

Rinky-Dink And You

"This is a rinky-dink school."

You often hear that said around campus. Student body members say it all the time.

Mostly they say it when things go wrong. After all, the blame must be placed somewhere. So, you hear students say, "Well, we've got such a rinky-dink this," or "The so-and-so here is

awfully hicky," depending on what went wrong.

Saturday night something went wrong again but in a different way. The Dukes of Dixieland played a concert for our students at Owen's Auditorium and they were quite good. Seventy-five students here will vouch for that. That's how many of our people showed up for our concert.

That's what went wrong. Outsiders outnumbered us two-to-one in the tiny aggregation of 250 which greeted the Dukes.

The Dukes were visibly disappointed by the small crowd but they didn't let that stop them from putting on a fine show. They played everything from "Basin Street Blues" and "St. James Infirmary" to the Broadway hit, "Mame" and played them all well. If you don't believe it and you can't find anyone on campus who was there, ask some of the many Davidson and Queens students who were in attendance. Without them, the concert could have been held in a phone booth.

The aspect that is different about this thing that went wrong is that students here have no one to blame for it but themselves. They're the one's who stayed away in huge numbers. Numbers up in the 1500's.

They're the ones who convincingly showed that this student body is strictly bush-league.

Why they did this is a mystery. Maybe they couldn't tear themselves away from the hockey game or the golden gloves or from doing the one-step, the two-step, the box step, the hippy-dippy-jerk, or the belly-roll at the Cellar or the Box. But it really doesn't matter why they didn't come; it matters only that they didn't come.

The cold hard fact is that there is no excuse for the pitiful showing made by this student body. The blame for this fiasco must be placed upon the shoulders of its individual members.

We hope the next time a student is tempted to term this school "rinky-dink", he will stop and ask himself if that label shouldn't actually be applied to him.

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Draft Dodgers Find Refuge

BY ROGER RAPOPORT

The Collegiate Press Service (First of a two - part series)

TORONTO — This month 49,200 men will be inducted into the U. S. armed forces. Expatriate Bob Thomas will not be among them.

It's not that Bob isn't eligible—he's been 1-A for the past five months. Rather, he has left his native Indiana to live here in Canada where U. S. draft laws do not apply.

Bob (not his real name) is one of a growing number of Americans emigrating to Canada to escape the draft. An estimated 2,000 U. S. citizens have moved to Canada in the past two years for the same reason. About 400 to 500 have settled in this modern Ontario provincial capital of nearly 2 million.

Bob, a soft-spoken 22-year-old, introduces himself as "your friendly neighborhood draft dodger" to preserve anonymity.

A cum laude English graduate of a top Ivy League school last June, he returned home to fine 1-A greeting from his local draft board.

Bob had no intention of following in the footsteps of his 18-year-old brother who joined the Air Force in April. ("My brother and I gave up discussing Viet Nam, it's useless.")

He carefully weighed the alternative methods of avoiding the draft. To begin with, Bob is not a pacifist or conscientious objector. "Besides," he explains, "I wouldn't take C. O. status because it's demeaning. I have no intention of co-operating with the military system in any way."

The other route was jail -- up to five years and \$10,000 for failing to report for induction. "But

that wouldn't do anyone any good. And I see no reason to make a martyr of myself."

So he decided the only way out was North. He told his father who was dismayed and his mother who "cried a lot." When he arrived here in June, Tony Hyde of the Student Union for Peace Action, a Canadian affiliate of Students for a Democratic Society, found him a place to stay. To qualify for landed immigrant status and legally remain in Canada he took a job at the University of Toronto library.

Bob finds Canada "far more relaxed and less hysterical" than the U. S. Canada has no draft.

"Any government that tried to start the draft again would get thrown out of office," explains Tony Hyde.

He says his fellow employees un-animously support his reasons for moving to Canada. In his spare time he reads, writes poetry, does watercolors, and generally leads a tranquil existence.

Except for the fact that he can never return to the United States again (where he would face that \$10,000 fine and five years in jail) his life is free of restrictions. A long-standing pact between the U. S. and Canadian governments prohibits his extradition.

"From up here," says Bob, "America really looks like it's going nuts." In fact he goes so far as to claim that the United States is "on its way to a collective nervous breakdown."

An armchair analyst, he gives half a dozen reasons for projecting a national crackup. "For one thing, the right-wing militaristic mentality that got us into Viet Nam is going to take control of the country. Sheer race hatred will result in constant pre-

mediated violence between the races within three years.

Viet Nam is going to get worse, and in three or four years we will be doing the same thing someplace else -- there are four or five major candidates. Inflation will rock the economic structure.

"The psychedelic thing has already won. As Timothy Leary says, too many people have already tried it and liked it. And the gap between the generations will widen. The old people won't be able to understand our generation at all."

