

Bond Issue For UNC Buildings?

The University's hopes for sorely needed new buildings dropped to the bottom of the well last week when the advisory Budget Commission recommended no permanent improvements. But all, apparently, is not lost.

A member of the Budget Commission, Rep. William B. Rodman, Jr., has told the House that many of the requests which were rejected for economy reasons had much merit. And he suggested a bond issue might be the answer.

The idea has run into no thick opposition so far. If the proposal could now find an energetic pusher in the General Assembly, the people of the state may have a chance to vote on Carolina's Pharmacy School building and men's dormitory.

In a tight year, these buildings won't likely be forthcoming from the Assembly. But they might be forthcoming from the people, if the Assembly will call a bond election. The Daily Tar Heel urges them to do just that.

Hi-Diddle-Didle, Ike & The Fiddle

After the President's State of the Union message, putting flesh on the structural bones of "progressive moderation," far-seeking opinion in Washington has begun to circulate a question:

Must the Democrats go left for issues to stoke their 1956 campaign?

The Eisenhower wing of the Republican Party has a paradoxical program. Its planners have accepted the program of the New and Fair Deals while rejecting their basic philosophy. How so? The philosophy of the New and Fair Deals was distinctly levitational, while the philosophy of Eisenhower Republicanism is distinctly gravitational. (It does not say of the smaller interests, "Let them eat cake.") It says, "Let them not eat cake; but let them watch the skies, for thence cometh their help.")

What's in the sky? The shadow of the biggest bull in Wall Street history, loose and cavorting in the canyons. If the bull can gravitate enough manna from the skies, farmers and laborers will eat their cake and remain happy. If the big bull should slip and fall, we guess that it would not do the Democrats any harm at all to turn to the "left-accepting" "left" as a generalized source for benefit to the cake-eaters.

Will the Democrats go left? It depends on how much manna comes down from that bull in the sky; all eyes are on him.

Jose Vs. Anastasio In Cinemascope

With Indo-China outwardly calm, M. Mendes-France off the front page and Congress settling down to business, it appeared that headline writers were in for a spell of relaxation. They forgot about the Latins; first thing anybody knew, there it was—a B movie, right on page one.

Costa Rican President Jose Figueres says Nicaragua has invaded his country. Nicaraguan President Anastasio Somoza takes offense and challenges Figueres to a pistol duel at the border.

An old fighter plane strafes Zacero and San Jose. But a lumbering DC3 with machine guns sticking out of its doors—virtually the entire Costa Rican Air Force—chases the fighter off. The invading army of 60 men is held in check at Villa Quesada. The General Staff out of shape from long hours of gin rummy playing and the smoking of Cuban cigars, rallies to proclaim the situation well in hand.

If this sort of thing goes on much longer, Hollywood won't be able to stay away. Another invasion will take place—a colorful army of directors and technicians with loaded sound cameras will descend on Zacero and Cartago and Canas, dolly in on Alapuela from the air, dissolve to a panorama shot of a border outpost, pan left to a two-shot of Figueres and Somoza back to back at twenty paces, cut to a closeup of the scene while kettle drums begin a rapid roll, add cymbals, which clash louder and louder up to a peak

Well, our money's on Somoza, an expert marksman. But you can see it in Cinemascope next month at the Carolina.

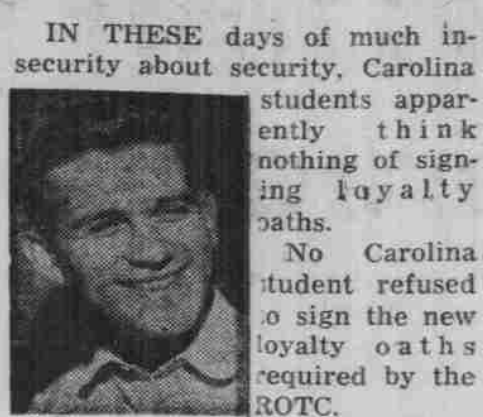
The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday, examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

Night Editor for this issue: Bob Dillard

Carolina Front Want Security? Sign On The Dotted Line

Louis Kraar



IN THESE days of much insecurity about security, Carolina students apparently think nothing of signing loyalty oaths.

