

The Tar Heel

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Editor: BOB HOKE
Business Manager: CHARLES NELSON

EDITORIAL STAFF: Marie Watters, Tiny Hutton, Henry Moll, Walter Damtoft, Jack Dube, Hobart McKeever, Marion Gurney.
NEWS EDITORS: Westy Fenhagen, Billy Webb, Walter Klein.

NEWS STAFF: Paul Komisaruk, Mark Garner, John Temple, Frank Ross, Quint Furr, Ida Mae Pettigrew, Sarah Niven, Margaret Johnson, Suzanne Feld, Ruth Ellis, Ann Turner, Leah Richter, Margaret Morrison, Phyllis Yates, John Johnson, Sara Yokley, Charles Easter, Fred Dickman.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Bob Weis.
CARTOONIST: Bill Seeman.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS: Octavia Muller, Sybil Shelar, Mary Lou Truslow, Elizabeth Lindsay, Jack Watters, Helen Stucky and Jimmy Norris.

Shoestring Budget and Hard Work

Financial wizards of THE TAR HEEL resigned themselves to increased hard work and a shoestring budget as the last vestige of hope for national advertising was dashed last week.

For hope had been expressed at the beginning of the summer of the possibility of national advertising, e.g., cigarettes, communications, etc., for college summer publications, in view of the speed-up program adopted by the majority of colleges and universities.

National Advertising Service, Inc., THE TAR HEEL's solicitor for the national ads, definitely informed us last week not to expect any. "National advertisers haven't heretofore used college papers in the summer and, in spite of the 'new order,' they are loath to do so this year."

All of which means that the advertising staff will have to work twice as hard getting local ads, now scarcer than ever, to make up for the loss of the nationals. The Publications Union Board is depending upon extra advertising to help decrease the mighty deficit in the summer budget—the only other income being a small allotment from the activities fund, there being no publications fee charged in the summer.

We are asking the student body to help us. We are asking them to read the advertising columns of this paper, to patronize its advertisers, and to mention THE TAR HEEL when making purchases. Is that too much to ask?

They Could Be You

We again publish two sample honor code cases recently brought before the student council on the front page of this edition.

They are published in the attempt to acquaint the student body with the operation of the student council and the type of cases and punishment handled by that group. For obvious reasons, names and special facts are omitted.

Every student should read them and carry the practice of the honor system from mere theory into everyday application. The student is responsible for reporting violations. That's the main part of his job, yet ultimately the entire control of student government is in his hands. Can they be qualified hands without knowledge of operation? Can they be qualified hands without actual practice of the principles which they uphold?

Among The Damned with Damtoft

(Somehow one of Tom Hammond's "Hayseed Letters" ended up in my mail, and feeling that Tom wouldn't object, I decided to publish it.)

Chepel Collicht, July 4, 1942

Mr. Hiram Hayseed, sr., Bear Creek, N. C.
Dere Paw,

it's been a rite tollerable length of time since i last writ you but paw they's so much agoin' on hyarabouts that i jest ain't had no time fer much letter writin'. ever sense you sent me off to summer school, i has been busy a learnin' whut a feller does so that people won't think he's queer. They say that a feller like that around here is a cookin' on the rear burner with wet kindlin'.

soon as i got hyar, i heard some fellers a talkin' about crypt courses. Seems like everybody is supposed to taked crypt courses durin' the summer so i ast a frien of mine to tell me a few so's i could do like everybody else. i'm a tellin' you paw, this is a hard workin' bunch around hyar cause if everybody is takin' crypt courses like mine, they've gotta work.

you don't need to send me no more money for clothes like you did last year when they had that Eskywire contest 'cause now, it looks like nobody don't care whut they wears. Yestidday i seen a fellar name of Sheriff George Smith, one of them fellers whut they calls a BMOC, a runnin' around with no shoes, an old undershirt an ole pair of pants whut he had rolled up to his knees. Even some uv these high sassiety gals run here like Jackie Ray don't even wear shoes. Reckon they must all have corns or somethin whuts a botherin their feet.

paw i done like you tole me an tried to take a little more inrest in the feemales but it's well nigh to impossible to see any of them things run hyar. i met a cute little trick name of Ginny Mack at a square dance whut Bill Alexander put on the other night and tried to get a date but i ain't done no good yet. you have got to make a reservation with her 'bout two weeks afore you wants a date and i just caint wait thet long.