Bob articulates his dire prophecy with a great deal of pride and was somewhat miffed to discover that Newsweek reduced it all to one sentence in a recent article on draft dodgers. "That reporter just didn't understand. The Newsweek guy kept asking me if I would have fought in World War II. I probably would have but it's a totally irrelevant question. I'm not concerned about history. I'm just against the American role in Viet Nam."

Bob has high hopes of organizing his fellow Americans. He is currently starting an expatriate newsletter. But there may be some difficulty writing editorials, for the draft dodgers are far from a like-minded lot.

According to Tony Hyde, "Bob is not a typical draft dodger. In fact, I don't think there is any such thing. We're finding a lot of political types but for many people, coming up here is their first political act. We even had a right-wing type from Arizona come up recently. He was sort of a Jeffersonian - type Democrat who didn't want to fight in Viet Nam. His parents even agreed."

Indeed Bob and his draft-dodging friends disagree strongly on some matters. For example, one argument flared in a discussion between Bob and his fellow expatriate Allan, a political science doctoral candidate at the University of Toronto.

"If I were North Vietnamese, I wouldn't fight for Ho Chi Minh," said Allan. "I don't think he is a lot better than General Ky. The whole war is a meaningless cause on both sides."

But Bob disagrees. "I think if I was in North Viet Nam I might join up. Ho is far superior to Ky."

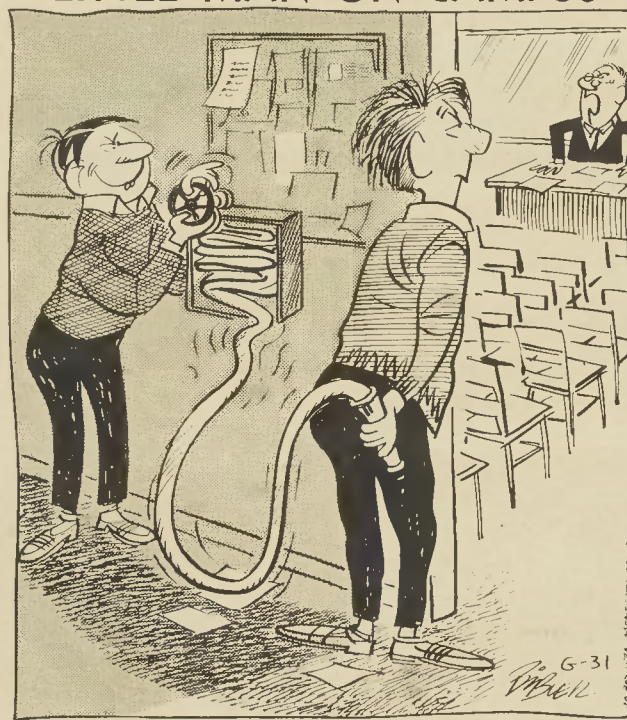
Still, Bob contends that his decision to move to Canada was not political.

"Personal freedom is the reason I came up here. I want to have the right to say no to people. I've got better things to do than be used like a robot-like killer dog in the Army. No one has the right to tell me to go drop napalm on people. I want the right to run my own life."

BLUEPRINT

The cards you hold in the game of life mean little—it's the way you play them that really counts.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"WELL, DID TH' DRAFT BOARD TAKE YOU, HENLEY, OR AM I GOING TO HAVE TO PUT UP WITH YOU TH' REST OF TH' TERM?"

Eating Bananas From Bottom Up Peels Frames

BY PATRICK MCNEELY

This Column may look a little blurry. Just before sitting down to type it, I broke the frames on my contact lenses while trying to eat a banana from the bottom up. Well, it is quite evident that this article is going to deal with far-reaching and serious concepts so I would advise all you shallow, fun-seeking readers not to venture any farther than these first two sentences (which you more than likely already regret).

I thought I'd just kill a little of your time by relating to you a few of the current events on our campus and around the world. I see our fun-loving administration has scheduled the fencing class for

8:30 in the morning with no shower facilities available, in order to give the members of this class the distinction which they rightly deserve.

Gazing into the game room, I notice a sharp decline in population (I suppose the "regulars" decided that an education and a draft evasion are more important than pool and ping-pong).

Now let's look at the big picture, the world...hmmmm... Yes, I'm happy to report that it's still round; a little out of shape maybe---but still round. I understand there is talk about peace in Viet Nam and I know this is true, for just the other day I heard just such a talk (actually it was

prayer I overheard in the library, made by a trembling 1-A student).

There is still a controversy about Red China's admittance to the United Nations. There is a general fear that China would over-exercise their veto power and a poll which I took myself showed that 9 out of 10 diplomats do not care for Mao-nays.

President Johnson has released the past year's figures for the war on poverty; 34,195 dead-beats, 6,872 wounded - prides, and 4 guys got filthy-rich.

Good-night Sweetheart; Good-night Darling And good-night for UNC-C News.