

Some Things To Remember On Our 65th Anniversary

Today The Daily Tar Heel celebrates its 65th anniversary.

Unlike a man, or a country, or a philosophy, it is difficult to present in a single issue a vivid picture of what a newspaper has been throughout its history.

Yet by recalling those associated with The Daily Tar Heel in the past—by reviewing briefly several high points in the publication's life—it is possible to show that The Daily Tar Heel has indeed played an important role at the University.

To illustrate that role is the purpose of the numerous feature articles and columns written by former editors and men in the newspaper world which you will find in your Daily Tar Heel today. Lying behind those stories is the six-times-a-week publication which frequently the student takes for granted.

If The Daily Tar Heel has at times failed in looking at campus affairs broadly, it at times it has excelled in giving you a good newspaper both objective and fair in its presentations, it nevertheless has produced top journalists who rank high in the United States today.

We are, after all a sizeable publication printed exclusively at the hands of the student body. Sometimes we make mistakes; often we

are wrong. But the paper's contribution to the University and the converse contributions to those who work on the Daily Tar Heel will forever justify its existence on the campus.

In reading your Tar Heel today, remember the countless hours which your classmates spend—most of them without remittance—on bringing the paper to you. It often times is a thankless task which many would refuse to perform even with a salary.

We cannot, however, accurately measure the newspaper's role by a bird's eye view of the present. We point to men like Thomas Wolfe, Jonathan Daniels, Louis Kraar, Charles Kuralt, Ed Yoder, and many others to illustrate the influence of The Daily Tar Heel on those who have been associated with it.

In a word, The Daily Tar Heel is not a thing of the present. It has outlived our administrative officials of the past; it has existed throughout the years to report on the course of the University; and it will live long after today is but a memory in the history of the University.

It is not a chronological view of that history, but realization that it did and will continue to exist, that we want to point out to you today.

Crowd Is Congratulated For Good Sportsmanship

Coach Frank McGuire called Monday afternoon to express his appreciation for the fine sportsmanship displayed by the Carolina crowd at Saturday night's UNC-Maryland game.

"It gives me a great deal of personal satisfaction to congratulate the students, townspeople, trustees, faculty and friends for the fine sportsmanship they displayed Saturday night at the Maryland game in supporting our team 100 per cent, and at the same time in extending to the opposing team courtesy and hospitality as is indeed a true expression of the Carolina spirit," he said.

These people, indeed, deserve congratulations for the behavior which Coach McGuire described. And it was a courtesy extended to those on the UNC squad who played their last game on the home court to which they have brought fame in their past three years.

Pete Brennan, when talking with reporters after Saturday's game, summed up the sentiment of the Tar Heels when he said, "This place has been very good to us." And, Coach McGuire said, "most people here feel the same way Pete does."

Behavior here Saturday night, coupled with the victory which the Tar Heels scored, is truly a grand climax to the season on the home court. We hope it is indicative of what the future holds for sportsmanship at the University of North Carolina.

Like Coach McGuire said, there is little joy in winning a basketball game when going on the premise that boos and jeers of a partisan crowd are a handicap for the

The Daily Tar Heel

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WISE AND OTHERWISE About TV Ads, Rating 'Scales' & Give-Aways

By WHIT WHITFIELD

It'll never happen department: Have you ever watched the fruits of the Madison Avenue crowd on T.V.? Take for instance some of the ads on electric shavers. They have specially designed heads, exclusive parts, microground, razor-like components that cut the hair off two millimeters below the surface of the skin, little men who work with precision accuracy pulling the hair out by the roots and a hundred other unique devices.

These miraculous machines shave the fuzz off peaches, cut into broomstraw, steel wool, and assorted "hard to cut" substances. Quite often a practical demonstration is given, after which a beautiful model brushes the cheek of the demonstrator. This is the ultimate in advertising, but pity the poor girls who are scared for life.

On the whole, however, they are good for shaving peaches and brooms if that suits your fancy, but we suggest that you don't try it on the face.

The ultimate has been reached in another field as well. We constantly read about how a TV star owes his life to the various rating scales.

