

A Look At College Life... Sans Rose-Colored Glasses

By SANDY JARRELL

Editor's Note:—The following story, penned with sincerity by a writer who refuses to look at college life through rose-colored glasses, does not necessarily reflect the views of this newspaper. It does, however, represent the simple honesty of approach that all college publications seek to obtain.

If someone looked at this University on a surface level, he would see just what the brochure propaganda wanted him to see.

He'd see young virgin coeds and clean cut, religious young Carolina "gentlemen." He'd see them going jovially to class with books and notes under arm, idealistically looking into the heavens with hopes and dreams.

Y-Court would be filled with these story book people talking about the struggles of college life in optimistic tones... laughing wholesomely while sipping coxes.

In the fall the leaves are beautiful in their motley state, the girls are subtly genuine in their crew-neck sweaters and tweed skirts; the young men are clean and handsomely dressed in their expensive ivy-league suits... and

hand in hand they march through Kenan Woods with the sweet, clear air filling their lungs to the exciting and sentimental sport of football.

At these games a Carolina "gentleman" is able to see young men like himself who are endowed with a superior athletic prowess, play this thrilling game and win or lose, the student body goes off, light of heart, to partake in supper subsistence. Then perhaps they indulge in a dance at the fraternity house or go to good old Graham Memorial, cataloged by University officials as an excellent place to take a date.

This writer is not going any further with this tripe. Who believes all this nonsense—Administration, parent, minister, outsider, naive newcomer, trustee? Can even any part of these groups believe the above farce?

These next statements are not focused on UNC alone, but any university which is, in reality, an elite, little city, which has its good people and its bad people in turn. The good are not all good, nor the bad all bad, yet the city exists and survives without the rose-colored glasses which apparently look on this school-city and many other school-cities like it.

Let's look at facts first. That is, facts that can be found on record. How many suicides occur here annually?

The suicide is usually hushed up as best it can be. Why? Are we in school here to run away from the facts of life? Why not face them, accept them as real, because if they are ever to be modified then they must be looked at and swallowed, and not covered or ignored.

Our Psychiatric Center is filled with students. The campus has a definite homosexual problem, the new ABC store broke all records with \$2200 a day for three weeks straight, and the drinking season isn't even here yet.

The so called average Joe, the mythical Carolina "gentleman" isn't talking optimistic. He's thinking in terms of World War III, 4-F envy, getting a grade with minimum study, loving and leaving a coed. Live fast today because tomorrow might not come.

This can all be very easily misinterpreted. I'm not condemning or condoning, just being honest and begging UNC to look at herself in a shiny mirror, no matter how dirty her face may be.

You've got to look past the billboard to see the advertisement.

CAMPUS

Pulse Beat

Study 'To-Get-Her', It's Much Better

By TIM STEVENS

"Hey, Louie, how about you and me studying together on that history quiz? You've got great notes and well, you know, I missed a couple of classes. Whoever heard of starting class at 7:30 anyway?"

"No, Pete, I don't like to study that way, cause we always get sidetracked."

"Look, Louie, you gotta help out the kid; I'm dead if you don't come through. I don't know nothing."

"Well, you can borrow my notes about 11:00."

"Notes, smotes, I need you, you're a genius. I need a knowledge transfusion."

"Well, I'd like to help, but—" "Just remember, Pete, who fixed you up with Mary Rose-sharp."

"You did, but who stuck me with Sally Glop, too?"

"An accident. You wouldn't hold that against a guy, would you?"

"All right, all right. Let's get started or we'll end up arguing all night. First let's start with the French Revolution."

"Yeh, that was a crazy mad ball—those cats really flipped."

"Hold it, hold it, whoa, let's talk like a human. This is history, dead stuff—a real cube, you gotta be serious."

"Hey, Pete, what about this Marie Antoinette chick?"

"Well, I'll tell you about her. I didn't read this in the text book, but I was reading "LEER" the other day and they had this story about her and this little filly was the wildest. She threw parties that were a real gas, man. In fact this article said she was playing bongos in the paddy wagon and "flipped the bird" to the chopper before she lost her head."

