

The Daily Tar Heel

81 Years Of Editorial Freedom

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Susan Miller, Editor

January 29, 1974

Excuses are not reason enough

University administrators don't have to give convincing reasons for their decisions. In fact, they don't even have to convince, because they have the power.

Dean of Student Affairs Donald Boulton has the power over UNC's residence halls in addition to many other things. He has exerted this power to decide but not convince—in ending the second floor Winston experiment in room-by-room coed living.

However, the decision to end the experiment was accompanied by excuses, not reasons, that do nothing more than make students angry, cynical and discouraged and make Dean Boulton look like either a lackey or a fool.

Why? Because his "reasons" for ending the experiment cannot be accepted as credible reasons for terminating an experiment.

The only reasons that can be accepted as credible reasons are pressure—from higher-ups, from parents, from state legislators who have power over most of UNC's funds—or failure.

Both of these have been denied by

Dean Boulton, who claims that the decision to end the experiment was his and his alone. He says no one has pressured him. Yet he also says the experiment was a success.

One excuse he gives for ending the experiment are that the facilities are not suited for such an experiment. This is ridiculous, because if that was a reason it would have prevented the room-by-room coed living from existing in the first place and succeeding in the second place. This "reason" is an after-the-decision rationalization.

The other "reason" is that the potential is there for adverse publicity. There has been none, however, and if the experiment is really a success, as Boulton believes and the second floor residents know, adverse publicity should be fought to preserve what has been a highly successful, and enjoyed, living situation.

If Boulton believes the experiment is successful, it should not be ended. If he believes it to be unsuccessful, he should say so—without shrouding his decision with rationalizations for paranoia.

How to get rid of all that junk mail

"Look at this! We can have a wood lathe for a three month trial period absolutely free!"

"Edna, this is a double room with five people living in it. Where are we going to put a wood lathe. Do you even know what a wood lathe is?"

"Is it anything like sandalwood soap?"

Deadly silence.

"Hey, we can get twelve volumes of the U.S. Constitution printed on rice paper in gilt letters, perfect for gifts for friends, for only \$1.99 plus a statement on how Miracle Light Bulbs saved our souls."

Another killing silence.

"Mary, don't you want twelve volumes of the U.S. Constitution printed on rice paper in gilt letters?"

"No! And I wish people wouldn't send us their crazy advertisements! We must be on every mailing list in the country. I'm going to change my name to 'Address Unknown.'"

You ought not to fill those things out. You ought to just stick everything in those return envelopes blank. They're just wasting postage and you're just wasting time—and our room space, what little there ever was. I

haven't found my shoes since we got the 100 yards of free red entrance carpet that you sent off for. Who knows, maybe my psych paper is somewhere under that carpet too..."

The preceding conversation is far-fetched;

student consumer action union

however, the situation it represents is very real. All of us at one time or another have harbored the suspicion that the U.S. Postal employees consider our mail boxes merely as convenient litter cans. There is however, a remedy to this problem.

Direct Mail Advertising Association (DMAA) is responsible for providing

mailing lists to 1600 companies. The companies using DMAA's lists include such firms as Polaroid, U.S. Steel and Procter and Gamble.

In 1971, DMAA instituted two consumer programs, Mail Preference Service and Mail Order Action Line. The Mail Order Action Line is an Assistance Program to help people with mail shopping problems. The Mail Preference Service was implemented to help people remove or add their names to the mailing lists that the DMAA provides its member companies. The Mail Preference Service is the junk mail cure that this column discusses.

In a publication entitled the DMAA News (copies are available in Suite C of the Union in the SCAU office), DMAA reports that out of a "potential audience of over thirty million...less than one-fifth of one-percent" have expressed a desire to have their names removed from the mailing lists. DMAA monitors such requests carefully.

In the fall, SCAU wrote DMAA requesting 1500 Mail Preference Service Applications to distribute to the student body. DMAA sent us only twenty-five

copies of the DMAA News but no applications. Their explanation was that in order to keep a careful record of how many people knew of and chose to use DMAA's services, they had to handle the applications directly.

SCAU suspects that the amount of effort required by the consumer to get such an application may explain the small percentage of people using the Mail Preference Service.

However, if you are tired of sleeping in the same room with Edna and her Miracle Light Bulbs, write:

Director of Consumer Relations
Direct Mail Advertising Assoc.
230 Park Avenue
New York, New York 10017

It will not get rid of Edna, but it will get rid of the light bulbs.

The SCAU is working to improve relations between consumers and business in our community. If you have complaints or want to volunteer to work with SCAU, call or come see us. Our number is 933-8313 and we are located in Suite C of the Carolina Union.

Letters to the editor

Dean rings death knell for Winston

To the editor:

A statement declaring an end to the coed room-by-room set-up in Winston dorm was officially released Wednesday, coming as a surprise to the residents of second floor. Donald Boulton, dean of Student Affairs, said "I have come to the decision that the present experimental coed living arrangement will not be continued next year."

