

The Daily Tar Heel

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EDITORIAL

SPRINGTIME IN THE PIT...
TIME FOR A PROFUSION
OF FUNDRAISING
ACTIVITIES
SUCH AS...



Jeff Maxim

Social Robbery

Looking for a generational cause? Want to fight that spring apathy? Try this one: By current estimates social security's annual spending will outpace revenues by 2013; Congress estimates total bankruptcy a decade after that.

So what? Doesn't social security only affect old people? No. Social security should be a dominant concern for twenty-somethings for three reasons. First, by the time our generation is old enough to receive it, there will be nothing left. A senior at UNC, assuming he or she is 21, will be eligible for social security by 2040. Unless the system is radically reformed, however, that senior will retire to a pension fund full of IOUs; his or her benefits will be funded by deficits so high as to make the Reagan years look fiscally sound. 2040 is a long time away, you say. Won't there be plenty of time to worry about this then?

Again no, for reason No. 2: The increasing cost of middle-class entitlements, Medicare in part, but primarily social security, is consuming more and more of the budget. Only a small proportion of the population was eligible for social security when it was created in the 1930s. Increasing benefits in the 1960s and '70s, coupled with the aging of the baby boomers and better health care, have made entitlements the largest part of the federal budget. By the time our

generation takes over, there will be little money left for other projects. The federal government will be a huge entitlement dispensing machine.

This is all very dire, but how does it affect us? Easy. We are paying the bill. Social security, as *The Economist* put it, "is neither a pension plan nor a genuine trust fund. It is, rather, a redistribution system: The federal government taxes the young and gives to the old, plain and simple." Social security's payroll taxes have risen from 2 percent to 12.4 percent today. Originally this made sense. We pay today, our grandchildren pay for us tomorrow. Unfortunately, social security has no tomorrow. Income distribution from young to old is defensible for the truly needy. Why, on the other hand, income from your summer job should be sent to Ross Perot is less certain. Social security needs drastic overhaul. First, it should be means tested. Second, the retirement age could be raised to 70. Or, Congress could pare back cost-of-living increases. Any of these would help. Only the will to act is lacking. The elderly vote. The young vote less. The voting power of the American Association of Retired Persons is massive, and massively opposed to reform. How many congressmen, by contrast, are scared of a bunch of angry college students? Your apathy at work.

How to Spend That \$500 'Windfall'

The House of Representatives passed a \$500 per child tax credit for families earning less than \$200,000 per year. In the spirit of cooperation with our normal nemesis in the Republican-controlled House, we'd like to propose ways American families can spend this windfall.

If the family's gross income is below \$35,000, this \$500 can go far to meeting monthly bills. It could help the family pay outstanding bills, cover some unexpected medical expenses, or help with food bills for the kids over the summer. Alternately, \$500 would buy a lot of Budweiser and pork rinds, or possibly 500 Powerball tickets. We want to encourage the families to kick back some of the money to the kids who made this windfall possible.

In the income range from \$35,000 to \$75,000, receiving \$500 of one's own money back from this newly generous government is still a surprising and much-needed occurrence. With college costs looming on the horizon for most of these parents, this money could be saved or invested. N.C. parents should naturally avoid investing until the intangibles tax is repealed, though. Living expenses still loom large for these families, and \$500 could help deal with debts. Families should kick back some of this money to their children, for without them, they wouldn't get anything. For families earning between \$75,000 and \$125,000, this annual windfall of \$500 per child could be used to buy a couple of options

packages on a new family car. The whole family could go out to eat at a very nice restaurant. The money could be dropped in an IRA, a mutual fund, or saved up for a new Sony PlayStation. Note: that's an incredibly awesome video game system which is not yet available in the U.S. In short, there are myriad ways in which these families could splurge. Naturally, they shouldn't forget to spend some of it on the kids.