"Man, I bet she was a cool "36" with blond hair all over and crazy blue eyes like a tiger."

"Yeh, she kinda reminded me of Suzy Slink. Remember her, huh?"

"Yeh, yeh, that's the night we got up with those two machines and got blasted on that fifth of Old Slug. And then we drove back from Durham in reverse because you keep saying you were a back-yard child."

"Yeh, I also remember I had a hangover so bad I thought I had polio and went up to the infirmary."

"Hey, Pete, what's the matter with you? We've forgotten all about our history exam."

"Holy Smokes, you're right, Louie. All right now let's get down to cold facts. Who was Marie Antoinette?"

"Marie who?"

"Marie Antoinette."

"I thought we were studying history."

"We are."

"Hell, she's that black-haired chick on 2nd Alderman I was telling you about yesterday. You know, the one who—where you going?"

"Crazy, man, really crazy."

Free Flick Features Slap-Stick Comedians

Has Exam Week got you down in the dumps? Are you at the end of your tether? Did you pass a kidney stone this morning?

Cheer up, friend, and trot over to Carroll Hall at eight o'clock Thursday night for two hours of shameless laughter. The Keystone Cops, Laurel and Hardy, Will Rodgers, and a host of other comedians (like they don't come anymore) are on hand in "The Golden Age of Comedy".

It's free, too.

Coeds: Do You Love Your Honor Council?

By ELOISE WALKER

Editor's Note:—The following story is a satire on the Women's Honor Council from a writer who apparently feels the need of reform.

Girlchildren, do you love the Honor Council? Do you know what they did for one of you the other night? They tried you before a

jury of friendly, interested girls who all agreed benevolently that your offense was an accident.

You have a right to this sort of thing. It is known as a fair trial and you are afforded the opportunity to plead guilty before a juicy jury of helpful women.

And you get to tell them the circumstances of the accident, by way of proving it was an accident and showing them that yours is an irreproachable character. What more could you ask for?

Suppose they tried two girls for the same accident? All the circumstances are the same for both girls, but guess what? They go through the whole thing twice, once for each girl. Yes, each girl gets a COMPLETE CHEWY TRIAL all to herself.

That is really sporting of them. Two hours in that hot, wet room for such a worthy purpose. They even have a jury to help them out, to give you the benefit of every doubt. If you plead guilty, the jury listens to your story anyway. What grand girls! Just to make sure they even tell you you're innocent until proven guilty. That's really taking care of your rights, girls.

The jury also can recommend leniency, of which there are three degrees: none, leniency and extreme leniency. This is something they can really get their teeth into. They can debate your circumstances carefully in order to decide this. They want to do the right thing, you see.

There is nothing like justice. Imagine the care and consideration you would get if you really did something wrong, neglecting to sign out, for example.

We owe the girls on Honor Council a great debt, which we can repay only in our prayers. They are true friends and helpers. May God bless their little, little souls.

Does Society Govern You? Think It Over

Please look at yourself! This might very well be you. Seriously, are you a deterministic conformist? Do you have to date every weekend; do you have to dress in a certain way?

Are you the calm, simple sheep that drifts with the tide of social demands?

This is to implore not to editorialize. Don't be this way. No matter how easy it seems or regardless of how good you might think it is, don't follow all the time.

Be yourself. You're as different as your fingerprints so admit it and act it.

The point is this. Most of us are planning a career, near or distant future. You're whole life will revolve around this career, so don't gamble it.

No matter what strata you come from, there are rules that are supposed to be followed, not out of reason, but out of superstition and tradition. Think these rules out... follow them when necessary, break them when you have to.

Conformity can kill you, and your plans for the future. Do you want your life to be in the routine of bridge clubs and social obligations of infinitesimal number or tied up in unnecessary work, lodges, etc.

These things are nice in their place, but when a conformist is confronted with them, they become overwhelming. They become a "social crises." Do these things but let your own mind rule the end of all of your existence, when you have to. Be a happy person, not sick in the psychiatrist office or soaked through with alcohol.

Don't be afraid. Break away from these questions, "Who am I?"—"What am I doing here." and act—JARRELL.

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