

# In Our Opinion...

## Let's Get Off The Fence—

### We're Getting Saddle Sore

When Athletic Director Chuck Erickson said Monday "We want the best possible man who can do the job," he was speaking with a forked tongue. Not the forked tongue of an untruthful paleface, but the forked tongue that has been licking both sides of the fence our athletic department has straddled for too long.

Either UNC should get "the best possible man" to run its gridiron operations, or it should get a "man who can do the job." One way or the other, it is time to decide.

Time to decide what will be the course of athletics at UNC and, to a great extent, what will be the course of athletics in the Atlantic Coast Conference.

For the past eight years, we have had a "man who could do the job." The point of controversy lies in just what that job has been. He has produced annually a sufficient number of students-in-good-standing, physically able and suitably clad to participate in intercollegiate football contests. He has seen to it that the players get on the bus and go to the Carolina Theater for a movie every Friday before a home game. He has, at one time or another, defeated every team in the Atlantic Coast Conference.

He has also, at the direction of the athletic department, put his boys on airplanes and taken them to games with Big Ten teams and

other nationally prominent football squads. Perhaps this is the point of controversy.

Are we playing in the ACC or the NCAA? Are we traveling to Louisville, South Bend, Ann Arbor because we can compete in other leagues or because we can draw heavy gate receipts there?

We are not against tangling with the big-name football powers — not if we have a chance to win. But our athletic department is sitting on the fence. Our team is playing big-time football with a small-time philosophy — small-time from the standpoint of coaches, recruitment and academic standards for athletes.

We can't turn our backs to the reality any longer. Face the facts. Football is not a game of intellectuals. The politest coach doesn't always win. Signing up students for grants-in-aid and signing up Morehead Scholars involve two different approaches and sets of criteria.

We think it's time to decide which route we want to take. If we want to stay at home in the ACC, that's one thing. If, on the other hand, we want to be a collegiate football power and find a place in a bowl game from time to time, that's another. And we might as well adjust to what goes along with being in the "big-time."

*(Tomorrow: How our choice of a coach will affect the ACC.)*

### Personally Speaking

## You Know What To Do With That Plane Ticket!

"We", the editorial "we", are not writing about anything that has us upset today. But "I", the editorial "I", am.

I can stand it no longer. Either I unleash this personal vendetta, or the Student Government Activities Fund office will be the death of me as a result of internal combustion.

I don't expect to be able to get anything changed. In fact, I will probably do no more than make it rougher for our business manager who has to bargain with that office for our money. But I just want to tell someone.

It's all about this "Requisition System" that has been employed this year.

The business manager, Tom Clark, and I spent a month last spring drawing up our budget for this year. We spent hours arguing with the Publications board about it. The Pub Board spent hours arguing with the Finance Committee about it. Student Legislature spent nearly as long arguing with itself about it. But finally we got our money. At least that's what we thought.

Then we came back to school this fall and met, face to face, the Requisition System.

We're trying to put out a newspaper up here on the second floor of Graham Memorial. We do a lot of typing; so we use copy paper and typewriter ribbons. We stick bits and pieces of stories together; so we use a few bottles of rubber cement.

All the news doesn't happen in Chapel Hill; so we have to make some long distance telephone calls. We have to take our copy to the Chapel Hill Weekly for publishing, and we have to travel around the greater Chapel Hill area for news and advertising purposes; so we have truck trouble, an occasional flat tire, and sometimes we run out of gas.

These things used to be no problem. We had a charge account with a local stationer and a credit card at a local filling station. We got our phone bill every month, and we paid it.

This year, before we can buy a ream of paper, a ruler, a bottle of glue, a pencil, a gallon of gasoline or anything, we have to get a price quoted from the retailer, trot back up to the Student Government Activities Fund office and get a requisition for the exact sum of the purchase (including three per cent sales tax, heavens yes), then go back and make our charged purchase.

And get the procedure we have to go through to make a long distance call:

"Hello, operator. This is Randolph Hearst at 933-1011. I want to call Las Vegas, area code 718, 246-8012."

"Thank you, sir."

"Oh, and operator, would you please call me back at the conclusion of this call and tell me how much it cost."

