

# The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue:

News: SYLVAN MEYER Sports: LEONARD LOBRED

## AMERICAN COMPOSER

**HORIZONTAL**

1 Man who composed song "Old Black Joe."  
12 Ancient.  
13 Kind of theater.  
14 Homeless child.  
16 Genus of birds.  
17 To harass.  
18 Shaft part.  
19 To rot.  
20 Tenants.  
22 Every.  
23 Heathen god.  
25 Lacquer ingredient.  
27 Outerities.  
29 Genus of plant lice.  
31 Hair dye.  
32 Creed.  
33 Into.  
34 Greek letter.  
36 Measure.  
37 Type measure.  
38 Consumer.  
39 Being.  
41 International call for help.

**Answer to Previous Puzzle**

GIRAFFE TALLEST  
ANGEL ERNE  
SOB OAT GRAD  
NET BLEW DER  
CAP S RONDEL  
KNIT BRACKT SLAY  
EATAGE YESTATE  
D PEER USER  
NAPES BON TORO  
PAGES ANI AMEND  
SPOTTED THEATER

11 Rivulet.  
12 His life was filled with —, or troubles.  
15 He is now famous for his —.  
20 Revolves.  
21 One who neglects duty.  
24 Sand hills.  
26 Dress protector.  
28 Female fowl.  
30 Fish.  
35 Fit for plowing.  
38 To arrogate.  
40 Law code.  
42 Instrument.  
44 Cow's call.  
45 Pair.  
46 Smooth.  
47 Ireland.  
49 To sag.  
51 Halfpenny.  
53 Sour plum.  
54 Mister.  
58 Affirmative vote.

43 Piece of needlework.  
48 Beast of burden.  
50 Public auto.  
52 Shipworm.  
53 Prophet.  
54 Finch.  
55 Look.  
56 Nickel (abbr.).  
57 Ancient weight.  
59 This composer won little honor or — in his lifetime.  
60 He wrote "My Old Home."

**VERTICAL**

1 Shoe bottom.  
2 Contact.  
3 Epoch.  
4 Large inns.  
5 State of bliss.  
6 Spruce.  
7 To melt.  
8 Sheaf.  
9 One plus one.  
10 Pain in the ear.



## Lend An Ear

By Louis Harris

**The Collegiate Rut—(Part II)**  
Last Friday we told of that classification of good fellows whom you find at every college, called "helluva good guys," who are stuck in the quagmire of the Collegiate Rut. Today we would like to turn to the bed-fellow of these young men with the "ultra-rah-rah" spirit, their outermost extremity, "the Ivory Tower" saint.

This fellow is deep and ponderous. He spends his evenings burning a light of wisdom and work. He feels that there is a world to be saved, and he is out to devote his life to aid his fellow man.

During his four years in college, he wends his way in seclusion, living with a professor out in town, where he can deliver a solution to relieve the sufferings of humanity. In his "Ivory Tower," he relaxes to the strains of Beethoven, which we admit is a wonderful way to relax. He is known as a rosy intellect interested in the preservation of humanity.

Off in his solitude, he finally arrives upon a panacea—a cure-all—for mankind. Away from the swirling masses, our young missionary college chum feels that he has been able, by peering far away at the universe, to alleviate society.

From away up there where the common, foolish rabble cannot interfere with his beautiful theories, the

"Ivory Tower" saint leads a life from which great men are bred—he thinks. He doesn't go to dances, or "bull" with the boys, for that is strictly a waste of time. He has heard of Hedy Lamarr and Clark Gable, but the cinema is taboo. His life is one of intellect and high-mindedness.

Our "Ivory Tower" young friend might pass and not qualify for the Collegiate Rut, were it not for one characteristic: His whole life and ambitions are crystallized in working out the problems of the world, although NOT ONCE HAS HE STOPPED TO UNDERSTAND ALL THE FELLOWS AND GIRLS ABOUT HIM.

Suddenly, one day, our saintly missionary dives down out of the misty clouds surrounding his "Ivory Tower," and with the ferocity of a Stuka bomber passes resolutions and decrees man for his utter lack of finesse in running his society. Our missionary insists that he has found the solution. His bid for civilization's salvation is here, and he will not be denied.

The "Ivory Tower" saint represents the bed-fellow of the "helluva good guy," neither of whom is realistic. We would suggest that our missionary friend pin-prick his balloon and gently float down to earth. But more of that in our final chapter on Friday—Collegiate Rut, Part III.

## Dusty Sidewalks Contribute To Illness Of UNC Students

About these dusty dirt walks of Carolina—we all know we hate them, we all inevitably have rocks in our shoes, we all must get new soles practically every week, but in addition to those irritations there has been some question in the minds of many if the dust rising from these walks is in any way responsible for colds.

