

Dr. Tribble & His Faceless Alumni

Wolves in alumni clothing have appeared at Dr. Harold Tribble's door over at Wake Forest college. Whether they have any just reason for being there is unknown. Thus far, they have hooded themselves and remained faceless and nameless.

A prologue to this "crisis"—which could either vanish or spring to large proportions now—went on stage at Wake Forest last week when a mob of students marched to President Tribble's house one night to cry their complaint against a rumored "de-emphasis" of athletics.

Following the prologue, in time if not in circumstance, came a meeting of about 100 Eastern North Carolina alumni (according to the newspapers) at the Hotel Goldsboro in Goldsboro. The unknown handful closeted there and passed three vague resolutions. The gist of their resolutions is that Dr. Tribble has lost the confidence of the students, faculty, alumni, and the Baptist denomination, and should be replaced.

With all the secrecy and generality, the affair has the dark and repellent glow of mystery about it. While the state at large and this newspaper cannot question the right of the Wake Forest board of trustees to remove a president from office when there is good reason, we may ask plenty of questions about the dark, hidden events of the past week or two.

If it is true that Dr. Tribble has "lost the confidence of students, faculty and alumni," why hasn't news of the loss come from a more reliable origin than the impromptu meeting at the Goldsboro Hotel? When have the students made known their loss of confidence? When has the Wake Forest faculty expressed any formal complaint?

If it is true, as the resolutions implied, that Dr. Tribble has lost the confidence of the Baptist denomination, why did the members of the Hayes-Barton Church in Raleigh express themselves to the contrary?

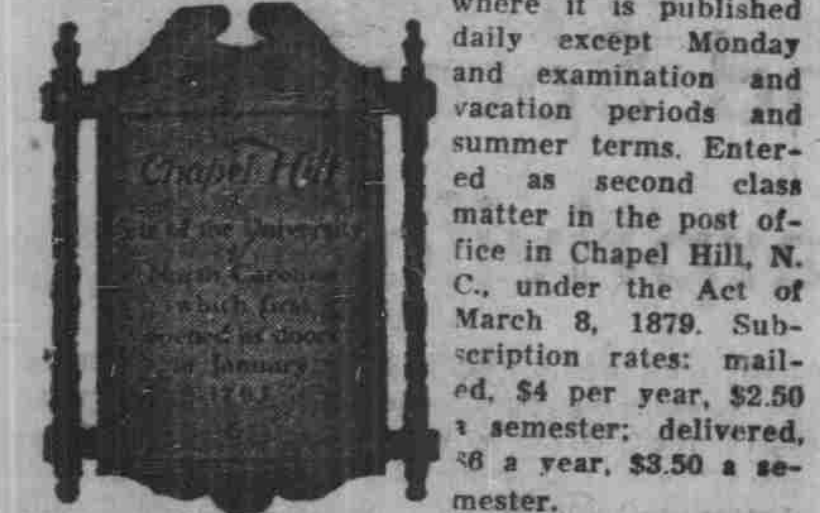
Is it the real fact, as the 100 Goldsboro malcontents claim, that the athletics controversy now throbbing at Wake Forest plays a negligible part? Indeed, does Wake Forest's alumni association intend to have their opinion, no matter what it is, flashed all over the state by an unofficial, meager group of 100? Have alumni ethics been dropped so dizzily that a president may be railroaded out of office because he refuses to kiss the feet of the golden idol of subsidization?

Finally, why does all the buzz seem to come from Eastern North Carolina?

If Dr. Tribble's accusers could be held responsible for the answers to these questions, Wake Forest College might find itself in the middle of a distasteful affair. But little real worry seems in order. As long as the curious recent events move behind an opaque curtain, as long as the accusers stay faceless and nameless, the charges and resolutions will pool away because sensible people will pay no heed.

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 3, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.



Editors LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER

Managing Editor FRED POWLEDGE

News Editor JACKIE GOODMAN

Business Manager BILL BOB PEEL

Associate Editor J. A. C. DUNN

Sports Editor WAYNE BISHOP

Advertising Manager Dick Sirkin

Assistant Business Manager Carolyn Nelson

Circulation Manager Peg Humphrey

Subscription Manager Jim Killey

Staff Artist Charlie Daniel

EDITORIAL STAFF—Bill O'Sullivan, Charles Dunn, Bill Ragdale.

