

The Student Party will meet tonight at 7 o'clock in Gerard Hall, to fill a legislative vacancy in the Alderman — Kenan-McIver district. Those interested in running for the seat should contact Bob Travis at 933-1257.

The Daily Tar Heel

'To Write Well Is Better Than To Rule'

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Correction

'You Can't Take It With You' Monday, because 'You Can't Take It With You' doesn't open until Wednesday, our Playmaker observer informs us.

Founded February 23, 1893

'Would You Believe Santa Has A Chimney Stretcher?'

By STEVE LAIL
Special to the DTH

For eleven and a half months each year I laugh pretty much like any other University student.

But for two weeks before Christmas I change the way I laugh as well as the way I look.

My usual chuckle becomes "ho ho ho" and my sallow complexion turns red, white and jolly. From now until Christmas morning I'll be a collegiate Santa Claus.

I've been playing the jolly role for the past four years, and I guess I am a professional since I often get paid for my services.

What is it like playing Santa Claus? It's like walking a tight rope. You perform before the most critical yet wonderful people. Also, you are the world's greatest guy — even if it hurts. But just one slip can kill you.

Both my jolly, bald-headed father, who was the first Kris Kringle I ever saw, and I agree that kindergarten-age

children are the greatest to play for.

When they come face to face with Santa Claus it's their finest hour. They look him over good but don't seem to mind that he has brown eyebrows, and a white beard, or a sallow complexion when he should have rosy cheeks.

They love the old fellow too much to care about flaws in his makeup. They speak to St. Nick as though they were grown-ups confiding in a psychiatrist.

The tight rope act comes in many forms such as when some of these little "darlings" turn on you. I walked the "rope" two years ago before transferring to the University to study journalism. It was at my fraternity's Christmas party for the faculty's children at Lenoir Rhyne College in my hometown Hickory.

Some Chinese twins, holding hands, approached me. The self-appointed spokesman informed me that neither believed in Santa Claus and hinted of spreading the bad word to the other children. Santa bought them off with a

double ration of goodies, and his identity was saved.

Then there's the times when the department store Santa Claus gets himself into a fix, like the time I made my biggest goof. It happened in Spainhour's store in Hickory. I was getting along fine with the little ones until a little blonde miss plopped down on my lap. I asked her, "Won't you tell old Santa where you got that all-day sucker?"

She innocently replied, "You just gave it to me over at Belk's store."

That wasn't the only time I faced embarrassment. One year at a kindergarten party the teacher asked Santa (me) to lead the kiddies in "Up On the House Top." Suddenly I felt like a Miss America contestant who'd just been asked the \$64,000 question. I couldn't remember the words, but thank goodness they all settled for "Jingle Bells."

Another thing, Art Linkletter was right in saying that kids say the darndest things. Too, they ask the darndest questions — for which they get the darndest answers.

One youngster asked, "You're too fat to get down our chimney. What are you going to do?"

"Would you believe Santa Claus has a chimney stretcher?" I answered.

Another time a child asked me where Rudolph stayed while I was in the store. In return I gave the stock reply, "Rudolph is eating his dinner up on the rooftop."

There was one time though when I had the upperhand on a young Hickory couple. They didn't realize that I was a former schoolmate of theirs because they didn't recognize me. The couple just couldn't get their daughter to talk to me. So I asked her if "daddy" still delivered milk and like to raise "puppy dogs." The child responded superbly and the parents were stupefied. From that day until this they probably have wondered if perchance the fat man who held their daughter on his lap wasn't the real Santa Claus.

Contrary to how it may appear, play-

ing Santa Claus is not all one big laugh and ho-ho-ho after another. Often Santa is exposed to a sad, yet real, side of life.

