

### The Long Of It

Bandmaster Johnny Long gave it the old college try Friday night and long after the hoarse-voiced are speaking normally again Johnny will be remembered for putting pep into a pep rally.

The personable band leader and his Cottonpicker Five gave students three-quarters hour of rally music, even though the musicians were tired from a day's travel and an afternoon's concert and still had a dance to play in the evening.

Long's spontaneous demonstration, which friends here say is characteristic of him, made Friday's rally one of the best ever held. Thanks, Johnny.

### YOU Said It

Even though this particular cow has been milked dry, I cannot restrain expressing my delight and admiration for Mr. Ed Ramsaur's amiable and ecstatic, though insufficient and rash, rebuttal to my Ptomaine Lamentations which appeared in The Daily Tar Heel.

Mr. Ramsaur must be an amiable person indeed to be satisfied with just any sort of food that happens to be thrown at him. The stale biscuits we daily munch are ambrosia to Mr. R's mouth!

May I softly and unpugnaciously suggest that Mr. Ramsaur's taste buds are either perverted or defective or deranged? Ergo, his taste buds are not like my taste buds!

The criterion Mr. R. utilizes in forming his judgment is not known, but if he is comparing local food with food served in the Army, then I shall be happy to join with him in praising and eulogizing our comparatively exquisite food.

Widespread pungent opposition has been particularly aroused by certain unprincipled restaurateurs who know that they have Carolina students over a barrel, and consequently can not refrain from demanding and extorting their pound of flesh in the form of an insatiable desire for the mangey dollar.

Mr. Ramsaur exhibits a State College mentality when he suggests that I, a Carolina man, should cultivate a plot of campus ground and raise my own food! In response to this juvenile recommendation, I will not vindictively suggest that Mr. R. go to the top of Bell Tower and jump off.

I wish him to live on—and eat on!—so he can entertain us with more ill-considered letters to the DTH in inexplicable and bizarre-defense of hogswill.

Robert C. Smith

### Attention Letter Writers

The Daily Tar Heel invites its readers to write letters to the editor. They must be signed by the writer with his name and address. It is preferable that they be typed when possible.

### The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday, examination and vacation periods and during the official Summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, 25¢ a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

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### Which Way?

#### —CPU Roundtable—

Tonight at 8 o'clock in the Grail Room of Graham Memorial the CPU discusses the question "What Course Should the Democratic Party Take in the Election Next Year and in 1956?"

The Special election to fill a Congressional vacancy in the ninth district of Wisconsin has created quite a stir in both political camps. The ninth district, which has never sent a Democrat to Congress, not even during the high tide of the New Deal era, last week elected one to Congress.

Traditionally the party out of power gains in off year elections; however, never has there been a similar situation as the one which now confronts the Republicans. Their victory last November was a personal triumph for General Eisenhower but a very meager one indeed for the coat-tail riders of his party. Thus the Democrats may very easily emerge from the 1954 election in control of both houses of Congress.

The question then arises, whether or not the Democrats want the responsibility of controlling Congress with the opposition in the executive saddle. There are two views in the Democratic Party on this question. One is that the party bosses who fear that control of Congress will weaken the party's chances for 1956. They feel that the major cause of Gov. Dewey's defeat in 1948 was the do-nothing Republican 80th Congress.

In the other camp are those who feel that the best interest of the nation as a whole than the possibility of defeat in 1956. This group firmly believes that the Democratic Party offers the best program for the nation, thus should accept any responsibility that is in the nation's best interest.

The weakness of Gen. Eisenhower's leadership is obvious to all. The division within his own party must certainly be disheartening to him. The question is whether or not the time is ripe for the Democrats to capitalize on the present Republican delirium.—DAVE REID.

### Inspiration

—C. T. Andrews—

We were both impressed and inspired on a recent Sunday morning at the Methodist Church here when a Korean student at the University sang one of our favorite religious solos, "How beautiful Upon the Mountain."

First of all, we were impressed with the clearness of tone, and the lack of the Oriental accent. His facial expression made us feel he was singing directly to us. And last, we were quite humbled at the realization that a boy from Korea would sing a solo in English in an American church.

For the Korean, we know it took much practice and tireless effort to prepare his presentation. We admire him much for this. Then, too, we admire the person or persons whose idea it was that the young man sing. It certainly promoted the idea that Christianity is an international belief.

