

In Our Opinion...

Who Said Talk's Cheap? Try The \$50 Expressions

It is amusing to note how the vocabularies of college students invariably pick up certain "must words" during the four-year campus stay. These are words which one is unconditionally obligated to drop during casual conversations from time to time—a whatever-you're - talking - about must be a whatever - it - is "per se"; a president, prime minister, mayor or governor either is or is not a "charismatic" leader; and so on.

The other day, the DTH received a statement from a student expressing his fear of the creation of a "dichotomy of men and women" on campus as a result of recently announced housing changes.

This reminded us of, an editorial by Harry Golden, editor and publisher of *The Carolina Israelite* and author of numerous books. The editorial, entitled "I Refuse To Look It Up," had this to say:

This is the word: *dichotomy*.

Every fancy article you read now uses the word "dichotomy." I can just see the writers smiling to themselves with satisfaction and confidence as they repeat the word two or three times before putting it down on paper. This dichotomy deal started in the *Partisan Review* and has been spreading like a prairie fire to *Harper's*, *Saturday Review*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Commentary*, and so help me the other day I saw it in an editorial in a daily paper.

Big Chief Dic-Cot-Oh-Me, Oh, me is right. I have written some five million words during these past ten years, all of them printed, and most of them read, and I have not found it necessary to use this dic-cot-oh-me; not once; and I refuse even to look it up.

With five million unemployed we have trouble enough.

Personally Speaking

Let's Make A Deal

It was a determined optimist who, some days ago, pledged to scour the ruins of a souvenir kit from Philadelphia and find a long-forgotten airline ticket. It is a discouraged, and slightly embarrassed, knave who reports his mission aborted. A failure. A promise made that never can be kept. The ticket is gone. It lies, no doubt, in a heap of ashes at the bottom of some lonely garbage dump.

I suppose this will be the end of me. I cannot prove the truthfulness of my claim that my plane ticket cost in excess of \$50. It is apparent that I have lied. I have lied and willfully destroyed incriminating evidence. But the ghost of that evidence—the memory of what I had put away as the perfect crime—has come home to haunt me.

It was just a convention. The same kind that hundreds of thousands of people in America attend every year. And I was quite excited about going. Oh, but, woe-befide the day I embarked on the trip to the City of Brotherly Love, the city where liquor is sold by the drink, the city where lewd women stand on the street corners and whisper lascivious propositions to unsuspecting young men as they walk the historic streets of our nation's first capital, the city that sent me back to suffer at the hands of the Requisition System.

I can but remember the pleasant moments that the conference there afforded me. I recall them as I rummage through my battered canvas bag. Its contents:

—A pamphlet, "Visit the Philadelphia Zoo."

—Another pamphlet, "You Are There: Life-size figures in wax of famous Americans in our nation's most dramatic moments."

—A brochure, "Welcome to Philadelphia City Hall."

