

The Critical Spirit

"They say" is a common phrase of our everyday life and it occupies a large part of the American scene. A trite little phrase, nevertheless it connotes an American characteristic of a public wanting critical discrimination in its tastes and some authoritative guidance toward usefully allotting our time spent in diversions.

"They say the movie uptown is good, they say it's a fine book, it's a swell show..." These are the phrases we hear, but they come up every year to make a new editorship realize the need for careful and discriminating criticism towards the entertainment offerings of the campus. It is because of this that any new editorial board, after assigning the routine columns and "news-paper beats," looks around for a sound critical voice to speak constructively about our Playmaker or SoundanFury shows, our art exhibits, our speakers.

This year the editors naturally turned to two groups who seemed the most likely to offer this type of service, the Carolina Magazine and the Carolina Workshop inaugurated last year. We found that Richard Adler, literary editor of the Carolina Magazine, was also the head of the Carolina Workshop, so Adler seemed the natural choice.

Under his head and with the sanction of the DAILY TAR HEEL, Adler has mobilized a Carolina Workshop Critical Board composed of expert and informed critics on light and "heavier" theatrical offerings, student critics in the art fields, and qualified IRC and CPU members recruited for the Workshop to serve as critical analysts for the speakers who come to the campus. This is just one more service offered by the Workshop and one that is welcomed by the staff.

In the future, look for our regular feature on the Workshop Board of Criticism's review following every major offering at the University. Department and entertainment heads might contact Adler for cooperation, criticism, and publicity for the programs they have to offer this fall.

Mementoes for the Japs

By S. J. Perelman

Goodness knows I abhor such confidences, but when I was finishing my formal education about 1925, a phase later seized upon and distorted by F. Scott Fitzgerald and Compton Mackenzie into a series of shilling checkers, my apparel was enough to congeal the blood.

My entry into the classroom was heralded by a dismal noisome stench of wet tweed reminiscent of the Fall of the House of Usher, mingled with the squeak of corduroy and heavily-welted shoes. A moment later I would clank in booted and spurred for the pursuit of knowledge with the general sound effect of two skeletons waltzing on a tin roof. From the crown of my tad cap to the scuffed toe caps of my bluchers, I carried more base metal by volume than a Spanish conquistador.

The gross weight of the hobnails, heel plates, and brass eyelets of my shoes, the numerals on my class pipe, the various cunning reamers, gouges, and spades employed in cleaning same, and the countless watch-fobs, charms, amulets, revolving pencils, and key-chains I affected bowed my shoulders for life.

Had there been anything like scrap salvage at the time, I could easily have outfitted a corvette. Even in those carefree days, it was no uncommon sight to see groups of metallurgists standing about the quad at evensong eyeing me wistfully.

Equally spectacular from the standpoint of scrap were the mementoes among which I dwelt. To proclaim my splendid isolation and contempt for authority, I had decked my bower with traffic standards,

signs rifled from restrooms, and similar trophies. Cynical, embittered man of the world though I was, these keepsakes secretly filled me with the tender pride of a debutante exhuming her first dance program. Each reminded me of some breathless exploit in which I had pitted craft and sinew against society and triumphed. Face it, men: I was a heller.

That the current generation is more conservative in its dress is debatable, but the last time I entered a dormitory room, the walls were hung with the same kind of spoils. And ordinarily I would have been delighted that the grand old outlaw tradition was still alive, that the flame of fierce resistance was being cherished.

The only trouble, however, is that in the meantime things have become a little tense. A lot of unpleasant people have come out of the woodwork and seem to be swarming over everything. In Prague, merely to remind you, they machine-gunned several thousand undergraduates of just about your size and weight. They enjoyed the experience so much that they have promised to do the same thing to you.

To, prevent it, your government needs every one of those souvenirs, every bit of scrap metal and rubber you can lay hold of. It needs everything you've got—that is, except those cabinet-size photographs of Hedy LaMarr. Just send those on to me.

