

# The Daily Tar Heel

75 Years of Editorial Freedom

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## Leave The Driving To Yourself

We all know about how nice bus rides are don't we? You just get on, lean back, relax, and leave the driving to the driver. You are sped to your destination.

But it doesn't always work out that way. In fact it never works out that way.

Now Tuesday, January 2 was not a normal day, granted, for any kind of public transportation.

I was forced to leave my car in New England, and diddled around too late to get a plane unless I wanted to go standby. Standby is about as fast as walking.

The choice was a bus or a train. And, if you've ever ridden the New Haven Railroad, you'll understand why I chose the bus.

I have ridden buses in at least half the fifty states, so I knew I was asking for trouble. With this in mind, I was out to get several promises out of the bus company. The promises I got were these: The first bus would be from Hartford, Conn. to Washington "express", "no change" one stop—in New York—guaranteed.

The connection in Washington would be within 30 minutes, another "express" to Raleigh. (Express is usually taken to mean no changes). There would be no more than a 40-minute wait in

Raleigh—then on to Chapel Hill via Durham, again no changes.

The ticket man in Hartford thought I was questioning his integrity—no doubt—for making him go over the schedule twice.

So we got started, only thirty minutes late, in Hartford. Sure enough, we didn't stop until we got to the city. There are several ways to approach the Port Authority. The buses take the longest route possible without going through New Jersey to get there from the Northeast.

We had to cross the Bronx all the way to get to the station and the driver crows out, "George Washington Bridge Station, 173rd Street." The bus was full, but not one soul moved. We all stared at the driver. There was no one to get on either—but it wouldn't have made any difference if there had been since there were no seats.

So the driver muttered something out loud like "How about that?" and pulled out of the station. Since I didn't have anything else to do I got to thinking, why in the world didn't he ask in Hartford if anyone is going to Bridge Station? Then we could have skipped it. But, not being privy to what makes bus company officials' minds tick, I didn't have the answer.

It only took 50 minutes to go the 138 blocks to the NYPA. That's because we got about one fourth the lights green and we managed to wade around the cars which were sliding down the long hill on Amsterdam Ave., crumpling the fenders of parked cars.

We pulled into the bowels of the Authority only 30 minutes late. Of course that didn't concern me since I was on an "express" bus.

We finally got a parking place and the driver shouted out, "Everybody off!" Right then and there the first promise had gone down the drain, but I stood my ground.

"Say, driver, I hate to bug you with trivialities, but when I got on in Hartford, both you and the ticket salesman said this bus was 'express' to Washington."

"Sorry about that, everybody has to change here."

So, another 30-minute wait, and another bus.

Then out into the traffic and 20 minutes of playing checkmate with the trucks and cabbies in the middle of one intersection.

Then into the swamps of New Jersey, me sitting there with one eye on the sign which said: "Smoking is forbidden on this

bus while in the state of New Jersey", and the other eye on the bus driver who was chain smoking.

I did lean back then and leave the driving to the driver. The only problem was the little fat lady beside me who kept going to sleep and falling over on me. "Excuse me, Sonny." I got up one time, with the pretensions of going to that little room in the back, and sure enough, the little lady fell right over into my seat. She said excuse me sonny again, but I wasn't there.

We got into Washington a half hour late. It all started over again. This time I was adamant. Will this bus in take me to Raleigh? Will I be able to get a bus to Chapel Hill? Yes, twice. Double yes to the latter question.

On to Richmond. Again, "Everybody off." Another "express" bus to Raleigh had bitten the dust. Not only that but they didn't know where to get a bus to take us to Raleigh.

Exactly 50 minutes later we left Richmond. We got to Raleigh and I was all ready to hop on my bus to Chapel Hill. Only there wasn't one—and wouldn't be until the next morning.

More shouting at the bus station manager. He didn't care what those people in Hartford and Washington told me. There was no bus to Chapel Hill after 10:45 p.m.

I could go to Durham if I wanted. That's 20 miles closer to Chapel Hill, so I took it.

At 2 o'clock in the morning at the bus station in Durham, N.C. they have one answer: The next bus to Chapel Hill leaves at 6 o'clock this morning, or thereabouts.

I had ridden on five different buses for 17 hours and I was five hours behind "schedule" and still four and one half hours from home, as the bus travels.

There was only one recourse—a \$5 taxi ride.

I tried to think logically about the whole thing. Like, why can't they tell you the truth when you buy a ticket? Why can't they just tell you that they don't give a damn whether you get home? Why can't they—at the very least—follow the schedules that are in their manuals—the schedules that they point to in Washington and say, "There it is right there—there is a bus to Chapel Hill."

