

## The Daily Tar Heel

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Tom Gooding, Editor

## Some UNC Students Must Still Grow-Up

This past weekend proved to us that some UNC students have not matured beyond the point of childish pranks.

Unfortunately, the events at Morrison Dormitory following Saturday's game were a bit too serious to be considered as pranks.

The students stood along the dormitory's nine balconies throwing ice, water balloons and insults at Gamecock fans as they returned to their cars.

We realize that Saturday's game was the most important event this year for some students, that most of those students were drunk and frustrated after yelling their hearts out in a losing effort. However, that can not rationally explain the immaturity of those students.

The most serious event occurred when a bread bag filled with water was thrown at the windshield of a car driven by a USC student. The bag of water shattered the windshield.

Fortunately no one was injured by the incident.

Maybe some students can realize that this sort of animalistic reactions are bred from hero worshiping of big time, brutal athletic "sports."

Then Sunday night this campus experienced another climax of orgasmic delight.

Approximately 500 students

indulged themselves in the sexual fantasy world of a college panty raid.

The pictures on page two of this paper are most revealing of the maturity involved.

It is difficult to realize that the people pictured are mature sensible adults.

Of course, it has been frequently argued by members of the administration that students are not mature sensible adults. In fact, the administration believes these individuals need to have certain parts of their social lives regulated.

If the students of this campus can't regulate their actions better we may be forced to agree with the administration.

Tony Lentz

## It Was Almost A Great Day

Any fool can make a rule.  
And every fool will mind it.  
—Henry David Thoreau

The dirty little VW bounced along the street, its windshield aflame with dust and sunshine.

Here and there along the curb a leaf rustled as the little car gurgled past, the sun-and-shadow dancing in the chill morning air. I really felt good. You know, like it was going to be one of those really good days when everything starts out right and stays right.

I should have known better. I was sure I had been using the right mouthwash, so that couldn't have been it. Maybe I don't trim my toenails right. Anyway, suddenly I was overcome by the Lentz Factor.

This is what I am now dubbing my natural tendency to collide with whatever red tape, administrative flunkie or other calamity happens to be within a ten-mile range.

The big mistake was trying to find a parking space.

For a whole week I had been parking downtown. I figured \$1 a day, what the hell. Another day, another parking ticket.

Well, after about a week of that I decided to give the old parking sticker another chance. Surely a C sticker another chance. Surely a C sticker must be worth something.

And I knew from experience that I couldn't afford to gamble on the local police. Chief Blake is too darned efficient.

First I cruised slowly along Stadium Road. But a couple of four-wheeled vultures had already stopped on the side of the road, waiting for some unsuspecting driver to back out of a parking space.

All right. Don't get flustered. There's always the Ramshead Lot, right? Wrong.

Wrong. Don't misunderstand me, the lot's still there. But it's also very full. And I even cruised around it twice.

At this point I was beginning to panic a little. I had arrived on the campus at 9 a.m. I had a class at 9:30 a.m. And the time was now 9:15.

"Aha!" I said to myself (I'm prone to say stupid things early in the morning), "there's still the street in front of Cobb Dorm. That's a C lot."

What I didn't know was that the road from the Ramshead to the Law School

was being replaced by a baseball stadium. And I had to wait in line to turn around, smiling shamefacedly at all the other dunderheads who had strayed into an obvious trap for unsuspecting student drivers.

Any fool knows that a road on this campus without a warning sign on it must be torn to smithereens.

It has something to do with the basic character of the University experience.

Just like paving parking lots and streets on the University campus.

Any dum-dum could tell you that UNC is the one place in the world where it makes sense to pave all your paved parking lots, leaving mushroom dust clouds over half the campus to remind everyone that we're having a water shortage.

Well, you can figure out the rest of the

story yourself. That's right, the Cobb streetside was packed bumper to bumper, and even the little side-ditch behind the Forest Theatre looked like a used car lot.

So I finally dragged my limping Beetle into a Franklin Street parking space at 9:35, lost 20 cents in a parking meter that wasn't working and got a ticket for my pains.

All of which has led me to the conclusion that we should ask the Legislature for a high-rise parking lot.

Otherwise we'll take the blame when the Town of Chapel Hill decides to sue the University for hardening the municipal arteries with wall to wall putt-putts.

And not only will the students take the blame. We'll have to pay for the damages, the lawyers and the new high-rise parking lot that the court will order us to construct.

Tom Bello

## Students Saving Themselves

After experiencing so much chaos in the spring and seeing so many students involved in the strike, it was hard to predict what lay ahead for the fall. Yet after almost a month of school, those same students who were so opposed to the war, to Nixon and to Americana seem now to have turned their thoughts to the books, to football games and to panty raids.

