

The Daily Tar Heel

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JOHN GIBSON Pulqué

This Saturday class business is so involved that I hardly know where to begin. And wherever I do begin, I cannot possibly finish it in one day, so I hope you will stick with me and see it through.

One notes behind the action of the Board of Trustees a sort of quick attempt to remedy a situation that is not fully understood. The question is certainly broader than merely a few hours of classes on Saturday morning. The Board seems to feel (and I am guessing here) that Carolina is slipping and something needs to be done about it. It has hit upon Saturday classes as a result. Certainly the Board's action is not merely aimed at getting Carolina on the semester system, since they could have ordered that directly, with the almost inevitable consequence of Saturday classes. Moreover, a switch to the semester system does not mean more class periods, but only spreading them out over a six-day week.

The relative merits of quarter and semester systems will be discussed at a later time, but let us for the moment assume that the Board's prime objective is the utilization of Saturdays in order to improve the quality of the education. In which case, someone would remind the Board that one does not improve the breed of fish by adding more water to the pond.

College education has become an increasingly competitive big business in recent years. Colleges go out of their way to attract students, and once doing this, they hate to part with them. This has necessarily resulted in a lowering of the academic standards, since courses had to be so arranged that the apathetic, disinterested, lazy student could still pass and remain in school. To say nothing of the privileges given athletes on some campuses.

Not long ago I read the story of how England prevented the extinction of a certain game bird, (the name slips my mind). First, the birds were coddled, given special shelters, and their enemies were destroyed. The birds only got fewer in number. Finally, when things were really tough they reversed the procedure, and killed off some of the lame old birds, and destroyed some of the shelters of the rest. Amazingly enough the ones that remained proceeded to breed rapidly, and now they are quite numerous.

Raise the course work requirements of the University so that the "hangers on" either have to work or get out, and you will have gone a long way toward your goal. The enrollment will drop temporarily, or perhaps even permanently, since there are many students who are not the least bit interested in learning anything as long as they can progress by Degrees. You will, I believe, have a better University. You will also take care of the Saturday situation, if that still grates on your mind, graduate students, for example, do not have Saturday classes (as was mistakenly reported in the Chapel Hill Weekly) yet very few of them do not work a good six or eight hours over the weekend.

This argument, of course, assumes that the chief function of a University is the dissemination of knowledge. This point can be argued, and will be done so at a later time. Granting this is so, however, the University could improve many situations by the simple expediency of requiring a reasonable amount of work from the students!

being felt. UNC already had numerous programs dedicated to world brotherhood and understanding, but beginning this quarter Carolina students and Chapel Hill townspeople will have the chance to participate in a mock United Nations Organization forming right here on campus. Already the Dialectic Senate and a number of our foreign exchange students have agreed to participate. There will be a mock General Assembly and Security Council, and each of the sixty member nations will be represented by Carolina students or Chapel Hill townspeople. Perhaps YOU will be America, Russia, England, China, France, or Germany. Even if the individual student finds himself in the alarming position of carrying five full courses (25 hours), he could always be a "Finland"—that is, a representative actively looking on but unable to participate openly due to unavoidable circumstances.

At any rate, follow The Daily Tar Heel for explicit directions of how, when, and where to join.

"Heil, Comrade"



EARL STEVENS

'John Brown's Body'

"John Brown's Body" by Stephen Vincent Benet has been feeling adapted by Charles Laughton into a brilliant "dramatic oratorio." The performance has the qualities of an oratorio in being without costume and scenery and in only using simple, stylized moments of acting to heighten the dramatic impact; moreover, out of Benet's great narrative and epic poem of the Civil War Mr. Laughton has moulded a dramatic piece of great, almost overwhelming, power and beauty.

The story of the Civil War as seen and written by Benet and dramatized by Mr. Laughton is presented by three narrators—they are supported in turn by a chorus which sings, chants, yells, or "what have you" when the occasion arises. The chorus was well-trained and did a fine job evoking all the various moods of a nation divided against itself—the moods of lighthearted gaiety of Wingate Hall, of the austere Connecticut countryside, of the somber and bitter and tattered determinations of the men in the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia.

The three stars of the performance—Tyrone Power, Judith Anderson, and Raymond Massey—have created one of the eternally great moments of the American drama. The only word for their performances is—INCOMPARABLE.

The magnificence of their performances is due in part to the fact that each in his or her own right is a great actor; yet notwithstanding this, each subordinated his or her own personality of the dramatic unity of the whole—and this is the secret and essence of great artists.

There is an intimacy between actor without make-up, costume, or scenery and the audience which has compelling fascination. I hope it is superfluous to point out that the presentation of "John Brown's Body" is in the same tradition as the presentation, two years ago, of George Bernard Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell" with Charles Laughton, Charles Boyer, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Agnes Moorehead. The growth of this

new medium of drama is a healthy and propitious sign of the vitality of the American stage. It will be interesting to consider what new "dramatic oratorio" will come forth.

Perhaps just a word should be given to the music written by one of America's leading composers, Walter Schumann. Here again one finds the artist subordinating his own genius to the whole, and Mr. Schumann has done a most commendable job in scoring the background music for the play. The music is not great or eternal and will probably not exist outside the limits of the performance, but that should in no way detract from the competence of the score, for Mr. Schumann has elsewhere shown that he can write great music.

