

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tom Gooding, Editor

Students Should Use Their Own Visitation Policy

Student Legislature should affirm the open house policy of self determination it passed last spring and defeat the restriction-bound administration policy.

The open house agreement issued by the administration states that "doors to individual rooms must remain ajar at all times while a student is engaging in Open House activities therein."

The policy, which is riddled with petty bureaucratic stipulations and pre-Victorian regulations of the agreement will be adjudicated in student courts which are expected to view such violations as "serious offenses which adversely affect the University's corporate life..."

We find it rather ludicrous to suggest that a student entertaining a coed in his room with the door closed will in any way affect the corporate life of this University.

The self-determination policy passed by the legislature allows

each living unit to determine its own visitation policy with a two-thirds vote by a quorum of the residents of the hall or dorm.

Under the legislature's policy a house could establish open house 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

Therefore, we feel the individual living units should hold meetings and vote on a visitation policy for themselves.

According to Dean of Men Fred Schroeder, there will be no visitation in University housing until Student Legislature accepts the administration policy.

Dean Schroeder makes this assumption on the belief that there currently is no visitation policy.

However, it appears he is wrong on both counts. There are two visitation policies—one for the administration and one for the students. And we feel certain there will be visitation in University housing this weekend.

Harry Bryan

Your Child And That Evil Weed

Recent studies have shown that the drug problem is getting worse all the time. One study, done by a well known family magazine, showed that 53 per cent of all college students have tried marijuana at one time or another.

Other studies are almost as frightening. Because of this, the American public—parents and those who will some day be parents (those males whose draft numbers are below 240 might just as well skip this column)—must know how to handle the problem.

So, in the great tradition set down before us by the editors of "The Reader's Digest," here are the answers that parents most often ask about "What To Tell Your Children About Marijuana."

HOW CAN I TELL IF I NEED TO TALK TO MY CHILD IN THE FIRST PLACE?

There are many signs that show that your child may be using marijuana. When he starts letting his hair grow out and talking about love and saying silly things about Niggers and Indians being equal with whites, he should definitely be suspect. Also, listen for hippie words like "Mary Jane," "love," "peace," "happiness," "God" and the like. Parents should also worry if their children frequently burn incense, carry a hash pipe or leave joints lying around the house. Also, if your child is between the ages of two and 82, he, too, may be a potential user.

HOW SHOULD I HANDLE HIM?

There is only one way to handle a wayward child—with force. Be understanding; tell him it's all just a phase, that you were rebellious when you were young, too. Tell him that when he gets to be your age and joins the country club, he'll think exactly like you do now. Give him a drink; if he becomes an alcoholic, chances are he won't touch the killer weed. But if understanding fails, slap him in the mouth. Kids are getting too damned uppity in the first place.

WHAT SHOULD I TELL HIM?

Tell him the truth, of course. Tell him marijuana is addictive. Tell him people have been known to kill, rape, plunder,

steal and say bad words under its influence. Tell him it leads to heroin addiction. Tell him it gives him pimples and makes him sterile. Tell him that using marijuana is what's making him let his hair grow out and talk about love and say silly things about Niggers and Indians being equal with whites. Hell, tell him anything; the Federal Narcotics Bureau has been telling us the same thing for years, and Ainslinger was never wrong.

WHAT ABOUT THE ARGUMENT THAT HE'S NOT HURTING ANYONE BUT HIMSELF?

That's absurd. Tell him it bothers you to see him slowly making his way to skid row. Tell him if he gets busted, you might get thrown out of the country club. Besides, you just told him that people have been known to kill, rape, plunder,

steal and say bad words under its influence. Of course he's hurting others besides himself.

WHAT ABOUT THE ARGUMENT THAT MARIJUANA IS MIND-EXPANDING?

That's silly. His mind isn't expanding; his hair is just getting so long that his head looks bigger. Anyway, your mind is all right, and you never used marijuana (or your mind either for that matter).

WHAT IF HE SAYS THE ARGUMENTS AGAINST THE USE OF MARIJUANA ARE JUST A BUNCH OF LIES PUT OUT BY THE PIGS?

