

In Our Opinion...

'War Is Hell'—But That Won't Solve The Problem

It was more than 100 years ago that Gen. Sherman made his now famous statement, "War is hell!" Since that time thousands have echoed the charge. Even Billy Graham, when he returned recently from Vietnam, had to confess that "War is hell!"

It is a generally accepted fact. A generally lamented fact, but certainly no one's new discovery. So why do opponents of the war insist on distorting the valid questions surrounding the war with charges that civilians — especially children — are being killed?

The recent "expose" that U.S. bombing has resulted in civilian deaths was disgusting. Of course civilians have been killed. Civilians have been killed in every war in the world's history. If someone could devise a plan whereby wars could be fought at the price of no lives other than military personnel, he would probably get a Nobel Peace Prize.

And if the chatter about the "discovery" of civilian deaths was disgusting, the special color photo section in the current issue of Ramparts magazine, showing Vietnamese children maimed by the cruel Americans, was nauseat-

ing. So bombing raids result in civilian deaths. So children in a war-torn land die, or if they live, live with arms and legs missing. Is this supposed to be something new? Is this supposed to be unique to the war in Vietnam? Would someone have us believe that the Americans are the only ones in Vietnam who are inflicting such casualties? Who is naive enough to taken by such emotional hog-wash.

Certainly the cruelty and pain involved in the Vietnam war should be realized. Indeed, we should consider the price of the war when we decide if it is worthwhile. But to play up American cruelty, to picture civilian casualties as a front-running reason for ending the war, is but to take attention away from the valid questions that remain in the minds of many Americans concerning our involvement in the Southeast Asian conflict.

To demand that we get out of Vietnam because of civilian deaths and cruelty to children is but to say stop the war because "War is hell!"

Man has known that for years. But it has never stopped a war.

'Due To My Own Scheduling, We Have Failed To Cover The Last 25 Chapters Of The Text. You Will Nonetheless Be Responsible For Them On The Exam.'



Contain The Chinese

(Editor's note — This is portion of a commentary published in The Economist on the anniversary of the bombing of Pearl Harbor.)

There is, however, one thought which sits less easily on this twenty-fifth anniversary of Pearl Harbor than it did on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Hitler's invasion of Poland.

For the great difference between those two long-distant events was this: when Hitler started his European war, he had considerable, sober, mathematically realistic chances of winning it; when Japan started its war against the United States, it had no realistic chances of eventual victory at all.

Japan could hope in 1941 for the initial successes that went in the 1939-45 sort of war to any surprise aggressors, and it did in fact achieve them in full measure; but it was obvious to anybody who weighed the vastly different scales of resources available to the two main combatants that, however far-flung Ja-

pan's first successes were, the battle was bound to recoil in the end right to Tokyo.

It must surely have been obvious to those Japanese military leaders who were mainly responsible for starting the Pacific war that they were singularly unlikely to be alive at the end of it.

Today, many people have come to believe that the sheer horror of the hydrogen bomb makes it unlikely that even a dictatorship would ever start a nuclear war; because the dictator himself would be certain to be burned in the holocaust, together with the rest of us. Even with a generally educated country under dictatorship, like Hitler's Germany in 1939, that is not certain; a modern Hitler might still be mad enough to risk a nuclear war, on the half-plausible gamble that nobody might dare to stand up to it. But the example of Pearl Harbor showed quite clearly that in the case of less advanced, poorer, military dictatorships, even the simple rules of calculation and logic do not necessarily apply.

Japan started the Pacific war because it had earlier advanced into China, at a time when resistance to aggression was feeble; then, in 1941, America was threatening it with economic sanctions, from which it could escape only by agreeing to withdraw from China; rather than tolerate this "impossible" loss of face, Japan's army and navy leaders — perhaps partly overestimating the consequences of economic sanctions (as non-economists frequently do) and perhaps also over-estimating the eventual importance of easy immediate successes (as military leaders invariably do), but for the most part not estimating at all — quite crazily opted for disaster.

This raises tremendous questions for the main danger before the world in the last third of this twentieth century. It would be a bold man who averred that Red China's ruling classes today are certainly more educated, more calculating, less emotional and less rash than Japan's ruling classes were in 1941.

