

Stones For Loaves?

The student turnout for Mr. E. E. Cummings' nonlecture and poetry - reading was amazing.

The late-arriving craned their necks to catch eye-shots of the poet and echoes of eloquence from the amplifier: they were in the vestibule of Hill Hall. The somewhat more fortunate stretched out on the carpeted aisles; and Chancellor House, at the last minute, was literally forced to call those who would come to the risers behind Mr. Cummings' reading table. It was a grand night for that hidden urge which speech-planners, lecture-planners of all ages and times have tried to find and exploit.

It meant cultural re-invigoration - and something more than that, we think: That the students have been getting too many cultural stones when they asked for loaves. We couldn't escape concluding that the large turnout was due to an unsatiated hunger.

Students have drawn too much hasty criticism (The Daily Tar Heel has offered it before) for their apathy, or supposed apathy toward public lectures. A packed Hill Hall for Mr. Cummings has shown rather clearly that formative minds, whether of poet, philosopher, historian, or theologian, will be heard, and not left to speak before rows of vacant seats.

But for public lectures here over the past several years, the formative minds have been too much left out. We haven't heard anyone resembling a philosopher or novelist-in-public-since Aldous Huxley appeared last fall; no poet, but for Carl Sandburg's post-school commencement address, since Robert Frost last winter; no critic since Randall Jarrell; no theologian at all within our recollection; no light of jurisprudence since Dr. Zachariah Chafee, winter 1953; no scientist since Dr. Coulson of Oxford delivered the McNair Lectures in 1954.

The Carolina Forum brings an enviable series of speeches by political notables every year, but nowhere within its budget or plans does it make room for a thinker of Mr. Cummings' originality or individuality. The students, we suspect, become so tired of political personalities that they stop coming. The Wagner and Saltonstall speeches, by May of last year, were almost unattended.

The English Club and Graham Memorial, which get credit for the success of Mr. Cummings' visit, have pointed the way to a better situation. Some balance needs to be struck.

The Warmth Of The Visiting Committee

The trustee Visiting Committee made its appearance yesterday on the campus in the manner of warm, interested, and understanding University fathers.

A lengthy discussion with student leaders, followed by an informal student luncheon, highlighted the keen interest in student affairs that the committee possesses.

Somehow the four visitors demonstrated that kind quality often seen in professors; it was an interest in—not an envy-of—youth.

Whereas student leaders were mainly worried about campus cars, student government, and other areas of extracurricular activity, the committee questioned the academic side of Carolina life.

"How is the quality of undergraduate teaching?" one of them asked.

And the students were eager to reflect their views of the classroom—because of this interest and because of the informal manner in which the committee operated.

The Daily Tar Heel commends the Visiting Committee for its manner, its apparent sympathy with student problems, and its zest for youth.

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 and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in 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.

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-Suil An Eich-

Croich Anchuma Oraibh Sea Againn iChapel Hill! (Bad Cess To You In Chapel Hill!)

"The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others..."

O'rapportis, circa 500 B. C.) THE HARSE wuz afther painting av Himself wid Kelly Green paint whin Oi saw him, that he was!

"Kelly Green, me hoof." The Harse brouged me back widout batting av his eyes, 'tis O'Suillabhan Green. Th' Narth Country—ugh!—is reeking wid Kellys astewing in their yellow Orange-juice, laced wid Gin, no doubt. O'Suillabhan—or, O'Sullivan, to give the spelling av it in th' barbaric English tongue—is the genuwine Oirish Green, that it is."

And with what did the O'Sullabhan's lace their Green Juice? "Green whiskey, what else?" The Horse retorted. "Patriots to the last drop; and many did that same in their tracks—dropped!"

I thought such tracks were called, 'spoor's'? I ducked, and The Horse's hooves sent a harmless but playful gale to flutter the kilts of some lissome lassies who were panthering past.

LEFT BY SCOTS "Spoors are left by Scots and other wild animals," The Horse rebuked me. "Niver did a South av Oirelander leave aught but toe-marks for tracks, even if as like as not six toe-marks were more common than foive."

