

Soviet mentality explains invasion

By WILLIAM DURHAM

The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan is apparently yet another encroachment on the sovereign nations of the free world. The United States, tenuously balancing in diplomatic equipoise, must make a commitment either to defend its questionable interests in the region or to pull out altogether.

An understanding of Soviet mentality is helpful when attempting to rationalize Soviet moves in Afghanistan. From the time of Lenin and Stalin, the Soviet government has been devoted primarily to preventing the possibility of social revolt.

The practice of installing friendly governments in Third World nations, while viewed as aggression by the West, is essentially defensive in motivation. The Kremlin is extremely sensitive to Western alliance networks and thinks the Soviet Union will not be safe until the world links hands in Soviet brotherhood.

The invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 is an example of Soviet offensive defensiveness. Afghanistan is a similar situation, complicated by the turmoil in Iran and the vulnerability of the Persian Gulf oil fields.

The initial objective of the Soviets in Afghanistan is to quell a symptom of the widespread Moslem revolution. Afghanistan shares a border with the south-central region of Russia, an essentially Moslem area which is of increasing economic importance. The insurgency of the Moslems in Iran and Afghanistan conceivably could initiate a similar uprising in the soft underbelly of the Soviet land mass. The presence of a Moslem, anti-Soviet Afghanistan would be an intolerable boil on the Soviet border.

A secondary objective of the Soviets most likely is Iran and the Persian Gulf region. The move into Afghanistan can be seen as a springboard for a follow-up action into Iran, where the Moslem revolution is at its fiercest.

The Persian Gulf is a tremendous temptation for two reasons. The first involves the tremendous quantities of oil produced there. An equally important reason is the well-known Soviet craving for a warm water port.

Annexing Iran would give the Soviets both these objectives. The southern Iranian region around Abadan is oil-rich, and an Iranian port on the Persian Gulf would give Russia quick access to the Indian Ocean.

Furthermore, the strategically vital Strait of Hormuz, a narrow passageway through which a large proportion of the oil produced in the region flows, can be controlled from Iranian side of the Gulf.

An immediate Soviet surge into Iran is not foreseen. However, domination of Afghanistan would give the Soviet Union prime potential into both Iran and Pakistan.

Disorganized Moslem holy warriors thus far have prevented the Soviets from finishing their mission in Afghanistan. While they pose no serious threat to the 76,000 Soviet troops in control of the population centers, they manage to ambush convoys and launch raids into the more vulnerable Soviet-held cities. Soviet casualties are estimated at 500 per week. To counter the pesky rebels, the Soviets reportedly are using nerve gas and napalm on the mountain villages.

The Afghanistan rebellion is of searing importance to the Soviets because it is supported openly by China. The Soviet Union fears two events over all others: rebellion in eastern Europe and war with China. China has leaped to the aid of Afghanistan and Pakistan by promising to support the Moslem insurgency, aid the 440,000 Afghani refugees in Pakistan and "safeguard Pakistan's national independence and security."

The United States, meanwhile, is slowly preparing to counter further Soviet moves in the region. President Carter, in his State of the Union address, firmly stated that "an attempt by any outside force to gain control of the Persian Gulf region would be regarded as an assault on the vital interests of the United States of America." Carter added that "such an assault will be repelled by any means necessary—including force."

At the moment, the United States probably could not repel a full-scale Soviet drive into Iran. Military defense of the area would rest on strategic airlift capability, in which the United States is said to be deficient.

When the shah fell a year ago, there was a movement in the Carter administration for the creation of a U.S. Rapid Deployment Force. However, the force, which would enable the United States to oppose a Soviet thrust toward the Persian Gulf, is five years and \$10 billion from full strike capability.

The United States is continuing with plans to aid Pakistan by organizing an informal international consortium with Saudi Arabia, China and others to provide more than \$1 billion for military defense. But at the moment, the vast majority of Pakistan's troops are at the India-Pakistan border.

