

Mile On UNC

Mademoiselle Magazine's February issue carries an article by Gigi Marion on the University of North Carolina.

It is gratifying to be featured in a leading woman's magazine as the "thing" in a series of Mademoiselle profiles on outstanding colleges and Universities." And it is extremely pleasant to be profiled as Miss Marion has succeeded in doing.

Errors of fact in the article are remarkably few, considering the difficulties of a writer with only a limited time to learn the workings of a campus to which she was brand new.

Probably the most serious error made by the writer was in the astounding statement, "coffee is for Northerners." Granted that Coca-Cola has long been recognized as the national drink of the South, the general trend does not hold true in this college town. Coffee is an essential in the life of a student.

The Chi Omegas looked pretty in the store-boughten clothes; it was good to see Professors Russell and Harland lightly displayed as "favorites"; and the Old Well, dorm meeting, and campus wheels were necessary to give furriners a rounded view of coed life on this campus.

"The warmth and friendliness of Southern manners key-notes the campus atmosphere . . . charm and graciousness—a Southern heritage" favorably summarized us.

Mademoiselle has helped immeasurably in the continuing UNC battle for favorable publicity, and the University is grateful.

Fact and Fantasy

Reviews and Previews

Person Hall is right up with the rest of the country when it comes to presenting art to the public. I was home over the week end and my suspicions that Person is keeping nose to nose with other communities was strengthened when I learned that my home town had adopted a program for renting objects of art out to the public.

Person Hall is continuing the plans for lending paintings this quarter as it did all last quarter. In addition to the lending program Person has exhibits.

This month through the twenty-fifth, "Fact and Fantasy," an exhibition of thirty works done by contemporary American artists will be on display. Person has delved into the showing of abstract art. Some may think the abstractions to be the setting down of someone's madder moments, but I've heard tell that they have their merits.

This exhibit was shown at the Bertha Schaefer Gallery in New York. This is just one of the projects of Person this year.

If you get a chance drop by Person and take a gander at the some of the paintings and statuettes. Be sure you're sober.

J. R.

Spring Fur Shore

Spring was for sure in Memorial hall Sunday night, when the Playmaker's musical, "Spring For Sure," shifted into high gear, attaining ample momentum to carry it through a long and successful tour.

The third night performance culminated a month of rehearsal and steady improvement. All in all, the production ran along like a brand new Model T Ford (slow-starting, but if something's wrong, you can fix it.)

A large cast, superbly-directed by John Parker, trips a light fantasy with a big bare toe.

The show, destined for two weeks of applause from Wilmington to Murfreesboro, was previewed by out-of-town visitors from nearby North Carolina towns, who went home and bought tickets for friends and neighbors to the Main Street performances.

Everybody enjoys this play. The cast exits smiling; the audience leaves humming from the score of Wilton Mason, and repeating quips from Catherine McDonald's book. Few even minded being benched and pinched in Memorial Mauseum.

This production proves beyond a doubt that folksy plays can be good as long as nobody takes them seriously. It is undoubtedly the finest production of its kind to come out of the Koch and Selden school of native playwrighting in a long time.

The production of "Spring For Sure," two years ago was hailed as "better than Othello," and "ready for . . .

way," and this year's showing should bring forth the long awaited acclaim on the South-eastern tour. The option which has reportedly been sealed, signed and paid for since year before last ought soon to be taken up.

Musical comedy as the most supple of forms, has a definite niche in university theater. New talents find a place. The leads in this performance, young Virginia Wilson and Laurence Stith are both trodding the first place boards for the first time.

In short, nothing like this has been seen since the well-applauded demise of Sound and Fury forced all the hoofers back into the fold of the Playmakers.

Specifics: Nancy Green, funny when silent, is even funnier when she begins to talk, and delightful when she begins to sing. Lillian Prince contrasts brightly with Frances O'Neal, and the two together will long be remembered for their teamwork on "Terbaccy's Terbaccy." Elaine Gibson makes the best of a difficult role, and Hansford Rowe makes the most of his outrageously funny part. Bob Thomas and Harry Davis can almost be smelled across the footlights, in character from straw hats to the filthy feet-soles.

The play is so well cast that every part deserves a mention. Sets (Lynn Gault), light (Anne Edwards), make-up and costumes (Anna Graham) though largely lifted from the production two years ago are still from the Simons chore-

By Bill C. Brown

Tar On My Heels

The other day, a honorary member of the Tar On My Heels Literary Society started me thinking by asking me to do an article on the courses up here. According to this student, "It isn't what you know about the course, it's the teacher you have."

That line, of course, reminded me of a recent article about the curve—the scholastic grading curve.

Well, the more I thought what that reader said, the more it dawned on me that in such courses as Spanish, French, and other courses in which a common means of testing is used, it is important who one has teaching him.

Undoubtedly if a man or woman has obtained a Master's or Doctor's degree, he or she probably knows the subject they are teaching, but there is a difference in knowing the subject and knowing how to get it across so the student will be able to know it.

Not too long ago my curriculum was blessed with one of the terrors of the University of North Carolina. All reports from students who had had this teacher had been to "drop it if you get Mr.

Well, I was willing to stay in his class as long as possible before dropping the course, because the reports are not always accurate. So I stayed with it for three days. After a week it is too late to drop a course, so I went about the business of drop-add.

