

# The Daily Tar Heel

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## COMES THE REVOLUTION... FUTURE WIVES...

In the past month we have witnessed a great and revolutionary change on the Carolina campus. With increased attendance at the movies, more attention to masculine dress fashions, fraternity hell-weeks, and two false fire-alarms by tipsy joyous students, WAR has come to Chapel Hill. Yea, verily, in truth, we are an aroused and vindictive people. Our every thought is one of vengeance for the dastardly and treacherous attack upon our peoples and our flag by the unholy and vicious combination of forces gathered against us.

Students are banding together every day in a unified and unshakable front to go to the picture show and hiss at swastikas and leer at feminine movie stars. Whistles of fervent patriotism startle the rest of the audience as Gene Tierney, the symbol of American vitality, flashes a "come-hither" look at the rows of avid adolescents squirming in unison to get their hands on—Hitler.

Civilian defense has come to all the coeds. Air raid wardens with the coming of spring will gaze sleeplessly at the stars late into the night from camouflaged positions in the arboretum. This week we heard the Chinese ambassador; next week we will all go and find out whether or not Bagdad is fer or agin us.

The V for Victory we now put on every letter we send by placing the stamps on the envelope at an angle. (About twice as many letters as before have been written since we started this practice, for each student is continually looking for new and more ostentatious ways of showing his individual patriotism.)

Never before in our lives has there been so great a mass feeling of unity. We each feel that we are a part of a great and righteous cause that will forever free the world for the true and good life of wine, women, and song, and we are holding the home-front by showing the world how beautiful and how wonderfully pleasant that good life can be when it is lived with the stern purposeful drive of our each fitting ourselves more effectively for assuming the responsibility of keeping alive the old grey mare; for to us the old grey mare is what she used to be.

Truly we should eulogize ourselves. Are we not the fair haired children of the ancient, the virile Demos? Does not our land overflow with milk and honey? And is not our every action designed to curdle the milk so that we can have cheese? Yes, yes; ours is the true the only heritage; and ours is the way to protect and insure it.

Let us then prevail. We shall burn our books in the fire of youth and go as the Children of the Crusades to secure the Holy Land from the Saracen invader. (The Saracen was driven out of the Holy Land; but it was the British who did it several centuries later.)

We are yet the fair haired children. And we are ready to step into our fathers' responsibilities. With confidence in our charm's force, with the unbounding determination to win through at the cost of the other fellow's life, secure in the knowledge that the last full measure of England's devotion will fill the cup of war, we will gain the inevitable catastrophe. Please help us God.

### IN PASSING...

While distributing concert tickets to the Will Bradley benefit last week we happened by chance to check the new social room in Mangum dormitory. To our way of thinking it is the finest on the campus, and members of that dorm have done a fine job. Much of the credit goes to Jack Sparrow, Mangum president, but all of the boys have participated in the great amount of work that is necessary to get a social room.

Receipts from the Will Bradley concert and those expected from the Charlie Spivak concert this week-end will place the dormitory social room fund in a favorable position to help other dormitories on the campus. A social room will add much to one's dormitory life; why not make a little ef-

Mrs. Roosevelt in the recent CPU-ISS Conference stated that 60% of the people in North Carolina are undernourished. We do not know quite how she obtained her information, nor how valid her analysis of the situation was. There may be a greater or lesser percentage of the population of North Carolina which is undernourished. But the fact is that many of our draftees are being turned down on account of being underweight and in bad health. Especially is this true of the men who have applied for commissions in the Navy and Army; many of them cannot fulfill the physical requirements.

It is certainly not that many of them have not had the money to buy food. They have had plenty of food. What has happened is that they have not known how to select the proper food, the most nutritious food, the food which will provide the most vitamins for the least money.

Dr. J. C. Andrews, of the Bio-Chemistry department of the University, and other bio-chemists who have studied the nutritive value of foods have proved that the reason for the malnutrition of many of the undernourished lies in the improper selecting of foods and not in the amount of food eaten. The experiments and the results of the experiments are fascinating; they are also indicative of a desperate need for an understanding of the average American housewife of basic food principles and a balanced diet. American manhood is depending on the people who feed it.

Not only is it necessary that housewives understand the nutritive value of foods in order to preserve the health of those they feed, but it is also necessary for them to understand the value of foods in order to save money and to help in the rationing of foods when that becomes necessary.

