

# The Daily Tar Heel

76 Years of Editorial Freedom

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## UNC-What It's About

### For Charlie Justice's Benefit

Last year's football team went 2-8. This year's team, after a 38-6 loss to State in the first game, looks like it may repeat last year's record. Things look pretty bad.

However, they could be worse. For instance, the University and the ACC could start doing what ex-UNC great Charlie Justice wants them to do, lower academic standards so the schools can get some good, but dumb, football players.

"Why do they require athletes to be in the top third of their class and make 800 or better on their college boards?" Justice told the Raleigh Sports Club Wednesday. "They don't require this of other students... Why shouldn't a boy be rewarded for athletic ability?" he added.

Reading Justice's statements makes you wonder whether he even saw the insides of a classroom in his four years at UNC or ever learned one of the essentials of good thinking, namely, that before forming an opinion one learns a few facts.

Poor ignorant Choo-Choo never bothered to find out that athletes are not required to be in the top third of their class nor are they required to do better on their

college boards than are other students.

Although it is unfortunate that UNC's football team has done poorly in the past few years, hopefully UNC or the ACC will never take the type of steps that Justice envisions in order to develop good teams.

To eliminate the minimum college board score and to otherwise pamper athletes academically would be to make a joke out of the University. Instead of being a place of learning and inquiry it would simply become another football factory like Nebraska, Georgia, or Michigan State.

We would appreciate it if Charlie Justice, who in his modesty said football helped me "realize I wasn't the whole show," would extend that modesty and quit advising the University as to the academic standards it should set.

Meanwhile, although we hope the football team will beat South Carolina today, we hope the team won't bust their brains out to do it, but will save them for use in the classroom. After all, isn't that what we're all up here for? Right, Charlie?

## Assembly Could Cripple Educational Progress

From The N.C. State Technician

If the North Carolina General Assembly doesn't revise its antiquated attitude toward State, this University, which has enjoyed a decade of steady progress, will grind to a standstill.

While certain state administrators—treasurer Gill, for example—are cooking over the state's ability to operate "in the black," professors here are underpaid and much-needed facilities must be delayed due to lack of funds.

Other universities in the consolidated system receive similar treatment from the legislature, but Carolina, for instance, is further subsidized by private and foundation gifts much larger than similar contributions to State. The result? Average salaries here are \$2000 per year less than at Chapel Hill.

Even the most dedicated, school-spirited professor cannot but be lured to leave this campus and even North Carolina by the promise of higher salaries. Rumblings here at State have already proceeded past the luncheon-conversation stage to the grievance-committee stage. Rising costs of living make the problems of salary press even harder on our faculty. If an across-the-board increase in earnings is not passed soon, we can expect a mass exodus to greener pastures, leaving us with grade-B faculty.

Feeling the financial pinch in addition to professors are those who plan State's physical facilities for the future.

All of our readers except the freshmen will remember the struggle with the Assembly to get the per capita allotment for student housing raised from \$3000 to \$3400. This contest delayed construction of Carroll, Metcalf, and Bowen, and it was feared for some time that these halls would be outfitted much as cellblocks.

And just last Thursday our new Student Union was shot from the sky as bids came in far over the

money allotted. Why? Because contractors, realizing the new Union to be a two-year job, have had to allow for the galloping rise in building costs. Judging from the past, we predict that by the time the Assembly can be convinced that the expenditure is imperative and appropriates the needed additional funds, building costs will again have jumped.

We wonder what sort of logic the Assembly uses when it determines budget priorities.

There are funds available for the above-mentioned needs. The surplus of which our administration is so proud should be put to use. Perhaps it is drawing 5% interest somewhere, but what good is that when building and other costs are climbing at very nearly that rate?

And even if the Assembly feels the surplus is desirable, why does it not tax tobacco? A five-cent hike in cigarette prices will no more dent the state's tobacco profits than the recent nickel rise in soft drink prices will hurt Coke sales.

We are at a loss to explain the Assembly's actions. Certainly they realize the financial value (as if there were no other) in having a strong educational program in the state.

Perhaps the body feels that too much money is being concentrated on too few recipients when appropriations are made to the universities. Perhaps they feel they are acting in the interests of the common man... after all, North Carolina is still as much an agricultural as a manufacturing state.

