

Tim Sims

Visions of Neanderthals

Seeing Chapel Hill's college youth, and the public in general, from the perspective of a low-income employe has been an education in humanity which I will not soon forget.

After 27 hours of philosophy, six hours of religion, 39 hours of English (which is philosophy in disguise), eight hours of science, nine hours of art, nine hours of psychology, 18 hours of a foreign language, three hours of math and one semester of graduate school, I had come to several tentative conclusions about mankind.

1. He moves in circles. 2. He thinks in circles. 3. This is acceptable. And with these points, I borrowed a phrase from a friend to round out (those circles, again) my thinking and to give me an optimistic view of the race, despite all the evidence to the contrary: Man is, collectively and individually, an evolving mystery.

Nice, huh? But then I went to work in Hector's—you know, famous since 1969, Mrs. Sophie's (she really exists) home-made chili, etc. Incidentally, if you want to know what a liberal arts education, add 3.1 and B.A., will get you here's your answer: eight hours a day making hot dogs.

Seeing the world over the counter of

Hector's gave me the privilege of seeing man evolve right there in front of me. (Here they all come at 2 a.m.—those hungry little evolving mysteries.)

Deep questions arose: What kind of person wants to eat a cheeseburger with greasy Greek chili, french fries and a large root beer at 2 a.m.? Indeed, what kind of person wants to eat that at 2 p.m.?

What kind of person rudely demands service when there are at least 100 people wanting the same thing, and all three Hectorians are working their behinds off?

There have been some light moments. Like the guy who comes in, looks at the menu—plainly in view with everything we sell listed there—and asks, "What have you got?" Or the cab driver who always wants apple jelly on his Bar-B-Que sandwich. Or the little 90-lb. girl who came in one night and ate 14 egg rolls.

But then there are always those magnolia-mouthed, grits-for-brains, provincial Racquel Welch's who sashay up to the counter and think to overcome us by their movie-learned charm—usually so we'll give them a break on the price.

And of course there is the loud-mouthed, gravel-for-brains, provincial Clint Eastwood Carolina gentleman who sometimes come quite close—though they do not know it—to having to use their teeth for earrings on account of their obnoxiousness.

But all the time, we—the Hectorian slaves—smile. "Yessir, thank you sir, yes ma'am, thank you ma'am." The unperceptive public never suspects that we are anything but good old boys earning an honest dollar; they do not know that behind that bow tie lurks a

heart dark with evil intent towards all assholes.

Occasionally, we lose our tempers enough to frown or slam something around. I admit that once I told a customer, whose haughty obtuseness had degenerated to just vulgar bad manners, that if he didn't like the service he could take his money and his ass down to Hardee's where the burgers are charcoal-broiled.

But since I've been there, we've never used the axe handles on anybody.

I have often thought: What has education done for the Appetites of Man? I hope that what I see every day is not the answer.

Well, one makes excuses for awhile. You know—old ideas die hard, and I was kind of fond of that "evolving mystery" thing. Besides, there are a lot of nice people who come in the store, and I've made some valuable friendships and... ah... liaisons through working there.

I compromised. "Evolving" had to go, but perhaps I could hang on to the "mystery" part.

However, it grew increasingly difficult to watch chili drip off chins, and large root beers washing down hands-full of french fries, and mouths stretching to unbelievable proportions to encompass hot-dogs-all-the-way (check that grammar) and not have visions of Neanderthals or New Jerseyites.

Before making my final analysis of the human race, and particularly of the college deviant therefrom, I realize I'll have to research this thing some more. There are other factors to be considered. Let's see. There's Hardee's, McDonald's, Shoney's, the Pizza places, Baskin and Robbins...

