

The Daily Tar Heel

Opinions of the Daily Tar Heel are expressed in its editorials. Letters and columns, covering a wide range of views, reflect the personal opinions of their authors.
ERNIE McCRARY, EDITOR

DTH Awards Of The Week

Quote of the Week: Barry Goldwater, in criticizing Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara and his Viet Nam policy, offered this suggestion — "I would like to see him go back making Edsels."

Best Protester of the Week: The person who sent an envelope full of ashes and this letter to the mayor of St. Joseph, Mo.: "In protest against the recent increase of overdue library book fines from three to five cents, I have burned my library card."

Best Headline of the Week: In the Chapel Hill Weekly: "Leaders Warn Chest Campaign May Fall Flat."

Loser of the Week: Anybody who tries to use one of those new light-weight quarters in a vending machine.

Versatility Award: Two Klansmen, described by the House Un-American Activities Committee as demolitions instructors who also run a "disorderly house" in their klavern.

Lizard of the Week: The "friend" who told reporters that Luci Baines Johnson was thinking about getting married, touching off so much romantic speculation that she and her boy friend finally told news-men to get lost.

Cop of the Week: Greensboro Patrolman S. J. Staron, who stopped a driver doing 65 miles per hour in a 50-mph zone. When he asked the caught motorist his occupation, the answer was, "Grand Dragon." It was James Robert Jones.

Misery Is . . .

Remember all those cute little sayings that began with "happiness is" or "security is"?

Well, we came up with a more appropriate little quip for these darker days.

Misery is . . .
 Misery is sitting in Kenan Stadium waiting for the Tar Heels to score.

Misery is taking a shower and someone flushes the john.

Misery is an 8 o'clock class on a cold winter morning when the radiator isn't working.

Misery is a roommate who comes in at 2 Sunday morning after you've been studying all night and tells you about his great date.

Misery is waking up in the morning and running outside the dorm in your pajamas to get *The Daily Tar Heel* and that girl you have been wanting to date walks by.

Misery is getting up for your eight o'clock class and the professor doesn't show up.

Misery is economizing by going to Lenoir Hall for dinner and finding out the Rat is selling pizzas at half price.

Misery is getting your \$6 shirt back from a Chapel Hill laundry.

Misery is getting to the Dairy Bar at 12:01 Sunday morning to buy a six-pack of beer.

Misery is lighting the wrong end of your last filter tip cigarette.

Misery is trying to quit smoking.

Misery is a "T" sticker.

Misery is finding a Honda in the only parking space on the block.

Misery is finding a parking place and when you come back you find a parking ticket.

Misery is getting a B on that real tough test and everybody you brag to got an A.

Misery is writing a term paper and later learning that it is on your professor's specialty.

Misery is selling your books and finding out that you flunked the course.

Misery is a 1.99999 quality point average on graduation day.

Misery is bumping into Otelia Connor and you're already five minutes late for class.

Misery is laughing at the coed walking in front of you and then you turn around and there are two coeds laughing at you.

Misery is finding out that the girl you took to the Arboretum last night has mono.

Misery is spending two weeks in the infirmary with mono.

Misery is knowing you voted for LBJ.

Misery is worrying about HHH becoming president.

Misery is being in the KKK and having to plead the fifth fifth fifth.

Ed Freakley

The Daily Tar Heel

Second class postage paid at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., 27514. Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester; \$8 per year. Send change of address to The Daily Tar Heel, Box 1080, Chapel Hill, N. C., 27514. Printed by the Chapel Hill Publishing Co., Inc. The Associated Press is entitled exclusively to the use for republication of all local news printed in this newspaper as well as all ap news dispatches.

"Gunsmoke On Yet!"



BERNARD HEIL THE DAILY TAR HEEL

Maupin Clarifies His Editorial

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

I have been asked to clarify several items that appeared in my "soup editorial" on the Student Peace Union. I am happy to oblige.

Contrary to a statement in the editorial, the SPU has never picketed the Naval Armory. Furthermore, it has never been proved that the ban-the-bomb blitz of building defacement last May was carried off by members of the Peace Union. It is true that the SPU symbol appeared in conjunction with the anti-Viet Nam epithets that were scrawled on the library, South Building and other campus buildings, but this is not concrete proof that SPU members were responsible for the action. The hierarchy of the group, in fact, publicly denounced such methods for expressing their "dissent."

In regard to the defacement of guns at the Naval Armory, it has been pointed out

to me that the people involved were merely "attending" SPU meetings and not official members of the organization. They did not become members of the SPU until after their trials by the Honor Council.