Bull!

This University, through its extension services and its Continuing Education program, not to mention its regular courses of study, has always kept the best interests of the Tarheel State at heart, and will continue to do so.

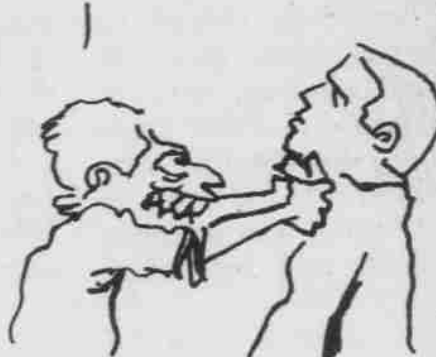
That is, unless the General Assembly continues to hamstring it at every turn.

I am the fratty social chairman. I see to it that all the guys keep up the super-cool slick-dog standards of the house.



The weekend is upon us.

Im warning you, Smith! She had better be a tough bod! It doesn't matter if she has an I.Q. of 32 & giggles incessantly! She has to be a tough bod!

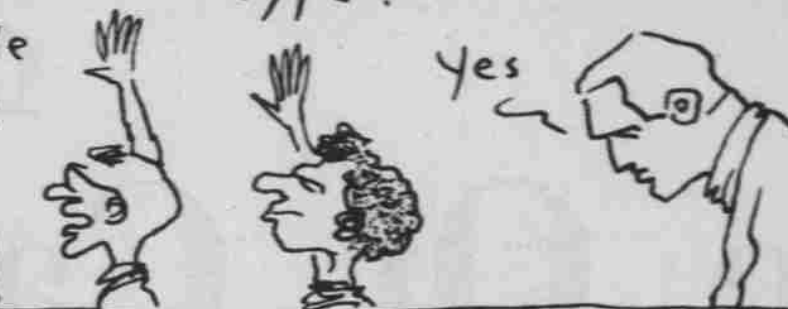


Yessir!

Awright frat brothers! How many of you have dates with Pi Phi's or Tri Deltas? Huh? C'mon! Up wit duh hans! Gettem high!



S'matter wit you, Smith? Say you're going with sum non-sorority type?



If Smith brings some pig, I'll... Lookit that! Wow!



Smith, m'boy! Bringer in! Show her aroun! I didn't know! I mean when she isn't a Tri Delt you're always taking a chance! I mean house reputation an' all that!



## Letters

### Book Rates Hit As Appalling

Editor:

As an entering freshman, I was absolutely appalled by the exorbitant prices charged for textbooks. These books, I am told, are theses written by graduate students. After many months of hard work in compiling this research for us, these individuals are naturally entitled to some monetary reimbursement.

But what really distressed me was the price charged for a zoological kit—75 cents. This kit contains pencils and other miscellaneous items—all of which can be bought for a total of 45 cents at local stationery stores.

The UNC departments may be justified in selling their textbooks at steep rates, but I do not believe it is fair for the Book Ex (which was, incidentally, built to help the students) to sell items at nearly twice the normal rate without giving the student body prior warning.

Richard H. Woodell  
303 Stacy

### Apathetics Step Forth

Editor:

During the recent Activities Night at Morrison College, representatives of the University Party and the Student Party extolled the virtues of their respective organizations. These great parties "represent the student" and "exist for his best interest." Yet the total vote for all candidates in the last election was 33% of the student body (UP figures). This means 67% of Carolina's student population did not care enough about either party to take the trouble to vote.

This vast majority is the true seat of power at the University. It is high time that they be recognized as such. This is the purpose of Los Iracundos. Los Iracundos have no organization, nor do we solicit any support. We exist solely to give visible expression to the implied feeling of two thirds of Carolina's students—that student government in its present structure is not worth their time.

Enclosed is a copy of the Iracundos' platform. (Ed: Blank sheet enclosed.)

Apathetically,  
Los Iracundos  
Morrison College

## Take T And Flee

# Super Sticker Zapped

A couple of days ago I was standing by the door to the basement of the Y building wondering if it might be worthwhile to go in and try to fight for my two and a half dollar restriction fee, when one of the campus policemen rushed by me. His face was a ghastly white, the hair on the back of his neck was standing up, and his eyes were rolled heavenward.

