

The Tar Heel

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BOB HOKE Editor
CHARLIE NELSON Business Manager

EDITORIAL STAFF: Louis Harris, Bill Shuford, Marie Watters, Tiny Hutton, Walter Damtoft.

NEWS EDITORS: Westy Fenhagen, Billy Webb.

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Mr. Cochrane Leaves for the Navy

The Graham Memorial student union stopped a moment yesterday from its entertaining of the student body to bid farewell to the second Director within a year to go directly into the nation's armed services.

BILL COCHRANE left yesterday to fight for his country. He will go into training at Notre Dame and Northwestern university and emerge an Ensign in the United States Navy.

Last December, RICHARD "FISH" WORLEY resigned his Directorship of the union upon being called into the Army Air Corps. COCHRANE was appointed to succeed him and now—six months later—follows "square-dancer" WORLEY into the same field but in a different service.

Temperous, hardheaded, BILL COCHRANE has had a continual fight on his hands, that of maintaining the hard-fought for complete independence of the Union. MR. COCHRANE won his skirmishes.

There are other signs of MR. COCHRANE'S regime. The Art shop, providing non-profit art work for all campus agencies, was his creation. The Saturday night dances, those "Java Jump," "Toenail tickle," "Tokyo Trot" affairs won their place in campus popularity.

MR. COCHRANE'S work at the Union was only on a part-time basis for he still had to serve with the Institute of Government across the street. Yet the part-time jobs at both places were done better than many men have done on a full-time basis.

Quiet, talented HENRY MOLL moves in behind MR. COCHRANE. MR. MOLL has an enviable record, his main feat being that of putting out a Carolina Mag that was selected among the four best in the nation. Another staunch defender of the independence of the Graham Memorial student union, MR. MOLL has a job on his hands.

Victory, But Not Hate

There's khaki on the campus these summer days which makes this summer differ from the usual summer session at Carolina. It's almost easy to forget that the world is at war . . . easy until you turn your dial on the radio or sit through the newsreels or, by some oversight, read the daily paper. "The damn Japs" and "the filthy Nazis" are lampooned and cursed in all of 'em. And the shriek goes on: "Down with Wagner—he wrote the German battle music" and "The Japanese are depraved little yellow men with arsenic in their veins instead of blood."

Well—that just ain't true.

There's an important job ahead for college people, whose average I. Q. is supposed to exceed the accepted 12 years—the job of keeping a perspective. A lot of the boys on campus now will be in this war fighting before very long. But we wonder if they need hate to fight with?

We're a hard-headed generation maybe—but we're fighting for ideals just the same. Our ideals don't include forming for ourselves out of war propaganda the same sort of violent bitter little minds that are supposed to belong exclusively to the people that are now our enemies. Fight them we must. Hate them—no.

There will be a peace to be made someday. It it's made in hate, in revenge, the guys that are twenty now will find themselves reserve officers of forty fighting in another chapter of this same mess.

So let's listen to Wagner, if we happen to like him, and read Japanese poetry than which, occasionally, there is none lovelier. And—of course—let's lick hell out of the damn Nazis and the dirty Japs.

Big Town Medley

By Bob Musel

United Press Staff Correspondent
NEW YORK, June 15—(UP)—Those amazing Rockefellers, having proved they could make money in the night club business, are now busily engaged in changing the entertainment tastes of the night club public. Broadway isn't too sure they won't succeed.

There was a time when Broadway was willing to bet the oil clan, softened by the comparative gentility of international finance, would retreat licking their wounds from the wild free-for-all competition for the night club dollar.

Now it knows better. For the Rockefellers, by violating all the rules of that strange business, have built two of the most consistently profitable night club properties in town—the Rainbow Room and the Rainbow Grill.

John Roy, who manages both of these skytop rooms on the 65th floor of Radio City, is one of the Rockefeller innovations. A former college professor he knew none of the devious angles of conducting a night club. Thus he naively decided that good food, entertainment and pleasant management would do the trick. It did.

