

In Our Opinion...

Subscription System Needed; And We're Not Just Yacking

You never know what's coming next from the office of the Yackety Yack.

Last year's fiasco was a disappointment to everyone, and it sparked a great deal of renewed talk about putting the Yack on a subscription basis.

Such talk has sprung up from time to time in the past, and Yack staffers have always put their whole heart into the battle to prevent this being done.

And so the system has remained the same — every student pays a fee for the Yackety Yack, and every student is entitled to get a year book.

At least everyone around here assumed the system had not been changed. Certainly everyone paid, in his student fees, a price for the Yack this year.

But the Yack staff has issued the word, loud and clear, that just because a person has paid for the book, that's no guarantee he will get one. No indeed. In order to qualify to receive a Yackety Yack in the spring, a student must fill out a form indicating his de-

sire to have what he has already paid for.

To use the words of a statement issued by the Yack this week, "You will not be entitled to receive a Yackety Yack unless the Yack has a record of having received a coupon."

You might look at it this way: you will not be entitled to receive a Yackety Yack unless the Yack has a record of your subscribing. The only catch is that this is subscription *ex post payola*.

The Yack apparently does not have sufficient funds to print a copy for every student entitled to get one. So they must hope that some, or many, students will not bother to send in the coupon.

Now, if the Yack is charging every student, but cannot afford to provide a book for every student, something must be wrong with the system.

We think something clearly is wrong with the system, and this "subscription drive" is only further indication that the Yack should be placed on a subscription basis.



John Greenbacker

Cornpone Gives Pax Americana To Asia

This columnist has studiously avoided commenting on the Viet Nam issue this semester, largely because after half a year's concentrated effort to stir up student opinion on the war, nothing seemed to have been gained.

However, the spectacle of our prodigal, presidential son, Captain America, returning home from the wars last week was too much to stomach.

Some of you might have seen the arrival on TV. My God, it was surely a Cornpone Spectacular: the mighty 707 rolling up to the reviewing stand while the brass band blared and the honor guards snapped to attention.

Everything had the presidential brand on it. The diplomatic corps turned out in full along with the top members of the civil service and the cabinet. The Vice President (remember him?) and his wife awaited the grand entrance anxiously, Mrs. Humphrey carrying red roses for The First Lady.

At the pinnacle of tension, the awful moment, he appears with his wife: the American Gothic, in a conservative business suit; the man of the people.

Before reaching the stand, Lyndon had to press the flesh a bit. After meeting millions of Asians, a few more wouldn't hurt at all.

Johnson looked good, in spite of the trip, and as he clasped the hands of the eager masses, he seemed to be overjoyed. He thrived on it, like a strange parasitic fungus, and the very life blood flowed from the outstretched limbs of the people to renew his body.

They wallowed before him, hundreds of squirming dignitaries who live only for his affection. It is a sickening sight to see 50-year-old men pawing each other aside for a chance to lick the presidential boots.

By the time he reached the podium, he was a conquering hero. Even pitiful Hubert held the umbrella for him in front of nation-wide network hook-ups.

The introduction was according to strict standards. The Vice President unilaterally extended the welcome of the American people to the President, telling him how thankful they all were that he had come back home to them safely.

When Johnson spoke, the results were astounding. He told them of the love Asia has for America and freedom. He painted lurid tales of presidential heroism with typical modesty, and spoke of meeting "our boys" when they were fresh from the battlefield, some with muddy grenade launchers strapped to their backs.

And out in the stix, a million plain folks knocked the manure off their shoes, bit off another plug of Red Apple, and felt the warm glow of instinctive trust build up inside of them.

Lyndon told them of the Manila Conference, and how all were united behind U. S. foreign policy. Everyone wanted freedom from external communist invasion that subverts the power of popular will, and they were willing to send the best of the new generation to fight any such threat.

With a mighty blast, the war trumpet was blown for the gallant allies, and the saber rattled ominously for the evil powers of Hanoi.

Ah, but there was the inevitable carrot, too. The massive, maudlin smile oozed across his face, and he spoke of peace. Peace for everyone, even North Viet Nam, and maybe then they could share in the American pot of gold that was soon to revitalize the economics of all Asian nations.

Peace, but unequivocally on our terms. Viet Cong and independent, indigenous revolutionary groups be damned, neutralization be damned, coalition government be damned. We're here to stay, Ho, no matter what the cost in terms of human suffering and monetary expense.

And what about American foreign policy? It's all very simple, mah friends. The Pax Americana for Asia has been proclaimed. The mantle of American might extends to lands near and far, but don't ask the policy makers for the reasons why these areas are vital to American security.

