

President Creasy & The 'Politicians'

President Tom Creasy's recent remark, "Campus politics are only a necessary evil," brings to mind the firm statement made last year by political science Professor Woodhouse that the campus is not big enough for political parties.

We dissent. Campus politics may be a "necessary evil" for some colleges and universities. But we see the phrase as wildly inapplicable to the University of North Carolina, where politics is rooted in the very soul of the place, where campus politicians began making speeches in the 18th century.

Surely, a student running for office with the support of one of the parties is engaged in no less educational a pursuit than a student reading about the political campaigns of America in History 72. Political activity justifies itself on more than an educational basis, however. During President Creasy's own student days at Carolina, political parties have reached a new high in liveliness and service to the campus; they have grown large and largely respectable and from their ranks come students willing, for their own good and that of their party and the University, to tackle jobs nobody else wants, the tedious, time-consuming tasks that must be done in student government.

If student politics at the University is only a "necessary evil" it is an evil that exists in every free and deliberating society, where there must, from the nature of men, be opposite parties, and discords and dissensions. Thomas Jefferson remarked that an association of men who will not quarrel with one another is a thing which never yet existed, and that is still true for every free association we know anything about. Out of these disagreements, political parties spring naturally, consolidate, and then keep things going, wheels turning. That's the way it is here. Maybe Tom Creasy would like to change it; we wouldn't.

It is high time that those elected to high office stopped calling politics bad names. The survival of a democracy, the survival of even a student democracy, depends for its life on politicians, and politicians, from the president of the student body down should face their responsibility to the democratic system which put them in office.

If the word "leadership" means anything to President Creasy, it should mean, not scorn, but vocal and frequent support for the student political system. The lesson of history is that a community without political parties sooner or later pays a heavy penalty. Viewed in that light, the campus party system becomes, not a "necessary evil" but an essential condition to campus freedom.

A Fleishman By Any Other Name

And while we're talking politics, shed a tear for the University Party, poor, mistreated juto that it is. It is not enough that the Student Party should have a whopping Legislature majority and practically exclusive power in the dormitories. Now the UP learns it must put up with Joel Fleishman Gene Cook, and Jim Turner for four more years. These names have been the Big Three Thorns in the UP side; now that they are graduated, or on the point of graduation, what happens? Why, the Student Party finds three men with these identical names in their ranks and promptly nominates them to freshman class offices. It will probably be good for dorm votes 'til 1958! There just ain't no political justice for the harried old UP. We've checked: Only one Tom Creasy in the whole student directory.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Carolina Front Forum Brings Speakers From Both Parties

Louis Kraar

THE CAROLINA Forum, the student group that brings speakers to campus, invited more Republicans than Democrats this year.

Despite columnist David Mundy's attack on the non-partisan group, Forum records show that the organization is anything but "a speaker's bureau for the left wing of the Democrat Party."

Mundy objected to the fact that the Forum brings speakers from the field of politics. He said that the group was wasting student money because so few students attended the programs. And Mundy argued that Chairman Joel Fleishman has been able to "make invaluable political contacts" through his Forum business.

Let's look at the record. Last year the Forum sponsored three speakers—Democratic Sen. Russell Long, Republican Attorney-General Herbert Brownell, and non partisan diplomat Sir Roger Makins, ambassador from Great Britain. What could be fairer politically?

This year 24 Democrats and 30 Republicans were invited to speak on campus. When the initial refusals came in, 30 GOP speakers turned Carolina down, while only five Democrats said they couldn't speak here.

Mundy's objection to having speakers from politics because "you can find them on radio, television, and in the newscasts" is, it seems to me, a good argument for having these speakers. The speakers answer student questions after their talks and chat with students at receptions later in the evening. What could teach us more about current politics?

The argument that few students attend the speeches—if applied to other activities supported by student funds—would mean that few student activities would be retained. Like any other citizens of any other community, most students simply aren't interested in many of the things going on about them. But that's a shortcoming of man—not the Carolina Forum.

As far as Fleishman's political future and the contracts he makes by traveling for the Forum, I can only say what Fleishman himself says: "Even if it were true, most of the people I see in government won't be there when I'm out of the Navy."