Jim Cooper, Greg Turosak Editors

Kevin McCarthy, Managing Editor Michael Davis, Associate Editor Jean Swallow, Associate Editor Ken Allen, News Editor Harriet Sugar, Feature Editor Elliott Warnock, Sports Editor Tom Randolph, Photo Editor Bob Jasinkiewicz, Night Editor

The Daily Tar Heel

Ford breaks cord; the Spiro incarnate

Vice President Gerald Ford did his best last week to put as much distance as possible between himself and the President. Calling the already infamous Committee to Re-Elect the President (CREEP) an "arrogant, elite guard of political adolescents," Ford was colorful, but unfortunately in the shades of Spiro Agnew.

Ford's statement was unconvincing because every time he is unleashed from the White House, he sniffs the air and takes up a different line. A few months ago he was imitating both the style and the content of some of Agnew's speeches (remember the "effete corps of impudent snobs"?). Now he is criticizing the right things, but he is still using the wrong language.

Invective and inflammatory rhetoric have little place in any politician's pronouncements, much less those of a vice president. Genuine change comes fastest with forceful but moderate language, not a lot of sound and fury.

Academic reform

An opportunity for student input

If you're one of the 800 randomly chosen students who has just received a questionnaire on academic reform in the mail, you might want to read this article before you play paperwad basketball with it.

Academic reform is an issue which has been tossed around for several years, resulting in a series of recommendations on course-loads in the Schutz Committee Report on Undergraduate Degree Requirements in the spring of 1972.

The Faculty Council will consider the Schutz recommendations later this month, and the way that students feel about academic reform will doubtless be important.

That's where the questionnaire

comes in.

The present standard course-load system calls for a five-course, 15-hour semester, with the theory being that after four years and 40 different courses, the student should have a good, well-rounded education.

The Schutz committee report calls for a change to a four-course, 16 credit-unit semester, with the average course counting four credit-units. Quality, not quantity, of education is a good way of expressing this theory.

At this time, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Brown, Columbia, Duke, Northwestern, Ohio State, University of Pennsylvania, University of Indiana and Tulane have gone to the four-course system.

This is not to indicate that this system is therefore right for Carolina, but only to show that this is no local, isolated academic issue.

The questionnaire is not something to throw away. As it involves two different approaches to academics, each student needs to decide which system is most suitable to him or her.

A popular gripe of students is, "Why am I never consulted on decisions that affect me?" Well now is such an opportunity, and now is the time for such a decision.

It takes only a minute to let your opinion be known on this important issue. If you decide to fill out the questionnaire, it should be turned into the Union Desk by Friday.

Letters to the editors

Help wanted to research rip-offs

To the editors:

I am working for the Student Consumer Action Union, conducting an investigation of the sale of University utilities (water, electricity, and telephone services) to a private or municipal corporation. The policies of whichever corporation eventually gains ownership of any or all of the three utilities, will ultimately have an effect on rate increases which concerns all residents of Chapel Hill, Carrboro and Orange County. The bids will be made public by April 16. At that time, I will need persons with the necessary accounting knowledge in order to analyze and decide which of the bids is the best prospect for the consumer community.

If any one is interested in helping with this project, please contact me.

Isabel Millicovsky 137B Johnson St.

revolve around the existence of deity—you can't get much more central than that. In my previous letter I was merely trying to point out the weakness of one particular link in a gap-ridden argument.

Peter Hardy 330 Tenney Circle

Student reaction to film subtitles

To the editors:

While I respect Scott Langley as a guiding spirit of campus cinema, I feel that his generally perceptive criticism is weakened by an absurd prejudice against dubbed foreign films. The controversy over dubbed vs. subtitled prints is hardly as simple as Mr. Langley's blanket attitude would seem to imply.

First, as anyone who has seen Truffaut's Day For Night can attest, certain films have so much rapid-fire dialogue that subtitles can only give at best a general indication of what is being said. In the dubbed version of this picture which I saw, the arguments could be followed phrase-by-phrase.

Secondly, subtitles are often hard to read, especially in black and white films. This practical consideration is compounded in the Union showings where you can't see the bottom of the screen unless you're in the first few rows.

