



Pressures Mount On Nixon

VIETNAM: A SHARP- AND SWELLING DEBATE

Performing at his sardonic best Senator J. W. Fulbright of Arkansas arose before a virtually empty Senate chamber last Wednesday to observe that it had been nine months - the normal period of gestation for humans to bring forth their issue - since Richard M. Nixon had entered the White House. But, he continued tartly, the President was not making "progress in delivering on his campaign promises to give birth to his plan to end the war" in Vietnam.

Thus did Senator Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, break his prolonged and deliberate silence on the Vietnam issue. In so doing he also gave support to a private prediction made last January by one of the President's closest and most astute political advisers - that it would be "Nixon's war" by September if the Administration had not made substantial progress by then in ending the conflict.

Despite and almost in defiance of the President's plea for time and national unity, criticism of the Administration's Vietnam policy - or lack of policy, as some would have it - welled up in Congress last week from Republicans as well as Democrats. The criticism was not yet as shrill as that which bedeviled President Johnson. Nor had "Johnson's war" yet become completely "Nixon's war." As Senator Frank

Church of Idaho, one of the Democratic critics, observed, nine months was still too short a time to shift the responsibility completely away from the Democratic Administration, which had involved the nation in the war.

But it was apparent that the hopeful patience with the nine-month old Nixon Administration had worn a little thin and that on Capitol Hill the responsibility for the war - and not ending it - was being thrust on to President Nixon.

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LOCAL NEWSPAPER FORMED

Several students from local schools and colleges have organized in a very unique way a newspaper entitled "Together." The co-editors, Bart Charlow and Kirk Fuller, are both Wake Forest University students.

"Together's" philosophy basically is to serve the community, not to represent any one school, organization, or political faction. "Together" is an open forum for news and opinion.

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STUDENT MORATORIUM

On October 15, students in colleges across the nation will join together in a "Moratorium Day" campaign for an end to the Vietnam War. The protest comes during a time when the nation has reached a new peak of disillusionment over the Vietnam War. In the latest Gallup Poll, 6 persons out of 10 were of the opinion that the U. S. made a mistake getting involved in Vietnam. The Senate Foreign Relations committee has planned a week of hearings on the war to help President Nixon out of the Vietnam morass which could be crucial in the effort to fashion unity in Congress and the country after the latest attacks.

The student Moratorium Day is occurring while the peacemakers have the momentum. A strong majority of reporters and opinion makers in the communication system of the country - television, radio, and press - are sympathetic to them and are giving their statements good play. Intellectuals are predominantly on the peace-making side. They vie with the leaders of the political opposition in Congress in providing the arguments and phrases that fuel the debate.

Student councils in universities across the nation have voted unanimously to observe the Vietnam Moratorium Day and have petitioned presidents to cancel all classes that day.

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Campus Transplants And Cultural Shock

By KATHLEEN FITZGERALD
Staff Reporter



Last Sunday night I picked up my tired, decrepit body up from its seat in the lounge of the Sanford Women's Old Folks' Home and doddered down to the New Dormitory and Day Nursery Complex to find out how the high school students were settling in. I slogged through the Georgia red clay, barely escaping a fall into the pit which houses some manner of generator, and came at last to the narrow bank of cement and light which more or less surrounds the new buildings.

Wheezing a prayer I trudged up one of the many outdoor stairways and entered the cheery sterility of C-Dorm. I tapped my gnarled knuckles against a blue door. There was no answer. My myopic eyes at last focused on the sign which read "Toilet". I pushed on the door thinking to check said facility but it only opened forty-five degrees before banging against the commode. "Ah, the nimble children," I thought, "to be able to twist in and out of these apertures."

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