China is still at the stage where, confronted in any grave crisis with a choice between grievously losing face and destroying the planet, it might at least conceivably choose to destroy the planet. And China already has nuclear weapons.

A frightening race may therefore be in progress to see which comes first: China's attainment of the capability to deliver those nuclear weapons plus some incident from which it feels that it can withdraw only with "impossible" loss of face, or China's advance into the stage where it will begin to evince the civilising restraints on government that appear to accompany the emergence of some sort of a modern "consuming proletariat" economy.

Moreover, China in this is only the most powerful representative of that greater part of the world today — broadly speaking, the colored-skinned part — which still does not enjoy the tolerable standard of living that most often saves a people from governments of desperation.

There is an additional cause for alarm. The world, to repeat, seems so far to have survived the peak period of danger from Soviet Russia's emotional immaturity for two reasons; the policy of containment, and the concurrent growth in Russia of a standard of living where its people now have something to lose and probably do not intend to lose it.

The Soviet Union will say that this standard of living is communism's own achievement, and owes nothing to the capitalist West. In fact, however, the technology of the mass consumer age grew up in the West; and Russia has had a sufficiently high level of education to copy or even emulate some segments of it.

But it is very doubtful if the greater part of the poor colored-skinned world today has a high enough level of education and civilization to make such successful emulation at all probable in the twenty-five years ahead, although China itself is in this more advanced than much of the rest of Asia or most of Africa; generally speaking, the world's very poor will need special aid to make a tolerable advance to becoming mass consumption societies, not just examples to copy.

What are the prospects that the two successes of statesmanship that have saved the planet in the last twenty-five years — containment plus advance to economic affluence among most countries with any real military capability — will also save the planet in the next twenty-five?

On the containment of China, far too much is being left to the United States alone, while the rest of the free world sits, spectator-like, on the sidelines and shouts pointed criticisms at occasional American clumsinesses. On the spreading of economic advances to the poor, the international mechanism for aid today is limping disappointingly; in some respects, it has even receded in the past five years.

These are the thoughts that should tear most anxiously at the heart as we roll out the old slogan across a whole rescued generation: Remember Pearl Harbor.

The Daily Tar Heel accepts letters to the editor for publication provided they are typed and double spaced. We prefer that they not exceed 300 words in length. The Tar Heel reserves the right to edit all letters for libelous statements.

'Bullet Bob' Is Shot Between The Eyes

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

It is appropriate that the student body president Mr. Bob Powell, should admit that his opinions are his own and do not necessarily represent the thoughts of the student body, which presumably he presides over in one function or another.

I should be overjoyed if the Daily Tar Heel editors would offer a similar disclaimer.

Powell's assertion that disaffection with the Vietnamese war and with the draft exists among college students can scarcely come as a shock to anyone. And it is certainly true that there is not the "onerous stigma" associated with draft-dodging; today which has existed in the most "popular" wars of the not too distant past.

But I cannot agree with his contention that this disaffection of which he speaks is due to the "nature of the war." The disaffection exists in large part because of ignorance and confusion in the minds of college students who, like Powell, have not been told in a convincing enough manner what to think.

Mr. Powell's psyche requires that a clear-cut distinction should exist between good guys and bad guys, such as existed in World War II. I have no doubt but that Mr. Powell would have considered that war "important enough to die for" if he could have been subjected to Gene Autry's stirring recording of "You're a Sap, Mr. Jap" or to the seemingly endless number of war-hysteria films which grace the late movie on Channel 5 with irritating regularity.

But Mr. Powell and his colleagues in the NSA — surely the most impotent (in every sense of the word) body convened since the demise of the Know-Nothing Party — are subjected instead to the second-hand propaganda of Harrison Salisbury or to daily commentary by Morley Safer on the Evil that Men do. So what is a young college student body president to do?

You guessed it. Being most probably ill-equipped by training or native intelligence to think for himself — like most student body presidents I have suffered through — Powell takes instruction from the guru-emeritus of the NSA, Mr. Al Lowenstein, who teaches him the clichés associated with the pronouncements of that most posterous and ineffectual body, the NSA.

