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Foreign Aid Is No Longer Generosity

IT IS SAD to see North Carolina's junior Sen. B. Everett Jordan adding his voice to the highly unrealistic outcry against foreign aid. That outcry constitutes gaslight romance if we've ever heard it, fit only for horse and buggy days.

The venerable text from which enemies of foreign aid take their maxims is as antique these days as a physics text which ignores Dr. Einstein. Our approach to foreign aid is no longer generosity, though of course that ought to figure; it has become stark need. The cruel hurry of events since World War II has been demanding, and perhaps a lot of us would feel more comfortable if we could climb into one of Mr. Steig's anti-social boxes, announce that the rest of the world is no damned good, and cut off our aid to it.

Time was, perhaps, when we could have done that. True, it would have brought much of the free world to its economic knees, but we might have survived in disquieting fatness. Now a retreat from the idea of economic aid abroad would not only bring our dependents to their knees, it would soon put us down too. We're in it with the rest of the strugglers.

We must ask ourselves whether the U. S. can afford to retire to its own gilt castle while other countries organize to meet a future full of high populations and empty of raw materials. That gilt castle is, or will be, a mirage. We have been told for years of the alarming speed with which our natural wealth is drying up, of how dependent, for the health of our own industries, we are on the willingness of primary producers to supply us. Somehow, no connection has been clearly made between those dire facts and foreign aid.

* * *

FOR the benefit of economic isolationists, as for those concerned to help "undeveloped" countries out of the rut, that connection needs to be made. It is true that we have much to give the Asian and African countries which abound in raw materials: We have capital and technical know-how; but they have a grip on natural resources which will become increasingly relevant as ours run out. We do not have all the strong pieces on the board.

That is why foreign aid is not a "giveaway." We cannot do too much to put economic muscle in countries abroad; we cannot do too much to assure that we will be in the counting when they realize their potential. The incomplete way to bargain with foreign aid is to continue as we have done, to add to our dollars all of our verbal cannonading about "free enterprise" and "democracy." Certainly we would prefer those institutions to develop abroad. But the poor proprietors of the world's raw wealth, from Malaya to Venezuela, tucker less to preachments about politics than to pocketbooks which will finance factories, hydroelectric plants and dams, and technical training. With their pressing impatience, they don't give much of a hang whether "dollar" or "ruble" is written over the door. Nor do they care whether economic inspiration comes from Karl Marx and Mr. Khrushchev or from Adam Smith and Mr. Eisenhower. The Russians, who have not had to court public opinion, have taken account of these realities, and indications are that they have scored a large number of bullseyes per ruble.

* * *

BUT it is becoming less and less satisfactory to view our world economic commitments in rigid terms of East versus West or capitalism versus communism. A. A. Berle has observed, in a recent article, that the two contrary courses of today are nationalism and economic interpendence. Nationalism gets the loud press. Economic interdependence is vigorous, perhaps more vigorous than nationalism, behind the scenes. Pressed themselves by time, our allies in Western Europe have already collaborated in the iron and coal community administered from Strasbourg. The European common market is in its early stages. And in the European Payments Union and through the World Bank, the Europeans are already at war against their need for the dollar blood bank. A sure consequence will be the liberation of Europe, in great part, from our patronage. But again, we need not only raw materials but their markets for exports.

* * *

THIS is an incomplete rehearsal of the story, but it is enough to show, we believe, that our fond illusion of economic independence is in tatters. Yet penny wisdom and pound foolishness, in the form of protest against foreign aid, remain influential.

An End To Ennui As The Steam Begins

THERE are those among us who are restless about the state of affairs at our ancient Chapel Hill unless the green swards of the campus, from Polk to McCorkle Place, steam with molten controversy.

Just last week a fidgety DAILY TAR HEEL heaved a long sigh of ennui and longed editorially for more radicalism, more agitation, more general ruckus.

Then, suddenly, "OGH."

No, it was not the groan of a sophomore expiring of political assassination. It was not the redskin-like battle cry of somebody out to scalp President Friday or the editor of the TAR HEEL. And it was not even the winded groan of a grad student laboriously peddling his foreign bicycle up a hill.

