### The Daily Tar Heel

76 Years of Editorial Freedom

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### History Dep't. Move Recognition Of Need

The recent movement by the student apathy. history department to include significant for two reasons:

have to take and

(2) faculty members in granting rational alternative. educational process.

This type of student planning was previously-unknown outside of the radio, television, and the voice in the educational process motion-picture department.

Members of the history department, in granting limited self-determination to history students, have shown themselves to be more aware of the educational situation and necessity for constructive action than most other members of the administration and faculty at UNC.

The only alternatives to the program offered in the history department are student revolt and

#### Dismissal Of **Two Chaplains** A Gross Error

The dismissal of Episcopal chaplains William Coates and Herbert Tucker must come as a blow to students, faculty, and townspeople who have come to associate these two ministers with the idea that a religion and the church is meant to be relevant to one's everyday life and not just to Sunday or to one's social standing.

In a time when there is increasing active resistance to religion, and not just mere apathy, these two have tried to show that the Church has the humility, viability, and meaningfullness that the founder of the religion, Christ, apparently intended it to have.

Unfortunately, some people have other ideas, and, as a result, the town is without two of its best respected chaplains.

A petition is being circulated on campus seeking the re-instatement of the two. In addition a meeting is being held Sunday at 4 p.m. in Gerrard Hall. We hope you will either sign the petition or attend the meeting to try to get these two

men back serving the community. We also hope that the persons responsible for the dismissal of these two highly respected and highly effective clergymen will reconsider what they have done and will reinstate them.

As neither revolt nor apathy has students in curriculum-evaluation proven conducive in the past to the and curriculum-planning meetings is proper exercise of educational functions, students, faculty (1) undergraduate students are members, and administration being given the opportunity to say officials at UNC should be thankful something about the courses they for the steps taken by the history and RTVMP departments to find a

this opportunity to students are It is to be hoped that other demonstrating that they recognize departments will follow suit and the necessity of allowing students that students in other departments to maintain some control over the will show enough concern to press for similar reforms.

This is, of course, a rather small participation in departmental-step compared to what must eventually be done to give students which they must have to make education a really meaningful experience. However, it is a step in the right direction; and it could prove to be a rather significant one.

Universities have for too long ignored the needs and desires of their students. Times change, however, and it is becoming increasingly apparent to teachers and administrators across the country that students must have a voice in planning since they are the ones who are directly affected by the planning.

At schools where members of the faculty and administration have chosen to ignore student demands for involvement in the decision-processes, students have often been forced to make active, and sometimes violent, demonstrations of their demands.

The situation at San Francisco State University is a current example. Administrators there responded to student demands with indifference, and a segment of the student body responded with open revolt. The use of repression by university officials at SFSU has failed to alleviate the situation and has only resulted in prolonged disruption of the educational process there.

The possibility of such a situation developing at UNC is, of course, slim as long as nothing but apathy runs wild here. This fact makes the action by the history department even more admirable. While there is a large segment of students in the history department who are actively concerned about their role in departmental-planning, this is too often not true in other academic departments.

Students and teachers in the history department have worked hand-in-hand since the inception of the student-participation plan to put it into effect.

Let us hope that students and faculty members in other departments will be able to work together and that the job of promoting student participation in the area of departmental planning will not be left entirely to either students or teachers.

#### They Remember

(From The Chapel Hill Weekly)

annual meeting of the North Carolina Good Neighbor Council, delegates milling about and passing the time of day would show a sudden interest when you said you

were from Chapel Hill. Invariably, they would inquire about one of our luminaries. All of them wanted to know about the

same one. And who do you think would excite all that interest. Charlie

Scott? Ricky Lanier? Well, sir, it was Dr. Frank all: Graham. They wanted to know about his health, his activities, anything you could tell them. And,

Last week in Raleigh at the invariably, each one would pay him a tribute of some sort:

"He was out there fighting all those years when nobody else was out there."

"Just a tiny little fellow, but he didn't scare, no sir."

"He stuck to his prinicples. You couldn't shake him from his principles with a stick of dynamite."

"Closest thing North Carolina's ever had to a saint." And, perhaps most eloquent of

"He's a good 'un." People don't forget so easily, after all.

Mike Cozza

## His Honor Was Amphibian

Story Number One: This is exactly the case. way it happened. He was walking in the woods late one winter evening-taking a walk, that's all, when he heard a small, high-pitched voice saying "I'm cold.

He stopped to listen and looked around, but he didn't see anything. He started walking again, but he heard it again. "I'm cold, I'm cold. Croak." The voice was almost pleading for help. He looked down at his feet, and there, amidst the fallen leaves, he saw a little frog with big sad eyes.

