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The Daily Tar Heel

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Proctoring needed to make new Honor Code effective

The Educational Policy Committee's (EPC) decision Monday to support deletion of the "rat clause" from the Honor Code and yet oppose a proposal for faculty proctoring during exams is at best puzzling.

On one hand the EPC is favoring releasing students from formal obligation to turn in peers they see cheating. Yet, at the same time, the committee fails to fill the consequent void of enforcement by refusing to make faculty members responsible for protecting academic integrity of the University.

The committee is correct in supporting the Committee on Student Conduct's (COSC) recommended deletion of the "rat clause" which requires a student to report all Honor Code violations observed by him. A 1976 survey on cheating done by sociology Professor John Reed reported that 88 percent of UNC students said they believed this clause to be ineffective. The committee is also on target in supporting the recommendation that reporting of Honor Code violations be retained as a moral obligation for students.

But by refusing to approve the COSC recommendation for mandatory faculty proctoring, the EPC has in effect taken the punch out of the proposed Honor Code changes. If it is acknowledged that students are not ultimately responsible for reporting violations, then this responsibility has to be shifted elsewhere. If it is not, any kind of "honor" system would be less effective than the present one — if that is possible.

The EPC waters down the COSC recommendation for proctoring by suggesting instead a system where a faculty member *may* be present in a classroom during an exam if he or students in the class feel his presence is necessary. Or, the EPC recommends, Student Government could designate students to be present in a classroom during an exam if requested or necessary.

In short, the Educational Policy Committee will present a "non-honor" system to the Faculty Council's December meeting if the recommendations contained in the committee's rough draft are retained. Under the proposal, faculty responsibility for monitoring honor code violations will be arbitrary and irregular. Some professors will decide to proctor and perhaps a few students will ask them to remain in class. What more than likely will occur, however, is that both professors and students will shirk their responsibility to uphold the Honor Code, and violations will continue.

The EPC contends that faculty proctoring would encourage an adversary relationship between students and teachers and resulting cynicism could lead to more cheating. But 27 of 42 professors contacted in a recent *Daily Tar Heel* straw poll said they favor faculty proctoring as an alternative to the present system if students are allowed, but not required, to turn in students. In addition, the 1976 Reed survey also supported the truism that students are more tempted to cheat when they are in large classes with no faculty supervision. The professors in the straw poll also said they felt the mere presence of an instructor in the classroom reduces cheating.

The Educational Policy Committee should not delete the "rat clause" and leave nothing in its place. The EPC is misreading campus opinion if it thinks that instituting faculty proctoring would be a slap in students' and faculty members' faces. We need a revised honor code — but one that still retains provisions for effective and consistent enforcement of the academic reputation of this University.

By not recommending faculty proctoring to the Faculty Council in December, the Educational Policy Committee clearly will be passing the buck. We hope the Faculty Council recognizes this and reinstates the original COSC proposal for faculty proctoring. If the council does not, the "Honor Code" will remain only in name, not in fact.

Years younger from the experience

The effect of Einstein's law on college students and speeding muons

By JIM PATE

Time's a-wastin' and I'm going to waste some of yours right now.

It takes a lot of time to be sentimental about something, and I must admit that it will be a while before I'm sentimental about my days at Carolina. I've fathomed space somewhat (I'm filling it up right now), as most people do today while in college, but the element of time, since it rules virtually everything we do in Chapel Hill, in particular has puzzled me.

I get especially confused when it comes to time changes, as in the recent switch from daylight-saving to standard time. This year was different, though.

Last Saturday night a fraternity brother, after spending two hours trying to explain to me how daylight-saving time worked, finally laid it on the line. He said that if the time came to change the clock and I still hadn't figured it out from the notes he gave me I was to call President William Friday, because he was an expert at changing times as well as deadlines, and besides, he was always willing to talk to students.

Of course, brothers aren't supposed to lie to each other, so when 2:30 a.m. rolled around and I was still agonizing over what to do because I didn't want to be late for Sunday school, I had to give up and call Mr. Friday. Well, he wasn't quite the expert that I thought he was, but he did tell me what to do with my clock.

