

The Daily Tar Heel

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-- MUSIC MAKERS --

'Take Care' in Top Bracket

By Brad McCuen

The best-selling records in town last week were Freddie Martin's "Rachmaninoff Concerto" and Betty Hutton's "Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief."

New Releases: George Gershwin, always appreciated, gets magnificent treatment from Eddie Condon's Jazz Band in the new Decca four-record album, "Gershwin Concert." Not only are such old favorites as "Lady Be Good," "Swanee," and "Man I Love" included but several of the composer's lesser known but fine pieces are present. Lee Wiley, reputedly Gershwin's favorite vocalist, sings well and the musicians are in top form. Jazz ordinarily does not lend itself well to strong melody but here neither the quality of the jazz nor the beauty of the tunes are sacrificed. It was difficult but Condon and Company have done it.

In another new album, Victor Borge, Swedish humorist and pianist, does eight sides, four of which feature his rich and biting satire. "Phonetic Pronunciation" has clicked solidly for Borge on the air and in theaters throughout the country and brings many laughs on wax. His combination of Schubert's "Serenade" and Strauss' "Blue Danube" results in a melodic "Blue Serenade." On the serious side, Borge plays with the help of Paul Baron's orchestra such favorites as "All the Things You Are," Brahms' "Lullaby," and Greig's "Rhap-

sody." In excellent taste, these sides are performed with Borge's technically perfect keyboard manner.

Bobby Sherwood's "Cotton Tail" and "Snap Your Fingers" are both well worth mention. "Tail," a Duke Ellington tune, is fast beat rhythm and has good instrumental solos for those who appreciate them. "Fingers" features Bobby's singing and trumpet which should please the majority of those who give it a listen.

In a quieter mood, Emil Coleman and his Waldorf-Astoria orchestra play "The Parrot" and "Say It Over Again." The band is a combination of the Eddie Duchin and Xavier Cugat styles with the accent on the South American tempos. The appeal for Chapel Hill may be limited but this band really brings the wealthy wheels into the W-A in NY.

Record of the Week: The sort of music that is perfect for dancing in the dark with your "prima" girl is Tommy Tucker's "Take Care." The melody is good but it is the way that Tucker plays this one that lifts it into the top brackets. With a predominant bass and a melodic reed background, Tucker's guitar creates a June-moon mood in the middle of February. Don Brown with a vocal trio take care of the vocal on "Take Care" and also on the reverse side, "When the One You Love." (Columbia.)

Editorially Speaking

TAKE A WALK, SIR

We are having some beautiful weather these days, and we are expecting more. We hope you good folks of Chapel Hill are taking advantage of it.

The season is coming for some real picnics and hikes. It's just warm enough so that overcoats and heavy clothing is unnecessary, and just brisk enough to give the zip that can carry you for miles. It won't last too long, either. In another month every twitch may bring forth a bucket of perspiration.

A good walk in this weather is just what the doctor orders. The conditions are ideal here. In a few minutes you are out on the open road in the picturesque countryside. There are places aplenty to go, down the Raleigh Road, up to the University Lake, etc. Stretch out those legs. Loosen up those dormant muscles. Give your lungs a chance to operate at more than the usual ten per cent capacity. The blood starts to circulate again, and lo and behold!—you'll be twice as efficient in everything you do when you get back to town.

Picnics are easy to organize. You can get up a picnic lunch in a half hour for a dozen people at a per capita cost much lower than any dinner in Chapel Hill. Get a couple of loaves of bread, a head of lettuce, some cold cuts and cheese, some fresh fruit and a couple of quarts of milk and a few paper cups. Throw it in a bag, and make up the sandwiches wherever you stop to eat. The more ambitious can bring franks and hamburgers to cook.

A word of caution: Don't let the fires get out of hand, and clean up after you leave. There is nothing so unnecessary as a forest fire; nothing so repellant as garbage on the landscape. **BE SMART: SEE ORANGE COUNTY FIRST!**

SYMPHONIC PROGRAM

A. B. Smith's four point platform is to be acclaimed as a distinguished overture to his reign as the Phi's speaker. One of his points is to be especially endorsed, namely, the encouragement and promotion of a symphonic program for the university.

