

To Answer Your Questions

To a highly confused campus wondering just what the status of education will be from now on, and wondering just where the individual fits into it, the CPU offers the best possible anodyne.

For Tuesday night the Union brings together in an open-forum panel discussion, the three men on the campus who are probably among the best informed on the campus, and perhaps in the South, as to where we're going, where we should go, and where we've been.

The Union has included on the panel Dean Bradshaw, economist, Rex Winslow, playwright, Paul Green. Individually these men know as much about the current educational muddle as it is possible to know. Together they represent a vast storehouse of knowledge and experience. It would be only sensible to take advantage of the opportunity to see what these men have to say, to ask them the things that concern us, and pertain to ourselves and the University.

Now these men don't know the whole story. But working in constant touch with national and state officials, and backed by years of practical experience, they know as much as it is possible to know.

We can be certain they will have the latest information, and since there is nothing more satisfactory than hearing something directly, the only alternative is to get out and hear for yourself. You won't have to worry about garbled reports, and word to mouth distortions.

Added to that these men have ideas that the whole educational structure is badly in need of. It's important to hear what they have to say.

There's no need for the old song and dance about urging students to go out and listen Tuesday night to the panel in Graham Memorial. If you're interested in what's going to happen to you, and the University, to education as a whole, plans for the future, you'll know what to do.

If you prefer to keep muddling confusedly through what may be your last year, or less, of education, . . .

What Went, What Goes

Legislature to Reconsider Dance Cut; Police Probed

After three months of editorial egging, last winter, a majority of the Student Legislature took up the white banner and passed the dance cut bill limiting weekend expenditures to \$750. A student body referendum failed because not enough students voted and the big name bands went.

Last Wednesday night, Sim Nathan town representative, moved that they come back.

Last winter's fighters for the dance waxed cut warm. They had no intention of countenancing the revoking of the victory on last year's biggest campus issue.

Representative Nathan had presented the bill "for his constituents." The constituents have apparently given the matter some thought. They want junior-senior dances in winter quarter. They would plan to get one of the big bands which would be touring the state playing at army camps. The price would not be prohibitive if freshmen and sophomores were admitted for \$2.50, they say.

But strangely enough the campus itself was not perturbed. Maybe students had found that the Dorseys and their ilk were not sine qua nons for a good weekend. Maybe the campus didn't want to go through another holocaust like last winter's dispute. Maybe it had bigger things like the draft and the University and the war on its collective mind.

Biggest story of the year broke early in the week. Students who usually opened the DAILY TAR HEEL only for the cross word puzzle read affidavits which read that three negroes had been mistreated, beaten by the local police.

Townfolk reacted in different ways. Some resented the DAILY TAR HEEL's intrusion where they thought it did not belong. Others were glad that the report had stimulated an investigation. Many were certain that some good would come out of the paper's move.

What the outcome of the investigation would be, no one could be sure. Students' interest began to wane. Townspeople hoped that it would preserve amicable relations between the white and colored. Everyone, including the DTH, knew that investigators Burch and Wettach would do a thorough and conscientious job.

What would finally happen to the American college, was not yet definitely announced.

Bradshaw phoned Washington Monday after students alarmed at the DAILY TAR HEEL's statement that Army enlisted reservists would be taken in January had crowded the office. Information from the Washington end of the wire was that AERC boys would probably be allowed to finish out the school year. Yesterday that was modified to a prediction that they would be allowed to finish winter quarter.

In brief, Washington was still allowing the reservists and the colleges to shift for their footing in quicksand of uncertainty.

Bradshaw was forced to announce yesterday that the new College of War Studies would not take over the whole University in order to allay the fears of some students already planning to leave and enlist. The Dean

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FOR THIS ISSUE:

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Small World

Columnist Sees Clare Luce As Threat in Congress

By Harvey Segal
The Congressional seeds recently sown by the ill-wind of the recent elections are likely to bear some bitter political fruits, and the bitterness among them may very well be personified by Mrs. Clare Booth Luce.

Mrs. Luce recently won the elections on the Republican ticket in the Fairfield district of Connecticut, well known as the "back yard of New York."

It was a peculiar election. Mrs. Luce defeated her New Deal opponent, Representative Leroy Downs, through a series of adroit political maneuvers. Aligned with her were the old Republican machine, the quasi-Socialist forces of the rather dubious character, Jasper McLevy, and the soiled fingers of one James Farley reaching up from Tammany Hall.

But this strange cabal of electoral forces is not the only factor that makes it necessary to watch Mrs. Luce. In that inimitable style, which Time magazine never employs when referring to its publisher, Mrs. Luce is the wife of the scowling, beetle-browed, ill-tempered, Henry Luce, Czar of the publications empire which includes Time, Life, and Fortune.

