

# The Daily Tar Heel

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## Greeks On Trial

Greek Week is an excellent idea which is not realizing its potential. It suffers from a lack of enthusiasm by participants at every stage: Organizers, fraternity membership as a whole, and the pledges involved. It is regarded by many as a bastard plan which is producing poor actives and giving initiates nothing to look forward to nor look back on. Older fraternity men degrade Greek Week before the pledges, harking back to the pleasantries of Hell Week.

This indifference can be cured if fraternities are willing to get off their haunches. If the Inter Fraternity Council will exert the leadership it's supposed to, Greek Week will begin to assume the stature it must have before it can show a truly favorable return for fraternities.

We are not minimizing the original task it took to sell Greek Week to fraternities. What we are pointing out is that the selling job started, not ended there.

This year's Greek Week program was a fluke, first of all, because it was poorly planned and executed. Its publicity chairman failed on his job and moreover Greek Week was held as the Inter Fraternity Council was changing its leadership. The stunt night, which should be a campus-wide attraction, was raw in material and showed the haste with which the skits were put together. However, one would not expect pledges to present much of a show when many of the fraternity men don't bother to attend.

The Daily Tar Heel would like to see the chairman for the 1954 Greek Week program appointed now. Give him a couple of assistants who will be around the following year so that they will know where the program needs to be bolstered. It should be self evident that the sooner we start readying for next year the more successful it will be.

Greek Week must be made attractive for the pledges. A well-known speaker, perhaps on the national scale, should be called in for the final night's banquet and a fraternity-sorority ball could be held after the banquet. (Minnesota has both these features and a whoppingly successful Greek Week.)

Fraternity advisers and the faculty Fraternity-Sorority Committee should be asked to assist in preparing the Greek Week schedule. Generally their ideas have not been solicited.

Finally, pledges should be indoctrinated with the purpose of Greek Week. And this indoctrination should begin not on the day before Greek Week starts but all during the Fall and Winter in pledge training.

Let's put the Greeks into Greek Week.

## To Repeat

The Daily Tar Heel won't go deeply into the matter again. Rather we'd like to remind the student body:

The role of the National Student Association has been hard work; its reward has been success. We must not let its achievements for the world, indeed for us, go by default. Vote today to keep NSA.

## Free and Interesting

Humphrey Bogart and gold are a good combination, but throw in the penetrating mind of Dr. Reuben Hill and you have a delightful evening.

All of this is available tonight—free—at the showing of "Treasure of Sierra Madre" in Gerrard Hall. The movie is the final one in a series of films this quarter by the YMCA and Hillel Foundation. After each film, a University professor leads a discussion and analyzes why characters acted as they did. It's really quite fascinating.

You ought to go, and as we said: it's free and it's interesting.

## Ramble

English Club

On one of the rambles in which I frequently indulge during the element weeks of May I happened into Pine's Coffee House, over against Lenoir Hall. There I observed three persons in close conference, and upon approaching found them to be my old friends Bill Listless, Peter Plaintiff, and the admirable Sir Godfrey Wise.

As we laid our heads together in the amicable conversation in which we so often indulged I asked the subject of today's discussion. I was informed that they had been disputing the merits of the local scribblers who do print their works three times a year. Bill was little interested in the talk for he had never seen the journal of which they spoke; he is an apprentice for a trade and cannot read. The gentleman on his right, Peter Plaintiff, was holding forth, condemning roundly the false wit with which the Graham hacks assail their readers.

We listened to the endless charges which he made: too narrow, uninteresting, pompous, erudite, corrupt. "Have you," I asked him, "ever read this Q.....LY of which you speak so severely?" With that he colored and stared intently at the floor; an action which I understood as a negative reply.

Noting that these last remarks had plunged the table into silence I made bold to ask my friend Sir Godfrey what had occasioned this topic of debate. He replied that Parliament today was holding a referendum, the purpose of which was to decide whether funds should be provided by the Exchequer, or whether the scribblers should be left to starve and their magazine to perish. "You see," he explained, "this is a poor town for writers, and there are few who will support their efforts; fewer still who buy their magazine. They must have money to continue."

"Of course we do not always find great writing there, but the Q.....LY has the potentiality of greatness. I was just explaining to cousins Bill and Peter that the few pounds which Parliament considers granting is a small price for a journal which will present the best writings of our town. The price seems smaller still when we consider that without these funds the Q.....LY must close its doors forever."

