

The Tar Heel

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THE EXPLOSION IS OVER

The campaign literature is being cleaned from the campus, and the student community is settling back to a less explosive existence after sending a new group of leaders to the high offices of student government. The nation was reproduced in miniature as two major parties battled to gain the reins of student government for their candidates. Experience was gained which no classroom can teach; students learned to play the great game of politics under a democracy.

The election is over, and for the next year the students will become a cardinal part of the government of the nation in miniature when they will pass legislation, provide for the welfare of students, regulate student affairs, enforce laws, try and punish lawbreakers, publish a newspaper, a magazine, and a book, and administer special activities such as athletics, debating, and entertainment for the students.

CREDIT TO THE BALLOTEERS

Some recognition is undoubtedly needed for those "forgotten men of the election," the counters of the ballots. It is a thankless and unrewarded task at best, a disagreeable and tedious job at worst, and above all a service done, not for credit, but in the interests of the University of North Carolina and of student government in general. The tabulation of the ballots began at 7:30 at night, and was still going on at 6:30 a.m.; these students had been up all night at a task a bit more difficult than the counting of sheep. This typifies the spirit of student government and is, in itself, the entire purpose of student government—the cooperation of individual students for the betterment and the service of the group as a whole. Let us give credit where credit is due.

STATEMENT OF POLICY

During the next year, the Tar Heel shall strive to help the students obtain what we believe to be the purpose of college—the preparation for a greater and more useful life. The Tar Heel fully realizes the powerful role it can play at the University—we are fully conscious of our obligation to the students of the University. We do not doubt that we are the most powerful single agency of student opinion and that we correspondingly have the most sacred obligation to fulfil to the students we have pledged to serve.

Because of this obligation to the students, we shall always be jealous of the liberty that the students possess here, and shall do everything in our power to defend that liberty. First of all, there shall be unrestricted freedom of the press. We will accept no limitations whatsoever on what we can print; neither will we accept any obligation to print what is desired by any source. We shall yield to no censorship and to no force—regardless of its power. We believe that the students want a free, crusading Tar Heel, and that is what they will get.

In the southwest corner of Graham Memorial sits the hottest desk in Chapel Hill. Here is the link between facts and the student body—here is an office full of the ambitions, prejudices, and opinions of many. Here is where the press of a super-enlightened population holds sway. Mistakes are made—plenty of them. Feelings are hurt and personalities irritated. Almost everyone who attends a university has a rather sensitive belief of what is right and what is wrong. Many are eager to attack and destroy.

The management of so much diverse opinion has been a difficult job in the past, and we do not expect it to be easy in the future. Knowing that man is a peculiar animal—never satisfied and often belligerent—we shall print what we believe to be truth and justice, and hope that we are in the right.

Digging The Discs With Dave

By Dave Koonce
 One of the best releases lately is Columbia's "After You've Gone" done by the new Goodman Sextet. With a terrific tempo, the side opens with a Goodman chorus, followed by two very fine piano choruses, with Teddy Wilson at his best. B. G. comes back on clarinet, leading the way to a few bars by old man Red Norvo on Vibes. Here Red equals, if not betters, anything The Hamp has to offer. Slam Stewart follows on bass, humming and sawing out some fine riffs. Slam Plucks top-notch rhythm on this session, proving he rates as a rhythm man as well as a soloist.

Morey Feld is the drummer. On the reverse, the trio (piano,

clarinet, drums) does a commendable job on "Body and Soul," though it can't compare with the other side.

Tommy Dorsey (famous for his balcony scene) couples "Any Old Time" with "Sunny Side of the Street". The former is crooned by Billy Usher; the latter is handled by the Sentimentalists. Just can't see anything on this disc worth even a quiet rave. But like most commercials, this should sell to the bobby-soxers.

Artie Shaw debuts his new Gramercy Five with "Sad Sack" and "Grabtown Grapple". This rates plenty of raves. The nerve-wracking Harpsicord is gone, and Roy Eldridge is back, powerful as ever. See DIGGING THE DISCS, page 4.

