

In Our Opinion...

Letters To The Editor

New Visiting Agreement Is Shot In Arm For RC System

The hard work of students and administrators of the past few years who have held to the idea that the residence college can and will become a reality on this campus in more than just name has been rewarded with tangible results in the new residence halls visiting agreement.

No matter how extensive a program of "get to know your neighbors" is set up within residence halls and residence colleges, and no matter how much pride and competitive spirit is instilled in the residents of any given residence college, the students must be afforded adequate social facilities if the real demands of student living are to be met.

The unprecedented number of residence college-sponsored combo parties last spring attested to the fact that the student's adolescent drives can be satisfied—or at least momentarily quieted—by his residence college.

But we believe the new visiting agreement to be much more meaningful than these successful combo parties. For, when the residence college provides a place where a boy can bring his date for a quiet chat after a library study stint, a place where a boy can bring his date and sit with her in pleasant surroundings without fear of en-

countering his nude roommate on his way to the showers, then the residence hall is more a home for its students.

Campus men have had to give up a few time-honored traditions—the not-too-polite card games in the first floor social rooms, for example. The Men's Residence Council has had more than a simple task in coordinating all the residence hall social rooms and in working out a suitable visiting agreement. The administration has had to take a step not exactly in line with history's definition of dormitory rules in ratifying the most liberal visiting agreement ever.

All these people are to be commended for their efforts.

To the students go a two-fold challenge. The first is that of showing their appreciation for the system by abiding by its regulations and not abusing their facilities. The second is that of demonstrating their faith in and desire to build the residence college system by taking full advantage of all the privileges afforded them.

The residence college at UNC is becoming a reality, but there is still a long way to go. We encourage all those involved with its development and operation to keep up the good work.

Baseball—How Did Little League Ever Get Along...

It was one of the few times this fall the Graham Memorial television room has been crowded. There were long periods of silence and then sudden outbreaks such as "Yeah," "All right" and "Jees." NBC-TV unveiled instant replay-stop action in slow motion form for the first time.

It was the world series, described by a TV sportscaster as "the world's most colorful sporting event." This year's series caps an exciting baseball year as can be recalled in recent years.

As we watched the first game of the series yesterday, we couldn't help thinking of the tremendous amount of money tied up in professional baseball. And we couldn't help comparing this staggering figure with the financial outlay of the baseball league in which we first participated—a small town's Little League.

The pros today come to bat wearing a hard plastic, personally fitted, batting helmet. Each player's number is on his helmet. In the Little League, the more affluent teams had two hard hats—one "small" (for the eight and nine-year-olds) and one "large" (for the 11 and 12-year-olds). The 10-year-olds, and any other players with non-conforming head sizes, wore the large hard hat with their cloth cap underneath. This was the scene with the more affluent teams. The less heavily-endowed squads borrowed batting helmets from their opponents.

The wide array of hitting instruments used in the big leagues is in sharp contrast with the little kids' selection. Two bats always got our teams by—a genuine 28-inch Ted Williams autograph model and a heavier 30-inch stick with a Hannah trademark. Some teams had a few extra bats—usually 33-inchers with tape and tacks on the handle. These had been broken and discarded by the local high school team.

And we didn't change balls every-time one got dirty in the Little League. In fact, nothing disqualified a game ball short of the cover coming off.

Our managers didn't get \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year either. In fact they didn't get anything. They came down to the ballpark after work in the afternoons and gave the coaching job all they had. More times than not their enthusiasm resulted from their having a son or a little brother on the team.

Uniforms. Yes, they were something too. When local civic clubs or merchants would agree to "sponsor" a Little League team, they would pay the \$20 entry fee (to cover umpire salaries and stage a big weiner roast at the end of the season) and buy around 15 uniforms. Just like the batting helmets, the uniforms came in too sizes—too large or too small.

And what about salaries? It's not hard to understand how the pros can turn in some of the fantastic plays they do. Look at the money that's riding on it. Well, the kidville circuit didn't have any \$100,000 bonus babies, but there was adequate incentive in knowing that the winning team would be treated to snow cones.

So it sounds like the Little League of a dozen or so years ago was a pretty hap-hazard affair. Maybe it was. But those fellows who are just now breaking into the professional baseball circuit—the guys who will be this year's outstanding rookies—were playing in this same low-finance league when we were.

Baseball—it's a rags to riches business.

The Daily Tar Heel
74 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Dishonest DTH

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: I should like to take exception to the article, editorial and cartoon appearing in the Friday, September 30 issue of your paper regarding recent faculty resignations in the Department of Romance Languages.

