

The Daily Tar Heel

70 Years of Editorial Freedom

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DTH Editors Offer Yet Another Service

We got a press release from somebody some time ago about a National College Queen Contest. We couldn't find any particular reason to run a news story about it, but just so we don't deprive any beautiful, intelligent and aspiring young coeds of a chance for greater aggrandizement outside the University community, we thought we'd pass along a few bits of information we were able to ferret out of the adjectives in the release.

First, the contest is judged on beauty and scholastic ability. That includes "intelligence and campus activities . . . as well as poise, personality and attractiveness." Then in big letters the release says "The Judges Are Seeking a Typical American College Girl."

Each state has a winner who will be

flown to New York for ten days on the town and the final judging. All sorts of prizes are given to everybody apparently, and the United States Grand National Champion Typical American College Girl wins a new car, a trip to Europe, clothes, a year's supply of some sort of hair stuff and various other goodies to help her remain her typical self.

Any unmarried, undergraduate woman between 18 and 22 (that's years old as opposed to other measurements germane to this type of contest) may enter, or be entered by someone else.

For all those coeds interested in being the "most typical", complete details, entry blanks and personal interviews are available on request from (and only from) one of the editors of the DTH.

Inviting An Unwanted Guest

The Chapel Hill Exchange Club is currently observing National Crime Prevention Week, and as part of their observance the members are holding a combination dinner and crime prevention program.

The Exchange Club is a civic organization dedicated to the betterment of the community, and several of the members are high ranking town officials. With this in mind, it does seem strange that the club has picked Brady's restaurant at which to hold its dinner and program.

Brady's, one of the few remaining segregated places in Chapel Hill, has been one of the major targets of the Mayor's three committees which have been and are attempting to erase, on a voluntary basis, the last vestiges of dis-

crimination in our places of public accommodation. The conscientious and civic-minded members of the Merchants Association have also tried to get these places to desegregate voluntarily, as have numerous private citizens.

And now a civic club has in effect decided to reinforce the adamant position of one of the holdouts. It is possible that the decision was not a conscious one, but that would only testify to ignorance and failure to face up to the problem on the part of the club.

One of the sad ironies of this whole affair is that the dinner and program are almost certain to draw protest from the local integration movement, and that protest will most likely take the form of a sit-in. A sit-in is technically a crime, and the club's program is on crime prevention.

More About The Author Than The Subject

The Cheraw (S.C.) Chronicle

"Human Events," an intellectually disheveled weekly report out of Washington, carried a page advertisement in recent issues urging its readers to buy Victor Lasky's distorted portrait of the late President Kennedy entitled: "J.F.K.: The Man & The Myth."

While the book masquerades as a "critical portrait", it is "critical" only in the negative sense of that word. Destructive, yes; analytical and honest, no.

The book is a mish-mash of half truth and fantasy, and it is beyond us why a reputable publishing firm would deign to print it. But publishing firms, like any other business, are out to make a buck, and we suppose there was at publication date a large enough anti-Kennedy market to guarantee a profit. There are all sorts of obscenities, and the book that seeks to lend fame and profit to its author by damaging a man's reputation unfairly is worse than many kinds of pornography that are banned from the mail.

Mr. Lasky is never content to let a

fact speak for itself. By the time he is through torturing that fact to make it fit his preconceived bias against Mr. Kennedy, you can't recognize it. The unwary are easily caught by this kind of sleazy journalism.

Mr. Lasky's volume on Kennedy may purport to tell something about our late President, but it is not biography. It is a political diatribe which reveals much more about the author than the subject. It is a disreputable effort which makes up in the sensational what it lacks in scholarship. Not the smallest, most innocent act of Mr. Kennedy escapes the innuendo, the double interpretation, or the insulting insinuation.

Being all this, it is of course no surprise that Human Events wants to give the book the widest possible circulation. If the book were an accurate or honest, though unflattering, appraisal of the President, it would still be in questionable taste to advertise it so soon after his tragic death. Being an inferior book, it was unfortunate to promote it even when the President was alive and could defend himself.

But to promote a bad book so soon after the President's death is an inexcusable breach of decent political conduct and is an insult to every American who holds the office of the Presidency in respect. The fact that the Kennedy-haters can't quit even after his death, and seek to taunt him beyond the grave, in total disregard for the feelings of his family, friends, and millions of admirers, discredits them completely.

