

The Daily Tar Heel

Opinions of The Daily Tar Heel are expressed on its editorial page. All unsigned editorials are the opinions of the editor and the staff. Letters and columns represent only the opinions of the individual contributors.

Tom Gooding, Editor
Thursday, December 17, 1970

Merry Christmas ... or bah, humbug

Christmas is only a week away, and students have been packing up and leaving school all week. With the last issue of The Daily Tar Heel before next year, we would like to offer a Christmas shopping list for some of our friends and enemies on campus.

For Dr. John Martz, chairman of the political science department, a quiet spring semester. After a semester of Poli Sci 95A and Nyle Frank, something like a massive student strike probably would be nice.

Provost J.C. Morrow has already gotten his present for this year—an end to the controversy over Dean C. Wilson Anderson of the School of Social Work, and, for New Year's, a comment since he has had none all year.

For Dean Anderson his new job in Cleveland will probably suffice, provided he doesn't have to be re-appointed any time soon.

For Chancellor J. Carlyle Sitterson, a replacement would best fit his needs since Sept. 1, 1971 is nearly nine months away.

For Consolidated University President William C. Friday, a little bit of advance notice the next time

Gov. Robert Scott decides to announce plans to re-structure the CU.

For Student Body President Tommy Bello, a new pair of Converse All-Stars. Tommy has been doing a lot of running lately and his old pair of shoes (the ones he wore last spring) are about worn out.

For the liberals in Student Legislature, a slide rule, a copy of Roberts Rules and a mathematical formula to help them understand cumulative voting. Or, if slide rules and formulas cost too much, a Joe Beard who has the system down pat.

For the guy who walked into the office Wednesday and gave us a whole chocolate cake, our thanks and a discreet belch.

For the University, a massive power failure which might finally convince the administration that operating the local utilities isn't what they want to do.

For The Daily Tar Heel staff, two weeks off.

And to campus security chief Arthur J. Beaumont and Mrs. Frances Sparrow, a Merry Christmas.

A 1941 loyalty oath keeps commies away

The University of North Carolina has a loyalty oath.

Anyone who wants to work for UNC has to swear, or affirm if they don't swear, to uphold the Constitution of the United States

and the North Carolina Constitution.

When the Board of Trustees first began requiring the oath it caused a big stink.

Supporters said it was the best method the University could use to keep radicals off the faculty.

However, the Raleigh News and Observer said the oath was "so half-hearted as to be silly."

That was in 1941, and the oath is as silly now as it was then.

And as silly as another oath the University required between 1949 and 1959 which required employees to swear, or affirm, that they were not and had not been communists or members of communist front groups or "fellow-travelers."

The University dropped that later oath, but somehow the oath passed by the Trustees in 1941 has remained with us.

The chairman of the faculty, Dr. Dan Okun, compared the present loyalty oath to the honor pledge each student is required to sign at the end of a quiz.

It would be nice, he said, if both of them worked, but they don't.

Of course, we wish to assure the members of the Board of Trustees that if we find any commies on this campus we will report it immediately.

Letters to the editor

Oakley wanted to be a martyr

To The Editor:
Dec. 15 we were treated to the spectacle of Bernie Oakley martyrizing himself after The Establishment failed miserably to do it for him this fall. Bernie seems to believe that if you want to be crucified right, you've got to do the job yourself.

Solemnly assuming we care, Bernie informs us his "noble ambitions" have been crushed. Karen Jurgenson in a column on the same page tells us Bernie "has not lost sight of his integrity." If fear, however, his ego is playing hide-and-seek.

Poor Bernie's mind is so swollen by images of "perverted rat races," people who "lick our wounds," and "limping" athletes that, fairly quivering with guilty excitement, he's picked up the match dropped by The Establishment and has burned his own jock strap.

Next step: Bernie, boy Medic for the Viet Cong? Is this the Bernie who would have us "Kill! Kill!" this fall? Was he drafted into cheerleading, did he stumble into the onerous profession while bedazzled by his "noble ambitions" or did he place himself there to orchestrate his own martyrdom?

Do you, gentle reader, feel you're being had, not by binocular-eyed alumni, but by St. Bernie? I can see tomorrow's headlines: "Bernie throws self into Bill Currie's mouth to protest tight gym shoes."

We can only await Bernie's next move, fans. What will it be? Only his hairdresser knows for sure.

Dave Fox
Colonial Arms

One's religion not to be taken lightly

To The Editor:
Regarding Mr. Farmer's letter in the Daily Tar Heel of December 8, 1970, there are a few points which should be made.

Mr. Farmer says: "Stop using religion as a crutch and face up to yourself and be your own redeemer." He is saying, I assume, that religion is a crutch. So who isn't limping?

