

The Daily Tar Heel

In its sixty-eighth year of editorial freedom, unhampered by restrictions from either the administration or the student body.

THE DAILY TAR HEEL is the official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina. Richard Overstreet, Chairman.

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A 'New Conservatism' Arises On American College Campuses

The February 10 issue of *Time* magazine features, among other interesting tidbits, an article in its section dealing with education entitled "Campus Conservatives." The thesis of the story is, quite simply, that the present-day American college student is reacting against the Roosevelt-Truman-Kennedy leanings of his professors and, very often, his parents, electing instead to walk the paths of the "new conservatism" with Barry Goldwater and William F. Buckley.

If, as *Time* seems to suggest, this movement may become quite important in the political philosophy of our rising generation, then we would suggest that we and the nation are going to be in for a great deal of trouble before our time is up.

The movement seems to be predominantly centered on the campuses of Big Ten universities and, believe it or not, at Harvard and Yale. In college societies, at lecture meetings and debates, in pamphlets and magazines and in student "bull sessions" the new gospel is being fostered, voiced and perfected to a glittering finish. Conservatives are rolling off an assembly line fashioned after an automobile production line; they march into the ranks of society, shoulder to shoulder.

The youthful conservative is an odd sort of conglomeration of philosophies, prejudices and tenets. He is not interested in collective action or in national welfare programs; he is concerned with individual action and, more basically, individual aggrandizement. His is the ethos of the dollar bill, the symbol of individual success.

He is not concerned with society; he is concerned with himself. He listens in admiration as Senator Goldwater mouths the neo-McCarthyist platitudes of anti-Communism and mid-twentieth century isolationism. He has abandoned the

advances made by the New Deal, the Fair Deal and the Eisenhower administration in the direction of a strong America at home and abroad. He has substituted the old Roaring Twenties Republicanism for the liberalism of the past thirty years; he cries "Socialism!" when anyone suggests that America needs a strong federal government to meet the vicious challenges that face her.

This new conservative is not concerned primarily with the development of the country; he is concerned with the perpetration of the self, at the expense of others or of the state itself. His is the old capitalism of material satisfaction, not the new capitalism of mutual benefit.

He is the product of an age of waste, smugness and pampering. He is used to getting things for himself because he is a "number one"—an American, superior because of that fact. He is bred on the folkways not of self-sacrifice and want but of satiation and greed; he is the personification of the twentieth century American.

He listens with pleasure as Senator Goldwater talks of the "Communism" engendered on campuses that do not possess a fraternity system, and looks to the brotherhoods for real "Americanism"; ignoring, of course, the discrimination clauses and the snobishness and the Victorian initiation rites and the ludicrous ritual. He nods with approval as Buckley blasts central government and the welfare state.

America needs to move forward, to get into the mainstream of a world that is leaping into a future beyond our most fantastic dreams. She has looked, throughout her history, to her youth for leadership and inspiration. The time has come for a renewal of the confidence that inspired that faith, not a betrayal.

Halleck & Co. Get Down To Work

A couple of days ago one of the wire services sent a picture across its telephoto service that ought to go down in the books as a classic. It showed Charles Halleck, minority leader of the House of Representatives, and Everett Dirksen, minority leader of the Senate, chuckling as they contemplated ways in which to kill the Kennedy program.

The story running with the photograph talked about the "constructive criticism" that the Republican minority intends to pro-

note, and the two gentlemen in the picture, meanwhile, shot off blast after blast at the President.

The Republican minority in both Senate and House has set out to do anything but be constructive. It readily aligned itself with the narrow-minded Southern Democrat faction in the Rules Committee battle, thereby associating itself with the most backward element in American politics. It refused to acknowledge the possibility of any good in the President's State of the Union address, preferring to sit on its hands while the assemblage applauded—even though Democrats had constantly been polite to Dwight Eisenhower when he addressed the legislative branch.

The Republicans in the Senate and the House are not playing politics for the good of the nation; they are playing politics for the good of the Republican Party. And nothing could be less desirable at a time when the nation is looking for action, not complacency.

The fact that the rest of America wants to move ahead does not seem to faze the legislative Republicans; they are convinced that Rutherford B. Hayes is President and that nothing need be done. We are looking for a minority party that is represented by men like Rockefeller and Javits and Keating and Case—not Dirksen and "good ole Charlie" Halleck. With this, we can move forward.