But overall, even though I had the rare opportunity to relieve the same hour, college has made me especially aware that the less one has to do, the less time one finds to do it. Take going to classes, for instance. There's never enough time to get everything done in college; unlike money and class computer tickets, time cannot be counterfeited.

My days at UNC have been exceedingly impulsive ones and, like so many who have a test coming up tomorrow and find something they'd

rather do than study, there's nothing to alleviate the agony like the spur of the moment. Many, many times I've been cramming frantically for exams, sweating painfully under the merciless advance of the clock, and have been seized by an impulse to do something to relieve the anxiety.

I am forced to consider my options: A) Like the little moron, I could throw the clock out of the window, B) I could throw myself out the window, C) I could throw horseshoes.

Anyway, I inevitably give into something (besides studying) because as always, the flight of time is goaded on by the spur of the moment.

College has taught me to look for timesavers, i.e. anything that saves expense and trouble, like love at first sight. But at Carolina, the thing that has taken up the least amount of my time but has caused me the most trouble is sex: there are so many beautiful women — and there is so little time.

But college drags on for me and the time is like women, pigs and my granddaddy's mule; the more you want it to go, the more it won't.

So what will I be when I finally graduate from college but an idler who has spent his time studying. Life is too short for such stuff and the time we spend yawning can never be regained.

It's no wonder to me that I can't get too sentimental about good ole UNC. Carolina is not the same institution that our parents attended — it's not the same in a lot of ways. And our parents did not live fast or grow up with The Bomb.

The issues and the courses in college now are different, approached with an entirely different frame of mind. Science and art, Einstein and Picasso, have painted and defined the world we now live in, leaving their indelible marks upon all who came after them.

So if no longer follows, necessarily, that fast living sends one to an early grave, if this were so

we'd all be dead. Even the adage about burning the candle at both ends doesn't follow logically anymore. Because besides breeding atoms Einstein's theory of relativity also hypothesized, though in a much more complicated way, that the faster one goes, the longer one lasts.

Recently, 12 European scientists proved in practice what "Dr. Atomic's" theory predicted on scraps of paper. Using subatomic particles called muons, which when stationary have a life of only two microseconds, the scientists proved in a Geneva particle-physics laboratory that space travelers of the future probably will return to earth to find their great-grandchildren long dead from old age.

The muons were made to simulate a space journey by circling a storage ring at a velocity of 99.4 percent of the speed of light. By racing in circles, these muons increased their life spans 32 times, living for 64 microseconds and coming within 0.2 percent of the amount Einstein predicted. Applied to the average life span of a human (say, 70 years), this would mean people dying at the rotten old age of 2,240.

But this kind of thing could present all sorts of insurmountable problems. How could someone (forced to) retire at age 70 and then spend the next 20 centuries fishing and putting around the garden, if there are any gardens or any fish left then. And if someone is a dirty old man at 70, just think of the far-reaching implications — reaching everywhere and everything and probably grabbing right much.

But return your mind for a moment, if you can, to the real world of today's college campus. It would seem only logical that if a vast increase in speed produces extreme longevity, then smaller increases in speed must increase one's existence by a correspondingly smaller amount.

If muons live longer by running in circles, just think what great advantages this must give the college student. Consider how much younger we all must be from just a few normal college activities like pre-registration, registration and

Greek rush.

If we compound these with looking for a parking place, football weekends and trying to obtain a good ticket to a basketball game, it would seem that the longer one stayed in college, the younger one would become. It's indeed delightful to think that perhaps I might really be young enough to enjoy my children by the time they get to college; if I remain a professional student, I'll still be young enough for the kids and me to become true drinking buddies, and I'll be

able to tell them every side on campus.

Although I've been in Chapel Hill for four years and still am only a junior, I no longer feel ashamed of bidding my precious time, for I'm sure that I am at least a couple of years younger from my experiences, for what is college except running around in circles like a bunch of muons?

