

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue:

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"If we would change the face of the earth we must first change our own hearts."—Robert M. Hutchins, President, University of Chicago.

Christ Is Forgotten

On Easter morning many years ago the persecuted Christ arose from the death of the sin of man had dealt Him, to walk once more on earth and carry the spiritual light of truth and righteousness.

Today the land of His birth and death is rocking from the reverberations of nearby wars. The principles He and His disciples taught—of doing good to all men, of turning the other cheek—are mere book phrases. If the spiritual light of Christ is burning in the unhappy lands of war today, it is aglow only in the hearts of the poor, miserable human beings who are paying for a war of folly with their bread-money and blood and who had nothing to do with the making of the war.

Hitler certainly can lay no righteous claim that he is spreading the light of Christ. His "new order" brings no "new light." It brings only the darkness of the dark minds that operate his machine of death and destruction. In the beginning he rejected Christ; today his program is no better.

Nor can the forces that battle this anti-Christ crown themselves with the halo of justice and morality. The light of Christ reached out for all mankind and welcomed into Heaven on equal footing all the people of the earth. The light of Christ shone truth and honesty. Thus the nation that promised during the last war the land of the birthplace of Christ to both Jews and Arabs and then kept this Holy Land for itself, cannot ally itself with truth and righteousness. The nation that proudly shines its light of liberty on all the byways of its own countryside but will not let that light pierce the jungle of human darkness in India, cannot declare itself a carrier of the cross of Christ. The nation that affirms its only purpose to crush to the death its enemies—not to find for them the light of truth and freedom—cannot align its principles with those of Christ.

If Christ were here today, He would have something to say about the hypocrisy of the nation that finances a war to protect its wealth and accumulation of the world's goods at home and abroad, but asserts that it does so in the name of freedom and democracy and the righteousness and truth of His teachings. He would be saddened to see that nation proclaiming itself a bearer of the torch of light when the darkness of racial, religious and class prejudice threatens to engulf the light it sends forth.

If Christ were here today He would devise no new formula for the salvation of man. His teachings were true that morning more than 1900 years ago when He died because He believed them; they are just as true today when man has exchanged them for a sword.

He would counsel the mankind He loves to throw the sword into the sea and find the light of truth and justice by communing with God and with the spark of light that still exists in every man's heart; whether he is American, Englishman, German, Indian, Negro, Gentle, Jew, rich poor, saint or sinner. The principles of Christ would have served Europe and war before this war; they would bring light if resorted to now. When will man return to Christ's teachings?

Good Morning

By Orville Campbell

In the past, dances, teas, bridge parties and tournaments, silent films, amateur contests, and community sings have crowded the weekly program of Graham Memorial.



This week Richard "Fish" Worley, genial director, will open his night club to the campus, a venture that Poor Richard hopes will take to the campus like square dancing did in the fall.

The night club will operate daily, excepting Sundays. The faculty will have the privilege of using it on Monday nights, and throughout the remainder of the week it will cater to students. Patrons will dine in booths constructed as old covered wagon prairie schooners and two nights a week Julian Burroughs and his orchestra will play. The other four nights dancing will be to the recorded music of Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, and other campus favorites.

Opening every night at 8 o'clock, the club will have a 15-cent cover charge and serve sandwiches, soft drinks, and a la carte orders. Closing hours on week nights will be 10:30, but a later hour will be observed during the weekends.

Floor shows are to be a frequent added attraction with a master of ceremonies, skits, tap dancing, and other forms of entertainment. An exchange of talent with neighboring institutions is planned by the Graham Memorial maestro.

In carrying out the Western atmosphere of the club, the booths will be replicas of the prairie schooner with genuine wagon wheels. On the red and white checkered cloth covered tables, candles will flicker from jugs whose sides are cut away from an ashtray inside. Old fashion lanterns hanging from the top of the wagon will supply light for the booths.

The lower half of the windows of the club will feature caricatures—by Jim Pace—of campus personalities. Every two days one of the pictures will be taken down and replaced with a new one, the discarded caricatures being given to the particular campus personality.

Although the new night club has not as yet been officially named, students are referring to Director Worley's newest adventure in the entertainment field as "Fish's Club" as a tribute to its originator.

