

The Tar Heel

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IT'S EASY

Certainly one of the easiest things in the world is criticizing. Few things are easier. Just to sit back in a big arm-chair with feet propped up on a stool, smoking a cigarette and gripe. This is wrong, and that is all off, and this is rotten and—well, we all know the technique. It's easy.

And lots of people do it. Everywhere on the campus one can hear the bitter complaints. The Tar Heel has come in for its share of this and more. Yet it seems that the Tar Heel rates pretty highly with people who know journalism and are set up to judge college papers.

But the point is this—those who are loudest and hottest in their criticism never lift a foot to step down to the Tar Heel office where the paper is put out. Very few of the grippers pitch in and help make the paper a better one for themselves and for their fellow students.

The student government has also been flooded with storms of protest and criticism. Constituents and opponents alike have thrown the brickbats with equal vigor and vehemence. But not many of those who do the throwing make any effort to better the situation by either getting in student government themselves or by taking enough interest to be well informed on such matters.

From far and wide on the campus come the bitter condemnations of campus politics. And yet these same condemners loudly exclaim that they have no interest in campus politics and student government. They'll gripe, but they won't make a motion to make politics any cleaner or government any better.

In other words there is an excessive amount of talking around here and a negligible amount of working for the student body. Less of the former and more of the latter would do more for Carolina than anything we know.

LENOIR HALL IS EXCELLENT

C. E. Gooch, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Monroe, has put the Lenoir Dining Hall into an excellent degree of operation and is serving the best meals in Chapel Hill at the lowest prices.

The hours of the gigantic dining hall are for breakfast, 7:00-9:15; for lunch, 11:45-2:00; and for dinner, 5:30 to 7:30.

Except for breakfast, Lenoir Hall has received an encouraging volume of students. When more people discover what excellent service Lenoir Hall is offering, the volume will increase. The large building can serve 10,000 meals each day when it operates at capacity; in other words, Lenoir Hall is able to feed for all meals more people than are included in the present student body.

We think that every student is obligated to at least try Lenoir Hall to see what the University owned and-operated dining hall can offer. We have been placed under poor eating conditions for so long that we owe some respect to the Lenoir Hall organization for at last offering the student body a decent meal.

TAR HEEL NOT SO BAD

After being cussed, kicked, condemned, and generally damned on our poor makeup, poor coverage, poor writing, poor typography, poor columns, poor editorials, poor organization, and poor staff, we learned this week that we had been graded "All-American" by the Associated Collegiate Press, and that we are among the dozen best student newspapers in the nation.

This is the first time that such an honor has gone to the Tar Heel in many years, and we are certainly proud of it. We were of the opinion that we were putting out a mediocre paper, but almost all the rest of the student newspapers of the nation are much worse, for our rating was given on a purely competitive basis with other student newspapers.

STUDENTS MISSED OPPORTUNITY

We were glad to see some students at the University Day program in Memorial Hall yesterday, but there were certainly not as many students there as should have attended.

It is unfortunate that the president of Harvard University can not draw as many students as can an average movie. The man whom many consider the foremost educator of the nation had an audience of only several hundred out of more than two thousand students whose declared intention is to acquire an education.

The Philadelphia football game accounted for many of the absences from the program yesterday, but there was certainly a majority of the student body which just didn't want to take the time to walk over to Memorial Hall to spend an hour with some of the best known educators of America.

Learning should be a gift which should be earnestly sought-after. Often we agree with those who believe that the present system of compulsory attendance of classes, credit for graduation based on strict mathematical calculations, and assembly line tactics of education account for the students' lack of interest in an educational opportunity outside of the classroom.

Life Can Be Beautiful

Story Of Why "Fall Fell"

By Dick and Wyc

Today, as we resume our story of the origin of Autumn, (appropriately enough entitled "Fall Has Fell.") we realize that all of you are anxiously waiting for the climax of this here thrilling (but true!) story.

We have perished the thought that there may be one or two Tar Heel readers who have missed our preceding installment, (oh, heaven forbid!) but, merely to refresh your memories, we will give a short synopsis of "the story thus far."

The heroes, (that's us) who in the year 3,670,356 B.C. were editing the well known bi-weekly, the *Olympian Times*, happened to discover the abduction of Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres, by Pluto, who had come up from Hades for the Olympic Gin Rummy finals; we immediately set out to pursue the kidnapper, but lost him in a mid-town traffic jam. We then decided to inform Ceres of her daughter's disappearance. Boy, did she cuss us out! You'd think we took her stink-in' brat. She threatened to send eternal winter over all the land unless we had Proserpine home by 10:30 that evening. And that is the sitchiashun at present. . . .

... Today we pick up the story at 10:35, after having picked up ourselves out of the gutter at 10:15. Needless to say, Proserpine was still in Hell, we were still on earth, and winter had set in just five minutes before. Although we had been drinking anti-freeze for the past three hours—merely trying to fortify ourselves against the icy deluge, of course—we apparently hadn't done a very thorough job; we were still standing up and we weren't quite numb.

