

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue

News Editor: Lytt Gardner. Sports: Ray Howe.

• French Yodelers

Day after tomorrow Sigmund Spaeth, the "tune detective," will end the spring quarter Student Entertainment series when he appears in Memorial hall. Last year, by a stroke of fortune, we were able to get "Green Pastures" here for \$1500, and this year we heard the Minneapolis Symphony. Noteworthy has been the trend in the last year or so toward fewer, but more more attractive, presentations.

The present Entertainment budget runs around \$4,700. The \$1500 presentation of "Green Pastures" was the largest single item in last year's list of program expenditures.

Current campus interest not only favors the trend in the committee's selections toward concentration of programs, but it also is beginning to assert itself in exploring the possibilities of the committee's presenting Fred Waring or Paul Whiteman.

Some campusites have declared that "Fred Waring in the fall, Whiteman in the spring" would satisfy their entertainment series cravings. But the committee points out Waring alone would cost considerably over three fourths of the year's budget, even for a one night's performance, and certain of the committeemen feel that in view of a whole year the money could better be spent in securing four or five other, less expensive, but as educational performances. Some of them possibly do not think the "Jazz King" is worth \$3000 if Efram Zimbalist will come for \$750. . .

And the same campus interest comes back with the proposal that Whiteman be secured in co-operation with the German Club, so that his appearance in concert would be considerably less were he to be scheduled for several other events in Chapel Hill! With a questionable challenge, the campus opinion dismisses the subject for the moment: "Do the students pay their fees to receive student entertainment or not?"—J. M. S.