Most of the coeds at Carolina will probably be married one of these days, and they will be planning meals and buying food. They have a difficult job ahead—to keep their husbands and families well-nourished in days when there may be food-rationing and little money. We would like to remind them of a course in Bio-chemistry being offered by Dr. Andrews, which is designed especially for those persons who want to learn something about planning diets and getting the most out of the money spent on food. So far only two coeds are taking this course.

The coeds responded so well to the editorial on First Aid Courses, Red Cross work, and other defense courses that we believe they must not have learned about Dr. Andrews' course. But we would like to urge all of them to look into forming more classes in Food Nutrition. Not only could they help indirectly in National Defense, but also they might possibly be saving a husband a great deal of money one of these days. Both are aspects of defense which are invaluable in peace or war.

### NOTHING PERSONAL...

Let us correct false impressions. Yesterday a Tar Heel columnist was pretty free in presenting an opinion. Opinions arise from the face value of things usually. One tries to get all the information he can, and then his opinion results. The Student Council's only public statement was that hazing was not a violation of the Honor System, which the columnist admitted; but he claimed implicitly that honor goes further than the "lying, cheating, stealing" provision in the "campus spirit of living" and he believes that the spirit of the law must be the purpose which leads the council and not the letter. One opinion has been presented. The columnist presented his argument as a commentator on campus events, drawing the logical conclusions which were possible. Having at heart nothing personal, he wished to make no personal attacks, but presented his opinion in order that changes in attitude and operation which he considered necessary might be brought to the eye of the student.

fort an secure one? See Jim Barclay or George Hayes for details.

# The Daily Tar Heel Editorial Page

• Opinions • Columns • Letters • Features

## on bended knee...

By Ben McKinnon

Tuesday's class in Sociology under Killian presented a scene which almost drew tears from the eyes of the most cynical students. Mr. Killian, who has been ordered to report for active duty at Fort McClellan, was teaching perhaps his last class. Dick Kerner, on behalf of the class, presented him with a nice, red, shiny apple and a Coca-Cola.

Echoes From Monday Morning: "I feel like a member of the dawn patrol." Oran Brown: "Something woke me up in the middle of the night. When I turned around and looked, I found it was the 7:30 alarm." "Damn this war time. If this is the kind of time that you have to have to win a war, I'd rather lose the war than have the time."

If you happen to be wondering about the simulated auto wreck on main street Wednesday afternoon with real tomato-juice blood and bandages, it was all the work of John Young and his boy scouts. John, who is a student technician at the radio studios in Caldwell, has taken the scouts under his wing and issues a cordial invitation to any students wishing to join this organization. BMOC's will be given special examinations for merit badges and will become eagle or should I say, Vulture scouts in no time at all. In fact, not at all.

Do you feel hungry at meal time? If so, eat Dub's crackers for Vitamin B-2 and you too can get rid of beriberi and hey-nony-nony. Vitamin B-2 crackers are just the thing, according to dorm store signs, to take that hungry feeling away. But the signs don't say how quick that hungry feeling comes back. In other words, you can now get your vitamins sandwiched in a sandwich.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen Department: One tattered copy of a Bible has been found in the news room of Bynum. On the flyleaf, these words are inscribed in lasting tribute, "This copy of the Bible is donated to the School of Journalism where it is sorely needed. In memory of Fred Coit Smith, late skipper of Carrboro, Ltd."

## keyboard...

By Billy Webb

The Sound and Fury asylum, notorious for revelations in matters of sex, have fallen into the ranks of the rank extremists. In prying around the scene shop, we were perturbed to find a brief ruffle marked "Boogie Woogie Chorus costume—Venita Greer." Unruffled Mebane, S&F's little dictator, blandly admitted that was what Venita was to wear.

Furthermore we picked up a two-mouthed red and gold brocade sack, which measured a mere 90 inches in circumference, and were told mustn't touch. It was the pants for Artie Fischer, Sultan of Saraquack, who for three February nights will have 365 wives.

By the way, that scene shop what we just mentioned is little more than a torture chamber buried in the recesses of Emerson Stadium. It is a converted janitors' rest room replete with two showers and other facilities.