NEWS STAFF—Mike Vester, Charles Johnson, James Nichols, Peg Humphrey, Charlie Sloan, Charles Dunn, Ethan Tolman, Joan McLean, Curtis Gans, Bill Corpening.

OFFICE TELEPHONES—News, editorial, subscription: 9-3361. News, business: 9-3371. Night phone: 8-444 or 8-445.

Night Editor For This Issue Fred Powledge

The Livespike Photography In The Courtroom At Mock Trial

Fred Powledge

A PHOTOGRAPHER demonstrated Friday night, as photographers all over the country have been eager to demonstrate, that news pictures can be taken in the courtroom.

The photographer equipped his camera with high-speed film (which takes much less light and shorter exposure to make a good negative) and a long lens (a telephoto, or telescopic lens) and turned out two dozen pictures worthy of engraving and printing. Three of the pictures were selected for a layout on the mock trial and were published Sunday morning in this newspaper.

IN NONE of the pictures did you see a "defendant" hiding from the camera. You didn't see the judge assuming the theatrical pose of the scales of justice.

You just saw three pictures of a trial, with human beings displaying human emotions.

Several newspapers, among them important and widely-read North Carolina publications, have been trying for a long time to get the camera admitted to the courtroom. In most cases, they have succeeded.

But in the rest of the country, photographers have generally met with opposition. Judges, asked why they object to a photographic news story of a trial, give vague answers or none at all.

BUT, I think, those pictures that were published Sunday showed that a photographer, armed with the proper materials and soft-bottomed shoes, can take pictures of court proceedings without the principals' knowledge.

I am sure most intelligent judges, who are the ones to decide if the camera will be admitted, will soon decide in the newspapers'—and the public's—favor.

IF YOU want to see a bit of imagination, take a look at the tree (?) in Graham Memorial's front hall.

It isn't like anything else you've ever seen. I can't even describe it. It's worth a look.

MESSAGE FOR those politicians who, during the strain and stress of last spring's elections, advocated a coordinating group to space out and regulate campus activities:

Last week there were 33 separate and distinct activities on this campus, ranging from South and Fury to Honor System Week to a talk by a YWCA executive.

On The Town

Chuck Hauser
C. H. Weekly

As I glanced through the last issue of the Weekly, I came across something which made me think for a moment I had mistakenly picked up a copy of another newspaper. The something was an advertisement placed by the Carolina Sport Shop extolling the virtues of the "New Webcor Pixie Fonograf." Get that, will you: Fonograf. Not Phonograph, but Fonograf.

Now the only other place in the world you would run across such a unique system of phonetic spelling is the Chicago Tribune, which blatantly and unashamedly calls itself the "World's Greatest Newspaper." Many years ago the late Col. Bertie McCormick, publisher of this journalistic Goliath, decided that the English language was a pretty silly business and why shouldn't we write the way we talk. He came up with his own spelling system, which is still in use on the Tribune.

Well, all I've got to say is a system of phonetic—pardon me, fonetic—spelling may be all right in Chicago, but the nicest thing about Chicago is that it's so far from Chapel Hill. And besides, my old dictionary has got to last me another few years.



MATTER OF FACT:

Berlin Again

Joseph & Stewart Alsop

WASHINGTON.—It is entirely possible that President Eisenhower may be faced, early in the coming election year, with the kind of decision which only a President can make. If the worst comes to the worst, he may have to decide between abandoning West Berlin or adopting the course which President Truman once seriously considered—ordering an armored convoy to Berlin, with instructions to shoot if necessary.

Most of the experts in the State Department, it should be said, hopefully believe that the Soviets will not dare risk a second blockade of Berlin. But they do not exclude it. And what is now going on in Berlin looks suspiciously like the preliminary stage-setting for a blockade.

The stage-setting began with the obviously planned arrest of two American Congressmen. It continued with the rejection of the resulting American protest by the Soviet Commander, on the grounds that East Germany was now a sovereign power. It has continued further with hints in the Communist press that the "sovereignty" of the East German puppet government extends to all Berlin; and with threats to stop the barges which bring essential supplies to West Berlin.