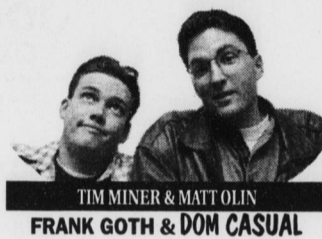
Above that level, in the \$125,000 to \$175,000 range, kind-hearted parents can find many uses for this tax credit. It could pay a 16-year-old's car insurance... for three months. It will almost cover a prom experience. Invested in cattle futures, it would make a nice \$50,000 nest egg for early retirement. These families should kindly invest in their kids. Finally, for those families near the \$200,000 cutoff... well, they should give it all to their kids. Congress' tax credit will benefit more than 98 percent of America's families with children, whether they are financially in need of the break or not. While giving the middle class a tax break is usually a good thing, as they are the backbone of this country, there need to be some limits. While the credit will not have as great an impact on some families as it will on others, we can't argue with giving less money to the state. Whether it's for paying off debts, buying stocks or giving it to deserving children, America's families can probably decide better what to do with it.

Grad Students: Black Socks Don't Go With Nikes

The cap and gown. When you put it on for high school graduation, it's a badge of honor. You made it. You did all of the things the guidance counselor said you "had to do to make it to college," the semester as the treasurer of the pep club, cleaning the men's bathroom as a service project, being the volleyball team's personal slave, and asking those extra little questions in class to get a superlative in the yearbook. Yep, it's all over, now. No more butt kissing, no more college tours, no more doing things you don't want to do just so that you can do something that you really want to do. Two words, folks: Grad. and school.

After four years of "being an individual," it's time to pucker up again. Holy Palindrome, Batman! This is the snake swallowing its own tail. You're back where you started. This assumes you are bound for graduate school. It breaks down like this: there are four kinds of post-undergrad/pre-grad/pre-pre professional/pre-pre-pre money students:

- 1. Mr./Ms. Prometheus:** Just as P-Man was chained to a rock for untold years, these students are chained to the idea of grad school. They might not want to go, they might not be ready to go, but they are going dammit! "Ha! Ha! Ha! Three more years on Fantasy Island for me!"
- 2. The Real-Worlders:** These guys don't want anything to do with any school at all after graduation. In the end, perhaps they're smarter than those who actually get into grad school. They're ready to be "out there," ready to own a dog and ready to have a job. Yeah, they're ready to move back in with the parents. They've got the B.A. in hand... time to get the band back together. "If accepted, I will not enroll. If enrolled, I will not study! I choose not to move on!" (Do your best Jerry Seinfeld, here.)
- 3. The Huddled Masses:** These unhappy travelers are carried on a wave of rejection letters, like immigrants waiting on Ellis Island. They have traveled far, suffered much and are homeless. (Of course, there's always that cot in the garage since Mom turned the room into a knick-knack repository.) "I just want to move on, is that so wrong?!"
- 4. The Return-to-senders:** These people have the solution. Time. That's all they need. A little time to recoup, breathe out, flip burgers, and "find a happy place." When they do go back, they have two missions in life: To blow the grade curve for struggling undergrads, and to lecture on "how easy college is in comparison to the real world." "Before: 'I'm burnt out. I'll be back. I just want to take time off.' After: 'Learning is so fun! Appreciate Dr. Bailey! Don't drink so much, it clouds the mind.'" Shut the hell up. Grow



TIM MINER & MATT OLIN
FRANK GOTH & DOM CASUAL

down.
If you do "go grad," polish up on those application skills. Get tough, again, because the Law of Admissions states: Someone deserving who knows no one will get trashed, while someone unprepared will ascend to great heights because of Daddy and Mommie. We took the liberty of "borrowing" two applications to illustrate our point:

Application One:
Name: Zeus (A.K.A. Jupiter)
School: Mount Olympus U. — Home of the Clashin' Titans
Talents: Seducing women in various bestial forms, tossing lightning, chugging ambrosia, overseeing all human life on Earth
Extracurriculars: President of the god Club, Sovereign of the Known Universe
Personal Statement (highlights): "... I sired you. I am your father. I have studied human history, because I created it. If you don't accept me to your MBA program, I will condemn you to eternal torment in Hades... Love, Dad."
Admissions' decision: "Lord of the Earth?! Not at Stanford, he isn't. Who does he know?!"

