

# The Tar Heel

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## The South Gets Together

News story on page 1

DR. FRANK P. GRAHAM and the University once again take the lead in the decadent South.

This time an attempt is being made to raise the esprit de corps of the South in wartime. The South's first "Win-the-War" mass meeting will be held in Raleigh's tremendous municipal auditorium Tuesday night—organized in the past ten days by GRAHAM and JOSEPHUS DANIELS, former ambassador to Mexico.

Over 10,000 personal invitations have been mailed to Southern leaders in every field for the convocation to "rally the South to closer unity, higher morale, and greater sacrifice in meeting the war effort." Officials state that the response and anticipated attendance to the meeting is "miraculous" despite wartime transportation difficulties. From Texas to Virginia, important personages have already started out for Raleigh.

Maybe it was popped too suddenly to be effective and draw attention, but things happen fast these days and such a meeting should have been convened months ago. It could be that the issues are too vague for the more practical minded of us Southern folks to pay much attention, but the vague issues are merely starting guns for the opening of discussion on real, everyday problems.

Let it not be said it was planned in haste—the cause of failure of so many other worthy ventures—for the idea has been brewing in the minds of Southern leaders for several years; it took DR. GRAHAM and MR. DANIELS to put it into action at the propitious moment.

For this is the propitious moment. This is the moment when things are looking the blackest for the Allied Nations and the cause of democracy. Germany is but a step from the Caucasian oil fields and only temporarily stalled in its march to the Suez canal. Japan has the Far East tied up in its iron fist and seems to be sharpening its sword for a back-stab at Russia. Rationing is beginning to be really felt here at home; our production isn't what it should be; the war effort seems muddled. So is the South.

To bring order, to mold unity in our section is the aim of the mass convocation. The South has strength, power and resources but is tied up with factions tugging at opposite directions, each with selfish intent.

Out of the meeting will come "People's committees" to get down to immediate and concerted action towards the goals. The meeting will be the ripple that will turn out to be a wave sweeping into every corner of the South and into every field of endeavor. More mass meetings will be held, this one will be historic.

Example of the gradual enlightenment of the South is that negroes have been invited and not only will be tolerated by the conference but will be sincerely welcomed.

It is a rare opportunity for the student body of the University to have such a meeting so near at hand that everyone will have a chance to attend. For once the whole South will talk together in one body, and this remarkable feat is being aided by this University and its president.

## "Fourth Quarter" Campaign Balked

News story on page 1

After a splurging announcement of tremendous plans for the summer, the CPU and IRC today announce an abandonment of plans on charges of "insufficient student support."

It is discouraging to THE TAR HEEL as it must be to administrative leaders such as Deans FRANCIS F. BRADSHAW and ROLAND B. PARKER who, like us, have sought to broaden the extracurricular activities of the summer session—to broaden them so as to make this a "fourth quarter," a continuation of the regular session.

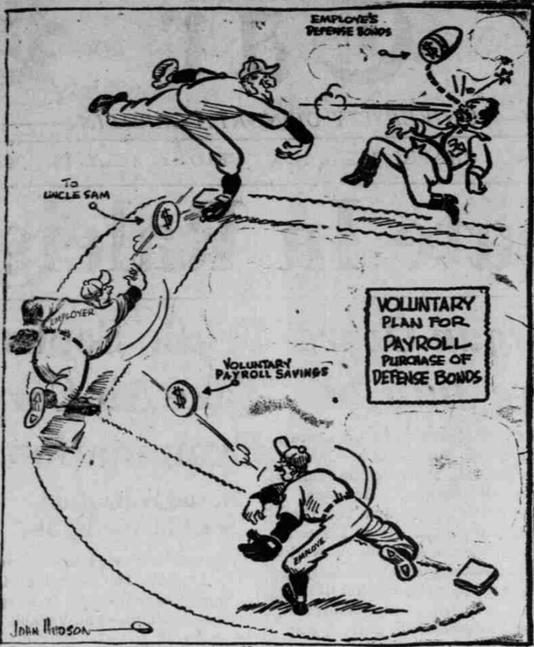
This was thought necessary by everyone concerned in view of the accelerated tempo of the University in wartime. It has been placed on a year-round basis and this transitional summer was to be as near like the regular session as possible. Great strides had been made in this direction; more and a wider range of courses were offered so that students might do regular session work in the summer, a special class of freshmen began their college career in June, organizations such as the Student legislature, Sound and Fury, THE TAR HEEL, are continuing their regular operations on a reduced scale—but the CPU and IRC have stopped.

