

# The Daily Tar Heel

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by Bob Thomason

## By Their Deeds

You should all attend these Dorm Discussions. The one in Aycock Wednesday night was a humdinger . . . presenting the candidates for President of the Student Body in the campaign kick-off.

Ken Barton, the SP nominee, presented a careful analysis of the current problems confronting student government, and outlined a specific program for correcting existing weaknesses.

One Barton plan calls for the immediate completion and furnishing of social rooms in the rest of the Dorms, to be financed through a revolving fund arrangement. Through this plan, we would have the use of social rooms in all the Dorms now . . . without waiting for the University to solve all the red-tape problems that have slowed up action.

Another Barton plan calls for a Civil Service Commission set-up which would encourage more students to take part in student government. Under this plan, a committee would undertake to round up several qualified candidates for each office, by interviewing both candidates and other students who might have ideas on who would be suitable for a particular job. From among such prospects, the President would be able to make selections without having to fall back on the same group of students each time.

Such constructive ideas as these constitute the backbone of responsible student government.

The UP candidate was not so helpful. With disarming frankness, Mr. Horton admitted he had no platform. He said he was waiting to find out what the students want. (We used to have a saying that politicians stand for what they think the voters will fall for. I guess it's discrete for a politician to find out what the voters want before he decides what he believes in.)

The UP candidate was mad because the SP had elected three consecutive Presidents of the Student Body, and he thought it was "only fair" to give his side a chance. (He seemed a bit embarrassed when asked if he would vote Republican because the Democrats had been in for twenty years, and shied away from the observation of a listener that the UP had controlled the Student Legislature for six years.)

It was abundantly clear from this discussion that the Student Party has a definite program to carry to the voters this spring. It calls for numerous steps to improve conditions of students as regards social rooms, self-help, and a host of other practical problems. A platform based on this program would be a truly impressive document.

The UP is in a more uncomfortable position. They can't write a platform with a program to write about, and Mr. Horton admits he still doesn't know what he is going to stand for. (Or, as he says, he is waiting for the students to tell him.) This actually represents quite an about-face for the UP . . .

## C. P. U. Roundtable

The inauguration of Queen Elizabeth gave a brief spell to Britains Commoners, a breath of idealism that most likely gave way to a gasp of reality when they returned to their problem of economic procrastination. For years, England has been precariously balancing an import-export seesaw on a dollar fulcrum.

On the ends of the seesaw sit two Britishers—one producing, the other consuming. The product—coal, probably the key to British trade balance. They're talking.

"My grandfather mined coal this way and by gosh I'm not a man to change easily."

"You're right, Bill," replies John Steelworker, "but mines may change. They usually do

when stomachs grumble." On March 11, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Richard Butler presented the Conservative budget plan to Parliament—a plan designed to bolster and eventually discard the dollar fulcrum by increasing production incentive, decreasing imports (import-export gap slashed 500 million pounds since November total gap 600 million pounds a year) and decreasing home consumption.

While the budget plan will decrease economic symptoms of disease, only a fundamental change in production attitudes will kill the virus of industrial conservation. Here perhaps more than anywhere else, the powerful psychological potential of Queen Elizabeth will be of practical value.

## Puppets

### Reviews and Previews

Recapturing the delightful charm of childhood laughter and gaiety, the versatile playwright and puppeteer, Agnar Mykle, in cooperation with the Carolina Playmakers, presented his Norwegian Puppet Theatre in a little play called "Butter and Guns; or, The International Cow Session" Thursday afternoon and evening at the Playmakers Theatre.

Reminiscent of the wonderful old Punch and Judy days, Agnar Mykle's amusing and interesting production involved everything and everyone from a reindeer cow to Harry Truman, including Butterball—a playful boy with ideas, Kari—his girlfriend, Golden Tooth—their faithful dog, and Generalissimo Franco, General de Gaulle, Prime Minister Churchill, Trygve Lie, and old Joe Stalin himself. Then, of course, there was the ever-present 1890's melodramatic villain—the thief who steals international secrets.

And the fun was not only in this strange array of characters whisking themselves in and out of the action, but also included a prologue by the Oslo author, a Norwegian folk song sung in

former campaigns they have merely waited for the SP to publish a platform, then borrowed most of it.

Of course the result of borrowing the SP platform was that they usually had a pretty good one. Unfortunately, of course, they customarily forgot about it after the election. I remember one beautiful platform a year or so ago. It was so good the UPU won nearly two-thirds of the seats in the legislature. Know what happened after the election? Why, next session of the Legislature the UP introduced one bill! That same session of the Legislature the SP minority introduced about twenty bills . . . and even as a minority carried out a good part of the program.

