

The Star-Spangled Curtain

You can't buy The New York Times in Moscow. You can't subscribe to American newspapers or magazines in the Soviet Union, and you can't purchase them on newsstands. The Iron Curtain keeps Western periodicals of all types out of the hands of Russian citizens.

Well, here's some news for you. You can't subscribe to Pravda in the United States, either. Almost all printed matter from Russia—even scholarly publications—is now being held up by the Post Office Department as "political propaganda."

This erection of barriers by our government in a new area of the marketplace of ideas come as rather startling truth. Attention was called to it yesterday by Dr. Louis Hacker of Columbia University.

As Dr. Hacker put it:

This administrative action should be a matter of concern to Americans, since it is apparent that we in America shall know very little of what is taking place in the Soviet Union and other Iron Curtain countries unless we have full access to the publications originating in these lands.

This is another in our government's lengthening string of little moral compromises that unheralded, are weaving themselves into a curtain around our own shores.

You can't blast Soviet denial of visas to American students, the United States has refused to allow Russian students to repay the visit American students made last year to Russia.

And you can't talk too blandly about Russian restrictions on free circulation of Western newspapers; they're no tighter than our own restrictions on Russian publications.

We can find no excuse for the Post Office Department's blocking of Soviet newspapers.

A Jeffersonian maxim needs application: "Reason and free inquiry are the only effectual agents against terror. Who is to dogmatize opinions for our citizens? If an idea be false in its facts disprove them; if false in its reasoning refute it. But, for God's sake, let us freely hear both sides."

A Young Man's Fancy Turns To Meteors

Spring, which is supposed to arrive at 4:36 a.m. March 21, cannot be reckoned on the Vernal Equinox in Chapel Hill.

Spring is already here. It came to town while you weren't looking over the weekend, and we do not make this measurement by flowering quince and cherry and japonica alone.

For last weekend, a Miss Scarlett Scott of North Franklin Street got a statuesque pink horse outside her home re-painted red; and on the south campus, smack in front of South Building, a huge "meteor" landed with a blinding flash and rooted itself into the ground.

These are surer harbingers of the season than daffodils in full bloom. Regrettable as the painting of Miss Scott's pink horse may be, it is a sign: Spring has come to the campus. The first panty raid is no more than a fortnight away.

10,000 Formosans Could Be Right

We are sure it is all right with Chiang Kai-Shek for American public opinion to continue confusing our obligation to the Formosan people with our "obligation" to him.

But a fundamental distinction needs to be made—and is made in a stimulating article in the latest Reporter. If the people of Formosa were allowed to submit their destiny to a UN supervised plebiscite, it seems doubtful on the basis of history that they would ratify the nationalists' control.

That is not to say that the Communists from the mainland would be voted in, either. It is to say, however, that the Formosans, as The Reporter phrases it, "are no more Chinese than the Mexicans are Spanish."

The Formosans fought off the Nationalist invaders in 1917, and in the same year Nationalist machinegunners under the command of Chiang massacred 10,000 Formosans.

That it seems to us, should be added, at least in parenthesis, to any discussion of our moral obligation to Chiang Kai-Shek and his "Formosan government."

Carolina Front Monday Notes Taken In A Hot Meeting

Louis Kraar

MONDAY NIGHT notes on the Student Party's presidential nominations:

It's 7:15, and the meeting is going to start in 15 minutes. Don Fowler and Manning Muntzing are going to fight it out in all three Roland Parker lounges for student body presidential nominee.

David Reid, who wanted to run for vice-president, says he can't run for the post because the Student Council says he doesn't have the average. Bob Young will run if Fowler gets the presidency, he says. Then the meeting starts.

DON GEIGER, chairman of the party, stands before the packed meeting just like he did last year when he was running for President. Only then he was the only candidate.

Manning Muntzing, wearing flannels and looking confident, enters and says to me that he talked to SP mogul Joel Fleishman, but still Muntzing says he doesn't know where Fleishman stands.

Fowler, wearing a tweed coat and looking tense, enters and opines, "It looks tough."

I move about the room, which gets hotter by the minute and an informant says that Fleishman, who reputedly controls many votes in the party, sent for Muntzing earlier in the day.

It's 7:58, and David Reid gives the report on the student Legislature. Everybody's shuffling. Noise, and no one listening.

"NOMINATIONS ARE now open for president of the student body," Geiger says. And then the noise stops.

