

Evans Witt, Editor
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UNC, Leo and his med school

One of former Gov. Bob Scott's political favors is rearing its head again today to threaten the University of North Carolina system. The future of the East Carolina University Medical School, now a one-year program, comes before the UNC Board of Governors at their meeting here this morning.

Scott promised ECU President Leo Jenkins his medical school during Scott's 1968 campaign for the state's top office and Scott made good on his promise.

The shortage of doctors in Eastern North Carolina — particularly black doctors — was one reason given for the med school in Greenville. But studies have shown that where a physician goes to school is not as important in determining where he practices as where he does his internship.

As this year's ECU Med School class — the first one with 20 members — has 19 whites and one Chinese.

At the end of their one year at ECU, these students will transfer to the medical school here, a clearly

poor way to break up the educational experience.

A committee on the Board of Governors has been studying this situation and will ask the board this morning to continue the one-year program as it stands.

This won't please opponents of the school, who see the program as wasteful and unjustified.

But the board will probably accept the committee's recommendation to try to avoid a legislative attack on the new UNC system. The system, only seven months old, is vulnerable to disruption by state legislators now as the complex process of melting 16 campuses into one centralized state system continues.

Political considerations dictated the establishment of the ECU Med School. The school is clearly not justified by objective educational criteria.

The new UNC system was designed to eliminate political factors from decisions that should be based on professional educational judgement. In this situation, this intention has been thwarted.

Jim Becker

The last lap before Prelims

You notice the pain immediately. After jogging fifty yards or so it hits you, maybe in the chest first, or the legs. It keeps up as long as you push yourself. Sooner or later, every muscle in your body feels the strain.

You may start jogging because you have heart trouble. Even people in their twenties have heart attacks. The heart, after all, is just a specialized muscle, and jogging exercises every muscle you have. You may jog because you're getting chubby, or because when you climb to the third floor you get out of breath.

The P.E. teachers were right. You thought they were just dumb jocks, but it turns out regular exercise really does make you live better, feel better, think better. Your muscles are firmer and your nerves more steady. You begin to discover a sense of internal discipline and order.

Studying for Prelims means a lot of

pain. Much of your personal psychic energy is invested in the prospect of this awesome set of exams. The Ph.D exams are a test of professional competence, the final major hurdle after eight or ten years of higher education. If you pass, for the first time you will begin to think of yourself as belonging to the academic community. If you fail, you fear everyone will think you are intellectually inferior.

The pain of Prelims isn't entirely psychological. When you study, the light in the library carrels hurts your eyes. You have to change the prescription of your glasses. Your back hurts, and your fingers cramp from taking notes. In some disciplines, the mechanical process of taking the exam is itself a physical strain. You may have to spend up to ten hours doing nothing but writing. The exams may go on for a week. Your arm hurts from writing or your fingers get sore from typing.

The economics of graduate education hurt as well. If you are married or have children, the stipend from the department isn't enough. The cost of books alone becomes a major strain. You may have to get ten dollar textbooks or twenty dollar reference books. Only some of these books are in the library, and the rest you have to borrow or buy.

The overriding quality of studying for Prelims is psychological. Your actual contact with the faculty is rare enough that the major psychological pressure comes from your peers. Some people fear failure so much that they keep deferring the exams. Everybody fears failure for one reason or another. You spend all these years hoping you are "good enough" for the academic profession, almost as if there were a moral superiority about the intellectual community. The pressure becomes so great that you spend more time worrying than studying. When you actually take the exam, you discover you can't even

answer some of the easy questions. The worst part of studying is the fear of losing. All of us failed someplace along the line. You didn't get into Harvard. Your first term-paper grade was a C. You flunked a Biology test. You started your senior year in college with a 3.4 average, but couldn't get into Phi Beta Kappa because you needed a 3.5. In my case, it was first semester freshman year. I had two C's one D, and an F. The Dean of Men added insult to injury by sending me a letter warning me that if I didn't improve I would flunk out. The letter almost persuaded me to quit.