Both organizations, the campus' main groups for discussion and opinion on national and international issues, joined wholeheartedly in the new scheme at the beginning of the summer. Both are vital at this time for a thoughtful and full consideration of the world scene outside Chapel Hill. Both could stimulate consciousness of the world situation in a university community that has yet to wake to the existence of total war.

The CPU announced a tentative slate of nationally famous speakers early in the session as well as plans for discussion groups. The IRC carried their action even farther and held a mass reception and disclosed plans for extensive bull sessions and guest speakers. Because only 50 students showed up and 200 were expected the IRC now wipes out its plans and claims "insufficient student support." So does the CPU, although with no experiment to show as an example.

We doubt that 200 students would have come to such a reception during the regular session when there are 4,000 students on campus. With half that number here this summer, 50 seems like a pretty good crowd. Other evidence that the student body is interested in the more serious and contemporary side of life was the

## A TRIPLE PLAY



## Outside Chapel Hill

Analysis of World News

Contrary to the agreement of CIO and AF of L leaders, there have been and are still continuing at this writing 43 strikes and shut-downs involving 1,200 men working on vital war industries. The union leaders who supposedly represent their organizations evidently do not or can not control this condition according to the well-known news commentator, H. V. Kaltenborn. President Roosevelt who has so far avoided this issue may be forced by these circumstances to face it in the very near future.

In the past week Germany has presented a renewed offensive that is giving the Russians more trouble than they have experienced since the war on that front began. With the Caucasus oil fields as their main objective the German army has been steadily pushing the Russians back toward Voronezh. The Russians have finally admitted the loss of Staryoskor and at the present moment the fighting is concentrated on opposite sides of the Don River, sixty-five miles west of Voronezh.

A full-dress debate on shipping losses began yesterday in Parliament. According to the spokesman the shipping losses constitute the greatest danger to Allied victory at this time since ships are being sunk faster than they are being built. One of the important points to be discussed is the advisability of publishing shipping losses to relieve the tenseness of uncertainty on the part of the general public and to give the people some idea of the real crises involved here. There is also to be debated the possibility of eliminating black-outs in Britain's ship yards so that work can continue all night. Private interests that hamper the nation's war efforts may come in for a spanking on the floor.

The trial of the eight men arrested by the FBI as saboteurs began in Washington Tuesday under a military court appointed from among high ranking officers of the United States armed forces. Conducted with the strictest military secrecy, the trial promises to involve several mysterious women, one of whom has become tagged by the Washington papers as the "woman in white." The government will probably ask for the death sentence under the charges of treason (in the case of the two men who are United States citizens) and of espionage.

A newspaper that wages editorial war against the publication of news is something different in the daily events. The New York Daily Mirror recently conducted and won such a fight. And furthered the cause of a free press in so doing. A new weapon has been perfected under the greatest possible secrecy and with every precaution taken to prevent information falling into the hands of the enemy. What this weapon is, and details as to its construction, were to be released from Washington in an official communique at midnight Wednesday. The

tremendous crowd that even sat on the floor to hear DR. EDWIN MIMS two weeks ago.

To us 50 students showing up for an IRC reception is a pretty good indication that its worthwhile. Don't the two organizations consider serving and helping a group of that size of value? Couldn't they build from that nucleus? Or is it that they have become too haughty from playing to a packed Memorial hall and holding conferences featuring Mrs. Roosevelt and other national figures.

We ask the two groups to reconsider and try to carry on the high position they have made for themselves on this campus.

Mirror heard of Washington's intention and with a fierce front-page editorial blasted and halted what might have been the government's greatest blunder of this war. Information about the new weapon will be withheld.

Gas rationing began on July 9th to continue through the 10th and 11th. Owners of private automobiles will receive a "D" card under the new ruling which will entitle them to 48 coupons worth four gallons each or one year's supply. This new rationing period begins July 22. Henderson, price administrator, has been careful to get in the good graces of congressmen whom his stringent rulings have heretofore offended. The new ruling permits extra gas for candidates for office to use on campaign trips and for carrying voters to the polls!

