

Challenge To Sanity

A new year is born, and in its first gurgles it promises to be a crucial 365 days, a period that may well decide the fate of the world for years if not centuries to come.

Coming almost unheralded was a man made planet currently racing to orbit around the sun, and heralded but not predicted was the overturn of a government in Cuba, signalling the successful completion of a two year guerrilla war.

In the largest sense, these developments indicate once more that the world in which this generation lives is the most fluid and least static of any in the history of man. It is a world whose perimeter is enlarged beyond the circumference of the planet earth to the solar system and the universe. It is a world where time is no longer measured in days, but in seconds and subdivisions of seconds.

It is a world in which man's control over nature, man's knowledge of nature, and man's ability to prepare himself for nature has reached untold heights, and it is a world in which man's appreciation of nature has not increased materially over the years.

It is an era of fads and fancies. New methods are being tried, abandoned and tried again. New approaches to the arts have been put to use, but their use has been one of great quantity and very little quality.

It is a world in which the few are painfully aware of the critical time that is the present, and where the many are blissfully unaware that their very existence is being threatened. It is a world in which the poor, the uneducated, and the unthinking outnumber ten to one the leaders and potential shapers of a glorious world. It is a world complicated by the power seekers, who seek power for power's sake, and whose hunger goes unsatisfied.

The world of 1959 is a world going in two directions at once. It is going, through the help of the scientist, the philosopher, some politicians, and above all the educator, toward a maximum awareness of the universe and unlimited freedom for man to develop. At the same time it is plunging with ever increasing velocity towards its own destruction and annihilation.

Man is now and has been his own best ally and his own worst enemy. He has, if he wants to use it, the talent, ability, and brains to make a heaven on earth, and if he fails to realize his potential, fails to awaken to the realities of this earth, he will end his existence.

At no time in history has there been as great a necessity for thought followed by action. At no time in history has there been so little leadership.

There is no assurance now that right will win out, or that good will triumph over which there may be treasure or nothingness.

There is not even a realization on the part of most people in the world as to what they consider good, worth working for, and it is a time in which what is worth working for needs the work to push it through. Right will not triumph without the effort of each individual. This is a world of cold hard realities in which the romantic concept of the knight saving the day or God delivering a miracle has no place. If the people of the world want to be saved, if they want to enjoy a world of untold beauty, they must do it themselves.

Individual initiative never meant more than it does in 1959, and individual initiative was never in less supply.

The well spring of the human mind may go down the drain or it may produce a beautiful fountain. Which will it be?

The answer or the foundation for the answer may well come in 1959.

New Year

In case some readers missed the last issue of The Daily Tar Heel prior to vacation, the editor and staff extend to the campus a wish for a very happy, prosperous, and productive New Year.

Unfortunately that new year has to be marred by return to classes, and the grim prospect of examinations some twelve days away. Through all the havoc, it might be a good idea to keep in mind that despite the rigors of the next two weeks a fantastic percentage of people survive without committing suicide or dying from the strain. Yet, the rigors of the next two weeks are for the most part well worth the effort, for those who want an education. It is, however, somewhat unfortunate that most people spend the next two weeks doing what they should have done all semester. Yet, procrastination exists and until there is built up through the grade schools and high schools a real zeal for learning, it will continue to exist in the field of education.

One can only hope that before too long government will awaken to education, and students will cease to cheat themselves.

The End Of An Era?

Hans J. Morgenthau

(The following is from a recent issue of The New Republic)

We are in Mr. Khrushchev's debt for having warned us, and in Walter Lippmann's for having conveyed the warning, that the United States may be enjoying "the last years of its greatness." The scene is extraordinary and full of meaning, and the meaning is in the best Marxist tradition. Other would-be conquerors have foretold the impending doom of their prospective victims, arguing from their weakness and from the decline of their greatness, reminding them perhaps of a greatness of which nothing remains but the trappings. Such is not Mr. Khrushchev's argument. He recognizes America's present greatness and he denies its future not because it will itself decline but because the Soviet Union will surpass it. One is reminded of the tribute — unmatched both in praise and insight by any defender of capitalism — which Marx and Engels paid the bourgeoisie in "The Communist Manifesto":

It has been the first to show what man's activity can bring about. It has accomplished wonders far surpassing Egyptian pyramids, Roman aqueducts, and Gothic cathedrals. . . . The bourgeoisie . . . has created more massive and more colossal productive forces than have all preceding generations together.

