

The Daily Tar Heel

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Attention, Car Owners

Joe Bach, chairman of the University Safety Committee, yesterday issued what he termed a "last call" for student solutions to the parking problem which his committee has been battling about for a considerable length of time. All suggestions are to be in Dean of Students Bill Friday's office by 3 o'clock this afternoon.

Bach's announcement ordinarily might receive little attention were it not for a long-standing threat to deprive certain classes of students of the privilege of keeping a car at Carolina. This possibility appears imminent now, since the committee and all its pleas to the student body have failed to net any other solution.

Frankly, we think the Safety Committee and University administration tend to greatly over-emphasize this "parking problem." And we believe any decree that freshmen or sophomores shall not possess cars is out of keeping with traditional student freedom at Chapel Hill.

The Safety Committee may be astounded by our little concern over the much-ballyhooed parking problem. They come back with the traditional cry, "there are 3,300 cars and only 800 spaces." Well, all we've got to say is that does not completely represent the facts.

First of all, there ARE plenty of parking spaces in Chapel Hill for all, and a lot more, of the cars which the present student body owns. They are not situated in the middle of campus, but they're in Chapel Hill just the same. Proof may be found in the fact that some 15,000 additional cars descend on this little town every football weekend, and they always end up parked, some way or other.

We are not saying that there is anything admirable about Chapel Hill's parking problem on football weekends. But the fact remains that if 15,000 cars can JAM into Chapel Hill on one day, 3,300 can be easily accommodated on week days.

Certainly these parking places are not convenient for classes nor particularly near the vicinity of South Building. But there are plenty of places always vacant down by the Monogram Club, next to the bell tower, or up Cameron Avenue.

Most students don't keep cars in Chapel Hill to go to class in anyway. They want them for weekend trips home or to visit other nearby cities. And if a student really wants a car in Chapel Hill, he can find a parking place somewhere, even though the few mid-campus parking lots may be reserved for faculty and special students' cars.

No one can deny these facts, but some will contend correctly that the students will park their cars "on campus", even though those lots are restricted. What's the answer? Well, the Chapel Hill police force is currently engaged in giving parking tickets right and left to the students parking in restricted areas. This apparently does no good; the students ignore the tickets and park there anyway. The reason is of course that the police department is extremely negligent in collecting the fines after the tickets have been placed on cars. It's no wonder students ignore the restrictions. They are not enforced.

If the Safety Committee could work out a method of enforcing the present parking restrictions on campus, the problem would be solved. Few are the students who will pay a dollar fine every day just to park back of the YMCA or Steele dormitory.

Enforcing the existing restrictions would accomplish at least one of two objectives, both of which would end the problem: (1) the students would leave their cars off campus at the dorms and fraternity houses, or (2) the students will leave their cars at home of their own accord, the inconveniences of off-campus parking off-setting the pleasure of keeping a car at school.

This, then, is our solution to the problem. Enforce the parking rules, make sure the parking tickets are paid, and the Safety Committee's worries will be over.

A ban against student cars at Chapel Hill would not be in keeping with Carolina tradition. We know such rules are enforced at other schools—along with a lot of other rules that make life similar to a prep school or some academy.

The ban on cars at best is a negative approach which would be very difficult to enforce and would involve many intricate details. In short, we believe this restriction would cause the Safety Committee more headaches than the present parking "problem" is causing. If a poor freshman were found with a car would he be booted from school or prosecuted by the Honor Council? Or would the Dean give him a stiff warning?

The Daily Tar Heel wishes no such situation ever to exist at Chapel Hill. Make the students park their cars off the campus, but don't tell them they can't keep a car in this town.

Stumping It Let's Wake Up

By John Stump

Within the next two or three weeks another quarter will be past history and we will all be a little older.

While studying for final examinations or trying to make up hopelessly large amounts of back work some of us will ponder this fact and re-reach a disappointing conclusion—for three months spent in this seat of learning, we have to show five football stubs, an empty wallet, and half a tin of aspirin tablets. During exam week, we will add a box of No-Doz and a feeling of disgust to this meager list.

Although widespread, this condition is rather surprising. Everyone starts off each new quarter with a firm resolution to "hit the books," "brush up on so and so," "catch up on my reading," or "start getting something out of college." Even with these resolutions, it is only natural to occasionally put a date ahead of a term paper or a beer before a chapter of political science. However, the reason for the malady seems to be harder to reach than that.

