

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue:

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It Can Be Done

"It's a vicious circle," one student described the University Dining Hall cafeteria's troubles. Food prices rise, students quit eating there, the dining hall loses money, prices again rise (through a new individual-item charge arrangement), more students quit eating there. Total effect: (1) Students are exploited by other eating houses or run a risk by eating at low cost, lower quality eating places; (2) The dining hall, by being idle or even semi-idle, may become a white elephant on the hands of the University.

This isn't original, but it seems to be the only practical suggestion: the administration should restore the 25 cent club meal which was sold last year; increased business would result.

It is plain enough that the present policy gravitates against both interested parties. Students are paying more for meals than they should; the dining hall is earning less. And we've heard

No Such Thing

We've heard stories that like Spring Time in the Rockies and Strawberry Time in North Carolina's own Wallace, it's "Apple Polishin'" time at Carolina at the first of every quarter.

Now we're here today to tell you that like the Tennessee hill-billy said when told his corn was rot gut, "It just ain't so."

Off and on, we find a few students who creep up to the professor's desk at the end of the period and tell him what a gay, pretty tie he has on, or if his wife kept the baby well in hand last night. But, on the whole, it can be generally said that student-professor relations on the campus are pretty much the other way around—they do not exist.

The split or cold feeling that is prevalent between students and faculty can be laid directly to both faculty members and students. The students simply

from many students that they are forsaking the dining hall because they cannot pay the additional nickels.

The manager of the cafeteria, who sold 25 cent meals last year without incurring a loss, says he can do so again. This being the case, there is no justification for the higher price. The sooner the administration gives him the go-ahead signal to do this, the sooner will everything be worked out satisfactorily. The students in increasingly large numbers will continue to go elsewhere at present prices; they will flock back at the 25 cent price.

But we should not pass the buck altogether onto the shoulders of the administration. If the students really want a low cost eating house maintained by the University, they must patronize it. We believe the increased prices of 1940 have convinced the students that it is to their advantage to eat at the dining hall. It's time now to go back to the old price.

have had the feeling that it was out-and-out apple-polishing to become friendly with a professor. To go to him for advice, consultation about matters not pertaining to school, and even those concerning class work, has just not been apropos. It's about time this mistake was cleared up.

On the other side, certainly the faculty members could be a bit more congenial to their students. In classes where the enrollment is low, the professor might invite students to his home for a tea or a social. Frequently the faculty teas in Graham Memorial are stiff and all too formal. Student-faculty day should be carried on past one day. As one young fellow suggested, the professors might pat each student on the back as he walked into the room. In all seriousness a verbal pat on the back might be better than some of the rants and raves that float about.

The gears that grind out

Apropos of Nothing

By Barnaby Conrad

TRUE STORY

It was at a post-furlough bull session the other night and the boys were telling about the many drinks they had consumed and the many girls they liked to think they had launched on the Primrose Highway, when a Phi Kappa Sig took the floor to tell this amazing tale:

"I know it'll sound hard to believe," he said, "because I found it so when it happened to me. Anyway, the day after Christmas I was walking along the main drag of our town and a beautiful gal in a big car pulled over and said 'Hello, Robert. Get in.' Well, I'd never seen her before in my life, and though my name is Robert nobody calls me anything but Buddy. 'How are your mother and father?' she asked, so I figured I'd met her and forgotten it. To make a long story short, I got in the car and upon her suggestion we drove out to her house (if you call that museum a house), and we went into the living room where her mother and father were. 'You remember Robert,' said the gal, and they said 'Why of course we do.' I'd never seen them before. Well, I thought I was completely bats until the girl went into the library and her mother explained the set-up to me. It seems the gal, Peggy, had been engaged to a guy named Robert, and a week before they were to be married he was killed in a Pensacola plane crash. It really kind of threw her mind off, and though she looked all right she was mentally unbalanced. On two occasions before she had brought home boys that had reminded her of her fiance. It was just a coincidence that my name is Robert. I can tell you it was a great relief to discover that I wasn't the crazy one. I talked awhile with her parents and then they asked me to go in the other room and see Peggy for a few minutes. I got up and went in to the library. Peggy was sitting at a desk, but when I came in she jumped up with a wild look in her eye as though she'd never seen me before. Then she suddenly jerked a revolver from a drawer, and do you know what that dirty witch shot me four times through the head before I could get out of the place?"