Costumes for the femininity, which will be much in evidence throughout "Bagdad Daddy" (very subtle pun), is being made from dyed tobacco cloth. To those who know tobacco best, tobacco cloth is the gauze-like fabric used to cover young plants in the spring to keep them from freezing. It probably won't keep the flower of our coedhood from freezing.

Strait-jacket fodder Anne Montgomery, of *Tar an' Feathers* infamy, brushed the tanned and seductive harem lassies seen on S&F posters while in the sterile premises of the infirmary. Doctors were conscripted for paint-mixing. Later she painted a red beard, mustache, and malignant measles on some timid male.

"Neglected and Blue," one of the musical numbers in the production, was written by Bob Richards from three haphazard chords which he struck one late summer night. Fascinated by them, he played them again and again, and soon they were developed into a full-sized number. Tom Waldman wrote the lyrics.

Jack Dube bought a RED flannel shirt which he has put to excellent use when he wears it. Everyone within reach lights his cigarettes on the shirt. And because of the extra heat Graham Memorial has closed off its steam valves. Better yet, Dube is burning to a crisp. More! More!

## friday's child...

By Marion Lippincott

Just exactly where the electricity is saved by putting the time ahead one hour is dubious. Of course it's a little lighter during supper but oh! the mornings. One either feels that they've got a chronic test to get up and study for, or they're trying to harden and improve themselves. You know—early to bed, early to rise ..."

Frank Kovacs, the man to set every girl's heart fluttering, acted just as everyone had hoped he would act on the courts Wednesday night. Beautiful tennis combined with plenty of tomfoolery in a combination of Tyrone Power, Clark Gable, etc.

The wrong note in domesticity was struck the other day when a friend of ours decided it would be pretty good fun to make a plant out of a sweet potato. He took the sweet potato home and put it in a pot of water, planning to forget the thing until further developments. But not his roommate, who upon arriving at the menage, saw the potato and screamed, "Supper." He boiled the potato, prepared a nifty little meal for himself and ate it. Much later he happened to inquire of our friend what the potato was for. "Oh just a little sweet potato plant, you know. I put it in a pot of warm water..." The gourmand replied not a bit dashed—"You'll never know how warm."

Today being Friday the thirteenth, we think a few warnings like not walking under ladders, not dropping any salt, not whistling when walking up steps might be apropos. After all, there's no sense tempting fate and one hazard in a day is enough. Tomorrow's Valentine, however, so if you can get through today with no mishap, everything ought to be all right.

Red Cross-WSS Needs Money!

## clipped...

POME

Little Miss Muffet  
Decided to rough it  
In a cabin both old and Medieval;  
A boulder espied her  
And plied her with cider—  
And now he's the forest's prime evil.  
—Maryland Diamonback.

"What's the date today?"  
"I don't know."  
"Take a look at that newspaper you're reading."  
"It's no use. It's yesterday's paper."  
—Los Angeles Collegian.

Tennessee farmer to an army officer he met on maneuvers: "Kind of looks like we'll have to take care of Hitler. Wonder if the Yanks will help us this time."  
Sounds like Sergeant York's country to me.

### MORE ABOUT THE MORON!

The little moron was being examined by the medical board for entrance into the army.  
Doctor: "If I should cut off one of your ears, what would happen?"  
Moron: "I couldn't hear out of it."  
Doc: "If I should cut off your other ear, what would happen?"  
Mor: "I'd be blind."  
Doc: "But why do you think you'd be blind?"  
Mor: "My hat would fall down over my eyes and I couldn't see."  
—The Blue Stocking.

**ARROW SHIRTS**  
and  
**Arrow Formal Ties**  
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at  
**JACK LIPMAN**

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for  
**VALENTINES**  
at  
**LEDBETTER-PICKARD**  
**BUY NOW**

**YOU'VE GOT TO FEED HER—**  
**DANCING IS FUN**  
but  
**"A GIRL'S GOT TO EAT"**  
**TRY THE DELICIOUS**  
**FOOD SERVED AT**  
**THE UNIVERSITY CAFE**

**I'LL SEE YOU**  
**AT THE CONCERT**  
with  
**CHARLIE SPIVAK**  
and  
**HIS ORCHESTRA**  
**MEMORIAL HALL**  
**TODAY—4:30-6:00**  
**ADMISSION—25 CENTS**  
**BENEFIT DORMITORY SOCIAL ROOMS**