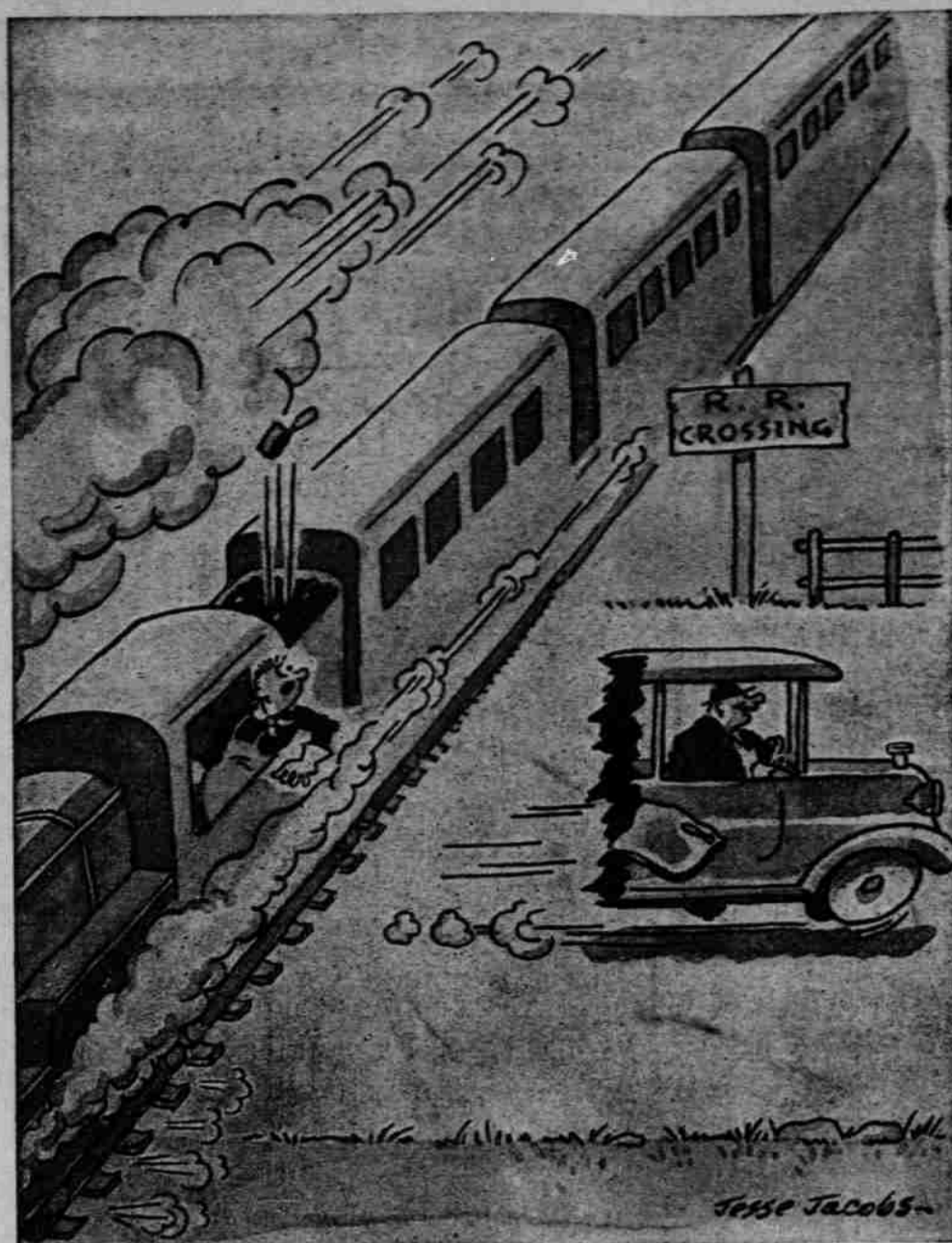
• More Strings

It is sad but true fact that only three or four fraternities in Chapel Hill own their houses with no "strings attached." Conditions elsewhere are said to be just as bad. The houses were built in boom times when prices were high and they were constructed with borrowed money.

All during those five lean depression years fraternities have been trying desperately to keep up interest and principal payment on the large debts incurred in boom times. Many lodges have failed and have been sold out into the street. Others are on the verge of financial collapse as a result of this unnatural drain.

The government has aided other home owners, corporations and banks. Why not, then, a FRC—Fraternity Refinancing Corporation? This bureau would lend money to fraternities at a normal rate over a longer period of time. It is remarkable that Roosevelt hasn't put this plan into operation before now—it would get him some fraternity votes.—S. W. R.

OH BOY—JUST MADE IT!



THE THEATER

By BILL HUDSON

Niggli Night

Saturday night Josephine Niggli of Monterrey, Mexico, must have walked on air; for with her four plays she successfully mirrored her native land, in its moods of laughter and tears, of poetry and patriotism.

Actors, technicians, directors, and even business executives shared too in the triumph of the playwright; the plays all were excellently produced, and the large house was enthusiastic over the most varied and interesting program of the year.

Colorful sets and costumes added considerably to the effectiveness of all four performances. Miss Niggli herself was responsible for the costumes, and the directors constructed their sets from odds and ends around the scene shop.

"Sunday Costs Five Pesos"

Here is the simplest, but most finished play of the quartet, a gay little comedy of flirtation centered about a lovers' quarrel and a village law requiring the initial offender in a Sunday fight to pay a fine of five pesos. It moves rapidly, with funny lines, lots of action, including folksy gestures and postures, and vigorous, colorful expressions. Playing the leading role of Berta, Ellen Deppe was a spirited little empty-headed, fiery-tongued coquette. The support she received from the rest of the cast was spotty; Ralph Eichhorn, Jessie Langdale, Christine Maynard, and Jean Ashe did their parts adequately, but failed to catch the spirit of play so successfully as did Miss Deepe.

"Azteca"

Objectively, this "tragedy of pre-conquest Mexico," described by the author as an attempt to illustrate the type of drama which appeals to Mexican audiences, was the most interesting on the bill. The Mexicans, she said, come to plays to hear word-patterns, without paying much attention to plot or characterization. Miss Niggli got away with her exercise in rhetoric rather well, and John Hardie and the versatile Miss Deppe put the play across in spite of the combined opposition of the rest of the cast, who said their lines in a manner faintly suggestive of high school children reciting

(Continued on last page)

Correspondence

• Thanks A Million

To the Editor,
THE DAILY TAR HEEL:

The Anti-war committee wishes to thank all those who cooperated with them and aided them in staging the anti-war strike last Wednesday.

In particular, the committee wishes to express its gratitude to Dr. Graham and the administration for granting the extra time for the demonstration, to Mr. Rogerson who furnished the amplifiers, to the infirmary for lending the crutches and nurse's uniform, to a kind gentleman in the building's department who lent some rope, to Coach Bob Fetzer who supplied a stretcher, to those who sacrificed their time to paint posters, to those who lent their cars, and to the faculty for speaking of the demonstration in their classes and participating so enthusiastically in it.

The four faculty members who spoke at the panel debate Wednesday night in Graham Memorial deserve many thanks and a great deal of praise for holding the interest of the audience without a slump for two hours and a half.

In fact the committee wishes to thank everyone, themselves included, except the weather man who did not foretell that it would rain at precisely 10 minutes after 10.

Chairman of Anti-war committee.

Senior Play

(Continued from first page)

parts have definitely been assigned: It is already a certainty that Francis Fairley will be the hero, and Jack Clare will be the villain.

Fairley, who stands for fair play and square shooting, said last night just before going to bed at 8:30, "If I can be of any assistance, please do not hesitate to let me know."

Villianously chortling as he pushed several small boys in front of speeding automobiles on Franklin Street, Jack Clare cunningly refused to divulge the details of how he intends to undermine the status quo. "It will be an ill wind for the farmer's daughter when the traveling salesman convention blows into town," snarled Clare.