And it is both in spite and by virtue of these achievements (because it could achieve nothing else, exhausting its historic mission with these achievements) that the founders of Communism were as confident as is their present heir of the impending doom of capitalism.

The message which Mr. Khrushchev, echoing Marx and Engels, sends us through Mr. Lippmann, then, is this: you are doomed not because you are small and weak, but because your greatness and strength are inextricably tied to a particular period of history which Communism is in the process of leaving behind.

As a general proposition, the point it makes is well taken. For history bears indeed witness to the truth that a society which is unable to adapt itself to new conditions and restore its vital energies in the successful contest with new problems is doomed and that all historic societies have sooner or later been so doomed.

What makes the truth of that general proposition acutely poignant for us is a general climate of opinion and a general trend of policy which, if they do not appear to bear out that truth, do not deny it persuasively.

Our government appears to act upon the assumption, which the people are pleased to accept as self-evident, that our greatness is a kind of inherited, if not natural, quality owing to certain traditional ways of thought and action and to be perpetuated through the perpetuation these ways. This state of mind derives from what is in essence an isolationist conception of our greatness. Time was indeed when we could afford to compare our political institutions and social arrangements with those of other nations and rest assured. Time was when we could be satisfied to compare our present with our past strength and with the prospects for the future. Yet the superiority of our way of life, in terms not of abstract philosophic principles but of political and economic results, is no longer as obvious either to us or to the rest of the world as it used to be. To hundreds of millions of people the Communist way of life appears more attractive than ours. Our strength vis-a-vis other nations can no longer be measured by the degree of our unchallengeable superiority within the Western Hemisphere. It must be measured against a competition which is resolved to leave us behind and is dogmatically certain that it will.

It would, of course, be preposterous to suggest that we don't know all this. Yet our actions belie our knowledge. We know that we are fighting for our lives, but we act as though it could not be quite as serious as that. This contrast between knowledge and action distinguishes the new isolationism from the old. The isolationism did not know what the score was and acted as though the score did not exist. The new isolationism knows the score, but hankers back to when we could afford to ignore it.

This neo-isolationist state of mind causes almost of necessity a perversion of the priorities of national policy. National policy is at all times confronted with demands which exceed, or seem to exceed, the available resources. It is the task of statesmanship to judge correctly both the actual and potential amount of the resources available and the relative importance of the demands upon them in order to support what is important with what is necessary. The Administration has failed in both tasks. Starting with a static, pre-Keynesian conception of economic life and of the creative role of government within it, the Administration has erected the balanced budget to the measure of all policy. The question, can we afford it? has pride of place before all questions of substantive policy. And since the answer is in the negative, the argument in reverse comes easy.

This state of mind not only perverts the priorities upon which the Administration acts, it also exerts a subtly corrupting influence upon the public debate on public issues. With the Administration having set the tone, public and, more particularly Congressional opinion tends to divide not according to the substantive merits of the issues but according to how expensive one kind of policy is compared with another kind. The President having stigmatized the opposition as "spender," the opposition is tempted to join the issue by either proving that it is at least as budget-conscious as the Administration or else by defying the Administration and providing more than it has asked for.

Yet in truth the controversy over spending is utterly absurd. Since this strictly economic absurdity has been argued with special competence by others, such as the businessmen of the Committee for Economic Development, it only needs to be pointed out here that if the Soviet Union — with less than half our national product — can afford to challenge the United States on land, on the seas, and in the air, in economic productivity, in technical innovation, in foreign aid and trade, in the struggle for the minds of men, it is tantamount to a declaration of national bankruptcy for us to act on the assumption that we cannot afford an adequate response to the Communist challenge. The issue which must for us overshadow all others is not how to save money but, first, how to survive and, then, how to emerge victorious from this contest. The nation which would assure its survival would have forfeited its claim to greatness and jeopardized its very existence as well.

It is against this state of mind, permeating the Administration, that the 86th Congress must defend the interests of the nation. It is against its corrosive influence, against its infectious lure to escape from the hard and risky issues of history into the simple and certain world of accounting that it must be on guard. For this state of mind, by taking our greatness and our survival for granted and by reducing the great issues facing the nation and mankind to a matter of dollars and cents, is in truth as was its isolationist predecessor in the interwar period, a prescription for disaster. Militarily, it spells mortal danger. Politically, it spells defense of an indefensible status quo. Economically, it spells wasteful stagnation. Administratively, it spells chaos. And as the policy of the opposition, it spells "modernization."

(To Be Continued)

"Do You Think I've Quite Got Him?"



