The Tar Heel

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The TAR HEEL office is open each afternoon except Saturday and Sunday from 4 until 6

o'clock for any business or phone calls.

No copy will be accepted for publication after 7 p.m. on the Monday preceding publication.

THE EPIC OF OLD EAST . . .

It was a century and a half ago yesterday that a group of far-sighted men gathered in a clearing in the woods to observe the laying of the cornerstone of the first state university building in the country. It took a group of far-sighted men to ever dream that out of that tiny clearing completely surrounded by a forest of virgin timber there would develop the University of North Carolina we know today.

Since the laying of the cornerstone in 1793, the yellow bricks of Old East have looked upon a changing scene. The official opening of the University on January 15, 1795 was a proud day, but for a whole month afterwards no one was there but the presiding professor, David Kerr, who resided for the month in solitary splendor with no one to teach. One student finally arrived. By the end of the term, there were forty-one. Next term there were a hundred.

And so through the years Old East has stood, picking up a little ivy here and there and housing students as they have come and gone. Today it is standing firm through its fifth war. It has weathered the lean years of the Reconstruction and the hungry years of the Depression. It has all kinds of people: from and many levels of living. It has held all kinds of people: from the wealthy and arrogant planters sons to the gay and frivolous brood so common prior to December 7, 1941.

Today it faces a new epoch in its history. Today, it feels the ground under its foundations tremble to the tread of marching feet. Today, it sees itself a small part of a great military machine. Today, it looks out on a University that is "strictly business"; that has no time for or patience with the old prewar frivolities.

Perhaps, if those aged bricks could find voice, they would say, "It is better so."

THINK FIRST! . . .

Tomorrow, between the hours of nine and five-thirty, students at the University of North Carolina will elect four men to fill the four major student body jobs-president of the student body, speaker of the student legislature, editor of the TAR HEEL, and editor of the Carolina Magazine.

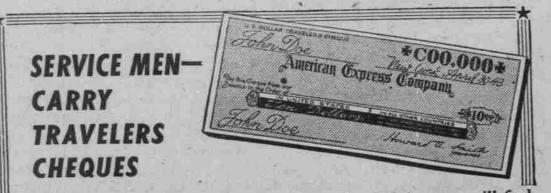
It will be within the power of these four men to direct to a large extent the course of the University during the coming months, by far the most crucial in the history of the "oldest state University in the South."

It is your heritage and your privilege to go to the polls and vote tomorrow. But above that it is your duty and your responsibility, to both yourself and your University, to vote intelligently.

Before casting your vote, consider once more the qualifications of each man running. Don't vote for a man just because he happens to be running on a certain party ticket. If by now you do not know the candidates personally, you still have time to meet them. Look them up. Ask each one why he considers himself capable of handling the job for which he is running. If a candidate is incapable of telling you this, he is incapable of holding the office.

Tonight at nine o'clock in Memorial Hall the candidates will be presented individually to the student body. Each candidate will in his turn present his platform. This is your opportunity to know the men you will cast your votes for tomorrow. Go, hear what each of these men has to say, listen carefully to each platform. Disregard the party ticket on which each is running. Concentrate on the capabilities of the individual. Watch for clear, concise statements of credible facts. Compare the candidates. Compare the platforms. And then select the candidates who you believe are most able to fill the jobs. What happens to the University of North Carolina during the most crucial moments of this crisis will be dictated at the polls tomorrow.

If you believe that Carolina will emerge from this war unified, informed and actively progressive, you must also believe in the men you elect to guide her course.



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The Body Politic

Cox Resigns; FCC Triumph

By Lee Bronson The recent resignation of Representative Eugene Cox of Georgia as chairman of the committee investigating the Federal Communications Committee has brought to an end a long and controversial fight in

Washington. The FCC first charged that Cox had accepted \$2500 from a radio station in Georgia to represent it before the commission, thus violating the federal law which forbids any member of Congress to practice before a department of the govern-

Cox immediately demanded an investigation of the FCC and persuaded the House to select him to head the investigating committee, a rather ludicrous situation.