The post-war Progressives, a hodgepodge collection of weirdos, who constituted the New Left of its day, were once described (by Dwight McDonauld, I believe) as inhabiting a land of perpetual fogs, where the warm fog stream of radical liberalism came into contact with the Soviet glacier.

Mr. Powell's fog-bound mind would have surely found

a comfortable niche in the old New Left.

While it is regrettable that Mr. Powell must distinguish between his ex-cathedra statements and his personal opinions regarding events of which he betrays little understanding, it is unforgivable that the pages of the Daily Tar Heel are used to buttress Powell's invincible declarations.

In the January 5 number of the Daily Tar Heel a person or persons unknown has written a piece called "A Signature Well Placed," in which the author writes "We strongly (a dubious adverb) support Student Body President Bob Powell in his signing of the letter etc."

Who in the hell is "we"? I trust I am not included in the unfortunate usage of the personal pronoun. But the supreme insult to the intelligence of the strong-hearted and patient body of students in this university who look in vain for evidence of a well thought out idea in the pages of your presumptuous rag, is your naive assertion that "the office of the student body president carries with it a great deal of prestige," and further, "the public can realize the respect in which a student must be held by his peers to be elected to this office."

Prestige! Respect! Peers! In case you haven't heard the office of student body president is about as prestigious as that of the DTH editor or of the resident canines who fertilize the mall.

Since entering this institution I have found no evidence which would indicate that the writers of your little tract sheet know anything about what they write. I realize that the columns of the DTH have to be filled with newsprint in order to satisfy the requirements of the journalism department and also because of institutional pride, but your columns are almost as sparse in quantity as they are in quality. Not infrequently your writers use one line paragraphs after which they skip three lines.

And you probably set some kind of record last year by allowing your cartoonist to draw an obscene gesture and then proceeded to editorialize about it. The student body, whose fees evidently contribute to your efforts, might better be served by news bulletins from Associated Press or United Press International.

That way if the world came to an end we might know about it, and you would not have to waste so much space on the exploits of Bullet Bob, our prestigious and respected president, the identity of whom is probably a great mystery to much of the student body and faculty of this ancient and honorable seat of learning.

Will Rogers used to say "all I know is what I read in the newspapers." God pity the man who only knows what he reads in the Daily Tar Heel. Harry Walsh

Language Problems And The Blind Date

To my knowledge, there has never been published within the covers of this newspaper a brief, definitive guide for those girls whose task it is to get some poor male a blind date.

A friend suggested that such a study be compiled, and we have below the fruits of our investigation:

Be advised, ladies, that those men who find themselves in the position of seeking a blind date, for one reason or another, tend to look upon the arrangement as a temporary one at best, not designed as a long-term affair.

For this reason, the male of the species reverts unashamedly to his primitive instincts. "If she isn't tough, forget it," he dictates.

Though he may not mention it, he usually hopes that she drinks liberally and is the vanguard of the sexual revolution.

What he usually gets, however, is a different matter. The fond dreams are frequently shattered when the woman of the evening turns out to be a six foot four inch primitive Baptist who could pass as a guard for the Green Bay Packers.

Since young men today are decidedly unchivalrous, he will either ditch her with vague tales about how he must leave town quick because his grandmother is dying, or accept his fate, finish his fifth and promptly pass out.

However, if the one who ar-

ranges the blind date wishes the boy to meet the girl at all, she must be doubly careful about what she says to him before hand.

When the boy asks what his date looks like, he is trained from experience to react to certain key phrases. If he hears any one of these, he will likely call the whole thing off immediately:

"All the girl like her." This old groaner, when translated, simply means that the girl is so ugly that none of the other females on her hall regard her as competition. She also is the kind of person who can be depended upon to type term papers at the last minute or make up someone's bed, or maybe run errands.

"She makes her own clothes." It's a shame they all have to fit around her 52 inch middle.

"She comes from a good family." So did Ivan the Terrible.

"She's a party girl." Remember the Dixiecrats? "She likes to drink." Be sure to stock up on soda pop.