As a graduate and former member of that department, I have followed with pride for some twenty years the progress and development of the language program under the guidance of three very capable chairmen, Dr. William M. Dey, Dr. Sterling A. Stouemire and Dr. Joseph Hardre.

I have been privileged to teach under the leadership of these three men and I can say without question that Professor Hardre has always maintained the high standards of excellence and achievement set by his predecessors and that he has considerably strengthened the teaching faculty of the department during his tenure as chairman.

Faculty retention is a serious problem for every institution of higher learning and the loss of competent faculty is always to be regretted. The resignations in question are not unusual, therefore, when one considers the fact that the Department of Romance Languages comprises nearly one hundred members.

Each year a certain amount of faculty turnover is to be expected. In fact, a certain amount of this is not only healthy but is to be desired, for it keeps a teaching faculty alive and vigorous.

Furthermore, the scholarship and contributions which these men will take to their new assignments will also reflect the excellence of the program from which they come. This is a natural process of the academic world and is a cherished one.

May I remind you that the University, and the Department of Romance Languages in particular, has managed to retain over a period of years a large number of the senior faculty who have so substantially shaped the prestige and excellence of the department. I speak especially of such scholars and gentlemen as Professors N. B. Adams, Alfred G. Engstrom, Jacques Hardre, U. T. Holmes, S. A. Stouemire, W. L. Wiley and many others.

The Daily Tar Heel is as much a part of the Carolina tradition as the curricula and teaching traditions for which the University is so widely acclaimed. It is disturbing to see your paper resort to dishonest and sensationalist journalism based essentially on hearsay and petty gossip.

John Greenbacker

Freed Minds In Prison

Every so often the DTH gets a copy of a prison newspaper in the mail. They are supported by the institutions they represent and are filled with the original work of the inmates.

A couple days ago we got another one of these. This one is called The Mentor, and it's written by the prisoners of the Massachusetts Correctional Institution.

Serious editorials are alternated with features & personal columns that play on the tongue-in-cheek humor of prison life.

The average person's image of the American

penal institution is usually something out of a grade "B" prison picture from the 1930's. They visualize a horde of hard-bitten, thoroughly contemptible ap-men staging mess hall riots and mass escapes. The average prisoner looks like James Cagney, and the only coherent thing he is capable of uttering is a surly threat that goes something like this: "Open the doors, Warden, or the father gets it!"

The staff writers of The Mentor are not above playing on this theme. One of the columnists, Don "Emo" Landry, writes a local gossip column entitled "The Walled - Off Astoria," and the letters to the editor column is entitled "Windows in the Wall."

Next to the items of this sort, one finds a caliber of edi-

torial writing found in only the best newspapers, and the product of a perceptive intelligence rarely found among many college graduates who have never seen a prison.

Why do these people defy the law? The answers are most likely as varied as the individuals, but it might prove interesting to examine the case of one young convict whose situation was published as one of The Mentor's features. The story was best told by the following two articles:

BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
"Defeat at chess apparently was too much for the assistant editor of the Indiana Reformatory newspaper.

"Robin Smith, 24, described by Superintendent Jerome Henry as one of the intelligentsia of the institution was one of the four convicts to compete in a two-day chess tournament at the Indiana University Medical Center.

"Smith won a match Saturday and returned to the reformatory. But after he lost one Sunday he slipped away, unnoticed by a counselor and his prison buddies. Smith was serving a term for robbery."

The following statement was written for the prison paper by the superintendent, Jerome Henry:

"Last Sunday evening one of our inmates violated a trust and escaped while on temporary parole. One has a difficult time—that is, perhaps, if he is not an inmate—to give reason to such a destructive impulse.

"True, this inmate was incarcerated in a walled prison, separated from his loved ones, 'doing time.' Still, he had a good portion of his time out of the way and was coming down the stretch for a clemency hearing. And from where I sit, he seemed to be in a good position to gain favorable board action."

He had a good job which provided the opportunity for his using his many creative talents. He was on a long count. He was liked by many; respected for his ability; and encouraged to groom for the editorship of The Reflector. From my viewpoint, he was, making the best of a bad situation.

Now, this man is an intelligent man, a sensitive man, a quiet man. Letters that he left from his family indicated that he was a loved man. So, the question is posed: why did he violate the trust of which he wrote so eloquently, so convincingly?

"In an earlier article I posed the question 'why is a man here', with the points made that behavior is meaningful, purposive, and understandable."

In this case the question is directed to "why is a man not here?" Your intelligence and mine know that running is futile; a breath of ill-gotten air that will surely end suddenly and soon. He knew this also but it did not deter him.