Thirdly, even if subtitles were always legible, the need to constantly scan the bottom of the frame would still ruin the visual power of a film such as Bergman's Cries and Whispers. The more sophisticated films are conceived in visual terms: subtitles

weaken the power of the images considerably.

Finally, although most films are shot today with live sound, many older foreign films were shot silently with sound added in the final stages of editing. Virtually all Italian films prior to the 1960's have sound dubbed by Italian radio actors. The original sound of the early Fellini films mismatches the images as badly as in the English-dubbed versions; to insist on the original is rather pointless.

Admittedly, original sound is interesting (and emotionally significant) for those who understand a given language. But the value of preserving such dialogue seems minimal in the case of Swedish, Japanese or Czechoslovakian films imported for an English-speaking audience.

In view of the reasons I have mentioned, I feel that Mr. Langley's reviews would be improved if he would be more open-minded towards the advantages of dubbing.

Peter Gutmann RTVMP Dept.

Knowles' thesis prompts reaction

To the editors:

I would like to thank Van Lee Knowles for his pleasant and thoughtful letter. I'm afraid I cannot agree with his contention that "humans and perhaps a few other animals" can somehow be separated from the rest of the universe. If the universe is meaningless, then we're included as well; and if there is no "meaning" (purpose, logic, fixed law) to us then we're incapable of rendering any judgments anyway. The atheist must say "I have intelligently come to the conclusions that intelligence is non-existent" thereby cutting his own throat.

I do agree that the central question must

Concert, Union not vindicated

To the editors:

As another student disappointed with the Carolina Union's handling of concerts for this year, I feel I must take issue with Jean Swallow's pathetic attempt to vindicate both the Union and the Pointer Sisters from any blame for the events surrounding their concert last week.

Ms. Swallow's statement that the Pointer Sisters "were used to doing a small nightclub act, not a concert with 2,000 people" implies

that they gave a sub-par performance as a result. The Pointer Sisters are supposedly professional entertainers—if they were not ready to play before 2,000 people, then they had no business charging thousands of dollars to perform. Furthermore, they should be used to appearing before thousands of people, having toured with Dave Mason, as well as headlining at Philharmonic Hall in New York.

The fact that the Union acceded to the Pointer Sisters' demand that they use their own inexperienced sound crew raises this question: Were the Pointer Sisters really that big an act, and in such great demand, at UNC, that the Union music committee could not bring itself to tell the Pointer Sisters to shove their sound crew because we don't have to have the Pointer Sisters at UNC? Couldn't this money have been better spent on a group with greater appeal? If the Union did lose thousands of dollars on this concert, then I think the answer is evident.

Bob Golombik 548 James

The Daily Tar Heel welcomes the expression of all points of view through the letters to the editor. Opinions expressed do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors. 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.

David Wall

Carolina football: what price glory?

College football has done a lot for my family. In 1966 my oldest brother Mal signed a four year grant-in-aid with Vanderbilt University, a member of the prestigious Southeastern Conference. Two years later in 1968, my brother Bryan signed at N.C. State and in 1970 it came my turn to choose.

I visited many schools: Auburn, Georgia, Florida, Duke, Dartmouth, Tennessee and Georgia Tech. The list of schools goes on and on, so does the list of rented cars, filet mignons, congenial coeds, extra money and liquor. All provided by various Athletic Departments who wanted to give me the opportunity to play college football.

It was an opportunity I felt I had to take advantage of. Football was a way of life in my family. I'd played the game for seven years and enjoyed it, plus it was a chance to attend a major college for free. I really had no choice.

Where I did have my choice was in where I chose to go. Auburn had been the only school to tell me they wouldn't offer me a scholarship. They looked me straight in the eye, shook my hand and told it to me like it was. I respected those men for their honesty; it was a lot more than I got from many coaches.

