

The Daily Tar Heel

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The Junior and Senior Classes Of the University of North Carolina Are Proud to Have as Their guest this week-end The sweetheart of a Carolina man. It's our wish that your stay was pleasant and that you'll spend many more wonderful week-ends at the finest school on earth R. S. V. P. Dancing and how

IT CAME TO PASS...

And it came to pass that in the days of the 15th and 16th of May, the time for the deliverance of Junior-Senior weekend arrived. There was much general rejoicing as the general student body dwelt on the pleasures that this age old weekend was to bring. And throughout the houses of the kingdom there was much work for the scribes to undertake as the young men of that region desired to have beautiful females share the joys of these gala days with them. And no sooner were these epistles of invitation completed than the youth of the neighborhood quickly took them to the post rider for dispatching to their loves.

And the days passed, and the youths grew pale with worry for fear that they were not fit in the eyes of their ladies, and they would not accept their invitation for the two days of revelry and many a jug of spiritous beverage was consumed to quell the fears that they might spend the Ides of May alone.

And as the days grew on and the anxiety mounted, there suddenly came a wave of messages sent so quickly that they appeared to come through the air. And there was much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth as man after man in the environs received short messages reading "It giveth me boundless sorrow that I cannot come to the kingdom of Chapel Hill. I hope that thou wilt have a wondrous time without me."

There was much action and confusion at the receiving of these messages and the young subjects of the kingdom quickly consulted files of notes on other females and quickly dispatched invitations to other young ladies.

And in the next few days there were answers that made the youths indeed glad as many of their fair ones condescended to make the hazardous journey to Chapel Hill.

And they first went to a ball of unequalled proportions where a group of trained soldiers furnished wondrous music and as the waltzing hour approached, it was necessary to leave the frivolity of the ballroom and the couples traveled to varied and sundry wayside inns where great repasts of food and wine were enjoyed.

And in the middle hours of the ensuing day, the gay couples made ready for more hours of entertainment and first traveled to a great temple where one of the greatest groups of musicians in the world had been engaged to play. And some wandering players of the time enacted a farcical comedy much to the enjoyment of the gay couples.

And in the evening there was more dancing and the couples strolled amorously through the streets and among the castles of the kingdom of Chapel Hill and tender words of love were uttered and many a brave youth ventured a kiss on his lady's lips and there was great happiness as the night grew on. And it came time for the couples to part and go to their respective hostels.

And on the following day there was great grief as the ladies departed and the youths were mournful for hours. And as they sadly strolled down the streets they could be heard murmuring, "Ah, mine head hurts even to the point of death."

TREASURE HUNT BEGINS...

The Carolina Mag-Graham Memorial Treasure Hunt starts this morning. Below are the first clues leading to a buried \$5 bill. Everybody is eligible (except Hunt workers themselves.)

This is all you must do to get that \$5 bill:

- Solve either one of the two clues below.
- Obey the direction in the clue.
- Locate code directions at the place shown in the clue.
- Decode directions.
- Follow directions and DIG!

That's all there is to it. If you get there before the rest of the students, you'll find a \$5 bill waiting for you, with Bill Cochrane's and Henry Moll's compliments. It's a game of speed, so hurry up.

If you find the \$5, please notify the Daily Tar Heel immediately, so we can publish your name and a story about your discovery.

Hold your hats, students, here are today's clues. Either of them will lead you to today's \$5 bill. Both are pretty easy. Good luck!

Clue No. 1:

LKBCFKBLLTNBRDNFRNTFGRHMMML

Clue No. 2:

REFER TO REVERSE SIDE:

"THREE RIDES TO NEWARK"

HAYSEED LETTERS...

Chapel Hill, N. C. May 17, 1942

Mr. Ephriam Brown Bear Creek, N. C.

Dere Eph,

As you know my gurl Magnolia come up for the weekend to be my date, and i is sorry to tell you that i is very much worried becu i is disappointed in her. You recollect she always wuz my gal at home and i has always liked her a lot but now i see she aint "got what it takes" as we says up here.

Fer instance Magnolia that we oughta go to the dances which they dont do cept in the lower soshul circles here. Not only that but she went sober. i wuz afeard that i would be embarast but sence none of the fellers in our gang wuz there no body saw us. So i did not mind much.

And like she dont smoke or drink and she wont neck more than a hour at a time. It is hard to explane to some body who aint a colledge man how a colledge gal should act but there is many little things which Magnolia dont do right. Fer one thing she talks awful plain cause she dont know the "lingo" which us colledge people uses. And what is awful disconcertin about her and different from the gals is that she tells me the truth and i dont hardly know what to say back. That is she dont have what we calls a "line" which is the same thing as what we calls "lyin" back home.