It is through Roy that the Rockefellers are trying to lift night club entertainment a few notches. At the moment they are concentrating on the dance and artists usually seen

only on the concert stage or in other comparable media appear regularly in the Rainbow Room.

"There was some skepticism at first," said the scholarly Roy, "because people just couldn't seem to get used to the idea of so distinguished a dancer as, say Charles Weidman in a night club.

"But we figured, why not? Just because it hadn't been done was no reason it would not succeed. So we inaugurated a policy of having a fine dance act in every new show and it's done so well other clubs are beginning to adopt the idea themselves.

"Right now we have Jack Cole and his Dancers, one of the finest groups in the country. Jack got his start in the Room some years ago in a conventional ballroom team. I helped persuade him to exploit his great talents and the result has been most gratifying.

"Ruth Page, the international ballerina, was another innovation and Miriam Winslow and Foster Fitz-Simons also made their night club debuts here. We teamed Mona Montes of the Metropolitan Opera ballet and Jose Fernandez of the American ballet, among others."

Roy, who has developed an unusual eye for entertainment ability despite his academic background, admits he is toying with another semi-classical idea. But what it is he won't say.



Salvo

by Louis Harris

And so, Molotov had left Washington. A second front would be forthcoming, when American troops reached massive numbers, when ships were built to transport them to the shores of France and Norway. The pledge for final and ultimate victory, no false peace, was made. The assurance of a union of "all-like-minded nations" after the war was made by the government of His Majesty and the Soviet Union. Policing, no agrandizement and no interference with the internal affairs of other states, plus a vow to work as the United Nations and not as individual nations all made a glowing picture from London, Moscow, and Washington last week. The United States had declared war on three Balkan enemies of Russia, and the Coral Sea battle was a major victory.

Yet, amidst the gloating victories and the altruistic, liberal pledges for a peaceful, moderate order in the post-war world, capitals of the world still had the power-game ringing in their ears.

One could not help but remember the serene years in 1936, when Americans and British and French turned heads away at the struggle against the fascists in Spain, the plea from a foreboding Russian Red government that here was the chance to stem the aggressor tide. The deaf ear of President Roosevelt and appeasers in the two poles of European power-democracy. One remembered the little quibbles like the invasion of the Rhineland and the beginnings of the rumble of war on a futile western front.

Then, the shocking memory of Molotov, the same diplomat who left Washington on June 4, returning from Berlin in summer, 1939, with the terse announcement that indefinite collaboration with Hitler had been sown between the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany. And the crash of a summer past, when the most heroic resistance in modern history stemmed the hitherto unhalted march of the Nazis into the Ukraine and the rich Caucasus oil fields. Then, the pledges of full lend-lease aid, then full war aid, and finally the assurance of a second-front on the continent.

It all came back with a sudden sordidness, the weirdness of a catastrophic nightmare that had pitched youth throughout the world into the sea of destruction. Each move of every nation seemed to turn all it touched to blood. The war became sacred.

The question, why would Russia sign such a liberal pledge seemed based on two assumptions: 1. could the Soviet union afford to sacrifice the opening of a second front to bargain for the Baltic states; and 2. could the United States and Britain enter a collaboration with communist Russia unless liberal peace aims were adopted?

For Russia, the new 20-year

treaty halts Britain from buying off or interfering with the internal affairs of small nations on the continent. It facilitates the commerce of Britain with the vast reconstruction that Russian industry will have to undergo after the war. It binds the Soviet to an assurance of aid from Britain and the United States in Europe, but does not commit her in the Far East against Japan. Thus, it allows Russia full hand and assistance in her battles around Khar'kov without the fear of a double-front war. In toto, it gives Russia an assurance of a powerful combination of allies for actual military service, besides pledges for equal seating around the peace table. In return for all these, it is little wonder that Russia was willing to agree to a liberal peace.

