

No Gripe

The Pine Room is being closed to students. But— Arrangements have been made to move the Naval ROTC out of Swain and begin work immediately to reinstall kitchen equipment by December 1.

During the coming month and a half, a regular cafeteria will be opened in the Carolina Inn ballroom where food will be served at cost to take care of those 400 students who will be displaced from Swain.

There was nothing that the Business Office or Commander Kessing could do to avoid taking over the Pine Room. The Navy Department will be sending down the last complement of cadets to round out the 1875 and they must be fed.

This time the Business Office cannot be criticized. This time it foresaw the change and met it. This time we have no gripe.

Prognostication Proven

Among those who accurately forecast the situation the campus would be in this year were people who advocated combined magazines for the campus.

Here's the story—

As far as can be ascertained at this time, the Carolina Magazine will have a budgetary income almost \$1,000 dollars less than the Tar an' Feathers alone last year.

Engraving for the Mag this term must be \$500 less than that used by Tar an' Feathers alone last year. The magazine is in desperate financial shape.

So far the editor's salary was sliced over 75 per cent, other salaries proportionately, so that more money could be used to give you a better magazine.

If we had two mags on the campus this year, they could have 10 pages a month each, and enough engraving money to print a cover. Editor Meyer of the Magazine will have to explore every Yackety-Yack ever printed to get enough pictures for his coming magazine.

Meyer is trying to make his November mag as near normal as possible. After that, drastic slices in the number of pages, cuts, clever make-ups will be necessitated.

It would appear that there was something in the first Mag to please anyone or any faction on the campus. Its content was diversified and well-written.

But even in the new low budget, Meyer is planning to sacrifice anything to make arrangements to have the Mag delivered door to door henceforth.

"If they get it, they MIGHT read it. If they read it, they ought to like it," he said.

Keeping Tab

With Stud Gleicher

I attended the opening of the new Carolina theater and I'd like to report that you can see from any angle. Even from a vantage point on the popcorn stand in the lobby... where I was sitting. Speaking of the Carolina, here's a line on the pictures that'll soon be playing there.

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES... Betty Grable is pretty and dances. Cesar Romero is pretty and dances. John Payne is pretty. Carmen Miranda dances; and wears her scrap pile on her head. Put them all together and you get one loud, long whistle for Miss Grable's nekkid legs.

SMITH OF MINNESOTA... There's a Bruce Smith on the honor roll of the Carolina Theater listed as among those employees now in service. He's not to be confused with the hero of the picture. Chapel Hill's Bruce Smith can act. If you think Bruce Smith took a beating earning his All-American rating, wait 'til you see this picture. What he does, to a script is murder, Jack.

GIRL TROUBLE... Don Ameche tickles Joan Bennett with his mustache. Goodie, goodie! I hardly recognized Ameche in a straight role. I expected him to be playing in "Ed-

son, The Corporation." I hear tell he's gonna have the title role in "The Life of Shirley Temple."

NOW VOYAGER... For the first time in six pictures, Bette Davis does not go crazy, blind, or commit suicide. The change is great. New-comer Paul Henry adds his touch to the film and it becomes one of the best of the year. The story is all about a certain lady, her troubles and tribulations. It comes completely wrapped in steamer blankets to entertain all.

THE GLASS KEY... Allan Ladd is rapidly outboogying Bogart. The film is supposed to be a mystery in which Veronica Lake tames Brian Donlevy and the aforementioned Mr. Ladd. It starts off like a mystery, it continues for a while as a mystery, but it develops into a very touching picture of a A. Ladd and V. Lake making love. Why they suddenly switched is a mystery.

Speaking of entertainment, don't be surprised if you see the bestest femmes and most talented lads head for Graham Memorial Tuesday night. Sound and Fury is holding its annual membership meeting and the traffic should be terrific as the campus entertainment group gets under way.

