

# In Our Opinion...

## ODE TO DIOGENES

By MIRIAM HENKEL

Pink and gold with purple lights,  
 Greens and blues shine through the nights.  
 Silver put-together trees,  
 No warmth or love in one of these.

Bubble lights, electric stars,  
 A sturdy tree, you're right, it's ours.  
 Twisted tinsel, angel hair,  
 Paper limbs, no loving care.

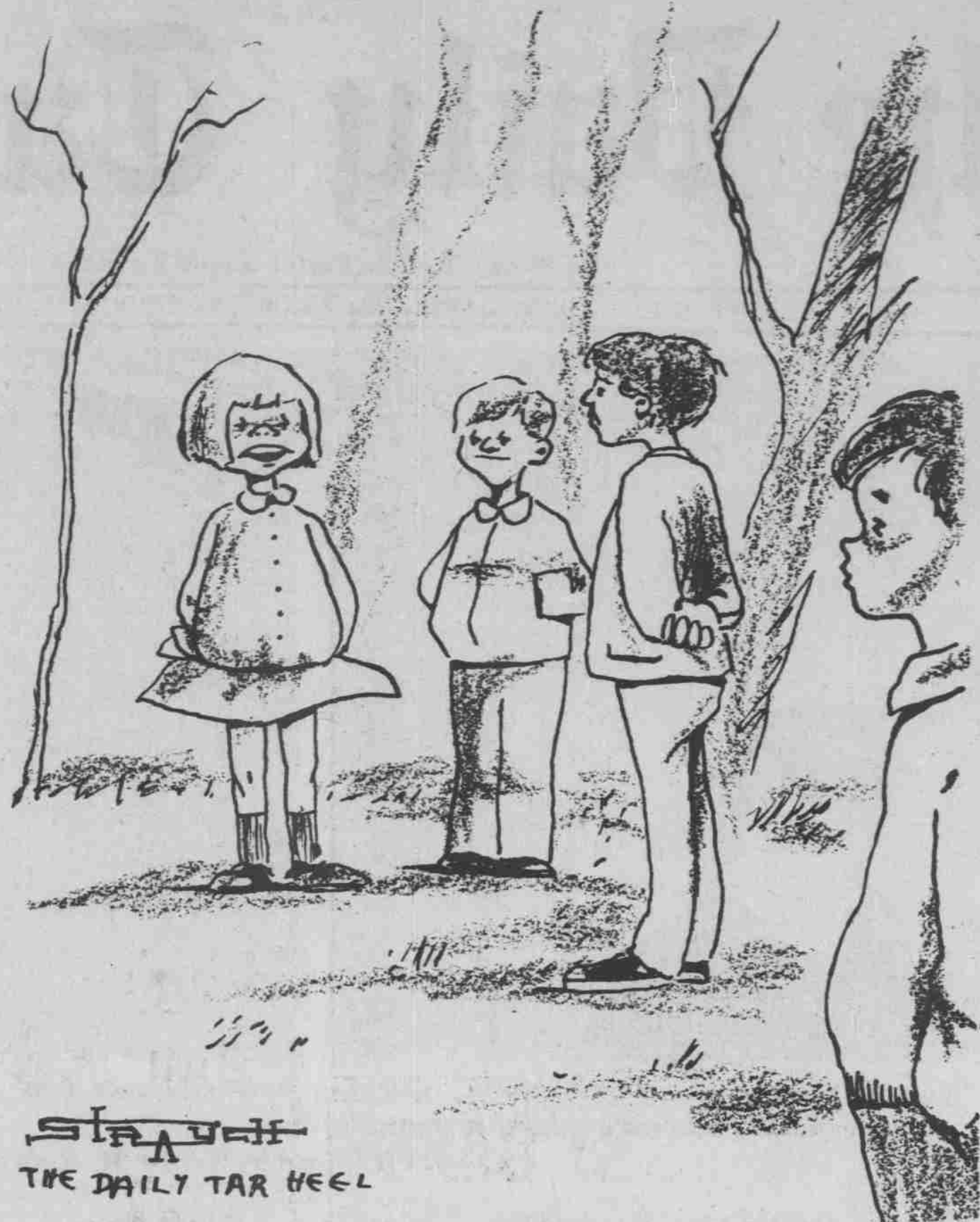


Plastic cherubs, spray-on snow,  
 Stick-on stars that even glow,  
 Snowflakes made of cellophane  
 Brighten up our window pane.

We need one thing, a lantern's light  
 To aid our searching through the night.  
 One searched an honest man to see.  
 Our goal? An honest Christmas tree.



