

Dark Abyss

At no time since World War II was it so evident that American foreign policy has failed, than it is at present.

America has plunged from the pre-eminent power of the world, to that power which every country of the world is itching to take a swipe at.

When Dean Acheson left the department of state six years ago, this was not the case. The United States was the supreme world power, and the world respected the United States for living up to its treaty obligations, for standing firm in the face of threats, and for upholding the cause of freedom.

In an eventful week, Lebanon, Algeria, Venezuela, and Peru have proved the failings of the foreign policy of John Foster Dulles.

It may be said that the uprisings in South America are communist inspired, but there needs to be a basic dissatisfaction with the United States before one gets mass action. This was evidently the case in the two South American countries.

The coup d'etat on the part of the Algerians will cause repercussions in France which will threaten the entire western alliance system.

The Lebanese revolution serves to show how tenuous is the allied influence on the countries of the Middle East in the face of rampant nationalism.

It is evident that each of these situations has possibilities for the communists to capitalize on, and with the present state of American foreign policy, the communists are going to win by default.

If the United States had backed an anti-colonial policy from the start, the government would have been consistent with its constitution and unequivocal with regard to the Algerian crisis. Then, the question would be answered by France as to whether they wanted to see the people of Algeria determine their own fate or whether they wanted control. A compromise commonwealth status might have resulted, or further, the United States pushing for the right solution, would have seen to it that Algeria won her independence.

It is exceedingly doubtful that France, with all her passion for individual freedom, would have gravitated very far toward the Communist bloc.

The failure of the United States' Middle East policy grows more evident daily. Instead of trying to benefit the underprivileged there, without placing the string of forced support for United States policies. The United States can capitalize on the nationalistic feelings of the Middle Eastern nations rather than letting Russia do the benefitting. To wholeheartedly endorse self-determination, and to give the countries the means for protection of their identity, without strings attached.

Finally, the neglect of the nations of this hemisphere must be critically reexamined in the light of facts showing that the Latin American countries have economies that are inextricably bound up in the fluctuation of the United States' economy.

What has been done in the past six years has failed the United States miserably. What can be done in the future by breeding the trust of the allies of the United States, by fulfilling America's commitments under its several treaties, and by living up to the letter and spirit of the Constitution of the United States is great.

A peaceful world, a strong United Nations, and a United States which possesses that rarest of qualities—integrity can be the result of some wise action at this time. If the action is not taken the result will be war or worse—the subjugation of individual minds to totalitarian domination.

Convention

Today, the state Democratic convention meets in Raleigh.

The meeting can be a back slapping, hand shaking demonstration of unity or it can be something by far greater.

It can be one of the occasions that Democrats throughout the state have a voice in the selection of candidates.

The convention can place a candidate in the seat vacated by Sen. Kerr Scott. It will no doubt cause a little disunity, by putting the power in the hand of the majority—the rank and file, but it will also demonstrate that even filling a vacancy can be handled in a democratic manner.

It is hoped that the convention will rise to the challenge.

Ad Libs

Whit Whitfield

Some of you no doubt read the vituperous attack on Tar Heel columnists in a letter by Clyde Smith in Tuesday's paper. In the event that you were not so fortunate we would like to quote some of the more revealing portions:

EDITOR:



"As an avid reader of 'Pogo,' 'Peanuts,' and a DOZEN other comic strips, I present the direct and indirect slurs on them and their readers by some of your editorial columnists. . . ."

"In defense of comic strips and their readers, I submit that to the intelligent reader they offer an excellent commentary on social, economic, and political conditions today. Some, while primarily for entertainment, offer a public service as well, in interpreting a particular profession and its subject matter. 'Judge Parker' (law) and 'Rex Morgan' (medicine), are examples. . . ."

"Not all comic strips are worth the time it takes to read them, but I believe there are a number which the busiest student could read with profit to his education, maybe even Messrs. (short for messers) Wolfe, Winston, and Whitfield."

Whew!

The first question which comes to mind is, what did we do to deserve to be included in this rogue's gallery? We couldn't have breakfast without 'Peanuts,' but our daily diet doesn't consist of 13 other strips as does Clyde's. Are we to be crucified for this? If so, then drop by the Tar Heel office and pick up one of Neil Bass' old crosses. He left quite a few.

We think that Clyde will be happy to know that as a result of his astute observations on the merits of comic strips that the law and medical schools are seriously considering the inclusion of 'Judge Parker' and 'Rex Morgan' into their respective curricula, and that several economics profs are likewise considering 'Little Orphan Annie.'"

Clyde, you will be even happier to know that what you say about deriving an education from the comics is quite true. We have a younger brother in the sixth grade who divides his time equally between comics, television, and baseball, and that child knows everything there is to know. He definitely will have no need for college, and why should anyone for that matter, what with comics as cheap as they are, and not half so boring as college courses.

