

Calling The Roll

When the roll was called out yonder the University Party wasn't there.

"Out yonder" is Ohio State at Columbus, where the annual gathering of the National Student Association clan was held this Summer. Carolina, incidentally, which has furnished two presidents to the group, including the outgoing one, has had a tough time maintaining membership in NSA and even went to the point of a referendum last Spring to see if the students wanted to hang on. The students voted that they did.

When convention time came in August Carolina sent five delegates. But the delegates were all from one party — the Student Party. This probably delighted the SP since it is the leading exponent here of the National Student Association.

However, we hope the University Party, which sent nary a man, and it was supposed to send three, will be more leniently disposed toward NSA this year. We hope it will not strain itself belittling the organization, particularly since it failed to send delegates to really see what the National Student Association is all about.

We Must Aton

A Carolina professor has struck a stroke for internationalism.

Dr. John P. Gillin, professor of anthropology and research professor in the Institute for Social Science is the author of a pamphlet, "Politics in Latin America in 1952." The pamphlet is put out by a branch of the Foreign Service.

This is not all; another stroke is imminent — the publication by Dr. Gillin of a forthcoming book, "The Culture of Politics in Latin America." The pamphlet is the first chapter of this book.

With the continued success of the United Nations, a wind is rising about World Federalism. Some have felt it; some have not. If such a government by world law grows out of this mid-century maelstrom (and we don't have the slightest idea whether it will or will not) it will be constructed about a framework of international ideas. Books like Dr. Gillin's, while perhaps having nothing to do directly with world government structures, at least serve to give us an insight into the trials of our sister nations.

Most of the world federalists tell us that the only good ideas in history have been those which are universal. It is a point well taken, if we judge these ideas by their endurance. While we may not all approve of the acceptance of international, universal ideas, we are positively to be condemned for not trying to understand them.

Every contribution like Dr. Gillin's speeds up the hands of the clock toward that time when we will no longer exist in total ignorance, on the general level, of what our fellow sharers on the earth are thinking and how that thought is reflected by what they do. And we, whether or not this realization of broader horizons justifies a World Federalist movement, will be more virile as a nation.

YOU Said It

Horsing Around

Editor:

In what direction is O'Sullivan, alias Roger Will Coe, going to wander next week?

In my Daily Tar Heel letter Sept. 27 which touched on his confused scribbles concerning the Abernethys, I presented a few facts and asked a few questions. His response to date has consisted of unimaginative mumbblings about the Irish.

The petty slur in last Tuesday's column is not worth mention. On Thursday, he somehow managed to introduce another unfavorable allusion, and worse yet, used it as a point of departure for some incoherencies concerning Catholicism, the North and the South, and segregation in the churches.

What is the point of all this? If he has nothing further to say about the original question, I do not feel The Daily Tar Heel is serving any worthy purpose by making space available thrice-weekly for childish name-calling.

I am not suggesting a muzzle, merely a little gentlemanly circumspection.

Bob O'Connell

Lonely Marine

Editor:

I am a lonely Marine in an infantry company in Korea, and at mail call I don't get much mail. I sure would like to hear from some of the girls at your college. Would you please print this for me in your school paper.

P.F.C. Emerson Parker, 1328054 USMC
D. Company 2nd Bn. 7th Marines, 1st Plt.
1st Marine Division, FMF
C/O F.P.O. San Francisco, Calif.

Gets The Colonel

Editor:

