

DTH Editorial Page

Opinions of the Daily Tar Heel are expressed in its editorials. Letters and columns, covering a wide range of views, reflect the personal opinions of their authors.

Faculty Points The Way

The policy on discriminatory clauses in fraternities and sororities passed unanimously yesterday by the Faculty Council is a good step, but only a step, in the right direction.

The decision gives all fraternities and sororities a year and a half to abandon their discriminatory clauses or waive their obligation to follow national policy.

This places the University unequivocally in the position of opposing racial and religious discrimination in social organizations. It is consistent with the policy set in 1959 forbidding any new fraternities or sororities with clauses to establish chapters.

It is also consistent with the long-overlooked principles which are a part of this institution, the principles of education. Men and women will never learn to look past color if an outside organization forbids them to consider such people or if the University tells them it is all right.

It does not, in any way, infringe upon the ability of a local chapter to choose

whomever it pleases as a member.

The policy is not stated as well as it might have been. It would have been far more positive and far more to the point to have simply stated that chapters must establish their own membership requirements and leave the national out of it. This would have circumvented the almost certain problems now facing UNC of "gentleman's agreements" and shady "socially acceptable to the national" clauses.

This was considered in the committee but passed over.

But the University cannot, and should not, do all. It has merely set the guidelines.

It is up to the members of fraternities and sororities on this campus to truly exhibit the characteristics of educated ladies and gentlemen, and to open their minds and their doors to all categories of students for membership consideration.

The sooner this happens, the stronger the system will be.—PETE WALES

The Weekly Awards Return

MAN OF THE WEEK: Robert Ansett, a San Diego bakery salesman who promised he would leave the country "to escape socialism" if Goldwater lost. He left yesterday. Good-bye.

LIZARD OF THE WEEK: Arrrrgh.

WISE MEN OF THE EAST: The N.C. State alumni who went on record yesterday as saying the present name of the institution was "ridiculous," and backing another name for the Raleigh school which, as far as we can see, should be termed with just about the same adjective.

ATTILA THE HUN MEMORIAL AWARD: To the State Legislature, who will start their bi-yearly jaunts to the far reaches of the state April 2, with a visit to Wilmington. Two years ago, they held sessions in four separate cities, thus inspiring an editorial cartoonist to proclaim, "Join The Legislature and See The State!"

OUR WEEKLY AMAZING FACT: In West Germany, there are 16 times as many writers as retouchers.

GOD SAVE THE BRITISH EMPIRE CITATION: To David Frost, British television producer, who put on a television show on birth control so vile that 23 members of the House of Commons signed a petition calling it "grossly offensive."

MOVIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER: A Raleigh drive-in is currently featuring three films which the teenagers shouldn't miss—namely, "Mill of Stone Women," "Corridors of Blood," and "Werewolf in a Girl's Dorm."

LESS HOURS, MORE LEISURE TIME, OR THE INSCRUTABLE ORIENT AWARD: To the United States Information Agency, which yesterday closed all five libraries and reading rooms in Indonesia, thus leaving half the population of that country with no place to stone but their own.

The First Time I Saw Billy

(Continued from Page 1)

astonishment. Within every brain, the question came, uttered or not, "That's Billy Cunningham?"

Yes, it was Billy. He came out, not running, but ambling, with a strange lanky walk that made him look awkward and rickety. His hands hung straight down at his sides, his neck was bowed forward, and his shoulders slumped as if his uniform was too tight in the back.

But that wasn't all. His mouth hung open as if he was a little awe-stricken by the people and the lights and perhaps even the fact that he was there to play basketball.

His hair, which was red but looked pink, was in disarray and a strand of it hung over his forehead. His hair wasn't the only thing pink about him, though. He was pink—pale pink, like a baby's skin, except that there were places where he was white in the middle of the pink, and a baby is pink all over.

His face was flushed, and as he stood there in the middle of the floor he fingered a medal around his neck. Then he dropped in down his shirt front and took the palm of his left hand and pushed it up across his nose. He stood there, as if afraid to ask anyone if he could play.

Finally the line disappeared in front of him as the other freshman whooped and shouted and burst toward the basket spinning lay-up shots through the orange rim while running at their top speeds, which were collectively dazzling.

