

The Turtle Moves

Gravelly Sanatorium, another symbol of the defeat for the timeless destroyer, Tuberculosis, was dedicated this week. The erection and dedication of an edifice can have only physical meaning, but in this case, we believe that meaning can be extended. It has a symbolic implication because it is a milestone in the progress of medical science.

We have faith that within current man's lifespan, doctors will be able to look up to a patient afflicted with some of our major killers — whether Cancer, Heart disease, or TB — and assure him that "it's not anything that a little care won't cure." This may be called wishful thinking, but in view of the rapid strides made by medical science since the influenza carnages of the World War I days, it is reasonable conjecture.

One enemy stands in the path. This enemy is the tendency of man to put himself and his interests before the interests of wholesale advancement. Drew Pearson dealt rather extensively, several weeks ago, with the impediment certain members of the American Medical Association are alleged to have put up in the way of the new Cancer drug. Pearson's story was intensified by the fact that it dealt with the late Senators Taft, and Tobey; with the benefit of the new drug in time, both lives might have been saved. When Senator Tobey attempted to get a quantity of the drug for the treatment of Taft, his way was blocked.

If this story has any validity, it has gotten a tragic lack of attention. The point recognizable is that no group — large or small — should sit in a position powerful enough to arbitrarily separate men from their lives.

But with altruism taking precedence over egoism, medical science, as testified to by the completion of the new sanatorium, can and will move forward.

Ebb Tide

Anita Anderson

We've just won our first two games and Carolina spirit has reached a high. We're proud of the impressive scores that our team has run up against our two recent opponents. And we're optimistic enough to be expecting more Saturday victories.

We think that our team deserves a higher rating than that which the sportswriters have given us. That's fine. We should be optimistic. But can we continue to be so very cheerful if we get into the defeat column today?

Carolina spirit has been seen to rise and fall as our football scores have done likewise. When we're winning we rock the stadium with our cheers. But when we're losing it's hard for the cheerleaders to get more than a feeble cry from the crowd.

Our famed Carolina spirit should not ebb when we're losing. It's quite possible that we'll lose the next few games. We must remember that we have already played our weakest opponents. The hard schedule is facing us now.

Let's keep up our Carolina spirit no matter what today's score may be. Our degree of enthusiasm is bound to be felt by the team, and they need that support especially when they're losing.

YOU Said It

Editor: Where did you get the news that the veterans were venturing to organize a Vet's Club?

I have read The Daily Tar Heel the past two weeks and have not seen any news of it until your disgusting editorial. There should not have been any news because I was the one talking with Col. Shepard about the idea and no news was supposed to come out until a meeting was called. . . .

First of all, nobody is trying to organize a Vet's Club. The petition is merely to see who is interested in one. If enough signatures can be obtained, then we will venture to organize a club.

Second, we have no idea of what would have taken place within the organization because the petition is only to see how many are interested. When the club gets to the planning stages, problems of internal organization will be worked out, but could be solved in the following ways:

Finances. Why can't a veteran's club be organized and operated on a similar basis as the Army PX and Navy Exchange stores? Sure it would take money to get started, but what man in Chapel Hill wouldn't pay a few dollars for beer, pool and the other luxuries that are part of a non-profit, private organization. . . .

Attendance. Who wants to attend any meeting of a club that does not show any initiative or interest in the club's well-being by its members and sponsors or does not offer some form of recreation? Remember last quarter when veterans were told they had to take Physical Education? Your editorial should have been written last quarter against the Phys Ed courses for vets instead of now. This Phys Ed problem is one of many that a veteran faces, so when problems like this are discussed at meetings, veterans will be there.

