

The Daily Tar Heel

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All That Glitters . . .

John Taylor

Hans Christian Andersen, which begins a three day run at the Varsity Sunday can best be summed up in a quotation from a recent Theatre Arts, "All that's Goldwyn does not glitter". For despite all the much touted publicity on the tremendous expense and intense research for this fable" on the famous Danish story-teller, the result is an archly superficial extravaganza in the Hollywood tradition that leaves one with the disappointing afterthought that it could and should have been so much better.

Moss Hart's plot, such as it is, is the trumped-up and illogical tale of Andersen's trip to Copenhagen and his subsequent one-sided love for a ballerina. After the final disillusionment of this affair, he returns to his native village, content with being merely a teller of tales.

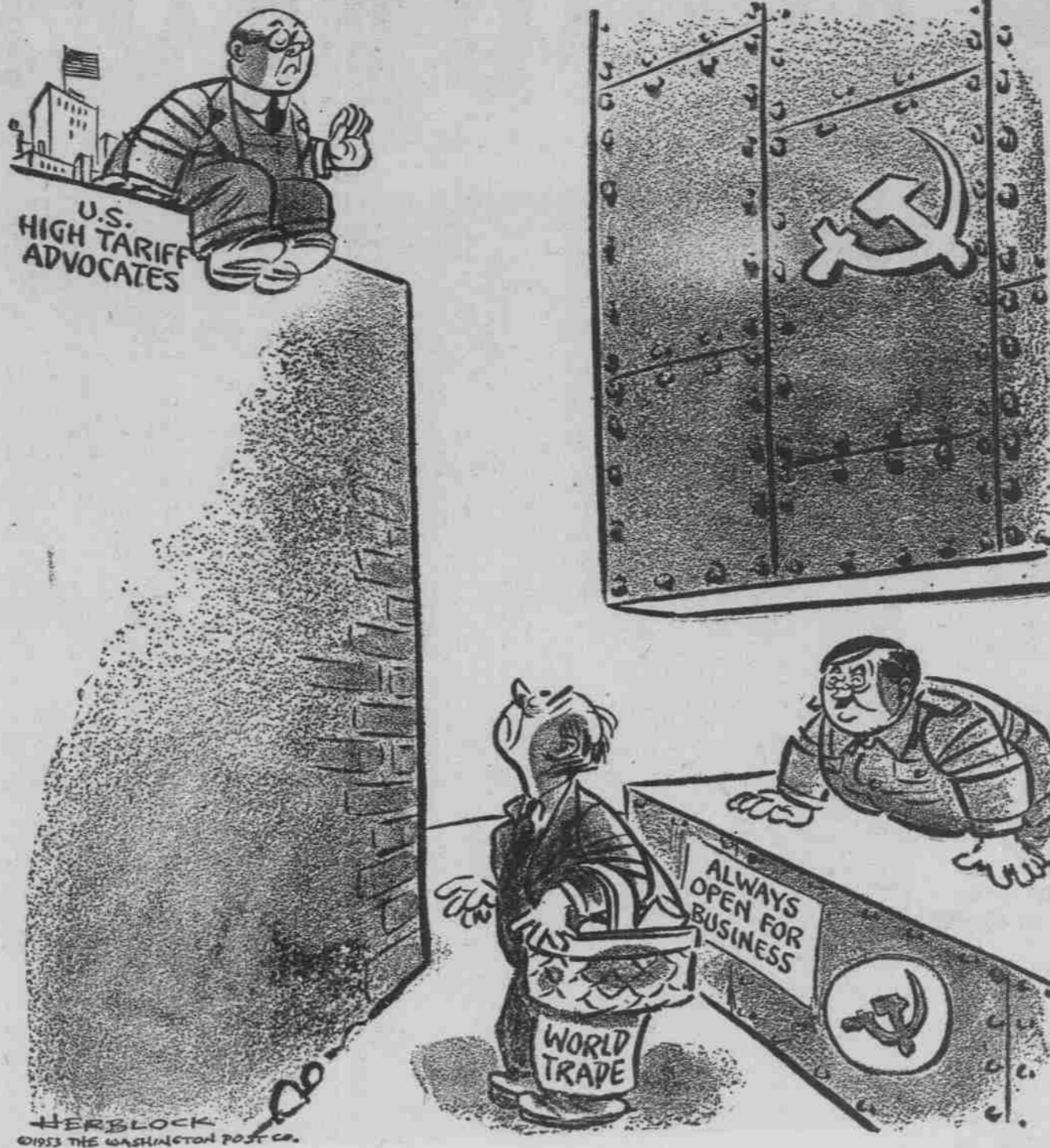
Around this flimsy story Samuel Goldwyn has provided many sumptuous, but artificial sets, and a general atmosphere of much money but very little taste in the use of it. There is a great deal of dancing in the film and it is done with great gusto by a well-trained corps de ballet, but the choreography by the usually brilliant Roland Petit of the Ballets de Paris is inferior and strangely lacking in imagination. Fortunately this supposedly fanciful mishmash is presented in beautifully mellow technicolor hues, but this is a minute virtue in the face of all the excessive faults of the film.