If you hold a cyclic view of history, you might rationalize that a peaceful fall was almost inevitable after such a tumultuous spring. In any case, campuses all over the country are experiencing one of the most peaceful, indeed lazy, starts of school in many a year.

This campus is no exception. Everywhere you go political activities are suffering from a lack of student input. The radical coalition is far from being too large to coordinate. The Election '70 meeting last week for all people interested in the November elections was attended by about twenty individuals. Students were not standing in the aisles to hear Joe Califano speak last week. The YAF, even with David Adcock's delightful editorials, is not undergoing any overwhelming swell in membership.

On the other hand, you do see unprecedented crowds at the football games, at the rugby matches and at the weekly panty raids.

What does this say about the Carolina student? I am not sure. Perhaps students are tired of getting emotionally wrapped up in every societal wrong that comes

along. As one student who was very active in the strike told me, "I wish you could flush the whole radical movement down the toilet. Sure, I sympathize with the cause and understand the feelings, but boy, it sure is messing up a lot of good kids."

Perhaps we are experiencing the calm after the storm. So many students who were involved last spring saw how easily another Kent State could have happened. They have since decided that nothing is worth the cost of massive destruction or waste of human lives. These students were led up to the brink, saw the chasm, and are very hesitant to head up that same path.

Perhaps we are experiencing the calm before another storm. Many students could be building stronger friendships and making more connections so that when the issue does arise, they will be ready to spring into action.

Most likely, however, is the possibility that students are realizing that these years are the best and freest of their life. They want to have fun and appreciate life while they can. They know that eventually they will have to assume responsibilities, so they want to enjoy the pleasures of college life while the world's problems are not so closely pressing. Many are concerned about the war but realize that making peace with one's own soul and working to build beautiful relationships on even the smallest scale is of more immediate importance. One student told me, "I've given up trying to save the world. It's hopeless. I'm working now

trying to save myself and my chick. That's enough for me."

I don't know what's right. I would like to see more students involved in the November political campaigns. After seeing so much interest in the spring, it is discouraging to see so little in the fall. Some politicians are begging for Chapel Hill students, yet few seem to be willing to help.

On the other hand, I can see why students cannot get excited about the political process. Even more, I can appreciate a growing awareness of the limitations and the once-in-a-lifetime opportunities that being young, in college, and relatively free have to offer.

One thing for sure: this fall is different. Other alternatives have replaced emotionally draining, intensive political activity. Most students are no longer out to save the world, but to save themselves. They have declared a moratorium on Moratoriums and are simply enjoying being students.

Whether you're active or passive, excited about the elections or week-end panty raids, concerned about your courses or student strikes, just ask yourself: Am I happy? Is this me? Is this what a college education is all about?

In any case, the opinion is yours. You do have that freedom. Whatever you decide to do, I would only hope that you constantly question your actions and motives. Introspect. For who knows, if nothing else, you might be learning about yourself.

Lana Starnes

## Chapel Hill's Solitude: Use It

Many times I have heard it said that Chapel Hill is a nice place to go and get away from the rest of the world.

It is a place where the forces from the outside world seldom penetrate the walls of disconcert.

I can recall many weeks when I was too busy to pick up a newspaper and read it or tune in the six o'clock news. It was as though nothing existed beyond the realm of classes, homework and football games.

On some occasions the distinctive quality is advantageous. It is possible for a person to sit, pull the world in around him and contemplate on his existence. One's thoughts as usual drift toward the great question of self-identity.

The atmosphere is one conducive to such deep thought...the problems of war,

hunger, disease and the plight of mankind in general.

But the majority of time we as University students concern ourselves with little other than our daily tasks.

True, it is necessary for each of us to get out of the rat race of living every once in a while and go somewhere and think things through. But I think that all too often we end up isolating ourselves from one another.

On a campus with some 17,000 students not counting faculty, administrators and local citizens it is ironic that we often have the feeling of complete solitude, regardless of all that is going on around us.

Despite our encounter with many people in our everyday activities—going to classes, meals, ball games, movies or what ever—we can become isolated in our own contrived worlds.

All too often, I think, in such instances we lose sight of the real reward of college and perhaps, of life. We become so engrossed in our own thoughts that we don't take time to stop and look at one another and become acquainted. And if we do see one another it's only superficially.

Perhaps, if we were to take time to get to know one another we would find that we share many of the same problems, the problems that we spend so much time thinking about. And maybe through our compassion and understanding we could solve them. This accomplished, we could then turn our attention to learning to live with one another in peace.

Possibly by learning to think more of the other person and a little less of ourselves we could come to live our lives with a less anxiety, loneliness and cynicism.

## The Daily Tar Heel

78 Years of Editorial Freedom

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## UT Campus: The State Troopers Wear Leather

Ten years ago, author John Gunther stung Knoxville, Tenn., by calling it "the ugliest city in America." Knoxville immediately went on a beautification and dogwood-planting orgy.

