

# The Daily Tar Heel

78 Years of Editorial Freedom



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## Politics In North Carolina Hurts Need For Visitation

Dean of Men James Cansler makes it seem as if the students are going to have a hard time getting 24-hour, 7-day-a-week visitation. There is a committee studying the present policy, he said, but if it doesn't think it can implement the wide-open policy the students want, the trustees will have to make the final decision.

That attitude is a familiar one around here. The administration can't really pass the desired policy for the students, because the trustees or the citizens of the state might not like that.

The students want nothing more than to live like people, not like children. The administration ought to start treating them like people.

The administration also might want to think about making life in

the dorms a little more bearable. Now that students are going to have to live on campus for an extra year, being able to live like normal human beings might not make University housing quite as loathsome as it is now.

But Cansler doesn't think or act on such levels. He lives in the real world where a Board of Trustees is a group to kow-tow to, especially since the trustees of this University happen to be so conservative, to say the least.

The students would be surprised to know that in some institutions of higher learning, administrators are actually able to make decisions which they think are progressive, and right.

But this isn't any old institution. And this isn't any old Dean of Men.

## Administration Drug Policy Preempts Law Of Students

The administration has once again stated its position on the double-jeopardy issue, maintaining it will try students for drug cases.

Dean of Men James Cansler made that clear when he said that regardless of the "double-jeopardy" argument and the absence of a student drug policy, the administration has a responsibility to try students for violation of the University's policy.

Apparently the student referendum which said students tried in civil court could not be tried for the same offense in student courts does not mean very much to Cansler.

What this means is that once again the students have been had. Student law is worthless as long as it interferes with the administration's idea of how things

should be done around here. The students can have all the trimmings of self-government, but when it comes right down to the power to make hard decisions which are going to affect the community here, then the real power belongs to the administration, not to the students.

Unfortunately, that's the way life usually works, no matter where you are. You possibly can use some form of public demonstration or civil disobedience to protest such acts of blind decision-making by the powers that be, but to really get to the core of the matter, the best thing to do is try to find a place where people like Cansler do not exist.

Otherwise, you'd better learn to live with the mess.

## DTH Report Is Needed

The Adams Committee which has been studying the funding of the Daily Tar Heel will not submit its report to the Chancellor until after the referendum on the Tar Heel on Tuesday.

That is very unfortunate. The future of the newspaper is at stake, and it might have some effect on the students were the findings of the committee known to the students before they voted.

Apparently the committee has to rewrite its section on the fee for the Tar Heel. Even if that is the case, and the report cannot actually go

before the Chancellor until later next week, we would hope John Adams, who heads the committee, might be willing to release the report in its present form, regardless of its tentative nature, to at least give the students an idea of where the committee stands on the matter.

The Tar Heel is an important institution on this campus. The students need to know what the committee thinks before they make a decision which could make or break the paper.

## Students: 'Less Trouble'

The administrative board of the General College and the College of Arts and Sciences made an interesting change in the ROTC Report before it went before the Faculty Council last week.

The change affected the Governing Board which would administer the Curriculum on War and Defense. The original proposal of the Taylor Committee provided for four students to sit on the Governing Board one AFROTC cadet, one NROTC midshipman, and two students not enrolled in ROTC.

The administrative boards altered

the section, recommending that only two students sit on the board one ROTC representative, and one non-ROTC student.

Raymond Dawson, the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, explained the change by saying the membership of only two students on the board would "cause less trouble."

That's an interesting point.

Oh, yes. The Faculty Council passed that proposal.

Rick Allen

## Atmosphere Of Change— Reaching The Apathetic?

"I swear, to read those DTH columnists you'd think the student body here was as apathetic and far right a group as the John Birch Society."

The more I think about that sentiment, which is expressed often enough, the more I tend to agree. At least, the students of UNC deserve some credit.

It may not be evident from my columns, but I think Chapel Hill is a fine place. I have spent the four happiest years of my life going to school here. There are some special things about UNC that go too often unmentioned. Foremost is the general atmosphere of change that permeates the campus. Four years ago, Chapel Hill was another in a series of collegiate homes for the oft-maligned "grit".

It is easy to massacre in print the beer-drinking kid from some small, conservative town in the state's rural area, caricaturing his only mission in college as the search for a good time.

But the more I think about it, this guy is helping the rest of us without even knowing it. He tolerates the changes that go on, and in doing so he is giving us his tacit support.

We cannot all be revolutionaries, and we cannot all be committed to kicking the establishment in the kidneys. At first glance, our goodtime Charlie is letting the world go to hell without lifting a finger. But he is listening to us. He may not be an active campaigner for the New Left, but I have yet to meet anyone at this university who has said unequivocally that he "couldn't give a damn".

