

8,000,000 Words

Louis Graves' tenure as editor of the Chapel Hill Weekly has run a magnificent twenty year course and come to an end.

There is to be a concession in the editor's chair (with a retention of Mr. Graves as contributing editor) but the Weekly will be without a sage and sophisticated pilot.

We are, however, happy to hear that Mr. Graves will now have available the chance for rest and travel which he has neglected for so long to give Chapel Hill and the state a widely-read and widely-celebrated model of personal journalism.

Professor Phillips Russel, himself an exemplar of the South's journalists, writing recently a Sunday column for the Greensboro Daily News, called Mr. Graves, along with W. T. Polk and Harry Golden, the finest of North Carolina's journalistic stylists. We, too, see him as a sort of colossus bestriding our narrow world. The informal "I" and the witty gift of fair and effective presentation and interpretation characterize Mr. Graves' style—a style which is dexterous enough to treat humorous and serious matters with the same amazing readability and deceptive simplicity.

Perhaps our tribute to this master of the casual style tends too much toward the past tense. That tense does not represent our attitude at all. We doubt if a pen so prolific as to turn out upwards of eight million words for the Weekly will suffer much pause or cut-back.

Indeed, we hope that the relaxation of the onus of administration will accelerate Mr. Graves to new accomplishments.

We have great need of the colossi.

Mozart For The Masses

The North Carolina Symphony Orchestra comes home tonight.

Fourteen years ago, on a May evening much like this one will be, a young University music professor named Benjamin Swalin led the orchestra in a Chapel Hill concert. It was the first state symphony orchestra; it is partially financed now by the State Legislature.

Mostly, it's for the kids. More than 140,000 of them heard the orchestra play Haydn and Brahms and Mozart in Durham and Banner



MOSTLY FOR THE KIDS
... a N. C. Symphony Orchestra audience

Elk and New Bern last year—more school children than heard any other professional orchestra.

Tonight at 8:30 in Memorial Hall, as it does every year, the Symphony will play a Chapel Hill concert. The kids will be there, their hair slicked down, anticipating the music. The townspeople will be there, too; Paul Green, who helped the orchestra get started, and all the others. And Benjamin Swalin with his baton, and the members of the Symphony that belongs to a state.

Its music is for you.

Gracious Living—1

And why, we're wondering, can't the University grounds men, who with astonishing ease can grow green carpets of grass in sandy soil and lay circuitous brick walks and make pre-bloomed azaleas keep blooming and fell mighty oaks and transform barren parking lots into things of formal beauty, why can't these same wonder-men team into pairs, pick up a few of those green benches that are clustered around Davie Poplar and remove them, temporarily, to the yards of dormitories, where dorm men and women might use them daily for studying, boozing, and contemplating passersby in the best tradition of Gracious Living in Chapel Hill?

The Daily Tar Heel

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Editor CHARLES KURALT
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Tar Heel At Large

—Chuck Hauser—

THE OUTDOOR POOL, annually a subject of contention among sun-loving students, will open for public use on May 14. Ralph Casey discussed with me the other day the reasons for the relatively "late" opening of the pool each spring. The University, because of high overhead costs, he explained, cannot afford to operate both the indoor pool and the outdoor pool. Therefore, the outdoor pool is not opened until the temperamental and unpredictable spring weather has reached a point where no more cool spells (such as we had late last week) are expected.

IF THE POOL were opened as soon as weather would permit, say the last week in April, and a cool spell turned up, then students would have no place to swim, since the indoor pool would have been closed simultaneously with the opening of the one outdoors. So, if that answers all the questions, I'll see you out there on the 14th.

MEMO TO fraternities thinking about refusing South Building's offer of that temporary visiting agreement: You'd better grab it while you've got the chance; you're lucky to come out of the fight with that much left.