Good news for numbers of us lies in the announcement that 700 civilian war prisoners who have been interned in Shanghai are to be exchanged by the Japanese and American governments. The American Red Cross has also received tentative permission to send supplies of medicine and other comforts to lighten the lot of the remaining Americans still in Japanese hands.

G-man head, J. Edgar Hoover will receive an official medal of honor from congress for the work his organization has done and is doing to combat the underground enemy army at work in this country. Congress may establish a civilian medal of honor corresponding to the Congressional Medal of Honor which can be awarded only to men of the armed forces.

## Churches

The following churches will welcome all visitors to their Sunday religious services:

Methodist—E. Franklin Street—Rev. J. M. Culbreth, pastor; Sunday School, 9:45; Morning service, 11 o'clock—Dr. Edwin Mims, internationally known educator and lecturer and former professor of English will be the guest speaker.

Lutheran—Services at 5 o'clock in the student parlor of the University Methodist church—Rev. Henry A. Schroder, Durham, pastor.

Episcopal—304 E. Franklin Street—Rev. A. S. Lawrence, pastor; Holy Communion, 8 o'clock; Morning service, 11 o'clock; Prayer and organ service, 8:30 p. m.

United Congregational Christian—Cameron Avenue—Rev. W. J. McKee, pastor; Sunday School, 10 o'clock; Morning service, 11 o'clock.

Baptist—S. Columbia Street—Rev. Gaylord P. Albaugh, pastor; Sunday School, 9:45; Morning service, 11 o'clock—"Loyalty in Religion."

Presbyterian—E. Franklin Street—Rev. Charles Jones, pastor; Sunday School, 9:45; Morning service, 11 o'clock—"Why Religion Persists."

# Undone Victory

by Paul Komisaruk

## Congress Rumbles Again

Congress, it seems, intends to incur the wrath of the people until it is voted out of office. And war or no war, the austere body will continue to play politics, drag personal issues and personal hatreds onto the Congressional floor.

Such was the case last week when bulky Leon Henderson, America's price czar, asked the Budget Bureau for 210 million dollars to increase his OPA staff, now at 7,300 to 90,000. What Henderson in reality was asking for, was a police corps—to protect the price ceiling over America's head. Henderson has one fear. According to his biographers, it has haunted him ever since he walked into the New Deal's offices in the early 1930's and out-shouted the late Hugh Johnson into a hearing—and a job. Henderson's fear was inflation.

Today Henderson, more than anyone, realizes that his price ceiling is—under the present set-up—the only protection against inflation. And the burly Administrator was determined to prevent that inflation by keeping the price ceiling clamped down rigidly.

For that he needed his 90,000 man police force.

## No House-Wife Price-Watchers

Henderson asked for 210 million. First, Congress cut him to 161 million, limiting him to a 66,000 enforcement force. Then in informal sessions Henderson outlined his plans to Congressional committeemen. He needed the cash for 1943. He needed 2,736 lawyers, 1,800 specialists, 600 economists. He wanted no part of voluntary house-wife price-watchers.

The next step took place when the House Appropriations Committee met. Republican John Taber of New York elected to slash 180 million from the total appropriation. Taber, in other days, as *Time Magazine* points out "was wont to stiffen with rage at the idea of even a million dollar appropriation. . . . He once roared so loud in wrath at the New Deal that he jarred free the clogged eardrum of Rep. Leonard Schuetz, restoring his hearing."

When the committee was through, however, they left Henderson 95 million dollars. Not for long though. The full committee then gathered and sliced the appropriation to 75 million dollars—and swore they would make Henderson stick within the budget—with voluntary price watchers.

Henderson fears voluntary work-

ers for obvious reasons. Price-watching is a full-time job, requiring long hours, much training, and a high degree of organization. His wish to steer clear of the housewife, already burdened with other war-work, is understandable. In a sense, his staff must consist of highly trained, skilled technicians.

## Personal Animosity

When we stop and wonder why Congress' actions went beyond the issues at hand, and descended to a personal animosity and hatred of Henderson, the man, the answers are again clear. Henderson wouldn't play politics—or else he plays them too well for Congress.

He appointed his own men to responsible posts—free of political party or stigma. He refused to consult Congressional leaders when he made appointments "back home" in their own state. Moreover, "he keeps them waiting on the phone."