Lewis Brumfield ambles up to the front of the room and draws out a ten-minute nomination talk for Don Fowler.

After informing the body that Fowler is "well-known, well-liked, and well-respected," Brumfield sits down.

SAM WELLS gets up and talks for Muntzing, who—according to Wells—is "the best possible nominee... the only man the students will elect."

Muntzing gets up, pauses long time, and talks about the need for a "new spirit in our policies." He promises "to do all in my power to see that student government doesn't take its freedoms for granted."

Larry McElroy talks about Fowler, Charlie Hyatt talks about Fowler being "a North Carolina boy," and the girl next to me scribbles on my pad, "Gross provincialism."

At 8:55 they bring in a public address system and open the doors to let some of the air out.

BILL BAUM gets up and talks for Fowler. "He's damn good," says someone near me. Then it's 9:05, and the Muntzing folks are smiling.

Gordon Forester gets up and says that "we've seen student government rot and decay under three presidents who were not qualified to be President... because they didn't have the interests of the student body at heart."

David Reid talks about how the University Party is "shaking in its boots" about the possibility of Don Fowler running. And Fowler and Muntzing seem to be shaking in their boots about the possibility that they might not get it.

THEY TALK AND talk. It's hot as hell. We drink cokes.

It's 10:25 and they're voting finally. Coeds are tense over closing hours.

The votes are cast, one by one. Fleishman gets up and leads a song to relieve the tension.

"Manning Muntzing," someone shouts. Pat McBane grabs a boy near her and hugs him. All scream and yell and sing.

Manning, looking better and smiling, comes in. They all pump his hand. "I haven't anything else to say," he says. And this seems okay.

Six votes made the difference, and someone near me mutters something about Fleishman controlling five or six votes.

'Let's Have A Look At Those Securities'



'Titanic Heroes Were Your Kin'

Two Mountain Poets

Ed Yoder

At a table in Danziger's, near the wall from which Tom Wolfe's eyes still look down on the Chapel Hill scene, a mountain poet sat down the other afternoon to explain his affection for the man he called "the ghostly haunter of himself."

The poet out of the mountains (Skyland, N. C., nine miles south of Wolfe's own Asheville) was Ernest Schoeler, a short, German-born man with a twinkle in his eye. He has written the poem, "To Tom," printed below. And now the Thomas Wolfe Memorial Association has accepted Mr. Schoeler's tribute to hang under the portrait of Wolfe at Asheville.

Mr. Schoeler, who talks with equal ease about the Argonauts and the Labyrinth at Minos, about philosophy and people, left his home in Germany to go to sea when he was 12 years old. A trail of what he describes as "rough-necking it" led him through intervals as sailor, policeman, lumberjack, and railroad builder.

He has sailed the Atlantic, laid rails, and cut trees in the Sierras of California. Then, several years ago, he came to Western North Carolina—to Tom Wolfe country—and to the curiosity about life that has become the source of his poetry.

"I'd like to see the color of man's eyes who'd tell me he understands Tom Wolfe's work entirely," he said; "I don't think there's an intellect alive who can tell me everything about his work!"

Wolfe fascinates Mr. Schoeler because he was "the eternal question mark." The only thing worthwhile, the poet says, is the quest—"the search" man follows... an unending treadmill, moving up and sliding back again."

He thinks Wolfe possessed that acute awareness of the search for the ultimate. Man, philosophized Mr. Schoeler, as he leaned forward intently, is like the unfortunate King Sisyphus, eternally doomed to roll a gigantic stone up a hill in Hades, only to have it grow heavier and heavier and finally roll back down.

All of this fermented in Mr. Schoeler's mind until his poem, "To Tom," leapt spontaneously from his brow, requiring almost no word changes.

But where did a poet whose native tongue was German get his command of English? While Mr. Schoeler was lumberjacking in California, an English professor from the state university at Berkeley asked him the same question. The answer is simple: Mr. Schoeler thanks an odd combination of reading and what he calls "good luck" for his powers of diction. He has not studied English formally, says he would... not know a participle "if I met one walking on the street;" but he depends on a sensitive ear, where an alarm rings instantly when he hears or reads faulty

English.

The gift of the ear for English might have been instantaneous to judge by a story Mr. Schoeler tells: "I had a dream once," he said, "and the figures in the dream started speaking English to me. So I spoke English right back!"

Now, Mr. Schoeler, who tried to take notes on Wolfe's novels and "found myself copying the whole blooming book," seeks a wider audience for his lays and some apt criticism.

