

# The Daily Tar Heel

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"It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment—Independence now and Independence forever."—Webster.

## No Jug Of Wine

Sometime ago a student approached us and asked, "What kind of Daily Tar Heel are you trying to edit. I've been here four years, but never before have I read so many editorials against drunkenness."  
To the person in question and all others interested, we would like to state that we're not crusading against drinking. If an individual wants to drink, that's his privilege. But when an individual gets drunk at a Carolina dance, he's not only hurting his own reputation, but that of the University and its students.

Many students feel that this will be their "final fling" at a good time. That after this weekend it will be conscription, and possibly war. That the youth of today hasn't a chance. That I can't have a good time at a dance without getting drunk. That I'm old enough to know what to do. That . . . That . . . That . . .

We are not prudish but college students are supposed to know right from wrong. Carolina students are supposed to know the real definition of democracy. They know that one's freedom ends the moment the right of another is abused. When Carolina students drink, they are abusing the rights of the many Carolina students that do not.

We have reason to believe that if the University is continually bothered with drinking, there will be fewer dances with stricter regulations. If you're one of those planning to get drunk next week-end, go ahead. But for the good of yourself and the University, don't show up at Finals. Instead, go to the beach or some other place where you'll be more appreciated.

## Moll's Magazine

Coming off the presses during exam week will be the extravaganza of campus publications during the past decade. Henry Moll's Carolina Mag, called by print shop men the "most picturesque, readable, and professional" publication in many a long year, will at last hit the campus.

The publication itself is an experiment in more cuts and triple-appealing features. The cost in work and money has been the largest for a monthly throughout this year at least.

Yes, the May issue of the Carolina Mag will be thoroughly read by the Carolina student body. It will be interesting reading, enjoyable to look at, and educational in its value from the productive and consumptive stand-point. The PU Board and the campus have at last received what they are looking for—but at a new expense.

The question naturally arises, and must be squarely faced, as to whether the additional cost is worth putting into the Mag. This year, Adrian Spies showed up with a novel, well-written magazine which might be termed "fairly" popular. Moll's issue will undoubtedly be the most sensational and at the same time most artistic work in the publications field to date. He will outdo Spies just as Spies outdid former editors.

The answer to the question lies with the reception of the student body. If a publication satisfies the needs of the students in a manner acceptable to every part of our multi-responsible University, then it is worth the money.

After looking at Moll's issue, the answer is undeniable that we want more of them. The work that took one all night session after another; that involved meticulous, painstaking plans; AND THAT WILL PLACE AT LEAST ONE CAMPUS PUBLICATION AMONG THE LEADERS OF THE COUNTRY shows us that if it's good publications we're after, we can get them now.

The tradition that has been passed down from Tom Wolfe to John Creedy to Adrian Spies has been violated only in that the Mag of today stands as the most finished piece of campus publication work in many a year. This progress must be maintained if financially possible now that the editor has shown it to be technically achieved.

## In Passing

A statement released yesterday by those in charge of ticket sales for the Tony Pastor concert revealed that close to \$175 was cleared for the benefit of dormitory social rooms. When we look at the \$175 and then start figuring the cost of our undertaking—dormitory social rooms—we'll admit we haven't made much progress. At the same time, though, we have \$175 dollars now, where we had nothing a month ago.

The German Club has consented to turn over the Jimmy Dorsey concert for the benefit of social rooms. Perhaps another \$175 will be raised. If it is, and we find other ways of making money, it

# Campus Keyboard

By the Staff

Incidentally, that new "Hey! How You?" club started by a couple of anonymous students is a pretty good thing. Without badges and without forced friendliness it is an attempt to bring all the fellows on the campus

HEY! HOW YAWL a little closer together. And you have no idea of the magical effect of this expression combined with a winning smile on a pretty coed that you meet.

Follow the crowd and help out the cause: solidify Carolina, break down the traditional barriers between north and south, and give the student body of Carolina a distinctive and unique trademark.

Hey! How you? Try it just once and you'll never use harsh, uncomfortable greetings again. Throw away your medicine chest. With this magical phrase you chase the blues away and live happily ever after.

Saturday night the Nazis sank the Hood. Thus terminating a long and adventurous life. Since the war began, the Hood has been sunk five times and damaged beyond repair three times according to Berlin. But even the British admit it this time.

The new Carolina Magazine has been in production for two grueling months now. Put out by a newly recruited staff of fifty it more than lives up to the enthusiastic claims of the Orange Printshop: ". . . the most attractive publication to ever leave our presses."

MAG DOPE No longer the dull Carolina Mag of the past, the Magazine has been streamlined and modernized until only the name has remained unchanged. It promises to rival the Yackety Yack in campus popularity, and a new type and arrangement now sparkles on clear slick pages of cream paper. Each page is a work of art in itself, there are more absorbing illustrations and it will be difficult to put down once it is picked up.

