

The Daily Tar Heel

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That Graduate Vote

"You mean I'm subject to the control of that bunch of low-grade morons?"

The speaker was a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in his mid-thirties, and he was flattering the campus judiciary.

"That's right," we said.

"The Men's Council? The Student Council? They can kick me out of school?"

"Right again," we said.

"But they're children . . . idiots!"

We assured our friend that we doubted he would be expelled in the near future, and claimed that he hadn't touched on a more serious angle of this student government business.

The graduate students (we lectured) seldom seem to realize that they fork over a considerable sum of money each year for the maintenance of Student Government. When they do, they seem to harbor a resentment against undergraduate politicians who determine—not only how much—but also what it shall be spent for.

The Legislature, with an aggregate I. Q., according to my friends hazy knowledge, lower than that of a colony of Rhesus monkeys, perpetuates an expenditure of something like \$100,000 every year, and a healthy hunk of that comes from the pockets of graduate students.

"Well, why don't they give us some return? A worthwhile speaker, a graduate social room, or a few much needed books for our inadequate library?"

We didn't know positively why, but suggested offhandedly that graduate students could give themselves some of those things.

My friend was bitter. We don't have thousands of dollars to play with "like the undergraduates."

"On the contrary, it's your money," we insisted, and asked illogically when he had last voted in a campus election, and if he knew who was running for the graduate seat on Men's Council.

He began to get the point.

Riff... by Raff

In a few days you will be hearing plenty about it, so I thought I would get a head start on all the rest of the world reminding you that Brotherhood Week begins this coming Sunday. From the 17th until the 24th you will probably hear so much about Brotherhood Week that by the time it is over you will, no doubt develop a keen distaste for these international Philadelphians.

To live through an Easter holiday, Christmas season or Brotherhood Week without listening to a million spirited male and female animals howl about our practically impossible.

I think that by the time Brotherhood Week has passed we will be as tired of it as we are with "Jingle Bells" when Saint Nick has pointed his reindeer toward the North Pole.

Being a brother to everyone can become as annoying as a singing commercial and all the considered words of Priests, Rabbis and ministers sound like so much Solium.

All the other Brotherhood Weeks I've lived through come back to me as a recollection of churchmen blaming me and my fellowmen for the condition of the world. They keep telling me what I should do to learn to love my neighbor, but I am so over-

taken by the many voices all in one week that I can't hear what each one is saying.

Great men of knowledge are always harping on the idea that there is no difference between my neighbor and me. How can they possibly talk us into this when we see differences every day?

We are the ones who really make the differences. I should hate to think that we are living in a world where everyone is the same, particularly if the boys are like me and the girls like my girl. These variances in peoples and individuals should make no difference to us even though there is a difference in the peoples and individuals themselves.

My roommate is perfectly normal. He has ten fingers-six on one hand, four on the other. But because I have four on one hand and six on the other, you think he hates me? He has learned to overlook my peculiarity and, as a result, we think nations and races should make an example of us.

Just in opposition to the present regime, my roommate and I fight and throw chairs at each other during Brotherhood Week and are friendly the rest of the year.

by Barry Farber

Not Guilty

RIO DE JANEIRO, JAN. 25—The first Inter-American Congress of students started off with a diplomatic earthquake and slowly worked up to a climax. At noon today student delegates from fifteen American republics filed into the spacious conference room on the first floor of the headquarters of the Brazilian Student Union to lay groundwork, swap small talk, exchange souvenirs, and, in general, try to size each other up as to political feelings, etc.

For the first ten minutes things went remarkable well. Argentines and Costa Ricans laughed at each other's shaggy dog stories, Peru and Ecuador exchanged "saludos," Cuban cigars and Lucky Strikes circulated at par value, and bronze, mustachioed caballeros from Uruguay and Honduras happily sipped "mate" from the same gourd.

Soon a Brazilian bellhop passed around mimeographed agendas describing the activities planned for the big opening session that evening. A speech by Brazilian President Vargas was scheduled for eight o'clock followed by a reception for the ambassadors of all countries which had delegations represented.

Bingo! That did it. Everything hit the fan. An outraged "companionero" from Argentina took the floor and swore he'd rather roast in hell than greet the fascist representative of Peron. Peru applauded vigorously, adding that he'd sooner bathe in white hot lava than drink cocktails in the same room with the agent of the invidious dictator Odria. Honduras said he regretted the fact that his hated government had no ambassador in Rio because he'd like nothing better than to pitch a martini in his face and tell him to go straight up to the Amazon and get his head shrunk.

A venom-spitting lad from Uruguay shouted that the Brazilian organizers of the Congress had some nerve expecting free and democratic students to sit and listen to that diabolic dictator, Getulio Vargas. Brazil countered by pointing out that Vargas was no longer a dictator. Uruguay said he used to be and if he so much as opened his fascist trap they would all pack up and go home. Brazil said Uruguay was a trifle hasty. Uruguay called Brazil an overgrown coffee plantation. Brazil called Uruguay a malignant growth.

