

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue:

NEWS: BILL SNIDER. SPORTS: FRED CAZAL

rejuvenate

For over a year the student legislature has existed. It was organized to offer a solution to many problems constantly arising in University life.

To date the student legislature has convened twice. The first meeting was the get-acquainted type, with nothing being done. The second meeting resulted in the appointing of committees to handle various phases of the legislature's work.

Perhaps the legislature can be compared to wood which is still green—it's alive but isn't good for anything except looks.

Perhaps there has been no work for the legislature this year. But it is to be expected that the fault lies in lack of interest—not lack of work. Certainly such problems as class fees, dance corsages, and University appropriations by the state could have been discussed, and solutions could have been suggested.

The student council, inter-dormitory, interfraternity, and woman's councils serve only as quasi-legislative bodies, their main function being judicial. In the student legislature we have a body, duly created by a large majority of the student body vote. It is supposed to correlate the work of the various councils. It is the only body of purely legislative calibre which exists for student control.

In a school where student opinion and rule are major factors, it seems stupid to pass up the chance to make the legislature a vital part of the system. Next year, if there is to be a student legislature, we suggest and strongly urge that the new student body officers formulate a legislature which at least will try to accomplish something. Or abolish it as dead wood!

honor for service

Annual awards night—a glorified copy of the old high school prize night—is scheduled again tonight.

Nine cups, plaques, and a va-

ried assortment of keys will be distributed to campus extra-curricular leaders. Those sharing will include athletes, students, and in particular, combinations of the two.

For groups, the Order of the Grail gives a plaque to the year's outstanding dormitory. The Delta Kappa Epsilon trophy, given for much the same reasons as the dormitory plaque, will go to the fraternity showing best scholarship-athletic attainments.

The highest individual award, last year won by Andy Bershaw, all-American end, is the Patterson memorial trophy. It is given to the athlete most outstanding in scholarship, leadership, and extra-curricular activities.

This year's ceremony will be little changed from past Awards nights. But the big interest value, the principals, are different. New leaders will be recognized and awarded the "croix de guerre": the campus has been the battlefield.

The program deserves your attention and attendance, though you have probably been before. It'll be interesting—like the old-fashioned spelling bee.

vagabonding

Before the year wheezes out and all things academic are dropped into mothballs, we want to call attention to a new practice: something which might be retained and used when the new school year begins.

Dr. L. O. Katsoff, who has managed to treat his students as intelligent adults and make them like it, is finishing his course in sophomore ethics. Throughout the quarter he has presented the various moral theories necessary to an understanding of the subject. Now he is bringing the theory to life by obtaining outstanding faculty members to address his class on ethical content. The class has heard, for example, politics and labor approached as matters of ethical consideration.

One of the major faults with our selective type of college

ECHOES

From the Fourth Estate

By LAFFITTE HOWARD

Tough

Herewith commendation for the baseball team as a whole and for Frank Cox in particular. The short-haired lad from Mangum played his last college game and slapped a ball over the fence Saturday night—all while he had a sprained ankle.

Smoke But No Fire

Sympathy to the eager young gentlemen who flocked into Lewis the other night. That red lantern on the door had no significance, it had been left to guard the nearby ditch. Whimsy alone placed it over the portal.

Nasty

Griped E. E. Peacock of the Commerce school who is said to consider his low rating in the prof poll nothing but personal dislikes, "All right, you seniors. You had your fun last week, next week I have mine!"

Utter Damnation

Local recorder's court had disposed of its traffic violations yesterday morning when Judge Andrew C. McIntosh called all Skipper Coffin's court-reporting journalism majors to the front.

Sentenced the judge—"You are to be confined to the journalistic field for life, sentence suspended after 50 years hard work on condition that your stories have been written with fairness and accuracy, AND MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOULS!"

