

Hemispheric Cooperation

Grant us brotherhood, not only for this day but for all our years—a brotherhood not of words but of acts and deeds. We are all of us children of earth—grant us that simple knowledge. If our brothers are oppressed, then we are oppressed. If they hunger we hunger. If their freedom is taken away, our freedom is not secure.

Stephen Vincent Benet

Any good relationship is based on reciprocity, a give and take. Thus when dealing with hemispheric cooperation, we must concern ourselves with this concept. Very simply, the attainment of this goal depends upon the willingness of our various nations in "providing mutual help to reach a common goal."

Certainly the key to hemispheric cooperation in the years to come is closely linked with the attitude of the American Government and its dealings with the countries of Latin America. The United States has long been the dominant power in this part of the world. However, those days are gone forever. The era of imperialism and colonialism is dead. The Caribbean Sea is no longer an American Lake. The countries set within the various political boundaries belong to the citizens who reside therein. It is for them to decide their future without pressure from the "north." The autonomy of each nation must be carefully guarded, lest the right to make decisions and the path to a freedom of choice be blocked by selfish outside interests.

The outstanding American statesman Adlai Stevenson has spoken of "the revolution of rising expectations." It is a fact that in many areas of the Western Hemisphere people die of starvation, babies are diseased and small children are kept from the education to which they are entitled. In the countries in which these situations prevail the inhabitants have opened their eyes to see that others are not so unfortunate. They desire the facilities and material possessions which Americans consider as commonplace. The United States must meet the challenge which this "revolution" presents. Possessing more material wealth than the rest of the world's peoples combined, we must give unselfishly of our resources to people everywhere. Norman Cousins, editor of the Saturday Review, has said, "Human want is now technologically obsolete." If this is true, it is time for the United States to make a genuine effort to aid the underdeveloped areas of the world as they seek a better way of life.

Hemispheric cooperation cannot be bought with the dollar, the peso or any other money. It can only be obtained through a genuine effort from all parties to work together peacefully in an attempt to rid the face of the earth of famine, sickness and want. It can only be obtained when all nations begin with the recognition of mutual equality. It can only be obtained with a common goal, that goal being the freedom of every country to determine its personal destiny among the nations of the world. It can only be obtained when each country admits that the products and resources falling within any one country belong to that country and its citizens. It can only be obtained when the diplomats of the participating nations present a true picture of our times. It can only be obtained when the rights of all individuals are respected by one and all. And finally the blissful state of hemispheric cooperation will only become a reality when the rich give to the poor looking to a better tomorrow, as opposed to today's short run returns.

As Sekou Toure, President of the African nation of Guinea, has commented, "You cannot ask a hungry man to choose between diamonds in New York and diamonds in Moscow. He takes them where he can get them." We as Americans must recognize this if we are to set about our task with the honest dedication it will take.

Merry Christmas

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

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Fraternity Conference

Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, addressed the Golden Anniversary Banquet of the National Interfraternity Conference at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York on Friday evening, Nov. 27.

His remarks about the status of education and the university in America today are significant and timely. Excerpts from his talk follow:

"As fraternity men, as college men, we represent a segment of America which was once rather unique. In my own days — only yesterday, to be sure — a college education in our society was a matter of special privilege or special sacrifice.

"But today, America goes to college with a sense of urgency, and tomorrow, if our nation is to thrive and survive, an education in all the advancing areas of knowledge will be a matter of national necessity.

"The problems of leadership offer no simple solution as was possible in earlier times. Neither force nor the threat of force will help us much. Instead we are called on for patience and wisdom, for sacrifice and total effort on many fronts.

"If we are to continue to lead, we must do so through the very difficult means of precept and example, through a breadth of vision and a singleness of strength.

"And if we are to be strong enough for such leadership, isn't it clear that we must recognize our weaknesses and root them out — because only by doing so can we build our strength?"

Among the seven principal areas of weakness in America, Mr. Johnston listed the neglect of education.

"Now here is the most peculiar of sins, the neglect of mass education, or the school in this great land of ours. Mass education was our own invention, perhaps the most noteworthy since the foundation of this republic.

