

**Ragged Orphan's Guardian**

Graham Memorial, we learn, stands in danger of losing the hand that has steered it through the past two years of trial and progress.

That steering hand belongs to Jimmy Wallace, who left his study of history to direct the expansion program which has brought the University's Ragged Orphan at least a few of the new frocks she cried for. Redecoration, repainting, countless new services, a catalyzed lecture and entertainment program (from Aldous Huxley to the Julliard String Quartet) have represented an accelerating GM program to the students.

Needless to say, much is left in limbo between plan and accomplishment. But the Graham Memorial Board of Directors—at the behest of Jimmy Wallace himself, who wants to proceed with his education—has set in motion a swap to give us a new horse in midstream.

That, we say, is not by any means the wisest policy that could be pursued at a time when student union facilities and services at the Chapel Hill branch lag far behind student demand and far behind the services at brother and sister schools.

It is plain to see that Mr. Wallace's fine labors of the last two years have not been rendered for the emolument offered a Director of Graham Memorial. The salary as it stands is but pittance for a job so demanding.

But the Board of Directors has now okayed a plan to increase the Director's salary—at least to boost it to fair living wages—and plans with the new salary to bring in a "professional" hand for the wheel.

We wonder if it would not be far wiser to retain Mr. Wallace at the new wage, if he will stay. But that action, Graham Memorial in this important transition could retain the sparkplug who saw it through two years of mushroom growth. Graham Memorial, if Jimmy Wallace may be persuaded to remain with it, could have the service of a man who knows the students and their wants; a man, most of all, who knows what must be done for Graham Memorial if it is to expand and serve.

We offer, then, a Janus-faced plea: With one face we ask the GM Board of Directors to bring urgent pressure to bear to keep the logical captain at the helm. With the other, we ask Jimmy Wallace to defer his studies partially while the Ragged Orphan undergoes her metamorphosis into the Cinderella we want—to stay at an operation table where there is need for a steady hand.

**Ike Didn't Know**

At least part of the country's trouble, we have been saying, is that President Eisenhower doesn't read the newspapers. He gets his news "boiled down" by White House attaches. Saves time.

Well, Bernard Baruch says Eisenhower, good-naturedly told him he had not heard about the frantic Washington efforts to get rid of the White House squirrels until it was all over.

Nor did he know about the Post Office's failure to deliver *Pravda* and *Izvestia* to American subscribers.

Nor did he know about the State Department's leak of the Yalta papers, though everybody else in the country knew right after it happened.

Think about it. No Pogo for Ike. No crossword puzzle. No news, except what somebody thinks he ought to see.

"I don't know what it is about, really," said he when told about the *Pravda* order. And he really didn't.

**Carolina Front — An Idle Dream Of Squirrels, Yells, Issues**

Louis Kraar

ALTHOUGH MANNING Muntingzing has stated that he is not going to support either Don Fowler or Ed McCurry for President, it is evident that the Student Party will not back popular Fowler.



It's not bitterness on the part of Muntingzing men, but the SP seems to have little sympathy for a bolter of the party. Since the SP would have much better chances as a party with a completely University Party government, this reporter thinks they will back McCurry.

All of this party intrigue, however, will probably have little effect on how students vote. Since the issues are non-existent, the run-off election is still a popularity contest between candidates McCurry and Fowler.

**★**  
REPUBLICAN DEMANDS that the Yalta agreements be revoked and the Washington muddle over war seem to have lived up to a dull national political scene.

"If the Republicans of the Knowland faction continue their shrill demands for the repeal of the Yalta decisions," wrote Atlanta Constitution Editor Ralph McGill, "they may in time inspire the government of Georgia to demand a repeal of the decision at Appomattox Court House and a rescinding of U. S. Grant's order permitting 'Cump' Sherman to march from Atlanta to the sea."

Perhaps the exchange of views on national politics might be blood-plasmaed into the current campus campaign. Instead of the Yalta papers, maybe the candidates could grapple over the question of releasing the minutes of this year's secret InterFraternity Council meetings.

I can picture it now—Fowler screaming about repudiating the coed visiting agreement, McCurry talking about "twenty months of SP treason," and smiling Tom Creasy assuring the campus that all is well despite the absence of squirrels near his golfing green.

Dave Reid and Jim Turner could launch an investigation of Y court coffee prices. Lewis Brumfield could probe Reid and Turner, and Joel Fleishman could issue weekly reports on the progress of his memoirs being prepared for publication.

