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The Daily Tar Heel Editorial Page

Opinions • Columns • Letters • Features

Friday's child . . .

By Marion Lippincott

The great thrill of having your labors appreciated was received by this columnist recently when someone came up and said, "You know, I'd rather see your column in the paper than anything else they have." Time off for pleased looks and "Oh, thank you, really!" Then the blow that hurt—"Yeah, then I know that it's Friday and the weekend's here."

Coeds get bitter and bitter about the situation down in Woollen gym. The strain of trying to play the best basketball they can with a jeering crowd of boys looking on gets to be monotonous. As Esquire recently pointed out, females are really not at their best when indulging in competitive sports. But Chapel Hill coeds, down to the last glamor girl are willing generally to sacrifice being at their best to play at the games they used to before they came here. The remarks which hound them when they do, go something like this: "Zow, look at that windmill," "That's it; trample her sister," and even "Beat her up, kill her, wow look at the bone-crusher."

Other peeve of coeds is the boys who swarm on the courts in between the quarters of their game and try to squeeze in a good minute and a half of making baskets. The girls, all sitting around resting up for the next session, get battered and bumped by balls going wide, more of the same, until finally it's time to start the next quarter and all the boys have to get kicked off the court again. Just what the advantage is in the violent minute and a half of play the boys get is a mystery. But if they enjoy it, what's the use in trying to cramp their style?

In a rush of academic ardor the students in Mr. Bond's literary criticism class the other morning, decided to really understand why it was that the seventeenth century didn't end till 1701. If you think about it long enough it will really begin to bother you so don't say you weren't warned. Anyway the net result of the whole thing was a taking out of encyclopedias, books on the calendar, etc. in the hour immediately following class. Nolan Ryan, Norman Staples, Dot Cutting, and any other member of the class feel that now after hours of intensive research they are in a position to explain said phenomena. This is what's known as clearing up the finer points.

Pat Winston has accumulated a repertoire of jokes about two morons. You practically don't have to urge him at all to get him to tell you the whole repertoire and after he's finished—well, you won't split your sides but they are good. We'd print one of them here if we weren't so limited for space and if it weren't absolutely vital to the joke to have Pat there when they happen.

Small fry . . .

By Billy Webb

APROPOS LA GUERRE: Screaming headlines in the Charlotte Observer, which really isn't very observant, bemoaned the fate of twenty freshmen who were executed by the Nazis. Angered by this slaughtering of the innocent, I sank my teeth in the article only to find that the executed were Frenchmen, not freshmen as was misprinted.

ECCENTRICS: Professors are an odd and original sort of homo sapiens. Recently a freshman's math prof exclaimed that if the frosh could prove his point, he would stand on his head. Laboriously the few set about, and as the bell rang, the point was proved. The prof inverted his dignity, placed his cranium on the floor and sent his pedal extremities skyward.

SUDAMERICANO: Now we shift the scene from class to grass as we furtively watch one of our migratory visitors who flew north for the winter as he woos in the auboretum. "So you say you are a locksmith," the coed smirked angrily. "Yes," he replied, "Latch keys and make up."

With my usual penchant for repeating stories as out of date as Nye and isolationism, I humbly submit the following which is probably as worn as next year's tires:

"I hear tell," remarked the student, "that so-and-so is a firecracker drinker."
"What is this firecracker drinker," his companion swallowed.
"He's out after the fourth."

In plowing around for copy for this impromptu column—you know, the



on bended knee . . .

By Ben McKinnon

Checked and Itemized. Have you noticed: the remarkable resemblance between "Long May I Love," and "Go Fly a Kite;" the mural in the Post Office painted by Dean Cornwell, who is one of the "American Magazine's" top men, the stunning gowns in the "Little Shop," the new thick-nesses of the science-amazing pulps—too much reading for two bits. Our operative from Davidson reports that Bradley was "plenty good" when he played there last year. We're still wondering if the little round fifty-cent piece gets you in to both the round and the square dance Saturday night. Check your forthcoming Sunday paper for an interesting story on Dr. Hernane Tavares De Sa, Brazilian journalist and good-will envoy now in Chapel Hill written by Dot Jackson of the Pi Beta Phi Jacksons.

The most optimistic man on the campus: Stuart McIver, who went by the sardine section at the cafeteria and said, "I'll take trout, please."

According to Professor Hugh T. Lefler, the saying "What is home without a mother?" came into being when the incubator was invented.

They raised the price of meat on us, the government took away our automobile tires, and now the laundry is framing up on us. Have you seen the little green slip which says, "Additional increases in the cost of supplies, materials, and labor have made it necessary for us to add 10 per cent to the present prices, effective February 2, 1942." My, my, how the price of soap is sky-rocketing. Guess we'll have to go back to one every two weeks instead of on Saturday night.