Billy stood a second, waiting, and when the ball was thrown to him it seemed to have been thrown too hard, and there was a split second while the crowd waited to see whether he would catch it, or if it would knock him down. But he took it and his legs moved, slowly, as if it was a great effort for him. Laboriously he approached the basket, and then he lifted himself effortlessly, almost imperceptibly about five inches off the floor. An awkward left hand pushed the ball up against the backboard and it rebounded through the rim with a soft swish. Billy didn't even look

at it, just lowered his head and summoned up the strength to amble to the back of the next line.

It was that way all through the warm-up period. Billy stood and looked awe-stricken and scared, and when he got the ball he chugged toward the basket and pushed it up with that same left-handed motion which didn't impress anybody.

Later, when the team separated and began shooting individual shots, it was the same. When Billy got the ball he stood there holding it for a while and then, as if it were terribly difficult, he would uncoil a bit from his constant slump, leap into the air (but not very far) and hurl the ball toward the basket with a flick of his wrist. But he wasn't impressive or sensational doing it, and the fans began to think "this kid looks lost out there," and the fellow next to me said he couldn't be as good as the sports writers said.

But then the game started and there he was in the center circle to jump. He won the tap, and seemed to soar to an inordinate height as he jumped. He seemed to himself that it was just an illusion because his opponent had mistimed the jump and had hardly gotten off the ground. And then Billy moved into the post position and just seemed to stand there, unmoving, while the game went on around him and the varsity's defense kept the ball away.

The game was a couple of minutes old when it happened. The varsity relaxed a moment and a bounce pass went into the gap and there was Cunningham, with the ball cradled in his hands. It seemed like five seconds before he moved, though it wasn't even one tenth of that.

Then he bounced the ball against the floor with his left hand, his head made a strange movement to the left and everybody in Woolen Gym looked that way. Suddenly there was the ball moving to the right, not the left, and Billy Cunningham thrust himself into the air as easily as a balloon rising from your hand. There he was, hanging in the air.

The varsity center had been fooled, and now he made an excellent recovery and jumped to block the shot while Billy's left arm cocked for the shot. But I swear to you that when the opponent came down, Billy was still up there. He did a mid-air pirouette, his left arm made two strange movements, and the ball soared off his fingertips and over the edge of the rim. When it dropped through, the crowd looked beneath the basket, but Billy was gone, long gone, even while the ball was plummeting toward the hoop—and fame. He knew.

Down at the other end a few seconds later, the varsity brought the ball down, and Billy stood under their basket, his mouth open and his arms still dangling. Then someone took a shot, but it missed and came high off the rim, up where nobody could get it. The crowd watched it float through the haze.

And then it was gone, snatched out of its flight by a huge left hand that seemed to soar toward it for several moments before picking it like a grapefruit.

We looked, and there he was again, standing under the basket with the ball tucked under one arm, his shoulders slumped protectively over it and his mouth open.

Suddenly someone rose and screamed "Way to go, kid!" and the crowd cheered and cheered and cheered.

The Kangaroo Kid had been born.

Entered as second class postage at Chapel Hill Post Office.

LETTERS

The Daily Tar Heel solicits letters to the editors at any time and on any subject.

All letters must be typed DOUBLE SPACED and must be free of libel. The editors reserve the right to edit for length. Letters should be submitted at least two days prior to date of publication.



Letters To The Editors

Free Speech And Clauses

Chapel Hill Image Slips In France

Editors, The Tar Heel:

Here in France there exists something called the "American myth." America, the myth goes, is a land of loudmouthed, uncouth boors, who live in skyscrapers and herd minority groups into ghettos.

It is a land where the degree of civilization is reckoned in terms of telephones, TV's, radios, and cars per capita. It is a land where people spend each year more on peanut butter than Spain spends in its national budget.

We are viewed as a land of extremes, anomalies, and violence, and it is not altogether uncommon to hear someone describe us as a cultureless society. These unfortunate conceptions result, of course, from misinformation and a tremendous lack of communication.

Yet, last Saturday (Feb. 20), there appeared on page two of the local paper, Le Progres (circ. 450,000), the following article about the United States (translated below):

"Chapel Hill, N. C., Feb. 19 (From UPI-Paris). Widespread heckling interrupted a student meeting at the University of North Carolina here today. The meeting, protesting a law prohibiting Communists or certain users of the U. S. Fifth constitutional amendment (protection against self-incrimination) from speaking here, was not met with general enthusiasm. Fireworks and various expressions of southern regionalism disrupted this meeting attended by over 1,000 students. There were no arrests." (clippings from Chapel Hill seem to indicate that this article is accurate.)

