

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue:

News: HAYDEN CARRUTH Sports: HORACE CARTER

"How many a thing we cast to the ground,
When others pick it up becomes a gem."—George Meredith.

• Carolina Dances: No Stags, No Orchestras

Jim Morton is a disillusioned young man. Six weeks ago, when he was sweating in the Mu Nu hotbox, the rushers described in glowing terms and thirsty looks how wonderful a time he would have at the fall dances staged by the German Club, to which the Mu's belonged. That tipped the scales. Jim shook up, buttoned up, looked forward for six weeks to savoring his first real College Dance Week-end.

To share the good time with him, he invited the Girl From Back Home. She got excited too. Ever since she had wrangled her first evening dress at the age of fourteen, she had been anticipating an invitation to a week-end at the Hill, where dances and music were the best. Jim wasn't uneasy about her getting around at the dances. She was, he knew, attractive, could dance well, and exchanged the trite chatter. Just to make sure, he got promises from his pledge and future brothers that they would dance with her.

He hit his old man for \$20, got a ride for the week-end and went to Durham to get his date from the train. At 10 o'clock Friday night, basking in the assurance they were a handsome couple, they pushed open the cast iron door of the Tin Can, checked their coats and casually began to dance.

They danced together for the rest of the night, but after a while it wasn't so casual. Jim kept looking for his promised aid. He soon discovered that they all had dates of their own whom they were pushing around the floor.

Saturday afternoon, the same thing happened. Saturday night, after one more hour of futile struggle, they decided to listen to the band. There wasn't any trouble in getting near the bandstand. In fact most couples were pretty far away from it. Except for the suavity of the leader, the band's performance wasn't nearly so good as that of campus bands that Jim had heard at previous informal dances this fall.

Put on the defensive, Jim remarked that after you got away from the band it didn't sound so bad. A little bitter now, the Girl From Back Home replied that was the same thing as saying that a girl didn't look so bad if you couldn't see her well.

After typical, interminable Sunday, Jim put his date on the train, spent his last 15 cents on cigarettes and joined a community mourning session around at the house. One sufferer, the Pollyanna type, said that somebody told him that there were ten stags at the dance. But nobody had seen them.

The moral—Fall Germans this year were the worst they have been as long as we can remember. We've been to them all and this isn't a sour grapes hangover from the Duke game. The music was undeniably subpar. If the German club paid the regular price, it was roused. If it secured the orchestra cheaply, it had no right to charge six dollars for bids.

A dance set with ten stags or no stags may have gone over swell in the North or West where couples expect to dance together all night. But for the next few decades, the cutting in system will persist here and that will necessitate stags. The \$3.50 charged stags each night was exorbitant, unreasonable and responsible for dances so sticky that several escorts are rumored to have fainted Saturday night when broken on.

If Carolina's reputation for the best college dances is to continue, the German Club will be obliged to do two things. First, they must admit stags at less than couple price. Second, they must secure bands that have names but can still play music.

• In Passing

"Freedom of the mind, social mobility through education, universal schooling—these are the three fundamentals of the Jeffersonian tradition. They have represented the aspirations and desires of a free people embarked on a new experiment, the perpetuation of a casteless nation. To many of the present college generation the phrase 'equality of opportunity' seems a mockery, a trite collection of idle words. In this I see the major challenges to our educational system, a challenge which can be met only by a radical reconstruction. If the nation wants to bend its efforts to have as free and classless a society as possible, then for those of us concerned with schools and colleges our course is clearly plotted. Is it too late, too late for our schools to revitalize the idea of a classless nation? Can we complete the necessary major re-adjust-

Campus Keyboard

By The Staff

Leander braved the choppy waves of the Hellespont to spend blissful evenings with his priestess of Aphrodite. Likened unto this mythical swain is a handsome Med student whose love led him to brave the ironclad rules and nurses of the infirmary to visit his ailing coed sweetheart.

