

The Daily Tar Heel

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by John Taylor

Reviews

It seems that no matter where one goes these days he will run up against "The Heiress" sooner or later. It is not that I dislike the Ruth and Augustus Goetz play, it is just that after having seen the original production, the movie, and the Barter Theatre production here last year, I was a little wary about seeing yet another production of it over the weekend by the Durham Theatre Guild.

The play concerns a young woman whose only attribute on the surface is her sizeable bank account. Her father, who worships the memory of the girl's deceased mother, makes this point clear to everyone, including the heiress herself. When a fortune hunter proposes to the willing girl, her father threatens to cut her off from her inheritance, thus scaring the suitor away and depriving the heiress of her only chance for happiness. The girl increases in stature, so that after the father dies and the boy returns to her, she leaves him pounding on the door, as she walks into a life of spinsterhood.

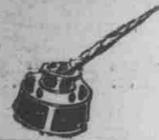
Considering the poor facilities of the gymnasium in which it was performed, the production was more than adequate. Chuck Kellogg's direction brought out most of the inherent dramatic values of the play. I thought it somewhat stilted, but this was undoubtedly due to the limitations presented by the arena style in which the show was presented. The set and costuming were both good, but the lighting, of which there was very little, was abominable.

The performances showed varying degrees of quality, with a few showing no quality whatsoever. Anne Miller, Carolina coed, stood out as a star among a group of amateurs. This young actress has had no real opportunity to show her mettle here in Chapel Hill, where she is a member of the Playmakers. However, in Durham, in a part demanding difficult character transitions, she was superb.

Her acting, particularly in the scene in which she is tilted and the final scene in which she turns her back on her lover, was masterful. Now, however, we come to a far different performance, if one can really call it such. It is my earnest opinion that Colonel Marshall Barnum, who "played" the father, should stick to the Air Force and leave acting alone. As a would-be actor myself, it is inconceivable to me how anyone could get as far as the actual performance of a play and know not more than half of his dialogue, and yet that is exactly what he did. Even the lines he remembered were delivered in a manner much too sweet for the character he was portraying, and when he was supposed to be dying, he seemed healthy enough to pass his Air Force physical.

With the exception of a lady who apparently had stepped out for a short beer and consequently missed her cue, the rest of the cast, including Kent Jackson, as the worthless lover, and Clara Jane Harris, as the heroine's flighty aunt, were obviously all trying very hard and must be given a word of thanks for doing so.

Express Yourself



Editor:

The current controversy over the spoils of the book exchange reminds one of the situation in which the members of a family squabble over the division of profits made by a fellow-member dealing in the economic shadows. Eager to get their clutches on some of the loot, they choose to ignore the means by which it was accumulated in the first place.

The profit system used by the book exchange, while probably adhering to establish business practices, is nevertheless not to the best interest of the student. For the student is not a wage-earner engaging in economic competition and should not be treated as such by an ultra-monopoly campus business.

There are many students on this campus who came for the sole purpose of getting an education, students who have neither a book of signed checks nor a convertible. The book exchange is one of their recurring

nightmares. Some of those financial delinquents are well into a course of study before they can afford a text book. Others find it necessary to search the shelves for the most dilapidated copies because they are cheaper. Still others have repeatedly gone without needed meals in order to save money for books!

It seems to me, President-Elect Ham Horton, et al, that instead of wrangling for a rake-off to be doled out by the Student Legislature (which, incidentally, would not ease the above cited situations), you might question the moral justification of the idle profits to begin with. Your efforts to help the student might carry more conviction and elicit greater support if you'd direct your energies toward reducing the cost of books and supplies at the source, and in easing the burden of exorbitant managerial salaries.

Ulmont E. Ives

Know Thy Neighbor

A poll was recently taken to test American college students on their knowledge of international affairs and current events. Twenty-eight per cent thought Norway was behind the Iron Curtain. Fifteen per cent listed Spain as a communist country and one student claimed "The forces of Iranian Premier Mossadegh should be withdrawn from Formosa."

On a blank map of the world, one graduate student placed Bulgaria slightly north of Canada while three girls decided Uruguay was either "in Europe of Sweden."

This astounding lack of international awareness is a barrier of considerable magnitude in the path of our diplomatic struggle for the minds of men.

Here on campus the Cosmopolitan Club and the YMCA are fighting gallantly to slash through this jungle of misunderstanding. The Y sponsors regular Monday evening supper forums in Lenoir Hall where the people, customs, and politics of various nations are discussed by natives and persons familiar with the country. The Cosmopolitan Club welcomes all foreign and American students to its Sunday afternoon meetings in the Rendezvous Room.

We salute both organizations for working to bridge a vital gap in our academic curricula.

by Dave Kerley

By Their Deeds

The previous column having distributed bouquets, this one is reserved for a few good ideas that didn't pan out.

