

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where it is printed daily except Mondays, and the Thanksgiving, Christmas and Spring Holidays. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price, \$3.00 for the college year.

1940 Member 1941
Associated Collegiate Press

DON BISHOP Editor
CHARLES BARRETT Managing Editor
WM. W. BRUNER Business Manager
JOSEPH E. ZAYTOUN Circulation Manager

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Bill Snider.
VISITING EDITORIAL BOARD: Dr. Aurelio-Miro Quesada, Dr. Suere Perez, Carlos Raygada, Jose Alfredo Hernandez, Eduardo Carrien.

EDITORIAL BOARD: Louis Harris, Simons Roof, George Simpson,erville Campbell.

COLUMNISTS: Martha Clampitt, Barnaby Conrad.

CARTOONIST: Henry Moll.

FEATURE BOARD: Jim McEwen, Shirley Hobbs, Marion Lippincott, Faye Riley, Constance Mason, Kathryn Charles.

CHIEF EDITORS: Fred Cazel, Rush Hamrick.

WIRE EDITOR: Ed Rollins.

NIGHT EDITORS: Dick Young, Sylvan Meyer, Bob Hoke.

ASSISTANTS: Bruce Snyder, Baxter McNeer, G. C. McClure.

REPORTERS: Bucky Harward, Philip Carden, Ransom Austin, Mary Caldwell, Grady Reagan, Ernest Frankel, Paul Komisaruk, Elsie Lyon, Vivian Gillespie, Larry Dale, Grace Rutledge, Bill Webb.

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER: Jack Mitchell.

SPORTS EDITOR: Leonard Lobred.

NIGHT SPORTS EDITORS: Harry Hollingsworth, Ernie Fraankel, Paul Komisaruk.

SPORTS REPORTERS: Ben Snyder, Abby Cohen, Earle Hellen, Steve Reiss.

LOCAL ADVERTISING MANAGERS: Bill Schwartz, Morty Ulman.

DURHAM REPRESENTATIVES: Bill Stanback, Jack Dube.

LOCAL ASSISTANTS: Bill Stanback, Ditzie Buice, Isidore Minnisohn, Jimmy Norris, Marvin Rosen, Ferris Stout.

COLLECTIONS: Morty Golby, Mary Bowen, Elinor Elliott, Millicent McKendry, Rose Lefkowitz, Zena Schwartz.

OFFICE MANAGER: Jack Holland.

OFFICE ASSISTANT: Sarah Nathan.

CIRCULATION OFFICE STAFF: Henry Zaytoun, Joe Schwartz.

For This Issue:

News: DICK YOUNG

Sports: LEONARD LOBRED

Houses, Not Homes

When W. H. Auden, noted British poet, was on the campus a few years ago, he visited several dormitories and came to the startling conclusion, "The students in this University certainly must get much work done. These dormitories are most barren and leave room only for study and long hours of work."

He went on to compare the dormitories here with those at Oxford and Cambridge, adding that these on the campus look more like "monastical seclusions."

When we do look at the bleak halls and the dirty bathrooms in the men's dormitories in both the lower and upper quadrangle, we can see that they are a far cry from the home atmosphere most college rooms are supposed to resemble.

Perhaps this is one reason that can explain the great amount of complaints of gambling and general hell-raising in the dorms that we've heard all year. It stands to reason that when a man has a comfortable place to live in, he will act more orderly and will take greater pains to preserve the pleasant atmosphere.

Working with limited funds, the University cannot do very much to alleviate the structural difficulties of dormitories. It can, and has, to a limited extent, however, renovated the bathrooms. In several dorms, bathroom walls have been white-washed, dirty toilets have been cleaned out, sinks have been repaired, and the maintenance crew of the University has begun to show some life.

Greater improvements are still in order. A movement is now on foot to secure two easy chairs for every dorm room. Another is destined to get proper lighting for all desks. The old social room plans are still being worked on.

Dorm life on the campus is still far from being the ideal existence that one dreams about before coming up to college. It's our guess that improvements in the physical

structure of the dormitories themselves will show a marked improvement in the spirit of the boys that live in them.—L. H.

Worthwhile Knowledge

Professor Albert Coates concluded Sunday night his series of three talks on the history of student government at the University of North Carolina. Yet these lectures, taken from a book being written by Mr. and Mrs. Coates, should be only a beginning. The reaction to them indicates clearly that Carolina students need and want to know about their university.

Small groups of students were invited to hear the first presentation of the student government history in order that they might offer criticisms of it. Interest grew and the attendance increased at the second and last lectures.

These students, if they had not realized it before, became aware of the fact that student government is something alive and dynamic and is constantly changing and improving. They realized that it can best move toward perfection if they know its background. The Coates lectures supplied them the history and tradition that was needed to make student self-government become, more than ever before, a thing worth having and striving for.

This small group had the privilege that at present is unavailable to the rest of the students, the opportunity to learn of the workings, past and present, of the system of government they have inherited and fought for. But there must be many who, not having heard these wonderful accounts of the past, have insufficient basis for knowing and appreciating the present. Therefore the education of self-government—and certainly this education is as valuable as any offered by a regular academic course—has not reached them to the extent that it should and could if a channel were open for the lessons of the past to pour into the present and the future.

