

What Will You Buy With Your \$1,400?

By FRED THOMAS

What will \$1,400 buy? Or \$1,800?

If you're an in-state, or out-of-state student as the case may be, these sums will cover the estimated cost of your first year at UNC.

It sends you to the University for a year, but this doesn't say what it will buy. No, for this money's purchasing power depends entirely upon you—the student.

Why did you come to Chapel Hill anyway?

If you came to have a good time—you know, to be a real swinging hell-raiser—\$1,400 might not go too far.

Oh sure, it will keep you in beer and pretzels at least through football season. It will cover the cost of several cartons of cigarettes, and maybe even pay for a new pair of trousers to replace the ones you wiped out that first big weekend.

There's plenty of hell to be raised in Chapel Hill, especially in the fall. But if this is your primary objective in coming, you're in the wrong place. Your money won't buy much—and you can't blame inflation.

Or maybe you came to keep the parents happy, get them off your back. You just want to slide through, stay out of the draft. You plan to learn just enough to get the lady's or gentleman's "C."

In this case you'll probably have a better chance of staying in school than the determined hell-raiser down the hall. But again, you'll be short-changing yourself.

Then how can you get the full worth out of you \$1,400—or \$1,800.

Two situations have been described which you should try to avoid. Unfortunately, there is no such well-defined pattern which you must pursue.

Every successful student has his own ideas. Every campus academic or extra-curricular leader probably attained his mark in an individually unique way.

Our word of advice is nebulous, but perhaps the only general word that can be given—get involved!

Being a University student is a 24-hour-a-day job.

Look around. Find out what is going on around you.

You don't have to grow a beard, but if you want a beard—grow one. You don't have to drink beer and smoke cigarettes, but if you want to—do it.

It's time for you to begin making the decisions that in the past have been made for you by others.

It's analogous to moving from a high school cafeteria to a large buffet dinner. In the former situation, your meals were planned by a dietitian. You were given just what you needed—what was good for you.

At this buffet you have no such dietitian making your choices for you. You eat when and what you want to eat.

You may pick a diet of coke and candy, and it will keep you alive for a while. But before too long, tooth decay will get you if malnutrition doesn't.

On the other hand, you may



select solid, body-building foods—including, perhaps, the less-tasty-than-healthful spinach-type dishes. In this case, you stand to do quite well for your investment.

But, again, it's up to you. You must decide what course of study you will pursue.

You must decide what you will do with your spare time.

Through Student Government, the YM-YWCA, your residence hall, the local churches and other organizations, a myriad of activities are offered—something to fit the likings of every student, including you.

Get involved. Don't fail to discover the value of the "bull session." People are the University's greatest asset, and you are now in the midst of the widest variety of people you have ever encountered.

Take advantage of this. It is surprising what benefits you can reap from the average-looking guy who might live next door to you. Talk to people.

Men, talk to women students. Women, talk to men students. In the University's long history, there is no record of anyone getting bitten.

In class, be on your toes. Don't do the minimum and quit.

Get the most out of every course you take. That extra effort is certainly worthwhile gradewise, and it's far more valuable in non-tangible respects.

To the hell-raiser, everybody raises a little once in a while. Everyone should.

To the students here just to keep Mom and Pop happy, that too is a minor motive of most of us. No one wants to be drafted. And in the expanse of four years, nearly every-one encounters at least one or two courses in which he would be more than happy to take the "gentleman's C" and exit.

But don't let these attitudes cheat you out of the great things UNC has to offer. This is a wonderful little town and a wonderful university. It has so much to offer—so much that many of us, in passing, have failed to take advantage of.

Perhaps we want you to make up for our shortcomings. Good luck. Get your money's worth.

Daily Tar Heel

Today marks the beginning of The Daily Tar Heel's 74th year of continuous publication. Published by the University of North Carolina Publications Board, it has operated throughout its history with complete editorial freedom, with no outside influence by students, faculty or administration concerning its business or editorial policies. The paper is entirely student-staffed. The editor is elected each spring in a campus-wide election.

Offices of the DTH are located on the second floor of Graham Memorial, and usual daily hours are 2-6 P.M. We invite any student interested in journalism, creative writing, review writing, art work or business to inquire about positions open on the staff.

The Daily Tar Heel is printed at The Chapel Hill Publishing Company, and has a circulation of 11,500. It appears daily except Mondays, holidays and examination periods. The subscription cost for University students is included in student fees.

Letters to the editor on any subject are welcomed, especially on matters of campus interest. Letters should be typed—double spaced—and should not exceed 250 words. Longer articles of opinion may be submitted for consideration for use as guest columns.

We hope you enjoy your Daily Tar Heel this year. If you do not, let us hear from you.

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True Orientation Will Come After The Bubble Has Burst

By KERRY SIPE

The afterbirth of high school graduation must be beginning to dry behind the ears of you freshmen by now. The great disillusionment is about to begin.

It won't do you any good to fight it. You surrendered your last chance for salvation when you signed your University application.

Of course, you don't know yet what I'm talking about. If you did you wouldn't believe any of it. Perhaps, though, you have already noticed the cold chill at the nape of your neck that portends your transformation.