they's a lot of fellers runnin' round hyar in some brown unyforms whut looks like the kind they put on cousin Zeke when he was invited down to Fort Bragg, but they don't call these fellers buck privates. they is known as flyin' kaydettes. They chops wood all week and then dates all weekend. us pore Carolina gentulmen just ain't got a chance on weekends cept unless we wants whut they calls a late date which means you run over and get your date, run up to a place called Harry's, scuttle some suds (thet's the latest talk for drink some beer), and run back to her dorm.

they is puttin on some nice shows up hyar to keep up our morale though paw. they had a big minstrel show last friday nite and a little feller named Tiny Hutton sang a song about "Benny's From Heaven" whut sounded like the feller thet wrote it must uv been in Bear Creek last summer when Homer Littlejohn had to leave town. And then a feller played the pyani and a gal named Lib Izen tried to keep up with him by twistin' and turnin and all kinds of things and a gal named Margaret Norman kissed a boy named Root rite on the stage and everbody holled how they'd like to have been in his place but i don't know rightly why. A famous celebrity named Pat Fuller wuz supposed to be in the minstrel but i hheard that she wuz runnin' from some naval officers and Tom Wadden and got lost somewhere near Hillsboro and couldn't get back in time for the show.

paw one uv of the funniest things around hyar is whut Hank Moll calls "Music Under the Stars," a fren of mine ast me to go with him and his date to Kenan stadium to listen to it. he made me carry a blanket down there with me and when we got there, he got in a dark corner and took the blanket an tole me to git the hell away. i reckon he and his date didn't want me aroun disturbin the pretty music.

well paw, i hev got to git back to wurk so i can pass my crypt courses. Give maw my love and tell Lula Belle hello.

your son,
Hiram, jr.



On The Q-T

by Walter Klein

Typical Day in Chapel Hill

- 6:00—(Union hours) Dawn.
- 6:00:01—Dan is up.
- 6:00:02—Dan barks.
- 6:00:03—Chapel Hill is officially awake.
- 6:01—Chapel Hill is unofficially back to sleep.
- 6:20—Ed stabs papers with his javelin in front of YMCA.
- 6:30—Six Betas arrive back home after a relatively dull night.
- 6:40—The laundry swings into its white-collar shift.
- 7:00—Seventeen newsboys deliver their papers—in a convenient sewer.
- 7:11—A crap game winds up out Carrboro way.
- 7:15—Mrs. Roosevelt pounds on the doors of Memorial hall screaming, "What the hell happened to my Louis Harris?"
- 7:30—A senior, hearing the TAR HEEL is planning a picture spread on the first ticket sold at the new theater, pitches camp at the box office.
- 7:45—Fifty students barge into the library to cram before their 8 o'clocks.
- 7:55—Three hundred alarm clocks go off.
- 8:00—Everything is dead.
- 8:05—Students arrive en masse at their 8 o'clocks.
- 8:25—Professors march triumphantly into their 8 o'clocks (one forgot his pants and scampers out.)
- 8:40—Seven hundred Naval cadets, who have been drilling for two hours, finally wake up with a shudder.
- 9:01—Chapel Hill merchants open their stores to let the flies out.
- 9:15—Dean Parker starts a bull session in South building.
- 9:16—Three hundred students remember they were supposed to go to 8 o'clocks, resolve never to oversleep again, and go back to sleep.
- 9:30—A coed starts from Graham Memorial to town. Man on Confederate statue cocks his musket.
- 9:31—Silence.
- 9:50—A dive bomber swoops over town. Mrs. Lawson runs into the street, shaking her fist.
- 10:05—Hobie McKeever agrees to take down his last election signs.
- 10:45—A desperately sick student staggers into the Infirmary and dies. Nurse then auctions off cadaver to a representative from the Med building.
- 11:05—Dr. Frank flits in from Washington. Flits out.
- 11:07—Dean Bradshaw whizzes in from Washington. Whizzes out.
- 11:09—Dean House ambles in for a hard day's work.
- 11:20—Dean Parker gets in a bull session in Gootch's.
- 11:30—Truman Hobbs sneaks back for a last look.
- 12:00—Martin Dies arrives in town to investigate Harvey Segal.
- 12:00—Harvey Segal arrives in Washington to investigate Martin Dies.
- 12:02—A cloud hovers near Chapel Hill. Board of Aldermen send up a pursuit plane to divert the cloud.
- 12:15—A slightly loaded student in tails and with a blue and white carnation in his torn lapel staggers down Franklin street into the arms of the law.
- 12:30—Charlie Tillett finds a Yackety-Yack he forgot to deliver.
- 1:00—Everyone rushes to eat.
- 1:30—Raleigh Air Raid warden arrives to commend officials on the marvelous way citizens