After questioning Dr. W. R. Berryhill, the DAILY TAR HEEL came to the conclusion that its "drive" for brick walks could not be put on a

medical basis. Dr. Berryhill definitely stated that dust would not cause colds or head infections of any kind; if that were the case, farmers would have become extinct years ago. However, dust does tend to irritate the nose and throat membranes, eventually leading to infection. Too, dust is the bane of many susceptible hay-fever victims.

Therefore, although we can't say that colds are directly caused by dust, they are nevertheless given a good start. So what shall it be—tradition or health?—Jim McEwen.

## Legislature

(Continued from first page)

bill so that representatives could ascertain campus opinion on the matter. Proponents of the bill pointed out that this proved the need of an accurate opinion-getting organization and the motion to table was killed.

The Legislature will meet every two weeks on Monday night at 7:30 beginning two weeks from last night, the body decided before discussion was opened on the organization bill.

Those who voted in favor of the bill are W. J. Smith, Bucky Harward, Ridley Whitaker, Jick Garland, Johnny French, Terry Sanford, Ben Tillett, Red Saunders, Charlie Lawrence, Jim Hambright, Sam Leager, Wilson Lewis, Martha Clampitt, Mary Emily Parker, Roy Strowd, Edward Hubbard, and Bill Smith.

Those who voted against it are Andy Gennett, Maury Kershaw, Al Stewart, Coleman Finkel, Bill Tankford, Elwood Dunn, Don Torrey, Marcus Aderholt, Louise Stifelmeyer, Hal Jennings, Warren Mengel, Mitchell Britt, and Nance Jacquet.

Those absent last night were Howard Hodges, Bill Croom, Al Hughes, Piggie Briggs, Harry Belks, Bill Wall, Aubrey Moore, Roy Parker, Billy Hand, Ed Penick, Julia McConnell, and Rachel Sides.

Anyone absent without excuse from two conservative meetings will be replaced, speaker Bill Cochrane emphasized.

## Lauterpacht

(Continued from first page)

Secretary of State Adolph A. Berle several weeks ago opened the program.

The International Relations club has planned a three-fold program for the year, of which speeches by United States and foreign diplomats and distinguished international figures is the first part. Radio broadcasts of quiz contests between students and faculty members, and informal discussions of international affairs by the club members complete the year's program.

## Playmakers

(Continued from first page)

Registration at Kent State university (Ohio) hit 2,536 to break all records.

## Time to Think

When we were little boys, we ran about in short pants, played cops and robbers, and fought many wars with play shotguns. Youngsters, as long as we can remember, always have gained permanent enjoyment from things of a military nature.

Yet, upon recalling the youthful enthusiasm for guns and shooting, we can remember that our parents felt confident that our thoughts would turn to more serious things of a non-military aspect as we grew older. Playing war games was a child's pastime in the twenties.

But, since it is common fact that the best laid plans of men and parents usually roam astray in the course of human events, we can say that the prediction of our fathers and mothers that we would turn to higher-minded affairs than cap pistols upon reaching manhood have also been altered. For today, it is also a common realization that we will return to things military within a short space of time—by November 18 to be more explicit.

True, toy cap pistols and blanks are not the order of our modern day, and our whole approach to militarism is not one of play. But our metaphor is still valid in that we are becoming enthusiastic again about shooting guns. And the very essence of our actions as a nation within the next decade or so, seems to point to serious military activity.

According to Friday's papers, 30,000 men are to be drafted into training on November 18, and 600,000 will take a mature crack at shooting guns by the middle of March. As these plans are divulged it becomes more and more certain that our government and the defense heads really mean business as far as conscription is concerned.

What is more, the thousand odd college students who registered for the draft last Wednesday in Woollen gym-

nasium are also a vital part of the determined program of returning to military ways. The only difference between college students and other men their own age is that men in the universities have a whole year in which time the thought of service can mellow in their minds. As the Burke-Wadsworth bill points out, college students will not be called until July first next summer.

During the three quarters which remain until students will be called to the colors, we would suggest that they seriously think over what they are about to embark upon. As we have already said, military conscription is not child's play. It will influence our total make-up for years to come. We should feel fortunate that we have some eight months in which to form a viewpoint on the whole matter.

One way of regarding conscription is to take it as a training period for learning how to do a job—that of preserving our land and spheres of influence from invasion. Another attitude is that army service is an ordeal we must go through with anyhow. We must keep in mind what basic fundamentals in our society we want to maintain above all else.

