

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student newspaper of the Publications of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill where it is published daily at the Colonial Press, Inc., except Monday, 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.

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Golden Girl Reviews



Miss Gaynor

"Becoming an overnight success, according to Hollywood's standards, may mean years of heartbreak which the public knows nothing about". This is a fact not to be denied, especially by pert Mitzi Gaynor, who last year, broke into the winner's circle of filmdom by appearing in a film which I panned. Even though I could scarcely sit through the film, there was an attraction for me, a vivacity not recently shown by a musical star.

Mitzi was born in Chicago, moving to Detroit at three. Her parents were both born in the entertainment world, and took little Mitzi along with them wherever they played. As in "Golden Girl" where Lotta Crabtree met Lola Montez and decided to be an actress, so it was with Mitzi when she first saw Carmen Miranda in "The Streets of Paris."

Later on, she saw the famous Donilova dance in "Swan Lake" and she made up her mind to be in ballet also. She settled down to work and managed to do both. Appearing in amateur recitals, she won acclaim in Detroit. Her mother and aunt both gave up good executive positions to take their little girl out to Hollywood, thinking that all that they would have to do was to just produce Mitzi. When they arrived, it seemed that Mitzi was just a little too old for child parts, and a little too young for grown up parts. For one year, she gave benefits, appeared on local talent shows, and finally accepted a place with a U.S.O. unit from Hollywood.

Living up to her role as Lotta, Mitzi slipped off from the mother and aunt, and landed a part with the Civic Light Opera Ballet of San Francisco. They were all ready to sign a contract, when her mother showed up and prevented the signing. From there she went to New York, and after much pleading, was allowed to accept the part of Miss Enders in "Song of Norway." She remained with that show through two years run on Broadway, and through runs in Chicago, Philadelphia, and made preparations for opening in San Francisco. It was while here that she stopped the show, and gained rave notices.

"The Great Waltz" was rewritten to give Mitzi a part, and while appearing in this production, George Jessel discovered his heroine for "Golden Girl." It seems that all things with Hollywood must be gradual, so she was signed for a 'small part'

Letters To The Editor

Madam Editor:

I want to thank you and the staff of The Daily Tar Heel for the excellent publicity given to the recent Bloodmobile visit to the UNC campus.

I, with the rest of the blood committee, feel that your presenting the facts and data of the drive helped bring about the remarkable success of the campaign.

Joel Fleishman
Chairman, Blood Committee

Madam Editor:

After taking my first hourly quiz B.A. 71, 5 can't help but wonder if the school hasn't made a mistake by not requiring the students that plan to take B.A. 71 to have a shorthand course as a prerequisite. As I wandered from the classroom in a world composed partly of reality and partly of definitions, accounts, debits, and liabilities, capital, assets, etc., I had a rather bitter feeling toward the composers of the quiz; as after I recovered from my

attack of writers cramp, shattered nerves, and "Quiz Shock," I decided to write this letter in the hope that you, or someone, could answer my questions.

How does a person complete an hour and a half quiz in an hour's time? I know that I'm not the only student who has been faced with this problem. Perhaps you have had the same trouble at one time or the other and can suggest a solution. Assume that you know the material on the quiz, waste no time during the quiz, and you are not allowed extra time to finish or check your work. What is the answer?

After the instructor sweats blood for a week trying to control his impatience with the student like myself that asks questions that he has heard hundreds of times during his career as an instructor, why does the department give a quiz that doesn't give the student a chance to show the instructor that his effort at self-control has finally paid off? "Tell Me Why."

Name Withheld by request.

by Barry Farber

Not Guilty

Not long ago I did a tearful column attacking Mother Nature for making harmonious boy-girl relationships such a bitter, up-hill struggle. I never claimed that my cut-rate commentaries deserved to be inscribed on the pyramids. Just the same, plenty members of both sexes have since informed me that this time I was squarely over the target and to please keep dropping adjectives on it.

First let's set our sights on the local problems. In spite of all the fabulous Grail dances, dorm dances, German Weekends, beach parties, and booze binges, too many well-groomed ladies and gentlemen around here live in a social vacuum. I daresay that if all the Carolina boys and girls who ever spent a lonesome Saturday night reading escape literature and cursing the ratio were to get together and vote communist, Joe Stalin would be guzzling vodka on the front porch of the White House.

Move over, Dorothy Dix, because I've got a cozy scheme calculated to give campus society a metaphysical shot-in-the-arm. Nothing rash, nothing revolutionary. Simply this—Let dorm dwellers take the coeds to the social rooms.

For the benefit of those who came in late, here's a brief history of the rise and fall of the dormitory social rooms. (If you have a record of Hammerstein's "There Is Nothing Like A Dame" you might give it a spin. It'll make wonderful background music.)

Last spring a group of effervescent student leaders down in B Dorm recognized the prevailing morgue-like atmosphere and decided it would be a good idea to comb the cobwebs from the large vacant rooms, put in furniture, ashtrays, and magazines, and start socializing. All the

in "My Blue Heaven" with Betty Grable and Dan Dailey. In this film, she carried away the show, and was rushed into a comedy part in the controversial "Take Care of My Little Girl."—David Alexander.

boys in B screamed Bravo and went to work with the greatest display of school spirit since Davie walked in from Wilmington. They dusted, swept, washed, polished, and painted until finally they had a layout that would make the Kremlin look tacky.

