

## The Two Sides Of Mr. Knowland's Mouth

Senator William F. Knowland's Carolina Forum speech of Wednesday night proved one thing, as far as we could see: If you have a round, imposing physique, a booming voice, an automatic grin complete with high arm-wave, you can claim the applause of an audience, regardless of your doctrine.

The Daily Tar Heel, while holding no personal animosity toward the California Senator, has not exactly subscribed to his ideas nor to the easy ambivalence with which he spreads them.

Let's take a look at what the Senator said: He attacked the "godless tyranny" of Communism. If he thought such attack would get a rise out of his Chapel Hill audience, he came to the wrong place. Marxian Socialism is godless and tyrannical by definition and nothing is gained by an old definition repeated. Communism is its own secular religion; and when Senator Knowland said that Communism is a "Godless Tyranny," he merely gave us a definition at which we applauded.

With that old curmudgeon of geopolitics, Foster Dulles, Knowland has shouted for "liberation" of the Iron Curtain countries with the left side of his mouth and "unleashing Chiang Kai-Shek" with the right. Here is a contradiction!

The Formosans whom Chiang rules with the subsidization of the Congressional China Lobby aren't, and never were, Chinese; they are "enslaved peoples" if enslavement exists. Knowland, we think, knows this, and a question from the audience about free elections on Formosa caught him aback. He had to appeal to Soviet "enslavement" to justify the enslavement we support. He knows very well that if a plebiscite were held tomorrow on Formosa, Chiang Kai-Shek would end up by nightfall at the bottom of the South Pacific, with his eyes turning to pearl and his bones to coral.

Point three: Another question which grabbed the Senator at a tender place concerned the McCarthy censure. Knowland voted with 24 of his Senate colleagues against the censure of J. Raymond McCarthy after the Watkins Committee had brought its bill of particulars, and he pled Wednesday night that he voted against censure because the issue of freedom to speak was involved. No one would question that defense, but it was totally irrelevant to the McCarthy issue. McCarthy had not exercised freedom of speech; he had abused the privileges of those who came before his subcommittee, he had slandered innocent people, and he had vitiated senatorial dignity.

The final straw, as far as we are concerned, was Knowland's hint that the Democrats were in the majority at the time of the McCarthy censure and that they were attempting to squelch a member of the minority. Both innuendos were false.

It is good to hear the other side and we are glad Senator Knowland spoke here. But there are limits to our patience with his oratorical devices.

## Wake Up & Live

Each spring whatever life, interest, or energy existed on campus dies like clover in the soft Arboretum grass. We call it apathy then, pray that it will pass by fall, and usually it does.

Well, last spring old apathy came. And we looked longingly toward fall, when life, football & energy would reign again. But, alas, here it is fall—and apathy, like an annoying anachronism, is still with us.

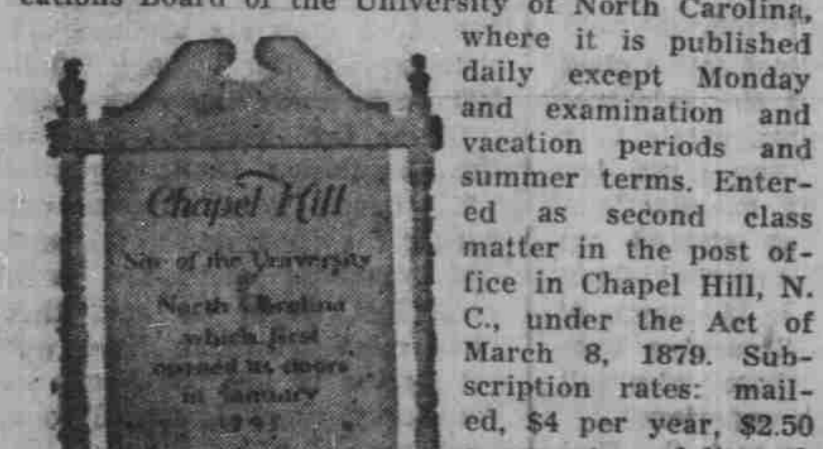
The coeds, prettier than ever, can hardly move off their tweed bottoms long enough to slide through sorority rush. In the dorms and fraternity houses, Carolina gentlemen—like so many hibernating bears—sack out in the afternoons, arise for supper, and turn in early.