Harry Luce is not just another Willie Hearst. He is clever, self-made, all-powerful, and generally feared. Henry Luce is an imperialist. He does not try to hide the fact. In his "American Century" speech, delivered two years ago, he outlined his plan for absorbing the British empire and ruling South America; it was, in short, an Americanized version of Hitlerism.

The effect of this speech was considered by Vice-President Henry Wallace to be so dangerous that in his "Century of the Common Man" address of May 8, he stated, "Some have spoken of the 'American Century.' I say the century upon which we are entering . . . can and must be the century of the common man. . . . No nation will have the God-given right to exploit other nations. . . . There must neither be military nor economic imperialism. . . . There can be no privileged peoples. We ourselves in the United States are no more a master race than the Nazis."

Yet, Congresswoman-elect Clare Booth Luce still echoes her spouse. At the recent forum of the New York Herald Tribune she spoke, unmistakably though with carefully chosen phrases, of the "menace of the darker races."

Mr. Luce does not hate fascism, and it follows that Mrs. Luce does not. In 1934 Mr. Luce devoted a whole issue of Fortune to well written pieces in praise of Fascist Italy. If Duce repaid by \$8,000 ads. Recently when asked why a fellow Republican still retained his Mussolini decoration, Clare replied, "There was a time, of course, when we thought that Mussolini was doing a good job. That was before he became a partner of the Axis." Like Mr. Luce, Mrs. L. doesn't oppose suppression of minorities, smashing of labor unions, and the general homicidal bent which characterizes fascism. They only object to fascism when it comes into their own, and dangerously similar scheme for an "American Century."

But Clare Booth Luce can stand free of her husband's coat tails. She is a playwright and a speaker of some ability, and above all, very clever. In her election campaign, she successfully straddled the war issues by giving strong lip service to the war, yet at the same time she had nothing but praise for the Taft, appaiser wing of the Republican Party. "Socialist" Jasper McLevy saved the day by lining up certain sections of the labor movement which are under his influence. The bulk of labor, however, was skeptical.

They asked her why Life is printed by the notoriously anti-union Donnelly Company. When she glibly replied that no other firm was large enough to handle the job, they rightfully condemned her as a liar. Her greatest faux pas occurred when she asked a union band to play in her election parade. They marched to the tune of "A Woman's a Two-Faced."

It is impossible at this point to predict just what Mrs. Luce will do, once in Congress. Generally though she may be expected to make thin,

but eloquent, "all-out" war speeches with carefully sprinkled attacks upon our allies. Mr. Luce in his recent letter to the British people, which appeared in Life, attacked the British government for its ostensible lack of initiative (actually it was a demand for American control of British colonies.) And while Clare heaps faint praise on the Red Army, Harry Luce states in Time that "Russia stinks."

On domestic issues Mrs. Luce may be expected to join the reactionary forces on the majority of major issues, but always in such a way as to create a minimum target for attack by her constituents. She will continue to straddle up until the crucial point, and then attempt to melt hard feelings with her complex rationalizations and not unattractive smile.

Unlike Lady Astor, Clare Booth Luce has neither a title nor a Cliveden set. But she does have Time, Life, and Fortune. These, coupled with her natural abilities, may soon relegate her Munich-minded political sister to a ridiculous position, comparative to that occupied by the WCTU women of a bygone era.

Whatever the outcome of her newly-launched career in politics, Clare Booth Lucas is dangerous. Watch out, Mister Citizen!

By Mail . . .

Open Letter to the Editor Of Carolina Magazine:

In the November issue of the Carolina Magazine, Ernie Frankel, writing in an article entitled "Behind Those Shining Faces," said: "Only tussle the Dean has had with self-government on the campus was his intervention on behalf of the Law School when it appealed for its share of student publications' fees for use on their magazine. The PU board refused his request, told the lawyers where to go—they're still going."

In order to correct the false impression that this paragraph was evidently designed to create, the Law Association would like to state the facts. During the year 1940 the question of how to avoid the high subscription price of the North Carolina Law Review arose among the students of the Law School.

Feeling that because they were professional students a professional journal was more valuable to them than were pseudo-literary student publications, the student body of Law School voted unanimously to request the PU board to permit them to divert that portion of their publications fees which was spent on the Carolina Magazine and the Tar 'n' Feathers and apply it to a subscription to the North Carolina Law Review.

The North Carolina Law Review, referred to by Mr. Frankel as "their magazine," is an internationally recognized professional publication. It contains material by outstanding lawyers the country over which is of interest and practical value to the members of the legal profession. Realizing this, Dean House recognized the justice of the request of the Law School and advocated the change. Far from telling "the lawyers where to go," the PU board granted their request. As a result, the law students now receive "their magazine," a publication of value to them in their profession, free.

