

The Daily Tar Heel

76 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Want To Run Your Life? Sign The Visitation Petition

The "smashing success" Thursday of the petition on coed visitation can only be taken by the Chancellor and his newly appointed committee on visitation as a sign that students want the opportunity to run their own lives, to decide such things as whether coeds may enter their rooms.

The petition, which requests that each dormitory have the right to decide whether coeds may visit the residents' rooms at certain hours, netted over 1,000 signatures in a three hour time span.

In addition, the Southern Student Organizing Committee workers had crowds of up to 50 persons at times listening to the discussions on the petition, proof that the interest of the students in the matter goes beyond the lustful, which some persons try to attribute to students as being the only reason they want visitation agreements.

The visitation plan that the petition calls for is one that is commonly used at private and state colleges across the country, including places like the University of Virginia and the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, whose residential college plan has been somewhat of a model for UNC.

The beauty of the plan is that it recognizes completely that students are mature enough to run their own residence halls.

The University has long said that

it recognizes students should make their own rules and has pointed to the student judiciary and other such organizations as proof of the fact that students do control their lives.

While pointing out these facts it has refused, however, to allow students to do such things as determine the hours they should come in or whether they can have visitors of the other sex in their rooms. Enaction of the requests of the petition would eliminate one of the hypocritical stances on the part of the University.

At the same time, while giving the students control over their lives, it does not force anything on the students; each residence hall would be able to determine for itself whether visitation will be allowed in it and at what hours. Conceivably, then, a student who was totally opposed to visitation could move to a dorm that had no visitation agreement.

SSOC organizers will be circulating the petition in residence halls during the week. Any student who would like to have little more control over his life here on campus and who would like to have coed visitation should sign the petition so the Administration will know that visitation is something students want, both as a symbol of control over their lives and, for its own sake.

Admissions Advice Good

The Executive Council of the YMCA and the Wesley Foundation have brought up some very valid points concerning the new Director of Admissions that need to be given serious attention by the committee that selects the next Director of Admissions.

The YMCA council, in their letter to Chancellor J. Carlyle Sitterson, calls on the University to "undertake, not a program of reverse discrimination, but a program to address the discrimination (however unintended) already inherent in our admissions process."

The letter asks the Chancellor to "take whatever time necessary to find a Director of Admissions who... could support existing programs and develop new programs of his own to facilitate the admission of disadvantaged students."

We completely agree with the letter. The Admissions Office is guilty, whether intentional or not, of discriminating against disadvantaged students, depriving them of the right to the best college

education the state or the South has to afford.

There are at least two easily identifiable types of discrimination inherent in the admissions process that serve to keep disadvantaged persons from advancing as quickly as they might if avenues of advancement were as open to them as they are for the average white, middle class student.

The first type, as pointed out by former Dean of Arts and Sciences Charles Morrow last year, results because the University can not afford to send Admissions personnel to the smaller schools in the state, only to the larger ones.

Since the smaller schools are generally the ones in poorer areas where disadvantaged blacks and whites are to be found, these persons miss out on the opportunity to find out about college and UNC, which would naturally make them more hesitant about applying for college or to UNC than would someone in a large school who has had the opportunity to talk to admissions personnel.

Secondly is the problem of the college boards which most schools put heavy emphasis on in considering whether to admit students.

These examinations are biases; they are geared to the type of person who was raised in a white, middle class environment.

A black person or poor white from the mountains cannot be expected to perform as well on these tests as a white from the middle class. Yet by using these tests as the standards the Admissions Office is saying that the white middle class culture is more desirable than the black culture or poor white culture, an idea that is totally alien to our American ideals.

These brief examples of some of the problems of discrimination in the admissions process explain why Chancellor Sitterson must try to get a new Admissions Director who will recognize these problems and work to eliminate them.



T-Sticker, Badge Of Courage T-Man Drilled By Sheep

All may rejoice. It looks like the end of public enemy number one. Yesterday I saw T-Man near deah as he crawled towards the student infirmary, dragging his crutches behind him and bleeding from several bullet wounds. I heard the shattering sound of an automatic rifle, and T-Man jumped, twitched, and dragged himself around a corner.

A triumphant bleat came from the bell tower. Perched on it was Supersheep, taking careful aim from behind his mirrored sunglasses. He fired off another magazine in the air to celebrate, and Bureaucracyboy beamed with pride and amazement at his master's skill.

"Holy closing hours!" he exclaimed. "That'll learn him to keep the Rules."

T-Man, however, had managed to pull himself into the student infirmary. The nurse on duty, Euphoria Ewe, greeted him:

"Ha, how you?"

"Could you give me some bandaids, please, and maybe a pain killer? I have to

study for a test tomorrow, and these bullet wounds are sort of distracting."

"Ouah clinic houahs ah from nahn to eleven-thirty and from two to fahv. Why didn't y'all come in then?"

"Well, I hadn't been shot then. You see, I parked on campus at thirty seconds before six and this ambush opened up on me. I almost got away, but Supersheep tracked me down, and you must know how good he is with a gun. Anyway, could you do something or refer me to a doctor? I'm getting a little weak."