Such was the case at the party from some underprivileged children. A lean eight-year-old whose trousers were obviously handed down from a much bigger boy took his turn talking to me. He mumbled a few words and then handed me this letter:

Dear Santa Claus,

Mama says there ain't no Santa Claus. Me and my sisters believe there is one. We don't want any toys much. We just want our daddy to come home. Mama cries a lot at night because we don't have much money. If you know where our daddy is please tell him we love him and to come home. We love you too Santa Claus.

Merry Christmas,
Jake
Age 8

Something like this is heartbreaking. This is just one case of how pitiful it is

when these needy children speak to Santa Claus. Deep down they know that this Christmas won't be any better than the last one. It's times like these I don't mind at all playing for free and wish I could do more.

No matter though, rich or poor, shy or rascally, children are the happiest when they hear Jolly Old Saint Nicholas say he loves all the good little boys and girls and wants them to mind their parents.

Likewise I've come to be so absorbed in bouncing these children on my knee that I wish I could go to their homes on Christmas eve and shimmy right down their chimneys as in the famous Christmas story.

Furthermore it would do everyone a lot of good to be a Santa Claus even without putting on the suit and whiskers.

And remember — watch out, don't pout and you'll have company Christmas eve from either a 22-year-old student or the real fat guy.
Merry Christmas!

Christmas Comes Early For Youth

WEST CHESTER, Pa. (AP)

— Today is Christmas for 5-year-old Lance Cummings, because he is bedridden with incurable cancer and his numbered days may not include Dec. 25.

"We're having his Christmas party early just in case," Lance's mother, Mrs. Walter Cummings of nearby Downingtown, Pa., said yesterday. "The doctors can't say how long he'll live," she said. "I guess they're surprised he's lasted this long."

"It's getting harder though," she said. "I can see him wasting away, fighting to be cheerful."

"He tells me, 'I won't cry mommy, if you won't.' It's hard not to."

She said he was upset when his father, a truck driver, had to make a trip to Massachu-

setts for a few days.

"Daddy doesn't love me or he would come see me," Mrs. Cummings said the frail child told her.

"I explained he was away on his job, and he felt better," she said.

About Sunday's Christmas party at a friend's house, Mrs. Cummings said she told her other five children:

"Someday Lance will go to sleep and never wake up again. So, this is his party. They pretty well understand why we're doing this."

"He came home for Thanksgiving dinner for about six hours," Mrs. Cummings says.

She said his happiness was reflected on the Medical chart. He improved a little after returning to the hospital.

Although he has not been told of the seriousness of his condition, Mrs. Cummings feels the youngster has an idea.

"During the past two weeks he hasn't let us kiss him on the lips. He insists we kiss him on the cheek," she said.

Mrs. Cummings says that the illness has left him in dire financial straits. Their hospitalization has run out. The Moose Lodge in Downingtown has started a drive to collect funds and has received a total of \$60 thus far.

The mother and father, however, haven't time to think about money. All they can hear, or think, or see is a little boy dying by inches.

Festival Fund

Push Beginning

Solicitation of funds for the 1967 Fine Arts Festival will begin in men's and women's residence halls tonight.

Festival Treasurer Don Ubell, who is directing solicitations, hopes that all residents will give 50 cents each. If a residence hall gives an average of 50 cents or more per resident, it will be listed as a Festival patron, he added.

Solicitors for the Festival will carry certification sheets signed by Ubell and Assistant Dean of Men Robert Kepner. Solicitation will be held in Y-Court on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday from 2 to 4:30 p.m. to receive donations from anyone not contacted in his residence unit.

The bulk of Festival funds will be used for the Merce Cunningham modern dance company and for honoraria for artists and speakers. Much will also pay for travel, publicity, printing, housing and meals.

The Festival, which will be held here from April 9 through 13, will feature the Cunningham Company, the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, the National Student Graphic Arts Show, a leading American poet, a noted critic and the Playmaker play — "The Battle of the Carnival and Lent."

The slogan for the Festival, which is UNC's second, is "Interchange: the University and the Arts."



Y-COURT WAS transformed this weekend into a multitude of things: a "Crossroads Cafe," a children's shop, a nick-nack shop, and more.

