

The Daily Tar Heel

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The Golden Fleece

As a gong tolls and a deep, resonant voice entones the myth of Jason's quest for the Golden Fleece, the audience in Memorial Hall Monday will sit a bit forward in their seats and silence will fall over the Hall. Black-robed figures will appear and stalk the aisles, searching for men fit to join them in the ranks of the Order of the Golden Fleece.

It will be an impressive moment, and it should be, for induction into the most noble honor society on campus is a distinction to be accompanied by pomp and ceremony. Monday night will see the 47th ritual, and an undisclosed number of outstanding men of this campus will join the ranks of 469 others tapped since 1903.

Those tapped will become part of an organization which can claim for its alumni membership such statesmen as President-Elect of the Greater University Gordon Gray, Sen. Frank Porter Graham and the late Governors O. Max Gardner and J.C.B. Ehringhaus. The tapping is a tribute to the work and distinguished service for the campus the chosen men have accomplished. At the same time, it is a similar tribute to the organization itself, for the high plane of ideals it has set and for the unheralded good it has accomplished annually.

No set number of men have been earmarked for induction, as the Fleece taps in proportion to the number of eligible men each year. Their names will remain undisclosed until the actual ceremony Monday. Choice of the candidates is effected through secret meetings of the members, an essential responsibility for the impressiveness of the entire evening.

A spokesman for the Fleece has warned that those students who desire to be spectators at this annual event should be in their seats before 7:45, the time set for the beginning of the ritual. He said that the doors of Memorial would be locked at that time and that no one would be allowed to enter until the entire program had been completed. In this way, the sacredness and suspense will be maintained.

Last Year's Inductees

Last spring the Fleece tapped 18 men, including Dr. Walter Reece Berryhill of the faculty and the re-tapping of Judge John J. Parker. They were among those unsuspecting in the audience who watched the black-garbed figures with fleeces across their shoulders stalk among them, followed by a spotlight, searching for the selected campus leaders. Also tapped that time were Charlie Justice, past president of the Student Body Bill Mackie, the popular Al Lowenstein, former Daily Tar Heel editor Ed Joyner and Joe Leary, to mention several.

A little younger than the 20th century itself, the Fleece was founded by Dr. Henry Horace Williams, the University's famous philosopher-scholar, in 1903 with the initiation of eight students, among them Phillips Russell, now a member of the Journalism Department. The Order was first conceived in its entirety by Dr. Eben Alexander, Dean of the University and past envoy to Greece. According to history, Dr. Alexander was a member of the Skull and Bones at Yale, the first honorary society on an American college campus. It was his wish, the story goes, that the University here become the second in the nation to honor its outstanding campus men, and thus the Order of the Golden Fleece was born.

Dr. Edward Kidder Graham added his influence and helped Dr. Williams launch the organization on its way to in search of worthy Carolina men over the years. In 1948, the practice of "re-tapping" an outstanding Fleece alumnus who had performed worthy service to his fellowman was instituted with the re-tapping of Kay Kyser, for his unselfish service to the world of entertainment and for his work in the promotion of the Good Health Program in the state.

Purpose Of The Fleece

The Fleece was founded to satisfy a definite campus need, according to Dr. Williams. In an editorial of The Daily Tar Heel for May 8, 1938, concerning the Fleece, he wrote:

"On the campus at the time of its foundation there were eight different cliques of students and there was no University spirit. There were two or three fraternity cliques and some dormitories which had rallied into separate groups. There was a group of scholars, a group of gay and giddy men and a group of athletes. We figured out the plan . . . and decided to select one outstanding man from each clique for scholarship. These eight men were brought around the table so that little groups on the campus would perish, so that a when the greatest scholar and the finest athlete sat side by side at the same table."

Dr. Williams' idea clicked. In successive years, The Daily Tar Heel as well as the campus at large made a sport of predicting the Fleece initiates as much as they did of predicting football scores. In recent years it has been customary also to honor sincere, prominent faculty members with membership in the Order, and one professor is usually tapped along with each crop of students.

So this year again, the black-robed figures will stalk the aisles of Memorial Hall, in search of the men who have gained campus recognition for their outstanding devotion to their school. It's anybody's guess who will feel the heavy hand on his shoulder and hear the sincere applause of the audience, but those the Fleece will thrust their hands upon, we may rest assured it is a fitting selection; a prophetic selection.

—Don Maynard, Feature Editor

Merry-Go-Round Lindsay Warren Praised By D. P.

By Drew Pearson

The public doesn't know it, but the real reason for waste regarding veteran's hospitals is politics. It is also why conscientious Dr. Paul Magnuson, chief of the Veteran's Administration's Medical Division, has been on the point of resigning.

