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# The Daily Tar Heel

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BOARD EDITORIALS

## Stay Home

Forcing students and professors to have class on weekends just makes a bad situation worse. The solution? Sleep in.

The giant sucking sound heard throughout campus Feb. 7 came from a pacifier that the UNC General Administration gave to the N.C. General Assembly.

That day, interim Chancellor Bill McCoy announced that Feb. 27, March 25 and April 8 would be makeup days for classes canceled during the blizzard of 2000.

While the collective groan of the student body could be heard, there should be no mistake that these days were chosen simply to appease the bean counters in the General Assembly. Administrators concede as much: the makeup days are required based on a UNC General Administration policy that calls for all UNC schools to have at least 150 instructional days each academic year.

Department heads and professors should disregard them and not force students to attend class on these days.

There was no way for the administration simply to write off those missed days. They had to show some semblance that they intended to hold classes all 150 days. But don't be fooled.

If the administration had intended for all professors to have class and hold students responsible for attendance, they would have decided to shave some days off Spring Break

or tack a few days on at the end of the year. Thank goodness they didn't.

Instead, they chose Saturdays and a Sunday. Let's face it. Even professors have lives outside of the academic walls of the University.

Most are not willing to give up their golf games or family time to put in overtime. And students have jobs to go to and other obligations scheduled in their only "free time:" the weekends.

And no professor could hold a student responsible for missing class because of religious reasons. Depending on the faith of a student or professor, they might have church or synagogue to attend.

While most professors have free rein to redesign their syllabi and disregard the makeup days, teaching assistants are not as lucky. They are at the mercy of their departments, which decide if they must make up classes on the weekend. Department chairs should give TAs the same discretion professors have in deciding whether to hold class.

So let's just smile and tell the General Assembly that we had our "official" 150 days.

But when Feb. 27, March 25 and April 8 come around, let's just go about our normal weekend routine.

EDITORIAL NOTEBOOK — MARK SLAGLE

## Sex, Drugs and Politics

Have a hankering for public office? Don't just sit there. Do something crazy that voters will notice.

Every fourth November, the presidential race reaches its zenith. The people are given a chance to speak. And usually they say, "Dude, there was an election?"

In years past, presidential elections were met with resounding waves of apathy. Despite the media coverage, despite the primaries and caucuses, despite the always vicious campaign ads ("My opponent is a Satan-worshipping, glue-sniffing mass murderer who wants to get rid of Social Security") most potential voters abstained from the electoral process.

Year after year, the same minority of socially conscious citizens would head to the polls while everybody else rolled over and hit the snooze button for the fourth time.

This year, however, is proving to be an exception to the rule.

Even with the actual presidential election still many months away, voters are already excited about the candidates. Unlike previous candidates, who were always boring white guys in suits, this year we have interesting white guys in suits.

For instance, there's Republican front-runner George W. Bush, who's rumored to have spent most of the 1970s snorting coke and running businesses into the ground.

Then there's John McCain, the former Navy fighter pilot who might or might not be

completely crazy. On the Democratic side, Bill Bradley hangs out with Michael Jordan and has a heart that could stop at any minute.

Al Gore, while admittedly the least exciting of the bunch, still benefits from the residual whiff of scandal that lingers around the entire Clinton administration.

The race for the Oval Office is no longer filled with a bunch of homogenous do-gooders with no discernable quirks to set them apart. Instead, it's filled with a group of delightfully bizarre individuals. And that's a good thing.

Without those idiosyncratic traits to identify the candidates, voters are forced to actually listen to their ideas and study their platforms and make informed decisions.

That's not nearly as fun as simply deciding, "I'm going to vote for the guy who snorted coke off a stripper's ass."

So let the word go out to all future politicians: If you're truly serious about holding elected office, do something stupid and/or weird.

Have an imaginary friend for your running mate. Make transcendental meditation a part of your platform. Get arrested, preferably for violent and/or kinky. But for God's sake, do something. We're already getting bored again.