The Law Association feels that the paragraph quoted represents, if not a deliberate attempt to deride the Law School by distorting the facts and by making such absolutely uncalled for statements as "[they] told the lawyers where to go—they're still going."

Fred R. Edney, President Law Association.

Y-Y Sets Deadline For Photo Entries

All students who have snapshots they wish to submit for publication in this year's issue of the Yackety-Yack are requested to turn them in immediately since the deadline is tomorrow and no time extension can be allowed due to the present war exigencies.

Contact prints are sufficient, according to Karl Bishopric, photo editor, who also reminds all staff photographers that tomorrow's deadline applies to their assignments.

Retreads

By Stuart McIver

In case you've ever been trapped into reading a copy of Gemmill and Blodgett or Beard and Beard, you know the agony of the reserve room. It was bad enough trying to figure out why we have business cycles and unemployment. Now the library authorities have made things worse.

I suppose that most of you already realize that I am referring to the new pencil trimmer. First, let me defend myself. I do not take notes on what I read. I just like to draw little pictures in the notebook. It relieves nervous tension.

Now, when I drop up to the desk to trim my pencil, I find myself confronted with a machine that should be exploding shrapnel at Jap landing forces and not sharpening up Number Two Ticonderogas. In the first place, the trimmer is a mobile unit. You grab for it and it slides away. If you ever get around to hemming it in, you have to place your left hand on it and that leaves you with only the right to manipulate the pencil.

You are at a disadvantage. Not only are you short-handed, but you are also defenseless against passers-by who want to match you for three pennies. After you lose your money, you get back to the job at hand. By this time you have decided that the only way out is to have two hands free.

You have made your decision. You get down on the floor and encircle the little trimmer with your toes. Then you are a cinch unless Dan comes along and starts licking your face.

Perhaps the best idea is to get a confederate to go along with you. Let the confederate engage the attention of Jimmy Skipper, Betty Moore or whoever happens to be behind the desk. While they are talking, you steal one of the library's pencils. Of course, you will be restricted in your drawing by the chain that binds the pencil to the University. You'll just have to sit near the main desk. Then, too, you have to worry about library workers seeing the chain stretched taut and follow-

ing it up to where you are sketching pigs and cows.

Recent headline in a state daily: "OPA Slices Beef for Civilian Use."

The other night I was sitting in the Sandwich Shop with four cents change in my pocket. There isn't much you can do with four cents, so I gave in to a wild scheme that hit me. I decided to try to buy a Durham Sun from Guy Cheek, Chapel Hill's favorite newsboy, for four cents.

When Guy showed up, I called him over. "Guy," I said, "you haven't got but one paper left. If you'd sell it to me for four cents, you'd have a sellout. A sellout and it's only ten till seven."

"Can't do it, Doc," he said. "Look, Guy, we're old friends. I've bought papers from you before. And last summer when you got hurt I sympathized with you."

"When was that?" he asked. Then he followed through. "Why should I sell to you for four cents when the fellow down at the end will give me a nickel?"

I asked him if he would let a little copper penny come between us and a beautiful friendship and waited for him to say "Why not?" He fooled me.

"No, Doc," he answered. "It's just that I've got to have my money come out even."

I was gone and I knew it. I could see a towering Legree-like chap cracking a horsewhip at little Guy and snarling, "An additional penny, Check. An additional penny, if you please."

Harold Walton walked by with a handful of dishes and I hailed him over. "A penny is all I need," I said. He handed it to me; I handed five pennies to Guy, he handed me a Durham Sun.

I settled back in the booth to glance at the headlines of Guy's last paper.

Then Guy walked by with a Durham Sun to sell to the man "down at the end."

PICK THEATRE
SUNDAY—MONDAY

TOO DANGEROUS TO LIVE!

... TARGET OF A HUNDRED HIDDEN GUNS!
... as she spearheads the smashing war on sabotage!

MADAME SPY

starring
CONSTANCE BENNETT
with
DON PORTER
JOHN LITEL
EDWARD S. BROPHY
JOHN ELDBREDGE
NANK BRYANT

—Also—
COLOR CARTOON—SPORTLIGHT

—Tuesday—
CLAUDE RAINS in **"THE WOLF MAN"**
BELA LUGOSI

—Wednesday—
HARRY JAMES in **"PRIVATE BUCKAROO"**
ANDREWS SISTERS

Special Thanksgiving PROGRAM

DOROTHY LAMOUR
JIMMY DORSEY
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
EDDIE BRACKEN in **"THE FLEET'S IN"**

—Friday—
BETTE DAVIS in **"IN THIS OUR LIFE"**
GEORGE BRENT

—Saturday—
LEO CARRILLO in **"ESCAPE FROM HONG KONG"**
ANDY DEVINE