

The Daily Tar Heel

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—by Barry Farber
Personally

Doctor Franz Polgar, the magnetic wizard of hypnotism, is the most uncanny personality to grace this planet since Nostradamus. A backstage interview with this delightful trance huckster convinced me that Polgar could walk into the middle of Kenan stadium at halftime of the Notre Dame game, snap his fingers, whip out a revolver, and yell, "Don't anybody move. This is a stickup."

The two thousand students who giggled over Polgar's hypnotactics last Tuesday night in Memorial hall saw only one stockroom in a vast warehouse of mental marvels. Any beet-nose clown at a county fair can hypnotize a dozen ladies and gentlemen per hour and still have time left over to peddle cotton candy. Franz Polgar cracked the pages of *Who's Who*, not by virtue of his back hand whammies, but because he reigns supreme in the controversial realm of telepathy, memory, and mental acrobatics.

Polgar, the son of a school teacher, was born in Hungary. When the Kaiser Wilhelm decided to give the world a hot-foot back in 1914, young Franz became a second lieutenant in the Hungarian Army. One day an Italian shell buried Polgar alive causing amnesia and aphasia. He spent the next six months trying to remember his own last name. Upon recuperation Polgar found he could memorize at sight, read minds, and anticipate the actions of his associates.

He found a job as a waiter in a small New York Hungarian restaurant and astounded the cash customers by bringing their orders before they even had time to translate the menu. He became an expert hypnotist and soon left the twisted alleys of the twilight world to become the most eminent mentalist of the era.

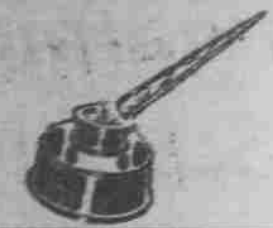
His favorite trick is to have his sponsors hide his performance check in some unlikely spot and let him find it with his "mystic compass." He once plucked a paycheck from under the garter of a waitress in a Manhattan night club. (The show that night was in Brooklyn. Talk about confidence!)

Polgar says his fans keep pestering him with requests to locate diamond mines, restore lost limbs, and pick the winner in the third at Hialeah. That doesn't seem so fantastic when you consider that fabulous Franz once Polgarized 3,000 Hungarians by radio (even the studio engineers went to sleep) and then memorized the Budapest telephone directory for an encore. At Denton, Texas, he put 319 girls to sleep at the same time. Once he hypnotized the entire Georgia Tech football team before a game with Alabama. Tech won by two touchdowns.

Doctor Polgar estimates he has sent over 100,000 people into silent slumber. (He frequently has trouble sleeping himself.)

Last December, in Yugoslavia, I shared a salami sandwich with a political refugee from Polgar's home town of Enying, Hungary. "It seems," said the exiled peasant, "that Franz Polgar is not the only great hypnotist our country has produced. Comrade Rakosi (communist dictator of

Express Yourself



Editor:

It gives me great pleasure to be able to address a letter to the new editor who will not let trifling things be built up to such a campus disgrace. Now I know that student opinion will be expressed and not created.

What I want to write to the new editor about is to defend hazing here at North Carolina, and more especially to defend Phi Gamma Delta which has been unjustly and unfairly criticized for its part in hazing. I am the unknown person on campus who actually knows how hazing is really felt since I have been the subject of this outrage. I thought it was time for me to come out and do a little defending for myself as well as for Phi Gamma Delta. I am tired of having this being brought up time after time which has no bearing on the present situation, as Miss Harden deems it does. I have tried to forget about this incident, but how can I forget it when it keeps coming back by people who try to put the pressure on in order to bring it up again.

When I came to Carolina in 1948, and I am still here, I knew that I was going to be hazed one way or the other, and I believe everyone here knew that if they joined a fraternity, or any organization he would be hazed according to the new IFC law and the 1913 Statute of North Carolina. Under these wide interpretations of the bill and laws, anything you do would be construed as hazing. Yes, I am the one who took the "noxi-

ous poisoning," but do I hold it against my brothers.

No, it was something that neither I nor fraternity brothers could help, and I still like every one of my brothers as if nothing has happened. I want to say that the truth has not been presented in this case. Why did Miss Harden print such stories that have been presented in newspapers all over the state? There is one thing I want to make definite and final. I did not nearly die as the papers said.

All of this affair happened three years ago, and to the ex-President Henry Bowers and ex-Daily Tar Heel Editor; this has no connection with the present case as Mr. Bowers and Miss Harden have tried to make it so. So since it has been three years ago since this incident has died, why not forget the past?

The Interfraternity Court has people on its court who are justly qualified to handle affairs of a fraternity and, furthermore they understand the problems of a fraternity because they are representatives of a fraternity. They know the way to handle the situations that might occur such as this. So if they handle this case successfully, why not give the Interfraternity Court a chance and let them handle other cases that might arrive? Let us remember that it has only been six weeks since the fraternities passed the new hazing rule. Why not give this rule also a chance to work?

Name withheld by request.

