

Keepers Of A Phony Myth

Contrary to current tradition and the popular stereotype of Carolina's big-man-on-campus, the purpose of this University is to teach, to stimulate thought through academic endeavor.

Unfortunately, many present leaders in extracurriculars seem to regard academics as a sideline, an activity dabbled at between meetings, or athletic events.

The deterioration of the academic requirements for holding elective campus offices is one solid example of the lack of academic emphasis among student leaders.

Jack Markham was appointed Yackety-Yack editor recently by President Don Fowler—after he failed to make the necessary average to run for the post in the election. No one questions Markham's editorial ability. But it is obvious that, in appointing him to an office for which he was academically unqualified to run, President Fowler has plainly prostituted the University's purpose.

Former President Tom Creasy did the same thing in appointing Jim Fountain head cheerleader last year. Fountain did not have the required average to run, so Creasy appointed him after the election.

Fountain served admirably in his post. Indications are that Markham will fulfill his duties ably also. We do not question the ability of these individuals in their respective posts.

But we point with indignation to Creasy's and Fowler's actions in pulling Fountain and Markham into office through a loophole.

The big-man-on-campus who can't make the grade academically belongs to collegiate myths—not this University.

From Duke—An Answer

"Don't generalize — specialize," reads the sign in the Post Office ballyhooing the U. S. Army.

And while following this slogan's advice may land you a better G.I. job, educators today are realizing that just the opposite is true: the world of specialization needs the man of liberal arts.

The problem now seems to be how to train technicians needed to run this complex society and still endow these same men with an understanding of all fields. The long-term training of a nuclear chemist, for instance, includes little exploration into history, economics, and literature.

From that Gothic-tailored campus in Western Durham—Duke University—comes one solution to today's biggest educational problem. President Hollis Edens has just taken the wraps off a five-year plan for engineering students that consists of three years of liberal arts work and the final two in specialized training.

Under this new Duke program, one can master a highly technical field and still learn something of the heritage, language and values that has made us what we are.

Such a program could be implemented here for Business Administration and other specialized fields. Perhaps the University's educators will quit taking the Post Office sign seriously and give Carolina a program such as Duke's. It's one of the better answers to our biggest problem.

Gracious Living III (Second Series)

The intestine shock of civil butchery may descend any night upon the Upper Quad if the present hitch in Gracious Living there continues.

In all that stately courtyard, with four dorms—Manly, Grimes, Ruffin, and Mangum—hard by there is but one bench. All the dorms claim right to the bench. Nightly, the much-battered green seat has followed the fluctuating balance of power round and round the quadrangle. One dorm's residents resorted to chains, a lock, and a stout oak to keep the disputed property on their premises.

More benches, please. The Daily Tar Heel has taken the position before that cold cement steps make a poor place for philosophizing, and that Spring is the time for more benches. Philosopher is as philosopher sits.

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Carolina Front

Julius Caesar: Abandon Ship By Bugle Call

J. A. C. Dunn

THE THIRD PERFORMANCE of Julius Caesar by the Carolina Playmakers had about it (at least backstage, which was the only part we saw) a much more professional air than did Sound and Fury. This of course, is understandable, since the Carolina Playmakers are, to begin with, more professional than the Sound and Fury group.

There was more order backstage; people did not look as if they were on a life and death errand, they just acted as if they had something to do and intended to do it with as little fuss and bother as possible.



WE ARRIVED SOON after the curtain went up, or rather soon after the actors first appeared on stage, since there is no curtain in the Forest Theater. We ran across Young Cato, who was standing around in a helmet made of upholstery cloth smoking a Lucky Strike.

"It's much warmer tonight," he said. This matter had not occurred to us before. Acting in a comparatively scanty costume must indeed be anything but comfortable if the weather demands more clothing than the costume provides.

We wandered past the Soothsayer, who yawned politely, into the costume room, which was almost empty at the time, dodged a Roman who was pacing up and down the floor practicing his lines, and discovered, as a result of talking to someone else who was merely wandering, that the bugle music which occurred at several points during the performance was actually a tape recording of the Navy bugle call for "abandon ship."

At this point another bugle call went and everyone within sight (and hearing) shouted "Hail Caesar!" at the tops of their lungs. We were caught unaware the first time, but the next time we had a go at Hailing Caesar ourself. It was quite enjoyable. There is something very exuberant and soul-cleansing about Hailing Caesar.

