

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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MARCH 2, 1961

VOLUME LXIX, NUMBER 111

Reflections At Midcentury: America At The Crossroads

Kicks are big business: the sallow hucksters needle the nerves. Through radios drumming rock and roll and blurred girls crooning on TV

they hammer on the wracked nerves:
buy,

buy speed, buy horsepower, buy chromium, buy happiness in a split-level ranchhouse, elegance in shocking pink lipstick, passion in a jar of Parisian perfume,

or that portable transistor set
you can take along on your vacations

so that even beside the thunderous ocean, or camping out in some hidden intervals green in a notch of the hills, you'll never be free from the clamor of salesmen.

John Dos Passos,
in Midcentury

If America is going to hell in a handbasket, it is because America has woven the basket and placed herself inside. In an age of world-wide revolt, upheaval and violence, the Land of the Free has committed itself not to a Wilsonian mission or a Lincolnian credo but to unabashed worship at the altar of self-indulgence.

The image of America has changed at midcentury. No longer do the people of the world look to the Marines heroically implanting the Stars and Stripes firmly in the crest of a barren hill on the island of Iwo Jima; the words of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, exhorting his fellow countrymen to bring the "Four Freedoms" to the people of the world, have died and passed into the dusty forgotten pages of history; the little nation that once battled a colonial empire now wallows in the fruit of its own labors. Americans live now not to act but to be acted upon. Sterile minds ferment in a sterile atmosphere. We sit, lumps on a log, receiving in splendor the products of a society based not on the ideas in men's minds but the dollars in their pockets.

We still the anger of protest in the name of those ideals of which we ourselves lost sight when the land lost its youth and became old; our ideals now can be counted out on a cash register, totalled on an adding machine and recorded on a balance sheet.

The dignity of mankind that moved Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and Hamilton can be bought and sold now if the price is good enough. Man's stature is measured not by accomplishments but by the skill with which he combats a system based upon consumption and aggrandization.

We cry out bitterly against the injustices committed by our fellow man; we are shocked when, in Korea, twenty thousand students riot against a treaty signed by the nation with its American friends; when the people of Hungary rise in revolt, spurred promises of aid from the Home of the Brave, we

cheer them on—at a safe distance; the great salesman of democracy deals only in self-satisfaction.

If the starving thousands of China are but instruments to their leaders, they are nothing else to their saviors across the Pacific. We have come to view the other nations of the world as pawns in a gigantic, terrifying chess game; mere playthings, to be bandied about by the great powers in the unceasing battle for world supremacy. We no longer look for the betterment of the world's people; we look for alliances with the world's nations.

The magazines and newspapers are filled not with words of importance but with advertisements; our television sets blinkingly advocate dishwashers, electronic razors and chromium-encased automobiles. We look, unceasingly, not for truth or wisdom but for the good buy. Life, at a discount.

In our halls of government we stand stagnant, each department pitted against the others in the singleminded pursuit of satisfying interest group wants. Our legislators battle over trivia, while the world and the executive branch pass them by.

Walled into a prison of his own making, the American stands at the threshold of greatness and rejects it. Instead of zeal, he chooses torpor; instead of ideology, he chooses neutrality; instead of action, he chooses lethargy; instead of fervor, he chooses nonchalance. Calmly, heroically, he exhorts his fellows—not for advancement, not for ideals, not to win the battle for and of men's minds but, in short, not to sweat it.

Like lemmings we move inexorably toward the sea, knowing neither where we are going or why we are going there. Prodded by the demigods we chose to embrace many years ago, we resolutely march—always together, always unseeing, always in complete accord.