No, I'm not kidding. And please include the tax in that amount. . . No, Ma'am I'm not trying to be smart. . . Please, operator, don't cut me off. You see, we have this Requisition System."

I've lived with this nonsense all year, and I've been respectful of my elders and kept my mouth shut. But yesterday brought the crowning blow. The aforesaid Tom Clark walked into my office and said, "Fred, would you try to find your old plane ticket from the Philadelphia trip? The Activities Fund office doesn't believe we spent \$33 for the roundtrip."

Holy dollar sign! That doesn't irritate me too much. I have never been known to lie, cheat, steal or embezzle. I have never been the defendant in an Honor Council trial, although I have appeared as a character witness twice, both of which times the person in who behalf I appeared was acquitted.

And Eastern has never been famous for its abundance of weekend flights from D. C. to Raleigh - Durham so I don't understand why it should be hard to believe that Tom and I were unable to get tourist reservations for the return trip and had to pay first-class fare.

The Associated Collegiate Press Conference was held more than a month ago. I don't even remember the name of the girl I tried to get up to my hotel room, and I certainly don't recall what I did with an old Eastern Airlines ticket stub.

But I will look for it; I will find it; and I will bring it in. Oh, and while I'm at it, Activities Fund office, I will bring in another ticket stub.

You see, Tom and I missed the Eastern flight out of Raleigh-Durham and had to pay \$1.21 out of our pockets to get the reservations transferred to United. How 'bout a refund? — Fred Thomas.

**The Daily Tar Heel**

74 Years of Editorial Freedom

Fred Thomas, Editor

Tom Clark, Business Manager

Scott Goodfellow, Managing Ed.

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### Big GOP Gains

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: Since I am an alumnus of the class of '65, though momentarily self-exiled by my former NROTC affiliations to (among many other places equally remote) a fishing village 11,000 miles from "the Southern part of Heaven," my thoughts are quite often with the students and residents of Chapel Hill and the citizens of North Carolina.

As one who played a minor role in Carolina politics as a student, it was with avid interest that I listened to the first election return over Armed Forces Radio while in the Philippines a week ago, and burned with impatience as we crossed the nws - empty South China Sea to the western coast of South Vietnam to discover the final results of our U. S. and North Carolina Congressional and gubernatorial elections.

As a staunch Republican of pronounced reactionary tendencies, my joy in the election returns will be readily understood. Though I was heartened by the election returns across the nation, with the victories of such fine Republicans as Charles Percy of Illinois, Ronald Reagan of California, and George Romney of Michigan (and with great glee — Bob Griffin's Senate victory over Soapy Williams), I was particularly delighted to learn of the GOP's success in the South, a success not based on the outmoded appeals of racism and welfarism, but on the appeals to a new and vibrant Southland, appeals for vigorous progress to meet the challenges of the future, yet not appeals based on the demagoguery of instant prosperity, instant peace, and instant equality, (all of course at no cost) proffered by the exponents of the Great Society.

Despite the setbacks of 1964,

### John Greenbacker

## Dirty Old Men Show Contempt For Women

This column is addressed solely to the dirty old men of the student body. If you're a woman, don't bother to go any further, because you wouldn't understand. Your confusion, undoubtedly, would be further compounded by rage generated from the intemperate language herein, and you would feel compelled to plague yours truly with about five dozen snivelling letters to the editor.

If you're a broad, forget it. The last of the nasty old men of the DTH sought solace a couple weeks ago in the dingy, cramped quarters of Carolina's lecher in residence, the dirty old man from Darien.

Both were sartorially resplendent in soiled underwear, and went about the preliminary ceremonies of scratching their bellies and moaning about how they were going bald.

The real meat on the agenda was women (Damn them, damn them a thousand times.) They don't give a damn about anything but number one," the lecher growled, and likened them all to female dogs.

His tirade was endless and satanic joy to listen to: "Show me a woman and I'll show you the biggest user in the world. Look at 'em on this campus. They won't look twice at a guy unless they think he can make enough money to keep one of 'em on her rear end for the rest of her life."

Because he was from the North, the lecher especially couldn't stand the average Southern woman. You guys from New York and Jersey and Connecticut know them: the kind who laughs at your accent openly without knowing how stupid - sounding hers is.