Now, Knoxville has taken its civic zeal to students at the University of Tennessee there.

The city used to dote on UT, as the college is known. Both subsisted on a diet of football and fraternities.

But the lifestyles of students changed over the last few years and a new "F" was added to the Knoxville-UT diet: freaks.

So the school and the city have added a new ingredient: oppression. If you're unhappy because that doesn't begin with an "F," you could come up with a word beginning with "F" that means oppression taken to great lengths.

Knoxville is 330 miles from Chapel Hill. But the schools are much alike. Both are large (UT has 24,000 students), state-supported schools with a healthy share of radical-liberal troglodytic leftists in the student body and faculty. And both are blessed, and often afflicted, with

less liberal state legislatures, trustees, alumni and football fans.

The blessing of these less-than-liberal forces is probably best pointed out by the administration's "closed campus" policy.

Under that, anyone on campus at any time who is not a student, teacher or official can be charged with trespassing.

Of course, "undesirables" does not include alumni or football fans, so long as they have short hair and are clean-shaven. So the administration obligingly lifts the "closed-campus" policy on football weekends and other festive occasions.

Now, anyone who's so inclined could contend that the university administration can do anything it wants to because it's running the campus. So I won't argue with you, to save the energy.

However, I can't help but doubt the policy will be enforced fairly. The campus police physically can't stop everyone and check their IDs. Naturally, they have to be selective. And who do you think they'll grab first?

This invites a close look at the police on the UT campus.

Such a look will take a while, because there are three different types: kampus kops, city police and state patrolmen.

Of course, they all look alike. It's easy to be a law officer there; all you have to do is weigh over 250 pounds, have a huge belly and a shaved head and be able to say things like "Git outa that cah, boy! Rat NOW, boy!"

As somebody told me in Knoxville, the word "pig" was meant for Tennessee's finest. They have bull necks, bulging eyes and short snouts, just like our favorite animal.

And they love uniforms. Kampus Kops wear brown uniforms, and that's sort of dull. But, then again, they're only kampus kops. The city police are a little sharper, with blue-gray uniforms left over from the Wehrmacht.

But it's the State troopers who'll blow your mind. They wear leather, leather everything. Knee-high leather boots, leather pants, leather jackets and leather gloves. It's all black, of course, because black means evil, as we all know.

I got to know the police when I visited the lovely UT campus in mid-September. Students were arriving for the opening of the quarter, and officers were out in force.

I walked onto the campus, and I learned what "oppression" means. It means a feeling of being closed in on and threatened.

Everyone moves down the "strip," a Franklin Street with narrower lanes, grubbier sidewalks and grubbier stores—with an air of "we're going to all be attacked and killed."

Freaks moved with sullen watchfulness, watching the policemen and close-cropped country boys who in turn watch them and mumble things like "hippie queer raffink, dope addict..."

I crossed the street against the light and one of the two campus policemen there told me. "Crossed against the layt, boy."

I smiled, told him, "yes, I did" and kept moving. It's the only way.

Anyone looking for another view of oppression at UT is invited to look up a

copy of a September Esquire magazine. The magazine has a story about President Nixon's visit to the campus last spring which illuminates the situation.

Nixon, of course, didn't just pop onto the campus to rap with the guys and gals about football and goldfish-eating. He waited until SuperEvangelist Billy Graham (not of the Fillmore Grammys) took over the football stadium for a 10-day crusade.

Then, one fine spring evening, the President himself showed up to address the faithful.

And they were the faithful. The crowd was middle-aged, close-shorn, middle-class and friendly. Students were there, of course. And, somehow, undesirables got in. People with long hair, beards, funny clothes ("We don't have much in common with these here rycadelic (sic) people, Martha.")

These undesirables carried signs saying things like "Thou Shalt Not Kill" and shouted uncomplimentary things at Nixon. So, naturally, many of them were arrested. And, naturally again, they were

charged with disrupting a religious service.

Here the plot thickens, but that's enough for me. The Esquire article traces the story in graphic detail, nailing the town and administration against the wall in the process.

No one, however, mentioned the real disruption of the crusade. It was held during the week before exams. Have you ever tried to study during a religious crusade? Pity the poor fellows who have to live in the stadium for some ungodly reason.

So Knoxville-UT-Tennessee and the new lifestyle of the young live in uneasy peace. The campus newspaper daily reflects the tension on both sides.

UT's mood is one word: fear. The administration is afraid of the Yippies, SDS, the blacks. The students are afraid of the police and the administration's professed willingness to bash heads to keep order.

The question remains: Can the city that fathered James Brown and Tina Turner be all bad? Yes.