- have cleared the streets so quickly. Officials remark that no air raid alarm has been sounded—that the Carolina theater just opened.
- 1:45—Dean Parker gets in a bull session in Graham Memorial.
- 2:00—Tiny Hutton takes his place in front of Sutton's, starts whistling at coeds.
- 2:03—Two coeds whistle at Hutton.
- 3:00—A letter from a rich alumnus arrives at Alumni office. Secretary shakes out envelope. Only letter falls out. General despair.
- 3:15—Dr. Odum passes out cigars on the arrival of a new cow.
- 3:25—Fire breaks out in fraternity quad. Fraternity boys make quick date for a marshmallow toast.
- 4:00—Sound and Fury decides to put on the best show they ever gave.
- 4:01—Sound and Fury decides to put on an inexpensive show instead, to help out in the war effort. Besides, the cast is broke.
- 4:15—Dean Parker gets in a bull session in Harry's.
- 4:30—A farmer wanders into Town Hall and asks for one of these here now newfangled sugar rationing cards. Moody Durham chases farmer out with pitchfork.
- 4:50—A lower quad boy finds a Duke student wandering the campus. Four hundred football rooters gather to examine the strange creature. Dan barks his disapproval of the half-human and the valiant 400 tears the Duke limb from limb. Bert Bennett makes a speech.
- 5:05—A freshman writes a letter to the editor asking for two campus magazines instead of one. "Every other big college has two magazines, why can't we?" Henry Moll is rendered impotent in a straitjacket.
- 5:15—The wise-old-men's bull session that started last night in Eubanks' drug store finally ends. They still can't get together on who should be the second president of the Confederate States.
- 5:50—Dean Parker gets in a bull session at Sparrow's pool.
- 6:20—Playmakers knock off a Chinese Folk play.
- 7:15—Dr. Woodhouse settles down for an eight-hour bull session in Ab's.
- 8:20—A forgetful boy wanders upstairs in Steele dorm.
- 8:35—The screams finally subside, and the police and fire departments go away. Crowd disperses.
- 9:30—A student pleads to Naval cadets to unlock the tennis courts and let him out. Navy guard shoots students as undesirable. Student's fraternity brothers congratulate cadets.
- 10:20—An 18-year-old remembers he forgot to register for the draft and leaves town.
- 10:47—A Deke smuggles a new tire into the house and the rest of the night is spent celebrating.
- 10:55—A University of Virginia student left over from last fall's football massacre finally comes to in Kenan stadium and yells "At's a way, Dudley, ole boy, ole boy."
- 11:00—Coed curfew. Watch the dust fly.
- 11:30—Stags pound Harry's tables for more beer. Lady walks in. Silence. Lady runs out.
- 12:00—When good little boys and girls ought to be in bed.
- 3:00—When you go to bed. Good night!

Undone Victory

by Paul Komisaruk

Ford Hold Black Whip

Henry Ford, King, made news again last week.

For the aging auto magnate, stronger and more powerful than the US government, who seemingly draws his strength from Above, virtually killed a government project that would have provided low-cost and decent living quarters for workers at his new mammoth Willow Run Plant. Thus he condemned to garbage dumps, trailer camps, and cardboard shacks the thousands of defense workers who must turn out a bomber an hour.

The mighty King offered his workers a possible alternative.

They might live 35 miles away in Detroit's slums, and spend three to four hours a day traveling to the plant—burning rubber and gasoline. Two reasons were advanced for the King's objection. The first—he didn't want New Deal workers moving into a Republican and Ford controlled population. The second—he might hope to sell the buses that would be necessary to transport the workers to and from Detroit.

But strangest of all was the significant quiet of Union officials—who made no outward protest over Ford's treatment of their workers, relegating them to hopelessly inadequate living. Why the quiet? The reason was soon learned. Ford threatened to sabotage negotiations now going on between the Auto Workers and Union and Ford officials. The Union, whose contract expired at the end of June, seeks a renewal.

