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Inefficiency Causes Student Loss Of \$2,800 on Graham Memorial Grill

CABBAGES AND KINGS — By Bob Hoke

3. Common Decency.

Gross inefficiency, negligence and confusion has come to light in the records of the old Graham Memorial Grill which closed its popular doors at the end of the summer session last year thus ending its unfortunate reign as a supposedly profit-making agency of the Graham Memorial student union. The period in question is that since 1936.

Accounts outstanding to students amounting to \$2,881.50 were recorded at the time and when listed as assets sugar-coated the staggering debt of over \$5,200. The student accounts, as shown by exhibits, were handled in the worst possible way. In an effort to clear the morass, Director Bill Cochrane sent out form letters explaining the situation to the delinquent students and attempting to collect. A total of 286 letters were sent out—100 of these to students now in school. Example of the inefficient bookkeeping is that 75 other debts were recorded without either first names or addresses of the students.

The letters, or statements as you will, were sent out two weeks ago—to date there have been six replies, all indignantly disclaiming indebtedness as "there is some mistake . . . I'm glad to contribute to the cause, but I've already paid once . . . it is rather provoking to be asked to straighten out an affair that was taken care of some period back." These replies are substantially the same as those repeated over and over to "Fish" Worley in his attempts to collect the staggering accounts. One student even named another student who might have charged food in different names.

"Negligence carried to the point of inefficiency is almost criminal" is the comment of assistant Dean of Students Roland B. Parker who is also executive secretary of the Board of Directors. Accusing fingers point to the Board as ultimately responsible for permitting the sore spot to fester in the basement of the Union building. Probably less so, the directors in office at the time were responsible as was Grill manager Sam Morton—quiet, soft-spoken. Sam left Chapel Hill when the Grill closed to take a job as cafeteria manager at the armament works in Radford, Virginia.

Clyde Shaw, student Activities Fund Auditor of two years past, was the first so far as inadequate records show, to sound a warning of the impending danger. In his audit of June, 1931, student accounts receivable were listed at \$1,468.07 and he warns that "current accounts receivable are much too large . . . greater care should be taken . . . a more satisfactory method of handling meal tickets should be worked out . . . credit should be extended only for a reasonable time."

The warning was apparently heeded temporarily for by August of the same year, the total student accounts had been pared to \$950 but it appears that all benefits of the summer's drive for payments was buried by the phenomenal rise in credit which began at the opening of the '39 academic session. It reached \$1,000 by Christmas, \$1,600 by August, 1940, and a year later had reached its highest point, \$2,881.50, at which time it closed. Throughout this time the Student Activities office was on its toes and served repeated warnings to Morton, to the Directors and to the Board that things were getting out of hand, yet no positive action was taken.

Legal action in forcing students to pay delinquent accounts is prevented now on three counts:

- 1. The original records are not checkable.
- 2. The Statute of Limitations.

The only recourse the Union has in recovering the tremendous debt is by appeals to the persons listed. This has the unavoidable result in embarrassing many students and alumni by accounts paid and not credited or not incurred at all. It is expected that students approached will have the character to answer and either agree to the account or disclaim it—the Union has promised to regard any answer as fact.

A second tender spot is that the Grill, when it closed down, owed \$5,261.45 — \$2,800 of which was owed the University Business Office for commodities bought from the UDH. Simon Legree-like, the Office refused to turn over the fees collected from the students until the debt was paid. A dollar is collected from each student each quarter for the maintenance of the Union. As a consequence, the Union had to swap checks with the University.

Under the economical and ingenious directorship of Worley and Cochrane this was made possible without seriously affecting the quality of service rendered the students. It was a tense period, because for years past the Business Office apparently has been itching to get its fingers on the Union and operate it "on a more business-like basis" by exacting fees and rents for the use of the offices, the multitudinous services, etc.

There are still debts owed to merchants in Chapel Hill, in Durham, and out in the state—exactly how much, exactly how many nobody knows or can tell for like the student accounts, the bills submitted were paid or recorded in the most slipshod manner imaginable. They are still coming in. Before payments can be made, the Director must check back through files and files of vouchers to guard against unscrupulous merchants. Also, there is but \$85 in the Grill account now.

The Grill was reopened immediately after Christmas under a completely different setup by which the Union cannot lose. Arrangements, entirely verbal, were made with the University to lease the heat, light and space formerly used by the Grill to the UDH system. For this the Union gets 5 per cent of the gross receipts and the Union now has no financial responsibility of the Grill so that any serious inefficiency can not adversely effect the Union. There is some nail-chewing though over the agreement. Since no written contract was drawn of the agreement the UDH uses the equipment of the Grill without paying any rent or making any provision for their ultimate purchase, despite assertions that the original agreement was otherwise.

