

# The Daily Tar Heel

76 Years of Editorial Freedom

Bill Amlong, Editor

Don Walton, Business Manager

Pamela Hawkins, Associate Editor

Wayne Hurder, Managing Editor

Rebel Good, News Editor

Kermit Buckner, Advertising Manager



## Coed Court Proposal: It's A Good Beginning

There are a lot of things wrong with the student judiciary. It needs, in fact, a top-to-bottom revamping. And it needs it soon.

Still, however, we are very disappointed at the Administration's reaction Thursday to a proposal that a single, coed honor court be created for trying all offenses of the Honor Code.

The deans said it would be better to wait for a while, and then to totally revamp the court system—including measures such as the restructuring of the Men's Residence Court and the creation of a Women's Residence Court.

While we would be the last to disagree that the entire student judiciary needs a total reform, we strongly oppose the deans' opinions that any changes must wait until all changes can be made.

**THE POINT** is, very simply, that you have to start somewhere.

And Attorney General Randy Myer & Co. have started that somewhere with a proposal to draw upon both the existing honor councils to staff a coed out to try solely honor cases.

While it would certainly be nice to have the entire judicial system reformed right now, it is impractical to think of its happening that way.

Therefore, students are left with two choices:

**TO BEGIN** as soon as possible doing what can be done to reform as much of the judiciary as possible, specifically the creation of a coed honor court which could be accomplished feasibly this academic year, or

**TO WAIT** around—perhaps long enough for Silent Sam to sprout whiskers—until a total court restructuring can be accomplished.

Ideally, there would be a way to effect a speedy and total reform of the judicial system but the question at hand is one of realities and not of ideals. And in reality, a complete change in the judicial system is not something which will arrive, neatly packaged, with the morning sunrise.

**INSTEAD**, A thorough reform of the judiciary will probably not be accomplished during the undergraduate years of even this year's freshmen. After all, judicial reform has been talked about in student Government-Administration circles here since the time that Bob Travis was knee-high to a freshman class president; and still, there's been no major change.

The solution that Myer and his associates in the judiciary propose, however, would get things started

## Anti-Prowler Tactics Simply Aren't Enough

The Administration Thursday—in what was to date its most impassioned fit of concern for coed safety—decided that something should be done about the prowlers who have been plaguing women's dorms lately.

So, it said that it will: **CLIP THE** hedges outside the dorms, so prowlers won't have as densely-foliaged a hiding place as they do now.

**INSTALL MORE** lights around the dorms.

**STRENGTHEN THE** window screens, and tell the maids to check them every day to make sure they're shut.

**HIRE TWO** more campus cops.

Perhaps we should begin gushing all over ourselves with gratitude that they've finally decided to do this much—which should have been done a long time ago, anyway.

Pardon us, however, if we don't gush.

For it seems that the measures the University has decided to take just aren't drastic enough to suit the situation.

Granted, it will be a little harder for the neighborhood pervert to hide outside the dorm without the bushes—but not that much harder, since there are always plenty of cars to crouch in and behind in the parking lots.

And the strengthened screens will make it somewhat more difficult for him to crawl in through the window, perhaps. But what about the doors.

And the two more campus cops? Perhaps they'll prove to be the most valuable addition to the security picture, but even their usefulness will be limited by the fact that there is still an awful lot of ground to be covered by the patrols, and that they will still be spread too thinly to be of that much help.

So, what's the new situation going to be? Simply that it's going to be a little harder to be a successful pervert-prowler at Carolina—though still nowhere close to impossible.

For once a prowler does manage to evade the two new cops, to cut through the tough new screens or to walk through an unlocked door—he will still wind up inside a girls dorm that has nobody inside it except relatively defenseless coeds, most of whom are sleeping.

So what could be done to prevent this? Hiring night watchmen for the dorms could help—although this was never mentioned by the Administration Thursday.

Why? It costs too much money. The Administration is very choosy about how it spends money.

### Letters To The Editor

# Grahammemoriala Tale Revisited

To The Editor:

Once upon a time during the reign of King Robert the Travisite, a group of nobles sought to take over the reigns of power from the throne. In fact there were several factions which fought for the right to succeed the peaceful and harmonious rule of the revered Travisite, who himself had succeeded the more militant and less peaceful King Robert the Powellite.

The forerunner in the plot to overthrow his royal majesty was the ambitious Earl of Dietz, better known as the Syracuse Slicker because he had once lived in Rockefeller Land. The ambitious Earl had served as Prince under the ruling King and he always viewed himself as

the "Heir Apparent," etc. etc. His circle of advisors and comrades in battle included: the High-Point Hippie, the Duke of Kiel (who himself limped slightly from an unsuccessful duel with King Robert the Travisite); Lady Gwendolyn of High Tower, a cross between Barbara Fritchie and Joanne of Arc; the Sheriff of Morrison, from Parker-on-the-Hudson; and Sir William the Liberalite, Grahammemoriala's town crier.

