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BIG ...

Every so often Carolina students get together and pool their originality and energy to produce something really big that has a spontaneous appeal for the whole campus. McGaughey, Stein and Page did it with their Sound and Fury shows. Fish Worley did it with his Sadie Hawkins Day. The University club does it every fall with the pep rally for the Duke game. Tonight those students who have worked weeks with Diddy Kelley and Louis Harris will do it again with this spring's renovated May Day festivities.

From 4 o'clock this afternoon until 1 o'clock tonight, the student body will be presented with a program unequalled in scope and variety in the history of Carolina.

Those students who, like us, regretted the passing of Student-Faculty Day need grieve no more. This afternoon's carnival with its coed-male softball team pitted against the faculty, its booths and its sideshows, will give students and professors another chance to mingle outside the classroom.

Awards night ceremonies, at which students will be recognized for outstanding services rendered during the current year, will be introduced by Dr. Frank Graham, who has returned from his arbitration work on the War Labor Board.

A mammoth pageant, whose cast of characters includes the CVTC, the NROTC and the May Court, will tell the story of Carolina's magnificent part in the national defense effort.

After the program in Kenan stadium, Navy-bound Bill Cochrane follows up his Java Jump and Australian Crawl in Graham Memorial with a Victory Ball—free, informal, fun.

Hectic events, one after another, have rocked the campus ever since Pearl Harbor and now threaten to dissolve that unity which has always made Carolina a peculiarly individual university. Now, for the first time since December, the student body has a chance to re-cement that bond.

It will be a big afternoon and a big night. See you there.

GRASS GROUCHES ...

With Don Bishop gone, and gone with him the "Keep Off the Grass" campaign, Carolina's prized turf has become very down-trodden. Yes, the flora and fauna that take refuge amongst the little blades of grass are finding themselves driven out of house and lot by size-10 saddle shoes that, week by week, month by month, and year by year, find new virgin plots of Carolina grass to walk across. Grass is a temptation the Carolina student cannot resist. He must feel it crunching under his metatarsals.

Aroused by this situation, an anonymous poet has recently placed on the bulletin board of Graham Memorial an appropriate little opus which reads as follows:

KEEP 'EM FLYING P'OM canto I

Butterflies come from nasty worms— At least that's what biologists say. They come creeping out in springtime, And under the grass they lay. (lie) canto II

Don't drag your feet across the grass, Keep our butterflies from dying, National Defense asks of you: Lets always KEEP 'EM FLYING!

RETREADS ...

By Stuart McIver

If sugar rationing did nothing else for me, at least it revealed a nasty scandal. The practice has been going on in many small towns around the state. You may have noticed it but never realized how vicious it was. I refer to the civic service.

My informant was Billy "Jock" Southerland, an old eagle scout and bald eagle at that. We had been discussing rationing, and I told him that all of West Chapel Hill was infested with boy scouts. To get a ration card you have to fight off acres of scouts.

"That's civic service," he explained. Then he cleared it up for me. If you do 25 hours of civic service, you get a stripe of one color, 50 hours and another color. If you get in 100 hours you are entitled to a blue stripe. Civic service includes such things as helping people with ration cards, raking leaves off public property, turning peoples' water off and not walking on grass.

You can see that it's a racket. Aldermen probably back it to the hilt and city street cleaning departments are all for it. I call it exploiting our youth. Some of us ought to draw up a petition to free boy scoutdom from the yoke of corruption. We could get president Graham, four faculty men and officials and Ben McKinnon to sign it.

The worst thing about it is that you may run into the same trouble that Jock encountered. He turned in 500 hours and got five stripes—blue ones. If he had done any more, W. O. S. Southerland, Jr., public servant, would have been arrested and sent back to the Caledonia prison farm or somewhere.

The youth of America is entitled to better treatment.

And, of course, we've got to include the one about the freshman who tried to get into the Navy. He applied for V-7, but was rejected. "You're just a freshman, son," said the officer. "You're too young."

The lad replied, "All right. V-1."

Polgar is all wet. You will recall that when he appeared here he was all for the mind. He seemed to think that concentration was pretty hot stuff. He called that one wrong.

Against Wake Forest Tuesday at the suggestion of David "Little Joe" Josephs, Kern Holoman, little Joe and I used concentration. Jesse Tharnish was pitching for the Deacs, and the ball game was tied up at five-all in the last half of the seventh. Tharnish seemed on the verge of a control lapse. He had just walked Hussey, and the count on Mack Morris was three and nothing. The bleacherites had been giving him a good razzing.

Then Little Joe suggested we quit hollering and start thinking. We concentrated. The next pitch was a strike. We settled down and concentrated harder. The next pitch was another strike.

I turned to Joe and said, "Cease, Joe, concentrating. Just yell." We started yelling and the next pitch almost hit Mack. We had loaded the bases, and I really mean that "we." The chorus of screams and ahoos that rang out from the men back of the plate was the decisive factor in that ball game—maybe.

Now that it has been proved conclusively that the voice is superior to the mind, I hope that Polgar sees this. He is living his life under false assumptions.

No column would be complete without mention of Clay Croom.

Dr. Thomas V. Smith, professor of philosophy at the University of Chicago, has stuck his neck out in delivering the Weil lectures here this spring. With the witta gway wabbit going over so big with local cartoon fans, everybody is going to assume that he came down for the Weil lectures to get twenty of west and wewaxation.

