

Plaudits

President Creasy's fraternity rushing committee, after three months of mulling the matter over, has come up with an intelligent set of suggestions that should be adopted by the Inter-Fraternity Council.

Here is how the committee would change the rushing procedure:

1. Postpone rushing until the sixth or eighth week of the first semester.
2. Require a satisfactory academic record of a rushee before he could pledge a fraternity.
3. A stretching out of rushing into two weeks with "off-nights" for fraternities and rushees.

These reforms, if put into effect, would be a marked improvement over the present system, which shows consideration for the fraternities only.

The most important suggestion is the first one, which calls for a delayed rushing period. It would work a two-fold advantage for new students: It would give them time to establish a solid academic beginning, and time to absorb a little Carolinianism from the point of view of a dormitory student—a point of view he may prefer to keep, and one he should definitely know something about before making the big move to Fraternity Court.

In promising to work hard for the adoption of these changes, President Creasy, himself a fraternity man, has shown that he has the interests of new students in mind and that he is willing to try to protect them from the disadvantages of too much fraternity rushing too soon and with too little preparedness. He deserves the thanks of the campus for that.

Mr. Ervin, Mr. Scott, & Appleton's Pride

The martyred Senator McCarthy, in his post-censure swan-song, told the American people: "I am being censured because I dared to do the 'dishonorable thing of exposing Communists in government.'" Men voted against the Senator from Wisconsin day before yesterday who have been disturbed about Communism much longer than he.

No North Carolinian who concerns himself with the balance of national affairs of Senators Ervin and Scott when the Senate fail to take pride in the action and vote ate censured McCarthy.

We think Senator Ervin's pre-Thanksgiving oration, a crafty and eloquent statement of senatorial duty in the matter, tripped the lever that led Wednesday to a 67-20 vote for censure on the first count. When the censure movement began to totter on its underpinnings, Mr. Ervin's shoulders, as well as any, held it suspended.

And Mr. Scott began what we believe will be a fine voting record by joining his colleague in voting for censure. North Carolina's part in bringing justice to bear in the Senate Hall was no little one; we are grateful for the state's representation there.

Look! Cultcha!

The week has been notable for a cultural aura, an appealing touch of finer things. For example, the Carolina Quarterly is out—and a temperate, literate example of campus writing. The University Symphony night before last presented a pleasing, well-rounded concert to a filled-up Hill Hall. And look what's been going on in Raleigh: Chapel Hill students and townspeople played big parts in the annual meetings of the State Art Society, the Roanoke Island Historical Association, the North Carolina Society for the Preservation of Antiquities, (nause for breath), the State Literary and Historical Association, the North Carolina Folklore Society and the North Carolina Poetry Society.

It is enough to give rise to a hopeful idea: That maybe the Graham Memorial pool-room and the booth in the back of Spero's, revered institutions that they are, do not represent the ultimate in University thought and opinion after all.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Carolina Front

(SP & UP) Party Girls Move Upward

Louis Kraar

WHOEVER SAID that this is a woman's world (and I suspect it was Adam) might have been looking at the campus political parties.

The coeds aren't exactly running the massive Student Party and University Party, but they're moving up like members of their sex in the national Congress.

The Student Party picked a coed for vice chairman, Amy Cooke, and for secretary, Donna Ashcraft. Still another female won a place on the coveted (at least in party circles) SP Advisory Board—Pat McBane.

The University Party, not to be outdone, picked a coed for secretary, Jane Coker. Since the UP has no formal advisory board, it's more difficult to appraise the place of the coed in the party. But I'm assured that they're vital in party work.

The recently-elected 84th Congress has more women members than ever before in history, so apparently the campus parties have taken their cue from Washington.

Of the seventeen women in the Congress to convene next January, you might be interested in knowing that seven are Republicans and nine are Democrats.

Although I haven't checked the rolls of the campus parties (if rolls exist), the coed membership in both parties here seems about equal. All of which goes to prove little, except that even the political arena is whirling with women in this women's world.