Whether the Soviets will mount an invasion into the sensitive Persian Gulf region, and whether the United States will be able to defend its interests there, is a complex question. There is much more at stake than oil or territorial gains. Once again, the Soviets seem to be forcing the United States into adept brinkmanship to avoid full-scale war.

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Ushering in a new era of activism

By TED GOLDMAN

It was the great Greensboro march and it was to signal the resurgence of a new era in civil rights activism, a time to stop the erosion of all those precious liberties so valiantly fought for in the 1960s and so unvaliantly left to rot by the uninterest of the 1970s.

It was 20 years and a day after four students from the North Carolina Agricultural and Technical College—Jim Crow's benevolent version of an N.C. State for black people—sat down at the downtown Woolworth's lunch counter and asked to be served. The four freshmen were refused service, but they remained in their seats, returning to sit day after day after day, sparking one of the most potent flames of the whole civil rights movement.

It was also one day short of three months since the death on Nov. 3 of five people at the site of a Greensboro housing project. That incident has been obscured and twisted until its central fact, that five people were shot to death, has become lost in a jumble of words. The arguments serve every political and ideological affiliation and run from one extreme—collusion between the police and the Ku Klux Klan to massacre the Communist Workers Party—to the other, even more ridiculous proposition: "Well, the communists taunted the Klan, so what did they expect the Klan to do, stand there and take it?"

And so we went to march, as much to honor the dead—although not necessarily their cause—as to commemorate the bravery of those four A&T students 20 years ago. And we were supposed to be ushering in a new era of civil rights activism, or at least an awareness that problems still exist. Police were everywhere. On Lee Street, the longest single stretch of the march, they were lined up every 20 feet, some looking like they felt relaxed and at ease. And some stood looking like they

thought policemen with helmets and visors and little green gas-mask bags slung over their shoulders should look stern and officious. As you drove into the city, you could see clusters of State Highway Patrol cars scattered about at various intersections, often blocking the narrow side streets that ran into the main route of the march. In fact, virtually the whole downtown area was chopped up with roadblocks, and area residents wishing to run down to the local store three or four blocks away were often forced to make lengthy detours, sometimes having to drive back to the highway and approach their destination from another angle.

But I don't think anyone really cared. The march took off from the old War Memorial Stadium with a full regalia of television and newspaper support; photographers were everywhere and press passes were flapping around like medallions at a Veterans of Foreign Wars convention.

The police obviously were prepared for the worst, including, it appeared from the surroundings, an out-and-out frontal attack by the Klan on the marchers at some point along the route. Police sharpshooters were on top of buildings and

walking with their rifles along the railroad tracks that paralleled Lee Street.

A myriad of different communist sects were there; some had driven down from as far away as Detroit, and at least a dozen party newspapers were being handed out along the route. Colorful banners were in full blossom and there were giant photos of the five CWP "martyrs." Slogans banded back and forth in the air: "Death to the Klan" prompted "peace not death," and everywhere you could hear "Cops and Klan go hand in hand." The cops looked unfazed by the publicity.

The more radical groups were the loudest and many people wondered beforehand if the march would be anything more than a free podium for those who espoused a worldwide socialist revolution. The march proved much more than this; at the very least was the novelty of being in the midst of so many different ideological factions, often bitterly opposed to one another, but now marching quite peacefully against what everyone saw to be the larger issue at stake: the fight against discrimination based on color or creed.

Ted Goldman is a senior English major from Greensboro.

Coping with the measles shot blues

By MARTHA WAGGONER

It's strange how something as simple as a needle can inspire panic in the heart of even the calmest college student.

I pride myself on being able to keep my cool in almost any situation. But tell me I have to get a shot, and terror spreads through my body like wildfire. I know a shot doesn't hurt that much, and I know I'm going to feel better afterward, but that doesn't help. I'm totally irrational about needles, especially when some grim-faced nurse wants to poke one into my skin.

