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The Daily Tar Heel Editorial Page

Opinions • Columns • Letters • Features

keyboard . . .

Carolina has for ages been bothered beyond endurance by an organized group of negro children who make a business of begging on the campus and streets of Chapel Hill. No one minds, of course, helping the needy through orthodox channels, but when one is continually begged going to and from classes leading to embarrassing situations several times a quarter, some official steps should be taken to eliminate the public pestilence.

Paulding O., A jury here yesterday convicted Robert Edwards, 19, of assaulting a 17 year old girl after deliberating four hours.
Introvert type, probably.
(From the New Yorker)

The typical Carolina student now leads a somewhat trying life what with crawling from a warm bed in the middle of the night to attend a class in hygiene where he will be told that eight hours sleep is absolutely essential, for attending phys ed swimming classes while it snows on the roof of the pool, and expecting Uncle Sam to wave a beckoning hand at any time.

Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines . . .

There have always been little foxes—in every country in every time; but the ones here described are denizens of the arboretum and Harry's and are more addicted to malt than wine, laughter than money, and low morals than low wage-rates.

In Germany Sundays come on Tuesday.

We now have definite proof that our campus is ridden with book worms. In the national drive for 10,000,000 books to be distributed among our armed forces the only books which have been left in the huge expectant barrels are old worn copies of professors' who have no doubt memorized them. Not even national defense can tear our treasures from our grasp.

letters to . . .

To The Editor:

The article on Playmaker Broadcasts in the February 10 issue of the Daily Tar Heel erroneously implies that during the first year of broadcasting "more of the material used was in the form of adaptations of one-act plays."

As a matter of cold record, "most of the material" was not adaptations. Fourteen plays were broadcast that first year. Seven were original plays written expressly "with presentation over the air in mind." Seven of the plays were adaptations which makes it fifty per cent and not "most."

Of these seven original radio scripts written and broadcast that first year, one was purchased by Warner Brothers, and is being made into a technicolor movie. Two were published by Samuel French in a volume of radio plays and a fourth is soon to appear in radio anthology. One of these original radio plays has been republished three times in various forms. These figures would indicate that more than fifty per cent of the original work done in that first year was deemed professional enough for publication. During that year when "most of the material used was in the form of adaptations," three other original scripts were written which were broadcast in the following year. In the second year of the new order, original plays only, it was found necessary to broadcast three adaptations. Original plays were still late in coming. In fact this year's broadcast started with an adaptation.

In that first year of broadcasting, there was no studio and the equipment was meager. Radio writing was a new medium. As a matter of necessity (and in order to advertise the programs) adaptations of the folk plays were used—but only until original material could be written. It was a hard, rough, pioneering year and writers, directors and actors worked against terrific odds which have since been removed. However, in that year, the groundwork of the subsequent broadcasting of original plays only, was successfully and firmly laid. A little credit should be due to the pioneers.

Finch and Smith



music maker . . .

By Brad McCuen

Saturday night after the dance, Ray McKinley dashed over to the Sigma Chi house for a small session. The main purpose of the jamming was so that Ray, who is starting his own band when he breaks away from Bradley this week, could audition some of the campus cats. Ray said nothing definite but he is interested in Milt Norman, guitar, Mac MacDougal, sax, and Frank Settlemeyer, piano. The boys all play with Freddy Johnson as does Warren Simpson who sat in with Bradley's trumpet section all day. Simpson refused an offer to stay on with Will. Bob Saunders, Johnny Satterfield's ride trumpeter, last week turned down an offer from Teddy Powell who was touring this section.

Saturday afternoon Will Bradley showed us a picture that was taken in 1935. It was a shot of Ray Noble's band in which we spotted five present-day big-name bandleaders. Noble had just come to our country from his native England and had formed a band from available musicians in New York. Will was sitting up in the trombone section next to a chap named Glenn Miller. Claude Thornhill was at the piano and Bud Freeman held a tenor sax. Up top with the trumpets was a little fellow who plays a fine horn—Charlie Spivak. Spivak brings his band to Memorial hall Friday at 4:30.

UNC is invading the American Banking Institute in Washington this February 21. We are furnishing the complete floor show and dance band for their annual banquet. Going are Bernice Eltinge, Art Golby, Marilyn Sanifer, Freddy Caligan, and the Freddy Johnson quartet and orchestra.

