

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tar Heel At Large

—Chuck Hauser—

THE FRATERNITY which was convicted of hazing by the IFC Court was Pi Kappa Alpha. This information is not brought to you through the courtesy of the court, which has a policy not to release names of violators. Since the PIKA's have 29 active members (their 20 pledges certainly can't be expected to share the fine), the proportionate share of each active will be \$3.45. In these inflationary times, that's not much of a fine.

★
THAT BENCH sitting in the sun by Old West is getting a good workout these days. But what happened to the benches that used to be in the Y Court? Those are the ones that would really get some use as warmer weather gets set to show up for good.

★
DEPARTMENT of Incidental Intelligence: The Y Coffee Bar reports that king-size Kools just aren't selling. "Too much of a bad thing," comments the gal behind the counter.

★
DEFERRED RUSHING until the sophomore year, proposed at the State of the University Conference, is a good idea for several reasons. The main one is that freshmen should be given an opportunity to truly become part of Carolina before they lose themselves in a tight circle. Certainly many are lost to the campus now because they become wrapped up in fraternity activities so early in their academic lives. However, deferred rushing would bring with it dirty rushing. The IFC would be strained to try to police its many members throughout a year-long "silence" period. Dirty rushing would become the rule rather than the exception.

★
FRATERNITIES at Dook have proved the truth of my last statement. I quote an editorial from the latest Dook Chronicle, commenting on rushing violations under their year-deferment system: "The only crime is being caught; honor and integrity count for little. . . . The IFC has handled only two cases of dirty rushing all year. This would seem to indicate either monumental blindness or complete disinterest. There is no doubt that there have been enough violations to keep a stable of attorneys busy this past semester, but only two charges have been pressed."

★
A PERSONAL LETTER from Dr. A. W. Hobbs of the Math Department takes me to task for referring to our brother institution in Raleigh as "Cow College." Let me assure Dr. Hobbs and anyone else who may wonder, that my use of "Cow College" and "Dook" means no harm; it's all in the spirit of good-natured rivalry.

★
GREEK WEEK is in full swing, and if any of you folks missed the Stunt Night at Carroll Hall yesterday evening, there is another open-to-the-campus event this afternoon at Navy Field — the annual Field Day. This should be as humorous as the proceedings last night, and good clean fun for a change, too.

★
THE LATEST ISSUE of The New Yorker contains a plug for Carolina in an advertisement on Page 84 for Milton's Clothing Cupboard. Milton, who feels the cats up in the Ivy League should know where they can get those pre-dirtied bucks, put his Old Well symbol at the bottom of his ad—and across the top of the Well is "UNC."

★
THE COMMUNIST Daily Worker was the subject of a debate by the Phi Tuesday evening, and the proposal under discussion was that the University Library should subscribe to the Red newspaper. Frankly, I think it would be good for laughs, and would let people here know just how far the enemy can go in corrupting the truth, but I'm afraid the brass wouldn't have the guts to get on the mailing list. Afraid the campus would be crawling with junior g-mccarthis before the day was out.

Fraternities & Hazing

The Interfraternity Council rule prohibiting hazing has been invoked against a chapter on campus. The penalty imposed was a \$100 fine. A second violation within the next five years will cause the fraternity to lose its rushing privileges for a period of 12 months, and a third violation will automatically expel the chapter from the campus.

