

Mag Needs No Plugs

The November issue of the Carolina Magazine needs no plugs. It is its own sponsor and it toots its own horn.

In only two issues, handicapped by a sliced budget, the editors of the magazine have achieved their goal—"something in it to please each and every student."

But we feel that in the latest mag they have gone even further than that. The November issue should be liked in its entirety by every one, and from a hasty but diversified consensus of opinion it would seem that the campus agrees with the last statement.

Plans by Editor Sylvan Meyer for the December magazine have already begun to crystallize in the face of the rush-rush needed to meet deadlines shortened by final exams and loss of valuable manpower on the technical end of production.

War will control the December mag. A year of war at Carolina will be analyzed in five separate articles covering every phase concisely. What has happened, what is happening, and what will probably happen to male undergraduates will be thoroughly reviewed. Another article will deal with the coed in the war.

The mag is serving its purpose as a creative outlet; as an instrument of entertainment, and as an important factor in the unity and edification of the campus in a time of trial. Opponents of the mag, a very real entity in the Carolina scheme of things, will have a few statements to retract.

Evolving a Pattern

Editor's note: The following editorial appeared yesterday morning in the Greensboro Daily News. We reprint it here because:

- It is indicative of the excellent reception which people in the State are beginning to accord the University's new College of War Training.
- It is the first we have heard—outside of Chapel Hill—for preservation of the University as we now know it, training ground for democracy.

So far as the Daily News has observed the University of North Carolina is pioneering in establishment of a college of war training, as announced by Administrative Dean R. B. House, "to make possible many courses to meet the various needs of this crucial period in American life" and to supplement the regular program of study."

From this description it is obvious that the program will not only work to high patriotic purpose and service but should have its practical effects upon continuation of the functions of higher education during the emergency. The colleges and universities of the country face serious problems indeed, with these problems to be accentuated by prolongation of the war and induction of the teen age groups who constitute the great bulk of the student bodies. So far these problems, despite the broad social, economic and political basis on which they rest, have not had proper attention by the government or intelligent correlation in the government's over-all program. Institutions of learning have had to fend largely for themselves; and Carolina's effort at self-preservation, while contributing greatly to the needs of the students and of the country as they relate to both conduct of the war and the leadership which must be provided during the postwar period, may well set a pattern which will force itself upon Washington's attention.

The future of education, as well as of all other American institutions, depends upon the winning of the war. But the firm belief of ultimate victory, carrying the implications of the responsibilities which lie beyond, offers sufficient reason, in and of itself, for an equally fixed determination that these institutions and the hope which they personify be allowed neither to languish nor to disintegrate.

Strictly Detrimental

By Bob Levin and Jud Kinberg

Yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock there was a long line of people who didn't get tickets for the Kate Smith show. But more important than that, there were 500 students who did get to see the "Songbird of the South" in her natural habitat last night.

The 500, plus the 100 NROTC boys, were in the audience because the Navy went out of its way to do the students a real favor. Orders from Washington called for both performances to be for Navy personnel and guests only. It was to be another stop on the long list of Army, Navy, and Marine camps that radio personalities are visiting.

very bare minimum, the local Navy heads were able to invite 600 Carolina students to be their guests at the midnight show.

This was the second time in little more than a week that the Navy had cut the students in for a slice of entertainment. Last Friday, they got a second showing of the Camel Caravan for the students. This week, there couldn't be any special show for students, so the Pre-flight men did the best they could, they gave all available tickets to the students.

In both cases, the Pre-flight school has done its level best for the school, and in both cases that has been pretty good. That even one Carolina man, let alone 500, was able to see Kate Smith is due only to the thoughtfulness of the men in the Cadet "South building."

The Daily Tar Heel

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Retreads

By Stuart McIver

When this news leaks out, my life won't be worth two cents. I expect to be waylaid by ardent Carolina fans and prevented from seeing Saturday's game. From yet another quarter, I expect Blue Devil followers to kidnap me and force me to watch the game.

