

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue:

News: PAUL KOMISARUK Sports: EARLE HELLEN

"Men's weaknesses are often necessary to the purposes of life."
Maeterlinck.

• Hell Raising Continues

Certain irresponsible students in the men's dormitories started off the school year with the customary hell-raising. They were requested at the outset to behave themselves and the Daily Tar Heel asked that the Interdormitory council wake up and superintend the reform.

The Council has obliged with a flurry of bull sessions and the nightly riots have continued.

Cussing contests are still carried on between neighboring dormitories. Unwary coeds walking by are insulted. Bowling games with bottles and beer cans are staged. Radios run full blast until early morning. Under pretence of manifesting the Carolina spirit, 50 students even took it upon themselves the other night to wake up the whole lower quadrangle.

As long as these conditions continue, any decent relationship between women and men students will be handicapped, and students living in men's dormitories will find adequate study and sleep impossible.

The offenders might remember that they have graduated from high school and are now part of a university. As Carolina gentlemen, they are obligated to respect their fellow students.

The Interdormitory Council might remember that it has more duties than merely to exist. As a student government or organization, it is obligated to exert all its powers to protect the rights of dormitory students.

• Daisie Mae, We Love You!

It is our hope that Al Capp, the originator of Li'l Abner, and the group of LIFE photographers who are going to be on the campus this week-end for Sadie Hawkins Day will not be disappointed. But unless the Carolina Coed and the Carolina Gentleman decide to wake up, some important people are going to be disillusioned.

Two years ago Sadie Hawkins Day was a farce. Last year it was a success. Still the Carolina Coed did not cooperate. A small number "got their man" out of Fish's Fish Bowl. The rest thought it was below their dignity. The Carolina Coed should wake up to the realization that the ratio on this campus is 6 to 1, and under those conditions it's not hard to get a date. When an occasion such as Sadie Hawkins Day comes along, they should at least do some "fishing" for a date. It won't hurt, and chances are your date will be a pretty good guy. Most Carolina Gentlemen are.

Let's plan now to devote this week-end to Sadie Hawkins Day and the University. The publicity we will receive will mean a great deal to Carolina. Al Capp accepted the University of North Carolina over a hundred other schools from which he received invitations. The least we can do is show our appreciation by showing Capp the time of his life. The Carolina Spirit of Living is wonderful. Let's put on our best front, and get Capp to move from Dogpatch to Chapel Hill.

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• Freedom Is Made Of Simple Stuff

From the archives of broken peace we are bringing out old words and dusting them off for use again as shining lanterns to lead us through the darkness of another war.

Words like freedom, justice and truth—all of them hard to define, none of them used more frequently than freedom.

You cannot say what freedom is, perhaps, in a single sentence. It is not necessary to define it. It is enough to point to it.

Freedom is a man lifting a gate latch at dusk and sitting for a while on the porch, smoking his pipe, before he goes to bed.

It is the violence of an argument outside an election poll; it is the righteous anger of the pulpits.

It is the warm laughter of a girl on a park bench.

It is the rush of a train over the continent and unafraid faces of people looking out the windows.

It is all the howdys in the world, and all the hellos.

It is Westbrook Pegler telling Roosevelt how to raise his children; it is Roosevelt letting them raise themselves.

It is Lindbergh's appealing voice raised above a thousand hisses.

It is Dorothy Thompson asking for war; it is Gen. Hugh S. Johnson asking her to keep quiet.

It is you trying to remember the words to The Star-Spangled Banner.

It is the sea breaking on wide sands somewhere and the shoulders of a mountain supporting the sky.

It is the air you fill your lungs with and the dirt that is your



Grindstone

By Bucky Harward

There is an interesting dilemma in the fact that a courageous and commendable effort by twelve self-help students to lower their living costs may be thwarted by the zoning ordinance of Chapel Hill.

The TAR HEEL stands firmly behind the plan now being effected by those students although they believe that they were mistreated in a news story printed in Sunday morning's paper. This writer, in an attempt to meet a 9 o'clock deadline at 10 o'clock Saturday night, misrepresented some facts and omitted others unintentionally.

The students have been firmly convinced ever since they considered occupying the house on Mallett Street that they would be within the law. When Dan Martin, self-help senior who was authorized to sign the lease, learned that the ordinance might cause trouble, he consulted two town lawyers. Their advice to go ahead, plus the fact that some of his friends had withdrawn from their former rooms caused him to proceed with signing the lease.

It would be foolish to attempt to settle here the legal issue involved. Qualified authorities in the administration and University law school have varied opinions as to the outcome of the trial. Martin has been charged

with violating an ordinance which does not mention such a cooperative group in the purposes for which structures in the A residence zone may be used.

The boys declared that their group should not be classified as a club or lodge or any commercial organization which belongs in B zone. "We boys have joined together from economic need to maintain a home and to share its expenses," Martin says. "That is all."

And the boys are doing an excellent job on a new movement which in time might expand to solve the vital problems of decent and economic housing and boarding of students who cannot get into dormitories or who must economize.