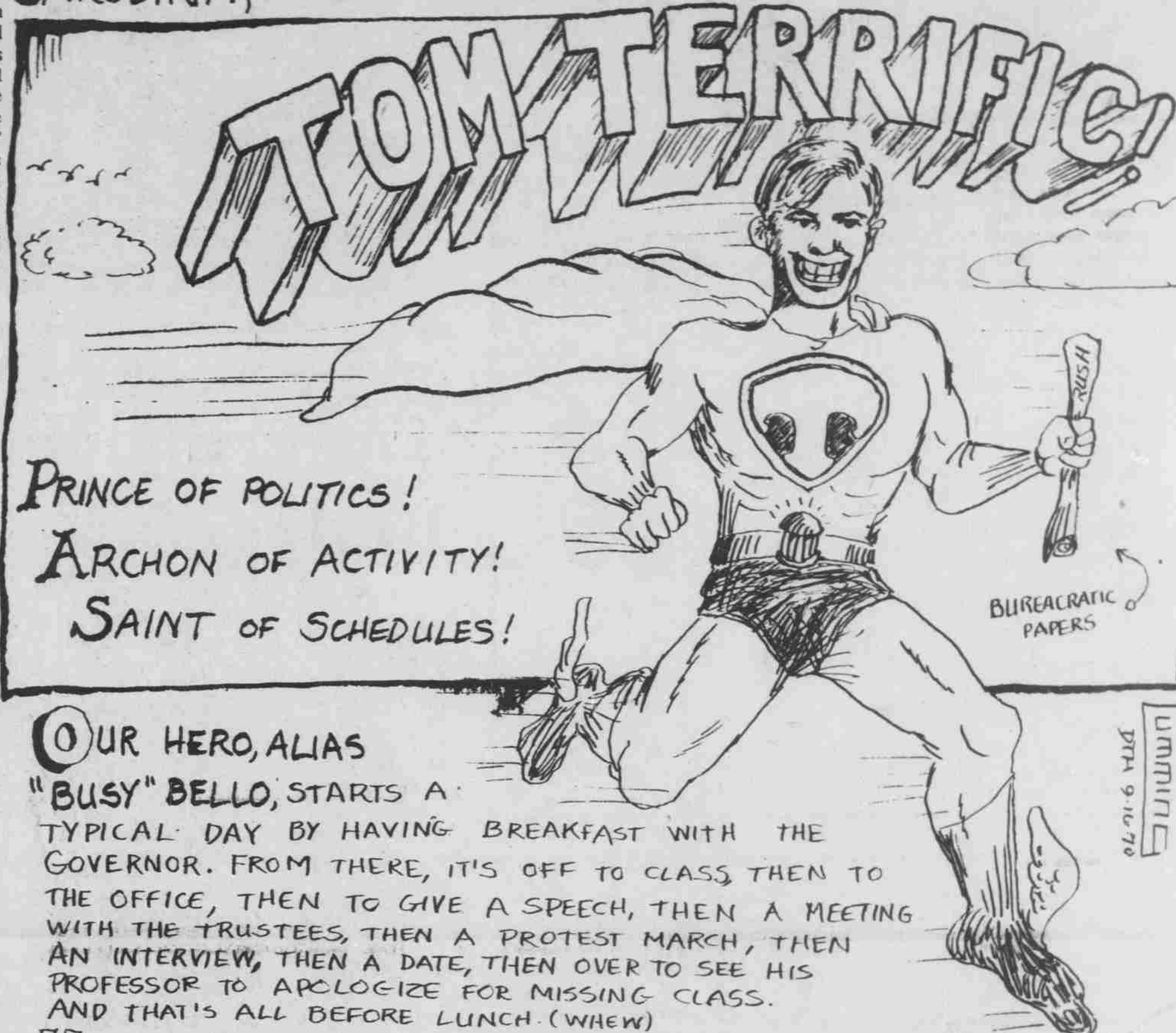
Remind him that the policeman is his friend. Remind him that law enforcement officers all over the country (i.e. Chicago, Oakland, New York, San Francisco, Los

Angeles, Berkeley, Kent State) are working night and day to make this world a better place to live for policemen, firemen, cowboys, American Party members and the never-say-die-followers of Joseph McCarthy.

WHAT IF TALKING DOESN'T WORK?

