

# The Daily Tar Heel

76 Years of Editorial Freedom

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## Bland Simpson

# The Necessity Of Atheism

Turn your eye right inward and you will find  
A thousand regions of your mind  
Yet undiscovered. Travel them and be  
Expert in home-cosmography.

omnipotent god" but also "I accept the responsibility of developing a personal philosophy, having hereby adhered to the 'clean slate' policy of the atheist."

From this base level, anything is possible. One is free to reject the most burdensome concepts inherent in the heritage of the West. One is equally free to accept and make use of other ideals, concepts, etc. which one perceives to be of some eternal, universal value.

Eclecticism? Why, yes, of course. Has there ever been a set of religious or personal ethics in the history of man which has not been in some way eclectic? Christianity is one of the best examples

of an eclectic, syncretic religion growing up around a rabble-rouser in the midst of an oppressed people.

And why should such a personal philosophy not be eclectic? Use of the best of all worlds is only a recognition of the fact that no one doctrine has it all, but that many varying doctrines from many different societies have much more to offer than the straight and narrow of a single philosophy.

Emerson defines religion as being "the relationship between the soul and God." To discover or divine what constitutes one's own religion, one must satisfactorily interpret the words 'soul'

and 'God' and then establish the relation there between.

To the Transcendentalists, the soul was that mystical inner-self which was connected with every other living being in the Over-soul, the World-spirit. Every person was capable of self-identification with God, although God was never conceived of anything other than some Ultimate Power (not external from the self).

The Hegelians, however, had taken things a bit farther. The Ultimate Power, as it were, was the self, and when one realized and believed that, one became God. This is at once a combination of the full negative force and the full positive force of atheism.

The Existentialists shunned terminology and rather sought to establish that God, or whatever, was to be found only in the actions of the existential moment.

Where does all this leave the frightened, doubting college student? I have certainly not spilled out a doctrine which claims to be the panacea to everyone's philosophical woes. I could not do so. Indeed, no sane man would ever attempt such an impossible feat.

Indeed, I have made certain remarks about atheism as a philosophical threshold. I have considered atheism not as a closed door, a final comment on religious thought, but rather as a wide-open door, merely the first step in the journey to self-belief and self-fulfillment.

Again, a statement by Emerson: "Trust thyself. Every heart vibrates to that iron string."

For, at last, it is precisely this question of self-trust that determines whether a person is his own master in thought and action or only another mannequin formed in the mold of society's child.

## Murals Office Wrong To Limit Participation

During the years we have been at Carolina we have come to think of the intramural program as a program designed so that the students who were less skilled athletically could participate in some organized sport.

Secondary to that, we have come to think of it as a means through which a student could get to know the other boys in his dorm and through which dorm spirit could be built up.

Yesterday we found out that someone in control thinks otherwise.

Ron Hyatt, director of the Intramural Athletic Program, explained yesterday that houses or residence halls will be limited to only two teams this year, not because of a lack of funds, but because someone decided quality of participation was more important than quantity.

Instead of allowing places like upper and lower quad dorms to have three football teams, they will be limited to two so that the teams can have an extra week of playing time.

We think it is a ridiculous requirement and one that needs to be changed quickly.

To put it bluntly, quality is

about the last things we (or most students) want from our intramural athletics. The first thing that is needed is the chance for every student that wants to participate to participate; that is what intramural athletics is all about, it certainly is not about quality.

If it is quality that counts why not just scrap the whole intramural program and give the \$14,000 to Coach Dooley so he can improve the quality of his team?

Another galling aspect of the decision is that it discriminates against the students in upper and lower quad, who in the past have had a greater level of participation in intramurals than students in other dorms.

The rule means that a floor in Granville which has about 60 boys on it can field two teams while an upper or lower quad dorm, with about 250 students in it, is also limited to two teams.

We hope that the intramural office will quickly realize the mistake that they have made in imposing this limit and will eliminate so that all male students can have the opportunity to participate in intramurals.

That, after all, is the reason for having intramurals.

The Idealists  
Progress  
Part  
II  
Religion

Typical pampered son of the middle class, I arrived at UNC, Rejected stifling virtues of parents to begin with clean slate.

Decided I needed a religion which was simple & close to the common man... Became Southern Baptist.

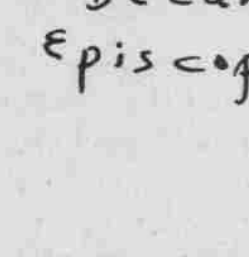
Found that the common man doesn't think a lot. Became Presbyterian. Middle class. Thought a little more than Baptists, but still down to earth...

Found them hung upon cadillacs & suburban homes. Wanted more upper class religion where people took such things for granted & had time for real theological thought.

Became Episcopalian.

Found them to be Country Club with incidental interest in religion. Too dogmatic in theology. Became Unitarian, the intellectual's religion... did some real thinking. Found Hegel was right.

I am God...