This group took them measures for the royal robes (which they were forced to decrease) and head measures for the jeweled crown (which they were forced to increase from time to time). Furthermore, they devised a Kingdom Renewal Project to obtain the support of the peasants. In this plan they promised

a set of gilded carriages to transport the peasants to and fro; they pledged to pave the streets with gold and they promised guerilla warfare against the hated tyrannical enemy of Grahammemoriala—the Bastille de South Building!

The second group to appear was a small faction led by Sir George the Krichbaumite. His circle of advisers included the noble Thomas a Benton, noted Parliamentarian; Sir Robert the Farisite; the Lady Ann of Lashley, scribe for Grahammemoriala. Their plan was to continue the peaceful and harmonious rule of Sir Robert the Travisite. There was heavy emphasis to negotiate (without capitulating) with the major foreign powers—the Bastille de South

Building and the Tarheelian Parliament—where Grahammemoriala sorely needed resourceful diplomats.

When these two forces met in battle, the noble Krichbaumites were ambushed by a deluge of peasants with stary-eyed visions of gilded carriages and streets paved with gold. Hence, the "Heir Apparent" (as everyone called him at this stage) appeared to be fulfilling the prophecy of the Oracle of Grant's Tomb, which predicted that a third generation descendent of Ulysses of Grant would come to power unless a new day approached.

Much to the surprise of the Dietzites, a new day did indeed appear in the personage of Young Kenneth of Day, a respected leader and Chief Lord of the King's Court. He promised to joust with the Earl of Dietz in late March. The winner of the tournament would become King of Grahammemoriala.

Needless to say the excitement prior to the tournament was terribly tense. Sir William the Liberalite made great effort to inform all the people that his choice was the ambitious Earl of Dietz and for good measure he belloved continuously of Sir George's defeat. The Liberalite went so far as to portray the ambitious Earl as an underdog with little chance of success. In style highly reminiscent of Mark Twain, the Prince was turned to a Pauper.

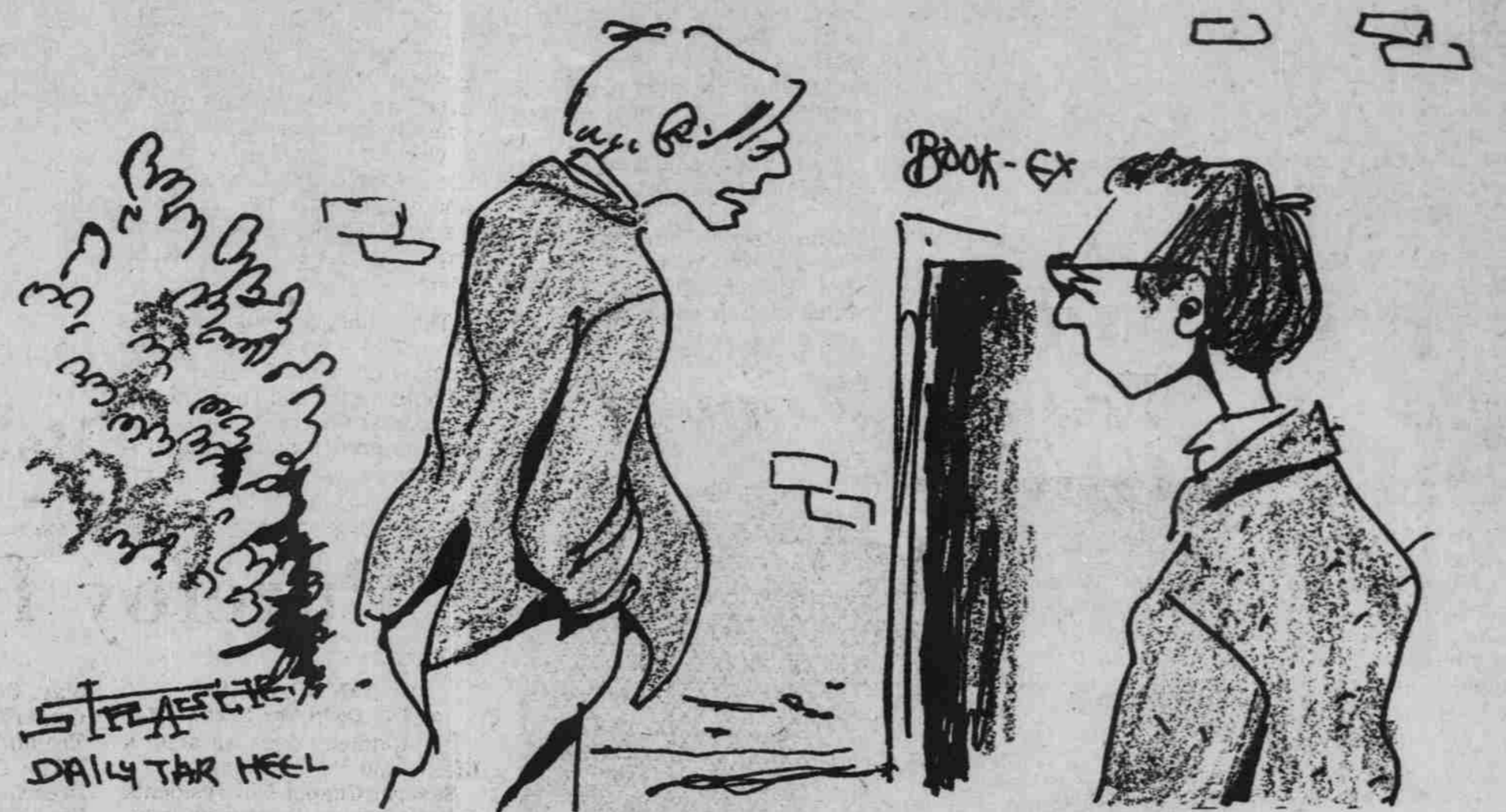
Through the annals of history, the conclusion of this tale has been lost. But according to legend, the Earl of Dietz defeated the challenge of Young Kenneth of Day. Thus he was crowned King John of Dietz.

