

In Our Opinion...

Use Your Head, Don't Lose It In UNC Card Section

There's a great old game that's played during half-time of all UNC home football games. The name of the game is "Ignorance."

To be eligible to participate, one must be a UNC student or a UNC student's date and must sit in the card section. All necessary equipment is furnished by the UNC Cardboard.

The rules are simple. Players sit patiently in their seats, smoking, drinking, talking, cheering and booing, during the first half of the game. At halftime, a representative of the Cardboard passes out a multi-colored assortment of 15-inch square, stiff cards.

As a preliminary exercise to Ignorance, players do "stunts" with their cards. When this is finished, the signal for commencement of play is sounded by the Cardboard representative who says, "OK, you can take them down now. It looked real good—just like this picture. Please pass the large cards to the end rows. Do not throw the large cards." (This is the key part of his statement, and experienced players have learned that they can gain an advantage over other players by starting as soon as they hear this instead of waiting until the end of the speech.)

"You may throw the small green (or pink, or blue—this may vary at the director's discretion) cards, but please do not throw the large ones. Someone might be seriously hurt."

Indeed, someone could be very seriously injured by one of the flying cards. In fact, we were surprised no one was hurt last Saturday.

The card section is an impressive addition to UNC football half-time festivities. If you've ever sat on the visitor's side of Kenan Stadium, you no doubt agree. But the students' wanton disregard for the danger involved in tossing the cards after stunts are completed could make it a costly addition.

We urge students who sit in this section each week to express their appreciation for the choice, mid-field seats and their realization of the danger involved by refraining from throwing these cards. We also suggest that the UNC Cardboard investigate the possibility of using a different type card, perhaps one made of a light-but-rugged "space-age plastic" material.

If neither of the two above suggestions is carried out, we think the card section should be discontinued before the game of Ignorance causes some employee in the student records office a great deal of unpleasant paper work.

Michael Hollis

On The University And Henry IV

I have recently been putting in a bit of working time in the Undergraduate Library, and have noted with displeasure that certain people seem to think that those of us who work in the library are cut off from the rest of the activity on campus—that we, in short, don't know what's going on. Example of what I say was given Saturday, when I worked from one o'clock until six. It was game time, and not very many people were in the Library. A student approached me and berated me for not going to the game.

"You have no school spirit," he said. "How do you even know what's going on in the world when you're cooped up here?" His question was based on a colossal misjudgement of my true situation. The fact is that we in the Library learn all about the outside world from reports brought in by other students.

I know as well as anyone else what happened Saturday, and in case you don't believe me, here is what happened on that fateful day, as reported by various students.

The day dawned peacefully, and the Tar Heel announced that this was "consolidated University Day." This, of course, was something of a farce: a sham holiday rigged up by University officials to cover up the deep schism that has rocked the University in recent months. For, as everyone knows, a civil war nearly erupted in August, when President Friday, in an attempt to control the growing sense of independence and rebellion on the state campus, presented to Chancellor Caldwell a set of provisions designed to reduce the independent power of the chancellor on the State campus, and to bring his legions under the control of Chapel Hill.

Caldwell refused to sign these "August Provisions" and denounced Friday, Chancellor Sitterson, and "all that clique at Chapel Hill" for trying to tyrannize over the State campus.

With the intention of luring Caldwell to Chapel Hill, where he could be dealt with away from the Raleigh mob, Chapel Hill officials entered into negotiations with Caldwell in a compromising attitude, pretending to give in to his demands and also to offer friendship. They finally man-

aged to get the chancellor to agree to come to Chapel Hill on September 24, where, he was led to believe, he would put the final signature on a document which gave him full sway over his campus. Thus, Saturday was named "Consolidated University Day," though actually sinister plans were afoot to discomfit the Raleigh Chancellor.

According to reports that I heard, Chancellor Caldwell arrived at Chapel Hill about 11 o'clock, where he was greeted by President Friday, who embraced him and vowed eternal friendship. Then, accompanied by Chancellor Sitterson, Dean Long, Dean Cathey and others, the two men marched down the lower quad and down Cameron street to the President's palace, apparently reconciled at last.

