

# The Daily Tar Heel

76 Years of Editorial Freedom

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## Students Must Have A Voice In Choosing Admissions Head

With the death of Charles Bernard Saturday, one of the more important positions on campus, that of Director of Admissions, is vacant.

The position is important because the director and is staff determine who will attend the University. Needless to say, the composition of the student body at a University is just as crucial in determining the quality of the University as is the composition of the faculty.

The Office of Admissions decides whether the student body will be composed of a wide cross-section of individuals representing varying ideas, attitudes, and interests or whether it will be composed of individuals from a narrow band of the spectrum.

If UNC is to advance, or even just hold ground, it must continue this record. To continue this record it must pick the right man to be Director of Admissions.

The Administration and the faculty in the past have been the only ones involved in making decisions on important issues, with the students occasionally getting a token voice in the matter.

It is important, however, that they be allowed to take part in the selection process.

In the past the students generally have been excluded from the decision making because of a feeling on the part of the Administration that since they are only here temporarily they don't really represent a part of the

University or, it is argued, that students don't really care about such.

These arguments, however, are faulty.

In the first place, even though students are here only four years, they nonetheless are an important part of the University. In addition, since the decision will have a vital effect on them (the Admissions Office decides what types people they will be mixing with on campus the following year) they have the right to take part in the selection.

Secondly, the Administration or the faculty can only look at the matter from their frame of reference; they cannot look at the Admissions Office the same way that the student gets to see it when he applies here.

Lastly, students do have an interest in Admissions policy. It was the Student Legislature which appropriated \$640 from their money for the Carolina Talent Search. It is the students that have set up the National Merit Scholarship Committee to try to get North Carolina's top students to attend the University.

In the upcoming days, when the slow work of selecting a new Director of Admissions takes place, the Chancellor, whose power it is to appoint the new director, needs to allow the students to take part.

To do otherwise would be to deny students a voice that they deserve in the actions of the University.

## Town Politics Guaranteed To Do Students No Good

Chapel Hill's Board of Aldermen and Planning Board, playing their usual game of Byzantine politics of self-interest, have engaged in more activities designed to displease almost every one.

Monday night they discussed a request for a special use permit to build "the largest single concentration of apartments to date" in Chapel Hill.

The apartment project, when completed would have 458 units. It would be built on land between

Umstead Drive and Bolin Creek, off Airport Rd. Sponsor of the project is Frank Umstead, also a member of the Planning Board.

In a town which suffers from a shortage of apartments, 458 more apartment units sounds enticing. However, the proposal brought stiff opposition from townspeople, for several reasons:

1) The danger that increased traffic would present to neighborhood children.

2) The apparent conflict in erecting a nine-story apartment near the proposed extension of Horace Williams Airport. The nine-story building would be in safety area required for jet airplanes.

3) Fear of improper screening and insufficient distance between the development and the residential area.

4) Lastly, there is a bit of galling hypocrisy on the part of Mr. Umstead. During the summer, a church organization approached the Board of Aldermen about getting a special use permit to build some low-rent integrated housing units to accommodate those blacks in Carrboro and Chapel Hill whose homes were uninhabitable.

At that time Mr. Umstead said he didn't think it was legal to give a special use permit to the group. Subsequently the project was killed.

The Aldermen will meet again in two weeks to decide whether Umstead gets his special use permit. However the decision comes out, the students will catch the short end of the stick.

If the permit is okayed, they'll have less trouble getting apartments but will have to shell out \$135 a month for one. If it is refused, they will be stuck with few apartments.

## Self-Grading Experiment Commendable

It is so seldom that anyone on campus experiments radically with ways to make the students learning situation better that any effort is welcomed.

Such is the case with Dr. Peter Filene's experiment with student self-grading.

Filene decided last spring that there had to be a way that student-teacher relations could be improved so that students could learn by interacting with their teacher, rather than reacting to the fear of poor grades.

The way he hit upon was to allow students to decide on their grade for the course and tests.

His taking the initiative in doing something to improve the academic situation here is commendable. Hopefully more professors will show as much courage in shucking conventional methods that stifle thinking and learning by the students.

## The White House With A Greased Driveway:

# Think President Wallace

The American Dream had finally been realized. No longer would Washington be a conglomeration of beatniks, bureaucrats, and pointy-headed intellectuals.

The twentieth century saviour of rampant American Degeneration, George Wallace, was now securely settled in the White House. All Americans could breathe easy, except for those misled few who felt progress was a virtue. To capture more vividly that sacred period of America's history let us examine a typical day at the White House.

City Slicker Rises  
President Wallace rises at eight. He showers and shaves, pours on a dab of "grease-em-up" hair tonic, slicks the strands down good and firm, enters the breakfast dining room where he savors the culinary specialty of the Chief White House Cook Thurgood Marshall.

Wallace meets with Sec. of Defense Robert Welch at nine. He is briefed on the latest world developments: A leftist student revolt against the Soviet government in Moscow, a provincial uprising against Mao Tse-Tung in Red China, and a large scale defection of North Vietnamese soldiers in open protest against Ho Chi Minh. The conversation can be overheard:

"Well, Robert, how do you account for these radical events," the President queried the Sec. of State.

