

Policy Statement

Friday afternoon one of this campus' finest young coeds made a most off-base comment in the offices of The Daily Tar Heel.

The individual happens to be a member of one of the local sororities. When informed by the Editor that the paper was planning on taking some pot-shots at the sororities' Mickey Mouse rushing program, she remarked, "Remember what happened to Norman Smith when he started slamming the sororities and fraternities around."

Our answer to this is simply that this paper will discuss any issue pertaining to any group at any time that it deems it necessary to do so.

We will only accept such statements as a challenge to fulfill the purpose of this paper, i.e. to stimulate thought.

Challenging Brother Edit

The editor takes up most of the page today with a reprint of a speech made by his elder brother to a group of incoming freshmen. Those of you who have elder brothers (and/or sisters) will know what pain and humiliation is thereby involved.

In any event, the speech is not reprinted for reasons of crass nepotism. It is reprinted because it is, beyond any question, one of the most important things that has been said on this campus in a long time.

YOU ARE THE CHALLENGE merits your closest attention. It also merits additional reprinting by those college editors on our exchange list.

Touring The Bush With Al

Not too long ago there was a guy named Lowenstein who pursued higher education on this campus. He was a funny sort of guy, kinda mixed up in every possible activity he could find. He was and is today a great wrestler, politician, academician, counselor, speech-maker, world traveler, writer and friend.

Well, a while ago Lowenstein left the Carolina scene, and went to work for Senator Hubert Humphrey in Washington. And then this summer, the former Tar Heel took a trip to South West Africa for the United Nations. Four weeks ago Lowenstein returned to this country and immediately drove to the University of Illinois to partake in the program of the National Student Association's Annual Congress. (He's a former President of that group.)

Several times during the course of the Congress, which was aside from this pretty dull, Lowenstein stepped behind the rostrum to address delegates on what he had seen in South West Africa this summer. Tuesday in this editorial column, the Editor will start the first of a two part series on the Lowenstein trip, paraphrasing his recent remarks and impressions. This will be done because of the simple fact that what is happening in this very remote spot is important to this campus.

So join us Tuesday when we tour the "bush" with Allard K. Lowenstein, a first class guy.

What About This?

1. The nation is at war.
2. The nation is losing the war, badly.
3. The nation must exert a vastly greater effort.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina where it is published daily except Monday and examination periods and summer terms.

Entered as second class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.00 per semester, \$7.00 per year.

The Daily Tar Heel is printed by the News Inc., Carrboro, N. C.

Editor: DAVIS B. YOUNG
 Associate Editors: FRANK CROWTHER, RON SHUMATE
 Assistant To Editor: GINNY ALDIGE
 Managing Editor: CHUCK ROSS
 Co-Managing Editor: LARRY SMITH
 Business Manager: WALKER BLANTON
 Advertising Manager: JOHN MINTER

You Are The Challenge

Peter B. Young

(Mr. Young, a Woodrow Wilson and Southern Fund Fellow in the UNC History Department, is currently working on a study of strategic thinking at the Air War College. This speech was delivered to 150 freshman students at the YMCA Orientation Camp. —Editor.)

The great Army tank general, George S. Patton, once was pushed out on stage in front of a high school assembly in Iowa, or some other equally God-forsaken place. The general had a little canned speech all ready for the students, something about buying war bonds, but when he saw those alert, clean young faces he threw away his prepared text and tried desperately to get across a succinct expression of hard-earned wisdom. He began his ad-libbed speech this way: "KIDS, DON'T BE A DUMB BASTARD AND DIE FOR YOUR COUNTRY! MAKE SOME OTHER DUMB BASTARD DIE FOR HIS COUNTRY!"

There is no record of the students' response to General Patton's advice. There is no evidence, either from Iowa or anywhere else in America, that indicates our understanding of Patton's fundamental principle that sound thinking can save our lives. On the contrary, there is considerable evidence that we have failed to take Patton's injunction to heart. We spend more money for highways than for schools. We spend more money for television advertising than for public health. We spend more money for booze and cigarettes than for missiles. The chances are excellent that this kind of topsy-turvy confusion will kill a majority of Americans within the next five years, and thereby end the great American saga.

