

The Daily Tar Heel

77 Years of Editorial Freedom



Todd Cohen
Editor

Tom Gooding Managing Editor
Laura White News Editor
Bobby Nowell Associate Editor
Mary Burch Arts Editor
Art Chansky Sports Editor

Bob Wilson Business Manager
Frank Stewart Advertising Manager

Peter Hatch Night Editor this issue

Bobby Nowell

Take Arms Against The 'Closed-Out' Course!

Simon says: Will everyone who was closed out of a course this semester please raise one hand?

Next, Simon says will those who were closed out of two or more courses raise both hands?

All right, Simon says retrieve your copy of the TAR HEEL from the floor and see if you can dig this:

Playing the Drop-Add Game at the beginning of every semester is every bit as infantile as playing Simon says!

The format of the Drop-Add Game is essentially similar to the rules of Simon Says. However, the part of Simon is invariably performed by an uncooperative administration ogre named Raul who sits astride South Building with a shirt pocket full of precious class tickets. The number of other players in Simon Says—all students—may number into the thousands. The more the merrier.

The glee of this administrative ogre is almost maniacal as he watches the student participants do his ridiculous bidding in an effort to secure one of his class tickets. He knows that he can ask anything of the students, because they cannot get the courses they want if they fail to carry out his commands.

I have already tired of this mock-serious approach to a problem of the utmost gravity. The above fantasy—while not entirely an oversimplification—is merely intended to show how ludicrous the whole concept of drop-add really is!

MAJOR PREMISE: THERE IS NO EXCUSE FOR DROP-ADD.

IF A STUDENT WANTS TO TAKE A COURSE, HE SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO TAKE IT!

Basic principle: the university exists to serve the educational needs of the students. This assumption may be true in principle, but IT IS NOT TRUE IN FACT.

Think about that. Why should you have to stand for hours in a Drop-Add line? Why should you have to grovel in vain before a professor trying to get one of his class tickets? Why should you be forced into incredible mental anguish because you can't get the courses you want, semester after semester, no matter

how hard you try or who you know? If you have to do anything more than sign a preregistration form to get a course you want, then the university is not serving your educational interests!

Speaking as a layman—and this university is full of laymen standing in Drop-Add lines—I see a great part of the problem in (1) inflexible curriculum, and (2) unwillingness of certain "regular faculty" to advance anything other than their own "specialty" field.

Sections of courses should be formed and abandoned according to the demand of students. Instead, when you get a copy of the university record for next year, you'll likely find that many courses in each department have already assigned instructors for both semesters, never taking into consideration the fluctuation of student demand for courses.

This practice should be reformed so that each department can provide instructors proportionate to the number of students seeking a course.

Perhaps something should also be done to modify the power of professors who arbitrarily limit the size of sections concurrent with their own idea of the "ideal class size." This delimitation is done at the expense of students who pay for their education and whose parents, in the case of native North Carolinians, pay taxes to support the university.

I realize that profs have to write their pamphlets to retain the "almighty"

tenure—but an increasing number of students are becoming "fed up" with waiting in line to prostrate themselves at the feet of these scholars so that they may too write pamphlets one day.

It has always seemed a bit ridiculous to me that four sections—averaging about 20 pupil apiece, taught by Ph.D.s—are provided for a required course in a certain department, when an introductory course in the same department has only one section with one instructor (odds favorable that he will be a part-timer or a grad) and nearly 300 students!

Administrators commonly decry the lack of classroom space as a drawback to more course sections. But look around and you can easily detect a lot of holes in that argument, too. Every building on this campus has rooms which could pass for classrooms, but for unknown reasons aren't used as such. Large classes could meet in lounges, in rooms in the student union, in the dining halls, or even in some of those great concrete mausoleums towering, half-occupied, on South Campus!

Students—including myself—who have wanted a course badly enough, have been willing to sit on the floor, in window sills, or even stand. It is a small discomfort which becomes even smaller if the course material is sufficiently captivating.

Abolishing Drop-Add, then, would require the stripping-away of much inertia and self-indulgence of

administrators and faculty. I believe students too would be quite willing to do their part in the change.

For example, compulsory pre-registration for both semesters, in addition to being the only real way to evaluate course demand, would not be an unreasonable request of students in the elimination of Drop-Add.

