

The Daily Tar Heel

77 Years of Editorial Freedom



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Felling Racist Barriers

The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has told the three largest schools of the Consolidated University that they are not doing enough to break down racist barriers to education, although some progress has been made.

HEW, after surveying conditions at Chapel Hill, Greensboro, and Raleigh, has concluded that nondiscriminatory admissions policies are insufficient if racial minorities continue to constitute a minuscule percentage of student population.

The Department has outlined programs for speeding up the catharsis of racism from education. The tone of its directive is not severe, when compared to demands made of other institutions in the South. But HEW is firm in requiring a progress report after 60 days, and a full review of the situation in a year.

If the Department decides the three universities are not doing enough after that time has elapsed, "a more vigorous prosecution of the present program must be expected."

HEW has hit the nail squarely on the head.

Not enough is being done to achieve a greater parity of minority-race students here. The progress has speeded considerably in the past year—if you listen to figures quoted by University officials.

Chancellor J. Carlyle Sitterson, for example, recently defended the University's black student population (321 out of 16,430 students) in a letter to a black former student. "You are correct that the number of black students in the University is small, though not so small as your impression," Sitterson wrote. He pointed out proudly that the number of blacks here has risen 56 per cent in the past year—from 181 to 321.

This truly wonderful progress has given blacks—who comprise over 30 per cent of the North Carolina populace—a representation of 1.95 per cent of its largest state university. And in only a year, too.

We don't want to belittle what the University has already

undertaken in the field of improving educational opportunities for minorities. We merely agree with HEW that these programs be accelerated and expanded.

As HEW suggests, the public should be made more aware of the University's policy of equal opportunity. The help of the University's alumni should be enlisted in encouraging more blacks to attend. This matter of information among the citizenry—or the lack of it—is one of the great stumbling blocks to black enrollment at the university as anyone else's.

Projects here, such as Upward Bound, Project Uplift, and others—along with the hosting of the National Achievement Scholars—are constructive programs aimed at informing black scholars that they are needed and wanted at Chapel Hill.

HEW has recommended that financial assistance programs for disadvantaged minorities be expanded. It wants racist requisites in certain scholarships deleted. These are sound, reasonable requests.

Furthermore, recruitment of black faculty members should be brought to parity with that of white instructors, as HEW suggests. Also remedial and tutorial assistance to "high risk" students should be more thoroughly developed (although it is not quite clear what a "high risk" student is).

In the past year the University appointed its first black assistant director of admissions. It invited black high school counselors here, and inaugurated a program to admit 50 students with "academic potential" who failed to meet normal academic criteria for admission. All of these are positive steps.

However, as the late Robert F. Kennedy said, "We are not doing enough. I say we must do more."

The state of North Carolina—in public and high education—has never been one of the leaders in integration, but it has not lagged in the rear, either. What we—and HEW—want is less tar on the heels of educational opportunity in North Carolina.

Gunnar Fromen's Misconceptions

Gunnar Fromen, the chairman of the Publications Board, said Wednesday all candidates for editor of the DAILY TAR HEEL who appear before the board for an endorsement must submit in writing their own basic political philosophies.

Chairman Fromen seems to be overstepping his bounds a little. The Student Constitution empowers the Pub. Board "to supervise financial administration of all student publications financed under the authority of Student Legislature subject to limitations contained in the by-laws of the Publications Board which the Legislature shall approve."

Simply, the Pub. Board is a kind of financial co-ordinator. Where Fromen acquires his visions of political power is beyond both the scope and intent of the Student Constitution.

His statement Wednesday is merely the latest, but also the most dangerous, example of his apparent misconception of his constitutional responsibilities.

Fromen has walked into the TAR HEEL office before deadline and "advised" a member of the

editorial staff how that staffer should do his job. Such extra-curricular activity is not part of Fromen's job, nor is it very much a sign of good taste.

This latest move takes the cake. Fromen has already bungled one major piece of official business this year. He, as chairman of the Pub. Board, was responsible, in the final analysis of responsibility, for the double salaries three TAR HEEL editors had been receiving. He signed their double contracts, and it was his responsibility, as Pub. Board chairman to "supervise financial administration" of the TAR HEEL.