More often than not, the "typical" student will disagree with me, but he is willing to argue and discuss. He will state apologetically at the start of the conversation that he is a "conservative", but that "I can't help the way I was brought up". The amazing thing is that he is often much more liberal than he had begun to imagine.

For instance, one amiable fellow informed me that he was a conservative, but that the war in Vietnam was a dumb mistake. "We ought to bomb the hell out of Hanoi and win," he said, "or get the hell out. It isn't worth all the lives we're wasting."

I said, "If it isn't worth the loss of lives, why kill all those people in Hanoi? If you don't think it is worth our lives, how can it be worth all those Vietnamese lives?"

A light came into the man's eyes and he agreed with me. At heart, he had been pretty much opposed to the war, he just hadn't been able to see that to a Vietnamese, his life is as precious as an American's is to an American.

I hadn't hit this guy with the New Left hard sell and I hadn't converted him into a revolutionary, but at least he had been

willing to listen long enough to change his thinking, or at least to realize that his thinking was deeper than he knew.

When he left, this fellow was as convinced as ever that he was a conservative, but here he was opposed to the War in Vietnam!

Now, my leftist friends will say that he probably went back to drinking his beer without giving his revelation any thought, and that he was no more committed to ending the war than he had been.

But in fact, I met this particular student while I was enjoying a beer myself, and it is entirely possible that he repeated our conversation and changed another mind.

This is how people change their ideas... over a beer, during a fraternity party, or chatting before a class.

It is easy to get impatient because it takes so long for people to re-evaluate their thinking, but here at Chapel Hill this change is happening, much faster than we realize.

John Agar

## Personal Ethics In Political Campaigns

As the race for DTH editorship goes down to the last gasp, columnists generally take to endorsing the candidate of their choice. Some do so for friendship; some, because they actually believe theirs is the best man; and still others, because they've been bribed by offers of a position on the paper in return for their support.

No columnist endorses someone who's not a close friend, who probably can't win, and who—if the stars turned in their courses and he somehow did win—offers the columnist nothing but the gratification of having supported the right man. This, then, is not an endorsement.

I will have something to say about the election in my Tuesday column. There I'll endorse the candidate who I think is most likely to restore the average student's confidence in the Tar Heel—without, at the same time, turning it to pap—by virtue of his intelligence, temperament, honesty, and ability to discern good from bad, issue from sham.

But all that is for Tuesday. My column today is about a candidate I'm not endorsing, Bobby Nowell.

I'm not endorsing him. I've been accused of having a bandwagon mentality, and this—after all the psychological and philosophical refuse is cleared away—may really be it. The reader may well detect a certain ambiguity in my viewpoint—so there is. If I can perhaps inject a little uncertainty into my reader's mind—for there is no greater stimulus for thought—I'll have succeeded in what I'm setting out to do.

Nowell is the dark horse in this election. He has little or no organization,



GLENN-DTH

that I know of, working for him. I've seen scarcely one of his posters, no literature tables, and surely nothing in the way of the expensive comic strip of a newspaper which one of our candidates put out just to prove that the goal of making the Tar Heel a sensitive, high quality campus paper was—after all—overrated.

In short, Nowell has remained aloof from the blather of hard-sell which has inundated campus of late.

He, I believe, attributes his aloofness to integrity. I don't know. Integrity is closely akin to the fear of being compromised, and those who have that fear are always safest standing at the pinnacle of their convictions, alone.

On the other hand, integrity is a frightening thing, and it may be that I, and many others, have lost the will to perceive it vitally, much less embrace it. I can hardly psychoanalyze Bobby Nowell; but what he has—whether it's integrity or the honorable fear of being compromised—is different from the campaign posters and litter that you can pick up in the Pit. Different; better; and it renders Nowell somewhat alien, unbending, and unapproachable.

Implicit in these last mentioned qualities is a tendency to perverse self-dramatization, which I can hardly approve of. In its own way, it smacks too much of the self-laudatory campaign posters some of our co-candidates have been putting out. But, again—

The difference is in the quality and power of the man's mind, and the fact that the character which informs his actions is character indeed. The tragedy of politics is that campaign material, poor effigy that it is, is often an all-too-accurate measure of the mind it purports to represent. This is no less true of campus elections than of any other.

Nowell, of course, has solved much of this problem by having little or no campaign; his public relations is nonexistent; and he's gotten a bad, disastrous reputation as a columnist for the Tar Heel. People are willing to excuse wrongheadedness and incompetence. But Nowell's columns have more often than not been damnably on target, and this, to them, is unforgivable.

The worst of it is that Nowell sometimes is objectionably arrogant—so much so that he wonders why his campaign generates so little enthusiasm.

## Letter To The Editor Sen. Stennis Is Reprimanded

Frank Neal  
307 Manly

Dear Prince Charles,

(or failing in that)  
Dear Charles T. Prince,

I have just received your first reply, and want to thank you, especially for the stamp on the letter. Your mother looks very regal, particularly in a blue dye.