The night club can and will be a success. Any man that can carry Southern square dancing to the Empire Room of the famed Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City should certainly be able to please local students with a fine idea—such as the night club. There has been a need for such a place for several years. Mr. Worley is going to fill that need in excellent fashion.

Such a night club should do its bit to better student-faculty relations. Both students and faculty are prone to become acquainted on student-faculty day, and then forget the purpose of such an occasion. If the English department would take over Fish's night club one night out of each month, and let English majors and English professors come together for an evening's entertainment it would help student-faculty relations greatly. Other departments could follow suit.

There are any number of ways in which the night club will serve the campus. Both students and faculty should do their bit to help the club get started. It would be a pity to let such an excellent idea go to waste.

Letters To The Editor

(Letters must be typed. Those over 300 words long are subject to cutting or omission)

Agar and Brotherhood

To the Editor

Sir: Dr. Herbert Agar, in his recent lectures, pointed out that in the American people there has grown a spirit of cynicism, and that we are losing our fore-fathers' spirit of justice and democracy. We are failing to consider the dignity of man and are coming to judge our brother, not by his spiritual potentiality but by the way he smells and the gadgets he owns. Each of us is striving for material gains at the expense of our brothers.

The great editor ended with this note: war is what we get when we permit too much injustice. Civil war results from injustice at home. Foreign war is the product of foreign injustice—and our existence is in the balance.

The students of Chapel Hill can, perhaps as ably as Dr. Agar, answer my question: "How can we recreate in our society this spirit of the brotherhood of man?"

"War, the great leveler," seems to be the answer the world is giving.

ing.

I wonder if labor must be brought low before they appreciate the blessings they have; and if capitalists must reach despair before they relinquish control over their fellow men? And, similarly, I wonder if the "have not" nations must have less in order to be less demanding; and if the dominant nations must be humbled by poverty before they relinquish their divine rights over the commerce of the world.

And I still further wonder if the leveling of material wealth among men can be brought about by any process other than by the destructive process of war. Socrates and Christ tried other means, but, in spite of these teachers, wars came and the notions of each of these spiritual leaders is as the memory of a tale that is told.

Like Peter, I earnestly ask, "How can our society be born again?"

Rachall Crook.

NO FALSE ALARM

(Continued from first page)

his upstairs room and said, "I'll have to get an asbestos suit so I can sleep through these fires."

Jack Merritt, night patrolman, turned in the alarm and by 3 o'clock the local fire department had the blaze under control.

Damage done by the fire was covered for the most part by insurance.

HIGH SCHOOL WEEK

(Continued from first page)

Thursday afternoon in Memorial hall with a general meeting of the debaters and other visitors. Professor George McKie, of the University English department will extend a welcome to the participants, after which they will draw for sections and pairs in the first preliminary, to be held at 7 o'clock that evening.

The second preliminary is scheduled for 8:30 Friday morning and the final competition for the Aycock trophy will be held at 8 o'clock Friday evening in Memorial hall.

Proceeding the final debate there will be an organ recital by Robert Brawley and concerts by the University Men's Glee club and the University Men's quartette, under the direction of Clyde Keutzer.

Reception Friday Night

The celebration of High School week

KEEP OFF GRASS

(Continued from first page)

been determined but Weaver and his committee will have someone to warn the sinners away.

James Pace and his magic airbrush are serving the cause also with signs and posters which will confront you. Leaders in the drive have determined that the grass will be spared—their job now revolves around the task of convincing you.

University clubbers will shove innocuous sheets of paper in the gloomy midnight. Inscribed thereon will be the words: "Keep 'Em Off the Grass." This means that you are not to walk on the grass.

Entreaty—keep off the grass. Give the poor blades a chance. "Hey you, get your number twelves off that grass!!!"

will conclude with a reception for all the visitors at 9:30 Friday night in Graham Memorial, to be given by the student union, the Di senate, and the University club.

The Di senate will take an active part in the debating program, members serving as officers of the debates, and presenting medals to the two teams who reach the finals Friday evening.

Both the Di and the Phi will be at home to the visitors from the high schools on Thursdays afternoon from 4 to 5 o'clock.