Confronted by the sturdy Mrs. Dukess at the door of the infirmary, he murmured from behind a large bouquet of roses that he desired to visit aforementioned coed. After a flat refusal, he huffed out and mounted the fire escape on the left side of the building. Just as he reached the top and set one foot in the hall, he looked up into the black frown of Mrs. Dukess who forthwith chased him down the steps with a syringe.

Instead of committing suicide as Hero did upon Leander's failure to reach her in a storm, the coed broke her glasses and languished in the infirmary sightless for the rest of her sickness.

After misquoting the inscription on King Tching-thang's bath tub or after mislocating the least average variable cost, it's often a temptation to throw books or pocket knives

TAMED SQUIRREL at those scampering squirrels whose sole existence is concerned with nothing more than a nut. Perverting his natural impulses, however, a Mangum lad has tamed one for a muffler. He playfully frolics on the Mangumite's coat, and as yet no mishaps have led to a dry cleaning bill.

A tender W. C. freshman, thoroughly in love with one of the smoothest Kappa Sigs, wrote him the following heart-rending letter: "I love you with all my heart, Bill, and now I've gotta go take a bath."

Was looking over the magazines in the Varsity 'tother day, when one of the clerkettes glared at me and asked firmly, "Can I help you?" Deciding not to take the hint, I calmly picked up a magazine to scan brazenly in front of her, magazine turning out to be one of those "weaking to colossus in four easy hours" publications. Large letters confronted me: "Do you desire more from life?", it said. "Are you tired and lazy?", it said. "Try York Barbells", it said. I looked up into the smiling eyes of the young clerk as she remarked, "Carter's little liver pills are much cheaper."

TART TOPICS—the woozy stewed-in the Marathon who spilt his beer in a chocolate pie and drank the pie—the Deke pledge who was in a quandary as to what to wear to Sadie Hawkins and decided to get drunk and go as an active—the feud between Momo Mahoney and Mac Sherman which causes a fight every time they see each other—the yankee sports writer whose blood has such an affinity for that of his Dook brothers that he wrote that Carolina called time out after each play to carry the wounded off the field—the rather humorous comment from the NC State paper which read as follows: "We were so happy we won the game that we even disregarded the yellow-tinted contemptuous streak that ran through the pages of 'Our Brothers' paper the next day. They couldn't lose a football game to us without a rebuttal reminding us how 'cultured' they are." Ho-hum, State boys seem to forget that cultures change, but we must always have farmers—the love-lorn lad who moaned, "I've gotta get a date with Bunny before I go home Thanksgiving or I won't have anything to be thankful for."—B. W.

SOME BULL

Weekenditties: We were on our way to Durham... we picked up a big fellow and gave him a hitch... we talked about Duke derogatorily... complained about some of the stalwarts in the armed forces... degraded the ancient and honorable institution of marriage... the fellow got out at Five Points saying "By the way I'm Dinky Darnell, played end for Duke last year, and I'm on furlough from the army to visit my wife"... we stepped on the gas and got a ticket for passing a red lite... but it was worth it...

HAH: Our defamer, Ann Montgomery, was feeling so good this weekend she just went around cutting in on all the boys... only it wasn't a girl-break...

Intelligentwomen: Genie Loaring-Clark with the wind whistling counterpoint as she peddled down Columbia

ment in our educational system in time to prevent the extinction of the Jeffersonian tradition? I believe we can, if we make haste. I predict at least another century of vigor for the American ideal." President James B. Conant of Harvard university cites objective of a casteless society as the duty of every educator.