Our first impulse at the end of the solo was to applaud. This not being the proper thing to do in a holy sanctuary, we refrained.

However, it must have given the soloist much satisfaction to see the glistening eyes that we saw during his performance.

We extend gratitude for those few inspirational moments to Mr. Charles Kim, a University of North Carolina student from a war-torn Korea.



### Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — Down in southwest Missouri the other day, an Ozark farmer, looking out at his parched fields, summed up drought and politics this way.

"I remember the drought we had back in 1930 when Herbert Hoover was President. It was so dry here and down in Arkansas that the tree toads hardly stayed alive. And Senator Thad Caraway began hollering about it even louder than the tree toads. They was too weak to holler much. Despite the hollering, President Hoover wouldn't do anything. He sat and thought. And the louder the senators hollered the more he sat and thought.

"That drought was the beginning of Mr. Hoover's trouble. The farmers just didn't forget how he sat in the White House and did nothing when their farms were being sold at auction. And I don't think they'll forget a couple of years from now either."

This opinion is probably a little stronger than that of the average farmer — but not much. And when 17 per cent of the farmers using REA electricity in Howell County, Missouri, have their meters taken out because they can't pay their bills; and when 100 families move out of Taney County; and when dairymen are selling half their herds to keep the other half alive, you can understand why they are bitter.

They are not particularly bitter against President Eisenhower. They feel that, as a soldier,

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he doesn't understand these problems, that he has a right to delegate farm decisions to others. However, they do feel bitter at his Secretary of Agriculture.

Much of this bitterness may be unjustified, nevertheless it is very real, very potent, and will be a very definite factor in the next election.

Skipping the reasons for Benson Bitterness, however, let's take a look at the stark tragedy the drought-ridden farmer is up against. It happened that Mother Nature was most niggardly with rain over a wide part of the United States this year. The niggardliness extended all the way from Massachusetts through Virginia and Maryland to Oklahoma and Texas. But no part of the country has been worse hit than southwest Missouri and adjacent Arkansas, where only one good rain has fallen since May 17.

In this area, dairy cows usually worth \$300 are now selling for \$50, simply because farmers can't afford to feed them. It costs \$42 for a ton of hay, and since two tons, or \$84, are necessary to carry a cow through the winter, some of the finest herds in that part of Missouri are being decimated. And with each herd shipped to market the price has edged down just a little bit further.

After long delays, hay relief finally was arranged by Secretary Benson. It came, however, after senators Hennings and Symington of Missouri had spent weeks bombarding the White House and telegraphing Secretary Benson. And when it did come only \$10,000,000 was allotted to 13 states, whereas Missouri alone will need about \$15,000,000.

Meanwhile, loan restrictions have been so tightly drawn that in some counties farmers cannot get drought loans unless they are virtual paupers. Nor can they get loans if their wives, in order to save the farms, go to work teaching school, or their boys go into town to work.

This is where the resentment against Ezra T. Benson comes in. The Secretary of Agriculture is not really to blame for the operations of county relief committees. Farmers also realize that prices started skidding before he entered office and, finally, they don't blame him for the lack of rainfall.

But they do remember that when drought hit these same sections last year, Secretary of Agriculture Brannan stepped in with a hay program — almost before protests were registered — and arranged for the railroads to haul that hay at half price with the government absorbing the other half.

In contrast, Senator Hennings of Missouri brought out the fact that the railroads offered the same 50 per cent rate to Benson as early as July 1, but he hugged this secret to his bosom. And said nothing about it until two weeks ago.

Most of all, however, farmers resent Benson's speeches. To them his warnings that he's going to abandon dairy supports and his foreboding about other price supports are like rubbing salt in open wounds. Furthermore, he seems to have a depressing effect on prices.

Whatever may be the reason for this depressing effect, the farmer reads speech after speech by the Secretary of Agriculture predicting that the price of cattle is going up, and each time he makes a prediction the price goes down.

"I think the general undertone of livestock prices is substantially sold," said Benson on Feb. 5. Beef prices were then \$19.70. "The beef market is pretty stable. It has been strengthening," said Benson on Feb. 27. But by this time prices had dropped to \$18.80.

"There has been a very marked increase in livestock prices," said Benson on March 2 despite the above decrease.

### Carolina: a 3rd Choice

Ed Yoder

Contrary, perhaps, to popular opinion, Thomas Wolfe didn't originally plan to come to Carolina. Though he was to be, first, one of her best known undergraduates and, later, one of her most illustrious alumni, Wolfe did not choose to go to his own state university.