DAILY TAR HEEL

### Letters To The Editor

## New Left Misunderstood

From The Duke Chronicle

The term "anarchy" has been thrown about quite regularly in this nation over the past few months. It has been sighted as "the danger from the new left" by all three major presidential candidates and

### Grad Students Should Attend GSA Meeting

The Graduate Student Association holds its first meeting of the year tonight at 7 in Gerrard Hall to lay plans and elect officers for the upcoming year.

For graduate students, who have been neglected by Student Government in the past, the GSA offers a great chance to improve their life here on campus, whether it be from pushing for higher pay for instructors, altering degree requirements, or improving social life.

Any graduate student who is interested in making things better around here for themselves should attend the meeting tonight and take part in electing officers and organizing for the year.

### English As She Is Understood

The Christian Science Monitor

"Men and women are two sexes divided by a common language." Husband and wife think they are talking about the same thing when they're really not." So says a University of California professor.

We wonder how much scholarly study it took to determine what many husbands could have told the professor was a universally known fact?

Take, as an example, that little word "never." When a wife says to her husband, "you never say that you love me," the husband is apt to take a very masculine view of the accusation and judge the word as

news commentators. The use of the term reveals, however, only a shallow understanding of what the "new left" and the speakers for black America are about today.

America's blacks and American youth are not calling for no order, but rather for a new order. They envision a society that is freed from the values and institutions which support racism, poverty, callousness and materialism. They desire a system that liberates man from fragmentation and mechanical sameness, so that he may be creative and whole. If the leaders of this nation, and of her universities would forcefully create ordered change in this society, the disorder that is so often labeled "anarchy" would not occur. But so far—from politics, to education—this type of leadership has not been forthcoming.

The result is that visibly at least, students and those who are oppressed must concentrate upon destroying the old values and institutions, rather than upon the creation of new ones.

In fact, it is those, who prevent the alteration of an unjust order—those who prevent orderly, rapid progress—that cause the disorder we have so commonly called "anarchy" in these last months.

expressing eternity, whereas "never" to the wife merely refers to the past half-hour.

Or that little phrase "where did you get it?" Ask a man that question and he'll give you the name of the store. Ask a woman and she's quite likely to say, "why, what's wrong with it?"

Yet, in the most famous discussion in the English language on words, it was a girl who defended their semantically correct use. When Humpty-Dumpty, who most certainly was male, said that a word "means just what I choose it to mean..." it was little Alice who was horrified. That should be a warning to us self-satisfied males.

Editor:

I want to inform the management of Lenoir Hall of the death of one of their employees, Oscar the Cockroach by name, and to apologize for his recent demise.

One morning at Lenoir I chanced to look down at a bowl of corn flakes I was munching on, and there under one of the soggly-soaked flakes was none other than Oscar, wading in the milk on a sandbar of sugar crystals which had formed at the bottom of my bowl. Now if there is anything I can't stand it's a couple of beady, compound eyes staring at me from under a soggly-soaked Kellogg's corn flake.

You can imagine my rage! With one mighty stroke of my stainless steel spoon, I scooped Oscar, the Kellogg's soggly-soaked corn flake, and an unfortunate amount of now curdling milk, and promptly distributed them along the wall in a disgusting random pattern. As the milk drizzled slowly down the wall, my eyes turned bloodshot and steamed sheer fury.

The bowl of Kellogg's soggly-soaked corn flakes, which was now oozing slowly through my pants and jockey shorts beneath, did not mitigate my anger, but seeing the cause of my vengeful wrath, Oscar, crawling away with the Kellogg's soggly-soaked corn flake... tightly in his grasp overwhelmed all that was left of my rational mind. The deep, dark, hidden frustrations now showed their scaly backs above the surface of milky slime lying along the shorelines of the rivers of my rapidly degenerating mind.

I was now incoherent. The rest of the room became a hazy blue-grey, the skin of a shark, as I narrowed my stare on the little thieving bastard, (that is if one can refer to a cockroach as being a bastard) absconding with my precious Kellogg's soggly-soaked corn flake. To top the catastrophe, the Kellogg's soggly-soaked corn flake was now beginning to deteriorate from its recent mistreatment. The assault of a stainless steel spoon is nothing to a corn flake compared to the machinations of a cockroach's mandibles.

Ripping tables and chairs from my path, I stalked the corn flake cleptomaniac. I would not be stopped. Having carefully plotted the trajectory of my size 11 1/2 canal boats, I firmly planted the heel on Oscar's back with the full force of my 160 lb. frame. The resulting crunch and subsequent splursh of once-living cellular matter across the cafeteria floor sent a tinge of sadistic satisfaction up the back of the calf of my leg, along my thigh, and on through my spinal cord to the center of my brain.

Looking back on the incident, I'm deeply regretful for my rather rash actions. I only hope Lenoir is able to replace Oscar without hindering their efficiency or jeopardizing their integrity.

Robert Kruger  
152 Morrison

## 'Oscar' Goes To Winner

### Nigerian Conflict Not Quite So Simple

Editor:

The *Daily Tar Heel* article of Sunday, 29th September, on the Nigerian-Biafran conflict included some simplistic generalities. It would be advisable that the parties responsible for the article avoid these. First, the Nigerian "misunderstanding," if I may use the word, cannot be simply explained in terms of religious differences between the warring parties, nor can it be nailed on the differences in Western education assimilation. Second, an appeal to emotions rather than to reason may well alienate other well-meaning individuals who are genuinely concerned about the plight of the innocent caught in the crossfires of the unfortunate conflict.

