

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tom Gooding, Editor

Tuesday, December 1, 1970

Changes maintain a DTH tradition

The Daily Tar Heel staff has tried to provide the student body with the best possible newspaper since the paper became a daily in 1928.

In keeping with that tradition, we have decided to make several major changes in the format of this publication. We feel that the changes will improve the newspaper.

The most important of those changes is the shift from a Sunday to a Monday paper. We were taking a considerable financial beating every time we published a Sunday newspaper. Consequently, we had considered this change from the beginning of the year.

Also we have always felt the absence of the DTH on Monday morning presented a news void at the start of each week. This void was amplified by the flight of students to off-campus housing. Most students in off campus housing rarely see the Sunday DTH.

Consequently, Monday publication will improve the paper's financial standing, permit us to

publish more pages each week and provide students with a paper on every class day.

We changed to downstyle headlines, a change which most students will have noticed before reading this editorial. The change will appear a bit awkward at first but we feel students will find it beneficial. Journalistic studies have consistently proven that downstyle headlines are faster and easier to read.

We also believe the addition of a photo editor, the first since Mike McGowan graduated last spring, will improve the quality of photography in the paper.

We began this year with several major changes in the paper's format with the idea that we would have to re-evaluate the entire paper at a later date. The changes made this morning are a product of that evaluation. They represent an effort on our part to constantly upgrade the newspaper and provide students with a DTH of the highest quality we can produce.

GSCC's action should help graduate students

The Graduate Student Coordinating Committee has taken the strongest step any student group has ever taken in behalf of graduate student self-government.

GSCC, acting on a resolution introduced by Paul Hoke, has called on Chancellor J. Carlyle Sitterson to nullify the section of the Judicial Reform Report dealing with graduate student courts.

"The committee which drew up the report did not have any graduate or professional student representatives," Hoke said, "and we have found none who spoke to the committee to give his opinions.

"We feel that it is unfair to have only two graduate students on the five-member court (proposed by the judicial report)," he added. "There are no administration or faculty members on comparable proposed undergraduate courts."

The grounds on which the GSCC bases its opposition to the report are the grounds on which the group bases its entire existence—graduate students should have the right to make decisions concerning their method of government.

If the GSCC is approved by a referendum of graduate students after Christmas, then for the first

time in history of "student self-government" on this campus, graduate students will have a chance to implement policies that benefit graduate students instead of the administration or undergraduates.

Passage of the referendum will give graduate students control of a budget totalling approximately \$8,500 in money collected from graduate students in the form of student fees.

In the past this money has been allocated by the undergraduates in the Student Legislature, and few of the funds have done anything which has directly benefited graduate students.

The resolution passed before Thanksgiving is a significant step in the committee's fight for self-government. It puts the administration on notice that graduate students do not intend to take any more dictums from South Building.

And it shows that GSCC, under the leadership of Hoke and others, plans to become a significant entity on this campus—one which will provide graduate students with a voice in campus affairs that they have lacked for too long.

Tommy Bello

Help the Pakistani Relief Fund

Did you have a happy Thanksgiving? Was that big, juicy turkey good? Did you have enough to eat...and then some?

I'm glad. While you enjoyed Thanksgiving, 300,000 people died for lack of food in Pakistan. By the time you have gained who knows how many extra pounds from Christmas dinner and are sitting down enjoying those football games on New Year's Day, many thousands of additional people will have died.

Have you given anything at all to the Pakistani Relief Fund? If any, was it enough?

In Chapel Hill, people were justifiably upset when one person was killed. Yet several thousands of miles away that one death is being multiplied 600,000 and 700,000 times. Already the number of deaths would wipe out the entire population of Charlotte, Raleigh, Greensboro, Winston-Salem and Asheville.

Perhaps you saw on the television the people fighting for food that was being brought in by helicopter. The struggle for food became so vicious that the helicopter pilots would not even land their helicopters for fear of what the crowds would do to their machines. Consequently, they had to drop the food in.

Perhaps you read in the newspaper the countless numbers of people who are newly being discovered, people no one knew were there, or even cared.

In any case, you should be exposed by now to the awesomeness of the tragedy. And you should not be allowed to look the other way.

Over thirty years ago W. H. Auden wrote a poem entitled "Musee des Beaux Arts." In it he depicts how human suffering often comes unexpectedly and how no one wants to give suffering any notice, unless they are personally involved. He compares the majority of people to a delicate ship which saw tragedy yet "Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on."

Caught between the comfort and leisure of two big holidays: Thanksgiving

and Christmas, many of us, also want to sail calmly on. The sun is still shining for us, our families are still there, and we have not yet failed out of school. Why should we worry about the tremendous human suffering over in Pakistan?

Why? Well, I'll tell you. Our generation "has constantly termed itself "the last Hope" for mankind. We seldom cease in mouthing the virtues of love, compassion, humanity, and universal peace through brotherhood. Charles Reich depicts how we are the greatest thing to hit America since the Mayflower.