KENNAN

Months ago, former Ambassador to Moscow George Kennan publicly predicted that just this sort of thing would happen, as the Soviet response to the adherence of West Germany to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The Soviets would confer a phony sovereignty on East Germany, Kennan predicted. Then the East Germans would put pressure on West Berlin, for two purposes.

First, the Western Allies would be forced to protest to the Soviets, and these protests would be rejected on the grounds that East Germany was a sovereign state. The West would thus be humiliated, and Soviet power in Germany demonstrated for all Germans to see.

Second, the East Germans would use West Berlin as a hostage, to force West Germany to negotiate directly with the Communist puppet regime. Thus the stage would be set for what Europeans call "The dialogue Bonn-Pankow"—the direct negotiations on unification between the two Germans, on an equal basis, which the Soviets have long been maneuvering for.

Kennan begins to look like a better than average prophet. The State Department experts also, of course, foresaw that the Soviets might react in some such way. The question now is how far the East German puppets and their Soviet masters are prepared to go.

Most State Department experts believe that the Communists will adopt a policy of "maximum harassment." They will subject West Berlin to a series of pin-pricks, or even needle-pricks, holding up traffic, demanding excessive tolls, and so on. But they will not plunge in the dagger—they will not stop all traffic into Berlin, and thus impose a total blockade.

TOO TOUGH

If the East Germans get too tough, it is pointed out, the West Germans can also get tough. East Germany is still heavily dependent on West German coal and steel. Last spring the East Germans threatened punitive tolls on traffic to West Berlin. The Bonn government ostentatiously reduced shipments of coal and steel to East Germany. And suddenly the East Germans began to sing a far milder tune.

But that is not the only reason for the diluted optimism in the State Department. Too much toughness could unite all West Germany, which the Soviets have been at pains to woo, firmly behind the

'Help!—A Giant!'

Night Beat The Tiny Group That Governs, & A Problem

Neil Bass

(Reporter Neil Bass has been observing campus politics since his first month in school last September. Currently, he covers the student Legislature, and in this—and future columns—he will give his view of student government, students, and other facets of night activity in Chapel Hill.—Editors)

CHAPEL HILL is an intriguing place. There is little doubt of that. The hustle and scurry of academic activities, athletic events, and so on during the day just engulf a fellow.

But the real intrigue comes to front at night.

The colorful, yet conservative, tone of the town and University takes on a new appearance. Swaddled in the black robe of night, every little nook and cranny is accentuated, every action seems to take on a new luster.

Of course, different facets of night-action interest different types of people. There is the element that involves itself in fraternizing in the local pubs, and with the opposite sex. There is also the element that concerns itself with nightly sessions at the books. But the element which directly concerns every student, and which is under the influence of deemphasization and apathy right now, is the tiny group which makes student government a motivating force.

THE TINY group, of course, is composed (100 percent) of students who hold student government offices, either elective or appointive ones.

Of this tiny group, there are approximately half who have a slight interest in their jobs. The other half is just hanging in mid-air waiting for terms to expire. (100 percent less 50 percent leaves 50 percent.)

Of this small, at least slightly interested group, about half again have a genuine interest in seeing something concrete, and tangible accomplished by student government (100 percent less 50 percent less 25 percent leaves 25 percent.)

Of this group, there are approximately half who are working for the general good of the student body, and half who are working only for self-glorification. (12½ percent of the total.)

All these exhausting figures are given just as concrete proof of the somewhat pitiful state student government finds itself in right this minute. Maybe these percentages hold true in organization, but I contend not.

WHEN ONE considers that student government workers, who supposedly form the network by which 6,500 students are organized and governed, number few to begin with, the 12½ percent total who are really working for the student body seems distressingly low.

And then when one considers that only half this figure is composed of truly capable people, the picture becomes alarming.

There seem two definite alternatives: (1) The student body can get on the ball and show an interest in their government—not just interest in participation, or (2) It would find itself replaced by the University administration and faculty. Authority and control will rest in the hands of administration officials for all activities, rather than in the hands of the student body.

These are the choices. The tiny interest group in student government at present—which even now is decreasing—can not, no matter how much time it spends shifting from meeting to meeting, continue to uphold the fine student government tradition which has been established at Carolina.

A POLITICAL note:

Usually reliable sources have it that the reason Tom Lambeth is pushing the Selections Board issue is that he'll be a candidate for The Daily Tar Heel editorship in the spring.

