

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 night will sit a little bit forward in their seats and silence will fall over the Hall. Black-robed figures will 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 in the most noble honor society on campus is a distinction to be accompanied by pomp and ceremony. Monday night will see the 48th ritual, and an undisclosed number of outstanding men of this campus will join the ranks of those tapped since 1903.

Those tapped will become part of an organization that can claim for its alumni membership such statesmen as President Gordon Gray, former President Frank P. Graham, and Governors J. C. B. Ehringhaus and O. Max Gardner. 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 affected 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 seats at this annual event should be in their seats before 7:30, the time set for the beginning of the ritual. The doors of the Hall will be closed after that and no one will be allowed in afterwards. This way, the impressiveness of the ceremony will be maintained.

Following the Fleece tapping, an also traditional, although sometimes less ceremonial, program will take place. The annual Valkyrie Sing, in which the fraternities, sororities, men's and women's dormitories match vocal cords for a gold loving cup will fill the hall with well-practiced and re-worded versions of familiar songs.

Though not as solemn as the Fleece proceedings, we recommend the Sing as a fine student-participation attraction.

A little younger than the 20th Century itself, the Fleece was founded by Dr. Henry Horace Williams, the University's famous philosopher-scholar, and several other of his friends. In 1903 a total of eight were initiated, among them Dr. Phillips Russell of the Journalism School. 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 students, and thus the Order of The Golden Fleece was born.

Dr. Edward Kidder Graham added his influence and helped Dr. Williams launch the organization 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 fellowmen 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 State Good Health program.

The Fleece was founded to fill a definite campus need, according to Dr. Williams. In an editorial in The Daily Tar Heel on 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, and 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 group for scholarship. These men were brought around the table so that the little groups on campus would perish, so that the greatest scholar and the greatest athlete could sit down side by side at one 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. In recent years it has been customary also to honor sincere, hardworking faculty men with membership in the Order, and one professor is usually tapped along with the crop of students.

So this year again, the black-robed figures will stalk Memorial Hall's aisles in search of those men who have made themselves great by working for the greatness of the University. It is anybody's guess who will feel the heavy hand on his shoulder and hear the sincere applause of the audience, but any one of those the Fleece will place their hands upon, we may rest assured is a fitting selection, a prophetic selection.—DM

on the Carolina FRONT

by Chuck Houser

I had a black eye last weekend. It wasn't much of a black eye, and it wasn't the usual kind of a black eye—it was just a small discoloration beneath my right peeper. But within two days, the following stories had circulated on campus and drifted back to me:

1. A mob of Douglas MacArthur supporters had attacked me in a dark alley over the weekend.

2. Frank Allston had exacted revenge for something uncomplimentary I said about him in this column.

3. A certain young lady, who shall remain unnamed for the purposes of this discussion, clobbered me with her fist or pocketbook, depending on which version you heard.

4. The Dance Committee had brought out the rubber hoses on me.

5. I had walked into a door (printshop variety).

6. A group of South Carolinians had staged a sortie after a Saturday night binge.

For the record, may I state here and now that none of the above are true.

The true story is very simple. I took a date over to Duke for the latest Hoof 'n' Horn musical comedy last Thursday night, went to a Hoof 'n' Horn party (on campus—non-alcoholic) after the show, and as we were leaving to make it back to Chapel Hill by midnight some Duke student at the door gestured with his cigar at precisely the wrong moment.

The gesture and I became intimately acquainted, and the result was my eye—not so much a bruise as a burn, but it looked about the same.

When we got back to Chapel Hill, I headed for the Infirmary where Dr. Alexander slapped a patch on my eye and told me to come back in the morning. When he took it off the next day, I could see, but what concerned me was what everybody else could see.

The rumor mills started grinding them out almost immediately.

Moral: When you get a black eye, no matter what size or what type or from what cause, go into seclusion. A hermit's life couldn't be as bad as the rumors.

And as long as I mentioned the Hoof 'n' Horn show, I might go further into last week's production of "Belles and Ballots."

Hoof 'n' Horn is the Methodist Flats counterpart of our Sound & Fury musicomedy group, but the resemblance ends there.

While at Carolina, Sound & Fury, like student government, publications and everything else, is limping along with a skeleton staff and little interest and/or cooperation from any large number of students. Hoof 'n' Horn has a membership of more than 300 people, most of whom work on every production in some capacity or other.