When I left him sitting in Danziger's, he planned to motor to Raleigh for an audience with Richard Walser, State English professor and crack Wolfe scholar—and, the writer hopes, just the critic Mr. Schoeler is seeking.

1954 TAX TOPICS

Your Rights of Appeal

If you believe there is an error in any bill, statement, or refund in connection with your 1954 federal income tax, you are entitled to present your reasons to the District Director of Internal Revenue and have the matter reconsidered. Also, if any audit or investigation causes proposed changes in your tax, to which you do not agree, you are entitled to have the matter reconsidered by the District Director. If agreement is not reached, the District Director will advise you of further appeal rights. His office address is Room 403, Post Office Building, Durham. The telephone number is 6-2091.

TO TOM

You were the ghostly haunter of yourself, forever haunted
By the lost, the part remembered, part forgotten memory
That if but found and all remembered or but all forgotten
Would then have eased your tortured soul and made you free
But you became the curious stranger in life's noisy inn,
And sailed the dark, forbidden sea that until then had never seen a sail
The argonauts of yore, the ancient, the titanic heroes were your kin
In this, your epic search for golden fleece and holy grail
You've lit the torch, you proved that darkness must and can be overcome
So now your work, your search will never cease
For all will carry on that really understand, know this, Oh Tom,
And rest you now, for once, in peace.

—Ernest Schoeler
SKYLAND, N. C.

-- YOU SAID IT --

Those Olympian Clouds

On the front page of this morning's Daily Tar Heel there is the story of the session of the student Legislature which decided to investigate The Daily Tar Heel. The campus newspaper was referred to in the meeting as the "Second Daily Worker" and it was suggested that it be brought down "from the Olympian clouds of pseudo-intellectualism."

In the criticism of the Daily Tar Heel the question has often been raised as to whether the paper expresses the opinion of the majority of the students on campus. Maybe it does and maybe it does not. Personally, I think the ideal for any campus newspaper is to rise higher than the typical student and thereby stimulate him to a type of serious thinking to which he has hitherto been unaccustomed. Even if the student does not agree with the editor's views, he will have been benefited if the expression of those views has led him to a more critical examination of his own position.

In my opinion, The Daily Tar Heel has made an admirable effort in working toward this goal. From Rolfe Neill's crusade last year against big time football to Charles Kuralt's plea this year for a Christian and democratic attitude toward the race problem, the Tar Heel's editors and other writers have demonstrated an ability to think maturely that the University should be proud of.

The University of North Carolina will see a sad day when its newspaper ceases to be the free organ of expression of its editors and fears to express certain views because of the opposition that they arouse in certain quarters.

To Legislator McElroy with his claims about pseudo-intellectualism in the clouds, I would say, "Why don't we as students try to get up there ourselves?"

Ed Ramsaur, Jr.

Spillane Reads Easier

Editor:

I have taken 40 courses at this University and 29 of these have been with departments outside of the School of Business. Of the 11 business courses I have taken, nine were required. Thus, I would have been allowed to take 7 1/2% of my total courses outside of the business school. Approximately 47 1/2% of my courses dealt with liberal arts. From the above figures, I fail to discern overspecialization of business majors.

I enjoyed my courses in history, English, and the like. But I enjoy business courses even more. Frankly, I am more interested in a balance sheet of a corporation than the bed sheets of Henry VIII.

Chaucer intrigued me but Spillane is easier reading and besides, he spells his

Moonlight On The Levee: Showboat Was A Success

Ted Rosenthal

There are three plays most often mentioned as contenders for the mythical title of "Best American Musical-Comedy." Oklahoma, Gershwin's Porgy and Bess — which current fashion terms a "folk opera," and Showboat.

All have plots that are native to this country, springing out of her soil lush and urgent as young cornstalks reaching for the Kansas sky. Their music is also of the land—of the plains, rivers, hills—and of the people. The sounds of Americans working and feeling, wishing and sometimes crying, written down and molded into a new idiom.

OL' MAN RIVER

In Showboat is contained more than one of the most commercially successful scores ever written, and more than the show-within-a-show motif flows through the script. There is the unifying lyric force of the Mississippi—Mark Twain's river—a spirit which has long animated the American mind. And it is said that Jerome Kern was fascinated by the River, when he composed the music.

So as the Playmakers' production appeared on the boards of Memorial Hall, more was involved than the performance alone; it was a nostalgic page of our national creative heritage, revived for the first time by a college drama group.

