

The Daily Tar Heel

Opinions of The Daily Tar Heel are expressed in its editorials. All unsigned editorials are written by the editor. Letters and columns reflect only the personal views of their contributors.

SCOTT GOODFELLOW, EDITOR

The Automobile Woes

There is an old story which began with two female ostriches sauntering along in the desert. Spotting two male ostriches on the horizon, they took off with the two boy ostriches in hot pursuit.

Finally, seeing that they weren't going to out-distance their pursuers, one of the girl ostriches said to the other, "Let's hide." So they both stuck their heads into the sand.

The male ostriches came charging up, looked around, and one said to the other, "Where did they go?"

The example is similar to what has occurred in Chapel Hill on the problem of parking this year. Very little has been done regarding changing our present system and likewise little has been done in opposition to the scarcity of positive action.

But the reasoning for little drastic change is simple. Everyone is awaiting the report from the traffic flow study group engaged at the start of this year to make recommendations on the best methods of improvement.

It is hoped that the recommendations will provide a basis for a lasting solution to the problem. Certainly there are few examples of far-sighted planning in the architecture field. Even Carmichael Auditorium was destined to be booked solid weekly during the first year after its grand opening. And Carmichael was cited as easily adequate before its construc-

tion. Among the solutions proposed are a multi-level parking structure up-campus, large lots on South Campus with transportation provided onto the campus, and an all-pedestrian student body. The first two of these would require large amounts of money. This money is not presently in existence and would call for a special means of financing. For this reason alone, the ultimate structural solution in either of these cases would have to be as lasting as can be imagined.

A partial parking solution is not a solution at all. Many changes have been made by the University Traffic and Safety Committee during the past year. Most of these have been zoning changes. The Committee does not pretend to have solved the parking problem with zone-switches, but it has certainly eased a bad situation.

This week we received a copy of a protest letter from an irate coed who objected to being ticketed for parking in a "no parking" zone after she found there were no other spaces remaining. She had paid her \$5 for a "C" sticker, and then found that the privilege availed her nothing.

Situations such as this will continue to appear until a satisfactory solution is arrived at. We can only encourage those concerned to seek the most enduring solution conceivable when the question is finally presented to them.

Prelude To Rush

Rush will begin Sunday, and many will encounter the fraternity system for the first time.

The step toward joining a fraternity (or sorority for that matter) is a very big one. A prospective rushee should use every means available to him to learn about the system, what it can mean to him, and what it means to others.

An excellent opportunity for a rushee to partly fulfill this obligation to himself will occur tonight at 7:30 in the GM Lounge.

At that time a Fraternity Forum will be held at which students will have an opportunity to question IFC President Lindsay Freeman and other panel members on any subject which they feel is relevant to their attitude toward fraternities.

We urge all interested students to attend.

The Lone Prowler

"Who was that masked man?" "Why, that was the Lone Prowler!"

Yes, it looks like the prowler is back and up to the same old sneaky tricks. We were beginning to wonder what had become of him since his last daring escapade on October 29.

At that time the mystery prowler put in four appearances at various coed residences. Coeds throughout the campus began camping out in each other's rooms, believing that safety in numbers was the watchword.

And the girls mustered weapons—kitchen utensils, knives, anything — for security. "Doors were bolted and guards were posted.

But the prowler was never caught. He always managed to escape, in the words of Police Chief William Blake, "In an undetermined manner."

No, he never did any real harm, but he sure went to a lot of trouble just to do nothing. Monday night, for example, he was believed to have concealed himself in Whitehead dormitory after doors closed at midnight. But did he wait an hour to "prowl?"

Never. He didn't do anything noticeable until 4:20 a.m. And this is the same four hour wait he managed twice in October.

Our prowler is simply not the ordinary type of fellow. We must admit, however, that it is very upsetting to have any type of prowler running rampant through coed residence halls at four in the morning. It is an outright defiance of

legal and social regulations. But until he does something really wrong, our condemnations have a tinny sound.

Pressure On LBJ

(Editor's Note: This article first appeared in the Minnesota Daily; the author is chairman of the Minnesota Committee to End the War in Vietnam.)

By JAMES S. BECK

During most of the Kennedy administration the United States government acknowledged that indigenous nationalist groups were the main antagonists of the Diem regime. Thus Pres. Kennedy stressed the advisory military role of the United States in Vietnam.

