

The Detached W. Averill Harriman

W. Averill Harriman will move into the teeth of a stern test when he runs against the Republican candidate, Senator Irving Ives, for the governorship of New York.

But the thoughts of many on this campus will be with Mr. Harriman. Not that he, viewed at a distance, does not have abilities and talents as a statesman that win him supporters; but he gained many friends when he spoke two years ago on this campus under the auspices of the Carolina Forum. His hearers discovered that the aura of aristocracy and austerity—the look of the cracker-dry scholar—that linger about him deceives. They found him a sincere spokesman for his point of view, lively and courageous.

If we have a segment of the noblesse oblige in the U. S., Harriman represents it. His family has behind it distinguished history in both private and public affairs. He is a wealthy man. But his beaconlight is not his pocket book but his public spirit.

Public life, we say, needs more servants who detach their personal backgrounds and motivations from what conscience tells them about the needs of the U. S. It is easy for a man to be a laissez-faire economist and an isolationist in foreign policy if he owns a big business; it is easy for a man to be a democrat and an internationalist if he lives in the shadow of poverty.

But it is difficult for one to forget that he comes from the aristoi or that he has wealth and to formulate his opinions in abrupt detachment from his genesis and circumstances. And that is just what Averill Harriman has done.

We will be following with interest his fortunes in the rowdy Empire State political ring, and we wish him well in November.

Carolina Front A Friend Is Worried About Joe McCarthy

Louis Kraar

"Just what kind of democracy has America given us when you have men like McCarthy?"

Taizo Matsui from Waseda University in Tokyo sat across the table from me in the sandwich shop drinking coffee and looking worried. The summer night had gone by quickly, and before too many hours dawn would be coming up over the foggy Iowa cornfields.

"We owe your country a great deal," he said leaning forward a little. "You gave us the democratic institutions and freedom. These are things we like very much. But not we are wondering when we read about your Sen. McCarthy in our newspapers."

"We're wondering just what kind of democracy is this America has given us when we read about McCarthy. And our people are very worried."

TAIZO AND I had become good friends earlier in the National Student Association Congress we were attending. But the question he raised was a tough one to answer. I tried to tell him that the Senator from Wisconsin wasn't as powerful as he seemed in Japan; my friend was a student of government, and he knew McCarthy was declining in popularity and power. But he was worried.

"You see, in our own country we have had people like this," he said.

"In 1925, a law was passed in Japan that forbade criticizing the government. Then teachers who had certain books were put in jail, and things were very bad. It seems to us now that your McCarthy is the same way. I have been very happy here to find out the students here are not for McCarthy," Taizo said, reflecting on his first week in this country.

MANY NIGHTS he talked until dawn with students from this country. He seemed hungry for knowledge about the people who had reshaped the customs of his ancient people. And in our talks, I learned of Japan and the great changes which the West has brought about since the last big war.

"Dating is a new custom that we imported from the United States. It has been very nice because this is something we never had before," Taizo said with a wide grin. He liked to kid and smile, but he spoke of his country with serious intensity.

"I went to a party one of my first nights in this country in San Francisco. And I was quite surprised when the party did not end at 10 or 11 o'clock. It continued until 3 in the morning. This is something we do not have yet in Japan."

A WAITRESS came and refilled our coffee cups, and the Japanese boy whose father is a towel manufacturer told me about the huge University he attended. Later, I saw pictures of the big, modern campus holding 25,000 students.

"We have a great problem in our union of students," he said. "There is a large amount of apathy among the students at the universities and colleges. They all have to work in order to attend school, so they have little time for organizations," Taizo explained.

I told him a little about Carolina, and he seemed quite interested in campus politics. "The communists are about 100 strong on our campus as a party. It is the only so-called party we have. But the 100 out of 25,000 students are very weak. They have virtually no support on campus," he explained.

I've never could decide what to tell him about McCarthy, except that students were not in favor of what he does. But later Taizo said, "I would very much like to meet your Sen. McCarthy. I'm going to Washington, and I have asked for a chance to talk with him."

HERBLOCK

McCarran & The Governor



McCarran & The Governor Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — Sen. Pat McCarran, the venerable Republican from Nevada, is one of the most blasé men in the Senate. He also likes to see politics operate on a self-financing basis. To accomplish this he has a happy faculty for putting state politicians on the federal payroll even though they are doing almost nothing for Uncle Sam, just as long as they are doing something for him in Nevada.

Take the case of Gov. Charles H. Russell of Nevada, now running for re-election. Probably few Nevadans know it, but McCarran kept Russell on the federal payroll while he was running for governor last time and right up until after he was nominated.