It was just "OGH." The three mysterious letters, constituting, no doubt, to the gleeful heart of many a controversy-seeker a real gilt-edged ruckus, were neatly printed on signs which went up all over the campus; they were even splashed in black paint across the wall of the Library's graduate study. What it all meant, reports said, was "Orne Get Hot." Or "Orne Go Home." Mr. Orne is the new librarian at the University, who has apparently reshuffled the reference system and cleared the graduate lounge of old sofas to the disliking of the graduate students.

Not knowing the details of the squabble we withhold our allegiance.

But you could mark it down. As of last week Chapel Hill had her first controversy of the year. She was beginning to feel herself again.

Progress

IT has been more than a year now since the Russians launched their first sputnik and U.S. educators began their agonizing reappraisal of public school curricula. Some idea of the distance we have traveled in so short a time is apparent in this list of courses students may select in a Rhode Island high school: "Interior Decorating," "Economics and You," "Managing the Family Income," "Family Relations," "Oil Painting," "College Art." That'll show 'em.

Ernest Rogers In The Atlanta Journal

ONE REMAINING BASTION

NOW comes actress Vera Miles who says in a press dispatch out of Hollywood that men should grow beards to re-establish themsleves as the dominant sex. Although Miss Miles may be stamped as a traitor to her side by making such an observation I take the view that the girl has something and consider her remarks as being the most sensible to emanate from the film capital since some glamour girl whose identitiy escapes me for the moment remarked, "I don't want to be an actress. I just want to be a star."

Inching even farther out on the limb Miss Miles is quoted as saying: "Women have taken everything from the male province—short hair, long pants, all kinds of things. Here a last is something (whiskers) that can be entirely the men's."

Come to think of it, women can't grow whiskers—at least not many. And it isn't because they haven't been willing. Never before in the history of the human race have women seemed so obsessed with the desire to seize all of the male prerogatives. They vote, they guzzle, they smoke, they run big companies, they drive automobiles, they fly planes, they—but why continue? They are convinced that anything a man can do they can do better.

But they can't grow whiskers.

The eager housewife must suffer torture every morning when her ever-loving retires to the bathroom for his matutinal shave. I understand one reason electric razors are so popular among the menfolk is because they make more noise than any other kind of shaving instrument and thus add to the frustration of the beardless female.

What she doesn't know, of course, is that her husband would give anything in or out of reason if he didn't have to suffer the inconvenience of shaving every day. But what she doesn't know can't be used against him.

Since pondering the remarks made by Miss Miles I have seen a great light which explains why wives go into hysterics every time their husbands signify their intention of growing a mustache or a beard. They resent having him excel in an area in which they can't compete.

Don't think for a minute that if women could grow whiskers they wouldn't do so. And judging by past performance in the departments of clothing and millinery they could promote facial patterns so fantastic as to be beyond belief. Chances are the tonsorial profession would be driven out of its mind trying to execute their whims and fancies.

All that Khrushchev wants, says U. S. industrialist Cyrus Eaton, is peace. He's probably right, too—a piece of Europe, a piece of Asia, a piece of Africa . . . —NEW ORLEANS STATES AND ITEM.

People's Platform

The Dynamite Blast Heard Around The World

Buenos Aires, Argentina

Editors, The News:

MY REASON for writing involves a story which has run daily here for the last week. And, being away from home and then reading about it as I did, one is likely to see certain items from a different slant.

The story I refer to involves the Atlanta bombing. Now anyone, even a man with the racial viewpoint of Georgia's Gov. Griffin, has no difficulty in recognizing this atrocity for what it is. I read how, all over Atlanta, rewards were put up for the apprehension of those who set the bomb at the Temple, and of the President's statement the next day. No matter how anyone might stand on political questions such as integration, something like that makes anyone sick to read.

But here outside the States, there is another angle which I might miss if I were home. Five or six thousand miles away from America (about the same distance as Moscow), this thing has been hit over and over day by day in the national press as "news from America."

I don't mean that there were editorials. I just mean that every single day, there has been a prominent news story — one of them adding a side story telling about the activities of our mutual acquaintance, "Catfish" Cole, and giving readers the background of the KKK and its beliefs.

In the States, we see all of these things in one fashion. We know the background; we know that activities like this are only the work of a few crackpots. But outside the country, these things ARE the U. S. It is what people read and what they are told about our way of life.