So intensive is the scrap metal drive at the University, that we know of a chap who made the supreme sacrifice, he took the lead out of his feet and gave it in.

Views expressed by the columnists in this newspaper are not necessarily those of the editors who restrict editorial opinion to the staff editorials. In matters of controversy or criticism, the Daily Tar Heel permits space to the individual columnist's opinion and for the opinion of readers so long as the articles submitted are, in the editor's opinion, sincere and factual.

The Daily Tar Heel

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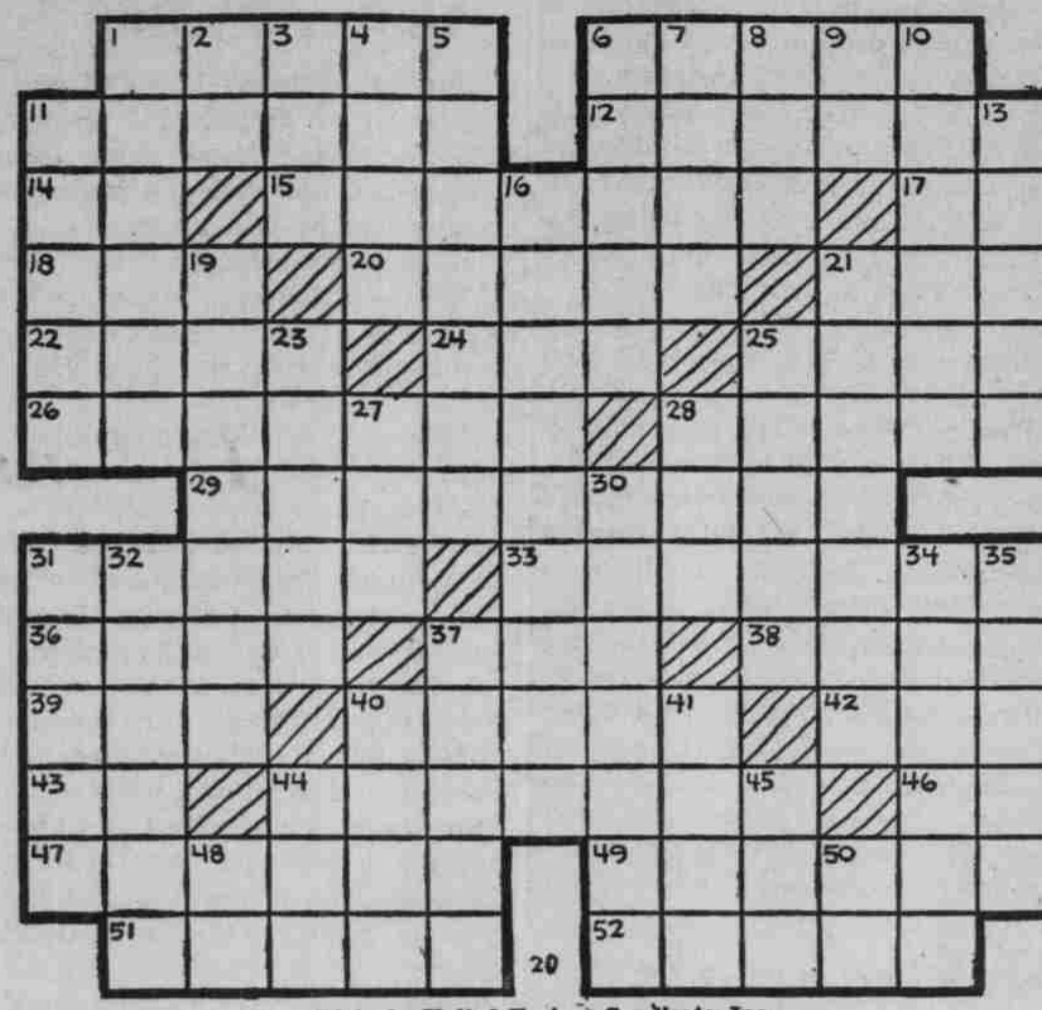
FOR THIS ISSUE: News: BOB LEVIN Sports: BILL WOESTENDIEK