Here we have a chance to show our humanity, to put our ideals into action. The first generation in the history of mankind who, on a massive level, has never known hunger, has a chance to feed

thousands. The generation most outspoken against the horrors and inhumanity of war has a chance to put its energies toward the saving of lives. We must not pass up the opportunity.

Start collecting money in your residence hall, fraternity, or apartment unit. Mail your checks to: EAST PAKISTAN CYCLONE RELIEF FUND, NCNB, P. O. BOX 507, CHAPEL HILL, N.C. Write home and ask your parents to write a check to the Relief Fund, the amount to be determined by the amount they would have spent on your Christmas presents. Go by the table set up in Y-Court each day and give your spare change. Call Omar Saiyid at 933-5204 and ask for instructions in raising more money. Surrender the money you would

have spent on an extra meal or midnight snack. Give that money and any extra money to the fund.

As you begin to hear the Christmas music and see the Christmas decorations, remember that the true spirit of Christmas is one of giving. And special sacrifice comes in giving to those from whom you will never receive thanks—even though you gave them their lives.

At the end of his surprisingly factual and human book, *Crime in America*, Ramsey Clark says, "Our greatest need is reverence for life—mere life, all life—life as an end in itself." Let us take his words to heart, remember the thousands of threatened lives in East Pakistan, and then act accordingly. They are your brothers and sisters.

Letters

Colombia a 'fantastic place'

Editor's Note: Doug Clure, who wrote the following letter, is a UNC student studying in Colombia this year as a participant in the UNC-Colombia exchange program.

To the Editor:
It's Sunday, Letter Day, wow. Considering my present state of mind I probably shouldn't be attempting to begin this. But that's tough and here it is.

My partial exams are over, and I imagine that I have been partially successful. Actually I have no idea how I did. On that Spanish I exam I thought I'd gotten at least a 4.0 and he handed it back with a 3.0. The only other test I've had, other than these partials, is an Investigation quiz, which was a chuckle

right through to the end—when I got a 1.7.

English classes are a ball. They laugh at me and I laugh at them, because we're both so awful in the other's language. Sometimes we laugh together, like when the AV (Audio-Visual—the system with which Mr. Harmon Meyer intends to dispell once and forever the hopes of the hopeful Colombians who come here to learn English) Ill book says "Father Jones wants to be a saint. Must he be good?" Words like pancake, typewriter and picture throw them—pancake comes out panquake, typewriter is seven miles beyond their linguistic grasp and picture is too close to pinchar, a sexual expletive.

The cars of Colombia are mostly old heaps, from 1945 and before. The taxis are a mixture of five-year-old Plymouths to twenty-year-old Fords. If the car is moving, it is in third gear...the only time that they use first is when they are starting from a dead stop or facing up a hill, and two second later they're in third because they don't know that there's a second.

Buses: If it wasn't for their brakes I wouldn't mind the things. They've got decals of Che Guevara right beside plaster molds of Mary and little pictures of Jesus, and beneath all three are red, blue and green lights. The bus drivers get a percentage of each day's take plus an hourly wage, and they take advantage of this by loading up the buses til nobody can move. So, when somebody pulls the wire or punches the button, it can be a few minutes before he gets out. And if it's one of those busses on which the turnstile will let you pass out through the front door, maybe some people will move to the front of the bus, thereby passing through the turnstile, to let the fool out. And then the bus driver will not let them go through the thing again, since that would add another passenger and no revenue.

Then, there are the taxis. Recently every taxi I've caught has had a meter busted, so the driver and I haggle over the price when we arrive at an appointed destination. Always a mistake. You don't bargain after you've made use of the service.

There is no such thing as a Better Business Bureau down here, which is a real shame. I've been looking for an apartment away from the hassle of city life. Last week I thought I'd found a good one. Seven-hundred pesos a month, three bedrooms, hot water, kitchen telephone patio. It was in one of the worst parts of town, but I had nothing to rob anyway. So I went out to see it and despite the fact that it had broken windows, dirty walls and some of the oneriest looking neighbors this side of Istanbul, I decided to take it. I went back to the agency and told them I would take it and filled out a form there. The next day I went back to

the agency expecting to sign a contract and they told me I couldn't have the house, since there was a hole in the sewer on that street, and the city government wouldn't give them permission to rent the place out until the place was fixed. When will the hole be fixed? Who knows? This is Colombia. Why didn't you tell me about this before I went up to see the place? Hemmnaw, this is Colombia.

Anyhow, one of the teachers from the Meyer has just arrived from Cali and had no place to stay either. So we found a pretty nice place, in a fairly nice part of town, with a nice view. What about furniture? Mattresses only cost about three or four dollars here; hammocks the same. More furniture than that we don't need.

There's one thing I miss though, that's a record player. You can get a good one here if you are a fat cat millionaire. You can get a lousy one if you're a skinny cat thousandaire. We'll make it though. This is after all, a fantastic place.