Doubtless, you will wonder what I am talking about. You are obviously in the dark. You have never heard of the mysterious McIver-jinx. Here is the first published account.

My earliest memory of the Duke-Carolina rivalry dates back to 1929. That year Father's office was upstairs over Carter's Furniture store. The Furniture store had a radio and the proprietors had tuned in on the game. Father stationed me downstairs to listen to it. Whenever anything important happened, I was to run up and tell him about it.

If you'll just recall that the locals won that one 48 to 7, you can see what I was up against. It got to the place where I would wait for a group of touchdowns before reporting to the parent. I can remember that both Father and I were pleased with the outcome.

Next year he took me to my first Duke game. That was in 1930. Wallace Wade was just finishing his first year as head coach. His team earned a scoreless tie. In 1931 I went back for a repeat performance. Then in 1932 I saw Duke win its first game from Carolina, 7 to 0. That was the year Coach Chuck Collins turned into a twelfth man, walked out on the field at the wrong time and drew for Carolina a penalty that proved to be the break of the game.

The only bright spot in the 1933 game was George Barclay. Duke's undefeated Blue Devils won 21 to 0, but Barclay that afternoon was the best lineman I have ever seen.

We got Carl Snavely as coach in 1934. Things were looking up when Duke-game time rolled around and I was all set to see the first Duke defeat of my career, if that's the word I want and I don't think it is. But fate stepped in, prevented me from getting a ticket and handed a 7 to 0 victory to the Tar Heels. I stood outside Kenan stadium and listened to the crowd yelling.

The general opinion in 1935 was that Carolina would win by about three touchdowns and would end up behind the Rose Bowl. I figured I couldn't go wrong. There was the smell of victory in the air. Snavely used to bring his ball players down to Sanford to spend Friday nights before big games. He liked to get them out of Chapel Hill. The morning before the game I remember Don Jackson bouncing a little cousin of mine around on his knee. I couldn't see how that crew could lose.

Twenty-five to nothing—There was still fight in me. In 1936 I was back again watching Ace Parker's 105-yard kickoff return beat Carolina. Final score—Duke 27, Carolina 7.

Finally my conscience caught up with me. I decided for the good of the team to stay at home. I knew Carolina clearly had a better team. I had seen them both play. Over the radio I heard Crowell Little and Andy Bershak lead the Tar Heels to a 14 to 6 win.

I saw where my duty lay and in 1938 I stayed home hoping to smash Duke's Rose Bowl hopes. But I'll be frank with you. Eric Tipton and George McAfee were too tough for me. It was the first defeat for the jinx.

At last it's broken, I thought to myself, little knowing what really lay ahead. But Harry Dunkle at least got a field goal in 1939, the first points I had ever seen scored on Duke. In 1937 Tennessee had scored on a long pass but the play had been called back. The Tennessee game ended in a 0-0 deadlock.

The year 1940 saw the fall of France. But behind the scenes a thing or two that passed unnoticed passed unnoticed. The jinx was finally beaten.

The score, you will, of course, remember, went something like this. Duke 3, North Carolina 6.

Last year I was back again. Don't blame it on me. Nothing could have improved the fight that the lads put up in 1941.

And that in a large nutshell is the story behind my haunted look. Saturday I shall be out there once more, with two left feet, a black cat, some old chains to drag along the castle floor and any evil potions I can find. But this year the old jinx is not going to hold up. The score, in case you're interested, will be 21 for the locals and 14 for the Dukes. I'm going to break the jinx by

C. O. SHUNK'S

HOBBY HAS 'SENT' MORE THAN FORTY-FIVE STUDENTS TO ILLINOIS COLLEGE DURING THE LAST 25 YEARS/ HE INTERESTS YOUNG PEOPLE IN COLLEGE WORK. THEN SECURES REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENT TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR THEM TO ATTEND. A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER, HE HAS NEVER LOANED OR GIVEN MONEY TO HIS PROTEGES.



