

Editorially Speaking

SPRING HAS SPRUNG

Spring seems to have given the buildings department a shot in the arm! It must be another one of the Carolina idiosyncrasies that defies any explanation. While everyone else on the campus, except the politicians, seemed drugged with THE fever, the boys down behind Phillips all of a sudden start plowing up the trodden paths across the campus and, at long last, blasted the Dook war paint from our buildings.

There's a great deal to be done to give this campus the face lifting it needs. Now that the buildings department has gotten on the ball and started it rolling it is up to the student body to help with the inertia.

There has been an order published that prohibits the military students from walking across the grass; punishment is severe. Obviously there is no way of forcing civilian students to keep on the walks. We can only ask. How about it?

Footprints in the sands of time were never made by sitting down—paths are made especially for footprints. It takes little thought, and little time. When you see someone straying from the straight (?) and narrow, yell at 'em, KEEF OFF THE GRASS!

NOW THAT ELECTIONS ARE OVER

Now that elections are over the campus can settle down to an industrious year and let's hope hit a harmonious note until such time that another election is staged. With the large turnover of students who have held offices it has been most difficult to hold student government and publications intact.

The officers were elected by popular campus vote. They are the ones upon whom we have placed the important responsibility of really getting Carolina straightened out. This does not mean that the elections will usher in a slate of officers who will revolutionize Carolina. Straightening out simply means the awakening to the fact that we have lost out on a great number of things which have made Carolina.

We sincerely hope that the newly elected officers will stick by their platforms. Often times platforms are just words, but in most cases we believe that the candidates who presented their platforms in the Tar Heel last issue had something which they sincerely believe will help Carolina. It is not going to be easy for these newly elected officers. The great majority is new to the campus. They haven't had the opportunity to understudy Carolina student leaders of pre-war days. Yes, it will be tough but these officers will try to do their part.

The question is, will we as citizens under these officers do our duty. We are the little cogs in the vast machine which is to be headed by the new officers. If the little cogs don't tick how can we expect the larger ones to run smoothly? We should feel our responsibility to find out about Carolina and be able to check our leaders who might go amuck. In a sense we are their bosses or rather that should be the case. The newly elected officers are our servants. They are working for us and we have every right to know what they do and how they do it.

True it is an important job for the officers but what is more it is vital that we as students fit in the picture of student government because after all what is student government without the mass of students?

With the shortage of help it is most difficult for the buildings department to maintain the standard of campus cleanliness that they would like. So if you were a candidate or even just a mere bystander make it your duty to clean up the campaign posters.

IN CONCLUSION

With the next edition of the Tar Heel the new editor, Bob Morrison, will be behind the editor's desk. Assuming this position at a time when Carolina is groping its blind way for the road leading to "normalcy" is a distinct challenge, for the Tar Heel is the lone medium which binds together our perpetually changing student body.

This paper belongs to the students. Although one man is charged with the immediate responsibility of publishing it, the success or failure depends upon the students. Therefore the challenge is not alone to the editor.

The Tar Heel has endeavored to maintain a steady influence, felt there was no place for radical changes or violent moves because the campus is not united as one in thought and action. The battle for unity has just begun.

To the new editor, "good luck." To the staff, "gory, but fun, wasn't it?" To the readers, "come beat a typewriter before you beat your gums!"

Charles Wickenberg.

Letters To The Editor

To the Editor:

For many years I had heard sung the praises of the Carolina Playmakers. Through their originality and skill, the organization became nationally known.

Then I entered the University and to my amazement I learned that the Playmakers have a "black eye" on the campus.

Why is this? Having had access to both sides of the picture, I shall try and express my opinion on the matter.

The Playmakers insist that false stories have circulated concerning them. This I don't doubt, but every false tale is based on a truth. The truth is that many of the players do dress in a freakish manner—the girls in their overalls, and the boys in their gaily colored slacks. That many of them have assumed a "theatrical speech" is also true.

