

In Our Opinion . . .

Batman, This Time It's A Riddler, But Not A Joker

Holy Bedroom! This sounds like a job for Batman!

If the mysterious girl - watcher had been a few days later in coming, everyone might have assumed him to be the Great Pumpkin.

But he wasn't a few days later, and the women living around campus are justifiably frightened at the thought of this masked prowler who popped up in the middle of the night in women's bedrooms first at Winston and then at the Tri - Delt house.

An article in yesterday's DTH concerning his Sunday morning appearance at the Tri - Delt house said, "The girls immediately called police, who immediately surrounded the house."

But immediately was not soon enough, and the prowler darted down the stairs and out a side door.

Local police said if they were called quickly enough in future instances, the could probably catch the prowler by surrounding the area.

This was amusing for two reasons: first, we didn't know there were enough policemen on duty on the night shift in Chapel Hill to surround a house; and, a second, unless prowler cars were already on patrol in the area of such a call, we doubt even a Batmobile could arrive on the scene before the prowler had time to jaunt out a door or window.

But it was encouraging to note that the police chief referred to "future instances." No doubt the villian will attempt to strike again.

Being ready for him is a good start. But the police are not the only ones who must be ready. Despite our light comments concerning the police department, we realize they have plenty to keep them busy. And tracking down an unpredictable masked lover is certainly no easy task.

It would not be wasted if the women of all living units here discussed possible preventative solutions to this menace as well as an effective way of alerting all residents if the prowler appears.

John Greenbacker

Lonely Death At Texas University

It was business as usual in the Tar Heel office two days ago.

Heaped on the Associate Editor's desk was the familiar disarray of exchange newspapers from other colleges across the country, awaiting searching, ink-smudged hands that would glean their pages for the informative of the controversial.

Out of the insides of the big ones, the Daily Californian from Berkeley,

The Minnesota Daily, The Daily Texan or the Iowa Daily, old names and faces would appear, and time past would once again merge with time present.

A student body president fights attempts to censor his speeches at a big midwestern university, and his image materializes on the final day of the National Student Association Congress, dressed in shabby work clothes instead of the usual suit, and the engaging eyes bloodshot from whiskey and lack of sleep.

A fiery young radical on the West Coast calls for the abolition of the draft and promises to flee to Canada rather than fight a war against his principles, and the swift form of the high school halfback moves across the field toward the

showers, his open smile and joyous words anticipating the Saturday night celebration.

Twenty - one years of living may be compressed into an instant inside the dirty, impersonal pages of a newspaper.

Monday it happened again. The Daily Texan: Oct. 25, page one at the bottom. Not more than two inches of personal tragedy, strictly according to the A. P. stylebook.

He was a 19-year-old sophomore from Newport, R. I., a transfer student from the California Institute of Technology, and his roommate walked into their apartment twelve days ago to find him suspended from a television cable.

"Justice of the Peace Robert Kuhn ruled the death suicide by hanging. . . Funeral arrangements are pending at the Hytlin - Manor Funeral Home."

1,500 miles away in Chapel Hill, a person could fill a book with those two inches.

The story would begin 17 years ago in a housing development in Norfolk, Virginia, where children from two happy families played tag in the nearby woods, or searched in the piles of refuse surrounding the municipal incinerator for the silver treasure of a discarded vegetable can or the pondered history of an old shoe.

In the forest the trees grew exotic fruit: chinaberries to be dyed and strung, and heaps of apples and pears. There were,

too, the poison purple berries that grew in tangled vines longing to be squeezed out into the potion jars of fledgling witches and sorcerers.

The magic had fled four years ago in Newport.

The tall, gentle introvert savored fleeting and self-conscious moments of pleasure on skis in the water of Brenton Cove and Narragansett Bay. Life was beginning to close in on him even then, and later that fall, in the late hours of the night he worked with desperate intensity to gain admission to the finest of schools.

Nothing in life came easily, and the knowledge of trials ahead filled him with fear.

On the white sands of Virginia Beach, his mother turned to the loud and outspoken junior from UNC and with a simple appeal: "I wish you would talk to him. He's scared about college. Maybe you could tell him what it is like or what he can expect."

What could the junior say to the freshman, who hesitated to voice his problems with slow deep tones?

He could only respond with tales of adolescent torment at the hands of young beasts in his residence hall.

He drank to much his first fall at Carolina, and wandered disheveled late at night in indecision, a long way from home. He told his younger friend that after two years of college the monstrous "period

of adjustment" was yet to be completed.

