



Oh Yeah

by F.N. Stewart

Follow The Fall

It began to rain twenty minutes after the nine of us in four cars pulled out of the University parking lot. It rained for the next twelve hours straight. During that twelve hours we drove to Wiseman's View, pitched two tents, ate supper, and managed to get a few hours sleep.

It is approximately 120 miles to Wiseman's View, which is outside of Linville Falls, North Carolina. It would normally take two and a half hours to drive that distance. In the rain it took the four cars nearly four hours. Although that accounts for the twenty minutes the nine of us spent wandering thru a grocery store buying nearly twenty-four dollars worth of food. The name of the store is Food Land and it advertised North Carolina's "Lowest Food Prices." We told the cashier that we shopped there because of the sign. They may change the sign. We stopped again ten minutes later for Mike to get a hamburger because he couldn't wait for supper, we also got ice for the coolers. This stop took another twenty minutes. Ten minutes later, we stopped again and went into Charlie's Army and Navy Surplus Store. The small framed middle aged woman, who was not Charlie, panicked at the sight of so many potential shop lifters. We bought several ponchos, one rain coat, some paints, and I got a hat to keep the now heavily falling rain off of my head.

As we drove into the mountains the clouds descended. And you might say that we were in the clouds for the rest of the night. We thought that we were in the clouds because the rain didn't seem to be falling but just constantly there. The road into Wiseman's View is gravel and single lane and running along the ridge of the mountain and was covered with clouds so that the headlights penetrated only thirty feet. There are very few stretches in the road, over the four miles or so, that are straight for thirty feet.

More Rain Time

Having reached the View, we put up a tarp between four trees. Now we had a place to stand out of the rain. Next we attempted to set up a ten-man tent. I had watched that tent go up several times before so I knew more about it than anyone else did. I knew nothing about setting up a ten-man tent. An hour and several thousand gallons of rain water later we gave up and tied the tent up to several trees and one car. Then we attempted to put up a six-man tent. A half an hour later we gave up on that and tied it up to some trees.

Supper consisted of soggy sandwiches and hot coffee and booze. More of the latter than any of the former. It was mixed with rain water, except for that which was drunk straight. The sleeping bags and blankets were pulled out of the cars and toted thru the rain into the tents. Several guitars were also carried inside and for a couple of hours the rain kept the beat for the music and singing inside the tent.

By one o'clock the number of the ranks had grown to thirteen. Also the big ten-man tent began to leak over my sleeping bag and over several others. By three o'clock the six-man tent had two inches of water on the floor. The occupants deserted the tent and moved to the cars. At four o'clock Mike Combs went into the woods to find the bathroom. At four thirty those in the ten-man tent was awakened by Mike calling from the woods, because he was lost and couldn't find the tent. Mike was not really aware that he was barefooted, soaked to the bone and standing ten feet from a two thousand foot drop off. I flashed my light from the door of the tent in the direction from which his voice was coming. Mike saw the light, walked to the tent, and was given some blankets and the flashlight, we told him to sleep with Billups in the car.

Saturday Morning

Saturday morning the clouds went away. The rain now was a drizzle, and we discovered we had camped over night in an area which carried a \$500 fine for camping overnight. We had breakfast - eggs, bacon, coffee, and booze. Much more of the former than of the latter. Then we moved the tents.

By two o'clock Saturday, the ranks were up to twenty people. Several of the girls started preparing the barbecued chicken which would be supper. The guys were in the woods, either hunting or chopping up a log. It took eight guys four hours, with one axe which had a loose head, to chop up that log for firewood.

Also, by two o'clock the sun was shining in a bright blue sky and the autumn foliage, still glistening with rain water, sparkled across the mountains. The blue haze in the distance lent an air of enchantment to the rainbow-colored hillsides. The rain had stopped for good, and the rest of the weekend was to be beautiful.

