

The General's Warning

General Matthew Ridgway comes to the captampus today with his warning to the nation...

General Ridgway is caught in that beard-aided controversy between those who would have...

One cruelly hard fact would seem to be enough to justify that disagreement...

Add to that the terrifying imbalance between Western armies and Soviet armies in Europe...

But Rep. Martin said just last week that we could beat Communist China in 30 days...

The Imaginative Grasp

Nathan M. Pusey, president of Harvard, is disturbed at the decline of the Humanities in American universities...

That statistic is repeated, more or less, at most universities, this one included...

A college in which the studies traditionally called the Humanities are weak runs the risk of being less liberal than it should...

The chief aim of undergraduate education is to discover what it means to be a man...

In All Its Violence

No sooner had we finished complimenting North Carolina yesterday for her temperance and calm in the face of the difficult segregation issue...

The KKK overtones in correspondent Grimes' letter will certainly not be subscribed to by most North Carolinians...

We have printed the letter in all its violence, not as a representative of expression of the case against integration...

But there is ample evidence that the great tide of opinion in our state prevails against the islands of venom that still exist...

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina...

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.

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Carolina Front Star-Crossed Lovers In Technicolor

Louis Kraar

"GO HENCE, to have more talk of these sad things; Some shall be pardon'd and some punished; For never was a story of more woe...

Than this of Juliet and Romeo." The closing lines of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" ended J. Arthur Rank's movie of the same name with appropriate advice for all viewers at a special preview showing.



Since watching the beautifully-filmed production Tuesday night, I have gone hence and talked of the tale of the "star-crossed lovers" in Verona. It's a movie worth talking about, worth seeing.

WITHOUT GOING into the plot (an old, but beautiful one), this reporter can say that Susan Shentall as Juliet seemed to portray many of the childish sides of Shakespeare's Juliet.

Romeo (Laurence Harvey) played the balcony scenes convincingly, omitting the soporific, love-sick air that so many Romesos have in a production this play.

And Verona in the summer—ah, Verona—the color of "Fair Verona" is the most noteworthy thing in the film. Filmed in Italy, and with the costumes and other accoutrements of the High Renaissance, the movie imparts an atmosphere of life—even when it strays from details set down by Shakespeare.

All the scenes, traditionally played on the stage with a minimum of scenery, were filmed at the places where they could have actually taken place.

THIS IS a movie that the English grad students will not all be happy with. In short, it isn't a scene for scene adaptation of Shakespeare's play. However, this doesn't keep it from being a fine movie.

Miss Shentall (Juliet) while not looking entirely like the 14-year-old she is playing, is—at 20—a young enough actress to be convincing as Juliet. She falls for Romeo in a giddy 14-year-old manner which is both beautiful and 14-year-oldish.

As the final stages of the tragedy fall at the end of the movie, one almost wishes it could end a little happier, yet—after it is over—you realize that it couldn't have ended any other way. But this is a quality in both the play and the movie.

I think it can be safely said that while the movie errs from the strictly Shakespearean course, most of the essence of the play is reflected in the movie.

NOW IF YOU don't like Shakespeare, perhaps the flashy sword fighting between the feuding houses of Montague and Capulet will catch your fancy.

When Juliet is thought dead by her parents, but isn't, there is a solemn scene showing her burial. Just when the viewer is about to cry, a quick shift of scene to Romeo on horseback galloping towards Verona is made. Romeo, as you remember, didn't know his love wasn't actually dead, but the thundering hoof beats after the music of the funeral ceremony shook me a little.

The music, particularly in the monastery sequences (filmed on the Venetian cloister of San Francesco del Deserto), is quite beautiful.

"Romeo and Juliet" opens for a three-day run at the Varsity Theatre this Sunday. The undergraduate flick-goers will see it and like it. The Shakespeare scholars will see it, be awed with its beauty, then retire to their studies to pick its accuracy apart. But none will doubt its beauty, its atmosphere. It's just that kind of movie.

'You WILL Cease! That Is A Fact'

(The writer of the following letter, a 1954 graduate of the University, now lives in Smithfield.—Editor.)

At the risk of being tagged as a "Letter Writer" by the Chapel Hill apostles of international socialism, I will tell you a few facts related to you, your nigger-loving friends, the University and the State of North Carolina.

You, Kraar, Levin, Fleishman and company are rapidly becoming a ball and chain around the University neck. You, with your nigger-loving socialism, are turning the people of this state against their leading educational institution. Because of your

putrid liberalism you are causing to regard the entire University with suspicion.