Try to get the State Department to explain how Southeast Asia can be just as important to American interests as Europe or the Middle East. Try to get the military to tell you that Viet Nam is strategically as important as the Mediterranean.

They can only parrot the line about subversion, using implicitly the patently outmoded concept of international monolithic conspiracy.

They can only repeat that Ho is a puppet, not a nationalist leader who has been fighting for his nation's independence since the thirties. With single-minded and often vicious determination he has sought to liberate and unify his country, but the government will still tell you Ho is not his own man.

Adamant, supremely confident, the President of the United States told the people of the great journey. The story, however, was the same hollow batch of inconsistencies, and 15 days on the road hadn't matured them or given them any depth of understanding. The band played on.

But out where the plain folks live, that kind of talk wins votes, and that's just what Lyndon needs now. Save the republic, save the consensus, save the Democratic Party.

In the television audience, his political enemies and bitter critics knew he couldn't lose.



To Honor President LBJ

The following letter crossed our desk yesterday. We thought our readers might enjoy sharing it.

Dear Friend:

We have the distinguished honor of being members of the Committee to raise \$5 million to be used for placing a statue of Lyndon B. Johnson in the Hall of Fame, Washington, D. C.

The Committee was in a quandary about selecting the proper location for the statue. It was thought not wise to place it beside that of George Washington who never told a lie, or beside that of FDR who never told the truth, since LBJ could never tell the difference.

After careful consideration, we think it should be placed beside the statue of Christopher Columbus, in that he started not knowing where he was going, and on arriving did not know

where he was, and in returning did not know where he had been, and did it all on borrowed money.

Five thousand years ago, Moses said to the children of Israel, "Pick up your shovels, mount your asses and camels, and I will lead you to the Promised Land."

Nearly 5,000 years later, Roosevelt said, "Lay down your shovels, sit on your asses, light up a Camel, this is the Promised Land."

Now Johnson is stealing our shovels, kicking our asses, raising the price of Camels, and is taking over the Promised Land.

If you are one of those citizens who had money left after taxes, we shall expect a generous contribution from you for this worthwhile project.

Very truly yours,
I. M. Shirtless
Chairman, Fund Raising Committee

Election Reflections

Something was wrong in the Rendezvous Room of GM election night.

The people were there but they were just milling around, not excited or disappointed.

The tally boards were up, but no figures were being chalked up.

The problem was the missing intercom.

In past elections, the crowds have always gathered around the front table with anxious ears to hear the great voice of the vote counters from upstairs relate the results from some precinct on some office.

Tuesday night, the Elections Board officials kept all the tabulations to themselves until all precincts for all offices of a class had been counted. Then a representative would make his way to the Rendezvous Room to shout out the winners names.

For the party hacks and those who are just interested in a favorite candidate, the moment-by-moment returns at GM make for one of the most exciting of school nights.

We hope the intercom reappears in future elections.

tabulating votes had to scurry around and make sure no one ran off with any uncounted votes; had to guard against mixing counted and uncounted ballots; had to rush to finish those stacks of ballots they were half finished with; and had to cross their fingers and hope some vote counters would come back the next afternoon.

In the rush a mistake was made. When it was discovered the next day, it significantly altered the standings of the freshman class presidential candidates. Late yesterday afternoon, no one was sure who had won.

Many other mistakes easily could have been made in the rush to beat the clock.

Campus-wide elections normally come only once each semester. In the future, it would be a good idea if arrangements were made to allow Graham Memorial Student Union to remain open until the vote counting is finished or a convenient stopping place is reached.

The Daily Tar Heel
74 Years of Editorial Freedom

Fred Thomas, Editor
Tom Clark, Business Manager
Scott Goodfellow, Managing Ed.

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In Letters

Pork Barrel Passed

Bless Billy

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

I found Lawrence Roush's letter on Billy Graham in Viet Nam in today's DTH extremely offensive and serving no useful purpose.

If the writer disagrees with Dr. Graham's doctrines or methods, the proper recipient of his opinions is Dr. Graham and not the Tar Heel editor.

Mr. Roush's point about the need for full home support of the men in Viet Nam is well taken, and one worth the attention of DTH readers.

It was, however, considerably weakened by his misplaced and immature ad hominem attack on Billy Graham, who many of us believe can offer to our men the one thing even more important to them than our support — a faith in Jesus Christ. Who will remove the terror from their "world of terror and suffering and death" and give them new life which continues beyond death.

