

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue: News: BOB HOKE Sports: HORACE CARTER

"A man ain't got no right to be a public man, unless he meets the public views."—Martin Chuzzlewit.

Student-Faculty Day Change is Wise

Student-Faculty Day lies in a death-like coma. We all know the students and the faculty have contrived to devitalize it for years past, and now their strangle hold is about to take effect.

For the average student it has been a one day holiday on which he slept, took a carnival day off, or apple-polished professors. From the other side, most of the faculty seems to consider the day an ordeal, and regretting the break in their routine nevertheless condescend to lay aside their coats of scholarly sophistication to wear the often unused attire of a "regular fellow," and come out to visit with their guinea pigs. Thus strangeness and artificiality, the result of the attitude that the faculty and students must force themselves upon each other if "just for today," makes insincerity the order of the day.

If student-faculty relations are ever to be carried on in any sort of constructive, worthwhile manner, they must by all means continue throughout the year.

And without doubt, one of the most beneficial phases of a student's life in Chapel Hill should be, and has been in many cases, his close contact with professors. Casual, informal, out-of-class relations help develop and add maturity to a student's personality.

But there has to be a change in the attitudes of both parties concerned. Students first have to look at professors not as sour, ruthless drivers and drips who only know how to say, "Read twenty chapters a night," and as unfeeling devils who give pop quizzes every other morning. The faculty has to realize that students will some day develop into individuals much like themselves and their aim should be to see how much better. Hence, the students have to look at professors as sources of information and advice; the faculty must look at students as potential timber for society that cannot be developed alone in a lecture, but must be molded and shaped by continuous contacts.

Conditions must be favorable, however, before the attitudes can change. What will be the common ground? How will relations be facilitated?

Suggestions are needed from everybody. Here are a few: how about having weekly "bull sessions" in each fraternity and dormitory, perhaps in a student's room when social rooms aren't available; how about members of the faculty throwing some parties and fostering discussions at their own homes (present teas are good, but are a bit too formal and are restricted to a very limited few); have students ask professors to go to shows with them, have a beer with them, see them live and live with them outside the class-room. This is the only way profs can get to really understand the specimens out front and the only way students can get more out of professors than merely cut and dried knowledge.

Any old text book, lying stiff and dusty in the library stacks is that good.

Give Your Dime to Monogram Club

Monday night Bobby Gersten, Monogram Club president, was told by Chapel Hill authorities that the proposed raffle to send a Carolina student to Tulane, expenses paid, would have to be discontinued, since the raffle did not comply with Supreme Court rulings. A law is a law, and the raffle will have to stop, but Carolina students can certainly aid a good cause if they will forget about calling for their dimes.

Since we've been at Carolina we've watched the Monogram Club grow by leaps and bounds. Last year they cooperated with other organizations from time to time, and did much to foster better relations between all monogram men and students. A Monogram Club room was opened for the first time. Old Monogram Club members had a place to go when they returned to the Hill. The Monogram Club did things.

It takes money to do things, and it's hard for the Monogram Club to get money. They felt that a raffle would help them raise some money and also send a student to Tulane. The student cannot go to Tulane, but if those students who bought tickets will give their dimes to the club it will help. A single dime isn't much but the Monogram Club has several. Why not let them keep them?

If you're as unlucky as we are, you wouldn't have won the trip anyway. So before you take that stub to Graham Memorial today and tomorrow, think twice and tear it up. It's not such a bad feeling to know that you've helped a worthy cause, and if ever there was one the Monogram Club is.

Crossword Puzzle

By LARS MORRIS

ACROSS

- 1-Cross-brace in boat
- 2-Composed of riffs (Scottish)
- 3-Sudden invader
- 4-Small bottles
- 5-Express sympathy
- 6-Tinctured deeply
- 7-Fall to lower state
- 8-Concluding words of prayers
- 9-New Zealand timber
- 10-City in Pennsylvania
- 11-Supply oil to fire
- 12-Mud deposited by river
- 13-Dry, as wine
- 14-Germ
- 15-Modern American poet
- 16-Damnably people
- 17-Viscous material of cell (pl.)
- 18-Irrigates
- 19-Western Indian
- 20-Book of maps
- 21-Motion pictures
- 22-Appropriate
- 23-Lifeless
- 24-Fresh set of horses
- 25-Section of territory
- 26-Sea eagle
- 27-Spoils
- 28-Several misanthropes
- 29-Sell to consumer

