

The Daily Tar Heel

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Riff . . . by Joe Raff

Every once in a decade The Daily Tar Heel takes issue on the abolition of grandmother beating, falsification of FBI data, and tickling ribs of student government officials. These things as we know are definitely scorned upon by society; however some staffers around the office of the DTH have been wondering about another aspect of un-American life prevalent here on campus.

Overheard while rummaging through an old pile of Daily Workers was the understatement of 1951—"They ain't votin'!"

I thought about this very profound expostulation and began to look into the problem at hand. I found to my great dismay that "They ain't votin'!"

I could go on for close to sixteen paragraphs into the advertising copy telling you what a good communist you are by evading the polls come election day. I could tell you that you all ought to be poll-cats and come-a-running with an extra pencil to cast a ducket for your favorite candidate. I could even give you a comprehensive history of

how the forefathers of this great and glorious land of ours fought for their right to stuff a ballot box and I could relate an eight page narrative of how some five per-scenters get hold of the other ninety-five per cent of the government when there is no polar attraction.

All this has been done, however, and I think you are all acquainted with the different methods of getting out of pitching a vote through a narrow slit.

In the last general election 44 per cent of the student body placed their X's on the dotted line. In the run-offs the number dropped by 4 per cent. What can we do about this? We've tried to get the administration to give away two black pawns and one checker (red) to every voter, but even though they are completely behind us the expense is too much.

The elections are a long way off yet, but keep in mind that we aren't Americans unless we are good Americans. Sounds a bit melodramatic and a desperate display of flag-waving, but nevertheless to make democracy work, you must work for democracy. See you at the polls.

by David Alexander

Reviews and Previews

In looking over the New York Times drama section, I saw a quote which stood out brazenly above all other newsprint—"We here at M. G. M. have never made a bad picture." These words of wisdom came from Mr. Howard Dietz, one of the many vice-presidents at that studio.

In answer, and I think I must answer to this absurdity, I would like to ask Mr. Dietz whatever happened to the type B film at his studio. I seem vaguely to remember a time when not every Metro film was billed as colossal, or star-studded, or took two years to film.

I need not go on. Opening today at the Carolina Theater is perhaps the only answer to Mr. Dietz's remark. The film is "Texas Carnival" in color by technicolor, and it is spectacular entertainment starring not one, not two, but seven great stars. The preceding remarks are not necessarily word for word from the preview, but you will get the general idea.

Don't get me wrong—I don't have a thing against the state of Texas, but feel this is one film which might never have been made. Esther Williams and Red Skelton, fed up with their leave a carnival, move into a swanky desert resort under

assumed names, and proceed to live in a big way. Howard Keel knows the two are phony, but falls for Es in a big way. By now you might have realized that Metro does everything in a big way. As for Red, he just falls. I would go on with a skeleton outline of the plot, but there just isn't any more.

Metro has done some fine things with musicals, if you remember "Anchors Aweigh," "Annie Get Your Gun," "Meet Me in St. Louis," "The Great Caruso," "Summer Stock," "Till the Clouds Roll By," "Words and Music" and "Show Boat," but this happens to be one show which misses the boat. Esther is beautiful, Red tries, but in vain, to get your laughs since the script is lacking.

Howard Keel has a fair voice when he has some rail music to work with, but this isn't his day. Paula Raymond, a very beautiful young lady, and not a bad actress, is billed as one of the seven great stars, and appears in the flicker for approximately two minutes. Keenan Wynn is wearing just a trifle thin. After all, he has been spread sufficiently around practically every Metro film during the last ten years.

Nonplus

Student Government at Carolina is a laugh. Almost.

Most students know nothing about it and don't participate in it. Student Government exists as a dangerous play-toy for a handful of youthful "politicians" and as a cats-paw for the Administration. Odds are 20 to 1 that you are not directly connected with Student Government. The odds jump to 400 to 1 that you exert no real influence in Student Government.

You are probably among those who consider Student Government as nothing more than a projection of high school politics. You probably feel that you are "beyond such things" now.

If so, you are very foolish. You must not realize that these teenagers who are playing campus politics have the authority to kick you right slam out of this University. You must not realize that Student Government spends the money collected in

student fees—to the tune of \$100,000 a year!

This column has no doubt as to the good intentions of the few students who keep Student Government percolating. But such a few students, even if they were much older and wiser, cannot off-set a system whose constituent parts are unequal in power and scope, a system that operates outside the knowledge of the students it claims to represent, and a system which is not clearly defined under an adequate constitution.

The judicial structure is the most dangerous segment of Student Government. Based on a laughable "Honor" System, the student courts represents a miscarriage of justice by their very existence. Certainly there is nothing American about a judicial set-up where the court itself acts as prosecutor, defense attorney, judge and jury—in secrecy. Certainly there is noth-

Rameses

It's not often that individuals place themselves open to attack as do some of the French instructors in Murphy Hall. The arguments for and against the language requirements are settled. You gotta take it—but for God's sake, let's learn something in doing so.