How many times have you wanted to smack one right in the face, get her to scream, pinch her half to death with the woefully idealistic hope that she will say something of consequence besides, "Hey, so good to see y'all?"

"Most of the women around here think they're God's gift to the world," the lecher lamented. "I had to go all the way up to Sweetbriar to find a girl sharp enough and natural enough to laugh if I made a dirty pun."

"Around here the women wouldn't catch on, or else they'd give you the fish-eye." The lecher waxed scientific

and turned to his fast store of natural observations. "Have you ever noticed how women never have really close friends like men do. If a girl gets friendly with another one, they end up being roommates and instantly start to hate each other. That's because they're in competition."

"How many women you know would literally cut off their right arm for a friend," he asked rhetorically. "Not a damned one."

"They're incapable of close affection, except maybe for their kids," he said. "Give a woman a baby, and then she thinks about something other than herself for once."

"Most good-looking women haven't a chance in a thousand to be beautiful until after they get to be 30," he concluded. "That's the time when they've seen a little of life, if they ever have at all."

His companion continued to nod in agreement, knowing they had both nearly reached full circle in their evolution. They remembered the time when they were kids and ran after the female of the species like starving dogs after liver. Now they didn't give a damn for that.

They were really dirty old men.

They groaned with the ages at the sight of Ann-Margaret on the movie poster, turned their head in disgust at the visage of the jaded beauty queen and felt the tired contempt for the well-turned posterior on the dance floor.

They knew the women for what they were, and their pride, nurtured from a sea of past humiliation and regret, swelled magnificently to maintain their dignity.

Now, when they went to touch the goodies their desire was only to molest. It welled from the festering animosity of their gnarled souls.

Their hearts purified a nd warmed by hellfire and damnation, the unholy pair parted with a favorite oath: They dreamed of the day they would renounce it all and become celibate priests in a Benedictine monastery, doing nothing but making high class booze and getting smashed every night.

The last of the nasty old men padded back down the hall. At least for a while the weight of the ages would be stripped away with a nice hot shower, a change of clothes, and the feel of clean sheets against the too, too unwilling flesh.

gina — two representatives; and of course, our own North Carolina, where Jim Gardner beat Harold Cooley handily in a Congressional race he should have won two years ago.

Only in Alabama did the GOP lose House seats, but even there three Republican representatives held on to their seats in the face of an otherwise overwhelming Wallace sweep of the segregationist vote.

In the 16 states which can be considered Southern, (11 from the old Confederacy with Oklahoma, Missouri, Maryland, Kentucky, and West Virginia thrown in), the GOP now has 34 House seats as opposed to 20 before the 1966 election, 5 Senate seats against 4, and 4 to 5 governorships (depending on Georgia) against 1 prior to the elections.

When we consider these startling gains against the voting trends in Southern states in previous years, with their steadily mounting GOP vote totals, the conclusion is inescapable — the New South is fast becoming a Republican South, and 1966, with its highly significant results, may well be considered a watershed in Southern — and national — party politics.

Ens. Charles B. Neely, Jr. U.S.N.R. An Thoi, Viet Nam

### Canadian Thanks

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: The Canadian members of the Toronto Exchange enjoyed a highly successful weekend at U.N.C., and we want to thank our Tarheel counterparts deeply.

Particularly, we congratulate the co-chairman, Sharon Rose and John Hamilton, for the stimulating, challenging, and constantly entertaining program they presented. In four short days we were exposed to many facets of U.N.C. life—from serious seminars to exciting college football—and we have come away enthusiastic, satisfied and anxious for our reunion in January.

Our praise and thanks also extend to your entire campus, staff and students alike, who consistently went out of their way to welcome and talk with us.

To many Canadians, "Southern Hospitality" is a myth, but to your Canadian guests of last weekend, it is a reality, and one which will never be forgotten as a symbol of friendship between our two universities.

Jane Watson Perry Armat University of Toronto

### Selling Carolina

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: In reference to comments made concerning the work of the State Affairs Committee in the November 19 article "Legislature Kills Radio Programs," it is not the task of the committee to "appease the state," but rather to attempt to bridge the gap in communication which exists between

the people of N. C. and the University at Chapel Hill.