The frog was shivering in the moonlight. "I'm cold, I'm cold. Croak," it said again.

He felt sorry for the frog because it was indeed a cold night to be in the woods. And then, with more compassion than most of us, he picked the little creature up and took it back to the house with him.

At the house he set the frog down by his fireplace, took off his hat and coat, and mixed himself a stiff drink. A little later he changed for bed and put on a

Just as he was entering the bedroom the frog said again. "I'm cold, I'm cold. Croak." And the poor creature was shiverring, even beside the fireplace.

So he picked the frog up and took him into the bedroom. He put it on the windowsill, directly above the radiator, and then he got in bed. He pulled up the covers and turned out the light. He was tired.

But the frog broke the silence. "I'm cold, I'm cold. Croak," it repeated. And he could almost hear the frog's teeth chattering in the darkness.

So he turned on the light, got out of bed, and went over to the window. He picked up the frog and brought him over to the bed. He put the frog on the pillow right beside him, turned out the light, and went to sleep.

The following morning he awoke and, lo and behold, the frog had turned into a beautiful, long-legged princess with silky blond locks spread all over the pillow.

And that, your honor, is exactly how it happened. And that is why my client is not guilty of adultry as charged in this

#### Letters

#### Hurder's Editorial Policy Deplored

To The Editor:

Your editorial in today's paper, like most of the ones you cook up, indicates your lack of common sense perfectly. May I ask you, How in hell are the SAT tests culturally biased??? Do you think that the people who make up the tests think of questions that Negroes will miss and everybody else will get right? Get serious, Mr. Hurder. The math and verbal questions are straightforward, you either know them or you don't. And to admit students without considering their SAT scores would be to make a farce of the whole educational system. The University is not a charity organization, and cannot be expected to hand out invitations to any student who wishes to come to

May I suggest that in the future you engage your brain before putting your pen into gear.

> Sincerely, Richard Caddy 1045 James

Story Number Two: This is exactly the way it happened. He was a reporter and a columnist for the college newspaper. He was not an anti-war protestor, but he

went to the army fort with the protestor to cover the demonstration for the paper. Shortly after arriving at the fort, he informed the head of the military police that he was a reporter, not a protestor.

"I'm a reporter, I'm a reporter," he said. He went to the MP headquarters because he had a sense of objectivity, and he wanted to get the Army's side of the story, rather than just the side of the protestors. Upon leaving the office he said again to the officer in charge, "I'm a reporter, I'm a reporter." And he assumed the officer would believe him because he was honest.

After leaving the MP offices he was followed into the nearby town by several "secret agents." He went around to each of the agent's cars, and he said to them, so there could be no mis-understanding, "I'm a reporter, I'm a reporter."

Later, after returning to the base to Conclusion: "Croak."

cover the demonstration, he was apprehended by the Military Police at the same time they arrested the protestors. "I'm a reporter. I'm a reporter," he told them, but they charged him with being a protestor anyway.

Late that night, in a court hurredly set up in a back room of the fort, he was charged with being a protestor. "I'm a reporter, I'm a reporter," he told the judge. But it didn't matter.

"Guilty," said his honor.

And then, lo and behold, right there in the courtroom with everyone watching, the reporter suddenly turned into a grubby, long-haired, hippy-type protestor with a conviction to prove it.

One Moral: Frogs in bed often turn into beautiful princesses, and reporters in court often turn into hippy protestors.

Alternative moral: Both these stories are ridiculous because this type of thing happens only in fairytales.

#### Black Is Beautiful

The traditional position of the beggar is Under the table; For the master, that is the giver

Eats on the table. Our race has been condemned to sit

Below and under the table. Then as slaves we are accostomed to Be beggars. For food and favors.

below

We constantly moan of the lack

When God dropped from above the famous mamma

For the hungry; Those unfortunate beggars were just

The exaulted heavens. Now we are becoming aware that Black is beautiful. And so it is. As a proud race, let us stop begging. And do things for ourselves, too. We are black, and we must Be proud. And hard work should be A part of that pride. Then we shall Soon break the strong chain that holds Our fathers for many years as beggars.

Do it yourself; let it be our motto. Like equals we shall stand up for our rights:

Unlike beggars we shall demand this too. That half measure is unacceptable to us no morre.

-Kenneth Johnson

We are the campus intellectual hippies. We sit Sometimes we look bored, too.

of intellectual stimulus in chapel Hill.



Sometimes we play exciting games like pinball in the Tempo.





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can accept only prepaid subscriptions.



Robin Brewer

### A Carousel Waltz To UNC-Pittsboro

"Fxcuse me. Could either of you boys direct me to South Campus? I'm just "South Campus? Sure. You jsut follow

this brick path past the flagpole yonder, then out by the library . . .