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE DOWN

1-Vapid 6-Besmirch 11-Plant seeds 12-Man's title 14-Conclusion 15-Hanging ornaments 17-Italian river 18-Huge 20-Fruit skins 21-Dove's call 22-Short jacket 24-Burmese spirit 25-Lichen-like growth 26-Repairs shoes 28-Cat-like animal 29-Captives 31-Coil of thread 33-Countries 36-African tree 37-Strike 38-Square 39-Public notices 40-Dual 42-The parson bird 43-Chinese measure 44-Comes to earth 46-Compass point 47-Minister 48-Closely surfacing 50-Retains

2-Toward 3-Skill 4-Jump 5-Members of Jewish sect 6-Small fish 7-Wire measures 8-Worm 9-In 10-Rest 11-Temperature 13-Perch 16-Flavoring 19-Religious books 21-Associate with 23-Water wheel 25-Deserve 27-Linden tree 29-Retain 30-Tribe of southern Indians 31-Skin on head 32-Kind of bear 34-Sickness 35-Barker's cry 37-Those who inherit 40-Failure (slang) 41-Small stove 44-Consume 45-Man's nickname 48-Compass point 49-Fruit drink



In Dubious Battle

by Jack Dube

Surprise Party: Was insidiously cooked up for Henry Moll at the Carolina Inn. Hoke and Harward offered to buy him dinner over there and Henry was just too surprised to refuse. The rest of the party were in the Faculty Dining-room waiting for them when suddenly they espied Moll and his treaters on the cafeteria line. Happy Birthday, Mole...

Balderdash: Also, it was on our recommendation that Sarah Yokely wrote an article telling about how the World Series between the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Cardinals could be heard in Graham Memorial, but it was the Managing Editor who okayed the story... And we hear that one of the Doctors at the infirmary accidentally wrote 4-F instead of "D" on a Physed rating card...

And Folderol: Maybe it was Arty Fischer who told us about the pack of around 12 dogs who follow the naval kaydettes on their hikes. The weary cadets found some momentary relief from the tediousness of the hiking by watching the canines sport about them all through the day... until suddenly they looked back and saw one of the dogs fall dead from exhaustion... Professor Green isn't often confused with his son P.G., Jr., but the entrance of still another Paul Green with the same middle initial has got the directors of the Directory baffled...

Hill-lites: The story that's going around now is about the dumb frosh who hooked up the Bunsen Burner to the water instead of the gas-line in Chem Lab... things turned out swimmingly... Big Bob Burleigh says he's the quarterback on the Carr Dorm Team and he's "Swift as the clouds"... Millicent Hosch tells us that while she was in the infirmary, she saw some young fellow going down the hall in one of those diaper-like nite-shirts they provide. People called to the wearer from all sides about the garments inadequacies, but our hero merely waved them all aside with the remark "That's all right, yours is torn too!"...

Class Classics: "What is the A. P.?" queried Phillips Russell in Newswriting. "Just a Grocery Store," quipped Dave Koonce... Mooney Davis claims he started in the Commerce School taking marketing and by the end of this registration, he found himself majoring in "Economics of the Orient." He plans to write a term-paper "Tire-Rationing in Tibet"... Prof Winslow in Ec. 31: "Hitler was the greatest Seizer or Caesar of all times..."

Furthermore: After a recent barrage from above we've come to the conclusion that the adage should be changed to "Little oaks from great big acorns grow"... Rosalie Branch and Marie Limb claim no

relationship... Look for very big doings this year with Dick Adler's Carolina Workshop... Those Sunday Night Sessions may really put this campus on the entertainment map... We've noticed that this year's crop of coeds is really something. Even the grads are attractive. Of course, we know that the pre-flight school and the ratio of men to women students had nothing to do with the sudden influx of beauty. The girls came here to be career women... and the funny part about it is that they may have to be just that...

