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The Daily Tar Heel Editorial Page

Opinions • Columns • Letters • Features



in dubious battle . . .

By Jack Dube
Smoking unquestionably a stimulant to the thinking processes has finally been accepted by the library along with its scooterbike, electric lights, and the war with Japan. The new reading room even provides ash-trays . . . perhaps profs who forbid hitting the weed in class may take a hint from this new innovation. . . .

New Song Version: Gym doesn't ever bring me pretty flowers . . . just "Blood, Sweat, and Tears" . . . but its intramural to me. . . . The story of the youth with the "A" physed rating who looked up some symptoms for a nervous condition, looked up the visiting psychologist, displayed said symptoms . . . and got exused. . . . There is a nearby tailoring shoppe which tailors suits with only one arm . . . you leave the other one for security. . . .

Balderdash and Folderol: Morty Golby will hold any long-term bet money. . . . Roberta Dorch picketing the Esquire (accent on the last syll) ballet-box and asking for votes for her "sweet patooties" . . . Dick Soskin thinks a good way to stop a flu epidemic would be to start a fad of scarves . . . by Cannon. . . . Ken Willis tells us he's been told he's married. . . . Tiny Hutton acting the protector to "la Jeunesse" in a horror-movie . . . a sort of bulwark of strength. . . . Graeme Moore looks the cutest in pigtails. . . . Frank Alspaugh, BDMOC sent an old suit to the Salvation Army and two days later received two suits and a basket of fruit. . . . "junior" O'Hare has left for the Navy. . . . "Pokey" cuts Sharkey . . . Softshell cuts Pluto . . . But Pluto . . . "C'est la guerre" . . .

Dansations: A Carolina Spirit Cup to the Inter-dorm council and our own editor for backing up the teardance at Melver . . . not only a marvelous idea, but fun for the participants. . . . The Kenan brawl dragged past the Kerfoot hour . . . and everybody noticed it. . . . Pharmacy "speakeasy dance" provided \$500 for gambling, made taxi-dancers out of the gals, served punch when you ordered scotch . . . and generally showed signs of genius. . . . The GDI Cods "girl-break" was wearing on us, but "Hank" Moll's "joyed it" must have been better because he got the biggest rush. . . . Kennedy's Grail Dance ork (which was slightly terrific) may be tied up to that certain mob you've hoid about . . . we saw some of the "gents" walk in with violin cases and they wasn't no violins in the band. . . .

Out of the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings: Cameron Murchison:—"They died with their boots on—so they wouldn't hurt their feet when they kicked the bucket." . . . Charlie Nelson "Release that sweater, chum, you're bending the wool!" . . . Betty Bell:—"Usually, I do pretty well, but I just can't translate at all over the weekend!" . . . French of course. . . . Gaylord Whipparoo told us about the warmonger who had a warmongol . . . this needs working over. . . . Harley Moore:—in class "But it was only a teeny-weeny bitty, infant. . . .

Extra: There is a contest starting to give a five-dollar bill to the richest man on the campus . . . Imagine it—a stock-ticker in the "Y" and remarks such as "I bought the neatest battleship the other day" or "Come up and see me, I live in a little cave under Fort Knox" . . .

inevitable hour . . .

"Sir, I am a senior at the University of North Carolina," I told the Marine recruiting officer at Raleigh, "and I plan to graduate in June. I was wondering if the Marines have anything to offer in the way of an enlistment that will allow me to complete my college education."
"I'm afraid we do not have anything to offer right now," the officer replied, "but I will have soon. So many young college students like you have been in here the last couple of months and I have to give them the same answer."

"However, recruiting officers will visit your University in March, again in April and again in May. Officer's training leading to a commission of second lieutenant will be offered to all sophomores, juniors, and seniors who enlist and are accepted in the Marine Corps. Here is some information on the enlistment. Please pass it on to your friends."
How can I continue my college education and still not neglect my duty to my country? That seems to be the question confronting most of the male students of this University.

Very much interested in this vital question himself, your columnist visited the recruiting office in Raleigh of the Army, Navy, and the Marines. This week the Marines will be considered.
In order to qualify for the officer's training you must be graduated with a Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, or Engineering degree from a nationally or regionally accredited college or university having a full four-year course.
Pending graduation of seniors, a certificate from the registrar setting forth the fact that the applicant, judging from his previous record, should graduate in June will be accepted with application, pending later delivery of college transcript when he has earned a degree.

You must be a citizen of the United States, between the ages of 20-25, unmarried and be recommended as to character and qualifications by the president or dean of the institution from which you are graduated, by one member of the faculty, and by at least three citizens of good standing in your home community.
You must pass the physical examination required for second lieutenant.

gyre and gimble . . .

By Hayden Carruth
And Harley Moore
ODE ON SUBMITTING A WONDERFUL MANUSCRIPT TO CAROLINA MAGAZINE EDITOR HENRY M. MOLL or SATAN HENRY

Once upon a midnight dreary,
Henry Moll, with pupils beary,
Said to me, "Now lookit, Dearie,
Your lit-ra-chure is bad."

