

NSA: No Lobby

Rick Inderfurth

In a year marked by the increase of student activity and influence on the American political scene, it seems natural that the student, too, would soon have a voice in the lobby halls of Congress.

Anyway, that is the proposal facing the National Student Association in its annual Congress at Kansas State University.

The officers of the NSA are advocating a change in the structure of the organization to permit the group to legally lobby in Washington on issues of national student concern.

Presently the NSA's constitution prohibits the association from forming such a lobby.

The new plan calls for NSA to split into two organizations, one tax deductible and eligible for government grants (shades of the CIA!) and hence unable to lobby and another group (to retain the title of the National Student Association) which would be legally able to lobby (and thus not tax deductible and not open to government grants.)

The effect of this plan would be to enable the NSA to pass resolutions that supported, say 18 year old vote or opposed the Viet Nam War and further urge Congress and State legislatures to act in accordance with NSA recommendations.

The plan would also allow NSA to establish lobbyists in Washington and state capitols to watch out for student concerns and present the NSA position in an official capacity. Further, NSA could then conduct letter and petition campaigns to make other attempts to influence the lawgivers towards the NSA recommendations.

All this is well and fine... except for one slight oversight on the NSA officer's part.

Why in the Hell should the majority of delegates to the NSA's Congress determine the position that our congressmen are going to hear as the "official" student position?

In the past, the NSA has allowed a number of minority reports to be filed in order to better express the wide spectrum of views that it represents.

The lobby proposal has no such safeguards.

Until it does, the NSA had better check its impulse to influence... and remember that a number of responsible students stand behind it.

And they have no desire to be categorized as a part of a "student position" before a congressional committee.

If the NSA wishes to maintain the democratic attitude they have heretofore assumed, it will be necessary for them to revamp their lobby proposal to include the minority rights of any democracy.

Goodbye For Now

The 1968 session of the University of North Carolina summer school will be closed, locked and, by this time next week, duly entered on those mysterious books of QP, advancement and graduation.

With this issue the Tar Heel will similarly be closing up shop for the summer.

We would like to thank you for putting up with us, our rather eccentric circulation schedule, and our single handed and failing campaign to see more for the UNC summer student to do than attend the unwelcome class... and then rush off to participate in the free billiards at GM. (Sorry, no stags... only pool sharks with dates allowed.)

We have tried to do three things this summer.

One: the obvious task of reporting the news (that paltry serving) of summer session.

Two: provide for the regular Carolina student a sense of continuity with the regular year so to speak.

Three: an offering for our summer students of feature articles and stories on what goes on during the "big time" at Chapel Hill. We tried to show the various and lesser known components of the campus (such as the ISC and the newly founded G.T. Miller fund) that might give a boost to similar programs at your own colleges.

In short we hope that you have enjoyed your sojourn with us... and will come back often to join us at Kenan and in Carmichael.

We would like to close in a dedication... from the staff of the Tar Heel and the spirits of the Carolina men... to the little women that have somehow made the summer routine all worth while. Our hats are off, Ladies, to your smiles, your hemlines and above all, to your sunbathing on that beautiful Cobb lawn.

The nomination of Richard M. Nixon as the "Standard Bearer" of the Republican Party, and his subsequent announcement of Governor Spiro Agnew as his running-mate (which was brought about by the maneuverings of Senator Strom Thurmond, the self-appointed Guardian of the Old South), has risen the forthcoming Democratic National Convention to a new significance.

For, with the defeat of Governor Nelson Rockefeller, whom Dr. Gallup and Mr. Harris had referred to as the people's choice of the Republican Party, and the nomination of the former Vice-President, the acknowledged politician's choice of the GOP, the Democratic Convention now remains the last chance for those of dissenting voice to be heard.

The outlook in Chicago is, at first glance, much the same as it was in Miami. Many feel the Democratic Platform will be as compromising, a middle-of-the-road, as ineffective as a guideline for the concerned electorate, as was the Republican one.

Furthermore, these people feel that once the facade of an open convention has been destroyed on the first night of balloting, as it was in Miami, then the nomination will go, once again, to the politician's choice, Vice-President Hubert Humphrey.

Nevertheless, there still remains that collection of hardy souls who refuse to accept this prognostication. Therefore, there still remains a faint hope for those who desire a change in the present Administration and its policies. This hope appears to be embodied in one man above all others, Senator Eugene McCarthy.