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"Chief, I Just Don't Think He's Ready For The Idea"



Jim Clotfelter

Three Southern Attitudes Toward The Negro—Part I

"Black man's got no soul," . . . "The Negro doesn't want to mix with white people," . . . "The Negro wants equal privileges and opportunities and deserves to have them."

Three Southerners look at the same questions—does the Southern Negro want integration and is integration right—and come up with three radically different answers.

Which is true? Who is right? In this column and for the next two days, three Southern attitudes—the extreme segregationist, the moderate segregationist, and the integrationist—will be explored and expanded.

Philip Fraley

Some Unpopular Reflections On America

(Note: I would like to extend my kindest thanks to Martin L. Wilson, whose "Letter to the Editor" (Feb. 3) made me sick at my stomach for three days, and enabled me to write this article.)

There stands in New York harbor a statue called Liberty, majestically symbolizing good will, democracy, and freedom. Over America's institutions wave the flag of justice and free-enterprise which is designed to move its citizens to song, salute, tears of pride, and patriotic duty. Churches ring national praises, cry out with voices of love, and certainly leave little doubt that God is on "our side." Our politicians pledge to keep us free from tyranny and carry on the steadfast hope of our founding fathers. America's presses hum to the tune of democracy and so called "free press," and our patriotic songs are keyed to the tuning fork of the red, white and blue—and most certainly sing out that, "There's a Star Spangled Heaven for Every Soldier Boy."

And somewhere in America a child is born, and he is taken to school. He learns to pledge the stars and stripes, for it is the symbol of his freedom. He is quickly taught, through his church or school, that he is to hate those who seek to overthrow that freedom. And then he is grown, and is given a rifle and taught to commit legal murder. He is given a shot in the arm of patriotic penicillin and told that he should deem it an honor to die for his liberty, and if such should occur, his mother would be sent a note of governmental sympathy—signed by the president. The child is a man—a full product of the American propaganda machine—one hand holding a Bible, the other holding a

bayonet. It is perhaps the case that we Americans have become so obsessed with our own sense of "freedom" that we have, in fact, enslaved ourselves? It seems to be the tragic case that this generation of Americans seems to think itself infallible, truly righteous, and the sole object of God's benevolent concern.

It is the attitude of the average American that any action done under his flag is a thing done rightously and, therefore, any whimper of discontent concerning said action is immediately termed "subversive," "un-American," or "heresy." How many Americans every stopped to reflect that perhaps the condition which confronts us in Cuba might, in fact, be due to our own political and economic blunders, rather than "creeping communism?" Is it possible that this country of democracy could state that it would rather have a dictator like Batista in Cuba rather than socialist reform which are, in fact, raising the standard of living? (And certainly people who are poverty stricken care not what flag flies over their nation if it feeds them).

And could it possibly be that this America which advocates freedom so strongly could support a man like Franco in Spain just because he allows us to erect missile bases on his property? And is it not true that we, in essence, choose to support our allies rather than the fighters for independence in Asia and Africa? Through it all, America seems to remain with sort of a tongue in cheek attitude, and often times is more concerned with how to blow people up, than with how to set them free. As much as our politicians might like to think, love and murder do not go hand in hand. They will not

function together in the same national mind without a lethal paradox.

Plato defines the tyrant as the most miserable of men; because, among other things, he must live in constant fear of those under his government. What is America's tyrant? I shudder to find America weakened by the very fact that she seems to live in a constant fear of domination by those outside and under her government. It perhaps might be the case that America, in spite of all her "freedom," is becoming her own tyrant.

I fully realize the advantages which this country has. I know that in many countries there is absolutely no freedom of speech or press. However, let us not pat ourselves on the back too much. There is on the horizon a rising tide of American apathy, hate, ignorance and mistrust which will weaken this country's foundations to the breaking point, no matter how many tons of bombs we may have ready to un-leash. Our real enemy is not Russia, our real enemy is ourselves. It is getting to the point where to speak out for disarmament is "communist inspired," and peace is a subversive word!

This sort of thing ought to be sick in anybody's book. We speak harshly of the fear that existed in Soviet Russia during the strong arm tactics of the Stalin era, yet sit mildly by and applaud our own FBI, our own counter-intelligence, and our very own Senator Joe McCarthy—may he rest in peace and rise no more. The Salem witch hunts and the Inquisition were a long time ago, let's keep it that way. Another McCarthy could blind this country so in chains that it would do more damage than all the so-called "communist enslavement" in the world.

