

LETTERS

TO THE EDITORS

Blanchard Fiddles, But Reader Burns

Editors, The Tar Heel:

As I concluded my reading of Mr. Blanchard's article about his dissatisfaction with Conservatives, I could not help but visualize a small child babbling incoherent nonsense, not over any one thing particularly, but over the fact that somebody still disagrees with him — a small child who, not satisfied with converting mama and daddy to his way of thinking, will not be satisfied until all of his brothers and sisters think exactly the way he thinks.

It's not hard to answer a silly little piece like that of Mr. Blanchard's. At first reading, I was fighting mad, the kind of mad that makes one want to reach out and grab a screaming little kid who has just hit you on the shin with a ball bat, but then you stop and reason that after all he's only a kid.

Mr. Blanchard called us fiddlers. Perhaps we are. If I had to think of a more democratic instrument, I don't think I could do better than a fiddle. If Mr. Blanchard would call individualists and those who disagree with him derogatory names, I think that he should be able to do better than "fiddler," in fact I find the term rather flattering.

He says we fiddle and denounce those who try to put out the fire. I agree that we denounce those who put out the fire, but the fire is that fire that can't be put out—the fire of existence and life—the fire deep in every man that tells him with no uncertain voice that if something is his, it is his and not partly his.

Otelia Okays Health Bill

Editors, The Tar Heel:

I am in complete agreement with Mr. Collins' assertion to the North Carolina Health Council that there is no adequate program for medical aid to people over 65 years of age. The claim by the American Medical Association that adequate medical resources through the Kerr-Mills bill and Blue Shield and Blue Cross Insurance already exist is incomprehensible.

The Kerr-Mills bill is nothing but a welfare program—anyone who has an income of \$94 a month, and as much as \$2,000 in the bank, or in securities, is ineligible for help under the bill. Decide for yourself how hospital, doctors and medicine bills can be squeezed out of this amount of income.