"Some will brush him off as a con artist; others will explain it away with the fact that he lost playing chess that day and can't stand being a loser; others will say that prison to a sensitive man is intolerable; that he had a deep-

need for self-destruction and so forth.

"There are reasons, that is certain, but it is not likely that we or even this man know those reasons. His history is one of bewilderment, impulsiveness, game-playing, and running. Thus he, indeed, needs pity more than censure; study more than pat phrases; help more than hell.

"We pledged when we took this job to help every man that it was humanly possible to help. We cannot stop with a rebuff. We cannot stop trying to help him—or others. "We believe that we are charged with the responsibility of assisting one another—there was no adjective delimiting the 'one another.'"

"In one of his recent poems this man wrote: '... If I should die tomorrow would anybody care?' ... Robin, we care."

What is the story behind this one convict and the numerous fine newspapers that are being published in correctional institutions across the nation? Simply this: Behind the prison walls are found not just the savage ignorant and the antisocial personality, but also the disaffected, the misunderstood, the intelligent, the sensitive and the creative.

These prison papers mark the start of a desperately needed communication between society and its deviates. As the dialogue continues, we on the outside may come to realize that the stone walls of the prison are more of our making than we thought, and that we have placed some of the freest minds in cages.

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: Re: the flashcard eye gougers. Can't the cards be made of a light-weight paper in a round cornerless shape? This paper doesn't glide.

S. Rulin

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: Thank you for your coverage of the Klan rally in Durham. The sickness that the Klan represents needs to be exposed for what it is and your issue of Tuesday did just that.

Let us hope that responsible leaders here on campus will mobilize both faculty and student body to protest in a peaceful way any Klan rally that may take place in Chapel Hill.

Rev. Aiden J. Sinnott

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: Have you stopped publishing, we doubt it, but we have

Lightweight Cards

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: I should hope that your paper's primary concern would be for honest and accurate reporting. Your coverage of this particular incident is neither.

William H. Baskin, III
Assoc. Prof. Romance Languages
Salem College

UNC Lacks Spirit

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: Sandy Treadwell's opening line, "It was incredible," pinpoints beautifully, in its succinct admission that the student body had already given up on the 1966 team, what's wrong with football at Carolina. The well-deserved, but, sad to say, "incredible" victory over Michigan is proof that the team itself and its much maligned coaching staff had not so easily conceded the season.

Evidently the lessons that athletics teaches the participants are lost on a student body which, for all the sound games and solid victories its football teams have produced, can only remember the losses.

If you have just this moment scoffingly asked, "What victories," it is you that are most wrong with Carolina football, and not the offense, the defense, the coaches or the cheerleaders.

Beat Notre Dame? It would be a great victory—but surely not an incredible one.

R. De Maine

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: I should hope that your paper's primary concern would be for honest and accurate reporting. Your coverage of this particular incident is neither.

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of the campus administration circle, where have all the good times gone, one can hardly fight his way into our snack bar for the mounds of papers, rappers, tin cans and other trash that greet us every morning.

You are understaffed out here. Come out and see some time. Try not to rely on just students to run this facility; they do a fine job for their part, but we believe the trouble to be higher up.

Think of the money you're losing when you run out of cigarettes on Tuesday for the whole week, or when you don't open for over an hour after a football game. Over 75 parents attended a reception in our lobby on the 24th, think of their impression.

