

# The Daily Tar Heel

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SCOTT GOODFELLOW, EDITOR

## Morrison Suicide Only The Tip Of An Iceberg

Late Saturday night, December 13, Raymond B. McCauley locked himself into his Morrison room and hanged himself from a heating pipe. He was the second student in less than a month to commit suicide on a consolidated university campus.

The youth was described by friends "as a better-than-average student who was worried about his exams."

"...worried about his exams." Perhaps one of the biggest issues on the campus during the campaign period this spring will be student stress. Carolina has long held a bottom position in the scale of campus suicides, but of late we have begun to advance upward.

It takes little imagination to realize that for every successful suicide, there are dozens of unsuccessful attempts. And for every attempt, there are many more students who will do nothing but remain in the depths of despair.

Suicide is ranked high among the causes of death on the college campuses of our country. It is viewed with Christian horror and always seems distant to the casual observer. But there are

places where it is seen as a real problem — and one such place will soon be Carolina.

There are a number of proposals which will all lay groundwork for decreased tensions. One party is proposing a committee to devote itself to student stress, a worthwhile suggestion. The other party incorporates several different ideas into its suggestions for easing tensions.

The pass-fail system in itself is designed to direct students toward their interests with less of a grade burden. Residence hall living proposals (including lounges and multi-purpose rooms) coupled together with unified men-women housing should also enable students to have an easier time.

There are few suggestions for attacking student stress which do not have merit. Anything which can be done will prove invaluable in the future. It is a problem which is only beginning to surface now.

Raymond McCauley's suite is empty now. None of the other residents could stand to remain in the place of that tragedy. Perhaps increased student cognizance of the problem will help to avoid its terrible recurrence.

## Extra-Curriculars Can Be Vital Factor In Education

Every newspaper when it reaches a freshman class, first welcomes them and then exhorts them to enter into "the fascinating world of extracurricular activities."

We can find few articles of this type which are the slightest bit interesting, however the subject is no more trite for its overuse.

If there is anything that Carolina can lay a staunch claim to, it is a wealth of things to do when you're finished (!) studying. Every year when the Yack appears, 90 per cent of the pages are devoted to what students do for diversion or entertainment.

Freshmen are told at Orientation that Student Government wants their help. Church organizations of all types send them circulars through the mails. Sports lay claim to hundreds of intramurals candidates. Skin-diving clubs announce their organization meetings in the DTH next to interview notices for Honor Council positions. Both political parties leap at the chance for new blood.

But the most important part of the quest is not that the organizations are able to fill out their membership, but that the individuals that join are given opportunities to enjoy working with tightly-knit groups toward common purposes.

Although residence colleges and houses are certainly very helpful in breaking down the individuality barrier, they will never be completely satisfying. Only through the diversity of other groups can a student realize both his own identity and the pleasures of working toward a single goal.

The best part about the world of student extra-curriculars is that they are unending. Every morning there are countless vacancies and job offerings which will still be empty at the end of the day. Announcements of these openings

are often greeted by a relatively meager response. The editorship of next year's Carolina Quarterly, for example, has been available for some time — and there has only been one applicant.

Filling one of these positions might well mean a better job after graduation. It will certainly mean a more well-rounded individual.

There is so much to gain from participating in other activities in college besides purely academic and social ones that it is hardly worthwhile to ignore them. A small amount of investigation could prove a great deal of worth.

