

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill where it is published daily during the regular sessions of the University at the Colonial Press, Inc., except Mondays, examination and vacation periods and during the official summer terms when published semi-weekly. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office of Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 2, 1879. Subscription price: \$8 per year, \$3 per quarter. Member of the Associated Press, which is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news and features herein. Opinions expressed by columnists are not necessarily those of this newspaper.

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NONPLUS

by Harry Snook

"... great decisions of today! Hell! You know what they are?"

I was pushing my way through the crowd at the Rathskeller when I heard the question. I listened for more.

"The great decisions of today are material for the corny movies of tomorrow."

"Why is that 99 and 44/100 per cent of the people absolutely refuse to have anything to do with life as it really is? False values, that's all we have. I'll tell you why. It's because people wouldn't want to live under the conditions of life as they really are."

"People ought to use more four-letter words. No, I'm wrong. If they did they might understand each other better, and that would be disastrous."

"Dogs have the real idea. They don't worry much. They're dumb animals and they're short-sighted. And you know, I think they know they're just dumb animals. That makes 'em smarter than us, right there. I've never seen a dog with ambition. All dogs do is eat when they can, sleep when they want to, and romp about when they feel like it."

"Cats are smarter than dogs, though. They've got it fixed up among themselves, like a union. They don't even put up with human beings."

"Human beings really complicate things. They put up with themselves and with cats and dogs."

"We go to movies to escape from ugly, ugly reality. We watch the heroes struggle with insecurity. We get security just watching. And then what do we have? We have a burning desire to go to more movies, that's what."

"And religion. Everything before humans sinned and became human we call Paradise or Eden. And we look forward to Heaven after we die. Look where that leaves this life."

"Things that we call beautiful. Do we like things as they are? Hell no. We don't like photographs, for example. Photographs show things just exactly as they are, but we don't think much of them. We go to go out and paint pictures of things as we want to see 'em."

"Nobody really likes this life. Or world. Everybody wouldn't be so busy making it seem like some other world and hoping to go to another world after he dies."

"We're smart. We know that Abraham Lincoln was probably a bastard. And that the Civil War was foolish. And we win all the prizes on quiz shows and think Napoleon was nutty."

"So hundreds of millions of people have lived and died and loved and fought. What's that got to do with clean rest rooms, and traffic lights and nickel cups of coffee? Nothing."

"And so you go to work and plan to make a million. When you're forty you're still working, but you only plan to make a hundred grand. All the time you're working so sometime you won't have to work any more. And you want to get to someplace in life where you don't worry so much. You get ulcers in your forties. And you're working when you're sixty-four. Only it's not the million any more, but a funeral plan before it's too late."

"Your friends play you up and your enemies play you down. You listen to your friends. And you keep busy keeping busy and being useful and important. And you don't think much about a new telescope that can see a billion light years away and that that means traveling 186,000 miles a second for a billion years to get to where you can see."

"That's what I mean about dogs being short-sighted. They don't mess themselves up. They bark at the moon and sniff each other's tails and sleep and that's life."

Now you've got it for what it's worth. Maybe the fellow had a point.

But of course he didn't.



Tar Heel At Large

by Robert Ruark '35

Miss Barbara Hutton seems to have declared the end of an era, in a momentary fit of disenchantment over holy matrimony involving Europeans, especially titled Europeans. The lap-dog Prince or Count used to represent the dearest dream of young ladies who had nothing but money, generally earned by some uncouth pirate of American industry.

It comes as a shocked surprise to poor Barbara that she may have been the target of a handful of rumpsprung robbers, who were less interested in her fair white frame than her bank account. She announces herself as through with international love, and is now on the prod for kindness and understanding. I guess the poor kid rates some, at that.

The pathetic truth is that there seems to be small interest, anymore, in raggedy-seat scions of old, impoverished houses in countries which no longer maintain formal royalty. About the only creature less important than a French prince is a Russian prince, unless you handle an agency which hires doormen and floorwalkers. Impoverished nobles, especially Russians, make wonderful doormen, because they look so proud.

In the twenties, a rich American girl who had no foreign title was strictly out of the social swim. Didn't have to be much of a title—most

expatriate White Russians could dredge up some sort of connection to the late Czar.

Summer safaris used to be organized, by determined mamas, to spend sufficient of papa's tainted nouveau richness to flush a fairly representative count or prince out of the European covert. Purpose: matrimony, so little Hulda Glutz could hold up her head in St. Louis by becoming La Marquise de la Ouvremain or La Princesse de la Refugee du Grand Faim.

