

Break That Bottleneck

If you look up "bottleneck" in the dictionary, chances are two to one that you won't find it listed. It's a term that grew up with wartime Washington to denote an unnecessary bottling up or delay in production, services or labor while using the war as a blanket excuse for unnecessary inefficiency.

Carolina is no exception to the fault and we've come near having our own bottlenecks this summer, and even since the short time school started. Let's not have any more high school fires and let's crack all the bottlenecks before they have a chance to become major campus problems.

Yesterday, the three floors in Graham Memorial were mysteriously flooded at about 9:30 in the morning. Most important fact about the Student Union is that its complete basement is doing an admirable job in trying to alleviate the eating problem until Swain Hall is built. If the flood had occurred two hours later, the Graham Memorial Grill might have been closed to the students for that eating hour. As it was, the mess was luckily cleaned up in time for the place to open at twelve. We hate to think of what the students would have done for meals if the flood had occurred two hours later.

Somewhere in the Buildings Department of the University, a requisition to have some radiators fixed happened to be overlooked. A bottleneck developed that was completely unnecessary and is one that will entail some expense. With labor, materials and services hard to secure, it is almost criminal to make our own problems when they can just as well be avoided.

Notwithstanding Graham-Memorial Director Moll's explanations for the Buildings Department as due to "labor shortage," the fact still stands that the flood this morning and the lack of former social facilities at present is due to some tardy and needed repairs that haven't gone into effect.

Graham Memorial is the only independent and student-controlled building on the campus, but let's not make it the "University stepchild" put on a waiting list. There aren't any professors or deans using its halls, but it's the only place on the campus where the students can congregate or have their organization offices. Being one of them, the editorial board of the DAILY TAR HEEL was a little dismayed this morning on seeing the typewriters floating out the door and on realizing for the first time what a quiet place it has been since many of the facilities were cut off.

Let's break that bottleneck and get the building in shape so that the recreation besides the eating and housing problem can be solved. We want to hear that \$1,000 music collection and see the students utilizing the Student Union's full facilities.

Initial Triumph

Editor's note: Here is the letter which Dean Roland Parker sent to the captain and coaches of the Carolina football team after their victory Saturday over Wake Forest. He has expressed what should be the reaction and loyalty of every student.

A host of people have stated that they believe your conquest of Wake Forest on last Saturday would go down in Carolina Sports history as one of our finest victories.

Realizing that a new coach with a green team was facing an oldline coach with seasoned veterans, the odds were piled high against the Tar Heels—according to all those things which can be added and subtracted.

The support of the student body and the cadet corps was inspiring.

But—the hard, tough training hours and the program which Carolina Coaches and players had undergone must have been an immeasurably big factor. There was a sureness of touch, an accuracy, an enduring power which the Carolina men possessed that paid big dividends—as it should have. The fact that our Coach struck out along war lines, broke away from precedent, and gave his charges the most rigorous training of any individual squad in the country could well have been the decisive factor. In other words, it looked as though we were watching a group of men who were trained magnificently to fight on the football field or in the trenches.

The faith of the players in the Coaches and the faith of the coaches in the men must have played a great part.

Many a person has told me that he forgot all about the rain and the slish as he watched the Tar Heels fight to glory.

To me it was the finest experience of the year for the University with the exception of President Graham's convocation address. Youth and age alike are inspired by a great fight, a great victory, won honorably and cleanly over a tough foe.

You will perhaps win games by bigger scores but it will be hard even for the Tar Heels of '42 to surpass their opening triumph.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Keeping Tab

With Stud Gleicher

Brother, have you been over the Navy obstacle course? I was over it once and I'm going back as soon as I get off these crutches. There's one obstacle my instructor forgot to mention, or maybe he doesn't think it's tough to hobble from Woollen to the infirmary with only one useful leg. The way it looks now I'll only be wearing one shoe this winter. When we got there we were in pretty bad shape and the doctor thought I was going to take a turn for the nurse. Business must be terrible though, 'cause I saw one of the medicos advertise outside his office. The price list looked something like this:

Appendix	\$100
Tonsils	\$ 50
Gall stones	\$175
Liver	\$100
(with onions 15c extra)	

Memo to the statue makers: One caricature of the gent who thought up 8 ayem classes, and a plastic bust of the genius who thinks up a substitute for rushing.

We had a lovely blind date the other night. The gal had a face like an unconfirmed report.

