

The Daily Tar Heel

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College: Glamorous And Irritating And, If You Watch Your Step, Fun

(Editor's Note: The following, written by John Ed Pearce, is reprinted from the Kentucky Kernel, student paper at the University of Kentucky. We feel that it is one of the best editorials ever written by a college journalist, and urge everyone to read it.)

September is a thrilling month. Besides being the month of my birth, the first leg of fall, and the opening of the football season, it is also notable because it ushers in that most glamorous, exciting, worthwhile and irritating of all vocations, avocations and recreations, going to college.

Lots of people go to college, and that is good, since it makes for a better world, greater democracy, football teams, and fraternity graft. But about one third of all these who go to college are freshmen, and that is bad.

It is bad because freshmen are bad. Freshmen boys are usually either of the homesick-for-the-farm type, or of the here-I-am-boys-where-are-all-the-women variety. The first type spend all their time being timid and lost, believing what Greeks tell them. They are pretty dull. The latter group have a tendency to look frequently upon the wine when it is red, and to exhibit themselves in a most ungentlemanly manner when in their cups. They are quite nauseous.

Freshmen women are bad, too. They are impressed by activity men, and have a ludicrous sophistication picked up from reading "Mademoiselle." They squeal, say 'cute' all the time, and wear clothes that are too typical. They court a lot, and quail hunters usually bring out the artillery for their entrance.

Despite English professors and chemistry courses, college is a happy thing. Happy, that is, if you are smart. And smartness includes knowing when to rebel, when to accept. And, verily, I say unto you, accept some of the rules, hideous though they be. Nothing is worse than freshman military when you are a senior; nothing so saddens the heart as the knowledge that you have to work off some onerous foreign language when you want to take political science. The best thing to do is to brush off these things at first. The time is now.

Too much time given to activities is more than foolish, it is sinful. If it is true that all of college is not in books, it is doubly true that most of it is. Be not a grill goon. Beyond acquiring secretary's spread, it will give you a one-sided impression of college, and leave you stunted, a mental pigmy. Be not too sure. Avoid saying 'always' 'never' and 'every.'

Keep yourself mentally awake, and these will be the golden years. Four years filled with the mellow glow of autumn afternoons, of happy football crowds, of snow's whiteness and the warming sight of sorority open-house of Friday afternoons. Four years of rush weeks. Union dances, moonlight and parked cars, from which issues the silvery tinkle of soft feminine protest. Four years of beering through hazy nights, of pounding on the table, shouting down the wisdom of the ages, of pointing out the fallacies of the masters. Eight semesters of love and friendship, hate and anger, and the terrible indecision that comes from conflicting knowledge. Four years of good teachers and bad, of kindly advice, of meeting and parting, of life as it should be lived, and as it can never be lived once you have departed the gates. Keep your nose clean and the next forty-eight months are all velvet.

I happened to run into a textbook the other day, one of those rare good ones which the philanthropic downtown organizations have not as yet eliminated, which just about summed up the thought of college. Permit me to quote:
"And now here is college. All the values of youth are heightened and sharpened. If you are lucky you begin to see what it is all about, this business of living—how the present grew out of the past, and how the future is growing out of the present. College means many things to many minds, but to all it can mean this: a blessed space of time when the main concern of getting on can be postponed and a man or woman has a chance to get acquainted with himself in the universe. Just outside the college gates is a world which seems slightly unreal and more than a little queer. Beneath the benediction of campus elms is the one true reality, which is of the mind. Bit by bit we fit together the pieces which make an ideal world, not too much concerned if they do not altogether conform to any familiar pattern. We are building a long-run world and we have only four years to do it in! How must we exert ourselves to gather up every scrap of goodness, every shred of sweetness, and fashion them into the dream which we would live by. How must we grasp at every true value and make it ours for all time. How must we lay up the affirmations of wise men to guide us in a world of doubt and denial. This is our little golden moment of privilege when the world says, 'Here, we'll leave you alone until you get your bearings. Here is leisure to grow in. In God's name, make the most of it!'"