Apropos of Nothing

By Barnaby Conrad

My secretary, Latrina Fink, has a young nephew, Alutzio Macadangang by name, who thinks The Furtive Poet's Nook has a rank stank about it. In fact he suggests that this whole column permeates the air with an offensive odor. How this blatant example of arrested development arrived at such a ridiculous conclusion quite exceeds the boundaries of my comprehension, but arrive he did.

"Could you do any better, Waffle-mouth?" I said patronizingly. He answered me not but screwed up his oral cavity unattractively and presented me with a Bronx salute and the following rather confusing selection.



What a cute li'l bird the frog are—
Him ain't got no tail at all almost hardly.
But when him run him hop and when him sit down
Him sit on him old tail which him ain't got at all almost hardly.

Run along, lad, you bother me.

At last someone has written me a letter! Campbell, Clampitt, Harris, Roof, Meyer—they're always getting letters, and now I've got one! Here it is just as received:

"Dear Mr. Conrad:

"No doubt you have heard of my work in the field of temperance, as for several years I have been travelling about the Carolinas appearing on the lecture platform. Perhaps you are familiar with my best known talk, 'The Curse of Drink.' For the past three years I have had as my constant companion a true and faithful helper, one Norman Cartwright, who used to sit with me on the platform, and I would point him out to the audience as an example of the ravages of drink.

"Norman originally had a splendid background and was a man with a fine education and fine tastes. During the years when he should have given thought to the moulding of his character, he developed an insatiable appetite for, first, beer, later whiskey. How easy the problem would have been if he had turned to God! He was a brilliant man who became a wreck because of this one weakness. He would sit motionless on the platform with me, drooling at the mouth and staring at the audience through vacant and bloodshot eyes.

"Unfortunately, Norman went to meet his reward early this month after a severe coronary attack. A mutual friend of ours, one James Kleeman, has given me your name, and I wonder if you would consent to accompany me on a tour this summer in Arizona to take poor Norman's place?

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Rev. R. L. Lynch.

Somebody has a sensayuma (Ariz.?) no doubt. And incidentally, whoever has been sending me the Breeder's Gazette can cancel the subscription anytime he wants to.

Apropos of temperance, a social science teacher told this true story the other day:

Lady Astor, whose hobby used to be temperance crusading, was once extolling the virtue of total abstinence before the House of Parliament. On and on she preambled about the horrors of alcohol and finally announced in a stirring peroration: "I would rather commit adultery than touch one drop of beer!"

There was a silence, and then Tom Burns, Parliament's Hibernian humorist, jumped on a chair, threw his hat in the air and yelled, "Lady, wouldn't we all!"

Jack Milne, who turned in that record-breaking 1,000-yard run Saturday, wears an Army flier's wings that he nearly paid his life for. The officer bet Jack he wouldn't have nerve enough to parachute; so Jack promptly arranged for a jump at an air show. He bailed out at 5,000 feet but his chute failed to cooperate until he reached 1,500 feet! When he landed it was just between some railroad tracks and high tension wires. For his performance he received the wings and \$5.50!

Notes Scribbled on a Frayed Cuff

George Glamack (he plays basketball) receives ten to fifteen fan letters a day . . .

Ed James is taking advantage of the G. Neighbor Policy. Since he speaks four languages, he finds it no trick to get in everything from picture shows to basketball games free. He almost took the Virginia trip with the Latins . . .

Jack Dube waited over the course of three cokes to get his physiognomy in a pitcher at the Book Ex and then happened to turn his head when it was snapped! (Well, who cares?) . . .

Some self-styled humorist put Dr. Frank Graham on a faculty-vote ballot and gave him a B . . .

Mr. Bruce Ulman swears he didn't write the letter to Hedy printed last week, but the picture of same pasted over his bed is mighty damning prima facie evidence . . .

For some reason I can't get "I Can't Get Indiana Off My Mind" off my mind (say three times fast) . . .

Fr. Gibson's drum dance in tomorrow night's "S.R.O." is really terrific. In fact the whole conga number is sexual (honist, fellas, McGaughey doesn't pay me a cent) . . .

Glamour toudours glamour: Jawn Barrymore, the tired champion of the dignified belch, has a pet vulture named Maloney. All in favor signify by the usual sign . . .

Eyeteams

Screwball Parker, singing a happy birthday to Geo. Washington. Just can't understand where she got that name . . .

Marie Watters, without a South American . . .

G. Glamack, mighty taken with Marion Hoover, a beautiful transient from Miss. . .

The session will be closed after the singing of that familiar old madrigal Hooray, Hooray, My Father's Going to Be Hung.

COATES

(Continued from first page)

ped off the barrel, fell, landed on some broken glass and 10 minutes later he was dead. The University, students, and the state were horrified. The student body was numbed and paralyzed by the tragedy. The student council was "shocked out of its capacity to act" and in the emergency the faculty stepped in and took over the investigation. Four sophomores found guilty of the hazing were held for trial in a civic court and were convicted for manslaughter. At the next outbreak of hazing, the student council had regained its authority, and on its own initiative had 30 men suspended for hazing.

