

# Editorially Speaking

## YOU PROBABLY DIDN'T KNOW THIS

The Debate Council is a potentially powerful organization about which few students know a great deal. This council, composed of six students and three faculty members, can appropriate large sums of student money as they see fit. In recent times, knowledge of the functions, purpose, and potentialities of the Debate Council has become rather obsolete.

In the recent elections, we commonly heard remarks like "Why do students have to vote on who is to belong to this debating society?" or "Is the Debate Council an honorary organization?" In truth, the Debate Council here at the University is a very important and very necessary part of student government. At one time it sent students across the seas to debate with the universities in Europe. In the last month the Debate Council has sent debate teams up and down the eastern coast into a number of states.

The Debate Council normally spends thousands of dollars every year on forensic activities at Carolina. Funds are dispersed to organizations like the IRC, CPU, Di, and Conference of Southern Colleges.

The money appropriated by the Council is eventually used to stage forums, polls, and most important of all, to bring important speakers to the campus. President Roosevelt has been presented on this campus by organizations subsidized by the Debate Council.

It is easy to see that the Debate Council has a great responsibility to the students and if properly used can be of great benefit to the University. All too often, the Council has been too timid and unconscious of its power. Funds have been appropriated unwisely and the student body has never been informed of the action taken. Unqualified persons have become members of the Council because the student body has failed to realize the responsibility and power vested in the Councilman. The student body—repulsed by the word "debate" with the connotation of dullness and unimportance—have failed to select able men.

A new Council has just been elected to serve for the coming year. George Lilly, a Marine, and Tom Redfern, a civilian, were selected by the student body. These two candidates engaged in a large campus-wide political campaign; their qualifications were carefully examined by political parties and all individuals who were interested. Every student at Carolina had a right to express himself in regard to the selection of these two men.

At a meeting Tuesday night, the Debate Squad selected three members of the Debate Council. About ten Debate Squad members were at the meeting which was very little advertised. David Pittman, Nina Guard, and Fred Chamberlain, all present at the meeting, were selected. By a pure miracle, all three of these new Debate Councilmen seem to be well qualified. Their qualifications are certainly not to be credited to the conditions under which they were elected. Backed by less than ten non-representative votes, these three students will have the same powers that the other two fought a major campaign to win. The members of the Debate Squad may include almost anyone on the campus who has ever had any interest in debating. Any ambitious person could have packed the Squad with his friends of party members and would have won an assured victory. By a miracle (and some would say: by the post-election lethargy of the two political parties), the Squad was not packed; and a small minority held an extemporaneous election.

However, here is a condition even more surprising. The Dialectic Senate—a clique, or fraternity style organization open only to those whom the members want to admit—is allowed to send one representative to the Debate Council to appropriate student money! Even this, however, by another miracle, turned out well—for once. Bill Crisp, whom we think to be one of the most able debaters at Carolina, was elected to represent the Di.

The Di is usually able to send a very capable Councilman, for the Di has property and prestige which keeps it the leader in formal student debating. Nevertheless, the Di can not claim to be representative of the student body; it is a fraternity of students chosen for their popularity and ability to debate.

We believe that the new Debate Council will do a good job. Perhaps they do not appreciate their position too much, for, with the exception of Lilly and Redfern, they had no difficulty getting elected. However, let us say that we expect a lot of them; as a whole, they do not represent us, and we must demand that they give good service. Let's hope that the student legislature will see what a foul system of election exists, and provide that effective next year the Debate Council will consist of three members elected by the entire campus (as is the PU Board), and one faculty member selected by the Council.

Until the condition is remedied, may we suggest five things for the present Council:

- (1) The re-selection of Drs. Woodhouse, Lefler, and Godfrey as faculty advisers,
- (2) The re-organization of the Philanthropic Assembly,
- (3) More intramural debating,
- (4) A closer co-ordination of the Di, CPU, and IRC, and related organizations,
- (5) More aggressive control of all campus activities related to forensics.

## THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL OVER ON TAR HEEL

(From the Duke Chronicle, published by the students of Duke University)

It's often been said "Genius is where you find it." But it seems to us there has been a lot of findin' on the Tar Heel recently.

A little over a year ago there was the Yale transfer who copped Heel editorship after a couple of months of his first term, then last summer a Marine who established a beachhead in July, mopped up in October, and just the other day there came to our attention the freshman from Hickory who made it in one spurt last week!

# Lux et Libertas

By Angela Hardy

The other day I wandered into Person Hall for the first time. I had always thought that the exhibits, lectures, and services offered there were above my head, but I took courage and entered.

When I had absorbed as much from the exhibit on Modern Photography as I thought, my brain would permit, I timidly asked permission to look around in the studio which adjoined the gallery.

The work being done there interested me for awhile but then my attention was drawn to the files of paintings to one side. When I asked what they were I was told that they were the Person Hall Collection of Paintings for rental purposes.

The paintings were chiefly of the modern and impressionist period with a few of the more familiar paintings of earlier periods.