At the same time, however, reports began to filter through the library that a Raleigh force was hovering in the area of Kenan Stadium, and various students mumbled to me about the presence of several of Caldwell's armed retainers who had been seen drawn up in readiness in the Arboretum. Apparently the Raleigh Chancellor had come expecting trouble. At about 11:15, the procession entered President Friday's palace and went to the Great Hall, where Chancellor Caldwell, as an attendant faculty member later told me, took a seat at the head of a great table, opposite President Friday. At this juncture, Chancellor Sitterson stood up and delivered a twenty minute speech on the nature of authority and the necessity of having a strong executive to run the entire University.

He even went so far as to stress the duties and obligations of lesser chancellors to "aid the President, not hinder his work." As the speech progressed, Chancellor Caldwell grew more and more uneasy, and mumbles were heard from several of his aides who were seated next to him. Finally, one of Caldwell's assistants jumped up and, practically forcing Sitterson to yield him the floor, talked for another ten minutes on the rights of each and every chancellor to "govern as he saw fit."

He spoke further about "State's rights" and finally, he mentioned something about "outside influences which know nothing about the situation in Raleigh."

Finally, after about fifteen minutes of this, President Friday, who had said nothing, presented Caldwell with a document which he was to sign "for the greater good of the University as a whole." This new document, as it now appears, was merely a re-statement of the August Provisions, but strengthened still further by a series of "September Corollaries"—measures designed to curtail the independence of local chancellors still more. Caldwell summarily rejected this "September Manifesto" and accused President Friday of "breach of promise and tyrannical behavior." At about 12:10, Caldwell and his followers were accused of treason in the Great Hall and were ordered to be arrested. President Friday's bodyguard entered the palace and arrested them, and Friday gave the order that they were to be taken to Gimghoul castle to await trial. Apparently, however, no sooner was the armed escort on its way to the castle than all of Caldwell's armed retainers, as if at a signal, rushed out from the Arboretum, Battle Park, and other places, and set upon Friday's bodyguard as they were proceeding down Battle Lane.

The skirmish was sharp but bloody, and the Chapel Hill forces were routed. Caldwell was rescued, and, at about 12:15, he gathered his forces together, mounted his horse and, drawing his saber, led his forces back to Friday's palace, shouting "Down with the tyrants!"

President Friday and Chancellor Sitterson were sitting in the Great Hall, still congratulating themselves, when the Raleigh forces stormed into the building. Cathey and Sitterson were captured, as well as several other faculty members and an enormous amount of booty, but Friday and Long fled the palace and retreated through the Arboretum. Chancellor Caldwell, now in command, gave orders for his second army to prepare to march on Kenan Stadium, and began to dictate the order of battle at once, as he anticipated an immediate counter-stroke from President Friday.

He burned the copy of the September Manifesto in the middle of the floor, and declared himself President of Consolidated University, Friday having forfeited his right to the throne because of his "tyranny and injustice in the governance of his dominions." At the same time, a call was put through to Greensboro, with the hope of bringing over that campus to the rebel side. It will be remembered that Chancellor Singletary had been forced out by Chapel Hill administrators in a recent power struggle at Greensboro.

Meanwhile, President Friday and Dean Long, still stunned and shocked, stumbled together over to the South Building. They were met there by Professor Raymond Adams, acting chair-

man of the English department, and Mr. Jacques Hardre, chairman of the Modern Languages department. President Friday quickly explained the situation to the two men, and ordered them back to their departments to recruit a hasty force at once.

Long was sent to the Undergraduate Library to collect forces there, and Friday himself went into the South Building, contacted the Athletics Department, and ordered the Tar Heel brigade to prepare for battle in Kenan Stadium. Dean Long rushed into the Undergraduate Library at about 12:35 and called for "arms and men to protect Chapel Hill against alien invasion!" A wave of graduate students followed him out. At the same time, Adams emerged from Bingham Hall with the English regiment, students and faculty, spoiling for a fight. From Dey Hall, the indomitable Hardre emerged and marched in majesty up the lower quad, leading the German legion, the French Imperial Guard (shouting "Vive Le Presidente!"), the Spanish cavaliers (faculty and students), the Russian cossacks and even the Arabic battalion, wearing turbans and shrieking all the while.