Elizabeth A. Wagner

S. L. Smells

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

Of all the smelly things the Student Legislature has done this semester, its \$600 appropriation for a four day vacation for all residence college governors is the smelliest.

Witness the great solons of the legislature scattering like rabbits in the fear that some governor might be angered by their vote. Witness the "Chairman" of the University Party busily helping the opposition's incumbent president feather his political nest.

Witness the disgusting spectacle of people in positions of public trust who saw this pork barrel piece of legislation for the boondoggle it was and said so during the debate, and then found themselves unable to summon the guts to vote "no" on the roll call.

The fiscal responsibility of Arthur Hays and Hugh Blackwell seem gone forever. The Student Government General Surplus has been depleted by fifty per cent in the past year, and the current administration seems intent in spending every cent in sight.

No one should suggest that the residence college conference at Harvard is without value. One might ask, however, why a delegation composed of the President of the MRC with one or two additional members would not have been preferable to sending a dozen or so residence college officers, several of whom will leave office in January.

We are forced to wonder whether the main purpose of the trip was to help the residence college system or to give a group of favored office holders a four day vacation at our expense.

Hilda Crocker

Poem About Time

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress" was introduced to me as the best short poem in the English language. I happen to agree with this opinion at the time, but do not expect others to, of course.

However, it is hard to pick up an anthology of English verse in which this poem does not appear, even anthologies compiled by those terrible people, the Victorians. This fact alone would suggest that the poem is not a "how to do it" on seduction.

I understand Marvell's poem as being about time and space and the brevity of human life, the apparent theme in accordance with the convention of the age being a springboard for his main topic. It is possible that Marvell had no mistress in mind, though no doubt some scholar can jump in to answer that.

There is a good deal of talk

in the Tar Heel about sex generally and with reference to this poem in particular, and there are plans for liberation from those Victorians again.

I would say that the poem discusses love, not sex. Any one who is not prepared to see this distinction is not ready for university or adult life, and is certainly not ready to teach.

Frankly I do not know whether there are any individuals who fall within those categories, but I would agree that seduction is not a good topic for freshman essays. Moreover, without the facts, I am unable to relate this controversy to any known freedom.

But I do understand that we have a good chancellor and I believe that he deserves our full support in his unenviable situation.

And I do believe that outbreaks of hysteria make it impossible for chancellors to operate and do universities great disservice.

What the responsibilities of the Tar Heel are I do not know.

Robert Birchall

Cop Condemned

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

I have read several articles in the DTH urging students not to deface or destroy campaign posters, and one asking students not to litter the campus with paper, cups, etc.

I became very angry last night when I saw a campus policeman tearing campaign posters from trees and throwing them on the ground. As I walked back across campus two hours later, many posters were scattered across Polk Place.

Maybe the policeman had some reason for tearing the posters from the trees, but I can think of no excuse for his throwing the paper on the ground.

How can the University expect students to keep the grounds clean if one of her own campus policemen so blandly throws paper on the ground?

Don Hamrick

Library Frozen

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

Perhaps some Tar Heel readers can answer a question for me.

Why in the name of good sense is the reserve reading room in Wilson Library air-conditioned in November? Not only is it terrifically uncomfortable for students who have to work in there, it is a ridiculous inefficiency.

Most of us don't mind a little discomfort now and then, but I feel there is reason to complain in this case.

Oops — I'll have to quit — The ink's frozen in my fountain pen.

Treva Mitchell

Nocturnal Prowler Not To Be Feared

Everyone is talking about the prowler.

Every night girls set traps in their rooms so they'll wake up if he gets in.

Everyone is on the alert. But no one is "sticking up for him".

No one cares what motivates a man to connive ways to enter a womens residence hall between midnight and dawn.

And worst of all, house mothers and the girls, themselves, are trying to ward off any excitement which would break the monotony of dorm life.

Who is everyone kidding? No one.

Afterall, the man is probably one of three harmless types. A professor who's panicked about perishing because he has not published, A TCG

(Typical Carolina Gentleman) who's been shot down by TCCs, and wants to regain his reputation among other TCGs by entering the confines of a sorority house or dorm.

A lover of the dark hours, one of those men who's been seen atop Bell Tower at 3 a.m. This is his haunt, so he has turned to interior tom folly.

Now, if the prowler is an unpublished professor, there's soon to be an end to his rejection slips, and hence — no more pranks. If he is type two, some kindhearted TCC will take pity. And if he is a masked lover of the night, it is suggested that fearful-females alternate "all nighters" with their roommates to keep vigil.

Laurel Shackelford