On that cheery note permit me to add my small welcome as you begin your college careers. At this precious moment we are all virgins. As far as the University of North Carolina is concerned, you are without a fault. And as far as you are concerned, the University is populated by intellectual giants about on a par with the late Albert Einstein. It will take about one week to dispel this false illusion of virginity. The University will find that most of you have been "had" by criminally inadequate high schools, that you are unequipped for serious college work. You, in turn, will quickly discover that we are not intellectual giants, that we are, in fact, something very close to stumblebums. Having discovered these awful truths, we will then settle down to some sort of four year marriage. For a few of you, a precious few, it will be a marriage of love. For most of you, it will be a marriage of convenience or worse, a grim marriage of necessity.

Now I am supposed to address you this morning on the assigned subject: THE CHALLENGE OF THE WORLD SITUATION. The YMCA Committee that concocted this pretentious title did so on the sound assumption that it was so meaningless as to enable me to say anything I wanted. The first thing I want to do is to examine this title in the most literal sense. The title implies that there is something separate and distinct from us, something called "the world situation," and this something is a challenge. What nonsense! There is nothing on this earth that you are not intimately connected with.

YOU are "the challenge of the world situation." Such strengths as you possess are the hope of "the world situation." Year many abundant weaknesses are the despair of "the world situation."

YOU ARE THE CHALLENGE OF THE WORLD SITUATION. And around this simple, but radical, formulation I will build the rest of my talk. The dominant fact about "the world situation" that you are a part of — that you are the challenge of — is that there is a war going on. The major belligerents are, of course, ourselves and the Russians. You will be surprised how many supposedly intelligent people refuse to face this sordid fact: that there is a war in progress and (you may be interested) we are currently the losers. An important part of your job as students will be to rudely inject this nasty fact into every classroom.

Where is this war being fought? This is an important question, and I will answer it by telling a very personal story. Please forgive me. The story concerns, in addition to myself, a beautiful and wonderful girl who once told me the most magnificent lie I ever heard. The story takes place in 1950 when I was just about your age, and the girl was perhaps a little younger. We were spending the day on an isolated beach about 20 miles south of Los Angeles. We had a portable radio, a few sandwiches and (truth will out) a six pack of beer. You dig the bit, I am sure. Now this girl was a Polish Jew, and as a mere child she had somehow managed to survive the great Nazi death camp of Auschwitz. About three million Jews were exterminated at this camp while only a handful survived. A long chain of little miracles brought this girl to that Southern California beach, to the portable radio and the sandwiches and the beer. We dozed off after lunch. If there were any onlookers (which I doubt) it was a peaceful American scene: the boy, the girl, the blanket, the radio, the empty beer cans. I was awakened when the girl began talking in her sleep. When she uttered wordless little cries and whimpers, and finally her whole body shuddered fearfully. She was having a nightmare, and I gently woke her. "Bad dream?" I asked. "Yes," she said, "I was dreaming about the camp. I am so sorry."

For some reason, perhaps because it was so wildly grotesque for her to apologize to me for the nightmare, I broke up. I mean I bawled. At this point, our roles reverse. She attempted to comfort me. She held me in her arms, patted my head, and said: "Do not cry, Peter. We are in America, and the war is far away."

THE WAR IS FAR AWAY. No! This was a lie, a magnificent lie, a lie motivated by love, but a lie nevertheless. The war was right there on that secluded California beach. And I mean to tell you that it was a hellishly tough war that day in sunny California. She was wounded in that war, and so was I.

THE WAR IS NEVER FAR AWAY. That is the first corollary to our major formulation — that YOU are the challenge of the world situation. How close to Chapel Hill is the purely military aspect of the great war now in progress? This question can be answered with precision. The purely military aspect of the great war for the world is currently being fought at Goldsboro, about 80 miles from here.

