

The Daily Tar Heel

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Not With A Whimper, But A Bang

Good ones remain, but the greatest is gone.

Ted Williams, in a characteristic gesture, stepped to the plate for the last time in his major league career, took two pitches, and slammed the ball 450 feet for his 29th home run of the season and the 521st of his career.

At forty-two, time still has not caught up to Ted Williams. Swinging with the grace and beauty of a polished 25-year-old star, he breezed through this, his last season, with amazing ease and effectiveness. He was the Red Sox; the Red Sox were Williams.

In his last years in baseball Williams was a quieter man than he was when he first startled the nation with his skill—athletic and extra-athletic. But he still had a kind of fire to his playing and his personality that kept the fans pouring into Fenway Park, fair weather or foul, first place or last.

How many still remember with ribald relish the "magnificent gesture"? How many remember his incredible courage when, in the 1950 All-Star game, he broke his collarbone crashing into the outfield wall for a line drive—then came back in the next inning to lash a single through the infield?

Or how many remember the many times he has superbly, exquisitely spat at the press, the fans, the opposition and the umpires? The time only recently when, in total disgust after being issued a walk, he not only spat but also heaved his bat into the air,

sending it floating forty feet above the playing field?

The Mantles and Marises, the Skinners and Aarons, the Allison and Bankses are excellent players. They handle glove and bat with equal skill; their home runs soar far beyond the confines of a mere stadium; their speed flashes across the field with true beauty. But none of them can compare with the magnificent Ted Williams, who has been more to baseball than a player; he has been a fiery, vital institution, a Samson in the midst of weaklings. Only Jim Pearsall remains, carrying faithfully the banner of total insubordination.

Williams followed admirably in the scurrilous tradition of Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, Babe Herman and Dizzy Dean. Totally unpredictable, he scorned the New York Yankee idea that ballplayers are businessmen. He made it known in no uncertain terms that ballplayers are people—and how.

Stan Musial is the last of the old guard remaining now, though Warren Spahn and Lew Burdette still flash their old brilliance. And Stan Musial, for all his skill, has never been a Ted Williams. He is just a ballplayer.

Baseball will miss Ted Williams, and so will the American people. We will miss his fresh denial of all that is assumed, of all that is correct. We will miss his humor and his unabashed self-confidence. We will miss his lack of respect for the all-powerful press.

Most of all, however, we will miss Ted Williams the ballplayer, for surely he was the greatest of our time.

The People's Choice

Down in North Carolina the political shouting has largely been directed toward the national campaign and the state gubernatorial campaign, so that little local attention has turned toward gubernatorial or senatorial campaigns in other states.

Up in Rhode Island, however, a race has been going on which should be noticed by every American; it has given some people in that diminutive but outspoken state hope for the future of their own politics, and could convey the same hope to the rest of America.

During the course of the past summer heated debate flew around Rhode Island about the vacation of the Senate seat of retiring Theodore Francis Green; almost every Democrat in the state wanted to take the distinguished patrician's place.

The Democratic Convention endorsed former Governor Dennis J. Roberts for the seat, although J. Howard McGrath, once Truman's attorney general, and Claiborne Pell, a member of aristocratic Newport's "elite," opposed his candidacy.

The Democratic primary was held last Wednesday. Roberts was described by politicians as a "cinch." A Catholic in one of the nation's most heavily Catholic states, a former Governor with political experience and backing, Roberts was the odds-on favorite.

McGrath, not a particularly popular figure in Rhode Island politics, drew primarily upon his strong record of government service and his association with the favorable Truman administration. Pell drew upon political naivete, enthusiasm and popularity.

Pell won the primary with sweeping decisiveness. Tallying 83,595 votes to Roberts's 45,096 and McGrath's 7,580, he shocked political dogsters and delighted the skeptical.

Pell has money, social position and is an Episcopalian. In a state where prejudice against these factors runs high and hard, he won a smashing victory, to join Kennedy and Rockefeller among the nation's wonderboys.