The right kind of date is like my friend Joe had. Her name wuz Fanny. Every body liked her cause she had personality all over and was real friendly. She drank more than any body but didnt pass out but was real funny climbin up onto the mantle and jumpin off on the sofa. Also she was nice to the boys who didnt have dates cause after Joe passed out you wud see her out on the porch furst with one boy and then with another. She was so liked that the boys called her the Queen of the Wolfpack, which i dont understand why but which i think was real nice of them.

Yore friend, Hiram Hayseed, Jr.

grit your teeth...

By Walter Klein (Who Still Has His to Grit)

"Typical Day in Graham Memorial"

9:00 AM—Cochrane and Moll are up, ready to work.

9:01:1—Cochrane and Moll are back in bed, sleeping off previous thought of work.

10:00—Introverts convene in main lounge.

11:00—George, sweeping up Daily Tar Heel office, finds Harley and Elsie doing term papers and tells them it's morning.

11:16—Harley and Elsie say, "Thanks."

1:00—The Grill is wide open. Some people are even eating. Most are holding conferences and making dates. But some people are eating. Some.

2:30—A member of the DTH staggers into his office.

2:31—DTH office again empty.

2:35—An old lady from Westwood hobbles upstairs to get her November Carolina Mag, finds things as usual (dead) and hobbles out.

3:00—A mess of hair called Sylvan Meyer congas up to his cabana.

3:01—Orville Campbell, in bare feet, straw hat and newly released from a straightjacket, bombasts in to argue with Meyer.

3:02—Campbell, screaming quietly, licks wounds.

3:30—Sound and Fury gathers in office to argue about slow scenes in "Bagdad Daddy."

3:45—PU Board meeting lets out; 23 reporters run in and dive for typewriters; 16 professors start arguments in the DTH editorial office; the Zaytoun brothers have it out with 3,999 students who didn't get their Daily Tar Heels; the coeds start a shindig in the banquet hall; extroverts take over the main lounge; Cochrane puts the hot records on the player; coca-cola bootleggers make the rounds; Charlie Barker makes his entrance—oops!

—he's gone already; OCD moguls test gas bombs in the back yard; the Tar an' Feathers staff sends out for another gallon of beer and two more women; Mr. Lear puts two more men on the adding machine shift; Charlie Tillet cleans out his files and finds Harley looking for Yackety-Yack cuts; and 17 out-of-town visitors run out of Graham Memorial raving with foam at the mouth.

5:00—The traditional daily DTH editorial office battle commences. Campbell tells Damtoft a joke, Damtoft sneers, Campbell throws a punch—AND WE'RE OFF! Phi Deltas Harward, Damtoft and Hoke run against Campbell, lock the doors and the news office next door stops all its work for fifteen minutes to sit back, smile and listen to the cries of battle (mostly Orville's.) The fight ends with Campbell laid flat, the floor bloody and Damtoft cackling gleefully as he starts his new column and Harward strutting with new editorial power.

5:30—All is dead.

6:00—Rigor mortis sets in.

7:00—Undertakers arrive.

8:30—Air Raid cellar shifts into high.

9:00—Seven student photographers arrive at Infirmary after battle over who gets to use the two by four Graham Memorial darkroom.

9:15—Two debates, one national convention, 3 double features, 403 club meetings, and two readers of the Charlotte Observer take over (but good) the main lounge.

11:00—Bill and Pete Cochrane and Moll pretend to close up the place.

11:01—Graham Memorial office bull session begins.

11:15—Stuff starts popping. Two freshmen who got lost on the roof in the afternoon break two legs and one arm trying to find their way out in the dark.

11:35—Sink and Hill arrive, announce that they have a new poster creation and will be working on it until dawn and not to disturb them. They retire downstairs to their bowling-alley laboratory.

Midnight—Moll, Meyer, Carruth, Campbell, and Harward start their writing sporges. After all, the Mag goes to press tomorrow, the Tar Heel has 17 more supplements to get out, and who the hell cares about those 8:30's anyhow.

1:00—Graham Memorial is emptied by starving geniuses ambulating out for inspiration and ending up in Nick's or Harry's.

2:00-7:00—The old grind. Whatever anybody is doing, it's a grind. Grind... GRR-R-I-NDD. (Half of the frustrated intellectuals don't get anything done, but they like to tell the rest of the boys how they stayed up all night working.)

8:00—The moguls go to bed. Birds, bees and sun descend on G. M.

9:00—Cochrane and Moll are up—Isn't this where we came in?

