

# The Daily Tar Heel

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### For This Issue

NEWS: MORRIS ROSENBERG SPORTS: WILLIAM BEERMAN

## CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

By DONALD BISHOP



Born in Manchuria of American parents, raised in the French settlement of Shanghai, China, and educated at the University of North Carolina. That is the very cosmopolitan history of Bob Magill, director of Graham Memorial, and, though a graduate of the Class of 1938, still very much a Campus Personality.

"I guess you would say I'm semi-Japanese, too," Bob declares. Japan now owns Kirin, Manchuria, where he was born, as well as the territory of Shantung province, where he lived part of his early life. His accent is now distinctly English, or American, but the first language he learned was Chinese.

He has lived in many sections of the United States and China, his father being national student secretary for the Y. M. C. A. He chose the University of North Carolina to further his education upon advice of his father and others. Being a Southerner in spite of his wanderings over the world, Bob narrowed his choice of college to the South, and he selected the University without hesitation.

Here he became interested in extra-curricular activities—they are his only hobby, he says—and was one of the outstanding men of his class. He was elected president of the student body for last year and has been generally acclaimed as one of the best ever.

Just now, he is occupied with adjusting himself to his new job of directing the Student Union. He has several irons in the fire and will offer a wide variety of activities and entertainments sponsored by Graham Memorial. He majored in economics and hopes ultimately to earn his master's degree. He is taking one course now—labor problems.

After his two-year term at Graham Memorial—Bob is undecided. He would like to enter public administration work here in the United States; just as strongly, he wants to go back to the land of his birth in the American foreign service.

### Dancing Classes

Miss Lili Yudell, who formerly conducted dancing classes in Chapel Hill, has returned to resume this work, and will register children in Room 110 of Graham Memorial this afternoon from 3 to 6 o'clock.

Two years ago Miss Yudell was appointed director of the Federal Theater project in Durham, and since has attended the Neighborhood Playhouse school of the theater. She formerly studied at Fokine School of Ballet and was a member of Elsa Findlay's professional company.

music they "fold their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away."

During the figure even more express discourtesy is exhibited. The students crowd around the open floor space leaving the chaperones completely blocked.

It is no secret that many faculty members and their wives avoid being chaperones at our dances. And their aversion to the task is perfectly understandable.—T. S.

## U. S. MILITARY HERO

### HORIZONTAL

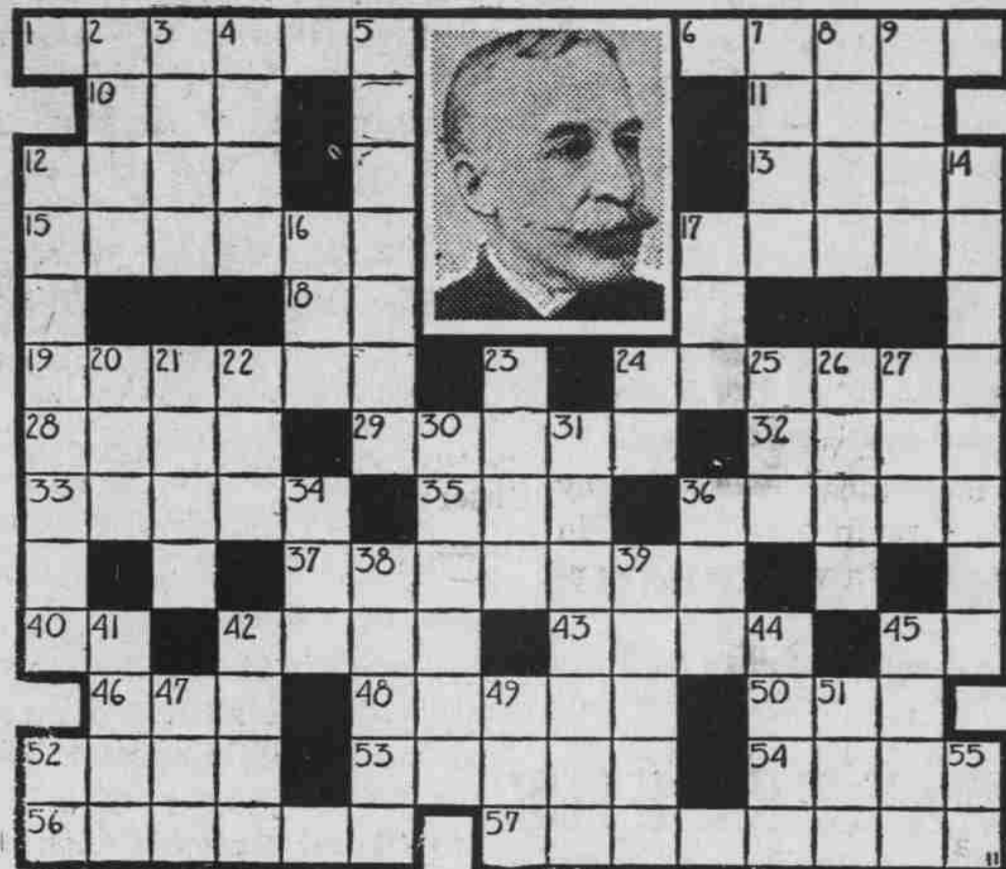
- 1,6 Pictured American naval hero.
- 10 Stir.
- 11 Soft mass.
- 12 Grandparental
- 13 Opposed to odd.
- 15 Basement.
- 17 Amphitheater center.
- 18 Musical note.
- 19 Upwards on a hill.
- 24 Indian arrow poison.
- 28 To press.
- 29 One who dares.
- 32 Hodgepodge.
- 33 Corvine birds.
- 35 Male.
- 36 Sea.
- 37 For a short time he was immensely
- 40 Doctor.
- 42 Crate.
- 43 Wings.