Application Two:
Name: Squeegee (no last name)
School: ... sometimes
Talents: rolling joints with tongue, parting various Rick Astley songs, begging
Extracurriculars: Lead Guitarist/Singer/Kazoo Player for "Fetal Scream," guru of the "Wacky Warehouse," official campus "guy you don't want in a group project"
Personal Statement (highlights): (Begins and ends with a quote from Gene Simmons) "... I don't get why know is spelled 'know' when it sounds like 'no' — that's why I want to study words, man... my true ambition grows in my closet..."
Admissions' decision: "Wait a minute. This one has a tag on it. If the dean wants his golf-partner's son to move on, he does. Welcome to higher education, Mr. Squeegee!"
Let's say you get in. Life will change dramatically. You will be a "grad student," and a "twenty-

something." You've moved on past Candyland and into the Molasses Swamp. Sorry! It's trouble; it's a risk. Sometimes grad school seems like it'll give you a monopoly on life, other times it's just a trivial pursuit. You're without a clue. No longer a kid, and not yet an adult—a bit of a mousetrap. You try and be both. With one leg in a suit, and one in a pair of sweats you play life twister, constantly cautious so you don't break the ice.

Here are some of tell-tale signs of your grad student/"twenty-something" metamorphosis:
■ "Your music" is now played on Oldies 96.
■ Look back fondly on the days when you could say, "This class has nothing to do with my future."

■ Loss of all fashion sense: black socks with Nikes; no need for combs; seven days of the week = only need seven outfits, period; lots o' colors; plaid goes with stripes; stripes go with checks; checks go with everything
■ Favorite beer goes from the Blue Cups of He's Not, to the Frosty Mugs of Henderson Street
■ Incessant need to grow facial hair "Because we can!" for men (and, sometimes, women)

■ All conversations must be loud, obnoxious, and concerning one's field of study.
■ Must riddle simple statements with technical/b.s. jargon "Destitute, I am. Thus, I shall sally forth and prognosticate on the outcome of the athletic enterprise, for the purpose of acquiring the means of capitalist exchange." Translation: "I'm broke, I'll bet on the game. If I win, I eat."

■ Travel in packs like the hyenas in "The Lion King," living outside the Pride Land, waiting to devour young lions. "Welcome to English 11. My prof. chewed me up when I was you, now it's your turn, freshman."
■ Worth it? No idea. We stand on the precipice, wondering whether or not to jump. Even if we make it through, there's no guarantee of job. We still have to discover that "mac n' cheese" is the most versatile food on the planet, and worry about how our dorm couch will look next to our baseball trophies and spelling-bee ribbons in the old room. We want assurance. Bojangles U. (one is in Charlotte, N.C.) is sounding great. Dom wants the M.B.A. — Masters in Blocking Arteries. Frank is going for the P.H.D. — Producer of Hearty Drumsticks. Good luck to all of our fourth-year friends. Squeegee's looking for a roommate. Any takers?

Matt Olin (Dom Casual) is a senior English major from Matthews. Tim Miner (Frank Goth) is a junior English major from Charlotte. May we take your order, please?

this article brought light to your eyes whether you proclaim to be Muslim or not. In the future please read and study a subject diligently before making public comments about that subject.
As-Salaam Alaikum. (Peace Be Unto You.)

Dwayne X (Eatmon)
SOPHOMORE
MICROBIOLOGY

Reader Grateful for McLeod's Insightful Service Project

Words can't express the gratitude that I have for Homecoming Queen Monica McLeod for presenting such a wonderful service project. The program was informational, yet fun. Ensuring that all children learn is a notion many forget once that come to the UNC. No one seems to care about the people who they left at home or who fell through the cracks of the "school system." Thanks for bringing this most important issue back to light on this campus!
For those of you who for some reason did not attend the program, you really missed a treat. Not only was food served (tasty food, I might add), but we were entertained by rap artist Tar Heel, by the BSM Gospel Choir, by the Winston-Salem Gospel Choir, by the fantastic stepping of Delta Sigma Theta and Sigma Gamma Rho, and by the melodious voice of Monica herself.
Next year's Homecoming Queen has a lot to live up to because Monica did a fantastic job coordinating and planning this event. She did me a favor; she did the University a favor. Her program was the BEST I have attended the entire academic school year. And even though those at the DTH might not have covered the program as well as they could have, I am just grateful that I had the opportunity to attend this wonderful event. Once again, thank you Monica McLeod.

