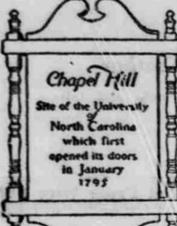


The Daily Tar Heel

72 Years of Editorial Freedom



Chapel Hill
Site of the University
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which first
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A Good Step For A Good Program

North Carolinians who have watched with pride and interest the progress of the State Government Summer Intern program will be encouraged by predictions from a number of state officials this week that the program probably will be continued by Dan Moore's administration.

The word from Raleigh is that the intern program's budget request has been included in the secondary requests of the Institute of Government here at the University. The predicted amount of the necessary appropriation is in the neighborhood of \$20,000, and the legislature's approval should come easily.

We hope that the predictions are correct for the intern program, which annually brings a score of the state's top college students into state government for summer work and study, has already proved to be a tremendous asset to the state. The fresh approaches and new ideas provided by the students have, in many cases, resulted in revampment of significant state programs and considerable savings of state funds. In addition, the state has been able to interest these top scholars in North Carolina's future, with the result that many of them will take active and important roles in our future progress.

An important aspect of the proposed appropriation for the program is its location in the budget of the Institute of Government. In its first three years, the

program has been under the jurisdiction of the Governor's office, because Governor Sanford personally created the unique internships. The money to pay the interns was secured from surplus funds within the respective state agencies in which they worked.

Now that the program has stabilized and matured, its removal to the Institute of Government appears to be an important step. It will facilitate the administration of the program, for one thing, and it will decrease the possibility that the internships could become strictly political appointments.

Governor Sanford's staff bent over backwards during the first years to insure that the internships would be distributed as fairly as possible, with ability and interest—and not political leanings—the primary considerations for selection. Understandably, however, many students without a political interest in state government were reluctant to apply. Now, by removing the political aspects entirely, the program should profit from a growing diversity.

And all who have come in contact with this unique program will certainly agree that it deserves to profit in every way possible. The interns of the past have rendered a valuable service, and most of them have been inspired to future state service in public or private life. It is encouraging indeed to hear predictions of the program's future well-being.

Our Top Man Deserves Better

It costs an awful lot of money to be a politician in North Carolina. For example, consider Governor-elect Dan K. Moore.

His campaign began some 15 months ago, and he has not held a salaried post since that time. His campaign war chest, reported by some sources to be as high as \$1.5 million, was virtually depleted during the grueling primaries and the general election.

And now he is struggling through the mounds of paper work left over, hoping hard for Jan. 7 to arrive when he will have office space free rather than a suite of rooms at the Sir Walter hotel costing

some \$30 a day.

He also looks forward to having secretaries paid by the state, not out of his pocket or on loan from State Democratic Headquarters.

And perhaps some space to spread out the whole operation, which is now crammed into the three rooms to the point where one has to slither between desks.

Of course, he is undergoing the same hardships Terry Sanford, Luther Hodges and all before them faced, and it is high time the state did something about the situation.

Governor Sanford has been good enough to supply Moore with several top assistants to aid in filling the gap, but the General Assembly should also act when they convene in January.

Specifically the Governor-elect in 1968 should be provided with office space, and plenty of it, in the State Legislative Building, as well as a reasonable stipend to hire secretaries and the necessary equipment. It is embarrassing and illogical to require a Governor-elect to beg for volunteers to run his post-campaign, pre-election headquarters.

Of course, the General Assembly cannot take monetary action this time around, as the budget for 1967-68 will not be considered until they meet in 1967, but they can appoint a committee to investigate the situation and make recommendations. This is certainly not asking too much, and probably would result in an allocation which would unburden the mind, and the pocketbook, of a man who has had a lot on both.

The Light-Fingered DTH Queen Mother

The Daily Tar Heel Queen Mother, Otelia Conner, stopped by the office yesterday to grace us with a few examples of her literary talents.

After thoroughly explaining exactly what her letters to us meant, plus some well-chosen words about the meaning and happiness of Christmas, she picked up her cigarette and left.

Unfortunately, it wasn't her cigarette—it was ours.