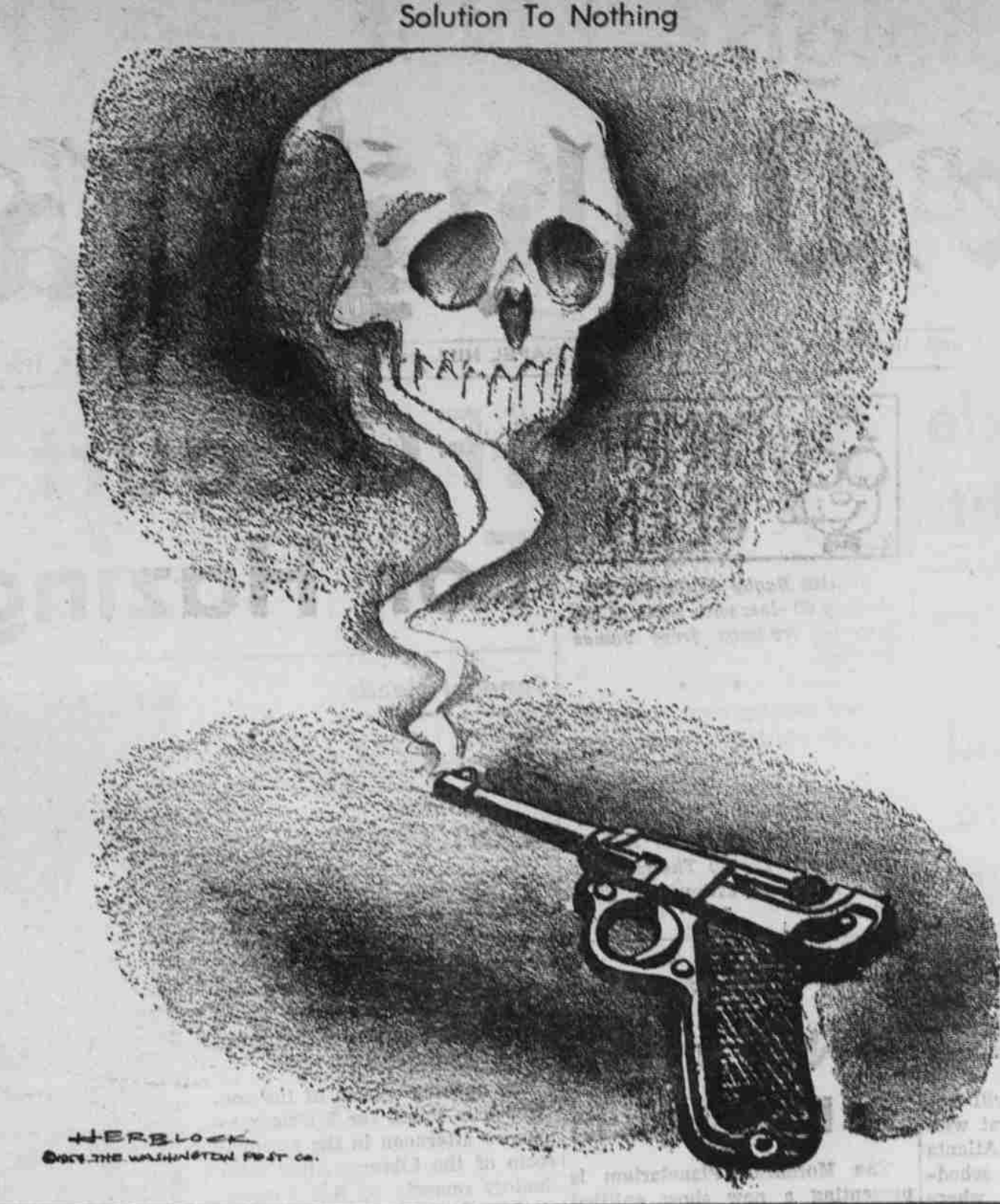
This chapter brings to light several weaknesses of the hazing law, and The Daily Tar Heel recommends the following changes in it:

1. The law should provide for releasing the name of the fraternity which committed the violation. IFC Court Chairman Phin Horton says the name is not released because it would damage the fraternity in rushing, possibly for several years. That sounds like pretty good punishment to us—more effective punishment than a \$100 fine which some chapters on campus can easily afford to pay.
2. The fine should be based on the number of active members of the chapter. It is not fair to fine a small house and a large house equal amounts for the same violation. The smaller house is actually receiving more punishment, because each of its members must pay a greater proportion of the fine.
3. Stricter punishment for second and third offenses should be restricted to a four-year period. The membership of a fraternity will usually show a complete turnover in four years, and present members should not have to suffer for something done by an entirely different group more than four years previous.