But all this is idle hoping, for why should such personable gentlemen as Ed McCurry and Don Fowler confuse the campus by injecting issues into such a pleasant popularity contest?

**★**  
IN REPORTING what Bob Harrington's dorm newspaper said about him, a line was omitted, creating a wrong impression.

The bit—which appeared AFTER the election—said that Harrington got 109 Stacy votes when he ran for another office, although that many of Stacy's 105 residents didn't vote.

Omitted was the explanation that "they counted in some of Lenoir Hall votes with" Stacy's.

**★**  
BOTH MOVIES that won Academy Awards will be playing here this weekend, proving that local theater managers guessed correctly.

The Varsity will show "On The Waterfront," the Marlon Brando flick that won a big prize, and the Carolina will open with Bing Crosby's "Country Girl" this weekend.

**★**  
JIM DUNN, editor of the Carolina Quarterly, has a short story in the latest issue of the Saturday Evening Post.

Dunn's story, "Caroline's Men," is slick, humorous, and enjoyable. However, one Southern character says, "Thank you, suh. Right kind of you. Too bad the gal ain't in. Got here from No'th Carolina jus' two days ago," and I've never heard anyone talk like that.

But, then again, I've never sold anything to the Post, either.

**The Poets Of April**

Hal Boyle  
In The Saturday Review

April is a time when nature busts her buttons, and the feelings of mankind become as exposed as the last oyster of the season on it pearly half shell.

April is the grab-bag month. It is a capsule of the entire year in thirty days. The calendar is on a teeter-totter between the death of winter and the life of summer, and the human spirit rides up and down with the changing weather.

In April come the days when the air wears a chill in the shade and a sudden softness in the sun. The woods explode in a surf of green, as each leaf unfolds like a child's hand reaching for fresh warmth.

April has everything—from All Fool's Day to Resurrection services, from the informal launching of the marble season to the annual formal debut of big-league baseball.

It is harlequin in mood, harlequin in costume. Gout arrives in April, but you can still catch pneumonia or get a mild sunburn digging your car out of an overnight snowdrift. An ancient Lotus virus, known by the folkname of spring fever, infects both man and his oldest friend, the dog. (I don't know about cats, except they do seem to yowl with a new note in the night.) Children complain of growing pains, old people feel a hurt in the scars left by April's past.

The race of man is as mixed up and confusing in April as the weather itself. Ferment rules. You really can't tell what anybody will do. The plodding white-collar peasant dares a brighter necktie. Girls flower and shiver in bright new thin dresses, and plump in unexpected places. Bank tellers abscond. Middle-aged men run off with blondes. Housewives assault their homes from basement to attic, and feel a strange urge to move every piece of furniture in the place. Bachelors snarl at old maids. Old maids snarl right back.

It is also a time when friends gone swim back into the memory. And so it is that in April I think often of Ernie Pyle, a friend in four wartime campaigns, who died in April. During the bombing of London he once wrote he could not stand it if he thought he should not live to see the beauty of another spring.

Everybody wants a fresh dream to follow. Take pity on any April fool. If he mistakes a phantom for a dream it is only because he clutches at joy while he can, realizing his desperate dilemma—April comes but once a year, and the supply of any man's Aprils is never endless.

Chaucer  
In Canterbury Tales

When April with his showers sweet with fruit the drought of March has pierced unto the root,

And bathed each vein with liquor that has power to generate therein and sire the flower;

When Zephyr also has, with his sweet breath, quickened again, in every holt and heath, the tender shoots and buds

And the young sun into the Ram one-half his course has run, And many little buds make melody that sleep through all the night with open eyes;

So Nature pricks them on to rant and rage;—then do folk long to go on pilgrimage and palmers to get seeking out strange strands.

To distant shrines well known in sundry lands.

Henry D. Thoreau  
In Walden

The change from storm and winter to serene and mild weather, from dark and sluggish hours to bright and elastic ones, is a memorable crisis which all things proclaim. It is seemingly instantaneous at last.

Suddenly an influx of light filled my house, though the evening was at hand, and the clouds of winter still overhung it. I looked out the window and lo! where yesterday was cold gray ice there lay the transparent pond already calm and full of hope as in a summer evening sky in its bosom, though none was visible overhead, as if it had intelligence with some remote horizon...