And she didn't even say thank you. (FLS)

Me? I'm Giving My Mother 3 Week's Dirty Laundry For Christmas.



Letters To The Editors

Attack On 'Wild West' Hit

Westerners Sick Of Phony Critics

Editors, The Tar Heel:

We, as natives of western North Carolina, are indignant over the article by David Rothman in Tuesday's Daily Tar Heel. It presents a false image of the people of western North Carolina and is unfit for publication in any newspaper, even The Daily Tar Heel.

The people of western North Carolina are not as lawless, ignorant, or bigoted as the article suggests. In fact they have no sit-ins or demonstrations as do their "blatant" cousins, and they have already produced a governor of this state.

We are sick of pseudo-intellectuals such as Mr. Rothman, and hope in the future you will be more discreet in selecting the articles to be published.

Bill Rhodarmar
322 Winston
Jim Watkins
308 Winston
Gary Gross
321 Winston

The Throat-High Wire Approach

Editors, The Tar Heel:

It's about the motorcycles. Mr. Sandarg has chewed me out for:

1. Emphasizing sex with cycles.
2. Saying cycles are unmuffled.
3. Referring to cycle jockeys as idiots.

First, I was hardly original in connecting Hondas with honeys. From the very DTH to the tube one is subjected to a massive ad campaign which asserts that if one acquires a cycle, he will have gals panting at his approach.

In fact, one would assume bubbly Hollywood models are standard equipment on the back saddle of today's cycle. If you try to tell me that the sex image isn't basic to the motorcycle industry today, Mr. Sandarg, I can only reply that bicycles are a whole lot cheaper, less costly to operate, and a great deal quieter.

Motorcycles are indeed muffled—great, shining chrome tubes that are singularly ineffective. If our family Plymouth made the racket many cycles here on campus do, I'd be subject to arrest in most of the 50 states for "improper muffler." It's worthwhile to note that the very countries that export these machines (especially Japan and Italy) are the same ones that have cracked down on cycles as serious, noisy nuisances at home.

Does Mr. Sandarg contend that just because a cycle engine requires some form of exhaust extension, it is magically quiet? I suggest he place his ear near the business end of one of these "mufflers." I am sure the experience would clear

his head. I won't pretend that all cycle jockeys are blockheads, but let's face it, a fair proportion of blockheads own cycles, and take excessive delight in raising hell. Since a motorcycle has such potential for disturbing the peace, this individual becomes a concrete problem which should be faced rather than ignored.

I'm sure most cyclists agree. Despite what the factory maintains, most motorcycles have enormous noise potential, and a fair number of their owners seem hell-bent to prove it. I don't believe asking one to leave his room when the great machines begin to bellow is the answer, Mr. Sandarg. A more realistic solution to a real problem is enforcement of both speed limit (20 m.p.h. on campus, I believe) and noise ordinances.

If cycles continue to be operated with the same colorful abandon, I still maintain that a throat-high wire strung across the road would be suitable recourse to achieve the silent spring.

D. K. M. Fox
323 Parker

Rothman Explains Misconceptions

Editors, The Tar Heel:

There are several points I wish to clear up about my article, "The Wild West Of North Carolina."

The column quoted the opinions of the student interviewed. The opinions definitely are not this columnist's.

The student, however, showed a genuine appreciation of education. Furthermore, he discussed the plight of the hillbillies with great sympathy. Thus, he cannot be considered a crackpot.

"Hillbillies," incidentally, did not refer to western Carolina's entire population. Rather, it referred to the inhabitants of some of the isolated mountainous areas.

The student interviewed realizes that most of Western Carolina is just as progressive as the state's other sections.

David Rothman

Industry Seeks Capable Workers

Editors, The Tar Heel:

In reference to David Rothman's "Wild West of North Carolina," being a resident of the western part of North Carolina I would tend to question the validity of Frank Baker's observations on that area which appeared in Tuesday's Tar Heel.

I would remind Mr. Baker that more and more industry is moving to western N. C. each year, and only a fool would move a factory to a place where the workers are as bad as he says they are, cheap labor notwithstanding. It would

seem rather, that this migration to western N. C. suggests that its people are industrious, capable workers.