Campus Talent to Help Entertain Naval Cadets

Within a couple of weeks students will be appearing in the boxing pavilion down at the Wednesday night Pre-Flight smokers to pool their talents with the cadets for entertainment.

If the plan is successful—and campus applause for the entertainers at the Sunday Night Session indicates that it will—then talent exchanges will be worked out. Student performers will continue to appear at the weekly smokers, cadets will help entertain the student body on Sunday night.

The ball has already begun to roll. Lt. Frank Gillespie, in charge of cadets smokers, is working now with Student Bud Persky to secure students for Wednesday week's smoker. The Huttons and the Calligans and their corps have already volunteered to rewrite their gags one more time and to work out new routines.

Organized support will be furnished by several student organizations—Graham Memorial Student Union, Student Government and the DAILY TAR HEEL.

It's about time that students and cadets found out they have mutual interests in something else than Saturday night dates with coeds.

Remnants...

The Gods of War seem to like the Stalingrad show so much that they've held it over another month.

With the intensified mental drive, there's no longer any nasty connotation to the expression "relegated to the scrap heap."

Self-confidence is a wonderful thing. Alfange, the Labor Party's candidate for the New York State governorship, has had his wife look over the governor's mansion with an eye to redecorating it for when they move in.

The final casualty list from the Lenoir Pine Room front has not yet been published. When the dust of the battle cleared away, it was found they were out of Virginia ham, grits, and two waiters.

H. Alger Series

Dabbling Henry Moll Has Hit Several Jackpots

By Dick Adler

Henry, the 'mole', Moll is no dilettante. After four years of experimenting with everything from the hell-holes of campus politics, the fox-holes of Fetzter Field, the intrigues of the campus intelligentsia, the squabbles of publication circles, he is now a graduate, director of the Student Union, Ex-Editor of the nation's number one college magazine and recently mentioned for "outstanding excellence" in the Harper's National short story contest.

Four Years Back

Henry Moll's mother found a note pinned to his pillow, four years back, she did not know that her son had "run away from home" instead of taking a two weeks visit-vacation as the note had explained.

Three months out of a job and discouraged, Henry Moll had silently arisen one 2 A.M., packed a card-board suitcase and left New York City with seven dollars in his pocket to hitchhike to the West Coast in search of a job.

A wish to see Dixie took him on the longer route thru the South. At Richmond the remains of the seven dollars had been stolen. In Norlina, Va., that same day, a dusty Moll was chased by a farmer who had found him in a tomato patch "borrowing" the fruit for a meal. Two days later this same boy was asking the University library clerk if he could look over some of Thomas Wolfe's manuscripts.

Sweeping Memorial Hall for four-fifty per week, stoking Dr. Newsome's furnace for his room, washing dishes for meals were some of the things that Hank did before Katherine Lackey, Dr. Frank's secretary, met him. Soon a loan was arranged and Henry started school about a month late.

Writer-Illustrator

Moll is primarily an artist. In spite of his various "extra" functions he is the valuable combination of both cartoonist-commercial illustrator and fiction writer. He was the chief brush-master at his high school and afterward studied art and illustration before Carolina at Pratt Institute. His first three years here at school he served as Art Editor and cartoonist for the ill-fated Buccaneer and Tar an' Feathers.

His writing career started in his freshman year when he came under the influence of H. K. Russell. Since then he has composed "Sapling," "One on a Rock," and "The Middle Ground," short stories all published in the Carolina Magazine. Moll's successful, March Combination Issue, printed his emotional explosion, "The Spare Room." This intense subjective study won him the honorable mention in Harper's national short-story contest. The Literary Board of the Carolina Magazine, however, has quoted that Moll's latest story to appear in the forthcoming issue, "is superior to all his other works artistically."