The organization, which produces original musicals written, staged and acted entirely by students, is almost as much of a social group as it is a dramatic production agency.

From the day freshmen first enter the hallowed halls of Washington Duke's modest institution in West Durham, they begin to hear about Hoof 'n' Horn. Scores of them beat a path to the organization's doors when joining time comes around.

There's really no secret about the popularity of the Duke club. The key is promotion—a wide open campaign to stimulate interest, followed by good shows to consolidate that interest.

Then there was the one about the two fighter pilots stationed in North Africa during the war. With nothing else to do between reconnaissance flights, they each put up a pint of whisky, with the liquor to go to the first man who bagged a lion.

One of them finally got a three-day pass, put a lot of money into a full-scale safari, and set off in the woods for the hunt. At the end of the third day he found his lion, bagged him, and returned to the base.

When he got there he found that his friend also had a lion, and had had it stuffed and mounted already. He had simply taken his place up over the jungle, spotted a lion, and raked the animal with both wing guns.

Moral: A strayed lion is the shortest distance between two pints.

On Liberal Tradition

by Dick Murphy

(This column is in answer to Pvt. Robert Stewart and a letter he wrote criticizing a member of the UNC group that spoke over a national hookup about the new draft policy on students. Murphy, campus attorney-general, was the person who advocated federal scholarships for those who passed such tests as the selective service might give.—Ed.)

This is the requested reply to the letter from Pfc. Walter H. Stewart who wrote to The Daily Tar Heel attacking the statement I made over Edward R. Murrow's program "Hear It Now."

I said, in essence, that I thought the fundamental principle underlying the President's Proclamation was sound, because it embodied the concept of national service, and took cognizance of the long-range nature of the problem we face. It recognizes that a person may be serving in the national interests in other ways than in the purely military.

I said that the government should defer those that are gifted intellectually, only because it wishes to develop their native talents to their fullest productivity, in order that they might make more effective contributions to the current scheme; that I thought that the requirements should be made more rigid; and that upon the completion of their academic work, every student ought to serve in whatever capacity the Defense Department so directs.

However, Private Stewart seems most concerned over the second portion of my remarks which concern financial aid to those deferred. I stated that I would be opposed to the present program unless it contained Federal scholarships locally administered, for those who merited them, because I felt that the

present program would not defer on the basis of intellectual merit, but on the basis of economic status.

It would defer, in other words, not those who are qualified, but those who are qualified and wealthy.

Private Stewart then uses this proposal to attack me as "socialistic," "not in the American tradition," "a New Deal fanatic," "a confessed young man of 21," and a person with the "gimmie, gimmies." He further claimed that my proposal embodied the idea (which he attributed to the New Deal), that the Federal Government should "give gifts to those that are lazy and don't want to work for what they get."

In reply, I should offer the following:

(1) By labeling an idea with a name, such as "socialistic," you have done nothing to discredit its validity, and you ought to address yourself to analyzing issues, rather than labeling. Every reform of the last 60 years has been labeled "socialistic," but many of these reforms are now accepted as part of the orthodoxy of "free enterprise." I am not a Socialist, and I don't know what "socialistic" denotes.

(2) I am a New Dealer and I may be "fanatic." As to the validity, character, and accomplishments of the New Deal, I shall not address myself in this letter, but merely refer you to any good American history book for their evaluations, which I think you will be surprised to find laudatory. (See three outstanding American historians—Morrison, Commager, Schlesinger Senior.)

(3) Your remark about "socialistic" and not in the American way" intrigues me most. Briefly, I hope that you will take the time to acquaint yourself with what are the American

traditions, for we have many. It is true that we have a tradition of "free enterprise," but we also have a not inconsiderable tradition of socialism, starting almost from the founding of our country, and producing such distinguished Americans as the late Eugene Debs, and Norman Thomas.

But an even more characteristic and productive tradition has been the "liberal reform" tradition, to which I like to think I belong. This tradition has produced some of our greatest American leaders, and the most noteworthy accomplishments of American democracy. Arbitrarily, it begins with Thomas Jefferson. (Who, also, incidentally, supported a system of state-supported scholarships), followed by Andrew Jackson, Carl Schurz and the liberal Republicans, the Populists, the Progressives, the Bull-Moosers of Teddy Roosevelt, the New Freedom of Woodrow Wilson, the LaFolletts, and finally, the New and Fair Deals.

