

The Daily Tar Heel

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

Published daily except Mondays, Examination periods and the Thanksgiving, Christmas and Spring holidays.

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879.

1940 Member 1941
Associated Collegiate Press

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Advertising Service, Inc.
College Publishers Representative
420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.
CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
\$1.50 One Quarter — \$3.00 One Year

All signed articles and columns are opinions of the writers themselves, and do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the DAILY TAR HEEL.

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The Daily Tar Heel Editorial Page

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TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE



Form DSS 225

—From the Detroit Free Press.

letters to . . .

To The Editor:

I have read many articles in the Daily Tar Heel, in reference to the name bands, and I agree so thoroughly with the sentiments expressed that I feel impelled to drop you a few lines. Please do not think I am boosting any particular band, but I want to state my own experience of this past weekend. I chaperoned two dances—Friday night and Saturday afternoon—at which the Carolinians furnished the music, and Saturday night I attended the President's Ball where I danced to the music of the same band.

Everyone seemed to be having a most enjoyable time. The guests at the fraternity dance all stayed until the final number and the large crowd also stayed the entire evening at the Saturday night ball.

I am sure that people do not stay and dance any place if the music is not good, and I am very sure that this same band did not come under the "3000 Name Band" class. Then why don't the various classes patronize their local bands at least for the duration of the war? Perhaps by that time the students will be so used to having "home town talent" for their dances that it will be an established custom.

Vara M. Gugert

(Editor's note: We sit wordless in complete accord.)

To Komisaruk and Frankel:

For years the people of Carrboro have read, without complaint, misstatement, wisecracks, and utterly false statements about the nearest neighbor to UNC, Carrboro. Now they are beginning to be noticeably resentful. The article appearing in last Sunday's Daily Tar Heel was in the misstatement category. Sincerely believing that Mr. Komisaruk and Mr. Frankel do not know what they are talking about, we would like to get a few things straight. Contrary to Yankee propaganda, the people of Carrboro are ordinary human beings, working and playing in the warm Southern sunshine.

"The sleepy neighbors" awoke one day to buy these \$500.00 houses that the two gentlemen spoke of. From then until now their efforts and purses have been concentrated in making them livable homes. Now they are expected to sell them for the price they paid for them. Even the residents of Carrboro have to live—and it will be necessary for them to have houses in which to live after their homes are disposed of.

The sleepy people are to be ignored—really, they are the ten students of UNC who sleep through the same lectures as y'all do.

No kidding, we suggest that some of the sleuths who find out everything, try to learn of the real Carrboro. In the homes you would be welcomed with the customary Southern Hospitality any night except Sunday, when everyone goes to church.

All kidding aside, these people are honest - to - goodness hard working, God-fearing people—the kind that makes our country what it is today.

Frankie Durham

Polly Durham

(Other 8 UNC students from Carrboro.)

zle' Smithfield Jimmy Jolieff. Jolieff, an amateur tobacco auctioneer, was so fond of practicing his strange chant that the other boys formed a plan to buy a muzzle through contributions. They posted the plan on a certain very conspicuous door upstairs. Last time I heard, three pennies and one stamp (slightly used) had been accumulated.

Saint Mary's Item: 'Twas Sunday afternoon and in the sacred halls of the institutions, boys were milling around like mustangs. But the members of the opposite sex were very slow in descending the curving staircase. Two State boys and two Tar Heels were unable to stand the suspense any longer so they instituted a blackjack game, which proceeded merrily, in one of the side rooms. Shame on you fellows! What would the dean have done if she had known about it? You would have lost more than a couple of nickels. These Carolina Gentlemen, tch, tch!

VALENTINE CARDS
LEDBETTER-
PICKARD

churches . . .

Sunday worship services at the Chapel Hill churches this week will be as follows: at the Methodist church, Church school, 9:45; student conference communion service, Rev. J. Marvin Culbreth, 10 o'clock; student conference sermon, Rev. Richard T. Baker of New York City, 11 o'clock; and student forum, 7 o'clock.

At the Baptist church, Sunday school for all ages, 9:45; morning worship, Rev. Gaylord P. Albaugh, 11 o'clock; and high school and student forums, 7 o'clock.

At the Presbyterian church, Sunday school, 9:45; morning worship, Rev. Charles M. Jones, 11 o'clock; and student group, 7 o'clock.

At the Episcopal church, holy communion, 8 o'clock; service and sermon, Rev. Alfred S. Lawrence and Rev. Emmet Bribbin, 11 o'clock; and prayers and organ recital, 8 o'clock.

At the United church, Sunday school, 10 o'clock; morning worship, Dr. W. J. McKee, 11 o'clock; and no evening service.