Doug Clure

Ripley column is too critical

To the Editor:
Why can't "Soul Food" Ripley get off the back of God and His chosen ministers? Every single Christian minister has been called by the Lord into His service; it follows that they are answerable to God and not to Ken Ripley for the way they run His Churches. Who appointed "Soul Food" to be the Scourge of the Establishment Church?

Every Sunday it's the same rap against "Churchianity." If most people like the churches the way they are, that's their business. If Ripley can't love his fellow Christians and their churches, he should get himself out of the organization. I could take Ripley's jeremiads if he would ever show us how the Gospel ought to be preached to this godless generation; but all he ever does is knock the way others preach it.

Come on "Soul Food," show us how to tell it like it is! Make it relevant for us! Show us miracles, the burning bush! Make us understand the agony and the sacrifice! Show us the Word made flesh and see if that don't turn us on!

Ripley Baby, it's up to you. Polls and statistics on beliefs and church attendance are no substitute for the word of the living God preached from mouth and embodied in your life. Speak for yourself, Ken, and leave those other folks alone.

Tom Camaro
Oak Terrace Apts.



Tony Lentz

What it was was a Feast rehearsal

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world: the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man.

—George Bernard Shaw

"Tony!" Jeff said. "Glad you could come. Grab hold o' that platform there, willya? Thanks."

"Chrissake, watch my fingers, ok? Awright everybody! Recess is over. C'mon, we gotta get these damn platforms up and do a runthrough before six."

He blinked his tired eyes, ran a hand through his tousled hair and walked off across the Great Hall yelling something about wooden blocks.

"George," I said to the guy next to me, "What the hell is this? I just came to watch."

"That's great, Tony, just a little more to the right. Now hold it while we adjust the legs. Man, I thought we'd never get these damn platforms up from the

basement. Wow. What a way to do a play."

"Hey, George, what did you say the name of this thing was, huh? The Feast, wasn't it?"

"Yeah. Give me a hand with this thing over here, willya? Ugh! You'd think those people would learn to make these things a little lighter."

I sneaked out of the way for a moment after carting five or six four by eight platforms around...just stood for a while watching. Two guys were unscrewing the legs on one of the things and some other dude with a diagram in his hand was trying to get someone to move a couple more.

Two other cats were playing basketball with a big blue beachball while a little part cocker mutt named Johnny ran interference...everywhere. And there were a few girls talking in odd corners of the hall.

Everybody looked tired...that kind of hopeless tired when you know it's going to be that way for a long time.

Lou Black walked up and smiled.

"Tony," he said with a twinkle in his eye, "have you figured this out yet? I been here for an hour and a half trying to find out what's going on, and I'm lost."

"Waitaminute," I said. "Aren't you the guy who wrote this thing?"

"Yes," he mumbled, a little sheepishly. "Plays I can write, but beyond the writing end of it I'm lost."

Then he smiled, and went off in a corner to box with a fellow in the cast for the while. I found out later the fellow's name was Hal, better known in the troupe as friz-head.

"Nothing but trouble," Jeff muttered as I walked over toward the stage. "This whole damn thing's been nothing but trouble. We've had to fight all the way. Ya wouldn't believe the things that have gone wrong."

"Oh, God!" the guy with the diagrams yelled. "These damn things won't set to 24 inches. Can ya believe it? What'll we do?"

"I dunno," Jeff said. "Just put 'em up anyway. We've got to get started. Christ! These things cost 180 bucks apiece and ya can't set 'em to 24 inches."

He shook his head as the last platform was hauled into place. The atmosphere changed instantly as the cast began taking their places for the rehearsal.

"Awright!" Jeff yelled. "This is a

rehearsal! Places, everybody, from the top of the show! And you people in the back there, talk about it after we're through, ok? We got a play to do!"

Then I got a preview of the play. And it's good...possibly the best thing to hit this campus in the six years I've been here.

And the whole thing started because Lou Black decided he'd like to write a play for a cast.

So he and Jeff and a couple other people got together, found some money and some people. Then they all got together a few times and six weeks later Lou had written *The Feast*.

"The films we have for the TV parts are just great," he said after I watched the rehearsal. "I want to see a contrast between the film and the play, and it's looking really good."

His eyes brightened as he explained a few of the fine points, lifting his hand to point at the screen area behind center stage.

"There'll also be music in the college sequence," Lou said. "What'dja think?" "It's great," I said. "Kind of an organic feeling to it, like it grew out of the actors. And the pace was fast, clipped right along. Never got bored, and this was only a rehearsal."

Lou just beamed for a moment, his leprechaun eyes dancing behind round glasses.

"Thanks. I need the encouragement." Jeff walked up, his head cocked at an angle as though he was too tired to hold it up straight.

"Ja like it?" "Yeah," I nodded. And Jeff smiled so hard he nearly fell over.

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78 Years of Editorial Freedom

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