No Carolina student refused to sign the new loyalty oaths required by the ROTC.

Under the terms of a House rider on the Department of Defense appropriations bill last June, all first and second-year ROTC students are required to sign loyalty oaths. If students refused, they would not be enrolled in ROTC courses.

Previously, only students enrolled in the advanced ROTC program were required to sign an oath.

Naturally, no one argues with the right of our government to check the security of men in its employ. But why must a man sign a paper that swears he is not a disloyal?

I have always thought that this country assumes loyalty (like innocence) until a person acts in a disloyal manner.

This country is built of bigger things than papers signed by citizens avowing their loyalty. I don't recall any patriots dashing around with loyalty oaths during the turmoil of the American Revolution, although they were certainly many citizens not "loyal" to the cause of breaking away from England.

Recently other colleges, like Maryland, have had students who refused to sign the ROTC loyalty oath because they considered it an infringement of personal rights.

Somewhat I am a little disappointed that some ROTC students didn't read down the list of organizations listed as subversive, study the loyalty oath, and laugh in the insecure faces of those who required the oath.

Perhaps then at least one security-conscious official might realize that a nation's security is not built on having citizens swear that they have not been disloyal.

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WHILE POKING fun at the Carolina Quarterly's awkward sentence about Oxford and Cambridge representatives in Parliament yesterday, I made an error myself.

Thanks to English history Prof. James Godfrey, this reporter can now unravel the question of English university students sitting in Parliament.

According to the Quarterly, Oxford and Cambridge reached such importance that two representatives from each were granted a place in Parliament, "a privilege these four men still enjoy today."

And this reporter pointed out that since the seats were provided for over a century ago (the beginning of the 17th century, to be exact,) the four men would have to be mightily old still to enjoy the privilege.

What I should have said is that the English universities lost their representatives in Parliament almost seven years ago when the Labor Government took away the seats.

★

WORD COMES from Georgetown University that conformity—already a disease even on this campus—has even touched the wearing of khaki pants.

The Georgetown student council has set up a code for the wearing of khakis. If worn, they must be clean, pressed, and belted. They cannot, according to the rule, be worn to evening functions on campus. Neither can they be worn on Sundays, except when the wearer is going to or from campus or is engaged in sport or study.

Aside from the general ridiculousness of this rule, I can see now that it won't have any effect on Sunday attire. For what else does a college student do on his only day off other than go to or from campus, study, and engage in sport?

YOU Said It:

What About Rise's Singing?

Editor:

It was quite disconcerting to find that The Daily Tar Heel lacked discrimination by printing Jim Wallace's "so-called" review of Rise Stevens. If I am not mistaken, a concert review is primarily concerned with criticisms pertaining to selections, talent, etc. Evidently Mr. Wallace never acquainted himself with such, and therefore took it upon himself to start a new fad in the field of reviews.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Wallace was so concerned with Rise Stevens' appearance compared that of a burlesque queen that he completely neglected to make constructive criticisms regarding Miss Stevens as a talented singer. Perhaps I am wrong in assuming that Miss Stevens performed in Memorial Hall as an artist not as a Hollywood glamour girl!

It is deplorable that Mr. Wallace has never acquired enough judgment to cover up his extreme poor taste and obvious lack of interest in the finer arts.

Susan Fuchs

(Mr. Wallace did not intend the piece which we requested him to write on Rise Stevens' appearance as a review and the editor takes responsibility for labeling it. However, since a review is demanded, Mr. Wallace presents it, in the following words.—Editor)

Rise Stevens, beautiful Metropolitan Opera mezzo-soprano, played to a full house on Tuesday evening, bringing back memories, to the concertgoers, of her former visit to Chapel Hill and her successes on the opera stages of Europe and America.