A MOVING MOSAIC

To present Showboat requires the binding together of many and different pieces—spoken parts, songs, dances, orchestra—into a moving mosaic. To approach the maximum within the play, there must be a wide range of very specialized talent.

It is no insult to the Playmakers, or director Kai Jurgensen, to say that the performance lacked a certain polish—call it tightness, nor that the desired mixture of voice and acting ability fell a little short in some roles.

For example, the orchestral elements, conducted by Wilton Mason, were good; but in some numbers, most noticeably David Small's rendition of "Old Man River," the accompaniment seemed too inflexible, so that it became a question of the singer's fighting not only the acoustics of the building, but his own musical support. In the same selection, the orchestra muffled the voice, during the difficult low-register passages.

Martha Fouse, starring as Magnolia, gave a fine performance both vocally and dramatically, and Marte Boyle was a vivacious joy as the comedienne Ellie. The

words correctly. Bill Shakespeare wrote a nice story about a couple of 14-year olds who expounded their undying love. But the undying love died before the youngsters became old enough to make the love story really interesting.

I really enjoyed all of these courses but I'll be damned if I am going to major in the area. Other people are better equipped to take advantage of such courses.

To give you an example of my knowledge of philosophy, I shall now quote the autobiography of Socrates. "Socrates was born in Athens. Socrates went around spreading advice. Socrates was poisoned."

Chester E. Lewis

Correspondent Wanted

I have long desired to correspond with an American student, and so have approached you in my quest. No doubt my method of approach is somewhat irregular, but I considered a direct appeal to a student body would facilitate my search, and at the same time afford those students an opportunity, who, like myself are desirous of forming a Penfriendship.

I have set out below my particular interests which I trust, some students may find mutual. I am an Arts student, 22 years of age, male, and extremely interested in modern languages, science, education, photography, music, and sport, especially tennis. Thanking you in anticipation.

Leon Quinn
5 Martin Street
Naremburn
Sydney, Australia

Vote On Segregation?

Editor:

Re: Mr. Grimes' letter and the replies to it which The Daily Tar Heel has printed; much has been said about the "opinion of the majority of the student body" concerning segregation. How can anyone know what the majority believes?

If you really want to obtain some concrete facts, may I suggest you use some of your "pseudo-Yankee" influence and have the following question (or one of like meaning) appear on the ballots in the forthcoming elections:

"Would you be in favor of Negroes mingling with you in matters other than strictly business, e.g. your educational, social or religious functions?" (A question of this nature would be better than one such as "Is segregation wrong?" to which 99 percent would probably vote yes.)

A question of this type, besides giving a basis for argument to one side or the other, might just cause somebody besides freshmen and politicians to turn out and vote.

Bill Graham

choral work of the men's and women's groups also was particularly effective.

DREAM-REAL PATTERN

Yet it is impossible, without carping, to draw a line between the good and the very good of the performance, for in spite of its rougher places it was sound throughout. John Shearin played Gaylord Ravenal; Suzanne Elliot, Julie; Sydney Z. Litwack, Captain Andy; Patricia Seitz, Queenie; Charles Jeffers, Frank; David Small, Joe; James Hager, Steve; and Lillian Prince, Mrs. Captain Andy.



SHOWBOAT'S 'MAGNOLIA'

Martha Fouse gave a 'fine performance'.

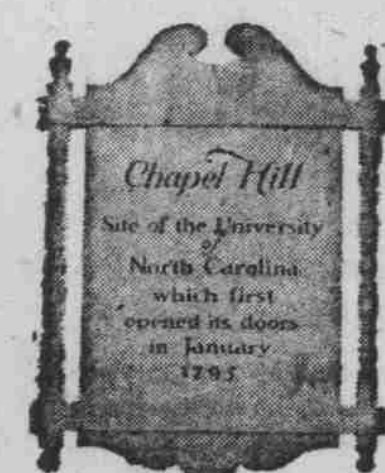
Supervising the technical aspects, which were all well-handled, were Irene Smart for costumes, James Riley for settings, Harry Coble for choreography, and Harvey Whetstone for lighting.

And also present, invisible but in mind, was the sweat of the dockhands, the waters lapping up against the levees, and the moonlight spilling on the moving soul of the river—the Mississippi or any river.

For whatever the specific names chosen to describe its lines and gestures, Showboat is a glimpse of the dream-real pattern of the nation, a song pouring from the throat of living American art.

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