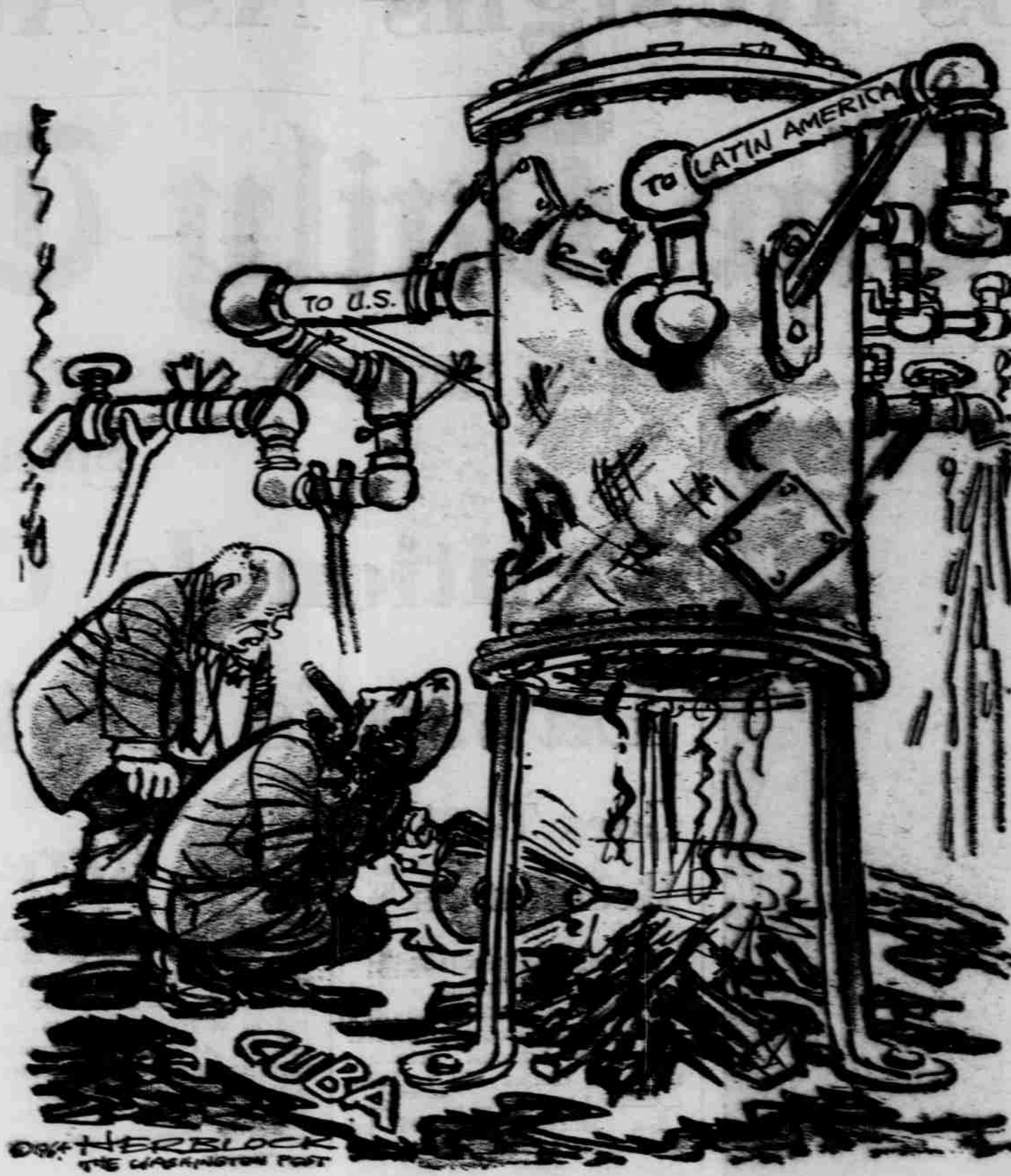
Play Tonight

Another Student Night presentation is coming up tonight, as the Carolina Playmakers open their presentation of "The Busy Martyr" at 8:30 p.m. in the Playmaker's Theatre.

Tickets for this special showing can be purchased today at Y-Court, for \$1.00 each. (Regular price for the evening performances Wednesday through Sunday and the Sunday matinee are \$2.00 each.)

