

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue:

News: PHIL CARDEN

Sports: ERNEST FRANKEL

WELL-KNOWN COMPOSER

HORIZONTAL

1 Composer of the opera "La Boheme."
7 He was by birth.
13 Pertaining to bees.
14 Wand.
16 Equine animal.
17 Blot.
18 Washed.
20 Dawdler.
21 To follow.
23 Expands.
25 Transposed.
26 Starting device.
29 Cravat.
31 One and one.
32 Formed a thread.
33 Cubic meter.
34 Collection of facts.
36 Sloths.
38 Preposition.
40 Amalgamations.
43 Pulpit block.
46 Music drama.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

SUZANNE LENGLEN
SISE GRAM EAR
SHOP PRAY ASPIC
TEN PEEN ANTI O
RR AUNTS SEA
A ELLS O SUZANNE SC
NATAL PM ASH
DICE BEE LENGLEN REI
ERE BEER AN
D TEREK CIST OG
DEMIT DOTE ST
MORIN DOME PAIN
AMATEUR AMERICA

VERTICAL

1 Dance step.
2 Higher in place.
3 Plant shoot.
4 Pussies.
5 Within.
6 God of war.
7 Fish.
8 Exclamation.
9 To canter.
10 Metal.
11 Queries.
12 Born.
15 Overbalanced.

18 To permit.
19 Female deer.
22 To employ.
24 To peep.
25 One of his famous operas.
27 Perfume.
28 Wreath on a crest.
29 Dyewood tree.
30 Wayside hotel.
35 Wine vessel.
37 Venomous snake.
39 Tall candle.
41 Unit of work.
42 Eggs of fishes.
44 Mongolian priest.
45 Trash.
47 Narrative poem.
48 To improve.
49 Expert flyers.
50 Work of skill.
52 To deposit.
53 Dower property.
55 Onager.
57 Northeast.
59 Before Christ.

NEWS BRIEFS

(Continued from first page)

Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden.

SOFIA, March 6—The government tonight mobilized all physicians and surgeons for military and civilian defense and conscripted medical supplies after a conference between King Boris III and German military leaders, experts in the technique of invasion and occupation.

LONDON, March 6—Carrying the war back to the Arctic circle in an audacious daylight attack, British and "free Norwegian" land and sea forces struck at the Norwegian Lofoten island Tuesday and seized 215 German and 10 Norwegian "Quislings" as prisoners, it was revealed today.

CHICAGO, March 6—Gutzon Borglum, whose monument to four American presidents will stand until the Black Hills crumble, died today of a heart attack produced by overwork on the project which probably will be finished by his son.

RAWLS

(Continued from first page)

and a great humanitarian." New York she said, "is a great place" and she loved every minute of the time she spent there. When she is in New York, Miss Rawls lives with Elissa Landi, an actress prominent in both the theater and motion pictures.

Since leaving Chapel Hill, the highlights of Miss Rawls' career have been her appearances in "The Children's Hour," "Pride and Prejudice," "To Quito and Back," and in four of Shakespeare's comedies at the World's Fair with Margaret Webster. At the World's Fair she appeared in seven shows a day, seven days a week, ordinarily known as a full schedule.

She hopes her next play "will be a comedy," and she is looking forward to the time when she can come back to Chapel Hill and "do a play for Proff."

last case were even printed in one of the DAILY TAR HEEL columns. This being true, why not straighten out essential facts?

Publication of typical cases along with duties of the council, whatever they may be, minus individual names, would certainly be a step. There is a meeting of the Woman's Association Monday. The DAILY TAR HEEL challenges the women students of the University.—M. C.

Send the DAILY TAR HEEL home.

Show Business

"THE MARAUDERS"

By Connie Smith

The Playmakers took a long step into the dark Wednesday night with their original production of Noel Houston's "The Marauders," and found colossal ovation for their Playmaker friend and author. Once again the group has credited itself with record-breaking in the experimental theater. A passionate indictment of ruthless strength and ineffectual weakness, Mr. Houston's drama houses a corking plot and enormously funny dialogue. The audience, presented with arguments of such attractive humor and characters packed with such fascination, plainly told the performers with their final applause that they had not had quite enough of this completely interesting evening.

When the will to fight is being preached at us from all sides, Mr. Houston takes the methods nations must use to survive and reduces them into individual symbols, and houses the picture of the world today in a filthy rich and somewhat Indian family out in Oklahoma — and as far as I could see, he has left nothing out. The very attractive and solid set took care of the unconscious Fascists, the weak, benevolent prairie flower, college students, both state university and Princeton, an old Indian grandfather, half-Indians, quarter-Indians, fast-moving and moneyed friends, and even a liberal communist, without which no play of the moneyed class would be complete. Much takes place within this cross-section of American life, and it all starts when Mardella, the part Indian oil-well heiress returns home from France because her recent husband has abandoned all things material to work for the salvation of his homeland.

In a flash Mardella takes possession of her old homestead, and the repercussions and oppositions which confront her make for the plot and

the revelation of all our interests here in America, as we face a choice of action. Balance between the moods is perfect; never did the director allow the two ideologies to become static. The conflict is a real one and the performers brought it on the stage with reality and earnestness, giving it light, laughter and punch right up to its unsavory end. To Elizabeth Carr go the laughter honors of the evening as the primary marauder, looking dark and very Soingee gave the audience some of the best humor of the evening and with an earnest performance swept through the play to achieve all her ends and conquer all obstacles. In the punch department, Bob Bowers, as the business-dictator-father and complimentary in the title roles, projected a constantly living character. He lit the stage with a technique which was professional and took the scene of the "terrible revelation," wrapped it up in scarlet and purple ribbons, and presented it to the audience as the acting gift of the evening. His scenes with Arthur Golby who, as the communist, doing battle with the moneyed forces, approached most nearly the essence of the thesis.