However, due to the radical changes and to the innumerable hours it has been in plan and process, the New Carolina Magazine will not be distributed before Thursday. To insure everyone of receiving a copy and to take care of the expected rush, distribution will be put on the Yackety Yack basis. Circulation manager, Joe Zaytoun, commented yesterday: "This unbelievable publication can't be the Carolina Mag—and it would be impossible to deliver in the regular way, or most copies would be gone from the halls before they would be picked up." The lavish new Carolina Mag will be distributed in the small lobby of Graham Memorial all day Thursday—one copy to a student as his name is checked off. Students leaving the campus before then are advised to leave their names and addresses in the box provided for at the entrance to Graham Memorial so that theirs can be mailed home.

Speaking of the Hood, the unsquelchable Nazi press declared that the German Navy will bring into reality, and at the end of the war will be the guarantor of the American ideal of freedom of the seas. All of which makes us sore as hell, because we're darned if we need to call in Adolf to uphold our ideals.

Finals start June 6th with the Dorsey concert and all the seniors' mamas and poppas are going to be in Chapel Hill that week-end. In the

DON'T GET STEWED beloved offspring have been here at the Hill they have heard of nothing but the Carolina Gentleman and The Campus Code. They think of Carolina as a school where tradition runs rampant—the tradition of the south, the tradition of gentlemanliness.

You wouldn't want to have your own folks see you under the weather and you should show the same consideration for someone else's parents. And then, too, out of respect for the school, you should remember that this is the first and last picture they will have of Carolina. So be good and stay sober for the nice boys on the dance committee.

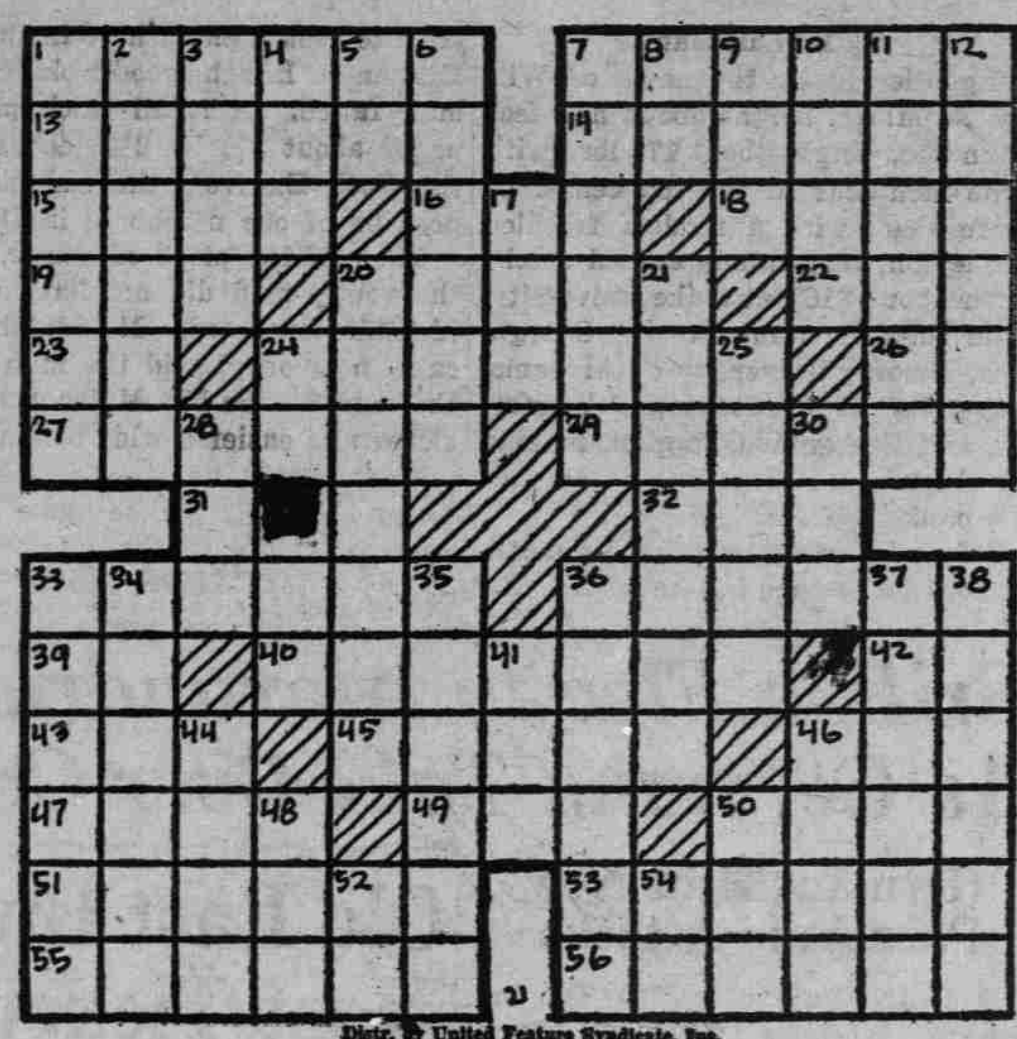
Out East, a noted educator says, "Women must learn to speak for themselves." No we don't know what to think about this affair. The only explanation we have is, that

