

The Daily Tar Heel

76 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Letters To The Editor

Prison-Dorm Comparison Misleading

To The Editor:

In their over-anxious campaign to purge campus organizations of all their ills, the editors of the Daily Tar Heel would do well to check the facts and philosophies before launching the various attacks.

The editorial in Wednesday's paper about the female trustees visiting Carolina with the analogy between dorm life and a prison is as misleading a piece of journalism as the Tar Heel has attempted in quite awhile.

In the first place, the editor, or whoever wrote the article, says in actuality that "girls don't have a lot to say about how their lives are run here."

As far as the trustees' visit is concerned, this is entirely inaccurate, as the schedule of events was laid out by two women students working with campus groups and administrative assistants. Also, the trustees will meet with members of the Women's Residence Council, sorority house presidents and Panhellenic representatives, Women's Honor Council members, and the Valkyries, not to mention the individual girls in the dorms.

It hardly sounds like a minority representation of the female population on campus.

on campus.

As for the dorms closing early, the writer of the article should have checked the minutes of Tuesday's WRC meeting where he would have found that the council voted to keep regular closing hours for Granville, Alderman and the sororities — all of which have no trustee staying there.

The other dorms are closing early as a consideration to the trustees, and to the girls, for a required house meeting where entertainment will be provided by the dorm for the trustee. (After a long day of meetings in Raleigh, a banquet at Chase and gatherings with the women on campus, it hardly seems fair to ask a trustee to wait until closing hours for the girls' convenience.)

And as far as excuses go — if the author had checked the Residence Manual for the dorms, he would have found that a dorm president may excuse a girl from a house meeting because of two quizzes, illness or any other legitimate excuse.

But, obviously he didn't check those facts or any others.

Lesley Wharton
President, Granville East

Short And Long Court Verdict

To The Editor:

For two hours last Friday morning I sat in Chapel Hill Recorder's Court attempting to study for a Master's exam in social theory while waiting to pay a fine. I found it very difficult to concentrate on Max Weber's discussion of the rational-legal judicial systems in many modern Western states in view of the court proceedings.

Before sentencing a long-haired student, Judge L. J. Phipps asked the student why he had long hair. The student said he played in a rock and roll band. The Judge censured him, and then asked him what the name of the group was so that he would be sure never to listen to it. The next defendant was a clean-cut young black man. The Judge asked him where he was at 8:00 p.m. the previous evening (probably to find out if he was participating in the demonstration on Franklin St.). He said he was playing in a rock and roll group. Judge Phipps then said, "That shows you don't have to have

long hair to play in a rock and roll group. He then said, "Just for that I'll give you a lighter fine." Perhaps we have discovered a new formula for legal justice for black people: They must manage to have their cases follow those of long-haired white students on the docket.

John C. Wheeler
Graduate Student
Sociology

Bad Habit Not Virtue

To The Editor:

I read with amusement and sympathy the letter from Mr. George Flink in Saturday's DTH. True the cigarette (tobacco) industry is vital to the economy of North Carolina but please do not insult the intelligence of North Carolinians by trying to make a bad habit seem to be a virtue.

It has definitely been proven that smoking is bad for one's health. There is a very strong link with smoking and lung cancer. I wonder if Mr. Flink knows or has seen anyone dying from lung cancer? I have known them and I have seen them, only too many. It's tragic and it's horrible. And I wonder if Mr. Flink has ever seen an 8 or 9 year old with a cigarette hanging from his mouth. I assure you, that is an amusing sight until you think what that boy's insides will look like in ten, twenty, or thirty years.

Mr. Flink has suggested that anyone, regardless of age should be allowed to buy cigarettes, and what else, Mr. Flink?

If a person wishes to smoke that's his problem, but common sense tells us that children have to be restricted in many things at least until they know the possible consequences of what they do! And certainly let us not attempt to make cigarette smoking a virtue, IT'S NOT!!

Edward Greenberg
308 Lewis Dorm

DTH's Perverse Pride: Constructive Negativism

For 75 years now the editorial We of this newspaper has taken a perhaps slightly perverse pride in its rabble-rousing.

It is a tradition that has endured mainly because there has never been a time, during the entire span of years and editors, that this University has been run exactly the way The Daily Tar Heel wanted it to be.

Whether that has been fortunate for the University is a rather moot question, because the editorial we of this newspaper would never — even in another 75 years — admit it.

Indeed, it would far sooner echo Rolfe Neill's 1953 comment that "Something is rotten in South Building."

After all that's what The Daily Tar Heel is for, in a way: to tell this University what's wrong with it.

Admittedly — but just barely — there probably are one or two things right with the Administration, Student Government, and the world in general.

Seldom, however, has The Daily Tar Heel said so.