That may seem like a point not even worth quibbling about, but it is indicative of a fundamental difference in philosophies. Mr. Ripley says there is a God; Mr. Farmer says there isn't.

Since neither assumption can be proven philosophically or scientifically

and since either assumption must be made in faith, both are intellectually tenable. "Being educated does make a difference." But education does not decide the question of whether or not there is a God, it only makes one aware that the question is there and should be answered.

Deciding whether what Christ said is true or not is a matter for serious, mature, personal consideration. Christianity should not be tossed off lightly as "useful in controlling a little kid" or "in comforting an old man who is about to turn into dust," but should be accepted or rejected with a full knowledge of what it is and who Christ claimed to be.

Daniel C. Vinson
458 Craige

Democracy fails on UNC campus

To The Editor:
After some reflection on the coronation of Nyle Frank as Supreme Ruler of the Universe, I have tried to decide whether he is fundamentally ill or was trying to say something symbolically (IUNC) to us at UNC.

Thinking back on my years here which

have seen the Student Government spend a million (\$1,000,000.00) dollars of mine and my colleagues' fees, I wonder if we have gotten a million dollars worth.

I realize that I have voted occasionally in democratic elections for people I didn't know and on issues I didn't think important; but, that in every election I voted in more than a majority didn't even vote! I now realize that I was voting away the majority of the Fees portion of each semester's Tuition and Fees to Student Government, then a nonentity in my mind.

Only today after four years do I realize that they have spent over a million dollars while I have been here! There aren't many who won't agree that for what we have spent, we got gipped (and not the first time in Chapel Hill).

Maybe Nyle Frank was calling attention to the fact that a King instead of a democracy here on the UNC campus might be better than what we have, (it couldn't be any worse). Indeed, why don't we dissolve Student Government and all the other facades so apparent around here and try to cut off some of the fat in the spending of student fees and maybe we could all get a refund at the end of the year (like a trip somewhere each could decide for himself).

Does it take a 10% petition to have a referendum on a refund of student fees (other than the Yack, Tar Heel, Athletics)?

Arian P. Garvey
N. Greensboro St.

Dorm ignored wishes of blacks

To The Editor:

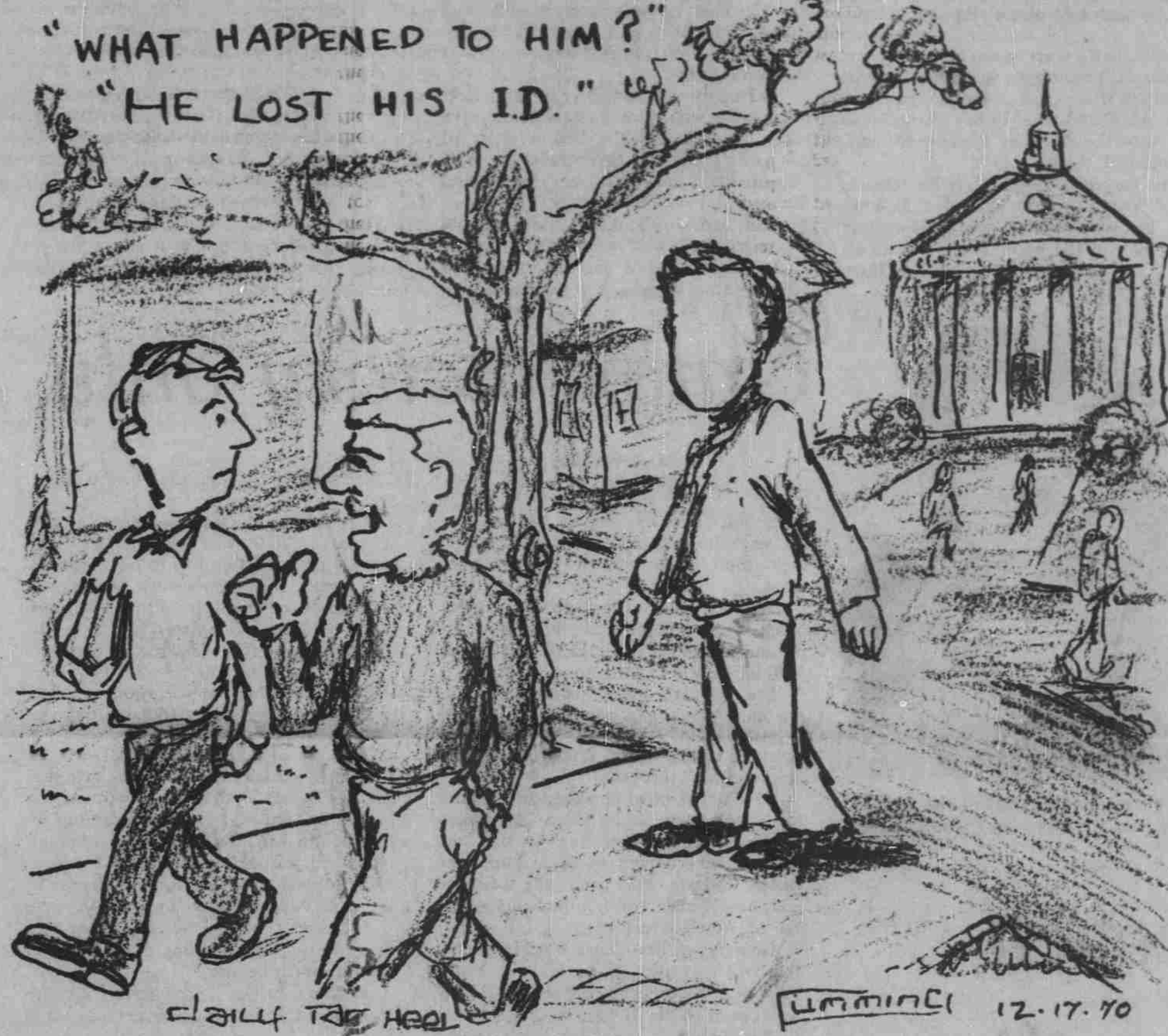
During the early part of this year, Charlie Miller, Governor of Hinton James Residence College promised that our Christmas Party would be enlightened by a soul band for the Hinton James Christmas Party. Recent information reveals that there will not be a soul band but a psychedelic band—obviously non-soul. Pondering over this news, the only conclusion that can be drawn is that the promise of the soul band was nothing more than a token effort.