Hot Stuff

Final plug of the year for Rural Hall's Buc editing Willie "Lightnin'" Stauber. Congratulations for returning humor to quadrangle level and in parting—may you have no more trouble being funny than being a Cassanova. Bottoms up!

today

- 10:30—All rising juniors entering the College of Arts and Sciences meet in Venable 206; those entering School of Commerce in Bingham 103.
- 2:30—Mural officials meet on Fetzer field.
- 3:00—Mathematics seminar in 302 Phillips hall.
- Yackety Yacks to be distributed for last time.
- 4:30—Spencer hall tea.
- 5:00—Graham Memorial concert of recorded classics.
- 5:15—Student Christian council meets in YMCA to elect new officers.
- 7:00—Band practice in Hill hall.
- 8:00—Stamp auction in Graham Memorial.
- 8:30—M. H. Waynick presented in graduation recital.

In Hock

Those in hock at the infirmary yesterday were: Claude Sapp, James Holland, Robert Raymer, L. James Schliefer, Robert Goodwin, Mary McKee, William Neely, William Hoyle, J. Cay Hardin, W. L. Wall, Stuart Ficklen, Lloyd Allen, John Latham, John Graham, Jerry Allen, JAMES DUMBELL, and James William Stewart.

Any Old Rejections?

Allen Green, editor of the Mag, has issued the following ultimatum: "Students having rejected material in the Carolina Magazine office must call for it today or it will be thrown in the waste basket."

"The Star Spangled Banner" was written by Francis Scott Key in 1814 and authorized as official national anthem by Congress in 1931.

training is that students must too often be deprived of academic contact with professors in other "schools." In such a class as Katsoff's, men not only present their specialties on a neutral ground, but come into the classroom as invited guests to be treated with interest and respect. Students are able to blend the viewpoints of a number of lecturers into their own.

If there was less pigeon-holed sacredness about academic fields and more "vagabonding" through reciprocal visits, college would become more and more an intelligent adult experience.

CABINET OFFICIAL

HORIZONTAL

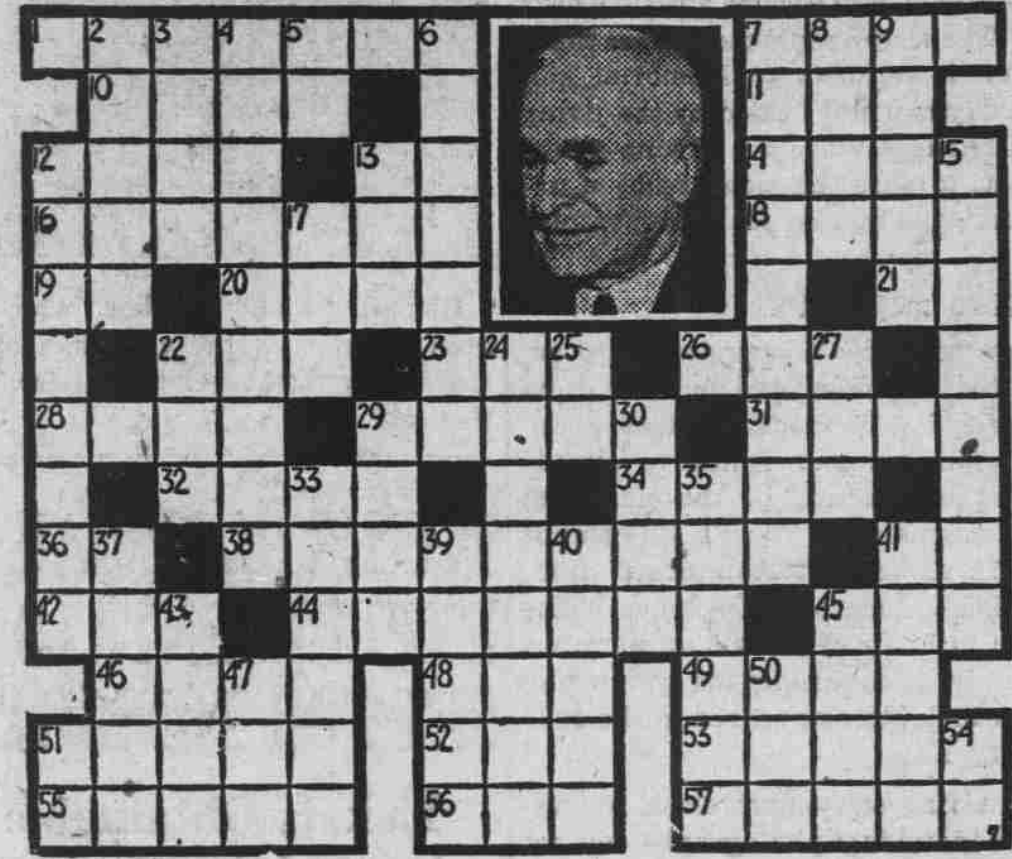
- 1,7 U. S. A. cabinet official.
- 10 Conceited.
- 11 Period of time
- 12 Lady.
- 13 Bushel.
- 14 Driveway in a building.
- 16 Exaltation.
- 18 Medley.
- 19 Behold!
- 20 Crucifix.
- 21 Dye.
- 22 Noise.
- 23 Moolay apple.
- 26 Brother.
- 28 To seize.
- 29 Green quartz.
- 31 Lizard.
- 32 Boundary.
- 34 Region.
- 36 Toward.
- 38 Astonishes.
- 41 Before Christ.
- 42 Small shield.
- 44 Revived.
- 45 Cry for help at sea.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