In regard to the picketing of South Building and the administration, it has been brought to my attention that the Peace Union was never officially involved in the "Goodykoontz Affair" last spring. Members of the group may have picketed, but they were simply operating on their own initiative.

Several people have questioned my judgment in using the word "odorous" to describe the SPU. They were right.

I looked up "odorous" in the dictionary and it means "fragrant or sweet-smelling." I would like to retract that remark.

Armistead Maupin, Jr.
 715-A Gingham

'Today's Chuckle' Lives In Chapel Hill

By MARY RICHARD VESTER
 Chapel Hill won out over California, Florida, Mexico, Washington, Oregon and the Rio Grande Valley (important retirement area) for the Tom Collins family, 15 Lake Shore Drive. Mr. and Mrs. Collins retired here with three teenage boys three years ago this January when Tom Collins retired as executive editor of *The Chicago Daily News*.

The writers of "Today's Chuckle" and "The Weekend Chuckle" (famous little conversation pieces that bring a smile every day) wanted just "to be home and write together."

They first saw Chapel Hill in 1956 when they were location hunting with the dream of retirement in mind. After looking thoroughly over the United States, they were drawn back to the village by its "seasons, the atmosphere and people and being in a college town. The snow is pretty here," Mrs. Collins said, "because it seldom stays long enough to be the slushy, dirty mess it is in Chicago."

Mrs. Collins has been writing chuckles such as "Football player: A man who gets a living out of kicks" and "An eight-year-old's definition of thinking: When you keep your mouth shut and your head keeps on talking to itself." since 1954. Her husband started writing them in 1946, the same year he married Mrs. Collins. He still writes two syndicated columns on retirement — "The Golden Years" weekly and "The Senior Forum" five times a week. They appear regularly in about 50 newspapers around the country.

Chuckle is the most widely syndicated front-page text feature in the world. It appears in 275 newspapers across the country; nine of them are North Carolina papers. General Features Corporation, New York newspaper syndicate, frequently sells it in Australia, Japan and Canada as well.

Mrs. Collins says she can't understand it. She doesn't know whether it is printed in English or translated. But since it is "a play on words that often depends on a double meaning for its humor," the whole idea might be lost in another language.

She works on a 50-50 basis with General Features; some comic writers manage to get 60 per cent, she explains, but no better. She stays about four weeks ahead on "Today's Chuckle," but works two months ahead on "The Weekend Chuckle" because Eugene Payne, staff artist for "The Charlotte Observer," creates pictorial cartoons to accompany them.

Where does she find ideas? She has "a very large mailing list," but modestly admits some chuckles are original twists of old sayings, combinations or rearrangements. Do friends contribute their brainstorms? Although she's sure it would be interesting, Mrs. Collins doesn't solicit or accept ideas of this kind because of the legal risk; they could be stolen. "I'm afraid to," she said frankly.

She calls the chuckle "a quip rather than a joke," but stresses it never involves vulgarities. Her husband explained why the chuckles caught on and lasted: "News was grim during war years when the chuckle was born, especially front-page news. Chuckle guaranteed at least a smile a day."



MR. and MRS. TOM COLLINS

LETTERS

The Daily Tar Heel welcomes letters to the editor on any subject, particularly on matters of local or University interest. Letters must be typed, double spaced and must include the name and address of the author or authors. Names will not be omitted in publication. Letters should be kept as brief as possible. The DTH reserves the right to edit for length or libel.

It's OK Kid, Everybody Does It

(Reprinted from the bulletin of the First Methodist Church, Cherryville, N. C.)
 By JACK GRIFFIN

When Johnny was six years old, he was with his father when they were caught speeding. His father handed the officer a five-dollar bill with his driver's license "It's O.K., Son," his father said as they drove off. "Everybody does it."

When he was eight, he was permitted at a family council, presided over by Uncle George, on the surest means to shave points off the income tax return. "It's O.K., Kid," his uncle said. "Everybody does it."

When he was nine, his mother took him to his first theater production. The box office man couldn't find any seats until his mother discovered an extra two dollars in her purse. "It's O.K., Son," she said. "Everybody does it."

When he was twelve, he broke his glasses on the way to school. His Aunt Francine persuaded the insurance company that they had been stolen and they collected \$27.00. "It's O.K., Kid," she said. "Everybody does it."

When he was fifteen, he made right guard on the high school football team. His coach showed him how to block and at the

same time grab the opposing end by the shirt so the official couldn't see it. "It's O.K., Kid," the coach said. "Everybody does it."

When he was sixteen, he took his first summer job at the big market. His assignment was to put the over-ripe tomatoes in the boxes and the good ones on top where they would show. It's O.K., Kid," the manager said. "Everybody does it."

