

# The Daily Tar Heel

76 Years of Editorial Freedom

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## Andy Schorr

# Dating—The UNC Girl 'System'

Let's think about dating at Carolina. It's a pretty big part of people's lives and a great deal of time is spent doing it, worrying about who to date or what to do on a date, what to drink and what clothes to wear.

Even when most students are in class they spend much of their time lining up dates. The girls eye the boys and size them up as dates and/or husbands. The boys size the girls up as dates and/or "girls to have fun with."

Probably many students come to Carolina so they can have an active social life; at least that's a big part of it. Everybody knows those rumors that all the junior transfer girls are here to find husbands, etc.

Yet these truths seem to be self evident. Just for the hell of it I'd like to go into greater detail in describing the Carolina Dating System (hereafter referred to as "The System" reminiscent of the name I gave to the Undergraduate Library, "The Spot").

well. That big dance (and/or Zoo) during orientation get's one immediately into "The System". Those big dances are just what the doctor ordered for a young lonely-heart.

And soon enough comes those big football weekends. What fun! But of course you've only been here one week and you don't know any girls to date. Thus begins "The Search" which is a basic ongoing part of "The System". A pretty 37-24-36 will do. You'll probably have to settle, however, for one of our assorted sizes and shapes trucked in from Greensboro.

Bourbon becomes your only drink (Scotch if you're from anywhere north of Crossroads, Maryland). Milk was for kids anyway.

An alligator belt is a quick addition to your wardrobe or a pink shirt if you like Yankees.

You learn that Clifford Curry and Eddie Floyd were two of the Twelve Apostles. Soul music turns in your mind along with the names and phone numbers of every girl on campus who smiles at you.

Some of those new male inductees into the system do get dates with their UNC counterparts, the Freshman Girl—During orientation you follow your Orientation Counselor around like a frightened chicken after a mother hen.

BUT it doesn't take long for those male upperclassmen to lure you out to their Frat house, apartment, or nearby, friendly social lounge.

"To Play" becomes your favorite verb and has different connotations as you conjugate it. You find yourself lying to your Southern Baptist parents about your drinking habits and you quickly learn the Greek Alphabet long to check out all those Frat men as the drive by or wear their jackets.

Fraternity parties, dorm or residence college blow-outs, weekend concerts, Frat—Society mixers are all part of the system as represented by senior members of "The System" which includes almost everybody except freshman, for a few weeks, unless a newcomer has unusual social prowess.

The Senior Members—These people are those who are conscious of just about anything superficial you can think of: good looks, expensive, "sharp" clothes, flashy cars, status names among the Fraternities or sororities—or residence

colleges (if there are such things, e.g., "I live in Granville".... "Wow!")

On dates such people want to go out with good looking people who often are "hell raisers". Sometimes one looks for a "fast" companion. Girls do this as well as boys, I'm told.

People on dates around here must always have somewhere to go or something to do even if it is just the "fun" time of settling down with a bottle or if modern, maybe a "joint."

In the fall most everybody gets dressed up for the football games, finds a date and brings a flask. After the game you go to your usual social habit and after dinner sometimes, along with 8,000 others, go to hear some group in Carmichael.

What bothers me is that so often on dates such as these you never really get to know the person you're dating. During the whole time you are entertained by outside forces and feel satisfied that you have somebody next to you wearing a skirt or pants whatever the case may be.

It's really unfortunate that only a very few people at Carolina care for more important things about others than their "house", car, clothes, money, or position on the football team.

Maybe someday soon students at Carolina will mature a little and learn to interact with people of the opposite sex as human beings.

At present the phoneyess of "The System" pervades the atmosphere at Chapel Hill and encompasses all but a few very sincere, sensitive people.

One day students will learn that they won't die if they don't have a date every weekend and that you can interact with members of the opposite sex informally and more openly at any time.

This article was predominately a joke at first but has become more sincere. "The System" is the phoney joke now. I hope that dating at Carolina becomes something much more informal and above all, much more sincere.

## Semester Exams A Farce With Reading Days

The hour of reckoning comes up for students beginning January 20th with the semester exams. All the work a student has done this semester will go on the line as his professor tries to discover how much he learned (or memorized) this semester.

Professors will count the exams anything from about 20 percent of his semester grade to up to 100 percent in a few cases.

The importance of the examinations in determining a student's grade highlights a very grave injustice of the system of finals here: that is, the fact that students here aren't given enough time to study for their exams.

Many colleges, particularly the Ivy League ones, give their students almost a week of reading time to prepare for their exams. What do we get this year? None. Classes end on a Saturday and exams begin on a Monday.

How does this work an injustice on the study? Simple, if you, by

luck, have most of your exams, or the hardest, at the start of the exam period, you are put at a definite disadvantage with the persons who, by luck, gets most of his exams, or the hardest of them, at the end of the exam period. Lacking as much study time as the person who has test at the end of the period you are liable to come up with lower grades. And, when employers or graduate schools go and compare your grades with those of other students, they aren't going to bother to find out what kind of exam schedule you had.

