

It Should Be Frightening

In Minneapolis, Minn., this week one thousand American students are meeting. In Berlin this month two million communist youth met. The meeting in Minnesota, the fourth annual congress of the United States National Students Association, of which Al Lowenstein, former University student, is president, is the only nation-wide organization of its kind in America and the only student organization in the world which is offering the Communist-controlled International Union of Students any visible opposition.

But what good the NSA has been able to do in counteracting the Red youths, has come only after internal fights within our own camps. The McCarthy gang of nitwits have found the NSA to be a good target and have shouted RED and PINK and a few other unkind remarks. The NSA had a very difficult time getting started because of petty issues on the various campuses over the country. Here at the University, the NSA has been attacked by some students on the grounds that the Association is a waste of money. Several students here have also taken the cry of the McCarthyites. As President Lowenstein has remarked, "When you listen to both of them (Red and McCarthyites) it is difficult to tell which is which."

How Long This Double Standard?

The summer-school edition of the Carolina Playmakers made a real effort last week to give the campus some dramatic entertainment. It succeeded. Agatha Christie's popular mystery, *Ten Little Indians*, was warmly received and genuinely appreciated. The houses were packed, and the curtain calls many, the production lively, and the acting competent. But it is time the whole farse was called to a halt.

It is always regrettable to see standards lowered, even though we may become hardened to the down trend on the Hill. The smaller departments of the University use crip courses as drawing cards for the non-student student body, the Educational Foundation uses money as a drawing card for the "athletic" student body, but the Summer School has continued to use the value of refreshing intellectual stimulation as the drawing card for the state's teachers. They may be somewhat disillusioned by our fair campus. If they are it is thanks to such noble but misplaced efforts as those which went into the Playmaker's recent production.

It was a good show, an entertaining evening, but it wasn't the usually fine production which the year-round Chapel Hill playgoer has come to expect. That makes us sad. For it is the memory of such grade-B efforts that will be caride to the four corners of the state next week.

We do not blame the cast, nor do we wish to deprive our would-be actors of an opportunity to display their talents. But we point an accusing finger directly at the Dramatic Arts Department. For it is there that the decision is made to palm off on the sum-

mer-school public an emasculated version of one of the University's few artistic assets. It is there that, through some deplorable ability to compromise, the department decides that two directors and a handfull of eager but undisciplined students are to carry on their dramatic efforts under the justifiably respected name of the Playmakers. It is there that the standards are lowered.

Yes, it is time the whole farse was called to a halt. For dramatic entertainment is not the goal of the Playmakers. And although Mr. Patterson's production of *Ten Little Indians* was such entertainment, we are disappointed, for we had hoped for more.

The cast with few exceptions was uniformly superior. Mr. Trotman, as Judge Wargrave, and Miss Crain, as Vera Claythorn, both deserve special mention for their depth of characterization. Mary Virginia Morgan, as Mrs. Rogers, hardly deserves mention at all. The rest were capable and handled their parts with understanding. But their pacing was poor, not so much in the picking up of cues, but in the delivery of the play's many longer-than-dialogue speeches. This we must credit to a lack of sufficient disciplined rehearsal.

The set was below Playmaker par, the costumes occasionally too attention getting. The lighting in the candle-lit scene deserves its own applause. In all Director Patterson's effort left us fairly pleased on a warm Friday evening. But it would have sadly disappointed us on a chill February night. How long this double standard?

—Tom Kerr

— Read This —

(Continued from Page 1)

locksmith's apprentice, and the third out of work. They sat in the George C. Marshall building, in one end which was a soup kitchen while in the center a toy edition of the Santa Fe Railway's "Chief" gliding under bridges and over mountains in a huge electric exhibit.

Just outside stood "the European Trains"—a beautifully built combination of the friendship and freedom trains, showing the importance of uniting Europe. A long line of supposedly Communist youngsters from East Berlin stood waiting to pass through, but the boys I talked to had already seen the impressive train.

As we talked of communism—which they didn't like—I asked what they thought of a United States of Europe.

"That's what we've got to have," said the carpenter's apprentice, banging his fist on the table. "We've got to be united just as that train says. That's the way to lick communism and the way to lick war."

That remark pointed up to me the chief mistake we are making in our battle against communism. In Berlin, Moscow was selling an idea—we were handing out soup and bread. In the rest of Europe, Moscow has been selling an idea—we've been handing out Marshall Plan money to build buildings, railroads and roads. These are important. But sometimes people will fight harder for an idea than for full stomachs.

Letter

Editor:

I am not one who usually writes a letter to an editor. But the conduct displayed by those individuals responsible for that mass gathering at which the insane dribblings of an idiot playing a violin (sic... fiddle) provided "music" for the dancing pleasure of some 20 or 30 individuals in the "Y" Court last Friday night is too much to bear. At this "affair" the sounds emerging from that rusty loud-speaker could be heard clearly downtown and echoed and re-echoed off the walls of those dorms which are so unfortunate as to be located within a half mile radius of those weekly barbarous gatherings.

If these people wish to continue moving their bodies in this uncivilized cadence may I, a student and something of a serious one, suggest that they be held in the Tin Can or some such place outside the earshot of those individuals who want an education.

Jim Lamm

The Tar Heel

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Coed Reply Of Flirtation

By Geri Mays

The institution of flirtation has long been used by women to attract men. But women engage in such activity solely for the self-gratification they receive through gaining the admirations and then the affections of men. The coquette or flirt trifles in love without seriousness or decision.