During 1927, under President Chase's administration, a gambling ring was uncovered in one of the buildings and the student council, acting quickly and efficiently, shipped 13 men. In 1936, a cheating ring was uncovered by the students and in a short time 53 students were on their way from the University. In each case, Professor Coates remarked, the students were faced with the most difficult problem in Student government: that of reporting, testifying, accusing and proving fellow students were guilty. In each case, the students rose to the occasion, put personal feelings aside and upheld and vindicated the honor code.

Lend An Ear

By Louis Harris

Our South

"Not to laugh, not to weep, but to understand," is the way my weekend host summarized our trip last Saturday and Sunday through the cotton fields and one of the many share-cropper regions of the Southland.



I had just finished reading "You Have Seen Their Faces," a striking picture study of the poor whites and negroes by Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Burke White and maybe I was looking for it, but here is what we saw:

"A place where anybody may come without an invitation and, before the day is over, be made to feel like one of the home folks. Scientists with microscopes, theologians with Bibles come here to tell us what is wrong with it, and stay to buy a home and raise a family. Gaping tourists come to pick its flesh to pieces, and remain to eat fried chicken and watermelon for the rest of their lives."

Little overalled, white kids, some hearty, some meek and undernourished, all of them country-looking. A grizzled farmer trying to make his fertilizer start cotton growing out in the fields again, who says:

"Five months of school a year is all I'm in favor of, because I need my children at home to help work the farm."

A stout negress, healthy-looking, washing dishes in a white-man's home, who says:

"I was having my fourth in five years when we went to the doctor and he told me and my old man how to keep from havin' more of them. We been getting along fine since then."

A tough-bearded, wrinkled, old farmer, squinty-eyed and stoop-shouldered, with his decrepit hat pulled over his forehead down to his eyes, tall, lean, and wiry, who says:

"A man learns not to expect much after he's farmed cotton most of his life."

A sweaty negro lying in a pile of loose tobacco leaves, tired and lifeless looking, saying:

"The auction-boss talks so fast a colored man can't hardly tell how much his tobacco crop sells for." A gray, unpainted, one-room shack, set off in the middle of a field, surrounded by cotton. Lethargic negro farmers leaning on the slim poles that hold up the patched, leaky roof, saying:

"No place to plant me a little garden when the white-boss says to plow the cotton right in up to my front door. We just got to have a garden to eat regular."

A fat, pregnant negro woman, sitting barefooted on the makeshift

steps of a decaying shack, holding a one-year-old in her arms, with a two-year-old child sitting near, saying:

"I got more children now than I know what to do with, but they keep coming along like water-melons in the summer-time."

Land, like piles of sand dunes, just dried up and washing away with each rainfall. A fatalistic farmer tending a small field of corn that will grow tall in August, and looking over the erosion-doomed land, saying:

"It looks like God can't trust people to take care of the earth anymore."

A banker in a fine office, with a worried frown on his face, hearing a sigh and saying:

"One of these days the tractor and mechanical picker are going to catch up with cotton, but by that time, it's going to be too late to help the tenant farmer. He'll have ruined the soil for raising any other crop, and broken his back, to boot. Don't ask me whose fault it is. I don't know. I don't even know anybody who thinks he knows."

"All I know is that one man out of ten makes a living, and more, and that the other nine poor devils get the short end of the stick. It's my business to sit here in the bank and make it a rule to be in when that one farmer shows up to borrow money, and to be out when those other nine show up . . . Some nights I can't sleep at all for lying awake wondering what's going to happen to all those losing tenant farmers. A lot of them are hungry, ragged, sick. If the government doesn't do something quick about the losing cotton farmers, we'd be doing them a favor to go out and shoot them out of their misery."

We all know what it looks like, but we don't really know what to do about it. We sit and wonder how. We must figure it out together. . . . it's our South.

Birthdays

(Students whose names appear below may obtain a movie pass by calling at the box office of the Carolina Theater on the day of publication.)

February 25

- Britt, Albert Mitchell
- Browning, Benjamin Howard
- Cazel, Fred A., Jr.
- Clarke, David Arvine
- Corrie, George Bruce
- Davis, Robert Hunter
- Guerry, Alex, Jr.
- Gurmann, George Ervin
- Hodges, Louis Edward
- Kapralis, George C.
- Loewenson, Albert Samuel
- McKellar, Angus Alford
- McNairy, Herbert Steid
- Spencer, Walter Jesse

Send the DAILY TAR HEEL home.

HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR CLASS RING?

We are representing the Charles H. Elliott Co. which has sold rings to Carolina students for a number of years. Order yours now and have the pleasure of wearing it longer.

Ledbetter-Pickard

— Featuring —
Stationery — Gifts — School Supplies
Greeting Cards

LUGGAGE LUGGAGE

SALE AT BERMAN'S ON ALL KINDS OF LUGGAGE
119 E. Franklin St.