SERIOUSLY, the Administration holds all the trumps in this visiting agreement game we're playing. I thought, like a lot of the students involved in the "negotiations," that we certainly couldn't lose in the thing, and that we might gain a more liberal visiting arrangement. Well, I was wrong, and it doesn't make me feel any better to know that I'm not alone. Now imports, as well as coeds, are restricted in their drinking habits (as to where they may drink) and in their hours (in that they must leave houses by a certain time). Give student government an "E" for effort, and let's make the best of what we've got left. But if you think you're hurting the Administration in some way by turning down the new "agreement," you're just kidding yourself. Nobody gets hurt but you.

I TURNED to Bob Gorham in our Saturday morning economics class and commented that the picture of Louis Armstrong on the front page of the morning paper "looks just like a gorilla." Redhead Donna Blair, sitting in front of us, turned around like she had been bitten. "What did you say?" she challenged. "What did you think I said?" I asked her, playing it cagey. "I thought you said," she shot back at me, "that that picture looked like a girl you used to date." ... Tennis, anyone?

ACCORDING TO signs in windows of beer joints downtown, May is "National Tavern Month." From the looks of things, the tavern-keepers must have a lobby working in South Building.

AGNES SCOTT College, the girls' school in Georgia made famous by the well-known parody of the "Ramblin' Wreck" song, celebrates an annual "Suppressed Desires Day." Anybody second the motion?

SENIOR MEMO: If you are laboring under the delusion that you have a holiday today, take a look at the schedule of meetings set up for you to attend. I think I'll go to classes instead. They'll probably be less painful.

THAT SMELL when you drive out the Raleigh Road is the Schwartz Tallow Works, in case anyone thinks he's running into an unusually long-range wind from Washington.

'Just In Case Of Fire, Where's The Nearest Exit?'



Refined Class Cutting

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — When G. David Schine hired a fellow private to clean his rifle, had a Cadillac and chauffeur pick him up at Ft. Dix for weekends and ducked out of KP and guard duty, it was not exactly a new experience in the life of the most spotlighted private in the history of the U.S. Army. He did more or less the same thing at Harvard.

In fact Private Schine was born, not with a silver spoon, but a whole set of silver dishes in his mouth, and he has never let anything interfere with eating lushly and happily from every one of them.

At Harvard, like the man who cleaned his rifle at Ft. Dix, he hired a stenographer to attend classes for him.

She turned up in his dormitory room in Adams House every morning at nine, and since it was against the rules for women to be in men's dormitories at that hour, it fell to Seymour Oliver Simches, a tutor in Adams House, to ask that G. David observe the rule.

Young Schine, however, was indignant. The woman, he protested, was his secretary and had to come to see him every morning for instructions.

Simches asked Schine why he needed a secretary, and got the explanation that he did not have time to attend classes so he sent his secretary to take notes.

To prove it, Schine produced a notebook containing complete lecture notes for the course. Every word the professor had

said had been taken down in shorthand and typed out by the secretary.

Schine also showed Simches a dictaphone and explained that as he did his reading, he dictated important passages and the secretary typed them up later.

Note—Since Harvard lectures are packed with several hundred people and are attended by Radcliffe girls, with attendance taken by monitors, it was a simple matter for the secretary to attend classes in place of Schine.

Schine preferred to live alone, and though one year he did have a roommate, the rest of the time, by paying a little more he had a living room and bedroom all to himself. For the most part he was quiet, cold and uncommunicative, even to the point of being impolite.

On one occasion, however, he came down to Simches' room and asked:

"You're the tutor in this house, aren't you?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then tell me what you think of this," and he produced a piece of sheet music.

Simches' field is French and Spanish, not music, and he told Schine he didn't know what to think of the song he had written.

"Well, I'm going to have it published," G. David announced.

A week or so later, Simches asked Schine how he had made out, and got the reply that he couldn't find anyone to publish the song, but he had solved that problem by buying his own publishing house.

Note—Schine has written two songs: "All Of My Loves" and "Please Say Yes Or It's Good-bye," published by Burke and Van Heusen.