Disatisfied with Union

And whether he publicly admits it or not, Ford is unwilling to recognize the demands of the Union for another year. For it was freely recognized that Ford's decision to recognize the Union last year, his outlawing of "service squads" of thugs and spies did not end the Ford plan to fight labor.

And now it is known, that the King, who tried the Union for one year is "displeased."

Ford controls the greatest industrial empire in the world. If he could toss the Union out now, if he could rid himself of the Union shop, the check-off and openly substitute his blacklists, gangsters and race riots instead, he would insure even greater production.

For he can prove one thing—that production has actually fallen off since the Union was recognized last year. But what Ford officials will not point out is that Union members went to work in Ford shops that were still run by overseers, superintendents, officials, who were weaned on "hate-the-Union" policy. They were men who had battled organized labor with every vicious trick in the bag—and suddenly they were told

to "get democratic." Over-night results could not be expected. Democracy is a thing in process, and Ford plant rulers couldn't swallow it immediately. Not surprising then, that production fell off.

"Heil Henry"

In July '41 the most notorious of Ford's lesser officials Ralph Rimar prepared a manuscript that he called "Heil Henry—The Confessions of a Ford Spy." Rimar was no ordinary spy. He was second in command of Ford's "Intelligence Department." Never has a more violent degrading picture been painted of the American industrial scene.

"For years," Rimar wrote, "I have been one of the key men in the Ford Gestapo. . . . Within Ford's domain I soon found there was no liberty, no free speech, no human dignity. . . . the vast power of Ford extended into courts, schools, prisons, clubs, banks, even into the national capital, enveloping us all in a black cloud of suppression and fear. To those who have never lived under dictatorship it is difficult to convey the sense of fear that is part of the Ford system."

Of the empire he helped rule for a time Rimar declared, "International fascist tieups, gangsterism within the plant as well as support of the Fifth Column without, relationships between Ford henchmen and city, state and government authorities; the use of criminals by the company, the protection of Nazis, the bribery of government witnesses; the torture, mutilation and murder of union men; the efforts to instigate race riots; the constant relentless plotting against tens of thousands of Ford workers. Fordism is American Fascism," Rimar concludes.

Ford vs. Labor

More recently PM quoted Rimar as saying that the Ford Motor Company would fight "with every weapon — propaganda and violence" against labor.

This is the system under which Ford production may be lagging. This and living in garbage dumps.

Meanwhile negotiations with the United Auto Workers continues. Ford renewed his original contract with the Union until the end of July, and this action was taken only to avoid a paralyzing strike that would have inevitably followed the tossing out of the Union.

Where they go from here no one knows. If Ford persists, and the Union naturally enough will fight him, there is one alternative. It is for the Government to step in and operate the plant together with the Union until Mr. Ford comes around.

For he can no longer pay half the rank and file to "kill the other half," as his assistant Harry Bennett once boasted.



In Dubious Battle

by Jack Dube

Naval Maneuvers: Only suggestions we got from the girls as to how to compete with the

all balled up . . . and as the girl said when we softly asked her for a kiss near the shade of the murmuring pines . . . "Blip-blop, blip-blop" . . . and a recent draft registree of the Carrboro set's name was "Asia Minor Doctor Number Nine Baldwin" . . . thud. . . .

Paragraphics

By the Staff

In and about the Inn; It was towards the end of supper and customers were beginning to walk out of the cafeteria and among those customers was one Patricia Fuller of the Florida and Chapel Hill Fullers. Stalking five paces behind La Fuller were five Navy officers and five paces behind them Tom Wadden.

We recently read Damtoft's righteously indignant attack against students using bootleg gas. Since we have not been able to find a Chapel Hill station willing to bootleg, we suggest that the student council investigate the matter, ferret out the guilty party, and publish the name of the disgraceful offender. Then maybe we can share in the crime of buying bootleg gas. That's the democratic way.

Ben Hall, S&F fuehrer languishing in the infirmary behind a ghastly-hued ptomaine complexion, has had no end of visitors and gifts. Aldert Rott, the drunken stranger in last weekend's production of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," brought him a "Copy Cat" coloring book and a set of crayons. In an ironic mood, Ben crayoned all the faces in his book a pale green then turned to eat his wholesome repast of a thimble full of celery soup.