Although Mr. Boulton states in a letter to the second floor residents that "...the policy of the Office of Student Affairs is to offer a variety of living styles..." he is at the same time destroying what has become one of the most promising "experiments" on campus.

Mr. Boulton's main argument against its continued existence is that "...there are

physical limitations in Winston that reduce the effectiveness of room-by-room coed living." However, he does not state any specific limitations.

The only one I can possibly think of is the fact that one may have to walk five steps farther to a bathroom—not a monumental task by any means. In fact, it is not any farther than one would have to walk in a dorm such as Mangum or Aycock. Someone is worried about women having to walk in front of men's rooms on the way to and from showers. For the modest, the problem may be solved by a robe, or more permanently by minor alterations to the bathrooms—making them into dressing rooms.

Boulton also cites the presence of "needless discussion" about the living

situation, fearing "that what is good and beneficial about the Henderson living-learning project might be swept aside by gossip and half truths concerning one small aspect of the entire educational residence college." He is correct in categorizing such discussion as needless. Would he be so kind as to cite the source of such discussion?

A DTH article credits Boulton with saying that no adverse publicity has occurred to date, yet he said "...but one never knows what might happen due to such publicity." The DTH article implied that Mr. Boulton fears what would happen if journalists, who had been planning to write articles on the living-learning center, were allowed to publicize what is taking place.

It would seem to me that what we need most, is the honest reporting of what our project is, offers, and plans to be. This more than anything else, could dispel the "needless discussion" theory under which Mr. Boulton labors.

He also said that he had received no pressure from alumni or administration. If this can be believed, why has he taken such an odious action upon himself? If, as Mr. Boulton says, "...Winston wasn't the right place and this wasn't the right time for the experiment," when will such a time arise?

The situation is paradoxical in that Boulton credits the second floor with spearheading "...much of the enthusiasm that has given Henderson Residence College a successful start on the path to becoming a true living-learning environment." Yet here is a man who claims to be solely responsible for sounding its death knell.

Perhaps the admissions office fears a reduction in applications due to such "liberal" policies. If that were a possibility, it would be a blessing. No longer would students have to suffer from the tripling-up policy which the university doggedly follows.

It is necessary that both the participants and the public become aware of the real reasons for such a decision. Beyond that, however, it is necessary for Mr. Boulton to reconsider his position, by first becoming aware of what second floor Winston is—an integral and very successful, if not necessary, part of Henderson Residence College.

I propose that he form a committee representing both the students involved and the administration before such an action is finalized. My belief is that Mr. Boulton is wrong. Winston IS the right place, and this IS the right time for such an experiment.

Paul Williams
President of Winston

Letters

The Daily Tar Heel provides the opportunity for expression of opinions by readers through letters to the editor. This newspaper reserves the right to edit all letters for libelous statements and good taste.

Letters should be limited to 300 words and must include the name, address and phone number of the writer. Type letters on a 60-space line and address them to Editor, The Daily Tar Heel, in care of the Student Union.

Reader wants dean's response

To the editor:

The following is an open letter to Mr. Donald A. Boulton, Dean of Student Affairs, regarding his recent decision to discontinue room-by-room coed living at Winston Dorm.

Dear Mr. Boulton:

Although I presently have no desire to live in a room-by-room coed situation, I believe that your decision to end that arrangement at Winston Dorm is infringing on the rights of those who do desire. According to the January 24 issue of the Daily Tar Heel, you yourself admitted that, "We've had a good experience on second floor Winston and we've learned a lot." Then why, Mr. Boulton should this situation be discontinued?

You list as a problem with second floor Winston its potential ability to draw bad publicity. Are we so timid that we shy away from projects such as the one on second floor Winston before they are even criticized? And even if that criticism comes, if second floor Winston is such a "good experience," then why shouldn't that criticism be met?

In conclusion, I feel that you are performing a disservice to all students who would like to live in a room-by-room coed situation. I would greatly appreciate a response.

Mike Weinberg
955 James



'I HAVE GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS! THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT I ALMOST PASSED THIS BILL . . .'

Gail Bronson

Pardon me, Cinderella, but your tennis shoe is showing

There's something suspicious about a sugar bowl in the driveway.

That's what I tell Howard and Robert, you see, when we drive up into our driveway in Pittsboro and see a sugar bowl. We're students you see, but Robert is my husband also and not only that but Cabell lives with us and Howard too in an old ante-bellum house in Pittsboro which was built by Cabell's great-grandfather ante the bellum.

So anyway, there's this sugar bowl in the driveway and from the driveway I see that the front door is standing wide open which

looks just as suspicious as the sugar bowl in the driveway, at least that's what I tell Howard and Robert. We go on in the house which is spooky by nature as are lots of old houses especially since it has a sugar bowl in the driveway and the door wide open.