A hundred yards from my room, there is a one-story library with the U. S. flag outside. It is usually full — this U. S. Information Service installation, operated here by the State Department to get friends for the U. S. here in a part of the world where one can see on block after block in certain sections the white-washed hammer and sickle and where the local police head said publicly the other day the Russians are spending $30 million a year.

But from talking to people, I know that this one incident, and such disputes as in Little Rock, make more impression here than all of the free books, the slides, the pictures in the window, and the radio programs combined. I am particularly sensitive to the Atlanta story because it is my hometown. And, as I have talked with people here about this, I have heard over and over, "Well, the people here look at it this way. You Americans claim to be the strongest and best nation in the world. You talk as if you feel that you know what is best for us to do, and you have the power of war or peace in the world, perhaps. Now, with a country which says these things, how is it that it cannot even manage its own affairs? How is it that you expect to tell other countries how to do when right in your own country things like this can happen?"

Although it is a question anywhere, the answer is different to an American at home. One can mention that this is the work of some demented criminal who will soon, we trust, be put away. We can point to the reaction of everybody to this kind of thing. There are various other things which one can say, especially about opinions in regard to something like the school mess—the other big U. S. story here—and how it is a big problem.

But it would be such a great thing if only there were some way that the country could see itself. A morning or so after the bombing, I was having coffee with a friend who is at the American Embassy here. I mentioned the bombing and, with one word, his face changed completely. He frowned very hard and muttered "God . . . I wonder if they ever think back home how things like that look outside. To us, it is bad enough. But these people here just know us from the things they read about us . . ."

In this line, after the President, Nixon and Dulles, it is easy to say that the name of Gov. Faubus is the most famous American name here. He outshines Elvis—whose cardboard figure is in a lot of music stores. He outshines Johnnie Ray, who was just here.

GOV. GRIFFIN
He Knew Atrocity

Faubus is known everywhere. People ask about him. And day after day after day, in each detailed installment, there it goes morning after morning after morning behind the dateline, "Little Rock." Here it is by this time as famous as Chicago. Everyone knows about it.

And when one reads this time after time in the press of a friendly country—the place where Nixon got the happiest reception of his whole Latin-American tour—you can imagine what it is like in places where they are hostile to us to begin with.

"The Commies don't miss a bit of this. They eat it up," my friend from the Embassy continued. "Just the other day, I read a full column open letter to Faubus in one of the local papers. The Communists hardly need to bother the subject. It's doing fine on its own."

Three-quarters of a million people living around Atlanta had nothing to do with that bomb out on Peachtree Road. And there are millions of people in the South who feel that there has to be a very gradual answer found to have peaceful school segregation. But here a long way from home, men can't help but wish that since we are a powerful and a great country, we have such a time learning to act like one. The bomb — and the others like it—not only blows up buildings. It blows us up right along with them in an attempt to hold prestige and influence.

People here and everywhere I have been down here have been interested in America. They read about it, they see it in films. They listen to U. S. records. But because of this interest, they see things like the items I mentioned. That synagogue and Little Rock were the only two U.S. domestic stories (aside from State Department stuff about things overseas) which held the papers for a solid run.

And being from there, one couldn't help feeling very sorry. I know the South. I know that this is not the whole story at all. But these people don't. They just hear the big things . . .

— PAUL MASON

'My Dear Fellow—Ahaha—The Pleasure Is All Mine'

Minnesota Republicans Hunt Pheasants But Spurn Votes

By JOSEPH ALSOP

MINNEAPOLIS

IT IS not exactly easy to write about politics on an autumn weekend out here. The air is crisp and brilliant. In its late fall colors, the countryside is just as splendid as one of the cock pheasants that half the people of the Twin Cities are hurrying into the countryside to shoot.

There is no football, to fill the bright air with balloons and banners, and the vast stadium with people. But a large part of the state of Minnesota's population still forms a counter-current to the current of gunners, hurrying city-wards on pleasure bent. Carnival genially reigns, as it seems to do hereabouts every weekend all autumn. Maybe the most interesting question to try to answer is why this is the most pleasure-loving place in America, except perhaps San Francisco.