The Progres then continues with a rare editorial comment: "It seems strange to us that a law such as this could have been enacted. It clearly limits the guarantees of free speech. In an area of the United States where the rights of the individual are greatly emphasized, we do not understand why this meeting failed to receive widespread support. . . . The Americans continue to perplex and mystify us."

The article certainly mystified my landlady and the two neighbors — and most likely many of the half million other readers. Actions such as these certainly do not help eliminate the "American myth" over here.

Tom Mason

UNC-Year-Al-Lyon

Fraternities Home For Fellow Bigots

Editors, The Tar Heel:

Before the Tar Heel's lucid editorial on the fraternity system, and the various letters of frat men, I must confess I had a somewhat hazy conception of just what the fraternity system was all about. I had always felt that somehow fraternity had something to do with brotherhood.

Fortunately my mistaken no-

tion has been rectified and I now realize that fraternities in actuality are devices for like-minded bigots to perpetuate their bigotry. I also realize that it is proper for fraternities to perpetuate bigotry at UNC, because in actuality they are private organizations not really connected with UNC.

This is all very clear to me, but I fear that there are still some innocents who may not realize that fraternities are not connected with UNC. In order to help solve their confusion, it might be helpful if these private organizations were to cease using UNC facilities for their functions, if they stopped setting academic requirements for their members jointly with the University administration, if the University ceased chartering them, and if the Daily Tar Heel ceased turning over the bulk of an issue or two a year to the IFC to explain the benefits of living in a fraternity.

I understand that these things don't make the fraternities any less private organizations with the right to be bigoted as they choose, but I am afraid some people might not understand.

Frank Anshen

407 West Franklin St.

as a part of as well as at the expense of the University?

If there is a simple explanation for this I would be personally grateful to hear one, and I am sure that many other UNC students have also been wondering if they have been somehow cheated.

Harold Parker

Ehringhaus

Free Listeners?

Peter B. Young!

Editors, The Tar Heel:

Although it is somewhat distasteful to do so, since it dignifies his letter, I would like to reply to Peter B. Young's letter in the March 2 Tar Heel.

If Mr. Young represents WRAL, which he certainly seems to, I think that he may be looking for new employment shortly — reference Jesse Helms, proponent of "The American Tradition" AND the Speaker Ban Law; WRAL, however (thank goodness), is not being discussed here.

More to the point is the fact that free speech does not require free listeners. Although I think the most eloquent response to Mr. Gardner's "rally" was the majority's absence, those in attendance had every right to jeer at him — precisely in the same manner as those members of various racial organizations jeered at a former governor of Mississippi last year at Carolina, and students jeered at Governor Wallace at the University of Maryland.

Without doubt, these incidents are unfortunate, but if I remember correctly, WRAL, proponent of free listeners, certainly detracted from Governor Johnson when he was here. Two members of their "news" team began to break down their cameras and lights about ten minutes after the Governor started speaking, then walked up on the stage and removed their microphone. This is politeness? maturity? consideration? Mr. Young, you speak, sir, with forked tongue!

And to Pete Ivey, laurels. In association with a North Carolina broadcaster, myself, the station I work for received a copy of the editorial. We did not put it on the air. That is our choice, that is, as to what is newsworthy. Other stations, I have found, did air it.

Regardless of who aired it and who did not air it, the fact remains that an administration openly in favor of the repeal of our Speaker Ban Law did let it go out from the news bureau. And the facts remain that the Tar Heel did not libel or slander Gardner, that the editors did use some concrete facts to draw some solid conclusions, that they are in favor of repeal of the Speaker Ban Law, and that they are popularly elected by the student body.

Now, Mr. Young, why don't you and Jesse chew on that for a while?

James W. Sturges

108 Graham House



ARMISTEAD MAUPIN, JR.

Word has it that ex-Governor Terry Sanford might open a TV station in Raleigh.

Word has it, also, that this station will attempt to counter-balance the "ultra-conservative" programming policies of WRAL-TV. And a good thing, too. WRAL has gotten far too right-wing these days. The commercials, in particular. The commercials have gotten downright Fascist.

The following advertisements have been revised and edited for broadcasting from a liberal TV station. We respectfully submit them to Governor Sanford for his careful scrutiny.

(1) A nice old lady and her daughter are baking a cake in the kitchen of an average American home. There seems to be a disagreement.