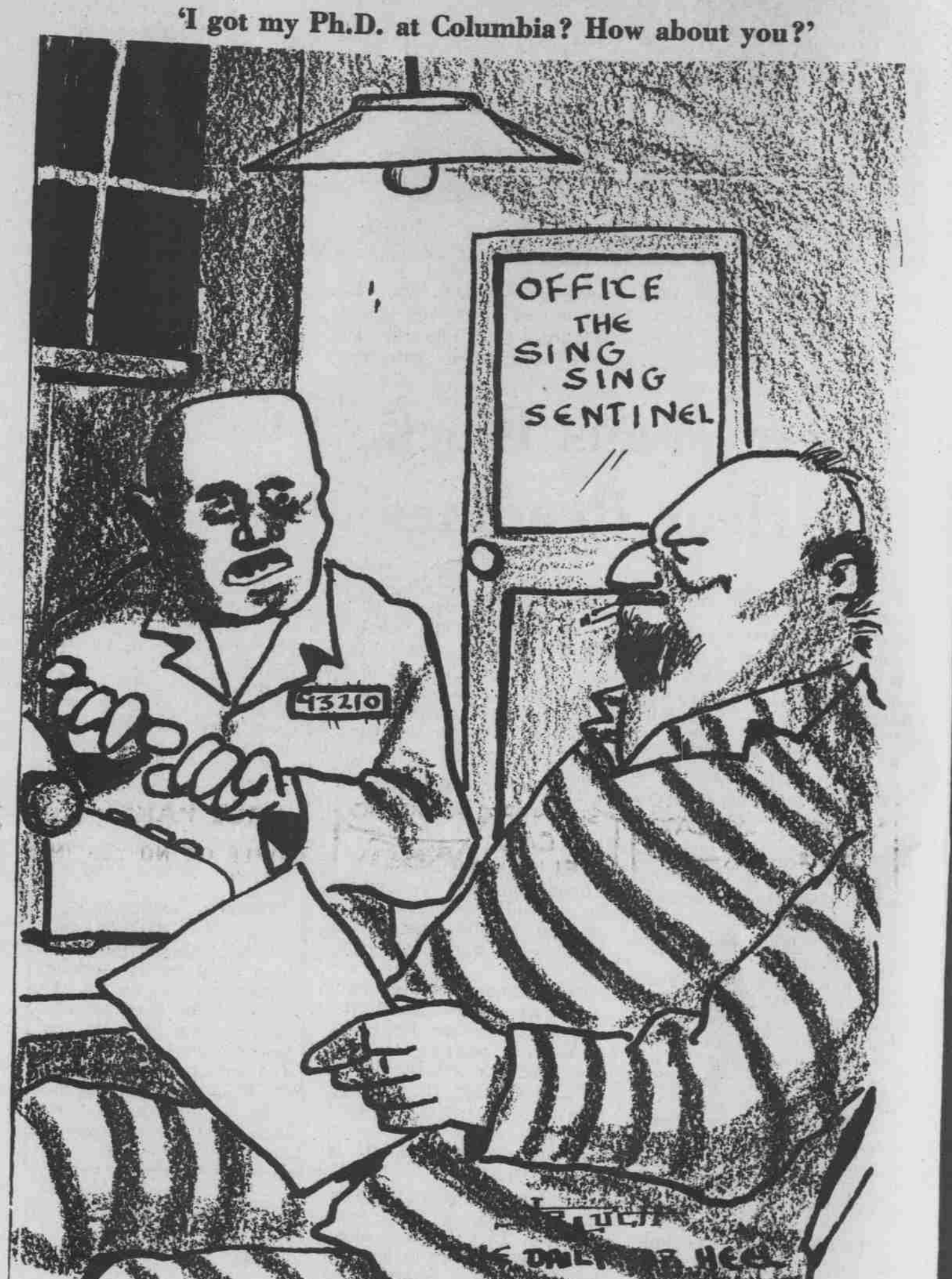
Help save Ehringhaus. Improve our canteen facilities to be at least equal with those

in Criage and Morrison. With this area the residence center of campus, we only ask that facilities befitting the center of any great University be supplied to us.

We do realize inflation causes problems and that money is short and in great demand, but could we not also ask for a check cashing desk to be placed in Chase Hall, which can best serve South Campus by being in its center rather than in one of the individual dorms.

We also would like to be able to cash a check for more than \$15. Don't retard the growth of this, our disturbed home... Ehringhaus.

Allen Shepard, Governor of Ehringhaus
Robert Cherry, Social Lieutenant Governor
Don Streeter, Secretary
Les Haas, Committee Chmn.
Boyd Garber, Treasurer



Gospel Is Rewritten By Beatles

Editor's note — A columnist for The Wooden Horse, the official publication of St. Petersburg Junior College in Florida, offered the following quotes from the Bible if people started worshipping the Beatles rather than God.)

And John divided the three crumpets and the five teabags among the multitude... and the angel of the Lord visited the Blessed Virgin Michelle... thus was Jonah cast into the bowels of a great Yellow Submarine... and Lot spoke unto the Lord, "Lord, wilt Thou sparest the evil city of Liverpool if three be ten fine combs' might of beat... would you believe three washboards and a guitar... and Moses brought forth His commandments... I am the Lord thy John, thou shalt not have any other Spoonfuls be fore me... thou shalt not commit adulthood... thou shalt not steal... songs... thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's gold record... and yon Samson slew the wicked Stones with the Neck-bone of a Gibson Electric... on morality... Samson and Delilah... "She talked until two, and then she said, 'it's time for bed.' On vanity... Eleanor Rigby puts on the face that she keeps in a jar by the door... On religion... Father McKenzie, writing the words of a sermon that no one will hear no one comes near.