The exam system is extremely unfair here at UNC; the system, as constituted, makes it a farce to use quality point averages as a comparison of student's ability. The University, unless it is willing to eliminate quality point averages, should make the exam system fairer by giving all students all equal chance in exams by giving them several days reading time like other quality schools, such as Harvard, Yale, and Princeton do.

## Students Win Red-Tape Fight

A student's dormitory room is a little closer to becoming his home with the approval by the Administration of the use of Plasti-Tak in rooms.

The University has long had rules prohibiting students from hanging posters in their rooms with anything but special type hangers which were more trouble to use than was generally worth it.

Then last year a new adhesive product, Plastic-Tak, was put on the market; this new stuff could be used effectively to hang posters up and would not mar the surface of the wall.

What followed was one of the bigger battles of red tape that has occurred at the University, all over a minor rule.

Students are fortunate to have finally managed to have gotten this rule changed; however, it should have come far earlier considering the importance to students of having a room that is like home, and not like a prison, and considering the intent of the rule, and not the letter. We hope that in the future students will not have to face such red tape in getting rules changed as they had to face in this case.

## Chaplains A Success, So Why The Firing?

From the Charlotte Observer

The Episcopal Church (Diocese of North Carolina) is beating an awkward retreat from its latest effort to penetrate the intellectual ghetto of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. It is dismissing its student chaplains as "ineffective."

From the diocese's institutional point of view this may be so. The decision is the church's to make in any event. But the case is illuminating.

Together with other would-be contemporary institutions, the Episcopal Church agonizes often and at length over how to come to grips with such current problems as reaching today's university student. All are embarrassed by their impotence. Yet, as in the chaplains' case, they seem equally open to embarrassment by success.

For while the church powers that be may term the chaplains' work at UNC-CH "ineffective," this seems another way of saying that they succeeded in the wrong way so far as the church was concerned.

One chaplain in particular, William Coates, reached students as few (if any) chaplains have before him and as few others are likely to do in the future. His working concern for and about students brought him a spontaneous award from students. Abolition (effective in June) of the program that put him in Chapel Hill drew a strong protest from others on campus who

recognize the difficulty of reaching students who in their mass, educational isolation can be as difficult to reach and as seriously problem-ridden as ghetto residents anywhere.

That Coates was a controversial figure as far as the traditional church was concerned goes without saying. By North Carolina standards, his theology and his politics were radical. He irked older Episcopalians in Chapel Hill by preaching on the "God is dead" theme soon after his arrival on campus. He later made this reaction rather ecumenical by preaching a baccalaureate sermon that will be long remembered, to say the least. He stirred up other traditionalists by his participation in a Chapel Hill open housing fight and his efforts on behalf of the gubernatorial campaign of Dr. R.A. Hawkins.

But with it all, Coates and the program in the name of the church reached students who might otherwise have considered the Episcopal Church as just a place to play ping-pong if they considered it at all. This result is not enough, or perhaps, it is too much, for the Diocese of North Carolina. And so be it.

Yet we had all better face the point inherent in this case. If we can't tolerate non-traditional approaches to radical problems which exist because traditional approaches have failed, then we might as well quit agonizing over what to do and let nature take its course.

### BOTTOM UP

Let's start from the bottom up: Freshman Boy—Ah yes, I remember it



## Letters To The Editor

# Visitation Needs Spies, Dogs, TV

To the Editor:

I am glad to hear that with the institution of host committees honor and chastity of our coeds will be protected for a long time to come. Morality has won another victory over the liberals on Campus, whose seemingly innocent slogan "flowers in the arboretum" failed to impress our administration.

In order to create a maximum of alertness on the part of the host committees, I suggest the selection of a "Snoopy of the Month", and the formation of a "Vice Squad". Instructions in the use of electronic gear of highest sensitivity will be given by concerned professors or CIA members. As a special gift for the most efficient vice fighter I propose the well-known group of the three monkeys, with the position of their hands slightly modified for better communication.

In our struggle for public morality we should extend our efforts to another field—the arboretum. This will serve as a wonderful opportunity for students who did not get the chance to serve on a host committee and whose record for turning people in is below average. They can participate in morality marches through the arb, which will be held in three shifts continuously during 24 hours a day, with the use of torches and shepherd dogs at night. The Daily Tar Heel Reporter shall take pictures of the notorious violators to be published the next day. More than one violation per semester will lead to an automatic loss of all dating privileges. To avoid trouble, the selling of blankets and sleeping bags will be licensed. Furthermore, a closed-circuit TV system will be installed in the arb, with direct lines to the Dean of Men and the Dean of Women. If this measure proves effective similar ones will be considered for all dorms.

After all, it is only fifteen years to 1984, and UNC has always been proud of the reputation to be ahead of other schools! So let us continue in our efforts!