THE WINGS WERE very interesting. From the front they looked like nothing we had ever seen before. The whole structure was actually nothing but an immensely complicated system of struts and props, and little ladders and catwalks and so on. A few random-placed light bulbs gave the place an eerie atmosphere, an atmosphere which was greatly added to by the numbers of toga-clad Romans silently moving from place to place (most of them with rather anachronistic cigarettes in their hands). We learned that one Roman had fallen from one of the little ladders during rehearsal and broken his foot, but that he, as well as about five shots of morphine that he carried in his bloodstream, was still playing. The show must go on.

BUT WHAT WE found most interesting of all was the sound effects in the battle scene. After a bit of digging around we unearthed the fact that the sound-effects man had contrived four minutes worth of battle noise by placing a group of men in one room with table cutlery and then letting them shout and clash the silverware for the required amount of time. Unfortunately, it seems that toward the end of their stint of vocal debauchery, the noise makers ran out of things to shout, and began throwing in comments such as "Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes!" and "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead!" Needless to say, this does not fit in very well with a Shakespeare play, but when the battle scene came, we never noticed the difference. The sound effects of the battle scene were produced by means of several systems, each of which could have different sounds played over it, with the result that the battle had a sort of roll and throb about it.

In Korea, the enemy is increasingly protected by American disarmament, by his own fantastic fortifications, and by his own air build up. The existing air balance on the Korean peninsula proper is now on the order of three to one in favor of the Communists, with the air backup outside Korea also balanced in their favor. Anyone who saw the Korean fighting knows that an attack on the deep-tunneled Communist entrenchments can not be considered for an instant while the enemy has air superiority.

'We Interrupt This News To Bring You The Latest Chapter Of John's Other Amendment—'



AS JAPANESE NEUTRALISM GROWS:

Links In The Old Chain Weaken

Joseph Alsop

The dull old saw, that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, is rapidly becoming a pungent criticism of American policy in Asia.

On the one hand, the so-called "island chain strategy" has been the real justification of our Asian policy from the moment when President Eisenhower decided to allow the Chinese Communists a concealed victory in Korea.

For two years, our policy makers have gone on the rule that they could safely dodge any issue and abandon any position in Asia, so long as the line from the Aleutians through Japan and Okinawa, Formosa and the Philippines was firmly held. And with bland complacency, they have assumed there was no danger to this officially established American defense line in the Pacific.

On the other hand, however, the most vital links in the island chain have been more and more visibly weakened. In both its offensive and defensive aspects, the island chain strategy is in fact ceasing to be a valid strategy.

TWO-PRONGED ATTACK

The strategy of the island chain is most immediately endangered on its offensive side. In theory, as officially explained by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, enemy aggression on the Asian continent is to be met with a two pronged attack based on Formosa and South Korea.

In view of Communist China's complete inability to supply a serious war on two fronts, this is a good theory. But in practice, although the divisions of Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee are still costing the American taxpayer a lot of money, the Chinese Communist leaders are being progressively relieved of any worries about this two front war.

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In Formosa, meanwhile, the

new two China policy may leave the appearance of strength. The Generalissimo's divisions may continue to be counted in the Joint Chiefs of Staff's paper games, even after an American back-down in the Formosa Strait. But after the demoralization such a back-down will inevitably cause, any attempt to use the Chinese Nationalist divisions offensively will be the most hare-brained kind of gamble.

CENTERED IN JAPAN

This, in brief, is what has been and is now happening to the capability of a two pronged attack that Secretary Dulles boasted about so grandly only a few weeks ago. Yet this loss of offensive capability is not so grave as the progressive loss of defensive value of the famous island chain. This defensive loss is a purely political process, mainly centering here in Japan. Militarily and economically, Japan is the most essential of all the links in the island chain. With this link gone, Okinawa will be virtually untenable. Formosa will be meaningless. We shall be thrown back to the position in the Pacific that we held at the time of Pearl Harbor.

Yet no realistic observer of the on-the-spot facts of the situation in Asia can now take Japan for granted in the way the American policy makers still taken for granted, Japan's economic dependence on the United States, the surviving Japanese belief that the United States wins in the end, are the present mainstays of the Japanese-American alliance. But both those mainstays must be expected to snap if present trends in Asia continue.

The danger, to be sure, is not for today or for tomorrow. If there is another appeasement of the Communists in the Formosa Strait, there will be increasing doubts in Tokyo and Japanese-American relations will grow increasingly more difficult. But the Japanese-American alliance may be expected to survive. It will probably even survive next year's already foreseeable Communist triumph in Indo-China.