BECAUSE OF the great criticism of my column on the recent Student Party split and the possibility of a third campus political party, I have a standing offer to make to any student on campus—politician or not—about whom I may write.

If anybody about whom I write feels he (or she) has been unfairly treated, I will open this column to them upon request. I made this offer to both Joel Fleishman and Manning Muntzing this week. So far, neither of them have accepted. The offer still stands.

This reporter has always believed in student government and campus politics. It is because of this firm belief in them that I have tried to write the truth about them—regardless of party. This has not always been a popular task.

The column on the Student Party was not a mistake. It is entirely correct in every detail. And if any members of the SP would like to disagree, this column is open to them.

The David Reid leniency bill will reach the Legislature floor tonight after much committee debate. Reid, with a patience not often seen in campus politics, has been trying to tell his legislative associates that giving students a second chance will not undermine the Honor System.

This reporter, who believes there can be little honor in a system that doesn't grant mercy, urges the Legislature to support the leniency bill.

'See How Hard We're Working For German Unity'



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'He's A Liar' Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — Generous Doug McKay, the likeable Secretary of the Interior, let loose a blast at me the other day for describing him as generous in selling part of the Rogue River National Forest to a private mining company and for considering the releasing of the Navy's and Interior Department's oil reserve in Alaska to private oil company exploitation.

This is the first time I have been called a liar by a member of the Eisenhower Cabinet—an "honor" frequently bestowed upon me during the Roosevelt and Truman administrations. The fact that the Eisenhower administration has been so mild-mannered has caused my wife to insinuate that perhaps the old man was slipping.

Of course, generous Doug McKay was a little more adroit with his language than some of his democratic predecessors. They fired blunder-buss broadsides of earthy words not to be found in the dictionary. Secretary McKay, on the other hand, reached into websters and pulled out such choice, highfalutin terms as "calumnies" and "sinister innuendo."

Now the fact is—all kidding aside—that I have enjoyed the respite from name-calling under Eisenhower. Tough-skinned as I am supposed to be, actually I don't relish having this type of bonquet hurled in my direction. And though I am convinced that Secretary McKay has been far too generous with the public domain and will illustrate this point further and more conclusively later, I still don't relish being called names by such a nice guy as Doug McKay.

THOMAS of New Jersey denied kickbacks and called me a liar, but went to jail because of those kickbacks. JOHN MARAGON, the influence peddler, also called me a liar for exposing his operations, but ended in jail as a result of that expose.

TANFORAN RACETRACK OFFICIALS called me a liar and threatened a libel suit when their violation of housing regulations (in connivance with Maragon and Gen. Harry Vaughan) was exposed. They went to jail.

Clinton McKinnon, publisher of the Los Angeles News, asked me the other day what the score was on the name-calling business, and here is part of the "you're-a-liar" tabulation. CONGRESSMAN BRAMBLETT of California hurled the liar charge and also sued for libel to the tune of \$1,000,000 when this writer accused him of taking kickbacks. A jury convicted him criminally just the same.

ATTORNEY GENERAL FRED N. HOWSER of California also used the liar charge and sued for \$350,000 when this writer charged him with taking money from a Long Beach gambler. A jury found that I had told the truth.

SEN. ELMER THOMAS of Oklahoma called me a liar when I reported that he had been speculating on the cotton market from his privileged position of Chairman of the Senate Agricultural Committee. Two years later the Agriculture Department officially confirmed this, and Senator Thomas was defeated by the people of Oklahoma.

SENATOR MCCARTHY of Wisconsin called me a liar and all sorts of other names from the safety of the Senate floor after I reported that he received a \$10,000 fee from Lustron for a brief Housing Pamphlet. Since then, a Senate Committee passing on McCarthy's record has confirmed this up to the hilt.

CONGRESSMAN PARNELL MAY of Kentucky called me a liar so many times that it got monotonous in connection with his various under-the-table operations with war contracts. He went to jail.