Well, Fromen's latest obsession for political power has not passed unobserved by people of responsibility. Three student legislators—Joe Beard, Alan Hirsch, and John Williford—will introduce in legislature a bill asking that the Pub. Board not inquire into the philosophy of anyone being interviewed by the Pub. Board for editor of the TAR HEEL.

That is not the constitutional duty of the Pub. Board. Fromen ought to take care to find out what his constitutional duties are.

Personnae

Student—typical student who has been shafted in preregistration. Advisor—impatient would-be Nobel Prize winning pipe smoking intellectual. First Registrar—Female John Wayne type right winger, office loudmouth and gum-chewing champ of '64-'69. Second Registrar—Office cackler, compliment and companion to first, woman's volleyball team coach. First, Second, and Third Departmental Secretaries—married to grad students; waiting for morning coffee break, lunch, afternoon coffee break, quitting time.

Act The First

Scene 1

(08 Peabody, typical student has come to pick up his computer-perfected schedule; crowds of other students, lines, cries of agony at screwed schedules, sadistic laughter from registrars.)

Student: (Giving card to First Registrar) Here's my card ma'am.

First Registrar: (Eyeing student closely) Suggs... hippie type... Wilbut, let's see... hair's kinda long, ain't it BOY! Nope, ain't no Wilbur Suggs here, sure you preregistered?

Student: (Dismayed) Yes ma'am, it's gotta be there somewhere, maybe they misspelled my name. Look under S-U-G-S or S-U-C-K-S, they do that sometimes, I mean the computer.

First Registrar: (Angering) Boy, you sayin' the computer makes mistakes?!

Student: (Scared) No ma'am, not exactly, it's just that sometimes they—

First Registrar: (Probing) You a communist? You believe in God?

Student: Yes ma'am, but that doesn't—

First Registrar: We'll have to turn this over to my superior.

(Enter Second Registrar; they whisper while eyeing Student, sadistic laughter. Second Registrar motions for Student to follow her to second table.)

Second Registrar: Kid, what's your story?

Student: (Coming to slow realization of what he is against) I don't know. I preregistered and everything, but they don't have a schedule for me. I guess the computer made a mis—

Second Registrar: (Eyeing student and his name card) Suggs... is that Catholic or Jewish? Nevermind, I'll check here in the MASTER RECORD.

(She rifles through file of schedules glancing at every fifth or sixth. Student anxiously waits, biting fingernail and drumming pencil on desk.)

Second Registrar: (Tone of triumphant finality) Nope, not here. What did you do with your green form when you got through filling it out in December?

Student: (Searching memory) I...uh...I left it on my advisor's desk because he said he would take care of it.

Second Registrar: (Sadistic joy of resolution) Ah, that's it! Every student is responsible for delivering his preregistration form to Harnes hall. Your

Rick Allen

'Love It Or Leave It' Is Understandable

The "America: Love it or leave it" sentiment held by so many of our lost, middle class citizens is most certainly false and unfortunate, but it is also understandable.

The silent, middle-aged majority feels that it has sacrificed a great deal for the well-being of its country. These men and women have died in wars, paid taxes, built houses and schools, and raised their children to be a new generation.

Most of these men and women have worked long and hard to survive in America. Whenever a man struggles, he becomes convinced that his cause is worthwhile, even noble.

Such a man returns to his home, bent and weary after working all day, to find his sons and daughters discovering the faults of the system in which he works.

This man's bitterness is inevitable. He cannot accept that he has worked long and hard to survive, only to find that his success is shot full of holes.

He thinks only that he has put food into the mouths of his children, and a roof over their heads. To him, his children have no right to tamper with such a system. To do so is somehow a sign of great ingratitude. And he responds, "if you don't like it here, get out."

form was never delivered. (Marquis De Sade-type smile)

Student: (Humbled in defeat) Oh, I guess that's it. What do I do now?

Second Registrar: (Tone of pre-recorded telephone message) You'll have to see your advisor and get the form, go to South Building and pick up a permit to register, go to the departments and pick up class tickets, get them OK'ed by your advisor, OK'ed by the Dean of your college, permission from all instructors concerned, statement of solvency from the cashier, and turn it all in to Harnes hall by two o'clock!

Student: (Overwhelmed) But it's ten fifteen now.

Second Registrar: Good luck, kid!

Scene 2

(Student has finally caught advisor in office at 11:15. Advisor is facing window, distinguished, detached intellectual, half-listening to student's problem.)

