

**Point Blank by Larry Keith****Honesty,  
The Best  
Policy**

That fellow looking for an honest man need search no longer, for I am about to cut a dripping slice of humble pie and reveal my ignorant self to the world.

I picked Garner, 54% to 46%.

Sir, it pains deeply to admit, but pray, let me explain how my rise and fall as a voting analyst came to be.

On Wednesday morning -- even before I heard the speeches -- I was thinking differently. I pictured Gaither in the landslide I foretold last week. My logic appeared at the time to be reasonable and sound, in short, brilliant.

Two facts shaped my thinking. Very few people vote in any campus election, 500 or so at the most. Of those who regularly vote, especially the "campus leaders," the trend was decidedly in Gaither's favor. You heard about the petition and you read the letter of recommendation in last week's Journal. Gaither in a landslide, then (60 to 40 I reckoned) because, as usual, apathy will prevail and Garner's strength, the "ordinary" student, won't respond.

Garner himself knew this. He must have shook my hand and that of everyone else a half dozen times. Vote, he said, and for me. That, friends, is the way campaigning was meant to be done. Even Gaither was wary. "I could be hurt," he confided, "if there is a real large turnout."

After listening to the student reaction to the candidates' speeches I was even more sure of a Gaither victory.

Thursday, my mind began to change. I still saw Gaither, but by a considerably smaller margin, 54 to 46.

**-Reliance On Science**

It happened because I became too scientific. I started to observe people, talk to people and hypothesize in the process.

I heard this from poll workers:

"Good gosh, I've never seen such a turnout. They're coming in droves and a great many of them are wearing Garner tags."

Everywhere I turned I saw a green badge, on the backs of students, on the fronts of students, on walls, on vending machines, on and in everything and anything.

But as I said, I was still with Gaither. He didn't look worried so why should I?

Friday he looked worried.

"It really looks bad," said a Gaitherite, "it really looks bad. I'm scared to death that Garner is going to win."

And where was Garner? Shaking hands, corralling people to the polling place.

And where was Gaither? I didn't see him until after I had twice been approached by Garner. What I saw was not very inspiring. It's not that he looked beaten, but he looked concerned. I took concern to mean worry, as I look back now. Worried candidates don't die, they follow the trail blazed by old sailors.

But I still wasn't positive. I stuck my head into the cafeteria and saw the Garner green. I went into the game room and heard a Gaither supporter muttering his prayers. Then, once last check with the poll workers. Over 700 had voted I learned and it looked like the number might reach eight.

That did it. Lots of votes had been accepted by nearly everyone as an indication of a Garner win. To me, Garner looked confident. His unknown followers were flocking around him with knowing smiles.

**-Sadder But Wiser**

That afternoon I sat with several others as Gaither ate a late lunch. I saw it as the last supper.

That is how it happened. Filled with facts and figures, having observed the candidates and listened to their supporters, and drawing on random observations of the coming and going students, I thought it better to switch than fight:

I picked Garner, 54% to 46%.

It hurts to write that again because I am a political science major with a sincere interest in voting behavior. I have just failed my first exam.

Now, I am sadder but wiser.

I can agree with the psychologists who say the first choice is usually the best choice.

Perhaps we are all wiser.

Once the remnants resembling a Soviet May Day celebration have been swept away, something else remains. Students acted for once. They said something. One of these days when there are enough

candidates competing against one another to make the printing of a ballot really worthwhile, such a student response won't be so unique. This year it was.

John Gaither will make a very good president. He certainly convinced the student body of that. I know that Larry Garner was gracious in defeat. His dedication to this school makes him deserving of all the university offers. If he continues to take an active interest in this school -- as he said he would -- so much the better.

Now honor me, ancient wanderer. I surrender myself to you. Blow out your flame and rest yourself at last. You've found your honest man.

**Summation Of New York:  
'Beats Anything I Ever Saw'**

BY FRANK CATON

New York City may be a nice place to visit, but why do eight million people want to live there?

I have been pondering this query since my return two weeks ago from "Fun City". I must be honest; I did have several preconceived notions about New York. Anyone who watches Johnny Carson can rattle off a myriad of quips concerning the city and its inhabitants.

What surprised me most was that Johnny wasn't kidding; he tells the truth about New York, and it's so incredulous that we, the uninitiated, laugh.

The weather wasn't the best either. I believe it is safe to say that I visited New York City during the Blizzard of 1967. Surprisingly the heart of the city, downtown Manhattan, was virtually unscathed by the heavy snow. The snow, like any other intruder, could not find a place to park. I wasn't worried about the snow finding a place to park as much as I was worried about my finding a place to stay.

The occasion of my visit was a simple matter of survival. I was looking for a job. Each year, the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers holds its national convention in New York City, and all the fun loving engineering firms and companies use the convention as an excuse to steal employees from each other and also to harvest the crop of graduating engineers.

Our graduating class of electrical engineers and two faculty members, who may prefer to remain anonymous, fitted into one car and made the leisurely twelve hour drive from Charlotte to New York. Needless to say we were careful to pay the yankees for the use of their roads as we went.