When he was eighteen, Johnny and a neighbor applied for a college scholarship. Johnny was a marginal student. His neighbor was in the upper three per cent of his class, but he couldn't play right guard. Johnny got the scholarship. "It's O.K., Kid," they told him. "Everybody does it."

When he was nineteen he was approached by an upperclassman who offered him a set of test questions for three dollars. "It's O.K., Kid," he said. "Everyone does it."

Johnny was caught and sent home in disgrace. "How could you do this to your mother?" His father asked. "You never learned anything like this at home." His aunt and uncle were shocked also.

If there's anything the adult world can't stand, it's a kid who cheats . . .

David Rothman

Jerkeley University Solves Arboretum Petting Problem

DTH editor Ernie McCrary is right — many UNC students avoid the Arb because of the danger of being stepped on.

Here's one school's solution to the problem:

After the University of Jerkeley arboretum became overcrowded, Dean of Men William Short announced a new set of petting regulations, noting that Jerkeley has 8,800 petters and only 5,316 petting spaces.

He added:
 "If anyone thinks 12,000 young people are going to spend four to seven years at the university just sitting around twiddling their thumbs, they have another thought coming."

"Let's face reality:
 "All of us may be thinking about building that multi-story petting facility, but we'll never get the necessary funds from the state legislature.

"Daytime petting will be restricted to specified areas," the Dean said. "Curb petting will be eliminated in heavily crowded automobiles.

"Failure to comply with the new regulations will result in the couples' being towed to a compound near the University Airport."

The regulations also provided for a \$5 petting fee.

Originally, there was a \$2.50 fee, but the university needed the increase to finance the construction of new petting facilities in dormitories and churches.

Graduate students, married students and

veterans over 21 received petting privileges without restriction.

The university prohibited single students from registering more than one coed at a time. It permitted couples to pet overnight only in designated lots.

Freshmen and all other undergraduates with less than a "C" average were denied petting privileges.

Dean Short predicted it may be possible to have off-campus petting fields with a shuttle bus service within 10 years.

"That's 10 years too far away," said an editorial in *The Daily Cowlifornian*.

"The rule that petters may be sent home after three honor code violations rather than five may reduce the number of them on campus," the paper said, "but we feel the present regulations are sufficient."

The *Daily Cowlifornian* also commented: "Once all petters are removed from the streets, there is little doubt the traffic will increase. Then the street walkers will become more visible.

"Instead of sneaking out from behind darkened cars, Jerkeley students will be able to walk out into the paths of the Arb in full sight of the housemothers.

"Towing away couples petting in the wrong zone is a bit extreme, and it will probably keep every moral squad in Jerkeley overtime!"

"Nevertheless, this regulations is unavoidable because there simply is not enough space for everybody to pet near the center of the campus during class hours."

jective is gathering background for a woman's novel that she plans, she says her writing time now will be spent on the thesis; she hopes to complete by the spring. She has done a collection of jokes for ministers, "For Benefit of Clergy," which probably will come out next fall. It has been accepted by Grosset and Dunlap in New York, and they are looking for an illustrator now.

Her first job was as managing editor for the *Ames Daily Tribune* in Iowa. Then she worked for the publicity department of a book publishing company, D. C. Heath and Co., in Boston for a year. She met her husband when both were working in public relations for the Navy in Washington, D.C. She was an aid to the admiral, who was the public relations director. For seven years she wrote a column of down-to-earth family experiences, "Spouse - Keeping," six times a week. Yes, she sometimes used her own family for subjects, but she put their words in someone else's mouth whenever possible because she feels "there's nothing duller than someone writing about his own children."

Tom Collins was reared in Chicago and graduated in journalism from the University of Georgia. His book is titled like his column, "The Golden Years." His wife borrowed the title of his other column, "The Senior Forum," for another book on retirement. And Dartnell Corporation soon will release Collins' 12 booklets for industry on retirement's various phases. The Executive Editor and former Foreign News Service Director of 20 years said, "You do some good in newspapering if you're any good. The field is wide open; you can conquer the world."

Parental encouragement, inherited abilities, favorable environment or simply natural inclination — something — just might have bred four more journalists: Tom Collins' daughter Carol was a reporter before her marriage, and all three boys aspire to the profession.

At any rate, the Collins family is as addicted to "the cause" as they are to Chapel Hill, which they call "a good place to rest between trips." They've made three trips to Europe, just returned from Italy, and say traveling is one of the joys of retirement. "The boys accuse me of always planning our next trip on the current one," Mrs. Collins said.

"But I think this is it," her husband added. "I've bought five cemetery lots. We're here to stay."