### The Daily Tar Heel

74 Years of Editorial Freedom

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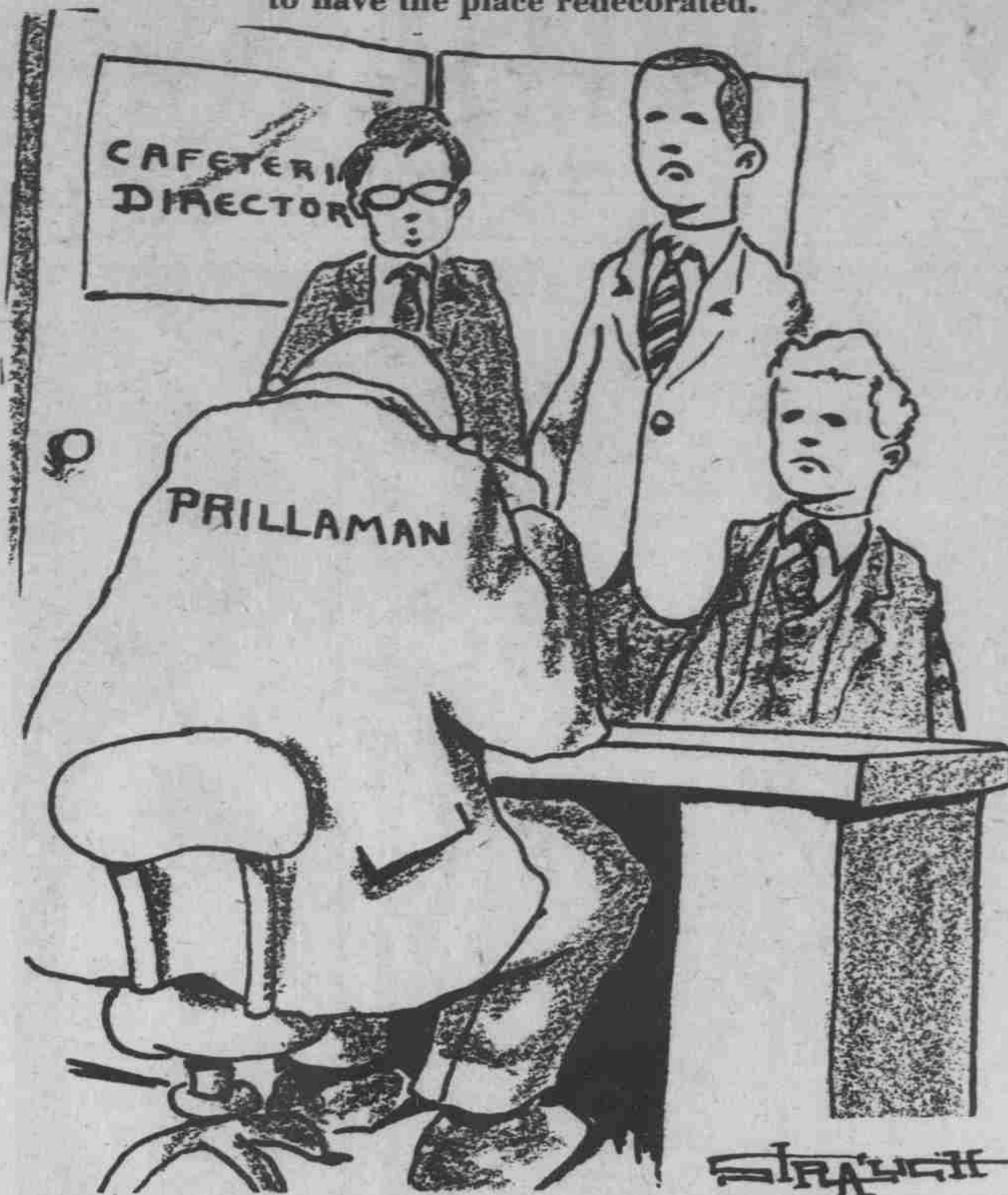
Ernest Robl, Steve Knowlton, Carol Wonsavage, Diane Ellis, Karen Freeman, Hunter George, Drummond Bell, Owen Davis, Joey Leigh, Dennis Sanders, Joe Saunders, Penny Raynor, Jim Fields, Donna Reifsnider.

CARTOONISTS  
Bruce Strauch, Jeff MacNelly.

The Daily Tar Heel is the official news publication of the University of North Carolina and is published by students daily except Mondays, examination periods and vacations.

Second class postage paid at the Post Office in Chapel Hill, N. C. Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester; \$8 per year. Printed by the Chapel Hill Publishing Co., Inc., 501 W. Franklin St., Chapel Hill, N. C.

Yeah, you can use Chase for a dance . . . if you pay to have the place redecorated.



## Vietnam

# The Darkest Alley

(Editor's Note: This article appeared as an editorial in the Kentucky Kernel.)

Eight years before the defeat of the French forces at Dienbienphu in 1954, North Vietnamese President Ho Chi Minh told a leading French official, "If we have to fight, we will fight. You will kill ten of our men and we will kill one of yours, and in the end it will be you who will tire of it."

Today the United States is involved in a costly war in the same country, and many Americans and their representatives in Washington are growing increasingly weary—wary of the impact of the war on the American economy, weary of the Johnson Administration's outdated concept of communism and Southeast Asian affairs and weary of the creditability gap which prevents them from getting the truth about the war.