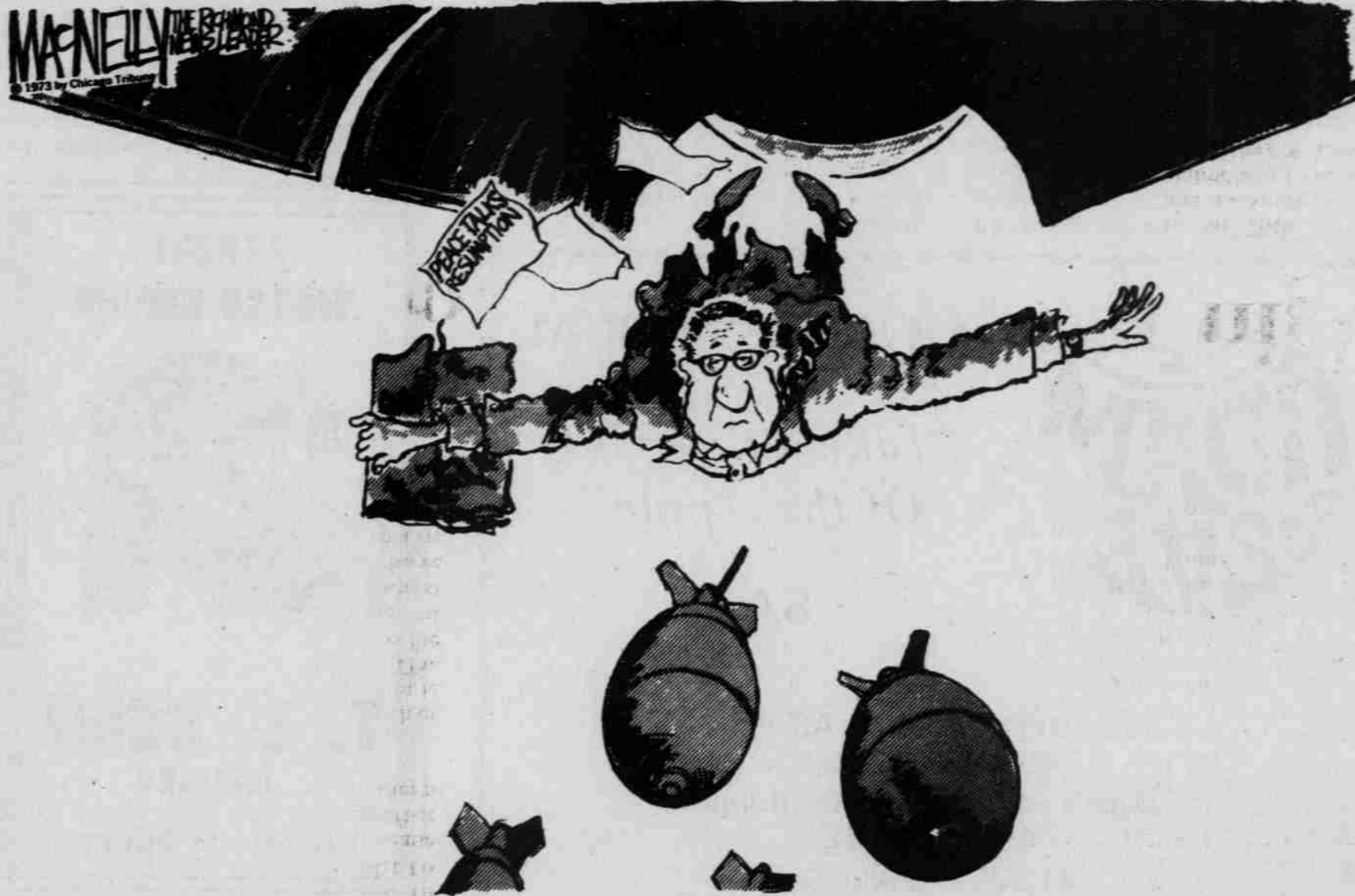
Some people shouldn't go to graduate school, just as some people shouldn't go to college. It isn't a quality of intellect, however, that distinguishes those who should be here from those who shouldn't, but rather questions of will, patience, and personal security. The people who don't make it are those who decide they don't want to pay the price in pain.

