

A Medal For Some Top-Drawer Drama

One of the highest awards in radio, given each year by the American Exhibition of Educational Radio and Television Programs, has come to the University Communications Center for its "American Adventure" series.

This marks a late hour for us to extend the verbal flourish which writer John Ehle, Director John Clayton, and their associates merit. But their work is a continuing work, "dealing with the soul of America," as Mr. Ehle wrote in a letter to The Daily Tar Heel; because it continues, praise never comes too late.

"The decline of creative activity in Chapel Hill." That worrisome phrase—ominous if it has a kernel of truth—spins always above our heads. During the years of this student generation's experience on this campus, an experience from which we may speak, it jumps often to prominence. And you suspect, after so long, that it is a chronic phrase, a gaudy jingle, moving always about its vital stinging and teasing and never vanishing. Too bad if it should vanish.

But the work of those in the Communications Center, particularly Ehle and Clayton and their "American Adventure," gives us at least one fast bulkhead against any such decline.

It would be selfish of us to consider their benefits to this academic locale alone. In the first place, the locales into which "American Adventure" reaches lie far beyond the academic. If they deal with the soul of America they also get down to the soul of America—to radio listeners in an auto garage, a hospital, a barber shop, a parlor.

"American Adventure" is an optimistic adventure, as Mr. Ehle wrote.

I believe the best understanding of America begins with the realization that our country is young yet, and that she is still new and unfinished, and that she remains America's greatest adventure in time and space.

Here is top-drawer radio drama going out of Chapel Hill, part of the tradition defined by the symphonic dramas of Green and Hunter, envoy of the best thoughts and feelings of Chapel Hill; and drama to germinate the right attitudes toward the right American values.

The awards people did well to recognize it as they did.

When A Junior's Fancy Gets Fancy

Each spring, about the time saps rise from Lower Quad for panty raids and fraternity row begins its mass migration to the beach, at Northwestern University juniors are awakened early one Saturday morning by a loud speaker barking from a police squad car.

The Evanston junior class, clad in blue jeans and sweat shirts, streams from the dorms. No, they don't have a riot or (as some junior classes) a picnic. Instead, the students flock to low-budget charity institutions and municipal institutions to aid in spring cleaning. This is what juniors do as an annual spring project at Northwestern.

Now, in sunny Chapel Hill, the junior class has another type project. It converges upon the student Legislature, wearing its dirtiest pair of bucks, and begs for \$135 for a "picnic."

Class President Bill Sanders voices the juniors' appeal for money, painting pictures of a junior picnic as if he were an Eisenhower press secretary explaining "mass retaliation." But the tight-fisted (for a change) Legislature, says no because, as Larry McElroy says so candidly, it "ain't got the money."

We hail the student Legislature for its wisdom. Somehow picnics will go on, though, without \$135 grants, thank goodness. And, apparently, the junior class will go on having them, instead of taking a cue from Northwestern and doing something for others.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Carolina Front Backstage At Sound & Fury: Close Shaves

J. A. C. Dunn

45 MINUTES BEFORE the curtain went up on Sound and Fury's "Satan's Saints" we entered through a side door to the backstage, tripped over a wire and fell flat. From then on until we left about an hour later the going was pretty hectic.

The first thing we observed was an atmosphere all around of complete confusion diluted by an underlying element of purpose. Chorus members and principals fully made up ambled leisurely from one point to another; other people only partly made up moved a little faster; and people not made up at all rushed frantically from grease paint pot to grease paint pot. A girl with only small percentage of her costume on ran across the stage followed by a battery of male eyes; off to one side one girl said to another "He's go through it once," and they both immediately started pirouetting; in another place a boy was watching a girl do the Charleston and copying her; someone was carrying a box of flowers to some star or other, and someone else, peering around the curtain, kept saying, "Will you look at that house out there!"

We went around to the other side of the stage, dodged a flapper who flapped by straight out of the 20's, walked into a bathtub filled with indescribable odds and ends of stagecraft, and staggered into the men's dressing room. No one was recognizable.

We reeled away from the uproar in the dressing room and passed what looked like someone we had seen before, did a double take in the gloom and discovered it was a good friend of ours dressed in what appeared to be a finger-painting smock for a seven-year-old. She bummed a cigarette and we went up to the light bridge.