But as the United States increased its military participation, the government and popular press accused—with increasing gusto—the National Liberation Front of being an organ of imported communism.

Meanwhile, very few people in this country were well-informed about Vietnam. The foreign press was giving a very different picture from that given by the domestic press. This led inevitably to a concentration of disagreement with government policy among the academic, the politically left and the loosely-organized advocates of peace.

The distribution of dissent, the one-sided and unenthusiastic performance of the press, and the mendacity of the government determined the form of the anti-war movement. The movement's growth was delayed by uncertainties associated with the unexpected change of administration and by Johnson's deceptive statements during his campaign.

But the really new element was the concerted attack upon vocal dissent by the President and his appointed officials, by the congressmen, syndicated columnists, and editors. This was accompanied by the use of the Subversive Activities Control Act (against SNCC, DuBois Clubs, etc.) and the Selective Serv-

ice (Michigan case, among others) to harass organizations and individuals. Dissent was getting difficult.

The success shows in improved (though still rather inadequate) news coverage of the war, more candid and incisive commentary in the press, more frequent expression of concern and more frequent questioning on the part of more people in seeking alternatives on behalf of more legislators and citizens. To be sure, Johnson and the military go marching on, but they are less certain of how far they can go. The trend is to look a little harder for a way out and to accept the futility and wrongness of the expectation of military victory.

So what now for the anti-war movement? The horror continues in Vietnam. Opponents of U.S. policy probably are still a minority. The news is still often distorted. A broad spectrum of information and interpretation is a little more accessible in the United States but still not readily available to the general public. So demonstrations, marches, pickets, leaflets must continue.

Johnson has been affected by the sudden broadening of the base of criticism and the widespread recognition of the reality of the "credibility gap." Probably the next six months will be critical.

If Johnson expects to win the presidential election or even renomination in 1968, he must "win the war," as he has defined "winning," or find another way out. The anti-war movement must watch and adapt to developments, for power and votes are things Johnson understands even though he seems unable to understand the meaning of self-determination and the emptiness of anti-communism as credo.

Dull 'Champagne Complex' Leaves On-Lookers Sober

By SUSAN STAPLES

Champagne Complex, a semi-sophisticated three-act farce fairly brimming with sex and psychology, has been entertaining Barn Dinner Theatre audiences for some time. The Raleigh-Durham version, however, begins a little flatly for this originally effervescent situation comedy, and though it manages to bubble to savory second and third acts without any really spirited rapport with the obviously non-brown-bagging audience, something is lost in the strain to uncork it.

The plot involves a sprightly young lady who has a precariously low inebriation threshold of sixty c.c.s. of champagne. Her subconscious disaffection with the grey-flannelled mama's boy who is her fiance leads to the shedding of her clothes whenever she exceeds

her champagne limit, which occurs most frequently at her engagement parties. To put an end to this recklessness, the fiance seeks the advice of his amateur psychiatrist uncle, a professional "lay analyst," who reluctantly agrees to look her over. Although he tries very hard to be objective, the uncle obviously likes what he sees and he soon discovers she is becoming his problem, too.

Alas after several rounds of champagne and some tingling exposure by the vexatious ecstasist, the uncle discovers that the luscious tippler's stripping is simply a sub-restrained desire to throw off all restraints, especially her fiance, and to find some more mature person with whom to imbibe the pleasures of romance—namely, the more professional uncle.

In the current production, the young woman is portrayed by Anne Marie, a pert miss and a special delight to the male members of the audience when she reveals her problem right down to her "polka-dotted" bikini. In the first act her high-pitched voice was rather distracting, but it seemed to settle into a more natural tone as the play proceeded. All in all her performance was a creditable one.

Probably the most natural portrayal was given by Bryan Syron in his role as the uncle. His ease and knack for making quiet understatement extremely amusing and his wry, bedside manner gave the play a continuity it would not otherwise have had.

Practically speaking, CHAMPAGNE COMPLEX quenches one's thirst for a night of entertainment, but it leaves no lasting emotional hangover.

Does Psych Dept. Intimidate Students?

To the Editor:

Students enrolled in Psychology 26 are being coerced into filling out questionnaires of a highly personal nature and allowing themselves to participate in experiments.

The Psychology Department has instituted the device of a voluntary statement to be signed by students in order to evade legislation passed by Congress prohibiting invasions of privacy. Participation in the experiments and the filling out of questionnaires are supposedly voluntary processes, yet students are only given the choice of participating or losing grade points.