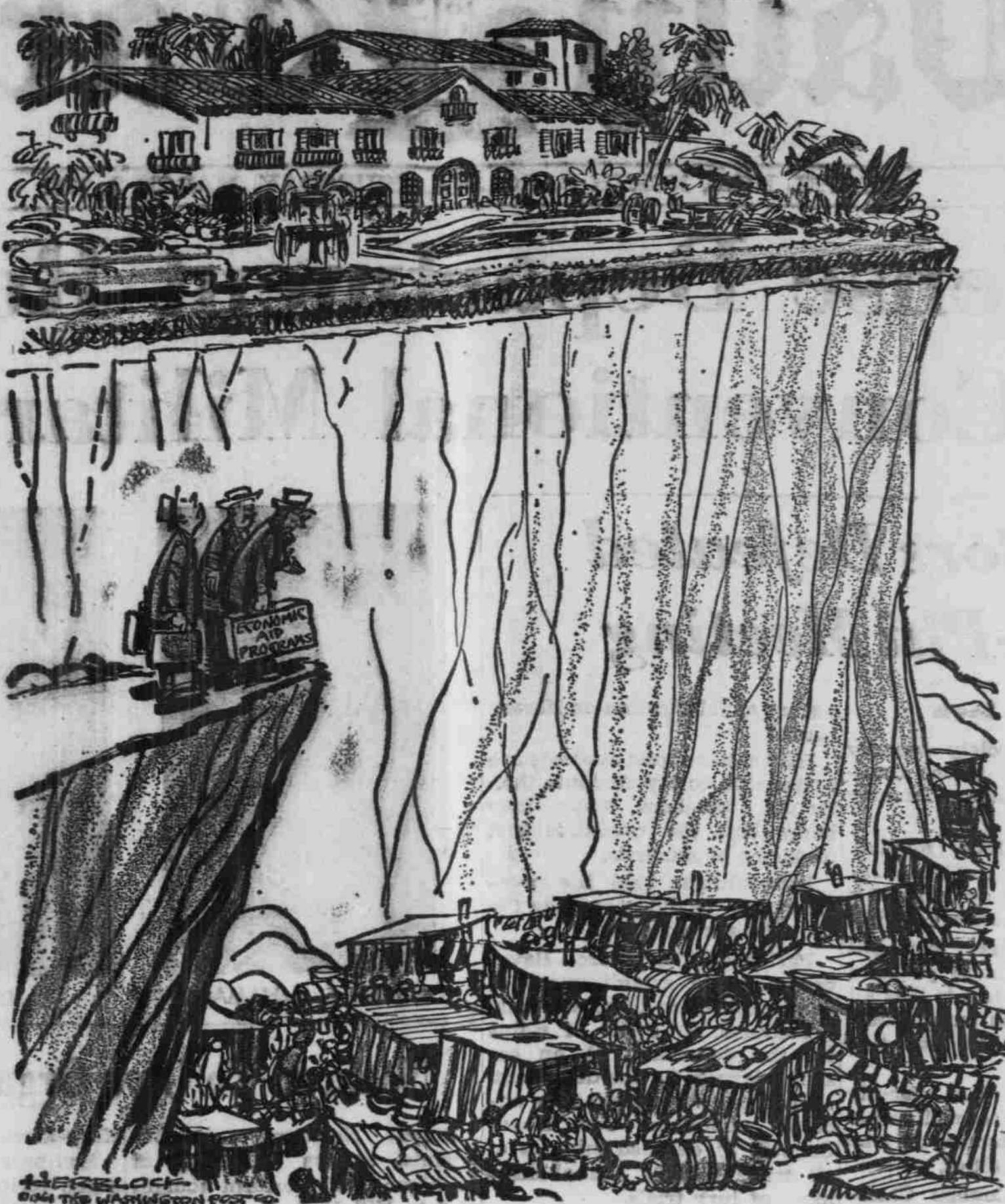
There are, to be sure, voices of dissent and discord. One or two stand forth to change this overbearing flow of events; but they are turned, pebbles in a swift stream, and plunged headlong into the onward tide. Their protests, drowned out by the omnipotent uninterest of the faceless mass, go unheard.

If there is hope for America, it must be grasped and clung to with a strength that this nation has not known for many, many years. We must regain that strength, or lose the race.

We must, as our President observes, "begin anew the quest for peace." But we must do more. We must re-examine ourselves and gain perspective on ourselves until we are able to cast aside the selfishness that has made us weak and regain the asceticism that made us strong.

If we do not, the nation that rose from the wilderness will die of an overdose of civilization.