However, President Johnson, as recently as last week, said the United States will persist in the war.

### ECONOMIC IMPACT

Figures released at the end of 1966 show that during this fiscal year the United States is spending \$322,000 for each Vietcong killed.

If the enemy to freedom in South Vietnam is, as the Johnson Administration says, the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese infiltrators, it seems the American economy will take quite a beating before the threat is removed by the present ever-constant military escalation.

The air war against North Vietnam and Vietcong bases in the South is an example of the effect the war has had on the American economy. B52's cost \$1,000 an hour to fly. The typical trip from Guam to a North Vietnamese target is eight hours; therefore, a bombing raid for one B52 costs \$8,000 in flying time alone. A single bomb load costs some \$60,000. (Recent reports indicate the United States is flying B52's out of Thailand and Cambodia as well as Guam.)

So far this fiscal year, about 425 American bombers have made this round trip monthly. The cost approaches \$30 million a month.

This \$1 million a day is only a fraction of the bombing costs, however. Secretary McNamara has estimated that the U. S. will lose about 580 aircraft — worth about \$2 billion each — during the current fiscal year.

### CONCEPT OF COMMUNISM

The cost to the American economy is one measure of the Vietnam war not usually

discussed. Generally, the cost is judged in terms of the number of American soldiers killed. And while the loss of lives in Vietnam may be less than the high way death toll, this is quite beside the point.

The point is the question of just what these soldiers are dying for. The Johnson Administration — and the nation's other Hawks — see the war as a clearcut battle against Communism. They argue that if Vietnam falls, all of Asia will one day fall also, i.e., that old albatross the Domino Theory.

This theory, however, is outdated, as most foreign policy experts will attest. The struggles in Asia have always been more nationalistic than ideological, but the State Department has yet to recognize this fact. Perhaps the American sense of pride will not allow us to admit that we are engaged in a war against the tide of Asian nationalism.

The Vietnam war has expanded to international proportions largely because the U. S. views any national movement, whether implicitly or explicitly communist, as part of a world-wide Red offensive directed against the "free world."

The American Hawks obviously do not realize that one can speak of a Communist world in the same sense as one speaks of an Arab world, is a unity committed to a single ideology and strategy.

It is somewhat ironic that the Johnson Administration seems to have recognized the extent to which national interests are redefining intrabloc relations in Eastern Europe. But this same Administration seems unable to view the Vietnamese communist revolution as anything less than a vanguard movement designed to overwhelm Southeast Asia, presumably in concert with Peking.

The Vietnam war, then, is tragic because it reflects an incapacity on the part of the United States to respond creatively to communist — orientally revolutionary movements within newly emergent countries. A policy of unqualified opposition to any and all such movements implies support for the non-communist governments regardless of how unresponsive to national aspirations they may be.

### THE CREDITABILITY GAP

Not only do few Americans know why we are in Vietnam, but a rising number of citizens believe they are not being told the truth about the war by their government.

This is the creditability gap so often discussed, and it is real.

The reports of Harrison Salisbury of the New York Times have added fuel to the arguments of those who say the government distorts information about Vietnam. As the first American newsman allowed in North Vietnam, Salisbury presented a picture to American readers that the Administration had painted differently. Now two more American newspapermen, Bill Baggs, editor of the Miami News, former Pulitzer Prize winner Harry Ashmore, have confirmed Salisbury's reports. show what a mighty nation like the United States can do to a small, weak nation like North Vietnam — and do at will.

We have beaten their backs to the wall, but — as Ho Chi Minh predicted to the French some 20 years ago — their will to fight remains unbroken. We would submit that this will is more commendable than American diplomacy, which is often characterized by statements like that of L. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, who said the U.S. should "flatten Hanoi. . . public opinion be damned."

President Johnson would have agreed to American talks with the North Vietnamese in 1964 but refused. The talks, arranged by Secretary General U. Thant and U.N. Ambassador Adali Stevenson were to be kept secret so that neither side could suffer. Yet the U. S. would not talk. Now the State Department makes sweeping proposals for talks while the American bombers continue to flatten North Vietnamese industry — and civilians when they are in the way.

It seems unlikely that North Vietnam can be bullied into talking. Britain, during the dark days of early World War II, was beat to its knees yet fought all the more valiantly. Are we to expect any nation to give in at bayonet point?

