

In Our Opinion...

Call A Spade A Spade And Call A Gimmick A Gimmick

Seldom in the long history of journalism has a headline on a story been more thoroughly confusing than one that appeared on the front page of yesterday's DTH.

And, fittingly, seldom has a story deserved its headline to be so ludicrously uninformative.

The case in point was an article announcing a "meet the coaches" reception to be sponsored by the Student Party candidates for freshman class offices. The head was originally written one column wide, three lines, and should have said, "Meet Coaches Time Set By SP Candidates."

But, in the mechanical process, one line of the head was lost and the other two were reversed. So, the final printed product read, "Time Set By Meet Coaches."

We noticed the head, and a series of emotions ensued. First we were puzzled: What in the world is it supposed to say? Then we were embarrassed: Oh my God, we've goofed this one up good. Next came amusement: This is a riot! Finally came disgust.

We like to see candidates with a solid, worthwhile platform. We like to see candidates believe in their platform. We like to think candidates will carry through with their campaign promises.

But, as we see it, it's more than a little pretentious for candidates to initiate a program from a platform before the election is

even held, to initiate a program as "freshman Student Party candidates in the November 8 election."

It's even more ridiculous to start the wheels turning for a program that is set to take place two weeks after the election. Or maybe its just loads of self-confidence.

Or, then again, maybe it's just a gimmick to get free publicity in the press.

On the surface, it looked like a valid enough news story. Freshman candidates care about freshman athletics. They have the support of the athletic department all the way.

But what about a quote like this one:

"One plank of the SP freshman platform is full support of the freshman athletic program. We feel this is one of the many ways of doing this."

Well, if the SP candidates don't win, let's hope their opposition also thinks this is a fine program. If they don't, it might provide for some high class embarrassment in freshman athletic circles.

"We appreciate the SP efforts in this field..." the freshman athletic director said.

What could he be expected to say? Of course the athletic department appreciates any help it gets from student organizations in furthering its athletic programs.

But how much would the athletic department appreciate the Student Party's use of its (the athletic department's) official prestige as a virtual endorsement of political candidates?

If a candidate wants to win an election on this campus, we'd advise him to get out and start knocking on doors and shaking hands instead of spending his time starting programs that should be started after the election.

And to the party braintrusts, who, if they did not sponsor the idea, no doubt engineered its appearance in the public spotlight, we invite them — and their peers from the UP — to keep them coming if that's the way you think it should be done.

If you've got a program you want publicized, we will publicize it for you. But if hidden motives are no more secluded than those in this specific instance, we have but one choice of action.

We'll call 'em like we see 'em.

'I Still Think A Cup-Cake Sale Would Be Better!'



In Letters

Replace Cheerleaders

New Group Formed

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

Far be it from us to rock the normally smooth-sailing UNC boat, however something has become blatantly obvious which forces us to abandon our academic cubbyholes and take up the banner of anti-statism quoism.

We were thunderstruck and heartbroken as our beloved Tarheels lost their third game of the young season, to the Deacon Deacons of Wake Forest College, but we can still be proud of our fighting coaching staff and squad of forty of America's finest.

These men dedicated a week of hard work, missed academic opportunities and sleepless nights in preparation for the big homecoming game, and lost through no fault of our own; and as every big-time football fan knows, a football team is but clay in the hands of its rooting section, and the rooting section can only be as good as its leader.

We would never have taken this matter into our own

hands if we didn't have the feeling of a growing discontent among the various factions of the Chapel Hill academic community. This seems to be one issue devoid of ideological considerations and one which touches the hearts and minds of all true Carolinians.

Have you ever seen a big-time football game on T.V. and noticed the level of cheering section excellence? Have you noticed the originality and seemingly unlimited variations of cheers emanating from major college cheering sections?

As you watch the Tar Heels fighting their hearts out for us, don't you miss the moving hysteria you experienced vicariously watching a big-time cheering section on T.V.?

We don't want to point fingers, but we honestly don't believe the cheering section leader has done his part by dedicating a week of hard work, sleepless nights, etc., in preparation for his crucial task of aiding the Tarheels in their quest for victory. Don't you, as a cheering section member, get rather tired of the three, grade school qua-

lity, cheer repertoire?