Sincerely,  
Ulrich Willmer  
201 Carr

### Knowlton Hit

To the Editor:  
Once again Timothy Knowlton has

been viciously and maliciously slandered by the Daily Tar Heel. It is time for someone to stand up for the innocence of Timothy.

Timothy's "service to our country" consisted of spending five years in the United States Marine Corps. In that time Timothy rose to the rank of sergeant. He spent four (4) months in boot camp and associated training. From there he was sent to Communications School, but before its completion he requested to be placed in the Navy Enlisted Scientific Education Program at UNC-CH. Through the courtesy of the United States Marine Corps he went to Bainbridge Prep School for two (2) months of preparatory classes and then came to UNC-CH. He failed, after two and one-half (2½) years, to meet the required academic standards imposed by the NESEP program; he was disenrolled and returned to Communications School. All in all, of some five (5) years in the Marine Corps Timothy spent over four (4) years in various schools at considerable expense to the Government of the United States of America and of its taxpayers. He never saw a day of combat.

Sincerely,  
Bill Spencer  
306 Graham

### Simpson Victim Of Nasty Letter

To the Editor:

After reading the barrage of Bland Simpson tracts on the morality of the more bourgeois segments of the student body this Fall, I cannot help but admire the unfathomable depths of insight, wit, and originality which he has consistently achieved. It is obvious that a literary giant is emerging in our midst. We have never, I am sure, witnessed such sparkingly prejudiced displays of disdain for our fellow man, so vividly portrayed, so meticulously styled. And Mr. Simpson is so honest and open with himself.

Realizing, of course, that his iconoclastic game is just as meaningless as those which he condemns in such

Dylanesque eloquence (I hesitate, understandably, to make the comparison, for Mr. Simpson might be hurt), I am sure he is a man who thrives on criticism. Most of all I admire Mr. Simpson for his openly implied admission that he is an authority on morals and ethics, and for his continual exercising of his right to tell people whether they are right or wrong, good or bad, and to judge his fellow human beings on his own standards. For Mr. Simpson knows that he is just as nowhere, playing games and talking about

nothing-things, as everyone else. And so, to reward Mr. Simpson for his work and at the same time to develop his all-important talent to the full, let us create a Board of Moral Inquisition with Bland at the head, in order that he might watch over us ever vigilant, to insure conformity to his holy game and to that of no one else.

Sincerely,  
David A. Rutler  
Rt. 3, Chapel Hill

## 'Finger Walking' Fun

Read a good phone book lately?

Sound silly? Well, granted the plot isn't the greatest, but there are some really amusing characters to be found in the yellow pages. Some listings in the Chapel Hill directory yellow pages prompted this writing.

The next time you are in need of ambulance service, rather than go in the conventional manner, travel to the hospital with a flair. Land on the roof of the emergency room in the Air Ambulance.

If that sounds a bit unorthodox, certainly you won't want to hire one ambulance company in town. In the firm's listing there is a primary number. Below that it reads, "if no answer, call Walker's Funeral Home." That doesn't sound very encouraging.

Looking further in the amber listings you'll find Lightfoot's antiques. They specialize in prints. Just below that the Whitehall Shop ad announces interior decorating available.

On another page is listed the Uzzle Motor Company. Anybody around here know what kind of mileage you can get on a six cylinder Uzzle? How about trade in value?

For the book worm... the Intimate ad claims the shop will "tickle your fancy"... in the evening no less!

Virginia-Carolina Laundry promises work "on the spot".

"Need spiritual help? You might take your question to the Rev. Riddle, though there hardly seems any reason. Perhaps you'd have better luck in getting to the real stem of the problem with the Rev.

Thrasher, but here you run the risk of flagellation.

Under Janitorial Needs, McBroom's rentals announces for business. Sounds like the Irish are sweeping up.

Koko's Lingerie claims Holiday Magic... "free demos by appointment." Sounds like the perfect gift this year for the bachelor who has everything.

Two kindergartens are careful to list the ages of the tots they will sit for the day. "Infants to 5 years old" states one of the ads. "Children to 6" holds another. Apparently no UNC dropouts are allowed.

Under dentists... Dr. Smiley hangs out his shingle.

The Weaver Textile firm specializes in all types of fabrics.

Cook Electric's specialty is ranges and ovens.

Under Electric Motor Controls... Whol & Mfrs. is listed Triem Inc. The company insists you take the motor on a test basis first.

Hidden deep in Carboro, far away from unsuspecting UNC students is College Pest Control. No doubt a branch of Shetley, Inc.

One of the town's dozen or so surgeons is Dr. John S. Hooker.

And, finally Honeycutt Upholstery offers you the sweetest tailoring of chairs and seat covers this side of Raleigh.

So the next time you are looking for some bright reading might we suggest you pick up a copy of the local telephone directory and turn to the yellow pages.

Just "let your fingers do the walking". You might enjoy the trip.

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