## At Least There's Mexican Food

Disclaimer: Anybody who is tired of hearing about how bad the food at Lenoir Dining Hall is, don't read this column.

It's a typical Wednesday afternoon, about 12:55 p.m. and my stomach is singing a tune in class because that pop tart I ate four hours ago just isn't doing the trick. Class is going longer than it was supposed to, and by this point every second is an eternity.

Finally, just as I'm pondering eating my jacket, the professor dismisses class. I immediately make a bolt for the door, eagerly anticipating grubbing my face off.

As I turn the corner and pass Club Undergrad, I see her glimmering in the distance. There she stands in all her glory, Lenoir. All of a sudden my hunger turns into nausea, and my wallet becomes empty.

As I enter Lenoir, I explore my options, hoping that something might have changed since the last time I entered this wretched place. I trudge up the stairs and see escalators that lead to a forbidden promised land of all-you-can-eat delight.

The problem is that the escalator ride costs \$6.75, which in the real world is a six-pack of Mich Light and a satisfying dinner of three Tina's frozen burritos, provided that you stay away from the Chicken ones, a.k.a. "unidentifiable meat-like substance in a shell."

With my hopes of eating glory dashed, I head to the main food court or food avenue or Main Street Good Times, whatever that place is called. My eyes immediately wander to Chick-Fil-A.

Oh, Chick-Fil-A, how can I profess my love to thee? You provide me with boxes of nuggets, chargrills and so much more. You are the mother of the nectar of the gods, Polynesian sauce. But alas, I am forced to stray from the Chic because I have eaten there exactly 109,093 times since my freshman year.

Plus it's not like I'm getting a good deal by



AMOL NAIK  
FROM THE DANK CAVE

eating the same food repeatedly, because a meal here costs about five bucks. Why is it that if I were to buy the exact same food at another Chick-Fil-A or at another similar fast food restaurant, it would be considerably cheaper? I'm sure it has nothing to do with the fact that I can't use my UNC ONE Card dollars there.

So then I look elsewhere and catch the sub shop. This place is at best a schwa Subway, only at dank prices. I'd walk up to Franklin Street but don't have the time. My hunger is now compounded with the anger in knowing that the University is purposely exploiting my dilemma.

Anyway, I pass the sub shop and see this roisserie chicken/Italian food place that looks all right, but there is nobody back there to serve me. Because I had class during the time most people were eating lunch, I don't even get the chance to overpay for mediocre food.

As I sojourn past the Marketplace Grill, I see an interesting possibility as a hoard of girls in black pants and silver jewelry are waiting in line for salads. They (the salads, too) look pretty appetizing, until I realize the chances of getting one within the next half-hour is about as likely as Pat Buchanan attending the next Million Man March.

So I slowly wade through that strawberry-scented crowd and see yet another long line for these odd creations called wraps. They come in all kinds of glow-in-the-dark colors

and are stuffed with various green and yellow sauces.

I'm pretty hungry now, so they don't seem like a bad option ... that is until I remember the last time I grubbed on one of those. Lets just say that a wrap full of salsa and beans probably isn't the best form of solid food to go into an empty stomach.

Next comes Big Al's grill, and I'll admit, the food looks pretty damn good. There really is no reason not to eat there, except that the vats of grease and butter they use to prepare the food definitely aren't on Monica Lewinsky's Jenny Craig diet.

Since the heaviest lifting I've done lately has been 22 oz. curls instead of the 12 oz. variety, I decide it might behoove me to look elsewhere.

Finally I reach the Pizza Place. The "pizzas" they try to peddle there are just too boo to even talk about. Besides, who amongst us doesn't have nightmares of eating countless personal pans in that shack that used to be in the middle of the Pit?

To think, back then we all thought Lenoir was going to be an improvement.

So I am faced with a dilemma ... what do I do? By this time it is 1:30 p.m., and eating my jacket might actually be cheaper than buying lunch here, not to mention that it might taste better if I have that Polynesian sauce.

