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Certain factions on the campus have asserted that the Daily Tar Heel editorial columns have been prejudicially closed to letters expressing opinion with which we do not agree. The editorial columns of this paper are open at all times to any student on this campus, and any letters that are written to the editor will be published in the order they are received.

letters to . . .

To The Editor:
May I beg the loan of your columns to give vent for a moment to some of the "starry-eyed" amazement and wonder that were mine when I read, in the Carolina Magazine, the article "Academic Myth," written by Louis "Comma" Harris.
Mr. "Comma" Harris has hit out with forthright vigor at some of the basic faults in our academic system. He has also dealt a few glancing blows at the English language; but, no matter!
After all, what is life, if not—for living? And writing?
After all, does not Phillips Russell teach "hardy living"? After all, does he not teach "the kind where you lose yourself in your work"? After all, unfortunately, he does not also teach you to lose that work. After all?

I hesitate, as Dean Bradshaw does not, "to stick my neck out on a limb," for I know that he who does so is apt to land on "his academic breeches." Nor do I wish to indulge in any, odd, "yellowed" Louis Harris, "like Dr. Crane."

But might I suggest that a possible remedy for the present confusion, existing in Carolina journalistic circles, would be to abolish Tar an' Feathers,—and substitute Mr. Harris. He could "silence" all opposition with his first "manifesto."
Then, again, perhaps, what we really need is "better economic worlds than Erich W. Zimmermann."
"The situation (is) a curious one, indeed."
But, hark, was that the mill whistle, or just my old cow? In either event, I'll have to leave.
Yours truly,
Pyke Johnson

To The Editor:
Having read *The Academic Myth* by Mr. Louis Harris, we learned that Mr. Harris like Frank Graham, Harry Russell, Rex Winslow, Bradshaw, Zimmerman, and Odum's cow; dislikes Richmond P. Bond, beauty, Raymond Adams, Kuhn, and truth; also that this is the first war in which mankind and Mr. Harris have participated.
The latter is obviously true.
It was also Mr. Harris' unhappy blunder to appropriate the term "second-hand emotion" from a short story recently appearing in our campus magazine. How he did it we don't exactly know, but he simultaneously blasphemed Bond, Kuhn, Adams and certain ivory towers with "second-hand emotion" and aloofness.

Now so far as we know, we created this term, and intended therewith, to imply a state of emotion unconnected with any real object. This condition we considered possible only to a very limited number of human beings among whom we would not include Bond, Kuhn, or Adams. As a matter of fact, Dr. Adams has a analogous term—sentimentality. This starry-eyed professor who, we are told, is utterly without reality, defines sentimentality as emotion distorted beyond the limits proper to the object stimulating this emotion.

This class-room text in view of recent accidents such as Pearl Harbor and *The Academic Myth* might indicate that Dr. Adams has returned to the world of reality. However, I would prefer to put it another way. Dr. Adams with his living and teaching of the "basics" has never left this world of reality—and it's high time Mr. Harris found it! He's of age now. Though, I might add, this doesn't imply active participation since his services are considered more valuable on the home front calling names. See what we mean by second-hand emotion?
In closing I would like to make an appeal to the students, that we attempt in some way to mitigate the exorcising embarrassment Frank Graham, Paul Green, Harry Russell, Rex Winslow, Bradshaw, Zimmerman, and Odum's cow must be suffering in their unsolicited alignment with Mr. Harris versus good taste.
Sincerely,
James Cox

To The Editor:
I wonder whether any of our boys who are so very much opposed to the recent slash in dance funds have given any thought or consideration to the ideas which the girls might entertain on the matter? While the idea of "acting behind skirts" might not be appealing to our big-time dancer friends, I wager that they

gyre and gimble . . .

by hayden carruth and harley moore

MOLAR DOLOR

PART II
This poem here, as you will see, Continues where the last one ended. It tells the tale of Witherby, Our hero, whom we left suspended, Outside the dentist's office gory, So NOW TO GET ON WITH THE STORY:

When Mr. Witherby was called
Within the dentist's lair,
And when he had been gently shoved
Into the dentist's chair,
'Twas then he slowly looked above
And saw it hanging there—
That diabolic instrument
Enveloped his whole stare.
There it shone with evil gleam
To mock his coward brain;
There it sparkled in the light,
An omen speaking pain.
He cowered lower in his seat;
The atmosphere grew chill;
He closed his eyes and clenched his fist;
As closer drew the drill.

