

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue:

NEWS: WILL G. AREY SPORTS: FRED CAZEL

• Cowards and Heroes

The Gallup and Fortune polls report that over three-fourths of the American public believe that the United States will get into the next war. The one-time cool and comfortable speculations of the social-conscious conversationalist have given away at last to a wider and more popular conviction that war, sooner or later, is inevitable. Peace organizations are gradually turning into preparedness organizations. The government, the press, and word-of-mouth opinion is drifting away from isolationism. Arguments of those who still say "I hate war" are pushed aside as lectures "on navigation while the ship is going down."

After the maimed American people left the battlefields of France, they were convinced for twenty years that war was not a method of preserving liberty, democracy, or freedom. The Versailles Treaty, in fact, stands as testimony that war destroys rationalism and democracy and breeds totalitarianism and more war. The twenty-year stand for peace was understandable, however. For, there was no opposition to the unanimous cry.

Public opinion, guided by the government and the press, is emerging now from the "I hate war" period into the fatalistic era of resignation. "War is inevitable." The next logical period will be that of mass hysteria. Old slogans — freedom, democracy, liberty — (the meanings of which are seldom sought) will uncoil themselves again and become death-words. All people will fall again into two groups — the cowards and the heroes. Mr. Chamberlain has already been branded as a "yellow-belly."

And the University of North Carolina will turn from its search for truth to lend its resources and prestige to a belligerent nation. In 1918, says Mr. C. H. Hamlin in a highly documented historical account, "The University of North Carolina was the principal propaganda center in the South Atlantic states . . . The entire faculty and student body seemed docile with no questioning of the hysteria." Colleges throughout the nation became military camps and propaganda sources. German courses were cut from curricula, degrees of educators who opposed war-entrance were revoked, a history professor who suggested that "there are good and bad qualities in the Germans . . ." was expelled from college, faculty men who had pacifist leanings were given "indefinite leave of absence!"

The twenty-year stand for peace was one thing. But to stand for peace today requires the knowledge that an exaggerated foreign war crisis is a well-known device for politicians to maintain office. The next election cry may be about not changing leaders in time of peril. War news for the press is headline news. And war conversation relieves the public mind from facing the drudgery of everyday problems.

The propaganda snowball has already travelled a mile. But it may be stopped by individual self-assertion in condemnation of empty phrases that turn language into bloodshed. It may be stopped by scorning the fatalistic stand that "War is inevitable," and remembering that the greatest cause of war, over and above the petty ambitions of politicians and newspapers, is the resignation of public opinion to unchallenged slogans.

To Tell The Truth---

By ADRIAN SPIES

(These few paragraphs have been pilfered from the imaginary chronicle of a 21st century essayist. We fancy that the smug perspective of retrospection would have colored his comments thusly, and that he would have interpreted the events of the past few months in the following way.)

During the intrigues and counterplots leading up to the second World War, a most amazing act was done. It was a strange side-light to the intrigues and falsifications of the period. And its frankness was something unbelievable in an age when armies fought in wars that were officially not wars, and when soldiers died for a nation apparently observing neutrality. Looking back now to the degenerate period of the late 1930's, we recognize it as one of the bits of brilliant gallantry that lighten the task of a historian of misguided people.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was then the president of what was then the United States, was one of the consistent forces for peace in what was then the world. In the language of the period he was what is called a "progressive," and realized that his world had outlived isolation. Building toward a reaffirmation of democracy at home, he knew that the Fascist powers in Europe threatened the blossoming position of his country. He was one of the few wise men who was able to speak to the Fascists in their own language of force. And to do what in that strange day was known as "calling a spade a spade."

Roosevelt, in the midst of a scene that saw Fascist newspapers promise peace and Fascist organizers plan for further conquest, sent a message to the dictators. (Hitler and Mussolini, who have already been referred to in the essay entitled "Pathological Freaks of the Dark Ages"). In this message he declared that all of the world was

crying for peace, and he demanded guarantees of peace from the dictators. What is unique to a student of the period is the frankness in which the President named the 31 countries fearing aggression from the fascists, openly placing the case of peace into the light. (As much light as there could be in that dark part of the past.)

He caught the blusters and emotional nothingness of the dictators in a neat trap of frankness. And there was nothing left for them to do but to treat the message as a "routine" matter worthy of only perfunctory consideration. The reactions of Hitler and Mussolini informed the half-friends in Europe of the finality of their plans, and aided in the bolstering of an anti-fascist front. (See essay on "Beginning of Successful Democracy in the Dark Ages.")

Of course the catastrophe which followed was unaffected by Roosevelt's plea. But it placed the blame of action squarely upon the doddering shoulders of the inefficient "democracies" of England and France and the unstoppable war economy of the dictators.