Apparently, many people at the university have built a deep-seated respect for mediocrity. This extends to the classroom, the dormitories and fraternity houses, faculty offices, and centers of extra-curricular activity. We seem to have as a goal the life supposedly led by Dean Acheson at Yale. "He shunned the abstractions... kept far from the literary life of the campus, or anything that might have smacked of culture with a capital C."

Few of us are able to understand that to do otherwise, it is not necessary to let your hair grow, move into a cave, or join a dramatic organization. Phi Beta Kappa keys harmonize with saddle shoes fully as well as do beer-stained sports coats.

But this is against the trend... a trend, by the way, which is assisted by the instructor who is more interested in writing his own thesis than in the English 2 class he is supposedly helping to learn to write themes. And there is no record of any mass attempt to join the campus organizations, some of whose members sprout Wallace buttons at the drop of a pink flag, although the membership of such organizations may be embarrassed and misrepresented by the action of this over-visible few.

However, these factors and others combine to make hearts rather than bridge the leading fraternity house card game, to cause dormitory men to choke all roads out of Chapel Hill each Friday, and to produce phone booth crowds at campus appearances of world famous thinkers and leaders. For example, judging by actual turnout, Franz Polgar has over six times the campus drawing power of the British socialist leader, Harold Laski.

In many cases, this veneration of mediocrity takes an active form. There are plentiful examples of the good students who will not admit that he studies, of the capable student leader who drops out rather than be called a politician, of the talented man who avoids intellectual effort and narrows his scope of operations in order to be "one of the crowd." In individual cases, this is not to be too severely blamed. Certainly, one of the primary purposes of college is to associate with the people around you and learn to enjoy living with people as they are. The persons referred to above are probably getting as much or more from the university than the confirmed lone wolf or the book-worm.

But serious thought and participation in campus activities are in no way opposed to a desire to be a "good joe." It is ridiculous for such a feeling to exist, and, in fact, it may not be nearly so widespread as this writer believes.

But if and where it does exist, whether caused by the reasons laid down above or by inertia, or by unawareness that there are fine things to be gotten from college, it is a sad commentary on us and our university. More particularly, failure to take advantage of any but the superficial benefits of four years in Chapel Hill is a mistake for which we shall pay from graduation on.

All of us know good businessmen in our home towns who are fine people but who have never developed any interests other than the coining of money and occasionally playing golf or drinking good whisky. Despite the success of such people, they are often unsatisfied if not acutely unhappy, because they cannot enjoy their material gains.

Without any interests beyond the door of the office, anyone will miss the opportunity for continued discovery and thought to be found in reading, the savor of good conversation, and the pleasure of associating with people in some enterprise other than listening to the radio. But interests which have not been developed by graduation are apt to go unstimulated unless the person concerned is very exceptional, and if the only knowledge we gain here is that necessary to pass, it would be much cheaper to take the courses by correspondence and come to Chapel Hill for the big week-ends.

Choo Choo still has to go all the way down to Dallas. We all hope he'll be strong enough to cream Rice.

But he certainly won't have that full head of steam if he keeps going at the rate that he's moving over at Ab's. Round and round. He's circled that damn perpetual motion machine enough to girdle the globe two or three times.

People don't like it. Black looks greet the person in BVP who's foolhardy enough to mention the Campbell-Beebe musical masterpiece. One can have too much of a good thing.

So how bout changing your record, Kemp Nye, it's rapidly becoming number one on our (mis) fit parade—BK.

AP Newsfeatures

He's Getting Plenty of Recognition ...



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This 'n That

Buck's New Room Mates

By Bill Buchan

Very few people, I suppose, have two pets in their rooms named "Shorty" and "Drop Dead Twice, Jr." And if there are some folks who should happen to have two, I'll wager that one of them isn't a bird and the other a turtle.

As I was attempting to shave the other morning, it suddenly occurred to me that I was probably the first person in history who had to shave with a turtle in my left hand and a bird sitting on top of my head screaming "Shorty is a good boy."

Explanation? Simple. Joe's (his official name is really Drop Dead Twice, Jr., but we call him Joe for short) home is temporarily in the lavatory in my room. Consequently, when one washes, shaves, or takes a drink of water, Joe must be taken out and either placed on the edge of the sink or held. He is the wildest, most curious creature I've ever seen and unless you watch him, he jumps three feet to the floor and is gone. That explains why he must be held while one is a shaving.

