

The Daily Tar Heel

76 Years of Editorial Freedom

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The First Five Days

Ready For A Change?

By now you've been to your classes. You've sat in them for one or two hours, heard from the prof how many cuts you're allowed, and heard his first lecture.

The first lecture, like the rest to come, where the prof repeats what is in the book that you're supposed to have read and asks you, as if you were still in high school, to define such-and-such term, as you sit there flinching and your mind rejects everything he says.

Any discussion that is attempted is usually artificial and dominated by a few students shallowly trying to impress the professor. All others, so totally imbedded in them is the attitude that they are ignorant and should not argue with the prof, sit glumly at their desk waiting for the bell to ring.

By now, also, everyone has had to write home and ask for more money since it is costing more money to buy clothes than they had originally planned. Chapel Hill's style conscious businessmen have raised the prices of their clothes which could be bought back home for a few bucks but which cost dozens up here. In addition, the merchants, always glad to do the students a service, have started subsidizing the bus system so South Campus residents won't have any trouble getting up to Franklin St.

The apartment builders have pocketed the money given to them by students as deposits for rooms for fall and now, grieving deeply over the inconvenience they are causing the students, must tell them their apartments will not be ready until October or later. From every direction the students begin catching it.

And by now the students have begun to bitch, as usual. The merchants and the administrators, the ones who rob the students and the ones who decide that this dorm or that should be an office next year, are preparing their stock replies to the objections of the students.

Inside their minds they are telling themselves, as they have in

previous years, that they needn't worry about having to make some beneficial changes in students lives or in the services they provide students.

The students who have been here over two years, they probably tell themselves, are too cynical to do anything. They have become too turned off by campus life, academic and social, to think about anything but bitching and drinking.

As for the ones who have been here less than two years, they can be tricked into thinking that relative to other campuses, UNC is well off, they say. "We can always find some place worse than UNC that we can use as an example to gull the students into satisfaction and lethargy," the economic, social, and academic rulers of students' lives say.

Lastly, if this fails, they resort to the problem of relations with the state. "We admit that demand of the students is right and necessary but we just can't do that because the citizens of the state would rise up and smite us off the face of the earth," they explain to the students.

That's the way it was in 1967, 1966, 1965, 1964, ... That's the way it could be this year, but NOT NECESSARILY.

Students have to forget that little has been accomplished in the past, they have to forget that there are other schools worse off. They have to realize that even though they are going to be here only four years, those four years are very crucial to their whole lifetime and that they deserve to have their social and academic needs met.

Having rejected the baloney of the past and having decided that their needs to demand a solution, they should pressure the University Administration and their Student Government to produce more than glib explanations of why things can't be done. Students, if they will stick together and if they will accept no false excuses for inaction, can get something done this year.

Y Needs Your Money To Continue Its Activities

UNC's YM-YWCA, one of the campus' more productive organizations, is starting a membership drive this week to raise the money it needs to carry on activities for the next year.

Until last year, students were able to join the Y and pledge money to it as a part of registration. Starting last year, however, the organization has had to conduct its membership and fund raising drive separate from orientation. The result last year was that the Y made only \$3,000 from membership when it had figured on getting \$6,000.

This year the Y, which usually gives the students more for their money than does the Student Government which operates with student fees, has another impressive schedule of events.

Besides the regular tutorial program, Murdoch committee, International Bazaar, and Scholarship Information Center, etc., new programs have been added.

These include Peace Corps and Racial Dialogue

Committees. The Racial Dialogue committee has already started planning for a symposium on the racial problem and has lined up big name speakers such as Julian Bond and Dick Gregory.

All these activities take money and that's what Y

members will be asking for from you these next few days. Give to them. You'll be financing many good activities and you'll know the money you give is for some activity, not for some inactivity like much of the money you give to Student Government is used for.

Letter To The Editor

Editor:

Dick Levy's column "Burn Down Book Exchange!" in today's (Sept. 21) DTH was the most outrageous piece of junk I have ever read in the paper! Does he expect 16,000 students to be whizzed through ANY book store in just a few seconds without any lines and any waiting? He is really off if he thinks this can be done. In previous years we have had to wait in lines which were certainly longer than these, but there is no one, save "Hero of the Masses" Levy, who does not expect SOME crowds.

As big as Kenan Stadium is, why can't 47,000 people get in and out in just a few minutes? And like Kenan Stadium, the book store is only used several

times a year by everyone at once.