BLONDE, ATTRACTIVE MISS JO CHAPMAN IS THE ONLY FEMININE COLLEGE BASKETBALL COACH IN THE U.S. (MARTIN COLLEGE, TENN)



Small World

Westbrook Pegler Fails To Practice His Preaching

By Harvey Segal

"These are," said Thomas Paine in *Crisis*, "the times that try men's souls: The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands by it NOW, deserves the love and thanks of every man and woman."

These times, too, are "trying men's souls," but the situation is slightly altered. Paine, either because all the real enemies were with the Redcoats or because of a rather gentle nature which characterized his early career, dealt only with "summer soldiers and sunshine patriots"—mild mannered or an indifferent folk—whose selfishness and individualism almost drove George Washington to distraction and caused him to exclaim that New Jersey was like enemy territory.

Today, we have a new group which lies somewhere between the sunshine patriot and the Fifth Columnist. Although their intent may be honorable, they by their actions have done much to split and weaken America in the war effort. Many are in high positions, immune and invulnerable to public indignation and opinion— which they do much to control through devious methods.

Pegler's Scab Manor

Most prominent of these, more of whom will be dealt with later, is one Westbrook Pegler.

Mr. Pegler's venal pen is far from dry. To the contrary, the war crisis has only served to stimulate his smear attacks upon labor, Mrs. Roosevelt, and the entire war effort and our allies. His latest exploit was the vicious maligning of the director of Economic Stabilization, former Supreme Court Justice James F. Byrnes. Pegler attacked Byrnes because he, as a Justice, refused to apply the anti-racketeering law to the Teamster's Union. As usual, Pegler's distortions of fact being about as commonplace as those of Dr. Goebbels, the story was only half told. There were two sides to that "racketeering charge," one of which Mr. Pegler did not see fit to tell, plus the fact that the law cannot be applied so as to "interfere" with the traditional rights of labor organizations. Of course, Mr. Pegler turned a deaf ear on this latter cause.

But the union member who is

fighting in the Solomons or in Africa, really has a case against Mr. Pegler now. For, if at any time he should run out of ammunition or supplies, he can look to a certain elegant home—one which costs \$50,000—in Ridgefield, Connecticut.

Now this house is a strange one for a wartime structure. All the drains are constructed of copper. Copper—of which there is a great shortage—is being used as roof sheathing, conduits, and pipes. And what makes this home even more peculiar is the fact that the lathes are metal, wooden ones or the usual type type apparently not being good enough—or perhaps not scarce enough at the present time.

Mr. Pegler's 'Apoplexy'

And to further distinguish this dwelling from those of the good New England citizenry, this one is being built exclusively by scab labor—at the insistence of its builder who is, of course, Mr. Westbrook Pegler. George Sledes, whose little news letter *In Fact* takes Mr. P. to the cleaners every so often, says that his good neighbor "was brought close to apoplexy" by a two-hour work stoppage on this essential defense structure.

As to whether Mr. Pegler is legally justified in using this vital war material is a point which is still unclear. The local War Production Board representative (whom Mr. P. will probably smear as a Roosevelt revolutionary) stated, "As far as I know, Mr. Pegler complied with regulations—if he told us the truth." Materials for private homes were frozen by the WPB in April; Mr. P.'s plumber got his permit on July 27. Legally within bounds or not, it is certainly a tight squeeze either way, especially for such a zealous exposé expert as Mr. Pegler.

Those are the facts. You can be sure they will never creep into any of Mr. P.'s "Fair Enoughs," or in any of the Scripps-Howard papers which have first priority on his daily diatribes. But those very few who do come across these facts, in George Sledes's *In Fact*, here will begin to wonder when Mr. P. calls for stripping all autos of their fenders. They will perhaps recall that Mr. P.'s new, two-car, garage is filled to capacity.