For Britain, the benefits are just as sound. She has already built up a huge obligation to Russia on the military front. Now, with the aid of the United States, the first great opportunity for crushing Germany faces her. Britain won a victory when the treaty did not call for Soviet annexation of the Baltic states and parts of Poland. She won a larger victory when Russia agreed to join the community of nations as a peaceful neighbor, for it was here that Churchill's largest fear has come. The uncertainty of whether Russia would go whole-hog with Britain has finally been settled. The terms of the Atlantic Charter and the terms of Britain were those in the treaty. Here was assurance before victory that the big battle was against Hitler and not over the peace-table.

For the United States, the agreement marked a long-coming assurance that we had at last lost our isolation and had joined as a full war power. We had given verbal vows that we would abide by the terms. Tacitly implied was that the post-war effort would be one of common sharing by all the United Nations. The altruism was not on America's part, for we were just beginning to fight in the three-year struggle and knew that Russia and Britain would push Germany to the limit, in return for American troops and supplies. Considering our two-year overplayed role as reluctant dragon, we were already assured of the foundations of a lasting peace in Europe. Our struggle was now to be carried out. We have some assurance, too, that Russia will not be the imperialistic bear of 1939.

Although a scrap of paper and a treaty, both of which have been made useless mockeries during the past decade, the treaty none-the-less stands as an historic document. It is significant for it makes the battle-fronts of Khar'kov, Libya, the Pacific, and Europe more clear-cut. It leaves the job to be done, but makes it certain that harmony and trust, not doubt and mistrust will be the order, at least until the war is ended. It also lays the foundations for a united peace, a far cry from the bitter throat-slittings of France and England over the peace-table after the

Undone Victory

by Paul Komisaruk

Congress went to work on President Roosevelt's budget last week, and the net result will bring, among a host of other things, a resounding whack that will echo through the self-help offices on South Building's second floor.

For the Congress, complaining bitterly, because the nation's press condemned them as the fallen great, damned them because many of their number had "consistently damaged the cause of world democracy," and hinted quite obviously that next November, there would be some changes made, set out to "re-establish themselves."

First step on their road back was to kill the CCC. Their next step was to carve \$100,000,000 out of an appropriation for the National Youth Administration. The Congressional act left NYA heads with \$50,000,000 to work on for the coming year.

The attitude of Congress towards NYA has always been belligerent. Especially have they been resentful to those portions of the funds that were going to the nation's colleges. "I got to Congress without ever goin' to college," more than one Congressman bellowed many times.

With the war, they had another argument. "Those boys should be doing their duty in the army." They were ignoring one or two vital points when they failed to realize that men still in colleges are forming a tremendous reservoir of what will result in trained officer material. They failed to realize also that army and navy officials, vigorously promoting their V-1's and V-5's, were in favor of "keeping them in college" to further insure officer material that is badly needed.

And above all the Congress failed to realize that work-as-they-go boys in the nation's colleges were invariably averaging the same or better grades than the rest of their classmates.

The situation in North Carolina's NYA office in Raleigh is still confused in light of the cut. No one knows as yet just what the cut will mean, or where it will hit. But one thing is almost certain. The slim little man who so adequately runs UNC's self-help office in South Building will probably get a budget cut that may flatten the worthy NYA balloon in a flash. And when the cut does come, the second cut this year, E. S. Lanier is given the dirty task of weeding out, where no weeding should be done.

Ironically enough, Congress' act comes less than two weeks after Lanier published a swatch of facts showing what his 285 NYAers were doing. Charges that NYAers didn't belong in colleges were never more adequately answered. For of the 285, 113 had made the honor roll (B grades or better). Seventeen of the 113 made straight A's. Of the remaining number who didn't make honor roll, he showed that 125 averaged from C to C plus, 29 averaged C minus, and only 18 averaged D.

Last January Lanier's budget was

last war. It leaves China still unsettled, and does not solve the numerous economic and political as well as geographical problems that will have to be surmounted. In reality it does nothing more than assure each of the United Nations that all will come to the battle-front and peace table with common bonds of a liberal, forward peace, not the stained hands of a mirage of concealed treaties and power wranglings.