These forces converged at South Building at about 12:45, where President Friday briefly addressed them and urged them to crush the rebels "for the greater good of the University as a whole." During the next fifteen minutes, these forces quickly surrounded the Presidential palace. Hardre drew up his forces along Holly Lane to the south; Adams and Long, with the newly recruited "Library Brigade," on the north, and President Friday and his personal retainers to the west of the palace, across Raleigh Street.

At about one o'clock, according to reports we received in the Library, the Chapel Hillian forces charged the palace and overwhelmed the enemy behind their hastily constructed earthworks. President Friday's forces had some difficulty when they charged, as they were obliged to rush down into Raleigh Street, and then to scale two steep walls, while the enemy hurled rocks on them from above.

In any case, by about 1:10, it was all over, and Hardre and Friday met in the midst of the rubble-strewn palace and gave thanks for their victory. A large haul of prisoners was taken and in their haste to get away the rebels left all of their treasure, including Dean Cathey but not including Chancellor Sitterson, whom they now bore as a prisoner towards Kenan Stadium.

Chancellor Caldwell escaped to the east also, and came by circuitous paths to Kenan Stadium, where his army was gathering. At the same time, news arrived that the exiled Singletary had returned to the Greensboro campus, ral-

lied the girls, and overthrown the puppet Chancellor there who was giving allegiance to Chapel Hill. Dr. Singletary now went over to the rebel side and offered armed support for his fellow chancellor at State.

The campus at Charlotte, which appears to have received confused reports of the goings on, was wavering this way and that in its loyalties. East Carolina College and Duke University had by now been alerted, and they phoned Chancellor Caldwell at Kenan Stadium to offer armed support for the "Raleigh Entente" which was forming. Wake Forest alone joined President Friday, while Clemson, Davidson, and Elon College, when informed of events, formed a "Neutralist League for Mutual Protection." President Friday and his forces now marched to Kenan Stadium, where Captain Talbot joined him, and the Tar Heel band, anticipating victory, boomed out a victory salute.

Of the battle itself, little need be said here. Reports coming into the Undergraduate Library were fragmentary and unreliable until about the fourth quarter. At that time, with time running out, a stream of refugees came pouring into the Library and cried that all was lost, and that Talbot was overwhelmed, and that President Friday was slain on the field, together with Hardre and Adams and many noble lords, and that Long and Cathey were captured.

Indeed, to judge from the confusion and roaring which reached our ears from Kenan Stadium, it seemed that some disaster had befallen our side. We were just about to shut up the cash box and flee for our lives when the joyful tidings arrived: the Raleighites were crushed and in rout, Chancellor Caldwell fleeing for his life, and Chancellor Sitterson, left unguarded for a moment, made good his escape from the wreck and ruin of the Raleigh army.

Soon the bells began to ring, heralding the great triumph; and President Friday, surrounded by his generals Talbot and Hardre, Sitterson and Long, Cathey and Adams, and a vast concourse of students and faculty, exclaimed to his captains these memorable words:

"Then this remains, that we divide our power. You, Dean Long, and my cousin Hardre towards Greensboro shall bend you with your dearest speed, to meet Singletary and our ally Wake Forest, who, as we hear, are busily in arms. Myself and you, Chancellor Sitterson, will towards Raleigh to fight with Caldwell and McKnight of Duke. Rebellion in this University shall lose his sway, meeting the check of such another day; and since this business so fair is done, let us not leave till all our own be one."

No Religion Lost In Prayer

Durham Morning Herald
Unfortunately the prayers-in-school issue had become so fogged emotionally that it was difficult for many to see it in clear perspective. Consequently Senate defeat of the school prayer amendment is gratifying not only because it blocks an effort to tamper with the First Amendment but also because it provides an opportunity to restore perspective to the issue.

We do not question the sincerity of the many religious people who want prayers to be permitted in the public schools. But we think that these people have put an unwarranted emphasis on the role school prayers have in the exercise of religion. And we think also that they were expecting of the amendment proposed by Senator Dirksen, R-Ill., more than it would offer or even intended to offer.