He wants hospitals located where medical conditions are best, while genial Veterans Administrator Carl Gray sometimes locates them where political conditions are best. Unlike Gen. Omar Bradley, he doesn't know how to stand up against political pressure.

Here are some specific examples:
Muley Bob Doughton's Hospital—The VA will soon build a 1,000-bed neuropsychiatric hospital at Salisbury, N. C., despite the fact that medical authorities want it at Durham or Winston-Salem where it would be near Duke University or the future site of Wake Forest college. Doctors always like to place neuropsychiatric hospitals near medical centers, because nerve patients sometimes have a complication of diseases.

This view was also supported by Secretary of the Army Gordon Gray, a North Carolinian. But another North Carolinian disagreed. He was Congressman Bob Doughton, who, as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, is one of the most powerful members of Congress. Despite economic and medical preferences, Doughton wanted the hospital in his district. So it is going to be put there.

Congressman Vinson's Hospital—The VA has been forced to take over and maintain another out-of-the-way hospital at Dublin, Ga., built by the navy as a favor to Congressman Carl Vinson of Georgia, powerful Chairman of the Armed Services Committee.

This hospital is so far from a main-line railroad that the navy had to build a special airfield to bring in patients. Also, only 360 of its 500 beds are in use, due to lack of medical personnel. To staff the Dublin Hospital, Dr. Magnuson finally had to order 15 doctors there from other VA hospitals. Whereupon eight of the 15 resigned.

Budget Bureau's Hospital—Another glaring case is at Augusta, Ga., where the VA under pressure from the Budget Bureau, is being forced to take over a ramshackle navy hospital for neuropsychiatric patients. The main building is an old hotel, with corridors and doors too narrow for hospital use.

More important, this hospital cannot be adequately staffed with doctors and technicians to handle its 1,000 beds. The VA wants to build a new psychiatric hospital in Atlanta, Ga., where doctors from Emory University, a first-class medical school, would be available for residence work. Such a hospital could be built for what it will cost to maintain the navy "snakepit" at Augusta for 10 years. However, the budget bureau says no.

Closed-Open Embassy

Every spring the allegedly elite homes of Washington are put on display for the benefit of a church charity. For a modest sum, the curious public can traipse over the rugs of Mrs. Dean Acheson in Georgetown, or gaze at the bric-a-brac of Mrs. Felix Frankfurter.

Some of the embassies are also open to the public, and this year some of the ladies raised their eyebrows as to whether the Egyptian Embassy should be included on the list. Reason: last year the Egyptians barred a prominent Washington hostess because she is Jewish.

Mrs. Sidney Hechinger, wife of a leading Washington lumber merchant, was supposed to have served as hostess during a tour at the Egyptian Embassy. But the Egyptian Ambassador refused to let Mrs. Hechinger set her foot inside the door. Mrs. Wiley Rutledge, wife of the late Supreme Court Justice, calmed the furor; and instead, Mrs. Jesse Donaldson, wife of the Postmaster General, served as hostess for the Egyptian Embassy.

Now spring has come again and another open-house tour. But instead of protesting the insult, the society ladies have invited the Egyptian Embassy to participate again and are meekly sending Mrs. Donaldson back as hostess.

Chapelhillia

The University Laundry, always eager to please its hard-to-please student customers, sent questionnaires to the many owners of the clothes which they "process" every week. The questionnaire wants to know just exactly what is wrong with its service. After all, can they help it if Ramesses the Ram has to eat three full meals of buttons every day. As Francis the army mule might say, we ought to be patriotic. . . . Now that the flying saucer fad has wilted away, students have been reporting little midgets on campus all week. Some of the little people actually flirted with their older collegiate boy-friends. It seems that lots and lots of little children have been arriving hour on the hour to see the planetarium and the arboretum and the other "things to see." . . . The University cemetery is a historic place. If you have time some time, you ought to take a walk through the tomb-bedecked botanical gardens to look at some of the interesting monuments. Some of the markers were erected over a hundred years ago by the two literary societies, the Di and the Phi, and bring to mind the long history of student-self-expression on the campus. . . . People, especially the junior class people, are going to have a "big weekend" next week with their Dowd Memorial junior class straw-hat-and-shirt-tail picnic to top off the Germans. You gung have pahty too?

—Don Maynard, Feature Editor



Nuts To Ed

Granam Jones, Editor
The Daily Tar Heel
Dear Graham:

It is probably somewhat disconcerting for the students who elected you to read your editorial and editorialized news comments on the Budget Sessions and the Eighth Student Legislature today. Possibly you did not write either of these articles, but you are responsible for the Tar Heel. Thrown in were, some hasty remarks that were unnecessary and obviously intended to further your writers' own little (or big) gripes concerning the budget and things in general.

