

The Keepers Of The Light

The 1955 General Assembly, which opens in Raleigh today, faces a longer list of imposing problems than any session since the depression years. Money is the root of many of the problems. North Carolina simply doesn't have enough.

That as always, affects the state University. And that means you.

The silence up at South Building is everybody from President Gray down holding his breath—waiting for Governor Hodges' budget message to-morrow and the release of the Advisory Budget Commission's recommendations. The big question: Will the University's needed expansions and improvements, or any part of them be approved? If not, we'll be struggling along for several more years in crowded quarters and likely with a raise in tuition and fees.

So today's gathering of the lawmakers in Raleigh is a historic moment for the University. The old dream of a state school "as nearly as possible tuition free", the visions of new living and working space for a cramped campus due to become more cramped next year and the year after—these ideals will be realized or shattered at the hands of the Assembly.

North Carolina's General Fund will plainly stand only so much expenditure. The Daily Tar Heel hopes the legislature will find time, amid the demands for caucuses and committee meetings amid the pressures of other important legislation, to weigh the importance of the University and the light it sheds on the state; and that they will conclude the light should not be dimmed.

The Moral Dilemma & The Casual Paths

In a batch of tired ugly themes that ushered the old year out—the Agriculture Department's firing of a capable anti-Communist as a "security risk" the Reese Committee's report on the "subversive" Ford Foundation, the march of other examples of man's petty ignorance—you may have missed an important summation of the world's plight.

It was made in New York by Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, who, stripped of official Government trust, has retained his scientific gift of analysis. He spoke at Columbia's last celebration of her 200th Anniversary—spoke of the moral dilemma that nuclear science has forced upon the world, of the isolation of men that is taking place in the very midst of a mass-communicating world.

This is what he said: . . . The means by which the true human community, the man knowing man, the neighbor understanding neighbor the schoolboy learning a poem, the woman dancing, the individual curiosity, the individual sense of beauty are being blown dry and listless. . .

And the challenge—and the hope: This cannot be an easy life. We shall have a rugged time of it to keep our minds open and to keep them deep, to keep our sense of beauty and our ability to make it, and our occasional ability to see it, in places remote and strange and unfamiliar, we shall have a rugged time of it all of us in helping these gardens in our villages, in keeping open the manifold, intricate, casual paths, to keep these flourishing in a great, windy world; but this is, as I see it, the condition of man; and in this condition we can help, because we love one another.

This speech, by the man who was, until last June, the most distinguished of the government's atomic advisors, was a clean cool hand on the fevered brow of our times and an eloquent dissent from the bleak law of progress that is the modern disease.

Dr. Oppenheimer, who helped devise the formula for the world's destruction, has now presented the formula for its salvation: a turning from the super highway of inhumanity onto the intricate casual paths, where neighbor might understand neighbor.

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The Daily Tar Heel

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Carolina Front A Sacred Cow Or A Way Of Living?

Louis Kraar

WHILE THE season for making resolutions is still upon us, I have one that the Men's Honor Council should make—and keep.

As one of the main guardians of the Honor System, the Men's Council should see to it that the facts, decision, and sentence for each case tried, are reported to this paper.

The "Campus Law" provides that the Men's Council do this—generally two weeks after the case has been tried. But this year the Council members have seen fit to release only one report.

Naturally the student defendants are always treated anonymously, and they should be for protection purposes.

But there is little excuse for the Men's Council not to do its duty and report the cases. Not only is this body breaking a law that it is pledged to uphold, but the Men's Council is missing the vital chance it has to remind students that Carolina has a working Honor System.

Apparently, the Men's Council chairman realizes the purpose of reporting cases to students. He pointed it out when he released the semester's sole report.

"With the purpose of informing the students about the operation of the Honor System and the activities of the Men's Council, this report is issued. . . ." the chairman declared.

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THE HONOR System is not a sacred cow, something students should hold in awe and speak of in hushed tones.

Supposedly, it is a way of life in a college world that trusts a student on his word.

But when the elected officials who help implement the Honor System fail to utilize the one way of informing students of their work, the whole ideal becomes a farce.

Currently, the idea prevails on campus that the Honor Councils are some mystic groups that meet in a far off place to dole out an esoteric brand of justice. This is a false idea, but the Men's Council—in not informing the campus of its work—contributes to this misconception.

I'm convinced that the students serving on the Men's Council are capable, sincere and probably doing a good job. Chairman Herb Browne has always been cooperative in discussing the workings of the group.