THE LIGHT BRIDGE is a small booth overlooking the stage on one side with a large black panel in it absolutely crawling with switches, labelled switches—dimmers, ceiling spot, upper stage pocket, borders, etc. There were a mike and earphones there. We put the phones on just out of curiosity and immediately a rather commanding voice came through to us: "Check that plug-in!" We looked wildly around and mouthed something bewildered and inaudible into the microphone. "Dimout!" came the voice again. We untangled ourselves from a clutch of thick black wires and fled back to the stage.

Safely back in the wings away from the hell's kitchen of the light bridge we stood still for a change instead of trying to buck the madding throng of milling stagehands and actors, hoping to find something worth writing about. Someone leaned through a window in the set behind us and yelled hoarsely, "Hey Frank, you there? Well, you couldn't tell me anyway, forget it." We forgot it and went to the other side of the stage in search of peace and security. Someone was still peering around the curtain at periodic intervals and saying, "Look at that house fill up!" We peered around the corner of the curtain to see the house fill up. It was not only filling up, there were people at the windows.

EVENTUALLY, A VOICE called "cast on stage!" and a horde of grease-painted people we never even knew existed flocked onto center stage to receive last-minute instructions. We took our life in our hands and went back to the light bridge.

The orchestra started (the bongo drums were startling at first), lights began to go out backstage, a desperate voice stage-whispered, "Hey Fred! Fred!" and there was a flurry of yellow-clad chorus girls down below us. Another voice called "Places! Places every one!" The orchestra finished the overture, the curtain went up, the show was on.

Tories In N. C. Business Pushed Trustee Dismissals

Weimar Jones
The Franklin Press

Much has been made of the part played by racial feeling in the decision of the General Assembly to drop such men as Dr. Clarence Poe and L. P. McLendon from the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina.

Dr. Poe and Mr. McLendon, along with others, became marked men, it is said, when they voted to permit Negro and white county agents to sit together in class, at annual refresher courses at N. C. State College. (Representatives of the two races would eat and room separately.)

This may have been the immediate cause of the firing of Dr. Poe, Mr. McLendon, and others. But we suspect the motive lies deeper. For this is not the first time outstanding, long-time members of the board have been dropped. Two years ago, for example, such members as Collier Cobb Jr., Mrs. Laura Cone, Kenneth Tanner, and John Sprunt Hill were dismissed. And other Legislatures have dropped still others who had served long and well.

Idiot, Three Atheists & A Bully

Dr. E. M. Poteat

(The Greensboro Daily News)

If we are to believe the fiction of 100 years ago every village had an idiot, an atheist, and a bully, each of whom attracted disproportionate attention to himself. The bully terrorized the timid, the atheist confounded the pious with questions they could not answer, and the idiot amused the callous or came up, on occasion, with a bit of sententious wisdom that made wise folk wonder.

Today the free-thinker — for such the atheist preferred to call himself — is so numerous as to be undistinguished; the bully is the leading spirit of the local veterans organization, and the idiot has sympathetic hospital care. But the arguments go on, nevertheless.

One can bring into somewhat sharper focus the problem of atheism by thinking of three differences, of uncertainty, and of protest. This breaks the familiar stereotype of the atheist as a man to whom the believer is a sentimentalist or a superstitionist. In turn the believer thinks the nonbeliever evil and blind. He cannot prove the nonexistence of God since no-thing offers no evidence of any sort. If he demands proof of God he will be unsatisfied since there is no rational net with meshes fine enough to catch Him.

But consider the atheism of indifference. Here argument plays no part; it is wholly a matter of

attitude. Whether there is a God is of no matter to him in the light of other very real concerns that engross him. His philosophy may be "eat, drink and be merry" which is hardly edifying; or it may be "work, slave, and fall asleep," for which something may be said. The shrine where he worships may be the groaning board or the night club or the laboratory, for worship he must.

The atheism of uncertainty is of another sort. It has not lost interest in religion, it has lost its confidence. Some of religion's formulations have been untenable and more plausible statements have not been satisfactorily put together. He sees beauty and power and order, and pain and deceit and death but he cannot call the first trio the garment of God without feeling the latter three are God's spite. He calls them what they are, and if he lumps them together they may be called Nature.