It was the same Miss Stevens who recently played La Scala, who has appeared in Prague and in Vienna at the Mozarteum, and who has had many successful seasons at the Met. At 41, she is still beautiful, she dresses well, her figure is graceful, and her voice production is still competent. But, with two or three exceptions, Miss Stevens did not demonstrate her admitted mastery of the singing art in her appearance here.

First of all, one could have expected more in the way of program. For an accomplished artist of the caliber of Miss Stevens, the program was a walk-through. Hardly a note in it required her full attention. Miss Stevens' attitude seemed clear from the beginning; she was singing a ra-

ther simple program in a rather condescending manner to an audience rather far removed from New York. But Miss Stevens, who commands a fee of \$2500, would not sing such a program in New York, say, in Carnegie Hall.

On the program, on finds Where'er You Walk from "Semele," (Handel); Voi Che Sapete from "Le Nozze di Figaro," (Mozart); four selections from Grieg, four German selections, from Erich Wolf, Hugo, Wolf, Brahms and Richard Strauss; Mon Coeur S'ouvre A Ta Voix, from "Samson and Delilah," (Saint-Saens); Five extremely short songs from Cecil Cowles, Charles Naganski, John Duke and Reginald Boardman; and three selections from "Carmen" (Bizet).

For an artist who has taken leading roles in a host of operas during the past fifteen years, the program is a barren one. With the exception of one number from Mozart, one from Saint-Saens, and three from Bizet, where are the great roles to be found? The Voi Che Sapete was rendered in as dull a fashion as could be imagined, and suggested that the artist was saving herself for the rest of the program, or for her next "prestige" appearance. The Mon Coeur S'ouvre A Ta Voix represented the first time in the program that Miss Stevens actually tried to sing, rather than gesticulate. In one of the songs, Arcaide, she showed herself to advantage again, and, at last, in the hackneyed and trite "Carmen" numbers, she was competent, effective and charming.

But one looks at the program in vain for traces of Mignon, Der Rosenkavalier, La Gioconda, Orfeo ed Euridice, Cose Fan Tutte, Hansel Und Gretel and Die Valkure, in all of which Miss Stevens has played leading roles. One finds warm-up exercises in the pleasant but monotonously repetitive Handel number. One finds a certain pleasant but innocuous type of quaintness in the Grieg exercises. One finds a few sparks of effort and a few well-delivered notes in the German selections, and one is left a bit suspended in mid-air by the shortness of the Cowles-Naganski-Duke selections.

By the end of the "program," Miss Stevens had finished her "Do-Re-Mi." The singing should have then begun. But, rather, the show was over.

It is a pity that one should sing with one's hands and ear-rings and costume, when one still has a voice. Surely the fee was adequate to bring out the best in the artist and the best in program.

Reaction Piece More Stevens; 'Solution' To DTH Worries

David Mundy

"The radiator went bang. The garbage can went clang. That's my love song to you." Archaic old Memorial Hall is one of the few buildings in the world which not only shelters famous artists, but provides accompaniment also.

The first part of the Rise Stevens concert passed without mishap; but after the intermission a radiator began to accompany Miss Stevens with metronome-like regularity. (Every 5 1/2 plus counts, by me.) I dare say she will remember this as part of her welcome.

Certainly no criticism can be leveled against Miss Stevens' abilities as an operatic performer, but whoever arranged the program is quite susceptible to question. Selections were so short as to be minute. Taken from so many varied settings and presented to one audience in the space of less than two hours, they could only produce a feeling of unreality. Only her artistry saved the performance from collapse and turned it instead into a success. Sixteen different composers in less than two hours? Carolina may have the reputation for harboring a herd of uncultured asses, yes, but some arranger still managed to underestimate their tastes.

★

There is a solution to the five day DTH week. The solution: Omit partisan national politics from the editorial page. I figure that by doing so, there could be an extra paper on alternate weeks.

