

The Daily Tar Heel

76 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Los Angeles, Here We Come!

RCS Is Making Strides With Help From South

The Residence College System Friday made what is probably its greatest stride to date with the announcement that James and Scott Colleges will have faculty fellows living in them next year.

The introduction of faculty members into the colleges will do much to further the rapport between college residents and the faculty, and in so doing will aid the RCS in becoming a better integrated "living-learning" unit.

Further, the placing of the faculty fellows in the residence halls is one of the more significant moves by the Administration since the inception of the RCS.

Previously, most of what has been accomplished within the residence colleges has been initiated and carried through by student leaders—such as Roger Davis' turning Craig Dormitory into "Maverick House," John Ellis' whipping Morrison into shape last year and Bill Darah's initiating a grass roots-initiative program at James this year.

Lately, however, the Administration has finally begun to take a more active role in the development of the residence colleges.

For example, it was heartening to students who have worked tirelessly with the RCS for several years to finally have an administrative officer appointed to solely ride herd over the program. That person was the Rev. Harry E. Smith, long time Presbyterian chaplain here, who has been named as a Special Assistant to the Chancellor.

Through Rev. Smith, the residence college leaders will have an easier inroad to the Administration than they have had by working with deans whose responsibilities are so numerous that they don't really have enough time to devote to the colleges' development.

If this trend continues, Carolina will soon have one of the foremost residence college systems in the nation.

Where Was RFK Then?

From The Charlotte Observer

The pragmatic streak that helped the Kennedys wrest the liberal leadership of the Democratic Party from Adlai Stevenson may turn out to be the undoing of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy's ambitions.

Eight years ago, the late John F. Kennedy came on as a man who could temper liberal ideals with the decisive tough-mindedness required to win elections and provide effective national leadership. As candidate and President, John Kennedy seized the main chance without seeming to be just another self-seeker. His compromises were readily put down as a matter of accepting political reality.

His brother isn't faring so well. In time, Robert Kennedy may overcome public reaction to his change of heart about challenging President Johnson's nomination this year. But that change as a self-seeking aura that will be hard to get rid of.

After all, Kennedy has not revisited his stand on opposing a Johnson nomination because of anything new the Johnson administration has done. Despite Kennedy's mention of the President's weak response to the latest report on civil disorders, the administration's policy line has been consistent.

It remains pretty much what it has been for months — months in which Kennedy proclaimed his dissatisfaction but added his intention to support Lyndon Johnson nonetheless. What has changed is the national political atmosphere.

Suddenly it appears that President Johnson may be beatable.

If this change had occurred to Kennedy from a sampling of opinion or from insights of his own, his revised stand could have made Kennedy seem, indeed, a pragmatic champion of liberalism. But the fact is that Kennedy's brand of pragmatism kept him from sticking his neck out at all. It was Sen. Eugene McCarthy who rode out purely in the name of liberal principle and proved that a champion of liberal principle might also find political advantage in bucking the President.

McCarthy was willing to risk his political career. If Kennedy had taken an active interest in this effort at a point where McCarthy was faltering, he might have come on as a hero. But to jump in at this moment when McCarthy's gamble seems to be paying off is like having the army of Israel take over from David after it began to appear that his slingshot would work on Goliath.

The Kennedys used to make a big point about those people who were and those who weren't with them before John F. Kennedy nailed down the Democratic nomination at the Los Angeles convention in 1960.

The same point suggests itself again. Before New Hampshire Robert Kennedy was looking out for his own interests. He will have a hard time convincing many people that isn't all he is doing now that McCarthy has shown Lyndon Johnson is not unbeatable.

Terry Gingras

There's Got To Be A Better Way

After three years in this fabulous town, I have come to the conclusion that something in the Chapel Hill Merchants Association smells.

Have you ever wandered downtown and tried to find a decent place to eat? Look around you, my child.

If you can find a place to eat that doesn't consistently make you ill, I congratulate you on an iron constitution.

In my experience with the Chapel Hill, I have found that the average eating establishment in this town is designed to toughen up for basic training. After eating in Chapel Hill for four years, what's so bad about a cor K rations?

Walk around downtown. Look at the eating establishments and think about the quality of the food served in them. Look at those neon signs and think: grease, grease, grease.

If by some amazing chance, the quality of the food doesn't trash you out, think about the quality of the service.

Ideally in a restaurant, you go in, sit down and a waiter appears, asks you what you would like to have to eat and serves you quickly and quietly.