The fire finally started, and the woods soon filled with the smell of woodsmoke as a cool afternoon wind began to blow. The chicken, which had been wrapped in soil, cooked over the coals was delicious.

We had pitched three tents, a four-man, a six-man and the ten-man tent, by late afternoon. The wind was really blowing by now. It was about dark when a sergeant from a Special Forces unit, which was having maneuvers on the mountain, came to tell us that he had received word from his headquarters that hurricane Gladys was going to be pushing over the mountain at better than fifty knots. The people in the four-man tent started packing to go home. The wind blew even harder, and they decided not to go.

Several of us decided to walk back down to the View to shoot off some small skyrockets. A small accident occurred, and about fifty skyrockets started spewing on the ground. Everyone ran, except one guy who was lying on the ground next to the fireworks. The rockets started going in all directions, several nearly went up his pants leg.

The wind turned cold, and the fire glowed upon the faces of those sitting around it. Once again the guitars were brought out, and those who could began to sing. One guy playing a flute was nearly blown out of his tree...

The conversation in the tents continued until well past midnight. The late sleepers on Sunday awoke to the smell of eggs and bacon and a cold morning. We cleared camp by one o'clock and began the Sunday afternoon drive to Charlotte.

"Politicos — '68"

ROCKY COULD HAVE
DOOMED GOP

an editorial by William G. Allen

In this election year - 1968, the public opinion polls have been notoriously inaccurate and ambiguous. On July 28, 1968, Gallop Poll announced that former Vice President Richard Nixon could defeat any Democratic opposition. Yet, on the following day, Harris Poll announced that Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York could defeat any Democratic opponent with a clear margin where Nixon was a borderline case. Harris and Gallop got together and resolved their conflicting reports by saying that Rocky had overtaken Nixon after the Gallop Poll was released.

What did all this polling really mean? Very little! In past elections, polls have been very helpful, but not in this one. The polls have only superficially taken into account the strength of all the parties and groups involved in this election. Actually, it is not possible for sentiments to be accurately measured in this election year, without the use of lie-detector tests. This evidence was most clear in the polling of support for former Vice President Richard Nixon and former Governor of Alabama, George Wallace.

Throughout Nixon's campaign for the Republican nomination for President of the United States, he consistently ran about 10% ahead of the polls in every primary. He evidently had support from many people who showed their colors only by secret ballot. Perhaps these people did not care to openly back a man who had been publicly stigmatized as a loser, even though they believed him to be the best man for the job. The point is even clearer in the case of George Wallace.

Ponder - who would publicly admit that they might vote for a man who had been cast by the press and both major political parties: leaders as a political leper, an undesirable, and a demagogue - even though they harbor a secret, but deep-seated disgust for the laxness of the courts, and the lack of integrity and the credibility of

politicians. These voters can not be polled, but will uncloak themselves only inside the voting booth. The Wallace swell grows every eighteen seconds when some citizen falls prey to an assault - or every fifty-eight minutes when a new murder is committed.

Needless to say, between now and November, every "Cleveland Incident" will recruit hundreds of thousands of voters into this "silent group". Wallace's stand against the liberal courts, against rioters, against crime in the streets, and against Communist sympathizers, has support that cannot be measured by a poll. Why? Because polls rely upon objective and forthright answers in a system where it is not respectable to associate with a candidate who represents such radical policies as nationalism, less federal control, less socialism, and war on criminals.

What will the potential Wallace votes mean? Presently they mean very little, but had Nelson Rockefeller won the Republican nomination, it is very possible that the conservative wing of the party would have voted for Wallace in November, thereby, probably electing Hubert Humphrey as the next President of the United States. Until August 7, 1968, the evening of the Republican nomination, Rockefeller had been celebrated as a "winner" - never having lost anything. This was simply a myth. When Rockefeller failed to win the 1968 Republican nomination for President, it was not the first time that his own party had voted him down - it was the third. If he could not even unite his own party, one wonders how he could realistically expect victory over the awesome power of an incumbent administration and the Democratic Party in November.