Undaunted by the stinging blasts, we whistled for our trusty motorponies, Percival and Mergratoude, and set out for the Cyane River, where Pluto was last reported to have been seen. Being firm believers in democracy and fair play, we rode our steeds for ten miles, then switched positions and let the horses carry us for the next ten. Alternating in this manner, we made much better time than we had expected, and soon came to the cottage of Charon, who had the ferry-boat concession at the Styx River. We grilled him for half an hour, even resorting to the third degree, but he wouldn't tell us anything till he'd seen his moustache. Finally, in desperate anger, he cried: "You two can go straight to Jove!" Being very naive fellows, we didn't realize he was swearing at us; instead, we thanked him for the ad-

vice and did as he suggested. Jove was very sympathetic with us and seemed to approve of all our efforts, especially because he had no steam heating in his house and wasn't a bit happy over the prospect of spending the rest of his life in "woolies."

"I'll let you birds have the key to hell," he said, "and give you a chance to re-seduce Proserpine."

Seizing the key, we set off at a brisk trot for Hell. After ten miles of furious riding we felt very tired, and suddenly realized we had left our horses back at Jove's. They soon overtook us, however, and we continued on our way.

Once we thought we had come to the gates of Hell, but we learned from the warden that it was only Dook University, and so we rode on.

Finally reaching Hell, we slugged the gatekeeper with the latest issue of the *Olympian Times* (Gad! That was a heavy paper) and boldly entered Hell. Watta place! It looked just like Swain Hall! And what a sight greeted our weary eyes—there, sitting at a table in Hades' most exclusive sidewalk Cafe, the *El Hell-o*, was Proserpine, nonchalantly eating a pomegranate and talking to Pluto.

Upon hearing our footsteps, Pluto sprang from his chair. "Who goes here?" he shouted.

"Us," we replied.

"Who are you?" he queried.

"Dick and Wyc," we answered, not without pride.

"Oh! Welcome home!" he cried.

Flattery got him nowhere, however. We proceeded to beat him within two and a half inches of his life—we would have bullwhipped him, but at the moment we couldn't find a bull.

"Come, honey chile," we said to Proserpine, "we're gonna take ya home to your mummy."

"Not me!" she cried. "I love it here. I'll never go back I tell you. Never! Never! Never!" (She won the Academy Award next year.)

We finally reached a compromise, however, and promised to let her return to Hell for six months every year if she'd come back with us now. Back home in Olympia we were feted in every way: Ceres promised to institute a new system of "seasons" in a compromise move, Jove threw a big banquet in our honor, and the owner of the *Times* gave us a substantial raise.

And that, dear readers, is the true story of how we brought autumn into the world and saved y'all from eternal winterdom, believe it or not!

"Miss Featherstone" Saves Otherwise Poor Play Bill

By Richard G. Stern

It is hard to ascertain the precise worth of "Why, Miss Featherstone," the concluding play on the 105th series of Playmaker Experiments which were presented last Wednesday evening at the Playmaker theatre. Suffice to say, the contrast between it and the preceding plays on the program was great enough to elevate this bubbling little comedy of Helen Eyster's into a sort of minor masterpiece, a pillar to uphold the glorious tradition of the English theatre—well, at least the slightly inferior tradition of the Carolina Playmakers.

However, since all rhapsodic first paragraphs eventually end, the acidic discords from the play reviewer's destructive pen must hold forth in primer place. We cannot dodge the unpleasant issue of "The Silver Bell," the play which contributed so greatly to the success of the evening's piece de resistance. "The Silver Bell" was a long play, but its forty-five minutes could not possibly account for the interminable agony which, for much of the sizable audience, seemed to endure through a couple of hefty acts. Filled with climaxes which just didn't climax, padded with wasted exposition and unpoetic mysticism, Helen Scales' "drama" (forgive us Ibsen) did not, quite frankly, attain a status of a Sophoclean tragedy. Mimi MacGowan's direction was (we are sure) in evidence somewhere, but certainly not on the stage. Actors wandered around in meaningless circles and passionate triangles, but on the whole they seemed to be rather unconcerned with the fact that they were being observed by a few people at least slightly interested in the proceedings going on under the proscenium arch. Some of these followers of Thespis tried (need we



Cogs in the Wheel

By Allan Pannill

The world changes, and all things move on.

To an innocent bystander it seems that:

Everybody seems to be well pleased with the opening of Lenoir as a better place to eat. Better food, well balanced meals, and very reasonable. All that Bill Walston asks is that they fix those strong sprung doors! Whatta knot on yo haid, Bill, whatta knot!!

Mr. E. Carrington Smith is due apologies and orchids too! After reading a request in this column last week for the opening of the Pre-Flight theater to civilians, he took time to explain why such a move would lower the entertainment value of the present movies for the students. He further remarked that no matter what happened, he would not raise the price of his admissions, as it would work an undue financial hardship on us showfanatics. Thanks for all the consideration, time, and benefits, too numerous to mention here, you have given us, Mr. Smith. We find now that there are a few that still look out for the lowly collegier!!