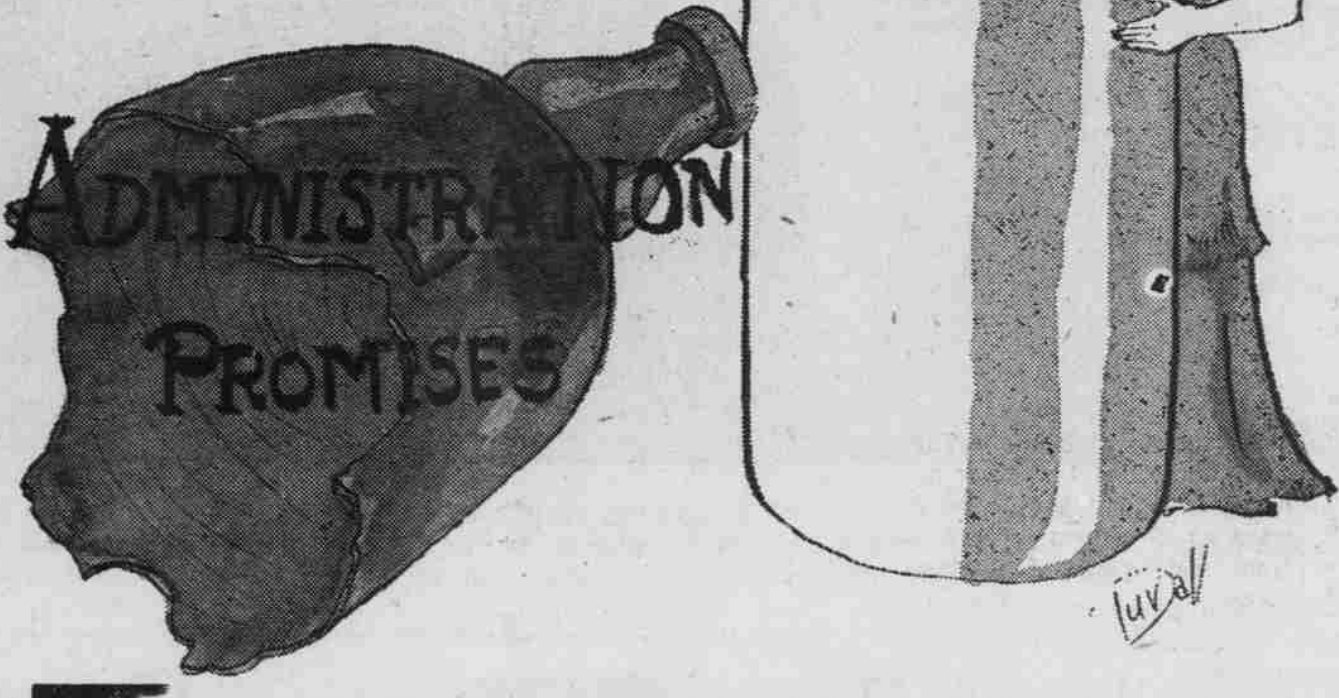
Colonel Hauser says in his letter of October 4 that we should fight Communism by any means at our disposal, be those means fair or foul. This seems to imply Machiavelli's theory that the means justify the end. Other such great men as Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, and our own Joe McCarthy have operated under that same theory.

I'm not going to state facts, because I'm not in the privileged position to hear congressional transcripts, etc. I do want to go on record as voicing disapproval of such a bigoted, reactionary, and military outlook as that set forward by Colonel Hauser.

Colonel Hauser says that mice get pushed around everyday. But men don't get pushed around. Does the Colonel realize that innocent mice can exist? Certainly all the people called before the Congressional inquisitions are not guilty, but merely the fact that their integrity is questioned constitutes a smear upon their name.

"Let's kill Communist if we wish to live. If we kill ruthlessly... our enemies may let us alone." This attitude is typical of the war-mongering military.

Unretired private citizen
Charles L. Sharpless



The Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — The most steadfast economist in the Eisenhower Cabinet continues to be the man Ike leans on most heavily for advice — Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey. And Humphrey continues to argue that economy can come only from slicing large, generous hunks from the military budget.

His views revealed in a secret conference on the budget, give important insight into the kind of advice the President is getting from his most trusted adviser.

"Mr. Dodge and I have appeared before the new Joint Chiefs of Staff," Secretary Humphrey told a secret meeting of the Senate Finance Committee. "We have said, and I honestly believe, that there is no way a sufficient reduction in these (defense) expenditures can possibly be made by just cutting off fat, or just going along and firing a stenographer there or a clerk here. The only way in the world where there is going to be anything accomplished is by a revision of these plans."

"As I said in talking to Charlie Wilson, the day has gone by when we can put more chromium on a lamp or a bumper and get by with it. What we have to have is a brand new Chevrolet that will do twice as much and cost half as much."

"How about a Ford?" piped up Oklahoma's Democratic Sen. Bob Kerr.

"All right, a Ford," agreed Secretary Humphrey. "It happened to be Charlie I was talking to, and I thought he might be more interested in a Chevrolet."

"Having your new Chiefs of Staff, they will be able to carry out the policies of the President in full harmony," observed Chairman Gene Millikin, Colorado Republican.

