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For This Issue: News: HAYDEN CARRUTH Sports: MARK GARNER

Americanism—A Definition

Editor's note: When drums beat, when there is war, we are prone to pause, and say, "What is this Americanism?" The question is difficult; there are many answers. Our own—the late Thomas Wolfe, who edited this paper during the last war, and who is one of the outstanding writers of our time wrote this as his "Credo," in the closing paragraphs of his novel, "You Can't Go Home Again."

I believe that we are lost here in America, but I believe we shall be found. And this belief, which amounts now to the catharsis of knowledge and conviction, is for me—and I think for all of us—not only our own hope, but America's everlasting dream. I think the life which we have fashioned in America, and which has fashioned us—the forms are made, the cells that grew the honeycomb that was created—was self-destructive in its nature, and must be destroyed. I think these forms are dying, and must die, just as I know that America and the people in it are deathless, undiscovered, and immortal, and must live.

I think the true discovery of America is before us. I think the true fulfillment of our spirit, of our people, of our mighty and immortal land, is yet to come. I think the true discovery of our own democracy is still before us. And I think that all these things are certain as the morning, as inevitable as noon. I think I speak for most men living when I say that our America is Here, is Now, and beckons on before us, and that this glorious assurance is not only our living hope, but our dream to be accomplished.

I think the enemy is here before us, too. But I think we know the forms and faces of the enemy, and in the knowledge that we know him, and shall meet him, and eventually must conquer him, is also our living hope. I think the enemy is here before us with a thousand faces, but I think we know that all his faces wear one mask. I think the enemy is single selfishness and compulsive greed. I think the enemy is blind, but has the brutal power of his blind grab. I do not think the enemy was born yesterday, or that he grew to manhood forty years ago, or that he suffered sickness and collapse in 1929, or that we began without the enemy, and that our vision faltered, that we lost the way, and suddenly were in his camp. I think the enemy is old as Time, and evil as Hell, and that he has been with us from the beginning. I think he stole our earth from us, destroyed our wealth, and ravaged and despoiled our land. I think he took our people and enslaved them, that he polluted the fountains of life, took unto himself the rarest treasures of our own possession, took our bread and left us with a crust, and, not content, for the nature of the enemy is insatiate—tried finally to take from us the crust.

I think the enemy comes to us with the face of innocence and says to us:
"I am your friend."
I think the enemy deceives us with false words and lying phrases, saying:

"See, I am one of you—I am one of your children, your son, your brother, and your friend. Behold how sleek and fat I have become—and all because I am one of you—shaped in your way of life, of thinking, of accomplishment. What I am, I am because I am one of you, your humble brother and your friend. Behold," cries the enemy, "the man I am, the man I have become, the thing I have accomplished—and reflect. Will you destroy this thing? I assure you that it is the most precious thing you have. It is yourselves, the projection of each of you, the triumph of your individual lives, the thing that is rooted in your blood, and native to your stock, and inherent in the traditions of America. It is the thing that all you may hope to be," says Enemy, "for—" humbly—"am I not one of you? Am I not just your brother and your son? Am I not the living image of what each of you may hope to be, would wish to be, would desire for his own son? Would you destroy this glorious incarnation of your own heroic self? If you do then," says Enemy, "you destroy yourselves—you kill the thing that is most gloriously American, and in so killing, kill yourselves."

He lies! And now we know he lies! He is not gloriously, or in any other way, ourselves. He is not our friend, our son, our brother. And he is not American! For, although he has a thousand familiar and convenient faces, his own true face is as old as Hell.

Look about you and see what he has done.