### Answer to Previous Puzzle

ITALY MUSSOLINI  
AVERSE HEDERA  
PLAT MACAW DOTE  
ELL RELUMES NIT  
NE SOW M ROM OH  
IRATE SIR SUNNI  
N RA VINES TI O  
SATIRIC DEVELOP  
UP ROC AD PI  
LOT ST MAP OF C SPA  
ADAGIO ARION  
AMEER ITALY TINS  
FLEER EASER

### VERTICAL

- 21 Sickle.
- 22 Writing fluid.
- 23 German woman.
- 24 Credit.
- 25 Fabulous bird.
- 26 On the lee.
- 27 Inlet.
- 30 Practical unit of electrical current.
- 31 Encircled.
- 34 Mineral spring.
- 36 English coin.
- 38 Doge's silver medal.
- 39 Warning signal.
- 41 Incarnation of Vishnu.
- 42 Mohammedan judge.
- 44 Water cross.
- 45 Shrub yielding indigo.
- 47 Coal box.
- 49 Bugle plant.
- 51 Age.
- 52 Form of "be."
- 55 Electrical unit
- 3 Land right.
- 4 Biscuit.
- 5 Green gem.
- 7 Pitcher.
- 8 Billow.
- 9 Paradise.
- 12 U. S. — the Philippines because of this battle.
- 14 He still is a — hero.
- 16 Every.
- 17 God of sky.
- 20 Golf teacher.



## To Tell The Truth---

By ADRIAN SPIES

LONDON, Sept. 24.—Registrar bureaus were besieged today by crowds of couples getting married "before the war broke out." In the Caxton Hall office there were two lines—one of which led to the marriage license window, and the other to the gas mask fitting depot. Some of the couples went directly from the marriage line to the gas mask line.

Bill and Betty Joyce are young people in love. They live in London, and live like most of the great middle class. Both have wanted to marry for some time, but threats of war had delayed them. It was easier to wait and plan and pray. Bill is not rich, and his income vacillated with the rise and fall of British markets. Marriage seemed an illusion to him, and it was secondary to the reality of war preparations.

But this last week loomed heavy over the two young people. For the international balance was swinging back to England, and England was sitting up and trying to speak coolly of war. The lovers spoke of it, too, in the fading fall colors of London. They were young and they were healthy, and they were fodder for war. So they merged illusion and reality into one and decided to get married.

Down at Caxton hall they saw many of their friends applying for the right to marry as normal human beings. There was little fuss, and a minimum of ceremony. Quiet frightened people filed their intentions. Young healthy people in love—who knew little of world economics and less of world intrigue—stood ready to cheat impending tragedy of a few hours. They

said little and got themselves married.

But there was another line down in Caxton hall. It was even grimmer and stiller than the first. It was for young and healthy people who wanted to fit their faces to gas masks. It was for people who feared poison in the London air, and who feared for their lives. And as each person took his turn to fit the mask over his face the others looked silently upon the new face of English man. It was a strange and hideous face, but it kept out poison.

Bill and Betty Joyce, who were young people in love just married, held a wedding party in the other line. There were no drinks or pretty speeches. Just two young and healthy people waiting to change the countenance of their lives. They fitted themselves to masks and silently walked home.

They are married now in London, and are set to raise a family. But they are living in a city worried about losing a family. The man has an income which is as insecure as Chamberlain's foreign policy. He has a home, too, and the nation doesn't outfit its citizens with bombproofing. He has a wife now, and it's his duty to protect her. Bill Joyce has very little idea of his future and very little hope for happiness.

Like most of the common people of this world he knows little about the intricacies of international grudges. All he knows is that there were two lines in Caxton hall, and that he had to stand in both of them.

They married him in London. And they gave him a gas mask in London. And soon they may give him a gun in London. But when it comes to fighting Bill Joyce—who is young and healthy and in love—will have to fend for himself. After all, a country cannot be expected to do everything for its citizens.

