

the Republic and our way of life..."

All the other "greatest bastions"--free enterprisers, the Strategic Air Command, the churches--might have had a word or two with the Senator over that one, but we have not been able to determine whether Curtis Lemay or Milton Friedman has seen this opus.

The leaflet concludes with the plea, "The Goldwater-Miller Ticket Needs The Help of Greeks Everywhere." A heart-rending appeal, to be sure, but peculiarly ill-timed: if it gets into the wrong hands Barry could lose every Turkish vote in the country.

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#### AND ANOTHER THING

WHAT ARE THEY ASKING FOR WASHINGTON?

By JEFF GREENFIELD

Collegiate Press Service

The board room of the Universal Broadcasting Company was shrouded in gloom. None of the somber executives peered through their horn-rimmed, snap-tab eyeglasses at each other for signs of potential backstabbing or latent creativity; each one hung his head in shame as the President began to speak.

"All right," he said. "We're being frozen out and we all know it. First CBS bought the Yankees. Then NBC bought the Green Bay Packers. Then Mutual bought the Dominican Republic again. Then ABC leased Dwight Eisenhower and Hubert Humphrey. Now where does that leave us?" the President exclaimed, pounding his fist on the head of his assistant for emphasis.

"Well chief," the First Vice-President offered, "I've been kicking this baby around and I think we could really steal the ball from..."

"--How come you talk like that?" the President said.

"Like what?"

"Like a football coach or something."

"I dunno," the Vice-President said. "I thought everybody here did. Anyway, chief, what about buying South Viet Nam?"

"Are you mad?" shouted the Second Vice-President. The room exploded in a hubub of babble.

"Get that hubbub of babble out of here," the President ordered. "Now then, explain yourself."

"Look," the 1st Veep said, "everybody's buying newsworthy enterprises and people, right? Everybody's trying to get exclusive rights to something the people want to see, right? Well, I've looked around and Viet Nam's our best buy."

(more)

"What's wrong with Johnson?" asked a minor executive.

"I've checked on that, the 1st Veep said. First, he wants us to pay off the national debt. Then, he wants us to name the network after him and give him all the offices. Then, he wants us to put his show, "Life With Lyndon," in full color six hours every night. Then--"

"All right, all right," the President said. "How about the other one?"

"Uh uh," the Veep said. "He wants to be paid with Gold Standard notes only. He won't pay the income tax. He says TV'll never get off the ground, and that if God had wanted us to see picture shows at home, he would have given us movie projectors. And he won't work in black and white."

The room was silent.

"But why Viet Nam? someone asked.

"Glad you asked me that," the Veep said. "It's newsworthy, and if we bought it we could exclude all the other networks and press. It'd be OUR war. We could have interviews with loyal peasants. We could arrange for live coverage of Viet Cong attacks on hamlets. We could call it "The Village Pillage." There'd be this happy-go-lucky Vietnamese family and the kid is with the Viet Cong only his father doesn't know it, see, and --"

"Yeah! Yeah!" exclaimed the Creativity Director. "And we could have quiz shows, like "Who's the Boss?" or "Whose Side Are You On?" and eastern westerns and--"

"Yeah! Yeah!" shouted the assistant. "And a funny navy show like "Trouble in Tonkin."

"Hold it." The President frowned. Everybody frowned. "Everybody knows it's not safe there," he said. "The Viet Cong's in control. We'd never get a camera crew in there. It's just too risky." He thought. Everyone thought.

"I've got it!" shouted the First Vice-President. "We need a sure shot, right? Adventure, excitement, without risk, right?"

"Right!" said everyone.

"Then it's simple," he said. "We'll buy North Viet Nam."

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