Some of Frank Loesser's tunes, most of which are musical versions of the famous Andersen fairy tales, are beguiling and witty, but none is above the standard that one might expect from a two-bit musical comedy. The best are "The King's New Clothes", "Thumbelina", and "Wonderful Copenhagen".

This film contains some very strange casting, some of which has paid off, some of which is obviously a great mistake. The usually frantic Danny Kaye turns in a remarkably restrained and sincere performance. This corner shudders to think how much worse the movie would have been without him. The best scenes — and they are very good indeed — are those in which he is spinning his stories for a group of wonderfully animated children.

Farley Granger plays, of all things, a ballet master with the startled expression of an actor who has wandered off the set of an action film and been shanghaied. Jeanmaire, another recruit from the Ballets de Paris, is an expert ballerina but without the sex appeal she exuded to an incendiary degree in Carmen.

There is quantity in Hans Christian Andersen, but very little quality. The tiny tots will probably enjoy it, and their parents will find it relaxing if nothing else. But those people who go to the film expecting the enjoyment that the combination of talent here assembled should produce will be greatly disappointed.



The Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON—The Supreme Court decided to review a case the other day which had nothing to do with the Rosenberg-Green-glass atomic spy death sentence, but did have a great deal to do with Irving Kaufman, the judge who sentenced them to death. It also had a great deal to do with one of the greatest perennial problems of the nation's capital — keeping track of lobbyists.

The story is more colorful than that of the atomic spies — and not so sordid.

It goes back to a period just before Pearl Harbor when a genial gentleman wearing a broad-brimmed hat with only a few dollars in his pocket came up from Texas, leaving behind a none too savory reputation. After only six years in Washington, this columnist found him on a first-name basis with various Senators. A heavy speculator on the Chicago commodity market, the owner of 7,000 acres of cotton land around Granger, Texas, 1,800 acres and 700 cattle near San Antonio, plus a 531-acre farm near Poolesville, Md.

The gentleman in question is ebullient, back-slapping, fast-talking Ralph Moore, whose meteoric rise as a capital lobbyist illustrates how a man with a happy smile, a ball-bearing tongue and plenty of gall can roll up a fortune overnight. His career also illustrates how a smart operator could manipulate the commodity market when millions in Europe were starving.

Moore is delightfully frank

about his career. Visited in his converted office building at 1707 N Street, the gentleman from Texas sat against a backdrop of mounted longhorns, handsome paintings and ornate gray-green draperies.

"I never have to bribe anybody," he bragged. "It's a bad practice. I just show them how to make a little money. If you give a man \$500 or \$1,000 he feels like he owes you something and that you are trying to bribe him. But if you just show him how to make money, he doesn't feel like he owes you anything. That's what I do with my contacts. That's what I would do with you if I trusted you."

Asked whether he handled the grain speculations of any Senators, Moore said that he did not, but that several of them had speculated and usually operated through Bache & Co. in Washington, or Harris & Vose in New York.

"Making money is easy," continued Moore, "if you know what the market is going to do. I'll make you some money right away and it won't cost you a dime, if you'll go easy on me. But I'm afraid of you. I'm afraid you might put it in 'em paper. If I could only trust you. I could make you quite a few thousand dollars in a hurry."

