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The Daily Tar Heel Editorial Page

Opinions Columns Letters Features

gyre and gimble...

by hayden carruth and harley moore

GARMENT LAMENT

(Please pronounce this title funny, i. e. with Boston accent, thusly: Gah-ment, Lah' ment.)

BEREAVE THE WEAVE

Two coats were idly chatting in A pawn shop in the woolly west; Said one to t'other, "Hi ya, brother, You appear to be de-pressed."

The second coat replied so sadly: "My youth's a thing that I bereave; I'm just a tweed That's gone to seed; My woof* has gone against my weave.

"I used to have a happy life, (my college days were such a time). My every pleat Was oh so neat. (Has anybody got a rhyme?)

"My owner, Leslie Chauncy, III, Maltreated me most carelessly. Just like a student He wasn't prudent, And now he is a bare Leslie.

"One night he left me on the coat-rack While he thoughtlessly ate dinner A fellow, sly, With greedy eye, Abducted me, the hell-bent sinner.

"He sold me to another guy, Who sold me to another guy, Who sold me to Another, who Then sold me to another guy."

(Repeat) ... (O. K. That's enough.)

"First I ripped a button-hole, Then I tore my right sleeve cuff, My collar's crinkled, Crease is wrinkled. Don't my owners treat me ruff?"

"And so you know ...

"I long for Leslie (Chauncy III) And Chapel Hill, so picturesque. And I've no fear My sad career Has made me missed by Chauncy Esq."

*For the uninformed, in weaving the woof is the thread which crosses the other thread which is the warp. Or vice versa. In other words, the woof would be the warp if the warp were the woof. Or supposing the woof was the warp then the warp would be the woof. Do we make ourselves clear?

friday's child...

By Marion Lippincott

The time has come the profs have said To talk of many things Of shoes and ships and sealing wax And examinations and stuff.

The age old cry of "I wish I'd done my work this quarter" is beginning. Students with more than fifteen hours' work to catch up on are beginning to gnaw on their fingernails and even students with fifteen or less hours are beginning to act a little snappy. But don't think any really serious work is beginning yet. This is the worrying stage. The eleventh hour, benzedrine, headaches and sleepless nights stage is still a couple of weeks away.

Chapel Hill sleuths really have outdone themselves on the stolen coat mysteries. And the Daily Tar Heel has really given credit where credit is due in their stories on the final outcome of the dastardly crimes. To quote a recent editorial: "Full credit for catching the coat thief goes to the local police department. For a week Hubert Yeargan, a local policeman, stayed in the basement of Graham Memorial watching the coat rack. When the guilty party tried to steal Yeargan's coat he was caught." A thief just ain't got a chance with detectives like that.

The race against time was illustrated for us recently when a friend of ours found himself with twenty minutes and twelve Spanish sentences to write. Speed in the art of writing and a masterful knowledge of Spanish were well combined in the first fifteen minutes. The whole thing got to be right fascinating though when said friend got to the point where there was five minutes to go and still six sentences. With a superhuman effort and untold imagination the last sentence was written as the bell rang for class, a sort of photo-finish you might say.

Red Cross-WSS Needs Money!

letter to...

To the Editor:

For the past few months I have been very interested in the women, parties, arguments and politics of your University. Of special interest has been the recent issue with the humor magazine on the campus. I have enjoyed both publications very much, and would be rather loathe to see either suffer such an unnatural death. I realize that both magazines play an important role on the campus; that both magazines fulfill a definite need for the student; hence, it would be an error to discontinue either publication. But it is quite obvious that in the interests of national defense, which covers so much, that some "combination" or "merger" must be contemplated.

Both editors have very convincing arguments for the existence of their magazine and against the merger. But you both seem to overlook one point. One of the most popular magazines in circulation today is just the sort of combination that you object to. It offers very good stories, of the "Mag" type, and also includes cartoons and jokes that are quite fine, to put it mildly. I refer, of course, to Esquire. I can see no reason why a campus Esquire should not enjoy the same popularity and success that is Esquire's.

Of course, there may be political obstacles of which I have no knowledge. But in a matter which so directly affects so many students, it would seem expedient to forget these differences for the common good.

Sincerely, J. L.

keyboard...