"It's T-Man!" he screamed. "The archvillain is back."

"T-Man! Oh no. Are you positive?"

"I'm sure. Here's the number from his sticker."

"This is serious. Pull his schedule, and then alert the communications office and have them muster all units of campus and town police outside his classroom. Better alert the state police and the ROTC units, too. And I'm going to call Supersheep on the ram-phone."

With that, a sigh of relief passed through the personnel in the traffic office HQ.

The phone, in the shape of a ram's horn, was lifted from its cradle. Almost

immediately came the reassuring voice: "Yes, commissar, er, commissioner?"

T-Man In Bell Tower

"Supersheep, it's T-Man. He's parked in the Bell Tower lot."

By Timothy Knowlton

"Holy fire hydrant. Surround his classroom. Bureaucracyboy and I will be right there." Soon a great rushing of air was heard over the campus.

"Look! Up in the air. It's a bowl of grits!"

"No, it's a roll of toilet paper." But no, it was neither. Faster than a speeding Honda 50, able to leap tall beer cans in a single bound, more powerful than a

campus cop, it was Supersheep, defender of all, fighting for bigotry, stupidity, bureaucracy, and the parochial way. All cheered.

The combined forces of law had surrounded the language lab, where T-Man was lurking. Supersheep and Bureaucracyboy charged in, accompanied by twelve heavily armed policemen. Soon they emerged, dragging with them a bewildered student who was tangled in his earphone wires. Supersheep and the commissioner grided him:

"All right T-Man, spill it."

"Wha, uh, huh whaaaaa?"

"Your car. It's on campus."

"I have a broken ankle. I left a note in the windshield explaining that and that I would stop by the traffic office as soon as I could."

Supersheep Unfooled

But Supersheep was not to be fooled. "That's a walking cast you have. You could have left an hour earlier."

"I would have, Supersheep, but I have to walk through a construction project on my way and I have to be quick on my feet to dodge the falling bricks."

"Sorry, T-Man, but we can't make special exceptions. If we did, pretty soon everyone with a broken leg would be wanting a C-sticker."

"Well, I suppose that's clear, commissioner. After all, since you just charge two and a half dollars for nothing, it will probably take quite a while to build adequate parking facilities. Except the fees you charge everyone else for hunting licenses should help."

"That's right, T-Man, another seventy or eighty years, anyhow. But now you know you must be punished. It's going to be severe."

"What? Expulsion from the university, a heavy fine, and a couple of years on the road? A criminal as viscous as I can take that."

"No, we're going to revoke your T-sticker. You really must be shown."

"No! No! Anything but that! You can't! You brute! I was going to trade my T-sticker and a dime for a cup of coffee in the Pine Room. Oh no! How could I live without my T-sticker?"

## Sink Your Teeth Down Into Baconeggsandwich

Went to the Scuttlebutt this morning for a much needed bit of fast braking sustenance, and after wading through a long line, piles of sandwiches at elbow height, and the hidden cashier, emerged with an egg sandwich. After walking, hands balancing coffeecup and sugar and wooden stirring stick and slippery-cellophane sandwich, to my allotted desk, found that the sandwich was funny. Not bad. Just funny. Nose was stopped up with morning sniffles, asked the gal next to sniff and taste too. She agreed. Don't eat.

Scuttlebutt can't refund money, so I got 2 cups of black coffee for my friends and a pack of gum. I hate coffee, gum ain't much for filling up. So no breakfast.

Went into deep thought. This has gone on too long, at too many intervals and occasions and repetitions. It is time to issue a WARNING TO THE STUDENTS.

Let's see... ever tried frozen lettuce that's been thawed?

POTATO SALAD — Who ever heard of potato salad sandwiches anyway?

HOT DOGS — Heavily layered with reconstituted, sour onion mash. Yeech.

ROAST BEEF — You're too late. I saw a guy already get the weekly ration. It almost showed as a lump under the bread.

HAM AND CHEESE — This is misnamed. Correct name is Mustard sandwich, with Ham and cheese relish.

The list is long enough. Take heed. Examine the item through the cellophane before you buy.