With a President and a Legislature, just imagine what a terrific job the SP could do of improving Student government!

English and led by an American, an overture by Mr. Wishingrod—a hilarious little puppet orchestra conductor, and an enthusiastic audience that whistled and shouted all kinds of advice and warnings to the various puppets.

The play itself was a sort of fanciful allegory that begins in Butterball's home in Norway and ends up in front of the United Nations Building in New York. A wonderful child-like naivete pervades the old struggle of good against evil, consummating in a solution that reminds one of Giraudoux' "Madwoman of Chailot," as all the evil of the world is banished by Butterball's quaint little music box. The tinkling Norwegian folk song sends all the weary and worried leaders of the world into ecstasies of singing and dancing and an aura of eternal happiness.

Operating the puppets with consummate skill and cleverness, the multifarious Mykle was ably assisted by Playmakers Nancy Green, James Pritchett, and Clyde Gore. Lynn Gault designed the large, practical, and well-constructed theater; Richard Epler designed the series of charming water-colored back drops for the set; and the ambidextrous Agnar created the thirteen fabulous little creatures who inhabit that other world.—Andrew M. Adams

## The Uncivilized War

Well, how are we going to settle this dispute between John Clark and certain students of the University?

That's one thing nobody has thought about thus far in the battle.

Here is one possible solution: Declare a Chapel Hill civil war. Let John Clark lead the pro-segregation forces. Let John Sanders lead the anti-segregation forces. Clark's army should don white "T" shirts and be called the "White Shirts."

Sanders' army should be clad in brown "T" shirts and call themselves the "Brown Shirts."

The White Shirts' territory could extend from Old Well to the Correct Time Inn with headquarters in South Building.

The Brown Shirts' territory could extend from New East to New Hope Creek with headquarters in the Presbyterian Church.

The territory between these two boundaries (Old Well and New East) could be known as the 39th Parallel.

At an appointed time agreed upon by both sides, Gordon Gray, wearing a brown and white striped shirt, should stand in the center of the Parallel and blow a whistle for the battle to begin.

There's one thing wrong with this proposal. It would be difficult to conduct classes amid all this goings-on. Where would those unable to fight, such as the lame and halt, pacifists and coeds, attend classes? Also, a lot of people might get killed.

Perhaps the above is not the answer. Instead of a civil war, maybe Sanders and-or Murphy should sue Clark and settle the case in civil court.

The best solution is probably for all contenders to realize that the problem cannot be eliminated by a civil war or a revolutionary war, but by an evolutionary war. With this thought in mind, it would be nice if they would assume a little dignity—if not for their own sakes, for the sake of the University, the State of North Carolina, the whole South. —B.B.

## Clark's Letters

John Washington Clark, University trustee from Randolph County who lives in Greensboro, asked in a letter to the Greensboro Record a few days ago why the Record and The Daily Tar Heel didn't print a letter referred to in news stories, "if it was so bad."

At that time, the letter was unavailable to both the Record and The Daily Tar Heel. Many people have since asked for confirmation of what Dick Murphy and this newspaper termed Clark's "insidious tactics."

For that reason, The Daily Tar Heel will bring forth portions of documents penned by John Clark over the past few years. The "poison pen" campaign of the Greensboro industrialist should then be apparent to every sensible person.

Mr. Clark's activities are not a new thing in this state. His secretaries and his mimeographing equipment have been busy for many years—since before he became a member of the Board of Trustees.

He is, in fact, a tradition of sorts on this campus. Old-timers remembrings are likely to include an incident involving John Clark. He and his brother Dave have more or less consistently smeared such individuals and organizations as Dr. Frank Graham, Rev. Charles Jones, Dr. Guy Johnson, Dr. Howard Odum, the NAACP, and the Rosenwald Foundation as well as students at the University from time to time who have advocated measures which met with his disapproval.

Therefore the reader will not be surprised to find certain of these respected individuals cropping up again and again (with the usual sexual overtones) in Clark's correspondence.

It should be noted at the same time, that The Daily Tar Heel does not consider John Clark and those of his persuasion as to defamatory tactics as dangerous individuals, so long as the light of publicity prevents any illusions as to the honesty of his motives. For instance, the board of Trustees, an honestly conservative group has consistently voted down the proposals made by the few individuals like Clark among their membership.

However, John Clark, is symptomatic of the general spread of terror among our colleges and our nation. As such, he is tangible evidence of an intangible danger; and as such, he is open to attack.

(This editorial is reprinted from the Feb. 27 edition of The Daily Tar Heel—Editors).