The figuring goes like this: The last five issues of the DTH contain matter with a partisan national political slant to the following extent:

Also Brothers	81 inches
Doris Fleeson	76 inches
Editorials	51 inches
David Mundy	20 inches
The Reporter	32 inches
Sat. Review	30 inches
C. H. Weekly	16 inches
Ed Yoder on Junius Scales	32 inches

The total comes to some 338 inches of political matter. I venture that it is all quite unnecessary, inasmuch as relatively the same material can be found in commercial newspapers for those so interested. Why should it be included in a campus paper? It is even more objectionable when, at least quantitatively, it is slanted to favor one side.

You will notice that all but about 100 inches of the material originated off campus: either with professional columnists or publications. In the portion that did originate on campus, the ratio was 4:1 for one side. All the 200-odd off campus inches either reflect a liberal bias or come right out and plug for the left wing of the Democrat party. Admittedly, I had to make some fine distinctions between political and non-political matter in making the measurements. For example, the Reporter article was not exclusively political, although it did a thorough job of slanting its story. Some of the DTH editorials not counted contained not-so-sly digs. The Yoder column, "Needed: A New Darrow to Stand for Judicial Integrity," is also debatable.

Since it so closely paralleled an article in the January 2 issue of the weekly edition of the "Daily Worker," I felt that it should be included in my count. (Yoder's version is longer and somewhat better written; but they both present the same case. Yoder manages to get the Scopes "Monkey Trial" into his presentation.)

My proposed solution, which is even generous enough to not include the actual cost of the Fleeson-Also columns, is this in short: Omit all material of a national or state political nature. In two weeks like last week, this would amount to some 650-675 column inches. Each page of the DTH has eight column widths with lengths of some 20 inches. 8x20x4 is 640. Thus: room for an extra paper every two weeks.



Scott & Other Senate Freshmen Benefit By New Committee 'Rules'

Doris Fleeson

WASHINGTON, — The new Democratic committee assignments "show Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson of Texas at his brilliant best in the field of political tactics.

Johnson has again quietly worked a revolution in the ancient system by which seniority absolutely determines who shall serve on the committees where legislation is shaped. As in 1953, every Democratic Senator got one good committee before anybody got two good ones.

This was made possible by the unselfishness — or enlightened self-interest — of such senior Democrats as George, Hayden, Russell, Byrd and Murray. It is politics practised as an art and is a major ingredient of those unanimous Democratic votes on

important issues. The freshmen are grateful: the elders like the freshmen better because they have done them a kindness.

The Johnson system has other merits besides the general improvement in personal relations.

For example, Democrats are organizing the Senate by grace of Independent Wayne Morse. Morse, given the two least valued committees in 1953 by the then Republican majority, got the Foreign Relations place he has long and vainly coveted, plus the important Banking and Currency Committee.

Democrats hope Morse will run as a Democrat in 1956 and his campaign, in which Sen. Neuberger will assist, is now off to a flying start.

A second prized Foreign Relations post for which a dozen applied, was adroitly awarded

on sentimental grounds to the former Veep, Senator Barkley, who also went back on Banking and Currency. Under the old rules, the now junior Senator from Kentucky, could have demanded nothing. His lore and loyalty are now at Johnson's disposal.

The difficult Judiciary Committee was shored up with the respected veteran, Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming. A belligerent Southern liberal who is an expert on matters agricultural, Kerr Scott of North Carolina, went on Agriculture.

And so on down the line. Not everybody, of course, is satisfied and could not be but the slate affords little room for valid complaint. It is a distinct challenge to the Republicans who are about to uncover their own committee selections.

Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

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

THE HORSE was hoofing along near the library, when I saw him. I was curious about his reaction to Educational Television?

"It is singularly appropriate you should ask me this, Roger, you old codger," he rebutted with an alacrity which smacked of many rehearsals of saying it. "Some cynic said: 'The primary function of a literary critic is to destroy any enjoyment of reading.' I detect a somewhat parallel technique in a few critics of our WUNC-TV programs. However, a literary critic at least waits until the volumes he brain-picks are in the bookstalls. Some of the expressions anent Educational TV were expressed ere so much as one live word and one dead pan were audible or visible on a screen."