But, did the Harse really think the South of Ireland was better than the North of Ireland...? "It is a universal truth, which you may ask any Narth Carolinian," The Harse shrugged. "The South av any country at all, at all, is better than its Narth."

Yes; but our South, The South, had been occupied by Feds, by Yankee troops, for ten years afther the Uncivil War, and this had hurt!

"And th' South av Oireland wuz occupied by Limey's, by th' English, for seven hundred years," The Horse countered. "Up in th' Narth, they rolled over wid their paws up and licked the British boots, while in the South av Oireland, they hid out in th' near bays wid their shillelaghs an' black-thorns an' licked their wounds...that they did!"

WHAT GOOD And what good had ever come of it, now? "Peat whiskey," The Horse stated. "An' if you will excuse me or not, Oi must be gettin' me war-paint on."

But, why? March Seventeenth was Horsie's big day, was it not? What was special about today?

"The South Oirish from South Bend are wid us." The Horse reminded me, as if I needed reminding. "Oi refer to the lads who call their school Notre Dame an' call their type av murder Football. But this year Oi have groomed a secret weapon in the person av a direct descendant av no less a man than Finn McCool Himself... an' 'tis related he is related to The Confederacy's great general, Major-General William Mahone, of Ambrose B. Hill's Sixth Corps. He bears th' name Mahone, himself."

Mahone of the Sixth Corps. Corps; not Crops! "Crops it is, because in th' Peninsular an' O'Petersburg campaigns, Billy-Boy Mahone raised huge crops av dead Yankees," The Horse insisted. "And one look at our big Mahone, our secret weapon, will blanch the faces av thim South Benders and send thim on a bender th' loikes av which Oireland hasn't seen since Culloden!"

Didn't The Horse mean Boyne Waters? Culloden was where the Scots had made up their minds that travel was good for their health, and they had visited North Carolina in huge and staggering numbers.

CAPE FEAR

"And called it Cape Fear in honor of what lost them Culloden," The Horse agreed. "No; our gassoons at Boyne Waters had put on a bender the night before; an' the treacherous Britishers caught thim bending at Boyne whilst they slurred up chasers." The Horse gave me a hoof-nail sketch of Irish History. " 'Twas then the Flying Machine made its first appearance in warfare, 'twas."

Ohone, and wurra-wurra! What a fairy tale! Even the Little People must be blushing at such a fabrication! The airplane didn't make its debut with Military Forces until 1908 and the Wright Brothers!

"The Oirish had them that day, they did," The Horse insisted stoutly; Guinness Stoutly. They must have had them, to get away so fast from Boyne. Ten thousand dead white Irish Mahones greeted the British eyes whin they an' their Prog-eater allies captured the field!"

Well... if so many Mahones had greeted the British in unwinking stares that day, what made The Horse think one Mahone could confound the South Benders?

"Just wait," The Horse gloated, his bloodshot eyes crossed with emotion and with uisgebeatha... 100-proof, with the tang of peat-smoke spicing its mahogany-red throat. "First, we'll hurl platoons av O'Komans, McLinebergers, Fitz-Kupchicks, McGacas, O'Stavnilskis, McBiliches, O'Setzers and McMullens at them! Aha, that will rock them! 'Twill sham-rock 'em!"

And then? "Thim an' their Shamrocks!" The Horse chattered at thought of it, he did. "We've been feedin' Ramesses, our ram mascot, on a diet of shamrocks this past week, we have!"

And, Ramesses liked them? "Far better than the single wings them Tennessee roosters fed him," The Horse revealed. "And then—our secret weapon... Himself Mahone!"

The Horse was that sure? He was? "Oi look to win by a score av 26-21," The Horse stated firmly. "Unless something miscarries, now. As Dr. George S. O'Lane and I always say, 'De se bhur mbeatha, fhoireann ag imirt peile! Acht croich anchuma oraibh sea againn iChapel Hill!'"