Sure, they promised more efficiency with a new book store and I think they have achieved it. I am glad that we now have such a modern and ADEQUATE book store. They cannot be expected to have 400 check-out lines twice a year. And with that, you would even have to wait!

Things aren't going to change—they will not build you a new book store—so it seems that your only alternative now is to stage a one-man protest at the door. (But I wouldn't try it until you had bought your books!)

Richard Reynolds
Mike Sobol
1026 James

Cansler's Hard Bargain

Ivory Towers For Sale Cheap

Commentary
By Steve N. Enfield

"It is common knowledge that German universities in the 30's stood by merely as observers when totalitarianism was emerging in their land."—President Leo Jenkins of East Carolina University.

"The University cannot allow itself to become an agent of social change in the community"—UNC Dean of Men James O. Cansler speaking to an all-men's convocation of new students.

These are the words of two very different men espousing two very different philosophies. Nonetheless, their speeches illustrate most emphatically the major debate going on in higher education today.

Dr. Jenkins, head of a university which much less renowned than ours, has recently been engaged in making speeches concerning the current gubernatorial campaign

and was just last week in Winston speaking before a Democratic fundraising rally. His efforts in this arena have led a local paper to condemn them as "bad academics and uncalled for politics."

Dean Cansler, a former Baptist minister, is in roughly the same administrative position as Dr. Jenkins, but he is not actively involved in politics and, hence, is not under fire from the local press. However, he is a very sincere man, and although his words were not politically oriented,

they were, I am positive, just as deeply felt.

Umbilical Cord

In the speech of each man one can see evidences of two opposing rationales behind which a university is intended to operate:

(1) That a university should be a community bound to a larger community by an umbilical cord of involvement and action.

(2) That a university should be an island unto itself, a place

where men go to examine in an objective and detached manner, what other men have done.

The implications of this first philosophy are fairly evident. Dr. Jenkins and others like him believe they have a commitment, a responsibility to comment, to criticize, to become involved with the affairs of the world outside the classroom.

A man like Dr. Jenkins would have undoubtedly agreed with the students at Columbia who had something to say about that gymnasium that fronted on Harlem, although he would not necessarily agree with how they said it.

So deeply does he feel this commitment that he warns us of the dangers of disagreeing with his opinion.

Cansler's Ivory Tower

Dean Cansler, on the other hand, feels that although we live in a "world of unrest," the university, and particularly this university, should be literally an institution of higher learning. It should be a world above that which is daily described in the headlines—on a plane where the mind is exercised. But it is also a society which doesn't recognize any other but itself.