Views expressed by the columnists in this newspaper are not necessarily those of the editors who restrict editorial opinion to the staff editorials. In matters of controversy or criticism, the Daily Tar Heel permits space to the individual columnist's opinion and for the opinion of readers so long as the articles submitted are, in the editor's opinion, sincere and factual.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Sports: BILL WOESTENDIEK

Small World

Many Southerners Aid Axis By Causing Racial Friction

Last week three Negroes, including two 14-year-old boys were brutally lynched in Mississippi. When one looks at this appalling spectacle, multiplies it by discrimination and second-class citizenship in almost every phase in American life, there remains ample room for speculation as to the American Negro's attitude toward the war.

Such speculation, however, cannot be carried beyond the embryonic stages; present and historical facts halt it. The American Negro has fought with singular bravery in every American war he has participated in. In the Revolutionary war, there was Crispus Attucks, a Negro who fell in the Boston Massacre. In the Civil war the Negro played more than an insignificant role. And in the first World war, only the Jim Crow policies of the American Command deprived the Negro soldier of his due number of citations for bravery. This tradition has remained unbroken today, despite the fact that our fascist enemies are the first to exploit minority grievances within a country slated for attack.

In only one reported case have Negroes been involved in Fifth Column activity. This was a case involving the so-called Ethiopian Peace Federation, a Japanese sponsored society in Chicago which disseminated "unity of the darker races" propaganda. However this is a relatively minor incident when one considers the case of the magazine "Living Age." Here, the publisher, one William Smythe, was recently prosecuted for purchasing the once well known journal with Japanese funds and using as a propagandic vehicle.

Despite the failure of the Axis powers to win over any of the Negro people, they have managed to exploit friction between Negro and white Americans to a very dangerous degree. Whether consciously or not, certain forces in the South are aiding the Axis by fomenting race hatred. As Justice Hugo Black pointed out in his Raleigh speech last summer "many Americans are working for Hitler without being paid." For convenience, these nefarious forces can be broken down and analyzed.

THE RECENT WHITE SUPREMACY DRIVE:

This movement for "white supremacy" was started off anew with a blood and thunder speech by one Horace Wilkinson before the Bessemer, Alabama, Kiwanis Club. Its ostensible purpose was to fight President Roosevelt's Fair Labor Practices Committee, which was supposed to be "forcing equality on the races of the South."

- Analysis:
- The President's Fair Labor Practices committee has only been seeking to remove discriminatory bars which are hampering the war effort.
 - Social equality is not and never was an issue in the case. The Negro people are not demanding social equality, but only the right fully to participate in the war effort.
 - The outbursts concerning white

supremacy are the rantings of small groups of fascist-minded gentlemen, not the people. This was amply demonstrated in Georgia when, even with the Poll Tax, the people refused to be influenced by Talmadge's "White Supremacy" demagoguery. The fruits of such a policy are to be seen in Alabama where "white supremacy" Governor Frank Dixon has refused to allow state penitentiary inmates to work on war orders for the Federal government. The white supremacy harangue begins as plain rabble-rousing and ends as an ally of Hitler.

THE DAUGHTERS OF ELEANOR

Rumors concerning this mythical group constitute the most dangerous threat to national unity in the field of race relations.

The story, which has been circulating throughout the South for the past five or six months, runs as follows: Mrs. Roosevelt (hence the name "Daughters of Eleanor") has been organizing the Negro domestic workers throughout the South. They are to strike for higher wages and then leave their employers. The motto of the organization is "Every white woman in the kitchen by October." Another, and more gory, version has it that during the first blackout in October, every domestic servant is to finish off his or her employer with an icepick.

Incredulous as it sounds, this story is still being circulated among presumably intelligent people. In September it spread like fury among talkative and gullible Chapel Hill housewives. It even was the topic of classroom conversation of several University professors.

