

OPINION

# Bidding adieu to the man who put 'The Cat in the Hat'

We have a strange bunch here at The Daily Tar Heel. We actually have a book somewhere in the office called, "The Stupids Die."

It's a children's story about this silly family who think they're dead when the lights go out. They have a cat named Xylophone and a dog named Kitty. They eat with their toes and make dresses out of chickens. When the lights come on, they think they are in heaven until Grandpa comes in and declares, "This isn't heaven, this is Cleveland!" It's a true classic in children's literature ...

Yeah, right. Although "The Stupids Die" can make just about anyone laugh, it doesn't even give Dr. Seuss' most stupid book a run for its money. Dr. Seuss left us last Tuesday, at the ripe old age of 87.

C'mon now, don't try to lie and tell me you don't care that Dr. Seuss is gone. I know many people around here miss him, and miss him a lot. I know this because Thursday evening I went to the Chapel Hill Public Library, and almost every book of his was checked out. (The library carries 50. Only four or so were left.)

Then Friday afternoon I went to a book store. And I'm not ashamed to say it: I bought two Dr. Seuss books there. They were my two favorites — "Sneetches and Other Stories" and "Horton Hears a Who."

But the most enlightening part of my shopping excursion was the conversa-

**Jennifer Dunlap**  
Staff Writer

tion I had with the guy who worked at the book store. He said it was depressing that Dr. Seuss died because everyone in the world expected him to live forever.

That's an apt observation, don't you think? I mean, even at the age of 82 Dr. Seuss published a really funny book called "You're Only Old Once: A Book for Obsolete Children." I read it out loud to my friend Mark the other day, and we laughed a lot.

The story chronicles the misadventures of a man who is forced to visit the dreaded health clinic. He's poked, prodded, beckoned and ogled. He's "properly pilled" and "properly billed," and his only consolation comes from Norval, the waiting-room fish. The book was written to be bought now for your child, "and you give it to him on his 70th birthday."

But back to the book store. The guy that worked there said something very interesting to me. He said he thought Dr. Seuss was the best author to ever live because everyone remembers his stories.

He said, "How many people can tell you what happened in 'War and Peace,' and who really cares what happened,

anyway?" All he remembered about "War and Peace" was a lot of Russian people fighting and having sex and stuff, he said. I agreed, because that's all I can remember, too. (And I even wrote a paper on it once.)

But, strangely enough, I can recite from memory parts of "Green Eggs and Ham," though I haven't seen a copy of the book since I was about 10. I bet it's

the same with many of you. (I mean, Dr. Seuss has staying power. Even in my high school, the Spanish phrase of choice was "no me gusta, Sam yo soy.")

Think about it. Everyone does know Dr. Seuss. Jesse Jackson read "Green Eggs and Ham" on Saturday Night Live this weekend. And even Scott and Sam — the M.C. Dudes — mentioned the Grinch in their column that ran on the

same day Dr. Seuss' death was announced. Weird, eh?

Some of my friends have said to me, "So what. Who cares that Dr. Seuss died?" To those of you who feel this way, I challenge you to think back to when you were in elementary school. Weren't your favorite times (besides recess, obviously) the times when your class would watch a Cat in the Hat movie?

Remember the Lorax? Remember how the North-Going Zax and the South-Going Zax would not step an inch to the east or the west? And do you remember how the Star-Belly Sneetches thought they were so superior to the Plain-Belly Sneetches? And don't tell me you didn't look forward to watching Dr. Seuss specials on television, because I wouldn't believe you.

Okay, okay, maybe you don't care that Dr. Seuss died. But I do, and I miss him (even though I wouldn't know his face if I bumped right into him, but that's beside the point). I can't claim to be a Dr. Seuss fan, but now that he's gone, I find myself remembering how much his stories were a part of my childhood. Even though I'm not a child anymore, he's still a part of my life.

Yes, I'll admit it. I have a tape of "How the Grinch Stole Christmas." I watch it without fail every December. I can even sing that song "You're a mean one, Mr. Grinch. ... I like the part where Cindy Lou Who, who was no

more than two, wakes up and sees the Grinch stealing her Christmas tree. Every year I get grossed out at the thought of roast beast (yuk). And I always laugh at the look on Max the dog's face when he realizes that he's going to be the reindeer. I can't help myself.