EMMACALVE
OIL RAIL ARIA
WEST IDEA RAMP
ENTOILS NAT
NELOPE
RANA CALVE
BASER
LILL FRAGILE
EASES ERIA ACID
GOAT NEAT BEN
SOPRANO RETIRED

VERTICAL

- 2 Rounded molding.
- 3 Genus of frogs.
- 4 Abusive harangues.
- 5 Half an em.
- 6 To wash clothes.
- 7 Places where herons breed.
- 8 Russian mountains.
- 9 Witch.
- 12 He was a — to the Pan-American Conference.
- 13 To low as a cow.
- 15 He has been in — many years.
- 17 Electrified particle.
- 22 Water barrier.
- 24 Any glee song.
- 25 Plural pronoun.
- 27 Striped cloth.
- 29 To peel.
- 30 Repose.
- 33 Tortoise.
- 35 To edit.
- 37 Group of eight.
- 39 Charts.
- 40 Elephant tusk.
- 41 Augured.
- 43 Liquid measure.
- 45 Bird.
- 47 To sup.
- 50 Estimated golf score.
- 51 Postscript.
- 54 Compass point.



To Tell The Truth---

By ADRIAN SPIES

This is the story of a boy I know. If you can't place him don't worry; he's the accumulation of a lot of youth and part of many people you know. Maybe he is you.

I don't know whether this column is a biography or a eulogy or a prophecy. And I don't know because this boy has just begun to live as a man. He is still flexing his muscles and training his mind. The boy himself may know if this is a record of defeat or a whisper of hope. If you are the boy maybe you know.

The boy was born—that is, began to breath and eat and make those little imitating motions of man—in about 1918. If you're the boy and my date isn't correct please don't complain—my story still might be true. Anyway, there was a child born and there was much pain and much laughter and much hope in some home. While the boy slept someone said a prayer and someone made plans. It was all a long time ago when America was still gasping from the stench of the last World War. And you see, a child born was a sign of peaceful newness.

The boy was old enough to go to school. He learned about George Washington and two and two. After school the boy had wonderful afternoons and delicious Saturdays shooting Germans with wooden guns. There was usually sunlight then, and the amazing bigness of the possession of a nickel, and the exuberance of a nation rising away from war. Then one day his friends made the boy play the German. And when a wooden pistol was pointed at him, he had to be dead. The boy never liked playing soldier as much after that.

But still there was the sun and increasing age and approach to people. And about this time they taught the boy to revel in our American Dream. Don't ask me what it is, you learned it too. You know, that warm hope of growing up and making money and being respected and getting your pompous picture in the Sunday rotogravure. The boy was quite a little man and living for the fulfillment of his dream.

Then the boy read a newspaper streamer about the stock market's crash. He heard about this monster "Depression." But his father and the men-folks who knew everything predicted that things would be better by summer. So the boy forgot to worry and waited with the child's quiet patience for summer. And summer never came.