Aside from the size of the heaving crowd at Senator Knowland's speech Wednesday night, we see little hope of ridding the campus of this painful apathy.

Coeds, get up off your bottoms. Carolina gentlemen, wake up. It's fall, the coeds look better, the professors are talking smoother, and you have only one college life to live. So why the hell don't you live it?

## The Daily Tar Heel

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## Carolina Front Sniffle Sniffle & The Law In GM's Clothes

J.A.C. Dunn

WELL, BEDABED if everywud dudn't have a code. We went down to the Chapel Hill Weekly office last Wednesday for a good morning's work, and met Orville Campbell on the front steps. We wished him good morning.



"B'gl ulu b," said Mr. Campbell. Thus heartily encouraged by our employer, we went on into the office and inquired of Charlton, "Lemme tell you what Chuc Hauser was on the journalistic fire for the day?"

"Well, you might go out to the Towd Hall in Carrboro and check with them," said Chuck. "I feel awful. I woke up with a code."

We went downstairs to the printshop for our post-breakfast Coke. Charlton Campbell, the printer, greeted us, looking rather squint-eyed and sleepless, and said he hated to see us going around with a heavy tweed jacket on.

"Whatcha gonna do when it really gets cold?" he asked. We murmured of a topcoat, and added that mightn't it be a good idea if Charlton put on something besides a short-sleeved summer shirt?

"I've already got a code," said Charlton. "Lemme r... emf the best thing for a code is - you go up to the drugstore and get theb to mix you up a good stiff dose of castor oil and root beer. That'll fix it."

WE RETCHED unobtrusively, snaffled a Coke out of the ice-box, and asked Billy Bowman, the pressboy, if he had a code in the head too?

"How about rudding up to the drugstore and getting me some sigs sigs sigs," said Billy, and wiped despondently at his nose.

We dashed around town on several little reporting errands and wound up at the Tar Heel Sandwich Shop at about 11:00 of the ac emma for a cup of coffee. We slithered in through the kitchen door because Lee and Percy hadn't opened up yet, poured a cup of coffee, sat down in the rear booth with Percy, who had just finished breakfast, and started on a slice of Lee's toast.

"How's business?" Percy asked. He was lying on the opposite seat, listless, tired, and sort of watery-looking. He sniffled wearily and flapped a feeble hand at us. "I god a liddle sniffle. How about you?"

We said we had wud too.

FOR THE benefit of those intrepid members of this thriving community who take pleasure in seeing just how close they can come to running afoul the law without rousing its ire sufficiently to make it unload a summons on them, the Chapel Hill police now have two new patrol cars.

Aside from the fact that the cars are Chevrolets without a year's hard usage behind them, which means that they will pick up and go faster than the now discarded Fords, they are not to be sniffed at. This is because one does not always know they are there. They are black, have no markings, and are recognizable as police cars only by their silver permanent license plates, and by the whip radio aerial. As yet the little red blinker bubbles have not been installed on the top.

We had a chilling experience with them only a little while ago. We were coming from Church Street up West Rosemary, rushing for a class, and as we roared up to Town Hall we observed a black Chevrolet start to pull out from the curb. Piffle, we thought airily to ourself, we can out-drive this fella and get to the spotlight before him.

Fourteen feet later we realized that the occupants of the car were uninformed in blue and grey and wore visored caps, and that one of them was Captain Blake. We almost drove into Jerry the Tailor's front office to slow down.

We don't mean to preach and sound as if we were saying "now, boys, let's not write on the walls." But just watch your rear-view mirror. The boys in blue may be behind you in black.



—Herblock in the Washington Post.

## In, Between, Over The Lines:

# Mata Hari Would Toss Sarong

Barry Farber  
Greensboro Daily News

(Globe trotter Farber, now with T. V. Guide, was editor of The Daily Tar Heel in 1952—Editors)

Suppose all governments in the world suddenly unlocked their confidential files and invited everybody to browse freely through an open supermarket of cold war secrets!