DON GEIGER, whom the SP picked as chairman the other night, told his party that student government has been too filled "with Mickey Mouse politics."

Geiger said that he knew politics were vital, but that parties should remember their purpose—"to serve the students."

Since the legislative branch of student government has been largely in the hands of the SP, Geiger actually was chiding his party as well as the opposition.

The Geiger talk is a refreshing breeze of frankness for the smoke-filled rooms. And now that he's chairman, perhaps he will act to remove Mickey Mouse politics (which sounds like something bad; but exactly what, I'm not sure).

FROM THE University of Kansas comes the story of coed Joan Gavin, who had to pass as many as 1,200 admirers on her way to engineering drawing class.

The five foot, 5½ inches tall blonde even tried going to class by car, but the auto was halted by swirling masses of men.

"At first I thought it was fun, but not any more," she told reporters over the holidays.

And she added, "Next Monday I'm going to walk. And I'm going to bypass the main streets where crowds gather, and go to class by the back way."

Yes, there's nothing like advertising, Miss Gavin.

GRAHAM MEMORIAL'S activity folks tell me there's still a few tickets left for the Woody Herman concert Monday afternoon.

Clarinet-playing Herman rocked Memorial Hall last year with his band and horn. He'll be playing the same place Monday, and tickets are a dollar.

'This Isn't The Kind Of Blockade I Had In Mind'



Dulles and The 13 Men

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — Secretary of State Dulles had known about the 13 U.S. fliers held by China ever since the Korean truce. They had been mentioned frequently in Peiping radio broadcasts, so anyone listening in also knew about them . . . Nothing was done to secure their liberation . . . Prediction: Look for Moscow to intervene with Red China to free the 13 Americans as part of the current coexistence overtures.

Ike is not going to be able to squeeze Senator Knowland out of the Senate GOP leadership no matter how often Knowland punctures and pillories the Eisenhower foreign policy. Ike has been pretty peeved at Knowland's speeches, but when his errand boy, Vice President Nixon, talked to GOP Senate solons they wouldn't stand for bouncing Knowland. . . . incidentally, they didn't know whether "McNixon" was speaking for himself or the President, because Dick would like nothing better than to get his fellow Californian, Senator Knowland, demoted. . . . Sen. Herman Welker of Idaho, mistook the new Senator from Nebraska, Roman Hruska, for a Senate aide and started ordering him around. Hruska promptly told Welker to get his own glass of water. . . . Friends of Col-

rado's Gene Millikin, one of the most respected members of the Senate, would like to work a deal whereby he would resign to let Governor Dan Thornton take his place prior to January 1. Thornton would step down from the governorship to be succeeded by Lieut. Gov. Allott, who becomes Senator in January. Allott would then appoint Thornton to the Senate. . . . If this triple play is too long delayed, Big Ed Johnson, Democrat, will step into the governor's mansion and the deal won't work.

Dixon-Yates Dickers

The Dixon-Yates combine has been dickering with the famed Steve Hannegan public relations firm to improve its relations. They need it. (Only trouble is that one of Ike's closest golfing partners, William E. Robinson, is head of the Hannegan firm.) . . . When Congressman Charley Howell, Democrat, who ran for the Senate in New Jersey, got a letter from the Democratic National Committee asking for \$100 to pay for the recount of Senate votes in Ohio, he wrote a caustic note that if the Democrats really wanted to pick up another Senate seat they could spend their money recounting ballots in

New Jersey. There, he pointed out, Clifford Case, Republican, has a margin of some 3,000 votes, while in Ohio, George Bender, Republican, has a 6,000 margin over Senator Burke, Democrat. . . . Democrats say they are so tired of having Republicans count them out in Hamilton County, Ohio (Cincinnati), that it's worth \$75,000 (cost of the recount) to teach the Republicans a lesson. . . . The Food and Drug Administration has given a clean bill of health to use of boric acid in baby powders. After a careful examination, FDA found boric acid beneficial.