At Harvard, young Schine

seemed to suffer from an inferiority complex, took the attitude that people liked him only for his money; and if anyone got too friendly, Schine seemed to assume that they wanted to use him. He was a meticulous dresser and when he went to a dance, he hired an artist's model to escort—interpreted by some as a way of compensating for his inferiority complex by saying: "Look at me, I have the most beautiful date on the campus."

Those at Harvard who read that Schine had gone to Europe with Roy Cohn on an investigating junket to lord it over State Department officials, at first were surprised. For they had considered him a recluse. On second thought, however, they figured this probably tied in with Schine's inferiority complex, and that the investigating junket with the power to throw people out of jobs gave him a feeling of superiority necessary to compensate for his inferiority.

Part of this tendency to retaliate cropped out at Adams House when Schine was asked not to play his piano after 10 p.m.

G. David had his own piano, and though it was customary not to play after ten, he insisted on doing so. When asked to stop, his reaction was that he had paid for the room and he could do what he liked in it.

A few weeks after he was rebuked, the dormitory was awakened by a terrific noise somewhat resembling music.

Schine had imported an electric organ attachment to his piano plus a loudspeaker.

"It's an electric combination piano-organ," Harvard associates quoted Schine as saying. "I had it custom-built myself. It cost \$14,000."

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

"The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others. . . ." Hippopotis, circa 500 B.C.)

THE HORSE was ambling past Law Building on the campus, and wearing blinders, of all things! "The sight of the columns reminds me of doings I would as lief forget," The Horse growled. "It reminds me of doings to-day in another setting, a once hallowed, many-columned shrine of Law; and I feel slightly ill when the current desecration is brought to mind."

The McCarthy Committee doings in Washington, The Horse meant?

"Exactly, Roger," The Horse sighed heavily. "And despite the end is in sight for Bobbing Rob Stevens and for The Mad Monk of Appleton, although the hearings give evidence of boresome longevity, Washington will never be quite the same."

Oh, come off it! The British had sacked the town in 1813, and it had made a comeback.

"The scars of honorable battle can be worn proudly," The Horse stated sadly, "but not the scars left by the suppurating sores of the materialistic cynicism which has the nation in a state of moral prostration."

Was The Horse going to hit the sawdust trail in the wake of the evangelistic Billy Graham, and this was just a warm-up?

"Nope," The Horse said. "But what is wrong in Washington today might be found in the parable of a sensational evangelist of a past generation, You ever hear of Billy Sunday?"

Hear of him? I had heard him. "You remember," The Horse continued, sinking down on his haunches to make it a rump session, "Billy Sunday's story of the children in a wealthy home playing a bit roughly, and an expensive vase crashed into smithereens on the floor? You remember that one?"

Not too clearly.

"Soon, wealthy and social Momma rushed in and demanded to know which of the many children had smashed her beautiful vase, and each child in turn accused the other, and Momma cried despairingly, 'I don't know where you children get your lying ways, with all the care and expense I have been in in order to raise you properly! I simply don't know where you get your lying ways!'"

"And just then Momma chanced to look out of the street window and she saw some acquaintances: a neighbor couple complete with a passel of children, outside, and looking inquiringly at the curtained windows. So Momma smacked and shushed her brats, saying, 'Oh dear, here are those Joneses with their horrible children. Don't make a sound, and maybe they'll go away! Ohhh, those perfectly ghastly people!'"

"But the Joneses persisted on the doorbell until Momma just had to answer the door, and Momma trilled happily, 'Why, how nice! The Joneses, of all people! And those lovely and beautiful and so-well behaved Jones children! We were just saying how nice you all are, and here you are to give us a treat with your presence! Do come in, we're delighted!'"

"And Billy Sunday," The Horse remembered with a grin, "would yell to his revival-audience: 'I'll tell you where those kids get their lying ways—they get them from their lying old Mommy!'"

Would The Horse zip up the Billy Sunday parable for me? It's present significance?