As we have said, the blame is distributed. The lack of continuous membership on the Board, made up as it is of the main campus offices, does not permit its members to gain any reasonable amount of working knowledge of the Union. The Directors in office at the time, Bob Magill and later Worley, didn't keep close enough check or take strong enough measures. Grill Manager Morton is responsible for inefficiency in bookkeeping and the failure to institute a workable credit plan.

It can't happen to the extent that it did and most of its ill effects have been absorbed and eased over by Cochrane and Worley. To lawyer-entertainer Cochrane goes tremendous credit for tackling the situation and helping to clear it. Still, it's another blotch to Carolina self-government.

The Daily Tar Heel Editorial Page

Opinions • Columns • Letters • Features

Friday's Child . . .

By Marion Lippincott

The cracks people make about this column are beginning to give this columnist an inferiority complex. It was pretty bad we thought when that person said the reason he liked the column was because it meant that Friday was here. But when we watched the fan mail, or mail anyway, piling up for the other columnists and not even a post card for us we got really little depressed. But the last crack is the final straw; quote the New Carolina Mag under Friday's Child picture . . . "Few DTH columnists delve in serious subjects, mostly play with humor gossip." In which category this column falls we really aren't sure. We read this a few minutes after having a chat with what we thought one of our more ardent fans, Dick Brooke, who pleaded with us, "Please make it funny again. You've gotten into one of those serious ruts like everybody up there." But then ho ho it really doesn't matter. I'm quite convinced along with the rest of the campus that the Tar Heel just uses this column for filler and about its being funny again, don't think we don't appreciate the idea that it was ever funny because we do!"

Poem for early spring.
Last night I sat upon a chair . . .
A little chair that wasn't there.
It wasn't there again today . . .
But I couldn't sit down anyway.

Poem for later in the Spring
Bees buzz
Trees gruz
I wonder why
I wuz!

The SAE party for getting off probably was definitely fine. The boys were nifty, the food was nifty, the house was nifty . . . ain't Spring nifty?

There's just one trouble with the whole thing (Spring that is) and that is (Love to say that is) that if the honor council is going to make all these rules it sure is going to confuse a lot of people who can't seem to remember the ones we've got already. And incidentally along with more of the same Lyon's column sure hit the nail on the nose. Very ex-cell-ent. . . .

across the desk . . .

It ain't what'cha say, it's the way how'cha say it. This was forcefully driven home to us by Czech foreign minister, Jan Masaryk, in his speech last Tuesday night. Speaking of the war, Masaryk said, "Prosperity is only for the free, and freedom is for those alone who have the courage to defend it."

Somehow this didn't sound like the same old bellywash, the old bull that has been crammed down our throats for years. Since George Washington cut down the cherry-tree, American youth has been skeptical about these compact slogans. Yet, somehow, this seemed different to us because it was said by one who knew—not because he has read a book about it, but because he had lived it. It ain't what'cha say. . . .

The Emergency committee's work has back-fired on one of its foremost behind-the-scenes supporters. Dean Roland (Pete) Parker is being besieged by campus politicians who are looking for advice on drawing up their platforms.

Peers into the crystal ball have it that OSD is sponsoring a blackout in the near future. Such competition is cutting into the hither-to Grail monopolized field.

At the present rate of dual nominations, it won't be long now until we watch and eagerly speculate on the outcome of the legislature races.

Did anybody notice that Sunday's Tar Heel's two little boxes on the top of the front page were written in Spanish. Neither did we. Ain't life futile?

We were most impressed with last week's editorial on the Interfrat Council. Not that the editorial was any masterpiece, but the suggestion contained therein is so vital, that it is a miracle that neither the Council's brain-trusts nor Louis Harris hadn't plugged the idea before. We would very much like to see some action from the Council on the matter at this time.

Spring is here. The young man's fancy turns from "across the desk."



in dubious battle . . .

By Jack Dube

IDEOLOGY: In case anybody is still worried about the cleaning situation we've got a solution. Start a sloppy fad. You know . . . unpressed pants, unshined shoes, unclean collars . . . after a while the coeds will get used to it . . . (ed. note: they already have). . . .

ON MY BAR LIST: Guys who hide their coats at the dances when the checking room receipts go to a worthy cause . . . ginks who get that last dance in with their coats on . . . its not smooth . . . just conspicuous . . . senior coeds who want to know what town you're from when you've danced with them at every dance for the last two years . . . "smoothies" who operate with a borrowed cigarette and somebody else's coke at the Y period . . . the two guys who were throwing coke bottles in the jumping pit down at the Tin Can. . . .

TARHEELIA: It seems unbelievable but its true . . . Doug Conrad was stopped by a minion of the Durham police force for speeding. He had just about talked the officer out of it when he happened to notice a copy of the April Fool issue of the Tar Heel in his car. The cop immediately became a member of the watchful sixteen and pulled Doug into the courthouse where he was almost arraigned as an enemy agent. . . .