So when health officials announced an outbreak-turned-epidemic of measles, I lost it. I mean, I don't like shots, but I'm almost 21 years old, and I think I'd look sort of stupid walking around with the measles.

Let's be reasonable, I told myself. At first I tried to talk myself out of the vaccination. "The chances of my getting the measles are pretty slim," I reasoned. "But then again, I've probably been out with a carrier."

Having so convinced myself that a shot, which takes less than a minute, would have to be less painful than a bout with the rash and the fever that come with the measles, I went about the process of convincing someone to go to the infirmary with me to get the vaccination. It wasn't easy, but I soon had persuaded four people to make the trek with me to the new health service building.

We arrived at the infirmary out of breath and scared out of our collective skins. It didn't help matters any when we saw a sign which said, "Measles vaccination, students this way"—with "Ricky, don't do it—it hurts" hand-printed on notebook paper above it.

I contemplated making a mad dash for the exit, but a friend, reading my mind, grabbed my arm and dared me to leave. One girl, reading the form everyone must sign before getting the vaccination, said "I feel like I'm signing my life away." Even if I wasn't signing my life away, I became more and more convinced that my arm would fall off after the shot.

The worst part of the whole process was that everyone saw everyone else getting their shots. I mean, a person can't even scream in privacy anymore. What is this world coming to?

I watched all the people in front of me bravely getting their arms punctured (the needle slowly pierces the skin as the mysterious drugs enter the muscle tissue... something straight out of *Shock Theater*) as I read about the possible side effects of this vaccination—rash, fever, swelling of the glands and aching of the joints. Could the measles be this bad?

I stepped up to the table, my sleeve already rolled up. I don't know how long the needle was; I couldn't bring myself to look. I asked one of the girls to talk to me about anything. "Ask me about albums," I said hysterically. The needle pierced my skin. Ahhh, I thought, this isn't so bad. I heard one girl say, "My joints already hurt." The nurse plunged the needle deeper into my skin. This, I thought, is pain. But in less than 30 seconds, the whole process was over. My arm ached a little—but nothing in comparison to what the measles would have done to me.

And despite my pretensions to the contrary, the vaccination isn't all that painful. It sure beats the hell out of being 21 years old and having a lousy measles rash all over my face.

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THE Daily Crossword by William Newland

ACROSS	30 Neighbor of Neb.	55 Fill with wonder	22 Pointer
1 — out (scold)	33 Omni, e.g.	56 Goshen event	25 Fencing blade
5 Very clever	34 Pavarotti song	57 Work on proofs	26 "— to Live"
10 Statutes abbr.	35 Seafood	58 Teams	27 Smelly
14 California town	36 Nevada	59 Hep	28 Beldame
15 Stargell clout	39 Sponsorship	60 Faces the pitcher	29 Makes known
16 School chore	40 Cravings	61 Wading bird	30 Australian mammal
17 Pealed	41 Lubricated	62 Detected	31 Modify
18 Wear away	42 Danger color		32 In want
19 Minnelli	43 Plexus		34 Encourage in wrong-doing
20 Michigan	44 Wages	DOWN	35 Daggers
23 — Flanders	45 Small barrel	1 Wimbleton champ	37 Lens
24 Hockey team	46 Social dud	2 Open	38 Files
25 Two-pointer	47 Kansas	3 Peter out	39 skyward
28 Cantonment	54 Mama's phrase	4 Bands of tough tissue	43 Grid official
		5 Like some seashores	44 Mouthful
		6 Computed by the hour	45 Seamiles
		7 Frenziedly	46 Gem portion
		8 Advise, old style	47 Bar chaser
		9 Newspaper employee	48 Measurement item
		10 Take it easy	49 Skip
		11 Egress	50 Dried
		12 Look intently	51 "Rule Britannia" composer
		13 Wee, to a Scotsman	52 Carry
		21 Utter	53 Jacket or collar
			54 Neighbor of Colo.