He has a tremendous political future ahead of him; 41 years old, he has every chance to compile a good record and go on to "greater heights" before he is fifty. Republican Raoul Archambault stands in his way now, but Rhode Island is a one party state. Or at least when a good Democrat is running.

This should encourage not only the people of Rhode Island but also the people of the nation: Claiborne Pell has proved that it is possible for a good, interested, concerned man to defeat a politician. The latter may not be a bad word, but the former is better.

From U.P.I.

On Nehru

By PHIL NEWSOM
UPI Foreign Editor

If there is one thing in common among new nations, it is an overwhelming desire to avoid the whipsaw of the cold war made frighteningly evident at the current session of the United Nations General Assembly.

One of the men they look to for guidance is a thin, dark-skinned man in jodhpurs who came to the glass-encased U.N. headquarters this year reluctantly.

He is Indian Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, a sadder and wiser man than only a few years ago when he was decrying Western alliances and openly admiring the Soviet Union and Red China as shining examples of a brave new society.

This year as cold war tensions reach one of their periodic peaks and as neutral nations increase their voting strength in the United Nations, there has been a corresponding increase in speculation that there soon is to emerge a so-called third force which would function in the vacuum between the Communist East and the capitalist West.

Most Likely Leader

The neutrals, covering a vast area of the earth and with a population of hundreds of millions, would comprise this force.

There are men who have openly aspired to lead this force. Among them are President Tito of Yugoslavia, President Nasser of Egypt and President Sukarno of Indonesia.

But none of these has the prestige of Nehru.

Among them all, none should know better than Nehru the difficulties of welding such a force and the unlikelihood that it ever truly will emerge.

One ambitious attempt occurred in 1955. That was the Bandung conference in which Nehru was a prominent participant.

Sukarno was the host and he hailed it as "the first intercontinental conference of the so-called colored peoples in the history of mankind."

Opposed Colonialism

Nehru used it to urge non-alignment with power blocs and called NATO "one of the most powerful protectors of colonialism."

