

# The Daily Tar Heel

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### For This Issue:

NEWS: C. B. MCGAUGHEY SPORTS: FRED CAZEL

## this is your day

By SAM GREEN

No less a personage than Winthrop W. Aldrich, chairman of the Chase National Bank, voices the opinion that there is little possibility of war in Europe at the present time. He bases this opinion on the further opinion that it is more urgent to balance the budget than "to go on worrying about what is taking place in Europe." Of course, we rather think that if such were our intentions we could balance the budget and keep an eye on Europe at the same time. It is significant that Mr. Aldrich doesn't think so. I suspect that there is good reason in Mr. Aldrich's mind for the non-sequitur that budget balancing depends on the State department playing the role of deaf-mute.

You see, the good banker keeps insisting, with a lot of other people, that this is the formula for insuring our American democracy—spend less at home, think less abroad. Quite consistently those who hold the one view generally hold the other view also. Quite consistently, we say, because of motives, implicit rather than explicit.

It may be that Mr. Aldrich has no motives other than those he professes. In which case one might legitimately require of him better logic. For if we spend less we shall most certainly have to do so by way of cutting relief and reducing the expenditures demanded by our extensive social legislation. Which is one way of practically doing away with such legislation. It is also the best way of leaving a gap that would likely be filled by a demagogue.

The empirical test of Mr. Aldrich's foreign policy yields no glowing success story. A policy in practice of not worrying about Europe, accompanied by widespread policies in practice of appeasement, has seen European democracy stifled by a growing European fascism. It has also seen the rise of American fascism. It took the Dies committee a long time to uncover this American fascism with its foreign connections, but as the newspaper reports of the past few days testify, they got around to it. -- It is taking a lot of people a long time to realize that when Bob Reynolds says he admires Hitler and Nazi Germany he is stating the real reason for his admiration of isolation.

I'm still not certain about Mr. Aldrich's motives. It is probable that he would object to being classed with Bob Reynolds. But then so would Richard Whitney. It really doesn't make any difference.

## today

- 2:00—Freshman handbook sports staff meets in the DAILY TAR HEEL office.
- PU board meets in Grail room. Interclass track meet begins.
- 3:30—Finals in the intramural track meet will be held.
- 4:00—Noel Woodhouse, Harry Bilica, Norman Stockton, Bob Cohen, and Hughes Roberts are to report to the Yackety Yack office. Staff managers will be announced.

### Day By Day, In Every . . .

Deadwood at the infirmary grows lighter with each warm day. Yesterday the medical service ministered to the following: Charles Slagle, Max Clark, George Gay, L. James Schliefer, Robert Goodwin, Mary McKee, William Neely, Philip Latimer, Carrington Gretter, Albee Baer Kerr, John Graham, Louis Gaylord, Wade Johnson, JIMMY DUMBELL, and William James Stewart.

### Three Companies

(Continued from first page)

tract. With the acceptance of these bids, the complete set of grants for the building has been awarded.

### CONTRACTORS

James I. Barnes of Greensboro was awarded the general contract with a bid of \$122,850. All construction will be handled under Barnes's company, except that of plumbing, refrigeration, and heating.

The plumbing will be under the direction of the Bagwell Plumbing and Heating company of Durham. The Bagwell company's bid was \$17,500. J. P. Powers of Bennettsville, South Carolina bid \$9300 for the heating and was granted the contract.

few dollars and warned to stay home the next Saturday night.

That's the way we like to see it—police and students cooperating and remaining friends.

## AIRPLANE BUILDER

Answer to Previous Puzzle

**HORIZONTAL**

- Pioneer flyer and airplane builder.
- Swift canoe.
- Weird.
- Corvine bird.
- Branches.
- Concerning.
- Person opposed.
- Titanic iron-ore.
- Most obscure.
- Lava.
- Schoolmasters.
- Shed.
- Apathetic.
- To lixivate.
- Thick soup.
- Middy sleep.
- Type measure.
- Electrical unit.
- Land right.
- Units of energy.
- All right.
- Greek letter.
- Balance (zodiac sign).
- Sea eagle.
- Loiters.
- Child.
- Isinglass.
- He and his co-inventors of the airplane (pl.).
- He first experimented with —s.

**VERTICAL**

- English coins.
- Holy City of Italy.
- Squirrel skin.
- Thin.
- Smooth.
- Sooner than.
- Gale.
- Pertaining to a rete.
- Metric weight.
- Johnnycake.
- Children.
- Planes of today are built on the same —s as his plane.
- His first flight was at —.
- In lieu.
- Posting.
- God of sky.
- Jolt.
- Rage.
- Born.
- Yarn spindle.
- To perform.
- Boatswain.
- Heavenly body.
- To eject.
- Vestment.
- Falsifier.
- To do wrong.
- Half.
- One time.
- Since.
- Twice.
- To free.
- Pound.
- Measure of area.