Several days ago, I observed a couple of the girls talking. Their words were beautifully clipped and beautifully artificial. Each sentence ended with a "dahling." They were both being, or trying to be, a little Tallulah Bankhead. And there, I think, lies the secret. Many young "theatre hopefuls" will take one particular acclaimed performer as a model to follow—usually the hopefuls will choose the more eccentric personalities. They consider that unique fashion of dress gives them an artistic appearance. Also, the legends that circulate about the vivid behavior of the worshiped stars fascinate the wistful actors to such an extent that they are constantly trying to do the unusual. But when they pattern themselves after a Hepburn, a Bankhead, or a Barrymore, they lose the one quality essential in good acting, and that is genuine naturalness and complete sincerity. These young people fail to see that a Hepburn or a Barrymore is a dynamic personality because he or she is copying no one, but merely being himself.

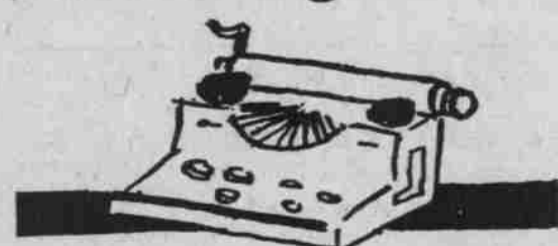
Several months ago I had the pleasure of meeting Helen Hayes. Miss Hayes is generally considered America's greatest living actress; yet to look upon her, one might easily take her to be Joe Smith's cousin, Minnie. Neat in her attire, but refreshingly commonplace, Miss Hayes is simplicity personified. In her voice there is no trace of a "stacy" influence. By keeping in close contact with the average John Does, Helen Hayes has retained a warm human quality, both in real life and on the stage.

Why, then, can't a Playmaker decide to be "just himself" as God made him? Why can't he study human nature instead of ways to make his voice sound beautiful? For isn't acting after all a reproduction of life in digested form? Why does he wish to appear artistic externally, when genuine art shines from within one's soul?

The late Professor Koch labored many years to build up the Carolina Playmakers into the established organization it later became. Then in all justice to the great man, don't you think that as a tribute to his sweat and toil, the Playmakers should try and restore the good name it once enjoyed?

Yours truly,
James Leslie Watson,
Room 7, Battle.

Exchanges



By Peggy Case

In the recent student elections at the University of Texas a woman was elected president of the student government for the first time in the history of the school.

Recently 250 Chinese students from West Coast colleges gathered at a conference in Berkeley, California. The purpose of the meeting was the promotion of friendship and understanding among these Chinese students.

Life Photographer James Laughhead was at Texas Christian University the other week, taking pictures of the school's "Ranch Week"—an annual affair which features a rodeo, a hay ride, dances and a parade. So be looking for these pictures in "Life."



Navy War Bond Cartoon Service

"Maybe YOUR Bonds are buying automatic rifles, but I happen to know that MY money was spent on silky unmentionables for WAVES!"



IT COULD BE WORSE

By Robert Morrison

6:00 A.M., Friday

To the Student Body:

You have placed in my hands a serious responsibility—the editing of the Tar Heel. I shall do my best to serve you.

Burned Twigs and Olive Branches

By Olive Ann Burns

"The Last Time Rode Trilby—"

We really took the blue ribbons, Trilby and I. Trilby was a young mare I bought from a bankrupt racing stable—a real black beauty, with long, slender legs and a fine head. When I let her go in a run, we were as one spirit in the wild exhilaration of the race; yet she would stop, trembling with heat and excitement with but a whisper from me. That was why we took blue ribbons; because Trilby was a splendid horse, because we understood each other, and we both thrilled at achieving power and superiority. We were proud of each other. There was the smart green riding hat—complete with crop that I never used—and Trilby with her glossy black coat. The last time I rode Trilby, she—

Phoohie might as well tell you what really happened the last time I rode Trilby. Trilby is an inmate of Mr. Vicars' riding academy. We met about three weeks ago in exchange for a dollar to Mr. Vicars, and in consequence of a telephone conversation during which a friend and I made dates with cadets for Sunday afternoon. "ire," I said gaily, "we'd love to go horseback riding."