Foul Practices At Polls Cited By Reader Shropshire In Fiery Letter To Editor

210 Pittsboro Street
Chapel Hill, N. C.
April 7, 1945.

To the Editor:

Another election has just been carried out, and I would like for the student body to know just what some of us students think about the whole affair. Many of us have become thoroughly disgusted with the attitude of some other students toward voting; frankly, I've never seen anything to beat it. If the number of people who did NOT vote as their conscience would have had them was made known, I am satisfied that that number would be tremendous.

On Election Day I took it upon myself to observe the attitudes of some of the students toward voting. I came to the conclusion that MANY students were voting for a particular man or group of men just because their fraternity or so-

rority was backing them, or because someone handed them a card and told them that the best candidates were listed there; the election was just an ordinary thing to them, and they had no interest whatsoever. To illustrate this point is the following example: A student was observed last Thursday as he walked into the "Y". He obtained his ballots and then took them over to one corner to vote. Very energetically he started marking his preferences, but before he hardly began, a student walked up behind him and politely told him that he was "all off the beam" in his voting. This student also proceeded to point out the men who he was representing, and assured him that they were definitely the best candidates. The voter thanked him and immediately changed his preferences. This boy was only ONE of

See FOUL PRACTICES, page 4.

Apprentice Seaman Sandick Attacks Watson; Playmakers Lauded For Wearing Slacks

To the Editor:

After reading Friend Watson's ostensibly careful analysis of the critical attitude toward the Playmakers by the student body, I wonder if he ever attended the long hours of rehearsal that the members of this organization devote to the plays produced by this dramatic group. If he has, I am sure that he would have discovered the true reason for the "unique fashion of dress" the players wear. One wears slacks only because it's the only sane type of dress on a dusty stage. It's gaily colored simply because all slacks for women are only sold in flashy colors. And strangely enough the members wear the usual conservative mode of clothes outside the theatre.

I have had the privilege of knowing several members of the Playmakers. Not one of them has shown the alleged artificial veneer of speaking or bearing that the author of last week's letter claims. What Mr. Watson forgets is that the

stage, unlike any other profession, demands not eight hours of the actor's life, but twenty-four hours. The stage is not a job, but a way of life. The members of this profession have genius and talent lacking in other forms of work. The director of last week's experimental production, "Through a Glass Darkly" was Nick Lindsay, the son of the famous poet Vachel Lindsay. During the past four months in which I have considered Nick Lindsay one of my good friends, I have not once seen him act abnormal. Much to the contrary he has been as human as the next person if not more so.

I wonder what James Watson does with his week-ends? Does he know that for hours, commencing early in the afternoon and lasting to the early hours of the morning, Nick Lindsay and members of the production board worked on this play until it became letter perfect? I doubt if other members of the See SEAMAN SANDICK, page 4.

Smoker's Hack

By Banks Mebane

"Hell," he said, "what is there to do around here?"

He was skirting one of those palls of cigarette smoke that surround the interminable bridge games in Graham Memorial when I looked up from my two no-trump bid and overheard him. He moved on down the lounge, scarcely disturbing the heavy clouds of smoke, and flopped on a sofa to rifle through a three-month-old copy of the "New Republic." Soon he left with a disgusted expression, and the room was turned over to its monotonous drone of "two no-trump," "pass," "three no-trump," "double!" and the blare of the radio tuned to a soap opera.

This occurrence is just one of many cases in which students have walked out of Graham Memorial, the students' building, for the first time, and have never entered it again except to eat and to attend an occasional Friday Night Frolic. The reason for this is obvious: there is nothing in Graham Memorial to interest the students who do not play bridge. At night it be-

comes a reasonable facsimile for the Arboretum, with music added, but beside that its attraction for the average student is nil.

Yet Graham Memorial is a large building; it has facilities for a number of types of entertainment; it has sufficient funds, funds which come from the pockets of the students; it has everything—and it has nothing.

The cause of this is easily located: it is, of course, the war. The war, which has created a stagnant condition in so much of campus life, has not spared G. M. Now, however, the time is ripe to do something; and something is being done. Grant Sorrell, the Financial Director, and Mrs. "Van," the Director, are inaugurating an all-inclusive program for entertainment. They are planning movies, parties, things of interest to all students; but they need co-operation. A committee, representative of all the students, has been organized, but the whole-hearted support of everyone is needed. Students, it's up to you!