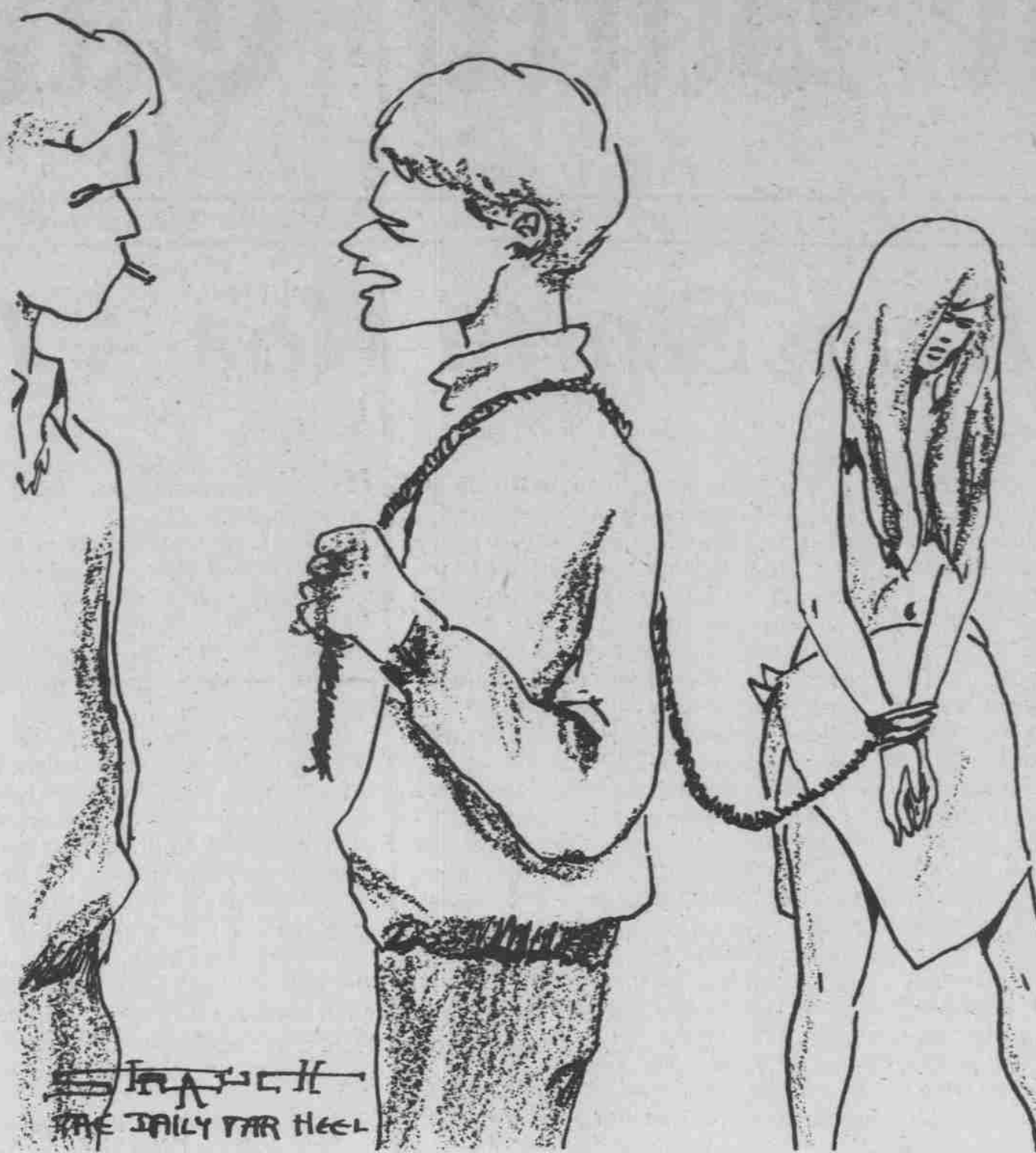
—A guide to "The Liberty Walk through Historic Old Philadelphia."

—A description of "Historic Sites of Old Philadelphia — a condensed guide for a leisurely walk through the Independence Square neighborhood."

—A picture brochure, "Philadelphia International Airport Is Right For Families."

—Official program from the 42nd annual conference of the Associated Collegiate Press and National Council of College Publications Advisers.

'Yes, The Gift Bazaar Has Improved A Bit This Year.'



John Stupak

Capote Masked Ball A Maddening Sight

Last week, Truman Capote, the author of "In Cold Blood" threw a little party for a few of his intimate friends. About 540 people showed up for the \$20,000 bash which was held in the Hotel Plaza in New York. I found out about this little gathering not because I was invited, but because CBS news did a story on it in the 6:30 evening report. The party itself did not interest me in the slightest.

It probably will not affect the history of mankind one iota, even though it should have. The 540 guests were (supposedly) the beautiful people. The beautiful people are those who have been blessed by fame, either earned or inherited, by wealth, again either earned or . . . and those who rank high on the WASP social register.

To avoid sour grapes let me add that many of the guests were truly important people, but the number is not much for good board of directors conversation and it was not intended to be.

The real consequence of the party was not to be found at the scene, but at most places that were not the scene. A good reflection of this could be seen in the eyes and expressions and even words of those who watched the news report with me.

Generally their reactions were of disgust. One went so far as to mutter something like, "and to think there are people starving in the world." We were even further appalled to hear that many of the guests had come from Rome, Paris, London, literally all over the world just to make an appearance at this party.

Most of us seemed to have in mind terms like "such vulgarity", "such an unwarranted display of ostentation." There was something about this affair that rubbed us the wrong way, much in the same direction as debutante balls and the term "high society."

