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The Daily Tar Heel Editorial Page

Opinions • Columns • Letters • Features



among the damned ...

with Damtoft
(Saturday night, I stumbled over a mail sack and not being able to read at the time, carried it home and opened it this morning. Braving a ten year prison sentence for interfering with the US mails, I forthwith publish some of the letters which by a peculiar coincidence are all letters by campus BMOCs to their loves.)

Dear G.
My love for you is 48 point. To me, you are a faultless galley proof. Your beautiful face is like perfect copy. Your name is tops in my masthead, in fact you will always be my lead edit. I hope that you will say yes in ample time for the deadline as Uncle Sam is getting anxious. Your typography is more beautiful than New York Times makeup and you may be sure that my follow up will be relentless. I certainly got a scoop when I got you and all I am waiting for is for you to tell me that I can go ahead with the engravings.
Puddles of purple ink,
Doorbell Ambell
Editor The Daily TH.

Dear P.
Ah my love, when will we be combined by Rev. Jones. The combination would save us so much money and we could have one big home with more issues. Our parents have said that we should not marry but I think that we should do it anyway and have baby esquires all our own. As it is, we are wasting money separated and neither of us are getting anywhere. Oh yes, I now have a free pass to Graham Memorial so we can go to all the Russian Rassles. So darling you can see that our combination will be a beautiful one so let us petition our parents to let us go through with it.
Reams and reams of cover kisses,
Hungry Mole

Dear M.
Darling, you are as beautiful as a perfectly executed right column. I am never at ease when I am around you, however, and my step is awful when I dance with you. I would double time to be near you though, and I hope that some day I will mass one pace to the left of you in front of a preacher. My mother about-faced and called me down when I said I wanted to marry you, but I insisted to her that we would someday come to close order. Please write me as I can't dismiss you from my mind.
Kisses rank upon rank,
Henri Eyesdown

across the desk ...

Dub Johnson worked hard in the UNC-Davidson game and expected a word or two of congratulation from his parents who had seen him play for the first time but none were forthcoming. Reason:
Dub's parents had invited a friend to the game who had accepted but told he would be late. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson told him that they would watch for him and go to the gate and give him the ticket when he arrived. This they did at a point when the score of the game was 2-1 in favor of UNC. They returned and during some conversation, they looked at the score sheet being kept by the president-emeritus of Davidson who was in front of them. His score read 3-1. The Johnson's commented that he must have made a mistake and the game was soon over.
As soon as the Johnsons got back to Concord, several friends congratulated them for having such an excellent ball player for a son. They thanked them but couldn't see that Dub had done so much. Finally one

Letters

Gretter and Railey Deny Charges Against Debating

To the Editor:
Across the Desk and the facts about the Debate Council are in complete disagreement. As president of the Debate Council I speak from experience with all the facts. I speak as an individual only and not for the Council.

Across the Desk states that the Debate Council receives forty cents a quarter from each student. The debating fee is seventeen cents per quarter per student. This makes a total of fifty one cents for the year, and not forty cents per quarter. I suggest that when a Tar Heel writer attempts to discuss student fees regarding the Debate Council he first consult the first footnote on page 61 of the General Catalogue of this University.

The Debate Council sincerely appreciates intelligent criticism. As a matter of fact it has thrived on it. Attendance at debates held here this year and at squad meetings has been the best in several years. We are reaching more students than Across the Desk is willing to admit.

Criticism, in order to be intelligent, needs to be based on facts. Apparently you don't give a damn about facts. In feeling that the Debate Council does not reach the lives of the students who support it you forget that all the students also pay for dance bids, which they often times sell, publications which they do not read, and student entertainments which they frequently fail to attend.

Carrington Gretter.

To the Editor:

Your writer in his column "Across the Desk" yesterday (Sunday), tells us that "formal speaking is a thing of the past" and that "debating is on its way out." He asks us why there is need for intercollegiate debating, when, as he states, only about "007" of the students participate in the University's debating program.

To the average student, the writer's views seem asinine. And they are. To me, being a member of the council this year, they are utterly ridiculous. I fear for what would become of our democratic way of life if debating and formal speaking were no more. Mr. Roosevelt, Mr.

of the friends said that Dub had knocked a homer. Upon consultation with the papers, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson learned that Dub had knocked a home-run while they were giving their friend the ticket.

Churchill, Mr. Hitler, and all great leaders depend on formal speaking to get their ideas across to their peoples. Our own Senate is a place of debate. I thank God that the creators of our constitution saw fit to make it such.

We have a good debate program here at the University. One for which we all can boast. In our recent trip to the midwestern states, everywhere we went, we were highly commended for our debating. We debated questions of importance to everyone. In the years before the war, our debate teams to England gained much prestige for our University. Surely, we cannot disregard the facts at hand.

I agree with the writer of the column, it is a shame that so few students take an interest in debating. This year, we have had 40 students at squad meetings. They are all good debaters and speakers as well. It is fine that we have that many, but there should be many more. Every day we see student leaders who can't speak on their feet. Things like this should not occur.

Let's not abolish debating. Let's get more students interested in it. The advantages from debating are many. Among these are: 1. Ability to think on your feet. 2. Ability to recognize the main issues in a problem and to think through and solve such problems. 3. Ability to speak in public.

Debate squad meetings are open to everyone. It is up to every individual student to come up and make the best of his opportunities at hand.

Yours for better debating,
Dick Railey,
Executive Secretary,
Debating Council.

GET FIGHTING MAD! ...

Don't get me wrong—I'm just an ordinary guy. I'm not trying to pose as an expert on the moulding of public opinion. I'm not talking big about what I'd do if it was my job to whip up the country on the war effort.