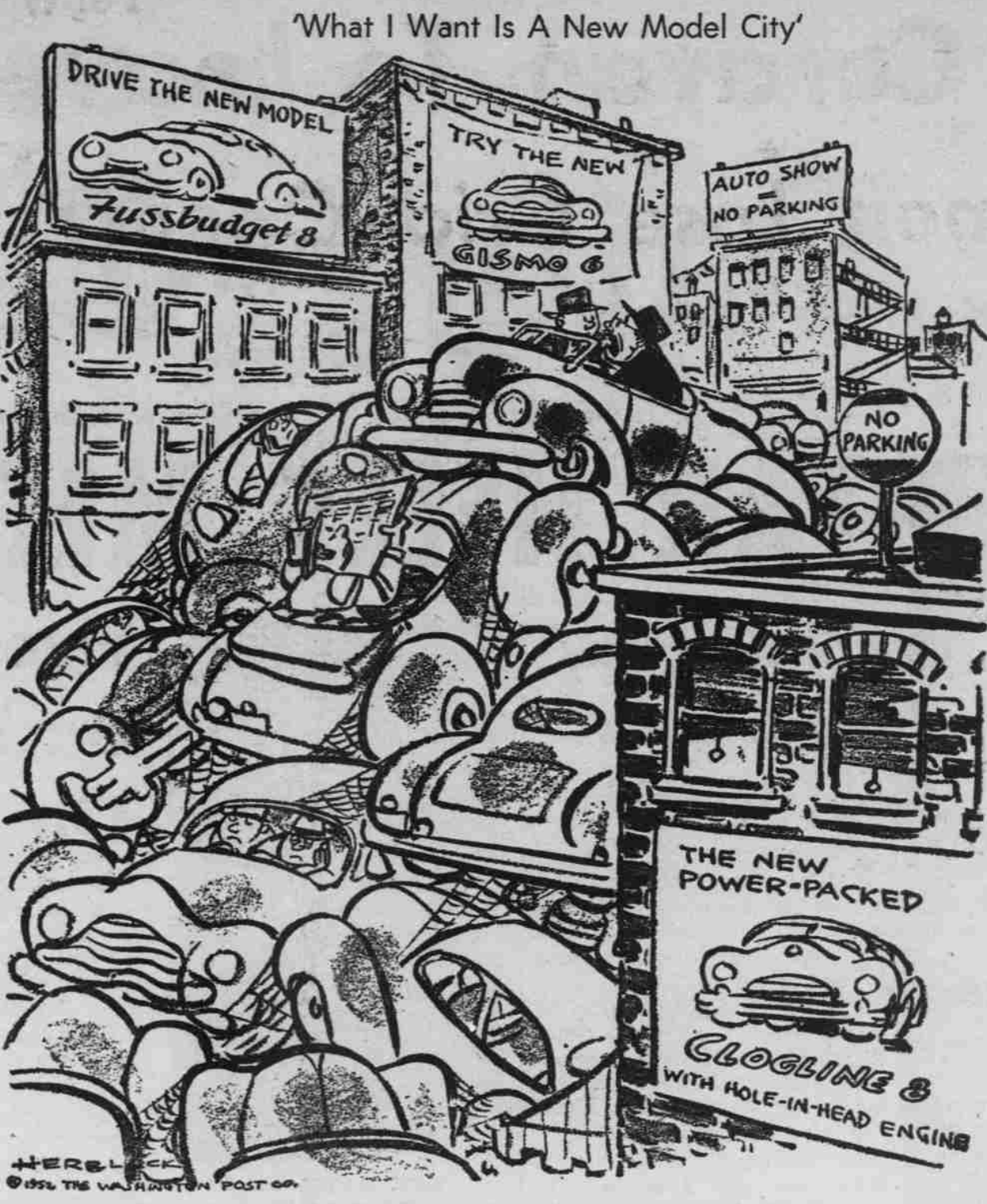
Drinking. Almost every veteran drinks and 90% of the other students do, too. Veterans drink while in service on a lot less pay than they get now so they shouldn't mind putting out a little extra cash for beer. Beer in town costs from thirty to forty cents, while in a private club it would cost a lot less. This sale of beer would eventually take care of the club's finances and no dues would have to be collected.

The University does have a regulation against drinking on the campus. In fact, the impression given me was that a "Vet's Club" would not be able to carry the name "University Veteran's Club" if beer was allowed. This is very unfair because fraternities operate under these same University regulations and drink, if they buy it, without inconveniences and expense.

Another important fact is that the petition has nothing to do with the old Veteran's Club that operated a few years back. Their problems belonged to them and since we are a new group of veterans, we can solve our problems, not as we go along but before grand opening night.

Sure, we veterans are in for rough seas, the seas being the 10 per cent that didn't get the word or else so set against a club, and I'm sure your editorial didn't make the seas any calmer. If enough veterans sign the petition, located in 315 South Building, we will have taken our first step in combatting these rough seas.

Porter Griggs



Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — Here is the inside story of how Marshall Lavrenti Beria, ex-No. 2 man of Russia, popped up on the list of Joe McCarthy's potential witnesses.