Hours had I slaved upon it,
Sought perfection, finally won it,
Felt upliftment when I'd done it,
"Your prose," he said, "—it's sad."

Never felt such disillusion,
Never such a brusque intrusion
Into my content seclusion;
"It's gotta be,"
He said to me,
"Far better than this ditty."

And so
you know . . .

If for Moll an author'd write, he
Mustn't use expressions trite, he
Must employ his verbs aright, he
Has to slave all thru the night, he
Better work for God Almighty—
Our Lord above,
Our King of Love—
At least He'd show some pity.

clipped . . .

From now on all morning newspapers will be allowed to forecast the weather up till noon that day. The idea is that the enemy might read the paper, see that the weather is good, and then fly across the Atlantic or Pacific to our shores. Of course he'd have to read the reports—then plan for just the opposite type of weather—like we do.
Weather censorship isn't going to bother us for some time but if it's still going on next fall, how are we going to know what Saturday it is going to rain so we can schedule the Carolina-State game.
—Purdue Exponent
"Collegians frown on Double Features Ohio Poll Shows."
—Northeastern News
When did Janus pop up again?

—By Herman D. Lawson

ants of the regular service (height: 66 to 76 inches) and not be a member of the Army reserve, ROTC, National guard or Naval reserve.

The same requirements hold true for sophomores and juniors except such enlistees must be between the ages of 18 and 23 at the date of enlistment.

Such enlistment in the Platoon Leaders class of the Marine Corps Reserve exempts the candidate from the draft. The student is allowed to graduate. In the case of the seniors, each enlistee is given 12 weeks of instruction as members of the Platoon Leaders Class at the Navy yard in Philadelphia. In the case of sophomores and juniors, the enlistees will receive training during the summer months, probably six weeks of training for two summers.

After successful completion of the 12 weeks of instruction and upon recommendation of the commanding officer of the Platoon Leaders Class, when graduated from the college or university in which matriculated, and upon presentation of required data concerning physical and moral fitness, qualified students will be commissioned as second lieutenants.

Pay of a platoon leader on active training duty is that of a private first class, \$36 a month. Second lieutenants on active duty receive \$125 per month plus allowances totaling \$58 per month for quarters and subsistence, bringing the total pay to \$183.

For the prospective applicant the Marine Corps has this message.
"The Marine Corps, like your own college or university, is based upon traditions.

"During the Marine Corps' 165 years of service to our country, the members of this small band, whose motto is Semper Fidelis, have acquitted themselves with valor and distinction. Since their organization in 1775, they have journeyed to the far corners of the world to add episode after episode to their record.

"Thus were born the traditions which are now a natural heritage of every member of the Marine Corps from the Major General Commandant to the newest recruit.

"As a member of the Marine Corps Reserve these traditions will be passed on to you, to be preserved throughout your affiliations with the United States Marines."

music maker . . .

By Brad McCuen

Drummers are getting scarce on this campus and little wonder—there's a jinx. Tiny Hutton, who broke his arm on the Tulane trip this fall, had just taken off the brace the other day and was starting to drum again. But Mr. Jinx stepped up and clubbed Tiny from behind. He was posing for some publicity photos and lost his tremendous balance. The arm is broken and it will be another two or three months before Tiny will be able to use the sticks.

Hurst Hatch, another traps man, similarly broke his arm this fall and just recently had it healed. The jinx appeared when Hurst found out that the arm had not mended correctly and elbow trouble aplenty was present.

Caruso was a famed tenor of days gone by. In your early infancy you probably toothed on one of his records. Here's an interesting story about one of those records.

Back in 1914 Caruso and Geraldine Farrar had labored all morning on "Madame Butterfly." They were trying to get a smooth recording of it but something would mar each attempt. They took time out, during which Caruso adjourned to a neighborhood bar for a tonsil loosener-upper. Back at the recording mike, Miss Farrar sniffed the tenor's tell-tale breath.

"Oh, you've had a highball."
"Yes," answered the tenor in his powerful voice, "I've had several highballs."

That particular waxing was so excellent that it was released in spite of the improvised lyrics. Today the records of it are rare and are considered collector's items.

RECORD OF THE WEEK: Ed Sauter's arrangement of his own "Clarinet a la King" spiked the Benny Goodman boys on to greater heights. Benny's fluent clarinet can't be described by words and the band plays the imaginative background with definite pleasure and feeling. Reverse side is the best effort vocalist Peggy Lee has offered to date. Good also is the song she sings, "How Long Has This Been Going On." (Okeh)

THEN AND NOW . . .

In the spring of 1940, when Hitler was over-running the Low Countries and stabbing into France, the University of North Carolina was being investigated by Representative Dies as a communist stronghold. The day after President Roosevelt told the nation that this country needed 50,000 planes to insure its defense, the Daily Tar Heel launched forth into a full-scale peace-movement.

Most of us here at Chapel Hill can remember that week. It had been a hectic spring anyway. Elections were more than usually gruelling with many recounts; the whole state apparently thought we had a "Red Menace," and finally our country had begun to become involved in the new world war.