And that meant...? "It is addressed to the South Bending Oirish," The Horse revealed, "and it says 'Welcome to you, football team! But bad cess, to you here in Chapel Hill!' And I look to win by 26-21, I do."

With the Secret Weapon? "With Pug Himself," The Horse hoped. "Ye've heard Oirish names like Mike, Pat, Danny-Boy, Wilum, Dennis, Florence, Gilmary, Sean, Shaun, Kevin an' the like? Mahone's handle, his name, is Pug, no less!"

Well... I hoped Horsie was right, I did! "But win, lose or draw," The Horse stated, his eight-balls of eyes wide with the vision and his muley ears twitching with the fancied sound of it, "Oi hope to see and hear thirty-five thousand Tar Heels at th' game's end, standin' and roarin' th' name av our secret weapon: 'Pug Mahone! Pug Mahone! PUG MAHONE!' "

Well, it would be nice to take a defeat, if any, in such good and soaring spirit... The Spirit of the Old South—whether Bend; Irish; or Dixie... O'ill see yez in O'Kenan Fitz-Stewidium! An' if ye've no ticket, remember: th' password is, Pug Mahone!

Playmakers Production Of 'The Rainmaker' Brings Talented Cast (And A Bass Drum) Into Spotlight

N. Richard Nash's 'The Rainmaker' is not an inspired play, but neither is it a pretentious one, and homey simplicity is the source of its appeal. It might be termed a gentle plea for wishing-on-stars, in an overly work-a-day world.

Lizzie Curry, the protagonist, is a plain girl—faced with the threat of becoming what is politely termed a maiden-lady. Her father's against the idea; her brothers Jim and Noah are against the idea; and so is she very much! But when she ventures a reconnaissance tour to her cousins' in Sweet River—boys in the household—she falls to scintillate. One cad even asks if she's planning to be a school-teacher, and the odds seem to be dropping.

Worse still, after Lizzie's gotten back home, the Messrs. Curry try and lure Deputy-Sheriff File out to dinner—he's single, and pretty-good guy, likes racoons and such, he's already had one bitter taste of matrimony, isn't quite up to trying another, and declines. With Lizzie having gone and specially fixed a lemon cake too!

REALIST Noah, the hard-bitten realist of the family, warns Lizzie that she better prepare for the worst. Despite the optimistic reassurances of Pop and Jim, she figures that Noah's cased the percentages right, and she lets her hopes wither—it's drought season anyway.

But as my father always says, "Love's only a problem in distribution; there's a frustrated supply in spite of the unsatisfied demand." Enter Starbuck, a fast-talking citizen with visionary ideas about living as in dreams, and being able to bring cloud-bursts—for a price. Noah and Lizzie figure him for an undesirable character, but Pop and Jim decide to gamble on the long-shot. In the process of making rain, Starbuck gets alone with Lizzie, changes her opinion of him, and starts expanding operations.

Meanwhile back at the jail, File and the sheriff learn that a phony rainmaker, wanted for fraud-charges, is headed that way. They wander out to the Curry place, where Starbuck and Lizzie have been letting-down her hair in the tackroom. File



Louise Fletcher As 'Lizzie'

prepares to nail Starbuck, but gets talked into letting him escape. Starbuck asks Lizzie to be his Melisande and join his dreams. Whereupon File puts in a bid for her too, just as Lizzie The gal decides she's better-off scratching between File's steady shoulder-blades, than among the rainmaker's ephemeral stars. Curtain—to sounds of sudden thunder and applause.

CAST OF SEVEN As rendered by a cast of seven playmakers and a brass drum, 'The Rainmaker' received a fine performance. Under the direction of Harvey Whetstone, the accent seemed to be on keeping the dramatic action moving within-the-total-context, 'organically, avoiding tableaux.

If this were the director's intention, it was a laudable one; too often in translating a script to the stage, its all-over continuity is sacrificed—fragmented into a series of too-heat self-contained units. In this case, impressively, everything appeared to happen as part of an integral conception!