NICE OLD LADY: . . . but, dear, you don't need to pay for my operation. Just let the government handle the hospital bills.

DAUGHTER: Mother, please! I'd rather do it myself!

CONSCIENCE: Calm yourself. Sure, you've had a rough day. But, don't take it out on her. The Great Society now offers relief from . . . tension, pressure, pain . . . through its new worry-free plan of Medical Care for the Aged.

(2) Two political types are

standing in the Senate cloak-room. The younger one speaks nervously.

BAKER: Gosh, Lyndi, I'm so excited. This is my first appearance at an investigatory hearing and . . . well . . . frankly, I'm not sure whether I can stay cool and calm.

LYNDI: Don't be silly, Bobby. You'll always stay cool and calm as long as you've got the TRUE-BLUE SECRET.

(3) A slightly bored and listless group of college students are eating at a local delicatessen. Suddenly, as the music bursts into an exuberant jingle, the students drop their corned beef sandwiches, dash jubilantly into the street, and fling themselves into the paths of oncoming cars.

"Come alive!
Come alive!
You're in the Protest Generation!"

(4) A man and his wife are conversing in an oval room in a large white house.

MAN: Shucks, Bird, what am I gonna do? Hubert's a good fella and all that, but sometimes he scares me. He might git too blame powerful!

WIFE: Your worries are over, dear. Science has discovered a REMARKABLE new healing substance, called PREPARATION H, that shrinks the Vice-President without surgery.

Greeks Obligated To The University

In reference to Lewis Lipsitz's letter, Clark Crampton's analogical gymnastics were peripheral. Focus is needed on the main issue at hand: that is, whether the University is morally right in eliminating a criterion of fraternity membership, rather than whether the University is legally and practically capable of doing so.

Fraternities are chartered by the University, owe their existence in their present character as such to the University, and are wedded to this institution in a variety of organizational and non-organizational ways which help define their privileges, immunities and responsibilities. Insofar as this is the case, fraternities are not private clubs.

Mr. Crampton, however, would argue that they retain their private character enough to determine absolutely their own criteria for membership. But would Mr. Crampton deny that fraternities are part of a larger community?

First, it seems, as if formal arrangements — e. g., the University's granting of charters, faculty jurisdiction — interlock the fraternity system pretty tightly with the rest of the University.

Second, the fraternities must feel some strong obligation to the University community, one of the criteria for membership being involvement in extra-curricular activities.

These two points about fraternities' connections with the University community are hardly in sympathy with Mr. Crampton's wish to insulate them from that community's standards.

Sharon Keiser
77 Maxwell Road
Terry Fowler
413 Patterson Place

Otelia Is On The Manners Warpath—With Umbrellas

Dear Sir:

This day, March 2nd, wasn't my day. Or, was it? I had to go on the war-path again.

I was reading the newspaper in Lenoir, waiting for the line to open. My attention was directed to the table next to me. I watched a while, then I went over to the table and told the two girls that I had yet to see them address a single remark to their table companion, a male. "You should include everybody in your conversation," I said, "and I don't like it."

One of the girls made a nod in the male's direction by addressing an occasional remark to him. But the other girl — never a glance or word.

Soon they were joined by a third girl, who promptly threw a newspaper on my table. I picked up the paper, whacked her with it and told all three of them that when I wrote up the Carolina Gentleman, some of the girls wouldn't be included.

While I was eating my lunch, I noticed another student, eating with his cap on. On my way out, I stopped at the table and asked them, there were eight of them, if they were Carolina students. They answer-

ed, "Yes." I pointed to the cap and asked if he was a student.

He said he was a professor! I told him, "We don't wear hats in the house at Carolina."

When I got to the door I held it open for a blind student and his guide. A student followed behind them. I put my hand on his arm and told him, "I don't hold doors for men. They hold the door for me." He tried to hold the door open with his arm, but he was on the wrong side, and it was kinder awkward.

I removed a pencil from behind the ear of one student and told him I didn't allow him to carry his pencil behind his ear. "Only clerks keep their pencil behind the ear (Not even clerks park the pencil behind the ear now.) I told him to put the pencil in his pocket and "don't you let me catch you with it behind your ear again." I didn't know him. However he hadn't heard about the ban on pencil and he took it in good stride.

By the way, I think the Carolina girl, on the whole, is lovely. They are all very courteous to me. Today was the exception that proves the rule.

Otelia Connor