I guess I justified going to that book store and spending money that I don't have on those books by saying to myself, "Well Jenn, keep these and someday you can read them to your children." But I lied. I bought those books for myself. I'm going to keep them in my room and read them when I need some cheering up, because Dr. Seuss books are very good for that.

I'm sad that he's gone, but thank heavens he left the world so much to remember him by. In one work, Dr. Seuss wrote:

*Up!Up!Up! Great day for Up!  
Wake every person,  
pig and pup,  
till EVERYONE  
on earth is up!*

*Except for me.  
Please go away.  
No up.  
I'm sleeping in today.*

*Sleep well, old friend.*

Jennifer Dunlap is a junior journalism major from Randolph, New Jersey.



# Bob Rapp's friends remember him as the smiling Boston boy

Student left lasting impression on all who knew him

Last Wednesday night I found myself in the middle of a funeral home in Massachusetts. In front of me was a coffin that held the body of a good friend and fellow Tar Heel, Bob Rapp. Like everyone else in the room, I had great trouble accepting the loss of Bob. A priest uttered these words to try to help:

It's not goodbye, but take care ... Take care, good friend, until we meet again.

The words went right through me. All I could think of was that inside the coffin lay my friend.

Twenty of Bob's friends from UNC went to Massachusetts for the services. Bob's best friend growing up, Warrin Kumar, spoke at the funeral. I believe that a story Warrin told best sums up who Bob Rapp was and what Bob stood for. The story went something like this:

Warrin moved to Bob's town when he was 8. Warrin came from India, where he attended a private school that had a strict dress code — jacket and tie every day. It was Warrin's first day of public grade school in America, and

**Jason Kilar**  
Guest Writer

Warrin's mother presumed that the dress code would be the same. And so off to school Warrin went, dressed in a coat and tie, headed for his first day of school in America.

Warrin was not received with open arms by his fellow classmates. They all saw Warrin as a kid from a strange land who wore funny clothes. Warrin sat alone at recess that first day of classes. He watched as everyone else played with their friends and had a good time. Everyone had chosen to ignore the new kid who sat by himself. Everyone, that is, except for an 8-year-old boy named Bob Rapp.

Bob made his way over to the log where Warrin sat. Bob said, quite matter-of-factly, "Your mom made you wear those clothes, didn't she?"

The two became best friends for life. Quite simply, that's Bob. In a world

full of people who look out for themselves, Bob looked out for others. He brought joy to the hearts of those who knew him.

Now that I'm back in Chapel Hill, things just don't seem the same. I wish to God that we could have Bob back. What I would give to see him in his Red Sox hat and tennis jacket just once more; to hear him talk again in his thick Boston accent; to laugh with him again during one of our all-night study sessions. If only I could enjoy another one of Bob's Hinton James pranks; to have another chance to skip our Econ 100 lecture in favor of a leisurely lunch in Lenoir; to have just one more Friday night dinner at Taco Bell.

What I would give to do it all again, Bob. You meant so much to so many of us. We love you, and we miss you.

Take care, good friend, until we meet again. Take care, good friend.

Jason Kilar is a junior business and advertising major from Boca Raton, Fla.

Life of student cut short; but memories will live on

Life moves pretty fast. If you don't stop and look around once in a while, you might miss it. — Ferris Bueller

This quote lingers in mind as I think about the times I shared with a close friend of mine whose life was taken Sept. 21 in a car accident shortly after leaving my dorm.

I wasn't around that Saturday. I was at home. Before I went home Friday, I was walking out of English and bumped into Bob Rapp. There he was with his Boston Red Sox cap on and a smile that went from ear to ear. That cap and smile are how I will always remember him.

We chatted for a while, mostly about the usuals — the "fellas," girls, parties and plans for the weekends. I had an 11 o'clock class and so did he, so we parted and said we'd see each other on Sunday.

I went home for the weekend and came back to Hinton James Sunday afternoon. Everything seemed normal. Some of the "fellas" were shooting basketball, and others were just talking about how good a guy Bob was. Little did we know he was no longer around.

**Kevin Burgess**  
Guest Writer

Later some of my friends said they hadn't heard anything from Bob since Saturday. We figured that he'd fallen asleep at his apartment and would be around later.

When I came in from dinner, I went around the dorm to see some friends and returned to my room at 7 p.m. and read a message on the board: "Kev — come to Ted's room. It's really important."

So, I went down to my friend's room where I saw the "fellas." My roommate broke the bad news to me, "Bob was killed in a car accident Saturday."

I didn't want to believe it. But now I've learned to accept it, I guess.