Because we are a state-supported university, we feel we owe it to the citizens of the state to let them know what goes on at Carolina rather than allow the image of UNC to be negatively slanted by some of our more vocal elements in North Carolina.

It is true that one can see the "merits" and influences of UNC if he will just look around him — but many of our citizens are not going to do this on their own. The "merits" of anything are obvious to those who are concerned enough to look for them, but many people in North Carolina are not this concerned—and won't think about Chapel Hill until a speaker ban or a Michael Paul fronts them in the headlines.

Perhaps the administration should do part of the work the Committee has undertaken. But we as students should not shirk the responsibility that is first our own. The educational experience at Chapel Hill—in the broadest sense—is what we are trying to sell to the people of North Carolina.

No one knows any better than the student what this is and what it can and should be—but won't be—unless we cross the barrier of indifference on one side and misunderstanding on the other—the barrier which limits us as students, the University as a progressive force in the South, and the people of North Carolina whom it serves. Alienation means restraint — not freedom.

Martha Rainey Member, State Affairs Committee

### Hypocrite Reformers

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: Without discussing the merits of the recent torrent of criticism heaped on the K. A.'s, I think it's interesting to note that those who seemingly abhor the use of such terms as "nigger" so readily resort to the use of a term as "grit."

If you continue to reserve your liberalism and objectivity for those with whom you agree, you may as well be forced to turn in your junior social critic and reformer's badge, the consequences of which I'm sure need no elaboration.

If your only resort is a lengthy and nauseous analogy between yourselves and Socrates (possibly you would prefer a more widely followed figure), I suggest you save the time because I'm well aware that but for the difference in time and dress (giving you as a group the benefit of a doubt) your roles and importance in society are one and the same.

I'll content myself with saying this much in hopes that you lizards whom the shoe fits will exercise similar restraint.

With all due regards to the work you're doing to civilize the K. A.'s in particular and the South in general.

Ed Hedrick

### Poor Spirit

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: On Duke weekend I witnessed perhaps the poorest display of school spirit that I have ever seen. The scene was the Sigma Chi fraternity house and the time was Saturday morning of the Duke game.

As I passed by their house I saw a large white sheet with "Jim Hickey is Dead" printed on it. I will be the first to agree that everyone is entitled to their opinion, no matter how ignorant they may be, but it seems to me that on a day when so much spirit is needed all the way around, a sign like that can do very little good and a great deal of harm.

To the Sigma Chi house all I can say is that it is sad that they are so ignorant and so lacking in school spirit that they show it to the world.

But I would like to add here that they did prove one outstanding point. That the student body is not now and never was behind a very capable coach who could have given them a great football tradition.

Contrary to the popular belief around this area among the uninformed, Coach Hickey is not a loser. At least he did not have a losing record before he came to UNC. At a high school and a small college in Virginia he had an outstanding record as a head coach. Thus to say he is not capable of producing winning material is completely erroneous.

In 1959, Coach Hickey had to take over in the shadow of a man who was highly respected and was a great coach. This in itself is no easy task but he did it and he gave it everything that he had. But the U.N.C. supporters did not give him everything they had. Instead they sat back on their haunches and waited to see what he could do before they would lend their support.

Everyone in the area is ready to support a winner and ride the bandwagon but few people will support a possible winner. They would rather rather wait and see if he wins before they join in with their support.

To think that the player's psychological aspect of playing is not affected by students, alumni, and other people making statements to the effect that their coach is not a good one, is completely off base. It does affect the player's and the coaches both.

It is sad. It is very sad because the UNC students might have been able to say they have a great coach, just as the students at Notre Dame, Michigan State, Ga. Tech, and other schools can say, but they did not want to support anything that they were unsure of. It is sad because a truly fine man, and in my opinion a very good coach is leaving.

So to the Sigma Chi house I repeat: Your arrogant ignorance is outstanding, to the student body; when we obtain a new coach, I hope this time you will turn out and support him along with the rest of the football team before he ever walks on a football field.

John Watts

**'Don't Worry, Boy. With This Year's Gate Receipts We Can Buy You The Best Doctors In The State.'**