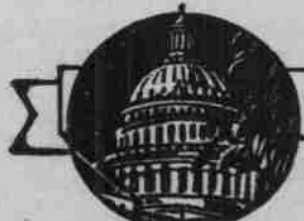
Analysis:

- No such organization exists. Speaking of the whole picture of race relations in the South, Dr. Frank Graham stated to the New York Press:

"It is being used by Fascist people down here to start a lot of trouble, and, as for the 'Daughters of Eleanor,' well, that organization doesn't even exist. A lot of people tried to track it down. And it's nowhere to be found."

- In a full page editorial signed by editor Louis Austin, the Negro weekly, "Carolina Times" of Durham (October 10), defied anyone to prove that such an organization exists. The paper further stated, "We not only defy them to do it, but we offer a reward of \$100 for conclusive proof that such an organization exists in this state or any other Southern state." The "Carolina Times," needless to say, has not yet parted with the \$100.
- Their statement as to the non-existence of the "Daughters" has been confirmed by the FBI after a thorough investigation in the Southern states.

Whether or not such friction is created between Negro and White by conscious fascist agents, or merely by unknowing tools is irrelevant. When the voices of Dixon, Wilkinson and Talmadge are smothered by the indignation of a united South, a dangerous barrier in the road to victory will have been removed.



CAPITAL to CAMPUS

A. G. Mc Correspondent Reports from Washington

College Manpower

Let's take a look at the War Manpower Commission from the vantage point of the capital city and from the college point of view.

In the Commission, under Paul V. McNutt, lies responsibility for college wartime plans affecting individual students—you, you and you.

That section of the Commission concerned with colleges and universities is headed by Dr. E. E. Elliott, former president of Purdue University.

Executive officer of the section, working closely with Dr. Elliott, is Dr. Earl McGrath, who is on leave from his civilian job as dean of the faculty of the University of Buffalo. Theoretically, then, these two men have the ear of Mr. McNutt and hold it closely to the ground insofar as college manpower is concerned.

The foremost concern of the Commission's college section are problems of training professionals and technical personnel badly needed to wage global war. Three major divisions have been set up under Dr. Elliott to take care of these problems:

The first is the "Special Wartime Courses" division. Once this unit

works out courses it deems vital to successful prosecution of the war, the U. S. Office of Education takes charge of getting said courses into college curricula.

A second division of Dr. Elliott's section is called the "Procurement and Assignment Service." This division must provide dentists and doctors to the army and navy without disrupting private and public health services. And it's doing a good job, according to reports here.

Finally, a third division called "National Roster of Scientific and Specialized Personnel" keeps what amounts to a punch card file of the country's talent. By arrangement with Selective Service this division has developed a list of all Americans who have highly specialized and scientific training. Anyone ever graduated from a college engineering or science course would find his name on the list. The list, however, is not restricted to college graduates; the total number of persons listed exceeds 500,000. Results of the Selective Service occupational questionnaire are swelling that total.

And that's how the college manpower picture looks at the top; it may be a bit easier now to see where you fit in.

Among The Damned

with Damtoft

Fiasco of the week has undoubtedly been the controversy over the proposal to cut one hour off the coed curfew on Friday night.

That proposal is now a reality and we're rather glad of it, but we're rather sad that several BMOCC nearly had prostration getting it passed and that every blind in the books had to be used to get it through.

We're glad it's passed for one simple reason that we have heard many others, male and female, also give, i. e., that boys and girls often get fed up with each other on long Friday nights but neither broaches the subject of going home for fear of offending the other.

To say that the health of the student body was at stake or was being impaired is slightly humorous. We wait with eagerness to see if the Carolina student is going to just glow with health in about a week.

One hour or eight hours cut off a weekend isn't going to make either coed or male student noticeably healthier. It's the late hours spent Monday through Thursday that hurt the health and certainly one more hour on the week-end isn't going to make up for damage built up through the week.

Another appeal was that the President had asked that the youth of the nation watch out for its health, certainly an irrefutable request. This request, however, was twisted and turned to make it look like the

President had asked the coeds of the University of North Carolina to give up one hour on Friday nights.