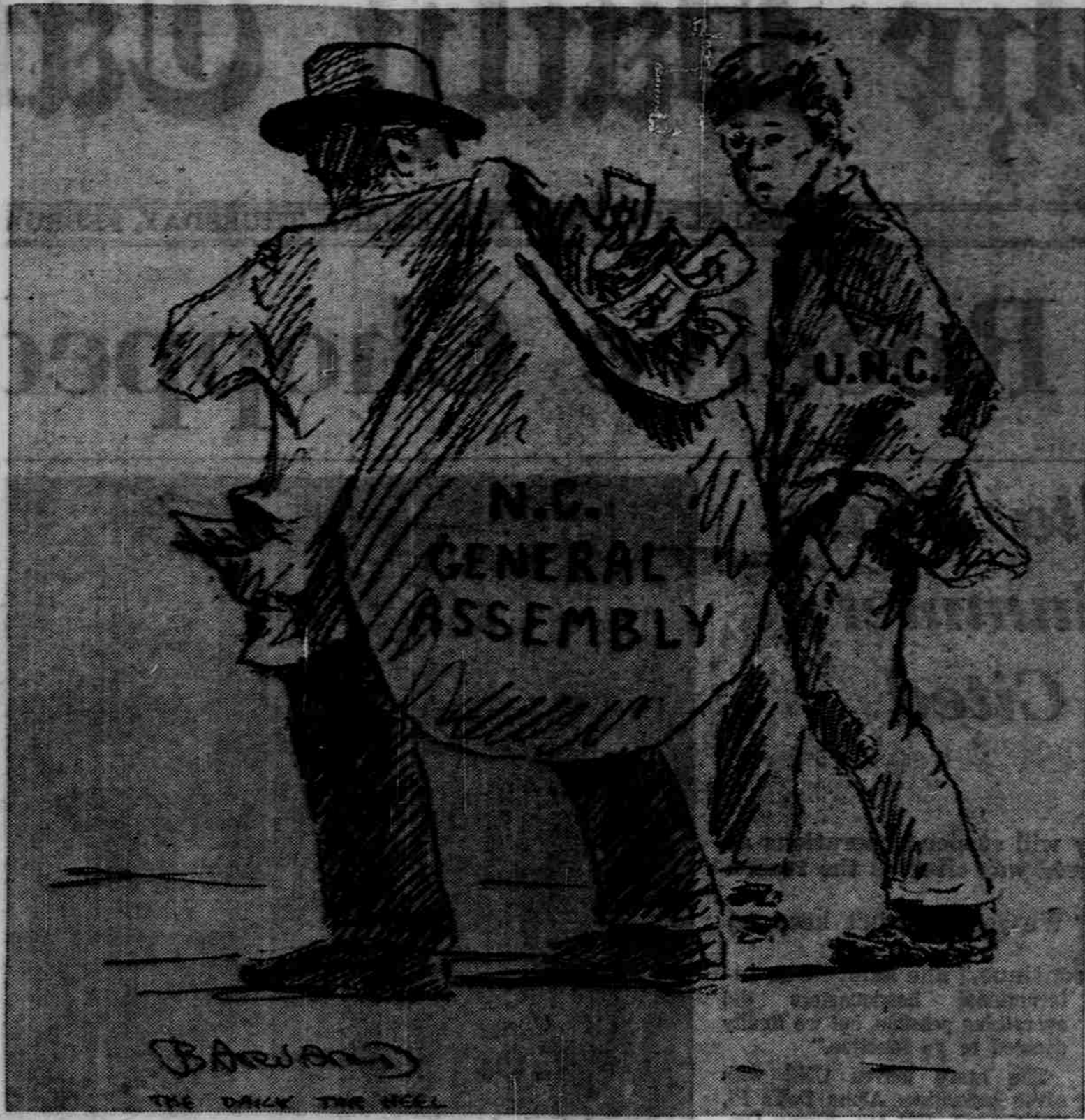
I looked into Blue Cross and Blue Shield medical policies for the aging, in behalf of a friend of mine in her seventies, who has emphysema, for which there is no cure. These insurance companies claim, along with the AMA, that there is no need for Medicare under Social Security. But I was told that neither Blue Shield nor Blue Cross policies would cover the trouble that the person in question already has. Where does that leave the person? She has enough to live on modestly.

She is not eligible for Kerr-Mills aid or for hospital insurance under Blue Shield or Blue Cross. She has no money to pay the bills herself. She has no children to step in and pay these bills. Will the AMA and the insurance companies please explain to this person, and to thousands of others in the same category, just what their program is for her?

The fact that the AMA will promote such spurious statements—that there is no need for further assistance to our aging—is enough to shake the confidence of the entire public in the integrity of the medical profession.

Part of the doctors' objections to Medicare is that there are not enough doctors and nurses to care for the people who would flock to the hospitals under Medicare. True enough, but the answer is—train more doctors, more nurses, through scholarships and loans. That will cost money! Of course it will. But has our affluent society reached the point that it is only interested in the almighty dollar, the sick and needy be damned? I don't believe we in this country have reached that stage yet. God forbid. For when we do, we will be on our way out. There will be no great society for Americans!

Otelia Connor



The Hard-Working Veep

By ART BUCHWALD

The N. Y. Herald-Tribune

The scene is Washington, D. C., a typical house in a typical neighborhood where a typical

American couple are watching television.

"Hubert, what's happened to us? We never go out any more."

"Hush, Muriel. The Secret

Servicemen in the basement will hear you."

"You told me when you took this job that we'd travel to Rome, Paris, London, that we'd meet kings, queens, prime ministers, Buddhists. But all we do is sit around watching television."

"Now Muriel, I know being wife of the Vice President of the United States is not as exciting as some jobs in the government, but it will pick up. After all, he promised to make full use of my talents."

The red phone rings. Hubert jumps up. "That's him now."