Even if you are in a half-drunken stupor. We thought that possibly the leader was struck with a case of early season jitters in the State game when all he came up with was "Giv 'em Hell Heels" and "Go State, Go to Hell," which adequate as they may be for fill-ins in times of brief mental lapse, have no place in the permanent repertoire of a big time cheering section leader, but when the leader courageously embarked upon the path of creativity and innovation in the Wake game and came up with "Kill!" we were forced to abandon our stand of passive tolerance.

We also feel that it is pathetic that our leader is driven by a small-time fixation that every cheer must include at least one swear word, with hell getting special consideration. Is our collective vocabulary really so limited that we are forced to degrade ourselves to this level to effect an appearance of cleverness?

But we also have no place in our hearts for he who criticizes without suggesting alternative courses of action. In a spirit of humbleness we here present the following suggestions which we hope might make a small contribution to this confrontation and crisis.

1. Cheerleader of the week plan—During one quarter of each game any Carolina student would be allowed to lead his fellow Carolinians in the quest we collectively pursue. This would undoubtedly lead to the originality and enthusiasm we now so desperately lack.

2. Mid-season vote of confidence with possible replacement by most popular cheerleader of the week plan—The meaning of this long titled plan is obvious enough to eliminate the need for further elaboration.

3. Participation of our cheering leader at the Redlands school for pep leaders plan.

Sincerely,
LEADER

(Layman's Committee for the Evaluation of the Adequacy of the Director of Enthusiastic Rooters.)

Hunting At Home

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: Re: "Carolina Gentlemen, Girl Hunting Begins at Home."

The situation described in your editorial exists. Who knows better than the girls themselves whether they are dating?

The delicate male ego cannot sustain the trauma of a refusal, so the men don't extend invitations. The adage "none but the brave deserve the fair" is relevant.

If the fainthearted, unaggressive Carolina graduate men are representative, small wonder our society is increasingly matriarchal.

Margaret Winston

Phil Kirstein

Custom Of Toasting Needs Reinstatement

Students at Carolina have been missing a golden opportunity to express their feelings by not making toasts before drinking. This old tradition of toasting has almost disappeared from the Carolina scene.

The trend in toasts used to be a gauge of public opinion in the pre-Gallop poll era. Though toasts are no longer needed by politicians to gauge their strength, it would be foolish to eliminate them.

If the custom of toasting before every drink were to be adopted, the toaster would be able to drive home a point in the social setting with out starting an argument.

Toasts would cover all topics of current interest. For the man on his way up in the State Department, or for that matter anywhere in Washington, an appropriate toast might be, "Yeah LBJ, I'm with you all the way."

If you should be drinking with a member of your local Selective Service board you could use the old favorite of so many of us, "How about another draft?" There is no limit to the new toasts that imaginative toasters will come up with.

Toasts do not, of course, have to apply only to the draft or Viet Nam. The campus scene, with its never ending series of crises could be a constant source of meaningful toasts.

The old stand-by for student activists (if there are any on this campus) would be, "Till the new meeting of CFI, May we have Peace and Tranquility."

The students who find themselves every few months outside of South Building with a sign in their hand might use, "May we always walk softly and carry a big stick."

A reminder to girls dating at the "Lodge" is to remember the toast, "To the next president of the Student Body, Brother..."

The faculty has their own set of problems and naturally would have their own toasts. Students should be warned not to be surprised to hear their English professors at the next football game make the following toast before taking a sip (of Coke, of course), "May there always be other 'departmental duties' to which I may be assigned."

Members of the history department, who can look with pride to their colleagues who have moved to administrative positions in the University will use the following toast, "Next year may we be in South Building."

With the creativity and time put into toast creation, it would be only fitting that the drinks be the result of an equal amount of creativity.

The "Bob Powell," which should be consumed by all education reformers who like the recipe, but is mandatory for all presidential hopefuls, is the mixture of any liquors which are meaningful and relevant to the individual drinker and which can be made independently.

There is no standard recipe for the drink named after Dean Long as it changes every time it is made.

The "Jessie Helms" can be made with any clear or white liquor except Vodka that will produce a dulling of the mind.

Hopefully a revived interest in the art of toasting will take place on this campus which will enable all students to drop their picket signs and petitions on Saturday night without giving them the feeling they are neglecting their duties as social critics.

Develop The Student

Ever notice how people take to certain athletes who are outstanding at their games, and you hear very little about the rest of the team. Well this can also happen in the classroom.