And we rather believe it was successful because the appeal was made on a rather spoon-fed patriotism basis which the college student dotes on because he believes he can discharge his obligations to his country by using it. In other words, there were probably many who honestly believed they were being wholly patriotic by going to bed an hour early on Friday, an easy way to cover up unreasonable hours during the rest of the week.

It's the same feeling one gets when he dumps two pounds of tin cans on the scrap pile when he knows perfectly well where there are 50 pounds of scrap iron and is too damn lazy to carry or have it carried to the pile.

Finally, we question one of Miss Buice's statements in her letter of last Wednesday, namely, "by this one action we can demonstrate that we are sane thinking girls."

The movement would have been considerably saner if the coeds had been called together in the first place, their opinion sounded out, and a vote called rather than appealing to them by the rather insane publicity method that was used.

If it took that much commotion to knock one hour off coed curfew, what, may we ask, is going to happen when a real problem faces the coeds?

Pre-Flight Lieutenant Left Labrador Whales for Navy

By Betty Perry

United States Navy lieutenants all look alike in their uniforms—until you know that people like Lieutenant Wilmont De Bell of the academic department of the Pre-flight school have not always coached boxing and taught mathematics and physics, but spent their summers doing unusual things like whaling.

Lieutenant De Bell, originally of Severna Park, Maryland, did his whaling off Labrador. Once a sperm whale studded with four harpoons turned on the boat and rammed it amidships, "springing a bunch of plates and knocking everyone down."

"Water was coming in a dozen different places," he related. "We got the pumps going immediately, managed to kill the whale with two more harpoons, and headed for the drydock as fast as we could go. The water gained on the pumps a bit but we managed to get her in safely and fix her up."

And then there was the time when one of the men forgot to put the pin in the snatch block which keeps the line clear of the gun stand, and when the harpoon was fired, the line—which is a good two inches in diameter—ripped right through the gun stand where Lieutenant De Bell had been standing a bare two seconds before. Fortunately, when the whale had been sighted, the skipper, with whom he had been talking, stepped over to starboard to fire the gun, and he had stepped over to port to take a picture—otherwise the line would have sliced him neatly in two.

Harpooning a whale is not what it used to be. Once a frail whale boat with a crew of six ventured forth against a whale. The little boat would row alongside a sperm whale and the man in the bow would plunge the harpoon into the whale and hang on. Then the whale boat would go on the

famous Nantucket sleigh ride, skipping along on top of the water like a leaf in the wind until the whale was completely exhausted. Then the mate would change places with the harpooner to lance the whale to death.

Now the whalers go out in catchers which have a swivel gun shooting a steel harpoon mounted in the bow. The harpoon, which weighs about 160 pounds, has an explosive nose made with one pound of powder, 2,000 feet of line attached, and a maximum range of around 100 yards. The harpooner has about two seconds to aim at a target approximately 15 feet long and three feet high—all of the whale which shows above water.

Lieutenant De Bell did not work from one of the floating stations with which movie goers are so well acquainted, but from a shore station in catchers, boats which are little larger than the whales themselves. "There were 130 men on shore station. They could put an ordinary whale away in about 45 minutes," he said.

"Putting a whale away" is a matter of converting meat, fat, and bones into useful products. This is done by steaming the oil out in three separate sets of boilers. The residue from the meat and bone is put through a rotary kiln dryer and then ground up for fertilizer. The oil is used mainly, in this country, for soap. Abroad it is used also in oleomargarine.

Whales, which run about 50 to 75 feet on the average, weigh about a ton a foot—twice as much as a dinosaur. They are the biggest animals that have ever lived.

Then Lieutenant De Bell got off on the subject of food. "Whale meat is delicious eating," he claimed. "It tastes very much like beef. And everyone can have tenderloin. Each of the two tenderloins from a whale weighs 1500 pounds. We used to get it about 10 times a week."

Finchley

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