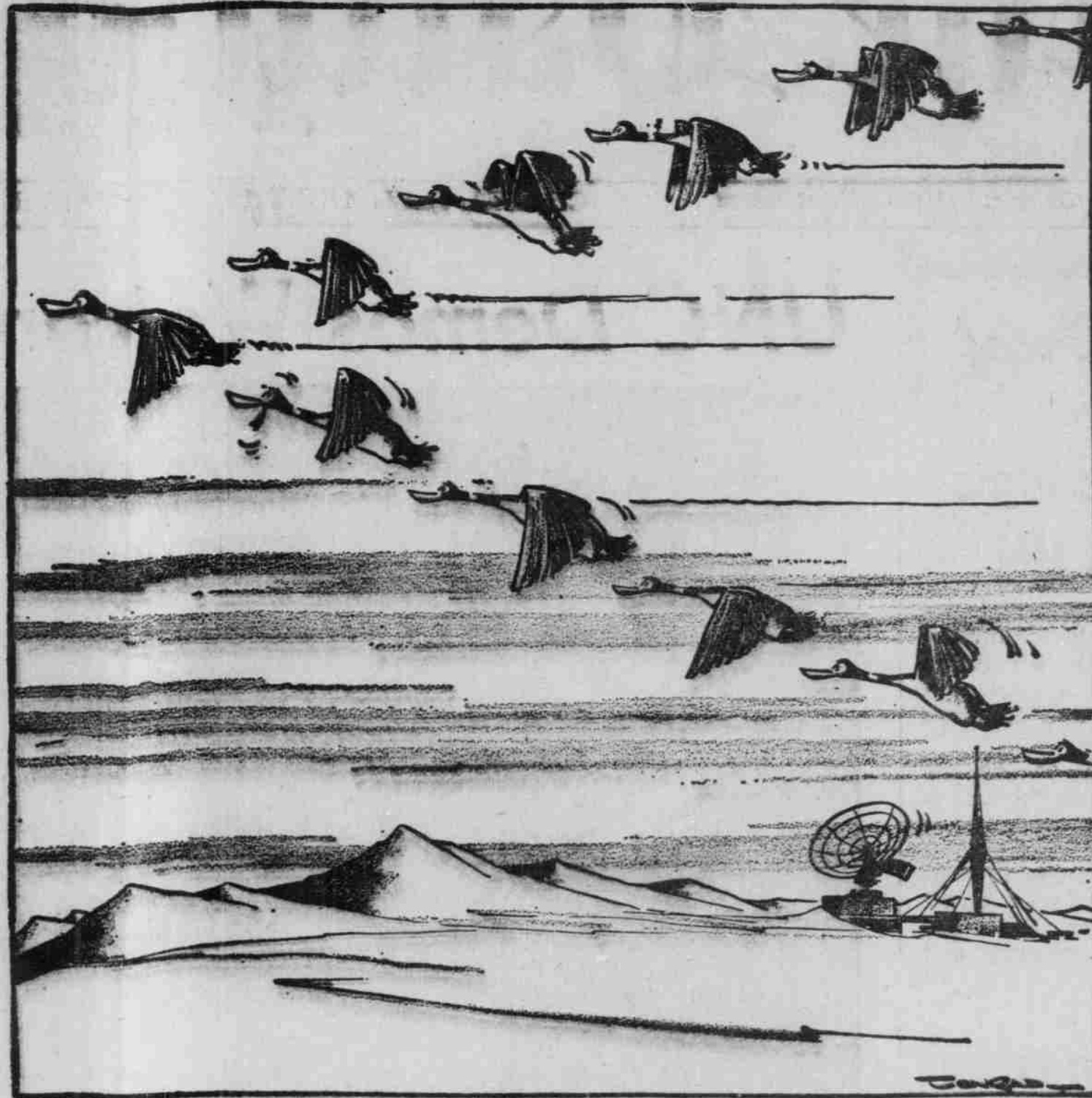
But, from the start, the conference called to demonstrate unity among the Afro-Asians demonstrated only that they, too, were divided.

In the end, Red China stole the show.

A year earlier she had signed with India a pact of non-aggression outlining five principles of co-existence. This theme she also pressed upon the participants at Bandung.

Five years later, Red China demonstrated its good faith with armed aggression against India's borders.

"... Let's All Bunch Up Like A Rocket And Start World War III!"



Mary Stewart Baker

Thomas Wolfe: New Biography

Something has spoken to me in the night, burning the tapers of the waning year; something has spoken in the night, and told me I shall die, I know not where. Saying: "To lose the earth you know, for greater knowing; to lose the life you have, for greater life; to leave the friends you loved, for greater loving; to find a land more kind than home, more large than earth..."

You Can't Go Home Again

These lines close Elizabeth Nowell's biography of Thomas Wolfe. She suggests them as a proper epitaph for an American writer who lived his life so intensely that it dampens the brow to think of the fervor with which he lived it. In this first complete biography Miss Nowell has narrated his life with both depth and perception.

Thomas Wolfe has been pictured in many ways: He has been seen as the wild-eyed giant, pouring out books feverishly by scriawling only four or five giant words on one sheet of paper; Sherwood Anderson saw him thus: "He is six feet six inches and gigantic in every way. He is like his writing... He is generous and big, in every way..."

At this moment, if he were still alive, a romantic student might wish to picture him riding in the engine of a speeding train, his face carved with agonizing lines of pleasure; or another might like to picture his lanky frame, unruined and peaceful, slowly covering the old brick walks of our campus. I see him behind one of these Daily Tar Heel desks, scratching out editorials with an old pen, as he did for two years, as editor of this paper.

Whatever the picture, it is one of a human being, living an intensely energetic and vigorous life. Thomas Wolfe "lived" his short life, in the truest sense of the word.