From a small cross section of people interviewed it is determined approximately how many people are watching over the whole country. This is fine in theory; the question is who is consulted? We have never met anyone who has been consulted about his or her TV preferences. From this we conjecture that the rating services have devised a new and better system for determining this information, one that saves them time and money and lets telephone operators off early. They simply present the question to the IBM, Univac, and who knows what other kind of machines they have now, to get the desired results.

This brings to mind another similar question. Who wins in all of the huge give-away contests every year?

We usually refrain from entering the "Things", but during a weak moment we submitted a solution to several grammar school riddles along with a statement in 25 words or less concerning the product. There were thousands of prizes to be won at intervals of a week or so.

We labored hard on the short statement, writing, revising, etc., finally realizing that only so many things could be said about the product in less than 25 words.

We didn't anticipate winning the grand prize, but we did think that a small one would be compensation for our labors. We didn't even win a used sparkplug. Who won any of the prizes? No one seems to know. If these items are deductible for the company, the government might do well to keep its eyes open this year.

"Let's Face This Squarely—Some Of You Haven't Been Smiling Enough"



HERB BLOCK © 1958 THE WASHINGTON POST CO.

VIEW FROM THE HILL

Bias Clauses Should Be OK'd

By CURTIS GANS

The second problem confronting the emergency fraternity committee should be discriminatory clauses in fraternity charters.

There are at least two parts to the problem. The first is whether the University should exercise any control over fraternities, excepting those on university grounds. The second question is whether discriminatory clauses can be considered valid grounds for control.

The first question is more difficult. It is the question of whether a private group should be subjected to any control other than the laws that every individual or group obey—the civil laws of the states.

The University has up to now taken the view that fraternities are made up of students, and the student's welfare is the University's business. Hence, there are such things as social rules, grade requirements, and visiting regulations.

There is indeed some question in this observer's mind that such control is justified. Fraternities are due to the simple fact that they pay their own membership, their own upkeep, and choose

their own members as private organizations.

As private concerns, they as a group, or the individuals that go to comprise it, have a right to their own privacy. To interfere in that privacy is a denial of individual rights, provided those individuals possessing those rights do not infringe on the rights of other individuals.

Hence, it might be shown that not permitting a fraternity to select a student with a grade level below C is infringing on the right of the fraternity to free selection.

To prohibit drinking is an invasion of the privacy of the individual to do whatever he wants to with his time, without the questionable benefit of supervision.

Indeed, any interference into the life of fraternities and their members, is a denial of the rights of the individual which is fundamental to democracy.

There is no question that students coming into the university tacitly agree to abide by university regulations.

On this university, prejudice due to race, creed, or religion is deemed an interference to equality of opportunity. Hence, although the fraternity

has the right to be prejudiced, it has not the right to transgress university regulations applying to all students.

In spirit bias clauses are in violation of equality of opportunity rules that obtain for all students on this campus. Thus, there is no reason that bias clauses should be allowed, since all students and all groups should have to abide by those laws that apply to all groups and students.

This will not deny the right of the individual or groups to be prejudiced, and to ball a person because of race, creed, or religion, but it does prohibit this from being the general policy.

It is hoped that through the double attack of legislation and education, prejudice will be eliminated. This however, is only wishful thinking.

JUST READING

It was hard for 10-year-old Marshall Frey to figure out just how he happened to ram his bike into a parked car on a street in Miami Beach, Fla. "All I was doing," he told police, "was riding along reading my comic book."



PEANUTS



L'IL ABNER



POGO

"THE COCKTAIL PARTY" Eliot Play A Failure

By ANTHONY WOLFF

A renegade herd from the Petites Dramatiques tripped roughshod and unshod over the coals of Mr. T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party" on Sunday evening. To continue the metaphor, they failed this crucial test and their soles were badly burned.

The exact nature of their guilt is difficult to identify, although its degree is all too evident. If Mr. Eliot's poem is a manageable play, and is susceptible to a staged production, then the Petites Dramatiques merely failed to realize the potential of its material. If, as it may be well argued, the poem does not really exist as a play—if it is really impossible to stage—then the Petites Dramatiques have compounded their crime: they have attempted the impossible and failed without glory, violating a considerable poem in the process.