"You don't want to send him that way, Ollie. They've got everything torn up while they lay that pipeline. Listen, mister, go towards the library like he said, but go around the other side . . .

"Haven't they got that roped off while the books are being transfered to the undergraduate library?"

"I tell you what, mister. When you get to the flagpole jog around Dey Hall and you'll come out at a stoplight. From

"Ollie, wait a minute. That's really a bad way to send him this time of day.

You know how the Dey Hall workmen leave their bricks all over the place, and it just rained so the ground is all muddy."

"We could send him around Venable. How about that mister?" "I'll take it. Where's Venable?"

"You can't miss it. It's the longest classroom building in the United States. Someone once told me that if the Washington Monument were laid alongside Venable . . . "

... someone would really catch hell. Look, are you certain there isn't a shorter

"What do you think, Stan?"

"Well, there's always Emerson Field-but then that's the new student

"He could use the stairs between that and the Book X. Unless of course the cement hasn't dried yet."

"If he cuts through the Arb and across lower quad he can cricle around the gym. can't he? You know where the Arb is,

"Is that the forest behind the Planetarium?"

"You got it. Now, hang a looie at the Placetarium there, then out across . . . say, are those fences on the lawn, Stan?"

"I think they just seeded the grass. Don't want the grounds-keeper to get mad at you. By the way are you walking

"I've got a car. My wife is driving around the block because she couldn't find a parking space."

"That makes it simple then. Drive down the street here . . .

"I suppose you think he'll find a place to park out there . . . ?"

"You just want to leave his wife driving around in circles?"

"Let him park over there by the Episcopal Church for now." "No dice. They come and tow it

"Baptists?"

"Same thing."

"Maybe there are some Quaker churches in your town."

positive you can get there from there." "Fellows, are you sure you know

where this South Campus is?" "Natch, We both live there." "Well, how do you get from there to

luck mister. Got a dime roomy?"

# Historians Are Dull People

By K. SANDRAH HISTORY GRAD STUDENT

Historians are dull people. Little imagination, few feelings, lacking in compassion, sympathy, laughter and wit, they walk the halls of libraries and classrooms seeing little. Belief they do not have, whether in mysteries, mysticism, poetry, love, or even foolishness. They find no beauty in nature, a kiss, a smile. or a kind word. Their life is filled with meaningless rhetoric placed on blank white sheets, attempting to tell a story they know nothing about.

Good history is rarely written, if ever, because good people rarely go into history. It is separation from life; it is endless rhetoric of deception and fraud; it is nothing unless lived, and historians do not live. They do not take part in what is around them or what could be around

Worst Kind

The worst kind of historian is the one studying to be an historian—the graduate student. Weighted down at the belt and brain with myriads of facts, caught in dull classes with frustrated professors discussing dull subjects, reading through dry protrayals of minute topics, the history graduate student is smothering,

soon to take his place among the dead. His only chance is to break the atmosphere of stifling polution and shout a profanity in class, or refuse to answer a question, or always remain outside a mile radius of the library or some other ingenious device of self-preservation. The best protection, of course, would

be for the student studying history to stop studying completely and leave the vicinity of academic pursuit all together. But the reason most do not follow this course is because they don't see the faults and idiosyncrasies in what they are doing. They will be good historians in its meaninglessness. They will operate like mechanical machines through three degrees, void of thought and emotion, becoming practicing writers of useless nonsense.

The Daily Tar Heel accepts all letters for publication provided they are typed, double-spaced and signed. Letters should be no longer than 300 words in length. We reserve the right to edit for libelous statements.

Is It Stoppable? Can this be stopped? Do they want

this stopped? The first answer is yes, by innovating the study of hisotry on a new course of active participation and reality with the contemporary world and the individual's life. The answer to the second question is no-thus completely negating the first. Historians are trained to be senseless people, and the vunerable springboards of life that happened to wander into-the field due to aesthetic reasons or pure interest and enjoyment are trampled under by senselessness or moulded into manikins in order to pass. It is a hopeless cycle of misery and few are aware of it. Seemingly none are able to stop it. This cycle adds to the world's

confusion and makes the world confused. With a dull past we face a dull future. Void of feeling for the past, we face a similar vacuum in the future. It offers a complacency many people like and fit comfortably into, avoiding confusion and dwelling on triviality. What a cruel ideal of happiness. Man has been created void and left working to shape a larger void. One day all men will kill themselves in disgust with the huge world which they have made: efficient, clean, shiny; yet dull, senseless, and a miserable place to

"You know something, mister. I'm not

classes?" "We take this here bus. Well, good