A memorandum of the Psychology Department reads: "You will receive one percentage point added to your final lab grade for every hour of experimental participation, up to five hours. You can then possibly raise your grade one letter." Instructors also add hours and percentage points for answering questionnaires. Needless to say, under these conditions, many students do not feel free to refrain from "volunteering" to reveal personal information or from becoming guinea pigs.

Students who "volunteer" to participate in the various psychological experiments are assigned hours without regard to the students' convenience. Some are assigned hours on Sundays, and those whose designated experiment time conflicts with regularly scheduled classes are penalized by having to sacrifice grade points. Furthermore, students

have to sign or refuse to sign the "volunteer statement" promising "to participate in psychology experiments when the opportunity arises during the present semester" without being informed of the nature of the experiments.

The Psychology Department obviously should either alter the aspects of the lab dealing with experimentation and revelation of intimate information or offer some reasonable justification for not doing so.

Eric Clay

To the Editor:

The death of Miss Jessie Rehder is a great loss to the University. Few English departments, if any, could boast a teacher of creative writing so dedicated and influential. While her influence is perhaps greatest and most enduring on her students, it will continue to be felt in other areas as well.

Miss Rehder's concern for the writing and publication of contemporary literature was celebrated. Out of it grew not only her own works, but any number of publishing projects and works by individual writers. That the University's traditional encouragement of writing has been continued in recent years is in large part due to her guidance, support and unfailing good humor.

Russel Banks
Myles Ludwig
William Matthews
Michael Paull
Newton Smith
David M. Allison

War Hawk Spellman Leaves Owl Who-less

(Editor's Note: This originally appeared in the Colorado State Collegian.)

Not too enthralled over the prospects of being labeled either a hawk or a dove, one is faced with the possibility of being called anything from a screaming eagle to a yellow-chested chicken.

One humanoid bird that isn't receiving his due recognition these days is the familiar owl. He needs more consideration now, not because he is a symbol of wisdom, but rather because he runs around asking "Who." Also, what and why.

This puzzled bird is asking many questions about everyone's favorite topic, the Viet Nam skirmish. He starts out with the scholarly, historical approach: "How the hell did we get there?" "Well, we were sort of handed this seed and a few years of poor tending turned it into a sick and ugly growth" someone answers. Then he asks, "Why us? Why not let someone else look after it?" And he learns that it is not only us, but Australians, South Koreans, even South Vietnamese. He asks when we are getting out and receives only grumbles and angry stares.

Because there have been some disturbing things reported in the news, he asks a few questions about them. "Has there ever been a time when American casualties were anything but light? Is there any truth to the statements about bombing civilians?"

To both of these questions he hears one answer, "Incredible."

Not being entirely satisfied with these replies, the tufted inquirer focuses his attention on the home front. Being an old bird, he remembers better days and is worried about the present state of things. "Isn't it customary here," he asks "for a man to question national policy and politicians and to raise a note of dissent to things he can't personally accept without being branded as cowardly or anti-American? And isn't it possible for another man to reach a rational decision that we have moral and legal reasons for carrying out military actions in another part of the world and for this man to support and participate in the effort without being called a guileless follower or a butcher of children?"

Having addressed these questions respectively to the wrong sides, the bird is bowled over in a cross-fire of shouts of "Incredible."

But now his feathers are ruffled and he persists. "Do you mean that a man is wrong if he feels he has a strong obligation to oppose the draft and burns his draft card?"

"Right," answers a 19-year-old Marine.

"Do you mean that a man is wrong if he is convinced that this is the greatest nation on earth and he is privileged to serve in her armed forces?"

"Right," answers a 19-year-old pacifist.

Trying to rid himself of some of the confusion, he starts asking more specific questions. "Does General Hershey have stock in some pro ball club?" he asks. Just an ardent fan, he learns.

"Is this Pat Boone who wears the white shoes the same guy who sings that song about coming back from Viet Nam and looking up the fellow who declined to go?"

"Lop, bop a loo mop," comes the reply.

"And what about 'Total Victory' Spellman? Isn't he one of those people who profess to follow the Prince of Peace?"

No answer.

'Lock The Windows? I'm Leaving A Ladder Outside Mine.'



The Daily Tar Heel

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