I thought since I had paid my tuition, certainly I was at least due the courtesy of a customer in a store. I thought if I didn't like an article I had purchased, the University would either refund or exchange. But the administration sees it in a different light.

They think the student is trying to put something over on the administration just as the student thinks the administration is trying to put something over on him.

In all fairness, I have never seen a poorer substitute for a teacher than this one. In all fairness, I doubt if there is anyone who knows his subject better than this one, but, as I said earlier, there is a difference in his knowing it and in his teaching it.

There is currently being drawn up, a plan for the students to grade the teacher just as the teacher grades the student. I hope sincerely that no student will take advantage of this plan if it is put into action as some teachers take advantage of their position now. If we all use the plan honestly and sincerely, much of the wrong I have outlined can be corrected. Otherwise, nothing will be done.

At any rate, as long as we are

ography is already famous. The clever direction of group scenes lends the confined set an air of mountain expansiveness.

This play has everything—even a moral: the first thousand bucks is the easiest.

It's fun, for a change, to see the playmakers at play.

—G. A. H. and F. S. M.

Letters To The Editor

Madam Editor:

I'm not very easily aroused, but in the past few weeks I've noticed a steady stream of Letters published in the Daily Tar Heel griping about nothing more than typographical errors or misprints in the columns of the paper. As a former editor of a college newspaper, my principles will not allow me to sit back and do nothing when the honor of the newspaper profession is in question.

The general student public seems to be unaware of two very important facts—facts which I would like to disclose to them, not as a member of the Daily Tar Heel staff, but as no more than a member of the student body. The first of these facts should be obvious, but strangely enough, no one realizes that the editor, associate editor, or any other member of the staff, no matter how many times she proof-reads the copy, is not responsible for printing errors caused by the concern publishing the paper. Every man is fallible, so are type-setters and linotypists, and the presence of a few misspelled words or some offset type should not be too great a concern for the readers. If the reader is unable to understand the context of an article because a word is misspelled or a pair of lines are transposed, he should be better off back in grammar school learning how to read comprehensively.

One particular gripe was from a student who was worried by the line "a review is a review is a reviewer's opinion." Before he blew his top over this line he should have used the rationalization process which, as a human being, it is assumed he has. Either the author of this line was using a literary device and parodying the words of Gertrude Stein, "A rose is a rose is a rose," or the words "a review is" just cropped up once too often in the copy, a pardonable error. This same student closed his letter by stating that he could not be called on to assist the editor by giving any reviews himself.

Which leads me directly into the second fact which I would like to unveil: the task of a college editor is generally a thankless one. As I mentioned above, I was an editor of a college paper, and I must honestly say that the only worthwhile thing accomplished by me while I occupied that position of honor and trust was that I married the associate editor of that paper. I found that soon after I was elected to the position that although the student body was very willing, nay desirous to read a good campus paper, no one, I repeat—no one, was willing to do any thing that might be termed work in order that this paper might be improved, or even issued for that matter.

The editor of a school paper paying a good sized tuition, it seems to this tired columnist, we shouldn't be forced to stay in a class in which the teacher is so much to our dislike.

It is difficult to judge a teacher's ability in three or four class periods, but because of the drop-add restrictive period, it is necessary that we make this quick judgement. I think the students should be fair in their appraisal, but I think the administration should be fair in regard to the student's feelings.

usually spends nine-tenths of his or her time in a futile attempt to recruit personnel to fill all the vacancies in the minimum staff of the paper.

If the students would write, not to complain about some picayunish trifle such as misprint, but rather to furnish good, readable copy to fill in the holes in the editor's galley sheets so that she can put out a paper without having to search frantically for copy, the paper would then, and only then, become what these unsatisfied students want it to be.

That's about all I've got to say, except that in the event the editor of this paper feels it necessary to call on me to furnish some copy for her columns, she can feel perfectly free to do so at any time, and I will do my best to help her and the rest of the staff in any way that I can.

Irving E. Fogler

Huzza! Huzza!

Mr. Fogler, could you come up to see us this afternoon? We are about to become very attached to you.—Editors.

Madam Editor:

In the interest of accurate reporting and proper journalism, I would like to set you (and through your medium the rest of the populace) straight on some facts concerning the D-U-K-E on the Kenan Green.

'Twas planted the tenth night before the Irish trounced the Co-ed eleven not after the "Bell" incident. And in case you want to seed my fair Flats, don't use Rye grass—it takes too long to grow!

Nick

Madam Editor:

I have just read with interest the "Open Letter to Carl Snavelly" in your issue of Jan. 31. I quite agree with the writer in regard to off-season football practice. However, inasmuch as he has expressed himself quite vigorously, I wonder whether he is very courageous in requesting that his name be withheld, and whether The Daily Tar Heel reveals itself as an exponent of fair play and good sportsmanship in complying with his request.

Cecil Johnson

It is the policy of the Daily Tar Heel to withhold names of correspondents who wish to express opinions, or give information which otherwise might lead into personal difficulties. The Daily Tar Heel does not print anonymous letters, and all letters which are printed remain on file in The Daily Tar Heel office. The Daily Tar Heel extends this courtesy to correspondents in order to protect the public from fictitious signatures.—Editors.

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