With the recent gift of a Planetarium and art gallery, coupled with the Koch Memorial, this school is gradually becoming an art center of the first magnitude. However, in one department we are notoriously lacking; that is in the presence of a classical music program featuring the leading artists and orchestras of the nation. Our sister and rival schools have had, and do have such programs as the recent performances by the nation's second leading orchestra at their local auditoriums.

Mr. Smith's recommendations point the way toward the erasing of this deficiency. More power to him and it.

SOME PENDING CLASHES

As usual this time of year, the campus political brew is boiling to the point of evaporation. Jimmy Wallace's challenge of the validity of Stockton's election, although admittedly made on the spur of the moment, has become a source of confusion.

After several years of dormancy, the clause in the legislature's constitution, giving veto power to the council, has been reconsidered to use against the rule requiring the supreme penalty for vandalism on other campuses.

After a little prodding by the Daily Tar Heel, Hunt's committee to draft a student constitution is again at work, and hopes to make the April deadline. The coed politicians seem a little worried over the constitution's proposal to reorganize their governmental system, but it seems to us that every group should be willing to sacrifice the status quo for more student government coordination.

In Dubious Battle

by Jack Dube and Bud Imbrey



Shaggy Doggerel Dept.: What with St. Valentine's day having come and gone rather quickly and effortlessly, we think it only fair to comment upon this year's trend in greeting cards and other goodies to come our way. If you got a red box (heart shaped), a quick guess would be that it had its origin in Danziger's. We bought one for ourselves but so far we haven't been able to figure out the inscription. It seems as though one of the exchange students crept in to do the lettering. We did get a card, pin-up girl and all the fixings, which read:

"I tingle in my brain and spine, Will you be my Valentine?" This gives us an idea for other holidays, such as:

"I vibrate in each arm and leg, Will you be my Easter Egg?" Or perhaps:

"My metabolism is quite jerky, Will you be my Christmas turkey?"

Bolderdash & Folderol: Our man of the air is still concentrating his efforts toward the dry-run annihilation of I. G. Farben Hill. Isn't there a loose machine-gunner in the crowd who doesn't have an eleven o'clock class and would like to do a Good Thing? The plane has been definitely identified as a We came upon Dan, the birdless bird dog, who has evidently left the track team in search of a more intimate atmosphere. He was going from table to table at Danziger's, a cupcake here, a rum cake there. When we left, he was

spelling Charlie Johnson at the music-box, playing "Love Me, Love My Dog." We didn't catch the name of the little blonde (they're always blondes) who was trying to buy red oil for the rear light on her car. The Characters' Club has expanded. They were last seen in a colyum in the Tar Heel some days back by someone who calls herself THE RAM—it could be EWE

Feed Muh Alfalfa Dept.: It seems that the lounge of Graham Memorial was being set up one Friday afternoon for a dance and a loudspeaker connecting the office and the lounge had been established. Some joker turned the switch and Martha Rice gave an involuntary 45-minute harangue to the lounge on sundry subjects . . . will her face be red when she reads this. With conditions the way they are, we'd rather re-enlist than live in a dorm room Terrelita brings up a point when she hints that it may be more than rumor about which end of statues erected in the South face North Rainbow Benny informs us that the picture of J. K. Polk in the Di Meeting Hall is worth five grand—any veterans whose checks haven't come thru yet?