The revolving red light on the top of the state patrolman's car glares harshly in your rear-view mirror as you switch off your headlights and motor and sit there, waiting for the worst.

"Would have to get stopped, with 120 more miles to go," you mutter to yourself.

"Take your driver's license out and hand it to me," the patrolman says in a forceful but even voice when he walks up to your window.

"How fast do you think you were going?" he asks as he looks over your license.

"Well, it was over 60," you say, hoping for mercy.

"You were going too fast to get stopped if you had to do it in the distance you could see with your headlights, weren't you?" he asked.

"Yes, you're probably right," you say, as the truth of what he said hits you. It would have been impossible, you think.

"Well, what if something or someone had gotten out in front of you?" he asked. "You realize that you would have hit it or them, no matter how good your brakes are, don't you?"

"Yes, you're right," you say, wishing he would quit grinding home the point he has already made.

"Well," he says as he looks your license over, "I'm going to let you go with a warning this time, since you've never had a ticket for anything before, but

don't let me catch you running that fast at night again."

Whew, that was close, you think, as he walks back to his cruiser. He leaves and you pull away slowly from the shoulder onto the road.

You drive on now, the incident slipping from your mind. But you drive slower, or slow enough so that you could get stopped in the distance your lights reach, if you had to.

Further up the road, about an hour later, you see the red flashing lights of patrol cars again. But these are up ahead and not behind you.

As you slowly approach the lights and cars, you think to yourself: Another poor fool got caught or some bunch of poor fools had a wreck or something. It is a dangerous crossroad that you know well.

But there is no wreckage as you pass the scene. Just a few police cars there with their lights flashing and a lot of people standing around talking. Probably some speeders got caught, you think.

You drive on, quickly forgetting about that too.

A few days later, you learn from the papers what had happened at those crossroads that night. A little Negro boy had ridden a bicycle out in the road and had gotten hit. He had been killed instantly. He had been killed by a car which was traveling too fast to get stopped in the distance the headlights reached.

That's awful, you think. Then the patrolman and your getting stopped and what he had said flash back to you in glaring technicolor reality. You suddenly realize that the car which hit the little Negro boy might have been yours, if the patrolman hadn't stopped you and told you what you were doing.

You suddenly realize that it might have been you who felt the little body smack against the front of your car when you saw him on the bicycle suddenly emerge from the faint reaches of your headlights and then felt the tires and brakes biting for a grip too late and in vain. It might have been you who saw the little body go spinning through the air and land in a grotesque and angular heap, like a brown and broken doll.

He had to die anyway, because there are people like you and the other guy around who have to be taught to think behind the wheel of a car.

You're lucky that it was a patrolman who taught you. The other guy had to have a little boy teach him.

The Daily Tar Heel solicits and is happy to print any letter to the editor written by a member of the University community, as long as it is within the accepted bounds of good taste. NO LETTERS WILL BE PRINTED IF THEY ARE OVER 300 WORDS LONG OR IF THEY ARE NOT TYPEWRITTEN OR DOUBLE SPACED. We make this requirement purely for the sake of space and time.

Chapel Hill After Dark

With Davis B. Young

Along with many local citizens, we rejoiced with Sunday's DTH announcement that picketing would resume at the local theatres. It brought to mind a letter to the editor we received last year concerning our editorial endorsement favoring sit-down strikes in North Carolina restaurants. In it, the reader castigated our position.

Said he, "I suggest they (southerners?) stand up for their beliefs and not just stand by while some punk from the North tells us how we should deal with our problems."

Well, our position hasn't changed an iota. And since on March 18 of last year you said some harsh things about us, we wonder, sir, if you are on campus today: Are you still a bigot?

Ingemar Heyman, the Golden Gloves champion of basketball, mixed 'em up again on Saturday night over at Duke. He married his otherwise fine performance—36 points—with last-second fisti-

cuffs. Being an all-around athlete, he somehow forgot boxing was out of season.

Tomorrow, Terry Sanford presents his budget message to the General Assembly. As the matador says, this is the moment of truth. Upon his recommendations will largely rest the future of this University for the next two years, quality-wise. We hope his fine proposals for public education include that phase of public education called the state university.

And as for the Valkyries, Friday's selection was the best in our four-year memory. Branching out in choice, the fair maidens tapped some of the finest young ladies who in other years might have been overlooked. Their inclusion within the rolls makes the organization both more meaningful to those on the inside, and more respected to those on the outside.