In the matter of the budget both you and Chuck Hauser fought nobly for what you believed to be right — viz., that publications, especially the Tar Heel, needed more money and that the Student Entertainment Committee was getting more than its share. Considering the budget as a whole, the few of us who were able to meet in the Finance Committee and the members of the Legislature felt that the S.E.C. had proven itself worthy of an increase to bring its programs up to what should be from here on a minimum. The S. E. C. has not been able to realize this minimum to date. We felt also that the Tar Heel was appropriated its deserving share of the individual student's money. You know, Graham, as well as I that keeping a little closer watch on the management of your publication will reap enough money to pull you through next year on your present appropriation. The little flourishes you will have to forego, but please remember that other organizations will have to conserve, also.

As for your comments on the Eighth Legislature, I believe, and I think that you do now, that several of your implications were unwarranted. I quote: "Included in the record, unfortunately, are certain shady deals (notably the CP-UP coalition that disregarded qualifications and rammed through a slate of CP-UP officers at the very start of the Eighth Student Legislature), several needless measures, and a great amount of lethargy." The former statement, Graham, you made not out of truthful knowledge but just a "sour grapes" attitude. The U. P. legislators made no deal with anyone. Why should they, since they had such an overwhelming majority in the body? I hope you retract your remarks as to any "deals" made concerning the Eighth Legislative Officers. As I remember several of the posts were made unanimously, and mine was one of them. Obviously the S. P. legislators voiced their approval in the unanimous decisions. I agree with you that there were some needless measures, and there was some lethargy; but these things exist in every legislative body.

Now that the battle is over I hope that the Tar Heel folks will make the most of their \$21,900; and I am equally as anxious to see every penny of the other \$80,000 of appropriations spent for the mutual benefit of each fee contributing student. Ben James

Always Welcome

Jan Peerce Scores Hit

Since just about everyone knows by this morning that Jan Peerce gave the best song recital heard in Memorial Hall in recent years when he sang here Thursday evening as the last attraction of the Student Entertainment Series this season, there is actually little need to review the concert.

He was given a prolonged ovation when he first appeared on the stage and the enthusiasm of the capacity audience remained high throughout the evening.

Mr. Peerce's program was not the least bit condensing, which is something a few of the better-known artists are guilty of when they appear before college students. His selections would have pleased the most cosmopolitan audience. There were two excerpts from the best of Schubert lieder, a dramatic aria from Handel's "Judas Maccabeus"; French songs by Faure and Debussy; a group of songs sung in English, and two operatic arias, the E Lucevan Le Stelle from Puccini's "Tosca," and the beautiful M'Appari from "Martha" of Von Flotow.

There were 11 entrants in the first open championship staged by the U. S. golf association in 1895.

Before intermission he sang the lilting waltz song from The Gypsy Baron of Strauss, and later in the program Rossini's tongue-twisting La Danza. Other encores were Canio's famous aria from Pagliacci, "Because," La Donna E Mobile from Verdi's "Rigoletto," and, of course, "Bluebird of Happiness." The final number was O Sole Mio, sung in Italian.

Mr. Peerce has tremendous range and control. It took both of these to successfully present the songs he chose. He has much charm and a completely winning personality both on and off the stage. He was anxious to do the songs most requested by the students and he saw to it that his excellent accompanist, Warner Bass, shared the applause with him.

This has been the best season arranged by the SEC and it was appropriate that they should end the series with the most satisfying concert of the season. Needless to say, Mr. Peerce would be more than welcome to return to Chapel Hill next year or any other year.

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HORIZONTAL

1. endure
5. away
8. discharge
12. space
15. fish eggs
16. recent
15. lack
16. journeyed
18. official candidates' lists
20. inland streams
21. decimal unit
22. otherwise
23. frolicsome
26. drowses
30. air comb. form
31. appearing as if not
37. 100%
38. by
56. review
58. liaison
40. hard-boiled seed
41. unmitigated
44. mor arch
47. rate per pound

VERTICAL

1. ordinances
2. Russian inland sea
3. legislators
4. rag
5. worthless hits
6. in favor of
7. dauntless
8. football team
9. masculine

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.