It was a horrible example of the futility of fair proposals in an age that had distorted fairness until it meant only the perpetuation of national interests. And there is an uncomfortable commentary on the state of the men of the time when one reads of the laughter and jeering that greeted the message. There was such a feeling of inevitability that the world merely stocked itself stronger and awaited the struggle.

But it is worth knowing to us, the students of a painful past, that the president's plea promoted a more powerful democratic block. And that it showed more lucidly than ever the crude battle lines of the day. Even though these vital things were accompanied by the tragic sounds of a world laughing at a proposition for peace.



By RAY LOWERY

The Chapel Hill Scene

THE MOON PIGS: "Grand Illusion," prize-winning French film, is being held back, but E. Carrington hopes to play it here before the end of the quarter . . . Mickey Rooney and his regular cohorts show us more Hardy family maneuvers next Sun-Mon at the Carolina . . . Irene Dunne's "Love Affair" comes the following Thurs-Fri . . . And the next week, "Wuthering Heights," the Bronte book, and "Dodge City" another glorified horseopera, come our way . . . Following closely on the heels of these are the much-discussed "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," DeMille's "Union Pacific," and Bette Davis' supreme achievement, "Dark Victory" . . . Muni's "Juarez" won't show here this quarter . . . Will still be playing to New York prices.

THE DRAMMER: There's a possibility that you guys who wouldn't believe "Our Town" was good until after it had been given four times may get to see it yet . . . The Playmakers just want enough requests—especially from you season ticket holders who couldn't find seats . . . Ignoring Shakespeare and Shaw this spring, the local drammer folks plan to present the French play, "Noel," in the forest theater . . . They should do a nice job . . . Good idea—that of splitting the experimental bill into afternoon and evening performances.

THE BOOKS: "Out of the South," subtitled "The Life of a People in Dramatic Form," contains 15 of Paul Green's best-known plays and has just been published by Harpers . . . It's at the Bull's Head, if you're the borrowing kind . . . Cost you three bucks for your table . . . About the title of her first novel, "Purslance," Bernice Kelly Harris says: "The purslane (pusley) is . . . an annual . . . used as a pot herb, for salads . . . a troublesome weed . . . An early critic of the book, which is the first piece of fiction to be turned out by the University press and will be ready for general distribution on April 29, says that "if the right people read it, they will like it" . . . Koch prefaces a new volume of folk plays—to be out in the late summer or early fall . . . Adolf's "Mien Komfh" is one of Ab's best sellers . . . They all buy the Stackpole edition, the one which pays no royalties to Hitler.

THE STORY-TELLERS: Those

who enjoy bulling with lit'ry people might arrange to meet the ones appearing on the campus this week . . . Hugh Tate, poet, novelist, and prof at Woman's college, is scheduled to speak to the Carolina Arts group in Graham Memorial lounge Wed'day . . . His wife, Carolyn Gordon, who has gained more fame than her husband as a writer of fiction, will appear on the same day—at the Bull's Head at 4:15 . . . Konrad Bercovici, Roumanian writer, stopped by over the weekend en route to Florida . . . James Boyd and Sherwood Anderson have been dashing about all over the state for the past week . . . Attempt should be made to get them here.

THE MAGS: No doubt Dr. Groves' marriage courses are very inspiring, but those attentive students who appear in the current issue of Look mag were undoubtedly posing . . . Barbara Liscomb and three or four other co-eds were pleased with their photographs but a bit disturbed over what the cutlines said . . . Green's all-fiction experiment (the Mag) will arrive a week from Wed'day . . . Pugh's last try (the Buc) may be found in the dorm store on Friday of this week.

THE HEADLINERS: Said George Simon, editor of Metronome and swing authority, last week: "Larry Clinton has found a girl in Cleveland from whom he expects big things" . . . Nothing like anticipation . . . Frank Holeman's post-election remark: "I guess all the boys are happy now" . . . Let's make it only one-half of the boys . . . Paul Green's quote: "In the world of drama people are people no matter what their color is, or where they live, or what they should or should not be" . . . Which is further proof this world is not a stage after all . . . Yapped Hedy Lamarr: "The public will soon forget me" . . . After "Ecstasy"? Ridiculous!

"HOLD TIGHT" AGAIN: All right —so I don't know the meaning of the forbidden wordage in the song, "Hold Tight!" . . . I do know that it has been banned on both major networks and will not be sung again until new lyrics are written.

Let the DAILY TAR HEEL keep you friends at home informed.

BOOKS DISCUSSED BY THE "Institute of Human Relations" and "Marriage Conference" —For Rent or Sale— BULL'S HEAD

Simon Discusses "Battle Of Swing"

(Continued from first page)

—it's tough trying to impress with a quiet, trick style when you're tossed up against three other units that forget the trick stuff and shell out with real, honest-to-goodness jazz. Ross has a fine orchestra for quiet, intimate house parties, but it lacks the weapons to compete in a Battle of Swing.