It grumbled low and ominous
When first it touched his molar;
Mr. Witherby cried out
With tones that wrung with dolor.
With seven fingers and a drill,
A mirror, cloth and file,
Our hero found his mouth quite full—
It somewhat cramped his style.
"Oh, 'ockor!" loud our hero gurgled,
'oo're 'illing ee! Peeze sthoph!
Ooooh! (gulp) ow!! (blurp) 'ake i' athway!
Bephere I b'ow my thoph!"
At was the dwelling aw was done,
The 'ooth was fully dwilled;
There still remained a gaping hole,
That must of needs be filled.

The nurse came in and mixed the lead;
Our hero gripped his knees;
The Doc picked up his gleaming tool—
"Now open wider, please."
Two hours hence with jaws undone,
Our hero went away;
But later on the telephone
He heard the doctor say:
"Now be calm and quite collected,
And don't think you've been neglected,
But a trifle of an error has occurred.
Through a misdirected drilling,
And a slightly misplaced filling,
The beauty of your teeth is somewhat blurred.
"I was somewhat to the south
When I worked within your mouth
And I drilled the wrong bicuspid,—
nothing worse.
And to show you my remorse,
With no charge to you of course,
I'll correct my error,—2 p. m. on Thurs."

would like a hint as to the extent to which their dates would appreciate a ten to fifteen dollar week-end for a present this year.

I speak for every girl who loves dancing, stag lines, wonderful music, evening frills, men in tails, and airy decorations—yet, who has ideas about wartime moderation, self-sacrifice, and acceptance of responsibility—when I say that we are willing to accept a \$750 May Frolics, make the most of it, have a wonderful time, and look forward to another spring when circumstances and consciences will allow us a peacetime good time. And I believe our import sisters from W. C., G. C., Meredith, St. Mary's, and Salem have about the same sentiments. It's only natural for us girls to act according to the way the boys act in this matter. The consequences, if the boys act to repeal the expenditure bill won't be hard for us—but if the bill remains as it is, we will be right in there making the best of it—because all of us, boys and girls, must have a feeling somewhere inside that it is a good thing not to spend \$3,000 at once for pleasure in today's world.

But of course this attitude is conditioned by the question: "What will the boys do with the money if they don't spend it on big dances?" Well, we girls know what they can do with the money—we have ideas about a lot of good things to do with an extra six dollars and an extra \$2,250; and we believe the boys also know what to do with it; and we would like to know that they did just those things with it.
Sincerely,
A co-ed

keyboard . . .

By Stuart McIver

Our judiciary has clarified itself on an issue important to all of us. Everybody's friend, Hubert Jarboe, alias several people, got a total of six years for his coat-stealing activities, four for his Carolina work and two for the theft of a Duke coat. It is logical then to infer that a crime committed against a Duke student does not constitute much of a crime. Apparently it is no more important than stealing a sweater off a dog. What the penalties in this state for dog-sweater stealing are we have no idea. Doubtless the state is without statutes on this score since few Carolina dogs wear sweaters. Our dogs are all a hardy lot. Take Dan, for instance, or the Hound, first soloist with Spivak—much to the dismay of the union.

Similarly, there are probably no statutes dealing with the theft of coats from Duke students. The Dukes, it might be added, are not as toughened as our campus dogs, though, judging from remarks heard from the Carolina section at the game last Friday night, they both have much in common.
No official statement has yet been issued on the status of Duke students as voters. We feel that the Dukes are being wronged. Many of them are people. They should be given a place in society. Or at least they should be given some sort of a chance.

