

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue:

News: FRED CAZELL Sports: ERNEST FRANKEL

Jitterbugaboos

The DAILY TAR HEEL does not believe in class segregation, but something has got to be done about Carolina jitterbugs.

Perhaps Jimmie Lunceford's torrid music is enough to make one "swing out." Students, however, should be considerate of others.

At Saturday night's Inter-Dormitory dance there was not enough room to do the simple box step. Jitterbugs, however, thought differently, and throughout the dance they took charge of the floor. Those who cared to dance smoothly could not because jitterbugs would either kick or scare them off the floor.

The University dance committee should do something to prevent this occurrence again. If we must have jitterbugs, let's place them away from those who still appreciate smooth dancing. Let's give them a special spot where they can kick one another to their hearts' content.

"Judge Not Lest Ye..."

At this moment, before students begin to grade their professors in the DAILY TAR HEEL poll and before the faculty see how they stand in the eyes of their students, it is well to make a few preliminary statements to condition both to the poll.

The students should record a grade only after much deliberation, for their judgments in tabulated form will be published. Their names will not be signed to the grade sheets; so they can hand out A's and F's without regard for consequences. There is a heavy responsibility on the students to vote their honest convictions, for the paper will publish both honor roll professors and flunk-outs, whereas with the students only the honor roll is published.

The students should consider the possible significance of the poll when they mark their grades. The day may come when faculty members are promoted, not according to

the amount of research they have done, not according to the number of speeches they make per year, not according to their wide range of interests, but according to their teaching ability. Few people are as able as the students themselves to pass judgment on this last qualification.

It is important, then, that no grade be given until its meaning is fully understood by the student. For the faculty, too, each grade they receive should be freighted with significance. First of all, he may discount a few F's and/or A's which may have been recorded by a biased mind. But beyond these he should consider each A an indication that some student thinks he has learned much in his study under the professor, that the professor has done his job well. He should regard each F as evidence that some student has had his tuition money wasted, quite often because he was an unsatisfactory student, but also frequently because the professor had not the ability nor the personality to carry his message to the students.

The poll can mean much to faculty and students; it is intended to be constructive.

Fo'give Us, Suhs!

We have been reminded that it wasn't quite cricket to reprint last Saturday a news story two years old which revealed that the students had voted several faculty members flunk-outs in personality and ability.

Our castigators are right. Although we've heard no apologies from the academic brethren for flunking their students or for being adjudged failures in the teaching process, we still beg forgiveness for the blow below the belt.

Mann Calls Meeting Of YDC This Afternoon

President Fletcher Mann, Young Democrats club, has called a meeting at five o'clock in Gerrard Hall. All plans for a Jackson Day Dinner on March 31 will be made as well as a discussion of other events for the remainder of the year.

Apropos of Nothing

By Barnaby Conrad

A new and ugly institution is about to be foisted upon the unsuspecting public. Henceforth a few depressing inches in this column will be referred to as the Furtive Poet's Nook, or the Department of the Frustrated Muse, and devoted exclusively to the works of poets with egg on their thought-lined faces, hope in their aesthetic souls, and an eye towards raising the status of the profession.

This altruistic bureau will become quite enthusiastic upon receipt of any abused poems (anapestic verse will be accepted but frowned upon) and even will welcome contributions by Hunt Hobbs, look at Sanford Stein's epics (but not for long), and consider poems rejected by Tar an' Feathers (grad!!).

On February 25 a jury consisting of B. Conrad, will consider all the published poems and award the grand prize of fifty cents (\$50), in any form desired, to the poet most clearly the master of his medium and captain of his soul. The only rule of the contest is that poems be short and that you don't write on both sides of the paper at the same time. Send poems to this column. I think it only fair to state at this time, however, that the competition will be keen. Herb Hardy, for instance, has been working weeks on an ode called "To the Filthy Five" which he claims will make "To a Grecian Urn" look like Gertrude Stein's "Turtles in the Grass, alas, alas."

To start the eight ball rolling (or, as we used to say around the Rue de la Concord, "La balle huit"). I present this abortion written by a budding young poet, Barnaby Conrad. It is protected by poetic license 3746. I think that's my telephone number, too, which is convenient.

The Raving

Once upon a midnight dreary while I wondered, weak and bleary, whether to have one drink more, while I staggered, nearly falling, suddenly I heard a bawling as if someone cater-wauling calling at my bar-room door. "It's Rhoda with the ice" I muttered "and none too soon, damn blackamoor!"

Open then I flung the portal, when, with many a hiss and chortle, entered in a ghastly, ghostly gathering, the likes of which I'd ne'er seen before.