Then there is only one alternative. Report him to the proper authorities. If he will not listen to reason, there is nothing more you can do for him. He must get help sooner or later, and the sooner the better. Police are understanding; they will do all they can to help him. In jail he may be beaten, fed rotten food and homosexually assaulted, but chances are, however, that he'll get over it; some former inmates do. Besides, nothing is worse than addiction to marijuana.

CAROLINA, MEET YOUR PRESIDENT....



HE MUST BE SUPER HUMAN!! HOW DOES HE DO IT?!? AND WHY?? DON'T ASK HIM.... HE HASN'T GOT TIME.

Gary Pearce

A Wolf in the Tar Heel: Thoughts on UNC Coeds

Ever since publication of the orientation issue, this office has been flooded with letters. Both asked, "What is an N. C. State student (me) doing working for The Daily Tar Heel?"

Well, you just have to look on it as a cultural exchange program. Maryland got Tom McMillen and you got me. That's fair enough.

Actually, I only work here because I don't have a place of my own to stay. They pay me 25 cents an hour and all the copy paper and pencils I can eat.

Also, I bear the dubious distinction of having been in the same high school class with Tommy Bello and Cathy Sterling Messick, student body president at State (Needham Broughton, Raleigh, '67). To the best of my knowledge, however, neither of us knew of the existence of the others.

They didn't run my picture, Tuesday, but I'm easily recognizable. I'm five-foot-eight and weigh 240 pounds. I have a crew cut and a slide rule holster and I do a nifty two-step.

I'd like to take a moment here to say a few words to the young lady who got mad at John Gellman, our photographer, for taking her picture while she was playing pool in the Union Tuesday.

For anyone who wasn't there, this well-endowed young thing was wearing tight bell-bottoms and a low, bikini top. Needless to say, she was attracting a rack full of attention.

So Gellman, who has a nose for news and all kinds of other things, found her and began taking her picture from across the pool table. The young lady didn't like that, however. So John escaped to the office. Hot on his heels came the young lady.

"Where's that stupid photographer running around taking pictures and making a fool of himself?" she raged.

Well, that could only be John, but he was saved by the quick action of Mike Parnell, our news editor. Mike assured the lady we wouldn't run her cleavage in our paper.

I'd just like to add my assurances to Mike's, miss, whoever you are. We aren't

going to run your picture. We're going to send it to your father.

The thing that bothers me about Chapel Hill, you see, is that everybody's younger than me.

I've spent my 21 years and several months exulting over how I'm young and hip and

freaky all the old people are jealous of me. But that's coming to an end.

It hit me last week when I was introduced to the T.C.C. (Typical Carolina Coed). The occasion was the Thursday night meeting of sophomore orientation officers.

Rick Gray and Rod Waldorf came tearing into the Tar Heel office and drug me into the Union lobby to introduce me to the T.C.C.

Now, I had my own mental image of the T.C.C., formed in my high school year in Raleigh. The T.C.C., I believed, was an incredibly sophisticated and wicked creature who painted her face, smoked, tied one on during the football game and then went out with her frat boyfriend to explore new nadirs of depravity.

So the three of us charged into the lobby, me with my eyes peeled for beautiful, half-dressed women. Only I had trouble seeing any because of the hundreds of high-school girls crowding around.

Then Rod stopped and stretched out his arms. "Here they are," he said.

"What? Where? They Who? Where?"

"The T.C.C.," he answered. "Right here. All around you."

So I looked around. One little blonde girl, whom I had thought to be around 15, looked up at me and grinned. The reflection off her braces blinded me.

Where were those big, swaying, hard-driving Carolina females? Where were those hard-drinking, male-busting women?

One thing for sure: They weren't there. They looked just like the high school sophomores I knew when I was a senior, moved unchanged to Chapel Hill. They chattered among themselves, with none of the tough talk I had associated

with the UNC coed. They were sweet, young things who blushed when you stared.

But those sweet young things ARE the Carolina coeds.

I can't tell you how shattered I was. I felt like going home to bed and cry, or something.

I waited all through high school to go to college and meet some hard-boiled, free-loving chicks. But as soon as I started my freshman year, I found they wouldn't date freshmen. So I waited until I was older. Now that I'm older, the hard-boiled chicks have softened.

But wait until I graduate and go to work and meet some of those hard-boiled professional girls.

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78 Years of Editorial Freedom

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