

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where it is printed daily except Mondays, and the Thanksgiving, Christmas and Spring Holidays. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price, \$3.00 for the college year.

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For This Issue:

NEWS: C. B. McGAUGHEY SPORTS: GENE WILLIAMS

THE THEATER

By ADRIAN SPIES

Taking wise advantage of the complementary natural color scenes of the Forest theater, the Carolina Playmakers are currently presenting Andre Obey's naive allegory, "Noah." Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the Playmakers are presenting Earl Wynn—backgrounded by the very strenuous and energetic efforts of the entire production staff. For the substantial and consistent weaknesses of Obey's work has resulted in an unnatural piece of writing of uncertain philosophical whose most important contribution is the creation of one excellent acting role. This was, of course, Noah—the hero and seer and symbolic spokesman of the play.

And the only trouble is that there is not enough real action and dramatic interest in this one character to make for a first rate evening of the "Our Town" type. And this is despite the admirable quality of Earl Wynn's widely ranged acting, the unusually effective work of Elmer Hall's lighting and setting, and the general good-matured pageantry direction of a night of theater under the stars.

"Noah," which we feel was an unfortunate choice because of the above reasons and the general air of enclosed intimacy of the piece, is Obey's message of tolerant faith. It is concerned with a humanizing of the old Bible legend for the purpose of sympathetically dramatizing and moralizing the writer's message of faith in the sometimes mysterious workings of God. The play makes the unfortunate error of sticking fairly close to the original story—which even the grossest unbelievers and other parts of Obey's hypothetical audience know. There is an are—and a very fine job of stagecraft incidentally—and there are the sons and the wives and the wicked neighbors. And all of them are uncomfortably "types." Thus the animals and the voyage and the subsequent loneliness of the goodness of Noah is an old story to us. Also, there is not enough whimsy or originality in this present version to make it much of a vital experience. It is only pleasant and kind and enjoyable for an affable spring eve.

The Playmakers must be given honest credit for doing much with limited material. As has been said, Earl Wynn managed to bring life into his role and offer all of the human softness and naturalness that is so necessary to good theater. The sons and daughters, however, could do little with parts that have been interpreted locally as little more than choruses. With the possible exception of Tom Morgan—who at least was positive—the juveniles were unnatural, uncomprehending, and unconvincing. But, again, this was less their fault than it was the playwright's.

In certain scenes—and there was a (Continued on page 4, column 5)

today

- 2:30—Symphony orchestra rehearsal in Hill Music hall.
- 3:00—Young Friends of North Carolina meet in student room of Presbyterian church. All Quakers and others interested are invited.
- 3:00—Carl Thompson and Edwin Benbow, well-known archery experts, will give archery exhibition and commentary on coed athletic field.
- 3:30—Track meet at Fetzer field. University band will play at track meet.
- 6:30—Hillel cabinet will hold annual banquet at the Carolina inn.
- 8:30—Last performance of Andre Obey's "Noah" by the Playmakers at the Forest theater.

And The Angels Sing

Mending under the ministrings of the medical men at the infirmary yesterday were: John Graham, David Blank, Henry Kamins, Herbert Shain, Horace Richter, James Dumbell, Raymond Merceready, Sophia Spivey, Henry Dillon, Earl Alexander, Jess Swan, James Carey, James Kirkpatrick, Richard Coogan, Vaughn Harford, Nere Day, Robert Dyer, Sylvia Sundstrom, Robert Goodwin, Leonard Schleiger, Robert Holman, Julian Candill, and Robert Rose.

sons of college age are not immune.

So, if you aren't feeling well, first make sure it isn't a super-hangover from last week-end, and then go to the infirmary for consultation. You might insure yourself of being able to take examinations a few weeks hence.