There came a time when the genial gentleman from Texas did not feel quite so expansive toward this columnist, in fact there came a time when Ralph sent word he was going "to shoot that so-and-so Pearson" if

he kept on digging into his commodity — market speculation on behalf of Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma.

This was about the time Judge Kaufman entered the picture. Irving Kaufman was not a judge then. He was a rather green, hard-working, conscientious young attorney who had come down from New York on the somewhat thankless job of enforcing the new lobbying registration act.

That act had just been put on the books as a result of influence peddlers who flocked to Washington during the lush days of the new deal, preying both on unsuspecting businessmen and unsuspecting senators.

Finally Congress decided that while there was no way to abolish lobbying, it was only fair to make all lobbyists register, so the public would know who they were. This was in accord with the foreign Agents Registration Act, which requires attorneys and representatives for foreign embassies to register so the public may identify them.

Kaufman grabbed hold of the Ralph Moore case with gusto, when it was placed before him, and made it the first test of the new lobbying act.

Also partly as a result, young Irving Kaufman was appointed to the U.S. district court in New York where fate later handed him the difficult atom spy case in which for the first time in American history a death sentence was given for treason.



The Opossum

A. Z. F. Wood Jr.

The opossum is a member of the phylum chordata and the family marsupialia. Not only that, it is a marsupial. It is peculiar to South America and the United States and is the only marsupial found outside Australia.

The opossum looks rather ratty. It has a white angelic face, gray fur, and a long, naked, grabby tail. The tail is very useful for the opossum likes to climb around in trees and hang by its tail from a limb.

The opossum is partial to night-life, during which time it hunts, eats, and makes more little opossums. An opossum will eat almost anything in God's green earth but it is especially fond of good ripe corn and big fat chickens. For this reason farmers combine business with pleasure and get a big bang out of blowing an opossum's head off. The opossum used to fool hunters by playing opossum but the hunters soon wised up and started hunting with dogs. The dogs aren't fooled.

Marsupially speaking the opossum is king. It is the most promiscuously, prolifically procreative of them all. It has more litters per year than most. There are between 10 and 20 every small opossum per litter. When the opossums are born they aren't much to look at. They are no longer than a half inch and what there is of them is very ugly and slimy. Momma opossum hasn't got much of a job, for she hasn't got any placenta to worry about and the little ones automatically crawl into her abdominal pouch somewhere where each will attach himself to one of momma's mammary glands like a bull-terrier to your leg. Then when the little opossums get cocky enough or when momma runs dry, they come out and wander around a bit.

Opossums never have more than fifteen mammary glands and sometimes a litter will number more than fifteen. In this case somebody's going to get left out. It's usually the weakest or the slowest and there's nothing else for them to do but die. I do not know how the mother opossum gets the dead ones out of her pouch. I feel fairly certain, however, that she does.

The opossum was so named by the Indians who used to run this country three or four centuries back.

- 1—The South American opossums have pretty well kept their place, however, and there is no stipulation for them in the McCarran Act.
- 2—When doing so, the opossum gives the impression of meditation. Don't let him fool you. He's sleeping.
- 3—Their eyes look like it. They are red-rimmed.
- 4—Some of the poorer farmers used to eat the opossum, but he doesn't taste very good, and, unlike the racoon, the coat isn't any good; so what else can you do but just blow their heads off?
- 5—More accurately: the opossum is queen.
- 6—Come to think of it, neither are people. The opossums improve with growth.
- 7—But if something scares them they jump right back in again.
- 8—Then, they never have less than fifteen either.
- 9—There's your red-blooded American competition. The opossum need have no fear of McCarthy.

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

"The horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others . . ." Hippopotis; circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was suddenly walking at my side near the Planetarium. He had been away from me a few days.

"Hello," he said. A hiccup defeated his attempt at casualness. He tried again. "How are you?"

Better than The Horse, obviously. My eyes were not bloodshot, my knees didn't buckle, I didn't look hunted.

"Jealous," he murmured. "I forsook this lithosphere, rocketed through the atmosphere, zoomed through the troposphere, blazed through the stratosphere, and crossed azure grasses on the slopes of Mount Helicon with my old buddy, Pegasus. Romping with Pegasus, Steed of the Muse!"