There were however weaknesses in the production. Several times the range of action onstage became too elongate—stretching the area of visual compass, so that in a sense, portions of a sequence appeared to run-off at the margins. Also, in passages where ease, smooth ensemble co-operation, are necessary to convey the family atmosphere, cast

members would flounder momentarily—a few lines were joggled, and at least two cues were jumped—which took something from the first night aura.

TOUR SHOW Since 'The Rainmaker' has been selected for the annual tour show, the players should have plenty of opportunity to become familiar, and very likely the ensemble lapses will tighten up.

Louise Fletcher, starring as Lizzie, gave a beautifully sensitive and moving performance. She was particularly effective in conveying the shifting nuances of reaction, within the developing characterization.

James Heldman, too showed a lot of talent. His acting, as in the recent Ondine, was marked by steady poise—seeming always to know what effects he wanted to achieve, and getting them. Not since the days of Bill Trotman, have the Playmakers had, to my mind, an actor with the polished consistency of Mr. Heldman.

Besides handling the costumes, James Schreest managed to pull a lot more than his own weight. Playing brother Jim, he cavorted impishly—even challenging the leads in audience-favor, during several scenes. William Casstevens, as Pop Curry, also merited special praise, for his supporting characterization!

The rest of the cast showed up well: Charles M. Barrett as Noah; Carl Williams as the Sheriff; Ken Lowry as File. It might

be said that Mr. Lowry at times appeared puzzled by the requirements of his role; I can only sympathize—the author's conception of File seemed to be poorly delineated and inadequately motivated.

New Hope For 'La Prensa'

Ever since Juan Peron seized La Prensa and turned it over to his labor movement, that famous

Reader's Retort

Editors:

The University Party is representative. A method of representation whereby campus organizations send delegates who reflect the feelings of their groups is not unlike the effective system adopted and carried out by the Student Government in Legislature. Rather than merely one vote determined by the individual, each person who expresses an opinion is the voice for a larger group of students.

Another advantage of this true representation is that interested persons may petition for membership in the University Party by having the endorsement of twenty-five people. Thus, he too will represent more people than himself.

And so to the complaint that the University Party represents only a small segment of the campus, we would answer that the University Party allows representatives to be voting members from every organization on campus, which is interested enough to send delegates. Aside from official representation, petitions grant membership to those who are willing to take the time to find endorsement.

Rather than having each person vote as an individual, the voice of many is expressed each time a count is taken. Is not this a more effective way to voice the opinions of the students than a mere number of individuals, who happen to be, interested enough to drop into a meeting, often by mistake, and if they vote, vote only for themselves?

Jane Cooke University Party Publicity Committee

The settings were excellent—courtesy of John Caudle, who also handled lighting. The bass drum appeared as itself, courtesy of Olsen's Inc., Durham.

OIL IN NEXT 20 YEARS

The atom undoubtedly will contribute importantly to the world's over-all energy pattern. But we believe oil will provide the largest share of energy growth for at least the next twenty years. When we look at forecasts for that period, we see constantly increasing oil consumption everywhere. By 1975, the free world will probably be using double the amount of oil products that it does today.—Eugene Holman, Chairman, Standard Oil

Earlier the provisional President was reported to have informed the labor movement that he could not decree the return of La Prensa to its original owners, the Paz family. But now the Inter-American Press Association offers a more detailed and hopeful report. It quotes President Leonardi as telling reporters that the attitude of Publisher Alberto Gainza Paz was identical with that of the government. Since Dr. Gainza Paz's attitude was that the courts should be allowed to rule on ownership of La Prensa, this means the new government will not stand in the way of an independent decision.