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

letters to the editor

Police should enforce every ordinance consistently

TOWARD
THE DAILY TAR HEEL



intention to "pull a trick" on anybody at this University as far as originality is concerned. Absolutely any excuse I have for the three examples of "borrowing characters" will perhaps come off as less than justified to some people; yet there are reasons. In the past year and a half, I have taken on the job of cranking out 67 cartoon strips ("Highrise Lowlife" took an average of between three and four hours a night — pains were taken not only in dialogue and illustrations but even in the special paper and border tape used) and well over 100 illustrations and single-panel cartoons, both editorial and pertaining to accompanying articles. As much as I enjoy pure pen and ink illustrations, I took on the added task of trying to make them humorous (ever tried to do an illustration to make an article on pregnancy tests *funny*?). Anyway, the point of all this is not to elicit the playing of violin music or to jerk crocodile tears from your eyes, but to make a different point: not only have I turned out almost 200 illustrations, but I have not been entirely wise in using my better judgement as to when I had time enough to do them. In the past year and a half I have turned down only one request to do an illustration for the paper. Almost every request reaches me in the early evening the night before the paper comes out. I am not particularly talented — each illustration takes quite a while to do. My "tendency over the past semester...to blatantly stealing" has occurred three times within the past few weeks only. *I have not and never intend on stealing captions, entire cartoons, and most importantly, ideas from anybody.* The characters I have borrowed have simply been that, gentlemen — characters — incorporated into a larger cartoon that in no way resembles the ideas and/or humor of Mr. Kliban — or anybody else

for that matter. My compromise in originality has come about only through recent pressures of time coupled with my desire to make somebody somewhere laugh during a break between the excitement of their General Parasitology lab and their Introduction to Fluid Dynamics class.

But I do admit to a judgmental error. For this reason, I respectfully will resign my position as an illustrator and cartoonist for the *DTH* if anyone else feels as insulted as you three gentlemen. However, if anyone feels that my efforts in the past 18 months have been those of something else than a thieving charlatan, I would appreciate your response to either myself or the editor — with the promise that rather than be less than entirely original, I will turn down any request that would require more than the hour or two of free time needed.

As to Mr. Vogelbach, Rubinsohn and Clough's delightfully clever suggestion that I might next draw Snoopy, somehow it seems that had I indeed included the beagle in one of my cartoons, it probably would have failed to elicit the outrage illustrated in your letter from even the staunchest of Peanuts fans.

L. Poole
3-D University Gardens

Loaded cartoon

To the editor:

Brady's cartoon in Tuesday's *Tar Heel* regarding the drama program at UNC contains, in reverse order, a truth, a half-truth and an insult.

Panel three illustrates a universal alternative: you can always go somewhere else.

Panel one contains the insult: None of the students, undergraduate or graduate, and none of the actresses hired by the PRC are fairly represented by the low-plunge lady to Housman's

Signed by 17 concerned residents of Aycock Dorm

Crying wolf

To the editor:

On Friday, November 4 at 12:15 a.m., the residents of Lower Quad were jolted by ear-piercing shrieks coming from the general direction of the Arboretum. In less than one minute, approximately 50 residents of Lower Quad raced in the direction of the screams only to find that the source was a few immature Manly residents. Apparently, these "boys" failed to realize that their actions endangered the safety of the female portion of the student body. If someone had been attacked twenty minutes after this incident, many might consider it an example of "the little boy who cried wolf."

We, the girls of Aycock Dorm, wish to express our appreciation and thanks to the residents of Graham, Lewis, Everett and Stacy who came to offer aid. It is reassuring to know that we are so well-protected in the case of an emergency. We hope that you won't fail to help us in the event of a real emergency just because of the perverseness of a few students on this campus. Thanks again, guys of Lower Quad!



able to tell them every side on campus. Although I've been in Chapel Hill for four years and still am only a junior, I no longer feel ashamed of bidding my precious time, for I'm sure that I am at least a couple of years younger from my experiences, for what is college except running around in circles like a bunch of muons?

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