And then some whit will ponder over the reason for the copper sheathing on the roof of the house. After all, why is Mr. Pegler so worried about getting wet? Even the great deluge, so famed in antiquity, would not warp him any more than he is now.

On The Hour . . .

2:00 Carolina vs. Duke in Kenan stadium.

8:00 Fall Germans dance in Wool-len gym.

Former Student Wins Army Wings

Pilot Cadet Coman W. Rothrock, Jr., a former student of the University, has recently commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Army Air Forces, according to a report from the office of public relations at Turner Field, Albany, Georgia.

doing something I've never done before. I'm going to buy a program. Beat Duke.

—FOR VICTORY BUY BONDS—

Weary Wisher

By Hayden Carruth and Sylvan Meyer

Looming as the greatest mystery of the age, the puzzle over the whereabouts of the French fleet will be solved only by a combination of Sherlock Holmes, Philo Vance, Admiral Dewey and Davy Jones aided and abetted by Popeye the sailor.

We imagine a three-way phone conversation over the cartered wires of the International T. & T. between Hirohito, Mussolini and the big boy in Berchtesgaden:

ADOLPH: Where is it?
BENITO: I dunno.
LITTLE FOUR EYES: I dunno. (Sing-song voice.)

A.: Find out.
B.: You find out.
F. F. E.: How do you expect me to find out way over there?

A.: I got a few other things to attend to.

B.: You got a few other things to attend to? They're pounding on my back door.

L. F. E.: Just what the hell do you think I'm doing in the Solomons?—entertaining the girls at bridge?

A.: You make jokes and the British will have enough battleships to float right down the Rhine. Besides, I drove them out of Toulon, didn't I? The rest is up to you.

B.: They're in the Mediterranean somewhere.

L. F. E.: That's great. You guys are a lot of help. Who started this war anyway? Evertime I sink an aircraft carrier, the French send them another one.

B.: I am getting disgusted about this setup.

A. Who do you think you are talking to—Victorio? Don't raise your voice to me, puffy, or I'll raise that curly dome of yours in the Tiber.

B.: Ok, A.H., O.K. I didn't mean nothing by it. Sure, A.H., sure. I getcha. Sure. Don't worry about me. Sure.

L. F. E.: Well, I'm leaving that fleet you guys. Find it, or I'll pull out of this thing and leave you guys stranded. The Pacific ain't such a big ocean these days and by the looks of the U. S. Marines, it's going to get smaller all the time as far as we're concerned.

A.: Benny, get to work on that. Put that plane of yours in the air—get on the ball. I got enough to worry about. Where IS that fleet?

B.: I dunno.
L. F. E.: Damned if I know.

And now we leave this happy three-some and pick up another conversation. This time Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin are conversing:

ROOSEVELT: Boys, I would suggest that we search out the French fleet.

STALIN: Lotsa guns on them boats.

CHURCHILL: Yeah.
R.: We will take all of the coast of North Africa, march into Sicily and take Italy, then we will have the fleet bottled up.

C.: Good idea. They will need supplies. Can you think of a better filling station than the rock of Gibraltar?

R.: What an Esso depot that would make.

S.: As long as they don't try to refuel in the Black Sea.

C.: Don't worry, Joe, ol' boy, by the time the fleet could get that far the Black Sea will be all ours. Besides, it's getting right chilly over there now, isn't it?

S.: Chilly? Why, we caught six Germans rubbing icicles together trying to make hot water—any water in a liquid condition being hotter than the other kind.

R.: Well, I'll get my boys to work on it. If we can find it, we can get it. I wonder where they put that darn fleet?

C.: I dunno.

S.: I'll be damned if I know, tovarich. (Slavic influence.)

—S.M.

BEFORE THE GAME
AFTER THE GAME

Bring Your Friends To
DANZIGER'S

I'm sittin' pretty eatin' hearty at

Chapel Hill, N.C.

The "sweetest" man in Chapel Hill.