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Science and satire meet

When the Food and Drug Administration banned saccharin last spring after a team of Canadian scientists claimed it produced bladder cancer in rats, most Americans considered the FDA's decision inane and downright ridiculous.

We snickered as we heard reports that told us we would have to consume 11 bottles of liquid sweetener per day for the rest of our lives to simulate the saccharine-saturated diet of the Canadian rats. Newspaper columnists and cartoonists poked a lot of fun at the researchers by creating new and fabulous experiments based on the FDA principle and depicting bloated rats and silly humans.

But it was not until recently that two scientists came up with an appropriate satire on such large-dosage experiments. Dr. George E. Moore of Denver General Hospital and his colleague, Dr. William N. Palmer, announced in the August issue of the *American Medical Association Journal*, "Money Causes Cancer: Ban It."

The two doctors, respected in the field of cancer research, produced cancer in rats by placing sterilized dimes in a cavity of the rats' abdomens. The two experimenters said their findings showed without a doubt that federal officials should "convene an emergency meeting for the purpose of removing all coins from circulation."

Later, removing their tongues from their respective cheeks, the researchers admitted their purpose was to dramatize the "string of inane pronouncements on cancer dangers" by the Food and Drug Administration. They called the cancer-related policies set by federal officials "nonsense."

The Federation of American Scientists, however, did not seem to appreciate the satire. In a recent newsletter devoted to the subject of "animal ethics," the group ran an article entitled "Scientists Describe Pointless Experiment." The article quotes one unnamed scientist as saying the satiric experiment was a "misuse of cancer funds and of laboratory animals to make a humorous point."

It is unclear whether Moore and Palmer used federal funds in their experiment, but it is clear that many scientists have been locked in the lab too long to appreciate good satire. Apparently the federation members never appreciated Jonathan Swift — or maybe they read him so long ago they have forgotten what satire is all about. Satire is one of the best remedies for societal illnesses ever invented, and it's good to see that at least two scientists have lost neither their sense of humor nor their feel for diagnosing and curing social ills.

Wolfe's magic feted in Raleigh, not Pulpit Hill

"A destiny that leads the English to the Dutch is strange enough; but one that leads from Epsom into Pennsylvania, and thence into the hills that shut in Altamont over the proud coral cry of the cock, and the soft stone smile of an angel, is touched by that dark miracle of chance which makes new magic in a dusty world."

Destiny led a Tom Wolfe to Chapel Hill but led his enthusiasts to Raleigh over the past two days.

St. Mary's College in Raleigh hosted a two-day "Wolfe Fest" Monday and Tuesday, the third in as many years.

John Griffin spoke on Wolfe's S.C. relatives and his travel between Asheville and Anderson, S.C. Writer Carole Klein shared anecdotes of Wolfe's patron and lover, Aline Bernstein, the subject of her biography to be published next month. Wolfe's nephew, Effie's son, a medical doctor, spoke on the causes of Wolfe's death.

Fred Wolfe, brother of Thomas, Luke Gant in *Look Homeward, Angel*, spoke yesterday of memories of his brother Tom.

Perhaps the most moving presentation of all was "The Search for the Angel," a multimedia slide and music show produced by UNC grad and former *Yack* editor Mark Dearmon. This presentation featured excerpts from *Look Homeward, Angel*, to music and photographs of the western North Carolina mountains that fenced in young Eugene Gant's mind, which always sought the golden horizon beyond the hills that rimmed Altamont.

St. Mary's has a permanent exhibition which features copies of Wolfe's manuscripts and photographs of all the persons important to Wolfe.

Throughout the festival, Wolfe's N.C. heritage was emphasized; particularly his days as an undergraduate here on the Chapel Hill campus, Pulpit Hill in *Look Homeward, Angel*.

Were it not for the Civil War, said John Griffin, W.O. Gant might never have come South and the world might never have known Thomas Wolfe.

And were it not for St. Mary's College, and the admiration its faculty holds for a literary giant we consider to be "our native son," the memory and magic of Thomas Wolfe would not be as strong today, in a time when it has been popular to disparage Thomas Wolfe as an "unreeling" writer.