John and Joe

Republican leaders are wire-pulling the White House to get John Lodge of Connecticut made Ambassador to Portugal. He speaks a lot of languages; should make a good envoy. . . . When Joe McCarthy complained to the Carroll Arms Hotel about housing the committee for an effective Congress, the committee was booted out. Later Joe gave the hotel a plug on the Senate floor. . . . Joe, plus his henchmen, spend so much time at the hotel that a McCarthy table is reserved permanently.

Reaction Piece

Dean & Harry Foster & Ike, Foreign Policy

David Mundy

U. S. foreign policy in the Truman-Acheson era was inept to the nth degree, criminally and traitorously inept. Alexander the Great and all the Caesars, in centuries of conquest, never obtained control of so much territory and so many people as did the Communists during the few short years of the Truman-Acheson policies, plans and plots. The measuring stick of history, 600,000,000 people lost to the communists, is so great that it seems almost presumptuous to lay it against the little man from Missouri.

With the change of administrations two years ago, many citizens expected some improvements in foreign policy.

They, we, or at least, I, have been seriously disappointed. Secretary Dulles has been playing for the plaudits of the middle-of-the-roads and very occasional kind remarks from the political left.

Of course, there have been some successes. Harry's little police action in Korea has been turned into something resembling a truce. We weren't able to pull France's colonial chestnuts out of the fire in Indo-China, but we did help douse the fire. Behind the scenes, fancy U.S. footwork managed to heal some of the scars left by British imperialism in Iran. Other U.S. negotiations — threats of cutting off aid — managed to soothe assorted Jewish-Arab difficulties in the Middle East. And the policies, while building a strong defensive alliance for Europe and the Americas, even managed to find a friend in Asia: Pakistan.

Success? Yes, but even under the Acheson "let the dust settle" philosophy some of them might have been achieved.

Since World War II our policies have at the very best been defensive plays. In the Acheson-Truman era the Communists the turns and won handsomely. In the "Eisenhower-Dulles" era of proposed compromise and "possible co-existence" the Communists still call the turns. Only now, thanks to our stronger foreign policy, they don't win so much. They still make all the initial moves. They still decide when "what" will happen. Meanwhile, harum-scarum U.S. policies try to plug innumerable holes in the old and eroded dikes.

New dikes, a new and aggressive foreign policy are needed. At the very least, we should engage in a critical review of present policies.

The Communists, still consolidating their positions, can only be aided by a policy of the again proposed co-existence.

They have for years been a threat, only lately recognized by many "liberals." Why should we not do a little "threatening" and "bluffing," now that the times are auspicious? Don't say that it wouldn't be cricket.

By Walt Kelly



L'I ABNER



By Al Capp

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

(The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others . . . Hippopotis, circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was nodding along Campus Cameron when I saw him. I trusted he was in the pink? "Roger!" The Horse exclaimed. "That word you used—pink! Don't you know that Battling Nell Lewis, of the Raleigh Sunday Noose & Observer, may be listening?"

So what? "Whenever Battling Nell runs out of copy, she gets onto the Commies-At-Chapel Hill theme," The Horse explained. "And whatever the reason, the usually kindly Battling Nell does not seem to be overburdened with things to say, of late."

I hadn't noticed that. Was The Horse sure? "Yup." The Horse nodded with authority, slumping down on the lee in the lee of The Old Well. "Any day, I was expecting her to cut loose with her usual tirade agin' Northerners and other furriners—a reliable if somewhat shopworn stop-gap device of Nell's when the copy flows sluggish—when up jumps the FBI with Junius Scales, and up popped Battling Nell with the equally shopworn Reds-At-The-Hill hogwash."

