

The Daily Tar Heel

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Night editor for this issue: Dorman Cordell

The Jarrards Clara

The quotes from reviews used as blurbs for Lonnie Coleman's *Clara* (Bantam) say, "Clara is a superior performance," "Lonnie Coleman makes a powerful bid for literary importance," "A story with real flavor an excellent novel," "Race qualities rather than race prejudices," and "an honest book on a ticklish subject." Since one doesn't pay attention to blurbs, I didn't think *Clara* was any different from other race novels. However, curiosity got the better of me and I read the book.

Clara is the story of a struggle between Carl Sayre's wife, Lillian, and Clara, his Negro servant and mistress. Clara is not intentionally a rival for Carl's love as Lillian thinks. Clara serves Carl in all his wishes. To him she is more than a physical companion. She is the one who holds his household together, tames his wife, and takes care of him during his drunken periods. Clara is the only person who understands him.

In Lillian Carl had hoped to find love and understanding. Instead, he finds a cold, frightened woman who is his wife in name only. The reader will feel some compassion for Lillian. She needs Clara as badly as Carl does. Gradually, Lillian realizes Clara's importance to the family.

The story is told by Lillian. It begins in a small town in Alabama in the year 1920. Lillian tells her story in sequences of important years. The last chapter takes place in 1950. The book is centered around Carl and Clara but the rest of Lillian's family is brought in. Aunt Aster provides comic relief. She is a butterfly collector. In her old age, when she's not getting enough attention, she puts on all of her clothes wrong side out and backwards. Some of her antics are side-splitting.

Mr. Coleman has recaptured the Southern dialect. Lillian's "sayings" are so real and typical that they are immediately accepted as authentic. Through Lillian, Mr. Coleman skillfully gives an insight into women's ways of thinking. I found myself becoming impatient with Lillian's ideas, but upon analyzing them I realized that many women think in the same fashion. She faced her problems honestly and worked toward a sensible solution. Clara was portrayed realistically. She is not the uneducated, licentious Negress so often described in race novels.

I recommend *Clara* for almost all readers. It may start a chain of thought that won't end with Southern problems.

There are several other novels I want to mention. *Low Company* (Angels in Undress) (Avon), a novel of the London underworld by Mark Benney, was highly praised by some critics. Richard Brooks has *The Producer* (Pocket book), about Hollywood. In William Barrett's *The Left Hand of God* (Pocket Book), Jim Carmody disguises himself as a Catholic priest and finds it hard to disguise himself. David Dressler, in *Parole Chief* (Bantam), tells about his work with convicts. Francis Carco's *Perversity* (Avon), translated by Ford Madox Ford, pictures life "in the lower depths of Paris."

A. Z. F. Wood, Jr. If the Shoe Fits

Ron, old bean (Ron Levin to you readers), you have done me a great injustice. You have inferred many many grave things about my tastes, endocrine balance, and ability to enjoy life. I never thought that I would be accused of stodginess. I expected the letter I received from the Southern Regional Committee of the Communist Party and, as a matter of fact, I'm quite proud of it. I expected to have half the English Department all over my back. But to be accused of stodginess! That is sheer cruelty, and so unjustified. You just missed the whole idea.

In the first place, I didn't condemn anybody for wearing white bucks, going barefoot on senior day, going to movies, or playing poker. I condemn those who don't do much of anything else and who regard anyone who does as queer. I condemn the conformist and the provincial and the sheep-like spectres that haunt this campus.

Just for the record: You're right on Marilyn Monroe; she's got a big bust-line, a symmetrical figure, pretty hair, and about as much sex appeal, in

"Yes, I'm Getting Quite A Charge Out Of It"



English Club Foreign Languages

When the University sat down together to attempt a self-examination a month ago, many problems and purposes of higher education were stated for all to see. But one educational problem was

my opinion, as a billboard poster. And if she's an actress, I'm Satchel Paige. (Roger Wilcoo see assure you that I'm not Satchel Paige.)

Jerry Lewis, to me, is funny the first time, and maybe the second time if you've had a lot of beer, and after that, nuts!

Dixieland is my favorite type of music, that is, Dixieland in the loose sense. I like Benny Goodman and Louis Armstrong particularly, and when I hear Barney Bigard play Body and Soul it's all I can do to keep from crying. I once drank twenty-seven cans of beer one afternoon and night and the only reason I don't do that anymore is because it came to a choice between eating and drinking, and after due consideration, I chose the former.

I am still interested in the opposite sex, though I will admit my interests are rather narrow. Last year I was completely snowed by a certain young damsel, and I went off and married her. To use one of your expressions, married life is "the greatest".

Though I had the misfortune of seeing *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* (which wasn't even close to the original), I don't go to movies much anymore. I'd rather save up the money and buy a bottle of gin.

With the exception of Joseph Conrad, my favorite writers are contemporary ones: Hemingway, Steinbeck, Monsarrat, and James Jones. As you probably know, I don't care much for Herman Melville or John Greenleaf Whittier. Though my feet are size thirteen and a half, I plan to go barefoot on senior day.