Who's boss in Russia, and does he want a war? What's on Red China's mind? Will Tito fight on our side? Is India really turning Red? What's happening in Argentina?

**FARFETCHED—BUT EASY**  
 What if we could get the right answers to questions like these simply by opening foreign crack-jack boxes, or mailing stamped, self-addressed envelopes to the world's capital cities. Sounds far-fetched, but people who have taken up armchair espionage as a hobby claim it's actually just about that easy.

Today you can enjoy a sneak preview of coming world events and collect more international secrets than a Hungarian head-waiter without crossing a border, swallowing a sheaf of microfilm, or bootlegging a single document. All you have to do is read the newspapers.

**BEHIND THE LINES**  
 By reading, reading behind, and reading behind the lines of key newspapers on both sides of the iron curtain you focus an accurate X-ray deep into the political intestines of nearly every nation. Today Mata Hari would toss in her sarong and reach for the latest edition of Moscow's pravda, Peking's Peoples' Daily, of a dozen other journals between Stockholm and Singapore to get the best rundown on a nation's plans, ambitions and intended behavior.

To understand why analysis of the foreign press is so revealing we should first examine the contrasting missions of newspapers in different parts of the world. The primary purpose of the free press in America is to inform. Editorial pages here present the views of individual editors and publishers. No newspaper serves as the official voice of Washington.

In most other countries, however, newspapers exist to serve the state as stooge organs, control mass thinking, create a prescribed public opinion, and prepare populations for unpleasant surprises. The more rigidly a government controls a press, the more we can tell about that government by reading what it wants its people to know.

In Russia, China, and the satellites, where all editorials and news columns are carefully blue-pencilled by the regime for publication in official government organs, every change of policy is tipped off loudly ahead of time. Leaders of these countries are well aware that their slip is showing, but there's nothing they can do about it. A transparent press is part of the built-in mechanism of a slave state.

Even in free countries, like France and others in Western Europe, certain papers cooperate with their governments by "planting" editorials to test reaction, slanting news items to leave a desired impression, and throwing up "trial balloons" to forecast government actions that might be on tap. Add enough slivers from "the" foreign press together and you'll find yourself days, sometimes weeks ahead of your favorite commentator.

**READING ANOTHER'S MAIL**  
 It's almost like reading the other fellow's mail. The Russians not only show us their mail, they wave it around.

Two Moscow dailies provide a picture window into the dressing room of Soviet policy. Much like a careless halfback licking his fingers before a pass play, Pravda, official newspaper of Russia's Communist Party, and her sister organ, Izvestia, which speaks for the Russian government, signal virtually every shift in Soviet strategy long before a particular development is seized upon by Western commentators as "news."

One expert suggests two ways to uncover Russia's next move. Either station a Russian-speaking spy under Khrushchev's bed and hope he talks in his sleep, or read Pravda and take the hints. One of the more sensational examples of how Pravda-watching flips the iron curtain into a venetian blind goes back to the period just before the 1953 downfall of Lavrenti Beria.

Weeks before Beria was purged Pravda frontpaged a list of top Soviet chiefs who planned to attend the opening of Moscow's opera, a "must" occasion for top-ranking Reds. Beria's name was left out. Right then and there Pravda's readers smelled a big bug in the borsht. Kremlin typesetters continued to "forget" Russia's chief of police in stories about Moscow's new ruling clique. It came as no surprise to Pravda fans when Russia's government later officially announced Beria's arrest, trial, and execution.

Just last spring Khrushchev led a Soviet delegation to Tito's Yugoslavia to lay away bitter bygones between the two feuding

Communist states. Western diplomats and newsmen were aghast at what they termed a "startling shift" in Russian policy. Followers of the Moscow press had the jump on them by about two months.

**BACKFLIP**  
 The Russian papers had preceded this twist for weeks by laboriously guiding their readers around ideological corners to prepare the Soviet people for a humiliating backflip.