The Office of Records could send prepared pre-registration forms to students about a month prior to the beginning of the next semester. If there were no "closed courses," students should have been able to pre-register for any course they desired. However, if they desired changes, they could return the corrected form to Records HQ.

If students were to return the pre-registration forms approved—or not, bother to return them—the Office could assume the course of study to be final.

Students, faculty, and administration would be able to eliminate Drop-Add with a conscientious refinement of these very elementary suggestions. To corrupt a tired adage one more time: "Everybody talks about Drop-Add, but nobody does anything about it."

You should be able to get the courses you want! If you can't, the University is hindering your educational fulfillment!

Take up arms against the "closed course!"

Sitterson Standing On His Head

The latest report from Student Body President Alan Albright is that in his talks with Chancellor Sitterson last week two significant events occurred. First, Sitterson revealed he was going to conduct a student opinion poll, through the resident advisors, to determine what to do about the food service after SAGA leaves. And second, Albright proposed to the Chancellor that a group representative of all interested parties somehow assist Vice Chancellor of Finance and Business Joe Eagles in his efforts to reach such a determination.

Sitterson's plan to hold a student opinion poll is at best questionable. He has shown such an incredible disregard for student opinion in the past concerning the food service (especially on the matter of hiring SAGA in the first place) that his sudden sensitivity to the feelings of students leads one to ask, "Why now?"

Why now? We might recall that the quality of food SAGA dishes out is so bad that the majority of students who used to eat there have found better places to eat. For example 1200 meal tickets were sold in the fall, as opposed to 600 this spring.

So Sitterson will ask students how they feel about eating at the food service when the eating patterns of the students have radically and maybe permanently changed.

Albright, however, has come up with a constructive idea. Why should the University, which has demonstrated up to the present time a complete inability to handle the food service itself, or to hire a caterer that can handle the food service, have the sole responsibility to decide the fate of the dining halls? The University has revealed itself to be so inadequate and

incompetent in this matter, that someone else should be given the opportunity to weed out the ills and to devise a better way of feeding the students.

Regardless of what the eventual method of operating the service will be, the University has no reason to make the decision itself, other than the unfortunate fact that it owns the dining halls.

Perhaps the Chancellor might be convinced that Albright's proposal is the best thing he can do for the students, and for everyone concerned with the food service. The University has no place trying to make a serious decision all by itself. The University, frankly, has been a total failure on the matter of the food service. It could not run the dining halls last year and had to hire SAGA. And it has permitted SAGA up to the very present (when rumors of more lay-offs still abound) to permit managerial atrocities which have damaged the well-being of both the workers and the students.

The University has failed, and it is now time to accept, and even better, to invite, the help of those concerned parties: the students, the workers, and the faculty, as well as the administration. Sitterson can't expect to stand on his head forever and still keep the University afloat.

And if Sitterson hasn't got the foresight to make a strong decision, President Friday ought to step in. Friday is the man in this University who has both the power and the will to act decisively. He has a habit of working behind the scenes to keep things moving in the right direction. We hope he will do so in this case.

'Crazy Guys': A Story

The following story was submitted to the DAILY TAR HEEL by a UNC coed, who explained it was written by her sister, Lora Evans, age 9.

The story, entitled "Crazy Guys", speaks for itself. It is the product of someone who, hopefully, has not yet been totally perverted by some of the more ignoble parts of this world, and this country.

Hoping that Lora Evans' story will not be tainted with Communist, obscene, and atheistic labels by such individuals as are want to project such things onto the TAR HEEL, here is "Crazy Guys" by Lora Evans, untouched by our hands:

One day a giraffe stuck his nose in a football game. He watched the ball go in the air and wished it never came down. Because he didn't want anything higher than he was. So one day an elephant came on and butted in on it. The giraffe was mad because the elephant was fatter and had swords coming out each side of his mouth. The giraffe shouted don't kill me don't kill me or I'll die as the elephant was trying to make friends. But the elephant started to charging him for disturbing the peace. With noise making. Unarmed how disgraceful. All the elephant needed was a badge. The elephant got so mad he pulled off one of his tusks and made a badge out of it. Then he said I'm the boss around here and I mean to be. The giraffe got so mad

he pulled off one of his two little things on top of his head. Then he said I'm the Boss. The elephant got so mad he pulled off his other tusk. The giraffe got so mad he pulled off his other little thing on top of his head. Then a football came through the air. The giraffe and the elephant got so mad they stamped the gravity off the earth. The football the elephant and the giraffe went flying up. They were about a mile up, then the gravity came back. They all came back to earth and fast. But the elephant and the giraffe killed themselves. As the elephant sank into the sunset he said, I'm done for.