"It's the communists, Mr. President, the communists. Why if there is trouble anywhere you can bet your bottom dollar the Commies are behind it all."

President Wallace always heeded the expert advice of his own set of Whiz Kids led by the brilliant analytical prowess of Robert Welch.

By Jay Fleishman

Later, the President goes downstairs to meet with his Vice President, Lester Maddox, his Sec. of State Gen. Hershey, and the Sec. of his newly created cabinet post of Law and Order, J. Edgar Hoover.

After his brief conversation with these stalwarts in his administration President Wallace has his Chief Chauffeur, Robert C. Weaver, drive to the Capitol. Wallace, a man often referred to by the rank-and-file opposition as the dean of American racists, refuses these charges as he points proudly to the elevation during his administration of two top Negroes, Weaver and Marshall, from the lower end of Pennsylvania Avenue to the upper end.

Wallace salutes both flags (American and Confederate) as he leaves the White House grounds. He stops enroute to

the Capitol to review the eight to five shift of Washington's police force. Wallace beams with joy as the 20,000 strong march by.

STP Gets Treatment

One notices the Presidential seal on the side of the President's car. It is simply three letters: STP. President Wallace, after reading of the Gallup polls survey during the election which found that nine out of ten cars with Wallace stickers also carried stickers of the famous motor oil, STP, decided to honor this grand correlation.

The STP-studded limousine continues toward the Capitol until it is halted by a special report force which informs Wallace of the critical situation at the Potomac River. It seemed the river had been dammed and was flooding. A smartalecky policeman, who was later purged, wondered aloud how 100,000 bureaucratic briefcases could be tossed into the Potomac without creating a disastrous situation. Of course, President Wallace re-assured the people this measure was the lesser of two evils.

The President finally arrives at the Capitol in time to sign his first major piece of legislation. Wallace smiles proudly for photographers as he signs into law the bill that changed America's national pastime from baseball to stock car racing.

Later that afternoon

President Wallace returns to the White House where he is entertained before supper by Loretta Lynn and Homer Briarhopper. The President dines at seven, at eight he attends a local movie starring Elvis Presley. President Wallace returns to the White House at ten and retires after a typically tough day for the nation's number one man.

## Letters To The Editor

### GSA Problems Straightened

Editor:  
I gather from Zan White's letter in Sunday's Tar Heel that he thinks the Graduate Student Association was somehow responsible for his missing a chance to pick up a permit to register last Tuesday.

This is too bad because our organization had nothing to do with making the arrangements (derangements?) that day. The responsibility for the ridiculous lines outside rests with the Administration, officials who called the meeting.

When the G.S.A. decided to pass our questionnaires at Memorial Hall, nobody dreamed that Steele Building was going to supply us with such a beautiful, and completely typical, example of a bureaucratic snafu. We couldn't have staged a better demonstration of why U.N.C. needs a Graduate Student Association if we had tried.

Too many graduate students are content to believe that the Administration knows what is best for them, even when events such as Tuesday's convocation plainly demonstrate that administrators need the advice and constructive criticism of the students they are trying to serve. The G.S.A. has been formed to try to get University officials at all levels to serve the needs of the graduate students instead of creating problems for them.

It's rather amusing to see the G.S.A., which is so new that it can hardly even be said to exist, denounced as a "farce." The purpose of the questionnaire was to find out what kind of Association the graduate students think could serve them best so that we could then go about creating such an organization.

I urge new grad students like Zan White, and others who have been around for a year or two and really know what we are all up against, to join the G.S.A. and help make it a

powerful and effective instrument serving the will of the graduate student body.

Tom Cabarga  
G.S.A. Newsletter Committee

### Henry Thanks Concert Goers

Editor:

I want to publicly thank the DTH for the fine publicity support already given Carolina Union programs this semester and to say a word to the campus about the last minute cancellation of The Box Tops.

The Box Tops were set-up, sound system checked and ready to go in plenty of time. They had called several days in advance to let us know where they would be staying and when they would arrive and were unusually cooperative in every way.

The Box Tops drummer, Thomas Boggs, had not been well and checked into Duke Hospital Saturday evening to get medication to carry him through the night. He had 104 degrees fever and was kept at the hospital past the show starting time, thereby necessitating cancellation. You can't do the show without the drummer.

The Box Tops regret, The Union does too. Refunds on stubs will be made at the graham Memorial desk through October 4—none after that date and none on Sunday or after 6:00 p.m. on weekdays or at Carmichael box office.

Lastly, I want to express my appreciation to those in the audience Saturday night for the cooperation they gave us in accepting the cancellation in the friendly manner that they did. We will do all that we can to prevent it from happening again.

Howard D. Henry, Director  
Carolina Union

### Chicago Was Free Of LBJ

Editor:

In regard to Mr. Eaton's rather disgusting article on what transpired at the Chicago convention, I would like him to reveal to me those seemingly worthy sources from which he can make the claim that President Johnson actually ran the entire convention.