There was thing except attitude to qualify my friend, (who prefers to be known Betty) for such an outing. As I came, I knew how to fall well, have practiced that the last time I had gone riding. As a child I had been a premature Lone Ranger on a petland pony named Beauty, but I found there is more bump and off—a horse than a minute. The only thing left to do was learn how to ride between Wednesday and Sunday. We thought Friday and Saturday afternoons would do it.

Fortified with three good horsewomen, we were riding Friday. I fear I was never proud of poor Trilby, nor she, me. Her mud-covered legs, the full coat that was shedding in all over, and her bored attitude disillusioned me from the beginning, I was not much of a model myself, in my room-

mate's blue jeans. (My roommate isn't as long-legged as I am. Since I had just bought an aqua hat with the money I had meant to buy jodhpurs with, I had to ride in what I could find.)

On the walk out to the dirt road, we pretended we were experts and enjoyed a bit the important feeling of being so high above all the people we passed. Because Betty pulled both reins at the same time, her horse didn't even know which way she wanted him to go, but Trilby did pretty well. That is, until we left the pavement and the others had set off on a gallop leaving me alone to make Trilby trot.

I can't imagine how, but those broken-spirited horses seemed to realize that we didn't know how to ride. I think Trilby must have decided I wouldn't have the heart to beat her. I got so disgusted that I had the heart, and went so far as to get a switch, but decided it wasn't worth it when her hind legs started raising up and down. Her feelings must have been hurt, because suddenly not only she wouldn't trot, but she wouldn't even walk.

"Come on," I said with enthusiasm and sympathy. Trilby shook her head and stomped her foot. "Giddap!" I tried to sound commanding. Then I remembered about psychology, and gave her a long, sweet talk—you know, the way the horse book says to become friends with your mount. She still shook her head, but I realized she wasn't saying, "No, I will not," when the gnats and flies started swarming around my head too. "All right, then, stay here." I was angry. "See if I care." Trilby didn't. Every time she shook herself I noticed she had dandruff.

So we sat there—Trilby, the gnats and flies, and I. Once she took four steps to get out of the road for a car, but that was all she budged. I wondered if I would have to walk home, but when the others came back—Betty was still sticking—Trilby turned around very nonchalantly and wouldn't be held.

See TWIG AND, page 4.

The Tar Heel

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The Ram Sees . . .

BY AN OLD GOAT

• It came to pass! During the past week two world shaking events came to pass. The impact has not yet died down. Shakeup number one was the gigantic, stupendous, colossal election held Thursday. The second was the cleaning. Yes, it happened; the pain was finally removed from our buildings leaving a cleaner outlook, "Duke"less.

LASSES AT LIBERTY

• Miss Mildred Kresnik, one of the Tar Heel's most industrious workers, and Miss Evelyn Davis, a ravishing redhead, are planning a big political campaign in their behalf. Since the 63 Battalion at Pre-Flight flew, these ladies find themselves at liberty. Their posters will contain their qualification and their experience. THIS is big, but for once typical Carolina tactics should make good reading.

STALKS OF CORN

• With all due apologies to "Leaves of Grass" Rameses offers the following: If anybody calls you "floor face," they just mean you have a board expression. Mac Hobkirk in answer to a catty remark asked "Would you like to share a bowl of cream"? An Aldermanite while unpacking her laundry found one of her skirts so stiff it would stand alone. She cried: "The laundry has gone starch, raving mad." When told that this was corn, Rameses said, "No corn starch."

BEFORE GOODBYE

• Duty calls! Dr. Friederick, granted a year's leave of absence from the German department, has been "wined" and "dined" by his socially intellectual classes. An election day luncheon at the Carolina Inn was the "German 20" entertainment for this favored professor. Agnes McMurrin presented Dr. Friederick with two books on current affairs as a token of their mutual regard and appreciation.