Sorry

A DAILY TAR HEEL editorial Friday, headlined "Freshmen Battle the Dinosaur" stated over 3000 freshmen will enter the University in the fall. It also reported the casualty rate among first-year students here has reached as high as 40 percent in recent years.

Both statements were errors. According to a figure provided by Director of Admissions Richard Cashwell, the present freshmen class has an enrollment of between 2600 and 2800 students. And according to the Registrar's Office, by computer projection, the average rate of dropouts over the past four years is been 12.8 percent.

We apologize for the errors in Thursday's editorial.



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Ken Ripley

Baby Food: A Treacherous Diet

That baby food is some stuff.

Last semester, towards the end, I decided I'd go on a nice, calm, sane and sensible diet. With great care and deliberation, I chose one with my figure and desired weight in mind.

I quit eating. Now, I have something against starvation. The lack of nourishment and sustenance is definitely

detrimental. After the first day, I dreamed of steak and woke up in a lather of sweat, shaking all over. The second



night, I dreamed of steak and potatoes, smothered in a succulent gravy and surrounded by fresh garden peas, topped off by a nice piece of pie and four cups of coffee with cream and sugar. Again, I woke up, saliva dripping off the pillow. The third night, I dreamed of Lenoir Cafeteria and woke up screaming, fear and nausea gripping my stomach. I promptly decided three days of starvation was enough. I was beginning to hallucinate.

But who in their right mind would eat baby food for straight four days, except babies?

I was determined to lose weight. Each night I greedily opened up two jars of baby food—a meat and vegetable combination and a fruit dessert. I locked up all my money, so I couldn't buy any food. During the day, I roamed campus, eyeing bagged lunches with a lean and hungry look.

Now, I've got nothing against baby food, no matter what the nice manufacturers put in the jars to poison the little tykes. I've happily downed quarts of cyclamated Kool-Aid at a single sitting. Since the announcement banning cyclamates, I have saved 555 precious little packets of artificial sweetener, 16% cyclamate. Besides, the greasy kid stuff wasn't that bad—for a kid.

In a way, I have to admit the diet of baby food did have its pleasant moments. Eating the little jars of premeasured nourishment brought back fond memories of long forgotten taste sensations, vague little thrills like eating goopy cereal and cold milk from that little artificial nipple. As I relearned the gourmet delights of my distant youth, I remembered once again—why I had forgotten in the first place. Yech, that stuff was bad.

But, unfortunately, the baby-food diet was fraught with treacherous pitfalls, not the least of which was the kind solitude of the grocer who kept asking how my baby was. Of course, when I told him they were for me, his snickers were worse.

My first practical problem was trying to feed myself. I kept having to suppress a strong tendency to play with my food. I found that chanting, "I am 19, I am 19, I am 19" was helpful. I was embarrassed, though, when I kept spilling spoonfuls all over my front. I no longer scoff at bibs. It isn't the kid's fault. Baby food is made that way by the manufacturer—Non-stick cereal.

After several days of personal experience with baby foods, I am convinced that the reason children don't talk earlier is that they are starving to death. Towards the third day, my conversation was becoming limited to derivatives of the word "ma-ma" and "pa-pa," for the simple reason I didn't have enough energy to say anything else.

My advice to parents is, let the kids eat meat. Okay, so it breaks their teeth. But they'll tell you so.

There was one big problem that finally forced me to go off this diet. I think I could have lived with all the other hang-ups, as long as I was losing weight. Slowly, in fact, I was dropping off pounds. But I knew it wouldn't work.

I hesitate to mention this problem, but public service demands it. Now, I consider myself to be housebroken, at least reasonably so. My parents were good to me. They taught me well.

Bill Cosby said it best, "I never change diapers," he said. "No, sir, I can't stand surprises."