"They have been so instructed, sir," spoke up Budget Director Dodge.

"Might I inject this?" broke in Sen. Ed Martin, Pennsylvania Republican. "I have been a military man all my life, and I have advocated large appropriations for the defense side, but I am more fearful of internal financial collapse, as you mentioned a moment ago, than I am of outward aggression."

The closed-door meeting started heating up when Secretary Humphrey and Sen. Harry Byrd of Virginia, both loud economy advocates, clashed. Byrd wanted to know about the \$81,000,000,000 in unexpended balances that the government owes. Humphrey explained that the money was already committed, and the government couldn't get out of paying it.

"It's like the man who sends his wife out to furnish his house and supply all his goods, all on the basis of C. O. D.," the secretary of the Treasury argued. "As these goods begin to be delivered, these C. O. D. items begin to come in, all those things which were bought months before, and he has to dig down in his pocket and pay those C. O. D.'s."

However, Byrd wasn't satisfied. He demanded that the President impound the money and stop payment.

"If the situation is as serious as you say, I think the President of the United States is the only man who can control it," Byrd argued. "In my opinion, he has to step in here and do it. He can withhold these expenditures. He

can impound them. He can do as Mr. Dodge knows, he can stop payment of money, and that is what you have to do now until we straighten out this fiscal situation so somebody can understand it."

"Well, Senator, I hate to disagree with you on that," objected Humphrey. "But it just seems to me that when you say the President can stop payment of the money, that it is not a practical thing."

"Then you see no possibility of reducing expenditures from the present level?" demanded Byrd.

"Now wait a minute!" snapped Humphrey. "I didn't say that! Wait a minute! Let me finish!"

"Under the Eisenhower budget, you are going to spend this year exactly the same as Mr. Truman spent under the Truman budget last year."

"That is right," acknowledged Humphrey, simmering down. "How are you going to get these cuts and get reductions?" Byrd flashed.

"We are going to get them made. We have started already," promised the Secretary of the Treasury. He went on to explain that future appropriations had been cut \$13,000,000,000 and that ex-President Truman's estimate Humphrey, simmering down.

"You will spend the same money you spent last year," interrupted Byrd. "I have your figures right here that you gave me. You are going to spend \$74,000,000,000 this year, and you spent \$74,000,000,000 last year... what I pay attention to is what was actually expended."

"I don't judge by some erroneous estimate Mr. Truman made, or somebody else made."

T. Wolfe & Germany

Ed Yoder

Thomas Wolfe, the stone mason's son from Asheville, bade farewell to the Germany he loved in 1936.

Berlin had been running over with masses of hysterical people who had come there for the Olympics. On their lips were cheers for the Olympian warriors, but in the backs of these massed minds was an avid, an indifferent, or a scornful *seig heil!* Over the festive air hung the cloud of the Swastika. The voice of the "Dark Messiah" blasted often and loudly from the radio.

H. M. Ledig-Rowohl, Wolfe's German publisher, has written grippingly of Thomas Wolfe's last visits to the land that was almost a second homeland to him, in a recent issue of the *American Scholar*.

Wolfe, the great American romantic, had somehow found the German readers taken as a mass, more receptive to his sometimes formless, but always beautiful fiction. In *The Web and the Rock* he had his transfiguration, George Webber, come to the final realization that his name was known while Webber was in Germany; in actuality, the first recognition of his fame came to Wolfe when he was the admired center of attention during his last several visits to Germany.

To Wolfe, Germany was always the second fatherland. In his short story, "Dark in the Forest, Strange as Time", Wolfe had said: "It is an overwhelming feeling of immediate and impending discovery, such as men might have who come for the first time to their father's country... which is the dark side of our soul." He felt a strange knowledge of the language from the first time he heard it. And he felt that he had "known this strange land from the first moment that he saw it."

So there was a link, not established through the intercourse of a score of anxious visits, but rather something deep and inherent, that fastened Wolfe to Germany.

Rowohl and Wolfe were first pushed together in the Spring of 1935, when the latter was on the run from the reaction he expected from *Of Time and the River*. It had just been published. Rowohl pictures the relationship as a brotherly camaraderie. He was struck by the diffidence and humility of this American whose name was so revered in Germany. At a reception given at the American Embassy, Wolfe instantly attracted all eyes, like a rare jewel. His admirers wouldn't let him out of their sight and when they tried to praise his work, he blushed and tried to change the subject; theirs was a sealed friendship.