Summer never came even as the boy passed through the mock-adulthood of high school and came to college. Now the boy was old enough to see that haunting shrivels of his com-

fortable American dream. There was the sun sometimes and hope sometimes. But always the boy heard the brooding dissonance of a nation fighting with itself for a panacea. And always the boy smelled the unmistakable prophecy of drawn-out decay. Sometimes the boy listened and smelled and was worried and frightened. Sometimes he smelled the spring-bloom instead, and only listened to the unmistakable victory of lunging swing. If you're the boy perhaps you can tell me what happened to your private little American dream. The boy I know lost his and found a fear to falsely take its place.

Now in the hot hints of summer the boy is getting ready to let them graduate him. Long ago his ideals of the grandeur of learning were dispelled by the curt officialness of blue quiz books and didactic outlines. They are going to give the boy the dignity of cap and gown and the democracy of a hand-shake. And after that the boy is all by himself and maybe at last a man.

The boy I know is spending quiet hours thinking about his American Dream. The old promise of security and the first grade's lessons of honest fairness that come in doses of George Washington. The dignity of his expensive white collar wilts with the heat of hungry competition. The indifferent tolerance of timeliness college towns is a laugh in the "outside world" of already fighting camps. For the summer still has not come.

Out there in the anticipation of summer sweetness some men — and they have read books too—are fighting to cure the sickness of a people. They are trying to spread a new American Dream—one of cooperation instead of competition, one of planning instead of individualist "freedom to buy chains." They are the men like our president. They are the pro-

Squeaks And Squawks

All letters must be typewritten and are subject to cutting.

Dear Sir,

When I started to read the interesting article on the Forest Theatre in today's (Wednesday, May 17) TAR HEEL, I thought that, as often happens, the head-lines had distorted the facts; but I found that the error was repeated more than once in the article itself. Some memoirs of mine, written about a year ago, give the story of the origin of the outdoor theatre, afterward named the Forest Theatre. To correct the record, please let me quote:

"In the spring of 1916, the tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare was celebrated by the community with a pageant, which was presented a little east of the Alumni Building with the Arboretum as the "back drop." A committee of which Holly Hanford, if not the chairman, was a prominent member prepared the program. Scenes from several of the plays with casts of students and members of the faculty together with folk-dances "on the green" by students of the Chapel Hill school were given. I remember especially Miss Nell Battle, later Mrs. John Booker, as Audrey with Professor Edward Jones of Erskine College as Touchstone, John Booker in shining armor as Henry V, Bob House as Bottom, Curtis Henderson as Ariel, and Jake Smith as Puck.

This pageant made us realize the need for an out-door theatre. So Greenlaw, Hanford, Coker, Booker, and perhaps others took long walks over the possible territory, looking for a natural auditorium. They considered among attractive sites the dale in which is now the Kenan Stadium; but finally decided on the present site. A low platform was built, and movable frames in which shrubbery could be fixed to serve as wings and screens were constructed. On that platform as a feature of the opening of the theatre in the spring of 1917 was produced Paul Green's first play."

Another feature of the opening was to have been a production of *Twelfth Night*, but that was rained out and had to be given in Gerrard Hall.

The name "Forest Theatre," given by Professor Koch with his fine taste in words, is twenty years old; but the theatre itself is twenty-two years old. *The Taming of the Shrew* in 1919 did not, therefore, open the theatre; but Paul Green's first play in 1917 did.

George McKie.

Dear Sir:

Wednesday afternoon we lost a baseball game to Duke University by the score of 6 to 5; however we lost something far more important than a ball game, our honor.

For years I've heard about the poor sportsmanship of Carolina, but I believe what happened Wednesday is the worst that I have ever seen on this campus. At the close of Wednesday's game it was almost impossible for sportswriter Woody Woodhouse to give his summary of the game because of the booping of the Carolina students. They crowded around him and made such terrible noises that you would wonder if the students had ever seen a college.

It's too late now to do anything about yesterday, but we can certainly begin again. Let's just remember that we are Carolina gentlemen and as students, keep anything from happening that we can be just as good a sport when we lose as when we win.

Come on Carolina students, let's behave!

M. A. STROUP, JR.

gressive Americans fighting winter's decay with a summer that will stay.

The boy I know has a dilapidated dream and a growing fear. His dream lies out among the plans of people who plea for tolerance and unity and planned progress. Maybe you are the boy. If so, then you can decide if this is a biography or a eulogy or a prophecy.

Pick Theatre TODAY

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