

The Daily Tar Heel

Entertainment Front From Music Department

By Vestal Taylor

So little has been heard from the Music Department this season that some had begun to wonder what the folks over there were doing besides running scales in their daily exercises. A talk with John Shearman in early this week informed us that the musicians have not dropped out of sight at all, but are setting their sights higher than ever with an extravaganza to be produced and presented in their own home camp—Hill Hall, later in the quarter. Members are not planning just another concert, but a complete show with staging, lighting, sets and costumes with a chorus of 40 male voices in the background. We feel that this is a great step for these people and that they are to be congratulated for their venture.

After several false starts, Sound and Fury has at last gotten underway with their new show, and it promises to be a honey. The script writing team wrapped up the book for the production last week and the cast was chosen earlier this week. Plans call for a fast moving show with two main characters, two subordinate characters and a large supporting cast to move the story through a full half century of campus life here at Carolina.

Those who were disturbed by a column appearing earlier this season under the above byline may be relieved to learn that the hatchet has been buried between Sound and Fury and the Phi Mu Alpha Music Fraternity, their disagreement over the settlement of the "Beggars' Opera" debt.

Thank Goodness.

Wheels are rolling toward the production of Mike Casey's full length "Angels Full Front." This, as you may recall, is to be the fourth major production by the Playmakers for this season. Production dates are set for Feb. 28 thru March 5 and the show will be one of the best to see here this year.

The D.A. Dept. feels a little hacked over the royalties they were obliged to pay Samuel French for the privilege of producing the work of one of their own students. We can appreciate how this might make some of the powers feel a trifle awkward, but we feel that it is a tribute to the quality of Casey's work, while still a young man.

For those of you who missed Joe Stockdale's experimental, we can only say that you missed the finest production in this category since the end of the war. With just a little polish, this could very easily merit billing as a major production in any community theatre.

Not only did the plot flow smoothly, but the story was proof that down to earth folks make good subject matter—not at all in the Caldwell or Faulkner manner, but as the town bum or the family around the corner in any small town. The roles called for the actors to demonstrate weakness and strength, pathos and humor, and some highly emotional scenes. This, in short, was a work that any neophyte playwright might well be proud of.

The powers of the Parkway Playhouse have about completed their roster of administrative personnel for the coming summer season. The past season was by far the most successful yet, in the eyes of those interested in gate receipts, as well as the dramatic aspect of the project. This year their plans call for even greater things to be accomplished. This as you may or may not know is the summer theatre project at Burnsville, N. C. above Asheville. The administration of the project falls more directly on the shoulders of the dramatists from W. C., and it is a project corresponding to the Lost Colony administered by the local D. A. majors.

OFF TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE



Pitching Horseshoes

By Billy Rose

Whenever I'm in the mood for meatballs that sing and fiddles that sob, I amble over to a small restaurant in the East 60's where Joseph, the maitre d' usually lets me have my favorite table—the one with the tablecloth.

"This stuffed cabbage is really something," I said to him the other night as I began to eat with two forks.

"Thank you," said Joseph. "Perhaps you might mention it your column sometime."

"I'd be glad to," I said, "if I can do it without being too obvious. Anything happen around here lately which I could write about?"

"Nothing very exciting," said the maitre d'. "However, on New Year's Eve—but not that was not a funny story."

"Suppose you tell it anyhow," I said.

"Well, to begin at the beginning," said Joseph, "about seven o'clock on New Year's Eve, a Mr. Burke comes into the restaurant. A very nice young man, this Mr. Burke. He spends most of his time in Canada—I think he's in the mining business—but a few times a year he flies to New York for a holiday, and then he always comes here for the goulash. The Toronto kinds, he says, is not so good as the goulash in the East 60's."

"Skip the commercials," I said.

"First thing I noticed," the headwaiter went on, "is that Mr. Burke is not looking at the menu as much as he is looking at a girl sitting in a booth. She is a Miss Hurlbert who eats here two, three times a week—very pretty. Finally, Mr. Burke makes up his mind

about something and goes over to her table.

"In other words, he picked her up," I said.

"What could I do?" said Joseph. "It was New Year's Eve."

"The license commissioner wouldn't like it."

"Nothing wrong happened," said the maitre d'. "Mr. Burke was very—how do you say?—gallant, and he explains to the girl that the friend he had a date with had to leave town, and if, by any chance, she has no engagement, he would be honored if she would take dinner with him and then, perhaps, a show and maybe a cabaret."