"Hello, yes sir. This is the Vice President. Yes sir. How's your cold? I read about it in the newspaper. . . . Muriel's fine. I know we haven't seen each other since the swearing-in ceremony. Muriel was just saying that. . . . What are we doing? Nothing, just sitting around talking about the good old days. . . . I mean the days when I was Senate whip. I guess these are the best days for us. . . ."

"Was there anything special you called about? . . . A photograph of me in 'Life' Magazine? I don't know how it got there. I told them to clear all photographs with you."

"They must have shot it when I wasn't looking. Yes sir, I'll carry a newspaper with me next time and hide my face. . . . Does Muriel have to carry a newspaper too? Just me. I understand."

"The coronation of the King of Switzerland? Yes, I did hear about it. . . . Whom do I think you ought to send? Gee, I don't know. . . . Well yes, I imagine that Perle Mesta would be a good idea. . . . No sir, I've got all the time in the world. What else did you want to ask me? . . ."

"You have to send someone to France to feel out de Gaulle on a summit. Do I have any ideas on that? Well, I hadn't given it much thought. It's a very touchy subject and requires someone with great experience and prestige. . . . I agree one hundred per cent. It should be somebody very close to you—somebody who has your confidence and can speak for you. . . . You're thinking of sending Lynda Bird's boy friend? I hadn't thought of that. Yessir, it's a wise choice."

"Was there anything else? A trip to Russia? . . . Yes, sir, I think it's about time we sent somebody there to meet with the new leaders. It's funny I was going to suggest something like that myself. . . . Whom did you have in mind? . . . Your cousin Orlo? . . . I'll have to say it's different. No, I have no objections. As a matter of fact I'm flattered you'd consult me."

"I see where the Shah of Butane is paying an official state visit to Washington. . . . You may not have time to see him? Well, Muriel and I could. . . . I see. You've already asked Dean Burch to fill in for you?"

"Yes sir. . . . Well it's been nice talking to you. . . . You'd like to have lunch one of these days? . . . I'd like that. . . . No, I'll be around Washington for the next few months. My best to your family. . . . I'll bet Luc's a real grown-up girl since we saw her last. . . . Thanks for calling. I'll tell Muriel. . . . It's funny, we were talking about you and Lady Bird only yesterday."

David Rothman

The Hard-Working Profs And The Laggard Bums

By DAVID ROTHMAN

DTH Columnist

"The scandal at the Air Force Academy — that tops it all," the professor said to his class.

"You students don't appreciate the advantages you've been given. You cheat at the Academy; you riot at Berkeley. Yes—you, the recipients of Federal loans and the owners of Hondas!"

The professor bent down to adjust his transistorized public address system.

"And here at Carolina? First-quarter freshman grades are lower than ever. People hereabouts simply aren't working up to expectations."

"People have been given too much money to work with — too many bucks wasted on the education of incompetent no-gooders."

Students in the back by this time were growing impatient. The P.A.'s volume was set much too low, and they could barely hear the professor's voice when it reached the rear of the 200-seat auditorium.

"When my generation was in school, we had work to do, and, believe me, we did it! There were no combo parties, no large student governments, nothing to prevent us from really knowing what to do at college."

"Nowadays, most students are wanderers without purpose or ambition. They lack the motivation of their elders. I don't care—spunk or no spunk!"

The professor's finger at that moment accidentally hit a biton attached to his microphone. A large motor-driven movie

screen started covering the blackboard.

This reminded him it was time to get down to business. He pushed another button. The room darkened.

"Listen to me before it's too late, before you have your backs to me. . . ."

He was interrupted by the tape-recorded sound track of the film strip he was showing.

Twenty-five minutes later, the pre-prepared lecture was over.

The professor got into his convertible and drove home, passing a few Hondas on the way.

He began his steak dinner at about the same time the last people in the campus cafeteria line were within fifty feet of the silverware container.

While eating, he watched a television documentary on the use of "pep pills" by procrastinating students. Throughout the program, he leered.