Thereafter guerilla warfare broke out on several fronts. The streets of gold were never paved. The gilded carriages turned out to be mere pumpkins. The Bastille de South Building and the Tarheelian Parliament refused to recognize the pretender to the throne. In short, the rule of King John of Dietz proved to be a disastrous failure for Grahammemoriala and the citizenry to that noble kingdom were forced to wait for a brighter day.

Moral of the Story: He who promises to pave your streets in gold either has unsavory connections with Fort Knox or he's never heard of asphalt.

Michael L. Pleasants  
117 Lewis

Have a History mid-term tomorrow...  
Thought I'd go buy the text...



### Letters To The Editor

## The Night Of The Pervert

'Twas the night before Tuesday,  
And all through the dorm,  
Not a creature was stirring  
In the wee hours of morn.  
The stockings were hung  
In the bathroom with care,  
In hopes that they'd soon  
Be ready to wear.

The coeds were nestled  
All snug in their beds  
While visions of Saturday night  
Danced in their heads.  
While some girls in curlers,  
And some girls in their caps  
Had just settled down  
For a four-hour nap.  
When out in the hall  
There arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed  
To see what was the matter.

Away from my bed I flew like a flash,  
Tore away the covers and ran in a dash.  
Tension and excitement from the new-  
fallen event  
Filled me with terror wherever I went.  
When what to my wondering  
eyes should appear  
But a dirty old man who  
filled me with fear—  
With a mask on his face and  
a smile so sour,  
I knew in a moment it  
must be The Prowler!  
More rapid than eagles he left  
as he came,  
And I whistled and shouted  
and called friends by name:  
To the top of the stairs!  
To the end of the hall!  
Now dash away, dash away,  
dash away all!

As dry leaves that before  
the hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an  
obstacle, mount to the sky.  
So out of their rooms the coeds  
they flew,  
To see if this happening  
could really be true!  
Sure enough the counselor was  
saying, without a doubt,  
"Lock yourselves in your rooms,  
and don't ever come out!"  
So that's how it stands in  
all women's dorms—  
We're forced to come in to  
be safe and be warm.  
But how safe is a hall with a  
pervert around?  
No safer than a street  
where crime does abound!  
Then why aren't we coeds protected  
just right?  
So truthfully we can say,  
"And to all a good night!"  
The Girls of  
Third Floor West Cobb

**Absurd Reviews**  
To The Editor:  
Sir, during the past week, I have read two absurd reviews in your paper. Perhaps this is a record of sorts.

The first concerned the film, THE GRADUATE, and the second concerned the recent recording by the PEARLS BEFORE SWINE. I admit to a more than detached interest in the latter article (as I frequently represent the interests of ESP-DISK' in this area) but, this does not excuse your writer's lack of competence.

If you must present critical reviews of artistic events — and, of course, you must — please try to have them written by people who have some competence, even minimal, in the concerned

areas. It is obvious to me that your man who wrote on THE GRADUATE (and I have no "Vested interest" in that project) knows nothing about the film medium and that your record reviewer has an equally undistinguished fund of knowledge.