"Consider that this magazine is the only organ where our citizens may print their works. If it goes, creative expression in our town may atrophy and die. In the future they have promised to reach all of our citizens, and to make their journal less expensive. Since this is known to be a liberal and artistic town, I think we should ardently support our struggling writers."

Bill Listless and Peter Plaintiff showed signs of interest, and seemed to meditate upon Sir Godfrey's words. I too was deeply affected by his remarks and pledged support for this worthy cause. Being one of those privileged to vote in our elections, I stopped at Gerrard Hall and cast my ballot in favor of the present bill. I then retired to my apartment, pleased with my day's activities—for I had not planned to vote at all.

Yr mst Obt, Hmbl & Devtd Srvt,  
 PHILOQUARTUS

'Well, It's A Change From Sawing People In Half'



HERB BLOCK ©1953 THE WASHINGTON POST

## The Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON—Most meteoric career in Washington continues to be that of Lt. Col. Gordon Moore, brother in law of the President.

Lady Luck was not too kind to him a year ago. Then almost broke, he reconsidered selling his house. During that hard-luck period, Moore was hired three times, an fired twice within six months—as the political prospects of his famous brother in law ebbed and flowed.

But today Lady Luck smiles graciously. Today the retired colonel has been able to invest \$25,000 in a once-bankrupt airline of which he has become vice-president. On top of this, he has set up a company of his own which lends money to small airlines.

The latter concern, Air Transit Services Inc., located at 1122 16th St. here, acts as a sort of money-changer for nonscheduled airlines. Most of them fly military passengers and freight for the government. And what Moore does is borrow money from American Security and Trust,

then turn round and lend money to the nonskids until they can collect from the slow-paying government.

Strictly speaking this makes him a one percenter, since that's the percentage he keeps for himself.

Colonel Moore's most interesting business venture, however, was his investment of \$25,000 in U. S. Airlines. Last fall this line had four DC-3's, only one of which could get off the ground. Its insurance had been canceled, its bank account overdrawn, the sheriff was about to hammer on the door, and the Civil Aeronautics board, having canceled permission to fly military passengers, was threatening to revoke its certificate of operation altogether.

Stock in the company was then selling for 12½ cents.

Thereupon entered Ike's brother in law. Immediately the stock began to zoom, sold for 38 cents a share one week after Colonel Moore became an executive, today is selling for 70 cents.

Other important factors also

contributed. One of these was the dynamic reorganization ability of Moore's live wire partner, Fred Miller. Another was the financial backing of Gearhart and Otis, New York investment firm which bought in U. S. Airlines' liabilities of \$1,400,000 for \$750,000. Another was the ability of Colonel Moore to help persuade Civil Aeronautics to reinstate U. S. Airlines certificate and allow it back in the business of transporting Army personnel.

In fairness it should be noted that Colonel Moore didn't do the talking before CAB. But he tagged along and stood conspicuously in the background. Ordinarily the CAB drags out these appeals and jumps at any chance to squeeze a small airline out of business. In the case of U. S. Airlines, however, the CAB couldn't move fast enough to help put it back on its feet.

It also should be noted that U. S. Airlines, after refinancing and reorganizing, was entitled to a break with the CAB. This agency has been tough on some of the nonskid lines. Therefore, if the president's brother in law was able to cut CAB red tape for this small line, it may set a helpful precedent for others.

Note—Moore's office wall is covered with a galaxy of photos, showing various stages of Ike's career, the Eisenhowers and the Moores together, plus a huge oil painting of the President in Army uniform. Lige the tutographed photos of famed five percenter Col. Jim Hunt, who was investigated by Republicans, Moore's collection doesn't hurt him with prospective customers.

## As Others See Us

Your every voter, as surely as your chief magistrate, exercises a public trust.—Grover Cleveland.

The freeman, casting with unpurged hand, the vote that shakes the turret of the land.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.—Daniel Webster.

Had enough? Vote Republican.—Karl Melvin Frost.

He cast his vote, distrusting all the elected but not the law.—Karl Jay Shapiro.

We don't give a hoot.—Carolina Student Body.



## A Quotable Quote

Norman Jarrard

Those who read A.Z.F. Wood's column know that Earnest Hemingway's "Green Hills of Africa" is back in print. Those who read this column probably expected that I would get around to reviewing it sooner or later. I don't want to say much about it because I want to save the space for something else. It is Hemingway's best plotted full-length book and its all true to boot. Its purpose is modest: "I'd like to try to write something about the country and the animals and what it's like to some one who knows nothing about it."