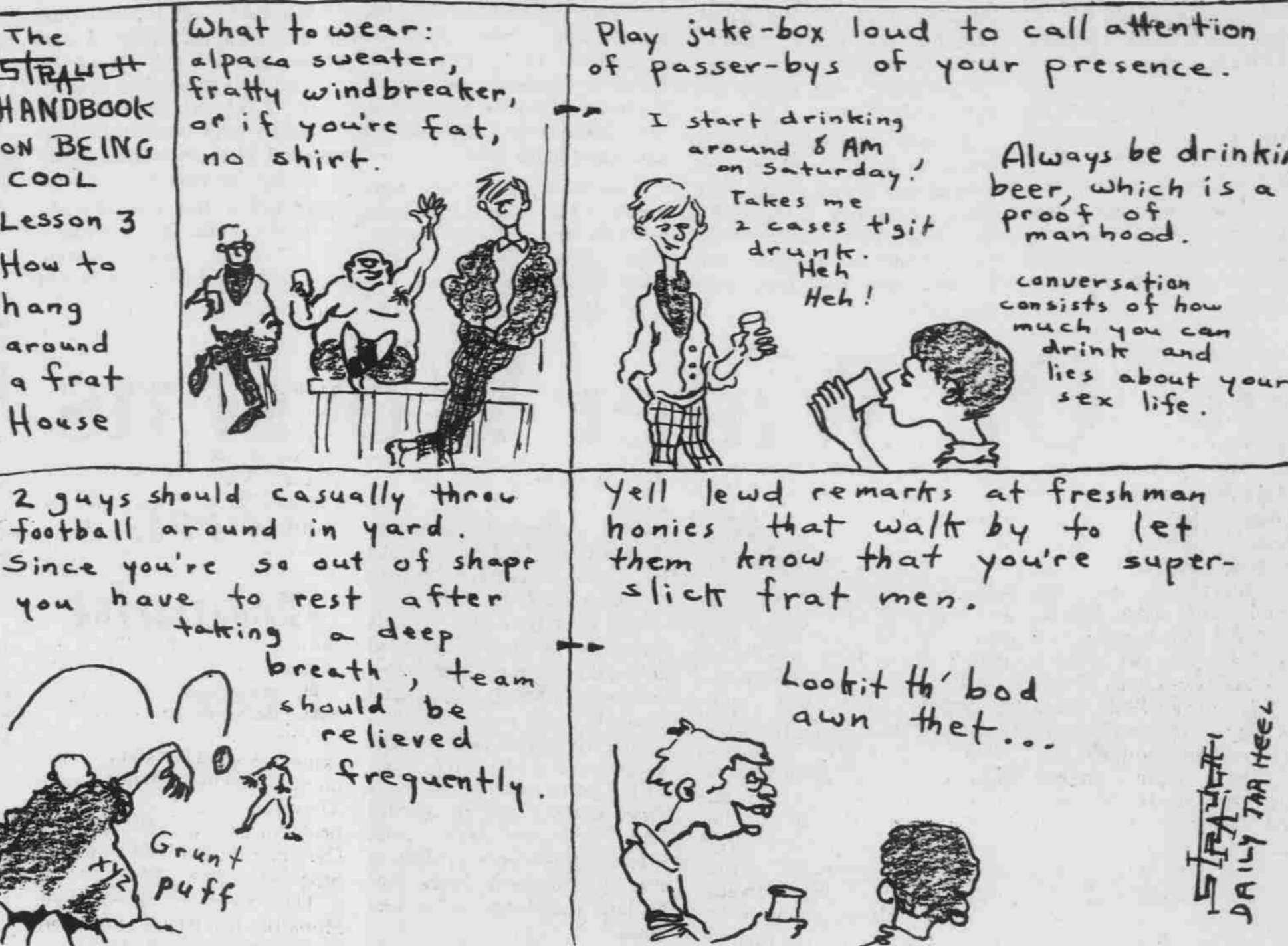
Dean Cansler also attacks the methods by which social change is effected. He maintains that in order for anything to be done, the university must act as one body—a move which would cause dissidents to come in line with the majority and thus surrender their freedom.

At this same time, however, he recognizes that there is an "ideological tug-of-war" going on on this campus. He gives us no method of resolving this—if, in fact, he feels it should be resolved.

Follow Jenkins

Admittedly, it is far easier to follow a Jenkins than a Cansler. To act in the world in which we've been living is much simpler than to contemplate in a world totally divorced from everything we've ever known. To reach out and help a starving child or prevent a third world war is a much more automatic action than ignoring responsibility altogether.

Great ideas, like the men who preach them, are supposed to transcend time and place. But one cannot help but conjecture that if Dean Cansler's comments were made in 1933 and if UNC were located in New York City at Harlem's front door, would Dean Cansler's comments have any less believability or any less attractiveness than they do in 1968 Chapel Hill which borders on Carrboro?



Scott Goodfellow

None Of The Answers Fit

Aside from the cliff-hanger thrills of waiting for a small plane to go ramming through the "Jesse Jones Sausage" streamer that cruised over Kenan Stadium Saturday, there was one totally intriguing process marking the first week of school—Registration.

The first event happened when I picked up that long white card and started filling it out. "Notice: This section is for survey purposes only and will not be used otherwise." Fascinating, I thought, stifling a yawn.

But immediately the form asked me to indicate my race. I scanned down the columns... "American Indian", no. "American Negro", no. "Spanish surname", no. In fact, I finally resorted to checking "other" in total exasperation and scribbling "Caucasian" after it.

Flustered, I began sauntering around the room, peering over shoulders to see what other people were doing. Some were obviously scanning their family trees for a trace of Swedish blood, or perhaps they remembered a cousin with distended lips like an adult Masai.

I noticed one girl groan and write "Normal American" in the blank area. Several chuckled sinisterly and wrote "WASP" (White Anglo-Saxon Protestant). Some ignored the problem altogether.

This little hang-up set the scene for the rest of my registration. In a dither I finished the form, remembering how much trouble I got into by checking

"Yes" to "Do you plan to operate a car" and "No" to "Is it registered" (the car hadn't arrived yet).

I completely missed the Selective Service booth and then went to the beautiful Tin Can to register my car. Turns out that the Administration has finally done something about "The Great Secret".