Ad Infinitum

Bob Davis, DKE, reminiscing about the weekend of the Virginia-Carolina game: "I didn't mind when some Virginians caught me at a disadvantage and marked me all up with lipstick, but when they started burning me with cigarette butts and putting salt in my ear I got a bit irked."

And the coed who thought Vat 69 was the Pope's telephone number. . . . Larry Berluti and Pat Coley, the luncheonette's prettiest waitress, talk as though they were fixin' to tie the connubial knot any day now. . . .

Tiny Hutton would be the personification of absolute perfection in the snakier sex if he were a girl, had Frances Dyckman's face, Marporie Johnston's personality, and The Body's body. . . . "I hope the Jussi Bjoerling concert isn't called off this quarter," said Elinor Bernett, because I want to find out how to pronounce his name." (yawn) . . .

"Frenesi" does not mean "please love me," as the song would mislead you to believe. It means "frenzy" or "madness." Also, "Perfidia" means "treachery," not "tonight" or "Goodbye." They were written by the same man, Alberto Dominguez. Class dismissed. . . .

I like Time's account of the Harrisburg woman who has put Christmas seals on her chest for the last thirty years to keep from getting tuberculosis. (honest) . . . Nuff-Sed Dep't.

On the Y bulletin board appeared this notice: "For rent—half room for boy—apply 310 Pritchard Ave.", and then below it was this: "For rent—half room for girl—apply 310 Pritchard Ave."

Actual conversation overheard in Aggie's: 1st Playmaker (who looks as though he likes his vice versa): "Oh there you are, Maurice, you bad boy. You know it's my birthday today!" 2nd Playmaker (with the characteristic hand gesture): "Not really Cyril; Well isn't that just gonga-gonga!" . . .

Most euphonious name on the campus is Jane Rehm (pronounced like rain). . . . Eyetems

Dick White displaying a bloody foot after kicking the window out

many pleasant hours of student-faculty conversation, advice, and enlightenment need some oil in a hurry.—L. H.

of an establishment he thought too stuffy. . . .

Lincoln Kan contributing to Chris Yeapanis's Greek relief fund only after the latter had doled out for the Chinese fund—kanny, these Chinese. (Upon my word!) . . .

Chris Siewers, all dressed up as S. Claus and full of Christmas spirits, telling the town children at the party given for them by the Betas that he had to hurry and "catch the five-forty five sleigh."

Tony Remy, at Aggie's, singing Hawaiian songs, and Fred Calligan bursting into a soft-shoe number at the drop of a nickel in the juke box. (Fred's picture might appear in the Life-Goes-To-Party section of that magazine next week. He was dancing at a New Year's party in Conn. when Life called.) . . .

Simons Roof, looking like J. Weissmuller around the hair. . . .

Herb Hardy swearing off women for life—again. . . .

Thought to Carry You Through the Week: Most under-graduates respect age only when it's bottled. Pliny the Elder (old enough to know better)

Letters To Editor

"Timely Caution"

Editor, DAILY TAR HEEL

Dear Sir:

"The Shift to War"—an appropriate, timely caution. If we convoy ships and one of ours is sunk, or if we repeal the neutrality laws, as the Elders who will never smell gunpowder singe, you boys will die by the thousands, in a war—and for what? No objects, except vague ones, set forth. Article 10 (of the League) should be strengthened; fair terms offered by us; or from any, with sane terms. If rejected, we might go in; but on a vague, undefined objective—never. Until actually attacked, let us assign England's vast empire to her.

Yours truly, Judge R. W. Winston.