Though the story hasn't panned out the way McCarthy hoped, real fact is that Joe had been saving this as the big piece of resistance of his whole spy-hunting career. Revelation that the former secret police chief of Russia had surrendered to McCarthy was to be a sensational climax which would rebuild the public confidence that fell off after Joe hired, then fired, J. B. Matthews, the Protestant Red-hunter.

The man who sold McCarthy on the Marshall Beria escape is a colorful and delightful soldier of fortune named Flavio Gallo, a Nicaraguan who has been trying to dump the present regime in Nicaragua, and who also has some political axes to grind against the Arbenz Guzman regime in Guatemala.

Gallo operates in Mexico and on the West Coast and was the source of the report that a State Department official had been shaken down for \$150,000 during the Truman Administration. Gallo has had close contacts with Gene Fuson, a California newspaperman who first broke the story of the \$150,000 bribe and also wrote the first report that Marshall Beria had escaped.

Last summer Gallo privately peddled the rumor that Beria had escaped from the Kremlin early in July and was hiding in Spain. According to Soviet announcements, Beria was arrested

on June 26. According to Gallo's story, he escaped a short time later and went to Spain.

Gallo conveyed this information to McCarthy in midsummer so the Wisconsin Senator had known about the report for about two months. During that time, so far as can be ascertained, he did not pass the word on to the State Department until September 22. This in itself is highly unusual; for reports of extraordinary activity behind or inside the Iron Curtain can be of great value to Central Intelligence and the State Department, and are supposed to be passed on immediately.

This, however, apparently was not done. For State Department officials said the first thing they knew about the matter was when they read the Beria reports in the newspapers.

Vice-President Nixon substantiated advance knowledge of the matter when he said in New York that he had known of the alleged Beria escape for about a month.

Yet not a word was dropped to the State Department, which customarily takes every possible step to check reports that affect Soviet foreign policy.

Instead, soldier of fortune Flavio Gallo shipped his Cadillac to Italy in August, then went himself to Italy and Spain for a rendezvous with the alleged Marshall Beria.

In hiding with Beria, according to the McCarthy-Gallo reports, are two other Russians, one a top atomic scientist and the other an expert on North and South America and China.

The decidedly skeptical State Department and Central Intelligence Agency have sent two men, who have seen Marshal Beria and would know him if they saw him

again, to Spain in order to interview the man who McCarthy's agent says is the ex-No. 2 ruler of Russia. They can't conceive that he is Beria, but they want to leave no stone unturned to get the true facts.

Senator Kefauver of Tennessee, who's suspicious of the way the Commerce Department has pushed around American newspapers and the Cuban government regarding newsprint from Cuban sugar cane, is looking into the role of \$1-a-year men inside the Commerce Department.

Last May the Cuban government took the good-neighbor policy seriously and wrote a letter to the State Department asking for the loan of Jesse Friedman, the Commerce Department's expert on making newsprint out of bagasse-sugar-cane waste. After 16 months' delay, the Commerce Department wrote back on Aug 3 wanting to know when Mr. Friedman could be spared—since he's the only government expert available on this subject. As this is written, another two months have passed and Cuba still hasn't received a reply.

Meanwhile it develops that a key official inside the Commerce Department, Leonard Pasek, who advises on newsprint matters, is loaned to the government by the Kimberly-Clark Co. of Wisconsin, manufacturers of paper from wood pulp. Pasek wrote a report on newsprint from saw grass which made the flat statement: "It is unlikely that any fibers produced by chemical processes alone will displace ground wood pulp as the principal fibre content of newsprint paper."

Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

"The horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others. . . ." Hippotrotis, circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was browsing near Alumni Building when I saw him. I warned him about any further depredations on the Morehead Planetarium shrubbery.

"That stuff," he sneered. "How can you expect any good growth and you've got no chernozem, Roger? By-the-by, have you seen the special class of fillies that the Lieutenant-Governor of Carrboro is teaching? Yi and yipe!"

Once over lightly, please? The what of Carrboro?

"Lissen, anybody who can collect a class like that is worthy of more than a mayoralty," The Horse said seriously. "I mean it. The feed-bag dope is, you gotta qualify with I. Q.'s of 36-34-23 to make that class in Geology."

That was low for I. Q.'s, I observed.

