

Reason Speaks

Tuesday night we heard two speeches—both so excellent that we wish every student could have heard them.

The student legislature debated a resolution opposed to segregation in seating of Negro students in Kenan Stadium. Vice-president Bunny Davis commended the legislators on their orderly debate. They should also be complimented on the logic and calm with which it was conducted, on both sides.

Speech of the evening was made by Dick Murphy, newly-appointed SP legislator, but old hand in campus politics. Always a powerful, and sometimes a vehement, orator, Murphy alone made the issue clear.

He began by saying that the question was not one of liberalism versus conservatism. "A student's right has been abridged," he said. "If this is allowed to go unquestioned, (the rights of) every student here and every member of the student community are in danger."

Murphy pointed out that the current seating policy is discriminatory toward certain students because of the color of their skin, and that membership in an organization would be an equally valid basis for discrimination.

"I am thinking of fraternities," he said, adding that it might as well be members of a certain religion or discussion group. The true issue, he said, was found in the fact that the administration has set up two classes of students. "There ought to be only one class student on this campus—first class."

He also asserted that the morality of the propaganda warfare program was at stake, asking how this nation could honestly maintain a program designed to teach the principles of democracy to the world, two thirds of it colored, if citizens hesitated to fight for those same principles within the nation.

The magnificent Murphy also managed to sidetrack for a time on the principles of representative government, in answer to an argument propounded by another legislator. All this in about 10 or 15 minutes.

And Honesty

The same evening, Bob Thompson, Editor of the High Point Enterprise and weekly radio commentator, delivered an address before the philanthropic Assembly at their Fall inaugural.

"Delivered an address" is really a pretty term for Thompson's exposition and expose of North Carolina politics. Pulling not a single punch, he briefly covered the history of the state's government, running wittily through the regimes of Cam Morrison, Max Gardner, Clyde Hoey, Melville Broughton, Gregg Cherry, and Kerr Scott, listing trades, deals, and counter-plots that brought them to power and kept them there.

Thompson the conservative, if he is, didn't conserve a single word. He named people and deals known and suspected with nary an embellishment. The delivery was rapid-fire, and the oration was a brief course in realistic political science.

Because he is an honest politician, he believes that North Carolina has the cleanest politics hereabouts. Because he is an unbiased journalist, he believes in telling about how we got that way, and what's wrong with it.

Speaking of a particular deal, he said "That's not dishonest—it's just smart." Which comes to the essential truth about politics. The phrase "an honest politician" is not a paradox. It is a question of relativity. The honest politician is the good statesman who politics his statesmanship into success, always with the interests of those whom he represents foremost in his mind.

Neither is the phrase "an unbiased journalist" a paradox, though we don't believe we've ever seen a completely unbiased or honest man. But the living paradox of the stage and age is Bob Thompson, who rests comfortably between the traditional horns, being both-unbiased journalist and honest politician.

by Bill Brown

Around Well

First we'll make him steal a road sign from the Durham road, and then he can climb a statue, etc., etc., etc."

And so "Hell Week" is off to a grand and glorious start. But does anyone get any real fun out of such stunts? There can be no doubt as to whether anyone benefits from such actions.

Has a potential fraternity man proved himself more deserving of wearing a pin after he has stolen the sign or climbed the statue, et al? It seems to me he would have come closer to readying himself if he had helped to do something beneficial to the community.

Bob Lollar thought along these lines when he initiated "Help Week" into Alpha Tau Omega in 1940. Other fraternities on many campuses have been quick to pick up the idea and further prove the benefits of Help Week over Hell Week.

And what about the first state university? Well, last year one fraternity (although not a social frat) tried Help Week with excellent results.

This year, after an action of the national delegation of the fraternity, Chi Psi is to go on record as the first social frat on our campus using Help Week. This is only the beginning.

There is no excuse for the deaths, injuries, and what-not that have been the result of Hell Week on campuses across the nation. Why should we at Carolina wait for such an incident to shock us out of our backwardness on this issue before some action is taken?

If the individual fraternities are not farsighted enough to investigate Help Week, then the Inter-fraternity Council should take the action for them. Of course, the council already passed rules against actions harmful to the body or mentality.

by Barry Farber

Not Guilty

The NSA Congress in Minneapolis would've been duller than a monastery tea if it hadn't been for siv observer delegates from Brazil. These colorful cavaliers from the Coffee Kingdom radiated enough razzmatazz and good cheer to turn the whole show into a rollicking zebra derby. I had the pleasure of serving as guide, bell boy, and wet nurse to these Brazilian students and we became old friends at once.

They were all sons of wealthy land-owning gentry and they came with enough baggage to outfit an Antarctic expedition. These Brazilians brought four trucks of clothing, a gross of harmonicas, sixteen cartons of cigarettes, and eight suitcases bulging with everything from serapes to swi wax.

Nobody went to meet our guests at the Airport when they first landed in the USA because we figured they could find Minneapolis without any trouble. Find Minneapolis! Those guys couldn't find a bass fiddle in a phone booth. First they flew to Annapolis, Maryland. They sensed something was screwy so then they flew to Indianapolis, Indiana. Finally, three days too late, they accidentally ended up where they belonged—in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Their only comment was, "Sorry to keep you waiting. We never knew you had so many towns of the same name."

The group interpreter was Amado, a robust Latin who spoke English with an accent you could slice with a rusty machete. He had a mouth big enough to sing duets and when he wasn't cursing the Argentine fascists he was telling Henry Bowers shaggy dog stories in Portuguese. Maybe Amado couldn't drink all the beer Minneapolis could produce but he sure kept them working nights.