Shorty is the parakeet that I have mentioned here before. He is about six or seven months old usually resides in a cage, where all pet birds belong. However, he is just slightly spoiled and unless you let him out at least once a day, he'll make so much noise you can't concentrate on anything else. So each morning while I'm dressing, I usually open his cage and let him have the freedom of the room. (After locking the door first to prevent anyone from opening it suddenly and allowing him to escape.)

Real Gone Guy

Everybody likes for Choo Choo to go all the way. But on the gridiron, not over Kemp Nye's private PA system.

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AP Newsfeatures

Shorty's favorite perch, in addition to the top of my head, is on the edge of the mirror just above the aforementioned lavatory. So, here we have the scene. I'm standing there, covered with lather, Shorty is looking at himself in the mirror, giving wolf whistles and talking to himself like mad. Just below, Joe has discovered that he can waddle (or whatever a turtle does when he moves) around and immediately heads for the side of the sink.

I catch Joe just as he starts over the side and hold him with two fingers in my left hand. He doesn't like this so well, so he kicks and pushes and does his best to escape. In the meantime, Shorty discovers that I'm paying no attention to him, so he hops down on top of my left hand. It is hard enough to hold Joe and shave too, so I sorta bounce my hand and Shorty flies to the top of my head and proceeds to prance around.

Having him chattering on top of my head isn't so awfully bad, but he usually winds up on my shoulder, investigating my neck and the shaving cream on my face. Just as I start to swoop down with the razor, I see his beak directly in path and stop just in time.

In the process, I'm getting madder and more thoroughly

disgusted but Shorty just flies away and makes a couple of nosedives at me, screaming "Talk to me, Shorty" and "Shorty is a good boy."

So I'm mad, see, and I try to get him headed back in his cage. I sit Joe down on the dresser and get Shorty perched on my hand so I can gently guide him back in his cage. After about six attempts, I get him inside and go back to look for Joe. Joe isn't to be found. At least, not until I take everything off the top of the dresser and finally locate him sitting peacefully under an obscure piece of paper.

By this time, I've got five whole minutes to spare before class time, so I run the razor back and forth a couple of times, finish up quick like, fix Joe's water for the day—it has to be a certain temperature—and start out for Saunders. Without any breakfast, either.

The day is coming, eventually, when I'll have a regular bowl for Joe and it'll be warm enough for Shorty to go back to his trailer home. In the meantime, my mornings certainly start off at a nice pitch.

I wonder if anyone else ever tried to shave with a turtle in their left hand and a bird sitting on top of their head screaming "Shorty is a good boy"...

Crossword Puzzle

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
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ACROSS
 1. Pertaining to a U. S. Territory
 8. Stores
 13. Colonnade
 14. Sum
 15. Not here
 16. Tablet
 17. Sign of the infinitive
 18. Pronoun
 19. Kind of bean
 20. Bent
 21. Matter: law
 22. Measure
 23. Extend
 26. By
 27. River in New Mexico and Arizona
 28. Angry
 31. Very minute
 34. Artless
 35. Ireland
 36. Exels

DOWN
 37. So, American
 38. Indian
 39. Palm leaf
 40. Possesses
 42. Thickness
 43. Indian outfit
 44. For example
 45. Raint
 46. Temper
 49. Ingredient of varnish
 52. Green mineral
 53. Assume
 54. Threaded again

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle
 4. Let it stand
 5. Relatives
 6. Division of a play
 7. Negative
 8. Remain
 9. Scuttle
 10. Part of the Bible: abbr.
 11. Head
 12. Long narrow opening
 13. American post
 14. Majestic
 15. Rich soil
 16. Shovel
 17. Volcano
 18. Dig out of the
 19. Biblical high priest
 20. Broad smile
 21. Yield under pressure
 22. Egyptian goddess
 23. Caudal appendage
 24. Additional
 25. Pear-shaped
 26. Silkworm
 27. Tree
 28. Pertaining to
 29. Queen of the gods
 30. Old
 31. Hair quart
 32. East Indian money
 33. Metric land measure
 34. Nothing
 35. Corroded
 36. Went first
 37. In that case
 38. Comparative ending

Playmakers

This Rain Is OK

By "Wink" Locklair

For the second major production of the season, The Playmakers are giving in their theatre an adaptation of the popular Somerset Maugham story "Rain" and, on the whole, it is a successful evening. The play is extremely well cast, capably directed, and enhanced by some of the best lighting and set designing seen around here in a good, long while.