We mention this because it's a good deal and we wouldn't want you to miss out on it. See you there?

"The Real Question Is, Can We Keep Them In HOT Water?"



Amateur Candidates

By JOHN JOHNSON
Daily Illini
U. of Illinois

Several weeks ago, John Glenn, whose fame is more rightfully reserved for VonBraun and others, announced his candidacy for the United States Senate. This modest action came as a relief to me, for Col. Glenn announced that he would campaign as a Democrat. As a Republican, I had been disturbed by earlier indications that he might have sought the Republican nomination for the same post. Apparently the colonel's political affiliation has been determined in the tried and proven Eisenhower manner.

The Republican party has its own embarrassing political liabilities in this present pastime of well known Americans — running for the Senate. Former pole vaulter, minister, and wealthy cereal masher Bob Richards is considering seeking ancient Californian Clair Engle's Senate seat, and the perfectionist of the split-T and 5-4 Bud Wilkinson, has resigned from his coach's post at Oklahoma, apparently to run for the Senate himself. Certainly there are no formal "requirements" for Senate candidacy, but none of these three are bulging with what one might normally refer to as "qualifications."

In 1962, when Teddy Kennedy announced that he would seek the Democratic nomination for his older brother's vacated Senate seat, it was tempting to consider this as some sort of sick joke. The joke was carried too far when young Teddy was successful in defeating George Lodge in the November election. No one expected Lodge to emerge victorious; however, it was a grave disappointment that Teddy was able to defeat the state Attorney General, Edward McCormick, in the Democratic primary contest. McCormick had soundly thrashed Teddy in a series of face to face televised debates and had an impressive public service record. The victory by Teddy, whose claim to fame was expulsion from Harvard, made a mockery of the American political system.

The sick joke in Massachusetts was unfortunately not a unique event. Already, the Ohio Democratic organization has refused to endorse their incumbent Senator,

Stephen Young, for the forth-coming primary. The rank and file of the Democratic party now has the responsibility to determine whose name shall appear on their side of the November ballot. It will be an interesting primary. Glenn is at a handicap since he does not have an Attorney General for a brother, a possible factor in Ted Kennedy's success.

Personally, this author would like to believe that American voters look at issues and records, yet

the evidence to the contrary is overwhelming. It is no longer important that a man build up a record of public service and responsibility before he is considered as an eligible candidate for the United States Senate. Before this great nation gets too much further absorbed in Gallup polls and hero worship, it had better come out of orbit, and realize that the right to vote carries the responsibility to vote in an informed and educated manner.

Sun Show Is Excellent

By HENRY McINNIS

"The Sun And You"—The Structure And Impact of Our Daytime Star. February 4-March 2.

Reclining under the "stars," you get almost moonstruck over these balls of fire. Each one is an atomic furnace and like the stars of the Hollywood variety, they grow old and lose their glow.

The small audience heard narrator James Wadsworth say that in a star's aging process, the carbon gets hotter, helium changes into carbon and then, no more star. The white dwarf stars, in their last stage before the glow dies, were shown.

The wondrous phenomenon of a sunset was depicted on the celestial ceiling and explained in terms of light from the sun being refracted through the earth's atmosphere. By far the most impressive sight offered in the show were photos taken of the explosions of gas on the sun. Photographed through a telescope during an eclipse, these fantastic fires leaping wildly out from the sun's edge were a ghastly and gassy vision of the incalculable brute force of nature.

The Zeiss planetarium flooded the heavenly domes with not only the stars, but accurate representations of man's satellites, indicating their orbital positions in relation to the familiar constellations and luminous landmarks (or should we say sky-marks).

The adept narration referred reverently to John Kennedy's memorable phrase, "sailing through the oceans of space"

and said that 1969 is the target date for Apollo's destination-moon project. A sensitive blend of the poetic, interlaced in appropriate astral images, was effectively employed with strict scientific fact, giving the program a humanistic and wistful, almost profound tone.

Stellar stories of staggering significance were related and illustrated about the stars. A few of the imponderables to ponder were:

There are over 200 billion planets in our galaxy and we on earth are only one planet.

With a billion galaxies in the universe, there are more stars than the number of all human beings who have ever lived.

We can understand somewhat how plants grow from the sun's radiation, but we can't duplicate it.