The 2 Commandments

Dean of Journalism Norval Luxon told a group of his students at a Press Club meeting this week what he considers to be the objectives of his school. Two of his three are:

1. To see that journalism students are given a liberal education.
 2. To see these students realize the place journalism has in a democratic society.
- As well as any and better than most schools or departments in the University, the School of Journalism has demonstrated its willingness to help a student get a liberal education. It does this in the easiest way: by having a very small number of required journalism courses for its majors. (Compare its requirement of six to the BA School's mandate of twenty? We hope Dean Luxon's idea of liberal education is one of liberality outside his school's offerings and that while making available needed courses — such as the recent addition of legal journalism — he will leave untouched that blessedly low number of required courses.
- The emphasis on the student's place (journalistic or whatever) in our democracy is a principle which every University teacher should stress. They should attempt to relate each course to the University, and further, relate each man and his job to the world in which he will live and work. In a disciplinary way, it is the lack in the student of this definition of personal responsibility which permits him to commit acts of vandalism or abuse his years at the University.
- These two vistas of Dean Luxon should be those of the University.



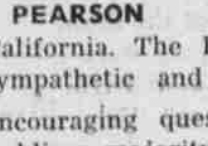
Solution To Nothing

I Tried To Please, Says Dulles

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — When John Foster Dulles, the sincere, indefatigable Secretary of State testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last week, he almost wept. His voice choked as he said:

"I secured an agreement in writing that the Geneva Conference would not constitute recognition of China, but even so I can't seem to please you gentlemen. It looks as if there's just no way we can conduct foreign relations to your liking."



What upset the Secretary of State was the persistent, relentless heckling of the man who is supposed to lead Eisenhower's policies in the Senate — William Pearson. The Democrats were sympathetic and asked helpful, encouraging questions. The Republican majority leader heckled and objected.

puts it off, it may be too late. What President Eisenhower has to realize is that the Republican Party for years has been divided between the isolationists and those who believe in world cooperation. He has to realize that Senator McCarthy and the little group which brain-washed his Secretary of the Army, represent the extreme isolationist wing of the party, some of them neo-Fascist. And he has to realize that he has to side with one group or the other and begin leading the nation before the extremists take away control altogether.

Eisenhower, a lifelong military man, probably doesn't realize it, but the Dulles-Knowland incident of a Republican Senator heckling a Republican Secretary of State has occurred often in the past. This newsman, as a young reporter covering the State Department, watched example after example. The accumulation of several incidents eventually paved the way to war. Here are some of them:

Republican Split No. 1, as far back as I can remember took place during the London Naval Conference in 1930 when some of us newsmen wrote stories that Henry L. Stimson, then Secretary of State and one of the most revered leaders of the Republican Party, proposed a consultative pact. This pact merely pledged the United States to consult in case war threatened. It pledged no use of troops or anything else; merely that we would talk

things over. But after our news stories broke, Stimson called a press conference in London at which he confirmed them; while Herbert Hoover called a press conference in the White House at which he denied that the United States would enter a consultative pact. (The isolationist wing of the GOP triumphed.)

GOP Split No. 2 occurred when the Japanese war lords entered Manchuria on Sept. 18, 1931. Secretary of State Stimson immediately saw this for what it was—the beginning of a Japanese attempt to dominate all Asia. I remember writing that he had contracted the Canadian, Mexican and Chilean governments to ask if they would cooperate with us in the Pacific in case of war; and I remember Stimson calling me up to his house that night to ask that I not write any more along that line because it was making things difficult for him at the White House and with the isolationist wing of the Republican Party. The story, he said, was true, but embarrassing.

What Stimson wanted was to head off Japanese aggression before it blossomed into war. The isolationists, on the other hand, didn't want to get even remotely involved. And later when Stimson instructed the U.S. Consul General at Geneva to sit in as an observer during the League of Nations' efforts to block Japan, the isolationists even forced him to withdraw the observer.