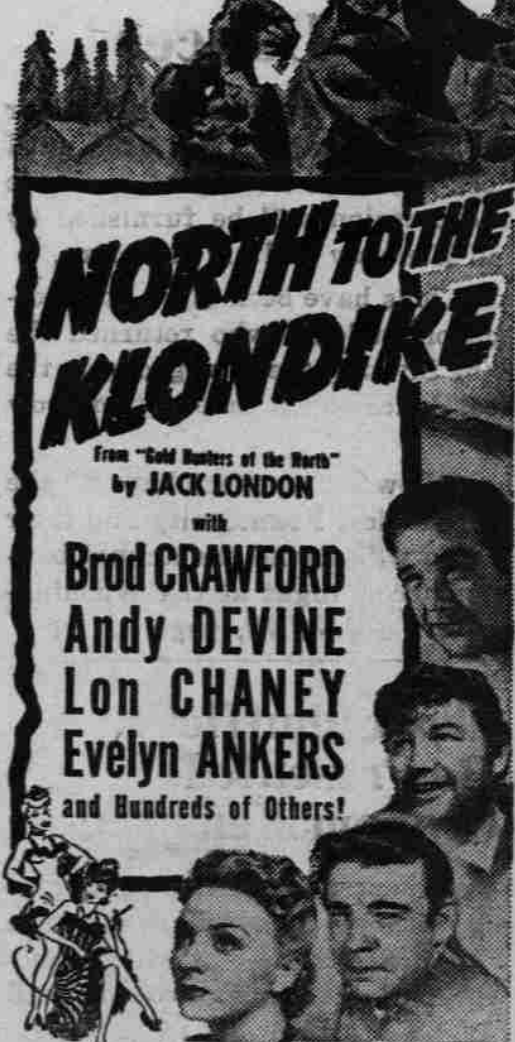
By The Staff

There was quite a commotion in girls' dormitory number 1 Tuesday night. It seems that Jane Taylor and Dot Riviere, expecting guests this weekend, suddenly realized that their curtains showed unmistakable marks of tattle tale gray and must be washed. Realizing that it was too late to send the curtains to the laundry, the girls decided to "wash their own." Into the tub went the curtains and Dot and Jane began scrubbing. It suddenly dawned on Jane that curtains do need starch. She frantically searched the dorm until she found some. Meanwhile, Dot was busy pouring in the bluing to make the curtains white (sounds whacky to me, too.) The hand-laundered curtains are now hanging—a little limp from too little starch and a little blue from too much bluing—but nevertheless definitely clean. Does tattle tale gray show on your curtains? Why not send them to the firm of Taylor and Riviere. They will be glad to remove all trace of dirt, and might we add—shape, from them for a nominal sum.

Let's get that \$1,000!

6 Days of Ticket Buying TILL BAGDAD DADDY

JACK LONDON'S Mightiest Adventure Story! Men Unafraid! Women Untamed!



also Novelty-Comedy NOW PLAYING Pick Theatre

clipped...

To show why the price of paper in student stores was going up, the Los Angeles Collegian noted that textbook paper can be converted into explosive gunpowder by use of nitric acid. "It takes one carload or 30,000 pounds of paper for planning blue printing, instructions and constructing one battleship," the paper declared. "No wonder the price of paper is rising."

WHIRL OF THE WEEK goes to the only three-page paper we've ever seen, an issue of the Bruin, University of California at Los Angeles publication. An eight-column paper, it was issued during a blackout in tabloid form with the inside page made up in the regular eight columns.

Drive'n the Wild West WILDER!



more fun than all their howling hits in one! Bud ABBOTT and Lou COSTELLO Ride 'em Cowboy

DICK FORAN ANNE GWYNNE Johnny Mack BROWN The MERRY MACS ELLA FITZGERALD THE HI-HATTERS The BUCKAROO BAND RANGER CHORUS of 40

A Tornado of Tunes! "I'll Remember April" "Give Me My Saddle" "Wake Up Jacob" "A Ticket, A Taker"

also Novelty-Cartoon NOW PLAYING Carolina Theatre

PREVIEW TONIGHT 11:15



Paramount presents "MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN" A Full Length Feature Cartoon IN TECHNICOLOR!

REGULAR SHOWING SAT.

CAROLINA

SUNDAY-MONDAY



TYRONE POWER SON OF FURY The Story of Benjamin Blake GENE TIERNEY GEORGE SANDERS FRANCES FARMER RODDY McDOWALL Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK A 20th Century-Fox Picture

POLITICAL CRISIS...

Driving impulse behind the spontaneous formation of the emergency committee is a sincere desire to put into actual effect the advice of Dean Bradshaw in regard to incompetency and dirty work in campus politics.

But this is no administration-sponsored hood-wink for the campus.

Student leaders realize better than any one else the potentialities and the dangers of maluse of their offices. They know that although they have shortcomings, the possibility of someone entirely incapable attaining position and prostituting the principle of self-government.

In their three years here they have seen pressure tactics and machines drive men into office. They have seen the conniving that goes on behind the locked doors of the Sigma Nu side room. They have heard the low-voiced conferences in the Phi hall before the convention was called to order, before the party officially met.

They know that party leaders know months and even years before elections who will hold down important jobs in student government. They know the intricate plans, begun in freshman years, for building a man up to the presidency of the student body.

And they know this—that not always is that man competent, not always does that man have the vision and the understanding to be president or to hold any other office.