"Yeah," The Horse agreed, "I will. Congress is a sad spectacle, but it is a mirror of our cynicism and materialism, and not just an isolated phenomenon found in Washington. The pursuit of 'The Almighty Dollar' occupies us to the exclusion of principles and even of decency. Where money-making is bliss, 'tis folly to be moral. The universal American question to-day is, 'Have you made it?', and not, 'How did you make it?' The same goes for our elected representatives, by and large. With them, it is, 'Can he get the votes?', and not 'How does he get the votes?', or, 'Wouldn't it be better for the country if we lost with another man than won with this one?'"

I trusted The Horse did not have the recent presidential elections in mind?

"Wump!" whumped Mr. Wump from a nearby bush.

I wondered where Neckly the Giraffe was? There's no work for him these days," The Horse said sadly. "With low views abounding, Mr. Wump, the Frog, alone has employ."

The Glee Club Operas: 'Visual & Auditory Treats'

Ted Rosenthal

Chuck Hauser, in Friday's The Daily Tar Heel, ended his column with the comment: "That comic opera on TV is as good as the one in Hill Hall tonight," of course he was only taking a dig at the McCarthy hearings, but funny as they may be, he was wrong!

"Trial By Jury," the Gilbert and Sullivan musical satire presented by the Department of Music, was a deftly-handled visual and auditory treat—everything clicked, and consistent laughter rolled from the throats of the audience, while engaging singing flowed from those of the cast.

Briefly, the plot is concerned with the trial of a suit for a breach of promise, the supposed groom having changed his mind after meeting another girl. During the court proceedings, Gilbert took off on the foibles of the British judicial system, by stereotyping the characters of judge, jury, court usher, counsels, and the visiting public. Conflict is finally resolved when the judge agrees to marry the plaintiff, leaving the defendant free to wed his new love.

Bill Trotman gave a riotous performance as the judge—he sang his part with a flair, and his ges-

tures and facial expressions were hilarious. David Phipps, in the role of court usher, was completely effective, too; he captured rounds of laughs, and demonstrated a satisfying robust voice. Owen Norment as the foreman of the jury, William Whitesides as the defendant, Barbara Spencer as his new girl friend, Harvey Whetstone as the counsel for the plaintiff, John Ludwig as his assistant, and Martha Ann Boyle as the plaintiff's maid of honor, all did fine jobs—Miss Boyle in particular did some very clever clowning. We did feel that Nora Jane Rumph, playing Angelina the plaintiff, had rather too delicate a voice for the part.

The choral singing of the bridesmaids, the gentlemen of the jury, and the public was all that could be desired, as was the orchestral accompaniment of 13 pieces, under the direction of Joel Carter.

No less good was Gian Carlo Menotti's humorous opera, "The Telephone," which opened the two-part program. It, like "Trial By Jury," contains no spoken dialogue; the story revolves about the difficulties of a boy who has come to propose marriage to his sweetheart before catching a train, but is repeatedly thwarted by interruptions of the

telephone; he finally triumphs by popping the question over the phone.

Jan Saxon, starred as Lucy, was utterly charming; her voice was lovely, and her stage presence ingratiating. We were particularly attracted, in passing, by her costume—or perhaps the credit belongs to the way Miss Saxon fulfilled it.

Joel Carter, cast as the ardent but perplexed swain, gave an excellent performance as Ben, singing well and conveying the nuances of the role adeptly. Walter Golde provided capable piano accompaniment.

The settings by Charles Billings, costumes by Marjorie Wylda, choreography by Martha Ann Boyle, and lighting by Georgia Cox, all were good, and Suzanne Kramer deserves special praise for the make-up effects she achieved on the judge and the usher.

Particular congratulations go to Donald Deagon, the production director, for a fine, well-integrated piece of work, and to the ubiquitous Mr. Carter, for his efforts as musical director.

We hope to see more programs of this type in the future, since the talent necessary for them is obviously present on campus.