I graduated last year and actually have had to become cautious about letting people know where I received my education, for fear of being looked on as a Red. For, you see, those who have not attended the University have no way of knowing that the tripe which spouts forth from such sources as The Daily Tar Heel, The Phi, The Di, The Carolina Forum, etc. is in no way related to the collective opinion of either the student body or the faculty.

They do not know that it is

emitted by a handful who have gained access to the University voice only because the down-to-earth student will have nothing to do with your stupid, petty politics.

You have gotten away with it too long. You are getting cocky and now even dare to write cheap editorials berating such state leaders as John W. Clark. Mr. Clark, an intelligent, aggressive businessman, pays the taxes which send kids like you to school. It is he who does, and by all rights should, control the University and should remove you from it.

At a time when the Univer-

sity's leaders are before the legislature asking for the money needed to make this institution one of the nation's greatest, you are spouting forth your incessant stream of liberalism.

You are getting much too loud. The people of the state do not like it and they are the University's pocketbook. You WILL cease! That is a fact. Those who put the future of the University ahead of the propagation of socialism and the destruction of the Germanic races in the South are going to cut you off. John Clark is the voice of this group.

You had better listen to Clark, because if he takes too long to eradicate your school of thought, you may go the unfortunate way of all niggers and Reds who have stepped out of line in the South. Go north, young man.

William C. Grimes

More Credit

Editor:

I am a student in the B.A. School.

As I have spent many hours in accounting, I would like to voice my opinion concerning the credit given for B.A. 71 and 72, two accounting courses required of every student in B.A. school.

A student gets three semester-hours credit for spending four hours in class each week and must take an hour exam on his own time every other week.

This requires a total of 65 hours actually spent in class each semester. This is, for the three semester hours credit given, far more than the 44 hours spent in any other 3-hour course. It is also more than the 58 hours spent in some of the courses for which a student gets four semester-hours credit.

In view of these facts, it appears to me that something should and must be done to equalize credit given in the different schools of the University.

I suggest that students be given more than three semester-hours credit for courses in which they spend considerably more than the number of hours required of a three-hour course.

Name Withheld By Request

Hooray!

Editor:

Re the music-listening facilities at Hill Hall: Hooray for you! It is impossible to hear anything on those tape machines. I am one who has given up in disgust many times.

R. E. Fair

'It's The B-B-B-Bold N-New P-Program'



Cocteau, Gable, & Mae West

GM Brings Great Films To Campus

By Ebba Freund

"Blood Of A Poet," the third in the Graham Memorial Activities Board's Film Series, will be shown tonight at 8 in Carroll Hall.

It is another in the laudable series which brings the world's great films to the campus—films which students would not likely see unless they took a trip to New York.

That is the purpose of the Film Series. Jack Markham, Series chairman, says that the film committee selects motion pictures that do not make the rounds of the commercial theatres but are still good movies. Of the eight films shown this semester, four are relatively new foreign films.

Tonight's offering is an outstanding example of the work of the film committee. "Blood Of A Poet" is written, directed and narrated by Jean Cocteau;

it is an attempt to combine surrealism with the art of the film.

Cocteau, who has done such movies as "The Storm Within" and "Orpheus" calls "Blood Of A Poet" "a realistic document composed of unreal happenings."

Lineup

Like your art on the screen? Here's a lineup of top motion pictures being brought to the campus by GMAB:

Blood Of A Poet—Tonight. Rocking Horse Winner—Mar. 10.

My Little Chickadee—Mar. 24. Rigoletto—April 14. Eternal Mask—April 28. It Happened One Night—May 22.

In the movie he has created a world based on symbols juxtaposed with familiar objects. The film should interest those who regard the movies as an art medium—and who like strange experiences.

About one-fourth of the film series ticket holders are townspeople, one-half graduate students and one-fourth undergraduates. Why such a small percentage of undergraduates? Markham says students may think the motion pictures are of too limited appeal.

But there's a broad range of interest manifested in the selection. "The Eternal Mask," a story of a young doctor's fight to regain his sanity, should interest those concerned with psychology and medicine. Opera lovers should find "Rigoletto" rewarding. Virgil Thomson said of this film, "This is what Verdis 'Rigoletto' looks like when performed by the best contemporary artists. Those who like Clark Gable can find him in the role for which he won an Oscar in "It Happened One Night."

Although the movies in the film series are older—and in some cases "artier"—than, say, "Underwater!" they should appeal to anyone interested in motion pictures. Except, perhaps, for "Blood Of A Poet," they were made for average audiences. The only difference is that some of the films were made abroad and 10 to 20 years ago.