The Daily Tar Heel

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No University responsibility

Change may lead to proctor, not honor, system

By T. L. ISENHOUR

Editor's Note: These remarks were made to the Educational Policy Committee at an open hearing Monday on proposed revisions of the Honor Code.

I am pleased to have the opportunity to address the Educational Policy Committee of the Faculty Council on the proposed plan to modify the honor system. I know the Committee on Student Conduct has worked long and hard on the plan and I am in favor of parts of it. However, I am shocked and disappointed by the proposal to remove the requirement that students report violators. If Proposal No. 1 is implemented, the Honor Code will, in my opinion, have effectively been put to death without a proper burial. To shift responsibility to the faculty and remove it from the student body and then claim we have an honor system instead of a proctor system is "Newspeak" worthy of George Orwell's 1984.

As much as any person on this campus, I want the honor system to work. Many aspects of the new plan are good and represent a lot of hard work on the part of the committee. But while this plan does not mean to, it removes the only chance we have to make the honor system work and that is to view the student who does not report cheating as being in the same category as the cheaters. The concept that the faculty share in ensuring academic integrity is already in effect throughout most of the campus. For the administration to make a real campaign to increase this effectiveness would be very desirable. Suggestions that penalties be increased seem quite appropriate and may be effective also. However, how can we expect an

already harassed, cynical and in many cases apathetic faculty to take seriously the idea that the full responsibility for student honesty should be shifted to them?

Furthermore, I find no reference (in the proposed changes) to the University's responsibility. No statement has been made as to whether faculty members will be supported when they try to work with the system. Over the last three years, three members of my faculty have been the subject of abuse, harassment and threats because they tried to work with the system. When one of them sought backing from the University he was given the standard run-around. The committee's document contains statements on the responsibility of the faculty, and the responsibility of the students, but none of the responsibility of the University. Unless the University is going to come out and state unequivocally that it will support its staff in the performance of their duties, the faculty at large will never back any system in these modern, sadly litigious times.

The drafters of this document are clearly sincere in their desire to improve the honor system. But I most sincerely believe that if Proposal No. 1 is implemented we will have irreversibly and tragically transformed our honor system into a proctor system. If this is to be done, let us admit our defeat openly.

I do not question the validity of the student surveys that indicate students do not believe that the requirement to report cheaters is being completely effective. However, I do not believe this is justification for doing away with the requirement any more than the popular conception that most people cheat on their income tax is justification for doing away with laws

requiring accurate reporting of income. Rather, I think the administration of the University and the faculty should take a strong stand in favor of the honor system and encourage students at every turn to get involved and make it work.

For two years I served on the disciplinary committee of a college of 23,000 students that had done away with student responsibility and placed it on the faculty. I sat on every case in the college for these two years. The abuses seemed no less frequent and the student attitude was even more cynical than what we have on this campus. However, all the advantages and freedoms of those who would practice the honor system were missing. I think we are greatly in danger of throwing out the baby with the bath water.

I urge the committee to recommend in favor of the increased penalties and to consider modifying the student court when that proposition comes forth. I urge the committee to stand in opposition to transferring responsibility from the student body to the faculty.

Finally, I urge the administration of the University to take a strong and open stand in favor of academic honesty; to promise support of the faculty and students who will pursue it. I urge the Office of Student Affairs to vigorously implement the honor system, and I urge the faculty to work with the administration and student body toward the goal of an open, honest academic environment in which students can pursue their studies and faculty, their careers.

T.L. Isenhour is chairperson of the chemistry department.

Letters to the editor

Professor demands 'no more bullshit' on drop policy

To the editor:

Having attended the recent Faculty Council meeting, I find the recent *Tar Heel* editorial on the drop period appalling. I know several members of the Educational Policy Committee, and they have never impressed me as being "all-powerful" as the *Tar Heel* has suggested. In fact, the only power the committee has is to make recommendations to the Faculty Council and, so far as I know, they have never exercised this power previously. I believe that the *Tar Heel* editors are lacking either in the will or the knowledge to interpret the available data on the issue of the drop period. Certainly the student body has voted with its feet when no students appeared at the Educational Policy Committee's open meeting for students and only 30 appeared at the *Tar Heel*'s widely advertised meeting following an editorial appeal. As to the recent "systematic random telephone survey," I do not understand how a survey can be both systematic and random and I question its validity.