"Oh, you're thinking of such unimportant things as Intelligence Quotients?" The Horse stared. "Interesting Quail," I mean. Brother, they shouldn't go out and get a load of rocks, the rocks should get a load of them. Miss America would be lost in the back-row center in that class."

Well, good. What else did he know about our Semester Classes?

"We got a real humorist teaching one of them," The Horse grinned. "He says a survey shows that only three percent of the people in America — del Norte, that is — claim to be Upper Class. Purdon I, Upper Clavss. He kints broadly that the other ninety-seven percent are hoping to be contradicted when they say they are Middle Class Folk. A recent hurried survey of Dook shows the Middle Class claimants should be contradicted in Spades."

Oh? Were they all Upper Clavss there at Dook?

"They exactly average," The Horse pronounced. "Their wearing apparel is Upper Clavss, and they are — well, as I said, they have misnamed their topmost mercenary. They call him Country Slaughter. Brother, what he did to them Vols and them Deaks, he should be called Crossroad Slaughter; because when Big Ed starts to prowl like a midnight possum among the opposition, it is Slaughter at the Crossroads."

Yes, so I had heard. But why the odd grammar?

"Well," The Horse shrugged, "maybe some mercenaries might have my words read to them, and an interpreter might not be present."

Did I detect a note of envy, or malice, even?

"Heh-heh," The Horse heh-hehheh. "I'd like to see Crossroad Slaughter take me out in a play! I'd like to see somebody beat me down the field under a punt! I'd like to see them take me out with a block! Why? You alleged humans stick to your trades? Take the Ring; there isn't an ape couldn't beat Marciano's dome rockier than it is; nor a gorilla couldn't win a Battle Royal against your ten best wrestlers; nor a kangaroo couldn't beat your best broadjump, and backwards. What if one of you can beat the other at some game? The least of us could make you look silly."

Yes? Take grains, now. Hops, or wheat, or rye?

"Ay be seeing you!" The Horse shrilled as he raced Durhamward.

An Invitation

Robert C. Smith

We think that all incoming freshmen should be informed that Chapel Hill is surrounded by woods. Yes, we said woods. Of course the incoming freshman in first coming to Chapel Hill penetrated these woods by paved roads and automobile; but that is different and not what we mean.

We mean, BY GOD, that the best part of the fall is now here, that the leaves are changing, and that anyone with the slightest strain of wildness in his blood ought to get out of town and see the woods — even if it means cutting one of his dull classes.

The University makes it compulsory for freshmen to take physical education courses in all sorts of trivial sports — so there is no reason why another should not be added: to wit, a leisurely course in woods-walking. If a text-book is needed (and it probably isn't), we suggest one by Henry David Thoreau.

And you tired businessmen of Franklin Street, have you heard the indicting words of Lord Byron:

"If commerce fills the purse,
She clogs the brain. . . ."

So unclog your brains, close your shops for an hour or two, leave your infuriating customers behind, and take to the woods!

And don't be afraid. The birds and rabbits and squirrels won't harm you! On entering the wooded area you'll find yourself beneath a soft canopy of living green leaves; and under your feet, a graveyard of golden leaves — ornaments without end! — dead and sad and mangled, like paper-dolls abandoned by a careless child.

You may see a hundred ants on a single leaf, or a woodpecker pattering about with his bill. Simple things, obscure and dramatic. Can you imagine anything as unmomentous, as unnoticed, as a single leaf falling quietly to the earth in a great, thick, deep forest?

The love of nature is scorned for some reason — but isn't it just as good as the love of football or the love of beer? One may even learn to be humble in the woods.

After all, we do have a tradition to maintain: Did not the first student in this University — Hinton James — walk all the way from Wilmington — through woods, fields, swamps and unpaved roads — to get to Chapel Hill?

The Daily Tar Heel

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P O G O

ALL RIGHT NOW, GRUNDON, HAN' ME THE BALL. IT'S OUR ONLY ONE SO STOP PICKIN' THREAD OFFN IT!

L I L A B N E R

MAH LIL SON!!

MEBBE WE'LL HAVE A LIL SISTER FO HIM SOMEDAY, HUH?

DON'T MIND EF WE DO.

HE HAIN'T MYSTERIOUS NO MORE. SO WHAT'LL WE NAME TH' LIL VARMINT?

THEY'S SO HAPPY—TOO OXIFRE HAPPY!!