Now that we've been through it all, the only thing left to do is to list the questions the girl asks about her dates: "Is he good-looking? Does he have a car? Is he going to be a doctor? Is he rich? Is he..." Ah love.

—John Greenbacker

DTH Awards Of The Week

Syntax of the Week: To the WKIX Radio newsman who broke the news to his listeners that "Jack Ruby died this morning after a breakfast of eggs and a bath."

Typographical Error of the Week: Joint award to the Chicago Tribune and the Syracuse (N.Y.) Herald-American. The Trib carried this sentence: "Photographer John Austad of the Tribune staff was honored with the Beck Award for these phoots." The Herald-American broke the society scoop: "Miss Neva Goodwin Rockefeller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Rockefeller, was married to Walter J. Kaiser in Pocantico Hills cemetery."

Unclaimed Prize Money of the Week: To the Burlington Free Press (Burlington, Vt.) who, for the sixth year in a row, had no winners on its offer to pay funeral expenses of those who notified the newspaper in advance that they would drink and drive during the up for the period from 10 p.m. Christmas Eve to 6 a.m. New Year's Day, bringing the six-year total for the offer to 141.

Watcher of the Week: To Mrs. Charles Black who is not a bird watcher, a bee watcher, a star watcher nor a man watcher. She is a Operation Watcher. It started when she was 14 — then she was known as Shirley Temple — when she was visiting an Army hospital in Orgeon. "A boy asked me to be with him while his leg was amputated," she told the New York Times. "I held his hand the entire time, and since then have watched many operations. Gall bladders are best — the colors are gorgeous!"

Fact of the Week: The American Carpatho-Russian Orthodox Greek Catholic Church is a self-governing diocese in communion

with the Ecumenical Patriarchate of Constantinople (Istanbul). The late Patriarch Benjamin I canonized the Diocese in 1938 in the name of the Orthodox Church of Christ. There are 69 churches with a total membership of 10,000. Headquarters are in Johnstown, Pa.

Apetite of the Week: To Leon Samson, 28-year-old Australian who bills himself as "the man with the steel stomach." He recently made a \$22,000 wager that he could, within five years, eat an automobile. Already Mr. Samson has consumed one front fender, one tire, and one carburetor — and he figures he is right on schedule.

Crasher of the Social Season: To UNC sophomore Taft Snowden who appeared at the exclusive Washington, D.C., Debutant Ball complete with black eye patch, diplomat sash and loads of (wrestling) medals. The nation's budding female socialites were quite honored to be introduced to Lord Michael Darling of the Australian Embassy.

Sad Tale Of An Old Man

FROM THE MENTOR

The old man was seriously ill when he entered Quincy City Hospital on November 5th, 1966. Less than a full day later he was dead. And as he died his hopes, plans and lifelong dream died with him.

Forty-six years ago Sabastiano DeChristoforo left his native Italy to pave the way for his wife and daughter to join him in America.

Just a few short years after his arrival in Massachusetts, where he found work as a stonemason, he inflicted mortal wounds on a countryman who had boasted of intimate relations with Sabastiano's wife while in Italy.

De Christoforo was sent to Bridgewater State Hospital for a 30-day observation period — which was bloated into a malignant 40-year nightmare, ending only upon his being adjudged competent, and a trial which freed him on the grounds of temporary insanity during the commission of his crime.

On a balmy June day in 1965, Sabastiano went looking for a job. He was seventy-two years old.

A Quincy stonemason heard of his plight and hired him, but times and tools and methods had changed so that DeChristoforo was soon forced to ask for welfare.

Sabastiano never saw his wife in America; he never got the chance to raise his daughter in his new homeland. After forty desolate years time ran out for Sabastiano, and his dream.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Worth Remembering As Exams Approach

"No one can possibly be satisfied or happy who feels that in some paramount affair he has failed to take up the challenge of life. For a voice within him, which no one else can hear but which he cannot choke, will be constantly murmuring: 'You lacked courage. You ran away.' It is happier to be unhappy in the ordinary sense than to have to listen to the end of one's life to that dreadful interior verdict."

—Arnold Bennett