Cadet Andrews Explains Ernst's Philosophy

To the Editor:

The ideas and problems which underlay the warm discussion between Mr. Ernst and Professor Ericson at the Institute session on "The Problems of Prejudice" are essentially the very ones which occupied a large part of Dr. Heiman's address earlier—namely: how to accomplish a healthful interaction between order and liberty. Next to the deeper problem of the essential trends and possibilities of human nature itself, from which this other arises, the practical question of order versus liberty is one of the most crucial facing human society today.

Mr. Ernst's philosophy, in its profoundness and its simplicity, is rather easily understood. There is, however, a close biological analogy to his philosophy concerning the democratic process of getting at

the truth and combatting falsehood, which may be of help.

It is this: Warmth and air (corresponding to Mr. Ernst's unrestricted propagation of ideas and the free clash of mind with mind) are absolutely essential to the maintenance of life (which corresponds to the discovery and spread of truth)—and regardless of what other conditions are set up for the combat of falsehood and spread of truth, these essential conditions of liberty and non-suppression, requisite to life itself, must not be destroyed.

If, in our zeal to do away with the lies and prejudices which threaten the life of the social organism, we take away those very conditions of warmth and air (free propagation of ideas and the clash of mind with mind), which are re-

See CADET ANDREWS, page 4.

The Ram Sees . . .

BY AN OLD GOAT

• Winter "dead" has disappeared entirely . . . fraternity parties, political parties, private parties have set Carolina into a general uproar. Ram sees excitement and keeps one ear out for all scuttlebutt and with the other listens to the birds so that he can say "a little bird told me so."

FORGOTTEN FEMALES

Ram helps in social duties! Too priceless to ignore . . . all feelings aside . . . here is the story! PiKA's probably found themselves rushing around making hurried plans for a huge picnic for the Tri Deltas Sunday. Somehow the Tri Deltas took for granted they were being entertained and the PiKA's were quite undecided when Ram called up to get the details. Always being eager to inform, the Ram advised them to "get on the ball" because the girls were expecting a big time! . . . They had a swell time.

HERE AND THERE

Willie Moss Meek's visitors came in triplets . . . Lloyd Eggleston, Suzanne Arnoux, and little sister Kay Moss. Their "first" in a scrapbook of Carolina week-end memories . . . the line forming to the right in the Alderman parlor. Fourteen of the "fly-fly" boys were waiting to be swept off their feet by those attractive lasses from Norfolk. Mary Lib Barwick's sister was over for the week-end. Paige Brodie, who graduated last term, was back to see the girls in Spencer. Chuck Wurthem came to see his Carolina Beta brothers again.

Co-eds Dickie DuVall, Shirley Hurwitz and Evelyn Shugar sometimes prefer their homes to week-end dorm life at Carolina.

WHITE TOP

An example of the frustrated condition that caused the terrific popularity of Frank Sinatra was seen on campus the other day. According to certain psychologists the "swoon" act is caused by a subconscious desire for hero worship. There is a swoon boy at Carolina too. When Boots Walker started across campus in his white topped uniform the other day he had no idea that he would be selected for such worship. The moment that Cappie Capt and some of the Archer House girls saw him, they screamed and fainted all over each other. The uniform still gets them.

CHATTER MATTER

The first item of current tongue-wagging interest is unfortunately a tragedy. The 24 Below Club had no music Saturday night. The results were rather chaotic. Next week things will again assume a normal air . . . After the crowd cleared out of the 24 Below, six

variously described characters stayed and gave forth vocal noises. The result was fun if not music . . .

The following is a special name to notice. The Ram has no reason for mentioning her name but here it is anyway—Bobby Wyatt. Now she can send it home to her mother . . . Harry Bates can't tell the difference between "heads" and "tails" (where coins are concerned) . . . What was wrong that the Marine candidates couldn't get the election results for so long? . . . The Playmaker Experimentals last Friday were the best in a long time . . . Maybe his "unmentionables" were to blame but the Chi O's remained aloof to Jim Morman's many charms. His name implying "Lady Loves" didn't even help . . . The man most infrequently partial to Duke woman is Brandt Allen. There should be lots more cigarettes now that the V-12 Unit has permission to use Pre-Flight Ship Service . . . "I don't remember anything about it," was the only answer available concerning the Med Party last Saturday.

