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The Daily Tar Heel Editorial Page

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THE WEARY WISHER...

By Hayden Carruth

Jack Sprat sat at the furthest desk, his feet propped comfortably against the open second drawer. He was reading an old copy of the *American Federationist*. Just then the door swung open with a fury, and Little Jack Horner exploded into the room.

"Listen, Sprat. We're being exploited. Mother Goose has preyed on us working guys long enough. The old witch has drained the life blood from my very veins. Look at me; just look at me. I've been sticking my thumb in and out of that damned pie for the last three hundred years. I tell ya, Sprat, I can't stand it any longer." Horner's voice rose to a hysterical pitch, his shock of wild, black hair tossed frothily on his head as he pounded the desk in his vehemence. The desk fell down.

"Damn," said Sprat, as his feet fell to the floor.

"I'll tell ya what we need, Sprat," continued Horner more calmly. "We gotta get this organization on its feet. We gotta toss out the old foggies. We gotta get an industrial union, here, and what's more, we gotta use a little sabotage on that old woman. Slow down on the job occasionally and that sort of stuff. Ya know what I mean. Listen, Sprat, what the hell's the matter with ya. You been eatin' that damned steak for centuries now, giving your wife all the good fat meat. Why don't ya stand up for rights man? Fight, that's what we gotta do. Wipe out the capitalists!" Horner paced the floor in his anger. The floor caught up in the last lap, however, and paced Horner for the home stretch.

"I like steak," said Sprat, and he got up and went down to the Waldorf-Astoria Roof Garden to get some.

"Nuts," shouted Horner, and a little grey squirrel came out of a dark corner and gave him three. "Thanks," said Horner. "You're welcome," said the squirrel, whose name was Squirrel, Esq. "How do you stand it, Squirrel, Esq.?" asked Horner.

"Oh, I got 'em beat," said Squirrel, Esq. "I just bury all my wealth so nobody can find it, and then, when I don't want to look like I'm loafing, I spend my time looking for it again." Squirrel, Esq. passed out and his two brothers came to take him away. "Hunger, you know," said his brother to Horner as they went out.

Old Mother Hubbard came in. Horner looked as if he didn't see her because it had rumored about that she had been seen in the back room with Jacob Spitzkrugeroskyov, a notorious capitalist.

"You know, Horner, I'm beginning to think there may be something in what you say. That blasted dog of mine bit me last night. I think he's beginning to get just a little tired of this no-bone gag we've been pulling on him since 4 A. D." "Industrial unionism, Old M. H., is the only thing," said Horner, who had picked up a copy of *Mein Kampf* and suddenly developed a new interest.

Dan Martin and Roland Parker walked by the front door. "Dirty cooperationists," said O. M. Hubbard. "Dirty old toy of the capitalists," said her dog as he chased her around the central desk.

"Now take it easy, O. M. H.'s dog. Things are going to be changed around here. We're getting a stronger union. Oh, Oh."

The reason that Little Jack Horner said "Oh, Oh," and he said it with that "oh-ye-gods-i-am-about-to-face-my-destiny-gulp tremor in his lar-

ynx, was that Mother Goose had just smashed the glass in the French window and entered thereby.

"Now listen, scum. I just been down to a confab with Leon Henderson, and every time we was just about to reach an agreement about how many steaks and pies we could get for youse wretches to work on, some guy by the name of Batt would poke his ugly schoozzola over the transom and say 'Tut, tut, now, Henny, don't forget that WE'RE AT WAR, or I'll cut your other arm off.' Subsequently, we didn't get nowhere, and I don't know what the world's coming to."

"Don't worry, Mother Goose," said Hubbard and Horner in unison, "we will go out and get the materials to carry on our great work." (It was later suggested by one of Squirrel, Esq.'s brothers that this sudden change of heart was brought about by the fact that Mother Goose had arrived with the 47th and 61st regiments of the state militia, fully armed.)

"Whatsa matter wid youse jolks," said The Old Woman Who Lived In a Shoe. "Youse bums is backin' down. Here I've been compelled by an unconquerable force to reside in the material protection usually afforded pedal extremities and completely denied the benefits of modern science in my relations with society, particularly male, and you, formerly staunch members of the working class express the traitorous intention of backing do..." She was riddled with bullets by the militia.

One stray bullet killed the captain, so the rest of the company, really very good anarchists at heart, shot Mother Goose and went off looking for this guy Batt, accompanied by Hubbard, Horner and one of Squirrel, Esq.'s brothers.

POST MORTEM...

It seems inane and silly to recall that a little over two months ago two factions on the campus were reaching avidly for each other's throats because the Student Legislature passed a bill limiting dance expenditures to \$750.

It seems inane because last night hundreds of Carolina men and their dates walked shining and overdressed through the typical dance weekend downpour into Woollen gym. They danced and bantered and drank Coca-colas just as they have for years past. When the band beat off a feature number, they thronged around the bandstand, just as at every dance except when Al Donahue played. When the dance was over, a little irked because the Arboretum was wet, they headed for Harry's and Danziger's and the University as in years past.

There was none of the frustration that the anti-cut boys so loudly predicted. Nor did more than the usual number of couples suffer for breaks, as was so direly forecast. The crowds of revengeful drunks that were prophesied weren't to be found either.