Personal note to hitchhikers: Avoid Durham on Sunday night like you would an 8:30 on the third floor—also the same with Raleigh on Saturday afternoons. Don't mention it!

Everybody's telling them department: Two little morons were strolling through the woods one dark, dreary night. One of them had a flashlight, and he seemed to derive great joy out of flashing the beam in the tree tops. Coming to a clearing in the forest, he cast the light upwards and turning to his chum said, "Let's see you climb that light."
"Not me," said the wise one, "I know you. I'd get about half way up and you'd cut the light off."

Our nomination for the best one of 1941: Shortly before the holidays, H. C. Cranford, news bureau writer, was interviewing Alonzo Squires in Carr dorm one afternoon. Cranford was having trouble seeing in the semi-darkness so he walked over to the wall to switch on the light. He groped and groped but had to give up: Whereupon Squires got up, walked straight to the switch and cut on the light. Turning to Cranford he said, "What the hell's the matter with you? Are you blind!"

kind written when the business department didn't connect connections for ads—I ran across this story:

A young southern (no offense meant to the Merry-Go-Round by mentioning the South) mother was gushing with pride over the rhetorical ability of her very young baby. A Negro mammy was minding the nine-month-old lawyer as well as a sepien child of her own. As the guests prepared to leave the mother went over to the 'be-carriaged child and poked it fondly in the tummy saying, "Say, 'goodbye' to the nice ladies, honeybunch." A slight mumble was heard and the mother repeated as she pulled back the covers, "Say 'goodbye,' sweetie, deetie."

A fuzzy head peeked over the carriage and a roguish mouth said, "Where y'all gwine?"

gyre and gimble . . .

By Hayden Carruth
And Harley Moore

Notice appearing in the Boston Americans:

"School committeeman Lee said: "We've had a grand American election. Blows have been given and taken. I've had a terrible licking.

"The thing to do as far as I benefit of Boston, as well as we am concerned, is to work for the all of those who have worked so can—all of us. I want to thank hard for me and with me."

OVERCOME BY DEFEAT

Educator Humphrey Lee, Massachusetts party head, Gazed out upon the smiling sea, And, as he smiled back, he said:

"My friends and fellow partymen, You know we've had a free election; No feeble words of speech or pen Can well describe this just selection.

And though I've lost the race for graft, I've only praise for this vast state Which gives free vote to every craft. And furthermore, I'll not debate:

That though defeated, axis test, And by the school, so town's bequest, Our major tree, for pens were best, Is high by paper fully dressed.

Undoubtedly the best man won; The people's choice is always just; So now we must unite as one And follow this man's sacred trust.

He's duly chosen by the masses, And it doesn't matter who is Chosen to lead all the classes— Now the thing that we must do is:

Though defeated, axis test, And by the school, so town's bequest; Our major tree, for pens were best, Is high by paper fully dressed.

And now before we leave the hall, I wish to thank my loyal friends For whose support I gave my all, Who voted for our party's ends.

The next election's sure to be More fortunate for you and me; And so I say: 'All vote for Lee, Whose platform then is apt to be:

Though defeated, axis test, And by the school, so town's bequest; Our major tree, for pens were best, Is high by paper fully dressed.

And also verberate cement, Undaunted flies the manxome lent— Instilled, but lost by instrument; Fourscore the checkered government.

it happens here . . .

2:00—Post-war planning conference in Memorial hall.
5:30—Regular Hillel services at Hillel house.
7:00—Meeting of Order of Shalom in Graham Memorial.

FLORSHEIM CORDOVANS SALE \$8.95 AT BERMAN'S

DON'T DRESS UP!
Come Just As You Are . . . And See—**LORETTA YOUNG FREDRIC MARCH** in **"A BEDTIME STORY"** Now Playing Carolina Theatre



STARTING TODAY . . .

Carolina has taken another step toward becoming the leading university in the South. The jointly-sponsored CPU-ISS Conference which opens today is the first of its kind to be held in the South and represents a concrete student interest in war and post-war problems.

Let us not believe that students have no share and no obligation to share in post-war planning. Every student has a duty to perform. That duty is to think about his place in the nation when the war is over. At the CPU-ISS Conference the Carolina student will have the opportunity to hear people who themselves have found their places. They will not tell any of us what we can do; but they will present facts and ideas which will give us a good foundation in our thinking about what we shall have to do and what we ought to do about post-war society.

THE SATURDAY LETTER . . .

The Right Answers

Most of those who yell, "Kill the umpire," mean, "Slap him on the wrist." Most of those who yell, "Knock 'em cold," mean, "Play strenuously but fairly." Most of those who say vehemently, "Go to hell," mean, "Please go away and stop annoying me."