So for four days the Tar Heel ran a streamer across its editorial page reading "Let's Keep America Out of Europe's War." The editorials proclaimed the fact that the students themselves could prevent the war, that Britain and France were not guiltless nations, that we "should clean our own doorstep before pointing to that of Europe," and reprinted an article written by a coed on another campus telling all males that the coeds wanted them "here."

The local Mothers of Peace joined the movement. The Tar Heel printed a front page editorial outlining three points: "America's Place Is At Home, The Real Issue Is Imperialism, and Helping the Allies is Not Peace." It also told all students who wanted peace to start chain letters outlining those sentiments, to write the Congressmen and Senators, to write to the newspapers, to distribute peace literature, to study peace and war, to talk peace, and to get behind the Carolina Peace Drive wholeheartedly.

In the meantime, students went to see Dorothy Lamour in "The Typhoon," the Playmakers put on "Ah Wilderness," and 1,000 students prepared to take off on a motorcade to Myrtle Beach.

The Peace Drive in its final rally placed white crosses around the Confederate monument; they were destroyed and burned by other students. The Student Council began to investigate the burners. In the peace-rally in Memorial hall the audience pelted the speakers with eggs and over-ripe fruit. We nearly had a riot. Dr. Graham outlined his position as one in support of the President. A fraternity wrote a lengthy letter to the Tar Heel saying "we stand solidly for peace but there will be no peace in a Nazi dominated world." And just underneath it was a short note from the Dean of Students protesting the type of publicity the Tar Heel had given the Myrtle Beach motorcade, saying that the citizens of the state thought that the Administration had approved the trip.

But with Saturday, Sunday and Monday without a Tar Heel, those nucleus students who left for the ocean lapsed into indifference toward the peace-movement. And then for three days, we read of all the different people who didn't like egg-throwing and violation of free-speech, and finally we forgot the whole matter in anticipation of the summer vacation.

Thus passed perhaps the most exciting week in the history of Carolina's free student bodies. Every authority from God through Hitler, Lindbergh, Roosevelt, Nye and, Thomas Wolfe had been quoted, and the whole Southeast anyway had been interested in what was going on here.

This is not just a note on how funny everybody acted yesterday, but an outline of the contrast between 1940 and 1942. For the whole country was just an overgrown Chapel Hill then, just as today; and our silent determination here now, and our new values, indicate the tenor of feeling for this new America. The indifference to the past which you will feel after reading this article will be significant of the interest in the future found in all our people today.

CAROLINA MERRY-GO-ROUND

By Paul Komisaruk and Ernie Frankel
The FBI isn't taking any more chances. From three to five of J. Edgar Hoover's agents have been delving into South building's Central Records office, obtaining detailed accounts on students here now, those that have graduated, some that are under suspicion.

Just last week Ed Scheidt, district director of the Bureau's activities, including counter-espionage work, conferred with record chieftain Ike Griffin. Since that meeting G-Men have been in the office, or in constant touch with representatives here.

They are here:
1. To check the records of former students now applying for some branch of the armed forces.

2. To determine the qualifications of candidates for administrative jobs in federal agencies.

3. To follow-up leads that have been handed down through official FBI channels.

There were some hints recently that a record of the American Student Union and its mailing list had been compiled in South building and possibly handed over to the FBI. The Dean of Students' office states that to its knowledge no such list exists. However, we were told that in the event that such a list is in evidence, it will be destroyed.

Meanwhile, any information in South building is on tap by federal authorities, and records of office employees have been instructed to stop all work when necessary to cooperate with government men.

It may or may not be highly significant, but the following paragraph was killed from a DTH news story last week, for no apparent reason: "Rumors being whispered around OSCD headquarters hint that a state-wide conference of student defense leaders from all colleges may be called at Chapel Hill before the end of the winter quarter, but no definite information could be confirmed yesterday."

Author of the story, Hayden Carruth, tight-lipped due to his official post with the OSCD, does know the facts, and developments may be expected to break shortly.

A South American lawyer here for the six-week "summer session," insists that, despite rein-pulling by Chile and Argentina, Peru will soon declare total war on the Axis nations.

Dave Clark, University trustee, who has repeatedly condemned Chapel Hill as the hot-spot of the Red Menace would have been surprised had he heard a recent report over a Massachusetts short-wave station. Commenting on Mr. Henry-Haye's recent appearance here, the announcer explained the visit by assuring his audience that "North Carolina's university is the Fascist headquarters of the South."

After 148 years, the University has at last been called everything.

IN PASSING . . .

"Sorority houses which are still puzzling over what to use for blackout curtains may find some help in this suggestion. Old sheets which have become worn and torn may be died black and used for that purpose." — Southern California Daily Trojan.
Most of them merely cut off their lights.

There is an investigator of public morale on the campus this week to observe student reaction to the war effort and to try to understand their feelings about the war as it affects us. Most of us wish we could help him out, but right now we wake up one morning thinking it's not much to worry about and the next morning we are determined to enlist. The morning after that we've forgotten it entirely. Two days later we are practically pacifists.