"At first, Miss Hurlbert says no, thanks, but when she sees that Mr. Burke is a very nice young man, she says he can bring his drink over and they will talk about it. And the next thing, he is tasting her paprikash and she is tasting his goulash.

"When they finished dinner, Mr. Burke orders brandy in the big snifter glasses and they discuss what they will do that night. Miss Hurlbert says she would first like to see the French ballet at the Winter Garden, and then maybe a drink at the '21' club. Mr. Burke says that sounds fine, but after the drink why not go to the Copacabana and see Jimmy Durante. The girl says she loves Jimmy.

"At eight-thirty, Mr. Burke says they better get going, but the says there is no rush—the ballet she wants to see most, 'Carmen,' does not go on until almost ten. So he orders some more brandy, and by the time the check is paid it is nearly eleven.

"Then Miss Hurlbert asks the young man to go out and get a cab. And while he is gone she slips out the side door."

"Why did she ditch him?" I asked.

"I'm not sure," said Joseph, "but this is how I figure. This Miss Hurlbert is paralyzed in the legs, and when she walks she uses a brace and cane. At first, when the gentleman acted so nice, she couldn't help making believe that everything was all right, and for once she was going to have the kind of evening she has been thinking of for a long time. But then she realized it couldn't be—that when she stood up, Mr. Burke would see she was lame."

"If the young man was as nice as you say, I'm sure he wouldn't have backed out," I said.

"I think the girl knew this, too," said the maitre d', "but it's my belief she walked out on him because she knew he

To The Editor

Editor: **POWER**

Those of us who have been here for several years are daily reminded of the power of the EDITORIALS of the TAR HEEL each time we pass the traffic lights at the Post Office corner and remember the howl that the T. H. put up until said light was installed.

Now you have embarked upon a "smear campaign" against a campus policeman. I just wonder what value the editorial space would have received if it had been used to try to secure a big parking lot to the east of the Bell Tower—among the trees?

Robert W. Padrick

DREW PEARSON ON
The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON.—The deep-set eyes of Abraham Lincoln stared somberly down from a huge portrait. Below him milled 12,000 people, some trying to speak, some trying to gnaw chicken bones, some hoping to dance, some trying to look plebeian—all celebrating the Republican Party's determination to take a new lease on life at one-dollar a throw for a box supper.

The man who once guided the Republican Party—and the nation—through its most perilous crisis, looked down on the strange sight. What he thought, nobody knows. But here is what he saw:

A slightly frantic woman, bejeweled and in a fur coat, trying desperately to eat a chicken leg. She was elbowed on both sides. Her hat was askew. Her fixed smile had a pained look. Periodically, a hoarse voice in the stand above shouted, "Siddown you. Down in front," shrilled, but gnawed. . . Sen. Owen Brewster, as harassed and perspiring as a busy grocery clerk, trying to squeeze through to the Press table. His bald head gleamed but his voice retained its sense of humor. "We simple little Republicans support. . . ." He said. A loud boom from the high-school band drowned out the rest. But nobody cared anyway.

Twenty photographers trying to shoot a trio of Republican Leaders balancing boxes on their knees and picking at chicken bones. . . This was a shot for the front pages. . . Home-spun Joe Martin looked like he really enjoyed it, but Sen. Homer Ferguson's smile faded and glassy. . . "My boss," complained a stenographer in a loud, nasal wail, "gave me his ticket to this supper. He told me there would be plenty of eats and a good band. They ran out of food a half hour ago, and the only musician I've seen was a guy blowing a bagpipe."

On the platform sat Indiana's Sen. Homer Capehart, looking for all the world like a dejected, middle-aged cherub. The left side of his lip drooped sadly. . . At his side a quartet sang valiantly. "We ought to applaud them for effort," chirped someone. . . Capehart, who had arrived too early by an hour, sat a prisoner. He could not escape, but neither did he ap-

plaud. . . Squeezing through the crush came Guy Gabrielson, the friendly GOP National Chairman. Ab Hermann, the Major-League ball player, ra interference for him, while Mr. Gabrielson clutched a dainty orchid to prevent it from being brusied in the crowd. Mr. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine reached down to greet Mr. Gabrielson. She wore gardenia.