What happened was that McCarran at first encouraged Ex-Governor Vail Pittman to run again for governor, then double-crossed him and backed Russell. He followed this up by putting Russell on the Senate ECA watchdog committee, which just happens to be the only committee whose vouchers are not audited by the General Accounting Office, a little loophole arranged by Sen. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire when he was chairman of the committee during the 80th Congress. The loophole, incidentally, permitted Bridges to send Ex-Sen. Worth Clark of Idaho on a trip to the orient to report on aid for Chiang Kai-Shek without an OK from either Congress or the State Department.

In any case, McCarran happily took advantage of the loophole and paid Russell \$860.85 per month as a so-called committee consultant during the same time he was running for governor.

Russell remained there until June 30, 1950, though nominated for governor on June 1, 1950.

On Dec. 13, 1950—well after Russell's election—he was still drawing expenses, though the vouchers claimed these expenses covered his earlier service with the committee. Since the General Accounting Office could not audit the vouchers, taxpayers will have to take McCarran's word for it. He signed the vouchers.

Junket To Switzerland

The vouchers themselves show up a couple interesting items. For example, Russell took a junket at committee expense to Switzerland during the tourist season at the Alpine resorts. This might have been considered committee business, except that the only purpose of the committee was to oversee the Marshall Plan. And Switzerland was the only country in Western Europe that flatly refused to participate in the Marshall Plan.

Another interesting item on Russell's expense account is air transportation to Reno and rental of an automobile during the March 21-April 24, 1950, period. This happens to be about the

same time that Russell was campaigning for the gubernatorial nomination.

During this period, Russell collected his full Senate salary, plus an additional \$315 for 35 days of personal expenses, plus \$150 for renting an automobile for "official business," plus the air transportation home. And it seems

his weight against it. Marginal Senators followed Ives' lead, however, and voted for this amendment. . . . (The depression is so bad in the coal-mining areas of Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky that unemployed miners are being invited to hire out to hospitals for \$2.50 a day, plus food, to serve as "normal controls." This doesn't mean they undergo experimental surgery, but eat the same food as sick people and live under the same conditions.)

Reaction Piece

David Mundy

THE NSA COMMITTEE on freedom of college newspapers may possibly become one of the smartest "blackmail" threats in years. Just let someone criticize a college newspaper now; he will be headlined as one of those damned, fascist, McCarthyite, reactionary (i.e. Republican) enemies of that "great and glorious freedom for which our fathers fought and died," the freedom of speech.

The liberals (and those to the leftward) have entrenched themselves on most college campuses, and are quite unlikely to receive any challenges to their control. Their position is even stronger when the mere existence of such a committee is able to threaten possible critics with unfavorable publicity.

COLUMNIST DREW P. (pronounced as spelled) has been complaining about Sen. McCarran's income taxes. The Democrats were never able to prove anything wrong with his returns, and apparently Mr. Brownell can't either. (Don't think he wouldn't like to do so.) Columnist Pearson is having very real troubles, though, to the tune of several thousand unpaid tax dollars. Maybe Drew will become an Atlanta resident. He would be safe there, especially since they filled up the unused sewer through which four convicts escaped last week.

INCONSISTENCY OF THE WEEK is the hullabaloo over the IFC executive session. The IFC has either something to hide or something that it doesn't want publicized in the Daily Tar Heel. Sounds like hiding behind the fifth amendment, doesn't it? The same persons who so strongly oppose any change in the fifth amendment are the ones complaining so loudly and capitalizing on the IFC's secret meeting.

The campus party lineup is amazingly like the national. One party, composed of the "smarter" politicians, generally comes out on top. They use the formula proved so successful by the liberal elements in American politics: Promise the voters anything they might want, social security, pensions, subsidies, or Coke machines, social rooms, co-ed visiting agreements, and no Saturday classes. Promises are generally filled, since everyone wants to be re-elected. Next year we may even be promised maid service in the dorms. WHOOP! Everyone conveniently forgets, however, that to pay off takes money, student money. This year it took three dollars more than last.

The other party is a bit more staid and conservative, and rolls along apparently unaware of the value of demagoguery. Their promises don't have that flair of appeal that garners vote. They have allowed the impression to grow that theirs is a more boss-ridden party than the other. Their members appear to be a bit more mature than those of the other party. A bit more aware that the impulses driving people to seek recognition in petty campus politics should have passed with adolescence. The best way for them to win elections might be to stress something new in campus politics; a cut in student fees, and the elimination of financial support to those activities which attract at most only a few "would be" BMOs. It is very unlikely, however, that any politician on campus will favor the elimination of any such expenses; it would either eliminate him or a friend from some possible prominence. The latter campus party is unlikely to try any innovations. They are the safest politicians, and the least likely to be elected. Apparently Carolina students like to live dangerously with their politics.