### 'I Figure Santa Claus Is The Stereotype Of The Aging Robber Baron-Millionaire Who Is Trying To Ease His Conscience By Being An Advocate Of Carnegie's Gospel Of Wealth.'



John Greenbacker

## Bobby Kennedy Tries To Lose Bad Image

A bunch of Yale University students have gotten together to organize a very interesting political faction, known as "Kennedy for President in '68."

The head of this group is a Yale employee named Thomas R. Holahan, who along with his fellows is convinced that the renomination of President Johnson and his subsequent election would be a major tragedy for the Democratic Party, The United States and the cause for world peace.

In spite of the fact that Kennedy has sent letters to Holahan claiming the New York Senator intends to support Johnson and Humphrey in 1968, the group continues to organize. They have planned research groups, publicity, membership drives, speeches and, in short, anything designed to keep Bobby's bushy visage in the minds of potential convention delegates.

This business about the cause for world peace and domestic liberalism strikes a funny note when it comes to Bobby Kennedy, and it is a sad commentary on the memories of some liberal elements that they have forgotten the not-too-distant past.

Bobby Kennedy, champion of world peace, defender of the dynasty and leading light of the moderate leftist elec-

torate, did not always come before us with clean hands and a pure heart.

Some can recall the wealthy, arrogant and vicious counsel for the Justice Department who prosecuted alleged subversives in Senate witch hunts.

A few were kicking around Washington when the cutthroat Attorney General, fresh from a dirty but successful presidential campaign, busily went about destroying the freedoms of individual Americans by promoting wiretapping by federal agencies.

His victims will vouch for the aptness of the phrase, "Bobby the Bastard."

Even members of the military are quick to recount the time Kennedy disagreed with a group of generals at a Pentagon meeting and summarily denounced them all to their faces as "incompetent."

Kennedy the New York candidate, loaded with vast stores of humility and filled with the meaning of life since his brother's death, has been trying desperately to bury the nasty old image of Kennedy the braying shanty Irishman.

The good gentlemen of Yale University may be sure of their man, but there are others who know the lessons of the past and are afraid.

Old "Uncle Cornpone" may be bad, but Bobby is far from being "the greatest."

George Giles

## Sham The Sham Is Preserving Tradition

This is fairy tale, and, like all fairy tales, it has a hero. The hero is Sam, just Sam, simple Sam, defender of the faith.

Sam is a high priest in a land we shall call simply The South, an ancient land full of strong tradition and ruled by ancient law. In fact, Sam had risen even to the high office of Archbigot, and became a spokesman for all the other brothers of the faith.

Truly Archbigot Sam was so revered throughout the South that many young men pledged themselves to follow his holy leadership for their entire lifetime, hoping thereby to eventually achieve the high honor of being Archbigot.

Archbigot Sam, proud of these young initiates, authorized them all to wear identical uniforms, so that everyone could recognize these noble aspirants to Bigotry, who were seeking to preserve the Southern tradition.

Archbigot Sam, an exceptionally meticulous man specified to the last detail how these uniforms were to be worn. Sweater sleeves were to be pushed up exactly five inches on each forearm, shoe tassels were to flop only on the right side of the shoe, collars were to be always buttoned, and the trousers were to be always neatly pressed.

After each initiate passed the rigorous conformation classes and was conformed to the faith, they were allowed to place the holy fraternal insignia on their left breast and thus armed against the un-conformed heretics, called Individuals, they set forth to conform the world.

Archbigot Sam, at this time, was faced with a difficult problem. Centuries ago, Southerners had imported a darkling race of primitive men to be their slaves. Although these slaves had long ago been freed, due to a terrible Civil War, it seemed that fresh trouble was brewing as a result of them.

Archbigot Sam had a great compassion for these pitiful people and often defended their way of life to their enemies, among whom were the diabolical Individuals who advocated equality for both races. Now Archbigot Sam knew that these simple people

didn't want to be forced to face the complex problems of civilized life.

Hadn't he asked his cook, his maid, and even his shoeshine boy? They had quickly replied that they liked what they were doing just fine, and that he, Sam, was the best boss in the world.

Consoled by these words, Sam was genuinely perplexed as to why certain of these sentimental remnants of the South's Golden Age had joined the ranks of the Individuals. They had left their simple life, blessed by plenty of watermelon for all, and now went about burning property, insulting loyal sheriffs, and totally forsaking the Conformed life.

Sam was just getting too old to figure out all the new thinking that was going on in modern times, and longed for the South's Golden Age, the good old days, when white was right. The forces of Individualism seemed to be getting stronger and stronger to old Archbigot Sam; he felt overwhelmed by the changes besetting his ancient tradition from every quarter.