Where else in the country could a person who has no skill, sense or education, a person who is irresponsible and troublesome, earn more than \$70 a per week.

Of course one of the "hillbillies" could go to New York or Michigan and make \$90 per week, until strike time. Then he would have to borrow money to get back to western N. C. where there have been no strikes and no major lay-offs since 1929.

Or he might move to eastern N. C. and grow tobacco, a product subsidized by the government. He might live a better life priming tobacco in the hot sun than working in an air-conditioned factory, but I doubt it.

Possibly the reason road signs are not shot up in eastern N. C., if that is the case, which I also doubt, is that the racists are saving their ammunition for a race war brought on by idiots like Baker.

The land of the sky has been fine for me. Like it there.

Larry G. Baber
116 Polk St.

Anonymous Blast Poor Practice

Editors, The Tar Heel:

The recent article entitled "The Wild West of North Carolina" reaches an all-time low in reporting, even for the Tar Heel.

Is it now the policy of the DTH to publish articles based on information obtained from a person who refused to reveal his identity?

It seems a poor practice to allow one to blast away at a large segment of the states population from behind a mask of anonymity.

"Frank Baker's" statements are based on no facts so far as I am concerned. On the contrary, they would seem to be built on an apparent basis of rumor, gossip and lies.

It is indeed commendable that this self-styled "intellectual" who modestly admits to being educated, fluent in his native tongue, and possesses the ability to do long division is able to pass as such through a value judgement on a section of the state.

It must be noted that "Baker" is not adverse to spending his summers in that part of the state, however.

Apparently the author seems to feel there is widespread hatred of Negroes among the citizens of western N. C. I would like to point out, however, that there has been very little, if any, history of racial violence in that area.

It would behoove both Mr. "Baker" and Mr. Rothman to get their facts in a row before spouting off on a subject about which neither obviously knows anything.

Neil Beach

Moscow Interlude

Changing Scene In Red Square

By JAMES RESTON
MOSCOW — For about \$1,000 these days you can go to Moscow, and gather impressions that are probably not worth a dime. But it is a bracing experience and for people who like a long, cold and expensive trip in the middle of the winter, it really cannot be matched.

Moscow is a city of contrasts. It has one foot in the moon and the other stuck in the mud. It has a new glass and neon lighted airport where you can buy cut-rate vodka and furs. Both are essential in these latitudes.

Downtown there are now over 10,000 taxis, all of which seem to charge from every traffic light, like the kickoff at a football game, and defy pedestrian traffic for all but the most expert broken field runners. At GUM's department store, they have three fashion shows a day, and at the fancy restaurants the waiters wear tails and scowl at tips just as they do in New York.

Yet in the freezing suburbs, the old women are still drawing water from outside pumps and carrying it to tipsy old wooden houses that look as though they had been "frozen in the act of collapse." They look like figures in a Grandma Moses picture that are now showing here at the Pushkin Gallery.

Sometimes the new and the old are combined in charming ways. The place is full of vending machines (maybe that's what happened to Bobby Baker) and on Gorky Street you can buy a caviar sandwich by putting a coin in the machine and waiting for an old woman to peer out at you and nod. She then makes the sandwich and drops it into the slot. Very good too.

In the last five years Moscow has changed in many subtle ways. Essentially it is the same, but like the country girls who went to town, it has put on a little more rouge, a little more weight, and a few more "airs."

Some of the women are now tinting and lacquering their hair in accordance with the latest Paris outrage (repeat out-outrage), and others are wearing flashes of color around their heads, but in the main it is a city of silhouettes. Of funeral figures shuffling through the snow against the savage wind, or waiting, always waiting for buses, for newspapers, for groceries or something else.

I first came here in 1942, when Moscow was under siege from the advancing German Army and the only route of travel from Washington was south-

ward to Brazil, across the South Atlantic to Ascension Island and Acera, and thence across the heart of Africa to the Sudan and northward to Cairo, Teheran, and Moscow. It is an easier and more rewarding journey now.