"But how has it fared in recent years? I trust that you have heard of the crisis in American education, the critical shortage of school rooms and teachers and facilities for our hopefully expanding population. In fact, I don't see how anyone who has picked up a newspaper in the past ten years could escape the news of this chronic crisis.

"Three years ago we were short 150,000 classrooms, short 100,000 school teachers, and this at a time when school enrollments were increasing at the rate of 1,250,000 students a year.

"Then came Sputnik and later the Soviet moon strike. Surely these should have shaken us out of our national indifference to the national school crisis. But did they?"

"Today, in 1959, our shortage of teachers is 195,000. We are still short 140,000 classrooms. And our annual enrollment has increased by another 100,000 to 1,350,000 a year.

"While we are losing ground, the Soviet Union is engaged in a forced-draft program of education. This is one of the weapons on which it most counts to match us, to catch us and to pass us.

"How much longer can we afford this sapping of our strength through the sinful neglect of our schools?"

"Come On—I'll Find You A Decent Home Somewhere"



Book is away due to illness

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Cord And Discord

Tony Turner

Thanksgiving this year had an extra added flavor for Carolina students, alumni, and supporters. Our 50-0 massacre of Dook must have been a tremendous boost to even the most dejected Tar Heel follower. A victory over Dook makes the season a wallowing success any time, but a fifty point margin of victory is enough to elicit a booming roar from the graves of alumni.

The victory brings to mind a greater moment—perhaps the greatest ever—that occurred almost three years ago. It was in the middle of March, 1957. A tall, dark, young man stood on the free throw line of a basketball court in Kansas.

His name was Joe Quigg. His team—our great team—was trailing the University of Kansas by one point in the final game of the 1957 NCAA Basketball Tournament play-offs. He had two free tosses facing him. Only a few seconds remained in the game. His team had won 31 consecutive games that season—a collegiate record, including an excruciating triple overtime thriller over Michigan State the previous night.

On Joe's shoulders rested a behemoth task. A failure on his part to convert on either free throw would mean victory for Kansas in all probability, since only 6 seconds remained in the game. A Kansas win, of course, would bring our tremendous streak to a close; it would give them the NCAA Championship, and even though the last poll of the season had come out a week earlier, it would make our No. 1 rating much less meaningful.

Joe relaxed and tossed the ball up. It went through and tied the score. He had one more coming and the whole state of North Carolina tensed at TV sets. He pushed the second one up and it went through beautifully. Carolina was ahead.

But there was no relaxing yet. Kansas immediately called time out in order to plan one last shot which was all it would have time for. When time was in, the ball was passed in to Wilt Chamberlain, Kansas' Gargantua. He turned for a shot, which, if good, would give Kansas the game. But the shot was partially blocked by Joe Quigg and the ball fell into the hands of Tommy Kearns, Carolina's great guard, who tossed it straight up into the air just as the buzzer sounded ending the game.

Nothing ever sounded as good as that buzzer. I will never forget that one split-second when I re-

alized that victory was ours. It was as if I were going to explode in ecstatic triumph. Havoc broke loose in Chapel Hill.

Girls' dorms, boys' dorms, sorority houses, and fraternity houses were all vacated. Downtown Franklin Street was flooded by insanely happy students and townspeople within a matter of minutes. It became a frenzy of wild, felicitous activity. Coeds were given permission by Chancellor House to stay out until 2 a.m. A bonfire that has yet to be equalled was built in front of the Methodist Church. Its flames consumed any and everything from shirts to Coke crates to park benches.

Carloads of Duke students drove over to join in the mad celebration. State College students had pulled for the Tar Heels frantically. At Woman's College, the girls in one dorm were doing the bunny hop in a corridor, chanting, "We're from Carolina!" Car horns blew well into the night in my hometown. The next day, over 10,000 loyal Tar Heels met the team at Raleigh-Durham airport.

A victory that is shared will live forever. Oneness existed on that fantastic night. The team was one as it played three desperate overtimes without the services of All-American, Lennie Rosenbluth, who had fouled out before the game went into its first overtime. The students of Carolina became one—a mass body of happy Tar Heels. The Big Four became one, as our sister schools forgot old grudges and hates and pulled unanimsously for UNC. The state of North Carolina became one as millions of Carolinians glued themselves to their TV sets and cheered the Tar Heels past midnight.