Many of us—Tar Heels and Americans—have examined much of Wolfe's life in *Look Homeward, Angel*; still more have read his other works and feel we know him even more intimately. Whatever our source of information, we are aware that he absorbed every experience he lived and then squeezed them out to us through his writing.

Miss Nowell tells us that "Wolfe's daily life was governed almost wholly by this need to write." He himself often said "If I can keep on writing, everything will be

all right." Writing was the thing at which he excelled and he knew he had to do it "not only for the sake of his literary output, but also for that of his own peace of mind." He "left himself so utterly exhausted and yet so keyed up that he couldn't sleep at night."

We hope that Thomas Wolfe was not typical of Daily Tar Heel editors, for he rarely washed, changed his clothes or had a haircut. Eccentric though he was, he forever had friends.

Miss Nowell has written a warm and vigorous biography of our famed Tar Heel. She depicts almost every picture that we might have formed of him.

After reading this biography, one will find himself remembering such portraits as these: Asserting his individuality during his college days here; living it up lavishly in Germany on royalties with his admirers because he was not allowed to spend his money outside of the country; stuffing cotton in his ears for days after visiting the home of Beethoven because he wanted to experience the same handicap as the great composer; surprised by a warm reunion with the people of Asheville after a long, frightened absence because of the town's angry reception of *Look Homeward, Angel*. These are only a few of the incidents of which Miss Nowell writes with a tender, but stimulating perception.

The main source of Miss Nowell's biography is Wolfe's interpretation of himself. She draws from his fiction, many times from his valuable Purdue speech, interesting and informative letters, and his own pocket notebooks. Sometimes Miss Nowell leans too heavily upon these self appraisals.

The reader must persevere the laborious and sometimes repetitive account of the publishing business; and the reader's interest may easily be stifled by the labor pains that accompany the production of Wolfe's second novel *Of Time And The River*, which Scribner editor, Max Perkins, finally had to take away from him. (Wolfe at last appeared at Perkins' house with the manuscript stuffed in two crates, one under each arm.)

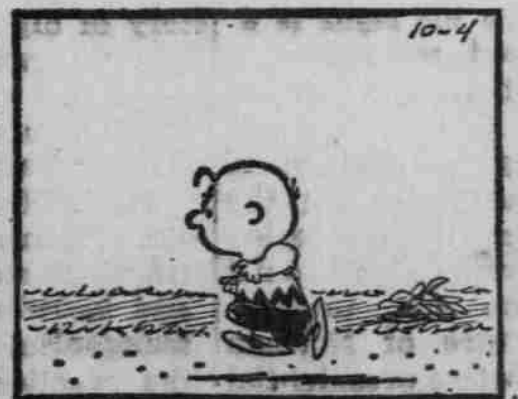
"Dullness"—the word that usually accompanies a biography—is impossible to find in Elizabeth Nowell's *Thomas Wolfe*; it is a fascinating book, especially for many of us who are in the passionate midst of our "Thomas Wolfe phase."

POGO



by Walt Kelly

PEANUTS



by Schulz

Davis B. Young

Little Richard

In 1946, a young man went to Congress from California's old 12th District. In perhaps the dirtiest, muddiest, grubbiest campaign in California political history, the upstart Richard M. Nixon unseated five term incumbent Jerry Voorhis by over 18,000 votes, or roughly a 3-2 margin.

The reader should pay particular attention to the word "perhaps" in the last paragraph. The columnist says perhaps because there is a good chance that Nixon's 1950 Senate campaign spent even more time in the political gutters. In neither of these campaigns, one of them only ten years ago, did the Republican presidential candidate display any overabundance of that hard to define concept known as integrity.

In the 1946 campaign against Voorhis, he attempted to brand his opponent as a tool of organized labor and to blame all of the country's post war difficulties on the Democrats. All of this is summarized brilliantly by Frank Holeman in the book "Candidates 1960."

