

# Forecasted Failure

The Morehead Planetarium has successfluuy lived up to the direst predictions of early critics.

The planetarium building, choek full from basement to dome of educational and entertainment possibilities, is currently serving the campus as a playtoy for university bigwigs, and focal point for visits to the campus by North Carolina school children.

The productions in the planetarium are played for houses of four, eight, and sixteen persons, except for the Wednesday afternoon matinees, which show the busloads of grammar school and high school children.

Operating the planetarium is an excellent mechanic—tops in his field of planetarium machinery—and a physicist—well-though versed in astronomy to teach courses in the field.

Neither of these men is to blame for the fact that there is not a showman on the staff. None of the heirarchy which dictate policy can be pinned down as responsible for the fact that the planetarium is failing to serve the town, and is failing to serve the University, and is failing to serve the state.

The failure itself can be pinned down to the facts that no attempt is made to attract scholars by programs aimed above the third grade level by truly educational programs; that the cultural opportunities which are offered are not brought to the attention of the campus; that the cultural opportunities which could be offered are not offered and that the beautifully appointed lounges and dining rooms are not available for use.

The planetarium has shown itself in the best possible light on a few occasions. The Christmas show, already a tradition with the staff, the campus and the state, is famous for its beauty and its educational value. A few displays of paintings have received more than a cursory glance by the public, which has been given adequate notification of the attractions.

A columnist for the newspaper commented in 1949, "For years and years the loudest complaint of the student body has been that we have no planetarium with an art gallery in it. Now we have a planetarium with an art gallery in it. The only thing lacking now is the information on what we are going to do with it... Why, there are only three planetariums anywhere in the whole country. There is probably a reason for it."

The same columnist found the only explanation in the fact that the then new building showed the name of the donor "on three of a possible four sides of the building."

He was probably unduly harsh. Nevertheless, the problem of what is being done to make use of the facilities offered by the building is as yet unanswered.

By Rollo Taylor

# Rameses

I recently became a charter member of the Society for the Abolition of Johnny Ray, alleged singer of alleged songs. Every-time that wailing idiot wiggles his vocal cords I get the screaming meemies. There is good music and bad music, high brow music and low, there is jazz and swing, and oh lordy, there is Johnny Ray. I could be put in jail for what I think of that guy.

Long time ago a mealy-mouth vocalist put the country on its ears by grasping the microphone with a death grip, musing his hair and giving forth with what was termed "music." That American phenomenon was Frank Sinatra. Frankie, thank goodness, has passed his prime as a vocalist, but has entered the movies and that's just as bad.

It beats me why some guys have to get hysterical every-time they sing something. Isn't the peculiar tone of a person's voice enough to sell a song? Evidently not. Old Bing has been around longer than any of them and all he does is stand up and sing the words. Simple as that. No nasal twang and no chewing up the rug to get sympathy.

Then some scroungers like Johnny Ray or Frankie Lane has to come along and set music back two thousand years. Granted, that a person's individual style has something to do with his success but don't get hysterical about it. "A Little White Cloud that Cried," ouch!

I ain't an expert on nothing, no how about music but I do know what sounds nice and

peaceful. Until day before yesterday I thought "C sharp" was a bra size and classical music makes me wonder if I have all my marbles when I listen to it. Sometimes I can't exactly hear the birds and the trees singing and often I just go to sleep in the middle of a concert.

Music, especially this stuff we call commercial popular music, should be poetry set to words. Now there is good poetry and bad, serious and funny but what good is all that if an alleged singer like Johnny Ray comes along and chews up fairly good material and spits it out like a foul mouthful of cuss words—unpleasant to the ear and not at all sensible.

We of the new Society for the Abolition of Johnny Ray and his Cohorts (we'll add at this point) have firm faith in the American people. They, as the sensible, law abiding folk that they are, will not let this murderer of music go free to commit more of his atrocities. He'll just fade away like Doug, the dance marathons and the six day bike racer.

# Riff... by Joe Raff

I think every town or city that ever boasted of having a university within its limits has also boasted of being one of the largest consumers of alcoholic beverages in the country. I don't know whether or not this could possibly hint that college students hit the bottle from time to time, but indications tend to make us believe that licker-lapping is a favorite pastime among young folks. Maybe it's because young gentleman and ladies know that in a few years when they graduate they will be out to conquer the world and perhaps a hefty swig on the little brown jug will juggle them into some form of mental stability in preparation for post-university days.