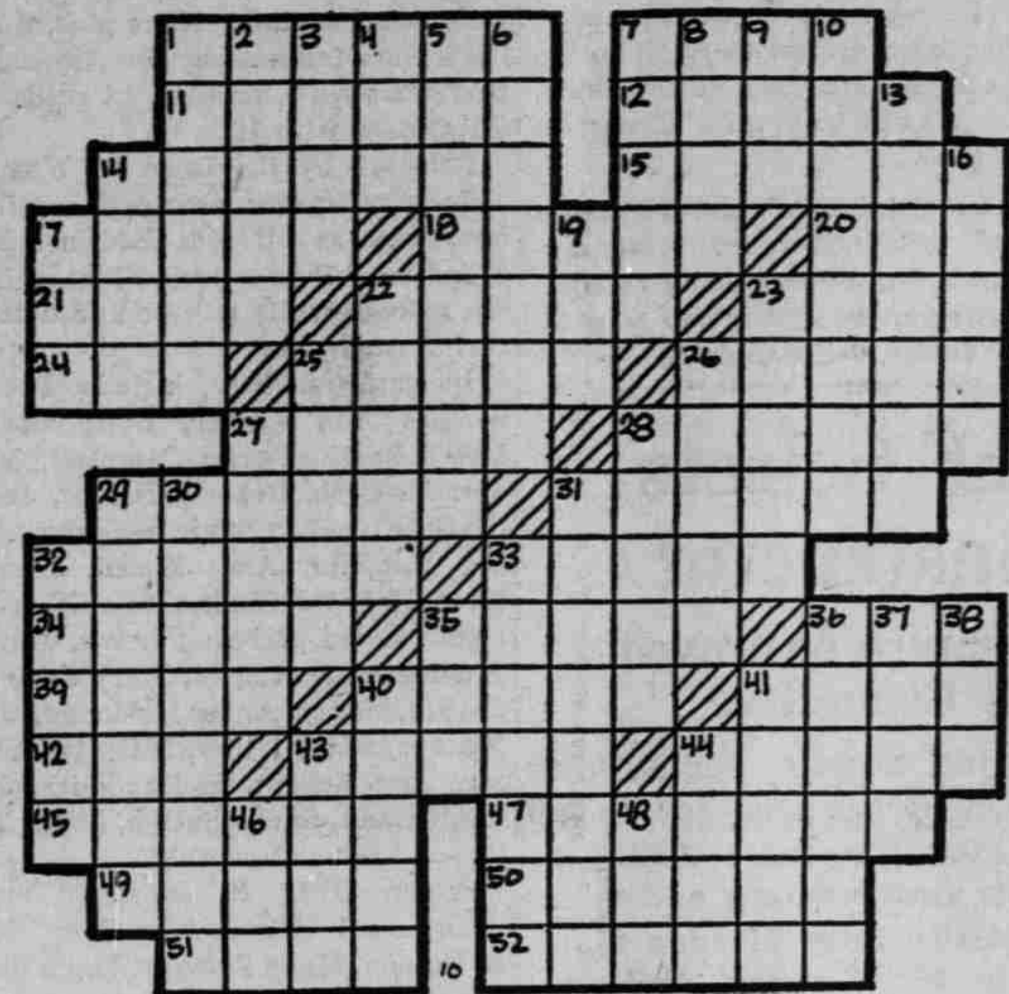
ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

DOWN

- 1-From side to side
- 2-Comotion
- 3-Complaints in chancery
- 4-Shakings
- 5-Sheep-like
- 6-Circular frames
- 7-Light strategic metal
- 8-Inspectors of weights
- 9-Attention
- 10-Lively song
- 11-The (French pl.)
- 12-Gain with difficulty
- 13-Sullies
- 14-Intelligence
- 15-Piles
- 16-Whips
- 17-Food of baked grain
- 18-Pesthery
- 19-Restaurantier
- 20-Mythical lost continent
- 21-Square pillar
- 22-One who walks in water
- 23-Looting
- 24-Price of service
- 25-Mech in love
- 26-English lord
- 27-Light brown
- 28-Bent again
- 29-Early Christian
- 30-Go up
- 31-Girl's name
- 32-Insect
- 33-Go astray

47-Artist's studio
48-Wash in clear water
49-One of Hitler's people
50-Let it remain
51-Wandering

1-Boundary of warm latitudes
2-Medieval German trade league



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Show Business

By Richard Adler

"The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give"—Ben Jonson.

THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY

Paul Green's "The House of Connelly," a play in two acts, was presented in gala array before a large and receptive audience last week in Memorial Hall. Staged by Sam Selden, ("Lost Colony" director and member of the Dramatic Art Department), Mr. Green's "Cherry Orchard" was enacted by the Carolina Playmakers Repertory Touring Co., composed of talented graduates of the University from both the "Hill" and Greensboro. "And all the great past that comes to dust," said Paul Green as he wrote of the broad, white columns, bright and rainbowed hoop-skirts, lazy, rolling fields, and chanting black people, bonded—now all faded and broken—grey streaks of oblivion, never to be forgotten by the older generation of the house of Connelly.