Peron's hand-picked Congress surrounded the seizure with all sorts of legalistic flim-flam. The Argentine courts can clear away the dishonest debris and establish La Prensa once more in proper hands as a symbol of a free press.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

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Sometimes we wonder why the season isn't called summer instead of summer.—Davenport Times

e. e. cummings: an old soul with w pan-pipes

I WAS sitting on the steps of Chapel Hill on Tuesday and communing darkly with a Dr. Lyman Cotton of the English department, past accompanied by another gentleman, cheerfully hollow-eyed, as usual, the other gentleman took a few more body else" was my first reaction: by a combination of his demeanor and 'visitors' then 'familiar—seen that face as the pair drew opposite, 'e e e' on the book jacket. Mr. Cummings' overcoat and a brown felt hat had been poked in three or four times, oddly enough, much like any thing taken on a guided tour of the English professor.

THEY PASSED on, chatting brightly another, behaving completely unlike had been all over the world, had seen strange things and people, and had lives by reading and writing thousands of words. I considered following and playing at keen-eyed-observer, discarded the thought in favor of curiosity, and had just resumed my with the squirrel when two cooing buzzed tensely amongst one another. "Do you know who that was?" one barely able to control her excitement.

"Yes," I said, "that was..." "That was e.e. cummings and we've him all over the campus. He came to Cotton dismissed the class and we've him everywhere. Come on."

I FOLLOWED obediently. As Messrs. cummings ambled past Bingham, and library, the crows gave me two glimpses of their morning's gunshooting.

"We followed them out of Bingham, went across campus and marched steps into Y-Court and nobody recognized that funny? And then they were big stretch of land in front of GM—trees are, and they stopped and looked at trees and things, and laughed, and them, and then they went into the Chapel and stayed in there about fifteen and we sat outside and waited for them about him and everything, and then came but we followed them through the and they just talked and laughed and then we came down here. Isn't that I agreed that it was, indeed, indeed shimmered private-detective into the

DR. COTTON and e. e. cummings beside the door to the General College and examining the e. e. cummings unobtrusively examined a poster placard sermons on "Roadblocks to Faith" and out of the corner of my eye. Mr. cummings act like a poet. He didn't even laugh just a good hearty laugh. He and Dr. Cotton good hearty laugh over something, let case and went upstairs into the sanctums of the library. The two cooed, ed, lost them, and finally re-discovered down the back stairs.

"They went down here," said one of mings' two—nay, three, counting myself in a stage whisper, leaning dangerously banister. We went down the stairs, but gone. "Isn't he just fabulous?" she said.

JUST EXACTLY how fabulous Mr. cummings' reading in Hill Hall. He was preceded by a drum (which was equipped with a "GOOSE LAMP," to borrow Ed Yoder's term) by House with what finally broke down and itself to be an 'unintroduction' (laughter) he took the chair, faced a house packed of the eager overflow sat behind him and the shy overflow, like arms of the tide, gradually spread itself, in the fortable attitudes possible under the only conditions, down the outside aisle.

Mr. cummings announced his program imperceptibly on into an oral presentation. Thoughts of a Thinker, ("A salesman is a stinks to please"). I never thought I speak so gently and command such silence at the same time. Boy Moore, House, and Dr. Cotton, who sat with on the stage as a sort of intellectual faded insignificantly into the background whole of my mind became focussed on the spots of light reflected from Mr. cummings' tactics. ("The comrades are not afraid to the comrades are afraid to love"). I myself leaning my head to one side and straightening up when he straightened up escapably by a high, tender voice, which like Pan-pipes, if one can imagine verbal ("Sleep is the mother of courage.")

EVEN THE microphone, try as it sinister guttural mutterings and occasional tocking sounds, couldn't break the spell. Here is something one doesn't let slip past with a crashing understatement, here is soul. Mr. cummings clipped a niche to with "... pull the wool over each other's to hell," piqued what I now hesitate to ination with the announcement that "know polite word for dead, but unburied, imagination," invoked what appeared wrath of the FCC (the reading was being the radio) when the goooooose-neck lamp microphone went on the blink at the true story he told, and ended the evening forming his listeners that everyone would sleep much better after he had read the love-poem (as an encore); the love-poem German, and was not written by Mr. cummings; curiously stirring final gesture.