I decided that there must be a moral to the story and it is simple.

The next time you see a bus cruising down the road with the little sign which reads EXPRESS, don't believe a word of it. If the other sign says "Washington" or "Raleigh", don't believe that either.

That driver is just looking for a wide spot in the road where he can dump his passengers.

## Reshuffling Parking Lots No Answer To Problems

It's a long walk from South Campus to the class room buildings—but it's not as long as it would be from Durham or Carboro, or some other C Parking

Sticker residence.

So it's a welcome change that Chancellor J. Carlyle Sitterson and his Traffic and Safety Committee have made by changing one of the South Campus parking lots from a first-come-first-get basis to strictly a C car lot, especially since present C parking facilities (175 spaces) are inadequate to handle the 2,700 cars in that category.

Welcome, anyway, to the students who have C stickers on their cars and have been unable to find sufficient parking space in the Ram's Head parking lot and along the Scott College road.

But how welcome will it be to those residents of Scott and Ehringhaus Colleges who will now have to park their G-Stickered cars in the lots of Hinton James, Craige or Morrison?

Not very welcome at all, probably.

In fact, once the winter snows finally come—and even after they change into the spring monsoon—it seems that this re-zoning is going to seem particularly unwelcome to these students.

For what this change amounts to, you see, is described by that old adage about robbing Peter to pay Paul. To accommodate the C cars, the University is going to herd the G cars out of the lot in question.

But even that remedy won't work for long: the lot that is now being given to the C drivers will be converted into tennis courts later this year.

Which will make the parking situation for both C and G cars even worse than it already is.

What needs to be done is for the Chancellor and his advisory committee—as well intentioned as they may be—to stop shuffling student parking lots around, and to begin tackling the problem squarely.

And the only way to solve Carolina's parking problem—one of too many cars, too few spaces—is to make more parking spaces, expensive though this may be.

For it is folly to think that you can solve the parking problem here by re-designating zones.

You just can't re-arrange such a problem out of existence.

## Chapel Hill Sees Red (And White)

From The Chapel Hill Weekly

Over the years, Chapel Hill has withstood all manner of indignities from the rest of the State. Some we have suffered in pained silence, to others we have protested with characteristic dignity and sweet reason.

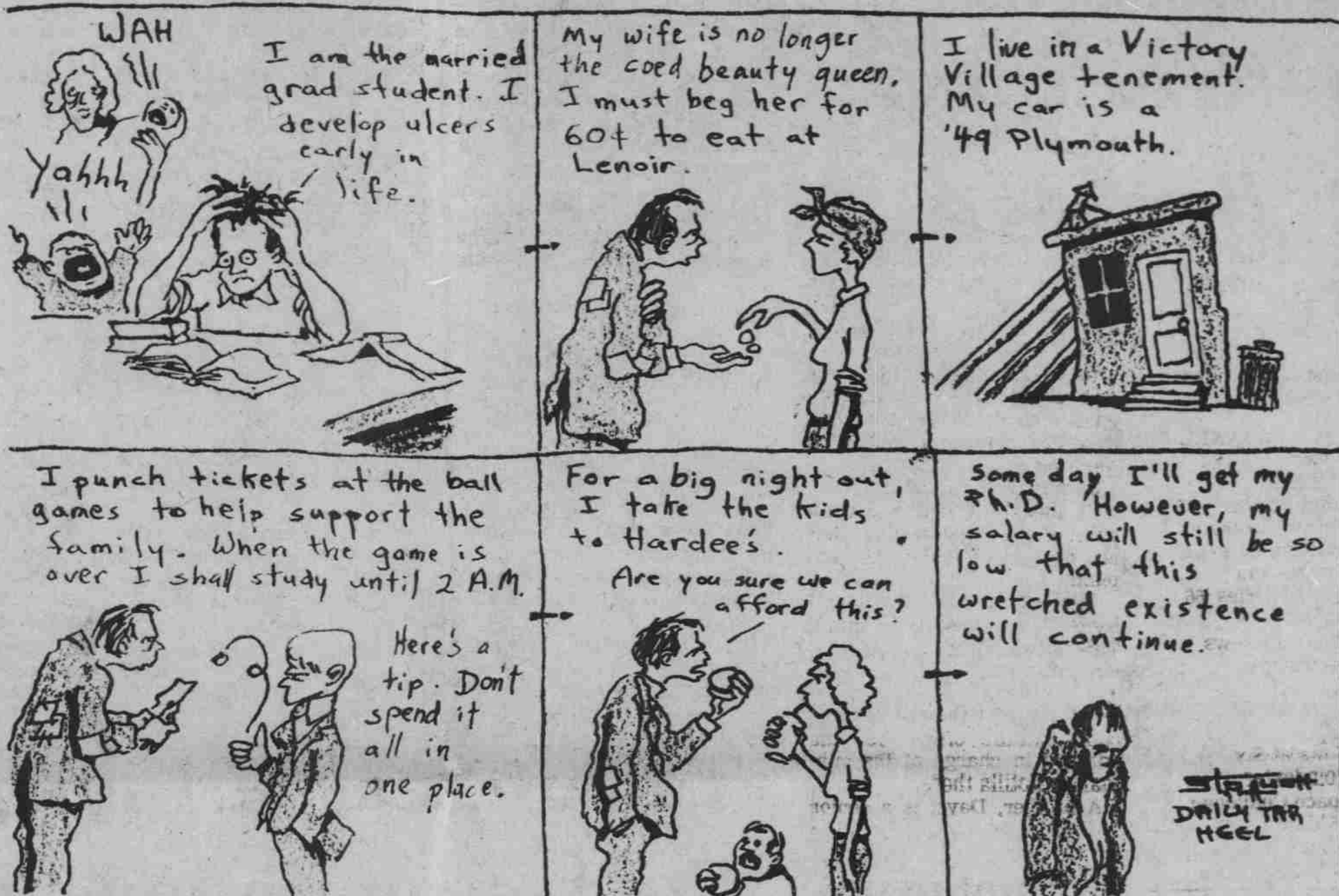
There is, however, only so much that even the most serene and restrained community can bear. And now, by George, those who have made a fetish of heaping calumny on these hallowed parts have gone too far.