But just when I think that all hope is lost, I find the hidden treasure of Lenoir, Mexican food. It ain't exactly gourmet, but it'll do, as I can gorge myself for a reasonable price.

Thus I have conquered Lenoir for this day and lived to tell about it. But do me a favor, will you? Let's keep this our little secret, because I think it's kind of funny watching the scrum for waffle fries down at the Chick.

Amol Naik is a junior history major from Lumberton. Anyone else who wants to walk down to Franklin Street for lunch should e-mail unc2001@hotmail.com.

## READERS' FORUM

### Driver With Mottos Grateful to Bus Riders For Requests, Support

TO THE EDITOR:

Thank you for all of the positive letters I have received from bus riders and others. I want to publicly let all of you know that it was an honor to receive the commendation letters.

It's good to know that someone took the time to let me know that I made them smile by just being nice.

The mottos were designed to have people doing something together in a positive manner. I never intended to cause anyone to be offended in any way.

I just wanted to make people smile and be happy.

Some passengers still request the mottos, and I do them without the microphone, as I was told. I hope that the people who have experienced hearing my voice will remember me as the one who tried to make Chapel Hill look at one another and respect their neighbors, co-workers and classmates, because we are all somebody.

I tell passengers all of the time that the memorial motto of today is very important. ("I will be careful at all

crosswalks, and keep my head up and look both ways, because I am somebody.") Then I emphasize and say, "If you don't follow this motto, you will not live long in Chapel Hill."

Once again, thank you and please continue riding with Chapel Hill Transit, because Chapel Hill Transit is one of the best in the North Carolina.

Robert Moore  
Driver  
Chapel Hill Transit

### Chancellor's Decision To Make Up Classes Lacks Common Sense

TO THE EDITOR:

I continue to be amazed by the lack of common sense exhibited by this University's administration. The people who brought us a drastic tuition increase and a completely lifeless basketball arena have now saddled thousands of busy students with possibly the least understandable idea yet - weekend classes.

They think missed class time prevents us from learning everything. But as any professor who has already adjusted a syllabus - or any student who remembers the wonderful high

school innovation of "snow days" - can attest to, unless several weeks of class are missed, the most logical thing to do is adjust and move on.

The snow caused us to miss three class days. Apparently things have changed since last semester, when one missed day because of the hurricane was not a reason for making up class. This precedent should mean that each class can handle missing one meeting, leaving only one makeup day. Apparently not, as interim Chancellor Bill McCoy thinks we should make up every missed snow day.

But realistically, we shouldn't have any. Our professors and students are not children and can adjust when things don't work out right. Most of mine already have. I and thousands of other students with work or other weekend commitments know that that's the way it should be.

So Bill McCoy, I regret to inform you that I won't be in class on any of your makeup days. Not because I don't like class - my attendance has been stellar. No, I'll be busy - becoming a well-rounded student.

Keith Taylor  
Senior  
Journalism and Mass  
Communication



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**Editorial Production:** Stacy Wynn, manager.  
**Printing:** Triangle Web.  
**Distribution:** Triangle Circulation Services.

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**Printing:** Triangle Web.  
**Distribution:** Triangle Circulation Services.

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**Editorial Production:** Stacy Wynn, manager.  
**Printing:** Triangle Web.  
**Distribution:** Triangle Circulation Services.

The editorials are approved by the majority of the editorial board, which is composed of the editor, editorial page editor, assistant editorial page editor, cartoon editor and seven editorial writers. The Daily Tar Heel is published by the DTH Publishing Corp., a non-profit North Carolina corporation, Monday-Friday, according to the University calendar. Callers with questions about billing or display advertising should call 962-1163 between 8:30 a.m. and 5 p.m. Classified ads can be reached at 962-0252. Editorial questions should be directed to 962-0245.  
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Campus Mail Address: CB 5210 Box 49, Carolina Union  
U.S. Mail Address: P.O. Box 3257, Chapel Hill, NC 27515-3257  
ISSN #10709436