

# The Daily Tar Heel

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"I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."—Voltaire.

## • When War Comes

Tucked away on the shelves of the library is a row of blue-bound volumes—volumes that tell vividly, tragically just what happens when war comes to a university.

They are old bound editions of The Daily Tar Heel—the Tar Heel of 1914, of 1917.

Twenty-three years have yellowed the pages, made them almost fragile, given them a near-mustiness. But for all their age, those pages tell a story that no history book could tell—and about history.

Whether it be the yellowness or the fragility or the mustiness, they give one a feeling of depression, of tragic hopelessness that there must be something so overwhelmingly pernicious and compelling about war that saneness and common sense just can't stand against it.

Twenty-three years ago. There were students here at Chapel Hill, students just as likeable and as fun-loving and as earnest as there are now. They didn't think of war, didn't imagine it possible.

The Tar Heels of those days carry a tragic, a mute tale of little events that began pyramiding one upon another until the pile became too big and finally crumpled. And students and sane life crumpled with it.

Twenty-three years later. Chapel Hill has not changed greatly. Perhaps there is more freedom of thought and freedom of speech, but basic ideas are about the same. The college youth of 1941 has no desire to fight. He wants a college education, an education that will help him make a name for himself.

But the college youth today is not afraid. He is ready to fight if necessary. Before he fights, though, he would like for someone to tell him what he is fighting for. And the enemy? Who are they? Why are they?

We remember, two years ago when England went to war against the Germans, the battle cry was "fight fascism", and fight "nazism."

Nazism? Fascism? We believe they have already won their battle. The fight now is not over them. The fight now is over empire. Who will rule the world? The Germans? The British?

Full of meaning and significance is this year of 1941, 23 years later, are the files of this year. They will eventually grow old and yellow too. Perhaps they will carry a story, not of tragedy, but of sanity. We hope some day someone will skim over their pages and see how another generation, the class of '41, learned a lesson from those yellowed old volumes of 1917.

## • A Most Important Message

(In the Washington Post, Columnist Bill Cunningham recently printed an article which we feel touches a problem so close to us that its message should be reprinted in our last issue. Limited space prohibits our bringing you this column in full, but we have tried to give the most important excerpts therefrom.)

"The subject of war, as a national issue and a personal problem, after smoldering sullenly or self-consciously on the typical American college campus for a year, is now breaking into red and roaring flame. The college year is racing toward its finale. It's 'Goodbye Mr. Chips' for the senior class. The elms and ivy are already more of the past than any part of the present, and are none of the future at all.

"An older man hesitates to mix into any of this, not that he's unsure of his feelings, but because he remembers how vividly he resented a lot of free advice from those physically unlikened when he faced the same crisis as a collegian a quarter century ago. War is the problem, the hazard, the only curse of the young.

"My word is to those . . . kids, those too young yet, or uncalled yet, but who also on those college campuses yet, upset, bewildered and excited, no doubt, by all this wild debate.

"That word is, finish the job at hand, which means your college education, if possible. And don't give it a lick and a promise. Stay there and really punch. Come back next year and go as far as you can. Your duty to your country is fulfilled when you register and stand ready to go, if and when you're called.

"Nobody has done enough thinking yet about what comes after the war. Maybe that's premature when we still haven't got into one and, maybe by God's grace and some miracle, we may avoid that eventful fate. But the world, and this Nation, is going to need intelligence for that handling. If you have the chance to bring it some, that will be the greatest service of all. Finish your job and finish it well. If the bridge comes up, cross it when it's dead in your path, but don't let wild words toss you in the meantime."

# Campus Keyboard

By the Staff

This is my last spring here. As I walk the campus these days, a host of sweet, poignant memories come flooding back to me, and my throat is full, and a tender smile trembles on my lips. It has been a full life here at the University . . . these have been

large years. And now as my brief stay here draws tenderly, poignantly to a close . . . I am steeped in memories, in recollections of things dear. There are things I will hold to me always. With each friendly old 10:30 chat, with each familiar footpath, with each friendly walk through the arboretum, with each football game—especially those two Duke victories—I have a poignant, sweet association.

