

Bell And Tower

In the last publication prior to the Duke-Carolina game, we said:

"If there is still a single individual at either school so crass, so stupid, or infantile . . ."

We missed our guess that there were no such individuals around, but we cannot help feeling that the retaliatory theft of the bell was a more original and less harmful showing of school spirit than the earlier defacing of the UNC bell tower.

Still, it ain't good. The bell rightfully belongs on the Duke campus, and ought to be returned.

Re Elections

Our congratulations to the winners; our consolations to the losers.

We are assuming that there will be a runoff. Probably the best date suggested is next Tuesday, December 4. Legislature should find no serious controversy in settling on a date when they meet Thursday night.

We hope the single important lesson that has come out of this election sinks into the craniums of all those concerned—which means all students.

No legal elections could be held this quarter. The confusion and contradictions of the elections law and the constitution should not be allowed to continue for another quarter. The law (and if necessary the constitution) should be revised to allow the chairman of elections board a certain amount of discretion in setting dates which will conform to honest and reasonable popular vote.

Letters

A carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes will be presented to the writer of the best letter to the editor published in *The Daily Tar Heel* during this week, courtesy of the campus Chesterfield representatives.—Editor.

Madam Editor:

If you could see fit to print the enclosed poem, it might help the feelings of some of the students who had to sit on the PP Row, Section 17 of Kenan Stadium during the recent Carolina-Notre Dame game.

It was really much worse than the poem describes it, but I thought the masterpiece of my feeble brain was long enough.

Anna McKerrall

Have you tried to see a football show

While seated on the PP Row?
First you get your seat at half past one

Brother, that's before the fun's begun.

From one-forty-five 'til two-fifteen

The crowd that tramps by is really mean.

A glimpse of the field is all you get

After the crowd has made you sweat.

You try to relax at half past one

But Boy, your woes have just begun.

Mother and daughter, Father and son,

Cut off your view on the Pee Pee run.

Again the guy comes by in the light tan coat,

And you try real hard to get his goat.

"Hey", you say to prove his mettle

"When are you going to settle?"

He says, "It's the last time, I swear."

But in five more minutes he's right back there.

When the band strikes up the National Air,

You try to stand—No room to spare.

A plump dame in a raccoon coat

Cuts off the air—you grab your throat.

Then the guy in the light tan coat comes back.

You try to trip him (the mean old quack)

The game's at half time and then

The crowd begins to rush out again

You hear the band, but you miss the act

Because part of the crowd is coming back.

Ten minutes after the second half starts

You stretch out your feet—They've begun to smart.

Along comes the boy with the peanuts for sale,

You can't see what's happening—The crowd starts to wail.

Someone urges the boy on his way

But tan coat is back—Is he going to stay?

As the final quarter comes to a close

The same eager beavers step on your toes.

They're anxious to be the first ones out,

But they stop and help the wild crowd shout.

While you with your seat on the PP Row

Wish that you could get up and go.

You know now that a dumb-bell jane

Wouldn't accept a ticket on the PP lane.

If I ever again attend a game

And get offered a seat on the PP lane

I'll turn back my ticket and make tracks for home.

I'll listen to the ball game all alone,

With my feet propped up in an easy chair

While the shouts and the boos come over the air,

And I'll feel rather sad for the poor fans I know

Who are seated on the ill-famed PP Row.

Taft vs. Taft

The following is the first of two articles by John Sanders, ex-President of the Student Body, on the foreign policy of Senator Robert A. Taft, speaking to the campus tonight, Wednesday, and Thursday nights as 1951 Weil Lecturer.—Editor.

"I do not claim to be an expert on foreign policy," asserted Senator Robert A. Taft in his Senate speech attacking the North Atlantic Pact. Having thus candidly stated his own lack of qualification to do so, Mr. Taft (Republican, Ohio) has proceeded to speak with increasing frequency on the subject, and even to write an odd little book, recently published, entitled *A Foreign Policy for Americans*.

It is rather strange that the gentleman from Ohio should take the risks involved in putting his views on foreign policy between boards. People throw away old newspapers and magazines, but a book they are more likely to keep. And when the gentleman has found it expedient to shift his ground on major issues some months hence—as history indicates he certainly will—it might be embarrassing to one more concerned with consistency to have readers compare his new views with those of November, 1951. It has been appropriately suggested that Taft should have issued his book in loose-leaf form, so that as he dodges from one position to another, readers might be kept up to date by means of weekly supplements, replacing out-of-date observations.

It is generally conceded that the Taft of 1951, who could view the closing of the Suez Canal as adequate grounds for the United States to consider going to war, is a vast improvement over the Taft of 1941, who could declare (and within the present month reassert his belief) that he saw no danger to America in a Nazi victory over all of Europe. Yet to take this great advance in thinking to mean that Mr. Taft has come around to the point of view shared by a majority of Americans would hardly be justified.