HOT NOTES: As a musical show that Rooney-Garland "Babes on Broadway" was certainly a lemon. . . Benny Goodman's buxom vocalist, Peggy Lee, turns in a truly wonderful performance on the record "Where or When." . . Count Basie drew a large number of Carolina music fans to Durham last week. The Count's band was in top form and it even claimed the majority of attention over the razor fights that prevailed. . . Artie Shaw's boys caused a near riot in Newark before his band broke up and Artie dashed off to the hospital. They were playing a theatre and when the curtain bell rang, Artie discovered that through a misunderstanding half of the boys were dressed in blue uniforms, the rest in grey. There was a wild 60-second scramble as the boys changed to uniform uniforms. . . Look for the revival of a whole batch of old time favorites as next in the ever changing song cycle. "Where or When" was a starter. It will be followed by "Let's Have Another Cup of Coffee." . . Fats Waller's new nick-name is the "Girth of the Blues."

RECORD OF THE WEEK: Art Jarrett, who took over Hal Kemp's band, released two tunes during Christmas vacation from the show "Best Foot Forward." They are just starting to catch on. "What Do You Think I AM" is a pleasant pop tune with a nice Gale Robbins vocal.

in dubious battle . . .

By Jack Dube

Pome:
Yes, they wake you up at one
When your head feels like a ton,
And ask you if you want
A sleeping potion.

If unconsciousness you feign,
You'll be worked by Jane "the pain,"
But the bitterest pain of all
Is to see her face.

If the nurses rant and rave
And they treat you like a slave
Without benefit of number
On your cell—

To the campus, it's no news
You've got what every student rues—
You've got the Infirmary Blues.
(Repeat)

Weekly we clutch our pen and scrawl out these gems. . . Had it not been for the pleading wire from Cafe Society, Mrs. Roosevelt, and our syndicate editors we should never have garnered the strength to eke these few words out. . .

Scoop: Look out for the opening, in the very near future, of a nautical nightclub, replete with portholes, in the very locale where the Immortal "Aggie's" once flourished. . .

Balderdash: Jack Holland told us, with tear-swept eyes, of the military ruin of one of his dearest friends. He was court martialed—from the CVTC. . . Sign on a spinner's tomb in Death Valley, Nevada: "She averaged well for this vicinity. . ."

And Folderol: Dr. English Bagby received congratulations upon becoming a grandfather last week, but they were nothing compared to the lauding he received this week upon becoming a father. . . Bud Samo was in town last week, but we are not Walter Winchell. . . Charlie Nelson tells us that it's amazing how coeds get beautiful after you've been sitting opposite them in Harry's for a few hours. . .

Out of the Mouths of Babes: Johnny McCormick, when asked what brand of cigarettes he smoked, replied, "Any given kind." . . Was it June Love who told us that conditions in the war-boom towns of the Middle West are so bad that hermits are living together. . . John Thorpe quotes Prof Dykstra in class: "Mr. Merrill, you're a mathe-magician! . . . and Mr. Dykstra, you're a punner. . ."

Weekendtties: The after-dance openhouses held by fraternities for dormitory men and their dates showed just the right spirit. . . With five events to go, the crowd at the swimming meet Saturday afternoon headed for the doors. Quote the coach: "What's that Bradley guy got, anyway?" . . .

Flash: Just heard that it snowed yesterday. . . it's good to hear those things when you're in the infirmary. . . makes you feel as though you're a part of things. . .

"Buckle Down, Winssocki" is corny but great. Art's recording is as good as the Benny Goodman and should push this number to popularity. (Victor)

THIS IS DIFFERENT . . .

Ever so often we run into something that we believe really deserves some extra credit and unrewarded effort. Around the Daily Tar Heel, that something has come up in the form of the Red Cross-WSS War Fund Appeal which is trying to raise a thousand dollars.

This year, more than ever before, Carolina students have been solicited to help various drives and organizations. This year it is costing Carolina students more than ever before to come to Carolina.

But overnight the student's picture in the war conflict has changed. In the past we have more or less felt that a student should be allowed to use his own discretion in deciding whether his desires or other persons' needs were more important. Times have changed, though, and now the Daily Tar Heel asks that every student see no alternative but to give—to give 'til it hurts, if you will.