Your mother and father let you out of the family car this morning in front of your new home. You had the tattered navy blue suitcase under your arm—the same one that you toted to New Bern last year the weekend of the Classics Club convention. Mom made you buy an ironing board. You never ironed your shirts before, but you bought it, and this morning you lugged it up the stairs and put it in the closet along with your water skis. Anyway, Mom and Dad are gone now. Did you notice the funny hollow way the car door slammed just before they left?

Your roommates seem like pretty good guys. They're over at the Tempo Room drinking beer right now. They'll be back sometime tonight. Plowed. Out of their minds. When they get back they'll break something of yours. It's inevitable. You'll wish they hadn't.



They want to talk. It's been a lonely afternoon for you. It's good to have someone to talk to. What if it is 2 a.m.? One of them wants a little cushy. Everybody thinks that's a scream. Rush week is coming up next week. The conversation takes on a religious tone from the first mention of fraternities. Would Jesus join the Kappa Pikes if he were in your weejuns? You are all sitting around in your underwear. You are mostly listening; they do most of the talking. Finally it is dawn and all of you are asleep. One of them on your father's big olive army truck, one of them spread across two of the rickety wicker chairs that furnish the room.

They are still asleep when you get up in the morning.

Your eyes feel sort of rough in their sockets when you move them from side to side. The inside of your mouth is slick and sour. Be careful to avoid the broken glass as you pick up your Dopp Kit and cross the hall to the head. The water from the leaky shower head alternates between 211 and 33 degrees Fahrenheit. The eggs at Lenoir Hall are instant. The grits have to be cut with your fork. Like a lot of other freshmen, you probably take orientation week seriously. No kidding. You'll go to all the meetings: the two hour one about dormitory life, the one about Huckleberry Finn, the cozy little private one with your counselor where he tells you about the dangers of homosexuality on campus. You are shocked, but you are careful not to seem immature with a nervous giggle.

As green as you are, you might even treat your academic advisor as if he were there to help you. When he says you'll need to take differential calculus for your degree in English History you do not question his advice. You might even talk to him about Plato, and self-improvement, and the glory of education. Gosh. It's all so thrilling you sign up for an extra course.

You avoid going back to your dorm room. The guys probably aren't awake yet. Holy Cow, do you suppose there's any mail there for you. No, nobody's had a chance to write yet. Maybe tomorrow. Everybody you pass as you walk the brick path to town is a stranger. The boys yell a lot and horse around. If they did that back in high school, Miss Tealiver would make them stay for eighth period. The girls seem friendly in a chilly sort of way. They take their tiny steps along the paths with big new blue and white loose-leaf notebooks clutched close to their budding breasts. When you look at their eyes they glance away as if they didn't notice.

Downtown all the restaurants have at least one table full of quiet watery-eyed folks, wearing beards and discussing Viet Nam. There are so many intelligent people here, you say to yourself, and so much to learn. The thought nearly takes away your breath. You probably couldn't even locate Viet Nam on a map if you had to.

You wander into a men's clothing store. There's a necktie in the window with little gold beer mugs all over it. It catches your eye. This Jewish fellow comes over and tries to sell it to you. It costs all you have in cash. Besides you can probably find one like it in Belks at home for a buck and a half. You can do without it until Thanksgiving vacation.

It's getting late. You're due for your tour of the library. On the way you will have to pass the local mission of your hometown church. Out of curiosity you open the door and enter. The quiet reverence of the place brings back those annoying pangs of homesickness that bothered you yesterday. You seem at home asleep. Your mother is coming into your room to wake you so that you can get ready for church. She'd like you to continue to attend church even though she isn't here to wake you up. Maybe you will. You think that just as seriously. Maybe you will.

The meeting is long, but you submit to it in hopes that it will calm a little of the gnawing you feel at your insides. After it's over it might occur to you that the only real orientation can come after you've been here for two years or three years or four. The gnawing feeling will have to be endured for a while.

The trouble is that your mind is too full of the wrong kind of things. You are looking forward with anticipation to the first day of classes. You think that if you just try hard enough you can make the dean's list. You think that you will never get drunk or take dex or sleep with someone you don't really love. You think that the University is a place to go to become enlightened, to become an intellect. You think you will be taught the things you need to know to be a lawful, honest, member of society. You think that everyone here thinks the same way you do.

The trouble is, Freshman, and God knows it, it's all a big, sad, funny bubble. You don't believe me now. But pay me a visit when you've become truly oriented into the University of North Carolina. You'll see.

Out With Old, In With New

By HUGH STEVENS

Anne Queen, who is director of the campus YWCA and who gives the very finest parties in Chapel Hill, lives in a charming little cottage at the end of a dusty little lane off Malette Street.

Her cozy clapboard abode is sheltered on the east by a ten-foot fence, the gold grey wire of which is mellowed by the entwining of robust, green ivy.

Until recently the Chapel Hill high school occupied the land on the other side of the fence, and was obscured nicely by it. An occasional wisp of smoke rising over the ivy as a tenthgrader sneaked a forbidden cigarette was about the only sign of life which intruded. Cooing couples held hands in the shade of the fence during chandestine, lunch-period meetings.