We refer, of course, to the 1968 North Carolina auto tags. Yellow on black, green on white, and other freakish color combinations that have been chosen through the years have drawn not a murmur of protest from us. But this year's license plate decor, red numerals on a white ground, is an outrageous affront to this whole town. We must protest.

State College got its name change and for all we care it can have back the Dixie Classic, deconsolidation, 47 new Ph.D. programs, and other assorted items dear to the Wolfpack heart.

But requiring every driver in North Carolina to fly the State College colors seems to us to be going a bit far.

Residents of Chapel Hill might as well be forced to canonize Leo Jenkins.



### Letters To The Editor

## 'Other Side' On Womens' Rules Presented

After reading Karen Freeman's "U. N. C. Coeds Must Rally Now", I found one phrase that stuck in my mind. That was: "If the premise of equality on an individual basis is not accepted, then women should not be accepted as intellectual equals in the academic structure of the University." I don't think anyone can really argue with this statement, nor would I, for one, even try. However, a major complaint at Carolina is the growing impersonality of the academic environment or, in other words, the sink or swim attitude. How well we are all acquainted with huge lectures, little or no chance for outside help from teachers and in short, the whole phenomena of student numberism.

I am in no way shape or form opposed to greater liberalization of women's rules. As a matter of fact, my personal feelings are definitely along much more permissive lines than the present rules. I only hate to see women students who are being told that their individuality, freedom and intelligence are being threatened act hastily without consideration of some of the benefits of the system under which they are living at present, and there are some.

I really believe that the dormitory system is the last stronghold of the truly personal touch at Carolina; where a warm community feeling exists and every girl is made to feel at least to some extent wanted through the joint efforts of Residence Administration, hall meeting and various dorm activities. The women students have had all along, what the boys are striving for now, through the Residence College System.

Is this what the girls on campus really want; for the dormitory to become no more than just a place to sleep? Or if deems do become only this, will coeds then complain of impersonality in the social area as they do now in the academic area where the sink or swim attitude they say they want (in rules), already exists? Maybe the WRC has no business considering this side of the picture, but you must agree that it is difficult to make rules without consideration of the environmental effects of the changes you are legislating.

Ask any housemother; she can tell you many instances of shy or withdrawn girls who would have been greatly hurt by lessened opportunities for personal relationships within the dorms.

If a sink or swim attitude is what the

girls want, then I assure you, it can be had; I only hope that the coeds who ask for an administrative we-don't-give-a-damn attitude fully weigh the merits of both sides.

The Daily Tar Heel has been incredibly lax in its responsibility to the students on campus in making both sides of an issue available. This letter is not an advocacy of anything, it is only, I hope, a fair representation of the other side.