Absolutely no admission is to be charged. Everyone is asked not even to bring a silver offering. As a matter of fact, people will be searched before entering to see that no old shoes, eggs or tomatoes are hidden on prospective members of the audience.

The New Generation



Niles Bond

By DON BECKER

Niles W. Bond, president of the senior class next year, hates spinach but can go for a "Sweet Sixteen," which is the name of an ice cream sundae sold some place in New Hampshire for 30 cents and which he has never been able to get anywhere else. The sundae consists, he says, of four different kinds of ice cream plus "everything they had behind the soda fountain."

Niles stands six feet three inches in his socks and walks around in size 12 shoes. He carries with him a New England accent (he's from Lexington, Mass.), a dry sense of humor, and two fountain pens in case one runs out of ink. He is a confirmed 'phone booth artist, only he calls it "unconscious art."

Seldom does he wear pants and coat of the same material. He denies dressing out of Esquire, says he dresses like a damn Yankee. He doesn't smoke. His favorite author is Manuel Komroff.

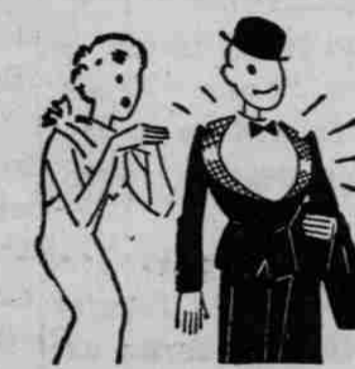
When a youngster he spent a year and a half on an Indian reservation near the Restigouche river in northern Quebec. He was there because his father's business—lumber—carried him to that remote spot. In high school he made the tennis team and had his sense of humor commented upon in the yearbook.

He's majoring in government at the University with the view of entering the foreign service after graduation. He was 20 years old last February.

His campus activities are:

President rising senior class, president Foreign Policy league, business manager Buccaneer, business staff of THE DAILY TAR HEEL, University Club, Amphoteroben, Inter-dormitory council, president of Grimes dormitory, junior class dance committee, Phi Assembly, honor committee.

ABOUT CAROLINA



Little Happenings of Much Interest

Edited By
RUTH CROWELL



All of the "Y" officers who attended the training camp at Randleman reported a good time, except Mr. Comer who returned with a sunburned head. He has difficulty in wearing a hat now.

"Moose" Cay one of the S. A. E. satellites, refuted President Roosevelt's statement that we can not hark back to the horse and buggy days. Cay rode all over town Saturday afternoon in a buggy drawn by a moth-eaten horse, and he didn't stop for the stop light, either.

Augusta, Ga. and New York City got together in the persons of Tom Fry and Bert Winkler Saturday afternoon and played 27 holes of golf.

Gordon Burns and Dick Burnette visited their parents in Rocky Mount over the weekend, and Gordon returned with a new suit.

Among the Carolinians who preferred Woman's College beauty at the Freshman Prom instead of imports at the May Frolics were Fred Cook, Craig McIntosh, and Ted Britt, who were in the figure, Gene McIntosh, Scott Hunter, John Munch, George Puig, Ben Brown, Alex Farmer, Wythe Quarles, Louis Midgette, and Philip Lucas.

Raymond "Doc" Yokeley returned from the luncheon dance at the Washington Duke with eight spoons.

Pete Peterson has been sleeping in his monogram sweater for the last few nights, and his roommate's objection is that it makes him cold to see Pete so hot.

The long and short of it is that Bill Ford, huge six footer with two inches left over, plays ball with a little seven-year-old

pickaninny. Bragged the little kid, "I wraps them all around him."

Egg hunting seems to be the order of the day for Ph.D.'s and young co-eds, although it is after Easter, Physicist Sherwood Githens and Tempe Yarborough skipped the anti-war strike to ride out in the byways for eggs at each farmer's house. After several hours of such amusement, the car stuck in the mud due to Tempe's driving, and the physics instructor was late for his lab. The following day was Tempe's birthday, so Late-to-Lab Githens sent her 12 fresh eggs, each wrapped individually with the phrase "From the old Ph.D." written on it.

Man-About-Town Mears Harriss was heard to remark in E. Carrington Smith's movie palace the other night during the showing of the previews that the first thing he would do when the regular show was over would be to write himself a note reminding himself to see the certain coming attraction being previewed.

Lewis Puckett, bell ringer, says that he doesn't intend to buy graduation invitations because they don't have a picture of the bell tower in them.

PHILOSOPHERS TO EAT

The department of philosophy will hold a picnic this Sunday at 5 p. m. Any students who are interested are asked to get in touch with Dr. S. A. Emery or E. F. Wells.

Announcement

Opening Elite Beauty Salon, Basement Sutton Building—Three Expert Beauticians—Attractive Prices. Call for appointments—Phone 8341.