JAPAN NEUTRALISM

However, the Japanese-American alliance cannot be expected to survive a chain reaction of further Communist triumphs in Southeast Asia, such as seems likely to begin in South Viet Nam in 1956. That is too much to hope for, as the American embassy here has already bluntly warned Washington.

What is to be feared is not a complete reversal of alliances, but adoption by the Japanese of a sternly neutralist policy. But

it will be a small consolation that the Japanese are not overtly on the enemy's side, when Japan's industrial potential is fully available to the Communist, and when the island chain has been broken for good and all by Japanese neutralism.

Such are the developments that now loom ahead in the short and long run in the Far East. Maybe retreat and appeasement are still the best cure. But those who advocate retreat and appeasement have a duty to propose an alternative Pacific strategy for the United States, plus a free-world strategy of survival after most of the rest of Asia has been lost.

Self-Defeating Advantage

(The Christian Science Monitor)

Industry comes to colleges and universities in the spring. It goes after the best students. And it outbids teaching as a life career by such a huge financial margin that for many the prospects of rewards from other satisfactions are swept aside. This has been going on for quite a few years. What would happen if it kept up much longer? Would industry find that it had recruited so many potentially good teachers that there were too few good teachers left to turn out any more well-qualified graduates for industry to recruit?

That would be a ridiculous and a vicious circle. One educator at a recent conference on the school manpower crisis called it "killing the goose that lays the golden eggs." Another speaker at the Toledo, Ohio, meeting, a college president, characterized this competition as "serious."

Still another brought the problem into even harsher focus: You want good teachers? Don't you know there are not enough poor teachers to go around?

It is utterly unrealistic, of course, to expect industry to lower its inducements to the level of teachers' salaries. And it is utterly unfair and unkind for a rich nation to expect in definitely that those who are fitted and wish to become teachers and research scholars should make this choice at the current sacrifice demanded of themselves and their future families.

Here, for industry, is the answer of enlightened self-interest: Help the colleges to pay their faculties better salaries so they can continue to turn out good material for industry to recruit — but not with self-defeating an advantage.

Passing Remark

Wiser Choice: Rio, Buenos Aires, & \$800

Ron Levin

I stood there for what seemed like an hour when finally a fifty-two Chevy pulled up and stopped with a sudden jerk. A deeply tanned face sporting a huge Sunday smile leaned over to the window.

"He looked at the sticker on my suitcase and opened the door. 'C'mon, I'll give you a ride over to Chapel Hill. I'm on my way to Burlington.'"

I got in figuring I was in for a half hour of dull talk about something or other, and sure enough, he started up.

"I guess you're in school over there, huh?"

"Yeah, I finish up in a couple of weeks. Then I'm going out West."

"That's good. Get all the traveling done, while you got the chance. You know, my old man gave me a chance to go to college when I was seventeen, but I joined the Merchant Marine instead."

HE WAS A SAILOR

It made sense now. The huge shoulders and thick arms and the deep tan all figured in. He was a sailor.

"Ya, see, my brother took my old man up and went to college, and I went to sea. You know what my brother does now?"

I imagined his brother to be some successful lawyer or doctor with a big house and two cars. I shook my head, and he laughed.

"He's an accountant for some firm up in Baltimore. He gets two weeks off a year for vacation, and he ends up in some place like Virginia Beach or Atlantic City fighting the crowds. A lousy stinking two weeks, that's all he gets. Me, I just been down to Rio, then around to Buenos Aires, up through the Canal and back to Norfolk. Jeez, that Rio's quite a town. You ever been down there?"

I felt like hiding in the glove compartment and meekly shook my head like the amateur wanderer I was. I had to say something.

'HOW'S THE PAY?'

"How's the pay in the Merchant Marine?"

"I was out fifty four days, and they paid me a little over eight hundred dollars." He lit up another cigarette and pulled out to pass an A Model out for its usual Sunday jaunt.

I thought about the graduates I knew teaching somewhere for a sum considerably less than eight hundred dollars a month. I even thought about my profs, and a little laugh formed inside.

"Yeah, you see, me and my wife. We're gonna take a little trip up to Canada, and then I got a ship that goes to Sweden waiting for me when we get back. Always something to do, somewhere to go, something new all the time."

TACITUS TO READ

Glen Lennox came up fast, and in a few minutes we were waiting for the stop light to change near the Carolina Inn.