YOU Said It

A Carolina Gestapo? And About Phys Ed

Editor: I haven't been so damned mad since the time last year when Syngman Rhee let the PW's loose. And it isn't because of such a momentous occasion as that but because of a trifling incident Thursday night at the Goat Hill Country Club.

I say trifling because it only concerned me at the time, but the implications were tremendous in proportions to every student at Carolina. It was a very brief encounter with a member of the Carolina Gestapo, the Dance Committee, and myself. I was attending the ATO pledge dance and decided to go out to my car to get the keys, which I had left there. Upon leaving the club I was accosted by one of the Storm Troopers with a fancy boutonniere who said in so many words "where the hell are you going, Buster?"

Well, that floored me—this guy, whom I had never seen before, asking me my destination! After a word or two, I was informed that one cannot re-enter a dance unless one has a damned good reason for leaving. Dammit, who the hell can ask me where I'm going at a private dance? I kicked in my ninety or so clams last month for dues, and a considerable portion went to finance the dance and it wasn't in this guy's power to tell me when to come and go. If the Army trusted me around places like Old Baldy, Porkchop and T-Bone, surely I can be able to walk 50 feet to my car without a chaperone in a monkey suit holding my hand to make sure I don't take a sip or two on the way.

And the paradox of the whole matter is that only four hours previous the country club had been the scene of a real fine cocktail party. We had no one to regulate our coming and going. We all could have gotten bombed with no minion

of South Building sniffing our breaths. But four short hours later—same people, same place, drinking was verboten and exterior movement was strictly regulated by the South Building Soldiers stationed at every door.

Well, what can happen in the evening with live music that can't happen in the afternoon? Will the presence of a platoon of NKVD agents under the leadership of a South Building flunkey cause a dramatic overhaul of moral behavior? Hell no, it won't and anyone who thinks so (mostly denizens of S.B.) is only begging the white-coated boys from Dix Hill to pick him and/or her up for a fast ride over Route 70.

E. T. Culbersen

Editor: It is my understanding that veterans are to be given proper credit for their previous education and training. Doesn't this apply to the physical training they had while in service? I believe the training the average veteran had is far superior to any given by the Physical Education Department.

According to the administrative authorities, the Korean veteran is required to take physical education because the training given by the Armed Forces during this conflict was not as strenuous as that given to World War II veterans. Since I am a veteran of this period and have had this training, I am inclined to disagree.

The four hours spent each week in the gymnasium are a waste of time, and they could be spent much more profitably elsewhere. I believe 1,192 other veterans enrolled in the University will agree.

Name withheld by request

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

THE HORSE was sprawled in the lee of Graham Memorial when I saw him, humming a strange tune. I'm singing, *The Bonnie Banks O' Fordie*, he volunteered, when I did not cue him a line. "Us scholars do not go in for more modern music. This is Medieval Balladry at its best."

Since strong men fainted, and brave women barred doors and windows when The Horse sang, I didn't think I wanted to hear *The Bonnie Banks O' Fordie* at its worst.

"Some folks call it *Babylon*," he re-volunteered. But don't ask me why. It certainly never mentions Babylon in it."

So what, and who had asked him? "It's this guy Len Bullock," The Horse shrugged vaguely.

Len Bullock? The Horse referred to our own T.D. Bullock, of football fame? Our quarterback?

"Yeah," The Horse nodded, cropping up some grass and chewing it into a cud. "Ol' T.D. has gone and got hisself a part in our musical, *Kiss Me Kate*, playing here at Memorial Hall on March 5 and 6, at 8:30 p. m."

Uh huh, admission One twenty-five. BUT the sale of duets had been so terrific that the play was a hold-over for an extra night, and would also show on March 7, Sunday.

"Well," The Horse took it up, "the plot of the play is laid in a performance of *The Taming of the Shrew*, and I just want to show this Bullock character that I know music even older than that, and that was written by Will Shakespeare."

But this was modern music, this *Kiss Me Kate*. Did The Horse like Cole Porter?

"I'll drink anything," he shrugged.