In pre-season polls that year, Carolina was ranked as high as second and third in the nation. No one would have given a brass penny, however, on our chances of going through the entire season undefeated.

This season, with some of the finest talent in the land (pending the outcome of Dick Kepley's injury and the decision on Doug Moe's eligibility), Carolina has again been ranked in pre-season polls as high as second and third. The situation is similar to the one three seasons ago. Very few would predict another undefeated season and the NCAA Championship (the *Charlotte Observer* even takes an extreme opposite view by picking us to lose to South Carolina on Saturday). But who knows? These two herculean tasks are certainly not outside the realm of possibility.

On Recent Panty Raid

Ishmael Boodleheim

AUTHOR OF THE KEY TO CHAOS

College students in the U. S. have an almost pathological fear of authority, as evidenced by the way the local gestapo was able to push them around the other night during the panty raid. But look at the college students of the Latin American republics; they aren't afraid to stand up to authority and fight for their right to raise hell. And yet the cops of those countries tote tommy guns, possess itchy trigger fingers, and, in general, make our local constables look like Quakers in comparison. Here in the U. S., students seem to be cowed by the cops. For crissake! We supposedly live in the freest country in the world; and yet, we are more scared of authority than a Russian proletarian is of the MVD. Of course, we have more reason to watch our steps.

For not only do we have the Duly Constituted Authorities of the Town of Chapel Hill to obey; we are also answerable to the campus cops, the Honor Council, the Student Council, the IDC, the IFC, the Women's Residence Council, the dorm managers, the resident advisers, the General College advisers, and His Highness Ray Jeffries. Entire dormitories didn't take part in the rucus the other night merely because their dorm managers ordered them not to. Who the hell is a dorm manager to be telling free individuals what to do? And yet, we obey—like sheep. Sometimes I wonder how free we really are. Or maybe we don't want freedom. Maybe we are all content to live out our college lives in the shadow of super-numerary restrictions and under the hand of a top-heavy load of authorities.

And when we do revolt, what is our Cause? Panties, for crissake! And when there are so many really worthwhile things to raise hell about! If we want to riot, why aren't we out in front of the local theatres throwing rocks at the marquee signs because our negro students are denied admission to the movies? Why aren't we over at Raleigh, rioting in front of Luther Hodges' mansion in protest of the way he handled the Henderson Mill strikes? Why isn't a group of us up in Washington, D. C., demonstrating in front of the capital in protest of atomic testing? Again I would like to draw a comparison with our fellow students below the Rio Grande. The papers have been full of how, in the recent months, they have demonstrated and rioted against unfair taxes, totalitarian government, and American demagogues on godwill missions. Perhaps our country is more stable than Cuba, Mexico, or Venezuela; and perhaps we don't have as much to riot about. But the U. S. A. isn't perfect. And its going to get to be onehelluvastinking place within the next few decades unless someone dares to protest against the powers-that-be.

Thomas Jefferson always held that the only way this country could stay healthy politically was if there was an occasional rebellion against the authorities. And don't forget that this nation was founded by a bunch of hell-raising rebels. The famed Boston Tea Party bore little difference to our panty-raids—except that it was motivated by a Cause.

A Cause. Now why the hell can't we find a real Cause to riot about, instead of just holding mass demonstrations of our Freudian complexes. Or do we, with our convertibles and fraternities, care about such things as Causes anymore? Perhaps the roots of modern American hypocrisy and mediocrity are too deeply entrenched in our souls even at this tender age.

History has shown that students can often be a powerful force in the political life of a nation by merely exerting themselves. Even if a student-led revolt (and I mean an intellectual revolt, also) couldn't bring the walls of segregation, big business, and inept government tumbling down, it could sure do marvels for the stultified, complacent atmosphere of this sickeningly "proper" university.

Reader's Repository

Editor: Mr. Reider is unable to see why the wise man (in Tony Turner's "Cord and Discord") is good and why he might perhaps be vile, because Mr. Reider suffers from an acute inability to introspect and to perceive. This pathetic gentleman, I fear, cannot laugh. Therefore he is unable to introspect and to perceive Mr. Turner's innocent but pleasantly thoughtful article of November 15.