Biggest news story on the fraternity front this past year was the abolition and recrudescence of hazing. Just a year ago a mild bill to investigate this subject was howled by the UP-controlled Legislature, yet the pressure for reform was so great that within a few months the IFC was formally on record for a respectable program to replace an ancient evil.

Unhappily, the first case that arose under the new policy backfired. This was an embarrassing retrogression for those of us who had hoped that at last real progress was being made.

We were reminded that after a student was killed in a hazing incident here in 1913, the State Legislature outlawed hazing (a matter the administration has elected to overlook for the past thirty-nine years), and that the Student Council again outlawed it in 1936 (a matter subsequent campus judiciaries seem also to have overlooked.)

Neither the IFC nor the Men's Council has shown the initiative or the courage to tackle the problem in earnest. If the students, or the administration, or the law enforcement officers could ever get stirred up enough to do their duty, this problem could be solved.

In the meantime, the efforts of such conscientious servants of the Student Body as Henry Bowers will come to naught.

Fizzle number two was the redistricting plan. A determined effort by the Town Men's Association to gain fair representation for the town men in the Student Legislature finally

gained the thorough support of the Student Party, but failed of passage in the UP-dominated Legislature.

Later efforts at compromise in a bipartisan committee accomplished only the admission that the existing situation was unbearable, an admittedly unsatisfactory temporary compromise, and almost universal agreement in principle that a geographical plan should be adopted.

The committee authorized to prepare such a plan met once and adjourned for lack of a quorum . . . two SP and four UP members failed to show up.

Most provocative fizzle was the Di Senate debate on segregation. A bold stand on principle was quickly explained away when questioned by a trustee who frowned upon the views expressed.

This and a similar intervention at State College by another trustee made brief news and elicited reactions from President Gray and eventually the Board itself. What looked for a moment like an impending volcanic eruption then terminated in a low sizzle.

Final fizzle was the Party with a Program. In the spring elections it was established clearly that a constructive program is a poor defense against a clever slogan. Negativism and smear are still the route to election victories.

In three years the Student Party had accomplished more for the student body than had the UP in its twenty-odd years in power, but neither the record nor the definite plans for the future was a match for the UP's combination of a huge block vote and a campaign to confuse the issues.

From Other Dailies

From the Provincetown, (Massachusetts) Advocate.

Spring has waved her wand indiscriminately over the beautiful community called Chapel Hill, sprinkling stars of white, maize, and rose-pink, that cling to the thousands of dogwood trees.

Walls of wisteria, climbing like the veritable beanstalk of fable, its trunks almost as sturdy as the trees around which it is entwined, hangs its white and lavender heads and sways gracefully on the soft currents of air. Yellow mimosa and jasmine add their fragrance to the already heavily scented air, to make one feel heady.

The green-gold of the new leaves on myriad trees, and the cascading daintiness of the weeping willows trace delicate patterns of lacy design against

the soft blue sky. Low hung clouds of mauve blossoms are caught and held in the branches of the profuse judas trees, so-called because the bees are lured by their false beauty, only to fly away, frustrated by the lack of pollen. Weeping cherry trees trail their pink daintiness in umbrella-like protections, over the campus. The piercing beauty of flaming, crimson azaleas that slide down the color scale to a faint pink.

The entire town is a huge flower garden that catches one's breath as he gazes at Nature's magic, the while sensing a feeling or reverence for the unailing regularity and promise and sureness of His work. Verily, "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and firmament showeth His handiwork!"

Lanette Singer

by Rolfe Neill

The Livespike



The students and townspeople who came over to Graham Memorial the other Sunday after Senator Paul Douglas' speech were in for a refreshing surprise. The liberal Illinois Democrat, settled comfortably in a great chair at the far end of the main lounge, answered candidly all the questions popped at him.

Sipping occasionally from a Dixie cup, Senator Douglas smiled and chatted freely, just as if it were a group of close friends in his own home. He told of how he got started in politics as a Chicago alderman, scored the big pay given for armed forces hazardous duty, and freely gave opinions on the presidential race and the issue of McCarthyism.

He amazed his good Chapel Hill friend, Miss Mary B. Gilson, with some of his proposals for straightening out the government ("We need more political patronage . . ."). In all, he talked for more than an hour.

Those who attended the meeting, whether they agreed with the Senator or not, left tremendously impressed with the man Douglas. We did.

—☆—

Editor Barry Farber is cheerful to admit his shortcomings re certain aspects of the newspaper business. However, brave, bold, anticipating Barry traipsed off to the alumni meet at the Inn the other day—sure that he was going to get a good story.

Yapping happily, Barry called the office a short time later to report a small auto accident beside the Inn. "Spot news, spot news, Rolfe, I got it," he kept screaming. Well, the payoff came a short while later.

Barry was busy bragging to a friend at the alumni banquet about his "first big news break." In fact, Barry wasn't listening to the Chancellor who was talking. In fact, Barry missed the biggest story of the day: the Chancellor announced the appointment of C. M. Shaffer as his new assistant.