"Come with me, we'll walk into the fields out of this death and darkness—into the light," said Patsy Tate, tenant farmerette on the Connelly land, as the author draws Will Connelly, confused representative of the old family's younger generation, away from the stultifying, ever-present death-pride and prejudice. And back into the soil, mother of men, the earth. The fusion of Patsy Tate and Will Connelly and his burning ideals in a loud chorus for survival destroy the conflict of velvet and soil.

"The play is THE thing," a vibrant ballad of prose-poetry, a document of the old South bowing out to the new, and an appeal to youth for unity and strength—it is a universal drama.

The production showed work, even strain on the part of the company but it could do little to help in the exposition

keeping pace with pace

Believe me, I'm proud of our team and the way we showed up against Fordham Saturday; even Woody Woodhouse admitted Carolina's gallant fight for victory wasn't dampened by those two lucky touchdowns handed Fordham.

While I'm talking about dumb luck; did you hear about the lucky baboon that had the winning ticket to the Irish Sweepstakes a few years ago? They say the money went to his head and made a monkey out of him... If Fordham's Sebasteansky, Piculewicz, and Filipowicz don't make All-American this year, it will probably be because the judges can't spell their names.

of Mr. Green's genius. The first two scenes commenced at an immeasurably slow pace and but for the presence of Jessie Tate (Pendleton Harrison) who played the toughened farmer with a genuine feeling of the soil, there would have been hardly enough spark to send the rest of the play on its way.

Scene three is set in the ruined garden of Connelly Hall. And Ruth Mengel adds a pleasant relief to the heaviness of preceding scenes. Seated on an embattled bench, she has led the unfortunate Will from the gay party that the Connelly's gave in her honor. She symbolizes the typical Southland belle that tried to carry on the ancient airs of snobbery and tradition dominant before '61.

Jean McDonald was Patsy Tate and an adequate job she did. But the part requires more than adequacy. Perhaps Miss McDonald was not mature enough in her interpretation. In the first two scenes she was too straight a female actress. However, in the third fifth and sixth she picked up her spirit and seemed to feel a little more at home on the stage. She did give the role a full-breasted warmth, even passion at times. But her main failing was that she never reached white heat and lacked the earth about her presence. There was too little feeling that she had caloused her palm and broadened her beams by the handling of a plow.

Perhaps one of the most unusual talents ever to appear on a Playmaker stage is Bob Carroll who last year mastered both Judas in "The Family Portrait" and Romeo in the famous Forrest Theatre production. Carroll fell down in his rendition of Will Connelly. He was stiff to begin with and the audience became uneasy with him. His voice followed regular speech patterns and his gesticulations, over-affected mannerisms (hair-regulating, semi-swoons, and desperate motions when each time he raised a drink of whiskey to his lips) were unnecessary. Perhaps Mr. Carroll was too conscious of the fact that he is a leading member of a professional touring company.

Barbara Benedict played Mrs. Connelly with fine aristocratic shading handing in an even, commanding performance, and Jane Barrett and David Hooks as the two plantation negroes furnished both sinister mysticism and gay guffawing, dancing and playing on the stage.

Hillel Foundation

The Hillel Foundation Coffee Hour will be held this afternoon at 4 o'clock at the Hillel house, 513 East Rosemary Lane, it was announced yesterday. All students are invited to attend.

Send the DAILY TAR HEEL home

Signifying Nothing

By Harley Moore

Today we shall talk about the Benevolent Merchant.

Benevolent merchants are not just ordinary merchants. Not by any means. They are not what you would call opportunists. Not by any means. Instead, they form the backbone of the community with their honest, fair practice, and spread good will throughout the world by their total disregard of the "get-ahead-at-any-cost" creed of the usual run of merchants.

Chapel Hill has a few of these benevolent merchants. It was so evident over the week end that the time has come to offer them a little praise.

In the class of the benevolentest of the benevolent merchants are these proprietors who, in the habit of charging Carolina students the reasonable price of 15 cents for beer, felt that it was necessary to protect these lovable students from a beer shortage. Hence when an invading horde of foreigners,

clad in uniform, entered Chapel Hill, the merchants placed a protective tariff on beer and charged the soldiers 20 cents.

Running a close second for the prize of most benevolent are those merchants who felt it was their duty to reserve the thirty-five and forty cent dinners for the students, and pawned off the 65 cent meal on the khaki-clad lads. After all, there are just some things that the soldiers cannot do to us Carolina students, and that's eat our forty cent dinners.

Of course you realize that there are only a few of these benevolent merchants in Chapel Hill, and, in order that we might show our appreciation for their interest in us, we ought to set aside Benevolent Merchants Week End during which we can crown the Most Benevolent with a large lead crown, dropped heavily.