(4) Although it is true that many students do work their way through four years of college, it would be impossible for all those who are academically eligible for college to pay their way on self-help jobs. This particular University is having great difficulty even now in handling the relatively small group of self-help students and those in financial difficulty. Think of the number who cannot even get into college because of financial reasons. They aren't lazy—the jobs and opportunities are just limited.

(5) Finally, I admit that I don't have all the answers and I think that all thinking people have been "confused" since the beginning of time. It is only when I think that I have found "final truth" that I shall begin to get worried.

On The Soap Box

by Bob Selig

For thirty minutes the "old soldier" spoke about the U. N. intervention in Korea without once mentioning the U. N. It appears to me that either this was a deliberate and contemptuous omission or that the General does not fully comprehend why we are in Korea. In any case, I would recommend for his reading the following:

Peace like war, can succeed only where there is a will to enforce it, and where there is available power to enforce it.

The Council of the United Nations must have the power to act quickly and decisively to keep the peace by force, if necessary. A policeman would not be a very effective policeman if, when he saw a felon break into a house, he had to go to the town hall and call a town meeting to issue a warrant before the felon could be arrested.

If we do not catch the international felon when we have our hands on him, if we let him

get away with his loot because the town council has not passed an ordinance authorizing his arrest, then we are not doing our share to prevent another world war. The people of the nation want their government to act, and not merely to talk, whenever and wherever there is a threat to world peace.—October, 1944, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

This is, I think, the classic description of why we are in Korea. It should be emphasized that this is not war in its ordinary sense; it is police action.

The General was right when he said that "in war there is no substitute for victory." The purpose of war is to make your enemy subject to your will. However, the purpose of police action is entirely different; it is to restore order, to return the loot, and, when possible, to capture and punish the criminal.

It is clear that a policeman must always consider whether or not his actions in attempting to cap-

ture the criminal are enlarging the disorder. For instance, a policeman cannot fire on a killer who has wedged himself into a crowd of innocent bystanders.

Some may say that this is visionary, that it can never work, that it has never been tried before. They may demand that we talk about things as they are, not as they ought to be. I would call their attention to the alternative suggestion, to the suggestion made by the "old soldier" as to how war may be prevented.

The problem basically is theological and involves a spiritual recrudescence, an improvement of human character that will synchronize with our almost matchless advances in science, art, literature and all material and cultural developments of the past 2,000 years. It must be of the spirit if we are to save the flash.—April, 1951, General Douglas MacArthur.

It is for the people of this nation and of the world to decide which of these ideas is practical and which is visionary. Then they must choose the one that has some chance of working.

'For Market'

by Wm. Peterson

"For the market, not for art."

Tempest in a Teacup, a new play by James Inther, describes itself in this phrase. Within its recognized limitations the play is entertaining and sometimes exciting. The cast is good, the setting imaginative, and the direction capable.

The murder mystery or detective play as a genre makes specific requirements. Two of these are that there be a murder or a mystery and that suspense be maintained in revealing "who done it." The crime should occur as soon as possible, even before the curtain rises, so that the real story, the detecting, can begin.

The poisoning of Dr. King is put off until the end of a tea party during which everyone is motivated to murder him. This is a cleverly conceived scene, but some of the "plants" are too obvious. Since Mrs. King is almost hysterical at the beginning she cannot react to her husband's death except by becoming calm. The victim has to be hateful if the audience is to sympathize with the murderer, but Dr. King is so pathological that the party becomes an impossibility; the petty normality of teacups and sandwiches should contrast with the fatal angry quarrel instead of being overwhelmed by it.

Leonora Townsend made Marie Hanson a handsome, intelligent, and sympathetic murderess. Ann Leslie and Melvin Hosansky acted Dr. and Mrs. Potter with excellent comic technique. Jane Milligan was appropriately distraught as Mrs. King; Lawrence Pearce despotically menacing as her husband. Heribert Wenig acted with refinement, Hal Hackett with assurance, and Charles Kellogg with restraint.

There was much aimless coming and going in Acts II and III, but it was demanded by the script. The direction properly emphasized comic relief, a device to heighten tension by contrast and to relieve it temporarily.