Why? It's what has evolved, over the years, as a policy we — and past we's — like to think of as being "constructive negativism."

This philosophy, if you want to give it so lofty a classification, is based on the firm belief of Daily Tar Heel editors that there's just so much around here to raise hell about — and so little time to raise it — that you've got to start early, hit hard, and keep punching until your year is up.

Further, if something is already

being done right, there's no need to change it — as there is with so many other things.

The rabble-rousers, by the way, have not always been on the radical fringe — as the stereotype has often portrayed them. Most, in fact, have gone on to build rather solid careers after graduation.

For example, there was the youngster back in 1931 who lambasted the General Assembly for not wanting to spend enough money on this University.

"... Where are the men who will fight against the will of the majority?" he wrote. "Where are the loyal North Carolinians who will let nothing stand in the way of progress? Where are our leaders?"

That "radical" was J. Carlyle Sitterson.

Today, J. Carlyle Sitterson is Chancellor of this University and can't say such things nearly as loudly as he did then — even though the North Carolina General Assembly is still desperately in need of leaders who will recognize that UNC-CH needs a lot more money than it's getting from the state.

The present we of this editorial page, however, still can say such things — and bloody well intends on doing so quite loudly, until such time that our targets and those of our predecessors have withered and ceased to afflict this University.

As 1961 editor Wayne King recently advised the present we: "The only things you'll be sorry about are the things you don't say."

We hope to be sorry for as little as possible.

Go Fly A Kite

There are not many things quite as refreshing as a good old-fashioned kite fly

Not the sturdy, plastic kind of thing either — the paper type. The good ole' break-in-the-middle, tear-on-a-tree paper type.

And that's what Polk Place was all about Friday afternoon.

Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority pledges made repeated runs from the back steps of South Building with their kites, and one kite even managed to get launched from a second floor window.

So scorn all you Scrooges, and laugh all you pseudo-sophisticates.

But maybe if there is just a little room left for a bit of Polyanna or Doolittle in today's world, every thing might be a lot better off.

So smile, and forget for just a second — if such a word as forget can be real anymore — the Vietnam War, the Arab-Israeli conflict, the peace marches, the Black demonstrations, and the whole blasted raunched up world.

Think for just a minute about the disappointment after a kite-eating tree gives an ignominious end to a kite. Think of the frustration when a kite dives to the ground after it has started to sail.

In short, go fly a kite.

South Building certainly owes something to Student Legislature for approving the new policy on drug offenses.

Is 30 pieces of silver still the going price?



'Say, How'd This Dump Ever Last 75 Years?'

Last Reflections On A Litigation

JOHN GREENBACKER
Special To The Daily Tar Heel

John Greenbacker, formerly Associate Editor of The Daily Tar Heel and president of Di-Phi, was one of the student litigants in the Speaker Ban suit. Here are his reflections on the ban.

With us, a School-like the singing tree of which the leaves were mouths singing in concert — is both a tree of knowledge and of liberty — seen in the unanimity of college

mottoes, Lux et veritas, Christo et ecclesiae, Sapient have no knowledge, just opinions, that we are undergraduates, not students; we know we have been told with smiles by expatriates of whom we had asked "When will your experiment be finished? "Science is never finished."

Poets truly may not be constrained by specific things such as time and place, and perhaps Miss Marianne Moore will understand the application of these lines to our little here and now. This day, the 19th of February, I confess I was washed by a quiet tide of joy, infused with self-satisfaction, tempered by sadness. For, in what seemed to be a generous afterthought, the federal courts cut the albatross Speaker Ban from the University's neck.

How strange it seems now, two years later, the gentle confusion of memories. Two hundred miles away, stored in an old box in my parent's attic, the incredible montage of McNeill Smith's brilliant pen is drawn out on yellowing paper. It pulsates secretly in darkness.

And really, it is difficult to select the right emotion for the event. Does one laugh or cry? Almost three years ago, when I mentioned the possibility of litigation to my father, he outlined the probable procedure we would take to gain an injunction. I accepted with patience (the patience of disbelief) his observation, "Don't expect any quick action. These things take years." We were impetuous, for isn't that what youth is? And all citizens in America could expect a speedy trial, a quick redress of grievance. And, after all, wasn't this an act of love; it couldn't be smeared by any damned sluttish time.