Does space have an edge and if so, where is it?

Does life exist on those other 200 billion planets? The audience was told that Werner Von Braun believes so. About the possibility of life on Mars, he said, "If life is there, we shall someday communicate with it. Then it will be like one cross plant talking to another."

It's Dizzy

LED. Note: Having seen the ridiculous snail existing currently on the Washington political scene, we have decided to endorse the one candidate who seems to stand for ideals every American is interested in—Dizzy Gillespie. In light of this decision, we give you herewith the words to the Dizzy for President official campaign song. The lyrics are by Jon Hendricks, music by Charlie Parker and old Diz himself.

"Vote Dizzy"

(Sung to the tune of "Salt Peanuts")

Intro: Vote Diz, Vote Diz, Vote Diz

Vote Dizzy! Vote Dizzy!

He'll Show You Where It Is

Vote Dizzy! Vote Dizzy!

Chorus: You want a good president who's willin' to run

Vote Dizzy! Vote Dizzy!

You Wanna Make Government a barrel of fun

Vote Dizzy! Vote Dizzy!

Your politics oughtta be a

Edward P. Morgan

America: 'God's Own Junkyard'

(Mr. Morgan can be heard each evening at 7 p.m. on WRAL radio.)

Look around you. What do you see? A man named Peter Blake, who is the editor of Architectural Forum, contends that Americans have become blind. In a book called "God's Own Junkyard," which he says was written not in anger but in fury, Blake incriminates us all in a monstrous conspiracy: the planned deterioration of the landscape of what began as and still might be restored to become again America the Beautiful. We must be blind, Blake concludes, to the hideous consequences of our legalized degradation. They are visible on

every land. We have obviously become used to them. It is the purpose of Blake's book, I suspect, to make us so conscious of them that we can't bear to look at them anymore and will then bestir ourselves to mend our ways — although it is already very late. And, after all, how much do we really care?

It is a kind of wanton lethargy about our continued public and private littering which Blake appears to find most unbearable. His fine outrage has driven him to put down in burning text and inflammatory photographs perhaps the most cutting and purposeful job of truckracking since Lincoln Steffens tried to move the public to do something about "The Shame of the Cities" three generations ago. "God's Own Junkyard" is piled high with a shocking abundance of muck to rake. Peter Blake describes and decries the vicious circles we have got ourselves so dizzily into.

For instance, the politicians, one of whose basic duties in public office is supposed to be to defend the public against exploitation, sells out through a marriage of profitable convenience to real estate promoters. A city government, supposedly maintained to protect its citizens and enhance their welfare, undermines their safety, menaces their health and corrupts what little sense of beauty and esthetic values they may have left in this day and age by toadying to building interests interested basically in their own narrow selfish ends. One of the most spectacular revolting proofs of the despoiling spin we are in involves our highways, the billboards that clutter them and the automobiles that use them.

The billboard lobby and the highway lobby are two of the most powerful lobbies in the country and the motor car industry, unsurprisingly, has thrust a finger, directly or indirectly, into them both. One of the reasons why the billboard people are so influential is their interesting approach to politicians. Blake quotes a Reader's Digest article which reported that the industry "shrewdly puts many legislators in its debt by giving them free sign space during election time, and it is savage against the legislators who dares oppose it (by favoring anti-billboard laws). It subsidizes his opposition, foments political trouble in his home district, donates sign space to his opponents and sends agents to spread rumors among his constituents." Under such circumstances it is a wonder that federal legislation financing most of the \$40,000,000,000 interstate highway system retained any restrictions against billboards at all.

Between 1940 and 1960 the billboard industry almost quadrupled its take, from forty-five to more than \$200,000,000. Two of Detroit's automobile giants are among the leading accounts. A rubber massacre parades arises here, in the past garden clubs and other groups — which have managed to mount some pretty strong lobbies themselves have attacked billboards as a menace to beauty. But now these ornaments emerge as a menace to safety.

"No one in his right mind," Blake concludes in "God's Own Junkyard," would change that the automobile industry intended its billboard campaigns to help accelerate the obsolescence of older cars. . . . But that is precisely what has been happening. "For it has been clearly established, through untold engineering studies carried out in several states, that highways with billboards experience about three times as many automobile accidents as do highways without billboards. Those who are fortunate enough to survive such accidents are, of course, potential customers for the nearest (car) dealer."