Then there was Osdrubal, a wispy little geezer, who barely came up to my kneecaps. He always wore a bow tie. I think

during Hell Week on this campus for some time. We might even assume that nothing serious will happen, but, even so, nothing good has resulted from Hell Week. This also is a valuable point to remember. If our frat men want to argue that they are only having fun, I ask them to look over the stunts last year's pledges were compelled to perform. Remember, we are supposed to be college MEN, not high school BOYS.

This campus (or the town of Chapel Hill, Carrboro and surrounding communities) is neither so beautiful nor so up-to-date that some improvements could not be made by the energetic boys that take part in Hell Week. Why, then, do we continue having the outmoded week as part of our yearly calendar condoned by this Inter-fraternity Council and apparently by the University itself?

The preceding was based on an article by Karl Dexter: "The Metamorphosis of Hell Week" (Guideposts, Sept., 1951, copyright 1951 by Guideposts Associates, Inc., 3 Mitchell Place, N. Y. 17, N. Y., and condensed in Reader's Digest, Sept., 1951, Reader's Digest Association, Inc., Pleasantville, N. Y.)

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Reviews

by David Alexander

"Happy Go Lovely": Several years ago M.G.M. picked up the option of a blonde dancer named Vera-Ellen, and gave her a chance to dance with Gene Kelly in a specialty number. Prior to the release of the film, "Words and Music", they allowed Miss Ellen to contract for two films at R.K.O. and this is the last of the two.

The story concerns an American in London who works as a chorus girl. On her way to rehearsal one day, she misses her ride, and is taken to the theater by a kind passer-by. It turns out that the car belongs to a rich greeting card manufacturer, who up to this time has been not at all susceptible to the charms of women. David Niven and Cesar Romero are the men in Vera's life, but it is her little English roommate who will rate your cheers. Bearing an amazing resemblance to Leslie Caron, of "An American in Paris" fame, she gives the picture the decided lift it deserves.

As always, Vera does a fine job of dancing, the Piccadilly

he'd have tripped on any other kind. The other boys were Antonio, who made love to every woman at the Congress in alphabetical order; Cesar, who wore flashy, striped cubaverra jackets that looked like some Cadillac was going around without seat covers; and Lima, who could walk on the stage for a Xavier Cugat role without a drop of make-up.

The other gentlemen we just called "Angel Face" because every time somebody mentioned the word "Argentina" he winced and frowned as though you'd called his mother a dirty name. He could pose for a gastritis ad without moving a muscle in his face.

These Brazilian boys were amazed that American students have been so slow to organize and show a little backbone. In other parts of the world the title of "Students" rank right up there with "Doctor" and "Lawyer". Amado told me, "For too long the students of America have been patted on the head and told to run along. If you ever hope to win the recognition of your people and your government you've got to build a powerful national students' organization."

In fourteen days of mixing, chatting, and laughing these boys did more to cement hemispheric solidarity than a whole battalion of babbling diplomats in Washington. Just before their plane took off for Rio, Antonio gave me a warm handclasp and said, "You've got a great little country up here but I fear I'll never understand your American women. Where else on this planet does a woman pay twenty-five dollars for a new slip and then get mad because it shows

Suite particularly being an eye-opener. The film is done in technicolor, and has a special preview tonight, 11:00 p.m. at the Varsity Theater. This, I believe you will enjoy.

"People Will Talk"—A twentieth century fox film directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. This film might well be called "The Paradox". It is adult entertainment, and has a message, but evidently the studio was afraid to deliver it without making apologies to the American Medical Association, in the prologue. Nevertheless, a standard is achieved, both in story telling and in acting.

Taken from the play, "Dr. Praetorius", the film portrays the life of a doctor who marries one of his young patients to prevent her from committing suicide. Cary Grant gives a performance displaying character and integrity, and has all the qualifications which you would want your own doctor to possess. Walter Slezak and Sidney Blackmer both arrive at perfection in unusual supporting roles. Seeing Jeanne Crain in some adult attire makes us wish that she would abandon her child roles once and for all, as she is well past that stage. Others in the cast are Hume Cronyn and Finlay Currie.

The film plays at the Saturday late show, Sunday, and Monday at the Carolina Theater.

Ever since "The Asphalt Jungle" was re-played here week before last, I have wondered just how many of our readers would see certain films, if they were brought back. How about dropping me a postal card, giving your favorite titles, first and second choice? It would be interesting to see the results.

The University has a number of distinguished alumni.

A few of them include a former President of the United States, James Knox Polk; Josephus Daniels, former Secretary of Navy, Ambassador to Mexico, and editor; Jonathan Daniels, editor and author; Gordon Gray, former Secretary of the Army, now president of the University of North Carolina; Kenneth Royal, former Secretary of the Army; James Webb, Undersecretary of State. Others include Max Gardner, former Governor and Ambassador Designate to England; Robert B. House, Chancellor of the University at Chapel Hill; William D. Carmichael, Jr., Controller and Vice-President of the Consolidated University; George Denny, Town Hall Director; Ambassador to Colombia Capus M. Waynick; Paul Green, playwright; Thomas Wolfe, author; Norman Cordon, former Metropolitan Opera star, now Director of the North Carolina Music Program; Thor Johnson, Conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; orchestra leader and actor Kay Kyser, orchestra leader Hal Kemp; Bob Ruark, author and columnist, and many others.