Correction

Former Vice President Henry Wallace is probably still puzzling over last Tuesday's column. Probably readers are puzzled too. The column, which referred to Eisenhower's efforts to study the problems of ookies, arkies and migrant workers, contained this sentence: "Wallace was one of the few government officials who ever tried to migrate across the U.S."

Frankly I was thunderstruck when I saw this line in print. So probably was the Wallace Family. The Ex-Vice President, Ex-Secretary of Agriculture did move from Des Moines, Iowa, to Washington, to join the Roosevelt Cabinet and now lives on a farm north of New York City. But he certainly did not migrate across the United States in the usual sense of the word, and he certainly was no migrant farm hand.

So I looked up the column as I originally wrote it. It read: "Wallace was one of the few government officials who ever tried to do much about the ookies, arkies and itinerant farm hands who migrate across the U. S." What happened was that the teletype operator skipped one line. My apologies.

Washington Pipeline

Dave Beck, head of the teamsters, paid an interesting call on President Eisenhower after he got back from his recent trip to Europe. He told Ike he had discussed the Red China trip of British Labor Leaders with Herbert Morrison and asked whether the Laborites were now cooperating with the Churchill Conservatives to promote Far East Trade. Morrison denied this, said the timing of the trip was unfortunate. . . . Beck also told Ike that British Atomic energy for peaceful uses was far ahead of the United States, that in a short time they would have an atomic power plant in actual use. . . . Eisenhower paid tribute to the work of free trade unions in stopping communism abroad. . . . When the venerable, much-loved "Cap" Harding, Democrat, died the other day, the man who sent the biggest wreath to his funeral was his political opponent, GOP Congressman Dick Simpson of Pennsylvania. Each was in charge of re-electing congressmen of opposing political parties, but sincerely respected the other. Harding will be sorely missed on Capitol Hill. . . . Governor Dewey's Labor Adviser, Merlyn Pitzele, has advised Dewey that Senator Ives will get heavy A. F. of L. support in the New York race for governor. Other Labor leaders claim that Ives could have defeated The Taft-Hartley Bill had he thrown

The Ram Sees

We dropped in on the Interfraternity Council meeting last night to see what was what on the visiting agreement, and we got an interesting insight on just how much work is being done these days to make sure everybody gives the appearance of complying with Dean Weaver's new set of unenforceable drinking rules. The Dean has gone too far, although he doesn't realize it yet. He won't be burned in effigy again this year; there will be no turtle in the Y Court like the one last spring which had its back painted with the slogan "I Hate Fred." None of that will go on, because the boys have found there is an easier way to beat Weaver at his own game: They'll just sort of pretend like he's not there.

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

(The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others.—Hippocrates. Circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was guzzling coffee, and rapidly, at the Scuttlebutt's version of a Parisian sidewalk cafe, when I saw him. "Neatness and Culture apparently do not mix," he replied to my query about his speedy dispatch of a king-sized coffee. "It is amazing that with a trash-receptacle close at hand, the eds and co-eds leave bits of sandwiches, gobs of paper wrap, pools of spilt milk and soft drinks, and other innumerable bits of evidence of Cultured Eating. I gotta hurry, Roger; it is a moot question whether I get my coffee, or the flies and the bees get it."

Despite the motley of factual proof that littered the tables of this al fresco eatery, I thought The Horse had it wrong: a neat, or cultured, mind and neat habits were more often found in accord than in opposition. However, the bees hovering close to one's cup did present an adventure in eating, I had to admit.

"It rivals our Chapel Hill Greek restaurants for excitement," The Horse conceded. "However, if you swallow a bee, that's that and an end to it, not to mention an end to the bee; whereas if you swallow enough of what my estimable Greek friends who operate eateries here in The Hill pass off on you as food, it may be an end to you. However, it does solve the living problem for the local does. I bet they owe more income to our restaurants than to any other single contributory factor to human malaise, and I include in this the output of Irish Green Beer for which one dispenser thereof is noted."

Was The Horse suggesting that Greece and grease were synonymous?

"I will do the punning for this team, Roger," The Horse rebuked me. "But speaking of adventures in eating — one of our local Impressarios de Bite: to keep him completely anonymous, let us say his name is East, and he operates the food-snapper in The Emblem Club — overheard a valued and cultured snapper say to a friend, 'The next time you eat at The Emblem, be sure to ask for Jacqueline for a waitress. Jacqueline is an adventure in eating.'"