"Why don't y'all come back tomorrow during clinic hours and have the doctor take a look at you?"

"I have classes from nine to twelve and a lab from two until five."

"Oh, you can cut to come here, honey." T-Man thinks. All five of his professors opened with the friendly admonition, "Anyone who cuts this class gets a zero for the day. You can wait until after class to go to the infirmary."

"Well, thank you, ma'am, but I guess

I'll just have to come back the day after."

"All raht, honey. Don't bleed to death, now, heah?" T-Man crawls out and begins to make his way back to his car, dodging the tracer bullet streaks and the searchlight beams. Hours later he makes it to the planetarium parking lot, from which his car had been towed away while he was being treated.

What will happen to T-Man? Will he survive and come back to plague the freedom-loving students and threaten the brave Supersheep with more of his dastardly designs? Or will T-Man die the horrible death he so richly deserves so tranquility and indifference may once again return to Dusty Valley? Well, don't hold your breath waiting to find out. Sometimes it takes a while to find out what's going on.

Timothy Knowlton
315 Northampton Terrace Apts.
Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Letters To The Editor

Jeremiah Comments On Bricks

Editor:

I am compelled once more to protest the lack of foresight in the planning of brick paths on the campus. People don't walk across campus geometrically because they are not automatons and because their destinations are often in diagonal opposition to the primarily square grid of paths.

Newly strawed and seeded spots are no deterrent to the student in a hurry. Fences dislocate, but don't eradicate time-worm dirt paths. I know of only two newly completed brick paths, neither of which is functional. One, from Coker Hall to Kenan Stadium (?) is rarely used. The other, to the new Bookstore, is tucked against the Undergraduate Library so that most people cross the adjacent Dust Bowl to buy books.

It would be well for campus planners to heed the words of Jeremiah (VI,16)—"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein." Jeremiah didn't mean that literally, but I'm sure he'd understand.

Sincerely,
Michael D. Lampen
1029 Highland Woods
Chapel Hill

Too Many Cooks Spoils It All

Editor:

Beaded, spectacled (sic), and moustachioed Jay F. Rosenberg would like to reply to your article of 28 September in self-defense. In order of increasing annoyance, the following points must be made:

1. I have been teaching at UNC for the past two years, not for the past three years. I am currently beginning my third year here.

2. My name is always spelled "Rosenberg", never "Rosengerg".

3. I graduated from Reed College, not Reed University, in 1963. To the best of my knowledge, there is no Reed University.

4. Despite my explicit request that I not be dehumanized and presented to the world once again as the author of a cookbook rather than a person, I was duly dehumanized and presented to the world once again as the author of a cookbook rather than a person.

5. I never said *any* of the things attributed to me. I said a few things vaguely like what was attributed to me, but every last one of the "direct quotes" is wrong. Specifically:

a. I attend conventions because I am a philosopher, not because I am the author of a cookbook. To the best of my knowledge, there are no conventions for authors of cookbooks as such.

b. My comments on the role of the University in regulating social conduct were made in the context of an extended comparison between UNC and Reed College. At Reed, there are no closing hours in the dormitories, men's or women's; men are allowed in women's dormitories and women in men's for such hours as the dorm members may elect; the dean of men and dean of women function in purely advisory capacities; all disciplinary action, academic and non-academic, is in the hands of a student subcommittee of the Community Senate—a joint student-faculty body (10 of each, plus the president of the College) which has complete responsibility for the governing of the Reed Community; honor is taken for granted, not something to be pledged on each paper. Without this paradigm of rationality to serve as a striking contrast, my remarks about the absurdity of UNC—the mid-Victorian hoops through which undergraduate women are forced to jump; the "honor code which assumes guilt unless innocence is pledged, and then reduces the pledge to absurdity through abbreviation; and so on for about 30 minutes—seem rather vacuous. I assure you that they are not.

c. The "amazing phenomenon" (sic) which occurred in Woollen Gym was *not* as your reporter would have it, the fault of the students, but rather of their advisors. It was the General College advisors who put students into courses by number, rather than by content. And it is a poorly planned and poorly executed system of registration which reduces some students to the point where avoiding a conflict of hours becomes their paramount objective and the achieving of a satisfactory education is relegated to second place.

Would you kindly do me the service of printing this letter in order that what is left of my humanity in the public eye may be salvaged? In happier days, I could have achieved satisfaction by challenging your reporter to a duel—but today he would probably just misspell it.

Sincerely,
Jay F. Rosenberg
Assistant Professor of Philosophy

Dorm Security Petition Begun

Circulating in the women's dormitories this week is a petition calling for nightwatchmen. The statement is directed to the administration and reads as follows:

"We the undersigned women students of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, maintain that dorm security is not adequate and, therefore, request the procurement of a night watchman for each of our dorms. We believe this measure to be of utmost importance and priority for our protection."