Hinton James houses more black students than any other dorm on campus. It seems this should give the Blacks a voice in some of the activities that are carried on within the dorm. But, in reality, the Blacks are only promised certain things and then are offered impromptu lies when they discover their wishes will not be granted.

When asked the reason for finally deciding on the psychedelic band, Miller responded that the soul bands were all booked up; yet, he had checked with only one soul band. Representatives of the Committee for Afro-American Affairs even suggested a band which was not booked for the specified date, but Miller said he had already contacted the non-soul band.

So, once again, our wishes go unheard and not considered. When will our black dreams become black realities?

Eli Brown, Chairman
Committee for Afro-American Affairs



Dane Hartgrove

'I'm sorry, but there's no room'

Ed put down the newspaper that he had been reading, switched on the television, and adjusted the color to balance the red and the green. He settled himself in one of the room's overstuffed armchairs, and changed channels with the remote control switch to pick up the Thursday night movie.

"Hey, Julie! Hurry up and pack the kids off to bed. The movie's starting, and you promised to fix us a drink! Remember?"

"OK, honey, I'm almost there. By the way, you might turn off the outside Christmas lights. It's so late now that nobody would drop by anyway."

Julie switched off the light in the boy's room, closed the door, and walked back toward the den. On the way, she stopped in the parlor to unplug the lights on the Christmas tree.

Ed looked up from the television as his wife entered the room and pointed toward the well-stocked liquor cabinet that, with its accompanying bar, took up part of one side of the room.

"Let's break out some of that expensive brandy we picked up in France last spring. I think I put a bottle somewhere near the back on the third shelf. It's Christmas; we might as well celebrate."

Julie searched on the shelf for a moment, found the bottle, and opened it. She filled tumblers for Ed and herself, then replaced the bottle on the shelf. Having walked over to her husband, she handed him one tumbler and sank to the deep-pile carpet beside his chair.

"Ed, do you think Chris will like the pony? You know how he is about big animals."

"He'd better like it. I spent almost five hundred on that animal, with the cart and all the harness. Besides, I don't think they'd take it back. Why, we'd probably have to give it away to get rid of it. He'd better like it."

"Oh, Ed! Stop worrying about the money; we can afford it. What about Karen? Do you think she'll get jealous because we're only giving her clothes and

Chris is getting something bigger? Children worry about the size of their presents, you know."

"Me stop worrying! Look, honey. We gave the kids presents that cost almost the same amount. Besides, they're getting other presents besides. And it's the thought that counts."

"Yes, I know. We were fair, weren't we? They both had about the same amount spent on them. They can't complain. Oh, Ed, we are good to our children, aren't we?"

"Yes, we treat our kids better than anybody else in the valley. Now stop worrying and let's watch the movie."

They turned their attention to the television, where the movie had already begun. It was the traditional "White Christmas," with Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye. The couple watched as the blond crooner ran through number after number with the pretty female lead, and Kaye and another girl plotted to marry Crosby off to her.

The doorbell rang. Julie and Ed looked at each other in surprise and annoyance. They had invited no guests this Christmas Eve, and did not want to be disturbed.