Well, I was surprised.

The baby food diet is over now, put aside to past and memory. I'm still trying to lose weight, and I'm keeping an eager eye out for new and effective ways of shedding bulk.

But, to this day, I will never understand how those poor little creatures, so helpless and small, can put up with that stuff that leaves them weak and leaking. Jealously, I must confess they have an advantage I never fully appreciated until now. A Mother.

Try to burp yourself sometime, and see.

Letters To The Editor

'Free Press' Says 'Name-Caller' Agar Is 'Idiotic'

My Dear Mr. Cohen:

It is usually pointless to attempt to debate the idiotic utterances of John Agar, but when his name-calling reaches the proportions of libel, we must insist upon a retraction.

In today's paper (Feb. 10), Mr. Agar is bemoaning the country's unconscionable shift to the right (the one true statement in the column), and lambasting the "Silent Majority" part of which he labels the "proto-fascist 'free-speech' movement which has tried to gag the Tar Heel."

Not too very long ago, Senator Barry Goldwater won his suit against Ralph

Ginzberg for the libellous statements made against him during the 1964 Presidential campaign. Last August, Gore Vidal added "crypto-Nazi" to the score of insults he had already reeked upon William F. Buckley, Jr., and now finds himself facing suit for libel. Perhaps Mr. Agar would like to be next?

Not only is the charge untrue and absurd, it is also in direct conflict with the opinion of the editor of the Tar Heel, Todd Cohen, who has expressed sympathy with our position from the air waves of television to the depths of his editorials.

On November 23, 1969, the editorial states: "It appears quite clear to us that the way in which the Daily Tar Heel is funded, namely, by student fees, is both unfair and in conflict with the nature of a free press." One wonders if Mr. Agar was aware of the opinion of his editors—or perhaps he doesn't read the Tar Heel, like most of the rest of us. Surely if he knew that the editors were opting for this "proto-fascist 'free-speech' movement" he would feel honor-bound to sever his relations with them. Unless of course he likes "proto-fascists".

But obviously neither the editors of the Tar Heel nor the Committee for a Free Press are "proto-fascists" ("proto", incidentally, means "first in status, chief in rank or importance," surely Mr. Agar could find SOME group which even he believes is a tinsy bit more "fascist" than

the 'free-speech' movement.) It is obvious to anyone who stops to think that requiring everyone to pay for any paper (especially one with obvious political prejudices) is coercive and "unfree".

However, ever since this campaign began, the hypocrisy of some so-called Liberals has been amazing, even to a Conservative such as myself. They are deathly afraid that the Tar Heel will either expire, OR that they will have to begin paying per copy, or that delivery might not be as convenient. In other words, they fear that if everyone who doesn't want the thing is allowed to stop paying for it, that those who do want it may encounter a little more trouble in getting it. So by all means, force everyone to keep things as they are. Forget the rights of the minority. This minority doesn't holler TOO loudly.

In this column, Mr. Agar accuses the Committee for a Free Press of appealing to the "silent majority's inherent distaste for freedom." Which "silent majority" does he have in mind? ... And WHO is appealing to an "inherent distaste for freedom"? ... Just who are the "proto-fascists"?

The Committee for a Free Press suggests that Mr. Cohen extract a retraction from Mr. Agar, and print it forthwith.

(Editor's Note: The Committee did not advance anyone to fill the position of

"Conservative Columnist" when the DTH advertised for one last year. Mr. Agar, as a staff editorialist, is entitled to his opinion, just as a conservative writer would have been.)

Trent Oliver
(No Address)

Writer Asks All Funding Be Studied

To anyone who cares: Are all students captivated by the exploits of the Fighting Tar Heels? Is everyone wrapped-up in the petty business of our Student Government? Is each one of us anxiously awaiting the announcement of Morehead Residence College's next "Sex Day"? The answer to each of these questions is, no. Likewise, not everyone agrees with the opinions expressed in the DTH. So why all the hassle over compulsory funding of the student newspaper alone? We must remember that, on the average, a single student is interested in only two or three of the numerous operations which he is required to maintain by the payment of his fees. Therefore, we cannot debate the necessity of the existence of any one of these organizations without considering equally the elimination of all the others.

Phil Kasay
203 E. Rosemary St.