CHATTER MATTER:

• Any night at about six-thirty you will find Pech Walker and Gwen Hill on the lawn in front of Phillips playing chess until night falls, then they go inside and grade math papers until grades fall . . . Bridge fever caused Dr. Wong to try to persuade Willie Meeks to get excused from Spanish so she could be his partner . . . V-12ers will be having a drill competition soon. The Ram will give you full coverage on all maneuvers . . . Sound and Fury is in the throes of reorganization with much sound and fury . . . The ADPI's won the softball game with the KAs 12-9. They were playing in the rain but paying the umpire with kisses. Good duty! . . . Wednesday the med students had a "Flunk Party" after a rugged quiz. Later that night the ATO sunporch sleepers found the meddies were only a STONE'S THROW away. Remember the song "Rocks In My Bed"? . . . Bugs Bunny when he was disguised as a Valkyrie in the cartoon last week gave a good imitation of some of the co-eds . . . A compact (lost) was the reason for Buddy Glenn crawling around the Arboretum at 11:30 the other night . . . The polls at Swain Hall were a mad house election noon. There were even girls there in evening gowns trying to sway votes by swaying in general . . . A sprained ankle kept Tommy Slayton from carrying out all her big political plans on the big day. Oh yes, while speaking of Tommy, in the last column her "charge" came from "Forever Under" not "Amber."

TRUCKING OVER

• Thursday the campus was given the "once-over" by convalescent soldiers from Camp Butner. Five trucks brought the fellows over for the day with their picnic lunches. Students, especially co-eds, and professors chatted with these guys in khaki and served as guides on this Carolina tour provided by the Army for diversion.

KEEPING TAB, OFFICIALLY

• Alpha Gamma Delta held its pledge elections on Wednesday, April 4. The following are the newly elected officers: Joyce Fowler, president; Nan Stoner, vice-president; Martha Faison, secretary; Angela Hardy, treasurer. Catherine Sloan was elected representative to WAA.

RING-I-N-G

• Not pin-ups but ring-ups are Ann Christian and Jeanne Rundell, who've joined the "sparkler" parade. Their fiances are a soldier, a sailor, but not a marine . . . Congratulations to Charlie Goodno, who's serving overseas in Holland. He's Ann's love, so he's certainly NOT up to no-good this time . . . Changing her name-brand from one to another, Jeanne Rundell will be the new Mrs.-Ensign-Bill-Powell.

THEY CAME AND SAW

• Lt. Paul Corbett has come from Boca Raton a-visiting Margie Jordan this week-end . . . Jane Rollins has as her guest her cousin Sylvia Carlisle of Miami . . . From Randolph-Macon by "Pogo stick" came Anne Ritchie Ware and Rena Letzcus down to see "Smokey" at the Tri Delt House . . . Jim Lowry is down from Richmond to see his "pin-up" Impy Shook . . . At the ADPI House is Betty Parker from the University of Knoxville.

WEEK-ENDING

• The Chi Psi House, with new draperies and spring flowers to lend colorful accents, is the scene of their annual long week-end shin-dig . . . Basketball players plus "drags" were the other half of the Friday night affair while Saturday night placed emphasis on the "nil and one" Carolina co-ed "tripping the light fantastic" in the Chi Psi parlor.

• Bull City night hawks will be the "brass-horns" at the Cameron Avenue fraternity court pow-wow come Saturday . . . starting the ball rolling will be their round-robin "diamondette" matches. 'Tis said there'll be much mug-sharing . . . a special enticement for all players who hit home-runs.

• Hogan's Lake and Shorty's will vie in popularity as week-end entertainment centers . . . ATO's, DKE's, and the med students all "have" or "had" parties on fire . . .

• The week-end except Saturday is finding McIver the stumping ground for Carolina's male population. Two receptions on Friday at 8:30 and Sunday at 3:30 "were" and "are" the order of the day. . . Nancy Greenwald, in charge of arrangements has as her host of cohorts Flo Taylor, Betty Barnes, Inez Macklin, Betty Strickland, Emily Aliton, Jane McRae, Ginny Battersby, Tina Dickes, and Jane Isenhauer.

• Saturday night etc. "is not the loneliest night in the week . . . at Carolina."