After the second ring, Ed rose from his chair and headed for the front door. The warm, pleasant feeling he had got from the brandy was largely dispersed by the time he reached the front entry-way. "Damn," he thought, "Somebody would show up on the maid's night off."

The opened door revealed a young man dressed in seedy-looking clothes, with the long hair and beard that marked him as a hippy. Behind him, pressed against his back for warmth, stood a girl, likewise dressed in hippy garb.

"Excuse me, man. We were just passing out there on the highway, and the motor conked out on our van. We thought we were like a thousand miles from noplace, you know, but then we saw your lights up here on the hill and thought we'd come up and ask to use your phone to call a car hospital or something. You mind?"

"What's the matter, Ed? Who's out

there?" Julie had followed her husband into the front part of the house.

"It's just some young people who want to use the phone, honey. Go back in where it's warm so you don't catch cold."

To the young man, Ed answered, "Well, you could use the phone, but I'm afraid all the gas stations around here close about seven o'clock. I'm sorry."

"Well look, man. You see, my wife's like eight months pregnant at least, and she's been feeling bad tonight. I hate to ask you, but could you, like, put us up for the night. I'll wash your car or rake things in the yard or whatever to make things even. You see, I'm fresh out of green stuff."

"Uh, well, you see, son, we're having a house party tonight, and we've got guests in every room in the house. I'd like to help you young folks out, but I don't see how I can."

"Yeh, man. We understand. Don't sweat it; we'll make out all right. See you."

"Wait! Let me give you some money for a room. After all, it's Christmas. Here's ten bucks. Hey, don't you want the money?"

Ed watched as the young couple, the girl obviously pregnant, walked across the lawn and started down the driveway. Then he put the money back in his pocket, shut the door, locked it and walked back to the den.

Julie looked up as he walked in. "Who were they, dear?"

"Just a couple of freaks looking for a place to flop. Wanted to spend the night here. I told them we were full up with guests."

"I'm glad you told them no. You never know, they might have been out to get us, like that Charles Manson or something."

"Yeh, and besides, who wants to be bothered on Christmas Eve?"

They looked at each other, breathed a sigh of relief, and settled back to watch the end of "White Christmas."

The Daily Tar Heel

78 Years of Editorial Freedom

Tom Gooding, Editor

Rod Waldorf Managing Ed.
Mike Parnell News Editor
Rick Gray Associate Ed.
Harry Bryan Associate Ed.
Chris Cobbs Sports Editor
Frank Parrish Feature Editor
Ken Ripley National News Ed.
John Gellman Photo Editor
Terry Cheek Night Editor

Doug Jewell Business Mgr.
Frank Stewart Adv. Mgr.

Ken Ripley

Santa Claus' got a good thing going

Yes, Virginia, and you, too, North Carolina, there is a Santa Claus. And he's got a good thing going.

Santa Claus is probably the world's most popular toy salesman—ask any toy store. His fan mail is beyond belief. Children and adults all over the world seem to idolize him. Deny that he exists and you're marked for life as anti-Christmas and un-American.

And if you think Santa's unsuccessful, look at all his imitators ho-ho-ing all over the place. In fact, he's done pretty good for someone who probably sets the world's worst example for children.

After all, Santa Claus may be

Christmas's most prominent representative. So what does this public figure do? He smokes, and he is grossly overweight, and he gets away with it. Santa Claus has yet to get lung cancer or suffer a heart attack. A dangerous precedent for impressionable children.

If his publicity is reliable, his own toy industry must far exceed the common bounds of big business. Yet he uses non-union help. He flouts inter-state commerce laws. He has yet to pay in penny in taxes. And if reindeers are like horses, he must be among the world's chief air polluters. The government has not even bothered to prosecute.

Also, Santa Claus has been held up as

the champion of virtue and good. He is, however, an alleged fairy, and is a sizable factor in the crime rate. But the law still doesn't touch him.

For instance, Santa has never been charged with breaking and entering, despite the fact he illegally enters millions of homes every Christmas. Likewise, he has never been sued for an invasion of privacy, although, according to expert testimony by Clement Moore, he typically enters homes without warning and prior permission.

And does Santa have a passport for his international travels? Don't bet your holly on it. Worst of all, Santa has pretensions of being God. Somewhere

along the line, children are influenced to believe that Santa is not only eternal, he's omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent. Among other things, he claims the power to know when children are "bad and good," the authority to reward or punish them, and the ability to be in every home on Christmas eve. And the kids, bless their innocent little hearts, fall for it.

Yes, my friends, there is a Santa Claus. He's as real as you and I, and the example that he sets is one that will endure forever in our hearts and minds. And in him we see the wonder that is Christmas—that cherished, timeless wonder—how that little con man does it.