Point Of No Survival

Harrison Brown

We Americans are confronted today by the very basic elementary problem of survival—survival of our nation, our freedom, our culture, our people, our civilization and of the human species itself. But our problem today differs considerably from that of Neanderthal Man when suddenly confronted by a wild beast. Then the decision was a very simple one—kill or be killed. But now, so complex has our modern industrial world become, and so dependent have we become upon the smooth functioning of the intricate network of mines and factories, that the problem of survival has been transformed into a fantastic assortment of problems—all of which are interrelated and all of which must be recognized and solved if human beings are to continue to inhabit the earth.

It seems to me that the most important requisite for survival, both of our nation and our freedom, is the formulation of long-range goals. The first of these goals involves the recognition that survival and world anarchy are incompatible, that whether we like it or not we must move toward a rule of world law or perish. We should heed the words of Alexander Hamilton when he asked, "Why was government instituted at all?" He answered, "Because the passions of men will not conform to the dictates of reason and justice without constraint." I believe that we should declare world law to be a goal, realizing fully the difficulties which lie in our path.

Our second objective should be to do everything possible to make the industrial transition in the presently underdeveloped areas of the world as smooth and as free from turmoil as possible. We should recognize that it is very much in the interest of our long-range security that starvation be eliminated in India, that her population be brought under control, and that these things happen within the framework of a democratic government. In the long run this is even more important to our security and freedom than the development of the ultimate in intercontinental ballistic missiles.

Once we recognize that long-range goals are truly requisites for survival, it becomes possible to formulate short-range goals and policies reasonably intelligently. I believe that high on the list of immediate objectives should be disarmament and control agreements under United Nations supervision and control. Equally high on the list should be the establishment, again under United Nations supervision and control, of a program of world development which is truly adequate.

Of the narrower problems which now confront our nation, I believe that of education is the most important. We have got to face the

fact that we are simply not sufficiently well-educated to survive in our modern world—that the savage in the jungle was far better equipped to survive in his world than we are in ours. The savage who is not familiar with his tools and weapons and who does not understand the habits of the plants and animals about him cannot survive for long. Similarly, we who live in the complex environment of industrial civilization must understand that civilization.

I believe that we should strip our school curricula of frivolity and non-sense and eliminate from it those activities which could just as well be extra-curricular or which should be learned in the home. We should load our students with just as much solid material as they can handle. We should look upon the bright child as being our most treasured resource.

Intimately connected with the problem of education—particularly at the higher levels, is the problem of accumulating new knowledge of research. The tasks of keeping the complex machinery of industrial society functioning, of producing raw materials from the leanest of earth-substances, of providing enough energy and power, of producing enough food for the rapidly-increasing numbers of mouths, of decreasing the rate of population growth — these tasks will necessitate our accumulating knowledge in the decades ahead at a rate which is far greater than our rate of accumulation today. Whether we like it or not, we have passed a major point-of-no-return

and have become completely dependent upon our science and our technology for our personal and cultural survival.

It seems to me that on matters like this we have a great deal of soul-searching to do and quite a few questions to ask ourselves. And the answers to these questions may well determine whether man continues to inhabit our planet. We Americans own 50 per cent of the world's wealth, yet we account for little more than 6 per cent of its population. We own 29 per cent of the world's railroad mileage, 71 per cent of its automobiles, and 52 per cent of its radios. We produce more food than we can eat. Yet in the midst of this material wealth, life somehow has lost purpose and meaning. We have become selfish, fat, conceited, soft, and lazy. Where once we were doers, we are now free riders. Where once we fought for freedom and democracy, we now take it for granted — or, even worse, ignore it.

Where lies America's destiny? What kind of a world do we want to leave behind for our children and for the generations which will follow them? What kind of a world do we, ourselves, want to inhabit? What outlooks and actions are necessary if we are to set our sights beyond those which our daily press, the world of advertising, and our politicians set for us? What outlooks and actions are necessary if purpose and meaning are to be brought back into our lives? —The Saturday Review.

Harper's Bizarre

We have lost our heart to a charming little lady. Her name is Miss Nancy. She's a deep Southern belle, and she'll tell you that she's that (holding up three fingers) old. She is mistress of all she surveys, and she conquered us at one glance: We would have gladly fallen on our knees before her, but she was sitting on our lap at the time. She seemed to spend most of the holidays on our lap, in front of the television set. But if she was fond of sitting on our lap, she was enthusiastic about perching on our shoulders. From that vantage point she could survey all her domain in the proper manner — for surely, we were not the only one who fell in the gaze of those brown eyes — and she was photographed in that attitude more than any starlet before her.