Chapel Hill being one of those communities which prides itself or, at least, recognizes that its residents are wholehearted participants in the art of elbow bending also has quite a record as far as alcoholic consumption goes. This being the case (case of bourbon) I thought it only fitting that I devote a few well chosen words to this subject. Have no fears, dear reader, these well chosen words are not mine, but in my vast reading (three comic books and a laundry list) I have come across a virtual treasure of verse in honor of Jonathan Barleycorn Esq. I guess we all have said to

our girlfriend at one time or another those fanciful words of Omar the Persian. I don't remember it perfectly now, but this is it in effect: "Come sit with me beneath the bow of a book of verse, a flask of wine and thou-singing in the wilderness and wilderness is paradise now."

Omar wasn't the only one who thought pretty much about booze and its effects. Shakespeare comically noted in "Twelfth Night" that (and he must have been writing about me), "... one draught makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him." The second act of Othello also mentions Bacchus blood. "Come, come, good wine is a familiar creature; if it be well used; exclaim no more against it." After that statement we wonder how well a Martini is put to use, I know only one use for it, and that's a good one.

Robert Burns is the last guy I'm going to quote because he seems to have seen the light the same way I do. This verse came from a poem entitled "Scotch Drink" praising the lifeblood of Scotland. "Food fills the belly, and keeps us living; Though life's a gift not worth receiving, When heavy-dragged with pine and grieving;

The official newspaper of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill where it is published daily at the Colonial Press, Inc., except Monday's, examination and vacation periods and during the official summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office of Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed \$4.00 per year, \$1.50 per quarter; delivered \$6.00 per year and \$2.25 per quarter.

- Glenn Harden — Editor-in-chief
- Bruce Melton — Managing Editor
- David Buckner — News Editor
- Bill Peacock — Sports Editor
- Mary Nell Boddie — Society Editor
- Jody Levey — Feature Editor
- Joe Raff — Literary Editor
- Beverly Baylor — Associate Editor
- Sue Burress — Associate Editor
- Ed Starnes — Assoc. Sports Editor
- Nancy Burgess — Assoc. Society Editor
- Ruffin Woody — Photographer

But oiled by thee,  
The wheels of life go down-hill  
screeching  
With rattling glee."

# YOU, TOO, CAN CATCH A MATE

Consider the case of Seutonius Bollingay.\*

Last year Suetonius, an economics major, received three Christmas presents. One was from an uncle in Seattle. The third was from a Freshman who mistook him for the author of "The Lives of the Twelve Caesars" and wanted an autograph.

Even his sister forgot him. Came January, and he Woke Up. With the aid of a Graph, a Table of Probability, and other secret weapons of the Economics Dept., he plotted the course of the Successful Man on the Campus.

In February he bought a book Suitable for Looking at Together, like, say, the New Yorker Album, or Peter Arno's Ladies and Gentlemen. We gave it our special Valentine Gift Wrap, and he presented it to a dame he'd worshipped in silence ever since she apologized for wiping her feet on him once when she mistook him for a doormat.

By June he was a Human Being, and yesterday we noticed him looking at a copy of America's Baby Book.

You, too, can be a Social Success.

\* An actual story taken from our file of unpublished fiction.

# THE INTIMATE BOOKSHOP

205 E. Franklin St.

# DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- 1. Pierce with a sword
- 5. Jewish month
- 9. Centers
- 11. Portion
- 12. Medieval helmet
- 13. Domesticates
- 14. Negative vote
- 15. Astonishment
- 17. Consume
- 18. Flourishes
- 20. Wall recess
- 23. Gratuities
- 27. Greek legislative assembly
- 28. Trite
- 29. In bed
- 30. Secret
- 31. Perigee time
- 33. Moslem title
- 36. County (Scot.)
- 37. Vitality
- 40. Patronage
- 42. Evade
- 44. Affirms
- 45. Ventures
- 46. Pause
- 47. Slight depression
- DOWN**
- 1. Scrutinize
- 2. A law (Jew. Lit.)
- 3. Armed forces
- 4. Winged insect
- 5. Exclamation
- 6. A matron
- 7. Scope
- 8. Pause
- 10. Deprive of food
- 11. Boil slowly
- 16. Sorrow
- 18. Golden
- 19. Heavenly bodies
- 20. Sleeveless garment (Arab.)
- 21. Bowl underhand
- 22. Hint
- 24. Writing fluid
- 25. Chum
- 26. Cunning
- 28. Striped
- 30. Period of time
- 32. Organs of hearing
- 33. At a distance
- 34. Bestowed
- 35. Birds, as a class
- 37. Unadulterated
- 38. Paradise
- 39. Obnoxious bug
- 43. Youth



Yesterday's Answer

