

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tom Gooding, Editor

Let's Hope Fence Isn't Barbed Wire

"No comment."

That statement appears to be all the administration is willing to say or cares for the case of C. Wilson Anderson, Dean of the School of Social Work.

Anderson has said that he was informed last June 30 he would not be reappointed to a second five-year term as dean of the school.

University Provost J.C. Morrow continually maintains he has made

no recommendation. And Chancellor J. Carlyle Sitterson disclaims any involvement in the issue.

However, Provost Morrow had a kink thrown into his neat little story when The Daily Tar Heel released a statement from five professors in the School of Social Work. The professors claim that Morrow told them last July 7 his decision not to rehire Anderson as dean of the School of Social Work was "irreversible."

The five faculty members met with Morrow who they claim told them there is "a considerable lack of confidence in Dean Anderson on the part of the Board of Trustees and the Administration and this has reduced the effectiveness of the Dean."

Morrow made this statement despite the findings of a commission of accreditation, the Council on Social Work Education, that Dean Anderson was "a dean who possesses uncommon skill and determination to produce results." The study was made by three team members who met twice with the full Social Work faculty and twice with University officials including Provost J.C. Morrow.

Is Provost Morrow prepared to dispute the word of a University dean, five members of the dean's faculty and the commission on accreditation?

Obviously neither Morrow nor Sitterson is prepared to dispute these people.

The administration should get off the fence before it tears its pants.

Letters To The Editor

Samaritan Hindered By Police

On Monday, November 9, 1970, I was confronted by a policeman for "interfering with the duty of an officer." The crime occurred on Franklin Street in Chapel Hill at approximately 6 p.m.

After eating dinner and walking back to the dorm with a few of my friends I noticed this policeman writing tickets for parking violations. I am from Winston-Salem; there you may park after 6:00 p.m. without worry of a parking violation. I decided it was time to do something about the way college students are treated by the police in Chapel Hill.

I asked a man for change (ten cents worth) and went walking down the street ahead of the policeman. After depositing three cents into three separate parking meters the policeman asked me to come to where he was standing.

"Can I see your drivers license? ... Gary Robert Miller."

"Yes sir," I said. "Did you know that you were interfering with the duty of an officer?" he asked.

"No sir," I said, "I just thought I was being kind to people, after all I hate to get a one dollar parking ticket."

"Where do you live at?" he asked. "303 Mangum," I told the officer, "but would you like to get a parking ticket?" I asked.

"I always put enough money in the meter," he told me.

The officer took my name and address and said:

"You'll be hearing from us."

You know I am beginning to understand what Jane Fonda means when she says: "What the government is saying is don't get involved, don't stick your neck out, cause if you do you will be put in jail or shot."

It seems now that there is a law against kindness. Everytime you try to do something to help people someone finds something wrong with it.

"The best people in America are in jail." Jane Fonda said.

Gary Robert Miller
303 Mangum

However, I still think that even in the union's version McQueen appeared IN BED with a woman! Yet I have confidence that if "Bullitt" is ever shown again on this campus that his misconstrual of the reality of the film will be deleted!

Thomas M. Lee

Non-State Tuition Calls For Action

To the Editor: Your editorial some time back on the University's policy concerning reclassifying out-of-state students as in-state students for tuition has given me new hope. Perhaps you can help me contact other persons in this plight. Class action is around the corner. Specifically, I am interested in sharing legal costs with others. My phone is 929-2741.

Lloyd E. Clayton
428-B South Greensboro St.

More On SDS: Mullen Responds

To the Editor:

EEEEyyarh! Reeling from body blows, I know I have been punched out by no mere featherweight. Thank you Jim for exposing my overreaction and my use of obfuscatory rhetoric. I will admit that I employed the techniques of a minor league Al Capp, and I am ashamed. But, it is good that you replied in such a fiery manner—boom, boom, I am battered and beaten.

Now let me be serious for a short time. The thing about SDS that disturbs me is its political naivete. Despite all the preaching (and it really is preaching) you folks do about social injustices and political evils, you show an ignorance of what you are really accomplishing. It is as if you measure your political effectiveness by the amount of zeal you show.

Frank Neal called me up the other night to talk about my silly letter, and he began to make some very honest and very felicitous distinctions about the nature of imperialism and the realities of chauvinism, and some of the other cliches

you put on your posters. He admitted they were cliches, and he wanted to talk about what they really meant to him. That was good.

The point I want to make, however, is that you are making distinctions that the body politic does not make—do you think anybody really cares what you think of the nature of capitalistic exploitation? Don't you see that merely by using such rhetoric, merely by acting and talking with such self-conscious flourishes, you render yourself politically impotent.

Certainly you can cause a lot of trouble, and upset a great many people because they haven't made any personal decisions about their opinions. Certainly you can force people to face certain issues. And, indeed, this may have a long range effect on the politics of this country. But in the short range, you tend to mobilize despair and engender ill will.