Personally, I'm no brain at any foreign language. Consequently, I may not be a qualified observer, since I'm still taking a course I should have finished in the by-gone days of Frank Graham.

But—I'm still there and still not learning anything. And all is not due to my indifference to the course.

Every night students of my class go through the monotonous translation which are so exhausting and slow that they can't interpret what they read. Then, during class time, they listen to an instructor try to impress them with his knowledge of the French language rather than using valuable time on the foundations and contemporary ideals of the French nation.

After the good instructor has given us a thorough dose of his French he calls on students to go through the laborious motions of reading.

From this I learn? Certainly! I know that the gentleman in the middle has a lisp and that the sweater sitting beside me has nice teeth.

But do I learn why the French nation is torn apart in the manner it is today. Not on your life. Maybe that question can't be answered, but I'd like for someone to take a crack at it anyway.

On the other extreme, there are a few in Murphy who are concerned with the education of the student. For some odd reason they deduce that American Students understand their own language better than French. One of the most enjoyable courses I've had here was French 21. We did a little translating, read mostly in English and talked about things in general. Yet I received a more concrete idea of French culture from that one course than in four other valiant attempts.

Unfortunately, there are a pitiful few who can manage a course so well. There are two I know of but most instructors

can't seem to get beyond simple mechanics.

So far this quarter I have learned that the French people are a group that say things like parlay-vo. I have learned also, through my own diggings and an English translation, that a fella' named Voltaire was a damned good writer with a terrific sense of humor.

A course in French today should be a means of better understanding of Western Europe and not an end in itself. But what do we get? "You will translate the next eight pages for tomorrow," he says.

What Others Say

The president of the American Sunbathing society last week charged Bethel College, Tennessee, with aiding the communists by firing a professor discovered to be a nudist.

Said the sunshine official, ". . . An out-and-out case of intolerance. If the school officials hadn't made an issue of it, nobody would have known that the professor was a nudist."

Malcolm E. Wallace, ex-president of the University of Texas student body, is out on bond pending trial for the slaying of a University student, Douglas Kinser. Police state they have not found the murder weapon and have no clues to the motive behind the golf clubhouse slaying.

Coeds at the University of Colorado face a unique situation, it has become the style for groups of fraternity men to grab the hapless gals as they pass on the streets, and paint their blue jeans in the place where there's the most room to paint. Each fraternity has elected an official spy to delve around and find the various times when a group of girls will pass. If all goes well and connections are made, an expert job of painting is done on screaming, kicking girls. Don't be half safe, frosh girls are now told, switch to pedal-pushers.

ing American in a court where an accused student may be charged, tried, found guilty and sentenced when he is not present and—as has happened—when he doesn't even know he has been charged with an offense in the first place!

In the very first place, Student Government is a hoax. For the students know little or nothing of what is happening in their name. And the actions taken by Student Government are valid only by the immediate support of the Administration.

In a nutshell, Student Government is nothing more or less than a handy tool for the Administration. Although occasional injustices are the result of having zealous students perform tasks of the Administration, the Administration saves itself a good deal of time, effort and face.

As one example, over 9 out of 10 cases "tried" by the Men's Honor Council are based on accusations coming from faculty members.

This is student Government?

Either it should be sacked, or you and the rest of the students at large had better make it an effective government "of, by and for" the students. The latter implies establishing a truly constitutional system and allowing every student to know every detail of every action taken in the name of the student body. Wake up, Bub.

Letters

Madam Editor:

I would like to use the medium of your paper to thank Josh Hawkins from Hog Hollow for his article in support of my views regarding the Catholic Church and the bohemian intellectuals who refuse to accept its doctrine. But I'm afraid poor Josh fails to understand.

My article was written in haste immediately upon reading an article in The Daily Tar Heel by Harry Snook which seemed to be an attack on my Church and its teachings. Josh, when you are attacked you naturally and instinctively defend yourself. I was new here on the campus and did not realize that Harry Snook is to be suffered gladly. I had some funny idea that his ideas must be representative of a great force that is trying to undermine Christianity on the campus.

But, to get at the misunderstanding, Josh-Tom Aquinas is not the fellow you used to go to meeting with and we are not intent on burning "sinners" who do not conform to our ways of thinking. I think the whole point is this: We have something which we feel is good and which we wish to preserve. When those who have nothing and for some funny reason spout their negativism is such a way that it is offensive, it is only natural that one becomes indignant and defensive.

Hope I have not further confused you.

Ted Heers

Madam Editor:

Congratulations on your "Coed Senate" editorial. It is progressive, sound, and sensible. As for Neill and White I suggest they apply to Fulton Lewis for jobs. They seem to be adept at using his below-the-belt methods (e.g. Lewis' attack on Frank Graham.) Keep up your good work.

Mary Gilson