Throughout the Yugo-Soviet tilt, since 1948, Russian writers had nothing but rusty harpoons dipped in brimstone for Yugoslavia's leaders. The nicest thing Pravda called them was "Tito's fascist oligarchy of plunderers." One day in January Muscovite eyeballs quivered a little to see this familiar salvo diluted to simply "Titoists," still rather nasty but definitely settling the back-drop for Pravda's subsequent salute to "Our Yugoslav Comrades."

**BEAR HUG**  
 Meanwhile Tito's newspaper, Borba, echoed Moscow's lovecalls point for point. The "startling development" of a beaming Khrushchev wrapping Tito in a bear hug at Belgrade airport took place only after the controlled presses of both countries had sufficiently buried the hatchet and dusted off each other's halos. Today Russia and Yugoslavia are closer politically and economically than at any time since 1948.

Power struggles in the Kremlin are clumsily, often comically, reflected in the Russian press. You can determine who is in control any given day by scanning Pravda and noting whose name is mentioned the most, whose statements and pictures are given top treatment, who the new factories are being named after, and whose "genius" is being touted in letters to the editor.

It works like a stock market. A recent count put Khrushchev out in front with 68 mentions in Pravda from page one through the sports section, Bulganin a tired second with 42, and even a dozen or so for Malenkov.

Everything from a new campaign to woo Japan—or Iran, to a souring of relations with Red China, to an intended shift in industrial emphasis inevitably whispers or screams from between the lines of tattle-tale type in Pravda and Izvestia. Even book and play reviews help us read Moscow's mind. When novels dealing with American peasants get praised, we expect more "Yankee Go Home" propaganda from Russia. Right now Pravda is handing

## Y-Court Corner Jim McIntyre & Dietrich Shared Same Office?

Ruben Leonard

LAST NIGHT'S showing of "The Blue Angel" starring Marlene Dietrich, sponsored by Graham Memorial Activities Board, probably sent a wave of nostalgia over Jim McIntyre, assistant director of Graham Memorial.

Pat McBane, G.M.A.B. film committee chairman, says that Jim once had an office in Marlene's boudoir. When asked for more information on this bedroom office, Pat said she didn't know anything else about it—said she couldn't get any information out of Jim either. Tell us, Jim, is it true what they say in Confidential Magazine about Marlene?

ANOTHER OF the Graham Memorialites has been asked several questions lately. It seems that one of our student politicians was out at the National Student's Association Congress this summer and as all good politicians do at one time or another, planned a party.

Noticing that a couple at the convention were showing great enthusiasm in their work, our enterprising young politico invited them to his party—even though the boy was white and the girl Negro.

Luckily for our Carolina delegation and their future political aspirations they were informed that the mixed couple had communistic leanings and the boy was a member of the Labor Youth League which happens to be on the Attorney-General's list of subversive organizations. The couple didn't show up at the party anyway.

AN INTERESTING note on the heliotrope controversy: A freshman walked into Milton's Clothing Cupboard and asked student clerk Myron Conklin to show him a pair of "Ivory League" pants with a belt in the back. We seniors have no right to chuckle at something like that when we think of some of the faux pas we pulled when we first came here.

A LOOK at the international scene: Science pulsates on dept. Three British electronics engineers have invented a pulsating electric teddy bear which "breathes" at the rate of 10 to 12 breaths a minute and when cuddled up with in bed will put insomnia sufferers to sleep.

A GROUP of students sat on the steps of South Building discussing tomorrow's game with State College. After they had told each other about their after-game plans the conversation shifted to next week's game with Georgia. One of the boys was from Columbus and the others were from no farther south than North Carolina.

The Columbus boy enlightened the others on the state of things in Georgia. He started out by explaining what a "Georgia Cracker" is. Said he, "A Georgia Cracker is a person who wears a long beard, boots, and a shotgun. Most of the Crackers live in the southern part of the state. They are so tough they tell time by the sun and use bobcats for house dogs."

THE MAIL man dropped in yesterday. He had a letter from an ardent Y-Courter.

Dear Mr. Leonard, I read your column and I like it. I also like Gordon Gray, Chancellor House and Dean Weaver. My roommate is a very fine boy and I like him too. But what has President Gray, Chancellor House, and Dean Weaver got to do with my roommate. And what has...