—by David Alexander

Reviews and Previews

THE BATTLE OF THE ROXY: When, according to the new film biography of Jane Froman, John Burn first saw his wife to be, he had to climb the veritable mountain of stairways to the balcony of the Roxy Theater. To him, a military man, it was quite a battle. Ironically enough, yours truly fought a similar battle to see the film at that same theater. With the news of the more recent plane crash involving this pilot fresh on the miles of newsprint, "With A Song in My Heart" is one of the biggest cinema attractions to reach New York in a long time.

Look Mag carried a feature article with a revue of the film, plus biographical sketches of both Miss Froman, and her movie twin, Susan Hayward. Capitol Records have put out a new album from the film, and numbers of other record concerns have re-issued records by Jane Froman.

When the film was premiered in Coral Gables and Miami in March, it was enthusiastically received, and to the delight of movie-goers, Thelma Ritter, and Jane Froman were special guest stars. Actually the picture was

Hungary) has held the entire nation under hypnosis for five years."

He quaffed a generous slug of plum brandy, shifted his nostal-

all set, with the exception of the Ritter role, and put into production before Thelma decided to take the role. The day she finally made up her mind, she walked onto the fabulous blue and white set on the Fox sound stage, took one look at the seven huge chandeliers and decided this was it. "What other star," she asked, "could possibly be so lucky as to appear in a seven chandelier picture?"

"With A Song in My Heart" is more than a musical, it is the story of an entertainer who has become a legend to millions of people. This is just my humble opinion, but I think "With A Song in My Heart" will do for Jane Froman and Twentieth Century Fox, what "The Jolson Story" did for Al Jolson and Columbia Studios. To those people who have never heard or seen Jane Froman will come an interest which will send them hurrying to record and book stores all over the nation, just to know a little more about her. Luckily for the average theatergoer, the film opens engagements all over the nation starting with this Easter Week, and will open here Sunday at the Carolina Theater, after playing the late show on Saturday.

gic stare northward, and quietly added, "I wish that Franz would return someday and wake everybody up with a simple snap of his fingers."

Student Opinion Expressed, Not Created

Unfortunately, our new staff is handicapped by the lack of an omniscient Aristotle to hand down sacrosanct proclamations from the ethereal blue and thereby keep your line of thought on a true, undeviating course. For want of such an oracle, we intend to clear the runway to allow for free expression on all sides of every issue.

We have managed to mold a harmonious staff of workers who promise to be the greatest aggregation of journalistic talent ever assembled under The Daily Tar Heel masthead. There is only one catch. This staff is made up entirely of human beings, creatures who tend to fall somewhat short of perfection. We still need a cosmic "Thought Leader" who can distill every controversial question down to its purest essence and come up with the "truth" in time to beat a three o'clock deadline.

If such a paragon actually lives and breathes here in Chapel Hill, let him come immediately to the office of the Editor and assume his role of "Opinion Molder." Otherwise, you will just have to rely on our honesty, sincerity, and common sense to give you the paper you deserve.

No Tar On His Heels

Bill C. Brown is a columnist for The Daily Tar Heel. Far more important (by the job he has done) he is a legislator from Dorm Mens I. Representative Brown must have an inherent modesty, or he would have reported the following facts in his column, or to his newspaper.

From an outside source, we learn of the remarkable thing he has done. In an effort to truly represent his constituents, Brown has instituted the practice of posting notices, containing full information as to action taken by the legislature, and measures which will be up for action at the next session.

He has posted this information on bulletin boards in each of the 10 dormitories in his district, which represents some effort on his part to keep the people he represents informed as to what is going on.

In this year of "student apathy" legislator Brown has performed a real grass roots service.

—by Rolfe Neill

The Livespike



Reflecting upon recent events it's not hard to see why student press freedom frequently is endangered—or at least should be endangered. We do it ourselves.

One of the more flagrant violations has been the hazing huzzas now in progress. Enough misinformation has been printed about certain groups, individuals et al to certainly invite muzzling by the Administration. Fortunately, the Administration has seen fit to let the student press ballast itself. This we hope to do.

However, worse than the wrong impressions spread about campus are the ones left with the people throughout the state. Who has flicked on the radio or browsed through a newspaper the past few days without hearing about Phi Gamma Delta and a pledge who was "nearly killed." This has a certain legitimate news value—as much as a 2-year-old item can have—but it has been stretched beyond proportion by past issues of The Daily Tar Heel and the state's press.

The state papers have been prostituted by student correspondents here who in a large measure feed them with the controversial spot news.

The facts are that a man was not "nearly killed" and the Phi Gams were dealt with.

President Gordon Gray has asserted that personally he will fight for the expression of student opinion at all times, for or against the Administration, so long as it is factually sound. So let it be.

Not long ago some guy complained about being raped by two women. Yesterday came the report of a "husky, 21-year-old Marine" who claimed three "Amazons" forced him to submit to them in a car with a built-in "bedroom."

The police said they would charge the girls with highway robbery if apprehended (they took some money from the Marine). We wonder what the Marine's commanding officer will charge him with.

Perhaps it was just coincidence, but as Henry Bowers packed his papers, trinkets and the innumerable other things he collected in a year of the presidency, a dirgeful symphony played sadly on Henry's 45 record player.