A lot of my friends went to Boston to Bob's funeral. I wasn't able to make the trip. I'll pay my last respects to Bob at the memorial service held on campus.

Bob knew that I cared. Everyone he came in contact with cared. That was

the effect he had. It only took a matter of seconds for one to realize what kind of person Bob was. He will be missed.

There are many things I wish I could have said to him before he left, but I guess he knew them all. Ferris Bueller was right about life. Bob knew this, and he made sure he took time to look around. In doing so, he made many friends that will always remember the boy from Boston.

Jackson Brown best summed up the kind of guy Bob was in one of his songs. He wrote:

*Though (Bob) was a friend of mine,  
I did not know him long.  
And when I stood myself beside him,  
I never thought I was as strong.  
Still it seems he stopped singing  
in the middle of his song.*

Bob, you stopped singing in the middle of your song. However, your message will always be heard. We'll miss you.

Kevin Burgess is a sophomore political science and sociology major from Henderson.

## READERS' FORUM

### Joke not assault; DTH should mind own business

To the editor:

A recent wave of Daily Tar Heel editorials written in a very condescending, self-righteous tone has reached its ridiculous extreme with the editorial ("Male bondage occurs at DKE," Sept. 24) in which the method of playing jokes among members of a private social organization is called into question and attacked with what amounts to be a tedious, bombastic lecture. I assume the editorial is supposed to cause the DKE members involved in the incident to feel guilty for their "bad behavior" and walk around with their tails between their legs, like children who have been slapped on their wrists for doing something naughty.

Get real. I really feel sorry for the editorial board of the DTH if it has nothing better to do with its time than to criticize the manner in which certain members of a private social organization play practical jokes on other members.

Your point that the DKE incident could be considered assault in North

Carolina is very weak. If you printed an editorial of condemnation for every harmless joke among friends committed on campus that could be legally construed as "assault," the bulk of your paper would be taken up with these silly tirades. Heck, if I were in a joking mood, and I went across the hall and poured a bucket of water on a friend's head, I suppose that you would consider it an "assault" that would warrant the printing of an editorial criticizing me for my actions, even though it was my own personal business, and my friend didn't seem to be too terribly offended.

If the "victims" of the DKE incident really felt violated by what happened, I'm sure that they would have contacted the proper authorities by now. As it is, it was just a friendly joke, but you had a problem minding your own business, and felt that you had to butt in and publish an unbelievably didactic editorial whose presence in the DTH should be taken as an insult to the intelligence and maturity of the members of the student body.

ALEX BUERGHEY  
Freshman  
Political Science

### Editorial to quick to dismiss charges of racism in raid

To the editor:

How typically patrician of The Daily Tar Heel to celebrate the lawsuit filed by the aggrieved residents of west Chapel Hill as an effort that may "solidify the rights of the rest of us," while bemoaning their use of a class-action petition that, the editorial staff claims, turns "this (case) into a race issue" ("Putting the Constitution to work," Sept. 11). Last December's police raid and the related DTH editorial clearly demonstrate the enduring social divide running through the "Southern Part of Heaven": on one end of Rosemary Street, there flourishes the campus culture, predominantly white, decidedly middle class and largely transient; on the other end, there flourishes a resident culture, predominantly black, decidedly working class and largely permanent.

Inhabitants of these two worlds seldom meet on equal terms. Black workers and white students may exchange pleasantries while conducting business in Lenoir, or they may wave hello as the former passes a work site on campus or

in Carrboro, but by and large UNC students are comfortable maintaining a discreet social distance from the people whose labor supports their city. It is therefore not difficult to understand the DTH's discomfort with a lawsuit that forces all residents of Chapel Hill to recognize the politics of the jagged and unofficial racial boundary that runs roughly along Roberson Street.

It is easy to see how the student newspaper formed its opinion, but difficult to accept its judgment of a group of people whose perspective it only dimly perceives, yet seeks to invalidate. The fate of the class-action suit is a matter for the courts, whose jurisprudence extends beyond the ability to quote the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution. They will ultimately decide the merits of this particular case. However, the social fate of our community, in no small degree, rests in the hands (or rather pens) of the public press. By dismissing out of hand the plaintiffs' claim that the search warrant covering their entire neighborhood was based upon racist assumptions, the editorial staff of the DTH is ignoring the social rift in their town and is thereby giving it its tacit approval.