It was an excellent dance despite all prognostications of the winter quarter and tonight's affair will be a repeat performance, perhaps a little improved because the band will be one of the best authentic swing aggregations in the country.

All of which should go to show the Carolina students two things. First, that the ability to have a good time lies within themselves and not their pocketbooks. Second, that wartime sacrifice does not blight their young lives.

MORE GAS TROUBLES...

Thursday we printed an editorial warning students against storing gasoline in dormitories and fraternity houses. Yesterday the fire and police departments stepped in and confiscated a large amount of gas that had been stored in some frat houses.

Evidently someone couldn't realize the fire hazard and the danger to life and property that is created when large amounts of gas are stored in buildings. Now they have lost that gas.

The police department is empowered to confiscate any material that the fire department deems a fire hazard to a building. They are evidently going to use this power.

Also, the Rationing Board informs us that anyone possessing large stores of gas must punch their ration cards each time they pour some of it in a car just as if they had bought it at a filling station. Violations of this rule may render the offender liable to a \$10,000 fine or 10 years imprisonment.

Be sensible and store your gas outside where it will not be a menace, and be careful that you do not violate the rationing rule.

IN PASSING...

A Carolina baseball team that was given little chance of winning either the Big Five or Southern conference race brought both titles to Chapel Hill this week. Which is a clear indication to us that the will to win is sometimes better than ability.

Certainly we're not reflecting on the ability of the team, but we feel that on the whole it was not as good all-round as some teams the Tar Heels defeated. But the Tar Heels specialized in one field. That was "never-give-up." And with that thought in mind they came from behind on numerous occasions to bring home victory instead of defeat. Congratulations to Co-Captains Bo Reynolds and Chubby Meyers, and Coach Bunn Hearn for 100 per cent success. It would be well for other sports to take a lesson from them.

Someone asked a senior yesterday if he were

INFORMER...

When the IRC and CPU made a verbal contract many months ago as to which club gets which speakers, it was agreed that the IRC would cover all speakers from the US State Department, since that government agency was so closely allied with international affairs. The IRC took its first positive action with this agreement when it presented Sumner Welles last year.

Thursday night the IRC will bring another State Department man to Memorial hall. He's Stanley K. Hornbeck, Cordell Hull's political adviser. He's not a man with a big name like Hull or Welles, but he is the one man in the State Department who can tell most about the Pacific war.

Why? Because Dr. Hornbeck has specialized in study of the Far East for most of his life. When the State Department ever wants an expert opinion of Far Eastern affairs, they turn to Stanley Hornbeck.

Right up until Pearl Harbor Hornbeck was making an investigation of Japan's war trade methods. He can tell any audience the true political set-ups in China and Japan. His business is knowing what's going on in the Far East, and according to official testimonies, Hornbeck is a very successful businessman.

Carolina apparently is in for its biggest dose of unaltered, extensive information on the Pacific war since the conflict began when students listen to Stanley Hornbeck Thursday night.

TREASURE HUNT...

Tomorrow the Treasure Hunt for five hidden \$5 bills will begin. Below are the solutions to yesterday's sample clues. No more sample clues will be printed. Tomorrow's will be the real thing.

Here's how the Hunt will work: starting tomorrow the Daily Tar Heel will publish two clues each day until Friday. The solution of either one of the day's clues will lead you to a hidden \$5 bill. For example, suppose the solutions to tomorrow's set of clues are "GRAHAM MEMORIAL OFFICE DESK" and "CONFEDERATE STATUE." You should immediately go to either the desk or statue and examine them carefully. You will find a code message, saying something like "Dig 18 inches east of Battle dormitory cornerstone." Then if you immediately dig at the directed place, you should have no trouble finding a \$5 bill.

The first student who solves the puzzles and tracks the clue will get the \$5, so it's a game of speed. There aren't any entry blanks, any strings attached. All you have to do to get your \$5 is solve one clue and track it down. If you are a winner, the Daily Tar asks you to notify them immediately, so that your name can be printed. With students getting their Daily Tar Heels at about 8 o'clock, we estimate that the \$5 bills will be found by noon each day. But if no student on the campus finds the first \$5 bill, two bills will be waiting for you to find the next day.

Here are the solutions to yesterday's sample clue set:

No. 7.—First letter—A. Chicken—cock. News flash—bulletin. Lists stock quotations—board. So the answer is "A'ycokc bulletin board."

No. 8.—By simple rearranging the letters you get "On Bell Tower steps."

Good luck!

going to junior-seniors, "stag or sober." He stated he didn't know, but he felt certain that he would go wet. Enough said.

Psychologically speaking, it is sound to maintain many peace-time extra-curricular activities during war, in the opinion of Dr. Paul White, University of Texas psychiatrist.

STRIP TEASER

Expelled From "Are You Kiddin'" ... Hayes' Office Y'Know

BUT THE BARE FACT REMAINS THAT

The Daily Tar Heel

Presents

TODAY AT 2:30

MEMORIAL HALL

ADMISSION: Stag 15c---Couple 25c

SOUND & FURY'S
Laugh Riot

"ARE YOU KIDDIN'"

The show that played 66 consecutive weeks on Broadway comes to Chapel Hill with the same cast, same songs, same laughter.

The Critics Say:

"Better than being on the Dean's list"—Breen Dadshaw.

"More fun than an acre of hydrants"—Dan.

"More enjoyable than ten free beers"—Barry of Barry's.