HILL HIGHLIGHTS: "D an" (what day would be complete without him) chased a cat up a tree in front of the Carolina Theatre and maintained a constant vigil for the entire showing of Mr. V. . . . A tireless Model "T" went tearing down Franklin . . . tire conservation but hardly easy on the ears. . . . The Botany field trips have found more than flowers in their recent excursions into the deep woods. . . . Jack Potter's middle name is Tuxworth . . . no comment. . . . It happened in Journalism 62 . . . the Navy looked in on the class and speculatively smacked their lips at the sight of the nice comfortable seats we were in. Then they left. "Say," cried one scholar in indignation, "Where are we going to go to class next year, anyway? "Fort Bragg" came back the universal reply. . . . The war has really hit C. H., the Tar Heel need do no more exhorting . . . the realization came with the taste of the new innovation called "War-Time Cokes" at the Book Ex. . . .

OUT OF THE MOUTHS: Audrey Hamblen (at the S&F elections meeting) "I don't think we have enough candidates. I want Alain Singer. We need a person with a lot of push." . . . Overheard in the University Cafe, Justin Lipman to Lee Arning, "You ain't tall, you're just high!" Betty Booker: "And then I found myself playing casino with a pinocle deck . . . thud. . . Wayne Kernodle (in Dr. Suskin's 8:30 Latin class which was excused a little early) "When I get up on Saturday morning for an 8:30, I'm gonna stay in the class for a full hour!" . . . Whether you're in an Army Uniform or a monogram sweater, you gotta be on your mettle . . . no doubt . . . no doubt. . . . Aside to Jim Loeb: "Nobody is a 'Who,' nor is there a 'Who's-who' on this campus." . . .

GAGEROO: Mrs. Skunk to Mr. Skunk: "How many times have I told you not to come near me when you've been eating onions." . . . and the guy who sent in his income tax accompanied by a tuft of hair. . . .

on bended knee . . .

By Ben McKinnon

While looking through a book on journalism the other day, I happened to find a chapter devoted to columns and columnists. "The importance of the column as an integral part of modern American journalism," says Elmo Scott Watson, the writer, "is shown by the prominent position it is given on the front page, the editorial page, or the sports page and the devoted following which the various columnists have gained. Mr. Watson failed to mention whether the "devoted following which the columnist had gained" was following him with bouquets or brickbats! Mr. Watson also says that the column answers the need for a closer personal contact between the newspaper and the reader. Well, I guess this column must be doing its part to bring about personal contact with the reader because one fellow, who didn't like an item about him, punched the author in the nose. Personal contact can be all right in its place but sometimes it gets too darn personal!

Especially recommended for any persons who desire to acquire a large and varied vocabulary is English 95 taught by Ericson. Recommended for those who would like to know what the new vocabulary words mean is another quarter of this course or maybe two or three.

The members of Professor Russell's creative writing class were having a big argument the other day concerning which was most important to a story—action or background. Hot words flew back and forth with the exponents of neither side revealing any indication of giving ground. Finally one of the "action" men declared that action was the most important in any story, place, or event. "Not to me," retorted H. C. Cranford, "I'm going to see George White's Scandals in Durham Saturday and what I want to see is background!"

The sugar situation, which is weighing heavy on the minds of many, has no adverse affects on Sally Emerson. Sally was invited out to a private home last week and while she was there, the hostess thought to pass around a few glasses of the common beverage which takes so much sucrose to sweeten. "Will you have sugar, my dear?" She asked Sally in a frankly warning tone. "No thank you," said Sally, "I always carry my own." And forthwith she drew out her own personal pouch of sugar and proceeded to sweeten the drink to her own taste with no fear of having an arm mutilated when reaching for a second spoonful.

Will the villain who took the lamp from Mrs. Welch's information booth in South building please return it immediately and receive a reward of \$10 in smiles. "I would like to have the lamp as soon as possible," says Mrs. Welch, "because my booth is darker than the interior of Dr. Harlan's Archaeology classroom!"

These kids that skate in front of South building and the Book Ex are tough and don't let anyone tell you otherwise. I walked through a crowd of them yesterday. Just as I passed, two of the kids started scuffling and the legs of one shot out from under him. Seeing him fall. I let out a loud guffaw. He looked at me and said, "You're not so good looking, yourself." I tell you that they're rearing them rough in Chapel Hill now.

Randall Brooks, going up the steps to one of his classes, saw Randy Mebane standing at the top. Randall noticed that Randy had on enough war paint to keep an Allegheny uprising going for two weeks and told her that she had on too much lipstick. "You need not worry about it, Bud," squelched Randy, "for you'll never contact it!" There is that old phrase "personal contact" barging in again and, if I'm not mistaken, that's where I came in.

E A S T E R

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