At Gerrard hall, Catholic services, Rev. Francis J. Morrissey, 10 o'clock; and week-day mass, daily, 7:15 Gimghoul Road, 7:15 in the morning.

At Graham Memorial, a Friends meeting, 11 o'clock. Those who would like a period of quiet meditation, with freedom for expression, are invited.

Lutheran services, Rev. Henry A. Schroder, pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran church of Durham, in the West parlor of the Methodist church, Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock.

Christian Science meeting at Hill Music hall choral room Sunday at 11 o'clock.

on bended knee . . .

By Ben McKinnon

When the first lady of the land eats a 30c steak at the cafeteria for dinner on Saturday night, then you may know that the United States is on a sound basis. For that is exactly what "Eleanor" had for dinner that night and she also had a helping of beets. "Shoot the beets to me, Pete, we're dining with the elite."

Idle Notes and Quotable Quotes: Freddy Johnson: "The test of a good orchestra is if the boys can play the kind of music that the dancers want, whether it be swing or sweet." The acme of luxury would be to have a private stenographer to take class notes, or don't you think so? Grady Dover: "She has a face that would stop a cluck." Sammy Kaye is booked solid until the first of January 1943. Marian Woodbury: "My girl has me right where I want her."

Is it true that a slightly inebriated Chi Phi pledge leaving the brawl last Friday night climbed into a taxi and said, "Drive." The cabbie obliged and drove—for two hours. While the poor pledge rode, the meter ran. He had to dig deep in his jeans for that lift.

Reminder From My Memo: Wonder if the boys living at Miss Maggie Pickard's on McCauley street ever raised enough money to 'muzz-

small fry . . .

By Billy Webb

Despite the superfluity of glamour in Sound and Fury, the organization is bemoaning the dearth of capable and convincing love scene writers. Bagdad's daddy, who has 365 wives (no provision made for leap year), is becoming a little nervous because he has no words of love and invitation to speak. Randy Mebane, S&F's little dictator, will meet all applicants tonight in the wilds of the arboretum at the stroke of midnight.

Ed Hartshorn, void of the usual Phi Delt talent for raising hell, turned to raising white mice. Love has a way, you know, and soon the mice were expecting a little ray of sunshine to make their iron bars a cage. One day the sunshine dawned and peeking into the cage Ed witnessed a proud mother and a bowed father. His amazement to find the father so downcast was assuaged when he found a brown mouse among the mouselets.

Dr. Adams and his class in American prose and poetry were penetrating into the more profound depths of Lanier's "Son of the Chattahoochee." Solemnly Dr. Adams peered over his glasses and voiced this question to a back row coed, "And what did the trees say?" The coed looked up from her Love Story mag with no idea what the trees said since she had no occult relationship with the vegetable as did Emerson. "The trees said Pass Not," stormed Adams, "and you can take that to heart."

Wading through Caliphs, Calibans, and Tiny Hutton, I made my way into the S&F padded cell to be confronted by a bellicose director Richards. He wanted a story written featuring him and his remarkable abilities. "Aw g'wan," Arty Fischer remarked in his beautiful Yankee jargon, "Write a feature on the whole cast. If you write one on Richards, one person will read it. If you write one on the cast, at least ten will read it."

Recommended for Beam's Carolina Scene: The sniffer who sits next to you in class who is either without handkerchief or inclination to blow nose. I can't help but try to guess the exact time of the next snuffle, getting a self-satisfied pleasure when my guess is correct and an urge to throttle when he snuffles off beat.

Most ludicrous are the stifled yawners whose eyes bulge from sockets in hangman's noose fashion and whose lips curl in vicious snarls as teeth are held tightly clamped. Yawn fighters strain with the determination of a 115 pound weakling struggling with the intricacies of Charles Atlas' dynamic tension.

it happens here . . .

2:00—Open house at Aycock dorm.
5:00—Will Bradley concert, Memorial hall.
9:00—Interdorms, Tin Can.

Check by the "Y" and read their latest sign emblazoned on the mirror to torture and keep little Carolinians awake at night. "Hot Dogs—7c. So Sorry, Please." Well, all we can say is "Dog-gone!"

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF . . .

Last week there was a gathering in Chapel Hill at which students from 32 universities and colleges discussed the problems growing out of the war, with special reference to the period following the conflict and the part that youth will play in the reconstruction. Those older persons privileged to head the discussions and round table talk this year were almost carried back to the days of 1917-18.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was the chief speaker and the target at which many questions were aimed, had no predictions to make about the length of the war any more than leaders in 1917 felt they were safe prophets. She stressed the dependence upon youth and the wisdom of even now considering what the world would be like at the end of this war. She believed college youths should give themselves to study in particular lines until they were called to war, placing emphasis along lines that would make them more efficient in war.