Taft is today vigorously disclaiming the "isolationist" tag, and boldly asserting that he does recognize that our own security might at least in some degree depend on the survival of the rest of the free world. It is interesting to note in comparison his conflicting stands on foreign policy issues of major importance in our scheme of international defense over the last decade. For this is the same Taft who opposed Selective Service in 1940 and 1941, who voted against Lend Lease in 1940 ("Of all the foolish plans, this seems to me the most asinine," he said of it), advocated a "negotiated peace" with Hitler dominant on the European continent, and thought, even in 1941, that the only way in which peace could be secured would be "to defend the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans (our side of them, mind you!) against every aggressor."

Since World War II, Taft has proved the color of his "internationalism" by frequent votes and speeches against virtually every major effort made by the President and Congress to assert effective leadership in blocking the advance of world Communism. For four successive years, 1947-50, he has either voted

against U. S. Aid to Europe, or voted to cut it to the point of complete inadequacy. Yet he would have us believe that he supports the Marshall Plan.

He waged a bitter fight in the Senate against the North Atlantic Pact, and challenged the power of the President to send troops to Europe in fulfillment of our obligations under the Treaty. This he justifies on the flimsy ground that the Pact "was contrary to the whole theory of the United Nations Charter," while at the same time claiming that in view of the impotence of the United Nations to enforce world peace, he sees "no choice except to develop our own military policy and our own policy of alliances, without substantial regard to the U. N."

by Al Perry

Monologue

Carolina has the Victory Bell.

Although we lost the ball game Saturday, six determined Carolina students stole it right from under the noses of the entire Duke student body.

Seems that a few of the Blue Devils were celebrating their victory in front of the Duke Chapel with the bell, and the six Tar Heels joined in, pretending to be loyal Dukesters. After the crowd had subsided, the Tar Heels persuaded the custodian of the bright blue bell that it would be a great idea to parade down the main streets of Chapel Hill.

Somewhere along the line, the Duke detective got left out, and the Victory Bell is now, we hear, carefully hidden somewhere on Campus.

I'll have to agree with fellow columnist Dave Alexander, who says, elsewhere on this page, that the film "Golden Girl" is a stinkeroo.

Only I do disagree with just how it is a flop. The movie's title should be changed from "Golden Girl" to "Mitzi Gaynor". Not more than twice during the entire show does the audience get a chance to stop looking at the lousy acting and not-very-impressive figure of Miss Gaynor. Every scene has this gal.

Filled with the usual Hollywood stereotypes, the handsome, aristocratic Southern Gentleman, and the drunk, gambling father, the show is only partly saved by the singing of Dennis Day.

I like the fresh, new outlook of some of the coeds on this campus, particularly after overhearing a Y-Court conversation recently.

In answer to the old reliable gag question, "Will night baseball ever replace sex?" one sorority gal said, "I don't like night baseball." And one of her sisters added, "Yeh, and besides I don't know anything about night baseball."

On Campus

HOW OLD SHOULD A VOTER BE? . . .

The question of whether 18-year-olds should vote was put to a number of students at Potomac State College, West Virginia. The answer, by about two to one, was no.

Reviews And Previews

A typical Hollywood exploitation of the film "Golden Girl" started off this way, "Twentieth Century Fox's 14 Carat 13 song salute to . . ." and I imagine that you expect this sort of thing. I can give you some advice with a number in it too! Save your 42 cents.

This is the hammiest musical offering that I have seen in some months. While the story and most of the songs are so dull, there is one faint glimmer of hope—hope that the young star Mitzi Gaynor will never again be wasted in such trash.

The story concerns a little school girl, Lotta Crabtree, who goes on the stage because her weak father (James Barton) gambles away the boardinghouse her mother (Una Merkel) has slaved in for years.

Lotta (Mitzi) falls in love with a gentleman from Alabama (Dale Robertson) who turns out to be a bandit working for the Confederacy during the war between the states. Dennis Day is also along, but put to little use, singing several miserable songs that went out with the covered wagon.

If this interests you, you'll find it at the Carolina Theater starting today.

The Varsity has "Two Tickets to Broadway" and this is more like it! You will undoubtedly recognize some of the plot material, but you won't object since the music is top-drawer material, and the stars are top-flight.

The cast is probably one of the most impressive you will see all year. Headed by Janet Leigh, Tony Martin, Gloria DeHaven, Ann Miller, Eddie Bracken, Barbara Lawrence, and Bob Crosby, it adds the right ingredients to any musical.

The Manhattan Number, and a ballet-phantasy featuring Janet Leigh and Tony Martin are particularly interesting to watch. Janet dances for the first time in this film, and had her very good friend Marge Champion for a dance teacher. Ann Miller manages to get off a snappy dance number, and Gloria DeHaven clowns through several songs with Eddie Bracken. It is all done up in technicolor, and is fast enough to keep you entertained. This film will end its three-day run today, at the Varsity Theater.

mac State College, West Virginia. The answer, by about two to one, was no.

One coed said: "In my opinion 18-year-olds are not taking the voting situation too seriously and don't really care if they vote or not."

Most interesting comment came from a pre-law student: "You shouldn't vote until you are 30-years-old."

From the Cavalier Daily, University of Virginia:

"Dear Sir;

No football

No cuts;

This college
Is nuts