will not be too distant before dormitory improvements can be made. The start may be small, but in the future we can work to achieve our goal. The Tar Heel congratulates both the Junior-Senior dance committee and the German Club for seeing the need and offering to aid the cause.

# Crossword Puzzle

By LAIS MORRIS

- ACROSS
- Rasp
  - One who nullifies
  - Lifting devices
  - Clever
  - Psychic influence
  - Rocky pinnacle
  - Son of Seth
  - Part of Shannon River
  - West Indian aborigine
  - Preside
  - Eastern state (abbr.)
  - Those at bat
  - The (French)
  - Get away
  - Slow drinker
  - Japanese saab
  - Join
  - Military students
  - Purling
  - Priest's measure
  - Prize
  - One
  - Owing
  - Beloved one
  - Unit
  - Charity
  - Cravat
  - See! (Latin)
  - Surgeon
  - Litter
- ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE
- 3—Unusual  
4—Collection of facts  
5—Hebrew letter  
6—Property  
7—Change  
8—Bona  
9—Suffix; adherent of  
10—Aids for money due  
11—Star-shaped figure  
12—One who repairs  
17—Wordless remnant  
20—Of high quality  
21—Fragile  
24—Confused sounds  
25—Secret agents  
28—Food fish  
29—Vegetable  
33—Trees  
34—Charm  
35—Apartments  
36—Cuts  
37—Disembarked  
38—Unpleasant look  
41—Brazilian coin  
44—Girl's name  
46—French river  
48—Take chair  
49—Complete  
52—Point of compass  
54—Near
- DOWN
- Rare
  - Small bottles
  - Nations
  - Horses



## On Other Campuses From

# Coast To Coast

By Billy Webb

A bed is often the naughty "accessory before the fact" of strange and lascivious proceedings, but despite the wildness of bed-time stories circulated in dorm bull sessions, I've never heard one to compare with this one told by Trent Christman. But before Hobbs is thrown into throes of concern over campus morality, let me admonish—it's clean.

It all started one night in the Psi U. house. The boys were hanging over a poker table indulging in the vagrancies of life, when of course there came that inevitable hour when sleep beckons more invitingly than poker chips and all the other incidentals that go with poker parties.

One of the players played three last hands and then started upstairs for the land of nod. On the way up the steps his heart was touched by the plaintive mewling of a sorrowful cat whose voice reached his sympathetic ear from somewhere in the back of the house. Upon investigating, he found a rather moth-eaten alley cat prowling around in the back yard.

For no good reason—perhaps his mother had been scared by a cheap tennis racket—he decided that it would be the charitable and humane thing to take the cat to bed with him. With self-satisfied determination, he picked up the willing cat and carried it upstairs where he and his feline companion crawled into bed.

Morning came; the boy awoke, dull with sleep. As he rolled over in bed, he suddenly thought of the cat and quickly jerked the covers back to see what had happened to it. The cat was there.

So was a litter of squirming kittens.

Imagine facing a football team which tipped the scales at 1,100,000 tons. Such a team would be a little too light for Rose Bowl timber on "white dwarf," a star recently discovered by professor W. J. Luyten of Minnesota's astronomy department. On "white dwarf" the average human would weight about 100,000 tons.

"Curl up these spring nights with the educator must not get around very much.

One of the first headlines we saw when we picked up the paper this morning was "Hitler Termed Threat To Trade." We're not denying the fundamental truth back of this statement, but it seems to us that it ranks as a rather masterly example of understatement.

a Mystery Novel from the Varsity Book Shop Rental Library."—Oklahoma Daily. Gad, what potent tales.

Randolph Russell of Furman tapped a vital truth in his scorn of ludicrous movie trailer propaganda. His ire was roused over a silly build-up for "That Certain Feeling." After the trailer had admitted that it was a pretty good show, the unknown voice added, "and what else could it be, with Melvyn and Burgess battling it out for Merle's affections?" "Personally," sez Randolph, "I can't imagine two guys named Melvyn and Burgess battling for anything, unless they were drafted, and women named Merle don't have any affections to battle for. Two guys named Joe might battle for Myrtle, but that's as far as I will go."