This just makes the failure of reporting cases in the paper more inexcusable—and less understandable.

★

ONE OTHER aspect of this business of reporting cases strikes me as rather odd. When the Men's Council made its solitary report, just before school ended, the spokesman for the group asked that his name not be used in the paper.

Obviously, no student enjoys being the reporter of who was kicked out of school. But for an elected official—a judge—to be ashamed of his office is regrettable.

Of course, the Honor Council members don't enjoy announcing that so many students cheated and were suspended. But this is the job for which they were elected, and the campus respects them for doing the job well.

Administration members have remarked recently that Carolina students don't have a clear conception of the Honor System. If that is true, and I think it is, the lack of understanding has grown from the secrecy which has surrounded the working of the courts.

If students are going to realize that we have an Honor System after the tread-mill of Orientation, the courts are going to have to start making regular reports.

That's The Kind We Want—You Can See Just What He's Not Thinking'



A Tale Of Two Ex-Amateurs

Doris Fleeson

WASHINGTON — Two men who entered national politics as complete amateurs at the same time two years ago are showing how the great game inevitably takes hold of those who taste its fruits of power.

One, President Eisenhower, is now disclosed to have been lecturing his close associates about the necessity of building up attractive, young GOP Presidential possibilities for the future. He had his list ready, all either friendly Goernors or men from the second level of his administration.

This assumption of responsibility for the Republican future has appeared before in the still rather generalized Eisenhower conversations about his progressive moderate philosophy. The new list named people and is a further and longer step away from the President's original notion that he could serve as a kind of head of state.

It included Governors Langlie of Washington, Kohler of Wisconsin and Craig of Indiana, Deputy Attorney General William P. Rogers and Deputy Secretary of Defense Anderson.

It is not quite the list the professionals would draw up and it was a failure of tact on the President's part not to select for it some of the men in House and Senate on whom he must rely—for example, Rep. Halleck of Indiana, whose pro-Eisenhower leadership of the GOP House majority was brilliant. But the Eisenhower interest, especially with its implication that he has accepted the yoke of party leader, will be welcomed everywhere but in the extreme GOP right wing.

The idea itself is sound politics. The President has perceived or has been reminded that few if any potential successors loom among his Cabinet members and administrative heads who are getting today's headlines. They are business men, not elective office material. It was always possible that one or more would prove to have the touch, but none has.

The great sameness of the Eisenhower administrators and the emphasis on teamwork and getting along with Congress have combined to keep down the personal publicity that attracts political attention. They may be rather generally respected, but they are not characters attracting warmth, amusement, love, hate, interest and curiosity.

Of them all the country probably knows Secretary of Defense Wilson best, and that is because of his famous blunders, including bird dogs and kennel dogs, plus the earthy way in which he responds to criticism. As Harry S. Truman proved, the latter minds in the capital are censorious of earthiness but the people seem to like it.

The other amateur-turned-professional with great plans is Stephen A. Mitchell, retiring Democratic National Chairman. Mitchell is not returning to private practice of law because he is tired of politics; on the contrary, visions of sugar plums dance in his head.

He hopes and expects to play a leading part in three important elections where the power stakes are among the highest in U. S. politics. He will act as a bridge between the professional politicians and the largely amateur Adlai Stevenson camp in an effort to renominate and elect Stevenson President in 1956. He will plunge immediately into the three-way Chicago Mayorality fight to help a Stevenson protege, County Clerk Richard J. Daley, to victory. In his spare time, he will work on the candidacy of Stephen A. Mitchell for Governor of Illinois, probably in 1956.

Unlike the genuine conservative, the pseudo-conservative believes himself to be living in a world in which he is spied upon plotted against, betrayed, and very likely destined for total ruin. He sees his own country as being so weak that it is constantly about to fall victim to subversion; and yet he feels that it is so all-powerful that any failure it may experience in getting its way in the world—for instance in the Orient—cannot possibly be due to its limitations but must be attributed to its having been outwitted.

In discussing undergraduate apathy on political and social questions, a Princeton student quoted in the Princeton Alumni Weekly two sentences from an employment pamphlet issued by Socony-Vacuum Co. which he thought helped explain the matter. I was so perturbed by those sentences that I sent for the pamphlet and now quote the entire paragraph from which they are taken: "Personal views can cause a lot of trouble. Remember then to keep them always conservative. The 'isms' are out. Business being what it is, it naturally looks with disfavor on the wild-eyed radical or even the moderate pink. On the other hand I think you will find very few business men who will attempt to dictate the political party of their employees."