Perhaps Rockefeller could have won some independent votes, but the same polls say that Nixon could have attracted as many or more. Rocky might even have won over some dissident Democrats, but he surely would have lost the already tottering South, and many Conservatives of his own party (who could not forgive him for 1964), as well as

the Presidential election itself.

Nixon was the only Republican who could hold the party together, defeat Wallace in most Southern states, and win the Presidential election in 1968. Accordg to Gallup Poll, Nixon had the strong support of at least seventy-five per cent of the Republican rank and file. This kind of party support is a prerequisite for unity and victory. Nixon's tremendous backlog of executive experience, extensive travel, party popularity, Southern and Western popularity, and appeal to Independents and Dissident Democrats, singled him out as the only Stabilizer, and the only key to a Republican victory in 1968.

William G. Allen

Intramurals

By Rod White

The Gladiators massacred the Engineers twenty-four to zip Wednesday afternoon. The Engineers, captained by Louie Thorn, were unable to mount an effective attack and made the crucial mistake of putting the ball up for grabs several times too often. David Cory picked off five of the Engineer's passes, setting up several potential TD's and scoring one. Besides being a key factor in the defensive secondary, Cory passed for the majority of yardage which was gained by the Gladiators. Martin Lucas and Deral Robinson also scored for the Gladiators.

Both teams had trouble with penalties as the players and officials could not agree upon what was illegal. In fact, after the score began to mount, the most interesting part of the game was the arguments between players and officials, officials and players, and spectators and officials.

Unnecessary roughness was one of the penalties called several times as tempers began to flare; however, when the gun sounded, everyone walked off the field as friends.

Angels, Actions, and Twelve

From The Couch

by Phil Wilson

Dear Phil,

I am a Charter member of a Club on Campus (a few qualifications being blond hair, blue eyes and [a few others we both know but won't mention.] Now that I am married I understand that I might be in danger of being excommunicated from this club. Personally I feel that my being married warrants my being promoted to the position of Arch-_____

Since you are a charter member of this club also, I am asking for your opinion in this crucial situation.

Seeking Arch—
Dwayne

Dear Dwayne,

Fear no more. The Angel Corps had a meeting Saturday night. Following a short caucus, it was decided that, although your position is slightly tarnished by marriage, you are still acceptable as an Angel.

However, your status is still hanging loose. I have been promoted to Angel No.1, with Pete and John quarreling for positions two and three. Our

esteemed leader, Dr. J. R., will have to pass judgement on your Angel order soon.

Personally, since you and Becky are providing the Corps' first mascot, I think you deserve Arch-angelity. But, to go against orders from His Holiness Dr. J. R. might endanger my own status. I'll make the recommendation to the Angels immediately!

Dear Phil,

I'm beginning to get confused about the secret organizations on campus. Everytime I think that I know what's going on, another cult springs up. I Presently have questions about two that I have heard of in the past week— Action and the Derby Dozen. What types of organizations are those and how can somebody get into them?

J. O. G.

Dear J.O.G.,

This is hard question to answer! The Derby Dozen is a secret organization that popped up last year. It has been relatively

inactive as far as campus affairs are concerned. Yet, the name always appears mysteriously in strange places. For example, they

painted the bell last year, and in the middle of the red paint were two big D's. Unfortunately, there is no way of knowing how to get into this organization — in fact there is no way of knowing who IS in it! So, don't bother to try to figure it out— nobody else seems to know what or who this mischievous group is.

Action is also a relatively new organization. The name implies its function, and it seems to be a thriving "cult." Although we haven't heard from them this year, I feel sure they have plans for the campus. Action is not really a secret organization, and they usually have a finger in the pies.

So far as I know, there is no discrimination about membership. If you want in, just attend one of their meetings and apply— I'm not sure, however, how much more I'm allowed to say about Action— I have a fear of law suits.