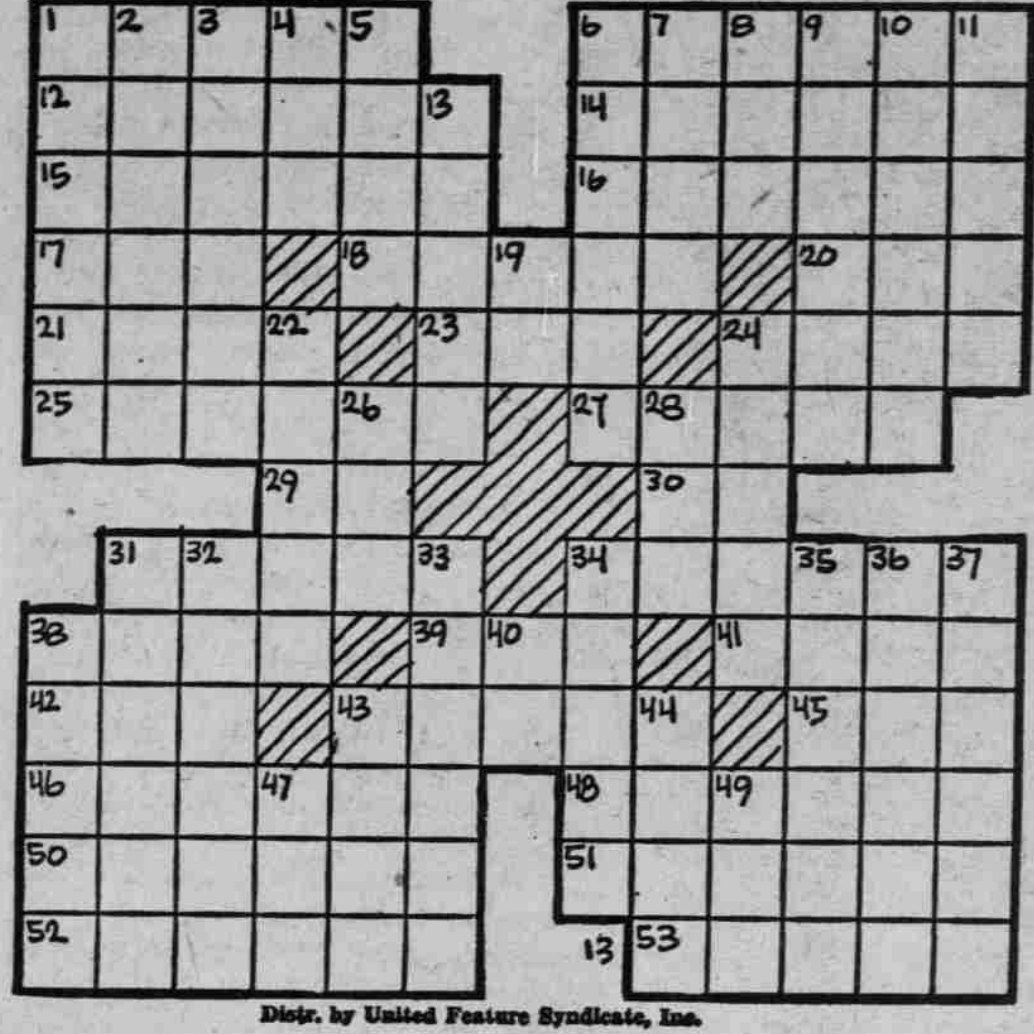
Crossword Puzzle

By LARS MORRIS

ACROSS
1—Girl's name
4—After-dinner nap
13—Leopard-like cat
14—User of bow and arrow
15—Give suck to
16—Brooks
17—Arabian name
18—Strong vegetable
20—Japanese statesman
21—Small arms (slang)
22—Period
23—Baking chamber
24—Build
27—More certain
28—Three-toed sloth
30—Prefix: concerning
31—Openings in side of ship
34—Pipefish
36—Salvors
38—Good friend (col.)
41—Have dinner
42—Western Indian
43—Pertaining to mankind
45—Am able to
46—Sick headache
48—Turbulent woman
49—Golden-colored alloy
51—Spinner of webs

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

DOWN
2—Puff-bling to eye
3—Declaim from memory
5—Sumo
6—Fly plane alone
7—Wooden shoe
8—Basis of steel
9—Old European coin
10—Receive confession of
11—Machine for stretching cloth
12—Malicious burning
13—Has tendency
14—Sweetheart of Zeus
15—Marks left by wounds
16—Mountain nymph
17—Small bird
18—Receptacle for ashes of dead
19—Flat Roman plate
20—Western state
21—Proths
22—Enemies of Teutons
23—Large locust
25—Medieval military engine
26—Male singers
28—Malignant growth
29—Exist as
30—Conceal
32—Bites sharply
33—Put out
35—Tear up



Dict. by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.