Together they are the International Bazaar. For more, see page six.

—DTH Photo by Mike McGowan

Coed Closing Hour Changes Suggested In UMass Trip

Coeds Must Work

For All Changes

Should University of Massachusetts rules for women be adopted at UNC?

Each woman student there sets her own curfew.

This "self imposed curfew" system replaced the set time system at UMass last year.

The women now decide what time would be best for them to return to the dorm. There is no check out or check in.

Miss Alice Sargent, Dean of Women's staff at UMass, says that the new system works better than the old one. "There is a greater sense of responsibility and a greater academic atmosphere. There has been no increase in promiscuity."

Governor of Morehead College Dwight Allen, who was assigned to study this change at the recent Amherst Conference on UMass's residence college system, said, "The administration explained the change noting the contrast between the liberal education in the classroom and the strict convent-like atmosphere of the dorm."

"The university had to restate its aims in regards to women students to satisfy the public. They had to say 'We're here to give a liberal education. We will no longer play nursemaid to women students.'"

The Women's Affairs Committee organized and led the movement for self-imposed curfew. The coeds brought about the change entirely by themselves.

Susan Higgins, a member of the Women's Affairs Committee, says that the biggest mistake being made at UNC is letting the men try to change the rules. "The Dean of Women is the person who has to be influenced and she is more likely to be influenced by women."

Miss Sargent agrees with this and thinks that the women students at Carolina are too apathetic.

Disparity Seen In Coed Wishes

By LINDA ANN SMITH
Special to the DTH

A recent survey asked coeds what they think of Carolina's doing away with closing hours for women.

And responses differed widely.

The most often stated reasons for keeping definite closing hours were: closing hours are convenient for girls stuck with bad dates, having closing hours is more conducive to study, and college girls are not responsible enough to be without restrictions.

Reasons given in favor of no closing hours included: most girls would probably come in earlier if they could impose their own curfew, girls twenty-one years old should be responsible for themselves, and

closing hours limit the time girls have for fun.

When coeds were asked "What do you think of Carolina's doing away with closing hours for women," some replies were:

"I think it would be a gross out."

"It's ridiculous!"

"Not a thing. College women with no supervision at all go completely ape. Without any supervision, I'd go completely ape."

"I think it'd be fine. If you don't have sense enough to come in, rules aren't going to help you. Girls our age are out working and don't have curfew. Such rules keep college girls behind the times."

"That's the most archaic

Continued On Page 6

Money Big Problem Facing Legislators

By The Associated Press

Several North Carolina legislators agreed Saturday the age-old problem of money—how much to spend and where—is the major issue facing the 1967 General Assembly.

Perhaps no legislature in recent years has been confronted with more problems. Other major issues include congressional redistricting, clarification of the state's liquor laws and improvement of education.

Almost certain to come up are proposals to abolish the death penalty, strengthen the auto inspection program, put North Carolina on daylight saving time, increase the State Highway Patrol and gain university status for East Carolina College.

"It's going to be a long, rough session," Sen. Ralph Scott of Alamance predicted whether we've got too much "The problem of money, or too little, will be a big issue," said veteran Sen. Dallas Alford of Nash.

They were among Tar Heel lawmakers attending the closing session Saturday of a pre-legislative orientation conference at the Institute of Government in Chapel Hill.

Gov. Dan Moore said he will propose a "general and broad tax reduction" to the legislature which convenes early in February. But he has not spelled out the details.

The general fund surplus available to the 1967 legislature has mounted to a figure estimated at from \$150 million to \$200 million.

Sen. Scott said, "I had rather see the state have additional services instead of giving the money back to the taxpayers."

Rep. Britt of Robeson, in line for the House speakership, said money is the No. 1 problem. Then he listed in order: congressional redistricting, clarification of the liquor laws and higher education.