CONGRESSMAN BREHM of Ohio threatened a libel suit over this column's story that he accepted kickbacks. He was convicted. LOUISIANA SCANDALS—When Bribery and corruption was charged by this column regarding Gov. Richard Leche of Louisiana and other members of the old Huey Long gang, the charge of liar echoed all over Louisiana. In the end, all the officials named went to jail, including not only the Governor but the President of Louisiana State University.

Now I don't want to give the impression that I am always right. I'm not. Being human, I make mistakes. But I endeavor when I do make them to correct them. Apropos of that, I want to correct an unfair impression I gave regarding Congresswoman Leonor Sullivan of Missouri the other day when I reported that she had inserted 13 pages in the Post-Congress Congressional Record at some cost to the taxpayers. While she did make the insertion, I now find that it consisted of the full text of the Federal Trade Commission's report on coffee prices, which certainly the housewife should have a chance to read. Mrs. Sullivan's insertion made distribution of the report easier and I am delighted to make this clear.

However, regarding Secretary McKay, much as I like him, I am still convinced he has been much too generous in leasing out the public domain. Tomorrow I'll report on this further.

Wolfe Seen From England: 'Magnificent, Raw Vigor'

Ed Yoder

On Modern Art And Egotism As The Exit

Ron Levin

We were all sitting in Philosophy 41 the other day at ten o'clock discussing the plight of modern man. Our text was *Ideas Have Consequences* by Robert Weaver, and brother, believe me, if you want to be shaken up and shaken up good, you might take a gander at what Weaver says. With regard to modern art, the author criticizes rather sharply the egotism prevalent in most of the various art forms. Instead of being an interpretation of the wonder and beauty of life or of the love of man, art has come to be little more than a receptacle for the emotional catharsis of modern man. Because of the fast and quite false mode of life existent today in the majority of societies, particularly our own, the inner desires and needs of man are repressed to such an extent that a torrent of frustration builds up inside and must have an outlet. This precisely the point that Weaver fails to notice.

It is because of the thwarting of these same desires that man has sought, found, and clung to this last possible outlet. Thus feelings of aggression, hostility, sexual impulses, and others are circumvented from their original path and channelled into the line of creative endeavour.

Many philosophers point out today that this factor is a basic one in the decline of modern man... this egotism in art. Yet, if all the various forms of expression in music, painting, and other art forms were taken away from man, it would not be too long before these desires sought another exit... any exit available. Instead of poems like *Tamar* by Robinson Jeffers, you might have a crime of violence very much like the one narrated in the poem. In his poem, *Apology for Bad Dreams*, Jeffers explains his position as the modern artist... and one quite similar to those held by many others of the same ilk.

In short, until man can retrace his steps somewhat and get back on the intended track, this "egotism in art" will have to do. Without it, there is no chance at all of recovery from our, and I say our... not his, present dilemma.

YOU Said It UN Supporter

Editor: Congratulations on standing up for the United Nations! It's high time somebody did. Here we are, 150,000,000 Americans, huddled on our continent, scanning the skies like Walt Kelly's Churchy and half-expecting immediate destruction to come raining down on our heads and what do we do about it? Nothing! The UN remains man's only real hope for a lasting peace. I don't think you'll have much success on this campus or anything else, but keep plugging. It is hopeful to see somebody speak out for the UN in a day when Sen. Knowland is talking about the United States withdrawing from it.

Ed. M. Crater

Ram's Hiatus

Editor: Where goes the Ram? It isn't that I miss him so much, but I haven't been able to find anything but Drew Pearson (and about half the editorials) to disagree with lately and I feel the need of cussing Rameses.

W. L. Tayloe
The Ram is taking a small vacation in Bushy's pasture. He'll be back, vociferous as ever, ere long.—Editor.

Thomas Wolfe, Carolina's native son and novelist, has had his share of critic-trouble. Whenever domestic Wolfe cultists have despaired at derogatory criticism they have turned and said: Look what a fabulous reputation Wolfe has in Europe!