Student: So it appears that you sorta forgot to turn in my form, or something like that, I guess.

Advisor: (Momentarily turning from window) What? Oh yes, I guess that's what happened. Well, it's no real problem. Did they explain the procedure to you at Peabody?

Student: Yes, but I've got less than three hours to do all that stuff and that's not—

Advisor: (off on a cloud) Reminds me of the time when I was an undergraduate back in '29, or was it '32... can't remember for sure. I had worked the summer in a coal mine in West Virginia and I returned to school too late for regular registration, so the Dean of the school, uncle Buck, fixed things for me. Buck's dead now, but his son, cousin Jeff, is an umbrella salesman in Arizona, got a good head on his shoulders, that boy.

Student: (Suppressing urge to throttle advisor) Yes sir, that's very interesting, but how can that help me to get my schedule straightened out? I mean how can you help me.

Advisor: (again turning to face student) I can't do anything. I've got to sign the forms and check the tickets and clearances, but I can't help you do anything. You can see that my hands are tied. Red tape and all that. Do you have any relatives in state government?

Student: (Forcibly holding hands in pockets) No, except for my uncle Rolo who's sheriff of Fairbluff. Can't you do anything at all?

Advisor: (Facing window again, tone of finality) Nope, my hands are tied. The best thing for you to do is get on the ball and stop wasting time.

Student: But I've been trying to see—

Advisor: (Tapping pipe on the palm of his hand) Reminds me of the problem I had in the service back in '39... or was it—

Student: (Dejected, opening door to leave) Thankyou sir for your help.

Scene 3

(Student has stood in drop-add and registration lines for two hour; it is now 1:30 and his cloths are soaked with sweat; he has picked up one class in Early Etruscan Art History and has finally moved to the head of the line in Education drop-add.)

First Departmental Secretary: (Glaring at Student) Waddya want?!

Student: (Cautiously approaching problem) I...er...that is...I'd like to see if maybe it would be possible if I might be able to—

First Departmental Secretary: (Inflated at lackey student) What, out with it boy, what?!

Student: (Blurring out in fear) To get a ticket for Education 41!

First Departmental Secretary: (Air of mocking disbelief) Boy, are you ill? Do you have pains in your head? How many fingers? (Holding up one finger)

Student: But all I want is to—

First Departmental Secretary: Medical science wants to cure cancer, Nixon wants to end the war, Agnew wants to deport the hippies—and you want a ticket for Education 41!

Student: Yes ma'am, that's all.

First Departmental Secretary: (Motioning to companion at different table) Hey Edna, come over here and check this out! (Enter Second Departmental Secretary)

First Departmental Secretary: (Addressing Student with sadistic grin) Boy, repeat what you said to me a minute ago.

Student: I said yes ma'am, that's all.

First Departmental Secretary: (Irritated by obvious sub-intelligence of Student) No idiot, not that! Repeat your

original question!

Student: I asked you if I could get a class ticket for Education 41, that's all.

Second Departmental Secretary: (Disbelief) My God Doris, he's serious!

First Departmental Secretary: What'd I tell you, this kid is really real!

Second Departmental Secretary: (Continuing joke) Well don't just sit there, give him the class card, give him two or three or a half dozen for that matter!

First Departmental Secretary: (Laughing, then addressing Student) Kid, people in hell want ice water—there ain't no class tickets for 41, you idiot! Beat it! Buzz off!

Scene 4

(Student is in state of manic schizophrenia; in regression to childhood fantasies, he has wandered into the Department of Religion where confronted by Third Departmental Secretary.)

Third Departmental Secretary: (Smile of benevolent piety) May I help you, my son?

Student: (In fantasy) I found a dollar in the street one day and I bought three guppies with it but they floated upside down when my sister put coffee in the bowl and then I fell off my bicycle and cut my knee and—

