

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 history department to include students in curriculum-evaluation and curriculum-planning meetings is significant for two reasons:

(1) undergraduate students are being given the opportunity to say something about the courses they have to take and

(2) faculty members in granting this opportunity to students are demonstrating that they recognize the necessity of allowing students to maintain some control over the educational process.

This type of student participation in departmental-planning was previously-unknown outside of the radio, television, and 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

student apathy.

As neither revolt nor apathy has proven conducive in the past to the proper exercise of educational functions, students, faculty members, and administration officials at UNC should be thankful for the steps taken by the history and RTVMP departments to find a rational alternative.

It is to be hoped that other departments will follow suit and that students in other departments will show enough concern to press for similar reforms.

This is, of course, a rather small step compared to what must eventually be done to give students the voice in the educational process 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)

Last week in Raleigh at the 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 Graham. They wanted to know about his health, his activities, anything you could tell them. And,

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 principles. 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 all:

"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 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. Croak."

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 bathrobe.

Just as he was entering the bedroom the frog said again. "I'm cold, I'm cold. Croak." And the poor creature was shivering, 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 adultery 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 college.

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

Sincerely,
Richard Caddy
1045 James

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 them.

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 portrayals of minute topics, the history graduate student is smothering,

case.

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 misunderstanding, "I'm a reporter, I'm a reporter."

Later, after returning to the base to

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 hurriedly 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.

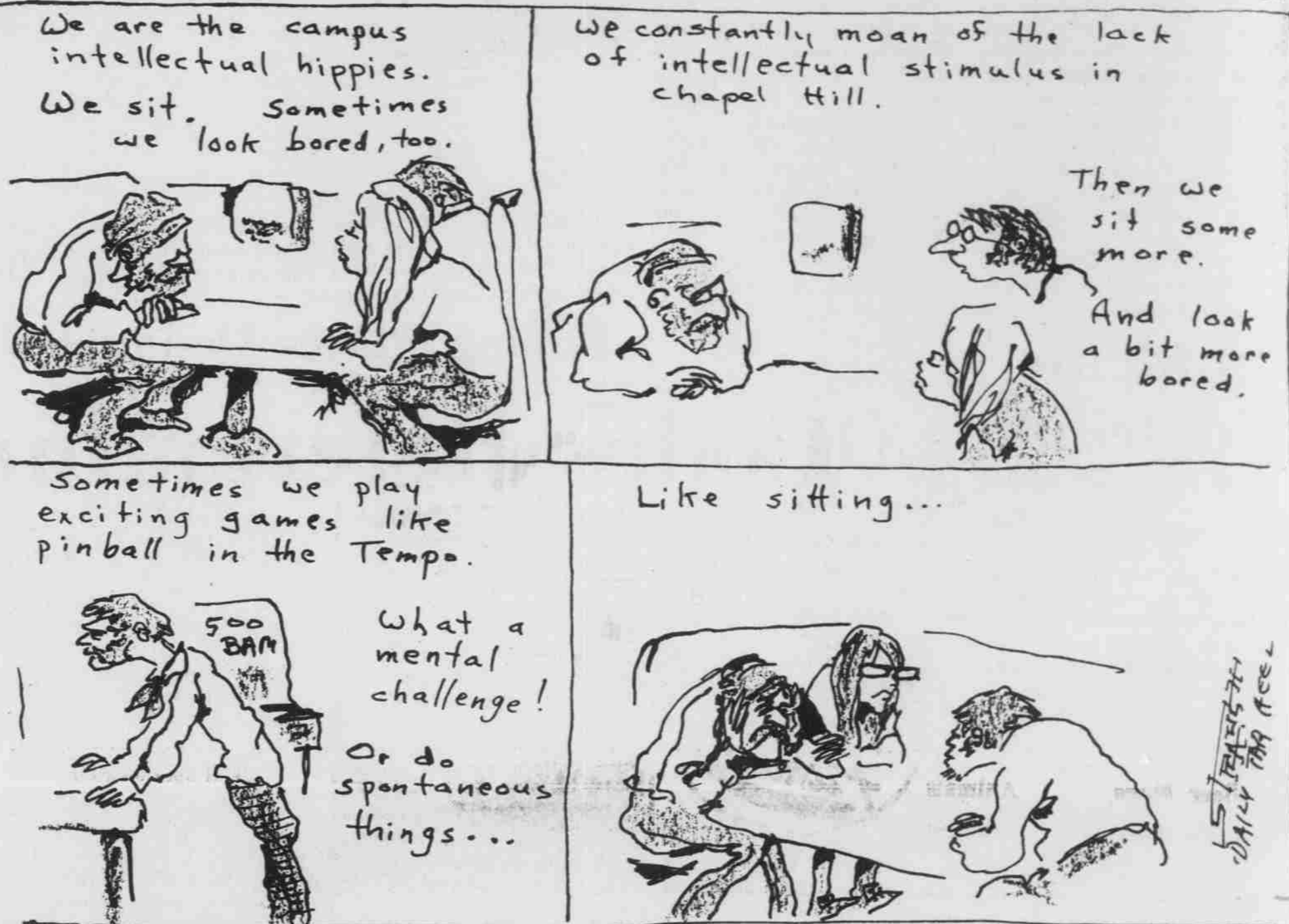
And then, lo and behold, right there in the courtroom with everyone watching, the reporter suddenly turned into a grubby, long-haired, hippy-type protestor with a conviction to prove it.

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.

Conclusion: "Croak."

—Kenneth Johnson



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Robin Brewer A Carousel Waltz To UNC-Pittsboro

"Excuse me. Could either of you boys direct me to South Campus? I'm just visiting."
"South Campus? Sure. You just 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 transferred 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 there..."
"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 way?"
"What do you think, Stan?"
"Well, there's always Emerson Field—but then that's the new student union..."
"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, mister?"
"Is that the forest behind the Planetarium?"
"You got it. Now, hang a loolie 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 or driving?"
"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 away."
"Baptists?"
"Same thing."
"Maybe there are some Quaker churches in your town."
"You know something, mister. I'm not 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 classes?"
"We take this here bus. Well, good luck mister. Got a dime roomy?"