After Moll had steered the mag to its position of honor—first prize in the National Scholastic Press Association—he was elected to fill the vacancy made by Bill Cochrane—Director of Graham Memorial—where he has done a creditable job. At present he is also the Vice-Chairman of the Carolina Workshop, works on campus publications, and is a follower of student government.

Campus Grapevine

By The Staff

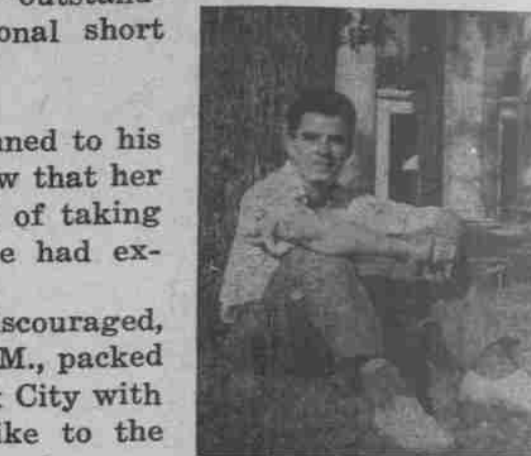
The Athletic Council is keeping the wires hot trying to negotiate a game with Clemson for Homecoming Day, but no definite news has yet come out of Woollen. Chances are that the Tigers are reluctant to tackle Carolina just five days before they clash with the University of South Carolina in a rivalry that is as intense as Duke and Carolina's—than which there is none intenser.

More rumors seeped about the campus today that Duquesne University was angling for an invitation down to Kenan Stadium. Investigation of football schedules disclosed that William and Mary College, where ex-Duke coach Carl Voyles has built up an excellent team in short years, is as yet unengaged for Saturday week. If transportation and Voyles were negotiable, William and Mary—better than either Duquesne or Clemson—would look more like a happy homecoming.

"Scuttlebutt" is the Pre-Flight School's contribution to the Chapel Hill vocabulary. As explained by obliging Bill Cochrane, ex-director of Graham Memorial, now in V-7 training at Northwestern, the "scuttlebutt" was the dispensary for drinking water on old sailing ships. It naturally became the source of ship rumors. Now Navy men call all rumor material "scuttlebutt." Borrowing the term, we promptly label "scuttlebutt" the boner sent out this week by the Greensboro Daily News Bureau: NAVY MAY OCCUPY INN AT CHAPEL HILL

"Early take over of Carolina Inn at Chapel Hill by the Navy which is operating the Pre-Flight School in the Orange Athens, is forecast by Carolina alumni who come over to Raleigh on football and lesser occasions.

"The Inn was given to the University by John Sprunt Hill. It has been a sort of double solution for community and visitors, and recently a big wing was added to the hotel. The pre-flight school has brought hundreds of persons to the university community who have found the housing on the Hill inadequate. The university administration has said nothing about any proposal to turn over Carolina Inn to the Navy, but the Hill residents are expecting it almost any day."



FOR DEFENSE BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

On the Hour...

- 7:30—Orthodox Services, Hillel House.
- 8:00—Grads meet, Hill hall.
- 8:30—Fall Frolics, Woollen gym.
- 10:00—Applicants for Student War Loan fund meet, 206 Venable.

North Carolina College for Negroes

Durham, North Carolina Announces The Following Concert Series

- October 12—Margaret Speaks, of Radio fame—one of the sweet singers of America.
- October 19—Marian Anderson, who has no superior on the Concert Stage at the present time.
- December 5—Carmen Amaya Dance Group, this is unquestionably one of the great dance groups on the American Stage.
- January 11—Abram Chasins, world famous pianist.

Reserved seats for the four performances—\$6.50

Single Reserved Tickets \$2.50

For tickets and reservations write or call:

North Carolina College for Negroes

Durham, North Carolina