I stroll down the pleasant, shade flecked walks of the campus, a smile flickering on and off my face as the eager, laughing coeds surge down on me from the Library steps.

I pick up my books and pass on down the walk toward the stadium. I pass the beautiful bell tower. The walk is dirty, but I love every inch of it. Kenan greets me with a smile, and

**KENAN THE BEAUTIFUL** I sprawl in a boyish heap in the deep green grass on the football field. Memories come flooding back. . .

There was the time Russ playfully filled my egg sandwiches with old razor blades. Russ and I laughed about that many times. We grew to know each other well in those days afterwards.

There was that laughing, sun freckled afternoon when Carolina defeated Duke, 6 to 3. There was May Frolics, Finals, Fall Germans, and Mid-Winters. There were heartaches, but for every heartache there was a dozen smiles.

I stretch languidly and roll over, and the deep cool of the grass makes me think of the girl Ellen. Idly I think of her. A fleeting, tender smile flickers evanescently across my face

and is gone. Ellen.

**ELLEN** Ellen of the cool, calm ways. Ellen of the unruined poise. Ellen, that pokerface. When Ellen came to me in my sophomore year, life took on a new significance. I bought shoes and went for long walks with Ellen. I bought a pair of trunks and went for long swims with Ellen. We broke up when she wanted me to buy a car and go for long rides with her.

Those brief days were utterly poignant, and always the name Ellen will bring a sweet hurt.

Four years of laughter and tears . . . four fleeting years . . . and now, for me, they are drawing to a close.

**IT'S ALL OVER** Soon the Library doors will swing idly in the vagrant summer breeze. The Journalism windows will be closed, and the blue haze will be done, the flowers will bloom again heedlessly.

Another year there will be other students, other football teams, other Ellens.

My throat is full, and one salty tear finds its way to my lips.

# The 700 Seniors May Recall The Days Back in '37 When--

## 800 Frosh Entered To Set New Record

Most of the 700-odd seniors who will graduate here on June 10 came to Carolina with a record class of 830 freshmen four years ago, in the fall of 1937.

That was the year the University hit a new record enrollment—3,002 registered by the second day of school as officials expected the figures to pass the 3,200 mark.

International complications prevented Leon Trotsky, Russian revolutionist, from speaking on the campus under the auspices of the Carolina Political union.

Christian Siewers of Winston-Salem was elected president of the freshman class.

The student body by a vote of 490 to 342 opposed Roosevelt running for a third term. Last year the student body, by an even larger majority, favored a third term.

Frank Dailey and his famous orchestra played for the annual Fall German set.

The football team did the unexpected and defeated Duke 14-to-6 as Handy Andy Bershak, Crowell Little and Tom Burnette led the way. Bershak made several all-American teams, including NEA and Associated Press.

Proff Koch, the University's most famous Playmaker, gave his 148th reading of Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol" in Memorial Hall.

Graham Plan was introduced but not passed.

Will Osborne and his orchestra played for Mid-Winters.

Jim Joyner defeated Bud Huson for president of the student body.

After two years of work and 10 years of planning 200 University alumni, officials, and student leaders formally dedicated the new \$650,000 gymnasium and swimming pool.

UP won 19 campus offices.

Kay Kyser, famous alumnus, and his orchestra played for May Frolics. Paul Whiteman and Alumnus Hal Kemp played for the German club finals.

Up-swept hairdos came in on a sudden rush of popularity, but soon went out again. Coeds began wearing "sloppy joes" and saddle shoes were more in demand than they had ever been.

There was little talk of the United States going to war. There was less talk of the class of 1937 facing graduation and service with Uncle Sam.

It was a grand year—1937. A year that 700 seniors wish they could see once again.

## Rare Trees Grown In Oberlin Greenhouse

BERLIN, O.—(ACP)—Safe from bombs and invaders, 37 trees are thriving in a greenhouse here, soon to be transplanted into the Hall arboretum of Oberlin college.

According to L. S. Ries, superintendent of buildings and grounds for Oberlin, his department examined nursery catalogs for three years looking for certain species of North American trees. Last fall ten of the missing species were located in a nursery at Winchester, England. The order

# Publication Review

TAR AN' FEATHERS

By Martha LeFevre

"In years to come we may think back to school before our graduation. And rue the learning that we lack . . . Liberal without the education."