Yet I imagine that if we had been invited we would have thumbed up to New York and somehow managed to find a public bath to dress in and eventually make it there. So why were we so disgusted? Sour grapes?

I don't think that is the main reason. Perhaps it plays a part in the annoyance of the older set, but not among the college group who as of yet have not "spread their wings to fly" and therefore don't feel hurt at being absent. Most of us probably feel that in 30 years or so we'll be there, or at least we should be there.

Perhaps then, we could say that we are annoyed with the idea of high society. In answer we must remember that a good many of the guests are not in high society. Lyndon Johnson was invited and he certainly isn't in high society, not even in Texas.

No, that can't be it. As a matter of fact Lyndon may get my vote yet for not being there. It seems that Lyndon too senses the public ire involved.

Probably we were annoyed because we saw an overflow of the gushing blue blood of vanity. We saw Cassiopia before the mirror, we saw high society flexing its vanity to the tune of more money than most of us will make in a year.

We Americans are a proud people. Our pride is almost an international landmark. But at the same time we despise vanity, and vanity is just a slight shade of meaning from pride. Perhaps this originates with our early heritage dating back from the time when waste was much more of a disgrace than it is today.

Perhaps our sense of proportion has suffered, but our sense of outrage at waste and vanity has remained intact. Capote's beautiful people looked anything but last week.

Fat Students Face A Collegiate Bias

From The Greensboro Daily News

Having done battle for years with creeping avoirdupois, we take profound umbrage at the news that fat kids have more trouble than skinny kids with getting into college.

According to a survey by the Harvard School of Public Health, a bright girl who happens to be chubby has one-third less chance of admission than her bright classmate who happens to be slim—and the fat boys don't fare much better.

The trouble is, it seems, that when fatso rolls into the admissions office, the interviewer pays less attention to his 180 IQ and his comprehensive study of cocker spaniel mating habits than to the way he droops over the sides of his chair, the way his chins jiggle as he talks about T. S. Eliot.

Presumably, that pencil busily scratching away on those mysterious forms is writing something like: "Seems intelligent, but couldn't tell how many people he was." The result is that the letter he gets in April begins: "It was good to visit with you last fall, but I regret to inform you that . . ."

There is, of course, a certain variety of fat kid that usually gets in. His blubber runs to 250-275 pounds, and is distributed over a 6-5 frame; the admissions office often finds it's just the right size for that extra pair of shoulder pads and that gigantic jersey.

But for just plain old Roland Roly-Poly, or Wilhelmina the Whale, the gates to knowledge are closed tight. What can the fat people do? Well, they could diet, but that would be surrender.

Or, they could fight back. They could throw their weight around, and demand that education, employment and entertainment not be denied on grounds of race, religion, color or girth. They could organize TAFT (Tubby Americans for Tolerance) to press their cause.

The larger the minority, after all, the more potent it is politically. The nation would be their overnight.

In Letters

The TCCs Retaliate

Childish

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: I think it rather pathetic that once again the UNC campus is plagued by the age old "type" - slicing of the supposed men and women who attend this university.

I say "supposed men and women" in view of the childish articles which have been appearing in the DTH criticizing the coeds and gentlemen since I was a freshman here.

Granted there are TCC's and TCG's on this campus; but I wonder if the people who cry "stereotype" the loudest have taken time to view the world outside Chapel Hill and the University. Stereotypes and conformity are characteristics of our society—they can be found everywhere in any organization not just in the TCC and TCG of UNC.

For those girls who are "Hard-boiled TCC's" — if such exist — there are probably just as many obnoxious TCG's. Why not let them seek each other out and enjoy each other's misery?

But why, at the same time, must we continue to spoil the image of the true gentlemen

and ladies on this campus by all of the mud - slinging? There are some gentlemen and ladies to be found without traveling to other distant areas.

The rehashing of this problem of dates at UNC is not helping the situation at all. Instead it is serving to perpetuate and increase the hostility and enmity between the men and women on campus.

As for the matter of the coeds speaking on campus, this can be explained in part by the sex role socialization of the individual. In the past, the man has been identified with overt aggressiveness and the one who seeks female company.