In the classroom the one who seems to get an over abundance of the coveted limelight is usually overly opinionated and expresses himself quite clearly, even to the point of showing he's mastered the English language.

The professor is pretty much like the football coach. He can let the student carry the ball on nearly every play if he wants to, so to speak.

Well, fine. If this be the case and it is agreed that speaking makes a good student, then why not pull some of the second and third string off the bench and let them carry the ball in a discussion a few times?

Probably after they've felt the thrill of active participation they may fight for that number one position on the field, the classroom field that is.

One doesn't throw the good swimmer a life jacket when the boat capsizes. Instead he throws the non-swimmers one first. The professor can easily throw an academic life jacket by making it a point to encourage the seemingly uninterested student.

But the prof may say that is "high school." The student is mature enough now to do things on his own without being prodded. Maybe so, but a professor is also a teacher.

What we're suggesting is that the student who just sits there be called on more often. Even if he does goof and uses second-rate Spanish expressions he'll be encouraged.

Make him know his brain power is needed just as much as the next person's.

Oil wells are there. They have to be drilled for. Quarterbacks become quarterbacks because they got a break somewhere along the line. The coach has a lot to do with how long he sits on the bench.

Is the professor any different?

—Steve Lail

Briefly Editorial

Poor Frank Hodges. He just can't win.

He's been an avid worker in Student Government and the Student Party ever since he first set foot on the campus. He has been chairman of his party and has served in Student Legislature as chairman of the Judicial Committee.

He was appointed Men's Attorney General last spring by the student body president. But he came within a hair's breadth of failing to have his appointment approved by SL.

Finally, he got settled down in his job of attorney general—championing the cause of honor and honesty—and, lo and behold, someone came along and stole a paper weight and pen set off the desk in his office.

He got over that in a few days, only to have his umbrella snatched on a particularly rainy afternoon.

He recovered from that, too. Now he is laid up in his rack with mononucleosis.

Get well, Frank. We're dying for you to get back on the job just to see what else will happen.

From Back Issues

(Issues that made the news in The Daily Tar Heel on this date five, 10, and 15 years ago.)

Oct. 27, 1961

Gentlemen do NOT prefer blonds! At least Carolina gentlemen don't. They like dark hair better.

In a recent DTH survey 59% of the men interviewed chose dark hair; 36.5% chose blond; and red heads rated 4.5%.

But light-haired or dark, 64% of Carolina's men want their girls to have short hair with simple styling say: "A girl with short hair can primp up easily after we park."

Oct. 27, 1956

William C. Friday yesterday officially took over as Consolidated University president.

He was unanimously elected to the position by the full Board of Trustees, which met in special session in the Hall of the House to approve his nomination.

Oct. 27, 1951

If you're annoyed by clanging bells at ungodly hours, don't complain to the neighbors. See Dean Spruill. He sets the schedule.

The South Building bell is motor synchronized to ring at set intervals. There is no such thing as a weird little demon who dashes to the tower, pulls the rope and chuckles, just to annoy YOU!

Better Than Ban

Johnny Carson, chatting the other night with one of his guests who was a prognosticator, perked up when he heard the gentleman predict that within a very few years someone would invent an oral contraceptive pill to be taken by men.

"Oh good," Carson quipped. "That will take the worry out of being close."

The Times On Paul

FROM THE RALEIGH TIMES

A university must offer protection to its teachers and to its students. If it doesn't do that basic job, it is on dangerous ground.

The university cannot protect one group without, at the very same time, protecting the other. If it protects good teachers from outside influences, it is protecting the students who must have good teachers. Just as surely, the university is protecting its good teachers if it protects the students from poor teachers.

This whole matter is now very much in the center of Chapel Hill's ever-active stage. And Chancellor J. Carlyle Sitterson seems to have acted in too much haste in responding to criticism from off campus regarding what did or didn't happen in a freshman English class taught by a graduate student. It is true that, in reassigning the graduate student to non-teaching duties Chancellor Sitterson acted on recommendation of a faculty advisory committee. Members of that committee said they were acting on "available" evidence.

At last a majority of the freshmen students involved say that no one in University authority talked with them. Those students felt that what happened was a misunderstanding. They wanted the graduate student reassigned to the class. They said the teacher didn't assign a theme on seduction. The poem which was under study has been assigned to countless freshmen in countless colleges for countless years. That poem didn't all of a sudden become filthy.

The Daily Tar Heel

74 Years of Editorial Freedom

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