Kiss-Off: Reserving our own right of recognition, and refusing to give lip-service to things that shouldn't be told to little children, we prefer, like the not-too-brights, to think of Bilbo as the man who discovered the Pacific

THE CPU ROUNDTABLE

The Case Anti-Strike Bill

By Dewey Dorsett

One of the greatest achievements of the liberal age was the evolution of the Rule of Law. This means that both individuals and governments are bound in their actions by a set of rules which are known by all—rules which make it possible to predict in advance what actions men may or may not take and to make one's own plans accordingly. We call these rules formal rules and they are not intended to discriminate against any group or class of

people, but to apply generally to all. The North Carolina speed limit law is an example. Anyone who exceeds the prescribed limit is subject to penalty. The contract laws are another example. If A breaks his contract with B he is subject to suit whether he is the President of General Motors or the janitor in South Building. Thus by the Rule of Law individuals may play the game according to the rules, and know that they are free from discrimination because of their race, religion, or income bracket.

Yet, in the last few years Americans have witnessed wholesale violations of the spirit and law of this Rule of Law. Take, for example, the case of labor unions. Time and again they have broken their contracts with management and gotten away with it. Time after time they have destroyed property in their strikes and gotten away with it. The Case Anti-Strike bill, introduced by Representative Case of South Dakota and passed by the House of Representatives, seeks equality in the treatment of unions and industry. In doing this it makes the labor unions financially responsible for their actions and liable to being sued, a responsibility which has been missing from

the labor picture so far. In the words of Rep. Homer A. Ramey of Ohio, "If a company violates a contract, that company could be sued. The same applies to unions. This is the kind of equality and justice upon which the firm foundation of our independence has been erected. . . . What the Case bill provides in that we shall, if it becomes a law, throw our labor disputes, just as we do with all other deadlock business disputes, into the courts."

The main provisions of the bill would: create a Federal mediation board with the power to intervene in a labor dispute and enforce a 30 day cooling off period; use injunctions to enforce the cooling off period and prevent violence or interference with movement of perishable goods; authorize civil suit against either side in cases involving contract violation; curb jurisdictional disputes by outlawing boycott; ban violent picketing. Should meditation or voluntary arbitration fail, the unions would be free to strike, provided the 30 day cooling off period had expired. Both strikers and employers could be punished for preventing, by force or threats of force, any worker from quitting or continuing in his job.



Grog In The Eel

By Banal Painal

O'er miles and minutes the grog flows, and the eel in tender passion finally unfolds.

To an innocent flyswatter it seems that:

Although rumors have circulated to the effect that the paths at Chapel Hill bring mud, disease and business to the laundry let us remember that we put up a great fight against Duke last November, even with their paths. Need we say more?

Everyone should take a few hours out to consider the election of the May Day officials. To save you all the trouble of bothering your little skulls about it, this mass observer suggests the name of the most likable and efficient candidate, a young light by the name of, uh, oh yes, Painal. Get out there you wonderful people, and throw your weight behind him. He's two to one in the stated opinions on this page. (O. K. Mister, try and get me on that one.)

Scuttlebutt has it that inefficient, incompetent and no-good Speaker Bunt of the legislature is going to resign due to a nervous breakdown. Three cheers and hurrah. This is one character that would be expendable if he were the last man on earth. As it happens there is a very efficient, competent and good Speaker Pro tem ready to jump in and fill the gap (fellow by the name of Gainal or Painal or

something like that).

At the request of several students I am rapturous in being able to print the following: Robert Morrison is NOT the new dean of the Harvard Law School. The boys over there seem to become a little irked even at the suggestion of such a thing!

Midnight meanderings:

The Delta Trys threw a terrific shindig Friday night. Congrats women, only next time supply a few more chairs. Even you have to sit down occasionally.

Those Bie Bhy gold arrows are really lovely, girls, but there are times and places for everything. Ouch!

Hear that the greatest argument for mercy killing, Dim Solace has passed his law exams and will be with us next term. Sorry campus, but life is bitter all over.

Wonder what the dope is on the alleged tamperers-with-the-honor-of-Carolina-ladies is. Maladjustment breeds strange bedfellows. Carolina gentlemen, prepare to arm yourselves. The cause is here, our path is clear.

And so, to those who have insinuated that this column is the least biased, prejudiced or carminative we reply that our life is but an eel moving slowly over seas of grog wherein one day the answer shall be found.

—R. G. S.