Quite apart from the fact that bands could produce only marginal music for \$750, there is another argument against the recent cut that seems to me unanswerable. In times like these morale should be kept high. President Roosevelt has already expressed his hope that baseball will be able to continue.

Last spring Tommy Dorsey brought down a hard-fighting nine that nosed out Johnny Satterfield's boys by one run in as bitterly contested a softball game as this campus has seen. After these games Dorsey plays for dances and makes enough money to defray his athletic expenses. If he is cut to \$750, his team will be unable to play here, and a great rivalry may be ended.

No press releases have been sent out yet on the strength of Dorsey's team, but he should be able to field another powerful unit, though the loss of Elman to the army may prove serious. Satterfield's team will again be led by Bob Saunders, ace trumpet man.

This must be a showdown. Should the legislature be given unlimited powers? Let them tamper around. Yes. Let them even pass an occasional bill, but when they began to interfere with the hit-and-run, the curve-ball and the hard-hit line drive, they are going too far. It is time the campus put its foot down. And the campus knows where.

The phone book situation in the library is, to put it mildly, vexing. We have the largest library in the South and the fourth largest in the nation, or something. We have everything. Books on English, books on psychology, trade journals, dogs, Saturday Evening Posts, pick-ups, and even a book on phobias. But no phone-book.

Probably you have to make out a slip for it, but that sounds too much like a gag. The very idea of making out a call number for the phone-book. Entirely too much like a pun. Besides, where would you look? Under phone, telephone, Bell, or Améche? Nobody seems to know. The whole business is one of the two great mysteries of the campus, the other one being the sink situation in Ruffin.

If you ever happen to be in Ruffin, drop around and see how the water-supply works. You'll really see something. When the water hits the sink-basin, it splatters over the entire room. Most of it lands on the poor fish who thought he'd get away with washing his hands without submerging them. What makes it so bad is that the water lands on you at such uncompromising spots.

No one has ever been able to give a satisfactory explanation. Probably the answer lies in some fiendish distortion of the profit motive.

it happens here . . .

10:30—A. C. Howell advises register in 203 South building.
8:30—"Behold, the Brethren!" at Playmakers Theatre.

102 WERE THERE . . .

At least 102 students packed Memorial hall to hear Roger Baldwin, chairman of the American Civil Liberties Union, give one of the pithiest addresses of the year. Those 102 students were fortunate in hearing Mr. Baldwin speak of the dangers, the meaning, and the attacks on America's greatest document—the Bill of Rights.

Mr. Baldwin was asked to address the campus by the Carolina Political Union. Needless to say, the members of the Administration as well as the CPU were embarrassed by the sparse attendance. The CPU indirectly receives student money from the Debate Council, Graham Memorial, the Grail and other student organizations.

It is plain that if the student body does not wish to have speakers here on the campus, it should make that desire heard and understood. There have been many who have criticized the bringing of big-name speakers who either cannot or will not say anything new. Yet, when there comes a man who is respected as the foremost in his field, a man who is vitally interested in student government, and a man who is as able a speaker as Roger Baldwin, Memorial hall is practically empty. Roger Baldwin said something. He spoke of the things which affect us as individuals and as a nation—civil liberties.

The question as to whether the campus wants speakers and as to whom it wants to hear is stalemate members of the CPU and IRC. For the members of these organizations do not want to waste student fees on that for which the students have no desire. The question and its solution belong to every student. Does the student body want to hear men who have something to say or does it wish to jam Memorial hall for the morbid curiosity for seeing a bigshot?

FROM CAPITOL TO CAMPUS

By Jay Richter
ACP's Washington Correspondent

Jobs

The Civil Service commission faces a tremendous task. Recent passage of the Ramspeck amendment brings 85 per cent of federal jobs—an all-time high—under commission scrutiny. Workers in non-war agencies must be funneled into at-war agencies. Countless new workers must be found and dovetailed into the government army.