Before I go, I have just one more thing to tell you:

Campus Keyboard

By The Staff

Impressions of a Cub Reporter:

President Graham smiling and hand-shaking on Franklin Street last evening.—The newsboys profiteering on the War.—Sign in K Dorm: Watch your language please, I have girls' pictures all over the room.—The fragrance of good food as you pass the Franklin Street bakery.—The musician cleaning his instrument with silk-umentionables.—The patriotic old-timer solemnly saluting the flag waving from a passing auto.—The eager Tar Heel newcomer making the rounds of the office... willing to take anything.—The coeds who decorate the campus... waiting for their dates.—The Blitz-lunchers wolfing a coke and a sandwich.—The large increase of visitors to the Library at night... to keep warm.—The dizzy couple gipping a glop uptown.—The coed with the champagne hair.—The local police conducting quiet investigation concerning the current crime wave.—The haunted-house-look of the Library at dawn.—The giddy coeds rushing to the matinees—usually a foursome—hogging the sidewalk.

Portrait of a Man Thinking:

Japan's newspapers want to eliminate all foreign words. They'll have a h-l of a time if they forget the word for help.

Idea for financial killing: Put all men on one island all coeds on another—then go into boat business.

Cable to Emperor of Japan: God save America—God help you. So you know everything: What's happened to Lindbergh?

CORRECTION: War nerves and general confusion caused us to make a mistake in the Keyboard yesterday that is sincerely regretted. In the criticism of Senator Nye, Senator Wheeler's name somehow got into print in place of Nye's. Wheeler has demonstrated his loyalty to the government by pledging his absolute support to the President and he is to be admired as much as Nye is to be censured.—M. B.

It Happens Here

2:30—Dr. Loren C. MacKinney will talk on "History and the Forecasting of Future Events" over WNCN and WBIG.

2:45—String ensemble from the chamber music class of William Klenz over stations WNCN and WBIG.

4:30—Hillel foundation weekly tea.

8:30—Christmas concert of the University Glee Clubs at Hill hall.

9:30—Carolina Round Table discusses "How Much Does America Have to Sacrifice to Win the War?"

10:00—Meeting of the Charlotte Carolina Club at Gerrard Hall.

Inquiring Reporter

Question: Do you think that the present French Government favors an Allied or a German victory?

Dr. E. J. Woodhouse, (Faculty): I think the Vichy Government is certainly pro-German, controlled by anti-British doing all they can to help Germany win the war and thereby feather their own nests.

Mac Lane, (President, Freshman Class): In the long run it favors an Allied victory, I think, but, because the Germans have the upper hand now, the French Government at present finds it preferable to play along with the Germans.

Carrington Gretter, (President, Debate Council): I think the French Government is 99.9 per cent German. John McCormick, (Sec.-Treas., Student Body): Although all the high officials of the French Government are working for what they believe to be the best interests of France, some feel that France would be better off with a British victory, while others feel that France's fate lies with a victorious Germany.

Mary Elizabeth Nash: I think the French Government favors an Allied victory, for it hopes to be able to rebuild into a prosperous and important nation once more.

Some'h'ng has spoken to me in the night, burning the tapers of the waning year; something has spoken in the night, and told me that I shall die, I know not where. Saying:

"To lose the earth you know, for greater knowing; to lose the life you have, for greater life; to leave the friends you loved, for greater loving; to find a land more kind than home, more large than earth—