Soon, he thought his brief sojourn would be over, and he would go to a better life, where he would be rewarded for his efforts.

Poor Sam, noble Sam, living always in an illusory state of melancholia, longing for the cotton fields of yore, fields he never had.

This was the defender of the simple life, the old watermelon monger, this last symbol of a dying culture; it almost brings tears to my eyes to see him go.

### CORRECTION

The column by Kerry Sipe which appeared in yesterday's Daily Tar Heel under the headline "Barbers Are Scalping" was meant as a general satire on the barbering profession and was not to be taken as a factual indictment of the Graham Memorial Barber Shop, or any other concern.

Chapel Hill Hill Barbers have announced no change in haircut prices in the near future as the article implied. The DTH regrets, retracts and corrects any false impression that the article might have created.

### Letters

The Daily Tar Heel accepts all letters for publication provided they are typed and double-spaced. Letters should be no longer than 300 words in length. We reserve the right to edit for libelous statements.

### In Letters

## Theater's Profit

### A Big Gyp

Editor, Daily Tar Heel:

Today's DTH prints a letter by Mr. Douglas Stanton in which he joyfully discovers America. The Carolina Theater is in the business for money, he says, and not for the sake of public interest.

Such prodigious insight about the internal mechanics of the CT should be lauded, no doubt. However, the money they're in for is mine, is Stanton's, is all of the students', and so, there is a right to complain, as Richard Klein did.

The Carolina Theater — which does not work for charity—should at least be fair enough as to provide acceptable, up to date, entertainment. Oh, all right, let's admit that an "oldie" once in a while is OK, but certainly not the selection of "oldies" (some of them charming, no doubt, as "Lolita" or "Sabrina") that is being systematically thrown at us day after day (as "One-Eyed Jacks," "The Hustler," "David and Lisa," "Gigi," even "Lily," for heaven's sake!).

We, the movie buffs, suffer, and all the more now, because due to an unfortunate coincidence the Carolina Theater is the monopolistic owner of the market in Chapel Hill, and there is no way out: either you see what they want or you don't see anything.

And most of the titles they exhume should better be left for free-flicks, where they belong. But — as the CT is in the business for money — we have to pay, anyway, to see, for the 9th time, pictures that are so old they're even old hat in Uruguay, the country I come from.

So in spite of the fact that the CT management is not there for the sake of public interest it has nevertheless a clear responsibility: that of providing updated entertainment. Because — and now it's my turn to discover America — that is what the CT charges money for.

If nevertheless the management insists in their present policy I suggest hereby that the following two changes be made at once. First, cut the admission tickets down according to the age of the picture shown (thus one would have to pay 10 cents to see "Sabrina," for instance; on the other hand, the management should pay the customers who ventured to see "Lili"); and second, change the name of the theater to "Bijou" or something similar.

That would give an adequately antique flavor, and every one of us would know what he's in for.

Perhaps we could start collecting signatures around campus and present the management with a petition for

more fresh reels, at least from time to time. I have the impression it would only be fair.

Huascar Toscano

### Boys' Fault

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

The TCC's complaints about dating on campus are completely unjustified.

Admittedly many girls do go around in print skirts, weejuns, and round collared blouses, but is conformity in dress necessarily a point for condemnation? A male student who judges a girl solely by the way she dresses does not deserve a date in the first place.

This "gripe" about the coeds being snobbish and hard to date is ridiculous. Before I received my mid-semester grades, I averaged one and a half dates a weekend.

Walking around campus I found that only one in fifteen girls will not smile back to me if I smile first. To get a coed's nose out of the air all one has to do is say "hello" or ask her if she is a typical Carolina Coed.

These girls are human beings with pride. The last thing a girl is going to do is stick her nose in the air and prove she is a TCC.

Because of Carolina's high academic requirements for women there are undoubtedly (percentage wise) more un-stereotyped individuals here than there are at say UNC-G.

There is, however, one thing that all the coeds seem to have in common and that is "friendliness." They know that if they are not friendly they will not get dates. They want to be dated just as much as the boys want to date them.

The TCC myth was in all likelihood created by Carolina Gentlemen who take the wrong attitude towards dating and meeting girls. They have not realized yet that in our society it is the male who makes the first move in any male-female relationship.

In fact if an attractive girl did come up to him and start talking he would undoubtedly think she was not worthy of his attention. The male student must put forth an effort and be aggressive.

This is really the problem: the Carolina men just do not realize how simple it is to meet a girl. A student, for example, might be afraid that the girl he tries to speak to will give him a dirty look and turn the other way.