Pain may not be the best way to teach graduate students how to teach college students. Not everyone reacts the same way to pain. Some people like it and some don't. Probably all of the pain of education cannot be eliminated, even if the faculty unanimously agreed that it should be eliminated. What do students really learn from the pain, however? Some graduate students seem to learn that pain should be passed along to their own students.

The first couple of laps are a little slow. It hurts to run today, maybe because you missed a couple of days over the Christmas break. You better use the indoor track tomorrow if it stays cold. Your mind is free, and even your eyes relax.

They ask you why you jog. You really don't know, except for the sense of self-mastery and self-control it gives you. You know they think you think you are somehow superior to those who don't jog. All it really is is that it makes you more aware of yourself. You understand a little better your own psychic roots.

Try to kick the last lap of the mile. You shouldn't have had that hamburger for lunch. This afternoon you have to get back to the library. Not a bad time for the mile today after all. Walk a little and then run some more. The whole idea is to be tired when you go inside. Somehow this kind of pain is creative. It hurts, but you know it is good for you.



M. Darley

Will history play tricks on 'dead Harry Truman'?

"... When he left office... he had put an indelible imprint of greatness on both the Presidency and the history of his time." Those words, written by a biographer of Harry Truman in 1966, have been echoed and re-echoed in countless encomiums in the weeks since the former President passed away, as innumerable observers of the political scene, from Jimmy Carter to Mary McCrory, Jim Holshouser to Lyndon Johnson, have suggested that Harry Truman will be remembered as one of our "great" Presidents. We think they may have spoken too soon.

It's not that we have any quarrel with Harry Truman, indeed, we respect his courage and decisiveness and acknowledge that he "done his damndest" (a Boot Hill epitaph which Truman always admired). Sadly, however, those qualities may not be enough to ensure the Missourian a place beside

Washington, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt. If we may take liberties with one of Voltaire's quips, history seems to be in the process of playing a pack of tricks on the dead Harry Truman.

Truman made his many major decisions on the basis of the best intelligence and advice available at the time. They were probably the correct, even inevitable, decisions for that period, yet many of the programs and policies initiated by Truman have come to haunt this country as it enters the last quarter of the twentieth century. The decision to drop the atomic bomb on Japan is perhaps the best example of this historical irony. The President himself felt no compunctions about using any weapon of war if it would save American lives, yet that decision, probably the correct one in 1945, has left America with the onus of being the only nation in history to resort to atomic warfare. Similarly, Truman's

support of the United Nations — an organization which he deemed "a great instrument for peace and security and human progress in the world" — has left the United States with that costly, impotent, and irrelevant millstone around its neck. Another millstone, the war in Viet Nam, can be traced in great part to the Truman-Acheson decision to increase aid to the French in Southeast Asia after North Korea invaded its southern counterpart in 1950.

The contemporary impact of other Truman decisions is perhaps more subtle but nevertheless equally ironic. The Marshall Plan, for instance, seemed to be the only alternative to a Europe of poverty, despair, and perhaps Communist totalitarianism. Leftist historians have long seen this program as a spur to the Cold War, since it helped to increase Soviet suspicions of Western political

motivations. In the era of Nixonian détente, however, this argument has become more and more academic. More important today from a practical standpoint is the economic challenge posed to the United States by a revitalized and relatively unified Europe. History may show that the Marshall Plan was in no small way responsible for creating a Continental Frankenstein which could well prove an economic and political horror for future Americans.

Another problem confronting Harry Truman was that of Palestine. Faced with both a global outpouring of sympathy for European Jewry after the War and a deteriorating political situation at home, Truman pushed the British hard for a more lenient policy towards Zionism. Later, when Israel finally declared itself independent, it took the President only eleven minutes to grant the new state recognition. Again, while this pro-Zionist

policy was probably correct in the context of the time, it committed the United States to the defense of an economic and political nonentity and severely damaged our relations with most of the strategic and economically vital Middle Eastern nations. As Arnold Toynbee, a British historian who tends to take a long-term view of world affairs, observed recently, Truman's bullying of the British Foreign Office on this matter may well have been his greatest mistake.