On opening night the boys really pitched a brannigan. There was entertainment, refreshments, exhibits, and bombastic speeches by administration personnel proclaiming "This night marks a new social renaissance which will surely see Carolina skyrocket into the ethereal heights of dormitory solidarity." Somebody else said the B Dorm social room was definitely a "forward step." Then everybody gave three cheers and sang "Hark The Sound."

Shortly thereafter, the boys requested that the authorities allow them to take coeds into the "forward step." Request denied. Well, the "new social renaissance" started slow and then gradually tapered off. Other dorms set up play rooms and waited for the first signs of "dormitory solidarity." It was like dropping a rose petal down the Grand Canyon and waiting for an echo.

Let's get right down to the burlap. Dorm social rooms are dandy. But when one sex has a monopoly, there can only be so much socializing and no more. A social room without coeds is like a Bulgarian without typhus. I say, let them in, at least on a trial basis, as soon as the authorities can lower their eyebrows.

Obviously somebody with a lot of say-so is afraid that the dorm boys are after coed visiting privileges just so they can—yep, you guessed it. I suggest that the intelligence of the typical dorm man is somewhat above that of the average orangutan and such fears are grossly divorced from reality.

If we want to cultivate that mystic mainspring known as "group spirit" let's feature other attractions in the dorm social rooms besides Johnny Ray records and checkerboards.

Standard Candidates

We notice with surprise that one of the candidates for the editorship of this newspaper expressed the hope that The Daily Tar Heel would return to standard size in the near future.

But then, we have noticed such statements with surprise all year, from such supposedly well-informed people as members of the Publications Board, which re-established the tabloid-size newspaper last Spring.

Editorial candidates, in particular, should ground themselves in financial operations of the newspaper; and anyone grounded in financial operations of the newspaper understands that the tabloid size is cheaper.

Enough cheaper that it seems the only feasible form of operation for The Daily Tar Heel unless an additoinal \$12,000 to \$15,000 magically appears in next years budget.

The Daily Tar Heel is operating in the black this year, for the first time in 13 years, according to Student Fund figures. It can continue to operate on a sound financial basis only on the reduced scale.

Candidates who say they are for wire services, large feature-filled issues, and other expensive journalistic operations are like candidates who say they are for any other kind of bonus. Everybody is.

And everybody out to know by now that you can't provide additional services without additional funds.

Which latter question we leave to the advertizers and the legislature. Which means the block fee. Which means you and your dough.

Incidentally, campaign time last year witnessed a howl from students over the four-day-a-week "daily" newspaper they were getting. The students got the change they voted for, and we haven't heard any howl to go back to that.

But a candidate who promises a standard is promising just that.

So maybe the candidates and the publications Board members who are plugging fast spending of not enough money aren't the politicoes they think they are.

by Walt Dear

Over The Hill

(Editor's note: Walt Dear, widely mentioned as a candidate for the editorship, declined to run for academic reasons. He recently resigned from the staff).

I know a newspaperman from Greensboro who happens to work for students.

He's not too well known and his name hasn't appeared on the front page much. He's more of a man working behind the scenes—getting the job done.

Maybe it's because people don't know him; maybe they've never heard the name, Dave Buckner. Or maybe, if they've met him, they weren't impressed, because he's not the back-slapin' type anyway.

He doesn't have the Charlie Justice appeal or the political prowess of a Charlie Long.

What he does have, however, blots out these mass appeal and supposed "must" qualifications for an office. Buckner is a newspaperman's conception of an ideal editor from way back. He copped top national honors for his high school sheet as editor. When he joined The Daily Tar Heel last summer as managing editor, the paper became a live wire. It was singled out by Chancellor Robert House and Dean Guy Phillips as one of the best summer publications in many years. In September, Buck became news editor and in spite of "don't-give-a-damn" attitudes, he pulled together what little there was and remained the main drive behind the paper.

criticized, and sometimes staffless, tabloid through rough months.

When Bruce Melton graduated, Buckner took over the second highest position—managing editor. He has been an important factor in revitalizing the paper.

Somebody said that it's impossible to unscramble eggs, referring to the paper's condition in the last year. If you'll take a careful look on page one, you'll find the eggs have not only been unscrambled, but they've also been hatched again.

Draft movements are rare. Usually, they're another political method of insuring a person's popularity. While Buckner had no idea of running for editor, his friends were thinking he'd make the perfect man for the post if they could only get him to run. He was actually and literally drafted—almost by both parties on campus (he lost the UP nomination by three votes).

Even before the party nominations, the staff—the people who work with Buck and the people who will have to work with the next editor—nominated him by an overwhelming vote, 13-4.

To my way of thinking, this guy Buckner is the man the campus needs and deserves for editor. He's an underdog in this campaign, but he's the person who'll stick with The Daily Tar Heel, mold it into the finest paper it's been since 1896, and give students what they want.