The *Tar Heel* has repeatedly denied that the purpose of an extended drop period is to permit the student to drop a course if it appears that he will not obtain as high a grade as he might desire. Despite this denial, the *Tar Heel* reports of panic dropping, of having to make a decision before the first quiz, and of professors feeling forced to give a quiz before the end of the drop period. To this I would repeat a popular student phrase of a few years back: NO MORE BULLSHIT

Elliot M. Cramer
Department of Psychology

Editor's Note:

• The *Daily Tar Heel* never held a meeting on the drop period. We did support and cover a meeting set up by the Campus Governing Council. This meeting drew 30, as you say, in spite of the *World Series*, midterms and a poor meeting time.

• The *Daily Tar Heel* was not the perpetrator of the "systematic and random" survey. None of our arguments were based on this survey. Our own survey, completed

when the question of the four-week drop first came up, was based on a valid model prepared in the UNC School of Journalism.

• We do in fact have both the knowledge and the will. The editor of this newspaper campaigned for his position. One of the planks of his platform was opposition to the present drop policy. He went door-to-door talking to students for a solid month. The sentiment was overwhelmingly against the four-week drop period.

• Your semantic quibbling aside, a random sample can only be gained by a scientific and systematic procedure.

• We have said again and again and again that there is more to the drop decision than grade consideration—not that grade considerations are absent. You prove once

again the council's only concern is GRADES.

• We agree with you that too much bullshit has been coming down, to use a current phrase, but nonetheless our libertarian values require us to print your letter.

Suit misunderstanding

To the editor:

There have been a few misunderstandings about my recent Supreme Court suit that I would like to correct.

I did not file the suit to enable the CGC to immediately raise fees. The suit was filed to solve a legal problem regarding referenda. I

am for a vote on raising fees, best illustrated by my introduction of a bill to provide for a vote on Nov. 16. I would oppose any effort to raise fees without a vote by the student body.

Although I personally favor an increase, I will not vote for an increase in the CGC unless a majority of voters in my district (Upper Quad, Henderson Residence College) approve the referendum.

Finally, I encourage anyone in my district with any questions to contact me in Suite C or at my room (105 Manly).

Chip Cox
CGC District 13

Once Upon A Time...

...THERE WAS A YOUNG STUDENT...

His father didn't care about him...

His mother didn't care about him either...



But then, the student didn't care, either...



So, they lived happily ever after...



The End

The saga of the Noonies, among other things

By JIM PATE

Anyone familiar with the lost and miserable lives led by those who have admitted before the face of God and their fellow men that they have let marijuana foul their lips — persons like Frank Zappa, Will Geer and John Denver — knows of the total depravity that pot can inject into your soul. Among our college-age children today, the age group with the highest suicide rate, marijuana is the third leading cause of insanity, after masturbation and looking for a parking place.

It has stolen into the lifeblood of our intelligentsia in the dastardly form of religious cult. I was but an innocent freshman when the so-called High Noon Society formally organized in Chapel Hill and now, "Noonies," as members are called, threaten every aspect of American life that we hold sacred.

As many know from the national press, Noonies have no minds of their own, are forced to do the bidding of their leaders, made to walk long distances without sleep and smoke the Devil's mixture. All the initiates return to campus zombie-like, forsaking their family ties and forgetting to call their mothers after class.

However, I was no leader, only a follower and, to my good fortune, soon a backslider. Before I renounced my convictions, however, the Society assembled over 300 Noonies at the Bell Tower for the celebration of an international high mass, with faithful attending from High Noon Societies in Toronto, Edinburgh, Tehran and western Chatham County. My suitemate, Ezra, who had also been led astray, had composed a song in his young zeal, which we sang before the congregation.

The day of the high mass, scores of

photographers were on the roof of Wilson Library, taking our picture, and some were even so irreverent as to come in our midst during meditation and prayers to take snaps. The Society's picture was splashed across the front page of the *Susanne and Disturber* the next day with a feature story that began with three verses from Ezra's song.