WHAT HAS JANE GOT? But then what has Jane Russell got that Mae West hasn't? (Mae West is in "The Little Chickadee," a burlesque on westerns.) The ticket for the series costs \$2 for the remaining six movies—about 35 cents per film. The reason tickets are not sold singly, according to Markham, is that GMAB gets the films for less if they are presented on a membership basis.

Tickets for the remaining films are on sale at the Graham Memorial Information Office.



SCENE FROM 'BLOOD OF A POET'

a realistic document composed of unreal happenings.



DETAIL FROM CAROLINA QUARTERLY COVER

The Quarterly Is Worth Your Forty-Five Cents

Ed Yoder

Our more literary colleagues from the mezzanine at the other end of the G.M. hall have sent us down page proofs from the new Carolina Quarterly, which Editor J. A. C. Dunn and his staff will distribute beginning today.

Here's a brief run-down of what to expect when you buy your copy: NOT UP TO SNUFF

The lead article, "The Little Theater In America," by Archie Hess presents more difficulties than any of the Quarterly's winter offerings. The writer can't help but feel that it doesn't match up to Quarterly standards which have been set by a tradition of good articles in the past. Mr. Hess writes with a couple of ideas in mind: (1) You can't buck the tastes of Broadway with the grassroots theatre; and (2) the college and university campuses are proper locales for little theaters.

It was disappointing to find that Mr. Hess excludes from his article any mention of the Carolina Playmakers or of the symphonic dramas which have grown out of Chapel Hill. This is not to be so provincial as to suggest that the Carolina Quarterly should slant all of its articles toward Chapel Hill; but in view of the fact that Chapel Hill is seldom mentioned in the new Quarterly—and that any article about the theater could do well to mention the Chapel Hill contribution—Mr. Hess's article would have been improved by consideration of local force.

Aside from that fault, the article lacks arrangement; generalizes too much without giving proper evidence for the same generalities; and includes long paragraphs of obvious statements that could easily have been stricken from it.

Finally, "The Little Theater In America" is the sole article of the issue. Where are the articles of yesteryear?

POETRY PAYS OFF

Poetry in the winter Quarterly, except for "A Little Conservative"—an anonymous composition—is not easily read; but, while requiring some concentration, it pays the patient reader well after several concentrated examinations. If the reviewer could attempt to characterize the poetry in one easy word, he would call it "dionysiac"—for whatever that's worth.

"Libation to The Lesser Gods," and "How Loyal Is My Fear" could have come to life on paper after some Germans week-ends. Overall, Mr. Rivera, who must have succumbed to the "X-Claw-hammers" attack of last year, has again given us some good poetry.

Comedy bursts into the pages of the Quarterly with a loud hoop-and-holler with W. David Ashburn's "The Salesman Raptured By A Streetcar." In this sophisticated one-act play, Mr. Ashburn, who took MA here last year and now teaches at Union College, has some fun at the expense of drama critics—played in the piece by three critics, Slink, Stank and Stunk. The whole thing is full of Freud, futility, soul-selling, the "isms" (mainly material—and nihil—) and it is guaranteed to give you some good laughs.

AN OLD TALE WITH A NEW TWIST

Perhaps the most polished piece of work in the new Quarterly is "Suttee," a story by Robin White. The story, set in India, where Mr. White was born, brings together the conflict of Western technology with an age-old Oriental religion and with resurgent nationalism and a boy-who-cried-wolf tale with a new twist; it is a serious and moving story, and worthy of anthologizing.

David Elliott's story, "Journey Before Dawn," is good, whimsical, and very readable. Ever wanted to cut a nobody's throat? If you have any plans along that line, read

"Tell You Me," a story by Carl Cook in "The Best Freshman Writing Of The Fall Semester"; the psychology of throat-cutting gets full exposure here. Mr. Cook's story was selected along with James A. Oldham's duck-hunting vignette, "Opening Day," for inclusion in this new and valuable feature of the Quarterly. A recognition of the younger writers on campus is long overdue; and "The Best Freshman Writing Of The Fall Semester" is perhaps the most serviceable part of the new magazine.

Review Editor Jim Graves's book review section is highly competent again this time. One thing, though: Mr. H. A. Sieber's "In This The Marian Year" didn't excite me nearly as much as it seems to have excited Mr. Rivera, who reviews it.

If you don't happen to be a Quarterly subscriber, forego the next C-Movie downtown, pay a slim 45 cents, and treat yourself to one of the best hour's reading to be had. You'll be glad you did.

Quarterly Illustration

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