We know you lads and lassies are anxiously waiting to know what plays in the new Carolina Theater so we hereby scoop the world with the announcement that it will open on October 16 featuring Ray Milland and Ginger Rogers. The theatre will seat about 1100 students and you can all snap your bubble gum as Miss Rogers put on short skirts and gets made love to by a bunch of prep school boys who look like they've had plenty of experience along that line. Ginger, the minor, finally marries Milland, the Major, and they settle down to raise

a little army of their own.

Here's an advance line on some of the other pictures that will soon be playing at the popcorn and movie emporium.

SINTOWN . . . the customers throw their money on the counter, Constance Bennett throws herself at Pat Knowles, the censors throw out the best scenes in the picture and what's left is what you see. P.S. Any connection between the name of this picture and any neighboring metropolis is purely coincidental.

DANGER IN THE PACIFIC . . . why Hollywood insists on taking two good supporting players like Leo Carrillo and Andy Devine and putting them in a picture where they have to do their stuff for 90 minutes is beyond me. Both players are good in short scenes but this picture proves they can't carry a feature length story.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP . . . the sound of the audience on their way out no doubt.

ALIAS BOSTON BLACKIE . . . doctor Kildare is in the army, Gene Autry likewise, Mickey Rooney is getting too big for the Hardy series, so I suppose they have to turn out some other pictures.

HOLIDAY INN . . . when Fred Astaire and the Bing get together in this opus it really is somp'n. Both lads are at their best and we recommend this one for all from six to sixty whether they are male, female, or neuter.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER . . . how true, how true!

We hear that mayor LaGuardia is planning to fingerprint all the schoolchildren in New York. That shouldn't be too hard because as yet there is no shortage of jam and wallpaper, that we know of.

Segal Disputes Claim Of Inadequate Shipping

By Harvey Segal

Wendell Wilkie's recent pleas for a second front in 1942 have brought to the American people a sober estimate of the gravity of the present crisis. Moreover, they have made it all the more necessary to examine objections of the type raised by Sara Anderson's objections concerning shipping that bear close scrutiny—even that of the layman. She, in calculating the necessary tonnage needed for a second front, seems to assume that the troops must be transported 20 miles over the channel in merchant vessels.

The raid on Dieppe was carried out with small Naval craft and barges. The problems faced on long Atlantic hauls simply don't figure into the picture when considering an invasion force. Moreover, Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, who has recently returned from an international maritime conference in London, has publicly stated on many occasions that there is sufficient shipping available for a second front.

As to the question of heavy losses if a second front is attempted. Certainly our losses will be heavy—successful or otherwise. The main question that Miss Anderson and many others must answer is: "If the Allies are unwilling or unable to face one fifth of the German strength with the Red Army striking power still intact, how will they face four fifths of the German strength next year with the striking power of the Red Army broken?" Only when examined in this light can the question of whether or not a large scale failure would be worth the effort be logically answered.

To debate over the nature of the delay at this time is really quite valueless, for the following facts still persist in staring rather pointedly. A promise was made to open a second front in 1942. That promise and the treaty which accompanied it, after nearly four months, still awaits it. The Soviet Union, now bearing the full brunt of the Axis assault cannot continue to do so indefinitely. If the pressure on her is not relieved, we in America and Britain will be deprived of our only offensive power to the east of Nazi Germany—and on the whole European continent for that matter.

Should this happen, our generation can only expect a needlessly longer, harder and more terrible conflict — one which might possibly end in a "peace" of the infamous Munich variety.

Remnants . . .

If Kaiser, that radical, doesn't watch out, he'll go and upset the government's shipbuilding program. First thing you know, he'll build too many ships too fast and we'll have more than eight million tons of shipping this year. This, of course, is bad, and rightfully, the red-tapers are doing their best to discourage him.

We'd win this war much faster if the Japs would only read their press notices and realize how out-classed they are. Everytime we gain an inch, at least three military experts assure us that we've played taps for the Japs.

We heard a squirrel raving the other day. "I had nut, see," he shouted. "I'm putting the finger on a hot acorn, which is a luxury indeed, when this guy comes up with his John Roscoe in his mitt and takes it away from me. I am angry and protest, but this guy crames the acorn into his mouth with his fingers shaking and his lips trembling. He is a freshman, and he is muttering about the restaurants in a very unsavory manner."

And then there was the little town of Gradazia. An increase of the population was expected, and the officials issued statements saying that the housing facilities were more than adequate to take care of the influx. When the additions to the population were made, everybody was very comfortable. But then, Gradazia was only an ant hill.

Mayor Laguardia has said that he can get along very well without the newspapers. The Times and the Tribune have already lopped three and a half pages off their regular editions, and the Typesetters Union has entered a complaint on the City Hall docket, stating that the Little Flower is unfair to organized labor. Laguardia is apparently unworried, but several local firm departments have gone back to the old system of hiring paid publicity directors.