That gathering and the trend of the discussions recalled another gathering at Chapel Hill in the 1917 commencement when, as the University Alumni Review of this month states, Secretary of War Newton D. Baker and Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels discussed questions similar to those that Mrs. Roosevelt and government officials are debating today.

The report of Secretary Baker's address is not only interesting but also timely. We quote:

As to the war, Mr. Baker thought that we were only at the beginning of this great effort. "No man can tell how long it will last. Anyone could be blindfolded and turned loose in the vast audience in this house and touch men who will be on the battlefields within a year. But there is work for all to do now and after the war is over. . . .

"Whatever the exertion, don't let the lamp of learning go out," exhorted the speaker. "Some will stay here because it isn't their turn to go. There is work to do, if we are to rehabilitate the civilization of the world. . . ."

There is even greater similarity. In the World War of 1917-18 Edward Kidder Graham as president of the University was chairman of the Southern University organization directing training for war and champing at the bit to get into uniform. In 1941-42 the president is another Graham, Frank Graham (a Marine in the last war), cousin of the president in the Wilson days, who is a right-hand man of President Roosevelt, called to more than one important position of service as essential as any in this grave period.

History truly repeats itself. —Raleigh News and Observer.

COED TRENDS . . .

By Student Opinion Surveys

AUSTIN, Texas. — While American students are not ready to adopt the idea that college education should train women to be primarily wives and mothers, neither do they want them to accept equality between the sexes.

Student Opinion Surveys of America, the cooperative weekly poll sponsored by college newspapers, finds that great majorities even of coeds themselves believe:

1. Women should not try to combine marriage and motherhood with a career outside the home.

2. There would be more divorces if women were given more nearly equal social status with men.

When it comes to education, however, opinion is divided on such a plan as has made Stephens College of Missouri attract national attention: training women to be educated and capable wives and mothers rather than professionals. "It all depends on the particular woman," about three out of every ten interviewed commented. The plurality, 38 per cent, are opposed, while 28 per cent approve. Interesting is the fact that more men than women like the idea. Here are the tabula-

tions for the three related questions asked in this survey, showing the differences by sex:

"Do you wish more colleges would adopt the idea of training girls to be primarily wives and mothers, or should women receive the same sort of education that men get?"

	All	Men	Wom.
Train to be wives, mothers	28%	35%	21%
Educate like men	38	32	42
Depends on woman	30	29	31
Undecided	4	4	3

"Do you think it is generally a good or a bad idea for a woman to try to combine a career outside the home with marriage and motherhood?"

	All	Men	Wom.
Good idea	12%	10%	21%
Bad idea	82	83	79
Undecided	6	7	5

"If there were more equality between the sexes, do you think there would be fewer or more divorces?"

	All	Men	Wom.
Fewer	26%	26%	28%
More	57	55	57
Don't Know	17	19	15

PARTY FIGHTING . . .

Editorials in the Daily Tar Heel have condemned political parties on the campus, not only this year but also in past years. We and the others who have written these editorials have written them because we believe that political parties have forgotten the small amount of good they can do. In their present form they are an obstruction to the proper functioning of student government. We believe this, and we have our reasons.

First, we may say that most of the functionaries of the present political parties seem to glory in demagoguery and power politics even though they profess an interest in presenting the best man for a particular position. There is too much emphasis on getting the campus Joe Colleges and campus sports into office. We have no quarrel with these persons as persons, but we do believe that political parties, if there is any justification for them, exist only to place the best candidates in the public eye. In the present system, cliques delighting in the power that accrues from bossing a party plan candidates several months and oftentimes years ahead. They do not keep up a steady search for the best and most capable man, but run their parties in such a fashion that regardless of the sort of person who gets in they want to keep their own influence. Now we have observed that the parties are trying to take candidates from each other. They are trying to "jump the gun." All in all there is a small regard for the ethics of the situation, and it seems that candidates exist for the perpetuation of party power and not the parties for the presentation of the best candidates.

We appeal to political parties in their choice of candidates, to discontinue intra-party bickerings and unethical practices, and to remember that they have an obligation to the student body. Getting the best men in the best job is the important thing at the moment.

ADVANCED AVIATION . . .

With the finest college airport in the nation, why is it that the University can only afford nine small airships? When private companies all over the country are making sizeable profits in cooperation with the CAA, why cannot this institution risk putting in advanced training aviation units?

Aviation is now a vocation; and Carolina is now offering only high-school training toward a master's degree. It is not appropriate for this college to overlook both its responsibility to its students and the nation in times of crisis. It is doing just that in regard to aviation training.

We have the facilities. We have the students. We need only a request by the Administration to the CAA for an OK of the project, which in these days would readily be given. Somebody ought to flash the green light.