The progress since then is startling. The ragged ghosts in the dim night streets of those days have disappeared. The people are comfortably and sensibly dressed. They are much better housed than even five years ago, and the government has completed between the center of the city and Moscow University on the upland fringe what must be the largest and ugliest complex of apartment houses in the history of human habitation.

There is much more money, much more food and much more vodka around than in the days of Dick Nixon's political invasion of Siberia in 1959. Accordingly — no I did not take any measurements personally — I have the impression that the girth of the Soviet people, calculated at the beam, is increasing at an alarming rate. And in a misspent life around football games, press club bars, political blow-outs and other alcoholic establishments in America, I have seen more befuddlement in so short a time.

Yet at other times and places, the Soviet crowds are much better disciplined than Americans. At the ballet or the theater, for example, they have achieved two remarkable things: They have eliminated that bane of the Broadway theater, the noisy late-comer, and even more commendable, they even seem to have abolished the common cough. How this is done without chloroforming anybody clear, but it is obviously one of the great achievements of theatrical history.

What a Westerner misses here is variety, spontaneity, and laughter. It is not merely that the clothes are dark and uniform or that the shops all look alike — this is understandable — but that the faces are uniformly shut and frozen.

If they are marching to the New Arcadia, they don't look very happy about it. One almost longs for precisely what they are determined to stamp out: The cult of personality, some sign of individuality or originality; some indication that the human spirit can cry out here in the dim light and be heard.

Moscow is a brooding city, though starkly beautiful in the powdered snow. It is changing alright, but changing this vast continental country is a little like trying to change the Atlantic Ocean.

Printed Stockings Hard On Leg-Men

By ART BUCHWALD
The New York Herald Tribune

The topless bathing suit has not been very successful. The reason is that men wouldn't go along with it. They threatened their women, "If you wear a topless bathing suit, I ain't going swimming with you."

So the fashion designers got sore and they said, "We'll fix 'em."

How did they fix us? They decided to cover women's legs with wool, flowers and rhinestone stockings. If we are to believe the fashion writers, the slim, clean leg of yesterday is being replaced by what looks to be the fifth leg of a dining room table.

I can speak with authority because I happen to be a leg man. The first thing I look at when a girl walks by is her legs. The Buchwalds have always been leg men.

They started out, of course, as ankle men in the days when women weren't allowed to show their legs, but as skirts got shorter we started to specialize in limbs, and I remember my daddy once saying to me when I was six years old, "I envy you, son. At your height, you can see legs better than I can."

As I grew up I became a great admirer of the female limb. But I was a purist. All I asked was a nice, shapely calf in a sheer silk or nylon stocking supported by an attractive ankle and a high heel. I wanted no frills to detract from the view. Women could do what they wanted with the rest of their clothes, but I demanded that their legs remain clean, neat, and if possible, straight.

I did most of my memorable leg watching at sidewalk cafe tables in Paris.

I sat for hours on end, either with French or American friends, looking at limbs as they went by. Sometimes the waiter

would join me and we would discuss the merits of a French leg as opposed to an American leg. It was hard work but it had its rewards.

Then, a little more than two years ago, the shades of the stockings started to get darker. I wasn't worried at first, as I thought it probably had to do with smog or something. But pretty soon the realization dawned on me that women were starting to wear black stockings.

I became very upset. The black stockings, if they were sheer, were not unattractive, and in some cases had a certain sex appeal. But my main fear was that the stocking people were about to spring something on the public that might change the entire course of leg-watching.

When I expressed my apprehensions to my French friends, they laughed at me. "Legs are too important to women," they assured me. "They would never do anything to detract from them."

I wrote my daddy and he wrote back, "I'm scared, too, son. I think we're in for a bad time."

It took two years before the prediction came true. Sure enough, this year the new stockings were put on the market. Harlequins, diamond patterns, birds, and even porpoises were woven into the patterns. Every color under the rainbow was introduced.

Despite the fact that the stockings make women look like Italian coffee tables, they have been selling well. The joys of leg-watching are disappearing right under our eyes.

Last Sunday, I took my son for a walk, just as my daddy had taken me, and after it was over my son said, "What's so great about legs?"

I didn't know what to say.

The Daily Tar Heel

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