My stomach absolutely rolls, when the average Chapel Hill waitress pounces upon me. You must know the Chapel Hill waitress. The average one is a refugee from a Sargent Shriver program.

She saunters up to your table, plants her bulk on it (this is presupposing that you've been standing up on the seat giving wig-wag singals for a half hour or so). Anyway she finally comes. She sits there chewing her gum. She gives you this side-long glance (down her nose) and asks "Yeah man what you want?"

Being thoroughly exhausted from your efforts to attract her attention, you cower down in your seat and ask her timidly for a hamburger or whatever your heart's desire is for that evening.

She again gives you this side-long-look (Chapel Hill waitresses are required by the Chapel Hill Merchants' Association to get their PhD in side long glances before they can get a job) anyway, she gives you this side long look and says "yeah man, I guess that'll be all right." As you sit there wallowing in gratitude.

Meanwhile she goes away calls in your order, sits around for a while, gossips

with her boy friend, smokes and few cigarettes and chats about the weather.

In the meantime your order has come up. It's sitting there on this greasy plate. Just sitting there cooling off. It's supposed to be a piping hot pastromi sandwich, but by the time you get the waitress to bring your order to you, it's as cold as a well-digger's hip pocket.

In order to persuade a Chapel Hill waitress to wait on you, you have to wave money. It doesn't matter if they don't get to keep it, they're all so starved for the sight of money that they jump for it.

It has occurred to me that perchance these waitresses aren't so bad for the salaries they're getting.

If we, the students could persuade the Chapel Hill Merchants to pay waiters and waitresses even the minimum wage, perhaps the service at least would be a little better.

Who knows maybe the cook, with all these happy, well paid people surrounding him, could be persuaded to lower himself and actually cook a decent meal.

Or maybe the cook could be better paid too. Possibly he could be returned to the status of the happy artisan.

Just think merchants of Chapel Hill, if you pay your employees decent wages they could be happier, the customers could also be happier (money makes for huge initiative) and so would you. Really now, Chapel Hill Merchant, if you make your money from smiling happy customers, isn't this going to cut down on your guilt complexes?

It's so simple, there is a better way. You pay your hired help more, you make your customers happy and by so doing, you make yourself happy.

And you, UNC student, wouldn't you love to come into a restaurant and be received by happy, considerate waitresses and waiters? Wouldn't you love to come to a restaurant and find food, well cooked food prepared by the careful, loving hands of a cheerful happy cook?

There is a better way.



Letters To The Editor

Once Again The Movie Strikes

To The Editor:

My condolences to Mr. Sanders and the Warrens of Battle Lane (or formerly of Battle Lane, as the case may be). We are still in mourning for our (well, Mrs. Nancy Markham's) house (stage name — Vermont Ski House), which bravely fought Chapel Hill's latest disease — Hollywood.

When it was decided to use the house for the movie, only the kitchen and living room were mentioned. If the rest of the plan had been known no doubt 229 Weaver Road would not be immortalized today on film.

It would still be intact. What's worse — the I Ching gave me no indication of impending disaster for Monday, Feb. 26. It was probably hoping they needed a Chinese extra.

With a strange man in my bedroom on Monday morning at 7:00 — complete with beret and sunglasses (it was raining) — I had no choice but to get up and watch the excitement. (a mistake, I should have stayed in bed... and prayed).

My roommates ran — and a little later Mrs. Markham fled... with good reason. I felt like a Lilliputian trying to battle the Broddingnagians.

It was decided that the two previously chosen rooms weren't sufficient and they needed my living room and the couch would have to be moved.

O. K., anything for art. But the couch is supported by a few hundred bricks, with seemed like a few thousand as I started moving them.

The plot thickens and my blood pressure begins to rise.

My bedroom now looked like the new student union — with the roof collapsed.

The sound men were playing with the record player. And scratching my records. So I did what anyone would do under the circumstances — had a beer. And another.

A smiling young thing tripped into my kitchen (which in real life is a closet) pleading hunger. I was getting ready to plead insanity! Her entourage followed. (You'd think someone would feed poor starving movie stars before they're allowed to descend on poor, starving students).

I felt like a one-woman Howrd Johnson's. Maybe I'll get the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval... or the purple heart. But it had just begun.