It is important to remember that in each of the Supreme Court decisions dealing with the matter, it was the requirement of prayer and Bible reading which the court enjoined. No decision prohibits voluntary prayers or Bible reading, nor does any prevent the use of the Bible in literature courses. Against this background of what the decisions actually say, it should be remembered also that all the Dirksen amendment would have provided was that "Nothing contained in this Constitution shall prohibit the authority administering any school system . . . from providing for or permitting the voluntary participation by students and others in prayer." This they may do now. Then the Dirksen proposal added that "Nothing contained in this article shall authorize such authority to prescribe the form or content of any prayer."

It is hard to understand why an issue should be made over prayers in public schools. There is no more reason to be concerned over not having public prayers in schools than there is to be concerned over not having public prayers in factories and stores and offices. There is no campaign to require industries and businesses to have their employees to participate in prayer programs. No one seems to regard the absence of a public prayer program in business and industry a hazard to the spiritual life of the nation. Teachers and students who

wish to pray at school may do so, just as workers in stores and offices and factories may.

The preservation intact of the First Amendment is of far more value to the promotion of religion than is an amendment to allow voluntary prayers in the schools. For the First Amendment keeps the state from exercising any control in matters of religion and keeps religion separate from government; this climate of freedom is most conducive to the flourishing of a truly spiritual religion. And it is with preserving this climate that all people, whether religiously minded or not, should be most concerned.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Otelia Connor

Otelia On Loose Umbrella Poised

I went to the UNC-State game Saturday and was so thrilled that our boys played so well and won the game. Now all the soreheads won't be howling for the coach's scalp. I talked to one group of boys Sunday afternoon, who said, "We won this game, but we will lose next weekend. I said, 'If we do I don't want to hear any sob-stuff, or I will be over with my umbrella!'"

The most important lesson in the field of sports is the learning of good sportsmanship. You don't wall and quit when you lose, but you stay in and play the game. It is really more interesting when every team wins some and loses some, than it is when the same team wins every game—when you know before hand which team will win. It takes the suspense out of it.

I went to some open-house parties after the game and I never had so many students ask why I hadn't been writing this semester. I answered that I hadn't had anything new to say—I was still cracking their heads, but about the same old slouchy manners. I got the same old rejoinder—I must write, there were always new-comers to the campus who needed to be brought in to the Carolina tradition, they would be looking in the Tar Heel immediately for a communique.

Last week I met a group of girls and boys coming out of my side of the door at Lenoir Hall. I let the girls get through but I said to the boys, "Are you Carolina gentlemen?" They looked puzzled. I said, "A gentleman holds the door for ladies." They held the door.

I have asked others who had their arms on the table, their heads bent over the plates, poking food into the mouth if that was the way

they ate at home? They answer "Yes." I tell them their mother should have whacked their heads! I get some amusing responses sometimes.

Today I watched one student, pushing his bread around his plate, sopping up the gravy, with his fingers. I went over and told him to push the bread with his fork, not with his fingers. He took it very nicely.

Yesterday I had a letter from a 1965 UNC graduate, saying he was majoring in Spanish at the University of Illinois. I couldn't place him at first, (I am terrible about remembering people.) Then I recalled him very pleasantly. He said it was an excellent school and he enjoyed studying there, but he wished I would move up there with my umbrella!

It is too bad somebody doesn't use the umbrella at Graham Memorial lounge—if they ever put a newspaper back on the rack, they always put it in the wrong groove. Also the males sure need a sharp whack on the legs to remind them to keep their feet off the table with their shoes on. How they scratch and scar up the table tops!

On the campus today, I met two students walking on the left hand of the sidewalk. Instead of moving to my left, I stopped and said, "Keep to the Right!" They moved over, but one of them answered Huh, Unhuh! I said a gentleman doesn't say Huh, Unhuh. He answered, "I do." I said "You are no gentleman!" I wonder how some of these students ever got into the University at Chapel Hill. Unless they want to become gentlemen, there is no place here for them.

Enough said for this writing. Don't be looking for any more anytime soon. But I will be around, so watch-out!

'Please Don't Throw The . . . Aghhhhh . . .'