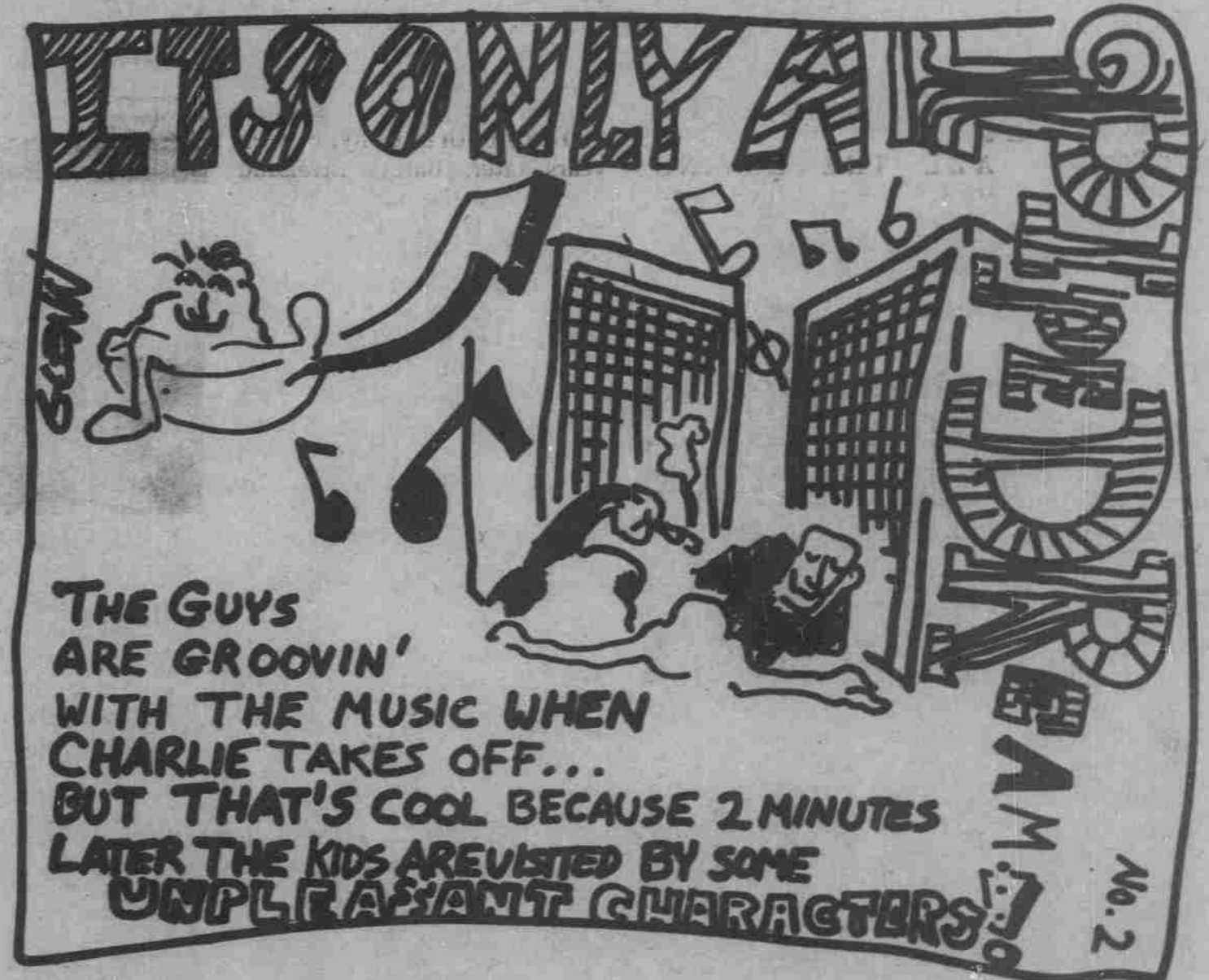
Third Departmental Secretary: Would you like to pick up or drop a religion course?

Student: (realizing presence before him) You're a nice lady like my mother and my aunt Minnie but she has warts on her cheek and a deep voice—

Third Departmental Secretary: (Noticing Student's glazed eyes and drooling from the corners of his mouth) Son, are you ill?

Student: (Grabs stack of class tickets and runs down hall scattering them) Woooooeeeeee... Woooooeeeeee... (Screams) THE WORLD IS A PARABOLIC CONCENTRIC DILDOID! Viva le registration!

The End



of peace and improvement for humanity. The price of such a program would be high. We would have to lower our military commitments in most places. But this is possible. We are beginning to see the need for an end to border wars, and we are beginning to learn that we are not the world's sheriff...

Service to America at home might be the answer to the rift that has been widening between parents and their children.

In any case, let it be known that the greatest love a man can have for his country is an enlightened, critical love, with the courage to seek improvement.

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