Letters To The Editor

To The Editor,

Admitting that it is inconvenient for the dorm managers to have to supply the pass key to occupants who have forgotten their own, it still seems unjust that they should charge ten cents for the use of said key when one takes into consideration that it is part of their job to accommodate those who room in the dorm under their care.

This payment is exacted from all occupants of Mangum Dorm who have the misfortune of forgetting their key. Perhaps it would be fair to charge ten cents in the event that the occupant did not return the key within an allotted time. In this way, added inconvenience and possible loss of the key would be avoided, while at the same time the roomer would not be required to pay an exorbitant fee for a privilege he has already payed for.

Very truly yours,
David G. Boak

To The Editor:

This bright October morning and a date were quite too much for a young man in a Georgia car who looked as if he might have been a student at UNC. He swept northward along Raleigh Road and tooting away at his horn rushed between a couple of us who had prudently slowed up at the Cameron Ave. crossing. He rushed on to the Franklin Street crossing and blew his horn at the red light there and crept three quarters of the way around the corner, so hot was he to have the light turn. And then he capt all by parking his car on the wrong side of the road.

It's very nice for a boy to feel gay, but when a car gets that way, raring and taring and howling down the roads, one wonders whether there should be a divorce between the car and the boy. I know that noisy, careless, inconsiderate and well nigh reckless driving is not approved by the sober good sense of Carolina.

Yours very truly,
Henry S. Huntington

It Happens Here

10:30—Monogram club makes refunds on raffle tickets.

4:00—Hillel Foundation Coffee Hour at Hillel House, 513 E. Rosemary Lane.

4:30—Regular weekly tea in Spencer hall. All coeds invited.

5:00—Chi Delta Phi meets in 214 Graham Memorial.

7:30—Undergraduate Physics club meets in Room 250 of Phillips hall.

7:30—Dr. Ralph McDonald addresses YDC in Gerrard hall.

8:00—Extra-curriculum reception for new students in Graham Memorial.

Soldiers Invited To Sunday Concert

Soldiers are especially invited to the John Eversman concert Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock in Hill music hall, Fish Worley, self-appointed director of army morale, announced yesterday. The violin concert by Eversman, outstanding Carolina artist, is one in the series of free programs sponsored by Graham Memorial and presenting prominent Carolina musicians.

Eversman played here last year to a capacity audience. A graduate of the Cincinnati college of Music, Eversman has had extensive concert experience. He will be assisted Sunday by Kenneth Lee at the piano.

Campus Keyboard

By The Staff

What's worse than trying to find a needle in a haystack? Ask Martha Guy and she'll say a sewing machine in Chapel Hill. Our local Sadie the Sewing Machine Girl was whirring away on Spencer's cantankerous Singer, plying her needle upon the costume for her debut

POOR GUY in Gracie Field's benefit program in Durham when—horror! The needle broke. Fearing the wrath of the Desperate Desmond—alias Fish Worley—should she not finish the finery (he's sponsoring UNC's part in the thing, you dope) she hid herself to the phone to find said substitute for said needle. Alarm after alarm was sent out. Dressmakers had moved. Five and Tens closed, but the Pi Phi's came through with exhibit 'A—a needle. Twenty-eight pledges and needles too. Needless to say that's ni-ice going.

You see its like this. Mr. Billie Carmichael, the controller of our University, knows a guy who knows Al Capp's cousin. Said cousin is trying to get Capp down here to show all the Lil Abners how to court Dog-Patch style when Fish flings his annual Sadie Hawkins brawl in November.

Our editorial yesterday dealing with Chapel Hill merchants who overcharged the soldiers has met with a lot of criticism here and yon. We do not mean to place any merchants on the so-called spot, and we hope none were wrongly accused. The University Cafe, for one, did not say "dig brother dig" or yell timber at the sight of khaki. Any others innocently accused will be publicly cleared of the taint of filthy—and we do mean filthy—lucre-ism.

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We knew Danziggers had the nicest, softest booties, and the most seductive lighting system in town, but they have more than that, dear. We have it on best authority that the harmless appearing Sachers, Linzers, and rum cookies contain a potent ingredient—love powder. It all began in '39 when three women students nibbled on the dainties and added M.R.S. to incidental B.A.'s, one of the trio being at the present the wife of Prof. Erickson. It is further stated that the more one consumes of Danzigger's dainties, the more powerful the effect. (Ed. note: We charge for advertising, usually.) Go to it coeds. Cakes like Mother never makes for a fact.

Hospital notes: The girl still has the measles, and the three still peer into mirrors. We understand that, but what we want to know is why the entire third floor of McIver is convinced it has a case of mass measles? Three men certainly covered a lot of ground, didn't they?

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