Count not out the desires for power and control of all the nations. Yet, after the treaty with China is sealed, the days will be hastened when men once more can see sunlight for long, without the darkness of dive bombers and rumbling tanks.

cut by some \$8,000. He was told to drop 75 students from the lists to allow for the cut. Before he took any action students went to work and in less than three weeks raised the necessary money by themselves. A student committee did a thoroughly phenomenal and adequate job of canvassing and fund raising. Student organizations gave until it hurt, and then gave some more.

In the meantime a Congressional act moved the clock back six months. And soon Ed Lanier may be asked to go to work on his lists again.

Congress was re-establishing itself in the eyes of the nation.

Bing Will Be Os-Sut Chief

AUBURN, Cal., June 15—(UP)—Bing Crosby, crooner, movie actor, racing stable owner and amateur golfer, will add Indian chief to his list of titles July 4.

The Os-Sut Indian tribe plans to confer the title of "Chief Flying Eagle" on the diminutive crooner in appreciation for his saving their 150-year-old-burying ground near Auburn.

Crosby, learning that the tribe was threatened with loss of the two-acre plot through sale by the owners to settle an estate, purchased it and deeded it to the Indian tribe.

He also bought an additional acre for the tribe, which had been making desperate efforts to raise money to keep the graveyard in its possession.

Crosby became interested in the Os-Suts' troubles through the efforts of Harold Robinson, missionary of the Calvary Baptist church of Los Angeles, and the Rev. J. J. Hynes, pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic church in Auburn.

They will be in charge of an all-day program and pow-wow July 4 on the Os-Sut reservation, at which Crosby will hand the property deed to Mrs. Martha Le May of Auburn, who handles the tribe's business matters.

Indians from all sections of California are expected to attend the festival. Invitations also have been sent to Indian reservations in Nevada.

The program will include a barbecue, Indian sports contests and tribal dancing and songs by such famous Indians as Princess Martha Le May, Queen Jane Mills and Aunt Polly Hamburger.

Several prominent motion picture stars are expected to accompany Crosby from Hollywood.

Caboose Goes Modern, Gets Electric Lights

INDIANAPOLIS, June 15—(UP)—Railroad caboose tradition has been broken.

Ben H. Pryor, New York Central conductor, installed a fan atop the car and connected it to a generator which charges a battery.

Gone are the familiar kerosene lamps. Pryor believes his is the first electrically-lighted caboose in operation.

Keep In Touch

with Tiny Hutton

Edward Knox Powe, of the Durham and the SAE Powes, has stepped far ahead of all contestants in the "Is My Face Dubonnet" contest, sponsored by this column. E. K. forgot that Steele had been turned over to the co-eds for the summer, and being in a hurry at the time, made a mad dash for the little room in the corner of the first floor. He was saved from extreme embarrassment by the presence of the maid and several of the occupants.

Classified Adv't Dept.—Johnny Miller, varsity end, smooth dancer, and lover par excellence, wishes to announce to all women students that he is available for evening engagements. Those interested are asked to call 8011. References are furnished upon request.

Character of the Week—Unanimous choice for the man of the hour seems to be Wilton Damon, Dr. Cyclops from G'boro. Damon's chief ambition at present is to get a B.S. in the Commerce school before Uncle Sammy gets a W.D. in the Army. His pet like is a picnick at the lake on a Sunday afternoon while his chief dislike is a lemon.

Social Spotlight—A major disaster struck at the fair village on Sunday when Pat Fuller stepped off the bus from Florida. Several freshmen choked to death while gasping for breath and sixteen onlookers were crushed in the mad rush.

The fair Chi O's are all a twitter over the talk that their Randy Jennings and the Delta Psi's Jesse Nalle are planning on middle aiding it sometime in the not too distant future.

Conspicuous by their absence—Lois Boyd and Bill Shuford created quite a furor by their respective departures last week. Lois was quite demonstrative in hers, searching up and down the street (with Steve Karres in tow) for male friends to kiss goodbye. Shuford was the other extreme. He slipped away quietly in the middle of the night, hating to say farewell to the place he loved so well.

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