He was no comfort. The freshman left the famous engineering school exhausted after one semester, and transferred to the mammoth state university, where he changed his major and rented an apartment before the second year's ordeal.

On the Daily Texan's editorial page of Oct. 26, the aftermath had been recorded:

"The University community consists of more than 30,000 persons. All are individuals aware of their individuality. Those who seek identify find it hard to achieve and harder to maintain. Many find identity in social groups, clubs, cadres and cliques. Still others are without ties of group affiliation and often find the path of life a lonely one. . .

"Persons react to problems differently. The 'cold' nature of the University does not help particularly. The 'lonely' persons on campus often find themselves as another handshake, number of name. Often persons find themselves thrust into all sorts of problems. . .

"The shift from anxiety to adjustment to achievement can be a long path. If the 'lonely' student cannot make this shift by himself or through his associates, he certainly should not hesitate to ask for the help of the professional services offered by the University."

The Texan's printed solu-

tion came a day after the announcement of death, capsulized as if from the back of an aspirin bottle.

But twelve days ago in the brutal clarity of mid - afternoon, no one was there to hold the troubled sophomore's hand or offer understanding when he needed it most. In a community of 30,000 hand shakes and numbers, the enlightened educational community, there was no communication, no precious moment of understanding.

Within all this there is a very real and pertinent message for Chapel Hill and its university. If this is to become a massive institution of tens of thousands, then the administrators must do their utmost to personalize their university's education and seek out the individual student.

Above all the students and teachers themselves must also be quick to recognize and react to the student in a stress situation.

Something in the educational experience at the large university will prove fatal to many more young Americans before the year has run its course.

The deadly menace will not prove to be a television cable, or a razor or a bottle of sleeping pills. It is far more profound and more incidious. It must be isolated by the skilled hands of the understanding researcher, and eliminated.

Thinking About Slate Vote

Behold the independents.

We don't recall ever having seen an independent candidate for a class office. But this fall we have three - one for president of the freshman class, one for president of the sophomore class and one for vice president of the sophomore class.

In view of the function of class offices, we tend to discount the importance of party affiliation of class officers.

However, since the question of independent candidates is raised, we take this opportunity to comment on party affiliation in the top two positions in Student Government.

The idea of electing the president and vice president of the Student Body under a "slate" system - that is, requiring that both officers be elected from the same party - was tossed about widely last year.

It was fairly obvious for everyone to see the difficulties inherent in an administration whose top two executives come from different parties. And an amendment was passed in a campus - wide referendum under which the slate election system would have been operational in last spring's elections.

Then the tables were turned. A popular office - seeker from South Campus failed to get the nomination for president of the student body from the University party. Those UP members who had supported him in the convention, along with a group of SP sympathizers and independents, set out to get the slate amendment wiped off the books so that this candidate could run as an independent without a vice presidential candidate on the ticket with him.

The appeal was made to "give this man his just right to run for office," and, in another campus - wide referendum, the amendment was annulled.

We think it's time to begin thinking once again about a slate system for the top two SG posts.

Just think about it for now. We'll have more to say in the near future.

Briefly Editorial

We've heard of people being hanged in effigy before. But we've never heard of a group of college guys planning such a hanging, then calling the dean of men to get approval as the men of Old West did Monday night.

Now take those brutes from South Bend that literally murdered the Tarheels. We wonder if they got clearance through the UNC administration.

From Back Issues

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

Nov. 2, 1961
Two hundred and seventy-nine coeds will invade Cobb Dormitory next fall to displace the present male occupants. The mass movement depends on \$50,000 ear-marked by the pending University bond issue for conversion of Cobb to suitable women's quarters.

Nov. 2, 1956
Pay telephones will be installed in all men's dormitories, according to an announcement made at Wednesday night's Interdormitory Council meeting. The overall installation of pay telephones in place of non-pay phones in men's dorms is a result of the recent difficulties which arose when dorm men placed long distance calls from non-pay phones.

Nov. 2, 1951
The University of Virginia student council yesterday asked all university men to refrain from drinking on their way to and from student dances on the campus.

"Much unnecessary criticism" has been heaped on the school "for exhibition drinking."

The Daily Tar Heel

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Modify Exams

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

This is my fifth year at the University, and during the course of that time I have had many different professors. There are some that I remember as outstanding men and women, and there are some that I would just rather not remember at all.

What makes a good professor in the eyes of a student? He is one who knows his material, who presents it in an organized and interesting manner, and one who is genuinely University, and during the matter how many he may have in his classes.