If possible, the case should not be taken to court, where the students stand some chance of having to bear legal and court costs which they cannot well afford. A safer and more satisfactory method would be to appeal to the board of adjustment and the board of aldermen for occupancy of the house for the rest of the year.

Representatives of the town should be willing to countenance a short-run exception to the ordinance for the long-run benefit of the University and its students.

Editorially Speaking

If President Roosevelt, Senator Pepper, Herbert Agar or some other rifle-polisher in this country were to call us up and say, "If you were in our shoes, today, what would you do?"—well, we know exactly what to suggest.

We would start out by telling the boys to sit down a minute, light up a cigarette and drink a Coca-Cola and think this thing out. We would tell them to stop letting their sentiment run away with their common sense. We would propose a new motto for the United States:

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON

Take Julius Caesar, for instance. No slouch at war-making himself, the wily old Roman learned early in his career that there are times when what-you-want-to-do does not exactly coincide with what-you-have-to-do. It is said of him that on occasions when his forces were surprised by the enemy—and that happens to the best of them—he would drop back a little way until he could rally his men together, draw up more supplies, and choose a position where his men would have the advantage.

Much as he wanted to pitch right in fighting, and important as the battle might be, he still had to Keep His Shirt On until the odds were on his side.

That's how things look for the United States today.

We'll admit that this country—and the whole world for that matter—has been taken by surprise, caught with our guard down. It doesn't matter at this time how it happened or who is responsible, but the fact remains. We have been caught off balance.

The troops of Adolf Hitler have been pushing through city after city, country after country. Today, cumbrous, unorganized Russia is snarling back and beating at the lines with clumsy paws. Britain is striking here and there and putting in an occasional good lick. But on the whole, the picture of Europe is darkened as if by a settling mist.

One by one, as lights in a country town after curfew, the little candles of liberty are being put out all over the continent.

It is a terrible thing—and the only thing that the well-meaning, idealistic interventionists can see. They point out the grim-faced Britishers fighting for their bit of freedom, the Princesses knitting mittens, The Wooley, the brave young RAFmen flying into twilight, the magnificent stand of freedom, and we say England, Our Hearts Are With You. They see the America of 1941 going

garden.

It is a man cursing all cops.

It is the absence of apprehension at the sound of approaching footsteps outside your closed door.

It is your hot resentment of intrigue, the tilt of your chin and the tightening of your lips sometimes.

It is all the things you do and want to keep on doing.

Freedom—it is you.

—Reprinted from the Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.

Letters To The Editor

To The Editor:

Yesterday's vote for the three finalists in the Fred Allen Talent Contest was unrepresentative in two respects. In the first place the student body was not cognizant of the fact that the vote was being held, and secondly yesterday's vote was determined through the medium of log-rolling, carte-blanche, plot and counter plot, in fact everything concerned with a campus election except the racks and axe.

During the past week, Tom Avera, Bob Richards, and Alonzo Squires were selected from forty candidates who participated in the first audition in the University Radio Studio. On Friday night the three finalists were broadcast over Stations WDNC and WBIG. Few students heard the broadcast and yet it is the students who are endowed with the privilege of selecting the winner.

Realizing that the student body was not acquainted with the issue at hand, one of the finalists placed his representatives in the vicinity of the voting booths and delegated those petty politicians to seek out the students' vote. It is my purpose in this letter not only to expose this issue but also to influence the students to vote conscientiously.

This was not a campus political election and the stakes were not similar to those involved in a campus election. If the students choose a poor leader in the spring elections it is they who have to bear with him during the school year. If politics determine a leader in this contest, the citizens of our nation will

have to bear with the winner when he appears in Fred Allen's national radio program.

We, the students of the University of North Carolina have been extended a distinct privilege and have been endowed with a trust. We did not prove ourselves worthy of this trust. Our vote decided what student will receive \$200, a free trip to New York and an opportunity to participate in Fred Allen's radio program. Is it politics that determined the winner to be presented to the radio world?

Respectfully yours,
M. T. S.

To The Editor:

An Open Letter to the CPU and the IRC.

For the past two years, I have faithfully attended the addresses given by the speakers presented by the two organizations to whom this letter is addressed in what may be termed the average college students eternal quest for knowledge and information, and I have continually gone away from Memorial Hall feeling that the time I had thus wasted could have been put to better usage by reading a good book. The speakers, in general, seem to have the idea that their audience has no knowledge whatsoever of the topics on which they have chosen to speak, and as a result usually confine themselves to the barest remarks possible on the subject without ever succeeding in telling us something that we are not already aware of from the daily perusal of the newspapers and news magazines that are available to us.

The threat to our security and to our "way of life" in recent years has caused the American public in general and the American student in particular to attempt to secure as much information as possible pertaining to the position of the American nation in the world at war. What knowledge we do lack is the intricate details of the behind-the-scenes activities of our national government and it is these details that the speakers are able to give us—but never do.

If the CPU and the IRC would inform their projected speakers that their audience desires knowledge out of their ordinary reach and not a rehash of that which they already know, the two organizations and their speakers would inform instead of wasting our time and, thereby, serve a useful purpose.

Emanuel Rivkin

Send the DAILY TAR HEEL home

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GEORGE REEVES
RICHARD DERR

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