World-Wide Non-Missile Gap



Tom McHaney

A Picket Tells How It Feels To Walk On The Picket Line

A writer to the Tar Heel, stressing his opposition to the theatre picketing, applied the label, "a bunch of clowns with signs," to those of us who have been walking in front of the Carolina and Varsity. Obviously, he meant to be derogatory. But I find a great truth in his observation: one he must have overlooked when he selected the term, "clown," from the current list of collegiate cliches.

He showed the particular short-sightedness which marks those who oppose the full emancipation of our country's citizenry, for it doubtless never occurred to him that a clown, too, is a man, and that beneath the costume lies a life no less precious or precarious than his own, one no less joyful and tragic in its turn. My own life, for instance, or yours.

On the picket line I betray none of my fears, none of the wrenching sickening disgust whenever a heckler shouts, none of the immeasurable happiness when a passing face smiles in understanding; there is no way for my appearance to say all that I feel to these, or to those who cross the picket line, failing to

understand. The only way I betray my humanity is that I seem physiologically to possess the proper components of eyes, arms, legs, and so forth. Yet, because I oppose this man's indefensible position, I must be labeled, I must be stereotyped. Still, he cannot, were he reflect a moment, label away the fact that I am, after all, just as he is, a man.

I would like to speak from this position, simply as a man. But I cannot. Because as long as there exists here in Chapel Hill, or anywhere, South or North, a social dichotomy that gives me as a white man the undisputed advantage over many of my fellow men, just because they are not white, then I have no right to delude myself and you with platitudinous praise for the work we men are doing.

I could be the most reckless radical, the most pious moralist, the bearer of good tidings and mutual admiration. But when I walk out on the street, I may visit any of my friends without rupturing neighborhood relations, I may apply for a job, with hope for success based on my ability and the availability of a position, I may greet anyone on the street

with a smile or a frown and have little thought about it either way. Because I have two arms, two legs, and so forth? Because, though a clown, I can communicate my innermost feelings, my humanity, to everyone I meet? Hardly. Just because of the most absurdly important event of my life: birth. Born white; born free.

We may erase this distinction in our meetings, on the picket line, or in our personal attitudes; but so long as it exists of itself, beyond here and now, then we are met with a particular problem and a challenge this is, for the white community, enduring. I cannot let this attempt at the theatres stop. I cannot say, "I give up for now." Because I am giving up nothing. I am gaining. I will simply drop back into my old routine, gently and ignorantly accepted by the remainder of the community who confuse my color with my ideas and my ideals.

And I cannot stop for another reason: I would be untrue to my generation, to my contemporaries. Despite all the attempts to label us as Silent, or Beat, or Babied, there is one series of events that will, I think, in the future apply here. It is the "Sit-In Generation" to which I belong, however weakly I may have contributed.

While the majority of my fellow white students seem already older than their fathers, the Negro student has put his father to shame, has engaged himself in the struggle for human rights with a will and a purpose and a fearlessness that shines so bright it will not be dimmed. No one from the outside can draw this lustre down on himself; here is where stands the leadership and to this movement we all owe our allegiance and our hope, both as a nation and as a world.

We have grown up together in an era of impending crisis. We have been educated, most likely unequally, to hold the same ideals. We are all asked to serve the nation in the same ways. But many of us have become passive and apathetic, seeing in the world too much of what the Satan figure in Archibald MacLeish's play, *J. B.* describes as:

"Millions and millions of mankind burned, crushed, broken, mutilated, slaughtered, and for what? For thinking! For walking around the world in the wrong skin, the wrong-shaped noses, eyelids: Sleeping the wrong city wrong night—London, Dresden, Hiroshima. There never could have been so many suffered more for less."

But the Negro student, he who had already more to suffer than most of us can understand, managed to step above the concern

Amendment Proposed To Expand Suffrage

Residents of the nation's capital are over the halfway mark on the road to suffrage. But as the road turns south it may become bumpy and possibly lead to a dead end.

A proposed constitutional amendment which would give District of Columbia residents the vote for president and vice president is in the hands of state legislatures.