Our proverbial hat is off to you, sir, for bringing this to the attention of our campus community.

But, Clyde, your astute observations have left the college administrator with something of a problem. As soon as the exodus to the comic book stands begins, college enrollment will fall off, and then what will the administration have to make speeches about?

We wonder if the guy who came to English class with the shaving soap all over his earlobe and upper neck realized it was there, or if he was merely trying to impress the girls with his personal hygiene measures, or if he had just posed for a Gillette ad? . . . Who is the nicest guy in the world? He's the one who tells you that the professor grades his term papers with a ruler after you have made yours as concise and meaningful as possible AND turned it in. In case you're wondering what the "ruler method" is: All papers over 1 inch in thickness get an "A," over 1/2 inch, a "B," etc. Don't laugh. It may happen to you. We understand that there are some profs who like this method. But then you can always pad them with laundry paper.

Letters: Episcopal Split

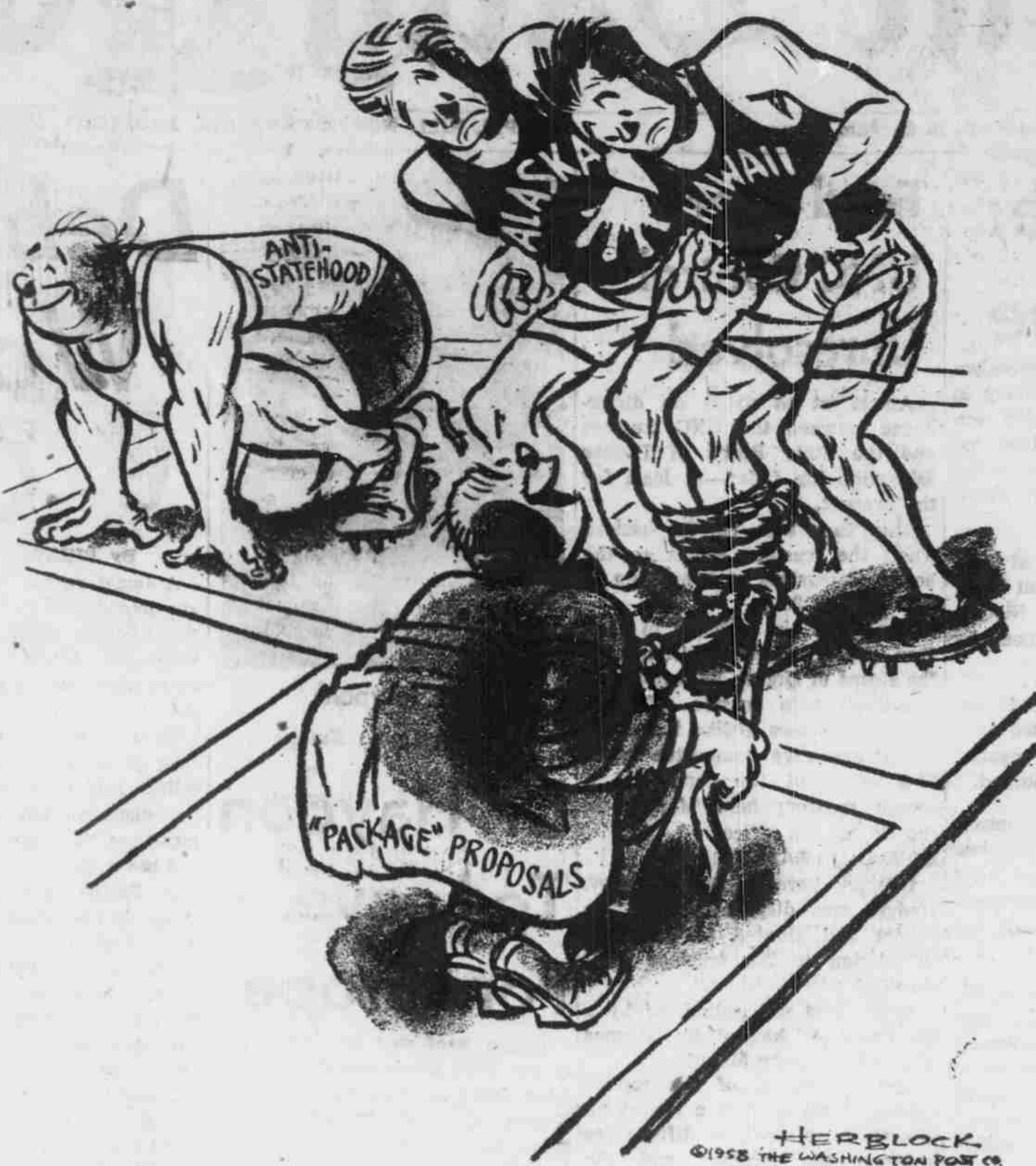
Editor:

Mr. C. G. Martin should follow the advice he gives to John Dalton and read the Book of Common Prayer himself. The title page therein clearly states "The Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments and Other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church according to the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America." It is quite obvious that "Protestant Episcopal Church" is the peculiarly American name for the branch of the Holy Catholic Church in this land. Please note that the wording is "Protestant Episcopal" and not "Episcopal Protestant." In other words, Anglican bishops are Catholic bishops protesting against the unCatholic

position of the Roman Church. They do not and never have protested against the Catholic Faith. I refer Mr. Martin to the following pages of the Prayer Book: 15, 16, 18, 37, 39, 47, 280, 290, 291, 294, 316, and 329. I note that Mr. Dalton has quoted a Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church in his letter. But I see Mr. Martin has no use to back him up! In closing may I quote His Grace the present Lord Archbishop of Canterbury known by all to be of evangelical persuasion: "We (Anglicans) have no faith of our own. We have only the Catholic Faith of the Catholic Church enshrined in the Catholic Creeds. And this Faith we hold without addition or diminution."

Bob Pace

"This Will Give You Both An Even Chance"



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Anything Goes

Peter B. Young

Like the weather, everybody talks about American liberalism but nobody does anything about it. The standard cliché right now is to bemoan the way that the Democrats go back to the halcyon days of the New Deal for their recession remedies, while the Republicans (always ten years behind) try to revive the glory that was Hoover.

Syndicated pundit, Walter Lippman, recently noted a new trend. It seems that such diverse characters as John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon are suddenly reaching into university faculties for an infusion of fresh ideas. In point of fact, Lippman is wrong. Adlai Stevenson revived the old New Deal "brain trust" concept in his campaigns of 1952 and 1956, both of which relied heavily on university talent.

In any event, while this "new" trend of Lippman's has not yet trickled down from the Ivy League echelons to Chapel Hill, it might be pertinent to note that we, like Harvard, have our share of men who are making a real effort to think in fresh terms, and who are not content to serve up the warmed-over remains of either the New Deal or Republican Normalcy. Such a man on our campus is

Morton W. Keller, a tough and intense young instructor on the social science and history faculties. Last week, Keller addressed a campus organization known as The Meeting. The topic of his talk was, "The American Liberal Since 1952: Where did he go out: what has he done—nothing." Termining liberal success since 1932 as the result of "a pact with the Devil of Pragmatism," Keller called for a return of thinking, to the underlying theory rather than simply the continued emphasis on the mechanical techniques of winning an election. Don't do—THINK!" was the unique advice with which he concluded his presentation.

Keller sees the source of American liberalism's difficulties in the post-war red hunt, an episode in our history in which liberals enthusiastically joined. Liberals desired to prove to their new-found conservative friends that when it came to chasing commies the liberals were "right up there with the best of them." This was a serious mistake because the real objective of this hunt was not the impotent handful of American Communists; the real objective was the American liberal movement. Therefore, when liberals joined the holy

crusade they were flinging boom-erangs which swooped back to destroy themselves.

"Communism never has been the issue," says Keller. "The issue has been us, and will be what Communism feeds on." By violating the great baseball maxim to always keep your eye on the ball, liberals have squeezed themselves into a box of their own making. And as the Cold War changes in character, liberals wake from their big binge to find that they are ideologically bankrupt. Thus the return the theory, which Keller advocates, even at the cost of losing a few more elections.

During the question period which followed Keller's talk, the young instructor defined the typical pragmatic liberal as "a politician who happens to be a humanitarian." Today's great need is obviously for the "humanitarian who happens to be a politician."

The only point at which this observer will take issue with Keller is on his contention that "America of the 1950's is the New Deal dream come true, only the dream turned out to be a nightmare." What Keller has reference to here is the kind of prosperity which has put two television sets in every pot. This is all well and good, and it certainly does have its nightmarish aspects. But what Keller misses is the millions of Americans who don't have two television sets in every pot, who don't have a decent minimum of food, housing, and medical care. While I yield to no man in my admiration and love for Franklin D. Roosevelt, I do try to keep at least some perspective on what the New Deal achieved, and just as important, what it did NOT achieve.

As the kind of problem with which liberals should concern themselves, Keller posed this timely question: "Does the 'mixed economy' really work?" Some of his auditors had already decided, long ago, that the trouble with the "mixed economy" is that it's awfully mixed (up). Or, in the words of Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam: "Better creeping socialism, than stumbling capitalism."

Keller himself, while no socialist, would be in favor of changing the mixture of the "mixed economy." What has come to be known in the hallowed halls of Saunders as "The Keller Plan for Detroit" involves a massive infusion of governmental funds and special incentives to encourage the hard-pressed auto magnates to convert some of their excess plant capacity to the manufacture of low-cost public housing. As Keller said, one day, when the realization struck him that this plan has strong socialistic elements: "My God, it's socialism! Well, too bad, it can't be helped."