Eugene L. Garey, a Wall Street lawyer, was chosen as chief counsel. Garey so intimidated the witnesses and slandered persons that even Cox was forced several times to quiet him.

The situation became so disgusting that a member of the committee prblicly stated that unless Cox resigned, he himself would refuse to serve on the committee any longer. Protests poured into Washington.

The intense effort of Representative Cox to smear the FCC in order to clear himself from a serious charge - a charge which would probably result in his impeachment from Congress, and most certainly would prevent his re-election-this effort failed completely.

The committee failed to disclose any evidence which would discredit the FCC. An effort was made to link the investigation with that made previously by Dies of two FCC employees. Earlier in the year Dies had insisted that former Ambassador William E. Dodd's son and another employee be fired from the FCC because of un-American activities. The charges were not substantiated and the FCC refused to fire these men who had done outstanding work for the commission.

The Department of Justice has refused to prosecute Cox up to this time. However, it is expected that since they are in possession of all the evidence and facts in the case that they will do so in the near fu-

The climax of the disgraceful incident came when Cox announced his resignation on the floor of the House. It is known that much of the pressure which forced his exit came from Speaker Sam Rayburn. Nevertheless, Rayburn spoke highly of Cox. According to newspaper reports, the entire membership of Congress rose in his honor.

cheeks. However, it is not.

one representative of the people, Representative Chet Hollifield of California, remained conspicuously in his seat. Undoubtedly, scattered across the room, others made a silent protest to honoring a man who had cost the taxpayers money and put a memorable blot on the record of Congress merely to gain a personal end-to make his own black record look white.

The Beautiful People By Dave Hanig

One night six years ago a dark-faced young poet was put up before a firing squad in Spain and killed by the Spanish fascists. With his death the world lost a bright genius. Federico Garcia Lorca, with songs, poems and plays, caught the laughter and sorrow, the full-blooded warmth and inherent tragedy of the human being not even our Saroyan could duplicate.

Here on campus I met a short, handsome, Uruguayan from Montevideo the other day who told me he had met Garcia Lorca two years before his death in Spain. Jorge Ortiz, with quick, Latin gestures and animated face, described his first meeting with the poet.

Ortiz was fifteen at the time he and his father attended a theatre performance of "Blood Wedding" by Lorca. For the first time a crowd of young men sitting in the small theatre felt their emotions pitched onto the inadequate stage to a sensitive tragedy performed by South America's greatest actress. For the first time they felt that mixture of pity and terror and beauty that comes on witnessing a play by Garcia Lorca.

After the show Ortiz and his father went to the hotel where Lorca was staying. The hotel overlooked the sea and Lorca was before the window when they were admitted. With a sense of charm and graciousness he welcomed them, asked the boy, Ortiz what he thought of "Blood Wedding" and

went on to discuss the work he was doing. Ortiz described Lorca as a short, vibrant man with a smooth, olive-tinted face. He wore a dark shirt with the collar opened at the throat. While the Ortiz' were there he played for them at the piano and Ortiz was aware that these were folk and gypsy airs thousands of years old that Lorca had re-created through his nimble genius.

Today, Garcia Lorca is still not too well known to the American

We need Lorca. Those who have been entranced by the American, Wm. Saroyan, will be the richer when they discover the same gaiety (but taken directly from the people's spirit), the same sense of loneliness (but more tragic because it's more real) when they read the songs, poems and the plays of Federico Garcia Lorca.

We need Lorca because he was a young man, because he came out of this war generation. We need Garcia Lorca because he is for all time.

Grapevine

takes time off from his duties in the Pre-Flight public relations office to write the Campus Grapevine for this week.)