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Crossword Puzzle

By LARS MORRIS

ACROSS ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

1—One who invades suddenly
7—Public storehouses (French)
13—Get away from
14—Kind of Pacific Coast oak tree
15—Public repository for munitions
16—Wrinkle
18—Crazy place
19—Injure severely
21—Prayer of invocation to Virgin
22—Tunnel entrance
24—River in North England
25—Artificial waterway
27—Enthusiasm
28—Greek letter
30—Sovereign
31—Attempted
33—One who fishes by hook and line behind boat
35—Done with cunning secrecy
36—Employment
37—Were descended
41—Kind of insect (pl.)
45—Site of battle in Spain, 1809
46—Addition to house
48—One cubic meter
49—Straighten
50—Touch
52—Mince oath
53—Affirmative gesture
54—Natural fountain
56—Pretz: mastie

4—Belonging to Daniel
5—Solar year minus 12 lunar months
6—Provided with fresh set of horses
7—Permitted
8—Ripped apart
9—Brazilian cuckoo
10—Small dog (col.)
11—Swear in, as jury
12—Act of having property
15—Lately
17—Appliance for catching oaks
20—High explosive
23—Impertinent persistently
24—Shells
26—River of France
28—Forest-like
29—Organ of sight
34—Street (French)
37—Mountain in Yellowstone Park
38—Short pastoral poem
39—Those who make hostile incursion
40—Plea in justification
41—Worthy of veneration
42—Beneficiary of will
43—Instruments of detention
44—Closed automobile
47—Roumanian coins
48—Composer of operettas
54—Joint disease
55—Italian painter (died 1673)
58—"squeaker"
59—English brew
61—Tear

DOWN

1—Fireback
2—Attacks
3—Froze H2O

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24
25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36
37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48
49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60
61 62 63 64 65

Campus Keyboard

By The Staff

The dance was run off beautifully, every guy that wanted to dance with some girl was rushed off by one of the hostesses to some other gal... After a while, the competition between the hostesses got so rough that girls were kept spinning like so many tops... The fellows were not spinning though, their heads were reeling...

STAGS GOT A RUSH
The business of checking in before going on the floor met with the severe disapproval of most of the fellows who had attractive dates. By the time they got to the dancing area, the stags had his girl all sized up... It was raining so most of the male collars wilted from the humidity instead of the heat...

After the dance was over, the hostesses held a pep rally in Danziger's. They didn't have much pep left, but at least they rallied enough to pay their own check... Ode to the dance: Casey would waltz with the strawberry roan.

While the hostess grinned slyly He walked on the floor
Toward the girl he'd adore,
And the hostess grinned wryly.
His mouth was so open
You could see he was hopin'
To dance with the girl in the lace.
But the hostess espied him
Something died inside him—
You could tell by the look on his face.
—Jack Dube

One horse was talking to another about the Dodger's chances for winning the pennant. Suddenly, a dog interrupted them by saying, "Personally, I like the Cardinals."

DODGING THE ISSUE
"Look," said one of the horses, "A dog that talks..." I dislike front-page diagnosticians who use the Dodgers and the Russians in the same sentence. What have the Russians got? ... I noticed that there were no programs left around after the Sound and Fury show... I wonder if the telephone numbers of the woman's dorms which were on the back could have had anything to do with it... Lookout fellows, some of them might prove phoney...
"Momo" Mahoney and "Deadeye" Dunn, both of athletic fame, moved in on "Howie" Cohn... I'm a little afraid that Howie might find the dresser drawer just a wee bit too small...

Things we like to see about Chapel Hill: The receptionist at McIver hall who's only too willing to get some of the lonesome males who wander into the dorm a date with some of the lonesomer coeds... A section of the dance-floor removed for jitters during all dances...
Things we like to see in Chapel Hill

but never do: A Freshman President who'll be a Senior President... A way clear to the door of South building during Chapel Period... A busline from the lower quad to classroom buildings... a bus... a new crossword puzzle in the Tar Heel... a course that isn't closed out... a telephone wire that didn't flash a busy signal when calling a woman's dorm...

It Happens Here

4:00 till 6:00—Pan-Hellenic tea for all coeds in main lounge of Graham Memorial.
All Day—But preferably in the morning call W. R. Mann at the airport for CAA applications and see Dr. Morgan at the infirmary for physical exams.
7:30—Hillel reception for freshmen and transfer students in main lounge of Graham Memorial.

Class Cuts Review of Spring Diseases Shows High Mortality Rate

By Bill Pearson

James Oscar Whoozis was an awfully nice fellow; he knew how to get along with the coeds; he was a good party boy; he, believe it or not, passed his courses. But for some strange reason we suddenly missed Ossie the middle of last April. He had contracted a common variation of the sleeping sickness epidemic.

It was all brought on by staying up so late at night having a wonderful time as those excellent parties he and his friends took time about throwing. The result was that his resistance got low and he just couldn't wake up in the morning. HE MISSED FOUR PHYSICAL ED CLASSES.

Too bad, but everyone ought to know that when you have a disease of this epidemic type so seriously as to miss four physical ed classes that college life has become too strenuous for you and you are a "carrier" and must leave school—for the good of the other students as well as yourself.