When Wolfe left Berlin that year, there were tears in the eyes of Rowohl. He feared that perhaps Wolfe never planned to return.

If he had such fears, they were unjustified.

Wolfe's books were selling with unprecedented swiftness in Germany and a question of his royalties for the new novel came up. Only a limited percentage of the profit could be exported to Wolfe. Rowohl urged Wolfe to come to the Olympics in 1936, and thus to spend his royalties. After some careful persuasion, Wolfe gave his consent and sailed for this land which had his deep and poetical affection.

Wolfe stepped off the transoceanic liner onto a continent whose face was thrown now into deepening shadow by the "Dark Messiah", as Wolfe later called Hitler. There was poison in the air. Savage persecutions were building toward the Master Race. The body of the State was gripped with a creeping paralysis of mistrust. It was a dreary atmosphere in which no one knew his brother's face.

So bleak was the intellectual atmosphere with suppression that many Americans could not seem to understand that all Germans weren't Nazis. Rowohl came to this sickening conclusion one night when he and Wolfe visited the Taverna, "the favored Lokal of foreign journalists."

"Martha Dodd (daughter of the American ambassador, and personal friend of Wolfe's and Rowohl's) was there, also in a party," Rowohl writes. "We sat down at the next table, and I wondered why she didn't ask us over. It turned out that she was with Donald Klopfer of Random House, and Klopfer refused to sit at the same table with Germans. I felt as if someone had knocked me in the head."

During that Berlin sojourn that was so speciously joyful with the Olympic Season, Wolfe and Rowohl avoided "the murky question", Nazism.

"Lately (Wolfe) had come across so many frightening details of the National Socialist regime that he too, began to suffer under the weight of personal mistrust and political suspicion."

When Wolfe's visit was almost to an end, Rowohl finally broke the ice that encased the murky question. He appealed to Wolfe to write a great conscience novel that would anger the world against the hateful Facism. He told Wolfe what a source of encouragement his books were to German readers.

"Wolfe shook his head. 'A man must write what he has to,' he declared."

Nothing else was ever said between the two men about the novel. "Our parting," concluded Rowohl, seemed as absurd as everything else around me. The creeping poison seemed to have destroyed our friendship too."

To make the story end happily, it must be said that there was reconciliation. But after Wolfe left Berlin in that late summer of 1936, he never saw Rowohl or the great city again.



THOMAS WOLFE

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P O G O

HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME PRAC-TICIN' MY RADIO JOB, UNCLE BALD-WIN... TAIN'T HOOKED UP YET, BUT... HERE GOES: GOOD AFTERNOON, HERE IS A IMPORTANT PRE-GAME FLASH!

SEE IT NOW! THE THROBBING NEW FILM "CUMQUAT BLOSSOMS" SEE THE ALLURIN' MISSISS FARQUHAR, THE CURVACEOUS AN DELECTABLE TOOTOO DEVINE... AND THAT SLOW BURNIN' TIGRESS, GREEN-EYED FOLLY FRISBIE!

THOSE YUM YUM LIPS... YOURS, YOURS, YOURS! IN BIG FAT 3D! YOURS WITH A CAPITAL U! LOVE FIRE... RUFF! SMEERP!

NEXT TIME TAKE OFF YOUR MASK! NEXT TIME TAKE OFF YOURN!

L I L A B E R

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Yokum: I have worked out a way to get your baby out of the drainpipe. Here it is, in simple terms — 224 - TH 239 - FXJ2 - which gives you DR57π x 1000 + 121 a 3V3516 404 1592

EINSTEIN'S THE SMARTEST MAN ON EARTH! ALL WE GOTTA DO IS FOLLY THOSE INSTRUCK-SHUNS! LET'S GO! YOU TAKES AWAY 239 FUM 24-- ??-HOW MUCH DO THET LEAVE?

OH-SUP-AM DON'T KNOW? WE'LL NEVAM FIGURE THIS OUT IN TIME TO SAVE OUR BABY FUM THE WELFARE MEN!! GULP! THEY IS COMIN TOMORRY!

Just follow the above instructions and everything will be O.K. Enskien