His first choice was Princeton, due perhaps to the influence of his father. William Oliver Wolfe, himself a native of Baltimore, like his counterpart of Wolfe's novels, W. O. Gant, had a habit of expounding upon the romance of the North. So his son always felt that above the Mason-Dixon's line there lay an almost other-worldly charm. This probably accounted in part for his longing to go to Princeton. Naturally, too, Wolfe was beset by a dab of the egotism that often besets the young and promising. It could have been—and this is only conjecture—that he considered himself somewhat superior to the offerings of a deeper-southern and less pretentious (though excellent) school.

Wolfe finished at the North State Finishing School in Asheville when he had just come to the impressionable age of 15. Immediately, the problem of where he was to complete his education arose. There was, for one good thing, little hesitation about sending him to school. His gift had been recognized early.

The novelist always described his family as "not the university going kind of people." It was true; not a single member of the Wolfe family had an education to approach what Tom ultimately received.

The dream of Princeton was finally dashed to a thousand pieces by Julia Wolfe, who could picture the enormous bills that would pour in. Not only was Carolina not first. It was not even second choice, as that place was held by the University of Virginia. Here his father stepped in. He didn't like what he had seen of the ostentatious atmosphere that hung about this school.

"You belong to North Carolina," he told Wolfe. "And you must go to Chapel Hill. And that's a good school."

So Thomas Wolfe entered the University of North Carolina in the fall of 1916, along with several classmates who were eager to prove outstanding literary mettle. Paul Green was there and so was Jonathan Daniels, who, like Wolfe, was destined for the editorship of The Daily Tar Heel.

Tom's own fictional record of his freshman year and accounts others have given have it that he was not overjoyed with Carolina. There was a fairly potent set of circumstances working against him. This was the first time he had ever been separated from the garrulous and gregarious Wolfe fireside. Loneliness was a mania with him. He didn't care much about the way he dressed. He owned only a few suits and they were unkempt. About the only thing that saved him from the condemnation of unconformity was that he was going to a school where people were judged more by the cut of their minds than of their clothes.

It seems, too, that he ran into some disappointment with his school work. Though he later made excellent grades in the graduate school at Harvard, those he attained at Carolina were not good at all. This is not to say, however, that he could not be a flashing student when he chose. But it remains that scholastic distinction was about the only distinction he lacked when he left here.

When he viewed the opening act of his college career in retrospect through the eyes of Eugene Gant in Look Homeward Angel, he saw it through a gloomy screen. Eugene Gant, apparently, felt himself treated with pathetic, though well-deserved, injustice:

"As he walked across the campus, he heard his name called mockingly from a dozen impartial windows, he heard the hidden laughter, and he ground his teeth. And at night, he stiffened with shame in his dark bed, ripping the sheet between his fingers, as, with the unbalanced vision, the swollen egotism of the introvert, the picture of the crowded student room, filled with the grinning historians of his exploits, burned in his brain... He saw himself in his clown's trappings and thought of his former vision of success and honor with a lacerating self-contempt."

This quotation presents a definite contrast to the Carolina student he became later: "Genius, Young Shakespeare," and probably the best known campus wheel of any day.

### Heavy Education

(From the Durham Morning Herald)

Modern schools may be seeking to make education less burdensome for the schoolboy, but it works in the opposite direction in the matter of his books. Today's youth trudges to school (or does he trudge to school these days?) with a far heavier load of books than his sires of a century and of two centuries ago.

That may seem strange, in the light of all the criticism directed at some modern schools for stressing intellectual attainment less and various forms of manual activity more. Yet it is true enough. The youngster of 1753 had only a few textbooks, and they were small and slender. The youngster of 1953 had a few more, somewhat heftier, but not too heavy, thanks to such writers as Noah Webster and William H. McGuffey. The youngster of 1953 has many books, some of them quite voluminous.

The growing load of school books prompted a University of Pittsburgh professor, John Nietz, to do some weighing and counting for comparative purposes. Professor Nietz found that a typical sixth-grade pupil today uses eight textbooks and four supplementary pamphlets, which contain 3,115 pages and weigh 11.5 pounds. The pupil in the equivalent of the sixth grade two centuries ago used the New England primer, occasionally an arithmetic text, and perhaps a Psalter. In the three were 272 pages, and the combined weight was about six ounces.