There were little green men, and a missing link a waltzing elephant, conventionally pink, Martha Clappitt and harpies galore not only these but many more. There were yodeling playmakers, melancholy snakes, a ghost from Gimghoul, a gnu with the shakes, a Carolina coed, a blue dinosaur and a centipede with a wooden leg going "ninety-nine, thump" upon the floor.

Then they all vanished, it was just like before, except for that lion who crouched by the door.

Only a lion, and nothing more. Throwing away my last scotch and soda

I yelled frantically for Rhoda to come and see this monster that lay upon my floor.

After looking at me shaking and laughing at my quaking she said "Boss, de fuss yo is makin' Why dat's de cat and nuffin mo!" Then quoth I "Nevermore."

A Couplet such as "E. A. Poe Was seldom seen near H₂O" at this point might be apropos.

(Take a lap around and turn in your uniform, Conrad).

Ad Infinitum

When Helene McCall phoned her mother to tell of her elopement with Bud Samo, she just cried excitedly "Mother, I'm married!" Mrs. McCall calmly said "To which one dear?"

A few years back, columnist Orville Campbell was an elevator boy in a large department store. One day he left the car on the second floor and expected it to be there when he came back after doing an errand. It wasn't, and he fell two flights and lit on a pile of machinery. He went back to work that afternoon, but by reading his column one can discern the pernicious effects undiscovered at the time...

The 3rd floor at Archer House is looking for a roommate. Will any boy interested form a double line outside the place at 2:00 tomorrow...

They say Ruth Applewhite is so popular that you have to state which year when asking for a date (thud)...

After one of the best fraternities on the campus spent a lot of money and put in a lot of time to make the open-house plan a success, only one measly dorm representative showed up...

All the hygiene teachers at Woolen Gym were anxiously waiting to find out whether Coach Jamerson's wife would produce an heir or a nuisance, so Doc Siewert arranged it that if Mrs. Jamerson's baby arrived when they were holding classes, he would knock twice on the door if it were a Severin and once if it were a coed. Sure enough in the middle of Schnell's class came two jubilant knocks...

John Ryan, of Delta Psi, is just killing time before he leaves for service with British-American Ambulance Corps in Africa...

Wish I could have liked Sabu and the light brown hairless genie as much as everyone else seemed to. Also wish I hadn't liked Victory so that I could say F. March came in like a lion and went out like a ham, but I thought it one of the best pictures of the year — so I can't say it...

Eyetems

A legislator getting the day's biggest kick out of meeting Kimball, and his son getting the biggest thrill of his life by shaking Gates' hand...

Sign of the times: Eleven of the current Fortune's ads feature pictures of airplanes...

Maria Freitas, Brazil's Brown Bombshell, all but mobbed at Saturday's jammed session...

Comforting Thought Section: Don't take life too seriously—you're not going to get out of it alive anyway.

Lend An Ear

By Louis Harris

TURMOIL — 1941

Between week-end prom-trotting and cries for Glamack and Howard at basketball games, the tide has finally reached a foaming mass of words and blatant ruddy faces right here on our complacent campus.



No, it wasn't the athletic events or the "white heat" of Jimmy Lunceford, but it was the frothing, shaky war scene.

For Peace

Dr. E. E. Ericson and Mrs. Ericson were first on the visitors' list last Friday afternoon. They were very calm and collected as they pronounced that the American Peace Mobilization committee, Chapel Hill chapter, had been meeting for some time.

The purpose of this committee is to show that the war is an imperialistic one, aid to Britain will in

its consequences strip America of all its social gains and that peace must be secured and maintained above all else — for the sake of preserving our American democracy.

For All-Out-Aid

Then, we bumped into a fellow, Hugh Wilson by name, who claims that he has been in and out of the University for the past dozen years.

He's not only "in" as far as the University is concerned, but he is also right down in the heart of the campus' Committee to Defend the America by Aiding the Allies — formerly known as the William Allen White committee, and variously known as the Gibson committee and the Douglas committee.

This committee, calm and collected, has also held several meetings. Wilson and his colleagues will tell you that America must give all possible aid to Britain and China so that the democracy we hold so dear will be preserved. Their argument used to go that we could best stay out of war by aiding Britain. Today the policy is simply that, if needs be, we shall go to war to save

Publication Review

By Mary Caldwell

Of one thing we can be certain concerning the new Carolina Magazine—that it includes enough articles on campus affairs of one kind or another to warrant its being one of the most generally popular issues of the year.

Not all students know that the late Herace Williams, learned "Socrates of Chapel Hill" and brilliant philosopher, did such down-to-earth things as sponsoring a debate team and helping to launch inter-collegiate football on campus. Nor do they know that Gates Kimball's parents forbade his playing football in high school and that he learned the rudiments of boxing during his years in the Navy. Nor that the kitchens in which their food is prepared recently repelled a muck-raking investigation.