Hallelujah is pronounced the same in every language.

## Dynamo On Campus Over Week-End

(Continued from first page)

freshman reporter to that of an editorial writer. He stirred an active finger in many a campus political pastry, and even managed to fill the coveted position as publicity director of the CPU. He did a bang-up job of directing the second annual North Carolina high school press conference in the spring, in connection with which he made valuable contacts with leading newspaper men all over the state.

During the summer the enterprising lad first landed a job as reporter on a newspaper down at Nag's Head, edited by Sigma Nus' Robert Jernigan, where he has spent every summer as far back as he can remember. Becoming dissatisfied with that, Dave pulled out and started a weekly paper of his own, in partnership with another boy. The new journalistic endeavor bore the name of "The Nag's Tale" during the three months it was in operation, and its Hearstian publicity tactics soon made it the most widely read organ on information of the Nag's Head summer colonists.

### To See South

Encouraged by a leading Washington newspaper man vacationing at Nag's Head, editor Stick this fall packed up his toothbrush, an extra shirt, and a complete file of The Nag's Tale and is leaving his alma mater to travel over the southern hemisphere and see just what is going on down there.

When he tires of that, or when budgetary deficiencies press too hard, Dave plans to turn around hitch hike back into the States, start up a weekly newspaper in some neglected spot in the deep South, and probably found a new era in American journalism.

### May Return

That is, Dave will do this if a revolutionist bullet doesn't chase him back to the peaceful village atmosphere of Chapel Hill, or if he doesn't change his mind about this liberal education business and decide, well, maybe to come back and make up that incomplete Freshman English.

Anyway, Dave will be with us again, either next quarter or in a couple of years. He doesn't know. But whatever happens to him in the meantime, when he does come back he will drop his little bag some place, shake hands with a couple of people, and then rush up to the DAILY TAR HEEL office with a breathless, "Hey—I've got an idea!"

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in  
"RICH MAN, POOR GIRL"  
Plus  
**PETE IVEY'S AMATEUR  
SHOW**  
9 P. M.

### • Frivolity Of Youth

We are sitting in the local moving picture house and suddenly the villain walks in on the screen. With all our school-boyish vigor we hiss and boo at him. Then the husky hero dashes up and, amid our unrestrained cheers, clouts the black-guard on the head and saves the heroine. (By the editorial "we" is meant University students—freshman, sophomore, junior, senior, graduate—faculty member and Chapel Hill native. The "we" is applicable to almost any category).

Certainly we have expressed our democratic right of free expression. We have demonstrated the lusty and determined attitude of youth, or the sagacity of age. In no uncertain terms, we have shown that we are highly pleased or very definitely displeased.

True, we have rendered the show unpleasant for those around us, but, after all, it was our own thirty cents that was paid in at the box office. We might have waited until we were outside the theater to shout our opinion of the film, but this would not have been true to our nature. We have seen others booing, hissing and cat-calling. Why shouldn't we do the same?

Yes, it can hardly be said that we are fulfilling the qualifications of the Carolina gentleman. In fact, the truth of the matter is we are acting like we would have been ashamed to act when we were back in high school. But here, partaking of the liberalism all around us, we are exercising our purchased privilege, and the devil take the rest of the world.

### • What Do You Eat?

No doctor can tell us exactly why some of us have unhealthy complexions, but a large number of physicians do agree on one thing: Diet has a great deal to do with the condition of your skin. And they also agree that what you eat also has a tremendous effect on general health.

In fact, not so long ago, one of the popular picture magazines carried a story about some remarkable food experiments conducted with rats. A number of nations were chosen, and menus composed of the staples of each were fed to different groups of the same species of rat. The rodents fed on the rather starchy French diet became sleek, even grew long whiskers. Those on the English diet became rather meek and slender. And so it went.

Yet most of us even though we realize the importance of correct diet, do not know or will not use our knowledge in choosing foods. We eat what we like without thinking how our bodies will take what we eat.

About a third of the student body eats at Swain hall, now serving over 4,000 meals a day. Mightn't it be a good idea for the steward or perhaps some other person with a knowledge of dietary principles to suggest daily from the available foods menus containing a variety of edibles suitable to the best interests of health as well as taste?—W. K.

### • Breach Of Etiquette

With the opening of the social season at the Grail dance Saturday night there was apparent a situation that has long threatened to become chronic.

The treatment and consideration accorded the chaperones at our dances is highly inconsistent with the hyperthetical Carolina standard of gentlemanly conduct. Few students ever realize that chaperones are present. According to all rules of etiquette those dancers who know the chaperones at a dance are expected to be cordial and friendly. In actuality the condition is quite the opposite.

Chaperones — honored guests of the evening — sit in ridiculously uncomfortable chairs for four hours utterly ignored by the dancers, and then with the final strains of the