In other areas, too, this country only today is feeling the full impact of decisions made over two decades ago. There are many politicians on Capitol Hill, for instance, who feel that the balance of power has shifted too far from the legislature to the executive. Much of this can be traced to the New Deal, of course, but Harry Truman must also share a considerable portion of the blame. It was Truman, not Congress, who decided

to intervene in Korea; it was Truman who vetoed more bills than any other two-term in history; it was Truman who created the National Security Council and the Central Intelligence Agency; and it was Truman who based an entire Presidential campaign on a smear of Congressional abilities. Democratic politicians who are quick to criticize the Nixon Administration for its supposed usurpation of power might do well to check the skeletons in their own political closet.

But we don't mean to sound querulous, only skeptical. As much as we admire Harry Truman, we don't for a moment believe his reputation as a "great" President is "indelible". Of course, our opinion matters not a jot — it will be up to future generations of Americans, to those who will have to live with the Truman legacy, to pass final judgement.

Kathy Lenski

Hope of peace ends in nightmare

It is almost beyond belief. On the morning of October 26, 1972, Henry Kissinger said, "Peace is at hand. We believe that an agreement is within sight that is just to all parties... What remains to be done can be settled in one more negotiating session... We have undertaken, and I repeat it here publicly... to remain at that meeting for as long as is necessary to complete this agreement... We stand by what we have agreed to."

How Americans rejoiced at these words! Most of us deplored the fact that during the first three and a half years of Nixon's administration an estimated \$100 billion of our tax money had been used to support a dictatorship whose jails hold an estimated 200,000 to 300,000 "political" prisoners. During this time, at least 165,000 South Vietnamese civilians were killed, 400,000 wounded, and almost two million of them — as well as two million Cambodians and nearly a million Laotians — made refugees. (So far, there are no reliable casualty figures for North Vietnamese civilians.) Despite the fact that Nixon had proved a poor peace-maker in the first three years and nine months of his Administration, we could not prevent the stirring of hope within our hearts when we heard Kissinger's words. We hoped, wished, prayed for an end to all the sorrow and suffering.

But somehow, once Nixon was re-elected, the negotiations "fell through." And then, the week before Christmas, the nightmare began.

Early reports from Saigon indicated that on December 18 and 19, our President ordered 20,000 tons of bombs dropped on a small nation that has done us no harm, has never threatened our security. This was the explosive equivalent of the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima. And then, December 20-24, 20,000 tons more fell. The President offered no explanation for this, the worst bombing in the history of the world. He remained isolated, remote from the nation he is supposed to lead.

And Americans went about their Christmas ritual, buying, wrapping, giving and getting presents. Christmas Eve services were held as usual; we sang carols, thanked God for the birth of the Prince of Peace, greeted one another. No one wept, no one grieved, no one begged God to forgive us for the new slaughter committed in our names. All we had to do in order to enjoy the Christmas season this year was avoid turning on the TV at newtime, refuse to open the daily paper, steer our minds down a narrow way — not allowing the screams, the tears, the moaning, the mourning, the faceless, the limbless, the dying, the dead (oh the horror, the horror of it all!) to penetrate our consciousness. It is such a simple thing to do: to blot out the suffering of those people so very far away from us.