Scott Goodfellow

## Another Town Bit The Dust

A crackling, brown tumbleweed bounced indifferently over the sand at the end of the runway. It was midday, but nothing but endless dunes marched across the horizon. A giant cloud loomed in the skies, but there was no rain to be seen.

I'd only been away for a month, but still the scene was shocking. I remembered reading the cryptic note: "... will be closed until the water supply is replenished. You will be notified..."

Oh, I knew that everything would turn out all right. I packed a suitcase in record time and took off for the beach. In five hours the barely indented skyline of Hatteras was upon me. I figured that I could return as soon as my radio blurted out the news that everything was back to normal.

No Radios

When the stations started dropping off the airways two weeks ago, I really wasn't too concerned. After all, it was great beach weather—clear and hot.

About a week ago, a friend of mine showed up. Seems he'd decided not to leave when he read the notice, thinking the situation wasn't really so bad and "that was where all the fun was." He told of how all of a sudden the water turned off. Grass withered. Restaurants and

stores closed. Local cities who had been watching the problem with vicarious anguish began worrying about the water shortage.

It had taken him five days to reach Hatteras—shifting sands covered the highways.

I didn't hesitate.

I drove up the Banks to Kittyhawk and took a small plane to Elizabeth City. The town was under marshall law—the plane was boarded immediately by police who searched for liquid. There was none aboard. I noticed crowds of people were trying to reach the aircraft, but the police held them back.

It was another two days before I could locate a plane to my final destination. When I did it took only an hour. And I was there.

The plane left me with a whistle like a forlorn bird. But there was no bird around.

Stared Blankly

I turned and walked into the building. There was a man sitting inside, but he looked like his world had recently died. He finally responded to my prodding, and then, almost zombie-like, led me to a trucked vehicle nearby.

We started off across the sands. Hours later he pulled to a halt. No life

had crossed our path. My throat was dry.

I picked up my suitcase and started walking across the sands. I felt like an explorer stumbling onto Pompeii. Here and there was a fragment of some building—a couple of bricks, a buried signpost. My heart beat a little faster. There lay a piece of a tree trunk, dried and broken.

I walked a little faster. I saw a large rounded object bulging out of a dune up ahead. It was grey, with a sort of white lining along the bottom. I was getting excited. I ran up to it and felt it. Yes, it was real and at least eight feet across. I brushed a pile of sand off the side.

There was a metal plate on it which read: "The Old Well—University of North Carolina."

I stood up and gazed at the wasteland about me. It was then that I noticed the stump about 100 yards away. The Davie Poplar. I walked over to it.

Gazing down at the mammoth chunk of wood, I noticed a crusted little box next to it. With some difficulty, I opened the lid and pulled out an old parched piece of paper. It was dated 1789.

"150 paces to the South there shall forever be a source of water. Through it, this area shall continually be green and fruitful. William Richardson Davie"

I picked up my suitcase and left.

## How To Save Water

Grey Culbreth, superintendent of University Utilities, has issued the following suggestions for the conservation of water by townspeople and University students.

1. Don't water lawns and shrubbery.
2. Stop family car washing.
3. Turn off air conditioners that depend on circulating water.
4. Don't fill up swimming and wading pools.
5. Be frugal in water use in the home.
6. Turn off dripping faucets.
7. Don't linger in the shower.

Mr. Culbreth had further specific suggestions for the public about kitchen and home laundry and baths.

"Housewives can be alert to use only the water that is necessary at the kitchen sink and in the laundry," he said. "For example, watchful and restrained in using washing machines, and put in a full load of clothes each time—and only when necessary."

In taking baths, it is being proposed that students and others using showers learn the technique of "wetting down, cutting off the water, soaping down, and rinsing."

A sponge bath three times a week instead of baths or showers would also conserve water.

Citizens were asked to be especially careful in preventing fires. All persons should check hazards about the home or office and make certain to be safe from fire. Mr. Culbreth suggested. Fires require enormous quantities of water.

Another water-saving suggestion for the man who shaves: Don't let the cold water run until it's hot. That wastes a gallon of water. Instead, heat the water for the morning shave. Those who use electric razors require very little water.

The University is spreading the word to home owners, apartment dwellers, motels, hotels, and students in campus residence halls.

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