Miss Hutton, I recall, was part of this generation. Left with a packet of cash and no particular guidance in her teens, she grabbed avidly—Russian, Scandinavian, English. Her present disillusionment would appear to wind up a double decade of noble courting, and on a sour note.

Europe, grown more shabbily familiar as the war, the airplane and the Marshall Plan have diluted its distant glamor, has knocked most of the high shine off the heirsch-hungry DP's of non-existent principalities. High taxes, result of our care and feeding of other lands, has greatly decreased the number of scalp-hunting American heiresses. An imported, title no longer creates a heavy stir in America, and I guess that there's nothing much left now for most of the marrying boys but to go to work. It's a horrid thought, but times have changed.

The Sounding Board

by Wink Locklair

For the past couple of years the Carolina Playmakers have seen fit to begin their fall season with a foreign play. Last year for an opener we were given a rather tiresome, humorless Soviet satire called "Squaring the Circle," which had little to recommend in the way of entertainment or progaganda.

Tuesday evening in the Playmakers Theatre a new season got underway with, this time, an import from France called "The Madwoman of Chaillot," adapted into English by Maurice Valency from the play by the late Jean Giraudoux. It is part fantasy, part realism, but the sum of the parts adds up to a very beguiling and unusual evening in the theatre.

The play is about Paris, not the city so much as the great variety of people who live in it, make a living in it, do their good deeds and their shady business in its streets and at the tables of its cafes.

We are primarily concerned with the events taking place at the Chez Francis, a cafe on the Place de l'Alma, located in that rather majestic quarter of Paris known as Chaillot. Some business men have reason to believe that oil can be found under this neighborhood and that such a discovery would not only make them independently wealthy but would turn the City of Light into a city of drill shafts and geyzers.

They have, however, failed to consider the people, particularly the Countess Aurelia, more commonly known as the Madwoman of Chaillot. She owns the place, knows everyone, and is loved and respected by everyone—waiters, the street singer, the flower girl, peddlers, policemen. She is a whack, to be sure, but not crazy enough to miss seeing the beauty of flowers, pretty jewelry, young love, and those intangibles which money cannot buy.

The Countess is warned by her friends what these men are about. She is concerned. "There are people in the world who want to destroy everything. They have the fever of destruction," she says. And she believes that they must be destroyed. Her plan is to lure the men to her cellar and to lead them down to the depths of destruction; not just the oil prospectors, but all those who worship "the golden calf."

The is the frame of the play. The comments, Mr. Giraudoux has to make on the good life, sex, men, and kindred subjects are presented in some of the wittiest dialogue to be heard from our stage in a long time. And the atmosphere he has created, an atmosphere in which supposedly lucid people are placed in juxtaposition with the mentally unstable, is altogether pleasing.

"The Madwoman" is a tremendous undertaking for any group of actors and technicians who do not have a very long time to work together for the best ensemble effects of this play. The Playmakers' stage is very small and the audience is aware of the crowded conditions there when most of the actors—more than 25—are on stage. Yet Lynn Gault keeps them moving about the Cafe in a very casual manner and he has created highly imaginative settings for the Cafe and for the Madwoman's cellar, with its yawning door to the lower region.

The cast, for the most part, is an admirable one. Lillian Prince is playing the Madwoman with understanding and good humor. She is familiar with the theatrical techniques necessary to give the piece its proper balance of sense and waggery. Had someone of less intelligence and skill been assigned to the role, the production would have lost much of its charm.

In the second act we are confronted with several other "madwomen" of Paris, and they are enjoyable bits of acting, too. Kathleen Chase, Wilma Jones and Anne Leslie are these visiting boobs. Other noteworthy performances are given by Frederick W. Young, as the ragpicker who defends the oil seekers at the trial in the Madwoman's chamber; Jean Schenkkan as Irma, the waitress; and Hansford Rowe who plays the broker.

Irene Smart has had a great time preparing the fantastic costumes worn by the ladies, and to see them is almost worth the price of admission. Edward Fitzpatrick's lighting gives a nice impressionistic glow over the proceedings at Chaillot, and the music William Collins has arranged adds a proper Parisian note, particularly in the opening minutes of the first act.

The Editor's Mailbox

On A 'Real Honor System'

Editor:

Nonplus:

After being a part of a real "Honor System," I can agree wholeheartedly with your column of Friday, Oct. 13. Honor is something which cannot be jammed down a guy's throat. He either has it or he hasn't, and the only way to convert a guy who hasn't is to let him—not force him—become a part of a real working system.