The bands of Johnson, Jere King, and Charlie Wood, were bunched together mighty tightly at the end. First prize for Freddie was out of the question because of the lack of attention to music, but there was still so much good stuff in this band that might have won hands-down, that honorable mention had to go its way.

That still left King and Wood, both of whom played mighty fine swing. King had the more exciting group of hot men, but Wood copped the prize because his band showed the greatest musical polish—it paid more attention to finer points like dynamics, phrasing and intonation. Regarding that last aspect, had King's brass section played more in tune, all the glory might easily have come his way. But Wood, in addition to paying attention to those musical points, was blessed with a truly fine lead trumpeter (Hubert Henderson), capable of executing those more subtle, but just as important, parts of dance music production. The good blend of his saxes and the better brass intonation were, in great measure, responsible for pushing the first prize pendulum towards Wood's men.

Surprisingly enough, choosing the All-Campus band was easier than choosing the best organized unit. That's mainly because the competition wasn't as keen:

1st Alto Sax: CLARK (King) and Kennedy (Wood) both played fine lead, with the latter's tone just a bit better, but the former's superior hot style giving him the call.

2nd Alto Sax: COREY (Johnson) copped this because of his facile clarinet style (despite his reed trouble).

Tenor Saxes: Two hot men, JUSTICE (Wood) and ROGERS (King) rated here because of their great take-off styles. These two were the afternoon's outstanding horn soloists. Yeargan (Johnson) played well but couldn't qualify since he is not a member of the University.

Lead (1st) trumpet: HENDERSON (Wood), easily, for tone, phrasing, intonation.

Hot (2nd) trumpet: WILLIAMS (King) because he was the one hot trumpeter who improvised with reason and a musical message.

All-around (3rd) trumpet: MOORE (Johnson) because of his ability to

play good lead and pleasant hot. Trombones: NEWTON and OLSON (Johnson), though they weren't called upon for solos, played their passages with most precision.

Piano: HARTSELL (Johnson), in many ways the most polished and impressive musician in the contest. Top honors to him as arranger also. WAY-NICK (Wood) was a healthy second.

Guitar: BENNETT, because of all-around mastery of the instrument.

Bass: ROSE (Bennett), because of his fine tone and basic conceptions.

Drums: SHEFFIELD (Ross), because of his ability to hold together a wavering rhythm section, his good lift, and his superior taste.

Vibraphone: KING — no competition here, but he wouldn't have won a place unless he'd been as good as he was.

Vocalist: APPLEWHITE (Johnson), a really great singer who could put almost any big-timer in the business to shame.

In conclusion (and here pardon the change to the first person), I'd like to thank all those connected with the battle for awarding a Metronome member the privilege of acting as its judge. May I also state that, despite what you may have read Sunday in the TAR HEEL, I don't think Glenn Miller's is the only musical band in the country —your college, for example, has four more!

George Simon Picks All-Campus Swing Band

(Continued from first page)

program alive with his between-curtain remarks and imitations.

Simon, who is staying with his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Seebeck and Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Griffin, brought the student body greetings from Alumni Hal Kemp and Kay Kyser. He said the program today showed that the University will continue to send forth good musicians and that the campus orchestras are much better than the usual class of college bands.

Willie Hargraves, Negro employee of the University and arranger for Ted Ross and his orchestra, probably received the loudest single applause from the audience with his "now sweet, now hot" sax renditions.

Fifty-two boys and one girl performed on the green and white decorated stage. The lone feminine feature was Miss Frances Walker, vocalist in Jere King's orchestra, who sang "Deep Purple." Jeep Bennett was unable to present his band and substituted by playing the guitar with a piano and bass accompaniment.

THANK YOU - - MY FRIEND!

Yesterday about 3 o'clock . . . A lady called me on the phone . . . and asked

IS THE PICTURE "LADY VANISHES"

Advertised to play at the Pick Tuesday the same one that has received such wonderful reviews in the New York papers . . .

AND I REPLIED

"YES...IT IS THE SAME"

Then . . . she asked me if I knew that this same picture "LADY VANISHES" was now in its tenth week in a New York theatre.

AGAIN--I REPLIED

"YES...I DID KNOW THIS FACT"

Then . . . she said "It might be a wise move for you to let other less informed theatre-goers know about the importance of the picture.

"LADY VANISHES"

Then She Hung Up!

I don't know who it was . . . but she apparently is . . . a friend indeed . . . not only of mine . . . but yours as well!

AGAIN - - -

I THANK YOU

E. Carrington Smith, Mgr.

PICK THEATRE

SHOWING TODAY ONLY