For treating such subjects in a casual, non-intellectual fashion the January Mag deserves praise.

In "The Teacher", Dean F. F. Bradshaw has not only penned of Horace Williams a eulogy that is sincere and dignified but has also contrived a biography filled with human details that make it more entertaining than much fiction. His article, setting the theme for the issue, firmly places it on the University campus, opening the way for the other nine articles, six and one-half of which deal with local matters.

The story of Gates Kimball's athletic career, written by Jack Saunders in "The Slugger Wears Kid Gloves" is as straightforward and to the point as one of the athlete's own rights-to-the-chin. And Paul Komisaruk has effectively praised the Public Health Service in a factual account of his failure to find dirt in the Carolina kitchens—"Our Kitchens Are Disgustingly Clean". A heavier subject, that of Harry Wolf's course in labor problems, has been adequately explained by Louis Harris in "He Makes No Apologies."

When Sanford Stein in last month's Mag painted an exaggerated and rather amusing picture of the graduate bookworm, he subtly begged for the worm to turn on him. This it has done in the form of graduate student Robert Wallace's clever discourse on "Stein: a Study in His Aesthetic". What Wallace has done is to take Stein to pieces in one article and twenty-seven lengthy foot-notes. The finished product is a delicious one in spite of the fact that it is overdone when it should have been piquantly rare.

The second "answer" in the cur-

British and American democracy. The war, according to Wilson, is being fought to stem the domination of Hitler and blast all forms of totalitarianism in times like this. We have to smash all enemy aliens, and bend our every effort to ship supplies, and if necessary, men to see Britain through this war. Internally and externally, our energies have to be devoted to stemming Hitler.

How About a Forum?

The tide is rising, and it is engulfing us — we of basketball and Jimmy Lunceford enthusiasm of the war scene today.

Once and for all, we've got to get ourselves straight. It isn't a victory over Duke that we're flirting with now, but a hard, piping hot mouthful of flesh and blood. If we're going in, as it looks like we probably will, let's do it with a minimum of emotion and a clear-set perspective.

We'd like to see both the American Peace Mobilization committee, headed by Dr. Ericson, and the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies — both of whom, if you will notice, are trying to preserve American democracy, and are WORKING TOWARD THE SAME GOAL — hold an open debate in Memorial Hall, where the student body will be invited and both sides can be presented clearly and viewed without bias.

rent issue has probably been the subject of interested anticipation by the monthly Mag readers. It is the inevitable reply to Lee Wiggins' outspoken article "Our One Hoss Shay," which curtly and explicitly pointed out defects in the university set-up. Perhaps it is unfortunate that the article was anticipated, for Wiggins' fiery phrases set up a high standard of writing. In "Putting Wings on 'Our One Hoss Shay'", T. J. McCullen unfortunately gets lost in a cloud of huffy words which blind him to the real issue. While his essay adequately sets forward the cause of education in general, it makes use of too many indefinite examples and too trite excuses. Perhaps the writer was not willing to be as frank as was Wiggins.

Addressed to the university but actually a satire on American politics, "Get It While It's Hot" by Grady Reagan prompts a number of cynical chuckles and makes an effective article in a difficult field, suffering however from the elusive fault of over-exaggeration.

There are, besides, three fiction articles. Gibson Jackson in "The Free Zone" sympathetically treats the plight of a German concentration camp prisoner who must choose freedom—and bury his ideas, or death—and let his ideals live. "One Hundred Pesos Is the Prize" by Barnaby Conrad offers a well-worried portrait of a gentle fat Mexican who is mistreated by his guardian spirit, his friend, and his horse. And Larry Ferling attempts to explain the mysterious "Death of Francois Villon" in a choppy repetitive style that shows possibilities but doesn't quite catch the beat. Probably Germany, France, and Mexico are too far removed from the Carolina student's life.

The scattered cartoons of Henry Moll and Barnaby Conrad add an appropriate light touch to the magazine; but it is Conrad's sketch of Horace Williams that naturally takes pictorial honors, and Hugh Morton's clear-cut cover shot of Dean Bradshaw that draws the eye to the magazine theme.

For the sophisticate, who is willing to read and "think on these things" beyond the campus, "The Moving Finger" is recommended.

Music Majors Meet Tonight In Hill Hall

There will be a meeting of all music majors in the choral room of Hill music hall, at 8:30 tonight, to discuss comprehensive examinations.

Di Ways and Means Committee Meets Today

The Ways and Means committee of the Di senate meets today at 10:30 upstairs in the YMCA.

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