Whenever she could free herself from her obedient servant she would rush about the house on dancing feet. Once in a moment of frantic play with her sister (who can tell you she's six, without fingers), the two crashed together head-on. Stunned, they both fell to the floor, then both laughed, and my queen announced, "We never cry," and rushed off on another dancing flight.

She was the youngest around our house this Christmas, so it was her Christmas. Every light shone and every cookie melted for her. We remember Christmas morning when we tried to get her into a new pair of miniature spike heels. She patiently waited while we attempted to put the little things on correctly. Later we found that she navigated much better in our oversize mocs.

Perhaps the most vivid picture of a child's Christmas we will ever have, she gave. Maybe it was a reflection, but the central figure, if not the song, was Christmas herself. Miss Nancy stood on our hearth Christmas eve, her audience ranged before her, the tree lights shining in her eyes, and softly sang "I Love to Live in Alabama." Never before had Alabama seemed so appealing. Nor had Christmas.

—J. Harper

On Iceland

Sidney Dakar

I hope that all of you had a cool Yule, and a frantic First. Yours truly was fortunate in being able to spend a cool Yule in Iceland and a frantic, very frantic, First in Paris. So much has already been written about Paris that I could add little. It is better that today's column be devoted to Iceland, a man's paradise.

Iceland lies in the middle of the North Atlantic and just touches the Arctic Circle with its northern shore. It is warmed by the Gulf Stream. When Iceland is mentioned to most Americans, they conjure up visions of igloos and Eskimos; nothing could be more erroneous.

The Icelanders are some of the best educated people in the world and they have a proud history and culture that is traced back for one thousand years. These people are of Scandinavian descent and they have many of the characteristics of people from Norway, Sweden and Denmark. The Icelanders are a proud people and they take steps to keep their race as pure as possible. For example, no Negroes are allowed to even visit the island. No Negroes are allowed on the huge SAC base at Keflavik.

But, let me get down to the thing that is dear to the heart of the Carolina male — women. In all of my travels I have never seen such beautiful women as those in Iceland. The following words will not be believed unless you see one day for yourself. Let me urge every Carolina male who plans to take a trip to Europe this summer to go by way of Iceland. After seeing those beautiful dolls, many of you will probably forget all about Europe.

Almost every Icelandic girl has long, golden blond hair, sparkling, sky blue eyes, and a most delicate, white complexion. My words can not adequately describe their beautiful complexion; their skin, when pinched lightly, is the type that turns to a color not unlike the warm glow of a bed of coals after the flames have died out. Almost every Icelandic girl looks as good or better than the average movie queen. All of this is good, yet the most amazing thing about these beautiful dolls is their number. Honestly, there seems to be three of these girls to every male and all of them seem to be between the age of 18 and 25.

The Hotel Borg in Reykjavik is the best on the island and it only costs about \$3.00 per day — if you exchange your money at the right place. This hotel has a dance band (mostly American music) and it holds dances every night, I believe, except Wednesdays. Every night of my stay the ballroom was so full of these lovely, luscious creatures, all dressed to the teeth, that many were standing in the lobby because there were no more seats available. The strange thing is that at least 75% of these girls come unescorted! At most of the tables there were three or four single girls just waiting for someone to ask them to dance.

It was frustrating for me, when I saw what I thought was the most beautiful girl in the world and started dancing with her, I would spot one even more beautiful. All of the girls are anxious to dance and never refuse when asked. It is a great insult for an Icelandic girl to come to a dance and then refuse to dance when an Icelandic male asks her. We need more of this spirit around here.

These girls informed me that Icelandic men rarely compliment them on their beauty and that such comments would embarrass them. This was a little hard for me to believe. Knowing women, I say a few well chosen remarks at the proper moment will help a man's cause regardless of the nationality of the woman. This proved no less true in the case in point. And last, but by no means least, it seems that just about all of these girls are firm believers in the much debated doctrine of "free love!"

If the University of Iceland had taught in English, I would not be writing these lines; I would be in Iceland.

FAA gives the best service to Iceland. You will stop for gas at Gander. The total flight time is about 12 hours on a DC-7. The planes stop at Keflavik, the U. S. base. Reykjavik is 30 miles; a bus costs a \$1.00, a taxi about \$10.00. The official exchange rate is about 12K to \$1.00; the tourist rate is 25K of \$1.00. However, even this rate is unrealistic and there are plenty of places on the black market that gives 40K to \$1.00.

Here is looking at you in Iceland. Happy hunting.

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