MUSIC MAKER ...

By Brad McCuen

While I was still a member of the Hawk patrol of Troop 96 of the Boy Scouts I went to my first jam session. It was a Sunday afternoon and was held at the home of Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey. Red's nephew was my best friend, and together we were a very unhep pair. We were allowed to go down in the basement of the house on this particular afternoon just to listen. It was a very large basement, done over rather well, and the 35 or 40 people present were not crowded. In one corner stood a phonograph with stacks and stacks of jazz and swing records which were a rarity in those days before the jitterbug and the shag-hop.

However, it was not the phono that was holding the attention but a few musicians that were grouped around a piano and set of drums. Carl Bellingier, Mildred's cousin, was playing the drums and other musicians were playing all sorts of instruments in a sort of relaxed manner and without written music.

As we watched, most of the soloists dropped away from the piano and laid their instruments down. There was only a clarinet player, the pianoman, and Carl left playing. The clarinetist was Benny Goodman and the fellow at the piano was Teddy Wilson. I had just listened to the birth of the Benny Goodman trio but I didn't know it. I had heard of Goodman only once before and then I knew nothing about him.

Every Sunday afternoon there was a session at Red and Mildred's. The music didn't impress me. I had a record player and a fine collection of Bing Crosby and Eddie Duchin records that I thought were wonderful (I still do but purely from a sentimental standpoint). I could not see why musicians, on their day off, should even want to get together and play unwritten music that sounded to my unmusical ears, like hell. Since, I have found out why. I have found out why some musicians can't stand to play any other music than this type, and fluff off enticing offers from Tommy Dorsey and the Great Glenn. I hope to be able to impart this little secret in a future column.

HOT NOTES: The New York Post has a daily music column titled "Mu-

sic Maker" and written by a Daniel Richman. We won't sue Danny because we didn't register the tag anyway. ... Eddie Bert, trombonist with Red Norvo, is nothing short of terrific. If you don't believe us listen on Saturday night. ... Artie Shaw is supposed to be back of the new Georgie Auld band. ... Larry Johnson tells us that Chapel Hill has been immortalized in a popular tune. It seems that a soldier and former song writer, now stationed at Fort Bragg, has a girl here in Chapel Hill. He penned a ditty, titled it "Chapel Hill," and now it is awaiting publication. It will be published because the Andrews Sisters have taken the tune to Hollywood to put in their next movie. There is not a "Dreamsville, Ohio" but there sure is a "Chapel Hill." ... Sammy Kaye, when playing a theater date, has a "So You Want to Lead a Band" contest and invites people to come up from the audience and put the orchestra through one number. In Cincinnati recently some of Sammy's friends brought up a chimpanzee as a gag. Kaye, going along with the rib, put the baton in the chimp's paw and let him lead the band. Does this prove beyond any doubt that it takes only a monkey to lead a band like the Kaye crew? ... We met a fellow on Monday that had not heard "Blues in the Night" and he wasn't a grad student either.

RECORD OF THE WEEK: It has long been our contention that Benny

Goodman and his boys have not put their best on wax. While their Okeh records have been good, much better are the four sides issued by Commodore last week under the name of Mel Powell's orchestra. Benny and his ace sidemen—George Berg, Mel Powell, Billy Butterfield, and Lou McGarrity—together with colored Al Morgan and Kansas Fields are well recorded and well represented. Of the sides, "Blue Skies," "When Did You Leave Heaven," "Mood at Twilight" and "World for the Sunrise," the last is probably the finest. Fields is a drummer who should become famous for his drive and punch. I can't remember when I've been so enthusiastic about any records as these. (Commodore).

McCoombs Has Rings

Footsie McCoombs announced that Seniors and Juniors can still get their class rings by contacting him at Stacy dorm.

—FOR VICTORY BUY BONDS—

BUY COAL NOW SUMMER CASH PRICES FITCH LUMBER CO. PHONE 7291

DON'T FORGET MOTHER ON MOTHER'S DAY --- MAY 10th

Lingerie—Silk & Nylon Hosiery We Have A Complete Line of Gifts

All Packages Bought Here Wrapped For Mailing—Free of Charge

BERMAN'S

DEPARTMENT STORE CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

DO YOU DIG IT?

DAVE AIKEN-YALE '45-GETS \$10 FOR THIS SLANGO

"FOR THE LICK SIDE OF A YELL DITCH THAT'D GUZZLE YOUR INLET, YOU SHOULDA SPREAD YOUR BUCKETS UNDER THE PEPSI-COLA THEY OILED THE SWAMPS WITH AT THE KANGAROO KENNEL!"



*ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Our "Y" man simply means that for a really good drink at any sports contest, his pal should have had some of the Pepsi-Cola everybody was enjoying at the boxing bouts. In other words, chum, Pepsi-Cola goes great any time.



WHAT DO YOU SAY?

Send us some of your hot slang. If we use it you'll be ten bucks richer. If we don't, we'll shoot you a rejection slip to add to your collection. Mail your slang to College Dept., Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y.

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers.

IN PASSING ...

More than 1,000 high school seniors throughout the country took recent examinations for University of Chicago scholarships.

Iowa State college student defense council recently formed an educational committee to make certain that every student has a chance to know the facts about the world crisis.