Our reservations had been made and confirmed well in advance of our arrival. Perhaps they were made too much in advance, for when we arrived, our genial host had rented our rooms.

Beware of the Pickwick Arms Hotel. You really wouldn't want to stay there anyway. I talked to a student who stayed there last year, and he didn't exactly say the rooms in the Pickwick are small; he just said that when he put the key in the lock he broke a window.

He did have one compliment for the hotel, however. He wasn't bothered with the rattling of garbage cans at three AM, because there wasn't enough room between the hotel and the brick wall of the next building to put them.

But I digress. Undaunted by being stranded in the Naked City with no place to rest our weary bones, we stoned our genial host with slush balls and made the most logical move our engineering minds could conceive. We regrouped our forces and retreated across the Hudson to a motel in New Jersey.

From our fortress safely across the river, we viewed the ominous metropolis cautiously, planning our next move. As dawn broke

and the skyline became visible through the sulphurous smog that had crept in and sat on little cat feet (and also on everything else), we mounted a bus, transferred to the subway, and in an amazingly short time found ourselves deep in the heart of Manhattan.

There we set to the task of seeing the sights, milling with the masses, dodging the taxi-cabs, and above all, seeking employment. I won't bore you with the gruesome details of seeking employment; I almost went out of my skull during that ordeal. But, all things being considered it was an interesting and quite informative trip. And I would like to say to any former New Yorker who is within eyeshot, aren't you glad you're living with us now?

Seriously though, I was at a loss when it came to summing up New York City in a few words. I think it was best expressed by a fellow student who said he marveled at the milling throngs and magnificent edifices that is New York, "Beats anything I ever saw!"

**He Knows Why  
It's 'Human Race'**

BY PATRICK McNEELY

Now I know why they call this the human "race". We race to class, we race from class, we race through lunch, we race through books, we race home so we can race through sleep (and that is tough to do, but not impossible) so we can wake up to enjoy another day of racing.

Well, good God, where is the finish line . . . graduation? No baby, that's just a pit stop, for you're off again in the business and earning-a-living race.

Once I decided I would leap off the track, dodge a few blind drivers and leap into the stands.

I did so, but promptly found that the stands had bucket-seats and the people weren't watching the race but running a race of their own. They were racing for the hot-dog stand, racing for the toilet, or just racing their damn engines to make noises.

This is when I decided that if I was going to have to race (and it seems there is no choice in the matter) that I was at least going to race with a car and a definite track. So I promptly slid into my Stutts Coolcat and zipped back onto the track where I'm too busy driving to notice the stench of society.

**Commuter School Study Shows  
Progressive Alienation**

WASHINGTON, D.C. (CPS) -- A recent study of students at a large commuter school declared that students become "progressively more alienated from the University" as they move through their academic careers.

Four chancellors from the University of California, however, referred to student alienation recently as "the great cliché".

Prof. Arthur Blumberg, educational psychologist at Temple University in Philadelphia, surveyed 400 students there on their feelings about "belonging to a large organization." The results indicated that feelings of "anomie" (which the study defined as "lacking a sense of direction") increased from freshman to senior years.

The Temple study attributed student alienation to several conditions: difficulty in communicating with other students; and the failure of the university to live up to its purposes as stated in the catalogue.

Another reason is the emphasis on career planning, which causes students to see college as only another hurdle before they can do what they feel is really meaningful, the report said.

On the West Coast, however, the chancellors of the University of California at Berkeley, Los

Angeles, Irvine, and Davis dismissed the claim of students alienation during a television program last month.

Chancellor Franklin D. Murphy from UCLA said "there is more nonsense mixed up in this than anything else."

Most students, Murphy said, come to college "with one foot in adolescence and the other in maturity. When making a step up, you're bound to be standing on one foot."

He recounted that when he was in college he found it valuable to be on his own. "Loneliness and travail" were part of the college experience.

"You should not fool students," Murphy said, "that there is an easy route to an education."

Talking about the overwhelming numbers of students now in college, Chancellor Daniel Aldrich, Jr., of Irvine said, "I'm not satisfied that a student in a large class with a competent professor is any worse off than a student sitting in a small class with an incompetent teacher."

Another California educator declared that the idealism students

had is beginning to curdle. Joel P. Smith, Associate Dean of Students at Stanford University, said that students are increasingly frustrated in their attempts at social reform at the national level and are particularly incensed when colleges refuse to accept their suggestions.

Speaking before Stanford students, Smith urged administrators to "pay attention and make changes that are sensible."

He cited four reasons for the loss of idealism in today's college students:

-- Students resent President Johnson. "You simply can't exaggerate the impact of President Kennedy's assassination on the young idealists now in college."

-- The Viet Nam war is "ultimately obnoxious to most activists."

-- Students feel they are being elbowed out of the civil rights movement, both by massive intervention of new federal programs and by the rise of black power.

-- Students resent the notion that the reason to go to college is to make money. "Activists see American society as disproportionately preoccupied with economic success."