Because of this fear he goes back to his dorm thinking that the girls are hard to get along with. He builds up a defense mechanism which in effect is to brand the girls as TCC's.

It is readily apparent that the TCC as presently defined is non-existent. The coeds are

unique individuals, friendly, and easy to date.

John Eric Watson

### A Confession

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

We are writing to confirm the rumor published in the December 11 issue of the Daily Tar Heel. Silent Sam was indeed "guilted" by a trio of UNC-G Sophomores. We wish to take this opportunity to clear up a few points:

—Silent Sam was painted to avenge the painting of our own beloved Charlie McIver, and to wish our brother campus a Merry Christmas.

—We managed to do this only under cover of darkness and by first unloading Sam's gun.

We sincerely hope Sam enjoys his Christmas coat.

Three Greensboro Coeds

### Politicians' Corner

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

My first impression of the green and yellow signs which announced the candidacy of Fred Thomas as President of the Student Body was that it was someone's idea of a joke.

I fully expected Thomas to state that he is not now a candidate for any such political office and that he has no intention of being a candidate in the spring. Had he done this no one could have called his integrity into question.

No one would deny Thomas' right to seek any political office he desires. However, his present office demands that he act as referee, not as partisan. The DTH is a monopoly on campus. Thomas is therefore in a position of unique trust.

His obligation to remain objective and impartial is incompatible with personal ambition to political office. The campus could have only contempt for anyone who attempts to use the DTH as a vehicle for a political group or to further personal ambition.

Thomas reaction to the signs now makes me wonder if maybe someone stumbled onto the real reason Thomas of late has attacked some campus politicians and offered inordinate support for others. Witness the adoration of Jed Deitz, Student Party, Fraternity brother of Thomas, likely candidate in the spring.

Is it possible that his overdone coverage of David Kiel's resignation was merely theatrical attempt to discredit the University Party.

If Thomas intends to run, he should properly resign so that he may begin making preparations for his campaign. If he is not a candidate let him say so in plain English.

How about it Fred. Is your hat in the ring or out?  
 Clint Laird

## Light On ACC Situation

From The Raleigh Times

If you may have been wondering why Atlantic Coast Conference football teams usually don't do so well in competition with teams from some other areas, at least a partial answer may be found in recruiting policies.

In his column today, Sports Editor Dick Herbert of The News and Observer has some enlightening facts. Georgia Tech, he reports, has already signed 25 players for next year's freshman team. Georgia has signed 18. Tech has four quarterbacks in its list. Tech has four quarterbacks in its list. Tech has four quarterbacks in its list. Tech has four quarterbacks in its list.

Herbert continued: "Last season, N. C. State brought in 18 freshmen on full football grants in aid. The normal number of the others in the Big Four is from 27 to 32. In the Southeastern Conference and Southwest Conference and at some Big Eight schools coaches would feel they were in a manpower pinch if that few were recruited. Texas brings in 75 in some seasons. Arkansas signs 50 each year. Numbers alone won't make a winner, but they provide a larger margin for error. Risks can be taken, and sometimes the players taken as such develop into stars."

As Sports Editor Herbert said, "It all is a matter of on how large a scale should football be operated at an educational institution."

The matter of how large the ACC scale should be apparently will be coming to a head of some sort before too long. There is restlessness among alumni at schools such as Carolina, where football results have been depressing in the extreme in recent seasons and where the coach has just resigned. There is a considerable feeling that Carolina should bring in a big-time coach. If Carolina does, other ACC teams will begin feeling the same way, and the old treadmill could begin grinding again.

The Atlantic Coast Conference now permits a school to have a total of 140 athletes on full scholarship at any one time, and many of the schools try to keep about 100 on football scholarships. That seems to be a large number—until you compare it to figures such as the 50 new scholarships each year at Arkansas and the fact that some years Texas brings in 75 new players.

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### On Pronunciation

Raleigh — it's our capital city. Except for an infrequent offender who puts the i before the e, there is seldom any problem with spelling the name of the city.

Pronouncing it, though, is a different matter. Take, for instance, our experience listening to a Raleigh radio station the other day. In a period of on-and-off listening covering some seven hours, we heard three different disc-jockeys pronounce Raleigh three different ways: *Rah' lee*, *Raw' lee*, (and this one killed us) *Ro' lee*.

The Associated Press and United Press International recently agreed upon a new one-word spelling of Vietnam. And they offered a clarification of its pronunciation. But it will take higher powers than they to resolve the *Rah-Raw-Ro-lee* disagreement.