Things were different back in the old days. Now, there's talk of abolishing student government, of changing this and changing that. All they

was abolish Campbell but definitely. As people say (and I only know what people say), Carolina has changed, the old days are gone, nothing is as it was. I disagree with that line of thought. You can still walk under Davie Poplar. The Bell Tower hasn't gone to war, the chimes continue to ring out at dusk and after football games. Some guys are lucky enough to yet get a warm blanket, a warm girl, and head for the stadium on a cold moonlight night.

E. Carrington Smith's emporium brings the latest movies to the village, only now the surroundings in which they're shown are much improved. Harry's, the Porthole, the Pines are still located in the same places. There you can, almost always, get some beer, a snack, a bull session. No freedom has left the hill among the civilian population. Ambassador Grew, late of Japan, spoke to a full house when he was here last week. About the only difference noted was that the audience took the speech a little more serious-

ly, discussed it after he left. Ed Lanier, the self-help man, can find you a job, and how. Mr. Evans, the cashier, has his cigar. Miss Mabel continues to greet you when you pay a visit to Dean Bradshaw. And the Dean, more than ever, believes in student government.

Pete Parker. There's not a student on the campus he doesn't know. You'll find him at the football game, By The Staff

(Editor's note: Orville Campbell former editor of the DAILY TAR HEEL,

Everyone around here, I'm told, seems to think that the war is responsible for the Tar Heel becoming a weekly. That's not the reason at all. You see, two years ago when I edited the paper it got so bad that it would have been a weekly by now, war or no war.

wanted to do a couple of years ago

Memorial Hall, Graham Memorial, or downtown drinking a cup-I mean several cups of coffee. He'll discuss any problem with you, and to hear him talk! Why he can praise you to the skies, and make you feel like a heel, or cuss you and make you feel like a million

Dr. Woodhouse, I've been informed teaches his classes in the same manner, lets his students express themselves, respects their point of view. Also, like Parker, he is often seen

Weary By Sara Tokley

C'est le guerre, they tell us. It's necessary for three girls to live in one room. To be prepared for the war effort coeds must trot to the gym twice a week for two years. "Keep up with your classes, study as much as possible and get all the good food and fresh air you can," they beg. "Health and knowledge at this time are essential. All must be sacrificed to the war effort."

On the part of the coeds, yes. But not on the part of the dormitories. They were built by the University. They are sacred.

The social rooms of girls' dormitories are places to meet dates, rooms to walk through while going in and out, and floors to sprawl on during weekly house meetings. Occasionally they are used for dances.

With three girls in one room bedtime and arising hours are hard to regulate. Two roommates want to study, but the other one wants to talk, or two are in the mood for a bull session while the other one must cram for an economics quiz. After 10:30 at night girls must study in dormitories, but there's no place to study. The one study room is small and usually crowded. Girls who really have work to do often huddle in the laundry room, squinting over books.

If the social rooms of the dormitories could be used for studying after closing hours the coeds who wanted to study could go downstairs, away from their sleepy or sociable roommates. Those who needed sleep could turn off the lights and go to bed. At present Carolina coeds average between five and six hours of sleep a night.

If girls can sacrifice comfortable living conditions for the war, the University can permit the use of its levely social rooms for studying. It's an easy solution to an old problem. It won't hurt the rooms. It will help the coeds.

downtown discussing politics and drinking coffee.

On and on. Many things are like they were back in the late thirties. Naturally old students coming back find them different, but that even happens in peacetime.



NOW



-THURSDAY-



GARSON PIDGEON MRS. MINI Reginald Owen - Henry Travers Richard Ney - Henry Wilcoxon

-FRIDAY-



Produced by Hunt Stromberg

-Saturday-WILLIAM BOYD in "HAPPY SERVES A WRIT"

JEAN ARTHUR -Sunday-JOEL McCREA

CHARLES COBURN

"THE MORE THE MERRIER"

-Monday-ORSON WELLES "CITIZEN KANE"

JEAN ARTHUR _Tuesday_ CHARLES COBURN

SPRING BYINGTON

"THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES"

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The Carolina Magazine Carolina Playbook

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