M	A	P	E	L	A	T	E	T	E	A	
O	I	L	R	A	C	E	R	H	O	W	
P	R	E	S	A	G	E	R	A	I	S	E
A	I	T	S	B	A	R	N				
C	O	S	T	O	M	A	N	A	G	E	D
A	M	E	S	P	O	N	D	S	L	O	
C	A	D	D	A	T	E	S	G	U	M	
H	A	D	F	A	R	E	S	M	A	D	E
L	A	M	E	N	T	S	S	O	R	E	S
M	E	R	G	S	B	A	R	B			
V	E	R	N	E	L	E	V	E	L	E	D
A	R	C	H	I	N	E	V	A			
S	A	Y	S	H	E	E	D	S	E	W	

4-22
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Pork Chops & Politics

Now that the smoke has cleared away from the charges and countercharges which were fired by aspirant candidates during the past elections, perhaps I may comment concerning campus politics without turning any of my fellow students into fire-breathing bulls.

Around 3 P.M. on the runoff election day, I stationed myself in the style of an elder statesman on the stone wall just behind Grimes Dormitory. I knew the larger the vote, the better chance the candidates whom I was supporting would have of winning so I proceeded to question the passers-by who were on their merry way to and from E. Carrington's, and other less interesting labs, as to whether or not they had voted. Also, I believe that the democratic process with its majority rule and so on, is rendered more democratic and more effective correspondent to the size and percentage of the popular vote—the larger the better; one hundred percent, the best. That's that for my motivation; now back to what transpired. One will be surprised at some of the responses that I received to such a simple question as—have you voted today? Or would one?

"Yeah, have you?" I had.
"When I received a negative reply to my query, I did not seek to influence prospective voters although I did have a good-sized whatever-you-may-choose-to-call-it with VOTE S. P. printed in big letters on it pinned over my left shirt pocket. Yes, the Student Party is dear to my heart. To keep the record straight, I must confess that if the passers-by were friends; I would caution them to SP-IND their votes wisely. A hometown friend on his way to view how big time politics operated from a seat at the local cinema stopped to chat with me. Upon finding that he had not voted, I requested him to retrace his steps and do his bit for democracy. He did.

"Sure have, three times." Jim Gwynn should hear of this, I thought.
"Yes, (long pause) I believe I have." It takes only a simple little question to get a little pink lie.

"Yep, your way." That was encouraging.
"After giving an affirmative answer, an attractive co-ed tarried asking, 'What are you, the official vote reminder?' This casual pause could have been the beginning of a life-long friendship; however, she cast off as I turned my attention to potential vote-castings who were approaching.

"Don't have to." . . . "Why?" . . . "Graduate student." "Them" guys 'ain't' so smart after all. "I don't have a vote." Knowing the present administration stood for the enfranchisement of all, I asked the responder why he did not have a vote. He turned out to be a German student who is studying here for a short period in the Department of City and Regional Planning.

Business began to slack off around five o'clock so I ambled over to the steps of Lenoir Hall where I assumed the proper position to pop the question—have you voted today?

"I can't vote on an empty stomach." The Student Party stands as a just desert for your after-dinner consideration were my thoughts which were not given expression for the screen door had slammed and the hungry man was within the food factory. He was more interested in food than politics. Maybe it would be a good idea for the Elections Committee to establish polls in Lenoir. One could satisfy a desire and a privilege in the same line or at least at the same time. If breakdown by districts is essential, the voter could write his district residence on the ballot.

"I don't believe in democracy." Although I desired to do so, I did not get a chance to ask the maker of this remark what he would suggest as a better form of government. He, too, was hungry.

Five-thirty found me on a wall adjacent to Ruffin Dormitory in that certain set asking people you know what. By this time, the questioning had become a second nature with me. Seeing a person would automatically bring forth a four word question. For the benefit of you students of psychology, it was most definitely an S-leading to an R. Doing the same thing in three places led to amusing consequences. Asking the same people the same question three times is sort of ridiculous; however, unwittingly I think I did just that—some on their way to lab, on their way to supper, and on their way to their dorms after supper for now some would volunteer a reasonable response before I could offer the proper stimulus. They probably thought me to be as ubiquitous as a certain White Whale allegedly was.

One's of my last responses was indeed odd. "I don't know."
The majority of those whom I contacted took my concern about their privileges, responsibilities, and welfare good naturedly; however, I must admit that a few reacted as if what I was making my business was none of my business. All things considered, the afternoon spent getting out the vote was a most enjoyable and extremely

Pearson Special!

One harm accomplished by Senator McCarthy is to make suspect as a Communist any public official who sided with the Russians while we were allies. Mrs. Roosevelt and Harry Truman are strong enough to take care of themselves. But there are many little people, unwittingly used by the communists and now on McCarthy's list, who can hardly sleep at night. They were glib, susceptible to flattery, and made the mistake of lending their names to some "front" organizations. But they were no more communist than Harry Truman. However, a speech on the Senate floor—and they may be ruined.