And where are they now, that started this thing? Dickson, who gets up in the morning and goes to work at a Charlotte television station, tries to remember all the names, and finally says only

McSween and Waller (a bit older, both of them) still pound the pavement in Chapel Hill. Powell burns midnight oil in Princeton, Matthews in Washington, and both contemplate an impending draft of hot Asian air. Patterson caresses the spines of books in some legal sanctorum. Van Loon unrolls his frayed velvet tongue in London. Nicholson flies somewhere with the Air Force, and tells disbelieving comrades-in-arms what a wheeler-dealer he was in college. McCrary settles down in Buenos Aires, lets his hair grow long, switches to the sly tinted glasses of truncated South American dictators. Medford, just a bit homesick for the mountains, unsettles the staid Prussian dead by howling down and dwarfing the pavements of Schopenhauerweg, Mainz; peering through the cold sweat of Kraut beer glasses for the answer in his definitive, comparative study of the world's bars. They, too, will hear sometime and smile just a bit.

I suppose we have no right to curse time and its oppressiveness. Once again, two years ago, Frank Porter Graham stood at a podium in Raleigh and dazzled a student gathering with the prophetic logic of saint's visions. His white head uplifted, he intoned a choral progression of American history that shattered the Ban Law's glass house justifications. We rejoiced, being young, and contemptuously scorned the law; he picked up the pieces carefully from the floor, mended them with his forgiveness and placed them on the University's trophy shelf. You must remember, he said at the time, that this is not the last battle by far this University will have in its struggle for survival. There will be many more.

Some day, I think, we might learn to emulate his quiet persistence, his patience and a small measure of his love.

Certainly there is a solace in this triumph, although we will never experience its full benefit. We were just a few of the strange, enigmatic creatures that charge through the halls every four years in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. And somehow, we all were changed. We learned, as Miss Moore said it, that, the student studies voluntarily, refusing to be less

than individual. He gives his opinion and then rests on it; he renders service when there is

no reward, and is too reclusive for some things to seem to touch him, not because he has no feeling but because he has so much. Lux et veritas, Lux libertas. Is there that much difference? If we have left

something for you to remember us by, let it be this. It's not much, Alma Mater, because undergraduates are notoriously poor, but it's the finest gift we could afford.

Concrete Nightmare

By BERNARD SAMONDS
Special to The Daily Tar Heel

As I was walking downtown yesterday evening, I noticed four boys carrying small placards as they slowly marched around Silent Sam. Naturally, I was curious to find out what was going on, so I stopped nearby and began reading the signs as the group circled past me. "Down with Grass," one sign proclaimed. "Stomp the Weeds," and "Grass is NOT for Students," two other signs read. The fourth sign stated, "Grass is Expensive."

Obviously, I thought I had stumbled onto a new protest movement, a protest against marijuana. Realizing the potential news value, I decided to delay my trip downtown and to interview the demonstrators. I approached "Down with Grass" first.

"Why are you protesting against marijuana?"

"Marijuana? We're not protesting that. It's the grass," he replied.

"No talking during the demonstration," Stomp the Weeds quickly told him.

Grass? Protesting grass? Maybe the story was much bigger than I had thought. Anyway, I waited until the demonstrators were finished and interviewed Stomp the Weeds and Down with Grass.

"Did I hear you correctly, Stomp? You are protesting against grass?"

"That's right. The green stuff is springing up everywhere, all over the campus."

"And you don't like that," I inquired.

"No. It's expensive, inconvenient, and wasteful," Stomp replied.

"Could you explain that? I'm not quite sure that I follow you," I said.

"My first point was the expense. Hiring all those men to plant and replant grass every year costs money. And don't forget about the men we pay to cut it and

to spread fertilizer on it, so more grass will grow back."

"Can't you imagine what would happen if they didn't plant the grass," I asked. "The rain would wash the soil away and mud would..."

"Precisely," Down interrupted. "That's where inconvenience comes in. We want to concrete the campus."

"Concrete the campus?" I was astounded.

Rather calmly he said, "Brick sidewalks now link most of the buildings on campus and border the grass areas. To avoid trampling the grass, we have to walk on the sidewalks. Of course, you can see some footpaths on campus where the shortcuts get the best of our willpowers, too. And don't forget those chains. Have you ever tried to jump one of those chains when you were late for class? Talk about inconvenience."

"Surely, you can't be serious," I finally managed to interrupt him. "Concrete the campus? No one would ever go along with that. The thought is inconceivable. It's unconstitutional! And as far as I..."

"It's for the benefit of the students! Don't you see? We concrete the campus. ZAP! No more parking problems. Who needs a multi-level parking lot when you've got a concrete campus to park cars on? No more muddy, grass-covered shoes from walking across the campus lawns and no more obstacle course athletics with those chains. Why waste space and money by planting grass? What this campus needs is concrete, acres and acres of concrete."

While Down with Grass was still hammering away with his concrete ideas, I slipped away and ran across the campus. Thank goodness. It was still there, that beautiful green grass. It must have been a bad dream, a terribly bad dream. Concrete the campus? Never! From now on, I'll stick to the sidewalk and forget about the shortcuts, because what this campus really needs is grass!

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