I'm talking as an average citizen. I'm saying, not what I'd like to tell them, but what I'd like to be told. Soon.

Because I'm concerned, and I've been concerned, about my reaction to all that's been happening. Sure, I'm buying bonds. I'm paying taxes. I'm doing with less sugar.

But deep down inside, down where it really matters, something hasn't taken place yet that I feel ought to take place. It keeps me scratching my head and mopping my brow when I know I ought to be clenching my fists.

You understand? It's like this:
I want to be told—not to buy Defense Stamps or Defense Bonds. I want to be told to buy Victory Stamps or War Bonds.

I want to be told—not about the construction of houses in Defense Areas. I want to be told about the construction of houses in War Production Areas.

I want to be told—not to do my part to keep Nazism or Fascism from these shores. I want to be told to do my part to spread Americanism to all shores.

I want to be told—not to help keep our world and our way of life from being lost. I want to be told to help build a new world and a better way of life.

I want a positive program instead of a passive one. I want something to fight for—I'm sick and tired of having only something to fight against. I'm hungry for something to get pepped up about—I'm repelled from having only something to fear. I want something to do—not just to wait for.

It hasn't been so long since the last war that I forget what happened then. I remember the parades and the speeches and the ringing slogans. Then we fought to make the world safe for democracy. We bought Liberty Bonds. We sang that the Yanks were coming.

We hated the Kaiser—we didn't laugh at him. We likened his upturned handle-bars to the devil's horns—not to anything so harmless and pathetic as the famous hirsute prop Charlie Chaplin plasters on his upper lip. We saw nothing to be amused about in his vain and pompous posturings—as we do today in Mussolini's puffy strutting. We didn't pin our hopes on the defective eyesight of our enemy.

We planted war gardens. We poured our money into war chests. We had gasless Sundays and yelled "Slacker!" at anyone who dared to venture out in his Winton or Hupmobile or Stearns-Knight. We churned one pound of butter into two pounds and did it with as much will as if we were turning out ammunition.

We took the offensive psychologically long before we took it physically. And if we hadn't taken it psychologically, we'd never have developed the drive to take it physically. And don't tell me we can't do the same now.

I want to sing that today we control our own destiny, tomorrow the destiny of the whole world. I want to sail against Germany, against Italy, against Japan. If they can sail against us and our allies, why can't we sail against them?

I want to construct a greater America co-prosperity sphere. I want to correct the mistakes of the Versailles treaty insofar as they allowed all this to happen. I want to win lebenstrraum for the democratic way of life.

I'm fed up with singing plaintive songs—I want to sing battle songs. Don't tell me there'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover. To hell with bluebirds. Tell me there'll be vultures and a deathly silence over Berchtesgarden.

I'm bored with keeping a stiff upper lip—I

LOANED TO THE NAVY ...

Yesterday three of the finest "guys" we've ever had the pleasure to know left Carolina, and departed for the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. Today they begin a four-week training period before taking a post as a commissioned officer in the Navy's pre-flight training program.

And strangely enough there was no group of cheering students to see them off. For Coach Ray Wolf it was probably the "biggest game" of his "fine and clean" career. For Johnny Morriss, assistant track coach, and Bo Shepard, assistant athletic director, it meant leaving Chapel Hill for a bigger and more useful job with Uncle Sam. Why the students didn't show their appreciation we don't know. For down deep we know they feel as we feel. They hated to see these men leave the University.

Of all the coaches we have ever known, we have never met a grander guy than Ray Wolf. We have never seen a group of boys more devoted to a coach than members of his football squads. He was an "ideal" to football players, to students, to fans, to those who worked for him and against him. Wolf's formula was simple. He wanted his players to give their best, to play the game hard, to play the game clean.

Certainly he wanted to win, but he made his players realize that there was something to be gained on the field besides victory. When Grantland Rice once wrote that, "it's not who won but how you played the game that counts," he must have been thinking about men like Wolf. Perhaps that was the reason Wolf offered his services to the Navy. He wanted to teach America's men to play the game hard and clean.

We could tell you about Johnny Morriss, assistant track coach, and Bo Shepard. For these two men believe in the same things that Wolf stands for. Countless times we have heard athletes thank Coach Bo for giving them sound advice. "Coach Bo" was always ready to help any and everyone. He was that kind of man, both in his office and on the playing field.

Three other Carolina sport figures graduated this week-end after a four-week period. Johnny Vaught, assistant football coach; Ralph Casey, freshman swimming coach; and Jim Lalanne, former football star, were among the first class of 600 prominent coaches and athletes who graduated and will serve as officers in the Navy's air cadet physical education training program.

These six men will play prominent parts in training our Naval Cadets. They will help America win the war. And when the victory is won they will return to Carolina and take up where they left off—they will teach character to the future leaders of this state and nation.

WELL, MR. PECK? ...

As you will notice above, Mr. Peck, Coach Ray Wolf has left Carolina for Annapolis. He is the same coach that the University club has cheered and encouraged for so many seasons. He is the same coach that the football team and this student body—which the University club is supposed to represent—have looked up to for the years he was here.

Somehow, we think that a sendoff just before he left to serve our country would have been far more appropriate than some of the pep rallies which the club staged last fall before games which were not nearly so big as the one Wolf will now be coaching.

Wolf has left, but it is not too late to show campus appreciation. Well, Mr. Peck?

want to develop a stiff uppercut. I'm tired of being made to feel sad. I want the experience—the purging, marshaling, driving experience—of being made to feel mad. Fighting mad!

You get me?
—W. J. Weir in Printer's Ink.

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