Editorial

On Friday's Statement

For several days last week one of the primary topics of conversation on campus was President Friday's statement concerning the Viet Nam Moratorium on October 15.

The Particular section of the statement which was being Dear Editor: discussed was those few sentences at the end which politely explained to professors that they would be in class on October 15.

There are two basic considerations in this issue: (1) the two-faced attitude of an administration which approves the dismissal of classes for events of the paramount importance of a Harry Golden Day or a seminar sponsored by the State Department but will not openly approve of an exercise in participatory democracy and, (2) the question of delineating exactly what the educational process is. Is it or is it not strictly classroom work?

We feel that this statement is at least as dangerous as the notorious Speaker Ban Law because it is a regulatory statement with the same type of intent. Unfortunately, this statement can not wholly be blamed on the State Legislature. It is sad that such a statement comes from the University itself.

We believe that the Board of Trustees, or at least the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees, and President Friday are placing the emphasis in the wrong place.

Certainly we do not condone the violent disruption of this University or of any University. This is, undoubtedly, the worry with which the Board of Trustees was dealing. This is a natural worry for men and women in their position, however, sensible restrictions were over stepped in last week's statement.

If a man is hired to teach in the Greater University system, then the ruling elements of this institution should have faith in his ability to decide what and when his class is to be taught. And this is generally done. Why not in this specific instance

We understand the difficulties contained in suspending University functions for a day. After all, we were among those who complained most vociferously last year when the University closed its doors because of General Eisenhower's death.

What we are saying, and we are saying it emphatically, is that whether or not classes are held is a matter between a professor and his students. It is not something which should be legislated by the Board of Trustees. It is the principle behind the statement which concerns us.

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All letters submitted for publication to the Editor of the CAROLINA JOURNAL must be signed by the writer. Names will be omitted from the letters published in the CAROLINA JOURNAL only on specific request of the writer. Letters received with no such request or without the name of the writer will automatically be excluded from consideration for publication.

Letters

AAUP **Studies Policy**

Two committees of the UNC-C Chapter of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) are taking a close look at the definition of disruptive conduct and of the procedures to deal with it adopted on September 12, 1969, by the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of the Consolidated University. Specifically, Committee A. (Dr. Sherman Burson, Chairman, Dr. Joseph Slechta, Dr. Terrill Mayes) is focusing upon the potential impact of the above actions upon the faculty, and Committee S (Dr. James Matthews, Chairman, Mr. Verne Ploger, Mr. Walter Roth) is concentrating upon the place of the students under the new regulations.

These committees face a difficult task. They must work quickly, because the local Chapter hopes to complete its work at least one week before the October 27 meeting of the full Board of Trustees. They are also dealing with a delicate subject, a matter in which many constituencies, both within and outside of UNC-C, are vitally interested.

> Dan L. Morrill, President UNC-C Chapter, AAUP

Sherman Burson, Chairman Committee A

James Matthews, Chairman **Committee S**

Is Peace Our Goal?

Dear Editor,

The thousands that have died; what a waste! And all of the blood and destroyed lives of those who fought, they were told that it was a just war. Imagine, a just war. They were deluded and led to their deaths by a few old men in Washington. They fought so valiantly, even ruthlessly to impose their beliefs on another area, totally different from all that they had known. The death of thousands of young men cannot be reconciled, the guilt must rest with those who maliciously pushed the war into the lives of so many young men. How can this go on when we all know that nothing is more immoral than war. But still they will fight, and what will change. As the bodies are sent back to the families that mourn them, what

can change. Of course, they all get the traditional letter from the President or some bureaucrat, and their friends will all tell the mourners how fine a young man he was before Washington sent him to his death in a useless war contrived by the military-industrial complex. Is our set of beliefs so perfect as to kill others who disagree with us? But the deaths increase week after week. And the names of the places where they die form the headlines. Chancellorsville, Chicamauga, Bull Run, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Atlanta, Richmond. All the dreams of all the young men of

By Howard L. Pearre

Off The Top

Stationed with the Army in Okinawa, I had the opportunity to get to know a lot of guys who had been messed up by the war in Viet Nam. I was with the Seventh Psychological Operations Group; far enough away from Viet Nam to make our being required to clean our weapons laughable.

One of the jobs was producing and packing massive quantities of leaflets to be dropped on North Korea and Viet Nam. This was no easy task for a few guys, so we asked for help. We got fifteen Medical Evacuees from Viet Nam.

Phillips' left wrist was in bad shape. All of the guys in his patrol had managed to inadvertently walk over a land mine with no explosion. Phillips was not so fortunate. The explosion had rendered his left hand useless. He was really luckier than one might think at first.

Mason, an SP5 from Philadelphia, considered the war a good way to make rank. He had the habit of picking little pieces of shrapnel from his right thigh. One day, he yelled at everybody that he had found a whole round in the fleshy part of his hip. "Dig it!" he exclaimed.

A guy named Newman and I went to the beach one day. Some of the Okinawans there had the habit of setting off firecrackers to pass the time. I immediately recognized the sharp noises as firecrackers and nothing else. However, Newman sprawled himself flat on the ground and shook like a leaf. He apologized and explained that his reaction was the normal reaction for any infantryman who wanted to live long enought to go home. Newman had mistaken the firecrackers for rifle fire.

I met Scott while stationed in Thailand. Sober, Scott was an O.K. guy who would calmly tell you how he had been responsible for a buddy's death. He and a group of GI's were on patrol one night when they ran into an ambush. Most of the guys made it to a ditch along side the road. Scott's buddy didn't make it. He had been hit. Scott crawled back onto the road and reached the still live body. As he inched back toward the ditch, he had a choice to make. He could take one of two things with him: his weapon or his buddy. Scott would draw back one length with his weapon. Then he reached and pulled his buddy along the road with the same hand. Just as he was about to reach back and grasp his buddy's wrist, the enemy opened up again on his position. Grabbing his rifle, he made it back to the ditch. As the enemy tracers illuminated the area, Scott caught a glimpse of his buddy. He was squirming and flailing his arms in a futile attempt to beat off the deadly projectiles. Scott had chosen weapon over man.

Scott tells the story calmly. His palms get wet and he shakes just a little. When Scott gets drunk, he remembers that night on the road and in the ditch. He remembers that it was the gooks (anybody with slanted eyes) who had killed his buddy. "Those gooks killed him. Those gooks killed ..." Someday, Scott's going to have a knife in his pocket or a gun on his hip, and he'll remember the gooks. Scott wants to be a cop.

> The editorial by Mr. Clay Owen in the October 15, 1969 edition of the Carolina Journal

> was a very good one; but one with

Peace Needs

No Chance

Dear Editor,

which I totally disagree. The theme was "Give Peace A Chance." To Mr. Owen, I must report that we have given Peace a Chance. We have been sitting in Paris for months waiting for Hanoi to make a move, any move, to show us that they too want Peace. They have done nothing but spit insults and demand that we remove our troops from Southeast Asia. When will they remove their troops from South

freedom from the inhumanity of slavery. Is slavery worse than war? Of course not. Let them pick cotton and say, "yes, master" Peace, Peace, Peace.

Ed Stone

Vietnam?

Mr. Owen further reports that a token number of 25,000 troops has been withdrawn, with the promise of 35,000 more to be

(Continued On Page 4)

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