Ezra's momma and daddy down in the sandy flatlands couldn't have recognized our faces in the picture, but his momma picked out her son's songwriting style instantly. He got a phone call that day while several of the faithful were sharing the Gospel in his room.

I think I remember he lost interest in the Society about that time, too.

There was a slight public uproar then similar to the one experienced when the High Noon Society had its recent revival. But there was, sadly enough, nothing of any significance to put a stop to this cursed dread... and the fault for it all goes back to the way we raise our kids nowadays.

My daddy had a second cousin down in Bladen County who is a classic example. Billy Wheaton still lives in the one-horse town, Black Ankle, where he and my father spent their boyhood together. Black Ankle is pushed up against a dogleg in the Cape Fear River by Ashpole Swamp (pronounced "swomp" by the inhabitants). The residents still are noted for the moonshine they make. Folks say the community got its name because every time one of the community fathers went "downtown" to check his place of business, his ankles were always black when he came back.

Billy Wheaton is a preacher now, the only surviving son of a rumrunner, who, in the 20s, invested a moonshining business in a boat and began to bring Jamaican overproof

white rum from Port Antonio to Wilmington and then up the Cape Fear River to the wooded banks of his farm. When Billy received word at the seminary of his two brothers' simultaneous deaths in Germany during World War II, he reportedly said, "I guess someone up there must like me."

Dad told me when he was visiting Billy as a small boy, old Mr. Wheaton had caught Billy's momma behind the barn smoking a cigarette.

A lot of extraneous activity went on behind the barn before the advent of the automobile.

Anyway, Dad said Mr. Wheaton made his wife smoke eight cigars in rapid succession as a punishment for her vile act, after which he forced her to wear out a chaw of Black Maria plug so she'd get any thought of tobacco out of her system. She repented of her sins pretty quickly, began to exorcise herself vigorously and was sent to bed without supper.

Billy was sent to boarding school to "straighten him out" shortly after his father caught him drunk for the first time. Billy told my dad he drank himself silly while a prep, which is when he saw the light and was "saved."

So now Billy is the preacher at the United Kingdom Free Will Guiding Light Roll-Em-Down-the-Aisle Holy Mail Order Primitive Church, for which the sanctuary was donated by his father.

Billy Wheaton's son, Thurly, is my third cousin, once removed. His daddy wanted to send Thurly Wheaton off for a serious college education. He knew Chapel Hill is full of drug-crazed atheistic lunatic liberals and he wanted Thurly to go to a more respected institution of higher learning — so he sent Thurly to East Carolina.

Thurly came home two weekends ago and caused quite a stir in the household with his

religious transformation.

Looking almost as if he was conducting a serious revival, the Rev. Wheaton was in a throbbing-templed, red-jowled lather when he finally got his telephone call completed that Saturday morning. After tying Thurly in a chair and assembling his wife, his six-year-old daughter and their black maid, Gracie, in the living room where he could keep an eye on them, he phoned the doctor in Fayetteville.

"Hello, Cape Fear Valley Hospital? Let me speak to Dr. Fritz O'Skinnerick in psychopharmacology," he brayed into the phone.

"Hello, Dr. O'Skinnerick, this is the Rev. Billy Wheaton Black Ankle." He nervously fingered a pencil and began to doodle flowers on a notepad.

"Doctor, I'm worried about the household. You see, my son, Thurly, came home from college this weekend and secretly baked some marijuana into the pancakes this morning. I didn't eat as much as the rest of the family but they're acting right strange-like."

"The first symptom, Doc, was when I began to feel this strange tenderness for my wife, Annie-Mae — the kind of tenderness I haven't felt for years. She seemed all soft and girlish again."

"Then I noticed that the colors in the living room were so rich and beautiful, I didn't even feel like watching the NFL *Game of the Week* on our color TV. I felt this strange coziness, this odd contentment."

The Rev. Billy Wheaton took off his glasses, wiped his brow and then tossed the glasses haphazardly on the table.

"Altogether, Doc, it was one of the most frightening experiences of my life."

Jim Pate, a junior, is a journalism major from Fairmont, N.C.