According to the bill passed by the Legislature (and, according to President Fowler, vetoed by the President), Lambeth is in line to serve on the board if it's organized.

Wonder who he'd pick?

Gleanings The Feed

Roger Will Co

ONE OF the most beautiful years is on the boards at the UNC the famed Home of Carolina's Play opened last night and playing the Sixteenth. Because of the holiday sequent to the final date, there over.

"Blood Wedding," by Federico Garcia Lorca, is packed with power from its opening impact to curtain—and a star-studded cast of international directing of Professor Kai Jorgensen.

Not only the leading roles, but parts, are handled by a cast of professional-theatre experience. They are magnificent, delivering every word of Senor Lorca's masterpiece as inescapable as is the fate of the drama of passion and passions.

The part of The Bride is played by aro last Spring—she was Charlotte. "Magnolia" in Show Boat was outstanding. Marion Fitz-Simmons (Mrs. Fawcett) plays the part of the Mother, and her long experience of directing professional theatre, and well as her productions. More than one dramatic portrayal of Lady MacBeth as "seen." "Arsenic and Old Lace," "Home," Ibsen's "The Master Builder," hicles among Mrs. Fitz-Simmons' performances in more than a score of and tragedies.

The part of Leonardo, the lover, is Robert Sankowsky, a graduate student whose Brutus in Julius Caesar and The Crucible need no further praise.

The role of The Bridegroom is Phil Morgan who, in addition to his Troubadours at Washington & Lee with the William & Mary players—Outstanding Actor award with the 1954—had a role in The Commencement Hymn, Va., and parts in "The Male Animal," "Detective Story," and other plays.

Mrs. Marian Rosenzweig, the widow of M. Rosenzweig of Hill Farm, the Beggar Woman—alias, Death—alone has starred in such successes as "The Silver Cord," "The Women," "Came to Dinner," but also taught for a repertory theatre in Pennsylvania. Her latest production, a fairly accurate estimate of how many gares his lady wore out crawling the sals as the Beggar Woman.

The role of the handsome Father, handsome Al Go. don, who acts in Hills," at Cherokee, and is well known boro audiences through his work in Players there.

Martha Dow brings the important Servant, and plays to her advantage long experience with summer stock with the Wellesley Players; and Vermont. Miss Dow will be remembered for her work in Arthur Miller's "The Figaro" and who was a convincing in "The Crucible."

The assisting, but so important, Woodcutters, Three Young Men, Ten men, A Small Girl, a Neighbor, handled by experienced actresses and persons of Mary Johnson, Mary Fife, Nancetta Hudson, Anne MacKie, and later the daughter of UNC's Dr. E. L. herself recently pinned by Phil Morgan, Robert Thomas, Lloyd Skinner, Neil Rothrock, Alan Pultz, Ted Parker, and van.

Sets and Lighting as the design of Yale and the University of North Carolina playgoers in the area who have great things of this young stage artist to superlatives in praise of his work, assisted by Harvey Whetstone, of the and the University of North Carolina.

The Master Electrician is Jim Humes as by Irene Smart Rains; the Stage is Nancy Christ; and Make-Up is Craft, a Graduate-Assistant in Dramatic role in "The Crucible" was highly praised.

Professor Jurgensen, who directing," and who is highly regarded as Shakespeare and is without a peer in West, either, so far as we know, brings to his handling of this state study of Spanish Drama, a sine qua non of suspense in this work, and the unceasing tightening of the suspense unfolds to its gripping climax.

A proud people—perhaps the people of the world—and a passionate flaming intensity, the Spanish are also and conventional people. It was their thodoxy and pride which finally resulted in the pulson of the Moor from Europe. They are a people of almost fantastic faithfulness—first and foremost in the family loyalty. But... they remain a deep emotion and brooding love and passion for psychiatrists, which appear to a sophisticated Modernist here to debate this issue.

But... a Heaven for Playgoers, thing for the occasional theatre-goer artistic depiction of the clash of such a passion opposes convention, and orthodox.

And if you don't think this is it, ain't been listening. Which is all very as you come and look.

To-night through Friday:

At the Campus Playmakers Theatre:

Curtain at 8:30, p.m.;

At campus-Rates;

The famous, the unforgettable, the "Blood Wedding."