I'd seen that, also. Howsoever, didn't The Horse posture as an advocate of tolerance? Wasn't it Poor Richard who said, To err is human?

"If he hasn't already said it, The Horse shrugged, 'he perhaps will any day now. Me, I would not be surprised what Poor Richard said, up to and including 'You may fire when ready, Gridley,' and, 'Don't give up the hour-glass.' Forsooth, I would not be surprised if sometime he said nothing."

Oh? Well, that was something to look forward to. But, what did The Horse think of Educational TV's direction, its orientation from a standpoint of the desideratum? Could one ask WUNC-TV: Quo vadis?

"Leave us off the academic double-talk." The Horse chattered. (I hate him when he chatters.) "Leave us rather level with one another without any of the pedantic mouth-dressing you may have picked up in your alleged studies at this, our seat of Culturo and Erudition, off the Southland."

As Poor Richard would say. A word to the wise is enough? Good! Slucidate, sir. I meant, open the throttle, fella!

"We are not in quite the same position that FDR was when he started up the NRA—National Recovery Administration." The Horse stated. "That is, we do not have quite the same number of adverse-minded critics hereabouts. Al Smith, he of the Brown Derby Hat, once said that, ' . . . like Columbus, Roosevelt doesn't know where he is; and when he gets back, he won't be able to tell anybody where he has been.' Educational TV knows where it is; at the beginning. It knows where it is going: ahead, and alertly . . . prepared to alter, add, change, revise—and keep going. And we the people know where it has been and what it has done, in hard facts and cold results."

The Horse hopped this?

"Take the sheerly Sophist view." The Horse invited me, "alone—a guaranteed result for a stated outlay of obols and drachmas. Tarheelia is still the leading state in number of farms proportionate to population. Picture to yourself the return to farmers of all crops, in pest-control, yield, high-quality . . . with every farmer within audio-visual range practically sitting in the lap of our experts in Agriculture! Picture like: improvement in home management. For the same reason! Picture the returns in terms of money saved in timely repairs of home, farm buildings, auto—of care of livestock—of Highway Safety and lessened accidents in the homes—of increased income and drought-protection gained from the Forestry Service's possibilities."

Okay, okay.

"Picture the desire of education, for knowledge, awakened in the children of the area, by a competent Educational-TV Program . . . and of the desire for higher education, for attending colleges and universities, that will make off fifty-percent-dropouts in Freshman and Sophomore classes a zooming angle of incidence that will be no coincidence—for it is desire to know that is the basis of continued and continuing education!"

Well . . . yes.

"Picture also." The Horse raced on with it, "the strength of a state in which everybody . . . for that must be the eventual goal, the entire state . . . has access to the teachings of Arts and Sciences of The Humanities, the Applied Skills. Just as a chain is no stronger than its weaker link—"

Had Poor Richard said that, too?

"Shaddup!" The Horse snapped. "—so is a state or a people no more educated than its most ignorant citizen. Knowledge makes for industry. Industry makes for income. Income makes for Higher Standards of Living. Higher Standards of Living makes for Happier, Healthier People . . . and they make for a Strong Democracy. Or, for a Stronger Representative Republic, to be specific."

Could The Horse sum it up in a few words? His own words, please, and not Poor Richards?

"You're going to get it one of these days, Roger!" The Horse breathed, this time using Jackie Gleason's words. "But, for the nonce, yes."

I waited a reasonable moment and I waited an unreasonable moment. Horse. Hey, Horse!

"Oh, pardon me, I thought I was on camera, and I was freezing up." The Horse apologized. "I think it can be summed up, of course, of course."

Well?

"An enlightened TV-screen is America's best insurance against an Iron Curtain." The Horse fought for quotability—and lost. "As Poor Richard said—"

"Wump!" said Mr. Wump, the low-visioned Frog, instead.