James G. O'Neill

Editor: As a student of Carolina, I would like to say that I admired the conduct of some of the policemen at the incident Monday night. But one of the "gentlemen," and I use the term lightly, was, or was near to being drunk. First he was out of uniform and he attacked an unarmed student without cause. Then he used very bad language which was harmful to the ears of Carolina gentlemen.

We, the students of Carolina, would like to enter a protest against this type of conduct. A firm hand we understand and respect but attack without provocation was not called for in this situation.

We do not regret the action that was taken for it was done in the good, clean tradition of Carolina. No harm was done and no harm was intended.

Let it be known that there will be a next time and that we will be organized. Any attempt by police to control us will be met by counter-action. We will take away their Whirler and then what will they do?

Name Withheld by Request

Editor: I have just returned from Williamsburg, Virginia, where I attended a meeting of foreign students from Virginia, North Carolina, and the District of Columbia. The North Carolina group included several American students, among them an American Negro, a graduate student at Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary at Wake Forest, North Carolina.

It was Thanksgiving Day as we left Raleigh on a chartered bus. Most of the restaurants along the way were closed for the holiday. Finally, about 1:30 p.m. we arrived at Murfreesboro, North Carolina and stopped at a restaurant to eat. We had already seated ourselves as a group in the restaurant when the American Negro boy was informed that he would not be served. Naturally, everyone else in the group got up and left, refusing to eat in such a place and doing without lunch on Thanksgiving Day. I noticed, however, that their haste to leave did not prevent the foreign students from taking several pictures of the restaurant, undoubtedly to be used back home to explain American democracy and individual freedom.

For the first time that I can remember, I was ashamed of being a white American. Somehow, after this, the words freedom, unalienable rights, and self-government heard so often that weekend at Williamsburg had a hollow and artificial ring.

I do not ask why, for I am a Southerner and I know why. My question is: What are we doing about it? What does it take to jar us out of our complacency? Will we ever make the "Spirit of Williamsburg" once again a vital and living concept or will we continue to be satisfied with lip service?

Sincerely, M. Glen Johnson

Dear Mama, Please keep off Mr. Crane's back. It has been twenty years since you attended Vassar and you have forgotten the needs of students struggling in school. He is most necessary to the intellectual life here, as, indeed, are countless others like him.

You know I have never been able to think and evaluate for myself. I have never learned to be discriminating nor have I ever possessed that veneer of sophistication so necessary to college men. But with Mr. Crane's aid, I can assume that veneer of sophistication and pose as an intellectual. Being a pseudo-intellectual doesn't bother me, so long as no one else knows I'm not truly intellectual.

I sat through the performance of "Carousel" and enjoyed it before I read his review and discovered I shouldn't have. I wept for two days. The same thing happened in "A Little to the Left." I wish they would let him publish his reviews before the play so I would know whether to applaud or not. It's embarrassing to tell a friend you enjoyed something which you should have been bored by. You see, Mr. Crane is very important to those who are not content to act naturally or who are afraid to express their true feelings.

Please do not become one of his detractors. You might embarrass me. I do shine his shoes.

Love,

Your Son

I wish to comment on a letter in the Friday edition of the Daily Tar Heel which was written by one of the women students criticizing the personal life of her roommate. I feel that this newspaper is not the right place to deal with problems of such a nature. The editor should realize that this column, although intended as a place for the public to express its opinions on various subjects, is not one in which private affairs should be discussed unless these affairs have become involved in events affecting the public interest. By printing this particular type of letter, the first and last of its nature, I trust, the Tar Heel editor lowered the standards usually maintained in his paper. If the editor was determined to publish the letter, for what reason I know not, he should have, at the very least, published it without a signature and stated the reason therefore. If it is claimed that this name is fictitious, then the editor is guilty of pure deception and has violated the esteem which should accrue to him by virtue of the position he holds. I trust this assumption, however, is an incorrect one. You doubtless have already realized that you have imposed upon your readers a matter which should remain a private one between two parties only and/or a counselor of their dormitory. I hope you will express your apologies now to your readers.

Respectfully, Wadie Mikhail

POGO



BY KELLY

PEANUTS



BY SCHULZ