The mission of the University as encoded in the motto "*Lux et Libertas*" is the scholarly pursuit of Light and Liberty. The editorial staff and the student body as a whole should remember this oft-forgotten precept and personally investigate how the other half of their community fares in its dealings with the system that our graduates will one day control.

As fate would have it, I witnessed the raid last December. Attracted by the commotion and the flashing blue lights, I crossed the social boundary west of Skylight Exchange, walked past International Books and watched the SBI search the house on the corner of Rosemary and North Graham Streets. The scene I encountered there was undeniably racist. The police officers, mostly white, had established a zone around the house and along Graham Street and prohibited any of the people gathering around, all black save myself, from walking on the sidewalks. A few SBI officers wore masks (either to conceal their identities or justify the public appropriations for their gear) and brandished assault rifles. Their posture was hostile — not toward the occupants of the raided house, but toward the crowd across the street that was growing larger.

It was a tense situation that grew worse as it appeared that the police did not discover the presumed major stash of drugs and only netted a few joints for

their grand effort. One of the few black police officers tried to disperse the crowd, but failed. All residents were embittered by the episode, which concluded with two suspects being taken from the scene in separate vans, each attended by no less than eight policemen, while two police dogs fruitlessly sniffed out their house. One bystander declared that if the SBI were truly serious about stopping drug sales in Chapel Hill, they would search the "fraternity houses" instead of their part of town. This individual perhaps gave voice to a large sentiment found on the other side of our social divide — a point of view that never reaches the pages of the DTH.

The DTH editorial, which expressed hope that the incident on Graham Street might eventually translate into firmer rights for "the rest of us," brought the angry words spoken that night back to me. Who are the rest of us? More importantly, what part do we contribute to the broad problems in our society?

From the perspective of collegiate Chapel Hill, the "war on drugs" must be fought on "crack street," but residents there remind us that this view of the problem suffers from the same racist and classist assumptions that spawned the illegal search in the first place. Let's put the shoe on the other foot: imagine if a series of complaints against a handful of fraternity members who deal drugs resulted in a wholesale raid of the campus. The resulting lawsuits would no doubt argue successfully that individuals, not places, perpetrate crimes. By using terms such as "crack street" we mistakenly link all people who frequent the area in question to criminal behavior. In short, an indictment of the neighborhood as a place serves as a handy, but unjustified, indictment of the inhabitants. Is it mere coincidence that in this case they are predominantly black?

The Daily Tar Heel editorial staff is wrong in its claim that the residents of west Chapel Hill have injected racism into a simple matter of criminal justice. The December raid, in both its conception and subsequent contemplation, testifies to a social divide that will continue to endure in our town until we all develop the honesty (*Lux*) to face it and the courage to eventually root it out.

JAMES G. CRAWFORD  
Graduate  
History

### Article's headline misleads; facts rendered meaningless

To the editor:  
Is there a disinfection campaign

on campus that I'm not aware of? As the Daily Tar Heel screams "Fraternalities boast higher-than-average GPAs" (Sept. 26), I see no other motive except to deliberately deceive the UNC student body.

One only needs to read down to the third paragraph to discover that the members in question "signed release forms allowing the University to release their grades." This renders all the "statistics" on the front page meaningless, not to mention the headline.

As you probably realize, many people will glance at an article but not bother to read the fine print. To give an article on the front page such a misleading headline is an amateurish trick. What fraternity are the DTH editors in, anyway?

ALVIN R. WALKER  
Junior  
History

### Statistics do not support higher GPA for fraternities

To the editor:  
The Sept. 26 Daily Tar Heel boldly proclaims on page one "Fraternalities boast higher-than-average GPAs." What a great find!

In the third paragraph, we learn that data was collected from fraternity members "who signed forms allowing the University to release their grades." This group has an average GPA of 2.951 (according to the article). It is obvious that this group may have a higher average GPA than that of all fraternity members. In fact, the average of all fraternity members could be less than 2.821, which is the average for all UNC men.

In order for such a comparison to be valid we must compare 2.951 to the average of all UNC men who allow the University to release their grades. Otherwise we are (partially) comparing the GPAs of those who will release their grades to those who won't. This is not saying that the headline's conclusion is wrong, but just that the data does not substantiate the claim.

MICHAEL SHERMAN  
Graduate  
Statistics

### Letters policy

Letters should be limited to 400 words.  
If you want your letter published, sign and date it.  
All letters must be typed and double spaced.  
Include your year in school, major, phone number and hometown.

