

Dawn Maria Clayton

Memorial to a dying breed

Tin Can

Running in circles

The need for physical exercises in an age of mechanized work-reducers, fattening opulence and caloric convenience foods and increasing amounts of leisure time has become a modern platitude — mouthed by many, met by few.

But there are some who see the inescapable truth that physical fitness spills over into intellectual fitness and longer, healthier lives. These exercise enthusiasts do not try to escape this truth; rather, they run, sweat and grunt to meet it.

Among these enthusiasts are joggers who faithfully don their sweatsuits in all kinds of weather and pound their feet against the ground to grind the pounds off their feet. There are times when the most dedicated jogger dare not challenge the elements because of rain, chills or frozen running surfaces. Under these conditions, and for some women joggers to avoid the night, these runners have turned to inside tracks in pursuit of good health.

But now joggers have no access to the only indoor track, the oval in Carolina's Tin Can.

This University dictates that all undergraduates must pass physical education courses or a special exemption test to graduate. If you cannot swim, no matter how bright you are, you cannot get your diploma — everyone must pass a mandatory swimming test. The justification for these nonacademic requirements is that students should be exposed to physical as well as intellectual rigors. Indeed, one speaker in competition for the Mangum Medal for Oratory argued that the University should make physical education a larger requirement for students, faculty and employees.

If the University is committed to citizen health and well-being, and is not using platitudes to fill the physical education department classes and thereby warrant paying instructors who are also coaches for varsity sports, its recent action to close the Tin Can indoor track to non-track team runners contradicts such a commitment.

Sprinters only

Track Coach Joe Hilton closed

the track January 1 because he does not think it can stand the pounding of joggers. A new track, he says, would cost around \$75,000 and would not be able to handle joggers either. To protect the current track for the track team, Hilton closed the track to anyone other than sprinters.

All of Coach Hilton's reasons may be perfectly sound ones for his action. But they are not sound reasons for the athletic department's failure to provide alternative indoor running facilities for Carolina joggers. Perhaps the old track ought to be torn up and replaced with a matted flat track marked off from the playing floor of the Tin Can. The track team would lose a useful facility, but the student body as a whole and the University workforce would receive a large benefit from this action.

And if the athletic department is not willing to make this kind of trade-off, we can only wonder about the real dedication of the University to providing support for physical fitness and conditioning by those not on a University athletic team.

This incident is another indication for the need for passage of the statewide bond referendum on capital improvements for the UNC system this March. That package includes money for a new physical education-intramurals complex which could incorporate facilities for joggers and/or sprinters. But that is a long-range solution, for even after hoped-for passage of the referendum, final construction of the facility would be months and months later.

Who comes first?

The situation is clear. Joggers have lost out. Is the University willing to sacrifice general well-being for the track team's well-being? If it is, what does that say about the University's commitment to physical fitness?

The exhilaration of athletic achievement should be more than vicarious excitement over Dean Smith wizardry (which is fun, too). Those who want to get out of the armchair and onto the track regularly, rain or ice, ought to be given that opportunity.

When was the last time you sat beside a smoker? In church? At the movies? At the zoo? You can just about bet your last bluebook that it wasn't in a class this semester at UNC, because the seemingly impossible has occurred — smoking has been banned in classrooms this side of the southern part of heaven, in the tobacco state; and smokers, as an oral, if not vocal minority, have silently and completely acquiesced.

I can still remember the good old days (and night classes) when a smoke was a moment of pleasure, when you could surrender yourself completely to the process of inhaling, exhaling and blowing smoke rings, serenely oblivious to the arcane chatter of some Dr. Bore who was in his own little world of rapture, listening to himself speak, carry on, pronounce endless witticisms, and, in short, get off in his own egocentric

intellectuality. And many were the times that only a Salem could keep you awake.

I can still recall the clannish kinship shared by the smoking populus. "May I bum a cigarette?" That was a surefire way to start any conversation. "I left mine at home." Or, "I, trying to stop smoking, but I've just got to have a cigarette." "Oh? You smoke Kools?" "No, thank you — I tried them last summer, but I found out that I couldn't breathe, so I had to give them up." That was a cinch for eliciting sympathy, which, in certain classes, was, on occasion, direly needed.

Matches could serve unusual purposes. Have you ever needed a foreboding and sincere student enthralled by the art of listening and note-taking by asking for a light, even though you could tell that he wouldn't

know how to ignite the logs in a fireplace on a cold and snowy day?

Ah! For the joys of days gone by, when smoking wasn't simply a pleasurable social (or antisocial, depending on your point of view) activity but an act of insurgency as well; when, as the professor stood at his cockpit of authority at the head of the class, you could challenge his authority by the simple, noisy act of rummaging for cigarettes, getting up to get ashtrays, and then, raring back, by exhaling long and intimidating puffs in smoky splendor, coolly ignoring whatever he was saying.