Although the female may seek male company just as avidly, it is a more covert process. Women who were obvious in their wish to have a particular man's company were considered to be of questionable character. This does not apply to the youth of today to the same degree, but its influence can still be felt.

As a freshman here I felt awkward walking around speaking to strangers. How many people in a person's hometown walk around saying,

Then why is it expected here? If it is expected, then why not consider the psychological advantages of positive rewards instead of negative punishments?

I think it is time we re-evaluate ourselves and stop this mud - slinging. It degrades the students of this university.

Betty Oldham

Disgusted

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel: Since we have been unjustly classified as Typical Carolina Co-eds by virtue of our being women students at UNC, we would like to retort.

According to "Carolina Gentlemen Think TCC's Really Exist" which appeared in the November 30 edition of the DTH, the main consensus of Carolina men of Carolina women is that the co-eds are snobbish and stereotyped.

Theoretically friendliness is a great idea, but when we try to put it into practice it fails. More often than not, a smile and a greeting are answered with a scowl and a snort or a "what kind of nut are you?" expression.

Then too, gentlemen, does the girl always have to be the first to smile and speak? The initiation of such civilities on the part of the male would surely bring a reciprocal greeting from the co-ed.

Indeed, sometimes we feel that such an action on the part of the Carolina man would cause us to immediately throw our arms around him in sheer exhilaration.

In regards to our being stereotyped in manners of dress, our only defense is to ask Carolina men to probe the depths of their own closets. After all, we can only wear what is within the bounds of good taste, and we are limited to the rather small selection provided by the various clothing stores.

Undoubtedly we wear little print dresses and Weejuns, but at the same time men wear v-neck sweaters, ban-lon shirts, and wingtips. And why not?

Finally, we were amazed to find out that we are dated up so far in advance. This seems to be a popular misconception on the part of the Carolina male. We fail to understand why so many men do not call back after being turned down once.

Apparently they decide that the Carolina co-ed has made plans for the next month or so if they call on Thursday night for a date that week-end and are turned down for a valid reason.

When we say, "I'm sorry, but I've already made plans; please call again," we mean it.

Now really, fellows — give us a chance!

Becky Cheid
Barbara Henderson
Carol Skinner
Nancy McLaurie
Susan Williams
Elsie Wilder
Third Floor Winston

John Greenbacker

SDS Leader Waller Has Interesting Past

Every day in this paper someone is reported to have praised some action or some individual, and today is no different.

This columnist's hat is off to Gary Waller of Students for a Democratic Society.

Waller deserves any recognition he can get, because most of the students at this university can't see anything but his beard, and that is plenty enough alone for them to reject him.

But Waller the person is nothing short of fascinating. He came into the DTH office a few days ago to talk about the deplorable state of the government and the unreasonableness of the draft.

Waller does not want alternate service or a lottery system. He wants complete abolishment.

"I don't owe this damned country anything," he said. "I'm not going to give a portion of my life to this government. The only thing I owe anything to is my fellow man and I'll aid him in the way I'll choose."

He has a way of smiling at you when he makes statements of this sort that is very difficult to describe in words. It's malicious and impish in nature, and it never appears unless accompanied by a strange brightness in his eyes.

Waller ever appears to be toying with the world, and you suspect that underneath that

beard and wild clothes there is the ATO from Drake University putting us all on.

Gary's improbable fraternity membership (he was an officer, even, in his local chapter) was the cause of quite a few rolling peals of laughter last spring. I suggested Gary get dressed up in his best three-piece suit and Gant shirt after a football game, forsake his wife for a while, pick up a colored girl with a sense of humor, and head over the local ATO house to party.

"Yes," Waller laughed. "I'll show them the pin, give them the handshake and the mystic mumbo - jumbo." He cursed them briefly.

It seems his chapter at Drake was composed of liberals and radicals. The president of the chapter was a leader in a fight to end housing discrimination of the vicinity of Drake.

Some have accused Gary of playing at being radical, but there is evidence that he has been of this ideological bent for a long time. He laughs about his politics a lot, but he means it, and when the chips are down he speaks with force and authority.

Waller left the office hurriedly the other day. He had a big intramural basketball game to play, and he didn't want to be late. We all hated to see him go so soon, because it isn't often that our day is brightened by a campus character of Waller's magnitude.

The Daily Tar Heel

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