He gave me a big wave as he drove off, and I stood there watching the car disappear in the long line of Sunday afternoon traffic. I had some Tacitus to read, but right then, I didn't feel like reading Tacitus or anybody else. Chapel Hill seemed like a thimble, and as I thought about the sun in Rio this time of year, Chapel Hill seemed like a very small thimble. I walked slowly back to my room thinking about an accountant in Baltimore and his two weeks at the beach, and suddenly I knew who had made the wiser choice.

Y-Court Corner

Rueben Leonard

ONCE UPON a time in the land of Carolinians, a group of powerful tyrants ruled the land with an iron roll book. Now these tyrants didn't use the roll book themselves, but instead, they gave each member of their working force a book and told them to live by it, swear by it, and die by it. The members of the working force were very busy but they knew that they must obey the central planning committee of tyrants, so they adopted the "Roll Book Religion." For that was the custom in those days.

GLOOM SETTLED over the land of Carolinians. The birds ceased to sing. The delightful voices that once issued forth from the various windows of Hill Hall were no more; only the audible whispers of rolls being called were heard. The working force had turned into a working farce—the members gave up their intellectual pursuits and worked themselves into a mad frenzy to see who could call the roll with the most effectiveness. As students strolled lazily across campus they could hear the working force calling their names—some rolls were set to music, some were made to rhyme, and some were left in disgusting prose (an influence created by the Temple of Business no doubt). For that was the custom in those days.

IN THE MEANTIME, the central planning committee realizing that many of the students (Po'r White Trash in those days) were not heeding the ultimatum allowing only three unexcused absences per class, knew that something had to be done. (In those days the tyrants did anything they pleased). The Central Planning Committee decided to spend one whole year's appropriations for the purchase of effigies of each of the students. The Effigy Industry was a big business in those days.

AN EFFIGY of each student was sent to the school in which he was registered and nailed to the wall there. For in those days it wasn't against the rules to drive nails in the wall. At the end of the day each member of the working force would send a message to the attendance bureau of the respective schools and give the names of the students who had broken the rhyme of the rolls that day. For that was the law in those days.

THE ATTENDANCE bureaus would immediately puncture the students who had broken the rhyme that day by sticking a purple pin in their effigy. Soon many of the students had three pins sticking in their carcasses. This was very bad because when they received a fourth pin they would be taken off of a roll and that sort of thing made the working force mad. That meant that they had to reset their roll to another rhyme. For there was very little rhyme or reason in those days.

ONE DAY as the semester neared the end, the inevitable happened—two students earned four pins. One student was a very good student having a "B" average in his overcut course. The other student wasn't a very good student, having an "F" average in his course. But the impartial tyrants only laughed at this sort of thing. The good student asked for justice (being the silly fool that he was, he just wanted to be dropped without a grade since he was passing the course). The tyrants looked puzzled at the mention of justice. "Ah, yes," one of them cried, "he used to play football here."

Both students received "F's" and were dropped from their respective courses, for that was the law in those days.

SHADES OF Tammany Hall. The New Regime of Student Government has brought with it a "new look." Where the thin ghost-like wisps of Parliament and Pall Mall smoke used to curl to the ceiling we now have mountainous billows of big-black-cigar smoke.

Even though Graham Memorial is enveloped in this black cloud—there is a silver lining. Student Government has at last reached the stage where the opposition parties are working together for the mutual benefit of the students. The University Party is in control of the legislature but has not, as yet, tried to cram any legislative measures down the throat of the SP. Since Don Fowler, a former Student Party man, is president, the SP may have a slight edge in the executive branch.

All in all, with the solons of both parties working together and Fowler appointing UP's and SP's alike, the coming year should be a very productive one for student government, the students, and the University.

Seven Wonders Of N.C.

(The Greensboro Daily News)

What are the seven wonders of North Carolina? Editor Don Shoemaker of the Asheville Citizen entertains himself and others by speculating on this.

The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, as our readers will recall, were:

- Great Pyramids
- Pharos Lighthouse
- Phidias Statue of Zeus
- Mausoleum of Halicarnassus
- Colossus of Rhodes
- Temple of Diana at Ephesus
- Hanging Gardens of Babylon

Editor Shoemaker nominates for North Carolina Carolina wonders the following among others:

- The Cow Palace at Raleigh
- The Blue Ridge Parkway
- The Old Fort-Ridgeway Southern Railway
- A mammoth textile mill such as Cone
- The carillon tower at Duke
- The Playmakers building at Chapel Hill
- The State Capitol building
- Wright Memorial at Kill Devil Hill

But wait a minute. That's eight already, and Don hasn't even mentioned Dr. Archibald Henderson or Harry Golden.