It was put there when Congress passed a measure last session proposing the amendment. Two-thirds of the states, or 38, must ratify the proposed amendment to give Washingtonians the right to participate in national elections for the first time in history.

To date, 22 states have ratified and one—Arkansas—has rejected it. In seven states it has been passed by one legislative House, and the measure has been introduced in 12 other state legislatures.

There has been no action in two Southern states currently meeting, and two other Dixie states do not meet until April and May. Three legislatures do not meet this year, and one meets for budget considerations only.

This means that 16 of the remaining 23 states must ratify for the proposal to become an amendment this year.

The four states where the measure has not yet been introduced are all in the South: Ala-

bama, Florida, Georgia and South Carolina. The four legislatures that cannot act this year are Kentucky, Mississippi, Virginia and Louisiana.

Under the law, the states have seven years to act on the proposal.

Congressional approval of the measure was an outgrowth of the District battle for home rule. The movement towards self-government for the District was spurred by the award of statehood to Alaska and Hawaii.

But some bitter opposition from the South to granting the District home rule repeatedly had snuffed out hopes for its passage.

In the past 13 years, the Senate passed the home rule bill at least five times, but the legislation was repeatedly bottled up in the Southern-dominated House District Affairs Committee.

The proposed amendment apparently was pushed through Congress to appease District residents clamoring for some type of representation in government.

But some Southern support still is needed. And as the number of states who have ratified approaches the two-thirds mark, Arkansas' rejection indicates that the proposal may have trouble there.

One reason for this is that the District's population is almost 60 per cent Negro. Another is that the message spelling out what the proposal means may not reach the Southern legislators in time for their vote.

Northern states have been quick to get behind the proposal, and much of the hard support for the measure has been voiced by northern states. But the South has voting problems of its own.

Tennessee—a border state—could be the force that locks the door and throws away the key on the proposal. Its Senate unanimously passed the measure, but a House committee tabled the motion, despite backing by Governor Buford Ellington.

The District vote amendment has been ratified by Alaska, California, Colorado, Delaware, Hawaii, Idaho, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Montana, Nevada, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming.

One legislative body has passed it in Arizona, Indiana, Michigan, New Hampshire, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, New York, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, and Tennessee.

U. P. I.

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

Monday morning we rode over to the Trustee meeting in Raleigh with a new member of the University family—Sibley Dorton—who will serve as Escheats Officer of the Consolidated University.

A Davidson graduate, and member of the upper echelon of Manteo's Lost Colony summer production, Dorton was introduced to the Trustees by President Friday. We welcome Mr. Dorton to a new and challenging position, as well as to the South's finest community.

A University administrative official jokingly mentioned that he might like to take over this column as a one-day guest.

"After all, I know about Chapel Hill After Dark, too. Every Sunday morning I find a few well tossed beer cans on my lawn."

In Raleigh on Monday, we dropped by the state's number one office to see our old friend and compatriot Tom Lambeth, assistant to the Governor. Lambeth has gone further in

less time than any University graduate we know. Three years ago he was working on a Master's Degree in History. Today's he's one of the State's big men of the future.

We also saw a darling little girl—Jane Yates—the eight-year-old blond beauty from Kings Mountain who'll be the State's 1961 Easter Seal Child.

Little Jane, badly crippled, posed for pictures with Gov. Sanford. She's graphic proof that the fight against crippling diseases is far from over.

And what Jane wants most of all is for other small boys and girls not to go through the same ordeals she has faced.

Busy University students might take time out to buy a sheet of Easter Seals. You, too, will be parents soon. And there's nothing sadder than watching a child who can't partake in normal activities with her friends.

We'll have more to say about Jane as soon as we've procured a picture of her to run with a later column.

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 THE DAILY TAR HEEL is published daily except Monday, examination periods and vacations. It is entered as second-class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., pursuant to the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4 per semester, \$7 per year.
 THE DAILY TAR HEEL is a subscriber to the United Press International and utilizes the services of the News Bureau of the University of North Carolina.
 Published by the Colonial Press, Chapel Hill, N. C.