As a play, Mr. Eliot's poem is almost insurmountably complex and obscure. Like "The Waste Land," it is not an organic whole, but depends upon a wealth of allusion to a wide variety of sources to carry any but its most superficial meaning.

If art is both surface and symbol, then the theatre arts demand a more substantial surface than do literature and the plastic arts. In the theatre, the images and meanings are transitory; the action progresses without regard for the audience's inability to keep up. A play on the stage cannot be viewed as a whole; an obscure line is lost to the audience unless it is re-inforced, unless its meaning is almost immediately clear.

Mr. Eliot's difficulty with "The Cocktail Party" lies mainly in this area of surface versus symbol. The antecedents for his characters come from such a variety of more or less obscure, and sometimes unrelated myths, that they become hard to understand and accept. If "The Cocktail Party" is to be produced at all, it must be done by highly gifted and trained people; even then, most of its meaning remains available only to the close, gifted, and erudite reader.

The play can, however, be done effectively, albeit superficially. It has been well done in other places at other times. Mr. Eliot has deftly drawn a gallery of complex and interesting individuals; he has sent four synthetic and symbolic creatures in search of self-analysis salvation.

Technically and intellectually, the Petites Dramatiques were not up to the job. Only one person on the stage seemed to have even the vaguest notion of what he was about, and that was Mr. Frank Clymer, who played the ambiguous Uninvited Guest. His was the only characterization which could be called mature and acceptable. Clymer's main fault was one of technique: his stylized method was perfectly legitimate, but he succumbed too often to the temptation to over do it. He spoke much too softly, counting on underemphasis to provide effect. His pauses were too long and too frequent and too obviously pregnant; used more sparingly, they would have enhanced his performance; as it is, they often slowed down the pace and made him seem pompous. All things considered, though, Clymer's performance was quite impressive—especially by comparison with the rest of the cast.

Betty Rhodes, as Lavinia, did a respectable enough job, but it left much to be desired. She is a striking and poised personality on the stage, and one might wish that there were more depth to her characterizations. This is her third appearance here and each time she has done a competent and appealing job; given a good director and a good deal of training, Miss Rhodes might well fulfill her obvious promise and become a good actress.

Russel Link, as Peter, also gave a fluent performance, but the character never developed—it was impossible to tell what he was, or how he could possibly have had any appeal for the two women with whom he was involved. The acting was good enough, but the characterization was shallow. The only way to describe Dorothy Walter's performance as Julia is to compare her to Dolly Goodman, who has herself been aptly described as "indescribable." It was hard to tell whether Miss Walters was conscious of her acting or not, indeed whether she was acting at all. Only at moments, very few of them consecutive, did she seem to fill the role.

As the frustrated husband, Peter Sinclair was quite inadequate. His performance was self-conscious, stiff and unreal. His anguish was unbelievable, and his moodiness an obvious pose rather than a real discomfort. His diction was monotonous and his timing was poor. Sinclair saved himself occasionally, but not often enough.

Betty Sinclair, as his ex-mistress, also did very little to recommend her voice; was high pitched and piercing, and entirely devoid of any real warmth. She had a penchant for the agonized grimace which was very unpleasant to watch and which could not alone convey the agony which should have been in her voice and body as well.

Sam Baker's Alex was an amusing performance, although he, too, was somewhat lacking in depth.

All in all, the performance was more than disappointing; at moments it was absolutely painful. The blame, of course, does not lie solely with the actors. There is little virtue in attempting something which one cannot hope to accomplish, and "The Cocktail Party" is several degrees too difficult for any but the most expert group to have any hope of doing well. The only outstanding thing about this production was the script with which the Petites Dramatiques strated; they did nothing to enhance it and much to detract from it.

The Petites Dramatiques has been on this campus for a year now, and it has never kept the promise which it made with its first production, "Caligula." It is long since time for GMAB to take a look at its little brain child—to see if perhaps the Petites Dramatiques might set its sights on some goal and set about reaching it, and not have such mistakes as "The Cocktail Party" again.

by Charles Schulz

by Al Capp

by Walt Kelly