A few weeks ago, I saw a small paragraph buried in the back pages of the Durham newspaper that the Strategic Air Command had transferred a squadron of giant B-52s to the air base at Goldsboro. A squadron of B-52s consists of 15 planes. In addition, these particular planes were B-52G models, with the exception of the missiles and the B-58s now phasing in, the best offensive weapons we possess. This one squadron of B-52s at Goldsboro carries more of an explosive punch than all the planes of all the countries combined in World War II. This one squadron at Goldsboro is fully capable of killing perhaps 25 to 30 million Russians.

Now if I saw this little paragraph in the newspaper, you may be sure that Soviet Intelligence also picked it up. Those boys are good, and they buy a lot of American newspapers for just such tidbits as the one that I fell across. Therefore, it is safe to assume that somewhere in the U.S.S.R., in an underground command post,



there is an enormous war map of the United States with a pin, of a particular color, placed squarely on Goldsboro. The color of the pin means that in the latest, revised Russian war plan a missile-carrying submarine or an intercontinental rocket or a long-range bomber has been assigned the routine chore of "taking out" Goldsboro. Taking out Goldsboro will also take out much of the sovereign state of North Carolina.

But if the fall-out pattern is of a certain configuration we in Chapel Hill may well survive. That is, we will survive if the administration of this University has the vision and the foresight to stockpile a two-weeks supply of canned foods to keep us going. This is the minimum civil defense recommendation, and I see no reason why institutions cannot be urged to comply, as well as individual householders.

It is one of the great ironies of history that the metropolis of New York poses no immediate threat to the Russians and therefore can be allowed to live for a day or two or three, while Goldsboro, N. C. — the Peyton Place of Tobacco Road — must be obliterated instantly on the first strike.

In a deeper sense, the war is even closer to Chapel Hill than Goldsboro. This is a total war, a phenomenon peculiar to our century, which means simply that it is a war fought with every kind of weapon in every place. This war we are in, this war we are losing, is like a many-faceted diamond. Turn it one way and the light reveals a military aspect. Turn it another way and you see the political aspect. Turn it still another way and you get the economic slant of the conflict. Keep turning it, and you will see still more facets — ideological, psychological, subversive, etc.

The front is everywhere. Here in Chapel Hill the war is being fought on the education front. When you walk into a classroom at the University of North Carolina, your real competition does not come from the bright kid who sits next to you, that kid who keeps pushing up the curve and whom you heartily detest. No, he is not your competition.

Your real competition is sitting in a classroom on the other side of the world. He is your Russian opposite number. And he is just as annoyed with HIS curve setters as you are with yours. Because, you see, your Russian opposite number, like you, is no genius. Like you, he is just a guy. His one advantage (an important one) is that he understands far more clearly than you the essential facts about the war now in progress. Because of this understanding, your Russian opposite number is a very hard-working boy.

The importance of this educational front cannot be overestimated. In fact, it may well be the most important front of all. What a man thinks will largely determine the nature of his weapons. These weapons, in turn, will largely determine the nature of his strategy, and therefore, his

chances of victory. Notice that in this chain THINKING comes first. And what comes even before thinking? TRAINING. You cannot think until you are trained. That is why you are now about to enter the University of North Carolina. That is why your performance here is so critically important.

This brings me to the second (and last) corollary to our major formulation. THE EVENTUAL OUTCOME OF THE WAR — VICTORY OR DEFEAT, LIFE OR DEATH — WILL BE DETERMINED BY A CALCULUS OF EFFORT. This second corollary can best be illustrated by a little borrowing from the world of big-time football, surely a timely subject in itself.

Next week, when the sun goes down behind Kenan Stadium, the scoreboard will read (we hope) UNC 26, Clemson 7. (And UNC will be well on its way to the Sugar Bowl where my alma mater, LSU, will beat their brains out). But let's get back to this Clemson score, 28-7, and what it really means. On every play of the game, every man will have an assignment which will bring him into conflict with one or maybe more of the opposition. If there are 100 plays in the game, this means that there are perhaps 1100 little conflicts subsumed within the one big conflict which registers on the scoreboard. Each one of these little conflicts has a winner and a loser. So a more accurate rendition of the Carolina-Clemson score might well be Carolina 647, Clemson 453.