But above all else, he is one who is fair; fair in the types of tests that he gives, and fair in the way that he grades his quizzes.

This semester I have one professor who has approximately 100 students in only one of his classes. I am by no means an outstanding member of that class, and yet he knows me by my first name and knows where I am from (and he knew this the first time I ever walked into his office.)

Recently this professor gave a quiz covering all the material we have had so far in the course. The test was all essay, very comprehensive, and covering all of the material. It was not easy, to say the least, but it was fair. The questions were ones that dealt with important points, and ones that required thought, not just memorization of insignificant facts soon to be forgotten.

Furthermore, the test was graded fairly. Credit was given where credit was due, and an honest effort was made to try and understand what the student was trying to say even when the answer was a bit vague. The test was a learning experience, not a memory quiz.

Finally, even with more than 100 students all told, this professor invites students to come to him for discussion of the test, points they still don't understand, and questions about the grading. He is a busy man, yes, but not so busy that he has no time for his students.

He is an outstanding professor.

I have another professor this semester who falls into the other category. The course is not a statistics course (far from it), but my notebook is full of nothing but numbers and charts. You can imagine how fascinating the lectures are.

Recently this professor also gave an hour exam, and I have never seen such a collection of questions in my life! Despite the fact that the reading material contains theories, practical points, philosophies, and general knowledge, the test merely asked for a parrot of data.

No thought was required, just memory, and memory of the more unimportant material, at that. In short, the test was a real nuisance.

However, I had studied for it, I knew my quota of facts to back up the theories, and I thought I had done fairly decently on it. I flunked it, along with many of my classmates.

The grading was absolutely unbelievable. No credit was given for any understanding of the material where the data happened to be a few points off. Also, the questions were obviously graded in a hurry, and without much thought to what the student was trying to put across.

To ice the cake, this professor refuses to discuss the test or the grading with any of the students.

What kind of learning experience is this? Please understand, this letter is not sour grapes. Grades per se are not the most important of my worries. What's done is done, and perhaps I can do better on the next one.

I am only asking you as professors to take another look at yourselves and at your students. Are you providing them with knowledge and understanding, or just facts? Are you giving them a chance to really learn? Are your exams a real test of that learning?

Take another look around your classroom. Are your students obviously interested in what you have to say, or do they greet you with blank yawn? Is there respect in their relationship to you, or obvious resentment?

Do your students come to you to complain, or to discuss? Do they come to you at all?

Please think about it, professors. Students are human, too, and we will respond to you, but only in the way that you provide for us. Give every student the chance to say that all of his professors are outstanding.

Terry Verduin

Reinstate Paull

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

I got an M.A. in English at Carolina last year. Throughout my stay in Chapel Hill I resisted the temptation to write long letters of protest to The Tar Heel.

There was plenty to protest about - the speaker ban, the curtailment of free speech at UNC - but there seemed, and there still seems, very little good to be derived out of protesting.

The majority of the fraternity bloc couldn't quite comprehend what was going on. They couldn't quite make the connection between refusing Herbert Aptheker the right to speak on campus and the loss

of UNC's national prestige.

I am now an instructor in the English Department at the Wright State campus in Dayton, Ohio. Today Xerox copies of an article in the Sunday Times were handed out to all faculty members. Chapel Hill has again made the papers - this time by bowing to an ignorant, Negro - baiting radio commentator, this time in a sphere without question academic.

I will not cloud the issue by going into the literary merits of Andrew Marvell. It would be more worthwhile to leave Jesse Helms and his kind to their football games and lynchings and not attempt to burden their intellects with things irrelevant to their daily lives.

The fact is that UNC has suffered almost irreparable damage because of this farce. The officers of the school to whom the students and faculty have every right to look for some courageous action,

some sort of intellectual honesty have failed them miserably. The acting chairman of the English Department has demonstrated that he is doing just that, only acting.

And that newspaper article - the one in which UNC and not Michael Paull, comes out obscene and filthy and revolting, has been plastered all over the bulletin boards here and probably over the bulletin boards in other colleges and universities across the country as well.

I anticipate cries of "Whoever heard of Wright State? UNC is great!"

I heard frat boys shout out insults to Aptheker when he spoke across the wall last year. Carolina students often take the short view. Raleigh politicians, a great many of whom are UNC grads, show that Carolina students do not necessarily become wiser with age.

As it stands now, Carolina is on its way down. In twenty

years the men and women who graduate from Wright State will be able to point with pride to their alma mater. It remains to be seen whether or not UNC will be able to offer accredited degrees at that time.