By the end of the day I had loaned out books, played records for a "star" (who

didn't know how to work the machine which only has off and on), given tea and cold remedies to sick members of the crew (the reason for their ailments now being obvious), been accosted by 900-year old men and screamed at through a megaphone by the blue beret (from a distance of one foot) when I attempted to cross the dining room to go outside for a possible escape (blocked by cables).

I now envision Hollywood as a place with thousands of vari-colored berets and sunglasses—which upon meeting on the street, pull out their megaphones — bull horns as they're affectionately known by those in the industry — and scream loudly at each other from short distances.

Fortunately, a friend came over. We snickered as they sat outside in the cold, eating their box lunches. (We had been invited earlier, but I guess they forgot). We finally found the peanut butter dregs in the now-depleted food supply.

Later we were forced to lock ourselves in the bathroom—the only place in whole house that was vacant. When my phone rang and ruined a take, I expected a lynch mob.

At 8:05 p.m., they left. I cried — from thankfulness. Mrs. Markham received \$100, one scratched dining-room table and various "woodcut" designs on the doors.

I had a bedroom full of bricks. After some complaining we were compensated for our inconvenience — \$10 (which has since been used for tranquilizers, Excedrin and a new needle for the record player).

This only lasted one day for us, but Mrs. Warren had five (I wonder if she can have visitors yet? and does she know the plot of the movie?).

Well, I guess a year from now I can see this as yet untitled movie and tell my friends how wonderful it was... that they weren't filming "Hell's Angels on Skis."

Susan Brill
229 Weaver Road

A Modest Proposal

One stormy evening, whilst quite alone, I was given to dwell on the aura which surround the nylon stocking, the

luxury and beauty which the female derives from this ethereal apparel. The demure leg so encased is a joy to behold, is invariably followed by sweet zephyrs of insipid admiration. With what allure are these gossamer threads utilized, to enrapture the hearts of the weak. And after many years the wonderful Dupont Sheath has compiled an admirable record of revealing many a hidden love, and hiding many a revealing knick.

And here, gentle peruser, my reasoning was visited by a revelation which was nothing short of miraculous. Why should just the leg benefit from the many virtues of the stocking? Why not expand upon its uses to include other parts of the female torso? My mind began to reel as the idea gained substance. But where, where to try out my theory? And then, kind mystics, with the speed of light, my nimble brain seized upon the perfect anatomical area... the arm. Of necessity! What better place than the elevated counter-part of the lower appendages? Why, the thelogical implications alone were staggering.

I determined to lay the foundations for what could emerge as a successful business venture. I was ever so meticulous (witness my careful preparation). I contracted a local fashion expert to create a stocking provided with five finger sockets at the base as opposed to one large well. I then constructed plans for a garter attachment which would be located somewhere in the periphery above the shoulder. I was ecstatic. The benefits of hose formerly restricted to the legs would now be made available to the forelimbs, heretofore neglected and near-naked.

Of course some unforeseeable ramifications in an innovation of such magnitude are to be expected, but the female element would be all too willing to assimilate these for the joy of my invention. I am convinced that most girls would adopt the practice of shaving their arms just for the chance of wearing arm-socks. Likewise, the tops of such hosiery would have to be covered, as no self-respecting woman would deign to expose so much lingerie. Blouses would have to be worn which would come down, to say 2 or 3 inches above the elbow, a height which could be fixed by local administrative policy. The proper crossing of the arms would no doubt be emphasized, ushering in a new era of glamour and elegance in manners. Inevitably, of

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

The Daily Tar Heel is published by the University of North Carolina Student Publications Board, daily except Mondays, examinations periods and vacations.

Offices are on the second floor of Graham Memorial. Telephone numbers: editorial, sports, news — 933-1011; business, circulation, advertising — 933-1163. Address: Box 1060, Chapel Hill, N. C., 27514.

Second class postage paid at U.S. Post Office in Chapel Hill, N. C.

Subscription rates: \$9 per year; \$5 per semester.

Action Now!

To The Editor:

Can't the honest citizenry do something about this sex maniac who's been allowed to roam through the girls dorms in an unchallenged spree of rape and murder? ("Just one murder" is too many murders, sir.) If the cost of a night watchman is prohibitive, what about a special squadron of eunuchs attached to the Chapel Hill police department which, in times of relative safety, could be assigned other details, such as patrolling the arboretum two abreast or chaperoning dorm social functions, by way of justifying the extra expense to the townspeople. But let's do this thing now.

Sincerely,
Rt. 2, Box 71