I played polo for the first time the other day, a sport I have long admired insofar as you yourself partake of its zest. After the opening pagentry, which we include for authenticity, we all raced onto the field of battle, our mallets waving in the sun, and began whacking the old ball around the field.

I found myself tiring, despite the fact that the game had not begun. I soon noticed that most of my teammates seemed to be mounted on horses, which struck me as a great improvement over my running from one end of the field to the other on foot. It was an exceedingly long field.

In no time at all I was soon mounted pommel high on a fine gelding. This provided immense relief to my aching calves for perhaps the space of five seconds. Then the horse decided to move. Heretofore I had been concerned with hitting the ball with the mallet, but suddenly found all my attention on the ever-widening gulf between my saddle and myself. I kept repeating the dictum from "Animal Farm" of "four legs good,

two legs bad", but the simple addition of two appendages to a beast that already stood fourteen hands higher than my usual altitude was destroying my sense of timing altogether.

On the plus side, however, I certainly had not been given a slow horse. No nag this, I thought, as we veered southward through a small throng of fascinated spectators. Why, I mused to myself as the playing field receded in the distance, this horse could run all day and still kick in his stall if I give him his head.

It was only after we entered the once-distant forest that I entertained any doubts about his directional capacities. After the second thorn hedge I was ascribing qualities to my steed not normally found in the drift of public conversation.

A great cry of exultation from the grandstands somewhere behind me broke the string of invectives. Someone has scored a goal, I remember thinking as my dislodged saddle carried me grasping for loose mane with it to the underside of the horse. I would have inquired just whose goal, but there seemed to be no one around who would know. At least not in the portion of sky that was my field of vision.

At length I eased my horse's giddiness with soothing oaths and great blows to the side of his now-foaming head with my

He cannot, or, as I suspect, will not understand that the world in which he lives is not an ideal one, and that he must adapt his actions accordingly.

There is nothing creditable in this. It's quixotic, without being wistful or pleasant to watch. Ultimately, it's cowardly; it's like self-flagellation; you take your licks and then feel that, do what the world will, you at least are safe.

But this is off the subject. The campaign, as I said, is sputtering. Nowell complains that too many people have told him that they'd like to vote for him, but don't want to throw their vote away on a loser. He calls this "bandwagon mentality."

I incline toward the view that Nowell's problems stem from his failure to present himself as a tenable candidate. His virtues, I say, are not understood; his vices are. He says, "Take it or leave it."

That's where things stand. Nowell is the most experienced candidate; he is the only candidate who has erred, in his campaign, on the side of integrity; his mind is extremely powerful; he is arrogant, unsympathetic and often unsympathizing, and self-righteous, a fault which is never justified. And he cannot get a hearing because, for all intents and purposes, he is not of this world.

I ask the reader to ponder the subject of this column. I have not tried to play games with anyone's emotions; I have not tried to sentimentalize Nowell's faults, as I see them—nor his virtues, which can also be quite objectionable.

The purpose of this column is not to endorse someone without saying so. If the reader finishes the last paragraph and jumps up exclaiming, "Ah! Nowell's a fine chap!" he's missed the point entirely. If the reader just lets his mind play with the materials I've presented it—Nowell, the Tar Heel, the campus, by implication, our society and value system as a whole—I'll ask nothing more.

Tuesday, I will endorse a candidate for editorship of the Tar Heel, and present my reasons for supporting him and no one else. I will also demonstrate a phenomenon called "discontinuity of experience," for I will not refer to this column, not once.

The reader, if there is one, who has gone this far with me, will understand the rest of the way.

Robin Brewer

## No Soap Radio: Shoot The Polo Player

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(or failing in that)  
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I have just received your first reply, and want to thank you, especially for the stamp on the letter. Your mother looks very regal, particularly in a blue dye.

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At length I eased my horse's giddiness with soothing oaths and great blows to the side of his now-foaming head with my

mallet, which I began to suspect was its original function.

I did not hold it against him that he chose to cease his meanderings in the middle of a bog some seven miles from the polo greens. After all, this was one of the dumb beasts of the earth.

Nor did I resent the fact that the supposed mastery over these dumb beasts, as promised by God in the Bible, was, generally speaking, absent.

I further did not object to his relieving himself as I struggled with my one good arm to pry my lower torso and mallet loose from his undercarriage.

But, after reaching solid ground, I must confess a degree of irritation when he smiled at me.

And there we rested until some hours later, when the club helicopter spotted us. I would have asked them to bring a shotgun and put the poor beast out of his misery, but feared they might shoot me instead of the horse.

Oh yes. We won, 5-4.

And the team has asked me not to play for them again next week.

I modestly accepted.

I remain, humbly,  
Robin Brewer, Esq.

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HMS No Soap Radio.  
Patent depending.

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