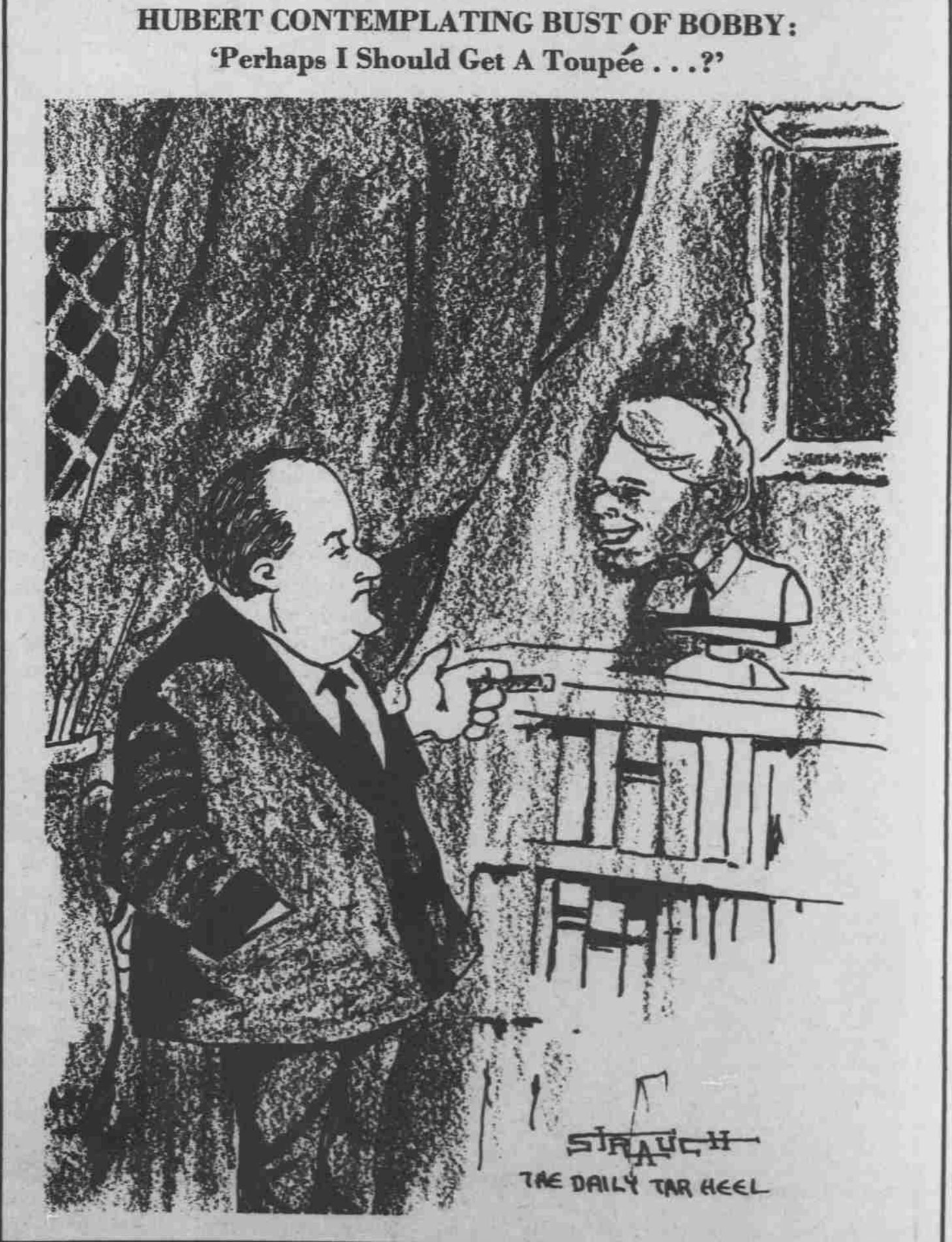
I am very proud to have gone to UNC - I hope someday to return there to continue my studies, that is, if the school still has a graduate program in a year or two.

I am very proud, also, to be a friend of Michael Paull. I resent deeply what the administration has done to the school and to him.

Reinstate Paull now before it's too late. And get the public relations staff on the ball also. Good publicity is much harder to get than bad publicity.

UNC doesn't need any more of the latter - her worthy chancellor has already given her enough to last a million years.

Neal L. Goldstien



HUBERT CONTEMPLATING BUST OF BOBBY: 'Perhaps I Should Get A Toupee . . . ?'