During his tenure in the U.S. Congress—1946-50—Nixon became closely associated with that controversial group known as the House Committee on Un-American Activities. He first came to national attention as the youthful crusader who waged a personal war against Alger Hiss. He won an easy re-election victory in 1948.

Two years later he received the nomination of the California State Republican Party as that organization's candidate for the U.S. Senate. His opponent was a very able Congressman named Helen Gahagan Douglas. Nixon continued his previous campaign tactics, even adding a little new fuel to the political fire against Mrs. Douglas.

He attempted to link her with every questionable organization and political concept available. As Phillip Potter has also pointed out in "Candidates 1960", Nixon circulated a "pink sheet" tying Mrs. Douglas to the apron strings of Vito Marcantonio of New York. He also sent a letter to registered Democrats attempting to create the illusion that he himself was a Democrat, or at least a sympathizer with their cause.

Perhaps a little background about the California setup at that time would be useful. Here was a state whose Democratic Party was at rock bottom. Paul Ziffirin had not yet arrived on the scene to put together the organization which would later elect Pat Brown as Governor. Here was also the state which had played an instrumental role in the Progressive Party of 1948 and its candidate Henry Wallace. The liberal Democrat had found some affinity within the Progressive ranks at this time. In 1950, with the Progressive Party dead for all practical purposes, there was an obvious return to the Democratic Party.

This was also the time of our first inklings of McCarthyism, although the Wisconsin Senator had not yet come to the forefront. The world was troubled, the Korean War was around the corner. The Truman administration was under heavy fire for corruption and Communism. America was afraid, the post war boom was over and the Big Red Hand was reaching out all over Western Europe.

What could be more natural than for Dick Nixon to come forth as the bastion of Americanism, the defender of God, mother and the country? He neatly tied in the Progressives, economic ills, fellow travelers, liberals, eggheads, Harry Truman, Alger Hiss, Joseph Stalin and all that we didn't want and handed them in a neat package to Mrs. Douglas to defend. America was afraid, Dick Nixon wasn't. When the votes and mud were in, Nixon had landed a Senate job by well over 600,000 tallies.

As history knows, Nixon's name appeared on a list of suitable vice presidential candidates in 1952. All of the problems of 1950 had become greatly magnified by this time. The Korean War was unpopular, Stalin was flexing his muscles in the direction of Asia, Adlai Stevenson was both a liberal and an egghead, a Democratic Congress had done little to satisfy the American people and there weren't two chickens in every pot and a car in each garage. America was still afraid, more so than two years in the past. Again, Nixon was the right man at the right time in the right place with the right record.

Since his election in 1952, the 47-year-old Republican standard bearer has worked hard, harder than any Vice President in our history. He has traveled to every corner of the globe. He has sat in meetings of the National Security Council, banged a gavel as presiding officer of the Senate, been perhaps the chief spokesman for the GOP and waited, planned, schemed and prayed each day for today, the day when he presents himself as one of two aspirants for the world's most important job. He has also attempted to create an image of the new-Nixon, a man who has grown in stature and experience since those early California campaigns. But in his most recent national exposure—the first debate with Kennedy—he showed signs of being the old-Nixon with his melodramatic remark, "I have known what it is to be poor." He has also showed signs of being the old-Nixon with his plea for a moratorium of criticism of the U.S. effort while Premier Khrushchev is in this country.

We don't think there is a new-Nixon. Just as the leopard doesn't change his spots, neither does a man named Nixon change overnight all of the standards that have made him one of America's most successful and frightening individuals. All of his life Dick Nixon has been the right man at the right time. All of his life he has been ruthless and hard-hitting.

Like a fighter in a desperate attempt to reach the pinnacle of the ring world, Dick Nixon is hungry. He is just as hungry as ever. He will do everything within his power to defeat Kennedy, and this spells trouble for the Democrats. They know full well the fury of his efforts.

Richard Nixon is a man on the make. He is an odds-on favorite to wind up the next President.