PEANUTS



POGO



L'IL ABNER



by Charles Schulz

by Walt Kelly

by Al Capp

Mothers Of America

Joseph P. Lyford

On the day my old Harvard history prof, Sam Morison, took off his mortarboard and tramped off to Oxford to give a lecture in his admiral's hat, the age of the military pundit was officially upon us. Dr. Sam, who had won his stars writing Navy histories during World War II, never went back to the title of professor once the shooting was over. And, on arriving in England, he made a statement to the press about military strategy and foreign policy. It was a long haul, indeed, from the days when Dr. Sam lectured on such matters as the Maypole at Merry Mount, and the flight of Ann Hutchinson to Rhode Island.

Admiral Sam is no more aware of my distress over his evolution than he was of me as a student. But I regard him as a bit of a symbol. In these days of five-star college presidents, of Generals of the Army in charge of Remington Rand, and of Admirals telling us how to run the school, Dr. Sam had read the handwriting on the wall. To be an authority on anything, nothing helped more than to have a gold stripe on the sleeve or a silvery constellation on the shoulder. Faced with a choice of two titles, both merited but one deserved more than the other, Dr. Sam took the one less earned but more impressive. And I can't say I blame him. Who'd take the word of a history professor over the word of an Admiral on anything?

But let's proceed from Dr. Sam. Styles are changing. Beginning with a decline in the radiance from the White House, the tide of Generals and Admirals seems to be receding along with the economy. We haven't had a General in the Cabinet for years, and Princeton even appointed a philosophy professor its new president. Maybe this is a Good Thing. I am not sure. It all depends on what the next style in peerless leaders is going to be. Public Relations, Executives? Policemen? I'll wait and see before I clap my hands at the passing of the military man from grace.

If I were asked to be an unimpeachable authority, I'd be a Policeman. By this I don't mean the ordinary hardworking patrolman, wearing a heavy blue uniform on hot days and pounding the beat for Law and Order. Such Policemen are never considered authorities; they are called Cops. They are also badly paid and footsore. No, I am speaking about Policemen who specialize in big problems like saving the nation from juvenile delinquency, bootlegging, and subversion. More particularly I am speaking about specialists on the highest levels: top echelon Policemen. You can look about you for a long while and never find an authority like on special law-enforcement official whom we all know and revere. He has been paid by the government a long while to catch criminals of various types, and catch them he does. But the apprehension of interstate malefactors is not his only function. As I said, he is also an authority on almost everything you will find in the Encyclopedia Britannica. He has one amazing capacity. All he has to do to become an authority on a subject is to express an opinion on the subject.

For instance, the Big Policeman has a solution for juvenile delinquency. He tells parents they should make their children go to Sunday School. The day after the speech, the papers carry his suggestion in detail. Compare this with the pitiful showing of all the books and speeches by people like teachers, psychiatrists, judges and social workers. Who listens to them? Other teachers, psychiatrists, judges and social workers.

Or take the Big Policeman on such aggravating matters as constitutional law or civil liberties. Simply by commenting he penetrates the mists of debate. He is reported fully and precisely. His picture runs in the adjoining column. Editorials reiterate his points.

I've always told myself I was going to write a big, fat, successful book some day and sell it to the movies. This has been a self-deception, because I am nobody and easily discouraged. To do an authoritative book you have to be powerful and you have to be sure. Like the Big Policeman. He wrote a book about how to save America from communism. It is a handy compendium of history, Marx, Engels, Stalin, Lenin, the revolution, intrigue, how to spot a disloyal American and the importance of snooping on your neighbors in the interests of national defense. It has sold 100,000 copies because it is broad and because it is sure. All the reviewers liked it. Only one critic got into trouble. Like Dr. Oppenheimer, he didn't enthuse, so George Sokolsky did a column on him.

The best part of being the Big Policeman is his built-in security. General-presidents, Admiral-educators, five-star Secretaries of State and artillery-captain music critics get investigated. Congressmen blast them, sometimes; very often they get retired, either by promotion boards or by the electorate. But the Big Policeman goes on forever. Nobody investigates him. People buy his books by the ton. He knows all the secrets about everybody. He can scare hell out of any Senators, and often does. He has the biggest fingerprint collection in the world, but his own hand is invisible. He is the only American who never got pushed around by somebody.

The moral of this story is intended for the Mothers of America, to whom the Big Policeman has spoken many times as a counselor and friend: Don't be disappointed if your little boy says he wants to be a policeman when he grows up. Encourage him. Set the little devil at it. Buy him a tin badge tomorrow. What if he doesn't want to be President? Who wants to be President? Look what happened to Hoover, Herbert, that is.—From The Nation.

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