Alarm about insufficient safety measures is justifiable. Since January 1, 1968 in one women's dorm alone, three prowler break-ins were reported. In a prowler incident in still another women's dorm last year, a girl who, in her own dorm room, was the subject of an attempted attack, experienced such severe psychological effects that she had to undergo treatment for two weeks in the psychiatric division of the University of North Carolina medical school. In discussing prowler incidents no one need think he is talking about mere Halloween pranks.

Granville Towers is the only residence hall on campus which presently has a security guard. Says Nancy Still, Granville Towers president, "I think it would be very advisable for all dorms to have night watchmen. It is a very worthwhile expenditure. I give 100% endorsement to it."

We agree with Nancy that supplying each women's dorm on campus with a night watchman is an important and worthwhile expenditure. We are certain that the administration will recognize our sincere concern for safety. The university has always been concerned about its women's protection and we, thus, believe it will not fail to provide the funds necessary for night watchmen.

Sincerely,
Libby Idol, president of WRC
Katie Lucas, president of Alderman
Diane Woods, president of Connor
Dabby Bishop, president of East Cobb
Johnna Everett, president of West Cobb
Patty McKinney, president of Kenan
Kathy McLurd, president of McIver
Sue Taylor, president of Joyner
Nancy Still, president of Granville Towers
Barbara Gaddy, president of Parker
Phyllis Gendel, president of Spencer
Barbara Nagy, president of Nurses
Becky Floyd, president of Whitehead
Sallie Spurlock, secretary of Student Body

Vagueness Marking Humphrey

After hearing Hubert Horatio Humphrey's acceptance speech at the Democratic Convention in Chicago, one is bound to be left with an undefinable sense of well-being. It is very comforting to hear the Democratic candidate for President of the United States condemn violence "whatever the source", declaring that "neither mob rule nor police brutality have any place in America". The genuine sincerity and sensitivity with which this man calls for peace, unity, and progress, and the pride with which he extols the virtues of our great America must convince any patriot that he is irrevocably committed to the American dream of equality for all and malice toward none. Humphrey is an idealist in the truest sense of the word, wanting to be Santa Claus to everyone—Negroes, Youth, Aged, Workers, Farmers, and the Taxpayer—all at the same time.

Herein lies the defense, dilemma, despair, and possibly the defeat of Hubert Horatio Humphrey.

By William G. Allen

Mr. Humphrey is enough of a politician to know that the name of the game is to appeal to all of the major problem areas with something resembling a positive approach and a solution, and to win over the largest interest groups—alienating as few as possible. It is in this endeavor that he loses his saint-like image, appearing more as just another politician and a mediocre one at that.

Hubert tells the farmers that they need "long term credit and lower interest rates as well as the control of the price of land". The farmers need a promise—but one that will be kept—not insinuate promises which, in reality only restate the grievances and offer sympathy. His talk of controlling the price of land, though designed to win votes, will almost surely cost him more votes from the multitudes already discouraged, disgusted, and fearful of more federal controls.

His promise of a "Marshall Plan" to the ghettoes carries with it the odor of more ineffective and expensive federal programs. He pledges jobs to all who want them, but "make work" jobs will do little to erect the supporting structure of a successful man—dignity and pride. The tax burden remains on the shoulders of the middle class, and the poor continue to be unhappy, weak citizens, and a deficit to the nation's economy. The promise of this Marshall Plan tolls like the bells of the promised land to some, but in reality it can only last as long as the middle class will prime the pump. As former Vice President Nixon so curtly pointed out, "The only thing worse than making a promise and then not keeping it, is to make a promise that can not be kept." Given America's financial difficulties which promise to be long lasting, what can Humphrey's illusion of a Marshall Plan to the ghetto be but just another example of a Democratic mirage that will raise the expectations of the poor to the highest pinnacle of hope only to dash them to the chasm of despair and reality. What lamp will Humphrey rub to finance such an enormous project while the nation sinks \$25 billion a year into Vietnam?

Instead of making vague promises like "violence will not be tolerated", which is merely an empty challenge, HHH should make his stand more explicit and hence believable. Unless he alters his approach to problem-solving, his administration, should he be elected, will be plagued like that of his predecessor. He must stop alienating the business and industry in America with inflation, high interest rates, and higher taxes. He must take a business-like approach by aiding industry with tax credits as incentives—in return for the industrial training and hiring of the poor. To promise a Marshall Plan as a panacea to poverty presupposes much native initiative, skill, talent, and desire which simply does not represent the existing situation in the ghettoes.

In conclusion, it is fine to promise to seek peace at every opportunity in our struggle in Vietnam, but to make such nebulous statements as "Policies of tomorrow need not be limited by policies of yesterday," is nothing more than a delusive design to snare a few more voters in November, and a dis-service to the twenty-five thousand men who gave their lives to convince the enemy of our resoluteness. This kind of irresponsible rhetoric can not fail to give the Communists new hope that America will soon sue for peace. In evidence of this point, it is not likely merely a coincidence that another major enemy offensive is now said to be gathering steam. None would deny that Hubert Humphrey's goals are both imaginative and inspiring, but his methods continue to be confusing and not very well conceived.

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