FORMER SCREEN STAR

HORIZONTAL

- 1 A former popular picture star.
- 12 Man.
- 13 Hangman's knot.
- 14 Vigilant.
- 16 Bay windows.
- 17 Cowslip.
- 19 Crazy.
- 20 To turn coarse.
- 21 Playthings.
- 22 To cut off.
- 25 Goddess of dawn.
- 26 Antiquity.
- 29 Fish.
- 30 Inner courtyard.
- 31 Fiber knots.
- 32 Men who commit treason.
- 35 Tumultuous disturbance.
- 36 Coffee pots.
- 40 Health spring.
- 43 Frozen dessert.
- 45 Immovable.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

DELESSEPS TITLE
IVORIES ELISION
PEON ANILE MERE
LAP SMELLED RAM
O TIS L RUB Y
MIMIC BUD B
ATOM LAMIA
I WED TIIN H FERDINAND
IS SOT N SO DELESSEPS
SIR RECEDED
TRUE NOSER ESSE
ENLIST WITTIER
ENGINEER FRANCE

15— was her

- 15— was her outstanding characteristic.
- 18 Ridge.
- 20 Dove's cry.
- 21 Wigwam.
- 23 Poem.
- 24 Energy.
- 26 Headgear.
- 27 Indian.
- 28 To ventilate.
- 30 Half quart.
- 33 Heading in red letters.
- 34 Common verb.
- 36 Distinctive theory.
- 37 Exclamation of surprise.
- 38 Tissue.
- 41 Timber.
- 42 Astringent.
- 44 Genus of frogs.
- 45 Slovak.
- 46 Otherwise.
- 48 To become old.
- 51 Relevance.
- 53 Form of "me."
- 54 Sound of pleasure.



To Tell The Truth---

By ADRIAN SPIES

The law clerk was sitting at his desk with all of the conscientious dignity of the young professional man. He slapped a headlined newspaper impatiently with a trimly cleaned hand. It was last summer, and Knoxville was hot, and the clerk was irritable, and there was news of more trouble in Bloody Harlan.

"I'm sick and tired of these big-shot big-mouths who write about conditions in Harlan. I lived there myself as a kid. My folks kept a credit house. And let me tell you that those miners never know what they want. They just ain't civilized. Shooting is a regular thing down there. The folks got tired of the strain and moved away. Never do business with miners. They buy things and then can't pay for them. Don't tell me about Harlan. It's dirty and those miners are the worst messes of all."

The law clerk was very dignified and positive. He forgot about Harlan and talked about the chances of pushing Cincinnati into the pennant. And he kept rooting for Cincinnati until the newspapers forgot to sell themselves with headlines about "Bloody Harlan."

The young man is still in Knoxville. And although Harlan has become national news once more, I am certain that he is devoting all of his time to expert, long-range, and spiritual management of the Cincinnati Reds.

There is little worth discussing the smallness of that gentleman except for one persistent fact. He was a boy in Harlan who saw the worst of labor exploitation and could have known the truth of their position. But his family sold miner's needs on credit—and credit is a dirty business when it's given unreservedly to the impuissant poor.

The law clerk learned early to rationalize the demands of Harlan miners into the drool-lipped menace of the raping beast. It was good business—and lots of folks will tell you that laborers are a dispassionate business commodity.

In Harlan today an army general has distributed armed troops to keep these "menacing brutes" in order. That is, to keep the miners from preventing a small part of themselves from entering non-union mines. And the governor of the state is "doing everything in his power to maintain peace and allow those who desire it to work." Shots are being fired from ambushes, and ambushes are being scoured by the newest machinery of American militia. Bloody Harlan is at war with labor stupidly taking sides against itself. And miners, who "just ain't civilized" are furtively hiding from the "peaceful" medium of American justice.

in economy by the undeniable conviction of the promise of a bullet. Where the strongest servants of the people are making unionization almost impossible and bravely defending the interests of industry—which, unlike the miners apparently, is civilized.