Andi Stein  
Womens Residence Council

### DTH Is Called 'Pernicious Institution'

To The Editor  
University students characteristically are intolerant people. Often they will not suffer for an instant the existence of that which among certain segments of the population will endure unchanged and unopposed for seemingly endless periods of time. And yet there exists at this university one pernicious and lamentably constant institution which is tolerated almost without protest, rather as if the condition, outwardly viewed with disgust, had achieved by longevity a certain measure of sanctity, not unlike the situation, extant in some cultures, in which insanity and mental retardation are viewed as manifestations of divine favor. Such a situation exists on this campus in the institution of the editorship of the Daily Tar Heel. Every spring, regular as rain and pansies, the diligent and enlightened students of this university are faced with the ordeal of selecting a new editor for the newspaper. Almost invariably this task amounts to an option of disasters, a choice, as it were, between Tweedledum and Tweedledumber. A small band of students trickle over to the voting booths and make their reluctant choices and hope that they have not chosen a microcephalic idiot, only to have their hopes defeated with the appearance of the first editorial, brimming with irrationality and glandular indignation, possessing in the minimum amount of grammatical discourse the minimum amount of information and the maximum amount of distortion, and in general in need of editing.

A few highlights: The first Daily Tar Heel editorial I ever saw accused the entire student body of being responsible for the murder of a co-ed in the arboretum a year previous (I have never figured that

out). Some months later there appeared on the editorial page an obscene gesture, seen most often on restroom walls and on the hands of disgruntled Duke fans. And still later some kind of record was established for green journalism when one of the DTH staff opined that the sport of basketball had been "raped" (?) and once again we were all responsible! And who will ever forget your own celebrated dispatches from Winston-Salem during the race riot there?

During your own unmercifully long tenure, Mr. Amlong, I have noticed that the editorial columns are largely blank, being filled with those long, rambling paragraphs, fraught with recondite meaning, such as "But we do" or "Well, so what?" Mind you, I am not complaining about the blank spaces—between the blank spaces and your prose I will gladly take the blank spaces. Of late, however, I have noted that you are given to enclosing some of your messages in black borders. At first myopic glance one is tempted to interpret such a format as signalling the demise of whoever is responsible for the Daily Tar Heel, but a closer look shows that this is your way of attracting the reader's attention to a section of the paper which, in the normal course of events, is rigorously avoided. One such ex cathedra message in black border appeared in the December 9 edition of your news sheet. My purpose in writing to you is to comment on that message. I hope you will forgive my tangential introduction, but experience has taught me that, when dealing with persons in your intended profession, it is wise to adopt a First Steps for Little Feet attitude.

You complained in your editorial that nobody showed up at what some people have chosen to call a "teach-in." You further stated that the students of this university, most of whom, it would appear, are totally ignorant of the war currently being waged in Viet Nam, could learn about the war in all its aspects by attending that preposterous quibbling bee. Although I was not in attendance, I feel that I can predict with fair certainty what was said—the same old tired phrases which appear daily in your columns (usually in fractured and murderously abstruse form). Be that as it may, I resent your unqualified assertion that the students or anyone else would "learn" anything by attending. Hearing a few cliches from the metalanguage of the political gossip

department and some homilies about morality from some imbecile hiding behind a clerical collar is not necessarily a process which insures that an individual will learn anything except, possibly, the opinions of those who have smugly designated themselves as teachers.

The reason no one showed up for the "teach-in" is that the affair, even though free of charge, offered nothing in the way of entertainment. The people who dreamed up this business should have beefed up their act with a big name. I suggest Al Lowenstein, aging boy wonder of anti-fascism, who could unleash his invective on some crypto-falangist patsy from the State Department, or senile Ben Spock, the obstetrician who exhibits all the restraint and political acumen of a sex-agrarian placenta. Or possibly Robert Kennedy, who, while having exhibited no special capacity for anything except trading on his brother's good name, nevertheless constitutes a walking, talking folk-talisman, and can attract most of the size five-and-one-half heads from miles around.