Rolling Stones

by Don Maynard

I'd like to modify a statement I made in yesterday's Rolling Stones. I said this campus was composed of the laziest individuals ever to set foot upon earth. I take that back. All but two are lazy. And those two came up to the offices of The Daily Tar Heel yesterday and volunteered their services as staff members. The names of those foolishly individuals who dared to enter the inner sanctum of a "closed shop": Robert Shrader and Leon Burnett.

God bless you both.

Here's an entertainment tip to those of you planning to attend the University Club Carnival tomorrow night. I'd strongly suggest that you hover near the Theta Chi "Ugliest Man On Campus" booth. I have three good reasons for this suggestion: (1) One of the loveliest creatures in these parts will be on hand to present the Ugly Man contest winner with a loving cup. She is Miss Arden Boisseau, May Queen of 1951; (2) The Ugliest Man On Campus will be presented; (3) Theta Chi is presenting an old-time minstrel show at the Carnival. I saw the dress rehearsal and it's great. There'll be a small admission fee, all proceeds of which are earmarked for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund.

Spend an evening at the Carnival, attend the Theta Chi show, and give your pennies for some unfortunate victim of that dread disease—Cancer. Remember, Cancer strikes at anyone. By giving, you may be helping yourself.

Editor's Mailbox

Dr. Reet, Take Back Seat

Editor: An article in Tuesday's edition bearing Rolfe Neill's byline presented the following information concerning Phi Delta Theta's houseboy: "Dr. Reet, whose 17 years as houseboy gives him claim to the oldest position of this sort on campus."

Our own houseboy asked me to dispute this claim on his behalf. For the sake of the record books, Albert "Phi" Reeves is serving his twenty-first consecutive year as houseboy of Phi Gamma Delta having begun his tenure of service January 3, 1930.

Joe Nelson
Phi Gamma Delta

Quit Beating War Drums

Editor: As I hear of the great reception of General MacArthur in New York, I reflect upon the stupidity of a people who imprison men of peace who would save their sons and all humanity from brutal death and destruction, but who cheer atavistic brutes who have historically conducted the murder of American citizens in the bloody process of murdering the citizens of other lands.

All the magnificent towers of New York, all the graceful bridges spanning its rivers, all the colorful dramatic productions, all the delicate tracery of gothic churches, all the mighty institutions of education, art and culture, the modern mass of the United Nations building—intended to house the capitol of a peaceful world—no longer symbolize civilization, but emerge as taller totem poles of an unprecedented barbarism wherein millions of blood-thirsty citizens turn out to cheer one of the world's most destructive bloodletters, an unequaled butcher and searer of human flesh both foreign and domestic.

New Yorkers, and all Americans, should stop dancing around like tribal primitives on the warpath in the wake of military ballrooms inflated by the propaganda blasted forth in roaring volume by America's imperial collectors of planetary blood money. On the contrary, they should lend their irresistible moral support to friendly forces seeking to create the universal peaceful world.

Peace can never be built by mass slaughter and forced submission. Peace can be created only in freedom and in the voluntary association of people, who, loving one another, build for one another for the welfare of one another in order that all men may share work, abundance, ease and life together.

Five million savages cheering in New York can never glorify barbarians and their dropping of atomic bombs on hundreds of thousands of plain, hard-working, life-loving human beings.

The future and all glory belong to those who risk their lives, not to perpetrate war on an increasingly terrible scale, but to epitomize and create the loving peace in which all men can live helping life in brotherhood . . .

Let no man devote one minute to any destructive thought or thing. Let all men devote all their efforts to the good, constructive asks which hurt no man and help all humanity. This course will bring forth no mighty barbarians like MacArthur, but it will elevate every man to the true heroism born of kindness and service of all mankind.

Vernon Ward, UNC '35
Breezy Banks, Ransomville

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

- Artificial language
- Withered
- Wind spirally
- Find
- Monster
- Article
- Seed coverings
- Rare gas
- Anchor, Greek milepost
- Local representative
- Engagement: colon
- Steps
- Ward off
- Islandic tale
- About
- Clear
- Turn out a radio station

DOWN

- Short for a man's name
- Notion
- Swindles
- Covering for the arm
- Was defeated
- Famous violinist
- Edible bulb
- Like above
- Commonly thought or reputed
- Anarchists
- Observed
- Not many
- Woman's name

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
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