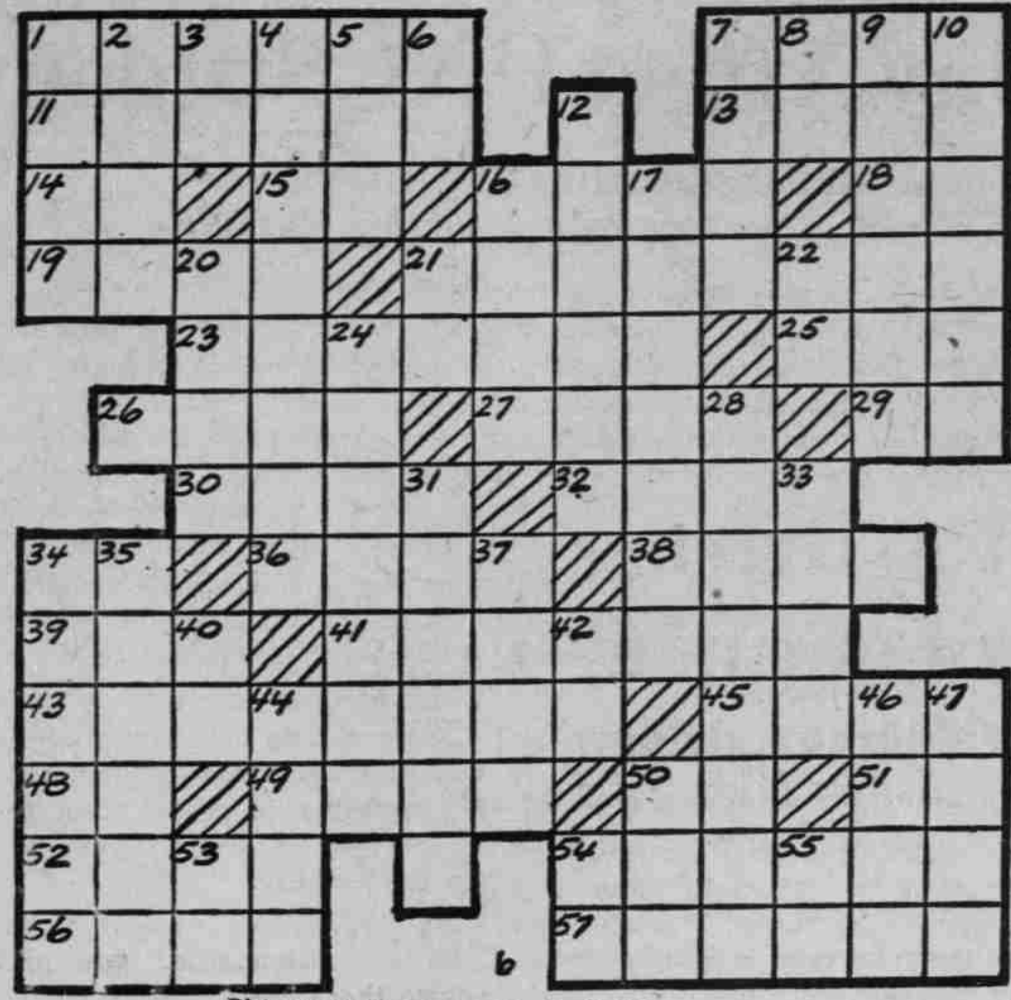
"—Whereon the pillars of this earth are founded, toward which the conscience of the world is tending—a wind is rising, and the rivers flow."

Crossword Puzzle

By LARS MORRIS

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

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| 1-Open bottle | 2-Measure of area | 3-Musical dramas | 4-Active person | 5-Myself | 6-Printer's measure | 7-Wan | 8-Goddess of earth | 9-Appalling to fancy | 10-Hone | 11-Drunkard | 12-Teutonic (abbr.) | 13-Formerly | 14-Half-cms | 15-Glacial ridges | 16-Affected manners | 17-Concerning | 18-Salutations | 19-Kind of electric light | 20-Object | 21-Against the law | 22-Native of French capital | 23-Trial | 24-I am | 25-Small duck | 26-3,1416 | 27-Parce ls. windstorm | 28-Man's name | 29-Wish | 30-Cucumber | 31-Genus of orchids | 32-Agustic air | 33-Plural suffix | 34-Arabian seaport held by British | 35-District | 36-Prefix: together | 37-Head of Catholic Church | 38-Secretary of State under Wilson | 39-In the ocean | 40-Railroad (abbr.) | 41-Tips of watch-chains | 42-Reversion to ancestral type | 43-Dissertation | 44-Help given to poor | 45-Bottom of fool | 46-Complain | 47-Hard-surface paint | 48-Cabbage | 49-Physician (abbr.) | 50-Agrieved | 51-Prepared for first shot in golf | 52-Vigor (lang) | 53-Hebrew first month | 54-Perform | 55-Within |
|---------------|-------------------|------------------|-----------------|----------|---------------------|-------|--------------------|----------------------|---------|-------------|---------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------------|---------------------|---------------|----------------|---------------------------|-----------|--------------------|-----------------------------|----------|---------|---------------|-----------|------------------------|---------------|---------|-------------|---------------------|----------------|------------------|------------------------------------|-------------|---------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------|---------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------------|-----------------|-----------------------|-------------------|-------------|-----------------------|------------|----------------------|-------------|------------------------------------|-----------------|-----------------------|------------|-----------|