STRAY STALK

Through the help of W. H. Hips the Ram gives you this latest ear of corn: "Igor Bivor is the name of Russia's hardest worker."

IMAGINE 50 YEARS!

• Fifty years of Chi Omega! A chicken-ice-cream-cake banquet board complete with elaborate menu cards and tulip centerpieces (in cardinal and straw) marked the sorority's golden anniversary. To Mickey MacDonald goes special credit for the success of the occasion. Gracious Margaret Fountain presented this year's spring awards to Frances Bleight, model pledge, and Linda Nobles, the pledge with the highest scholastic average. Vivacious, capable Tharon Young received the chapter's highest honor; she was titled "The Girl Who Has Done Most for Chi Omega."

• A back-yard Sunday night supper party was the DKE's contribution to the anniversary week-end of their adopted sister sorority . . . the Chi Omegas. It was a long distance party . . . the ham and potato salad coming from Winston-Salem, compliments of Phil's mother, Mrs. Haynes. The Chi Omegas publicly say "Thank you, sirs" to President Laurie Hooper, presiding at the punch container, and Master of Ceremonies Mr. Harvey White.

HEIGHTS

Two new records have been set on the campus during the last week. The first is the truly amazing affair of one Graham White. He has hit an all-time high for See RAM SEES, page 4.

LUX et LIBERTAS

By Richard G. Stern and Marjorie Martin

It is considered very chic for a play reviewer to enter and depart from the theater with the same bored sneer on his face, indicative of his contempt for the fools who have dared to clutter up the stage of Shakespeare and O'Neill with their amateurish trash. On rare occasions, however, the reviewer must throw this principle into the gutter, take off his hat, and shout, "Here's something!" At the recent experimental productions your reviewer's hat came off—we had found a diamond in the sand.

The precious stone was "Through a Glass Darkly," a one acter written by Mrs. Elinor Martin in the playwrighting course. Conceived in the author's experiences, dedicated to a fine art form, it was executed with nobility and understanding by an alive director and an intelligent cast.

Physically it concerned itself with a sensitive girl's experiences in a war factory. Hurt by the waste and indifference of her fellow workers who, to her young mind, have overlooked the reasons behind the plant, the things they make, and the war itself, she harangues them and the firm, knowing superintendent who tries to make her rest. At the end she leaves, crushed by the accusations of the others.

Basically the play deals with the eternal struggle of youth battling at the bonds of convention and order. It also vividly presents the theory of mob passions and violence by presenting the workers kindly in duologues, but transforming them into ferocious cogs of hate, reflections of the brutal machinery which surrounds them, beating irresistibly against the defenses of intrants when they are conglomerated into

deft touch. Based on an absurd the mob. There are many more underlying themes playing in this symphony, too many to be discussed in three more issues of the Tar Heel.

The director, Nick Lindsay, should be garlanded for his handling of the really effective lighting, the music (combination of factory noises and Stravinsky), and above all for capturing and sustaining the spirit of the piece. The cast was splendid. Especially fine were Ann Campbell as the intense young girl, Will Schöllmeyer as the quiet but superbly effective foreman, and Barbara Schuster and Lib Johnson in smaller rôles. Orchids and Thanks.

The audience's favorite seemed to be "Glory Please," an entertaining comedy by Charles Waldman. Concerned with family reaction to their returning servicemen, the play treated a serious subject with a light, situation, there were enough clever lines and situations to shove your objections down your throat and nearly make (or make) you like it. The acting was fair except for a bit by James Warren, who was wonderful. If the play's trimmings had been planted on a more feasible base, the audience would have enjoyed the play much better.

The first play on the evening's bill of fare was "Point Chartres" by Robert Adkins, a play which was ruined by some absurd technical faux pas, weak characterizations, and a tired cast. There were some entertaining lines, however, and the play's deficiency might have been caused by the fact that it was the last of a three act drama.

Altogether the evening was a success, and a large audience showed their appreciation.