"So Mr. Earnest East, as we shall call him, watched Jacqueline take an order from a table of four, the very next meal this friendly and zealous waitress served. All seemed as usual as the customers filled out their order-ticket in pencil, and surrendered it to the girl. Their water-glasses were filled, ashtrays were clean and in place, everything shipshape. Mr. East followed Jacqueline to the kitchen and watched and listened as she called to the chef, with her eyes on the precisely-written order-ticket: 'One o'dah o' Fry Shrimp; one Club Sandwich; one Lunch; one Sub-loin Steak.' Back went Jacqueline with the four orders, and back went Mr. East to observe.

"You's de Shrimp," Jacqueline cheerfully told a lady who was anything but a shrimp. "An' de other lady is a Lunch."

"But, I ordered the Fish!" the unshrimplike lady protested.

"And I ordered the Lime Sherbert Salad Plate," the second lady objected.

"Just outa dem," Jacqueline cheerfully misstated the case. "You's de Subloin an' de odder gen'mun is de Sandwich," she informed the startled men at the table, who had ordered Chow Mein and Liver-and-Bacon respectively. "Yo' desserts will follow."

"That," one of the men said caustically, "will be interesting to experience. Thank you."

The Horse put a tail to his tale as follows: "The suave Boniface of The Emblem Club followed the cheerful Jacqueline into the kitchen and inspected her order-ticket. . . the which she had so artistically pretended to read from. And he lent an attentive ear while Jacqueline read—or pretended to, for such was the case — directions to the chef from another order. As anybody even so bereft of normal reasoning powers such as you are, Roger, must already have concluded, Jacqueline simply could not read. And Chapel Hill being the considerate community it is, and Mr. East of The Emblem Club being the understanding gentleman he is, Jacqueline continued for some months to be an Adventure In Eating until greener and less literate pursuits summoned her elsewhere."

Well, that could be. At any rate, I'd rather be surprised by Jacqueline with something that I didn't order, than with a bee, which I also did not order. At least, what Jacqueline brought had stopped moving. I felt sure Scuttlebutters would begin to be nearer.

"Wump!" Mr. Wump whumped, from inside the empty trash-receptacle.

Table with staff names and titles: Editor CHARLES KURALT, Managing Editor FRED POWLEDGE, Associate Editors LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER, Sports Editor TOM PEACOCK, Business Manager AL SHORTT, News Editor Jerry Reese, Society Editor Eleanor Saunders, Circulation Manager Dick O'Neal, Subscription Manager Tom Witty, Advertising Manager Dick Sirkin, Assistant Business Manager Tom Shores, Durham Adv. Manager Ed Lipman, Librarian Connie Marple, EDITORIAL STAFF—Bill O'Sullivan, Ron Levin, Carl Williams, John Beshara, David Mundy, BUSINESS STAFF—Bill Bob Peel, Frank Wilson, Jack Wisel, NEWS STAFF—Dick Creed, Richard Thiele, Charles Childs, Babbie Dilorio, Warren Love, Eddie Crutchfield, Jerry Mayo, Lloyd Shaw, Hal Henderson, Pat Lovatt, Ann Herring, Bobbie Zwahlen, ARTISTS—Dan Southerland, Bradford Mills, Night Editor for this Issue Louis Kraar

Opening The Dormitories

The Inter-Dormitory Council and IDC President Manning Muntzing are to be commended on obtaining for men's dormitories the most liberal visiting agreement we can remember.

Four hours on football Saturdays, of course, isn't much time. But we hope it will turn out to be the first step toward a sensible agreement that can be established after necessary alterations are made in some dormitories. There isn't much doubt that the Puritan who first planned women's dormitories with vast reaches of lobbies and ante-rooms and set no such space aside for men has now been outdated.

It is slowly being realized that men are social creatures, too, whether or not they have the inclination to join a fraternity. And if, when the University finally gets that big, million dollar men's dormitory that's being planned, there's no living room in it, the architect should be strangled with his own blueprint.

Reaction In Column 6

A few columns over to the right, you will notice the second installment of "Reaction Piece," which will be an isolated, rock-ribbed fortress of conservatism on this page every Wednesday and Friday this year.

It is to be written at our request by David Mundy, with whom The Daily Tar Heel is seldom in agreement. He is president of the Young Republicans Club on campus, and has the distinction of having expanded that organization's membership rolls to four members from a previous three. In addition, he is beyond question the outstanding campus reactionary and a thorn in the side of both political parties.

Mr. Mundy is not a quiet conservative, either. He is vocal and articulate, and usually completely wrong. We are going to enjoy his column, and we think you will, too.

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