The FBI had caught up with Scales fast, no? "No." The Horse agreed. "The FBI knew where Junius was, and presumably had known his whereabouts for some time past. At any rate, they picked him up pronto as soon as a North Carolina court came up with an indictment against him. I do feel somewhat chagrined on Battling Nell's account, however, in this regard: Junius Scales is not alone not a Yankee or other type of dangerous furriner, but worse, is a dyed-in-the-cotton Southern gentleman, sub. And worst, his grandpappy, y-e-cept Scales, likewise, was once a governor of North Carolina."

What! A native Tar Heel, of good blood lines, a Communist! A man who would overthrow his government by force of arms, by violence?

"I wouldn't mention that too loudly, if I were you, Roger," The Horse said nervously. "Need I remind you that within the past century, there is historic precedent for just such activities in this and in neighboring Southern states?"

Oh, well, that was different. Battling Nell had some ancestry engaged in that attempt at violent overthrow. However, thanks for the warning. . . .

"Wait and see," The Horse predicted, "a certain rural newspaper popped into the hue and cry with a sort of facsimile of Battling Nell's recent tirade. There is working for this sheet, if his journalistic imitations can be called working, a character who is so sterile of ideas that he even stoops to copy the Lewisan sterilities anent Chapel Hill, with emphasis on anything of a derogatory nature, being a Dookian and thus inclined that way by bent if not by birth."

Oh, yes! Wasn't this the Cretan who had learned that Junius Scales lived in P. O. Box 62, Chapel Hill, N. C., Post-Office?

"All by his little self," The Horse confirmed, "and from a printed sheet said Scales caused to be distributed with that return address on it. Forthwith, with the evidence of a return-address to back him up, this pundit of pungent journalism announced that Scales lived in Chapel Hill."

And Battling Nell Lewis? "Ah, Battling Nell has what she describes as a 'fat folder' on Communist activities at The Hill," The Horse stated. "Any day now, she intimates, she will open it—a latter-day Pandora, no less!"

And, The Horse thought of all this . . . what? "I think," The Horse said sagely, "that The Battler would do better by herself and her readers to quit sitting on her big, fat folder and start to make with her demonstrated writing ability again."

And, what for the country newspaper Cretan? "Wump!" Mr. Wump answered for The Horse.

YOU Said It

An Alumnus Speaks On The Duke Game & Officials

Editor: Won't you please publish this in the interest of better officiating at public sports events.

At the Duke-Carolina football game last Saturday, about five minutes before the end of the game at the time Duke made their last touchdown, a Carolina man lay on the ground and a Duke player walked over and kicked and stamped him in the face several times. The Carolina player was taken out of the game unable to play further. There were five people in my party and we were up in the near top of the stadium. All five people saw the event and everybody around us saw it. Another Carolina player was substituted and the game went on. There was no penalty, no objection by any of the Carolina coaching staff. People in the stands looked amazed.

When officials allow things like this to go on, it's time to give the game back to the Indians.

While I am on the subject I can't refrain from relating that a player was put out of the game and his team penalized 15 yards for arguing with the official. I suppose the referee's kick in the pants "hurt worse" than several kicks in the face with heavy shoes and football cleats. Let's hear their answer. . . .

H. E. Cox
Class of '29

A Cello Concert

Last Sunday, Graham Memorial presented another of its "Petites Musicales," featuring William Klenz, violoncellist.

Klenz, who has studied widely abroad as well as in the states, presented a program which included works ranging from the Eighteenth Century to the present day. The latter was represented by his own "Ballade, 1954," which he played for the first time publicly.

The "Ballade," with its sections of pyrotechnics and eloquent lyricism, proved a fitting vehicle for Klenz's prowess. His tone is rich, sonorous, and remarkable for its wide range of dynamics.

Klenz was assisted by William Trevanthen on the piano. The performance was very well attended by an enthusiastic crowd, despite the disagreeable weather.

Although the concert is the last planned for this semester, Graham Memorial plans to present seven more concerts next year, beginning in February. Among next year's programs are a woodwind quintette, two piano recitals and a program of Gilbert and Sullivan music.