In Dubious Battle

By Jack Dube

Let's See: The Swiss youth staying here telling the boys at the I. F. C. council meeting that he's amazed at the amount of social life which goes on in the American College... Incidentally he's staying at the Beta House, which may have slightly colored his views... Ken Willis in front of the bonfire talking to the Dook guy who set it off. The Duke shrewdly remarked that he'd molder any of them if they came over... as he lit the match behind Ken's back... Bill Swink and a number of other hairless stalwarts complain that their constitutional rights are being abridged. They have been driven from the sidewalks in front of every barber-shop in town... prospective customers shudder hirsutely and run screaming into the night... the barbers are ordering teepees for them this week...

Street singing operatic arias into the sympathetic Chapel Hill nite air... It may astonish some of our professional campus cynics to learn that we have a professional horsey set in our midst. Four ambitious heroes arise at five thirty every Sunday morning and go riding in Durham. This is of absolutely no importance, except perhaps that we may write luxuriantly in our beds these cold Sunday morns and murmur, "There but for the Grace of God"...

Out of the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings: Jim Pace talking in class about some foreign program on which some m. c. spoke in a very peculiar way... "Believe it was Fred Allen" says Jim... Margie Murchison to our Uncle Lou, at the Duke game... "For once in my life I was a conscious objector"... An awful number of our coeds are throwing themselves away at school... but they're taking careful aim at the campus B.M.O.C.'s Caesar was ambitious, but it's not becoming in some of the girls who feminize our Hill... Whit Lees... "The one advantage that an airplane has over a car is, that you don't have to pay for a grave. You dig it yourself"... thud...

Letters To The Editor
My dear DTH Staff:
That, I assume, is the way I should address you—with the semi-affectionate "dear" despite your menace in commenting on the astrological aspect which seemed to point toward Mr. Dunkle at 2:46 PM. You

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My Say

By Elsie Lyon

The time spent in listening to the IRC and CPU speakers during the past two years might have been better spent reading a good book, so writes a student in an open letter to these organizations.

It is quite true that many of the past speakers have been disappointing, but we cannot place the blame on the CPU and IRC which are sincerely trying to serve the campus.

We can hardly expect President Roosevelt to wait until he comes to Chapel Hill to pronounce momentous decisions or for some ambassador to come to Chapel Hill to reveal state secrets. When and if these statesmen do discuss important decisions, they will choose a time when they will have a nation wide radio audience or at least an audience of important political persons.

We must also remember that with world conditions as they are today we can hardly expect any great announcements to be made. Both William Batt and Henri-Haye recently found it necessary to sidestep certain issues which might have caused them to be guilty of treason.

This same writer is also incensed because the speakers talk down to Chapel Hill audiences and he believes that the two organizations should inform their speakers that they are addressing an intelligent group of young people.

Perhaps that is the method of overcoming this problem. We think not. One of the distinctive features of the programs is the question period following every speech. If all the questions were of the intelligent level they should be, then we would soon gain the reputation of keeping a speaker on his toes, and the speakers would come prepared for it. Yet when some of the questions are childish, and often they are not questions at all, but long, prejudiced voicing of arguments, then the speakers are right in assuming that they can talk down to us.

Both the CPU and IRC can be rightly proud of the outstanding contributions they have made to the campus. If the students would cooperate by asking uniformly intelligent questions and regarding the question periods as such and not as bull sessions, then the campus will add to the fine reputation these organizations have already earned.

will recall my wording "that something would happen to Dunkle," that something not necessarily malefic. Your surmise that the aspect was evil doubtless prompted your remark that "something would happen to Zodiac at 2:47 PM."

Paraphrasing Mr. Shakespeare's immortal lines, there was no terror in your threats, "dear" Staff; they pass'd me by as the idle wind.

And, lo, your prediction was more accurate than mine. Nothing happened to Dunkle; at about 2:47 I discovered a lot of fuzzy pink hairs all over the outside of my coat sleeve next to a read-head seated See LETTERS TO EDITOR, page 4