

The Daily Tar Heel

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Harry Bryan, Editor
Tuesday, September 21, 1971

Campus 'Raiders' needed for change

College students over the past two decades have shown constant concern over civil rights and, more recently, over consumer protection and the environment.

Many students who have cared the most, however, have been unsuccessful in their attempts to work for change because they have not known what to do or who to go to in order to see their goals achieved.

But through a plan initiated by Ralph Nader, nationally known consumer advocate, students are being given the opportunity to establish their own local and regional organizations to fight

problems they see around them.

A meeting to organize students in creating a student-financed arm of "Naders Raiders" is being held tonight at 7:30 p.m. in Murphey Hall for students interested in working for such a group, and any student even slightly concerned should make it a point to be there.

The plan presented by Brent English, an associate of Nader who has worked in forming similar groups in Oregon and Minnesota, calls for student referendums on campuses in the Research Triangle area to ask boards of trustees of the schools to collect an extra \$1.50 in fees from each student every semester.

Directions and projects for the group would be determined by a student-composed regional board of directors which would head a full-time staff of lawyers, scientists, environmentalists and other persons trained in consumer protection and the like.

Local boards would also be formed on each participating campus to seek out local problem areas and to direct students in areas in which they could do research and aid the full-time staff.

In short, Nader's idea consists of students working together and using the courts to force needed changes in the Research Triangle area, whether they be in sex or race discrimination, pollution control, merchants overcharging student customers or any other problem brought up by either the local or regional boards.

Nader's plan will work in the Research Triangle if students will participate. But if they do not attend tonight's meeting, it may not even have the chance to work.

Letters to the editor

Blockage of draft bill is urged

Prison inmates have no rights

To the editor:

It is a disappointment to me that the DTH has not taken a positive and informative stand on the draft bill that is presently before the Senate. Many students are ignorant of the consequences of this bill, if passed, on youth and the nation. As the newspaper of the students, it is the duty of the DTH to inform the students of the legal implications of legislation and also provide leadership in organizing student opinion as a political force. Because DTH has not taken this responsibility, I am writing this letter.

One week ago it was thought that the draft bill would be sent back to committee for revision of the Mansfield Vietnam-Pullout Amendment which had originally proclaimed an April, 1971, deadline for disengagement from Vietnam but was later changed by a House-Senate conference to the "sense of Congress" that the war be ended "at the earliest practical date." Through various deals and the employment of telephone-calling and lobbying by military officials, Nixon persuaded several senators to abandon their anti-war stands.

It is now time for citizens against the war and the draft to express their beliefs through telegrams and telephone calls to Senators asking for blockage of the draft bill through filibuster. If the promised filibuster of Senators Cranston of California and Gravel of Alaska succeeds, perhaps the draft bill will be tabled until 1972 and therefore give Congress time to come to its senses about the uselessness of conscription and war.

One may send a fifteen word telegram to Washington for only \$1.25 which is a small price to pay compared to hassles with the military, and the wasted price of money, energy and lives of the military machine.

Thank you,
Tom Randolph
101 Grimes
Class of '75?

or only to those behind prison walls? When in fact, have convicted felons earned the right to make any demands, petty or otherwise? They gave up this right when they committed the felony. It is also fair to wonder where the demands would stop. Initially only, to use Mr. Brown's phrase, "petty institutional reforms" were demanded but once acceded to, additional demands were added. As Mr. Brown has alluded to world conditions, the result of appeasement of world felons is also well known.

What of the hostages who were killed? Mr. Brown says the state yields only to power, not to moral persuasion. When are convicted rapists, murderers, robbers, etc., able to provide moral persuasion? What of the hostages who were killed, Mr. Brown? These men were law abiding family men, who, unlike the inmates, were men who worked, paid taxes and contributed to society instead of sponging off it. They were men who gave their lives to protect you.

Mr. Brown says the state chose to call the inmates' bluff. It was precisely because the state knew the inmates were not bluffing in their threat to kill the hostages that the assault was made. Men who have murdered, stolen, and raped and are in prison for life for these crimes do not bluff. As to Bobby Seale's presence at Attica, it is obvious that the guaranteed attendant publicity played a major part. When it became obvious that Seale would only further endanger the innocent hostages he was barred from the prison.

Mr. Brown is right, unfortunately there will be more prison revolts, but not for the tortured reasons he suggests. As long as men and women who feel the law applies only to others walk the earth, we will have prisons, and this captive "free" spirit will revolt. Mr. Brown says "we are all political prisoners inside the American empire—and until our sisters and brothers

in prison are free, we are not free." You're right Mr. Brown, we are all political prisoners inside the American empire, and thank God. Incidentally, my sisters and brothers are not in prison, sorry about yours.