Art in a Garbage Dump

Coed Reacts to Exhibit Of Unique Mexican Art

By Nancy Smith

I never thought of a garbage dump as a suitable thing to include in a picture until I saw Orozco's "Basureros" at the exhibit of Mexican prints which opened Sunday afternoon at 12 o'clock in Person hall.

Wherever the artists have taken material from Mexico and used it as in the picture of the garbage dumps or merchants or the photographer, the pictures are forceful and alive. When copying European subjects, the prints are weak. Most of these prints are not what we call "pretty"—they are common subjects presented with no gilt and often a certain amount of caricature—but they are interesting, alive and in some respects superior to American prints because they reach below the surface of things.

The most important artist is Orozco, who painted the garbage dump and the scavengers who live in or near it in little paper box shacks. Another reason for the importance of his work is that he represents the phases of Mexican life in his prints more vividly than a photographer. His "Women," an example of this, shows the camp followers of the Revolutionary army. In many cases these women fought like men. His "War," condensed from a huge mural, to me is a jumble of junked cannon and grotesque faces.

War and revolution has left its mark on other artists too. Mendez, who copied European methods but used Mexican models in his print "Camisa Dorada," depicts the Fascist menace in Mexico. This print reminds me of the bitter, ironic war cartoons appearing on the editorial pages of American papers, but great skill in drawing and technique is shown.

The prints of Dosamantes are to me the most lovely and satisfying ones in the show. His subjects are not deep and powerful but for sheer charm there is no print better than his "Seated Women." It simply shows three women sitting, backs toward us, with long pig-tails. Also pretty is his "Group of Women."

In direct contrast to these aesthetic prints of women is Paredes' "Two Girls." The gloom tones of the print, the deep dull despair on the faces of the two exceptionally ugly girls and the careless way one holds a doll tell a story more vividly than words. You

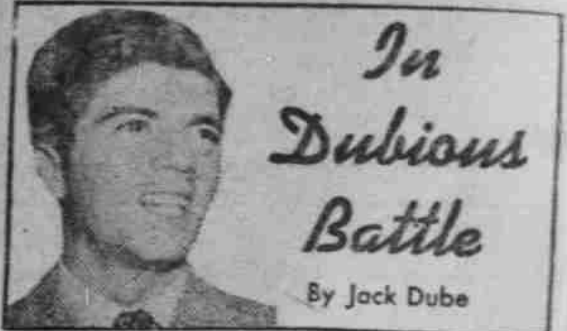
must see the picture to imagine the story it tells. He also has a print, "Vendedora" which is not deep but is worthy of note because it is a study in patterns. Paredes is a pupil of Orozco's.

The only artist in the show is Velasquez Cueto, who held an exhibit of tapestry in Paris. Her print "Cuanta" shows a village in a jungle-like country. The houses are odd things looking like beehives set on their small ends, and the trees are tropical. Although the scene looks odd and unusual, it serves to bring home the fact that Mexico really is a tropical country.

"Desnudos Femeninos" by Vasquez is an odd print because in the lower right corner is a tiny figure. This stands for the artist's signature; it is his trademark. This idea was taken from an old Mayan sign. Speaking of ancient things, there are some prints by Montenegro, who has been an archaeologist. The facial types represented were taken from ruins and the style he uses is perfect.

Vasquez also has a picture reminiscent of the Women's Christian Temperance Union campaign. It is called "El Alcoholico" and depicts a drunken man lying in the gutter, a grotesque figure hovering in the background and a good Samaritan bending over the man. Behind the white-robed Samaritan we can see the swinging doors of the Club Nocturno.

