are less people in classrooms across campus. Brothers and sisters, we are at the home stretch in the last semester, and it is sometimes known as burnout. It affects everyone, from the youngest freshman to the oldest of the elderly statesmen, the senior. It is, at times, difficult to get our perspectives straight during this time of the year, but I think with a few inspirational works, we can make it. Now, this advice that I am about to give is very important to everyone, especially seniors. You can either take heed, and succeed in your life's endeavors, or you can ignore it, and fail... miserably. It's up to you. Good, now with that little business out of the way, I want to, first, talk to the...

FRESHMEN... yes you youngin's, take a break from reading you DTH and listen. Your initial year of college is almost over. You have experienced a first-rate university. How do you feel?... I thought so. Dean Renwick has congratulated you people. Do you know that your flunk-out rate is the lowest it is been in years? It is. We commend you. You have studied hard, partied hard, experienced the fall football games, Great Hall, dorm life, the SAC, ACC, and TGC... (The Great Chase Hall). Okay, so you've had your fun. It's time to get your priorities straight... just in case they're not. If I'm not mistaken, we are here for an education, so cut back on the parties. Hey, hold up, I said CUT BACK, not CUT OUT. On those nights when you don't have anything to do, but you go out just to be doing something... pick up a book, or go over these Chemistry notes a couple of times. Keep on striving to be the best you can be, so when I come back to watch the 1989 graduation ceremonies... I'll see you. However, the first step is getting to a...

SOPHOMORE. You know who you are... the guys and babes who think you know it all. Granted, you do have a bit of common sense, but be serious... you haven't been here that long. Relax... you still have time. You guys are about to declare your major. No more general college. No more of those nasty general college perspectives, right?... well, kind of. I hate to be the one to tell you this, but there are more perspectives... junior/senior perspectives. You know what? they're even nastier than those in GC. Don't worry, though. You are at the point in your college career where you are hungry, eager, and impatient to learn. You desperately want to succeed. You worry endlessly, about grades and exams because you have an inner will to go out and grab society by the... (horns???) and get your job. Well, I say to you, "Go!" It is imperative that you keep that energy for the duration of the time that you are here. Don't lose it, and become nonchalant like so many of those...

JUNIORS. Yep, the class of 1987, the class that I am a part of. If you want to know about us, ask any senior. We came into this university with overwhelming zest. Putting it in King James' English, "we were live as hell." "Were" is the key word. We juniors are at the stage where we are taking classes in our majors, studying enough to get the grade, feeling like we've been here for about nine years... I guess it's a numb type of feeling. We don't worry a whole lot about exams. Say, for instance we have 17 exams in the span of two weeks. So what? We do what we have to. If you see a junior walking around in a daze, pinch him and give him a hug. We've worked hard. We are the people who have taken about four classes in our major, are almost finished with Junior/Senior perspectives, are trying to bribe Chancellor Fordham into having eight summer school sessions so we can graduate on time... and mysteriously, on our lists of classes we've already taken, we find an empty space where a general college Pre-1700 history class is supposed to be. Most people would scream and/or pull their hair out. However juniors (bravely or stupidly, take your pick) take it in stride. Fellow classmates, I know it seems like we've been her forever, but if you think about it, we've been here for 5 1/2 semesters, we only have 2 1/2 left. We can make it... I think. Hey, we have to, for next year we'll be...

SENIORS. That's right, the bad class of '86. Her's to all of you illustrious seniors. I salute you. (applause, applause) I know the seniors are, anxiously awaiting my advice. This information will make you... or break you. Sit down, please. This is serious. Seniors, I want all of you to have the attitude that we've been her for four years. And have slaved, partied, studied, partied, written endless papers, partied, taken numerous exams, partied, had countless interviews, partied, partied, and partied. We have experienced this institution to the utmost. We've left our mark in a most appropriate manner. What else is there?... NOTHING! That's right, nothing. Kick off your shoes, relax, and... you got it, party. You either have a cumulative GPA of 3.87 or 2.0000000021. You'll get your diploma. One half of a semester won't change that. So why worry. Enjoy the fruits of being a senior... because next year, I will.

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