## CAROLINA

By RAY LOWERY

### Memoirs Of A Once-Was

TRUNDLING INTO Chapel Hill on the late Cap'n Smith late "Carrboro Special" . . . Adviser offering hints on how to study and frankly admitting he had forgotten how himself . . . The Julians hopelessly trying to explain the gear shift on their English bikes . . . Ab's—where I learned more about Karl Marx than in Bingham hall . . . Dean Spruill's unhearable little whispers in Memorial hall at 10:30 . . . Fellow next door who ran his radio perpetually . . . Going to church one Sunday morning when a soph . . . Scribbling some of the most gawdawful cartoons during one of Prof. C. B. Robson's enthralling lectures . . . Frank Madry's "Ye can't park heah."

ELECTIONS . . . Conjections . . . Rejections . . . Collections . . . Current crop of coeds always looking miraculously better than those of the year before . . . Phone calls from home: "Heard you were sick" . . . "Never felt better; never had less" . . . The rise of the CPU and the Carolina Mag . . . The fall of the Buc and my prep school aspirations . . . Girl at Gimghoul undecided whether she should get out or remain in the car . . . She got out . . . One time last year when I went to bed before 12 o'clock and couldn't go to sleep . . . The year my grades came home 'fore Xmas . . . That was a bad Xmas for Mom and me—mostly me . . . Bike rides to picnics at the University lake.

LINES AT registration . . . Lines at Swain . . . Lines at the Carolina . . . Lines at South . . . Lines at Graham Memorial . . . Lines . . . Lines . . . Lines . . . Defending the TAR HEEL against malicious campus propaganda . . . Contributing so many two bits to buy flowers for so many deceased friends of a friend of mine—unable to keep from believing the whole thing wasn't a racket . . . Fellow next door who crammed all day and all night and barely managed to squeeze by with D's . . . "Tother fellow just across the hall, who dated every night but invariably chalked up A's on everything . . . The intolerable torridity of Chapel Hill in midsummer . . . Acquired hard-boiledness of infirmary nurses . . . Mr. Winslow's cheery "It looks like you flunked."

SOUTH STEPS at 10:30 . . . Coca Colas . . . Cheese crackers . . . Goerch . . . Wore a very conspicuous groove in one of those steps . . . "Know anybody who wants to buy a student entertainment pass book?" . . . The rain on dance weekends . . . The taxi . . . The "Seventy cents, please" . . . The guy who borrowed a special costume from a Playmaker and pouted like a spoiled brat when he didn't win a prize at the Student-Faculty ball . . . The Charlotte Observer in the mornings . . . "Tempe,

have you seen so-and-so?" . . . Thinking maybe if ever became a senior would be able to buy some of those tempting trinkets at Ledbetter-Pickard's . . . Just as busted as ever . . . Dr. Graham's "Don't I know your father?"

NOT EVER having to do anything around Skipper Coffin but listen . . . Mental hopelessness of coming back at Walter Spearman with "one better" . . . Phillips Russell's "I don't know, myself. I'm asking you" . . . Oh! . . . Harry, who has made a comfortable living for the past few years off my dad's dough . . . The Tavern proprietor who hasn't done so bad by himself . . . Suffering on those stone pews in Memorial hall . . . Carrying a torch out of Kenan stadium after the Blue Devil onslaught past fall . . . Paul Green's admirable shyness . . . Proff Koch—the most overrated man in America . . . Mr. Hoening, the Jeeter Lester of the Orange printshop and an ink-stained god of tolerance.

GETTING stuck at a Grail and liking it . . . Remembering Memry Gary as the most beautiful coed ever in school here in my time and in my opinion . . . Contending that Profs P. Russell and E. E. Ericson are just about tops in profs . . . Jealous of a future generation of Carolina students every time a new building goes up . . . Receiving more professional newspaper experience from the TAR HEEL than any other staff member: hired, fired, rehired . . . Thinking William Saroyan the greatest writer on face of globe . . . And Chapel Hill the swellest place in all the world . . . Soon to be an alumni and something or other at the World's Fair . . . The column goes to Jim McAden.

### 40 UNC Students

(Continued from first page)

purpose and program of the conference.

The expenses of the trip are \$7 registration fee and \$12 for meals, making a total cost of \$19 for the entire conference. Hotel room will be furnished free of charge for both the girls and the boys.

### TRANSPORTATION

Transportation will be furnished by the committee in charge providing the delegates leave directly from Chapel Hill. As Director Comer put it, "the Blue Ridge conference is the most pleasant and profitable single experience in one's college career, and there are few if any places where you can spend \$20 to better advantage."

The lowest elevation in the world is in Asia at the Dead Sea, 1290 feet below sea level.

