

Joni Peters

You're holding a 66-page newspaper in your hands. It's the largest *DTH* anyone can remember. There are five sections, each one headed up by an editor.

There is, however, one editor in charge of the entire operation. To this person has fallen the task of organizing the paper, of persuading the staff to return to school early and of overseeing the slow-but-sure production of this mammoth *Daily Tar Heel*.

This editor is not the person whom the students elected last February to head up the *DTH*. Her name is Joni Peters; it's in the upper-left-hand corner of page six in the Perspective section. She's a senior and this is her last issue.

Joni worked in the composition shop for just over a year and was assistant managing editor for four months. Last January she became managing editor and held the job until April, which is about as long as anyone with any sense can hold out.

Not having suffered enough, she took the job of editor of the summer *Tar Heel*. When the regular editor couldn't make it back for this Orientation issue, Joni assumed responsibility for it, too. She's worked on it for a month; she's worried about it, she's laughed about it, she's screamed about it and, although no one knows for sure, she's probably cried about it. She's done a beautiful job.

As managing editor of the *Daily Tar Heel* and as editor of the summer paper, Joni has been the boss of dozens of people. Most managing editors can get along with the staff and get the job done of printing the newspaper. But is there anyone who just "gets along" with Joni? Is there anyone who doesn't like her and enjoy working with her? If there is, I'd like to know who and I'd like to know why.

Joni has run the paper remarkably well. For the staff, she is kind and gracious and sociable; for the readers, she gets the paper out on time.

Joni, I've worked with you for more than a year and a half, which is about as long as anyone else has, I suppose. We tell ourselves that we're professional newspapermen and that we shouldn't pat each other on the back in print but there wasn't a chance in God's green Earth that I'd miss this opportunity. I won't recount all the things you've done for this paper but I will say this: as the size of the Orientation paper grew and grew, the situation started to look a bit desperate. While others fretted, there you were, organizing, plotting and working. You motivated some people to work and you picked up the slack from others.

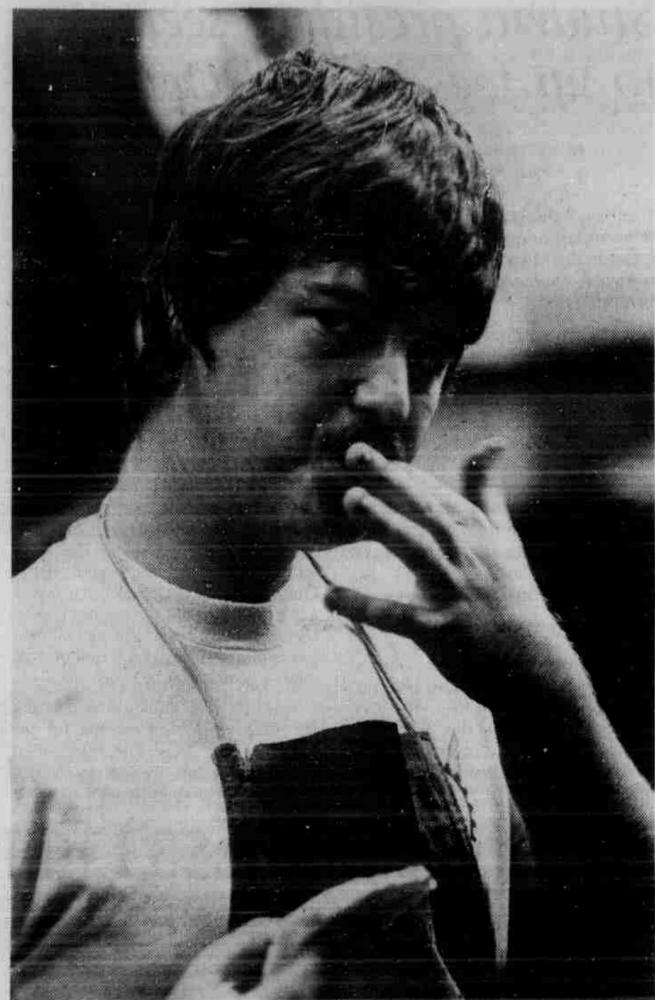
Well, Joni, here it is Thursday morning, and your five-section, 66-page newspaper is on the streets... on time.