The author—a personnel officer in the company—assured me that this pamphlet had been circulated for some years in and out of colleges with applause and that mine was the first criticism. Of course, Socony-Vacuum has a right to circulate the pamphlet through college placement bureaus. The pamphlet represents, however, an obvious effort to control opinion by job control. It is, to my mind, surprising that our colleges and universities should spend large sums of money to train students to think and to express their

Reaction Piece Muntzing Is Man To Watch In '55—Mundy

David Mundy

Manning Muntzing is the campus "man to watch in '55." My New Year's prediction, circa last Thanksgiving—the prediction that he will be the next president of the student body—still stands.

Chief obstacle in his path is the "Fleishman Wing" of the Student Party. The SP politicians are pretty sharp characters, however and the wrath of the almighty Joel isn't likely to prevail. First, of course, is the fact that his direct participation and power in campus politics ceases with his impending venture into the Navy's supply corps. He is also unlikely to have the residual influence of the other two great "SP reformed," Penegar and Cook. They possessed more warmth, if not more finesse, in dealing with their friends and foes than has comrade Joel. They left something of a "leading kindly light" in their wake, whereas Fleishman's extraordinary political cleverness may leave some rather ruffled feelings.

And Fleishman has also become something of a SP liability. His political adroitness can be matched by no other campus politico. Without him, up to this point, the SP would be in a bad way. But that same political cleverness is also the SP's great liability. Rightly or wrongly (wrongly, I believe) a great number of students are suspicious of "politicians and all their doings." Fleishman, chairman of the SP and master manager that he is, has come to personify all these real or imagined evils.

The students' reactions to "politico Fleishman" was almost disastrous to the SP in the fall elections. One of the factors which intensified the reaction was Louis Kraar's Tarnation article satirizing Fleishman. Fleishman was plastered with the label of an out-and-out politician. I would ascribe columnist Kraar to be free of ulterior motives in writing his very humorous and very damaging article; but no Fleishman or SP enemy could have done them greater harm. The UP could do well in the spring election by merely distributing copies of the article.

But back to Muntzing. The move by one wing of the party to censure him last fall was abortive and unsuccessful. Should the Fleishman wing try another maneuver like that one, it could almost assure Muntzing's nomination.

And while much of the SP's bickering has centered around the possibility of Muntzing's candidacy, Muntzing has managed to stay comparatively clear of the intra-party clashes. He didn't have to lead his own defense in the censure move. He was also comparatively clear of the maneuvering which handed SP leader Fleishman his solitary defeat in a SP controlled legislature when he aspired to the highest elective office there, that of speaker pro tem.

The story of the great Fleishman defeat goes something like this, according to one SP member. He, (Fleishman) just trod over all over some people in the caucus beforehand. Only the people he wanted got nominations. Well, some of 'em didn't like it one bit, so they got together a group that could control the legislature by switching and swapping votes. Well, Joel gets wind of it and calls . . . (Not Muntzing), the leader of the group, up to his office and they make some sort of deal. Well, . . . comes back and tells 'em that it's all off. It appears that some of 'em were still pretty mad though. They thought . . . deserved the job more, so they voted for him.

When Muntzing's nomination directly confronts the SP there will be some opposition. Conflicting ambitions and cliques, as well as reminders of past feuds, will clutter the field of unanimity. But he will get the nomination for a comparatively simple reason. The SPers are well aware of the political trade winds. Muntzing is the SP candidate who can win. The extraordinarily eloquent Dave Reid was another front-runner for a while, but he started to fade with "Leniency Bill."

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The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

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

THE HORSE trotted at a dignified pace through the so-called humans who were herding like sheep into Case's Castle, sometimes referred to as The State Coliseum, alias The Wm. Neal Reynolds Coliseum.

He was astonished to see so many other horses. The horse was just beginning to ogle a few likely mares when a minion of the gracious and always polite management approached and asked: "Whatcha doin' in this here seat, you?"

The Horse, never one to be outdone in observing the amenities, showed his horse-teeth in a smile and simultaneously showed his picket of entitlement. The minion went away. . .

The game started promptly on Coliseum timing at 7:45 for the 7:30 curtain.

The polite State audience booed Lifson, when we took the court of the ugh, Dook, game. They booed the refs, too. The game got under way, and another State servitor—or was I the servitor?—announced us politely seated out seat. We were taking offense at his question of where we got our seating arrangements when we realized he meant, "Hey you, let's see ya ticket!" He saw it. . .