An appeal to the humanitarian instincts of the public without any political overtones, I would consider more highly desirable, because the public in the university area are not in any position to be able to understand the conflict in depth, even if the aid of the best news media around is solicited. Worse wounds in the course of human history have been healed before and hopefully the Nigerian-Biafran wounds would not prove to be the exception.

Sincerely,  
Oye Olukotun  
103 W. Longview St.

### Religion Not Biafra Crisis

Editor:

The current war in Nigeria is not a war between Christians and Moslems as your informant will like the readers to believe. It is a civil war generated by military coup and counter-coup. Biafrans are not the only Christians in Nigeria; there are Christians of various denominations in mid-western, western and northern parts of Nigeria. In fact, most of the missionaries sponsored by Southern Baptist Convention of the U.S. are still in various parts of Nigeria doing their evangelistic work. Should there be a war between Christians and Moslems in Nigeria, all the Baptist missionaries in Nigeria would have to come back to the United States.

No single Biafran was killed in the western part of Nigeria. Biafrans are not the most educated people in Nigeria; it is purely

imaginary to state that Biafrans supply most of the professionals for the entire nation.

This is an academic community and as such it will be most unfortunate if the readers are fed wrong information.

Sincerely,  
Zacheus Okediji

### Cycle Repairers Charge Steep Prices

Editor:

I believe this letter will be of interest both to my fellow motorcycle cultists on campus and to the student body at large, judging from the recent article on the student consumers' concern over inflated prices in Chapel Hill.

As a person who grew up in the South and then moved to the New York metropolitan area, I looked forward to the return here last fall with the nostalgic feeling that even though the South of my youth might be backward, at least it was cheap. This is a generally accepted myth in the North. At any rate, on to specifics. Few issues have motivated me to write to the Heel, but my recent experience pushed me over the edge. Everyone has his own little anecdote about being reamed, so here's mine.

I had a flat tire on my Honda yesterday. Though not as simple a matter as pulling a tire from a car, I did manage to remove the tire and take it to the local dealer, (Travel-On) whose mechanic informed that "not a gas station in town will fix it." Being an essentially candid person (after all it's only those sick talking Northerners who take people—you can trust country boys), I took him at his word and considered myself lucky to get the job done so expeditiously. Fifteen minutes later the job of taking out the tube and patching one small hole was over; in the meanwhile my friendly mechanic had unsuccessfully tried to sell me a new tube (mine was brand new). Then the bomb fell—\$3.50; (for you English majors) at an hourly rate that is \$14.

The experience was not without its educational aspects. I have now seen the light: upon graduation I will found a vocational school for motorcycle mechanics, where the tuition will be free. All I'll ask for is 10% of their life profits.

I hope this letter will help save someone else from the economic raping that I underwent.

Never again,  
William E. Stevenson  
407-A Mason Farm Road

## Code Found To Wallace Advertising

By Marshall Schwartz, Stanford

In today's paper there appears an ad for George Wallace. You might think that, since Governor George is a plain, folksy man, the language is straightforward. It appears to be so, but actually the copy is written in code.

We have managed to obtain the code book, and present below the original and its translation.

ORIGINAL: IN A CRISIS, it takes courage to be a leader... courage to speak out... to point the way... to say, "Follow Me!" In a crisis it takes action to survive... the kind of decisive action that comes from a man of sound instinct, as well as intelligence.

Translation: WHEN THE BLACKS ARE AFTER OUR BODS, it's time to stop listening to all those lily-livered nigger lovers... pick up our guns... point out the traitors... to say, "Kill 'em All!" When the coons step out of line, it takes action to stay on top... the kind of decisive action that comes from a man who knows how to keep niggers in their place.

Original: If America is to survive this crisis... if the youth of America are to inherit a sane and even promising world, we must have courageous, constructive leadership. The kind of leadership that only George C. Wallace — of all Presidential candidates — has to offer. That's why young Americans who really think support Wallace.

Translation: If we are going to stop the pinkos and commies and anarchists from taking over... if we are going to prevent the kids in this country from being subverted and rioting like those damn Commies in France, Germany and Mexico, we need somebody who has enough guts to throw them all in jail, enough guts to say he'd run over any anarchist who lies down in front of his car. And that means George C. Wallace—not those other two phonies—our man. That's why young Americans who haven't been twisted by those traitors and cowards support Wallace.

Original: They know that it takes courage to stand up for America against the pseudo-intellectual professors, the hippies, the press and the entire liberal Establishment. And they've got that courage.

Translation: THEY KNOW it takes guts not to listen to all the dupes and fellow travelers who keep telling them lies about the Commies not trying to take us over. And they've got those guts.

The rest of the ad merely asks for the reader to join Youth for Wallace (read: Junior Ku Klux Klan).

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