Bill Seeman has tied the last ribbon on his graduation present to the seniors and has given them, in his first try as a Tar An' Feathers editor, something to think back on before graduation. It doesn't give an education, but it's liberal.

He gives full credit to Hunt Hobbs whose acrostic poems cleverly describe the pictures of Carolina coeds taken by Hugh Morton. Hobbs is introduced as poet laureate of the publication as well as contributor of ideas, and his four-line ditties about a liberal education deserve the two pages given them and supply the answer to why students go to some of the classes they sign up for.

The editor has snatched feathers from here and there, including everything from a treatise on Sanford Stein stuffing the ballot box of the woman's honor council, to a presentation of a new slant on democracy's defenders. Few of the facts he gives his readers are new, but, at least, they are the kind of facts worth recalling in years to come.

Hugh Morton has taken photographs of girls sitting in trees, wading in Hogan's lake and lying on the ground. Jack Fields has taken pictures of more girls. If the magazine is good for nothing else, it could be cut up and used to decorate the walls of some of the boys' rooms.

Randy Mebane represents the coed population in raking the Carolina gentlemen across the coals, and doesn't spare the punches. Sylvan Meyer answers her, describing the Carolina coed metamorphosis, and ends up by saying there will be 267 imports at Finals, which proves Randy is probably right when she says the coed is just a strange interlude between dances.

Editor Seeman has prevailed upon several members of the faculty to contribute to his magazine. John Allcott of the art department stopped mixing paints long enough to scramble some eggs and write the Tar An' Feathers' readers how to do it. Raymond Adams of the English department was attracted by a West Virginia newspaper account of a woman and her five children escaping from a burning house with two sheets and a

placed October 16, but the trees didn't reach Oberlin until February 28.

Ries had given up hope that any of the trees would survive shipment, but after being individually potted and placed in the greenhouse, all of the 37 trees show signs of life.

# Letters To Editor

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

To the Editor:

Once upon a time, there were two college newspapers. The first always complained about social rooms, student government, and things like that. The second did that, too, but gave some space to world affairs, because it knew, that during these next few years, social rooms and student government will probably be pushed into the background by a struggle, which is going to decide the fate of all government for a long time to come.

So, one day, the first newspaper said to the second: "You are far too small to attempt such things. YOU can do nothing to change the world."

Thereupon the second newspaper replied: "In times of crisis, many people say—We are insignificant, what can we do?—and they settle down to a period of lethargy and wishful thinking, while 'London's burning,' and with it, all that you and I stand for. We must have faith in order to succeed, and if you and all your other little brothers join me, our small effort will become a big effort, and this big effort will help to determine whether, during the next hundred years, all of us will be ignominiously suppressed, or whether we may again give more prominence to 'personal problems,' which, however important they might normally be, are sometimes overshadowed by bigger things."

And the second newspaper, quite exhausted after its long speech, looked expectantly at its brother. But he had suddenly disappeared. He was seamy improving dormitories that he could not spare the time to listen to such strange suggestions.

Or could he?  
John L. Clive

shotgun, so he wrote a poem about it. Another contributor from the English department, E. E. Ericson, wrote a poem because he was bothered by a fly.

Orville Campbell has written a satirical letter from Fort Bragg which might amuse the prospective privates, but certainly won't make their plans for the future seem any brighter.

The dirty old joke department has some jokes that are perhaps a little more soiled than usual, but they're funny. A page of cartoons by Clyde Stallings looks into the future to show the graduates what they'll be doing four years from now. Jabie Heyward and Elsie Lyon, who takes Helen Plyler's place for this issue, tell in the usual way what Jane and Joe will wear this summer.

Editor Seeman's first try is clever, funny and even interesting. If this issue is an example, Tar An' Feathers should have smooth sailing next year.

IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE  
Attending To You And Your Car Needs  
Best of Luck to The Class of '41  
A Happy Summer To All

ESSO SERVICE STATION  
Obie Davis, Proprietor

... We Again Take This Occasion To

express to our many friends our sincere appreciation for their patronage during the past year, and our desire to see them back in the fall.

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