All the same, reporters are not sociologists; and this state also poses a political question of real interest. Maybe the best way to phrase the question is to ask why on earth the Democrats seem to like winning, whereas the Republicans almost seem to hate it.

BEADY-EYED PURSUIT

No interminable period of time has gone by, after all, since this was a reliably Republican state. In the reign of Harold Stassen, despite the national magnetism of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Minnesota was solidly Republican. Even after Stassen's beady-eyed pursuit of his ambitions had discredited him, the Minnesota Republican Party produced an enormously successful state-wide vote-getter, in the person of Gov. Luther Youngdahl.

But Youngdahl failed to remake the Minnesota Republican Party in his own attractive image, as Eisenhower has failed to remake the national party. Indeed, there are good reasons for thinking that Youngdahl was given a judgeship in response, at least in part, to pleas from more conservative Minnesota Republicans who wanted to get this dangerous vote-getter out of the state.

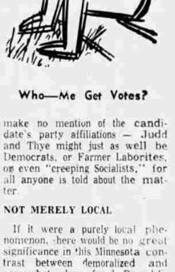
THE LAST STASSENITE

Today, there is really not very much left of the Minnesota Republican party, except the last surviving Stassenite, good, earnest Sen. Ed Thye. And Thye does not even have a 50-50 chance to hold his Senate seat against Democratic Rep. Eugene McCarthy, unless their anti-Catholic prejudices make the local Lutheran voters forget their strong Democratic allegiance.

Yet it was not so very long ago, once again, when Minnesota's Farmer-Laborites were led by Henry Wallace's worthy sidekick, ex-Gov. Elmer Benson, while the local Democrats had the status of a small oppressed minority. Each group, in those days, hated the other worse than the devil hates holy water. But from a running start as mayor of Minneapolis, Hubert Humphrey leaped into the Senate. And from his Senate seat, Humphrey conjured up the united, powerful and enthusiastic Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party that rules Minnesota today.

Moreover, Humphrey is not the only grandee of the Minnesota Democracy nowadays. The able young state Governor, Orville Freeman, looms almost as large out here; but he and Humphrey are so careful to stick together that they even shared the same hotel-suite at this year's state convention, so that no one could organize friction between two different leaders headquarters. Unity and energy, youthfulness and optimism — these are now the marks of the Minnesota Democratic Party, from the precinct level to the top.

The Democrats here are proud of their party, too, whereas the Republicans, or at any rate the Republican candidates, seem to be ashamed of theirs. Both Sen. Thye and Rep. Walter Judd have plastered the Twin Cities with their billboards. But the billboards make no mention of the candidate's party affiliations — Judd and Thye might just as well be Democrats, or Farmer Laborites, or even "creeping Socialists," for all anyone is told about the matter.



Who—Me Get Votes?

NOT MERELY LOCAL

If it were a purely local phenomenon, there would be no great significance in this Minnesota contrast between demoralized and somewhat shame-faced Republicans and Democrats trotting off to town with their tails over the dashboard. But it is not a local phenomenon. It appears in Minnesota in an especially strong way; but it also appears in California and in most other states where big jobs are at stake in this election.

In fact, this reporter has seen or heard about confident, hard-driving, united Republicans in only one state so far. The sole exception is New York, where Nelson Rockefeller is hardly running as a Republican. So the question about the difference between Republicans and Democrats plainly exists. Unfortunately, it is as hard to answer as the other question about why Minnesota people are pleasure-loving and Indiana people most emphatically are not.

Quote, Unquote

"Baloney is the unvarnished lie laid on so thick you hate it. Blarney is flattery laid on so thin you love it."—Bishop Fulton Sheen.

"It is not easy to be a pretty woman without causing mischief."—Anatole France.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

'TR'—That Cowboy In The White House

WASHINGTON

SEVERAL million words will be written about the 100th anniversary of Theodore Roosevelt's birth. I should like to write a few words about him from the point of view of my father-in-law, Col. Dan T. Moore, who was TR's cousin and military aide.

To my father-in-law and other members of the family who knew TR, he was one of the most dynamic and vigorous men ever to occupy the White House. He was vigorous in his exercise and vigorous in his decisions.

