

In Our Opinion...

Housing Changes Old Issue Weak Start For Campaign

Spring elections for Student Government officers are still some four months away, but the campaign wheels are beginning to turn.

The recent UP move and SP counter move concerning housing changes offer a good opportunity to look at some of each party's hopefuls for the spring.

The man that started it all was Tom Manley, a former SP candidate for class treasurer who converted to the UP and has served as a legislator from that party. When he keynoted the University Party nominating convention in October, it was apparent that something was in the wind. It is widely rumored that Bill Purdy, a shoo-in for the UP presidential endorsement, has hand-picked Manley as his running mate. This is not to say that there are not other hopefuls and strong contenders for that number-two nomination.

But, at any rate, Manley made his move. And he didn't pick the best possible situation to create an image of himself as the protector of student interests. It has long been a known and regretted fact that the University can no longer build adequate housing for women students — and now not even for men — under the state's \$3,000 per occupant limitation. In order to accept more women students, it has been necessary to convert already-existing men's residence halls into women's facilities and build new ones for the men. (Point of information, men's residence halls can be constructed much more cheaply than women's.)

The separation of men and women to the north and south ends of campus was a campaign issue last year. Student Government has consulted the administration, and the two are trying to find a solution to the problem. President Friday, Chancellor Sitterson and other administrators have spent months in organizing a plea to the state legislature to raise the \$3,000 per occupant ceiling on residence hall construction. It was announced a month ago that members of the State Affairs Committee plan to visit every state legislator in his home over semester break to explain the students' interest in this matter.

But for some reason, Manley decided these efforts were insufficient, and he set out to show everybody that the men of Wolfe College are upset and want something done. He and Purdy

have set up an appointment with Rcp. David Britt to solve all the problems.

As we see it, this move can be nothing more than one designed for pre-campaign publicity to arouse a following. Purdy's part in the show — since he is not a resident of the afflicted college and has not been authorized to speak in behalf of the student body — can be only the part of a candidate.

On the Student Party half of the field, this was the first public move on the part of Bob Travis to take over the position to which he is an assistant this year. His recent election as chairman of the SP won't hurt his chances of getting the party nod for president in March.

That he, in the absence of Student Body President Bob Powell and Presidential Assistant Eric Van Loon, should formulate a statement explaining and defending the Powell administration's stand in the housing change squabble was no more than routine.

But, after he explained what had happened, he went on to say, "I would like to take this opportunity, however, to express both Bob Powell's and my personal regret that a variety of rash statements and irrational conclusions about the motivations of the (university) administration have been voiced by students representatives to the press."

To the best of our recollection, this is the first official "personal" statement Travis has made.

We are not condemning the individuals in this disagreement for speaking out. Certainly a more valid public issue — one in which statements to the press might have been effective — would have been preferable for use as a campaign springboard. And we hope no student has gotten the idea that he might be kicked out of his room at a moment's notice, or that no one one knows or cares about the housing situation.

But it's good to see the campaign wheels begin to turn. The first move was made by Manley. It was not a very good move. Travis counter moved and came out looking a bit better than his foe, and would have been even more dazzling had Purdy not smoothed over some of his partner's statements. Election day is some four months away. There will be many more moves, many more small victories and finally one big victory.

In the mean time, it will be interesting to watch for new faces in the potential candidates gallery.



In Letters

Frat Man's Defense

Leave Us Alone

Editor, the Daily Tar Heel:

Lately it seems that the only things people on this campus can write about is the K.A.'s float in the Beat Dook parade, the Sigma Chi's poor spirit, "runny grits," and the campus enigma of the fraternities.

This is a constant criticism which seems to flow freely from the pens of our fellow students, and usually they deal with the shame for all of the Southern attitude which is displayed by so many of the ignorant Southern students on this campus.

So far as Herman Mixon, and his runny grits, Phillip Clay and his clear insult, John Wetts and his poor spirit story about the Sigma Chi's sign and the rest of the hogwash stories I so happily get to gaze over in the pages of the DTH each day, is getting real old to a lot of people on this campus.

It seems to me that if they resent so much of what goes on down here that they could find themselves another nice place and get the hell out of here, and maybe they could find more sympathy for their constant bitches, and leave the poor, ignorant Southerners alone to shrink into the depths of human scorn all by themselves.

I doubt that I would fit into their ideal society at all, but I also doubt that they would fit to damned well into mine either.

The Jim Hickey is dead sign displayed a truth that was known to everybody, the sweet little black boys used in the parade added a little flavor (and not so much one of discrimination), and the so-called black mark of the fraternities on this University seem to exist only in the minds of those poor fellows that didn't quite make it and still can't believe that there could be some decent people living in those old colonial houses which harbor so much discrimination and hatred towards their fellow man.

Although this feeling seems to virtually disappear on a Saturday night when, by groves, they migrate to the fraternity parties to often completely overrun the house enjoying themselves only to later return to the sanctity of their dorms and write about the terrible way that we act, the shame of our parties, and the black mark that we make on this campus.

Anyway, as long as Harry's, the Balan Lounge, the library bath room, and the good old DTH are still around, I guess they will find time to occupy themselves until their activation papers from CORE, or the S.D.S., or the Student Peace Union are returned to again return them to a normal and worthwhile life in this together society that we all live in together in complete and unblemished brotherhood.

Sam West

More power to you, D.O.M.'s of the student body. If you persist in your splendid and sincere avant-garde attitudes, you may manage to convert some of the vast number of Clean Young Men on campus to your mature point of view. And if enough of them convert, I guarantee you a startling and rapid change in the attitudes of campus womanhood... at least, I hope so.