Then everybody started shrieking four letter words in four different languages as the charged atmosphere vibrated with the violent eruption of Latin glands.

By this time the lobby was rapidly filling with tuxedoed Presidents, Generalissimos, Ambassadors, and attaches while Student America debated whether or not they would be received. Argentina made a motion to forego the reception, forget the whole thing, and get a good night's sleep. Motion carried.

The delegates streamed out of the building leaving behind a group of frowning, confused diplomats.

I guess you might say our first official act of Rio was to dispense with the opening session.

Straly Corrects Murphy

Madam Editor:

Several of my colleagues have asked me today just what was the occasion on which I spoke out at a faculty meeting in protest to the questionnaire relative to membership in subversive organizations. As the faculty knows, the questionnaire has never been discussed in a formal faculty meeting; it was not submitted to the faculty for approval; nor has the faculty insisted upon this item taking a place on the agenda of any later meeting.

The meeting to which Mr. Murphy undoubtedly refers was not a meeting of the full faculty nor was it the type of meeting that members of the faculty would call a "faculty meeting," this term usually signifying the sort of meeting in which University business is transacted. It was a meeting called for the express purpose of considering the "political questionnaire."

Out of that meeting came a committee whose purpose was that of maintaining academic freedom. The two faculty members of that committee were Professor Phillips Russell and myself.

As a committee we never amounted to much State papers referred to us as a "red cell." Our heart wasn't in it; the uncomfortable feeling that it was somehow subversive to meet and discuss academic freedom proved to be not a little wearing. We didn't disband; we just died.

The faculty in general has issued somewhat more opposition

Madam Editor:

I have read so many so-called articles about the fraternity system in The Daily Tar Heel that I feel it is time someone put in a good word for our fraternities.

I realize that since you no longer have the leased wire service, you are hard put to find something to fill your pages, but I believe you could spend some time on other things of more interest to the campus and of which you know more about.

I consider myself an average fraternity man—even though I don't have a Cadillac or a "tux". I came to Carolina from New York City and went through rushing just like any other freshman and since I have found

than that indicated by Mr. Murphy. The committee on Academic Freedom of the American Association of University Professors has continued to present the case against the questionnaire to the Administration. It would be incorrect to say that this committee is exerting strong pressure—faculty people don't like pressure techniques—but the viewpoint of this group has been unchanging and the Administration has been kept informed as to what this viewpoint is.

Joseph W. Straly

The Daily Tar Heel finds some significance but no surprise in the fact that the faculty body was never given an opportunity to discuss the question of the "hidden" loyalty oath in a regular faculty meeting.

Faculty meetings must be called by Chancellor Robert House—not a member of the faculty, but chief administrator of this institution—who also provides the agenda and chairs the meetings.

We apologize for Mr. Murphy and ourselves for the single inaccuracy that Professors Straly and Russell did not speak out in a regular faculty meeting. We maintain, with Mr. Murphy, that those two men showed courage and integrity not seen in the remainder of the faculty in speaking out wherever it was as individuals, and in taking action on the question, in the face of the usual cry of "subversive."—Editors.

that the good features far outweigh the bad. Last spring, my pledge class and others cleaned up Battle Park and this year all fraternities are having work weeks, to mention a few projects.

I realize that most of the flattering articles are written by non-fraternity men, but since they choose not to join a fraternity, I believe they could contribute a service to all by simply keeping their mouths shut.

In closing I would like to say that as the size of fraternities continues to increase, the size and scope of the Daily Tar Heel continues to decrease.

T. Jack O'Petty

Reviews and Previews

Despite the rather inhospitable reception given them by the sponsoring organization, the Matinee Opera Company succeeded in presenting a lively and pleasurable "Englished" *Hansel and Gretel* on Tuesday evening. Restricted to the ridiculously undersized stage in the Rendez-Vous Room, the five performers sang the familiar score with considerable ability.

Florence Holland gave an ingenuous and fanciful performance as Gretel. Her duets with Ivy Dale, who was Hansel, displayed consistently effective ensemble technique. Miss Dale made Hansel both persuasive in action and accomplished in vocal presentation. Their work together was effective, particularly in the comedy scenes.

John Sinclair sang the father, Peter, admirably. Hope Bennett, as Gertrude, his wife, was adequate. Both were, perhaps restricted in their movements by the narrow confines in which they were working. Beale Hober made the witch a charming grotesque. She sang well and rode her broomstick with a necromancer's skill. Her vigor, combined with the musicianship of the others made the third act especially effective. The children were delighted and the adults were charmed.

Hansel and Gretel is an appropriate vehicle for a small company. Humperdinck's score is a masterpiece of contrived simplicity and, at the same time, distinguished operatic writing.

William Peterson
Henry Rosenberg