The lackluster quality of your reviews, I might add, is matched only by that of your editorials. However, one must remember that consistency is not necessarily a virtue.

Myles Eric Ludwig  
Windsor Place

### What The Heck

## Spring: The Cow Pasture Season

By LOU HECKLER

**MIND YOUR MANURES DEPARTMENT** — Ah, 'tis a most Springtime again. Spring: the time for those weekday respites in the arb; the time for baseball watching from the Ehringhaus balconies; the time for the blossoming magnolias to take over on campus. But spring is also a time for that wonderful game played on campus called Fertilize the Shrubbery. Yes, gang, it's that game we all love to play. You know how it works: tons and tons of that smelly stuff is placed under every bush and tree to sicken you on Saturday morning as you awaken from your Friday night at the Shack.

The joy of walking across Polk Place in the spring is only topped by imagining that you somehow stumbled into a cow pasture. It's the campus gardeners' way of saying thanks. Surely there is a better way. Right now it's nothing but the trowel and error method.

**GUESS WHO CAME TO CAMPUS DEPARTMENT**—The recent visit to our fair campus by a committee of the University trustees didn't really prove a whole lot. As Jim Shumaker pointed out in the Chapel Hill Weekly last Sunday, one sometimes wonders if they actually help or hinder the school.

They stayed in dorms to observe conditions firsthand. Unfortunately, none of them woke up with an unwanted visitor sleeping beside them. They also criticized the state's press for concerning itself too much with sensationalism and not enough with the favorable aspects of the community. Granted, everything here is not rosy; nor is it like that anywhere in the world. It seems that the trustees could look, themselves, at some favorable

aspects, instead of criticizing others for pulling the same trick. Why do they do it? Their answer will be the same as the one you'd get if you asked someone over at Hill Hall if it is difficult to string a violin. It takes guts.

**CARRY ME BACK TO OL' INFIRMARY DEPARTMENT**—An ever-present issue in the campus elections each year is the question of that long walk from south campus to the main quad. Some proposal centering around shuttle busses is always made, but as yet, nothing has come of it.

But, have you been over by the hospital complex lately? The expansion over there is phenomenal. Buildings are going up all over the place, making the student infirmary harder and harder to get to. It seems reasonable that in the near future, a campus issue will be drawn up to get busses to take you over there to get some pills. Anyone walking will probably never find the place. Let's face it. It's hard enough as is to get to the infirmary. Once you get there, the going's still rougher, unless you just want an aspirin tablet or tape. It makes a student feel somewhat like a pig. You have to be killed before you get cured.

**OUT, OUT, DAMNED SPOT DEPARTMENT**—Modern science has given us a multitudinous quantity of potions for getting rid of just about every kind of spot or pest. With these advances a matter of fact, it's amazing that no one has yet found how to keep campus politics out of your dorm room in the spring. You know the bit: just after having a wonderful meal at Chase or Lenoir, you settle back to do some hard cramming for those two quizzes the next day. A rap at the door interrupts you. You open it. In walks a three-

piece suit with something or other poured into it and asks you what you think we can do about the parking situation for out-of-state students who live off campus, are unmarried, and have a last name beginning with an "X."

I may have the answer. Look at the plastic cover the phone company sent out to protect their precious books. There, that's the one. 942-4730. The College Pest Control.

**SCALPEL, SUTURES DEPARTMENT**—At best, the problem of transplanting a human heart is a risky, if not morally questionable thing. We're going through the initial stages of this phenomenon right now, but with each day that Dr. Philip Blaiberg lives in South Africa, it seems apparent that more of the same will come.

If a heart can be transplanted, the process will soon be adapted to all the other vital organs of the body. As the practice becomes more and more common, it's not too unlikely that some day we'll see advertising in the newspaper from people vying for your heart.

The day has already come, in a way. The Fort Myers, Florida, News-Press printed an ad a week or so back that went like this: "Heart Transplants Available—Try the Master Physician—Broadway Church of God."

**MOVIN' ON DEPARTMENT**—This is a basically conservative state. We are basically a liberal campus. Let's make every effort to show the state the way into the future and away from the past. As the late great North Carolinian Carl Sandburg once wrote: "I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes."

I might add that those who cling too strenuously to it will make ashes of themselves. But, what the heck.

The Daily Tar Heel is published by the University of North Carolina Student Publications Board, daily except Mondays, examinations periods and vacations. Offices are on the second floor of Graham Memorial. Telephone numbers: editorial, sports, news — 933-1011; business, circulation, advertising — 933-1163. Address: Box 1080, Chapel Hill, N. C., 27514. Second class postage paid at U.S. Post Office in Chapel Hill, N. C. Subscription rates: \$9 per year; \$5 per semester.