Mrs. Larry H. McReed

Banker

Banks On Ex-Con

(Editor's note — This interesting little tale appeared in the November edition of The Mentor, a newspaper published and written by prisoners of the Massachusetts Correctional Institution in Walpole, Mass. The first edition was the subject of a recent editorial column in the DTH by the Associate Editor.)

Willie Sutton, formerly a bank robber and currently an inmate (serving a 30-year life sentence) at the Attica, New York, prison, was recently offered a job—as a bank guard—by the president of a New York bank.

In his letter, the bank president remarked that his institution has been robbed four times in the past twenty years and \$175,000 in depositors' money has been stolen. (Sutton pleads not guilty on all counts.)

"It has occurred to us," the president wrote, "that your long experience in the field of bank robbery qualifies you to try the other side of the coin—guarding a bank."

"We don't know what your future plans may be, but should you be in need of a secure position once you are released from prison, please contact us. We have a good, well-paying job guarding our bank, and the job is waiting for you."

According to Willie — who bases his feeling on information supplied by the New York correctional system — the job will have to wait quite a while. Sutton, who was convicted of a 1950 jewel robbery, will not be eligible for parole until 1982.

"You are most kind," Sutton replied, "to make me this offer — the first time in my life anyone ever suggested I really belonged in a bank."

"However, I feel it is only fair to tell you I will be 81 years of age at the earliest time I might be paroled and six other states want me on various other charges. So, you will understand why I must decline at this time."

"Should my situation improve somehow (and should your bank still be in business and in need of a retired bank robber as a guard) I'll contact you sometime about twenty years from now."

"Cordially,
"Willie Sutton."

Dirty Men Blessed

Editor, the Daily Tar Heel:

Ah, but I agree with those Dirty Old Men and I like them, even if I am a woman... perhaps because I'm over 30. But may I add a postscript to their tirade?

Back in my day (on a Northern campus, granted, but situations are essentially the same), the real problem was a lack of dirty old men. There was a surprising number of girls who not only laughed at jokes on rarified wave lengths but dared to make a few themselves.

They never laughed at an accent, simply because it's not polite. They couldn't care less how much money a man might make, as long as he had a sense of humor and the milk of human kindness in his soul.

But do you know what? These wretched women were inevitably pushed out of the running by the fish-eyed gigglers — until, at last, they seized their diplomas and rushed out into the working world where, happily, there seem to be ample numbers of appreciative dirty old men.

Cops

Slap me down ring-a-round.
Pointless order, a threat.
A pin through cloth.
Take the slum dissent out on him, her or me.
Beat that head with your billie stick, Prick.
Clobber, clobber, clobber!
Ah, you balloon man, without a mustache
To show you, too, are of a different kind.

Carried away with rationalized importance:
Why, Mr. Mayor, do you think there lurks,
In the streets,
A man who can beat defeat
By nudging the elite,
And taking his pay
from a man who wouldn't say
Boo!
Who?
You?
No?
Take a look around...

—Peter Harris

DTH Awards Of The Week

Lizard of the Week: Any advisor who won't allow his pre-registering students to take five crisp courses.

Enthusiastic Coach of the Week: To the Clemson freshman basketball coach who, at Thursday night's game, sat completely unmoving, staring into space through 40 minutes of basketball. And who, when the game was over, stalked off toward the dressing room, trying, almost successfully, to dodge a handshake by Larry Brown.

Mother Superior of the Week: To Associate Justice Suzie Sharp, who wrote the ruling that "brown bagging" is, indeed, illegal. So what else is new?

Most Quotable Quote of the Week: To Laurel Shackelford and Karen Burroughs who, writing in a DTH series on the Carolina Battle of the Sexes, said, "And girls must be willing to give a little if you expect to get dates."

Letter to the Editor Writer of the Week: Someone in Chapel Hill who believes in the old adage that "One picture is worth a thousand words." We received a sheet of 8-1/2 x 11 white paper with the typed words, "To: DTH Re: TCC." Below was drawn the back side of a left hand on which all fingers except that one between the index and ring fingers were tucked tightly into the palm of the hand.

This middle finger was extended rigidly into the air. Because we did not understand the meaning of this picture, we are not publishing it. If anyone in the reading audience can explain such a sign, please contact us.

Liquor Law Violator of the Week: George Shultz, owner of a Detroit bar, who was locked in the rest-room of his establishment for several hours yesterday while thugs cleaned the pocketbooks of incoming patrons. The bandits

had the kindness of heart to pass liquor and potato chips under the door from time to time for Shultz and the customers who were locked in with him. One of those confined told police, "The kept putting whisky and beer under the door. We all drank because it was all we had to do in there." Police are seeking the men who took some \$1,200 from the customers. They are also questioning Shultz because he violated regulations in drinking in his own bar.

Prosaic Protestor of the Week: Tom Manley who, in complaining about the transfer of men students from Wolfe Residence College to South Campus, referred to the students being "summarily ejected", said the "herding around" of students was "unfathomable" and called the administration's actions "pre-Victorian, ill-advised, wrong, greatly insulting and sadly characteristic of the antiquated type of decisions to which we have become accustomed."

Spread of the Week: To the UNC basketball team which dominated a full-page article on the ACC in this week's Sports Illustrated.

The Daily Tar Heel

74 Years of Editorial Freedom

Fred Thomas, Editor

Tom Clark, Business Manager
Scott Goodfellow, Managing Ed.

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