R. X. Olm
Roxboro Rd.
Durham

Our objective: an end to war

To the editor:

During the past seven years, this country has witnessed a bewildering variety of movements: free speech organizations, socialist revivals, the new feminism, Black power, sexual freedom, etc. All have their roots somewhere in the past, from the Paris Commune to Nat Turner to Sacco and Vanzetti. Lately, however, a group unique to the nation's experience has made its appearance, to wit, those anti-war organizations comprised of active-duty servicemen and veterans. I don't believe that there is any historical precedent for this, although it may be tied in vaguely with the Bonus Army of the twenties. Anyway, we are here.

At the same time as our government is smashing up Indochina and its peoples, we who have served there are doing what we can to reverse the disastrous policy we see promoted. The Nixon administration would like to see us as "men" the Marine Corps built, or as go-getter graduates of "the New Action Army". Sorry 'bout that. Instead, we have seen just how terribly awful the results of our policies are, and we are determined to see that what we took part in is brought to a halt as quickly as possible.

As individuals, our reasons for wanting the war stopped now are diverse. We share no common ideology, nor do we pretend to do so for the sake of appearances. Some might desire a Viet Cong victory; others think we should fight to win, but, as long as we are not going to do that, we should get out instead. Our common bond is our objective: an end to the war. Our ideas on how this goal might be reached also differ. Many of us feel that the system can work, and many are working in that direction. Some of us feel that only a sweeping revolution can produce the necessary changes needed in this society.

What matters is the fact that we can't be classified as n'er-do-well freaks, disgruntled students or selfish draft-dodgers. Many of us were decorated for valor in combat, achieved rapid promotion for our skills and effectiveness, or were separated from the service with unblemished records as commissioned officers.

We did the jobs we were told to do, and we did them well, though, as we now see, not always thoughtfully. We are veterans, the people this nation has glorified in the past. Only there is no glory to go around now. The government betrayed us and lied to us as it did to those of you who have not served. The difference is that our lives were in the balance, not just our ideals. When you understand that, you will begin to understand the anger many of us feel.

If at times we speak violently, it should not seem surprising. While many of you were in class, we were being taught the best ways to blow people to bits. A great many of us put our training to use and did just that, often indiscriminately. (If you think My Lai was an isolated incident, you ain't heard nothing yet.) Violence was an integral part of our lives for a number of years, however much we may have detested it. On the other hand, having seen for ourselves what bullets, napalm and explosives can do, I doubt if many of us want to go the way of the Weatherman Underground.

We went into the Green Machine and saw mirrored there the ugliness of our society. Things have to be done while we are still able to do them. We need your help, just as you need ours.

Ask us—we've been there.
Peace,
Mark M. Smith
North Carolina
Veterans for Peace

The Daily Tar Heel

78 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Carolina student cannot really 'afford' a car

(Editor's note: The following is the first of a five-part series.)

It's the same scheme at Carolina again this fall. In surroundings where very few people need them, there are 9,500 student cars. Assuming the day of the two-car student has not yet dawned, this means that 9,500 of the students eligible have convinced themselves they can "afford" to own a car.

But it is doubtful that many of them have given serious thought to all of the hidden costs involved in their decision. They have been rendered incapable of such thought by a society which, from their earliest years, has taught them that the dollar sign is the only meaningful guide to quality in their lives. For many students, to have the money for a car is to "afford" it—it's as simple as that.

That, at any rate, would be a kind assessment of their decision; for any student who has recognized the full consequences of operating an unneeded

car in Chapel Hill, and then, simply because the benefits (to himself) outweigh the costs (to himself), has considered it justified, is guilty of callously ignoring the costs which will accrue to others. And he may also be guilty of an uninspired value system, with regard to the nature of "costs" and "benefits".

I prefer to believe instead that the average Carolina car-owner is largely unaware of the effects his decision to operate a car will have on others; and that he has just never tried to envision an alternative Chapel Hill campus—one in which the one student/one car mentality is dead.

The American who understands that his being able to "afford" a car does not mean that he can truly afford it, understands the unreality of our economic system. The American who recognizes that his ability to "afford" a car under such an unreal system does not,

in itself, justify his having one, recognizes the immorality of American society.

Anyone who suspects I am talking about ecology is right. What the entire environmental movement really boils down to is expanded consciousness—the reexamination of our lives from a broader perspective, one which takes into consideration 1) the rights of others—other Americans, others around the world, others yet unborn, and 2) our own rights—ones we did not know we had, and ones we previously deemed unworthy, as dictated by society. Reexamination with a whole new set of "costs" and "benefits", adding up to a different notion of what we can "afford".

In the jargon of the economist, this will involve searching for "externalities": the consequences (good or bad) of an economic activity (ie. buying a car) which do not enter into the formal calculations of gain and loss involved in the activity. It is precisely because the American

establishment permits so many externalities to flourish that our economic system is unreal, in many immoral and dangerous ways. Only by recognizing these externalities and fully including them in our calculations (making them "internalities") can we hope to correct this situation. Accomplishing this is perhaps the chief goal of a wide range of American reform groups.