Moreover, the Salisbury reports and other information again indicate how the American people are being misled. Anyone who doubts need only look at the records of the past five years. The mistruths and fabrications are all there — the promises and the statements that were to be proven false days, weeks or months later.

Faced with a costly and dishonorable war, a dishonest and deceitful Administration, the American people can do little but wonder about the wisdom of continuing down the same narrow tunnel with no light yet visible at the end.

## Peter Harris

# A Tumult Of Pain

The wind whips across the face of the leaf and then goes to running about the stream. A man walks on and it is all heard. . . a shrill cry wimpering sleep in the frontier A myriad of little people will save the soul, and then they travel around. . . the block.

"Little by little I'm losing my love for you 'Cause things ain't been the same Since your mother died." Yeah! And little by little People are lost, they vanish, slowly. They can even turn into someone else; But, always, they seem to run back To the green fields or the pink period of dramy clouds and Main Street happiness. But, always, Away . . .

### BLUE LIGHTS.

As if the salt from Poseidan's sea had burned and chapped the sides of our mouths, we find ourselves awakened by the thought of old-aged knowledge.

What is knowledge? Is it a growth beyond birth, fostered by our every experience? Does experience reflect an awareness of the past, a realization that innocence, and pure knowledge are gone?

What of the words: "Girls faces form the forward path From phony jealousy To memorizing politics Of ancient history. Flung down by corpse evangelist Unthought of though, somehow, Ah, but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now."

—Bob Dylan

The eyes of youth, capable of flashing with life's greatest excitement, capable of seeing all of the world's beauty. Life's many promises seen above rosy cheeks.

Painful world, where are you? Ugliness and poverty luck; we should not be deceived by the Verailles or Guggenheims or Houses of God, the mighty cathedrals which have taken the hearts of so many of our men.

A shack in Asia, or a street gutter in Beirut. The bullet riddled farm house in a dying wheatfield of France France twenty years ago — this what life is all about.

Silence. Then a chirp, and soon a rustle of leaves in the soft, spring wind. Sightless, senseless. Up was down, and down stood still. Nativity spun me A yellow butterfly, a green leaf, white clouds spotting the blue sky Gentle and sound. A spirit so complete, and happiness a thing of the good. Then it disappeared for a long time. for a long time. It was missed. Once upon a time. . . Through another veil, time woven, I again saw the sun. Bright. Beautiful. And a smiling face, A hand extending forward, reaching through the misty dew to Touch. Soft and gentle, light sun glowing among many flowers in the fields of yellow and green. The trees told me time had been there before. Yet the newness led me with joy and wonder into happiness reborn open-eyed.

I see her searching eyes and I remember the artist Keane. There are rainy streets and lonely children, lost. Pretty, little girls, blue dresses and red balloons, all running happily and eagerly through the park. This I see, a bit. But is it that I am haunted by the tearstained girl lost and away from sunshine? Lost, somewhere in a dark alley with a dirty, torn dress, unable to speak for fear of the lonely echo.

Which kid is mine? Which kid is pretty? Which child do I crave to love? Or does it matter? It is still morning, way before the buses begin to roll, before the gruffy leather bearded man slicks his skin with blades and trods the empty concrete walkway. The sun can't be seen yet; only the silky drift of orange-red birth. The Spanish child in New York. She weeps no more. Her eyes are closed and she sleeps now. The bitter taste has flown with the wind, the burning tears have floated away. The dirt has fallen with the city soot, through th iron sidewalk subway bars. The whole city grunts and the coffee pots burble. Let there be peace, man. The child sleeps.

# Professorial Politics

(ACP)—Two associate professors of pharmacy at the University of Kansas, Lawrence, might well be wearing sweatshirts to class these days — one with "Justice of the Peace" written across the front and "Marryin' Matt" on the back, the other with "Constable" in Old English lettering on the front and a big star on the back.

The sweatshirts are gifts and soon, rumors suggest, the two may have shingles outside their offices emphasizing their new governmental titles. Mathias P. Mertes was sworn in as Lawrence's justice of the peace recently and Robert A. Wiley as city constable. Neither sought election; both were elected by

write-in votes in November. "They're quite politically-minded and very conscientious," said Linda Riggs, Mertes' research assistant. She said "both have flatly denied the use of this office as a stepping stone to higher offices." For Christmas, Mertes' graduate students gave him a long black robe to wear when performing marriages.