As far back as November 30, 1967, Senator McCarthy stepped out of the crowd of passive critics and announced his formal candidacy for the office of President. From the very beginning his campaign brought two initial reactions, the following and loyalty of a large part of the electorate, particularly the young and politically active, and the animosity of the Party regulars who resented his attacking his Party's Administration.

Nevertheless, his campaign progressed to the point where others, including the late Senator Robert Kennedy, Governor Rockefeller, and, most recently, Senator George McGovern, threw their hats into the ring and joined McCarthy in his struggle against the Old Line Politics. The American people have responded to their campaigns in overwhelming numbers, and at the Democratic Convention they will seek to be heard.

The question arises, who are these optimists, or idealists, or whatever you may wish to call them, that refuse to submit to the "inevitable" will of the Party Pros at the Convention?

Basically, these are the people who, quite naturally due to the war in Vietnam, the riots in our cities, the decline in our moral leadership in the eyes of the

world, want change, change not in the sense of a drastic re-ordering of the nations fundamental traditions and goals, but change in the sense of new direction, new paths to the fulfillment of these American aspirations.

They ask not for a "sell-out to Communism" in Vietnam, but for a rational, intelligent evaluation of our commitment there, tempered with moral truth and honesty; they ask not for law and order to be neglected (for this must always be maintained), but for a vigorous, new approach to understanding the causes of riots and violence, and the eradication of the environment from which it springs. They ask not for every

white to ask a Negro home to dinner, but for all men to, as Dr. Martin Luther King state, "judge a man not by the color of his skin, but by the content of his character."

The Democratic National Convention convenes in Chicago in less than a fortnight. Many feel its outcome has already been decided, but then many feel that America's future has already been decided.

Around the candidacy of Senator Eugene McCarthy the people have rallied, not only to change the course of the Democratic Convention, but to change the direction of these United States. The Convention is the last chance for these people to be heard.

Bob Hunter

GOP Insights

Political conventions are for county chairman; they are not for their wives. Political conventions are for veteran newsmen; they are not for cub reporters. Political conventions are for boring millions out there in TV land; they are not for summer reruns.

Above all political conventions are for the middle aged; and above all else political conventions are not for college students.

The few impressions one is able to maintain after returning from a convention of that sort are vague and hazy—almost smoke filled.

Clearly one can remember crossing over the concrete maze, sometimes jokingly referred to as the "freeway." One distinctly remembers the one-way streets and the signs telling the hospital zones. One remembers being lost.

After a few hours of driving down the one-way streets orientation becomes easier, you find your candidate's headquarters. Parking is no problem in Miami, a car is parked very easily for one dollar every six hours.

At the information booth, one is able to ascertain exactly how many hours off schedule the convention is going to be. From there one begins to wander around loooking for some soul brothers—anyone that might be able to play "do-you-know" or "what's-your-major."

At the convention these games are replaced by "what-does-your-daddy-do" or "where-do-you-plan-to-apply." A few hours of this and the staff meeting begins.

At the staff meeting the m.c.

announces "When the Washington group arrives we're going to start all over again." Then he welcomes the staff to Miami Beach and cheerfully tells the gathering what they cannot do.

After this the Washington group enters and he repeats himself. The other old pros are announced. For the most part these are men that never make *Time* or *Newsweek*, they are vintage 1950 pros. There stands the bone and sinew of the Republican establishment.

After finding my group we began to talk about how other state delegations would vote. It was finally determined that Nixon would win, although first ballot nomination was never assured by our count.

Then talk turned to the Nixonaires, the Nixon girls, and various puns on Nixon's nickname. Except for determining that the Rocky people had far superior women workers and far superior financial reserves, the next days were spent working, delivering papers to the hotels.

Finally came nomination night, the staff alert after two hours of sleep each night, passes out after the first nomination. The next morning the Miami *Herald* tells us that Nixon did win on the first ballot.

With all the enthusiasm that one can muster, the staff waits for Nixon's news conference. After the announcement of Spiro Agnew, the college students begin to say that Gene McCarthy may not be so bad after all.

Looking back on it all right now, one really begins to wonder with Senator McCarthy—there must be a better way.

The Tar Heel

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