But returning to the car-driving Carolina student: he must recognize that, although the reordering of American society remains a vision, opportunities for an individual reordering surround him. The goal of this series is to convince Joe Carolina that the need for reordering his priorities is his need, that he is among those who will benefit if he abandons his determination to operate his own car in Chapel Hill. The idea is to convince him that he cannot really "afford" his car.

This will be attempted in several ways.

Tomorrow and Wednesday, the threat which American wastefulness poses to the growing aspirations of the "undeveloped" nations, and to our relations with those nations, will be considered. We live in a world with finite resources, and with a finite ability to absorb the abuses of pollution. When resources and pollution are rationed on a world-wide basis, how will America be affected? Would our security be threatened if we refused such rationing? Does waste in America today jeopardize man's hopes for peace and a decent living standard?

Later in the series, a more immediate cost of the automobile will be covered: the price we pay in the degradation of our local environment.

Far too long we have been preoccupied with strictly monetary costs. Advertisements familiarize us with these, and with benefits. Consider this series an advertisement of non-monetary, hidden costs.



Keith Weatherly

The infirmarium: jabbed, grabbed and squeezed

I have been closely following the controversy surrounding the UNC infirmarium and decided that I should examine the situation first-hand. In a show of true journalistic dedication I concluded that I must be afflicted with some type of malady; preferably not too serious, but not too trivial either.

Sunday night of last week was when I put my plan into action. Sunday being the time I thought I could best catch the infirmarium at their worst. Promptly at eight o'clock I appeared at the receptionist's desk with severe abdominal pain. I told the girl I would like to see a physician and she asked my name. After asking me to spell it at least three times she discovered that my infirmarium card was missing. In obvious agony, I stood doubled over at her desk as I gave her the information needed to fill out another one.

I then described my pain to the nurse

and a few minutes later repeated my story to the resident physician who had the unfortunate job of night duty at the infirmarium. When in doubt always ask, so this doctor called a surgeon in for consultation. Believe it or not, the surgeon called in another surgeon to review my case.

I then described my pain to the nurse and a few minutes later repeated my story to the resident physician who had the unfortunate job of night duty at the infirmarium. When in doubt always ask, so this doctor called a surgeon in for consultation. Believe it or not, the surgeon called in another surgeon to review my case. I felt like a pushed back.

During my frequent examinations I was wearing one of the latest hospital fashions: a basic white gown with a racy see-through back. I had to walk everywhere backwards.

About eleven o'clock that night it was

decided by my "team of physicians that I would be admitted for further observation. I was jabbed, grabbed, poked, squeezed and pinched in every nook and cranny of my tender body and later X-rayed (maybe to survey the damage done by the doctors). There was a sneaking suspicion in the doctors that I had appendicitis, but since I was footing the bill there was no hurry for a diagnosis.

I spent a restless night with a bag of clear solution plugged into my arm and with nurses coming in every hour on the hour to check my pulse. The next morning I received the cheerful news that indeed I had appendicitis and that an operation would be necessary.

An orderly came in and was preparing me for the operation by shaving all the hair on my body from my chest to the middle of my thighs and was laughing like

crazy the whole time. I saw absolutely no humor in any of it. To make things worse he was telling me how the hospital had to perform a certain number of appendectomies every month in order to give the med student practice. His own diagnosis was that I did not have appendicitis and that the doctors were operating just to keep up their quota. Cheerful thought.

Everything would have gone smoothly except my operation was performed two hours and forty-five minutes later than scheduled. I was almost delirious with pain. That's okay—anybody can make a mistake.

I awoke after the ordeal with a terrible thirst, but of course my tormentors gave me no water. I guess they got a big kick out of telling me that I was a "nothing by mouth" patient. My plastic umbilical cord was still attached to that bag of

solution that hung ominously over my bed.

The three R's of the NC infirmarium are rectal thermometers, rectal examinations and rectal suppositories. I should know. They are lots of fun.

While in the infirmarium I felt like a guinea pig for the med students and interns. It was not quite that bad, but two or three times every day one of my surgeons would come in with four or five med students following him like chicks after a mother hen. They would stand around looking deadly serious while the doctor would poke at my sore stomach. In unison they would nod their heads and say, "Hmmm, hmmm". Their favorite trick was to make me cough "to loosen congestion in my lungs". This was terribly painful, but I came to realize that doctors do not know the word "pain".

I was promised that I could leave the cheerful surroundings of the infirmarium as

soon as my temperature was normal, so Thursday morning I was delighted to find that my temperature was down I was quite sure of being discharged that afternoon. No dice—a new rule had been invoked to keep their paying customers from leaving—my temperature had to stay down at least twenty-four hours. I was taking no chances, so I drank at least a gallon of ice-water every hour until the next morning and, surprise of surprises, I was actually discharged.

All in all, I thought the personnel of our infirmarium were quite friendly and considerate. They undoubtedly overworked and probably underpaid, but they were always in good spirits. I met many interesting people over there, such as Doug Clark's mother (of Hot Nuts fame). I do not recommend the infirmarium for a good time, but when you need it the place will be there.