This means thousands of potential jobs for college people, whose specialized training is eagerly sought. Often the government is stepping in, through civil service, to give college people on-the-job training—"majors" in lines where they are needed most.

An example is the recent move to enlist college women for "men's work." As laboratory aides in army arsenals, they inspect gauges used in testing ordnance materials. Coeds who wish such jobs should have at least two years of college work, including some physics, chemistry and trigonometry. The goal of civil service is 100 girls a month for the next 10 months. Initial pay, \$1620 annually.

Although about 87 per cent of government jobs are "in the field," as Washingtonians blithely dismiss the United States, some are located here in the capital. Don't take too seriously what you read and hear of crowded and costly living conditions here. A salary of \$2,000 here is equal, roughly, to one of \$1,800 in a city of comparable size. Living quarters are crowded to be sure, but turn-over of tenants is high. Which means you'll always find a place if you watch closely and jump quickly.

If you were one of the some 16,000 college people who filed with civil service last month for a "junior professional assistant" job, it may interest you to know the exams won't be given until this spring. April's the best guess.

It's open season "indefinitely" on seniors and graduates in chemistry, physics and engineering.

So hot is the pursuit that civil service has abandoned competitive examinations in these fields—probably for the duration. Simply show on your application blanks that you have had requisite training. In the case of successful candidates who are seniors, "provisional appointments" will be made. Which means jobs, come spring and graduation.

You'll be classed as a "junior professional assistant" with starting pay \$2,000 a year, although many agencies will try to get you for less . . . unless you say on your blank that you won't take less.

Others of Uncle Sam's favorite nephews and nieces are economists. Currently favored are those with at least two years of graduate work or experience. Successful application through civil service may bring a job paying from \$2,600 to \$5,600.

War

It is unlikely, according to national Selective Service headquarters, that any student in the 20-year-old draft age group will be called up before June. The lottery isn't until March. New draft registrants won't be completely classified until sometime in May.

General Hershey's office has cleared up the confusion on how new lists will be integrated with the old. The answer is, they won't be. Not exactly.

Instead the War department will begin an entirely new plan, about June 1, of specifying not only quota numbers but also the age group from which quotas are to be filled. Thus, if the army says it wants men 21 to 35, the old list will be used; if it wants men below 21 or above 35, the new list will be used.

The latest advice to collegians from Selective Service is still, "stick to your college work until you're called." Patriotic fervor has its place, but a wild rush of volunteers will only serve to complicate planning.

Coeds are in for careers, with or without husbands to manage. For "the ultimate" is 9,000,000 more women workers.

The National Education Association's educational policies commission (President Conant of Harvard is a member) is recommending a plan to anticipate Selective Service by two or three years—catch promising boys as they leave high school, steer them into fields where they will be of most use in the war effort.

A "reserved category" of most promising boys 17 through 19 would be allocated to schools and colleges for training. The "reserved category" would be picked "absolutely irrespective" of financial status of their parents, with Uncle Sam financing the advanced education.

IN PASSING . . .

"Ever since 1931, when Japan invaded Manchuria in defiance of her solemn obligations, we have witnessed a steady deterioration in all international relationship. National honor, which alone can provide the basis of international relationship if the law of the jungle is not to prevail, seems to have lost its moral force. Nothing has stood in the way of those nations which, having built great military establishments, have chosen to disregard the moral law. They have swept on from victory to victory. Nothing will arrest them except superior force. We are confronted with more than the spectacle of a world war. We are confronted with a revolution in human affairs comparable with the extinguishment of the Roman Empire which launched mankind into the Dark Ages. If the aggressor nations win this war new Dark Ages will envelop us and a new scientific slave order will take the place of our present order of free men." Robert C. Clothier, president of Rutgers University, cites the principal reason why peace-loving peoples have been thrown into war.