Do you remember the times when a prof lit his pipe (a little vice he picked up in the Harvard class of '44, no doubt) and you felt an illicit and novel camaraderie with him for the first time in your life? Can you recall the sweet

victory of arguing down the professor or the professor-to-be in the next seat, and, when flushed and drained by the vehemence and success of your stance, a cigarette was your laurel wreath; or your sole consolation when your argument lost?

Yes, friends, the no-smoking ban has marked the end of an era, a spirit, a golden age. But, it was, alas, inevitable. The Surgeon General's warnings in the sixties that "cigarettes may be," and then, "are dangerous to your health," were the first real indication of a new and growing trend. I remember my mother's prophecy when they took the lucrative advertising of cigarettes off television that the end was near. When N.C. State passed its no-smoking ban, I knew it was at hand. Have you ever known UNC to let State remain number one in anything for long?

Oddly enough, the smoking ban was in effect last semester, but no one seemed to care. I remember sitting in Constitutional History, taught by a professor in the law school, puffing to my heart's content. And Mr. Semonche wasn't too shy about lighting his pipe either. But this semester, it's like the plagues of Job revisited. No smoking here. No smoking there. "Young lady, that won't be tolerated here; this is an institution of higher learning." And now I read in the DTH that smoking in class may become a Campus Code offense! For four years I have resisted cheating, stealing notes and other people's possessions, and now I find that they could convict me for smoking in class!

So, as I sit whacking gum and blowing bubbles into the face of Professor UNC like a teenager of the fifties and scanning the editorial page of the DTH in vain for comforting words of protestation, obscenity and outrage over the no-smoking ban, I allow myself a few momentary lapses into nostalgia. I have been temporarily rescued from the ravages of lung cancer. Now if there was only a way to escape the earthquake...

Dawn Maria Clayton is a senior journalism major from Roxboro, N.C.



letters

Critics, pinkos and ticket vigils

To the editor:

I feel that I must take exception to the review in the Jan. 15 DTH of the production of "1776." Your critic is afraid to be too critical for fear of being labeled "un-American"; as a Scotsman I do not fear this label, and yet I would be ashamed to be given it, for I am a veritable Americanophile. The production in question was an excellent performance, and one cannot help but ask, "By what standards does Rick Sebak make his judgments of theatrical art?" Has he experience of New York's Broadway or London's West End or Edinburgh's King's or Lyceum? I think not, for if he had I feel sure that he would have realized that the pace of "1776" was not "uncomfortably slow," and that it would have received the same acclaim in the theatrical cities of the world that it did in Memorial Hall.

But for Sebak's main criticism, he correctly states the strengths and weaknesses of Tuesday's production, and his last paragraph gives a more positive finish; thank you.

It has become fashionable for student critics to find flaws in the arts, even when these flaws are invented or exaggerated, merely to attempt to prove a discerning mind. We will not believe in a "discerning mind" which does not do justice to a performance such as "1776."

Robin McWilliam
17 Old East

Live history

To the editor:

We have noticed in the past that for each review in the DTH, the theater critic is intent on making all productions sound bad, whether or not the production was. The critic needs to be more informed on play productions before he attempts his critiques.

The most recent example of this "criticism" is the article in the January 15 DTH concerning the play "1776." We felt the performance was excellent and gave us a picture of American history that one doesn't normally see. History "came alive" in the play.

We wish to thank the company for such an excellent production. We thoroughly enjoyed it.

Lori Lewis
Bey McLain
217 Connor

Bozos

To the editor:

I was pleased with Wednesday's front page. There, between confusion, complaints and quaking earth, was our rock Bozo, two days early for basketball tickets. It was nice to see him there with all of the amenities of home — bed, Bud, buddy Wick and boob tube. Cozy. And two days early.

Of course, Bozo's exceptional. But there were a lot of people who slept in the cold Saturday night, judging from the number of mattresses on Carmichael's front porch Sunday morning. And yet, assuming that Bozo and friends asked for bleacher seats, I had just as much chance to get the seats that they'll sit in Sunday as they did, for I also got a bleacher ticket in a group with three friends. And I went at 9:00 Sunday morning.

Bozo and his friends who go early don't really hurt anything. Their numbers are relatively small; they take up few seats. They could only hurt the

system by causing a panic — something students were too smart to fall for. This time, anyway.

Who knows, I may even sit next to Bozo for the State game. Then we'll cheer together. But he went days early, and I just several hours so. Think about it before you panic and freeze your tail unnecessarily for Maryland tickets. Go Heels!

Dave Reeves
357 James

Sing along with John Cardinal Krol

To the editor:

Recently, in Rome, John Cardinal Krol said that giving power to the Communists is "like playing Russian roulette."

"Communism is materialistic and atheistic," he said. "It looks at world domination."

I wish Sen. George McGovern believed that, along with the band playing the tune that anti-Communism

is crazy. Sen. Frank Church heads this group, a band that always plays liberal songs. I prefer to sing along with John Cardinal Krol. What about you?

Douglas Keith
4297 Main St.
Perry, Ohio 440881

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The Daily Tar Heel

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Edwards
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HEEL



"ONE! JUST GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULD BELIEVE YOU...."