

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue:

News: FRED CAZEL

Sports: HARRY HOLLINGSWORTH

Blackout the Red Tape

Money is not being collected for sophomore pictures in the Yackety Yack; so Byrd Merrill, editor of the annual, must wait until the rep tape is unspooled.

Before individual sophomore pictures go in the book, one of two things may happen. The committee composed of sophomore president Johnny Hearn, and assistant dean of students Fred Weaver, and Merrill, may find that the vote, taken in a special meeting of last year's sophomore class, is binding—as is the case now of the junior and senior classes. The other action may be a meeting of the class, to vote on the desirability of individual pictures.

Two things are certain: no money is being collected for the pictures, although Wooten-Moulton, working on the assumption of Merrill that last year's vote was lasting, has taken about a hundred pictures. And no money can be collected until someone determines the legality of the individual picture-taking.

The committee investigating the collection of class fees—Hearn, Weaver, Merrill—might turn to the records, and see how the collection of junior and senior picture fees became taken for granted. Merrill was acting in line of precedent when he assumed last year's vote was binding. If any class decides it wants group pictures in the Yackety Yack, rather than individual pictures, the proposal should be made when the class budget is approved. In the meantime, Merrill has work to do, and must proceed on the faith of what happened the last year, as editors of the annual have always done.

Rushing's Over

Shortly after 9 o'clock last Wednesday night fraternity men and rushed freshmen presented themselves with the arduous task of catching up on the work they had let slide since rushing began two Sundays ago. Vigils with the "midnight oil" began and will doubtless continue for a good many nights to come.

The three sororities got a head start on the extra study-

ing, since hand-shaking, teas and rushing for them ended last Sunday night.

Perhaps the rushed freshmen, some still bewildered, are a bit discouraged as they mentally gaze at the hours of make-up studying ahead of them. Some few will tramp up two flights of stairs in South Building to get advice on their plight from advisers. Some, less energetic, will visit their dorm advisers.

But the main thing, freshmen, is to get down to work NOW. You can best catch up by doing a little work at a time—regularly and step by step.

William Preston Few

Education and religion lost a faithful worker Wednesday when Dr. William Preston Few, the president of Duke University, died at the post he has held from a time when this great institution was a small denominational college until the present, when it stands as one of the foremost centers of higher education in the world.

Dr. Few came to Trinity as professor of English in 1896 and since that time has devoted himself to the cause of religion, education, and charity. He served as professor, dean and president at Trinity. When the Duke fortune was left to the small college Dr. Few stepped into the bigger saddle and successfully steered the university to its present high position. Duke university becomes, then, a monument to Dr. Few as well as to James B. Duke.

The University of North Carolina joins the countless other institutions and individuals who praise the work of William Preston Few and who mourn his passing.

Registration at UNC is confusing, isn't it? So confusing, in fact, that 29 sophomores registered twice.

Final Services

(Continued from first page)

Duke Town Girls association, requested that the DAILY TAR HEEL inform Carolina students who have received bids for a dance scheduled by that organization tomorrow night that the affair has been called off.

SONG WRITER

HORIZONTAL

- 1, 6, 9 Pictured song writer.
- 12 To classify.
- 13 Work of genius.
- 14 Fatal mischief.
- 15 Changes a gem setting.
- 17 Goldfinch.
- 19 Before.
- 20 Floating mass of ice.
- 22 Eon.
- 23 Grain food.
- 25 Rich.
- 28 Ill-bred person.
- 31 To vex.
- 32 Senior.
- 33 Toilet box.
- 34 Encounters.
- 36 Bull.
- 37 Rail (bird).
- 39 Light blow.
- 42 To depreciate.
- 46 Snow shoe.
- 48 Slender.
- 50 Relative.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

MILHELMROENTGEN
OCEAN OOM WORSE
HEW SAVES WITH
ROT MINERAL TOP
ER GIB WILHELM BOB
ENAWEL WILHELM BOB
A PITA WILHELM BOB
RC NIT AL IF
COT CENTRAL ANI
HARE DUROS ORAL
CANT BIT MAIN
PHYSICS AWARDED

- 51 Amidic.
- 52 Mineral spring.
- 53 Lukewarm.
- 54 Pistol.
- 55 She was a famous or writer of verse.
- 56 She was to the cause of peace.

VERTICAL

- 2 Enjoyment of property.
- 3 Not to win.
- 4 Wrath.
- 5 Dress.
- 6 Burmese tribe.
- 7 Arabian.
- 8 Right.
- 9 Owned.
- 10 One time.
- 11 To use up.
- 14 To implore.
- 15 She was a or advocate of social good (pl.).
- 16 Scrutinizes.
- 17 Railroad.
- 18 She wrote the song "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."
- 21 Requests.
- 23 Decays.
- 24 Foment.
- 26 Pastry.
- 27 Rubber tree.
- 29 Indian.
- 30 Your and my.
- 35 Turf.
- 38 Lacerations.
- 40 Too.
- 41 Bagpipe.
- 43 Corded cloth.
- 44 Tart.
- 45 To yield.
- 46 To blacken.
- 47 Cows.
- 49 Door rug.
- 51 Since.



Rockbottom

By Sylvan Meyer

Most columnists have a sneaking premonition that their efforts are none too good. Let us break the precedent. We want to say at the outset that this pillar thoroughly and homogeneously stinks.