Which one of these little conflicts was the decisive one? That is impossible to determine. Actually, they are all decisive, each and every one. That is why Bear Bryant, the great Alabama coach, says: "The name of the game is knock." The most fundamental idea in football is to belt that other guy on EVERY play. (And sometimes between plays). That is why Paul Dietzel, coach of the LSU national champs, has a sign in his locker room which reads: "When the going gets tough, that's when the tough get going." If we belt that other guy on every play, if we smash him every chance we get, the cumulative effect of this kind of pounding will eventually crack him. He will get one straw too many, and we will find (much to our surprise) that we have broken his back. At that point we get the spectacular touchdown which even the fans in the stadium can see.

What holds true for football also holds true for international conflict. The great war for the world is actually made up of an infinite number of little, man-to-man conflicts. As previously indicated, these little conflicts take place everywhere; these little conflicts are military, political, economic, psychological, ideological, etc. Which of these little conflicts will prove to be decisive? Again, no one knows. It could easily be that the fate of the world will be determined in a Chapel Hill classroom. It may be that one of you will suddenly catch on fire in a freshman history class, and, as a result, grow up to provide this nation with a portion of the distinguished, gutsy leadership it so desperately needs.

In any event, as your "coach" for today, I want to give you your assignment. For the next four years, your assignment is to belt that Russian kid, your opposite number, EVERY day. I mean I want you to smash him, and I'm not too particular how you do it. As your "coach" for today, you should know that I am not one of

these phony "character builders." Like the late Jim Tatum, I believe that WINNING builds character far more effectively than LOSING. This is particularly true in the international conflict where the penalty for being a loser is death. I have yet to hear of a corpse which has any kind of character whatsoever.

Since we began with a Patton story, I suppose that symmetry demands another Patton story as we approach our conclusion. Patton was never the kind of general who stayed behind his troops. He was always out in front. (For those of you who have grown to maturity under Eisenhower, this particular quality is called "leadership.")

One day, Patton, accompanied by his driver, came across a detachment of GIs lolling on the edge of a small river in Western Germany. It was November of 1944, the river was just beginning to encrust with ice, and the pace of Patton's lightning advance had bogged down.

The general leaped out of his jeep and, with his usual gentleness, demanded to know just what in the hell was going on.

A young lieutenant came forward. "Sorry, Sir," he said. "We're waiting for the engineers to come up and build us a bridge." "YOU'RE WHAT?" roared the incredulous Patton. "YOU STUPID SON-OF-A-BITCH, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO GET ACROSS THAT RIVER!"

With that, the general ripped off all his clothes, dove into the icy stream, swam across with powerful, lunging strokes, and clambered up the bank on the other side. There he stood, naked, the pride of the American Army. He yelled a few choice obscenities in German on the off-chance that there might be some Nazis present, turned around, and returned the same way he came. He stood in front of the lieutenant, wet and shivering and still naked. "That," he said, "is how you will get across the river."

In terms of your own situation, the point of that little story is this. Do not wait for our faculty to come up and build you a nice easy "bridge." In the first place, the chance is good that our faculty (like other faculties) is never coming. In the second place, if by some miracle the faculty should make the scene, they will doubtless construct a bridge that will collapse the first time you put any weight on it.

No, you must rip off your clothes (so to speak) and dive in. Dive in where? Try the library. In many respects, it is a third-rate library, but it is all we have and we must learn to work within its limitations. If you are devoted and ingenious, I can assure you that there is more than enough material even in our library which will enable you to carry out successfully your important assignment — to belt that Russian kid every day.

And now we must summarize and conclude.

FIRST, You are the challenge of the world situation.

SECOND, The war is never far away. The war is everywhere.

THIRD, The eventual outcome of the war for the world will be determined by a calculus of effort. The decisive blow may be struck at any point, even in a sleepy Chapel Hill classroom. If you keep these fundamentals in mind, you may yet live. Indeed, you may live to see and help build the bright tomorrow. Good luck, and God bless you.