The third type of atheism is a matter of spirit. Here the atheist sees the anguish that living creatures, including himself, bear, and which no ingenuity or enterprise of man seems able to relieve. He also is pained and outraged by the wickedness of men and the havoc it causes, but he is powerless to do more than protest and his protest is fruitless. It is easy for him to rail against believers who seem complacent in the presence of inequality and injustice and excuse themselves from doing anything

There is considerable evidence that this latest action really is a part of a struggle that has been going on for decades; that it is part of the effort of the Tory element in North Carolina business (and of course all North Carolina business is not Tory) to gain control of the University.

So long as Frank Graham was at Chapel Hill, this element was balked—hence the unreasonable hatred of Graham. Since Graham's departure, it has been making progress. Liberal after liberal (many of them business men) has been dropped from the board. And a tangible evidence of what is happening is the way the School of Business Administration at Chapel Hill—and the kind of thinking it represents—is rapidly overshadowing the rest of the institution.

Basically, what has happened probably is part of the age-old clash between those, on the one hand, who believe an educated man faces facts as they are and tries to think things through, no matter how unpleasant the conclusions; and those, on the other, who consider any freedom that would endanger the status quo gross sacrilege.

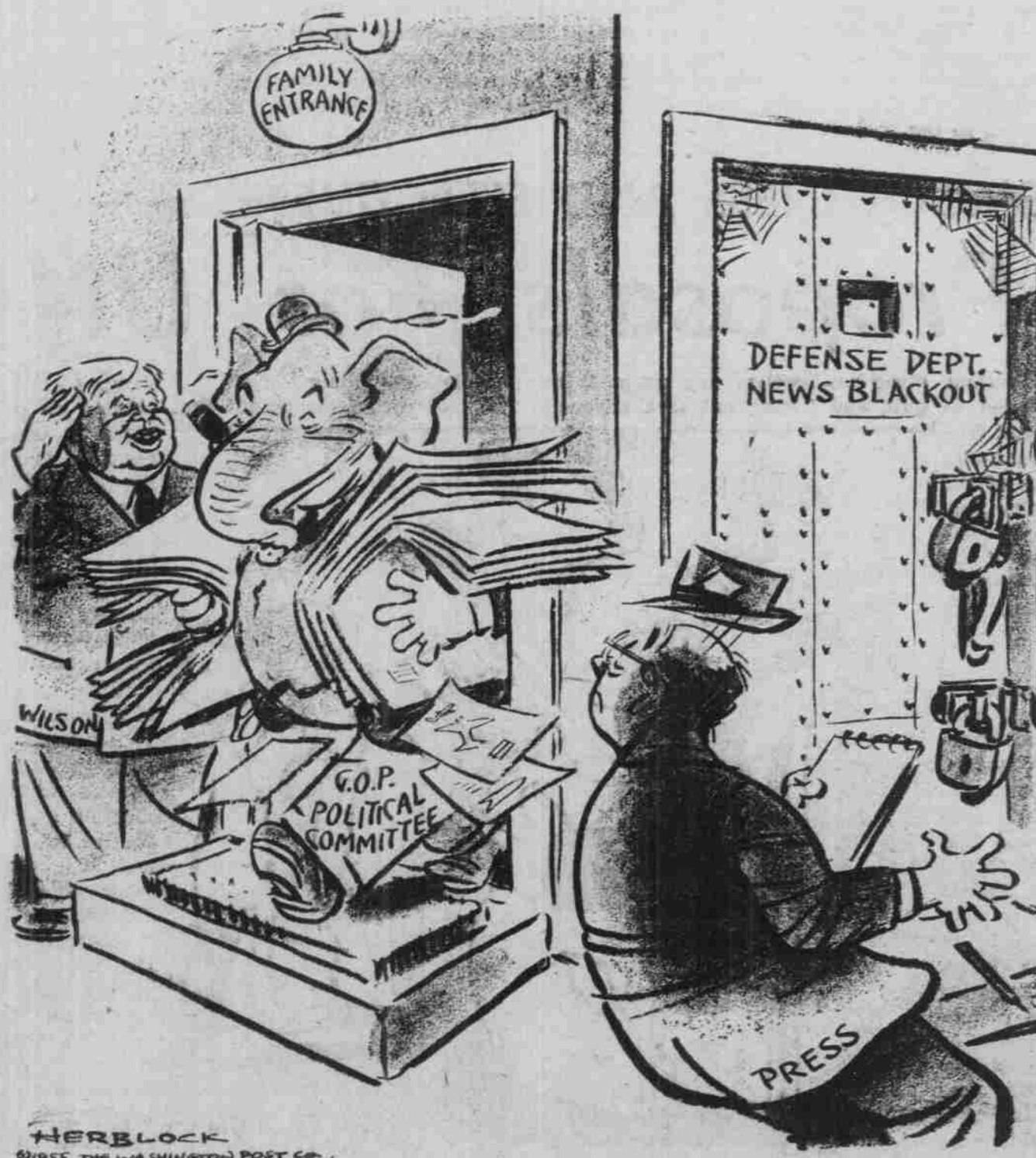
by taking glibly about the will of God. His distrust of men transfers itself easily to distrust of all power—including God who seems either indifferent or powerless. Such angry atheists want something done and neither God nor His cheerful devotees seem able or inclined to act.