Scorned Golf

Golfing was not in vogue in the U. S. then but if it had been Teddy Roosevelt would have scorned it. Boxing was his form of exercise. He had fixed up the top floor of the White House into a sort of gymnasium and there used to box with Col. Moore. They traded some pretty tough blows—so tough that it weakened a nerve in Roosevelt's eye and later he lost his sight in one eye.

He never told his military aide, however, and Col. Moore only knew what had happened when, some time after Roosevelt left the White House, he read TR's explanation to newspapermen that "a young army officer [illegible] punch damaged the optic [illegible]."

Nothing Deterred TR

Roosevelt used to enjoy [illegible] when he walked [illegible] in a beeline. Almost nothing deterred him. Only when he came to a tree would he yield the right of way. For a thicket, a swamp or unpassable underbrush, never. My brother-in-law, Dan T. Moore, Jr., now living in Cleveland, tells how, as a small boy he tried to keep up with TR and his father in walking through a swampland, he lagged far behind.

An Icy Mid-March

Roosevelt Island, lying in the Potomac between the Key and Memorial Bridges, is named for the late President because he used to enjoy exploring it. But the story is not generally known how TR challenged Col. Moore to swim to the island in mid-March when the river was still icy. Peeling down to their underwear they reached the island, about 100 yards distance, but were so cold that they found a boat and rowed back. Picking up their clothes they put part of them on and tried to sneak back to the White House unseen.

That would have been impossible today because the Lincoln Memorial and part of the Navy Department lie between the White House and the river. But in those days the area was undeveloped and they managed to reach the rear door of the White House, cold and bedraggled, when Mrs. Roosevelt caught both.

Original Wilderness

Roosevelt would be glad if alive today to know that the people of Washington have preserved the original wilderness on Roosevelt Island. Along with Gifford Pinchot, whom he appointed as chief forester, TR was the founder of conservation, and one of the congressional objections Republicans would like to forget is the manner in which they blocked a bill in the House of Representatives last year to make 1958 "Roosevelt Memorial Year."

Significantly the man now running for the Senate from Roosevelt's home state, Congressman Kenneth Keating of New York, was responsible for blocking the Roosevelt memorial resolution. The resolution, introduced by Sen. James Murray of Montana, had passed the Senate unanimously. Sixty-three senators, Republicans and Democrats, sponsored it. But in the House Judiciary Committee it was blocked by Keating, who played the game of the private power lobbyists. They objected to praise of Roosevelt's public power-conservation policies which they considered too contrary to Eisenhower's private power policies.

The resolution never got out of Keating's Judiciary Committee.

Major Contributions

Most people don't remember it, but it was Teddy Roosevelt who founded the FBI, virtually founded civil service, revised the artillery system of the U. S. Army, and painted the U.S. Navy white. Like his cousin, Franklin D. Roosevelt, TR served as assistant secretary of the Navy, and as a great Navy booster he asked Congress for authority to send the newly painted "white fleet" around the world.

Congress refused. Whereupon Roosevelt ordered the fleet halfway around the world, then told Congress it could supply the money to bring it back.

Always In Hot Water

Unlike the moderacy and pleasant smiles so familiar around the White House today, TR was always in hot water, was always being called names. He had the undying enmity of big business as the result of his trust-busting. John D. Rockefeller, whose grandson is now running for governor of New York, was one of his enemies. It was TR who broke up the Standard Oil empire.

On the surface, TR was thick skinned. Publicly he appeared to shed criticism as if it was praise. Privately he worried over criticism. My father-in-law used to accompany him on carriage drives around Washington and recalls that a small boy once hurled a taunt at Roosevelt, a taunt he had picked up from the big business drive waged against him. It upset the President considerably.

Pony In The Elevator

The White House was alive with children in those days—the Roosevelt children. It was not the silent, dignified edifice it is today. Once Col. Moore caught the Roosevelt boys taking a pony to the top floor of the White House in the elevator.

The Roosevelt children went to the public schools of Washington. They were taught to live and play with other boys. When one of them was asked how he got along with "common" boys, he replied: "My father says there are only tall boys and short boys, and bad boys and good boys, and that's all the kind of boys there are."

That was the White House in those days, and that was the man who guided the USA through the energetic, dynamic period when the nation was definitely on the upgrade toward its glorious position of USA—1st-class power.