A graduate student recently said to his roommate: "Let's go down to the village and get a synthetic coke. I just got a bottle of tequila to use for a chaser."

On the Hour . . .

- 2:00—Six-man legislature meeting in the Grail room.
- 4:00—Sororities hold open house.
- 5:00—University club meets in Gerard hall.
- 7:30—Intertown council meeting at 215 Vance street.
- 7:30—Meeting of those interested in Playmakers in Playmakers theatre.

The Diaper Pin

By Walter Klein

Bull sessions are the only campus institutions that don't cost the University money. They flourish everywhere, all the time, about every topic.

If you're aging fast and haven't read a newspaper in 13 years and are proud of it, drop in at Eubanks' drug store some afternoon, pull a chair up to the stove and join in the gabfest. If you're anxious to know the real story of why Gentleman Jim Corbett lost his 22nd fight, what P. T. Barnum displayed in Detroit and the price of tobacco in 1913, here's your living almanac. This is a favorite refuge for southern gentlemen who believe the north is likely to win the Civil War.

The YMCA should be restricted to boy-girl repartee exclusively. When two introverts start blasting at each other over the relative merits of the Egyptian war, the YMCA walls shake, boys and girls are demoralized and the juke box starts playing the Hut Sut song.

Loudest bull sessions on campus are the interdormitory ravings. Usually on a shaky intellectual plane, these arguments from Old East to Old West and from B to V to P range in topical matters from the new coeds to sex and back to the new coeds and back to sex.

The intradormitory bull sessions, on the other hand, tend to delve into impenetrable depths of abstraction. I once saw a freshman go into a dorm bull session discussing tire rationing. Two hours later he came out converted to Brahmanism, pledged to a bankrupt fraternity, a subscriber to Fortune, enlisted in V-1 and dragging a dachshund on a purple leash.

Bulling, as you know, is an art. You must be constantly ready to lie your way out of any hasty statement, twist logic into glittering generalities, insult politely and be able to rattle off dried-up facts at will. If you don't have facts, use ersatz.

A good buller must know when to yield an argument. Thousands of students' nerves have been shattered trying to change Lou Harris' views. Best way to end a hot verbal fight is to laugh your opponent off the map. This may bring about general ill-will or just plain embarrassment, but it certainly does end a bull session. Try it sometime. If he hits you, sue him.

Certain campus organizations have exploited bull sessions so shamelessly that the good old man-

LIBERTY LIMERICKS



A real estate man from South Bend Said—"We'll bring this war to an end If all of us sign On that old 'dotted line' When Uncle Sam asks us to lend."

Our land will be worth a lot more if it's kept free! Help your country reach its War Bond quota . . . put 10% of your income into War Bonds every pay day! U. S. Treasury Dept.

to-man encounter has turned into a pretentious, staid debate. These alleged bull sessions are so innocuous that you can't possibly hope to end up in gay free-for-all. Now what fun is that, I ask you? Louder, I can't hear you.

We award our Intercampus Medal for Outstanding Bulling Beyond the Line of Duty to our own, lovable political science, social science, journalism, history and romance language departments. Those professors can fill up one hour with more mean arguments than any other human beings I've bugged with. What could be more satisfying (except Chesterfields) than ten minutes of Spanish grammar and forty minutes of discussing last week's front page news? One at a time, one at a time.

Even the you-know-what prints bull sessions on its pages each day. Right now a certain Mr. Segal and a certain Miss Anderson are in their third day of a controversy over a second front. Tomorrow the two should have a third and even a fourth front opened. Watch for developments.

Drop in and look over the latest in Novels—Poetry—Non-Fiction
THE BULL'S HEAD BOOK SHOP
BROWSE—BORROW—BUY



COURAGE COMES IN ENVELOPES

Being apart from familiar surroundings and loved ones is a trial; it saps morale. But all that is erased—the day is bright and the job is light—when letters arrive daily, penned in familiar handwriting! That's a Sheaffer pen's duty in this war.

Sheaffer's "TRIUMPH" is the newest *Lifeline* pen. We began developing it four years before the entry of the United States into war. At that time "TRIUMPH" was undergoing final rigorous tests by land and sea. It has been sold throughout 1942. Fortunately, practically all of the materials in "TRIUMPH" are of least critical nature . . . Men and women in all walks of life will value this essential gift, now and always.

Note: Fuel all pens carefully. Sheaffer's SKRIP is kind to the rubber and other critical parts of pens—makes all pens write better and last longer. W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO., Fort Madison, Iowa.



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