I could not stop without mention of a print called "Faena" which left a strong impression of power and strength with me. It shows men working in the fields of a hot, harsh land, different from the tropical one Velasquez Cueto pictured, with sharp angled mountains in the background. One



In Dubious Battle

By Jack Dube

Scope: In going through his copy which was submitted for the Carolina Mag's next super issue, Editor Moll found a paragraph which read word-for-word, exactly the same as one which appeared in "Truth"... Moll was then forced to call the editor of said sheet and have him write the paragraph over....

Wartorn Topics: As a defense measure, Chinese living in heavily populated cities with large Japanese sections have been asked to wear little buttons in order to avoid embarrassment... that dastardly attack was used no less than four times before the vote on the war declaration.... The coed ratio is going down... down... down... down... Quote the gals "Oh bring it up, etc. etc. etc. what with seventeen-year olds...."

Quoteroos: Quote the Chinese ambassador upon hearing of Japan's declaration of war, "Oh, Happy, happy, day"... Wimpy Lewis "This place is going to the dogs... I'm thru, I'm fed up, I'm... I'm... DRAFTED!... Louis S. (for Smith) Harris says he makes room for an extra five-minute meeting a day by not signing his middle name...."

Sexcuse Us: Ann Blair Alderson who lives on the first floor of Alderman complains that she can't get any sleep at night because people keep trying to climb through her window after curfew... Joe Ferguson soph mogul's sign asking his committee to meet caused some comment but we hear the dance is really goin' to be some'n.... The Moguls of Somanfury will vote to a man that McGahey was the second best among them... Ardis Kipp when someone heckled her when selling NYA bids (wish more gals had tried) "What are you trying to do—ruin my little business?..."

Chapel Hill Chatter: Dr. Adams culled from a Botany Quiz "Waist Products"... fellow sure had his mind on his work... The Civilian Morale Program is a great idea... all we need is some civilians... The agonizing screams for help which pierced the dead of the night and awoke the retired students and professors on North Street in the vicinity of the Lashman cottage....

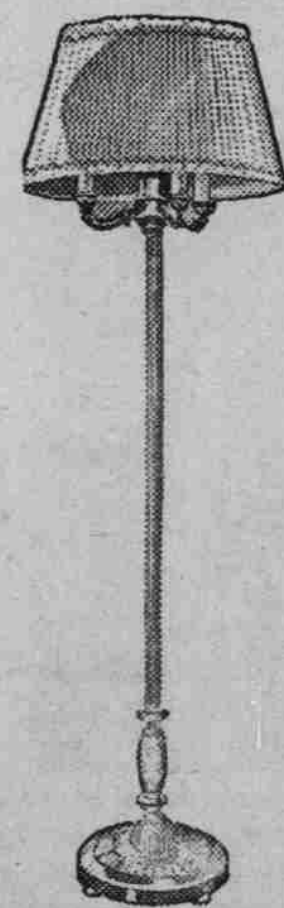
Thought to put you to sleep happy: A psychological survey taken during the last world war shows that morals relaxed to an almost unprecedented degree... also college coeds formed units to "Kiss the Boys Good bye" and a fellow who enlisted got a goodbye peck from all the campus queens... hint... hint....

Mexican is drinking water from a jug. The odd thing is that Ramirez gets across his impression of strength by drawing all the men with big square feet.

Some other prints worth seeing are Avila's "Portrait of a Girl"; she is not a pretty girl either. Then there is Escobado's "The Photographer," a scene you might find in America, and Orozco's "Zapatistas," a study of Mexican hats not to mention the political impulses that dictated the picture. There are also many more prints as good or better than the ones I have mentioned.

Running through the exhibit is the love of grotesque, some fine composition, and caricature. The whole show is unified and dominated by movements of political and social importance.

The Mexicans are way ahead of us because their art is intended for the people. Most of the pictures are prints See COED REACTS, page 4



LIGHT! FOR CHRISTMAS

Electricity — and with it has come new comforts for XMAS

What could be a better Christmas Gift than some Electrical Appliance to add to the comfort of the home.

BENNETT & BLOCKSIDE