What is to be done with these three moods? Perhaps little can be done with indifference, if there really is any such thing. Minimum action would be to deflect interest from one preoccupation to another. But it is almost humanly impossible to do anything to give alertness to dead Christians and dead atheists alike, and there is scant choice between them. Life may shake them awake, but only life can do it.

To the atheism of uncertainty we can say two things: Uncertainty — or skepticism if you please — is surely no sin unless it is set up as an object of worship; and the wise man moves from uncertainty to confidence — which is faith — by trying out plausible hypotheses. Why not try God?

The third type invites our emulation. Sometimes it seems as if the church has lost its once exalted place as the forum for debating great moral issues. The reformers have left the church and joined the party or announced for office. A dozen angry atheists in half a dozen city churches might shock them into a godliness that was invincible.

'Pass, Friend'



Passing Remark Take The Cash And Let The Credit Go

Ron Levin

I am a bit hesitant to attach the term, "literary minded," to the business men of downtown Chapel Hill, but I ran across a line the other day in The Rub-aiyat of Omar Khayyam that et me to think they might have turned to "the meter'd line" or relaxation in he after hours of the day. The entire quatrain reads something like this.

Some for the glories of this world and some Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come Ah, take the Cash and let the Credit go. Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum.

★ ★ ★

The Senior Class Picnic out at Hogan's Lake was a sprawling mob of more than 1400 luke warm, hot dogs and at least fifty students. Accompanied by a herd of cows that mooed in key from their grazing across the lake, the Dixieland combo gave out with a brand of music that equalled, if not surpassed, the spirit prevailing at the picnic. The majority of the hot dogs literally went to the dogs themselves. The presence of an oversized, under-dered brown boxer solved the problem of what to do with left overs. He strayed in during the early part of the picnic, and some several hundred hot dogs later, burped his way into freedom. To those few students who braved the elements, I should like to express my thanks for their brilliant display of class chauvinism, and to the others who stayed to drink beer at The Goody Shop, I should like to criticize their spirit, but heartily commend their choice.

★ ★ ★

After Arthur Godfrey's recent purge in the ranks of his entertainers and singers, he was seen leaving the studios with a rather pert young thing. Having been peevish all day by the insistent mob of reporters, he was in no mood for friendly conversation, and when asked who his companion was, he blurted out "... it's my mother" and hastily drove off leaving the bewildered reporters to speculate among themselves as to the validity of the retort.

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We are deeply indebted to Governor Luther Hodges for setting aside April as "Go to the Movies Month". For a while, there, I wasn't quite sure just what to do for these four weeks, but the brilliant and far seeing policies of those in Raleigh solved the problem in no time at all. As long as we are setting aside months for various pastimes, I would like to set aside May as "Go to Bed Month". Think of the money saved, that you would have spent had you gone to the movies. Also, the bed provides time for intellectual reflections, philosophical meditations and a look at the latest copy of Playboy. What about it, guvnor?