What I want to do is to quote a short and a long sentence from the book. A. Z., old top, it's practically straight out of "Moby Dick": "If you serve time for society, democracy, and other things quite young, and declining any further enlistment make yourself responsible only to yourself, you exchange the pleasant, comforting stench of comrades for something you can never feel in any other way than by yourself. That something I cannot yet define completely but the feeling comes when you write well and truly of something and know impersonally you have written in that way and those who are paid to read it and report on it do not like the subject so they say it is all a fake, yet you know its value absolutely; or when you do something which people do not consider a serious occupation and yet you know, truly, that it is as important and has always been as important as all the things that are in fashion, and when, on the sea, you are alone with it and know that this Gulf Stream you are living with, knowing, learning about, and loving, has moved, as it moves, since before man, and that it has gone by the shoreline of that long, beautiful, unhappy island since before Columbus sighted it and that the things you find out about it, and those that have always lived in it are permanent and of value because that stream will flow, as it has flowed, after the Indians, after the Spaniards, after the British, after the Americans and after all the Cubans and all the systems of governments, the richness, the poverty, the martyrdom, the sacrifice and the venality and the cruelty are all gone as the high-piled scow of garbage, bright-colored, white-flecked, ill-smelling, now tilted on its side, spills off its load into the blue water, turning it a pale green to a depth of four or five fathoms as the load spreads across the surface, the sinkable part going down and the flotsam of palm fronds, corks, bottles, and used electric light globes, . . . a well-inflated dog, the occasional rat, the no-longer distinguished cat; all this well shepherded by the boats of the garbage pickers who pluck their prizes with long poles, as interested, as intelligent, as accurate as historians; they have the viewpoint; the stream, with no visible flow, takes five loads of this a day when things are going well in La Babana and in ten miles along the coast it is as clear and blue and unimpressed as it was ever before the tug hauled out the scow; and the palm fronds of our victories, the worn light bulbs of our discoveries and the empty condoms of our loves float with no significance against one single, lasting thing—the stream."

## Sierra Madre Treasure

Herb Cohn

The YMCA and Hillel Foundation will close out their Film Forum series tonight in Gerrard Hall at 7:15 with "Treasure of Sierra Madre." Dr. Reuben Hill of the Sociology Department will lead the discussion following this outstanding movie.

Greed is seldom treated in the movies with the frank and ironic contempt that is vividly manifested toward it in "Treasure of Sierra Madre." And certainly the big stars of the movies are rarely exposed in such cruel light as that which is thrown on Humphrey Bogart. But the fact that this drama transgresses convention in that respect is a token of the originality and maturity that you can expect of it.

Taking a story of three vagrants on "the beach" in Mexico who pool their scratchy resources and go hunting for gold in the desolate hills, John Huston, the director, has shaped a searching drama of the collision of civilizations vicious greeds with the instinct for self-preservation in an environment where all the barriers are down and, by charting the moods of his prospectors after they have hit a vein of gold, he has done a superb illumination of basic characteristics of men. One might imagine that he has filmed an intentional comment here upon the irony of avarice in individuals and nations today.

But don't think that this will distract your attention from this most vivid and exciting action display. Everyone will find this an excellent adventure film. The details are fast and electric from the moment the three prospectors start into the Mexican mountains, infested with bandits and beasts, until two of them come down empty-handed and the third one (the mean one) comes down dead. There are vicious disputes among them, a suspenseful interlude when a fourth man tries to horn in and some running fights with the bandits that will make your hair stand on end. Since the outdoor action was filmed in Mexico with all the style of a documentary camera, it has integrity in appearance too.

Most shocking to the average movie-goer, however, will likely be the job that Mr. Bogart does as the prospector who succumbs to the gnawing of greed. Physically, morally, and mentally, this character goes to pot before our eyes. And the final appearance of him, before a couple of roving bandits knock him off in a manner of supreme cynicism, is one to which few actors would lend themselves. Mr. Bogart's compensation should be the knowledge that his performance in this film is perhaps the best he has ever done, equally a good or better than his academy Award performance in "The African Queen."

If you want to see an excellent movie free of charge, drop by Gerrard Hall tonight at 7:15. If you stay for the discussion following the show, you will be pleasantly surprised to find out that you'll enjoy Dr. Reuben Hill more than the movie.