Look at your poster advertising the strike at GM—the clenched fists and the ugly mouths of the workers depicted, one white, one black, and one Chicano. How does that help matters? Of course it helps stoke the fires of your beliefs and those of your comrades, but does it really promote an understanding of all the intricate and extremely delicate economic and social problems involved in that strike? I doubt it seriously.

I can sympathize with your cromagnon heart, the desire to thrust through to the meat of the matter—poverty, justice, fairness. I would like to see that too—all the political ills reduced to simple terms that could be solved with rapid judgments and keen, piercing actions.

It is a great pity that life is so complicated. Your insistence on acting as if it were a kind of faith—the faith in Jerusalem you disavow. I sympathize with you, but I can't support you. If you want to be truly effective politically, be sneaky. Submerge yourself in some established party, gather your lieutenants for secret confidences, incur some political debts, and be ruthless about collecting your political favors, and then, after fifteen years, you will be in a minor position where you can affect the course of events.

The idea is, of course, dull, and even reprehensible. But, I'm afraid that's the way things are. Your current activities are certainly more satisfying to your personal psyche, but they aren't accomplishing the things you declare they are. In fact, I expect you are more of a tool of some sneaky people than you would like to believe—and there are scoundrels on both ends. Zealots are useful to those who are more cold and calculating. So, I would say as a final statement, that you should reread "The Prince" and "Reflections on the Revolution in France" and then "Julius Caesar" and perhaps "Lord Jim" as well.

They would teach you a great deal.
Patrick B. Mullen
13 W. University Dr.

The Daily Tar Heel

78 Years of Editorial Freedom

Tom Gooding, Editor

Rod Waldorf Managing Ed.

Mike Parnell News Editor

Rick Gray Associate Ed.

Harry Bryan Associate Ed.

Chris Cobbs Sports Editor

Frank Parrish Feature Editor

Ken Ripley National News Ed.

Terry Cheek Night Editor

Doug Jewell Business Mgr.

Frank Stewart Adv. Mgr.

In Memoriam

Joseph L. Morrison

1918 - 1970

Glenn Brank

Once Upon A Tony Lentz

There is this guy named Tony Lentz who thinks he is God. He is the same guy who writes for The Daily Tar Heel, but that really doesn't have anything to do with it.

Tony thinks he's God because he works at the Morehead Planetarium, and, three times a week, he conducts the universe.

There is a big machine in the planetarium that has all sorts of dials and buttons and toggle switches. Tony sits at the machine and works these gadgets, talking all the time about how the sky works. Tony is very good—he does a perfect sunset—mainly because he has had experience as a radio disc jockey.

Which just goes to show you how low they're getting on experienced gods these days.

Tony has this dog named Frosty. Frosty is a growing female German shepherd in the 70-pound class and is pure white, giving one the initial impression of a giant snow bunny. Frosty is a very nice dog except for two things. First, she sheds a lot. Second, she is very affectionate and gets excited. It doesn't matter what you say to her, if your voice changes a single octave, she completely loses control. I'll never forget the time I whistled at her as she trotted beside my desk in the office, and I had to warn people about the wet spot for the rest of the afternoon.

Tony has real weird house, too. He keeps it in somebody's back yard. It's rather small, almost big enough to stand up straight in. But it fits pretty well around Tony.

Tony Lentz

Hotpants Always Gets Her Man

The fate of a battle is the result of a moment, of a thought: the hostile forces advance with various combinations, they attack each other and fight for a certain time, the critical moment arrives, a mental flash decides, and the least reserve accomplishes the object.

—Napoleon

The juke box sounded the call to

"Carry On" as Joe the mug washer wiped the sweat off his forehead with the bottom of his apron.

"Charlie, I hate Saturday nights. Man, do I hate Saturday nights."

He slushed a couple mugs in the basin as Charlie the barkeep took a long pull from his glass of iced tea. Sweat stood out in beads on his lanky forearm.

Long blond hair down the middle of her back to her waist. Bleached, but nice. Stringbean body that looked ripe enough to be still on the vine. And a skirt short enough to make you wonder if it really was a skirt.

Her legs were long and slender with enough soul curve to make Joe drink a mouthful of soapy water before he realized it wasn't tea.

She looked over her shoulder toward the bar as the spluttering mug washer turned red from head to toe. A perfect set of gleaming white teeth blinded Joe and Charlie with a TV commercial smile for about 10 seconds.

"Let's play J-9," she said softly with a slow rippling of her thigh and hips. Her companion smiled, his eyes glowing as brightly as the white fraternity letters on his chest.

"OK," he said, reaching drunkenly for a quarter. "Anything else?" "Yes," she stage-whispered over the thumping soul music. "Dance with me." Marvin nodded slowly, quietly wishing to himself that he could be sitting down somewhere so he wouldn't miss the show.

As the two of them moved a few feet to a narrow clear space Marvin's brothers began the preliminaries.

The most outstanding thing about Tony Lentz is his longevity. He doesn't look like he's over 25 or 26, but I think he's been around forever. Or at least as long as his Volkswagen. I've always wanted to ask Tony just how long he has been around, but I'm kind of afraid. After all, he does a perfect sunset.