Possibly the Porthole will get back on its old, well patronaged basis soon. Pat is back in town with the good wishes of a guy named Cherry!

At last the recent cigarette shortage has been explained! Dr. Flowers, Dook prexy, CHEWS the damn things at a very rapid rate!! Puleeze, sir, have some consideration for the lovers of the weed!

The veterans on campus are putting forth a real effort to outfit their newly acquired club as it should be done. More power to you, gang, and good luck!

Jeff, of the Chapel Hill Jeffs, did all right by himself as far as bets on the Series were concerned. If you want the right tips, fellas, that's the man to see!

Midnight musings:
I wonder when that light that is supposed to show the way for any

unwary passerby alongside of the Carolina Inn is going to be fixed. Sho is dark, gen'men!

Many thanks to Capt. Hazlett. He knows what I mean.

I wonder who those fraternity men were that went to the X and a Horseshoe house the other night. Seems that they wanted to join a sorority TOO!!

It's this reporter's guess that the dorm in the old Pre-Flight area that will not only house Marines, but also the V-12 Hq., will be about the quietest and most orderly on campus!! Strange!

This idea of a thorough orientation of freshmen on student government seems to be a good one. Better knowledge brings better appreciation and a more active interest. Listen well, students!

Now that the Sound and Fury is lining up a new show, anyone interested should get in on it now! According to Dick Stoker, there is still room for a few more songs and acts.

Still haven't gotten any explanation for the exorbitant prices for books at Richie's, Inc. Can't keep the issue quiet much longer!

Can't help but wonder when South Bldg. is going to make up their minds as to the starting time of exams. Monday or Tuesday, gentlemen??

Possibly one of these days our august Legislature will get back to its old habits of discussing things of importance! The past few meetings have been strongly reminiscent of kindergarten days, and sounding very much like the wake held for Uncle Pete! There must be something we can do for the campus, fellas!

Without a doubt:

The usual orchids go to Snavely and his gang. A good game last Saturday, and best wishes for as good a one today! Good luck, men!

Thus it turns, taking the limit off of time, and running its unceasing course. The wheel rolls on.

From Other Campuses

Education's Role In One-Worldness Cited

Berkeley, Cal.—Education's contribution to one-worldness lies in promoting international understanding and in training people to work out relations between governments, organized social groups and individuals, declared Frank Munk, lecturer in economics on the Berkeley campus of the University of California now serving as training director for the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.

In an article *Education and Training for International Work*, appearing in the *Association of American Colleges Bulletin*, Munk said both public and private organizations will need increasing numbers of persons qualified to serve in government or the newly created international organizations.

Skidmore Students Report On Activities

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—Interested in the greater perfection of its educational program, the Faculty-Student Curriculum Committee of Skidmore College has undertaken a comprehensive Time Survey, whereby each student is required to make an accurate report of all her daily activities for a period of three weeks.

The survey is based on the belief that the important element of time—its distribution between college program and personal activities is a vital key to the efficiency of a student's work and to her adaptation to college life as a whole.

With the data on hand, the Curriculum Committee will be able to cull first hand information concerning the distribution of assignments in courses, and the correlation of credits to time spent on daily assignments. The information will be used as a guide in possible readjustments of the program and as a barometer of student activities, attitudes, and purposes. The findings of the three weeks time survey will result, it is hoped, in better planning of time on the part of the students, and a more effective utilization of college education.

Northwestern Provides School Of Education

Evanston, Ill.—Northwestern University will establish this fall in its School of Education a new program for the education of teachers, President Franklyn B. Snyder has announced.

The main objective of the program will be to develop in the prospective teacher the understanding and the skill that are the attributes of the educated citizen as well as the successful teacher.

Discarding the traditional system of courses and credits, the new program consists of sixteen "Units of Study," four of which the student takes each year. He devotes approximately one-half of his time to a liberal education, one-fifth to the acquisition of professional knowledge, and the remainder to "content subjects" for the grade or high school level.

At the end of four years, he passes a comprehensive examination designed to lead him to tie together his liberal, professional, and specialized education into a unified whole.

Traditionally, the teacher in America has been trained under a four-year program in which liberal education was combined with professional training on how to teach and what to teach.

On the basis that man is a physical being, living in a physical world, that he is a social being, and that, last but not least, he is an individual, they simply asked—what knowledge is necessary for the education of a teacher and how can it best be prepared for assimilation in the student's mind and experience?

Eventually they agreed on sixteen units of study, comprising not a thin slice of this or that segment of knowledge but a four-year unified program of study, that seemed the best components of the education they sought to build.

The four units of study for the first year are called "Use of English," "The Bases of Social Life," "Introduction to Science-Mathematics," and "Introduction to Personal and Professional Development."