"Large pleasant room, exposure on three sides."—ad in Oklahoma Daily. Sounds more like a billboard.

Through cold, hard figures, Charles T. Nounan of Butler has worked out an astounding proof of something. Though he is having difficulty dividing a meaning from his mathematical ingeniousness, his figures are nevertheless interesting:

Dictator	Stalin	Hitler	Mus'lini
Yr. of birth	1879	1889	1883
Accession	1924	1933	1922
Yrs. of power	17	8	19
Age	62	52	58
Totals	3882	3882	3882

Divide by 2—  
(G. B. and U. S.) 1941 1941 1941

Unpronounceable names whether drunk or sober department: Methody Guleff, Boris Dimancheff, and Charles Metzelaars. Methody Guleff sounds like one of those particularly drooly sneezes. And while we're on the subject, Paula McGlurg, who was recently asked to call by the dean's office in the Butler Collegian, sounds like the blub of pouring molasses from a jug.

Latest method for exterminating those odious Americans (perhaps arbitrarily termed) known as damn yankees was recently devised by members, specifically Jack Trotman, of Old East. A ten foot whip called the "Yankee whip," not because it's continually popping off but because of its ability to exterminate, curls and cracks maliciously in the hands of experienced Old Easters who can cut a twig held by any fool at twenty paces.

## DTH Delivery Routes

Applications for DTH delivery routes for next year are due now and should be turned in at the circulation office in Graham Memorial.

# My Say

By Elsie Lyon

Sign of the Times: "Wanted one hitchhiker companion to New York. Guarantee a wonderful date in Washington Friday night." Don't rush, walk to the bulletin board in the Book Ex for more explicit details.

After a careful survey, the average number of commencement invitations sent out by graduating seniors is in the neighborhood of 15 apiece. Multiplied by approximately 700 seniors, that's 10,500 suckers. (This should put you into form for your math exam.) And multiplied by all the seniors throughout the country, we see that Santa Claus has severe competition in his gift racket.

Unpaid ad: Being a Playmaker includes a multitude of evils, and they often have difficulty convincing us that they're not morons, etc., but for once they are really going to be human and normal. Tomorrow the experienced Playmakers caper around in their annual Playcapers, and try to convince the rest of us that they really do use that space between the ears. Don't look at the program though, or you'll be more firmly convinced than ever that all is not well between the collective ears.

Wonder how Tut Cooper and Wilson Smith, new fraternity bridge champions would fare at the beach. Bet their leg signals would get mixed up to say the least. Many are the bridge champions who have been dethroned while playing on the sand.

The heat is killing the pretty little farm in the cigarette urn in Caldwell. Such a shame after the plants have managed to poke up three inches through the sand.

E. Carrington Smith really missed out on his ads for "Blood And Sand." No one looks at the bulls, but where oh where was the Hays office?

We love the way all our dear professors gave out these tear-jerking parting speeches yesterday. We almost felt like forgiving them for exams on dance weekends and stringent cut regulations, but we must remember not to weaken. Wait until we see those finals, then maybe our old fire will return.

The British seem to be a little mixed up in their war aims. "Place Germany in a position where she could never again challenge world peace." Guess they'll have to divide the world in two, then all the moon inhabitants will wonder if we're just an overgrown amoeba.

"With guests from all over the state visiting us at the last social event of the year we must be on our mettle," student body president Hobbs told us yesterday. Reminds us of parents' day at grade-school dancing school. But it's about time we stopped this wanton disregard of old Carolina traditions.

Unpaid ad the second: Minister of Propaganda, Bob Hoke, issued this bulletin late yesterday, "Jimmy Dorsey is playing for finals next week."

Paid ad the first (two cokes from Henry Moll): The New Carolina Mag will take your breath away. However, he needn't have invested the ten cents—it did take our breath away when we saw it. Dear Mag Editor: we owe you (1) two cokes, (2) an enthusiastic thanks for the best Mag ever seen.

## Yackety Yacks Distributed Today

Yackety Yacks will be distributed this morning from 10:30 to 12:30. This will be the last time to get annuals this year.

## War Relief Material Should Be Turned In

Coeds knitting for the British War Relief Committee please turn in their garments at once—finished or unfinished—to the Thrift Shop next to the Presbyterian church.

# TODAY

On the Campus

- 10:30—DTH news and sports staffs meet in DTH office in Graham Memorial.
- 1:30—Movies. Carolina, "Suany;" Pick, "The Invisible Ghost."
- 2:00—Till 4:00. Yackety Yacks given out in small lounge of Graham Memorial.
- 2:00—Till 5:00. Seniors listed in DTH must get caps and gowns.
- 8:00—Playmakers caper with Sound and Fury stars.