The fact that Auburn wasn't going to offer me a scholarship was a blow to my ego but not to my peace of mind. I had decided I didn't have what it took to play college ball in the SEC. The game didn't mean that much to me; enough to spend four years of my life eating, sleeping and living football. I wanted an education, and I knew that my commitment to the game at an SEC school would be one of either total commitment, in

order to do well enough to play, or semi-commitment, in order to get an education and the disfavor of the coaching staff. Because no matter what you've heard or think you know, the student athlete is the exception and not the rule.

My decision was simple. I would go to a school where football was not king.

I had heard from schools in the Southern Conference and the ACC. Duke, Davidson, N.C. State and North Carolina were all good universities with good athletic programs. I felt sure that I could find what I wanted at one of these schools: a good education that just happened to include four years of athletic participation.

At the time N.C. State was in the last years of Earl Edwards and things hadn't been the same since the 1968 Liberty Bowl victory. Duke was in the process of rebuilding and Davidson was having trouble giving tickets away. That left North Carolina; besides, I had lived in Charlotte for five years and had come to realize that for 11 weekends in the fall everything in North Carolina turns a pale shade of blue.

So when I boarded Eastern's flight 307 to Chapel Hill, I took my first-class seat next to the lady in the mink coat and was handed a drink by a very attractive stewardess. I knew that I wanted to play my four years of college football at the University of North Carolina.

I was recruited by Clyde Walker, a most impressive speaker. He told all of the good stories about living in the air conditioned comfort of Granville Towers, having astroturf put in Kenan Stadium and a new athletic complex with two girls in every closet and the

Milky Way just outside the window.

It was the same old song that my brothers had heard when they were recruits and I was prepared for it, accepted it for what it was—a sales pitch, signed on the dotted line, smiled for the photograph and formally became a Tar Heel.

When I first met Bill Dooley he struck me as an honest, sincere individual. A hard working, chain-smoking, ulcerated football coach who was trying his damndest to build a winning football program. I never suspected he would bring big time football to North Carolina. What I didn't know was that he already had.

To help him in the drive to the top, Coach Dooley also brought men like Don McCauley, John Bunting, Jeff Hamlin and a host of others. He brought 20 days of hard spring practice, two weeks of pre-spring conditioning, three weeks of summer practice and six months of off-season body building. The amounts of intensity and brutality during the practice sessions increased as did the amounts of everything else: the blood, the pain, the exhaustion and the disgust of the players.

The stories are as numerous as they are true. They begin with the men who gagged on their vomit, broke their arms, dislocated their elbows, separated their shoulders, twisted their spines, cracked their vertebrae and ripped the ligaments out of their knees. But the stories end with the man that died.

For whatever reasons or for whatever cause Bill Arnold was pushed too far, as others before him were, but for Bill it ended in tragedy. He made the total commitment to big time football.

I quit college athletics for every reason that

Bill died. I've never regretted my actions nor have I ever looked back.

But I wasn't the only one effected by the introduction of the big time to the football program at North Carolina. Of the 35 athletes who reported to Ehringhaus on the same mid-August day four years ago, only 11 remain. The other 24 left for many reasons, some because of the death of Bill. They transferred to other schools, dropped out or have stayed on to finish their education.

I am one of those who has remained. I had the option of either keeping my grant-in-aid or dropping it. To me there was never any question, never a second thought. I have stayed in school and on scholarship much to the irritation of the athletic department.

I can understand their attitude toward me, but I hardly sympathize. My scholarship says nothing about playing football, not even in the fine print at the bottom of the page. It is given in good faith and I accepted it that way, but after everything I've experienced and seen I have lost all illusions of that good faith. I feel no moral obligation and certainly no regrets.

The only thing that is upsetting is to think that nothing has really changed. The death of Bill Arnold only served to slow the process for a short time. Amazing as it may seem, this University's football program is just as dehumanizing as it was three years ago and considering this year's won-lost record it will quite possibly get worse. And no one seems to care.

But that's the price one must pay for big time football...it was a price I couldn't afford.



A lonely vision amidst the glory and the death