"There are two apparent

problems under higher education," Britt explained. "East Carolina College is seeking university status and a commission has recommended changes in the University of North Carolina Board of Trustees."

A three-judge federal court criticized the legislature for its job of congressional redistricting in a special session early this year.

"The court said the 7th District is over-populated and the

2nd District is under-populated," Britt said. "The court also said the districts are not as compact as they should be."

The state Supreme Court added to the Legislature's work by ruling this week that the practice of brown-bagging—taking liquor to restaurants and clubs—is illegal. The court said liquor may be consumed legally in wet counties only in one's home.

Prof Finds New Source Of Nitrogen



Dr. Rudolph Kremer

Organ Recital

Occurs Tonight

Dr. Rudolph Kremer, UNC professor of music will play a dedicatory recital on the Baroque organ recently installed in the Chapel of The Wesley Foundation tonight at 8.

Following a brief litany of Thanksgiving at the beginning of the dedication, Dr. Kremer will play three pieces by J.S. Bach: Fantasy and Fugue in G Minor, Two Chorale Preludes, and the Fugue in G Major.

A University chemist says he has made an accidental discovery which may lead to man's ability to get nitrogen from the air to meet the increasing need for fertilizer.

Prof. James P. Collman, 34, said he stumbled on the discovery while doing basic research on a new class of organic compounds while working under a grant from the National Science Foundation.

Collman said he found two compounds in which molecular nitrogen is bound to a metal ion derived from the element iridium. These were the first compounds known to contain molecular nitrogen.

Nitrogen can be derived from the air, he said, by forcing these compounds to give up their nitrogen for more nitrogen from the air.

Chemists in the past have tried to combine nitrogen from the air with other elements to form useful materials. They have failed because of the inertness of atmospheric nitrogen.

Discovery of the compounds containing molecular nitrogen, said Collman, opens the door to the possibility that this reaction can be accomplished.

'Tree Grows In Brooklyn' Author Reflects

By LEE SHERRILL
Special to the DTH

"College students today seem very different. You know how they dress — we used to get all dressed up to go to school, the boys in suits and ties."

Betty Smith, who wrote "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," talked softly with a Brooklyn-flavored accent as she struggled to hold down her frisky English sheep dog, Noname.

"And we fought for our education. We never opened our mouths to a professor. We took what he said as law. But in a class I taught here, a boy sat back with his feet propped up on the desk. When I told him to change what he had written, he said he liked it the way it was."

"I just can't believe the difference."

Miss Smith audited several courses in playwrighting at Yale and UNC as a special student. She taught later at both universities.

Miss Smith, at 62, lives in a

large, well-furnished house and has a black Cadillac convertible. But things weren't always so prosperous.

She once lived with her two children in a one-room apartment on Hillsborough Street. She remembers walking into a bank and asking for a loan of three dollars "so I wouldn't starve."

Now she says with a laugh, "I didn't even have any money in the bank. Of course they didn't give me the money."

That was after she had sent the manuscript of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" to Harper's Publishing Co. and was waiting for a reaction.

The book attracted worldwide attention and made her rich and famous.

"I didn't think it was that good," she insists.

What first inspired her to write? "I always loved words. When I learned the word 'cat' for the first time in school, and looking at the word saw a real creature moving, something went 'bang' inside of me."

"I got so excited I got sick and had to go home."

She loved to write anything and everything.

"I sat and copied books word for word — just to know what it would feel like to write a book."

She even wrote letters to herself at the age of 14. "I loved to read them."

At the age of 12 she sent a short poem to a newspaper. They sent her a dollar and printed it.

"From then on, I was hooked."

Her study is full of mementoes — shelves lined with different editions of her works, (in several languages), all her original manuscripts, paper clippings of critics' reviews and boxes and boxes of letters.

Does she answer them all? "Yes, I try to, but it takes so long."

On the mantel is a gold trophy. Miss Smith typically brushes it aside with, "One of the Presidents gave it to me. I don't remember which one."



Author Betty Smith