I began to look through the collection. My eyes were suddenly caught and held in amazement by one particular painting by Marc Chagall which, supposedly, was symbolic of the wedding of two people. To me the two half-starved creatures, centered before a huge bouquet of flowers, staring blankly at each other, while two winged figures with garlands and violins floated through the air above them were definitely not my idea of marriage. Unconsciously I said: "If

this is art, then deliver me."

I was then informed that an artist paints from the world as he views it and though this angle may appear strange to us at first, close association with the finished work helps us to begin to see what the artist saw. I replied that it would take plenty of close association to develop my appreciation for "that."

We talked on and I found myself being gradually persuaded to try this method. I knew that I was fighting a losing battle and anyway I had nothing to lose. I paid the quarter rental fee and started off. I carefully turned the picture inside and upside down so that the curious passersby would not think me quite so strange.

Fortunately my roommates were out when I arrived so I had time to hang it before they could object. I regretfully cleared a space on the wall of the group of luscious Varga girls reclining there and hung the masterpiece.

My roommates first registered horror and then amusement for they thought it all a big joke. They didn't think it quite so funny when I told them it was going to remain there for a month.

Nearly a week has passed and at least I have grown accustomed to it. It has disturbed my studies a little and caused quite a bit of commiseration. Unconsciously I said: "If

See LUX ET LIBERTAS, page 4.

# The Ram Sees...

BY AN OLD GOAT

Rameses offers an infallible way to distinguish between the Carolina coed who neglects to cut her 8 o'clock class and the one who steals beauty naps until 10 a. m. The former always braves early-morning skies clad in complete rain regalia while her more fortunate chum usually makes a starched-cotton-breath-of-spring appearance.

• Dan is here... Zelda Oser's man of the moment, the hour, and the year. He's been skylarking her about campus as she sits perched atop the second cloud to the left. By way of delving into the facts of the case, Dan is enroute from Texas to New York where he's "researching" at Columbia for Uncle Sam.

• Tommy Thomas, your Alma Mater says welcome home again. It's "an apple for the teacher," for Tommy has turned school marm holding classes in physics, biology, and social science at Chapel Hill. Does Paul Ludwig have any objections for her address, second floor Carr, being made the common property of all?

Seen on Franklin Street at 2 a. m.: Bill Crisp lecturing to Ann Judson. Dave Koontz, Bob Gurney, Ray Levine and Buddy Glenn about freedom of speech. Marines in Pettigrew, V-12's in Vance, and civilians in Battle trying to sleep above the uproar.

This old goat refuses to divulge the name of the person in question, but this much he will reveal: a certain Carolina bell-bottom would probably have preferred to "eat alone and like it." It proved too much for his manly ego to satisfy his appetite (for food) before 350 pairs of staring eyes at WC last week-end.

Whether it's "January, February, June, or July" . . . plus anywhere in between . . . wedding bells

ring out clear and melodiously. "Kat" Hill, former editor of the Tar Heel, will soon join the leather-necks' bride brigade. Another blushing-bride-to-be is Eleanor McWane, a former president of ADPI. "From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli," Helen Gore will be ever-faithful to Lt. Blake Anderson, her fiance stationed at New River, North Carolina. Good Sigma Chis were the muchly concerned third party in the birthday "beringing" of Lucy Alston, once-upon-a-time "pinned" love of Ray Walters. They did the honors and slipped the ring on her finger for brother Ray, now in the far Pacific.

The Thursday afternoon entertainment with which the Tri-Delts honored the latest Pan-Hell additions, the Alpha Gams, started the ball rolling as a long "imported" week-end "frolicked" into being. See the back page for "sponsor" details of tonight's May Frolics scheduled this 11th hour in April. And see every partying ground and watering hole in captivity, with emphasis on Hogan's Lake, if you're interested in each and every aspect of this not-soon-to-be-forgotten week-end.

Today is heralded the National Founders Day for Pi Beta Phi . . . 1867-1945 seems to total up to a mighty long time . . . 78 years. And so the "arrow girls" are women-in-white, wearing as an important accessory their colors . . . the wine and silver-blue.

Not "the Call of the Fire" but the call of the beach will be responsible for the BURNED but glowing looks of half a score of Carolina lassies. Rameses calls the roll: Mary Stuart Snider, Elaine Bates, Betty Strickland, Sophie Sue Duffy, Mickey Gulick, Ruth Doggett, Tharon Young, "Poggie" Penn, Boo Lea, Emma Sutherland, and Henriette Hampton.

## Menagerie Mirror

By Linda Nobles

Had the Gods in their infinite wisdom decreed that TODAY'S PERSONALITY join a band of Indian warriors, said personality would have selected Carolina's "Y" as his "Happy Hunting Grounds." But the Fates did not so will that he walk the earth to the sound of a tom-tom, garbed in war paint and feathers. Instead, this college Joe, in slacks and saddles, fulfills his duties as president of the "Y" League of Loitering Loafers. His contagious grin, his "gift for gab" and names, too, make him admirably qualified to serve in the above-mentioned capacity. Whether "it's cloudy or fair," "10, 2, or 4" you'll find him pounding his beat between the ice cream bar and his favorite "Y" court bench.