Upon entering the Air Force Officer Candidate School, the candidate is given a slip of paper with these words written on it: "Honor is that natural and inherent standard of distinction of proper conduct in dealing with one's fellow man. It is that quality so essential in him who is, or intends to be, a leader of men in the profession of arms."

The candidate is presumed to be a man; therefore, he is presumed to know the difference between right and wrong. He is not given a list of "do not cheat," "do not lie," "tattle on your buddy," etc. A candidate's word is his bond and he is lustrated with the idea that a gentleman never, absolutely never, questions the word of another. If a guy said he could repeat the Oath of Allegiance backwards, woe be to the upperclassman, or anyone else, who asked him to prove it. This type honor system converts youngsters into thinking men.

Even though I'm agin some of your opinions, more power to you and your thought-provoking, must-be-read column.

Michael P. McLeod

When To Print An Answer

Editor:

Mr. Snook expresses his opinions, obviously. In fact, he expresses his opinions, obviously, on the same day that a letter written to the editor concerning his column is printed. His column on that day, for some odd reason (surely not clairvoyance on Mr. Snook's part) is in answer to a letter or letters concerning him in the same issue of The Daily Tar Heel. Examples: Letters from Miss Nelson and Mr. Thomason.

May we add, to quote Mr. Snook, that we "will not forego our right to think nor our right of requiring that we be convinced in a manner which includes reason." Neither will we choose our religion above the others. Above all, we will never look down our noses at any religion, but we will look at them with respect to their ideals and beliefs. We "will not sit in church for an hour on Sunday, carelessly accept the oratory of the preacher, chant meaningless prayers, and consider that we have religion." We will sit in church for an hour on Sunday, rationally weigh the message of the preacher, intelligently consider his prayers, and hope that we have religion.

"The lips of the righteous know what is acceptable; but the mouth of the wicked speaketh forwardness."

Ray Bond
Hughes Truckner

(It would seem obvious that when a letter to the editor questions the views, or asks questions of, a certain columnist, it is to the reader's benefit to get both the questions and the answers in the same issue of the paper. For the same reason, this editor's note is not being published in tomorrow's paper in answer to the above letter being published today.—Ed.)

On The Case Of Mr. E.

Editor:

My only knowledge of the case of William Evans vs. the City of Durham has been derived from The Daily Tar Heel. But I am interested in certain implications of Sunday's editorial.

If, as the editor suggests, the Durham ordinance was "undoubtedly... unconstitutional," perhaps Mr. Evans' action served to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States.

And, granted that the resignation of Judge Evans from the Recorder's Court bench is to be deplored, might not some question be raised about the fairness of citizens who attack a man because of the independent behavior of his grown son?

If totalitarianism ever takes over this country, it seems likely to arrive on a wave of hysteria, throttling our liberties in the name of "Americanism." Every time an "unconstitutional" law is allowed to go unchallenged, such paralysis tightens.

We are fortunate that to date, the courts have declared most repressive legislation unconstitutional. But if the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, it is also apt to involve "branding for life" any individual who provides a test case. Perhaps if more individuals had had the courage and the foresight to challenge the rise of Hitler, recent history would have been less tragic.

Robert O. Blood, Jr.

Fight Communism! Join the CRUSADE For FREEDOM!!!

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS	1. Waiting	7. Pointer on a sundial	13. Firearm	14. Strap-shaped	15. Region	16. Among	18. Inlet of the sea	19. Measure of paper	20. Sheet of glass	21. One who does: snikh	22. Assert as fact	23. Supported by	24. Owned	25. Color	26. Made uniform	27. Floods	28. Staffs of office	29. Hine body of water	30. Bitter vetch	31. About	32. Public display	33. Pronoun	34. Shirt button	35. English	36. Essayist	37. Anglo-Saxon money	38. Jewish month	39. Lost animal	40. Revolve	41. Pilots	42. Appeared	43. Armadillo	
DOWN	2. Telegraph	3. On the ocean	4. Paint	5. Por	6. Planned	7. Glean	8. Knot	9. Cantillation	10. Rank in honor	11. American general	12. Trim	13. House servant	14. Metal-bearing tools	15. So. American wood	16. Surround	17. Topaz home	18. Inhabited	19. Ornament	20. Team of horses	21. English letter	22. Clerk in the form of a ship	23. Farming machine	24. Film on a liquid	25. Remains	26. Puff up	27. Cultivate	28. Formerly	29. Mark of an injury	30. First rank	31. Companion	32. Reared	33. Again: prefix	34. Scotch grandchild