The pitch pines and shrub oaks about my house, which had so long drooped, suddenly resumed their several characters, looked brighter, greener and more erect and alive, as if effectually cleansed and restored by the April rain. I knew that it would not rain any more. You may tell by looking at any twig on the forest, ay, at your very wood-pile, whether its winter is past or not.

Thomas Wolfe  
In Look Homeward, Angel

The plum-tree, black and brittle, rocks stiffly in winter wind. Her million little twigs are frozen in spears of ice. But in the Spring, lithe and heavy, she will bend under her great load of fruit and blossoms. She will

grow young again. Red Plums will ripen, will be shaken desperately upon the tiny stems.

They will fall bursted on the loamy wet earth; when wind blows in the orchard the air will be filled with dropping plums; the night will be filled with the sound of their dropping, and a great tree of birds will sing, burgeoning, blossoming richly, filling the air also with warm-throated plum-dropping bird-notes.

The harsh hill-earth has moistly thawed and softened, rich soaking rain falls, fresh-bladed tender grass like soft hair growing sparsely streaks the land.

My Brother Ben's face, thought Eugene, is like a piece of slight-

T. S. Eliot  
In The Wasteland

April is the cruellest month, breeding Lilies out of the dead land, mixing Memory and desire, stirring Dull roots with spring rain.

Stephen Vincent Benet  
In City Spring

Now grimy April comes again, Maketh bloom the fire-escapes, Maketh silvers in the rain, Maketh winter coats and capes Suddenly all worn and shabby Like the fur of winter bears.

William Shakespeare  
In Sonnet 98

From you I have been absent in the spring, When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim, Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

Robert Frost  
In Two Tramps In Mud Time

The sun was warm but the wind was chill. You know how it is with an April day: When the sun is out and the wind is still, You're one month on in the middle of May.

But if you so much as dare to speak, A cloud comes over the sunlit arch, A wind comes off a frozen peak, And you're two months back in the middle of March.

**BOOK NEWS**

"The North Carolina Guide", to be published by The University of North Carolina Press on April 23, not only tells the traveller where to go and what to look for but also tells the visitor how to recognize a Tar Heel at home or abroad.

William T. Polk, associate editor of the Greensboro Daily News and author of "Southern Accent", draws a vivid and lively picture of the State in his chapter in "The North Carolina Guide" on folkways and folklore, food and drink, speech, literature, art, handicraft and music.

"How can you tell a Tar Heel?" Mr. Polk asks. "Is he different, and if so, how and why?"

"The Tar Heel is not a distinct species, but he may have some distinguishing marks.

"North Carolinians are what they are largely because of racial heritage. This is mainly Anglo-Saxon with a strong infusion of Scotch and a weaker one of German blood; about a third of the population is Negro. The Anglo-Saxons account for the law-making, law-abiding, practical and determined strain; the Scotch are the proud, stoical, imaginative, high-tempered democratic folk, their heroes being the parson, the teacher and the statesman; the German are the shrewd, the economical, the hard-working and the good-humored, placing much stress on church, school and business, but not much on politics; the Negro is the one who works most and loafs most, suffers most and rejoices most, is the most violent and the most patient, the one who enjoys and endures most and absorbs the shocks of life as a rubber tire absorbs the shocks of the road."

In such a historic setting, we become, according to Mr. Polk, "independent, courageous, resourceful, democratic, gregarious and individualistic.

"But there is no pouring a Tar Hee is into a mold. The point is that we are by preference and habit individualists, or what we call 'characters'.

"So much for our good side. Generally we are liable to be pretty good folks, but we have a bad side too, and the truth is that we can be, when we take a notion or for no reason at all, as violent, ornery, cantankerous, stubborn, narrow and lazy as any people anywhere on earth, civilized or uncivilized.

"We cut and shoot one another at a rate not even equaled in the centers of urban civilization.

"Furthermore we sometimes have fits of laziness and indifference which set our reformers wild.

**'Stranger' Has Its Weaknesses**

Ted Rosenthal

Joseph Rosenberg has tried to write a drama about Today and Loneliness. Like Williams, Capote's, and McCullers', his characters are people caught in a world they haven't made, which they don't pretend to be, able to understand; their strongest need is to resolve the complexity of their environment, alien but everpresent, by finding security through interpersonal relationships.