Those people who are fighting unionization in this little town are wise. They are like the family of that dignified law clerk. The refined gentry who sold merchandize to the miners on credit and usually managed to end up with both money and merchandize. They know—these clean products of our civilization—that a hungry man will work at any price, and that two hungry men will fight each other for the job. They know that squalor pushes men down to the grasping furtiveness of the beast. They have learned that as long as the oppressed are disunited they will vent their natural hate and anger upon each other. And they realize that as long as men can be beaten into beasts civilized people can point to them in proof of the uselessness of reforms.

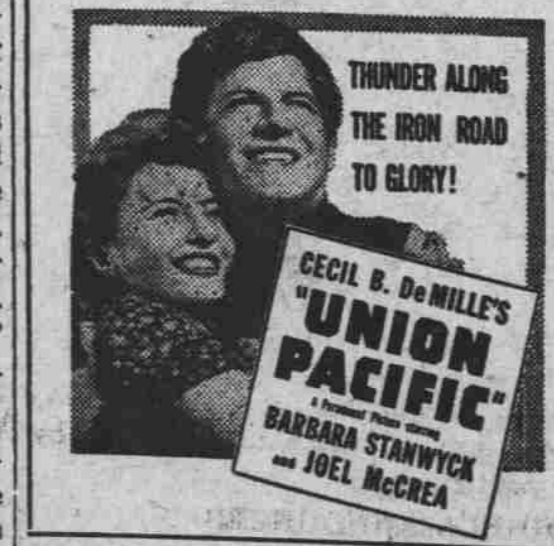
That law clerk in Knoxville doesn't have to be told about the people in Bloody Harlan. He's really quite a student of the ambushed menace of men who "just ain't civilized" and aren't worthy of recognition.

CAROLINA

NOW PLAYING
"YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER"

Starring
Humphrey Bogart
Also
COMEDY — NOVELTY

Sun.-Mon.



THE LAST STRAW

By BILL STAUBER

From The Infirmary

In a desperate search for a name for our column, "The Last Straw" was the last straw. Probably straw alone would have been better. Considering the contents, however, the name is quite appropriate.

Stranger than the name is the fact that the column was born in the Infirmary. Not that the Infirmary is not capable of giving birth to one, but that there is any activity in the infirmary at all should be news to most of you.

We fear that the campus has been greatly misinformed concerning the Infirmary. Not that the Infirmary is not capable of giving birth to one, but that there is any activity in the infirmary at all should be news to most of you.

They put us in a room with some boy that had been here since the week-end following the Fall-Germans. He had come in with a slight cold. Now, he has only a week or two to live. He told us he was happy about the whole thing though. He said if he had gotten well it would have taken him the rest of his life to pay the bill charged against him.

Late yesterday afternoon, two nurses came into our room, put clean sheets on an unoccupied bed, placed flowers on the table, and hung a sign over the bed, "Reserved for Sanford Stein." Woe be unto you, Mr. Stein. We await your arrival via Hudson, Allen, or the KA's with great anxiety.

While the Ark tossed on the imaginary flooded waters in the Playmaker opening of "Noah" last night, the original elephant's head, Leonard Schleiger, tossed on his sweat-flooded bed of the Infirmary with a good case of chicken pox.

While we sympathize with Mr. Schleiger, our deepest sympathy goes to Miss Terrell Everett, the tail. Adapted to the whimsies of the head as played by Mr. Schleiger, it must be quite a task to adjust herself to those of Mr. Davis. After all, if you were an elephant's tail, how would you like to be at the mercy of an inexperienced head.

P. S.—
If anyone sees our roommate, please tell him to bring us a package of cigarettes and that copy of Breezy Stories hidden under our pillow.

KILLER...

WITHOUT A CLUE!
How does he strike and disappear without a trace?

ROMANCE...

WITHOUT A CHANCE!
The wedding bells were ringing... when murder struck!

THRILLS...

WITHOUT A LET-UP!
Drummond's greatest case... your biggest screen thrill!

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S SECRET POLICE"

JOHN HOWARD
HEATHER ANGEL

Also
COMEDY — SPORTLIGHT

NOW PLAYING

PICK THEATRE SUNDAY