One minor criticism should, I feel, be made of the handling of Melora's song; the song is one of Benet's greatest lyrics; in fact, it is one of the world's greatest lyrics, and I felt a little chagrin when the singer did not project the words with sufficient loudness and clarity.

The most significant imperfection of the evening came from the audience in so far as I felt nothing would have been more appropriate than a few hearty Rebel yells signifying a heartfelt approval so frequently heard at the conclusion for a great performance.

THOSE MODEST COLLEGE EDITORS . . .

A modest group of college newsmen last month fought against a resolution in support of freedom of the college press, but the resolution passed anyway.

The debate took place at the annual convention of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalism fraternity, in Denver. When the resolution was introduced, college members of the fraternity objected chiefly on the grounds of "the irresponsibility" of most college editors.

"A college newspaper," said one undergraduate delegate, "isn't like any other. We go there to learn. We want a free

DORMAN CORDELL STEW POT

The following is purely a fable of course, and any right-thinking individual would know such a crazy thing could never happen in this enlightened age of ours.

Once upon a time in the far-away land of North Carolina, the people decided they would elect a new ruler, it being the custom in that strange land to elect a new ruler every quadrennium, because it had been thus even unto olden times.

And two groups of persons, the outs and the ins, vied for the rulership. There was another minority group which ran a token candidate, for although this group had some support in other lands, it was practically an underground organization in North Carolina. This group was called the Whigs.

After much fuss and ado, which gave everyone excuses to make an ass of himself, the outs won over the ins. But in revenge, the ruler, who was an in, ordered the beheading of all those who had heretofore supported the outs. And there went out a decree through all the land to that effect, and there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. But the elders consoled the people, saying: "But yet a little while, and the great King Will of the House of Bedstead will replace the wicked ruler of the ins, and we will be happy again."

And lo, it came to pass that he and all the citizens of North Carolina rejoiced at its approach, because they knew there would be a great celebration and they could raise hell freely during the celebration. For this was a pagan land, and all the citizens were heathens.

On the day of the coronation, from all parts of the land, the peoples gathered at the capital city of Really to see the ruler

crowned and to celebrate—mostly celebrate.

And the ruler, who was an in, and the new ruler, who was an out, gathered, and they all shook hands, and said, "I always told everybody that you were a good guy, and I'm glad to shake your hand." For this was also a land of hypocrites.

When they gathered, the two rulers put on silk top hats and long coats and striped trousers, which made them feel ridiculous, but which the heathen customs of that heathen country decreed must be worn.

And the new ruler and the old ruler rode through the streets together in a great carriage, and everybody said, "Hooray," because they were full of the fruits of the vine.

And after the coronation, all and sundry gathered to dance the night away. And there was music and wine and women. And all the citizenry had their chance to raise hell.

But, even as with Cinderella, the clock struck 12, and the citizenry knew the celebration was over and that they must go back to their various parts of the land once again.

And they all dispersed, each with a happy feeling, for the new ruler had proclaimed that he was against sin, and favored virtue, manhood, womanhood, motherhood, and stood for the flag above all. And they said one to another, "He will make a good ruler, for his heart is pure."

And they all lived happily ever after, as all good characters should in all good make-believe stories. For, as said in the beginning, this is only a fable, and the enlightened world of today would never condone such actions. For the land of North Carolina has been known from the earliest part of history to have been a land of heathens.

JOHN TAYLOR

Previews And Reviews

Well, here we go again. There is quite an impressive list of films coming up this term at one of the Chapel Hill movie palaces, and while your reporter has been unable to obtain a list of coming attractions from the other one, he is reasonably sure that it will follow suit, so it looks like another quarter of potential a scholastic disaster.

To begin with the two theatres have again done students politely dirty by scheduling two better than average movies to begin their runs today. They are "Million Dollar Mermaid," at the Carolina, and "The Happy Time," at the Varsity.

Frankly this corner has never cared for Esther Williams extravaganzas. God forbid that anyone press but we can't have it. It don't think we've got any right to go around rabble-rousing."

Other comments: "The university is the publisher, and there is no paper in the world that can go against the publisher." "Good public relations is all you need."

The resolution calling for freedom of the college press was at first defeated by a vote of 27 to 14. But a second vote reversed the decision.

should say something derogatory about the lovely Esther's appearance. However she shows them selves have always had a certain sameness, and that sameness hasn't been good.

Having gotten out of the Carolina Theatre pool, the student will find the Varsity a pleasant place to dry off, and if Linda Christian, who is appearing there in "The Happy Time," doesn't warm him up, he'd better see a psychiatrist.

Anybody who is not devoted to the stage play of the same name from which the movie is adapted will find "The Happy Time" a very entertaining film, because of its amusing situations, fascinating characters, and sparkling, risqué dialogue. But if people who fell in love with the legitimate version of the tale of the adolescent offspring of a delightfully amoral French-Canadian experiencing the sweet pangs of first love will find much of the tender sincerity of the original comedy replaced by the mechanical quality of the movie farce, a situation not common in Stanley Kramer productions.

The performances of Charles Boyer, Bobby Driscoll, Kurt Kasznar, Louis Jourdan, and Marlene Cameron are all of a high quality, but Marsha Hunt completely misses the warmth and genuineness of the mother.



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