Ex-Congressman George Bender, Senator Taff's lustiest cheer leader, was in seventh heaven. "I didn't know there were this many of us left in the world," he yelled, looking down at the crowd. George's fancy bosom heaved with pride. Gone were his memories of the "Win with Dewey" shirts that he sent to friends as a gag after Dewey's defeat. . . Master of Ceremonies George Murphy wheezed playfully into the mike, "Shake hands with the girl on your left. Now, now, don't hold it too long. . . . The lady in the fur coat, still clutching a half-nibbled chicken leg, put her hand in her pocket.

beans and bounce, pushed through the crush. . . A cry from the crowd: "Is that Wherry?" "What's left to him," was Wherry's answer. . . Sen. Alexander Smith, the slim, gray, former Princeton professor, loped past looking like a faculty adviser at a fraternity initiation. He was happy, but a little dazed. From around his neck hung a big cardboard sign. It read "New Jersey," and added to his appearance of being a lost soul in a strange world.

One section in the grandstand resembled 5th Avenue's Townsend Old Age Club—elderly but elegant. Below, a mass of teenagers milled impatiently, waiting for Fred Waring's Band to start. . . A great cry swung through the arena. The champ had arrived, the great hope of the Party. In strode Bob Taft, wreathed in smiles. . . No progressive rebels there to greet him, no Wayne Morse, no Cabot Lodge, no Irving Ives. . . No chicken bones for them. . . "Maybe," cracked someone, "they stayed home and ate caviar."

As New Hampshire's twinkling Sen. Charles Tobey, a GOP independent, made his way slowly down the aisle, a newsman asked: "What are you doing on the program?" . . . Tobey looked at the lineup of Party conservatives on the Speakers' program—Indiana's Charles Halleck, who ducked out on Abe Lincoln's great principle—Civil Rights; Nebraska's Ken Wherry, who traded Civil Rights for a Montana Power Line; Capehart, who opposed preparedness; Washington's Harry Cain, the spokesman for the Real-Estate Lobby. . . "I realize," said Tobey wryly, "I'm with strange company."

The song leader roared out: "Hail, hail, hail, the gang's all here, what the hell do we care?" Senator Tobey laughed and moved on. . .

Above him the deep-set, somber eyes of Abe Lincoln still stared down at the political Party he had helped to spawn. Eighty-seven years before he had stood at another rally—at Gettysburg—where he told fellow Republicans: "We are testing. . . whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure."

. . . The hazards which he outlined are still there. The principles he emblazoned on men's minds are still remembered. But will they be carried out by those who now profess his faith? That was the big question asked from the sidelines at the famed box supper. . . Only time will give the answer.

Mixing Politics and taxes—While Congress is scratching for more tax money, the U. S. Tax Court, key agency for collecting taxes, is in danger of going political. Out of the 16 Judges, there will soon be nine vacancies, and if the Administration chooses to make them political appointments, a lot of badly needed tax revenue can go out the window. Four vacancies are coming up for appointment in June, while four Judges over 70 are holding office only by Presidential dispensation.

GM Changes

Time has come to the Rendezvous Room and TIME has passed. A new electric clock has replaced the old time piece that occupied the space over the mantle. The new clock was installed Friday, February 10 for the benefit of students making use of the Rendezvous. Now coeds can get back to the dorms on time, as the new clock will tell the correct time and not indicate 3:30 as the old one did. Other improvements in the room are the addition of wall decorations. These are groupings of TIME covers of important men and women who make the news. Gay colored table cloths are on the tables to give the room a new spring look.

—W N

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- HORIZONTAL**
- patriotic society (abbr.)
 - viper
 - middle point
 - eggs
 - former New Guinea base
 - former Turkish coin
 - withdraw
 - declare
 - sign of zodiac
 - fall flower
 - entrance
 - sacred vessel
 - halt
 - unbiased
 - imitate
 - menu cards
 - stingier
 - salutation
 - snatched (colloq.)
 - back of neck
 - printer's measures
 - simpletons
 - turn outward
 - cant
 - profit

- VERTICAL**
- American rails
 - ward off
 - proportion
 - woe is me
 - pouch
 - small paper bomb
 - spar
 - part of a National Park
 - heroically brave and enduring
 - clear profit
 - before
 - act in response
 - stunts
 - reply
 - unclose (poet.)
 - bronz
 - money
 - river in Scotland
 - preserve
 - topaz hummingbird
 - rescinds
 - embellish
 - burial
 - abominations
 - afresh
 - compel
 - spirited
 - horserace
 - otherwise
 - continent
 - upper limb
 - by way of
 - born

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.

ROSE SPAN HEW
ODES CAIN AWA
CAIT ARRESTED
TERNS TENS
SAL ISOBAR
PLEAD NEGATES
EARNER THIRST
DESIRE ANISE
OSIRIS DEW
AMEN ISTLE
MARSHALL ONCE
ANI ORLE STAR
SEN WEST ESNE

Average time of solution: 26 minutes.