From A Reader: A Plaudit For Our Reviewer

Editors:

Elba Freund's article on Louis de Rochemont's picture carried was a thought-provoking one, and her comparison to other cartoons noteworthy. Perhaps Mr. de Rochemont's picture carried the moral — "It's better to make an ass of yourself than be a pig?"

Gant Carlton

Over The Hill

Charles Dunn

SURPRISE: The action taken by the local Recorder's Court Tuesday with regards to the nine students charged with unlawfully and willfully disturbing women students in last week's "panty raid" was a surprise to many students on the campus and seems to be unnecessarily harsh.

Panty raids are not looked upon as a recommended part of a college education, and on the day after one may wonder why they took part in it at all. And, for the most part, these raids are not harmful except maybe they result in sore throats for some raiders, headaches for housemothers, University officials and police officers and bad publicity for the school. That is they are not harmful as long as the students remain outside of the Women's dorms and destroy no property.

But at the raid last week nine boys were picked up by the local police, and, instead of their crawling out the other door of the police car (as in past raids) they were carted off to the station and booked. Nine boys were selected; probably one out of every hundred that participated in the raid.

The first surprise came when it was announced that the nine "select" boys were to be tried in the Recorder's Court, something that hadn't been done in Chapel Hill before. It was expected that those picked up would be turned over to University officials and the student courts, and that these would deal with them. The second big surprise came with the sentences handed down by the court. It had been expected that if any of the "select" were found guilty they would be warned and turned loose with little or no fine.

But no, several of the "select" were made examples of. The local police department said that the University officials had asked that the raiders be tried in the local court, and University officials replied that they had asked the police not to make arbitrary arrests at such affairs as the panty raid.

It makes no difference who was the cause of the arrests, the "select" had to pay. If whoever was responsible for the arrests wanted to make sure the raids were stopped once and for all, it could have been done in a much fairer way; the students could have first been warned that they would be arrested and tried in Recorder's Court. But this was not done, instead nine out of hundreds were selected to stand trial, probably for something they see no harm in.

It seems it was enough to try the "select" before the student courts, and certainly to stop future raids it was enough to show that students could be arrested and tried by public officials outside the University. But it is too much that the "select" who were found guilty should have to pay with their honor, and with their money for an act committed by nine hundred or more students.

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LIGHTER SIDE: Letter from home regarding the panty raid: "Don't you boys have anything more to do? Try studying, you may find it safer."

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F. B. I. AND REDS: Since the Scales trial ended, there has been much discussion on Charles Childs who joined the Communist Party and worked for the F. B. I., both on the campus and in the newspapers throughout the state. Some, a minority probably, look upon his informing with dim views, while others regard him as a man who did a job, and a good one for his country.

It isn't a pleasant thought to think of the United States government as using informers from the population to keep track of what the people are doing. This isn't the American way. But today the country is faced with a problem that is new and hard to cope with, namely the Communist party. There is an old idea that the best way to fight a forest fire is with another fire burning toward the original one. Such is the case regarding Communists and F. B. I. informers today.

The Communist party in the United States is for the most part a secret organization with the goal of overthrowing our present system of government. The only way to fight the Communists is with their own methods, and that includes secret informers. But this can go too far, and should it go too far it can possibly destroy the democracy of our country. The problem is to keep informers in organizations whose object is the overthrow of the government, and not let them out where they can be of harm to the freedom of citizens.

Back to Charles Childs: He has received much criticism, but as Chuck Hauser said in the Chapel Hill Weekly, "... Instead of criticism for being a 'stool pigeon,' Charles Childs deserves to have some sort of gold medal struck for him. He risked his name, and his reputation, and conceivably even his life, in playing footsie with the local Reds in order that he could obtain information which would be of immediate use to the FBI and of immeasurable ultimate value to his country and its prosecutions of Communist leaders."

Quote, Unquote Pupils, Beer & Skittles

Life isn't all beer and skittles; but beer and skittles, or something better of the same sort, must form good part of every Englishman's education. —Thomas Hughes, Tom Brown's Scholdays.

It is not book learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies, do a thing—"carry a message to Garcia." —Elbert Hubbard, A Message to Garcia

Far be from me to insult the pun! I honor it in proportion to its merits—no more.

Indigestion is charged by God with enforcing morality on the stomach. —Victor Hugo, Les Miserables