Mayer, of Duke, is a vrai Old Pro. I just can't help liking that colt when he starts going to the races. Lenny Rosenbluth's shirt keeps coming out like a perennial debutante . . . and so do his shots in the first half.

The refs seem to be the only impartial people in the whole of Case's Castle . . . and this seems to annoy the ownership, when they tackle Minnesota. But that, again, was later. . . Leave us stay with the Dook-Tar Heels. . .

Rosenbluth's shots start going into the bucket with 8:08 of the last period gone. He sinks two fouls, and the great Sophomore Basketeer is on his way down the glory road.

The half ends with Dook shooting a ghewny 21.2, to the Tar Heels' slightly worse at 20%. "Is there a basket in the house. . ."

When play got under way again—Duke leading 22 to 18—Rosie Rosenbluth displayed a shot that surveyed the rim of the basket twice, and decided not to buy. While the refs and the crowd were watching this, Rosie got a neat body-block and went down again. We make it four times he has repused after blocks. This far, Deep-sea divers don't even do this well yet!

Belmont is stealing the ball so often that Coach McGuire is considering putting Joe Friday on him. . . Sutton goes for five through center, and off-side; but Mayer isn't off at all, and cans the charity tosses (just to prove I can clutch with the worst of 'em. . .)

Morgan and Belmont get four fouls each at 11:45 of the last frame, and the McGuire Strategy looms clear. Even Bradley sees it, and slumps dejectedly on the Dook, ugh, bench.

In The Horse's stall is a flattened Cornell University Club matchbook-cover. An omen. . . Cornell's team mailed down the cellar spot.

Vayda makes a pass at the ball when Mayer is holding it, and ends up bopping Mayer's head. It hurts Vayda more than Ronnie. . . It hurt still more when Ronnie plunked two in. . .

Rosenbluth's shirt comes out again. . . Lifson goes ten yards, beating Sutton's run; but his bucket a minute later marks the turn, and the Tar Heels go ahead. Staters hate Dook worse than us 'n Tar Heels, far, actually, they cheer!

The game ends, U: 65, Dook, agh, 52. The nighttime Championship comes on, and we look in amazement at Case's two Leaning Towers, Shavlik and Dwyer. Then a veritable Statue of Liberty named Semonovich moves majestically down harbor-court, that is—and Minnesota wins the Tallest Man title. . . 6 feet-11; 290 lbs.

Case puts a full-court press on Minnesota at 10:39 of the first stanza, but they got a tailor on Minnesota named Mencil who opened up to full-throttle and all Case got was his pants pressed. Mencil made boobies of Case's vaunted speedsters. . .

Bolsdorf, of Minnesota, thinks he is an Arkansas Traveler, or something, and climbs aboard a State ball-hawker; but the refs taught him it was a Gopher game by calling a foul on him. He rode at least the Preakness distance before he dismounted.

State's Pond is a gutsy player, and State should pad the press-tables to save mainin golf such players. The only thing that stopped Pond was the prestatable and its dangerous fenced front. But then, money comes first. Pond might have fractured his skull, and presumably may before safety-mats are put into use. . .

Blessed be those who go about in circles, for they shall become Big Wheels. . . And now The Big Wheel of Case's Castle's Publicity Corps approached to show his minions how it is done, even if it should not be. . . The Horse gets a good hollering at for sitting at his assigned press-table seat. When The Horse pleads Not Guilty (and offers Tar Heel accreditation, the Daily Tar Heel gets a yelling at 'em about. It seems it concerns Dottie O'Mare, who is reporting a Woman Looks at Basketball. The Horse does not object when The Big Wheel yells at Mrs. O'Mare, having more than once had the same impulse. . . The Wheel cooks off to a bubbling boil and wheels away making sounds like a calliope, complete with steam effect. . . When quality meets, compliments fly. . .

State outlucks Minnesota by getting the last crack at the hoop with 00:08 of the game left, making it a final 85-84. . . Tucker of Minnesota pick-a-backs State's Pond, and outrides Bolsdorf's previous race. He wins The Preakness Cup, but all they award is two fouls to State. . .

A great State team, a great Minnesota team—a great all-the-teams. Good officiating; very good. . . But somebody just might mail an Emily Post "Etiquette to Guests" to the management. It wouldn't hurt them in the least. . . And now I wonder will Chollie Kuralt ever get press-table seats? Tell 'em what they can do with your seating arrangements, Chollie, ol' boy. . .