What I want to know is what has this got to do with me.

ribbons to authors and playwrights who promote the "Geeva Spirit" of harmony and friendship with the West. If and when the current Russian attitude of good will changes, Pravda will be the first to let us know.

## The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Cee

THE HORSE was scribbling on foolscap, when I saw him. I thought the paper was in character. Was he?

"Yup," he yipped, without looking at the book. "The Book about Flying?" "Oh, that," he muttered vaguely with his abrasive tone. "Er, no. The Book, then, on Tidewater Virginia." "Ummmm, no, Roger," The Horse said, "and pray, not bray so loud. Missions hear you. My present labors are more than materialistic. I am translating tongue for the benefit of my fellow-cow-ed and 'coo-ed."

I had heard it said that the only about The Horse were his breathing but what was this translation?

"Well," The Horse revealed, sitting Something-in-White wobble past, "pendium is aimed to clarify phrasal and which mean anything but what the say Take this one from my Caribbean section:

A frat lad says to a chick, "I want to So? He meant he wished to be a frat pin. Be his girl. Date only!" "He means," The Horse corrected, "to nail you down safely while I have That's what he means."

Why, Horse? "And this, from the same section, ignored my protest, "He says to the moon. What he means is, 'Don't expect anything reasonable. Baby, the ers, steaks at the Ranch House, Goody's.'"

But, the girls stood for this? "Yeah," The Horse yeabed me, "day the poor goof is going to say, 'All in life is your slave, dear,' and all the is to see him get his wish. Wannabe is?"

Could I help myself? "A stoddent says to his buddy, 'The my prof figured out.' What he means, know it is, 'My prof has finally got me and is relaxed and waiting for the kill. Any more?'"

"Yeah," The Horse affirmed, "to his prof, 'I would like a conference, sir.' He means, 'I am progressing less time in my class to wasting your time, fice.'"

The poor professors! "Them?" The Horse asked in surprise. "After a conference with a say, 'Conferences help us both, my boy, mean is, 'I've finally got this bird-bird he is a 'price-cut of F ment if ever I' I left, because The Horse got to aguin. Something-in-Blue" was blabbing

## Reader's Retort Rebuttal On Religion Old Time And New

Editors: Is it outside of our understanding of religion may be practiced alone, that have to be a mass experience or 2 units. Must we necessarily embrace the church to practice an option that is also relevant is wholly honest but still outside the classified belief?

In what respects is "the student" back on the church he knew and his a coward? Should he "dress for full the church and attempt to bend the that church to his own will so that he his self respect, or should he remain entombed within her bosom and show casual act of disrespect for her? That he is not a coward who runs from a dispute?

**WHAT CRIME?**  
 And if the student is negligent what he commit "against his own intellect spect"? Is it a crime to hope or to mind is "free and autonomous"? May ally lean on the church. If not to "crutch", without subscribing to her and order of life; may one be troubled prattings of clerical bouders" of wisdom of clerical geniuses without eternal and absolute omnipotence in spiritual? And what is reality if a "fast shut" and "inuity." Merely by separating itself partially from the complex category and dogmatic sequelence.

There is always an order of understanding than orthodox one; else there would reformation and perhaps even no Christianity you advocate is not equal consideration of points of view, be they bloody or calm, a new and mighty attempt to fashion the again into a vehicle for the re-acceptance and firmer ground, of the status quo, to be no new beginnings or departures.

**TEMPORARILY CYNICAL**  
 Since you speak only of the church, assume that you do not advocate the agnostics or atheists. Are they to be encouraged to turn their backs on the (church-self) they "knew" and its "old I do not mean to be more than temporary. I know that the problems are a very real one and deserves at least tion and respect of all those who face of such a quest as is the quest for faith in the face of so many new and often challenges. If we are to lose faith we it no more easily than we at first gained.

The problem is, I think, an individual cannot be worked out by formula or opinion. Whatever freedom one may too easily lost by reference to an established authority or by reference to a revelation. Now I retire to the Dunston Joseph