



It's a new semester, I've got a new column head and I'm just a tad psyched up so I've decided to get off the Editorial Workbench for awhile and get back to the people. This is my first column in quite a while. Bet you haven't noticed. But there is so much to write about now; so much that's been put off and so much new stuff happening around here. Make this column an effort at grab-bag journalism.

We, as every other college newspaper get a large supply of junk mail. Most of it is directed to The Editor but unless it has ol' Charlie's name on it I don't feel too badly about opening it. Most of it is the regular pitches from wire services like Free-Form Wire Service. That's the company that sends out those neat little fillers about such topics as "College Student Cleans Room -- Finds Kidnap Victim From Last Term." But sometimes we get some good ones. One of the goodies was received by us last November from Hartford Conn. It was from THE ADAM AND EVE FIGLEAF COMPANY. A Mr. Charles E. MacArthur, president of Aeostats - Balloons, was announcing a new company that was in business to sell, as the name might imply, figleaves. They swear it's for real. It's a man made material that, according to Mr. MacArthur, "easy to apply, adhering gently but firmly without the cruditis of glues, straps, pastes or adhesives." Oh boy!

If you want one send your money to The Adam and Eve Figleaf Company, P. O. 634, South Windsor, Connecticut, 06074. You should allow two or three weeks. They, or rather Mr. MacArthur suggests ordering now before the spring rush. I'm saving my pennies. It sounds like just the thing for "Spring Fling."

Speaking of "Spring Fling," I've got one question to ask somebody. What kind of fools do you think run the ol' Social Commission? Somebody, I assume a student, picked up all the questionnaires concerning "Spring Fling" that landed on the floor and stuffed the ballot box with them. When it got to the question about what bands you like every one of them had "Warehouse" down for the band. It's a real band, I've gotten info on them before. But the fact remains that somebody around here must either play in the band, have a boyfriend in the band or must manage the band because it took awhile, it seems to mark over sixty of those questionnaires. But the question is . . . did you think, with three, not two but three years of ol' college under my belt that I would think that sixty different people were really hung up on some band from Wilson???? And especially because of the banal attempts at chang-

old. Very impressive. But promotional stunt wasn't going to give all the questionnaires about Warehouse to Omega and to WRMT. Perhaps they can use them for their (Rock Concert). But, on second thought, maybe the next time they play at the Other Eye will invite me (free, of course) so I can check them out.

Since writing what you just read I've found out what the culprit is concerning the stuffed ballots. I got a promo kit in the mail and them.

A student's cousin plays the band. I hope the student won't be offended by this column. I'm sure the student would agree that it's not counting phony ballots. It's a nice try, though. But I'm going to give the promo kit to the O's and WRMT. Anyway, we already booked the spring.

A new story . . . There's a place in Chapel Hill called "The Tavern". It's downstairs under a professional building on the outskirts of the town. I remember when I was in high school a lot of my friends used to go there. My high school friend loved the place; it was his top drinking place for Carolina students. Well, pretty soon there were more of us high school students in the place than college students. The ABC men started coming real often, and the guy who owned the place started checking I.D.'s at the door. The last time I went over there when I was in high school was just before graduation. But I noticed that there weren't as many college kids there anymore. I came to find out that the place had moved "uptown" to a little bar called "Claremont". Twenty people can hardly fit in the place but every night of the week the ol' Carolina students manage to fit just about anybody in. They just stand around . . . there's no place to sit. That was three years ago. When I go back to the tavern it's the same way . . . high school students and dropouts. I think, "The Tavern" was once an institution in Chapel Hill.

the mentally didn't grow, to switch over to cash crops.

Now the problem is to diminish the flow of heroin from elsewhere in the world, notably Southeast Asia. Although the Administration estimates that the Southeast Asian heroin traffickers have only 5 to 10 percent of the American black market, the true total is probably much higher. Chemists aren't able to analyze heroin and determine where it was grown. There are no reliable chemical tests.

However, we do know that Burma, Laos and Thailand now produce about 700 tons of opium per year, and that this can be converted into about 70 tons of heroin -- much more than America's drug racketeers need -- and much more than that needed by the huge Asian addict population.

With a surplus of dope supplies building up in Southeast Asia, there is even more pressure for additional world markets.

can't be converted into heroin without a chemical called acetic anhydride. Most of it used in Southeast Asia comes from Japan, which has no government restrictions, controls or monitoring of its export.

If America becomes a land of "opium-eaters", then we won't even be a fifth-rate power. For sure, we'll be at the bottom of the heap -- mentally, morally, spiritually and materially.

Religious Emphasis

(Continued from Page 1)

In seminary he was chosen for membership in the International Society of Theta Phi "in consideration of scholarship and distinction." He was also awarded the James Boswell Mitchell's Sr., Memorial Award in Preaching, given to "the outstanding preacher in the senior class" at Candler School of Theology, from which he graduated with honors.

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