"Rain" tells a sordid story of sexual frustration, maladjustment and spiritual deterioration as reflected in a group of travelers thrown together for a couple of days in a cheap hotel store on the island of Pago Pago. There is Dr. MacPhail (Alec W. Finlayson) and his wife (Anne Martin), getting their first impression of the South Seas while on their way to a new assignment; Reverend Alfred Davidson (Foster Fitz-Simmons) and his wife (Martha Nell Hardy), missionaries in the Billy Graham and Aimee Semple MacPherson tradition; and Miss Sadie Thompson, flashy, irresistible, and quite obviously a woman of the world.

When Reverend Davidson discovers that Miss Thompson is entertaining in her room some of the boys from the nearby Naval Station, he announces to one and all that "she's out of Iweili," a Honolulu "sporting" place not unlike a certain Raleigh establishment. From here on it is a battle royal between Miss Thompson and The Reverend, a battle for possession which ends in tragedy.

The principal conflict is carried on with the assistance of and in spite of the hotel proprietor, Joe Horn (Nathaniel White), his wife Ameena (Catherine Covington); the quartermaster of the ship "Orduna" (Bruce Strait) and an assortment of servicemen of various ranks: Edgar Loessin, Charles Williamson and William Hardy.

Miss Lamont's interpretation of Miss Thompson has many admirable qualities. First of all, she has rehearsed the part with much care and attention to detail. Her movements about the stage, her ability to draw out the sympathetic, human emotion in Sadie, and her obvious understanding of the role are enough to make one believe that Director John Parker could have no better local actress to undertake it.

But regardless of all this, Miss Lamont often fails to vary in any noticeable way her vocal interpretation of a role. Her voice, strong though it is, rises and falls with reckless abandon. As Regina in "The Little Foxes," as Mrs. Terence the English maid, in "Night Must Fall," as Mama in "I Remember Mama," and, indeed, in her current play, there was that same croaking falsetto-flip, which detracts rather than adds to her performances.

In other words, be it an English maid, an Alabama lady of cunning, a Norwegian mother, or an ex-Honolulu prostitute, the part still gets the very same vocal response from Miss Lamont. It doesn't ruin her performance because all of these parts have been more than capably projected. But it is awfully monotonous to know that you are always going to hear the same song, regardless of the language.

Mr. Fitz-Simmons as Reverend Davidson could have been more persuasive in his conversion scenes with Sadie, but he could not have been better in his business with Mrs. Davidson and the others in Horn's hotel-store.

Nat White was excellent as Joe Horn and all the men from the Naval Station are deserving of special praise for their performances. Anne Martin continues to improve with each role she is given by The Playmakers and she just stole out and out, at least three scenes opening night.

A fine acting job was turned in by Catherine Covington as Ameena, and Martha Nell Hardy who played the role of Mrs. Davidson, was most outstanding. Mr. Finlayson, as the practical helpful Dr. MacPhail, also turned in a nice performance. Some mention should be made, too, of the "natives" who wandered in at various times during the evening: Martha Pierpont, Charlotte Davis, Clyde Gore, Forrest Covington and Richard Korn.

As has been mentioned before the Gault setting and Mr. Jousse's lighting were superb, and Irene Smart's costumes were appropriate for the tropics, also.

There is no better entertainment to be found in Chapel Hill this week than The Playmaker production of "Rain," which will be given through Sunday evening at 8:30.

Letters

To the Editor

Editor:

After enjoying four cloistered years in a atmosphere of honesty and integrity, I find things at Chapel College changing.

I can remember the day that you never locked your door, you left your money in wide open drawers—and didn't worry about it—it would be still be there when you got back. You could leave your books in the Post Office on a rain day; come back two weeks later and collect them. Things were pretty honest—or the vets had more money then?

This morning in the Library I lost a lot of faith in the Honor System and in the so-called "Carolina Gentleman." While turning my back on the card catalog table to replace a drawer, a swift and adept pair of hands made off with my poor, precious gold top pencil. A very neat trick indeed, and also slightly reminiscent of the low type of vermin that usually inhabits subways, and hotel lobbies.

If it were mistake, I apologize; if it weren't the thief has exactly five days to mail that pencil to 4 Nash, before his name goes to the Men Honor Council for his bit of crummy stealing. The moral boys and girls: Lock up your falsies and false teeth at night—even they aren't safe under this petty regime of thievery.

Al Wiley