Blake quotes a survey released by the New York State Highway Authority just a year ago which found "an annual average of 1.7 accidents per mile due to deterioration on the portions of the Thruway Mainline where advertising devices were visible, and only .0004 accidents per mile for the same (that is) driver attention) on stretches where advertising devices were not visible."

Obviously it would be impossible and inhumane to abolish a multimillion-dollar business. It is also unnecessary. Draftsmen, carpenters, painters and others whose jobs might be involved are all highly skilled workers, adaptable to other assignments. Outdoor advertising is all right in its place but its place certainly is not everywhere though that, in effect, is what the industry has been arguing. In view of its historic, though controversial, contribution to the landscape and now its proved contribution to traffic accidents, the billboard business better look for another argument.

The Ladies

Editors, The Tar Heel:

My sister is a freshman at the University of Wisconsin. I am a senior here. Naturally, since we hadn't seen one another since September, our discussions over the Christmas vacation turned every so often to the subject of the rules governing our separate dormitories. It was both a shock and a relief to discover that, in Wisconsin, the eighteen-year-old freshman is given more credit for having "all the mores of Western society" firmly implanted in her conscience before entering college than is the woman student of any age at UNC.

Judy, the lovely freshman at Wisconsin, exposed to the same high boy-girl ratio we have here, is subjected neither to the closed-study our freshman girls have to endure, nor to constant pressure to obey this or that unwritten rule supposedly covered in our all-encompassing Campus Code. Judy's dorm closes at 11:00 during the week and at 1:00 on weekends, the same as ours do. But Judy also has the option of coming in at 1:00 one week-night per week, after signing out for this late-hour permission. Apparently, Wisconsin realizes that even freshman girls can date once a week if they choose to do so without falling drastically behind in their studies.

At Wisconsin, there is no such thing as a Campus Code. It is assumed, as it should be everywhere, that the student entering college already knows how to behave like a lady or gentleman. There is no need for the student to sign a pledge to this effect; the signing of such a pledge would only relegate him back to the world of children—a world the student is supposed to be stepping out of when he or she enters college.

At Wisconsin, for instance, it is not considered a venial sin for women students to be seen on campus in slacks. True, it gets a lot colder up there, but sometimes, when the thermometer drops to twelve in Chapel Hill, it seems less un-lady-like than un-healthily to require a student to brave the freeze in a skirt.

It seems to me that if women students at Carolina were given more opportunity to use their own common sense in matters of this nature, the University would discover that it is not dealing with children after all. Especially at a school where the majority of women students are juniors and seniors, it seems unnecessary to bind them to strict, unbending dormitory rules coupled with the vague, indefinite moral standards supposedly set up by the Campus Code. The woman student of twenty or twenty-one must inevitably have already learned what moral values are important to her; what actions fit in with her own concept of personal integrity. The rules and regulations now governing the woman student at Carolina are rules for a child, not an adult. Only so long as she is treated like a child will she have the need or opportunity to act like one.

Elysa Freeman
165 Alderman

groovier thing

Vote Dizzy! Vote Dizzy!

So get a good president who's willin' to swing

Vote for Diz, vote for Diz!

Bridge: Show the republic where it is

Give 'em a democratic Diz, Really he is

Last Eight Bars:

Your Politic leaders spout a lot of hot air

Vote Dizzy! Vote Dizzy!

But Dizzy blows a trumpet so you really don't care

Vote Dizzy! Vote Dizzy!

Interlude: You oughtta spend your money in a groovier way

Every cent.

Get that badge of the people's only candidate Dizzy for President!

Heelprints

If Chapel Hill Saturdays continue in the present vein, it may well be that finding a place to park won't be half as difficult as finding a place to sit.

Definition: Baby—an alimentary canal with a loud voice on one end and no responsibility on the other.

We hear that the Barber's Union is lobbying to have the Beatles deported as undesirable aliens.

We were discussing the governor's race with a fellow the other day who said he had Frey-

er commitments, so we didn't ask him any Moore questions.

For our Olympic Team, at least, it's already been a long cold winter.

Then there's the Dean Cathy doll—you wind it up and it mediates.

One interesting aspect of Saturday's basketball game was the Hassell between Butch and Ray.

In our opinion, the attitude displayed by the owner of Colonial Drug goes back to Colonial Days.