This was not original, I was surprised at The Horse making so bald a steal as this gag he had just perpetrated!

"I wanted to play it safe," The Horse murmured, "in case you mean the potable porter rather than the quotable Porter. But you know this T.D. Bullock presents a real menace to the Lotharios of our campus. Next year, when Football starts, the gals will be screaming while he romps up and down the gridiron; and screaming when he croons to them later."

Hey, now, not screaming when he crooned! What did he think this was, Mr. Ava Gardner?

"Now, let Frankie alone, he did a good job in *From Here To Eternity*," The Horse waved a warning hoof. "You know what? I have a theory this crooning business was as hard for Frankie as it was on a lot of us. He looks and sounds better since he sparked that James Jones movie. And I know I feel better since he cut out that caterwauling Mrs. O'Horse used to chatter about, on the radio. But this Bullock, now—I tell you, the guy is a menace. You could sneer at Frankie Sinatra within an earshot and what could he do? But Bullock is kinda like a UNC Errol Flynn; one remark from you and your friends all say, 'Tsk, doesn't he look lifelike!'"

I wondered if T.D. got a lot of kidding from his muscular conferees of Woollen Gym because of his interest in acting?

"I don't see why he should," The Horse speculated. "For the life of me, I can't see why Athletics and the Stage don't mix well. Body movement, voice control, good lung power, all count in theatricals; and certainly the athletes have that to offer, not to mention good looks and good builds. Lefty Flynn, the old Yale football star, danced as nimbly as a goat, sang like a lark, and could play any musical instrument in the band. Errol Flynn was on an Australian Olympic team as a light-heavyweight, and he had Heavyweight Champ Eddie Egan knocked cold in the first round of an Olympic until he started clowning around and Eddie hit him with the referee when he wasn't looking. Jack Palance, the Tar Heel footballer, is no slouch at acting, as anybody who has seen *Shane* can tell you. Paul Robeson was terrific on the stage until he started being terrible off it, and he can still jitter the chandeliers with his tremendous voice. Pat O'Brien and Jimmy Cagney were never accused of being sissies because they acted, and Marlon Brando, Clark Gable, Randolph Scott, Cary Grant, Kirk Douglas, George Cohan—heck, I can't name 'em all, the he-men off stage who are or were top-drawer actors on stage. Me, I hope a lot more of the boys get stage-minded and shuttle between the Gym and the Playmakers. It's fun, it is a natural for them, and I don't need to tell you how much dough there is in it, all you got to do is look at the big salary-earners on the income tax rolls!"

The Horse broke off to stare at a group of comely lassies who were hurrying to the side entrance of Memorial Hall.

"Hey, there is T.D. Bullock, now!" All I could see was a bevy of beauts, y!

"In the middle, in the middle," The Horse directed my gaze.

Sho' nuff, there was T.D. Bullock himself cruising along with pretty gals around him thicker'n Duke tacklers! In numbers, that is, thicker; not in physique. . . .

"Ol' T.D. may be starting something," The Horse chuckled. "Thad Eure, Bill Coman, Wally O'Neal, Ernie Bumgarner — just to mention a few—ought to buck up onto the stage and line up with T.D. and get in on the fun."

Well, maybe they would. Now that the show, *Kiss Me Kate*, had been extended for another day, maybe they would all get to see T.D. romping on the stage and pitch in and give him competition.

"On the other hand," The Horse considered, Holy Choe McCarthy might get wind of it and start an investigation."

Of what? "Well, Charlie Chaplin was marked down as a Red, and he is an actor. Only the world's best actor."

But, how could McCarthy link up Chaplin's being an actor and branded — I claim falsely — a Communist, with T.D. Bullock and others?

"Ah, Holy Choe has that kind of mind!" The Horse snorted. "I agree I am giving him perhaps more credit than is his due, when I suggest he may have a mind. But don't you worry about how Joe links things up, he does it!"

Something in Purple panthered past and into Memorial Hall, and The Horse sighed gustily. "I think I'll take up acting."

"Wump!" snorted Mr. Wump, from nearby.