We walk into the kitchen after walking through the rooms between the front door and the kitchen and notice that several things are amiss or shall I be more precise and say missing.

Such as they are, they include two pressure cookers, one of which Howard's mother gave him for Christmas and is still in the box

and the other being Cabell's; my bun warmer that is red and a wedding gift; several large pots including a pan for broiling which also is used for baking chicken; groceries which I bought two days ago which were a half a head of lettuce, a half pound of bacon, a dozen eggs (they had been equally divided between two cartons but we find only one empty carton in the refrigerator, which shows that they have been gathered into one carton for convenience of carrying) and a bag of Ruffles potato chips.

But the most unusual items missing are two containers of seasoning which the seasoning being contained are parsley and herb blend for salads, and twelve jars of string beans which my mother helped me string and can last summer, and finally, a bottle of lemon-scented dish washing detergent.

Howard is really mad because he was going to stew a chicken for supper using the pressure cooker aforementioned which he has never used and is still in the box. Then he is going to bake the chicken and he gets madder because then he sees that the broiling pan is gone too which he wants to use which is how we find out that it is gone.

By now, we realize that we have been robbed, says Rob. That is why the Sugar bowl is in the driveway, since the robber dropped the sugar bowl during the get away but he got away with the sugar bowl lid.

Howard's really mad about his pressure cooker because he was up for stewed chicken and not only that but he probably can't afford to buy another pressure cooker until

he gets his income tax returns.

I'm pretty mad too because it was the first string beans I'd ever canned with my mother's help of course and I wish I knew who it was that took them and I would gladly trade some store bought string beans for the string beans strung by myself and my mother.

Who do you think would do it, says Rob, who is not too mad about the string beans or the pressure cooker but is mad about the wooden salt and pepper shakers which were also missing.

It was some hippie-type, says Howard, who does not especially dislike hippie-types but himself is not one.

How do you know, I say, and Howard says because the two containers of seasoning are gone which are both green being parsley and herb blends for salads and could look like dope to a hippie-type.

I don't think a true hippie-type would take the lemon-scented dish washing liquid but would have taken Cabell's stereo and stereo records which they were not touched, you see, I say.

Rob says it is someone very hungry since they have taken so much to eat and something to cook it in and that's why they didn't take the stereo because they were just hungry, that's all, and really very nice.

Why would they take the two containers of seasoning containing parsley and herb blends for salads if they were very hungry since parsley and herb blends aren't all that nourishing really, says Howard, who thinks we should call the police.

But I don't think so, because Cabell's not home since he is at the State-UNC basketball game for some reason and the fact is the house belongs to his family and he should be the one to call the police if it's broken into.

We think about who it is that could be the one who took our stuff all evening and can't study for thinking about it. Then Cabell comes home around 12:00 after State wins by three and he's not too happy already, especially after we tell him we've been robbed, says Rob.

He asks what's gone and we tell him and he gets mad because he finds that his coffee mugs are all gone too except for two. So he calls the police and Howard goes to bed but Rob and I don't because it's exciting.

The police come in about three minutes then another car of policemen come and pretty soon there are seven policemen there since one is a woman. The woman has a camera and so does another man too and Cabell asks them about their cameras since he is taking Physics 45 Photography and so am I. The policeman asks us what is missing and we tell him and I say I'm really mad about those string beans which my mother helped me string and can.

The policemen go outside and one sees a footprint which is made by a tennis shoe and asks if anyone of us wear tennis shoes and we say no. He says hmmm and I say what hmmm mean then he says there was a break-in last night which had a tennis shoe print nearby.

He mixes up some stuff looking like melted silly putty and pours it on the ground

over the print to make an impression which really impresses me. He says the stuff looking like melted silly putty costs \$8 a can and he likes plaster of paris better but the salesman sold him this stuff for \$8 a can which he hates.

After the policemen leave we still don't know any more than before as don't the police, but we get an idea about the robber, says Rob.

I want to know who he is to find out what kind of person he is to steal such a bizarre combination of things stolen, he says.

How can we find out, says Cabell, and Rob says I know how, says Rob. We can tell everyone to see if their footprint matches the tennis shoe print in the back yard and if it does we can also see if they are carrying a sugar bowl lid which matches the sugar bowl found in the driveway.

I say okay that's okay but how do we get them to come and see if their footprint matches. That's easy says Rob, we'll tell them that whoever matches will have a party in honor of like Cinderella who dropped her slipper quite by accident of course.

Oh how lovely an idea, I say, and I say I know how to get the word out in that I'll announce it through The Daily Tar Heel for which I work and say:

"We would like to know who you are, you are bizarre and we will give you a ball like Cinderella if you'll only bring back the string beans which my mother helped me string and can in Mason jars last summer and Howard's pressure cooker."

The Daily Tar Heel

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