Beat & Silent Generations

Frank Crowther (PART II)

If we are to thoroughly understand the Beat and Silent Generations, we must begin by examining their collective roots which reach back to the Lost Generation of the 20's. For the past few years, this country has been experiencing a revival of interest in the "flapper era," but this must be termed a superficial trend because we have actually never lost the hangover brought about by those reckless years following World War I.

The Lost Generation was neither lost nor a generation. It was a romantic idea precipitated by many things: the war, the hopelessness about politics, the intellectual demoralization, the disintegration of the pattern of old values—in fact, the entire physical and spiritual flop experienced at the end of the war. The whole world seemed to have an "Out of Order" sign hanging on it. All of the sad young men in the works of Hemingway and Fitzgerald, the prophets of the age, were said to have been seekers "for landmarks in a terrain for which the maps had been mislaid." Since there is not space to write a definite essay on the 20's, I will confine my remarks to the world of the Lost Generation as pictured by Ernest Hemingway, who became its spokesman but who did not believe in its existence (as he has said many times and as is evident if you read carefully the inscription in "The Sun Also Rises").

Hemingway shrewdly designated himself, for a time, as the literary biographer of the Lost Generation, for which Gertrude Stein was supposedly the "high priestess." In "A Farewell To Arms" the author alluded to the time preceding his earlier work, "The Sun Also Rises," and told a fictional story of the events which led to the latter novel. It was a tale which provided a great literary escape for the sad young men who had fought in the war (and for many who had not) and returned home to find only dispondency and desolation. The novel offered them a romantic picture of the past that produced an emotional sentiment for the time to which none of them could return. Hemingway wisely drew from "the lonely discards of society" for his several characters and painted a touching story of irony—the central figures, Catherine and Frederic, are presented as two against a world that has become coldly alien. They were victims of a mundane hell into which they felt themselves unfairly cast.

The milieu of the novel was the war and its values were extracted by retrospection into the historical past through a chain of events which terminated in a certain sensory culmination of emotions. The book was wildly successful at the time of its publication since the country was overly supplied with recalcitrants who for so long had been rebelling against all constituted authority. It became the temporary assuage for many of the men and women who had lost their moral consciences and their human compasses, who responded to the fact that "we can never go back" but wasn't it so damned beautiful to slobber over it.

Within these two books, the sad escape artists found all the tools of their trade: obsession with war, frustration, futility, alcoholic escape, ethical decisions, the problem of the moment, fearsome symbolism, premonition of disaster, violent death, animal sacrifice, self-sacrifice, religious sexual union and a perverted code of behavior. All of these were characteristic of the animal or natural man who recognized the disappearance of the human soul which apparently did not exist in the first place, who bemoaned the fact that all life must be transcended by the world (we are born, live and die while the world pervades).

The "not shutting one's eyes" when confronting death was all important for it was only then, so the story goes, that we realize the fact that all life is directed toward death and nothingness. As Frederic observes in "A Farewell To Arms," "The world breaks every one and afterward many are strong at the broken places. But those that will not break it kills. It kills the very good and the very gentle and the very brave impartially. If you are none of these you can be sure it will kill you too but there will be no special hurry."

Thus the cult became one of futility wherein death is the "unescapable reality" and the only thing one could do was to shrug the shoulders and write it off as a "dirty trick." The sense of defeat which lay below the surface of feigned optimism of the 19th century was thereby carried over into the sadly disillusioned 20th.

The effects of the so-called Lost Generation have influenced our present generation much more than anyone has yet admitted. Also, many of us grew up during the "big war" and participated in the Korean "police action." The politicians have continually stumbled, fumbled and walked around on their knees. Our economy is not the most stable in history and is proving periodically unstable on the verge of collapse. Our values have been beaten, battered and all but lost in mulligatawny. Idealism is thought of as being naive and bourgeois. In the face of such, the Silent Generation has become apathetic in its buttoned-up decency, groupism, conservatism, conformity and the great search for security in suburbia. The Beat Generation has its jazz, Zen, poverty, social protest and misanthropic futility.

Tomorrow, we will examine more closely the Silent Generation on the College campuses of America.

PEANUTS

POGO

BY SCHULZ

BY KELLY