The student in the cafeteria line had coffee and doughnuts and secondhand newspaper, and the professor at home was equally as frugal. After his meal, he spent ten minutes trying to fix his malfunctioning electric toothbrush.

Then, sack time rolled around. The professor knew it was important to get eight hours of rest if one wanted to face tomorrow's Herculean labors. So he turned the dial on his electric blanket to "High" and let his "Sleep-Ease" tablets do the remaining work.

Certainly, his rest was well earned. After all, it had been quite a day.

One In Every Household

By J. SHAW

The Colorado State Collegian

Is Beatlemania a manifestation of the sort of mass fervor which formerly was directed towards political hysteria such as that which swept Hitler, Mussolini, and other degenerate and unsavory types into power some decades ago? Perhaps by screaming amidst the anonymity of huge, throbbing crowds, tossing jelly-beans onto the stage, chasing wildly and erratically after their heroes, the Beatle fans release tensions and hostilities that might otherwise be channeled in undesirable directions.

The Beatles thereby constitute a boon to society, and may possibly be the answer to juvenile delinquency and other anti-social behavior. If enough Beatle concerts and P. A. tours are conducted a mass catharsis would occur, leaving all those groveling in the wake too exhausted to jeer at policemen scuff at teachers, refuse to go to church, argue with parents, live in off-campus unapproved housing, or commit other heinous deeds.

One major problem looms, unfortunately, before this glorious Utopia can be realized. There are only four Beatles, and they may possibly become frazzled by performing deeds of social goodness. Since nobody but the Beatles will do, perhaps Walt Disney, who has waved so many magic wands in the past and by so doing has given Lite-Like Hippopotam (or muses), Elephants Blowing Water Through Trunks As If They Were The Real Thing, and even (gasp!) a Lincoln at the World's Fair which actually recites the Gettysburg Address with mouth movements yet, can create Like-Like Beatles which Walk, Talk, Sing, and Run from Crowds. Thus the Beatles could be proliferated and spread abroad in the land like a blessing. Four Beatles for every hamlet, and hearth; one could have catharsis in the privacy of one's own livingroom if one wasn't given to mass emotion.

The constant state of euphoric exhaustion which would result from all this would leave us splendidly fulfilled. Even the Great Society can't match this.

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The Alpha Gams Leave Many Questions

The passing of Alpha Gamma Delta was not completely unexpected. The sorority's trend in membership and finance has been steadily downward for several years, and the trend has seldom shown signs of reversing itself.

But the passing, however predictable, means far more to the University than just the loss of what has generally been a strong organization. It also raises question after question about the UNC sorority system in general and the Panhellenic Council in particular.

The campus has heard talk for several years now about how the Panhellenic was going to take steps to help any sororities in danger of going under. Women in other sororities expressed concern of the lagging membership of Alpha Gamma Delta, and the words of concern seemed sincere.

They weren't, apparently. When rush rolled around, annually the altruism and concern would fly out the window, and it was all dog-eat-dog. The first question many would ask, after they had received their list of 25-30 pledges, was "How did Alpha Gam do?"

The answer usually was enough to cause them to lower their heads and say, "That's too bad. I wish something could be done about it."

And all the time something could have been done about the situation, if only the pious words of distress were more than just words.

No one should fault the entire Panhellenic Council. Rather, the blame lies with several of its member organizations, whose lack of foresight has only been exceeded by their selfishness.

We have always considered Panhellenic President Jean Dillin to be an outstanding woman and a superb leader. Although we do not have access to Panhellenic Council meetings, we are confident she has done an outstanding job. But she has only one vote.

Robert F. Williams Loses Again

From The Charlotte Observer

When the North Carolina Supreme Court overturned the convictions of four defendants in the 1961 Monroe kidnaping case, it cut much of the ground from under Robert F. Williams and the scurrilous propaganda he has broadcast from Havana and Peiping.