Ron, old sport, now that the pique at identifying yourself a bit too closely with my first type has worn off, I would suggest that you go back and reread my column. Try reading it objectively one time. It is necessary that a psychoanalyst be objective, if nothing else.

apparently overlooked: how may this country become conscious of and proficient in foreign languages. Why should educated Americans know foreign languages? Here is part of an answer, quoted from the *Washington Post*, December 29, 1952:

"Until the first American trained especially for Indonesian duty was assigned to the Embassy in 1949, all translating was done by natives. To please their employers, they interpreted everything to sound rosy, pro-American. But when American area and language experts began to read Indonesian newspapers and attend sessions of the National Legislature, the Embassy learned that strong Communist-inspired anti-American feeling was sweeping the country. Now the Ambassador wants as many area and language men in Indonesia as he can get . . . but it will be years before this country is well supplied with them.

"State Department officials, at their most optimistic, estimate the department has only half the area and language experts which it considers a minimum need . . . Congress established the Foreign Service Institute in the department in 1940 to give general training to diplomats and then to educate some as area and language specialists . . . Only volunteers are given the area training . . . Not many volunteer for training on the area where they are most needed—Asia . . . The Institute has only one man in training as a Southeast Asia specialist—for Indonesia. The foreign service has only thirteen area specialists for India, Pakistan, Nepal and Ceylon. They speak no Hindustani, although there are at least thirteen other major languages in the area . . .

"In the Moslem world the foreign service has only fifteen Arabic specialists, compared with an estimated need for forty-three. Only six are in training. Yet that is far better than it used to be. One career diplomat recalls that in 1946 the State Department did not have one officer who could read an Arabic newspaper . . . To find out what Islam was saying in its newspapers, the diplomats had to mail them home to

Herb Cohn

Review and Preview

Tomorrow night at 7:15 P.M. in Gerrard Hall the YMCA and the Hillel Foundation will sponsor "The Snake Pit", the fourth in a series of socially significant movies. The theme "Man Against Himself" will be the subject of the discussion following the movie with Dr. Harry S. Crane of the Clinical Psychology Department as leader.

Mary Jane Ward's powerful novel "The Snake Pit", is hardly one which Hollywood might have been expected to choose for transcription to the screen. For it puts forth fully and frankly the case of a young woman in a mental institution, wherein she proceeds through experiences not of a most pleasant nature. Yet Twentieth Century Fox and Darryl S. Zanuck saw the special merit in this book and brought it to the screen.

They approached this extraordinary job with a sense of responsibility to treat fairly a most delicate theme. They stuck rigidly to documented facts and showed the temptation to melodramatize insanity. The consequence is that the picture is a true, illuminating presentation of the experience of a psychotic in an institution.

The most striking aspect of this picture is the forcefulness with which it makes us feel the dark confusion, distress and yearnings of a person mentally ill. It shows the idiosyncracies of "the sick" and draws them into a pattern

which should expand and enlighten us.

Telling the poignant story of a young married woman who is slowly returned to sanity from a mental depth, it goes with her through the experiences of electro-shock treatment, narco-synthesis, hydro therapy and the effect of living in a ward with the violently insane. And by the use of flashbacks of her earlier life, it gives a good Freudian explanation for her illness on which to base a cure.

The subject is dynamite and I advise that faint and susceptible people pass this one up. But it must be said that everyone of the roles, even down to the smallest bitparts of the ward patients, are excellently played.

In the chief role, Olivia de Havilland does a brilliant, heart-rending job as the central, guilt-ridden patient, and Leo Genn is remarkably fine as her shrewd, sympathetic psychiatrist. Mark Stevens is gentle as her husband—a hard role to play—and Helen Craig gives a good, tough performance as a nurse who admires the doc.

"The Snake Pit" while frankly quite disturbing, and not recommended for the weak, is a mature drama on a pregnant theme. If you haven't seen it, be at Gerrard Hall tomorrow night. In addition to the movie, Dr. Dawson is a number one authority on the problem and his comments should be well worth hearing.

The Enchanted One

Oh, Infelix where are you? I have been seeking to find you, where you are sitting "in amazement at the complexities of the world with their bluntness, plodding after the blotted goal". If I could find you, I would open my mind and soul to tell you of the great love and joyous heart which God has let me, and others, see "as the end result of all this labor" and how it "sparks" my life to go on and on mid toil and strife to receive even greater love and joy, and indeed peace of mind and heart.

"The joy of the Lord is your strength". To follow with words from Oswald Chambers, "My Utmost for His Highest"; "the only way to know the strength of God is to take the yoke of Christ upon us and to learn of Him. (Matt. XI:29) Christ asks us to take one end of the yoke—"my yoke is easy, get alongside Me and we will put together". When the darkness of dismay comes, endure until it is over, because out of it will come that following of Christ, the Son of God, which is an unspeakable joy.

The first thing to do in examining the power that dominates you is to take hold of the unwelcome fact that you are responsible

the Library of Congress for translation.

"For Iran the foreign service has four language and area specialists and needs eight. None is in training. Luther Evans, Librarian of Congress, says that if this country had had more Iranian specialists, or had listened to those that it had, the current crisis there might conceivably have been avoided. . . ."