But, whatever attitude one might take toward actual conscription—which is drawing down upon us—it is imperative that the draftees look at the situation seriously. We are returning to things military again, but we are not going to shoot caps, as the Plattsburg affair might have led some of us to believe. This time, far different from the time when we were young, we will shoot hard steel and lead, and when we get hit, we won't fall over in mock pain and die a trite death, we will be playing with slingshots filled with dynamite, and the little pellets really hurt.

With everything we know and have at stake, we have to face the future of militarism. It is a problem which will cause

## Good Morning

By Orville Campbell

We were in the editor's office of the DAILY TAR HEEL just getting ready to start a typical Monday afternoon bull session. One of the male members of the staff, who cares little for the weaker sex, had just remarked the noticeable improvement of the Carolina coed this year. And, strange to say, we all agreed. That is, until a bow-legged cross-eyed girl about 40-pounds overweight walked into the room.

Then we stopped. We looked once, then twice, then three times. It couldn't be true. Surely, she wasn't a coed. But she must have been, because she said she was.

"I would like to express my views for publication on the present coed situation at this great man's University," she said in a drwl that was a mixture between a southern yankee and a smoky mountain mountaineer.

The fact that she was 40 pounds overweight placed all present at a disadvantage. There was nothing we could do. The editor of the paper saw me first. He looked at me, then at the coed, said the coed was about my speed, so maybe I should copy her statement.

I did. At least I copied part of it. She talked so fast I couldn't take in everything. It went something like this:

"Let it be said in the beginning that there are some few coeds who come to Carolina for a (classical) education. Still others make their choice on the basis of the scholastic standing rather than the six-to-one male-female ratio.

"Before coming to Carolina it was my privilege to attend I Wannamann Female college, a school composed of 300 coeds and one night watchman, age 65. So far, I've yet to see the Carolina ration of six-to-one is any better than the Bethel ratio of 300 to one. (The nightman was lame.)

"In fact, after returning from one of the Grail dances I was downcast. On being introduced to the Carolina gentlemen there, as usual the first question: "Where are you from?" I would reply in my best

much mental anguish before we can look at it reasonably and rationally. During the next three quarters, we would urge that eligible conscriptees—next year's crop of roses—give it deep thought.—L. H.

stag line manner I was from Kentucky.

"Their faces would beam. It seemed they were really happy to meet me. It gave me the feeling the Carolina gentleman was certainly a gentleman. At least, I had such a feeling for about 30 seconds.

"After I answered the first question my partner would smile even more broadly and ask another: "Where do you go to school?" Of course I had to answer Carolina.

"Then the situation changed. The clouds darkened. The sun disappeared, and the frantic gentleman would cast pleading glances at other stags over my shoulder.

"To be perfectly honest I think the Carolina gentlemen are above the average of the male element on other college campuses. From all reports the female element at WCUNC and St. Mary's seem to think so, and they have a chance to know.

The Carolina gentleman does not respect the coed in the true sense of the word. By that I mean they don't appreciate them. I'm not speaking for myself, but I feel that the Carolina coeds are above the average in looks, common sense, and those certain requirements every boy likes to have in his girl.

"For me to say I am disillusioned would certainly be a mistake. Ever since I was 14 years old I've been having trouble with the opposite sex. I couldn't even get a date for junior-senior in high school. That is one of the big reasons I attended a girl's school before matriculating here.

"Now that I'm at Carolina, I'm more in the dark than before. With the ratio six-to-one I still don't have a chance. Fall Germans are coming up. How can a girl take in those dances when she's bow-legged, cross-eyed, and 40 pounds overweight?

"I know I won't get a bid. Never let it be said, however, that I'm not useful. I've already agreed to go to St. Mary's this week-end, so someone will be there to report a fire in case one should break out. I'm going to leave Friday. That is, unless some kind soul does ask me for a date."

There were tears in the poor girl's eyes when she finished. We felt so sorry for her that we started to ask her for a date this week-end. Then we thought. Everyone of us who was in the office had something else to do.

We did, however, take the girl's address and phone number. We promised we'd let her know if someone was looking for a date.

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## PICK THEATRE

WEDNESDAY

Again JULIEN DUVIVIER, director of "Life Dances On" (Un Carnet de Bal) creates another distinguished motion picture!



PIERRE FRESNAY  
MARIE BELL  
MICHELE FRANCEY  
LOUIS JOUVET

in  
**LA CHARRETTE FANTOME**  
(The Phantom Wagon)  
Directed by  
**JULIEN DUVIVIER**  
Story by SELMA LAGERLOF, Nobel Prize Winner • A Columbia Release  
English Titles

fore? Well, that was all right. It was the Playmakers job to teach people how to act. And just like that Reece