It seems logical, therefore, to assume that the persons who say, "Shoot 'em down like dogs," are the same persons who will (about 1944) donate their shirts and large sums of money to send food and clothing to those they now put into the dog classification. We may also assume that although we (all of us) agree that the bully of Europe must be stopped we also agree that we are terribly saddened by the death and suffering resulting from the wars.

Most of those who are now yelling, "Kill," are intelligent, cultured and kindly persons who mean, "We must prepare for our own defense and we must aid those who are attacked by the bully." Not one of these yellers, (those who shout for death) would calmly and deliberately swing a club with intent to bat the brains from out the head of a storekeeper or from out the head of the storekeeper's 20-year-old son. Not one would cause another human being to be cruelly hurt if injury could be avoided.

Therefore, since the populations of all European nations are made up in large measure of sane, reasonable and decent individuals, why must there be these terrible catastrophes which involve millions? Why are mad men allowed to control governments and go through with such terrible orgies of conquest?

We think we know the right answers but we also thought we knew the answers in 1920. We probably do know some of the right answers and we probably did know some of the right answers in 1920. Involved somewhere are attitudes toward the values of a human life. You parents who are now so hopefully planning a future for that baby in the crib are simply wasting your time unless we do know the answers because otherwise that baby will spend the next 20 years getting ready to say, "Goodbye, Mother dear, I'm off for the slaughter."

Is there any hope? I would say, "Yes," just because most of us don't want the umpire killed, the players knocked cold or the boys of other parents shot down like dogs. Most of us are at least fairly decent so you young parents may (if you have a little faith) go ahead with the idea of naming the eight-pounder, John Henry III, and also with the notion of starting a savings account to send him through college. At least he (the pride and joy) has a better chance than has the proverbial snowball and we may get something done by 1960 within the field of mad-dog-dictator control.

Very Truly,
Raymond E. Manchester,
Dean of Men.
Kent State University

TANGENTS . . .

By Harry Symmes

"They also serve who only sit and prate." But we wonder how the pratings of the special committee of the Interfraternity Council are serving the anti-hazing campaign. We wonder in fact if their pratings are serving the express purpose for which the special committee was appointed. This purpose was to investigate the charges of hazing made in the editorial columns of the Daily Tar Heel and in anonymous letters. Has there been any real investigation? Was not the letter which stated that "not a particle of evidence" had been found to support the Tar Heel's charges a bit hasty and indicative only of the meeting of a committee and not of the action of a committee?

This committee's apparent inaction and avoidance of the real problem is a specific example of a general condition on this campus. There are very few committees, and we include faculty committees, which do more than sit and prate. The committee system itself is invaluable. For instance, there is the Self-Help Committee on this campus. On this Self-Help Committee is Mr. Lanier, and without Mr. Lanier nothing would ever be accomplished. The Self-Help Committee functions better than any other committee on the campus because it has a man with a sense of responsibility to his job, who goes out to get the facts when they are not presented to him, and who feels that the proper end of every committee is action and service. We will not point to any number of do-nothing functionaries and committees on this campus, for we feel that they are perfectly obvious. Most of the student committees result from a desire of would-be BMOC's to have a sun-bath in the campus limelight. All sitting and prating and no action makes committees dull things.

And so we say that if the special committee appointed to investigate charges of hazing found not a "particle of evidence," it is either because they did not have time to look for any evidence before jumping to make their public statement or because they did not leave the committee meeting to look for any evidence and preferred to cast implicit aspersions at the Tar Heel by hinting that it did not know what it was talking about. It so happens, however, that the Tar Heel did know what it was talking about. The Tar Heel has not given up its campaign and is prepared to defend all of its statements; moreover, it promises concrete action within the next few days.

Unity and Free Discussion

We were greatly surprised to hear Dean House state Wednesday night in the IRC Panel that he thought free discussion of post-war aims, goals, and possibilities, such as an international league of some sort, "dangerous, leading toward prejudice," and "weak." We believe that post-war aims can provide the only real reason for fighting this war and that if post-war aims had been considered in the twenties and early thirties that there would be no war now.

And when someone condemns free discussion of post-war aims, we are reminded of Doug Moody and some other young pacifists who have outspokenly voiced their opposition to this war and all other wars. The purpose of this war does not lie in victory and nothing else; if the war is not fought in the light of a larger principle than mere victory, we think that there is no reason for fighting.

We have continually harped upon the spectre of National Solipsism, which is only waiting for midnight darkness to begin haunting us again. The morning light which banished it for a time came only recently, and the night will be upon us again when the war is over. If we are going to be able to walk in the night without fearing spectres, we must discover a spectre-exterminator now. The best spectre-exterminator is free discussion. And so we must disagree with Dean House, and we hope that we are not alone in our belief that free discussion is one of the primary bases of democracy in war or peace.