Not wishing to doubt Mr. Eaton's veracity, I sincerely doubt that he did very much research into that subject before writing that Statement. Although I don't know him, personally, I would be willing to bet he was a staunch supporter of McCarthy (although this doesn't completely rule out rationality).

It seems to me that leaders of either party have the right to set some of the guidelines by which a convention should operate, but nowhere do I find any incriminating evidence to substantiate Mr. Eaton's claim that President Johnson used the power of his office to stifle the due process of the convention.

In fact, noted political analysts, who have been following Washington politics for years have expressed the opinion that Johnson had very little to do with running the convention. An example of his lack of influence would be the ouster of one of Johnson's proteges from the staff of the Democratic Headquarters.

So Mr. Eaton, if you are going to make use of newspapers and other such media, please make it clear that you are making value judgements unsubstantiated by fact!

John Gardner  
Odum Village



Scott Goodfellow

## Why No North Building?

The Name Game has gotten to be the most interesting thing around since Chief Beaumont led his Garrison's Gorilla raid on the gun installation at the old Davie Hall.

Here at UNC we've just opened a new book exchange called the Josephus Daniels Building. Daniels, a fine editor of the paper popularly known as the Raleigh Nuisance and Disturber, is famous for his edict as Secretary of the Navy that none of his officers should drink.

No Wolfe Bldg?  
And have you ever wondered why there isn't a Thomas Wolfe Building? We hear so much about the great Wolfe-Asheville claims him as a leading citizen. But aside from an attempt last year to name a residence college after the writer (the college folded when the state highway patrol took up residence), no Wolfe Building has ever appeared. It seems that the administration did not look kindly on the young student activist and his name never appeared on the hit-list of building inscriptions.

As long as we're naming things, how about a North Building? It seems a trifle pompous to have South building be practically the northernmost building on the main campus. (Main campus? How about North Campus?)

At any rate, coming up with names for new organizations or structures has become big business. The Record Bar these days is featuring albums by such groups as The Ultimate Spinach, Psychedelic Psoul, The Peppermint Trolley, The Apple Pie Motherhood Band

and Blood, Sweat and Tears. There are a couple slick disks by Toad Hall, and you can spend three or four bucks supporting a group called Superfine Dandelion.

D.C. Might Swing  
It isn't hard to see Washington converted from its alphabet soup of ponderous names to such new offices as Harold Peace and His Feelers, Herb Renewal and His Huts, and perhaps Atlas Bee and His Anti-Defense Mechanisms.

Even Chapel Hill might benefit from a twinge of the new Name Game. The basement of Y Court could house Neverpark and His Uter Frustrations. Uptown you could see Harry Harry and His Scorpion Submarine Sandwiches. Off in the southern horizons would be Ten-Story Stalls and His Trekkers. They're outstate.

Seriously, however, the problem of what to name a group or building is one that is usually overlooked (unless your grandfather's name is up for grabs). By calling a new building Hinton James, the problem of offending anyone was avoided (James was UNC's first student), but it's a little like giving a free mug of Mooz Cider to the Zoom's one millionth customer.

UNC should be proud that its buildings are named after famous people and not after trees, flowers, compass points, etc. Names like Kenan, Ehringhaus, Aycock and Graham mean much in North Carolina. Housing development titles like Clearview, Hidden Valley or Glenbrook mean nothing.

So perhaps we should be happy with our illustriously staid building titles.

Timothy Knowlton

## T-Sticker Strikes Back

Recently, when I paid my two dollars and fifty cents to the university's traffic office so that I might be marked as an automotive leper, I handed over to the registrar a handful of change I had left over from tolls on various turnpikes—to be exact, twenty dimes and ten nickels. The number of coins seemed amusing, and I pointed out the allegory of the original thirty pieces of silver.

Today I received a postage due notice in the mail. I drove to the post office at the time indicated, parked the car, fed the meter, and paid the postage fee. Inside the official university envelope (Office of Traffic and Motor Vehicle Registration) was a rather childish penned note on the back of an automobile registration form (also university property) which accused me of immaturity and metallurgical ignorance: "(nickel, Mr. Knowlton, is not silver), and the dimes are merely coated."

Here, for the sake of scientific perfection, I might point out that actually none of it was silver, for the dimes were all of the "Alcupe" variety; that is, they are made from Aluminum, Copper, and Iron bonded by the sublimation of

Psychodelia doesn't offer much help—unless, of course, you're selling records.

Composition-4, a plastic explosive.

While this bit of callous calligraphy was not meant to be seriously nasty (it ended by commending my "dramatic gesture"), it again brought up the question of charging a fee for a T-sticker. I can understand the university's desire to have all student's cars rapidly identifiable, but to have to pay for the denial of a privilege cannot be logically rationalized.

In closing, I should like to pose two challenges. First, I think the traffic office should publish an explanation of why they charge for a restriction. If they can explain, I shall submit. If they cannot, laws in a democratic society can be changed and must be if they are not rational.

Second, I challenge the writer of the note, who signed only with his official title: "Your friendly Car Registrar" (an affection of the most minor of bureaucrats), to identify himself and duel with me. We could try to strangle each other with red tape, although I fear my experience with a bureaucracy larger than the university's traffic office might give me an unfair advantage.