In conclusion, Mr. Amlong, I should like to make three observations:

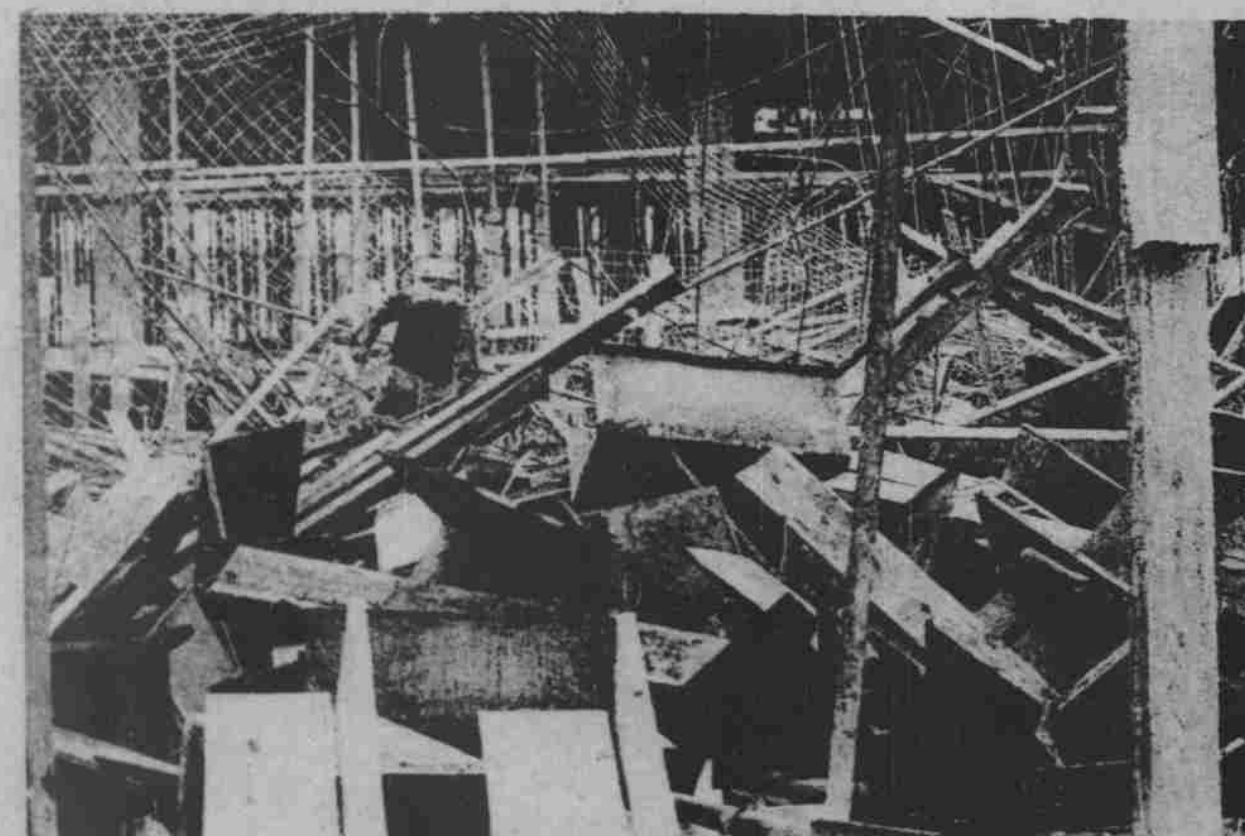
1. If anyone expects to draw a crowd for something as insane as a teach-in, he will have to get a bigger name than Lew Lipetz and the Baptist chaplain, or whoever in the hell.
2. If dysfunctional narcissism were a legitimate concept no one would look at the Daily Tar Heel.
3. The current editor of the Daily Tar Heel should think very seriously about a career in pharmacy.

Harry Walsh

The Daily Tar Heel is published by the University of North Carolina Student Publication Board, daily except Mondays, examinations periods and vacations. Offices are on the second floor of Graham Memorial. Telephone numbers: editorial, sports, news—932-1011; business, circulation, advertising—932-1163. Address: Box 1000, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

Second class postage paid at U.S. Post Office in Chapel Hill, N.C.

Subscription rates: \$9 per year; \$5 per semester.



## Timetable Caved In, Too

A few weeks back a fellow who must have been a prophetic sidewalk superintendent sent a cartoon to The Daily Tar Heel portraying construction of the Student Union.

The awkwardly drawn sketch pictured the construction as huge blocks of concrete thrown together, all teetering on the verge of collapse.

Tuesday, part of the Student Union roof did collapse. We know next to nothing about concrete con-

struction, but we're thankful that the roof fell when it did—and not a few years hence, when students would be inside.

We're not accusing anyone of negligence—that's the responsibility of the investigators of the accident, if negligence is evident.

We'll just say, Ho-hum and take your time fellows. After all, the building is only about three years behind schedule. What's another few weeks while the roof is rebuilt?