Rodney Sanders
FRESHMAN
CHEMISTRY

Tar Heel Quotables

"It's tough being the gay representative for the whole campus. Most people don't come to Carolina being a lesbian extraordinaire."
DAWN PRINCE, former co-chairwoman of B-GLAD

On why she chose not to seek the position again next year because of the pressures the job has caused her in the past year

"Since I've started feeding him by hand, with carrots and mustard greens, he doesn't whip me with his tail or bite me. Hand-feeding really helps with human-iguana bonding."
GEOFF PURDY, a senior from Berwyn, Pa., who owns an iguana named Fuji

On how the finer points of iguana feeding can enhance the safety and success of your relationship with your pet

"A 12- or 13-year-old came to the bar with a military ID the other day and said he was a Marine."
BRIAN MCKENDRICK, a bouncer at Molly Maguire's Irish Pub

Explaining the level to which minors attempting to use fake IDs will sink to achieve entrance into a bar

"That was an independent, private-enterprise decision about what works."
NEWT GINGRICH, speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives

Explaining why there were no donkeys, the mascot of the Democratic party, at the 125th anniversary performance of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus in the Capitol parking lot.

Members of Nation of Islam Do Practice True Islam

TO THE EDITOR:
"And he said unto Abram: Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them, and they shall afflict them four hundred years. And also that nation whom they shall serve, will I judge, and afterward shall they come out with great substance." Genesis 15:13-14.
Those who say that members of the Nation of Islam do not practice true Islam and are not truly Muslim should study before judging others. The above passage from the Bible is key to the very existence of the Nation of Islam. As stated by one of my Muslim Brothers, "Muslims do not draw upon the Bible for guidance." However the Holy Koran bears witness to the truths in the Bible. So, a more accurate statement would be, "Most Muslims do not draw upon the Bible for guidance." The "He" speaking to Abram (later to become Abraham) is God, Himself. We believe that Abram's seed is none other than the so-called Negroes in America. Have we not served this nation for over 400 years (1555-1995)? For those Muslims who don't recognize the Bible, it is stated in the Holy Koran that every people has a term (Surah 10:49). In Surah 32, verses 1-3 speak of a warmer being sent to a people who have not been warned before. I ask you, who say the Nation isn't Muslim, "Where is our warmer, our messenger?"

I believe Allah is a God of justice. So He came Himself in the Person of Master Fard Muhammad to judge this nation (U.S.A.) for her sins against a people lost from their own. We believe the Most Honorable Elijah Muhammad to be that Messenger of Allah. He's not a prophet. Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him) was the last of them. He is a Messenger and a warmer not only for Black people but for America as well. Quoting again from the Holy Koran, "We sent not a messenger except (to teach) in the language of his (own) people, in order to make (things) clear



READERS' FORUM

The Daily Tar Heel welcomes reader comments and criticism. Letters to the editor should be no longer than 400 words and must be typed, double-spaced, dated and signed by no more than two people. Students should include their year, major and phone number. Faculty and staff should include their title, department and phone number. The DTH reserves the right to edit letters for space, clarity and vulgarity.
Send e-mail forum to: dth@unc.edu.

to them" (Surah 14:4). It should be obvious that Prophet Muhammad (PBUH) was a Messenger for the people of Arabia and not us because we speak English, not Arabic.
The Nation of Islam, currently under the leadership of Minister Louis Farrakhan, is an example of what can be accomplished if the so-called Negroes accept Islam and do for self. The Economic Program of the Most Honorable Elijah Muhammad is helping to produce the great substance that Allah (God) promised us. The Salaam Restaurant in Chicago and the 2,000 acres of farmland in Georgia and Michigan are manifestations of that substance. I thank those who applaud the Nation for our efforts. However we are involved in activities other than civil rights. We are trying to raise a nation within a nation. This will be a nation of righteousness, peace and one of obedience. This is why we are called the Lost Found Nation of Islam in the West. This name was given to us by Allah in the Person of Master Fard Muhammad. You can either accept it or let it alone.
Members of the Nation of Islam are taught to study to gain understanding and wisdom. I hope