Is this true? Generally, it is. European critics have always looked at Wolfe as one of the mammoth, if not the mammoth figure in American literature. If one reason for special admiration could be singled out, I suppose it would be that they see Wolfe as one of the few American writers who detached himself from European preoccupation—who saw himself working in a native literature that was to America as Chaucer's literature was to England. It was young.

Wolfe's reputation on the continent of Europe has been better, however, than it has been in Great Britain. Wolfe's first novel, *Look Homeward Angel*, was translated into the Scandinavian languages, German, French, and Spanish very soon after it was published in America and England.

However, a recent special edition of the London Times literature supplement, crustily entitled "American Writing Today—Its Independence and Vigor," tends to bear out the relative lightness of Wolfe's recognition in England—at least as seen through the critic's eye.

This supplement, whose fiction section devoted many paragraphs to the work of novelists Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Faulkner, turns a rather cold shoulder to Wolfe, together with, of all people, Sinclair Lewis. "There appears to be an increasing conviction," says the Times critic, "that Sinclair Lewis will not bear serious re-reading and that Thomas Wolfe's faults are more trying than they seemed at first." Other than this too brief appraisal, the special edition gives Wolfe a blank.

Later on in the section, though, Wolfe's *Look Homeward* is one of those works picked by the editors for a little retrospective criticism. Reviews of novels like *The Great Gatsby*, by F. Scott Fitzgerald, *A Farewell to Arms*, by Ernest Hemingway, *The Ides of March* by Thornton Wilder—novels that have had big opening seasons in Great Britain—appear, along with the original Times comments on *Look Homeward Angel* in the back of the supplement.

The review, unsigned but searching and perceptive, poses many of the pro-con issues that have since risen to importance in connection with Thomas Wolfe's work.

The article, which appeared July 24, 1930, commented:

"Such odysseys of youth are not uncommon; and by this time the crudities of the American scene are so familiar that the strange, squalid, extravagant life of the Gant family in the hill town of Altamont... will hold no particular surprise; what is amazing is the pressure under which this narrative is shot forth. To use a homely American metaphor, it might be called a 'gusher'; for Mr. Wolfe's words come spouting up with all the force of a subterranean flood.

"Such native force is rare in England now; and it is impossible to regard this unstinting output of magnificent, raw vigour without a thrill and a hope that it will be channelled to great art."

To the unknown reviewer the death-scene of Eugene Gant's brother Ben is most magnificent.

"Mr. Wolfe," the evaluation goes on, "reveals himself as one who has fed upon honeydew and everything else under the sun. And his most astonishing passages, crammed though they are with the clangorous echoes of English poetry and prose, too often falling into sheer meter, come when, in contemplation of his past, (Eugene) sends out a cry of lyrical agony for lost beauty."

Praising the "Marlowesque energy and beauty" of Wolfe's poetry, the reviewer poses what to become one of the great Wolfe issues:

"What is going to be done," he asks, "with this great talent, so hard, so sensitive, so unselfish, so easily comprehending and describing every sort of the flesh and spirit, so proudly rising to the heights? Knowing the times and the temptations of the times, we may well watch its fresh emergence with anxiety; for if Mr. Wolfe can be wasted, there is no hope for today."

Probably the most noteworthy qualities of this review, seen over the passing of some 24 years, is the critic's sympathetic recognition that Wolfe is to be viewed largely as a poet. This is one view of Wolfe to which critics in this country have been blind, understandably since his work was first published in prose format. Much of his writing, however, has epic meter and content. I sometimes wonder whether Wolfe, if he lived, could have been persuaded to write an epic poem.

If true to form, it could have changed the course of Wolfe criticism.

Turning The Tables On 'The New Yorker'

(An excerpt from a New Yorker profile of the president of the National Broadcasting Company.)

When Weaver goes into high gear in his efforts to fill himself with information, he presents a dynamic picture of the communicator in domestic surroundings. With an open book on his lap, and open magazine by his side, other books and magazines strewn all around him, a glowing television screen in front of him, and a radio going at his elbow, he soaks the latest intelligence; his ears attuned to the loud speaker, his eyes flitting from book to screen and from screen to magazine, he simultaneously looks, listens, reads and thinks.

Looks, listens, reads and what?