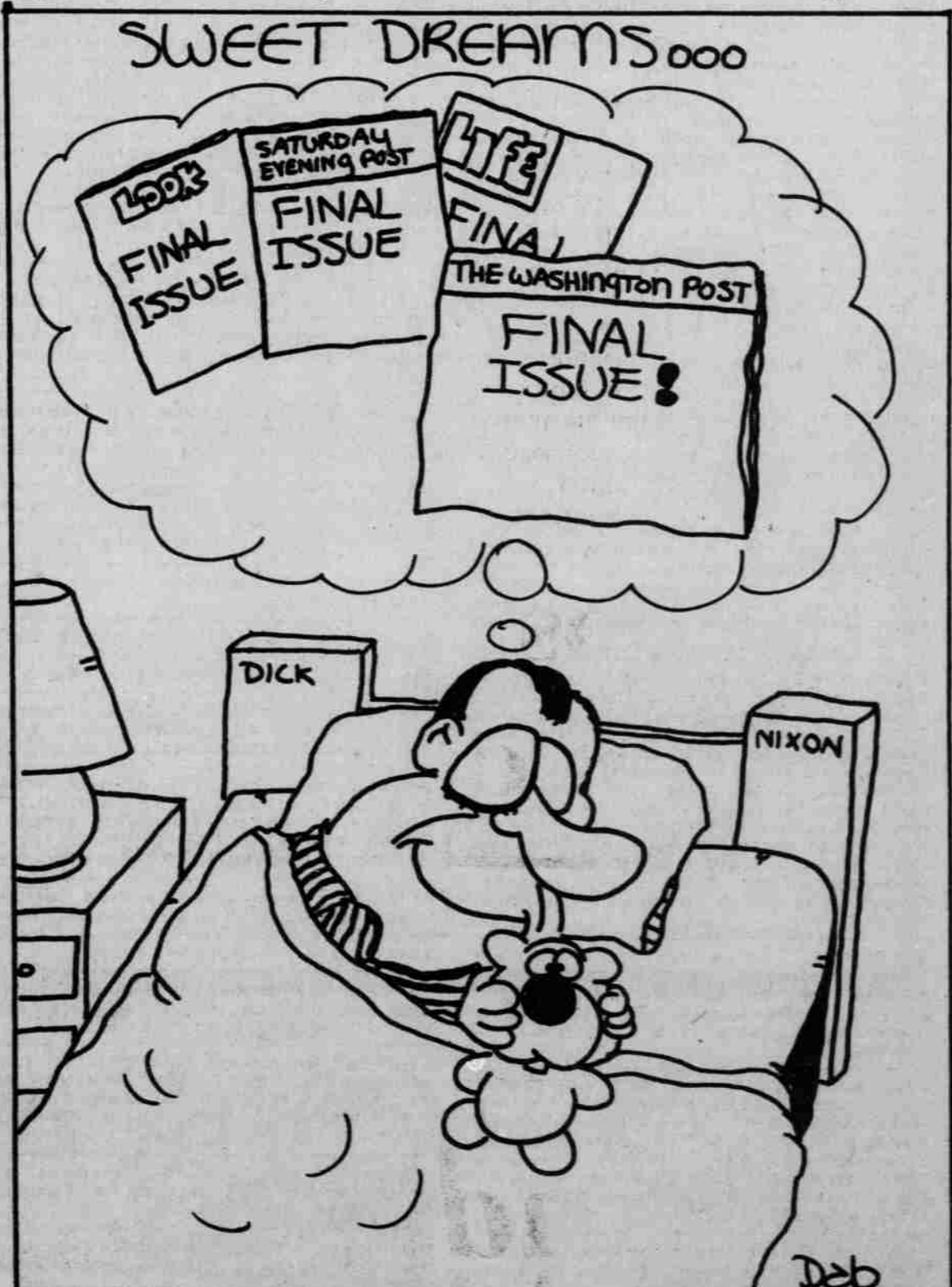
But we must not, because we are all responsible for it.

The saturation, around-the-clock bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong ended December 30th. But heavy bombing

continues south of the 20th parallel in North Vietnam, and in South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. Negotiations resumed Monday. But they will sign the original October 26 agreement. Meanwhile, they have been feverishly evacuating all of their cities north of the 20th parallel in anticipation of renewed bombing.

Increasing numbers of Americans are joining the North Vietnamese in their distrust of our government's peace-making ability. But what can we do? First of all, we can write our Congressmen, demanding that they cut off all funds for the war. Recent reports

indicate that Congress is finally planning to seriously discuss this. They need our support. Incidentally, when we mail these letters, we should put them in the Out-of-Town slot at the Post Office. That way, they get a "U.S. Postal Service, N.C." postmark rather than a Chapel Hill one. Similarly, use your home, not your campus, address. (Student voices tend to be ignored.) If you voted for the person to whom you write, let him know. And if you are a veteran, mention that fact. Beyond this, join in local peace activities; watch for mention of them in this paper. And encourage your friends and family to get involved.



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