We did the national championship paper and the election night paper and I know how proud you are of them, as well you should be. But you've got to admit: on your last paper, you did your best job.

See you in the funny pages, kid.



Staff photos by L. C. Barbour



Steve Hartley

Joni Peters put together this 66-page newspaper. Steve Hartley printed it. Just as he has for four years.

How does a person describe Steve Hartley? A dozen adjectives come to mind, but the first is cocky. Whereas some men are cocky and aren't worth a plug nickel, Steve is cocky and knows what he's doing. Running a newspaper press is a skilled trade and Steve has mastered it. The problem is that, like Joni, Steve has decided to try something else.

I'd be a liar if I said I'm not worried. Steve, working for Hinton Press in Mebane, has done well by this paper. Many times he could have made a standard negative of an inferior picture and let it run in the *Daily Tar Heel* as just that — an inferior picture. But he hasn't; Steve takes the time to shoot and reshoot our pictures until they print as well as he can make them print. That's not just doing a job. That's taking pride in a job.

He takes the same care and shows the same dedication in the running of the press. It's fascinating to watch him in action, once the press starts throwing out the *DTH* at the rate of 100 per minute. There are at least two dozen ink adjustments for each page of the paper, which means that, for this issue, Steve has had to make adjustments in 1,500 places.

Steve gets involved in his work. Those who read the first page of the sports section of this issue won't realize that he made four plates for that page; each of the first three had something wrong with it, and he took the time to take the plate off of the press and make another one. When Steve gets mad at himself, it doesn't fluster him; it makes his work better.

But those of us at the *DTH* will remember Steve for the company he was. He kept us laughing all the time. They weren't your ordinary jokes, either; they were crude, bawdy jokes that, combined with Steve's cockiness and Devil-may-care style, turned staid, reserved males of the *DTH* staff into the loudest laughers in the group. I really can't tell any of his stories but, please, look at the pictures and use your imagination. Surely you can almost perceive the Steve Hartley we know and respect.

The best of luck, Steve; we're going to miss you.

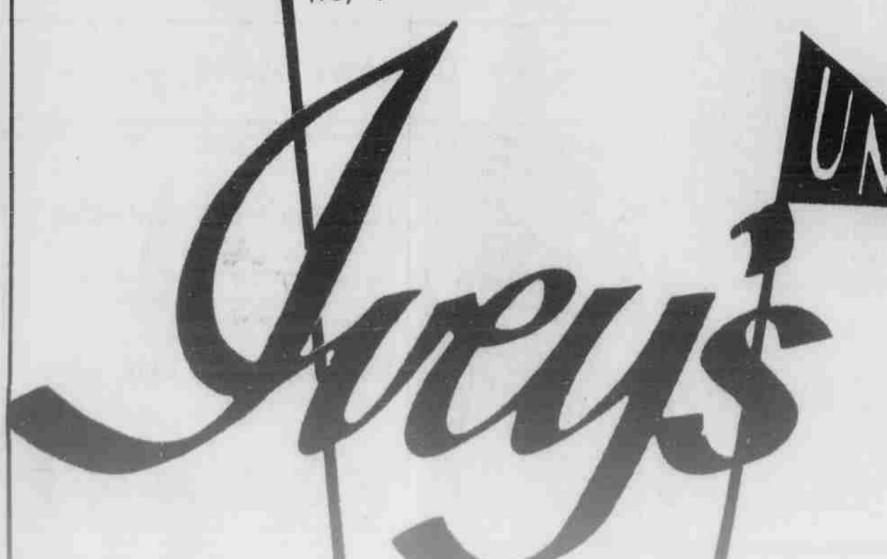
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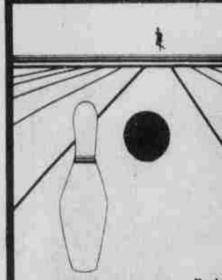
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