Casualty One
Of course Oscar was warned after he missed three physical culture sessions that he was in a very dangerous condition and that if he succumbed to his weakness in any sort of class again, he would have to be isolated for his own good. But poor Oscar was too far gone, and he became one of our casualties.

Now in this next instance we could talk about a certain very attractive young coed who knew a very handsome young lieutenant in a certain army camp in these parts, and who simply had to meander over to spend days at a time with him. But it is slightly improper to discuss the affairs of young ladies who get ill; we have to depend upon them to volunteer their own versions of their experiences—which they usually do.

So here we will develop the story of John Izzinglass Strange, familiarly called Izzie, who also had the magnetic type of wanderlust. Just after Christmas last year, Izzie found it impossible to keep from going on little jaunts to one particular institution of learning housing members of the

HONOR CODE

A couple of hundred miles from Chapel Hill there stands another great southern university which is proud of its Honor System.
Once, not very long ago, a student was observed cheating on a chemistry quiz by a fellow member of the class. The observer knew the Honor System, as does every student in this particular university, and his responsibility to it. Still, it was difficult to report a fellow student for cheating and he needed some time to think about it. The problem worried him for several days, as he thought again and again of the obligation which he had to his university and his fellow students. Finally he made up his mind, and with great effort he went to his professor and reported what he had seen. The man rose from his seat and eagerly extended his hand to the boy.
"Son, I'm glad that you finally came. I hoped that you would."
"Why me, sir?"
"Because you are the last member of the class to report it."
Honor in action.

opposite sex. And as April turned into May, his jaunts grew into trips, with the result that his instructor in his major became worried about the fact that he himself might contract this perfectly natural but peculiarly chronic disease and promptly had all such students as Izzie taken from his class to a preventorium.

Unfair to Instructors
Izzie couldn't graduate. He was being prevented. And those unfortunates who suffer from Izzie's type of wanderlust find it awfully hard to enjoy preventoriums. So be warned by Izzie's fate, people. Don't give in and let your teacher face empty classes. It don't work out.

Our example of victims of the third and most contagious of these sicknesses really has met an awful end. The little microbes that worked on him gave him a fit. From sheer perverseness they wouldn't let him go to his classes. They told him he was a free soul, that he was paying his way and had a right to do as he pleased, that anybody who said differently was trying to discipline him.

Master of His Fate
So he listened to them, and he told other people what the microbes told him. Now—he's gone; and his family decided that the best way to cure him would be to get him in the army. That's where he is, still trying to be a free soul and still fighting against discipline. But, strangely enough, the microbes are fighting a losing battle; and the victim is on his way to recovery, though too late to utilize his lost chance at college.

Now everyone, we know, feels very sorry for these poor unfortunates. It's too bad that our medical doctors won't excuse these students who suffer from these troubles; but they say that since they can't find any positive proof of disease germs, they won't take the responsibility. Symptoms are not enough.

So there remain only two ways to stay normal healthy college students. Absorb this: Don't cut a three hour class but twice and a five hour class but four times. Then no one will have any positive proof that you are sick and ought to be out of school. Or, you can become immune in the eyes of the school by making the honor roll two successive quarters, and thus give in to the diseases as much as you please and still be considered hale and sound and instead of a danger to your fellow students, a positive good influence on them.

But in either case, look out for missing more than two physical ed classes and any quizzes. And for further clarification of these dangerous evils, see your nearest advisor, dean, member of the TAR HEEL staff or Dr. Frank.

Coeds To Report For Posture Photos

All freshman, sophomore and junior girls who have not had their posture pictures made will report to Woolen gym Monday afternoon between 4 and 6 o'clock.
Any seniors or graduate students may have these pictures made if they wish.

Research by University of California physicians indicates a connection between high blood pressure and excessive activity of the adrenal glands.

PICK THEATRE SUNDAY

4 STARS IN ONE GAY ENTERTAINMENT!

Jean CRAWFORD
ROBERT GREER
TAYLOR GARSON

WHEN LADIES MEET

Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD
Produced by Robert Z. Leonard & Orville O. Dull

with HERBERT MARSHALL
SPRING BYINGTON

—Also— LATEST NEWS EVENTS

—Monday— FLORA ROBSON ROBERT NEWTON in "POISON PEN"
—Tuesday— RICHARD ARLEN ANDY DEVINE in "MEN OF TIMBERLAND"
—Wednesday— DENNIS O'KEEFE ERIC BLORE in "LADY SCARFACE"
—Thursday— SABU in "THE THIEF OF BAGDAD"
—Friday— LESLIE HOWARD—INGRID BERGMAN GRACE BRADLEY—MICHAEL WHALEN in "INTERMEZZO, A LOVE STORY"
—Saturday— "SIGN OF THE WOLF"