Ten minutes after the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor the Red Cross was at work. Carolina students were at Pearl Harbor. Fraternity brothers, classmates, brothers, sweethearts, all received Red Cross aid if they needed it. Who was responsible? Those of us at home who contributed to the Red Cross last year. We are not trying to appeal to a person's sentiments, but as we think of the Red Cross War Fund Drive we can see that money contributed now will be used to help members of this year's student body. You or I may be receiving Red Cross aid next year this time. We want the best medical service we can get. We want to be taken care of if we are injured. We want our parents notified if we are made prisoners of war. These things, and more, the Red Cross does.

Just as important and probably closer to us at this time is the World Student Service Relief Fund. There are six million prisoners of war in Europe—at least 50,000 of these are students.

One thousand, two hundred and ninety-two Americans have already been taken prisoners of war in the Far East. The World Student Service Relief Fund looks after these students. Food, clothing and shelter are provided for them; even transportation if they want to come home. Fellows your own age are slowly going crazy in concentration camps. Your money will send recreation equipment and books to bring them new life.

Yes, it's a worthy cause, and it's just a matter of give, give, give. What's the use of having if you don't put what you have to good use? Do your bit to help. Give up a date, or a movie or a meal. You won't miss it, and the money you give will help to save someone's life and happiness, and the life and happiness of the world.

IN PASSING . . .

The University Dance committee, long looked on by the campus as a detective agency of bloodhounds with hypersensitive proboscises, has just performed Carolina dance-goers with a service that should wipe out that unjustified prejudice. Available now to all students having imports is an informal four-page booklet that they can send to their dates before the weekend comes. Only printed matter in the booklet is a short letter which states simply and briefly the written and unwritten rules about Carolina dances—why Carolina men do not send flowers, how a state law prohibits a boy from paying for a girl's room, the rule against leaving the dance and returning without a chaperon, and others. Little matters, yes, but they can and have caused the Carolina gentleman a lot of embarrassment when his date didn't understand them in advance.

Three University of Texas art professors are painting post office murals for the federal government.

MY SAY . . .

By Elsie Lyon

Both parties have thrown their candidates into the elections ring and once again Carolina will be faced with the choice of student officers and heads by personalities rather than by the ideals and principles for which they stand. Candidates will be so busy saying, "Hey, How You?" that they will not take a minute to ask themselves, "What will I do with my office, how will I use it to improve student government and benefit those who are my constituents?" Yet these are questions which each candidate ought to answer for himself and the voters during the course of his campaign.

Probably the most outstanding feature of Carolina elections is the lack of platforms. Candidates stand for election on their own personalities, not on what they could do for the campus as a whole. And nothing is more misleading than personalities which are strangely much more genial, efficient, and charming during "politicking" time. It's a great disappointment to see some of the genial students for whom we voted last spring falling down on their jobs this year. Yet we had no concrete basis on which to choose our favorites. And neither party has a platform.

Efficiency, after all, is not a question of merely doing what a predecessor has done. Nothing causes an organization or ideal to stagnate so quickly as a year-by-year repetition of doing the same old things. To be efficient means to be dynamic, to be constantly doing new things and looking for ways to serve the campus better. Because we are all conservatives in the sense that we find it easier to go through the same old motions rather than new ones, it is a rare person who thinks up good ideas and carries them through. But the nominees are supposedly rare people and as such they should make it their business to think up good ideas and carry them out.

There is no dearth of problems which would make good platform material on this campus. For example, should we or should we not have a constitution? If so, what should be the relative power of the PU Board and the student legislature? Should all social activities be coordinated under one representative student legislature, or should such semi-autonomous bodies as the Grail and Dance Committee continue to wield final social power?

Prospective class officers should decide how they are going to apportion their budgets. Are they going to spend thousands of dollars on dance weekends, or are they going to think up a new and economical plan for class entertainment which will please all class members? If they are not going to spend so much money, should they even collect such large class fees? With the cost of education rising, it might be well for the classes to do their bit in making education available to more students.

On publications, candidates might well take a stand. The candidates for the Tar Heel might be put in charge of two days' issues and then the students could see what type of paper they would have under each candidate. It would give the electorate something concrete upon which to base their selection. Perhaps space could be given in the March issues of the two magazines in which the candidates could put into practice their wonderful ideas.

We hope the candidates will take time out to think through these questions and the many others which exist on this campus and will take a stand on the issues. Then their literature will be worth something besides just waste to be thrown into the waste basket.

There is no limit to ideas, only to people who will take the time to think them up.

Three rare volumes published in 1700 have been donated recently to the Washington State college library.