A new course in democratic objectives recently was introduced at Iowa State college.

MUSIC MAKER...

By Brad McCuen

The weekenders had just started pouring into Memorial hall yesterday afternoon to see and hear the Red Norvo-DTH-S&F show. Backstage behind a closed curtain Red Norvo smiled, "You know I enjoy playing for a college audience. I know how they feel, just what they want to hear. I went to the University of Detroit, you see."

Red is a very blond young man that smiles 90 per cent of the time. He was born in the middle west, came east, made a hit leading a band, dropped it, formed a new one and is now knocking at fame's gate for the second time.

Red's first band was popular around 1938. It prompted Downbeat magazine to say, "Norvo's comprehension of good music never lets one down. He and his band are consistently fine."

"Since then," Red said as he looked over the rapidly growing audience, "I've spent a lot of time and money rounding up a group of musicians who are capable of playing the music I want them to play. I can now say that I've found them!"

Talent is obvious in the band. Bob Kitsis, the pianist, played with Artie Shaw before joining Norvo. "Eddie Bert is a sure bet for next year's All-Star band," said Dave Dexter, editor of Music and Rhythm. Jimmy Gemus, on trumpet, is one of the discoveries of this year. Frank Veseley, the drummer, worked up an enviable reputation playing for the Mutual Broadcasting System. Jock Kim is a great reedman, being equally at home on clarinet and tenor sax.

"Last week we played for the audiences of the Apollo theater in Harlem," Red smiled. "It was the second time that a white band has played in that house where only the top ranking colored bands are supposed to play."

Red did not say that the band had to beg off at each performance because the audience had not had enough of his music. They appreciated Red's attempt to play more than just good dance music.

Few people will remember what a role Red had in the development of swing. Red and his wife, Mildred Bailey, have been awake to jazz ever since they were aware of music itself. Together they sponsored impromptu jam sessions, and their home has been a gathering place for the ace musicians from 1934 until today.

Red has, on several occasions, taken some of this talent which included Benny Goodman, Chu Berry, Bunny

Brigan, Jack Teagarden, Teddy Wilson, and many others into the recording studios. The results were still available at music stores until the shellac shortage made the record companies cut off all records not released within the last two months.

Red looked out of his dressing room window at the Y. "Who is Walt Spearman," he asked. "Several people have told me that I look like him."

On being told that he is a journalism prof here, Norvo smiled and said, "If he looks like me I know that the movies have never troubled him with screen tests."

Out front the audience had started clapping and everyone was in his place awaiting the rising curtain. Red called out, "Hey remember to listen to Eddie Bert's trombone. It's terrific."

So was the whole Norvo band.

angle...

Don't look now but one of our sleuths tipped us off that the famed Mecklenburg Declaration is nothing but a dirty old forgery. Watson, track that down... Speaking of documents, a certain member of the Board of Trustees has discovered a piece of music dated 1866 using the term "Tar Heel"—a new find of one of the oldest usages of "Tar Heel." More on this later... We've heard strange reports lately of Dr. Andrews making his students stay up all night and alter their diets to distorted degrees in order to discover new biological and psychological effects. It's great to be a guinea pig... Interesting to note that the library subscribes regularly to the Daily Worker and New Masses. Bound copies of the Masses date back to 1931. No comment...

Some things happen around here so slowly that even DTH reporters don't see them. Witness the present labor shortage. Not a restaurant or cafeteria on campus or in town isn't in serious straits. Fifteen Negroes working in Lenoir hall recently walked out together to take on war jobs. And town eateries welcomed the new midnight-beer rule because they are being forced to close down earlier and earlier because there isn't anybody to do the work... That Carrboro munitions plant is now choosing its 150 workers from a flood of applications, among which, incidentally, can be found a number of UNC student applications—from boys who will quit school as soon as they hear the magic word, come-work-for-me...

Pick Theatre SUNDAY

THE PICTURE IS THE BOOK!

Table listing movie showtimes and titles: Monday—BETTY GRABLE JEAN PARKER in "WHAT PRICE INNOCENCE"; Tuesday—BUD ABBOTT LOU COSTELLO in "KEEP 'EM FLYING"; Wednesday—DOROTHY LAMOUR RAY MILLAND in "HER JUNGLE LOVE"; Thursday—BETTY GRABLE CAROLE LANDIS in "I WAKE UP SCREAMING"; Friday—ALICE FAYE CARMEN MIRANDA in "WEEK-END IN HAVANA"; Saturday—WILLIAM BOYD ANDY CLYDE in "RIDERS OF TIMBERLINE".