Now things have changed. Now when you peer from Anne Queen's windows in the direction of the verdant barrier you see other windows—lots of them.

The windows are there because Granville Towers are there. They loom, bulky and impressive (but not very attractive), over the lane. They

are too tall to be shut out by any fence. At night the glare from superspotlights in the parking lots penetrates even the most dense fence foliage.

The old box-like high school, which has been replaced by a new box-like high school, has been reduced to rubble by giant machines. Every day the dump trucks come to haul away a classroom or two.

Clearly, Chapel Hill is changing.

All towns change; they must, if they are to remain habitable. The startling presence of Granville Towers and the equally startling absence of dear ol' CHHS are merely the most noticeable current manifestations of the continual building up and tearing down which affects Chapel Hill and every other American city.

Some will argue that the changes in Chapel Hill are more sweeping, and hence more significant, this year than ever before. They are wrong. It has been a big summer (that's the season for change around here), and certainly the feeling of a pleasant local landmark to make way for a sterile complex of ultra-modern "high rise" units

is a sandbar of no little significance in the stream of change.

But when they build Kenan Stadium folks said, "Now we're really changing things." They said it again when they put up the hospital, and again when Ehringhaus and Craige materialized "out there in the middle of nowhere." Now all those remarkable structures are just so many threads in the tapestry of the place.

It may take a while for all the changes which are coming into being right now to be fully assimilated. It will be a long time before alumni driving into the town from Hillsborough cease gasping at the awesome spectre of those towers rising, ghost-like, over more familiar structures. It will be a long time before other alumni, approaching from Pittsboro, are no longer taken aback by the pre-cast walls of the new dental laboratory clinging like some twenty-first century parasite to the brick walls of the hospital complex. And it will take nature a long time to give Hilton James the appearance that it really belongs "out there in the middle of nowhere."

Certainly change is often difficult to swallow, especially if you happen to feel that people who build laundries with walls of black glass should make the glass too black to see through.

But change is a manifestation of vitality, and for that reason it must be weighed before it is evaluated. After all, the old high school wasn't the loveliest of buildings, either. And who will argue that the new public library should not replace a dwelling which, while old and graceful, was falling into disrepair?

As for Hilton James residence hall, the Davie Hall addition, the new hospital wing, and the new student union, all will provide the campus with sorely-needed facilities. Only James will make a noticeable gash in the green loveliness so characteristic of Chapel Hill.

The only thing which disturbs me about all this change is that so often nothing changes at all. We allow some entrepreneur to erect those black glass walls, suspecting all the while that his laundry will rip our pickets and smash our buttons just as effectively (and expensively) as his competitors'. And while Hilton James will clearly give more people a place to live, have we any assurances that they will live any better there than in any other residence hall?

In instances like these, we have only ourselves—students, townspeople, and administrators—to blame if the change

Orientation's Lasting Lesson: Big Poplars From Little Acorns Grow

By SCOTT GOODFELLOW

"A Carolina gentleman never drinks champagne in a Dixie cup."

That remark set the tone of my orientation just one year ago. Being a suppressed sensationist, I also remember another remark made only a few minutes after the first. My housemaster stood up, faced me and all the other freshmen gathered there, and with all the finesse of a marine drill sergeant said, "Some of you are bound to be climbing the walls before Christmas ever gets here."

And this is about all I recall from the first hectic week, because it was really the weeks that followed that proved most valuable. It was then that I learned where the truth of the first week's instruction had really lain. It was then that I met most of the people I am still with.

It was also then that I learned the variety of people in the world. I still laugh when I run into a new type. Just



last week I flew here from Los Angeles. As the jet thundered down the runway the lady next to me raised her voice 20 decibels and commended all the passengers in to the hands of Almighty God. I could tell from the looks

of everyone in the nearby 15 seats that they were spiritually enlightened. Midway through the flight she turned to me and said, "You know, I used to sing opera in 7 languages. I have a song for every occasion." She did.

It was also during those second, third, and fourth weeks that I found out how much those student organizations really wanted me. Sure, they all had made their appeals in a big convocation, but they undoubtedly wanted someone more qualified than I for something of the stature of the State Affairs Committee of Student Government, or for the 50,000 watt voice of WUNC radio, or for The Daily Tar Heel.

Either I was a fantastic discovery in the field of the human race or their qualifications weren't quite as tough as I had thought, for I was accepted into each of these groups. Joining proved a rewarding endeavor.

One thing that I learned not

to worry about was academics. The professors somehow managed to create enough initiative within me so that I wouldn't dare not work at capacity.

The professors, contrary to popular high school thinking, were interested in me, and, also contrary to H.S. thought, usually knew what was coming off.

The story is told of the professor who, when greeted by four fellows claiming they'd had a flat tire and missed a quiz, seated them all and with a broad smile asked them to take out a sheet of paper and write as their quiz which tire went flat.

What you're supposed to cull from all this is that the information given you in Orientation is properly directed, but what's important is how you treat it in the next few weeks.

And remember, your counselor isn't always right. I can recall mine saying, "You see that oak over there, that's the Davie Poplar."

The Daily Tar Heel

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