## THE THEATER

By ADRIAN SPIES

Ending a season which has featured more experimental work than usual, the Carolina Playmakers offered their final experimental bill Wednesday night. Indulging in the unbounded geographical extents of the fanciful mind, the plays were concerned with such divergent spots as New England, western North Carolina, and South Texas. There is, unfortunately, more to vital drama than geography.

"Out From New Bedford," by Fred Walsh, is a somewhat outmoded tale of whalers that suffered most from the author's own indecisions. For, until the play resolved itself into fairly acceptable comedy, it was a dreary affair that seemed too serious about a hackneyed plot. But the comedy lifted the veil of forced heaviness and was, in this case, the most effective approach to good theater.

The reviewer feels that Walsh missed by reverting to an almost archaic background. His people were not big enough to be really important characters, and thus as plain exposition their story didn't seem worth the telling. Humor was needed in a situation which lost many of its implements for tragedy when oil was struck in Pennsylvania and whales became sideshow commodities at divers world fairs.

There is potentially admirable drama in the situation which Walsh has apparently seen and sensed—but not written. Something of more current interest could be injected by a playing up of the factory angle—a device which the reviewer waited for throughout. When the author draws his focus more sharply and colors his characters more fully, he will have a play.

"These Doggone Elections," by Fred Koch, Jr., is a farce that is really funny in spots and which offers the faintest murmur of social protest. Devoted, in a good-natured and colorful way, to a disclosure of election frauds in the Piedmont, the play catches its audience by means of low comedy, funny folkiness, and several fine character-drawings. Although sometimes a trifle on the burlesque side, the play achieves its apparent purpose of good-natured finger-pointing admirably. The author is to be congratulated in his attempt to amuse an audience with a factual denunciation. He was aided by what was easily the best cast of the evening as well as the best piece of directing.

Without aiming specifically at Fred Koch, we would like in our last review of this year to express a hope: it is that someday the misfortunes and personal corruptions of oppressed people may be exhibited without first resorting to the medium of superior laughter. But the younger Koch has (Continued on page 4, column 3)

### the job is hard

A five-man committee has been set up to "study and make recommendations in the major problems of student government." One of the first problems to be considered is the Honor system.

Always under fire by those doubting Thomases who seek a Utopia and wax skeptical after hearing of a cheating case or a dismissal, the system has undergone more criticism this spring than at any time since the cheating ring expose in 1936. There is no practicality in believing the Honor system can be perfect. Perfect, it would be a failure. Some erring soul will always slip: at the time the fear of failure will be greater than the fear of apprehension.

But the job for the committee is to find better means of inculcating the Honor system tenets into next year's freshmen.

It is understood that the majority of cases this year involved freshmen; and the usual plea was "we didn't understand."

Which makes the committee's job all the harder. It is near the impossible to teach the Honor principles through the freshman handbook or the short, every-minute-full orientation week.

Experience remains a hard teacher. And we wish the committee well in trying to find new ways to put the Honor system over. The job must be done—if we are still to keep the system. And we want to keep it.

### dead wood: burn it

" . . . replaced three men expelled from the club . . . for lack of interest and non-conformance with the duties of the club" read a story in the DAILY TAR HEEL sometime ago. It referred to certain men who "resigned" from the University club.

Whether these men actually were expelled, or whether they resigned—without the quotations—the reasons were sufficient.

A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. For an organ-

ization to function, to progress, and to be valuable to the community in which it lives it must have active and willing workers.

We must commend the action of the University club—or the members, whoever be responsible. Such practice, the removal of dead wood, would be a boon to every organization on the campus.

### police vs. students

Press reports from Charlottesville inform us that 16 University of Virginia students were hurt in a brawl with local police which lasted nearly all last week-end.

The students were enraged because of what they claimed to be unfair treatment by officers. They protested by lighting bonfires, blocking traffic and breaking out a few street lights. Someone called the police but the students refused to "cheez-it." A few heads were whacked and everyone had a glorious time until one student had his skull fractured.

The next night (Sunday) the ivy-covered serpentine walls of the campus nearly failed to hold the students within their bounds. A majority wished to enter the town proper and have an "understanding" with the police. A few of the more rational persuaded the mob to hold its peace until a discussion with the faculty could be held. Strange thing about the matter is that the University of Virginia seemed to be in sympathy with the students. Apparently the students had a reasonable enough argument.

There is no condoning malicious vagrants. But still it has to be realized that college students will raise particular hell every now and then. And it is better for the police to take on an understanding attitude. When some carousing Carolina student gets a little bothersome the Chapel Hill police usually turn him the right way and start him toward home. If a case comes to court the student is charged a

### Pick Theatre

NOW PLAYING

(She Turned the Eternal Triangle Into . . . a Rip-Roaring Romantic Wreck-Tangle!)

MATTHEW'S CLIMBING HIGH

MICHAEL REDGRAVE

Also Comedy — Pete Smith Novelty