I first heard about The Great Secret in a meeting with William Long, former Dean of Men. The Dean lowered his voice and said in hushed tones, "Never reveal this, but we made a purchasing mistake and traffic stickers are the easiest

thing in the world to remove." Awestruck, I thought of how simple it would be to swipe the Chancellor's B-Sticker—then I could park in the lounge of Graham Memorial and no one would ticket me.

At any rate, the new sticker goes inside the window and doesn't come off. (I tried putting it on my bumper—no one told me not to—but it read backwards).

Actually, the whole scene in the Tin Can was a little ludicrous. Here were about 15 people, selling stickers at high prices and knowing that only about 1 out of 2 buyers would

find a place to park where they were supposed to. At 9 in the morning, Memorial Hospital looks like LaGuardia Airport at rush hour. And wait till the Student Union opens (It has nine parking spaces).

So I considered registration a fabulous success. Between being utterly stymied by a question on my race and watching the parking sticker machinery rust, it couldn't have been more entertaining.

Perhaps they'll do something next registration to keep anyone with a 1912 ID card from just flashing it and being handed a validation sticker.

Nixon's Guide To Pussyfooting Around The Winner's Circle

By WILLIAM G. ALLEN

For nearly a decade, Richard M. Nixon has sought to be the President of the United States. Eight years ago, Vice President Nixon trod that treacherous path to the White House on a sure mark for victory.

His story is somewhat like that of the "Hare and The Tortoise". Nixon did not actively seek to build national support until the election year arrived. He went into the election unaware that JFK, who had been laying intricate groundwork throughout the nation for four years, was to be his opposition.

He had no conception of the highly organized and financed Kennedy blitz that was about to appear on the American political scene. Nixon had such a vantage point that few men doubted that he would be elected.

Yet, to his dismay, and the astonishment of the nation, JFK sprinted into the winner's circle, leaving Nixon just one step short. Nixon was defeated by only one-tenth of one percent of the popular vote, though the electoral vote was more distinct.

Baubles Calif

Two years later, Nixon ran

in his home state for the governorship of California against Pat Brown. Here again, he was favored to win. But disaster and lightning both struck in the same place. Richard M. Nixon lost again by a minute per cent of the vote.

Crushed by a humiliating loss, and angry at an unfavorable press, he made a very human decision—to withdraw from politics and return to his law profession in one of the top ten law firms in the United States.

But quitting was neither in the cards nor in the nature of Richard Nixon. In 1964, he made speeches for Republican fund raising dinners across the nation, and for many Republican candidates. Of the ones he backed, a significant percentage was elected even though the party split and crashed with such force that it was doubtful it would revive for years.

In 1966, Richard Nixon revitalized the Republican Party and led an assault on the Democratic Congress. He spoke on behalf of Republican candidates everywhere he stopped, singlehandedly pulled the Republican Party from the abyss of defeat, and, in less than two years, organized it for the battle that is to take place in November.

Nixon's Horserace

George Romney first sought the nomination of the "New" Republican Party. His campaign fizzled, so Nixon accepted the lead after Governor Rockefeller hesitated to accept the challenge. Nixon consolidated support for the nomination at a rapid pace. When Governor Rockefeller finally convinced himself that he could win, he jumped into the race.

Until then, Nixon had gone unchallenged. Rockefeller avoided the primary route by allowing Nixon to run alone, thereby taking much significance from his victories. Governor Ronald Reagan never announced his candidacy until his hand was forced by his own delegation just prior to the convention. Reagan tried to undermine Nixon's support in the South while Rockefeller poured millions into a campaign to label Nixon as "two-time loser" in the North.

Loser Comes Thru

Richard M. Nixon certainly won a magnificent victory when he captured the Republican nomination for President this year. He is

probably the first American to win the nomination of a major political party—lose the election—and come back two terms later to win the nomination on the first ballot again, after defeating his image as a "loser", and a ten million dollar campaign launched by his opponents.

Yet, the most phenomenal aspect of his victory was that he could not even claim a home state. His opponents were governors of the states most needed to obtain the nomination. Reagan held Nixon's previous home state of California, and Rockefeller held his new home state of New York, as well as most of the other large Northern states. A first ballot victory under such circumstances is indeed a political miracle.

Four years ago, former Vice President Richard M. Nixon rescued a distraught, divided, and thoroughly smashed Republican Party and unified it into a highly organized and streamlined political machine which is favored two to one to carry him to victory in 1968.

Should he win this final and most foreboding test of political endurance, his election will surely mark "victory over death," and a political first in the annals of American history.