The emergency committee was born of a definite need. A need long neglected in Carolina politics—the need for competent leadership imbued with initiative and with the knowledge that government has a social obligation to its constituents.

Members of the emergency committee, which outdid even Li'l Topsy in its amoebic growth, have no political promises, obligations, even connections to satisfy. Those that had, have forgotten them.

Bending over backwards to prove their sincerity both to the campus and to party leaders, whose cooperation they require and desire, the committee plans to keep none of its operations from the public eye, bar no one from its meetings. Its policies and programs will be published.

Our ears still ring with empty promises of "clean politics" and "sweeping reforms" echoing from past campaigns long dead and forgotten. That student government still exists, slightly blemished and battered about it, is owed to people such as now constitute the emergency committee, people willing and working, sincere and painstaking, housecleaning on the dusty furniture in our political parlor.

Students must not follow blindly either politicians or emergency committee men. But they should, this year more than ever before, consider with due gravity the calibre of the men they put into office.

NO CRAMMING, PLEASE...

Most American students think shortened and speeded-up college courses are all right during wartime, but no good in a post-war world, a Student Opinion Surveys poll shows. They are willing to make concessions to the way things stand in the world today, but they desire that these concessions be only temporary.

And they're right. Emergency measures are all right if the occasion demands—as it certainly does now. But they should not be made the occasion for crackpots with ideas of one kind or another to put over those ideas permanently. Maybe advocates of shorter college courses are not crackpots, but it does seem as though they have the wrong slant on education.

After all, in ordinary times, the object of an education is not to cram into your head in as short a time as possible so much information that you forget it immediately. In order to get an education, you have got to live in the midst of it. You can't cram it in; you have to soak it up. After the war let's be sure to forget about flash-

VALSE TRISTE...

Many of us did not realize what the war meant until February 16, last Monday, when we sat down to a desk in Memorial hall and told a registrar that we were six feet, weighed 150 pounds, the color of our hair and eyes, where we lived, when we were born and where, and who would always know where we were living and who could get in touch with us at any time. And even so the registration was rather a lark. Most of us still cannot conceive or do not wish to conceive of ending up somewhere outside of the United States this time a year from now, thinking, perhaps, how nice it would be to be in Chapel Hill now that spring is coming there. And yet the giving away of vital statistics concerning oneself is certainly a sort of undignifying affair.

Of course, we all know somebody in the service now, and we all read the papers and hear the news broadcasts; but they mean little to us. The war is too far away from us. Admittedly the Axis has not bombed New York; but they tried to demolish an island in the Caribbean. The Caribbean is far away we think. Some of us still laugh at the obviously propagandistic broadcasts and speeches; some of us are taken in by them; others of us are amused by those who say that they are going to enlist in June. It is all a great lark.

How long are we going to continue in this lethargy? How long are we going to refuse to recognize that a six foot by 150-pound man will be just another soldier in the army and that, unless we arouse ourselves, a six foot by 150-pound man may be another Axis subject or a pauper walking the streets in a world exhausted by war—because one side could not defeat the other.

We have lost Singapore. We have little left in the Philippines. Northern Africa is again in Axis hands. Greece is starving and other nations are living on food we would refuse to eat, while we continue to eat all the sugar we want. Will we even realize that rationing has come and that there must be cooperation among all citizens if it is going to mean anything besides a governmental statement. Why should we? We can have all we want for a while at least. Why look further ahead? "Eat, thou, and be filled."

Why do anything we say. Let us indulge ourselves in our big and little cynicisms. Let us forget free discussion, even abolish it. Let us forget everything but ourselves. We can be happy for a while in our selfish way. We can laugh at the editorials in the Tar Heel. We can be amused by the efforts of some students to cut down on the Junior-Senior Dance appropriation. We shall eat and laugh and dance.

In All That Money Can Buy a vampire danced with an unwilling character, Miser Stevens, until he fell over dead. The dance occurred in a mist which enveloped the whole scene. The music was unearthly. The man, Miser Stevens, had all that money could buy, but he saw his mistake too late.

We, too, now are dancing with a vampire in a great mist. We have been misers, and we have had all that money can buy. Some of us have found that it cannot buy very much. But we must banish the mist which surrounds our actions. It cannot be done by rubbing an Aladdin's lamp; it can be done only by a change in life, a change of values, a resolution to cooperate, to bring something good out of the chaos of war, to see that all people have the rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

We know what war means, some of us. Some few of us hear Miser Stevens' voice. Mr. Scratch has his soul, in the form of a moth, wrapped in a red bandana. Where will your soul be? What is it good for? You may think you have nothing to fear. Wait until you are wrapped in a red bandana, after a "valse triste" with the siren, selfishness, who now has you infatuated.

in-the-pan college courses. Education should give you a slant on life, not just a quick formula for getting and holding a job.—Daily Texan.