**NEED, BUT NO COMMUNICATION**  
There is the searching for understanding to enable them to focus life around themselves as individuals, and so to end the sense of hollowness and bewilderment. Yet, most often, the attempt to bring their a-human surroundings down to a human level does not succeed, and the desperate need which they share falls short of actually achieving communication between them.

In Mr. Rosenberg's play, *Saturday Stranger*, as in much of modern drama, this need for closeness and the inability to satisfy it is highlighted by having characters find sexual intimacy without gaining from it the emotional rapport which is their basic lack. The people tend to throw themselves and their cravings into these relationships, rather than learning to share them. The idea is expressed that "there are givers and takers", but the point is the "givers" are unable to attain their desires, except by this indirect means of projecting the fulfillment onto other individuals—and since these have their own inadequacies, a vicious cycle of frustration results. The major premise of this genre, is that, because everyone is presumed to be inescapably alone, it is impossible to overcome the isolation.

**MAXINE SHARED THE SOULS**  
The author of *Saturday Stranger* seems to feel very deeply into the plight of contemporary man; unfortunately the play fails to convey much of what he appears to be trying to express. Its essential weakness lies in the development of the fate of the protagonist Maxine, a divorcee who rents rooms of her apartment to "young girls in the arts". Her life barren, she tries in this way to share, through conversation with them, the souls and satisfactions of her tenants.

But as soon as the despair of her existence is built up to a telling degree, where her problems begin to come painfully alive for the spectator, humor is interjected, of a sort not intrinsically funny, but laughable because it jars against the mood being created. The effect of actions which have clashing different natures, is to dilute the force of the protagonist's difficulties to a point which obscures the meaning of the play. The conception of the characters is real enough, but some of the representations chosen act to enfeeble the themes, instead of strengthening them.

**MONICA'S IN A DIFFERENT WORLD**  
For example, Monica, the girl who in becoming engaged to a boy she loves, seems to "near happiness, does nothing to further the impact of the play. She exists evidently to provide a contrast with the dismal situation of the principals; the effect however, instead of contrast is incongruity. She appears to be of a different world from that which the playwright is primarily attempting to portray, and while this may be possible enough in "life", here it detracts; while disorder may be the reality in which these characters exist, a certain amount of dramatic-order, in this case sustained development of the isolation theme, is necessary to transmit the disorder effectively.

By attempting analytical revelation of the antagonist Linda, further complications are introduced. Because the framework of Maxine's unhappiness has not been made strong enough; the play is unable to bear the weight of this additional material. Besides becoming involved with Linda's personality dynamics when the scope of the play doesn't have the room for this exploration, she is made to accuse Maxine of living on and for pity. If the isolation motif had been adequately developed by then, the hypothesis of pity could have been followed up, instead of only tossed out; this might have provided a focus for conflict, which would have integrated the entire plot.

**A SERIOUS LACK OF UNITY**  
As it stands now, although there are occasional moments of compelling poignancy, there is a serious lack of unity, which dissolves the stronger pieces of the play in a general indecisive murkiness.

Marly Dow's characterization of Maxine gave the performance the majority of the cohesion it did muster; her interpretation, sensitive and consistent, virtually held the production together.

Len Bullock, playing George, seemed unsure of himself several times; those lapses aside, he acted capably. Jean Overbeck, Bonnie, appeared stiff at first, but gained some vitality as her speeches progressed.

The remainder of the cast, as directed by James Riley, did not succeed very well. June Eschweiller, as Linda, seemed to bear down too hard; she was more agitated than the role demanded most of the time, so that where stress was called for, the result was a repetitious level of continuous tension. Harvey Whetstone as Brian, appeared resigned; there was a flatness inanimacy to his performance, which also characterized that of Bobbie Lee Moretz as Monica.

The technical factors, in particular Donald Treat's realistic Greenwich-Villagesque set, were good. Helen Patton handled costumes, June Craft the make-up, and lighting was by Lewis Goldstein.

**Quote, Unquote**

Manifestly, not every young man or woman who gets to college makes the most of it. Some don't even belong there. But to deny the opportunity to those who want to make the try runs so counter to American tradition that any scheme for arbitrary reduction of numbers seems unthinkable.

To ignore the resource of public funds and private generosity and make every student pay all his way would rest upon a very dubious thesis: that higher education is only for the financially well-to-do, not also for the intellectually and purposefully qualified, —The Christian Science Monitor.



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