This guy on exhibition, who speaks with a slightly Virginian accent, has been at Carolina a year "come June" . . . In that month he began "hanging his hat" in Steele dorm rather than "making his bed" in a Fort Benning barracks. Although he denies being a politician at heart, the facts speak for themselves . . . within mere days after he arrived at Chapel Hill he was elected to the legislature. Offered as additional proof that he's avidly interested in student government . . . he's an active member of the University Party. But his interests

do not solely lie in one channel . . . the channel of politics. In a rather serious moment he's confessed that he'd someday like to make his living with his pen.

The game Pocomoko might reveal his theatrical talent while rumor and the Phi Delta dinner table have it that he's quite a songster. But he doesn't go around "tootin' his own horn" . . . a trumpet . . . well, not since high school anyway. To continue to speak on musical topics, he's a member of the dance committee.

Mr. X's personality is split to include many interests . . . one being a decided fondness for nocturnal partying whether it be at Battle Park or in the Porthole. Although he has a "pinned" love in a distant town and is currently courting "Mrs. Van," he must mean business when he goes on a date, 'cause he always wears a pencil cocked behind his ear . . . and it's not to mark away time either.

The Menagerie Mirror gives its final revealing hint: When he was knee-high to a duck, today's HE was constantly begging a drink of water . . . hence the nickname THIRSTY. Menagerie Mirror asks the parting question: Is he still THIRSTY only for WATER, eh?

Answer: Allan Pannill

## ? What's WHAT ?

By Wayne K. Brenengen

Test your wits and see if you can answer them. If you can answer 8 to 10 correctly—excellent; 5 to 8—good; 3 to 5—fair. Below that you need study. So let's go—

1. Are there any countries in the world in which the voting age is higher than 21 years?
2. What state extends farther south, Florida or Texas?
3. What is the largest wild bird in America?
4. What is a "waltzing" mouse?
5. Have the governors of States the right to veto bills?
6. How fast does a person's hair grow?
7. What president of the United States was the oldest at the time of his inauguration?

**FOR MARINES**  
8. Who is the author of the saying: "The Marines have landed and have the situation well in hand?"

**FOR SAILORS AND ROTC'S**  
9. Who mans the guns on merchant vessels?

**FOR NURSES**  
10. If a nurse in the Navy Nurse Corps wishes to marry, must she resign?

**FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS**  
A health expert says the only safe place to kiss a girl is on her photograph. Can you picture that?

ANSWERS

1. It is 28. There are a few in the Netherlands and in Denmark the voting age is 25; in Norway and Sweden it is 23.
2. Florida extends farther south than Texas.
3. The empanada is the largest of all wildfowl. Some attain the weight of 35 pounds. Ten years ago there were found on the island of St. Vincent in the West Indies a species of empanada that was larger than the largest empanada ever seen. It was called the "Giant Empanada" and it was killed by a man named John Bull.
4. A waltzing mouse is a breed of the common mouse, supposedly originated in Japan. The balancing apparatus of the inner ear is imperfect and this causes the animal to turn constantly in short circles.
5. With the exception of North Carolina, all States give the governor the right to veto measures enacted by the legislature, and also the legislature to override a veto by a two-thirds majority.
6. The average mouse has a span of life of about four years.
7. The average life span of a sailing ship is about 20 years.
8. Bruce "Sandy" Minnix, AS, USNR.
9. With the exception of North Carolina, all States give the governor the right to veto measures enacted by the legislature, and also the legislature to override a veto by a two-thirds majority.
10. The average life span of a sailing ship is about 20 years.

## Sandy Minnix Bids Carolina Fond Farewell

Portsmouth Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.

Dear Bob and All:

Chapel Hill is far away from me in miles now but still very close to me in my mind. If this is printed, it will give me a chance to thank everyone who was so swell to me. That is the purpose of this letter—but it is hard to say.

Despite its world-shaking elections and such, Carolina is a wonderful place. The nicest thing I can say is that I felt as bad about leaving Carolina as I did about leaving home for "boot" camp. I hope some day that I shall be able to return.

I am glad that I was lucky enough to go there and will always cherish the privilege of calling Carolina my alma mater.

Sincerely,  
Bruce "Sandy" Minnix, AS, USNR.  
(Editor's Note: As a V-12 here, "Sandy" was a member of the society staff and one of the authors of "The Ram Sees.")

## A Revelation: Cadets Use Lifebuoy, Mum, Listerine

Editor, Tar Heel:

How about sparmin' me a couple of lines to put in a plug for the Pre-Flight (fly-fly) School here on the campus?

In the last issue of the Tar Heel your scribe, Pat Kelly, in her (or his?) "column with a purpose" went into rather great detail with various and sundry facts and figures about the present enrollment at this institution of learning. For some unknown reason that chirographer

failed to even mention the 1,423 naval aviation cadets who are, I'll admit, only vaguely connected with the University but nevertheless receive U. of N. C. credits for their work. In the future how about giving us at least an asterisk and short footnote because, after all, we do use Lifebuoy, Mum, Listerine, and eat our Wheaties regularly. Common, please officially admit us to your coterie because we want to play too.

A/C Robert D. Beach.

## The Tar Heel

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