Leon Henderson spoke in Chapel Hill last spring. He met a number of students and professors here. There was no doubt that he was short-tempered, arbitrary, at times unreasonable. He impressed some as a dictator bully, others as a bluffer. But those of us who spoke at any length to him came away with one very positive feeling. The man was totally honest. He had a complete grasp of his tremendous position—and within limits, he knew what he must do. If he was a dictator, then thank heaven at least he was going in the right direction.

## Humility behind Bravado

Beneath the bravado, the smiling and cigar smoke he had humility. Very earnestly he remarked as he left the Memorial hall platform, "When I go to bed at night, sometimes after 18 hours of work, it is with the feeling that there is more I must do, that I have been unable to do. When I wake up I pray to God that I may do everything I am possibly able to."

The indications now are that Leon Henderson will have to accept his shredded budget, and employ voluntary price-officers. He will make his force as efficient and capable as is humanly possible under the circumstances.

And the further indications are that Congress will continue its ride downward. Of many Congressmen, we can only hope that now they are taking their last ride—a joy ride to political oblivion—and that November will tell a different story.

# On The Q-T

by Walter Klein

## Campus Politics

We dedicate this slanderous piece of understatement to the wackiest of Carolina institutions—campus politics.

There you are, going through life just as a good Carolina citizen should, when along comes a combined tornado, hurricane, and cyclone, with a dash of typhoon. By the time you have been knocked down, robbed and beaten you know that election time is nearing.

First thing you know you're reading strange items in the DAILY TAR HEEL. My God, you gasp, what the h— is that picture of my roommate doing on the front page? Why, he's running for the highly-contested and very responsible position of Second Vice-President in Charge of Frustrated - Intellectuals - Who-Didn't-Make-Phi-Bete, says a high official of the University Party. He tells you to watch for other UP candidates' pictures and to vote for them at elections.

Elections? What Elections? He tells you that they'll be coming up any day now—in seven months, to be exact. So you, you jerk, you settle down and read steadily and faithfully all the qualifications and all the achievements of all the candidates as they are printed in the TAR HEEL. Smile, Brother, Smile

Then another thing happens. Suddenly you notice people SMILING at you. Smile, smile, smile. Everywhere you turn some barefooted, freckled-faced, bow-tied example of dementia praecox actually smiles at you. You laugh back at him out of sheer impulse, but he keeps smiling. God, it's ghastly!

As the months roll by, new and more serious developments pop up. The smiling monsters start saying "Hey, how you." Hey how you, hey how you, hey how you. That resolves into direct and arrogant name-calling. "Hey, Alonzo, how you?" Hey Ipeac, how you? Hey, Balderdash, how you? Hey, Nebuchadnezzar, how you?

Then it comes to you like a pop quiz. It's all a lot of election campaigning! This realization gives you new self-confidence, and the next person who smiles at you, you give the Bronx cheer—the raspberry, as it

were. He turns out to be a Kenan professor and he in turn recommends you to the honor council as an undesirable character.

## Bewilderment

So it's back to bewilderment. Then it really starts. Up go the posters. Those chartreuse, chrome, magenta, beige and repulsive-green colored posters. At first you have to stop eating for a while until your stomach settles down. The posters make Hitler's commands sound like pleas. VOTE! VOTE! VOTE! Vote for droops you never heard of. Vote for doubtful characters, of whom the last remembrance you have was of being kicked out by the dance committee as "unduly inebriated." Vote for boys whose entire English vocabulary consists of the words, "It gives me great pleasure to be here on this most glorious occasion." Vote for guys who never knew what a "B" looked like on a grade report. Vote for alleged students whose only reform is to repeal the law of gravity.

Comes election day. Brother, it's h—. After having finally resolved not to vote out of cold disregard for who gets into office, you are bombarded with politicians, posters and back-patting more than ever. So you hang your head, act nonchalant, and fill out a ballot. To be fair about it, you put an X in the left box first, then an X in the right box, then left, then right, until your ballot looks like a checkerboard. You forget whom you voted for the minute you leave. You say "Thank the Lord" and buy a beer.

The next day you find out who won. UP landslide, they say. My, my. The new student body president trampled all over his nearest opponent by a huge three-vote margin. Holy smoke. Even Mrs. Roosevelt got a vote here and there. Happy that the dirty old elections are all over, you go to class. Your friends mutter "stuffed ballots" and ignore you with grimaces. The posters come down. The numbness in your hand after months of pumping leaves you. You are a man again. You are happy.

But not for long. Two days later those damned politicians start campaigning for next year's elections.