Have the Administration and faculty heard this before?
 Yr Mst Obt, HmbI & Dvtd Srvt,
 Pandarus

for being thus dominated. If you are a slave to self and the world you live in, it is because at a point away back you yielded yourself. Likewise, if you are dominated by God it will be because you have yielded yourself to Him. I prefer to have God dominate my life because I know He is infinite in wisdom, power, and love, and that in my finite human weakness I need Him. Through dependence on Him and the surrendering of my will to Him, I obtain abundant joy and happiness in the world and eternal life in the life after death.

If you want to reach higher, out of the bounds of self and materials with their grotesque pressures, such as "when you go back to beating your head against the wall and all you are doing is bashing your brains and your heart out, thinking there is nothing else you can do", tell God you are ready to be dominated. Then let the consequences be what the may, you will find there are no real complaints, regardless of what God chooses. God puts you through the crisis in private, no one person can really help another. It is entirely between you and God. Externally the life may, for the time, be the same; the real difference is in will. You surrender your will to God and then He takes over, working His will through you.

After this complete surrender, there is nothing that oppresses or depresses, you realize that things cannot touch you as they used to do. This surrendering of will is an humbling experience, and so it must be in this process of putting away the "old man" (self way of life) and putting on the "new man" (God's way of life). God has taught us the way of humility and service to Him in the life of (See ENCHANTED, Page 3)

Trustees Go To School

Election of John W. Clark for another eight year term to the Board of Trustees is an indication of Clark's popularity in the State Legislature. The popularity doesn't extend to this campus. He received one of the highest votes of any of the new nominees in Thursday's balloting by the Joint House and Senate Committee.

Also returned to office was Victor Bryant of Durham, author of the Saturday class plan in the Executive Committee.

Trustee Clark has been noticeably quiet this past year. Last year, he was the University's chief critic and almost a constant plague to students.

The 28 trustees whose election is almost insured, will be here in May to participate in a three day school session. Object of the course is to acquaint Trustees with the function and operation of the University. This educational program will go a long way in clearing up misinformed notions about UNC. It is another step in the direction of informing those who should know, but generally don't, what goes on here in Chapel Hill.

Recently, President Gordon Gray remarked that the first thing to do in handling the problem of interpreting the University to the State is to star a home. This is done on the student level through such agencies as the Consolidated University Student Council; on the faculty level, through this year's Faculty Conference, and now on the Trustee level, through the three day school period.

We are happy to hear that the Trustees are "going to school." We welcome them as fellow students. We are especially happy that Trustee Clark will have an opportunity to really find out about the University, close range.

How To Stay In College

Editor's Note; This came to us in the morning mail from the National Education Association Journal, October, 1948.

1. Bring the professor newspaper clippings dealing with his subject. Demonstrate fiery interest and give him timely items to mention to the class. If you can't find clippings dealing with his subject, bring in any clippings a random. He thinks everything deals with his subject.
 2. Look alert. Take notes eagerly. If you look at your watch, don't stare at it unbelievably and shake it.
 3. Nod frequently and murmur, "How true." To you, this seems exaggerated. To him, it's quite objective.
 4. Sit in front, near him. (Applies only if you intend to stay awake.) If you are going to all the trouble of making a good impression, you might as well let him know who you are, especially in a large class.
 5. Laugh at his jokes. You can tell. If he looks up from his notes and smiles expectantly, he has told a joke, believe it or not.
 6. Ask for outside reading. You don't have to read it. Just ask.
 7. If you must sleep, arrange to be called at the end of the hour. It creates an unfavorable impression if the rest of the class has left and you sit there alone, dozing.
 8. Be sure the book you read during the lecture looks like a book from the course. If you do Math. in Psychology and Psychology in Math., match the books for size and color.
 9. Ask any questions you think he can answer. Conversely, avoid announcing that you have found the answer to a question he couldn't answer, and in your younger brother's second grade reader at that.
 10. Call attention to his writing. Produces an exquisitely pleasant experience connected with you. If you know he's written a book or an article, ask in class if he wrote it.
- As to whether or not you want to do some work, in addition to all this, well, it's controversial and up to the individual.

What's Happened to Jazz

What's Happened to Jazz is the provocative title of a December Mademoiselle article in which Russell Roth traces the strange turns Jazz has taken since it came in with the bloomer girl and her lineal descendant, the flapper. Not the least of these is the current interest of American Universities, their growing need for teachers of jazz—or at least the history of jazz. Roth cites the experimental courses of Professor Marshall Stearns of N. Y. U., the work of Herskovits and Waterman at Northwestern, and he says that the University of Minnesota is considering its inclusion in the American Studies curriculum.

He points out an irony in this situation — namely that the universities are showing their first serious interest in jazz when the living tradition of the music is at its lowest ebb. "It doesn't seem to be at first glance: there is more talk today, and intelligent talk," Roth says, "about New Orleans jazz than ever before; there are more young musicians apparently interested in traditional jazz than at any time since the twenties. But this only veils a very serious reality, one that in the past has usually meant the death of a music; the audience has been lost."