One of the primary instruments of coquetry is facial expressions—especially the eyes. A man then must admit that such behavior is necessarily a combination of physiological and psychological processes. Obviously the body is used even in cases when the flirting is done discreetly, but any respectable woman is indeed a fool to use her body without first considering the complete effect it will have upon the opposite sex.

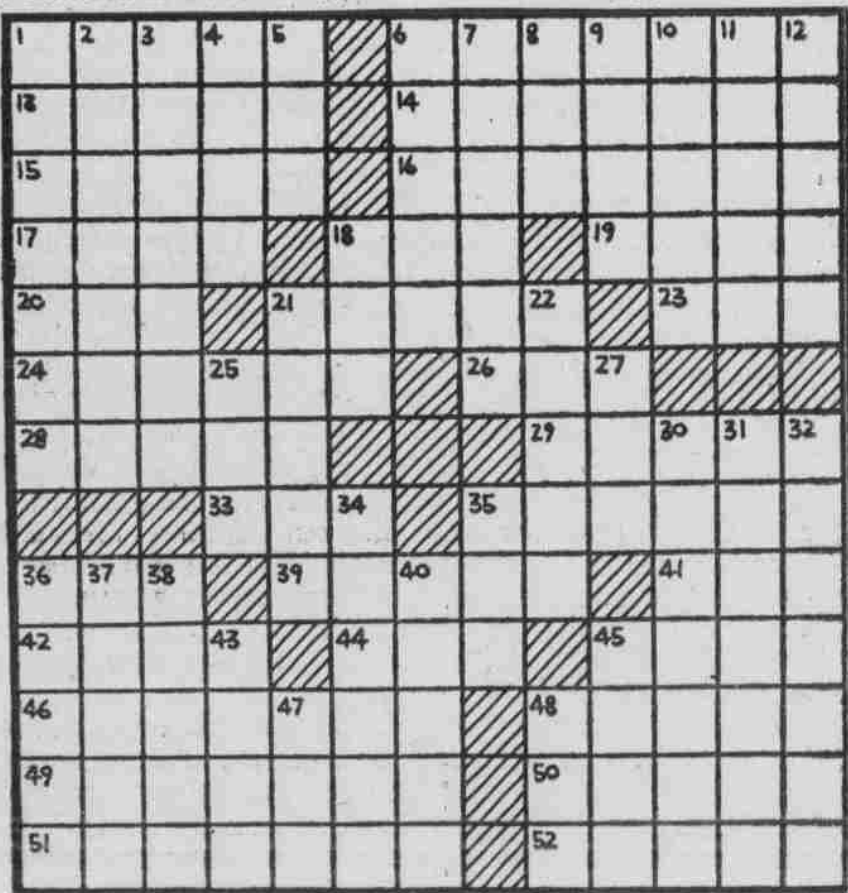
If men would stop to think, they might even consider flirting to be uncomplimentary.

Without a doubt a woman's ego is flattered in that with a smart

wave, a quick toss of the head or the right glance, a man's attention can be commanded. Men pride themselves on having the "lines," but a woman can "hook" a man without exercising any mental powers. Does this speak well of men?

But perhaps much of this is beside the point because women of today do not flirt. They do not have to. Unlike in the days of old, modern women mingle in the same social circles with men. And to a large extent they do have equal rights—some of which are constitutionally stated.

At this university, the coeds can get dates without practicing coquetry. Why should a coed bother to raise an eyebrow when there are all over the campus such childish males who have a great big "Bally-hoo" everytime they see anything in a skirt? And why should we coeds be looking for dates when many of us feel that about two-thirds of the local masculine mass are dating just for "kicks?"



HORIZONTAL

- 1. feminine name
- 6. most extensive
- 13. stingy hoarder
- 14. vie with
- 15. piece of property
- 16. acid liquid
- 17. let it stand
- 18. dry, as wine
- 19. lampreys
- 20. river in Poland
- 21. heals
- 23. female ruff
- 24. again
- 26. stitch
- 28. metric cubic measure
- 29. Russian measure of distance
- 33. bronze money
- 35. threat
- 36. close comrade
- 39. type of automobile
- 41. adult male

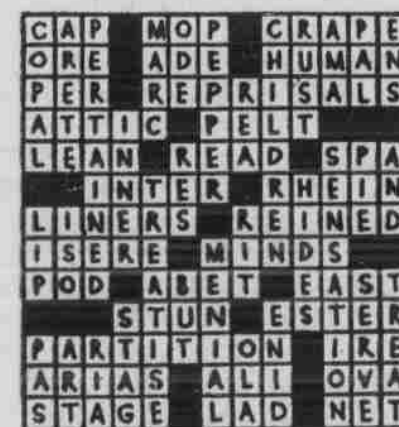
VERTICAL

- 1. gathers together
- 2. far off
- 3. perfume
- 4. former English court
- 5. dexterity
- 6. mechanical device
- 7. ecclesiastical vestments

8. hasten

- 9. mirth
- 10. desirous
- 11. insipid
- 12. concise
- 18. French author
- 21. Algonkian Indians
- 22. cardinal number
- 25. Anglo-Saxon money
- 27. skin protuberance
- 30. Mohammedan month
- 31. having unequal sides
- 32. occupants
- 34. stern
- 35. small rug
- 36. unmoded
- 37. those opposed
- 38. savage beasts
- 40. hazards
- 43. former Congresswoman
- 45. mongrels
- 47. decimal unit
- 48. grow old

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.



Average time of solution: 22 minutes. Distributed by King Features Syndicate