Birthdays

January 7, 1941
McKendry, Florence Millicent
O'Shea, William Dalton
Reynolds, Henry Wade, Jr.
Treasor, Helen
Vogler, John Thomas

Lend An Ear

By Louis Harris

Madcap—1941 IN THE PASSING

Last year, in 1940, we turned off news broadcasts because we didn't like to hear the terrible story of strife. Since the



New Year began though, we are ready to call it quits and scrap our radio. Every time we tune in our favorite recording program, we hear "Jeannie with the Light

Brown Hair" or "Practice Makes Perfect." What with the ASCAP-BMI tiff over song rights and writers, it looks as though 1941 will be one continuous struggle.

But, like everything else, the split has its good points. Under the present set-up, such budding song artists as our own Jack Page and Sanford Stein ought to be shining in the lime-light soon.

All of which reminds us, have you bought your "Sound and Fury" season ticket yet? They're a-goin' fast.

And, speaking of trouble, the following is a swan song for many of our less fortunate brethren:

PERISCOPE PATTEN

We drank up our scotch;
We drank up our beer;
We said a hallelujah
And a year of good cheer.

We came back to school
All in one accord:
For a great big session
With the Readmissions Board!

And, speaking of night clubs, we wonder what Fish Worley has been doing about "Worley's Village Barn" that we suggested he install last quarter. His popular programs are carrying on with novelty singers, community sings, and square dances. The "night club" idea would be all he needs to round out a fine winter slate. How about having dormitory

newsletters in every dorm on the campus? Here is a job the hitherto lethargic dorm councils could take over. And it really helps make the boys one big, happy family. Ask Coleman Finkel down in Steele.

Harry Ganderson and his Graduate club crew are going all out once more with their idea to get representation in the Student Legislature for grad students. It might be a good idea to extend the plan to cover almost official activities in the student autonomous set-up here. It would also serve to stimulate graduate interest in things around the campus.

From all indications it looks as though Dr. E. M. Bernstein has gone down the merry road as UNC faculty sacrifice for the Defense Program. Physical ed is still the price for students.

NEWS BRIEFS

(Continued from first page)

The German ultimatum was delivered Saturday, according to these advices, and, because she is powerless to resist, Bulgaria consented, or at least made it clear to the Nazis that she will give in without a struggle.

The Bulgarian government at Sofia made a quick denial of this information, the Nazis in Berlin were non-committal, and in London British quarters were skeptical.

BELGRADE, Jan. 6—German tanks leading an Italian counter-attack on the western slopes of the Malitispite mountains today hurled back Greek troops attempting to push upon Italy's mid-Albanian base of Elbasan, according to frontier reports.

CAIRO, Jan. 6—Striking lightning blows against Italy's dismembered Libyan army before the German air force can come to its rescue, British mechanized forces and bombing planes today joined in an assault on the Fascist base of Tobruk, 65 miles west of conquered Bardia.

Send the DAILY TAR HEEL home.

The Little Shop

CLEARANCE

FALL DRESSES AND SUITS

January Clearance Sale

Is On In Full Swing

And What Values Are In Store For You. The Following Specials and Many Others Await You Every Day This Week

1 Lot of Broken Sizes of Eagle Shirts
\$1.65 and \$2.00 Values
SALE PRICE \$1.00

1 Lot of Raincoats
Values \$4.95
Sale Price
\$2.00

1 Lot of Regular \$3.50 Hats
SALE PRICE \$2.00

All Regular \$2.00 Shirts
Except White on Sale
AT \$1.59
Sleeve Lengths 32 to 35

\$2.00 Pajamas
Sale Price
\$1.59

All Plymouth Shoes
\$5.00 Values
SALE PRICE \$3.85
All Sizes Widths A to E

Big Reduction on Stock Suits and Topcoats. Save 20 to 30%. Sizes 35 to 42.

\$1.00 Arrow and Botany Ties. Sale Price 79c
50c Sox Reduced to 39c
\$5.00 Hats Reduced to \$3.85

Big Reduction on Odd Trousers and Sweaters and Many Other Items Too Numerous to Mention

— at —

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Be Sure to Attend This Sale Every Day and You Will Save Money