Creative Men

By Richard Adler

PHILLIPS RUSSELL

From the miserable mass of disillusioned minds, that greeted the culture of our world from World War I to the present chaos, there escaped only a tiny group of men, possessed with the rare gifts of undying hope and the desire to see the world in a normal creative light once again—men who wished to bring defunct minds alive once more.

Unfortunately I have known Phillips Russell for only a short time, but from the few interviews I have had with him I feel almost certain that he is a member of this group. Phillips Russell has grown the hard way, and he has seen. He is fully aware of every living situation and has been born with the instinct to preserve and nurture the good. Phillips Russell is fifty-six. His manner is natural, unassuming, and very friendly. He appears at a first glance to be a rough personality, but in five minutes after the warm "hello" one will realize that this quality of toughness is just a small portion of the experiences that have given him his depth of feeling and appreciation.

Born in Rockingham, North Carolina, he came to Chapel Hill, his mother's home town, to study. Here he wrote numerous articles for all the college publications and in his senior year became editor of the TAR HEEL. After leaving the "Hill" in 1904, he went from reporter on the Charlotte Observer to the New York Press, where he became special writer, copy reader, make-up man, and literary reviewer. A desire to move and learn brought him to Chicago and Philadelphia, where he also did newspaper work. An urge for adventure pushed him penniless abroad. In France and England he lived by picking up jobs here and there, persistently on the move. Landing in England the day war was declared, Russell was twice detained as a possible German spy.

However, he managed to convince the police that he was a harmless American. He returned to New York the same year. Recognized the world over as one of our great biographers, his writings include such notable works as: "Benjamin Franklin, the First Civilized American," "Emerson, the Wisest Man," and "Fumbler." He has also written short stories, including "The Troubadour," "One Day," and his most recent, "A Deal in Bulls."

Phillips Russell abandoned his newspaper career to give way to the persistency of an ideal that had been growing inside him for fifteen years. Fully aware of the force of the blow dealt the creative arts by the post-war reaction, he came to create and to teach to create at the University of North Carolina. For fifteen years he had searched all over the world for the locale best suited for his work, and he had decided that the best work was to be done where there was "sky-limit" to free expression, a spirit of close cooperation, and a determined will to develop.

Mr. Russell, though conscious of its presence, has refused to acknowledge the disastrous effects that this chaotic era has had on our development; but the man is deeply saddened as he sees what he has fought against now rising again to even greater heights, scouring the six continents and destroying all that is decent.

His head bent, he said, "This University and nation will grow great only as they foster creation, not destruction. The mere preservation of the status quo will be as fatal to us as it has been to France and Britain. Men cannot build or create unless they are at peace within themselves."

"What is this life if, full of care, We have not time to stand and stare?"

—William Davies.

PICK THEATRE SUNDAY

THE SONG HITS OF THE YEAR...

IN THE YEAR'S GREAT GLAMOUR-MUSICAL!

"I'YI, YI, YI, YI"
(Sung by Carmen Miranda)

"CHICA, CHICA, BOOM, CHIC"
(Sung by Alice Faye, Don Ameche and Carmen Miranda)

"BOA NOITE"
(Sung by Alice Faye)

"THEY MET IN RIO"
(Sung by Alice Faye and Don Ameche)

"THE BARON IS IN CONFERENCE"
(A knockout comedy number)

Alice FAYE · Don AMECHE
Carmen MIRANDA

"THAT NIGHT IN RIO"
IN TECHNICOLOR

with S. Z. SAKALL
J. CAROL NAISH
CURT BOIS
LEONID KINSKEY

—Also—
DISNEYCARTOON
INFORMATION PLEASE
LATEST NEWS

—Monday—
SIR CEDRIC HARDWICK
NAN GREY
in
"INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS"

—Tuesday—
PAULETTE GODDARD
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
in
"THE YOUNG IN HEART"

—Wednesday—
THOMAS MITCHELL
IAN HUNTER
in
"THE LONG VOYAGE HOME"

—Thursday—
JOEL McCREA
LARAINÉ DAY
in
"FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT"

—Friday—
REX HARRISON
in
"MISSING TEN DAYS"

—Saturday—
JACK HOLT
in
"THE GREAT PLANE ROBBERY"