The militant Williams fled to Cuba to avoid prosecution on the charge of kidnaping a Marshville white couple during a racial disturbance in Monroe. His radio broadcasts and literature since that time have been anti-American diatribes of the rankest kind.

Williams said in a telephone interview from Havana that he would reconsider returning to Monroe if no indictments were considered. In that case, he declared, "I most certainly will return to the United States as soon as possible because, after all, the United States is my home."

Solicitor M. G. Boyette of Carthage has indicated that he intends to seek a new trial for the three Negroes and a white man convicted by a Superior Court jury. Under the circumstances, the solicitor would have to ask for an indictment of Williams if he returned. In addition, Williams would be subject to indictment

The chartering of Phi Mu probably did not have any appreciable effect upon the death of the local Alpha Gamma Delta chapter. It may have speeded up the process somewhat, but it should not be considered the major reason.

The major reason, or reasons, lie in the general outlook of sororities. Each "good" sorority at UNC knew of the plight of Alpha Gamma Delta. Each expressed concern. None did anything.

A rescue could have been effected without much effort. The healthy sororities, for instance, might have attempted to steer a certain number of rushees toward their failing sister. If necessary, the Panhellenic Council might have agreed when the chips were down to keep "hands off" 10 or 15 well-qualified rushees, encouraging them instead to join Alpha Gamma Delta.

A harsh measure? Certainly, but if this or a similar step had been taken this fall, Alpha Gamma Delta would be alive and kicking today.

We hope that the sisters of Alpha Gamma Delta, who worked so long and hard to save their sorority, will continue the outstanding, dedicated work they have done for the campus. The sorority has a long history of participation in student activities, and we are certain that the Stray Greeks will welcome them with open arms.

The passing of Alpha Gamma Delta, expected as it was, is nonetheless a sad occasion. The taste is all the more bitter because it might well have been avoided, if Carolina's well-heeled sororities had condescended to be their sister's keeper in a time of crisis.

There is a lesson to be learned from this unfortunate incident, and we hope that the sorority system and the entire UNC campus will profit from this, a grievous mistake.

for unlawful flight to avoid prosecution.

Williams told radio station WTOB in Winston-Salem that he "might have to reconsider" the machinery of justice in North Carolina in view of the Supreme Court's ruling. If he decides contrary to his own propaganda that it is possible for a Negro to be dealt with justly in this state, Williams should return and stand trial along with the other defendants. They are, after all, involved in a problem that developed largely because of Williams' leadership in Monroe.

The Supreme Court decided that the defendants received less than justice because the state did not overcome the charge that Negroes had been systematically excluded from grand jury service in Union County.

The ruling reaffirmed the refusal of North Carolina's highest court to settle for less than full justice under the law, whether or not public opinion runs high against a particular set of defendants.

Williams has been a false accuser in speaking of our state courts and most of the people of North Carolina. This ruling may be a tiny beam of light breaking through the walls of racial hate he has erected around himself.

Spots Before Their Eyes

When Van H. Johnson of South Mills, N. C. dialed 967-2383 at 1:30 yesterday morning, he ended several week's suspense for an enthusiastic, never-say-die group of Carolina ladies and gentlemen, for he had at last settled the outcome of the DTH "Spot the Spot" contest.

As is often the case in a venture of this kind, we were somewhat hesitant to undertake "Spot the Spot," fearing a lack of participation and interest on campus. To our happy surprise, however, "Spot the Spot" caught on with a sizeable segment of the University community, and on the final day of the regular contest 24 "winners" were lined up at 7

a.m. to vie for the prize of 12 record albums.

Obviously, the original photos had not been as challenging as we had expected, so the run-off pictures were designed to test the detective prowess of every campus James Bond. Apparently they were suitably tough, for Johnson's voice on the phone 12 hours later sounded strained.

To all those who spent long, cold hours stalking about the campus hunting obscure porticos, ventilation ducts and plaques, our hearty thanks, and a warning: The DTH Second Annual Kite Contest is already in the works for next month.