Robin Bolce's telephone conversation at the end of the second act is the thing which the whole campus should look in on, for it is the one time in her part when Miss Bolce best approaches and best fits her style of lightness and sweet theatricality. For never could I identify a nation or an individual with either Miss Bolce or Miss Carr. Whether the fault of this lack of shading lay in the writing, direction or acting, I spent a good part of the intermissions trying to decide—but never once did Mardella call up any sympathy—and never once did the prairie flower unbend from her triumphantly unselfish attitude. And so the analogy of these two individuals remained somewhat melodramatic, somewhat meaningless. Little Jean McKenzie, more than anyone, used the stage as she might her own home and brightened it considerably, incidentally putting up an admirable fight for her Princeton hero. Eleanor Jones, with a vibrant entrance, led in the "gang on the way to the dance" and along with them upheld a sparkling and individual party, which was served with quiet efficiency by Bob Carroll's performance. And, except for the fact that I wanted to get up and join the cast in a rousing game of "Puss-in-the-corner" with the curly furniture or "Red Rover" over the two-way staircase, the direction needed only a little more integration, a little more consciousness of the whole.

Optimistic by nature, I can only dispute the fatalistic and sardonic ending, but the play is a thing to see, an elegant argument to carry back to the dormitory for bulling purposes, and an evening of bright costumes, handsome settings, frequent laughter and sound, substantial provocation.

Mr. Houston, unlike the artist in his play, has caught the world as it went whizzing past him, but—having dumped the problem in our laps, he merely gives us a tommyhawk to finish it off.

Approval Given

Professor Albert Coates' brief outline of the proposed history course on the University met with the approval of some 60 students who gathered in Gerrard hall yesterday morning. If present plans materialize the course will be offered to all interested students starting with the spring quarter.

This is the beginning of what should be a required course at the University within two years. The problem now is whether those students who are planning to take the course for the first time will stick to it long enough to realize its full benefit. If they do, administrative officials should realize the need for a credit course along these same lines.

Some students have expressed the feeling that the course should be only for those students who hold campus offices or expect to run for offices in the spring elections. It was the purpose of the DAILY TAR HEEL from the offset to make the course open to all students. That is still the principal idea back of the plan.

Professor Coates and his wife have spent a great amount of time gathering information on the trials and tribulations of student government at Carolina. Mrs. Coates has read the minutes of every trustee meeting, every faculty meeting, and the minutes of the Di and Phi societies since 1795. She has read Tar Heel and Carolina magazines from their beginning. Her findings, if studied carefully, will certainly make us appreciate our University more. Such a history course will make us work to improve student government as it now exists.

Professor Coates and his wife will lead the discussions which will be thrown open to the students the last 30 minutes of each period. It is our hope that the proposed course will be a definite step toward improving student government and student understanding of the University.—O. C.

On Library Noise

If you happen to be gumming with Margarite out in the back stairway of the library during the last few nights, you have been interrupted from your nocturnal tete-a-tete to be briefly reminded that talking in the halls of the library is not one of our freedoms that we boast so much about.

If you happened to have lit a cigarette in the same corridor, you would have all but been given the proverbial bum's rush by a couple of bouncers. The idea is being put across, in other words, that there is definitely no place for noise or disturbance of any kind in the library.

Among the chief complaints have been whistling in the halls, as gay gallants come from a dorm store bull session or from a hardy meal in the Dining hall cafeteria; talking across tables, as coeds and fellows hold their nightly rendezvous; and smoking in the inner lobby, instead of in the bottom lobby only.

The problem is a serious one in spite of all the gags and cracks that have been pulled about the farcical nature of studying in the library. In a recent national librarians' association meeting, book stacker-uppers spent many a long hour pondering over ways to solve the problem.

They thought of having armed guards at each entrance, who would keep silence at bayonet-point; or having elderly matrons watching for disturbers, out of the sly corners of their eyes, and then coming over and harshly bawling the living devil out of the guilty love-birds or play-boys.

Yet, none of these really works on our campus. Problems are not and cannot be solved with outside control when they are student affairs. The history of our school, and the very nature of our atmosphere demands that this problem as any other be dealt with by the students.

It has to be something inside each student, however. You can't have just a few students looking after all the

rest, because that smacks of the monitor system, a far outmoded form of student self-rule on this campus.

The only real solution is to have the library staff remind us every once in a while by having some trick device that will snap us out of our lax ways. Having a spotlight at night that will shine down and stealthily expose the culprit might be in order.

But these pleasant reminders have to be supplemented by an honest effort on the part of each student to see to it that he or she doesn't impose on a neighbor's privilege — that of having quiet to study for exams so that the neighbor, too, might be back next quarter.—L. H.

Silent Women!

What are the duties of the Woman's Council? What kinds of cases do they have? What is their jurisdiction? Must these things be secret on a campus noted for its openness? Most girls do not know the answers to these questions, and most of them would like to.

The Men's Council has recently decided it a wise policy to publish, without names, typical cases which they rule upon. Why couldn't the Woman's Council do the same thing? Some will immediately say that there are a great many more boys than girls, and that because of this, no one can possibly know of any male individuals to whom the case may refer. In answer to this let us point out that in several typical small women's colleges, the names of women who have violated rules, are not only not kept secret, but are published. At Smith there is a system of lower courts and a Supreme court, and anyone who is interested may attend trials. Why then the horrible shrinking at the thought of exposing someone?

If the case is a sensational one, every one hears about it anyway, even though the facts be violently distorted. Why deny this? Names of the

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