What I'd heard and how he looked, it seemed more likely he had been romping with the mead of the stews than the Steed of the Muse. However, it was nice to have him back.

"Got to get to work," The Horse said, suddenly kicking up great divots of Moreheadian lawn. He paused, peered intently at the divots, and gouted up some more. "No chernozem," he said. "Simply not a bit of chernozem. Loud, sing cuckoo!"

I thought some explanation was in order?

"What crass ignorance," The Horse chattered, his velvety lips exposing king-size piano keys of teeth. "You do not know that 'chernozem' is the scientific word for 'black earth'? It is a Russian word, and the approved text-book term."

I wondered what Joe McCarthy would think? "What makes you believe he thinks?" The Horse snorted. He kicked up some more divots ere ceasing. "Alas and welladay! Nothing but Reddish-Brown Podzolic! The Mayor of Carrboro is not going to like this."

Nor did I like it. Why not speak English? "And have everybody know what I am talking about?" The Horse horse-laughed. "How naive of you, Roger! Don't you know that this radical suggestion of yours would turn four-year college courses into three years, or less? Look how many teachers, would have to go to work, then? I mean," he corrected himself hastily, "how many would be put out of work? And if all students knew what you were talking about, and thus got A's and B's, where would The Curve be? Flat. Flat on its . . . Curve."

Still, I didn't think graduates could make much use of those terms unless they were speaking regularly with foreigners.

"Well, Uncle John says we have two-hundred fifty-eight foreigners on the faculty alone," The

(See Horse, page 6)

Big 5 For The Big 7

It looks as if sanity is going to prevail after all.

With the formation of a new conference by seven members of the unwieldy, antiquated Southern Conference, we hope athletes will regain their proper niche in collegiate life. We believe a handy guide to athletic sanity was given recently by President Gray when he spoke to the Trustee Executive Committee about the new league.

The technics of President Gray's five suggestions will have to be worked out by the new conference, but the president's advice will make an excellent point of reference.

Among President Gray's proposals we particularly were elated with the fifth one. In essence, it provides that sports be deemphasized. And there's nothing tricky nor intricate about the machinery to do it. Simply, the new conference will decide by majority rule if it wants to allow bowl participation; if so, the conference also can say what it thinks should be done with the profits.

Presently the Southern Conference uses some of its funds to help pay travel expenses for teams in the minor sports, assuring these teams a crack at the rest of their brethren in and out of the conference. The Daily Tar Heel hopes this will be continued in our new conference.

Another worthy object of bowl profits would be professorial retirement funds. Every school has a retirement fund, but the benefits are niggardly.

De-commercialization of athletics is a cause to which President Gray has dedicated himself. We can think of none better and are pleased that his long-pregnant ward seems about to be delivered.

Hail Columbia

The time has come for the University to play follow the leader.

Columbia University, acting on the spur of a student referendum which approved by two to one, will withdraw university recognition from any organization required by national regulations to discriminate in its membership on a racial or religious basis. Target date for this action is 1960, in order to give sufficient time for revision of the national constitutions of groups which would be affected by the ban.

Although the National InterFraternity Conference adopted a resolution opposing such a move, there is a growing feeling throughout the country that fraternal discrimination should cease. Last year the national fraternity confab took the position that "any attempt to restrict or regulate" the right of a college fraternity to choose its own members was an inadvisable interference with the right of free association.

A clause in the national constitution of a fraternity that prescribes racial or religious barriers is in itself "restricting and regulating" the right of chapters to choose their own members. No one quarrels with the right of free association, but it ought to operate both ways.

Some of the national constitutions affected by an order such as Columbia's were written a long time ago and do not actually represent the wish and feeling of a majority of the chapters now. Official action by the University of North Carolina can supply some pressure to get needed revision that might otherwise be allowed to lag behind through mere inertia.

Carolina already has two social fraternities, Pi Lambda Phi and St. Anthony, which have no such discriminatory clauses. Others, Phi Delta Theta perhaps, will work for removal of the bias restrictions at their national conventions.

The Daily Tar Heel does not believe a social organization should be required to admit any individual at any given time. After all, fraternity membership is not a civil right. But, no such organization should be obliged to exclude a person on racial or religious grounds. To do so is to nurture the bias our colleges are trying to outgrow.