Now that rushing is over we might make the casual observation that the freshmen are here. Not that we give a darn whether they are here or not. Of course, they don't give a darn whether we are here. That should make us even. Add to "it happens all the time" observations—when University day came around and all 11 and 12 o'clock classes were cancelled, it seems that everyone had 8:30's and 9:30's.

Get this sketch of the normal Carolina stude. He goes to sleep after a bridge game every night at 2 a.m., he awakens at 8:30 in time for his 8:30 class . . . he drinks on the average of ten beers Saturday night . . . he smokes about seven packs of fags a week . . . he runs up and down three flights of stairs in the dorm every day . . . he goes to ball game over the weekend and crawls back to the Hill early Monday a.m. for the struggle of keeping his eyes open in class . . . everything he does is dissipating . . . but don't you worry—four hours of physical ed a week will make a man out of anybody.

Now that the Buc has pulled the old ashes-to-ashes-and-dust-to-dust act the innermost publication brains on the campus have been toying with the idea of a campus picture mag. The more optimistic of the lads have been figuring prices on a University-owned engraving plant, the only means in which such a mag would be financially feasible.

Moot question is whether the administration has even given the matter passing attention, although such a mag would be an asset to the campus. In addition to being the first publication of its type on any campus in the country, interest can be aroused by pix quicker and more effectively than by any other medium. Certainly there is sufficient feature material here to work with. Let's budget it to "Visual Education."

Read the other day an article in

which the writer said, "I think 'God Bless America' is a lousy song." He spoke of the Pool Parlor patriotism, the hypocritical flag waving; and we find that we are in complete agreement with his ideas about the film of enthusiasm spreading over the country during these times when keeping a calm outlook is the most important thing.

He frowns, pedantically perhaps, on the habit of rising when Kate Smith's little discovery is played. This guy had the right idea. All his fellow moviegoers were standing to the strains of the tune that Irving Berlin stacked away because he considered it not worth publishing—when our boy's neighbor demanded that he rise and accused him of un-Americanism. "I'll stand to our national anthem," he replied. Good boy.

The new legislature bill about dividing the campus into discussion groups might be a good step in the further "democratizing" of campus government setup. It sounds kinda complicated and a little Utopianistic. It does not help the caucus situation, but it does smooth the highway to the peak of politics.

We should worry. Willkie isn't going to be elected anyway. But there was a YDC man who was deploring the state of things when the Young Republicans took over the reins. He envisioned a GOP pogrom. He even spoke of going to Russia when Willkie took over the casa blanca.

That's all over now. The draft got 'im.

"Angels Over Broadway" turned out to be one of those underpublicized jobs that sneaks up and hits you right between the eyes. It was an unusual show and had a poignant lesson.

Only we haven't figured out quite what it was yet.

Kappa Delta Members To Register at YMCA

All coeds and townswomen who are members of the Kappa Delta sorority are asked to leave their names with Tempe Newsome at the YMCA.

Lend An Ear

By Louis Harris

Undoubtedly every college student during his four years as an undergraduate has heard or has made the remark, "That fellow certainly has come out since he was a freshman," or "Johnny came here as a raw kid, and really developed into a man."

We always get a kick out of reading stories of fellows who enter as shy, whimpering freshmen, and pronounce upon graduation, the trite phrase, "Today I am a man." But we regret to say that our little message today bears along entirely different lines.

Genial Harry Comer tells the story of the young Princeton graduate who came to him at Town Hall last year in quest of a job.

The young college man, adorned in a typical checked coat and gray flannels, vigorously told Comer that he had done everything on his college campus that he could do, and what is more, "had learned how to get along with people."

Back in his chair reared the University YMCA director, as he put

forth the question, "Just what people did you learn to get along with, and how did you learn to become adjusted to them?"

"Why, everybody—all kinds and creeds of people!" was the smiling retort.

"Son," said the veteran of 32 years on college campuses, "You learned to get along with people your own age, from 17 to 23; you learned to know fellows and girls when they were all in the same economic group, consumers; and you found out how to mingle with them when they were living under conditions which you never will see them in again."

Naturally our young Princeton job seeker was flabbergasted at the response he had received. Certainly he had thought all along that he had really made good during his college days. He figured that he had developed into a man in the course of his four years. He had "come out" considerably.

But, sorrowfully to say, our young Princeton friend had come out too far. As he performed one task after another and chalked up honor after honor in college, and as he entered and rose to the top of the class of "helluva good guys," he had been swept away by the old college try.

We won't waste space telling some "helluva good guy," carried away by the "rah-rah spirit," what to do to get out of the collegiate rut, because we don't like to moralize, and moralizing would not do any good.

All we can do is to show them the record and let them work it out for themselves.

Battle of Century

(Continued from first page)

line up with Adrian Spies in the tail-back spot, and members of the TAR HEEL staff filling in the other positions. Spies is reputedly the No. 1 passer in the fraternity league in intramurals and has been working out privately with the ends to whom he will pitch. Leonard Lobred, Har-

(Editor's note: This story was written by Leonard Lobred, sports editor of the DAILY TAR HEEL. It will be noted that the entire first team of the Tar-Mag combination is composed of Mr. Lobred and the remainder of the sports staff.)

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