

Carolina Carnival

The Recreation Problem—along with housing and eating the worst facing the campus at the beginning of the year—has been handled so well that nobody knows there ever was one.

Coming out now are more good entertainment ideas than have ever hit the campus before—possibility of a free dance weekend Thanksgiving, talent exchange with the Pre-Flight School, and now the Sports Carnival Friday night.

Woolen gym has always had more possibility for recreation than even overworked Graham Memorial—the space and the facilities are good for more than a weekend dance and four hours of physical education a week.

Walter Rabb's idea of turning over the whole plant and everything in it to the students on Friday night looks good from every angle. It utilizes the space and facilities of the gym to the fullest. It costs the students nothing. It provides entertainment a damned sight healthier and not nearly so monotonous as the beer joints.

If the sports carnival could be staged several times during the year, it would be one more move toward providing the student body with the relaxation that it needs so badly now. Only possible hitch is that the carnival this time is costing Rabb and Company money and a lot of work. Anything less than a wholesale turnout by the student body will throw a wet blanket on possible future plans for making it a regular event.

See you there.

Post-War

War Aim--World Federation

By Richard Ralley

Winston Churchill has said, "If we had kept together after the last war, if we had taken common measures for our safety, this renewed need would never have fallen on us." After the first world war, the stage was set for international cooperation to establish permanent peace. But attempted measures failed when those countries who should have led the efforts refused to use their potential powers. America backed away from the League and reneged on occupying her important seat.

While now fighting this war, we must make definite our war aims. For regardless of whether we win the war or not, all will be lost if we fail to win the peace. To return to the pre-war state will mean further jealousy created alliances and anarchy. Out of this war must come a world federation, an international order that will insure peace for all times.

A world federation would be the last continuing step in the gradual evolution of man's local government—the clan, the tribe, the nation, the empire, the federated state, the unsuccessful attempt at a League, and a world federation of all nations. The world is economically and culturally interdependent. It must be politically interdependent. The idea of a world federation seems feasible when we face the existing facts: (1) neither one nation nor one race can live unto itself, (2) every people have the right to govern themselves, (3) world peace is possible only by the concerted action of all groups.

The United Nations, fighting together in war, should be the ones to lead the move for this world federation. For if they can band together in a common effort in war, then they should be able to continue together in peace. However, for a successful federation there must be participation by every nation. The United Nations should start the world federation and then invite the defeated nations to join. For them to join, the federation must have proved its workability. In the Commonwealth

Of God Lionel Curtis wrote, "the first international commonwealth must from its nature be founded by states which have laid the foundation for effective self-government for themselves. They must be those national commonwealths which have carried self-government to the highest point which has yet been attained." The United Nations, with all their shortcomings, thus far are the ones who have done the most to advance self-government.

A world federation must have jurisdiction co-extensive and potential strength to settle all issues. It would be established for:

- Upholding freedom of thought, expression of opinion and movement.
- Upholding the rule of law, both nationally and internationally.
- The use of the state, not as an instrument of domination or merely for the protection of private interests, but as an instrument of public welfare and cultural development.
- The organization of production and distribution for raising the standard of living and life of all the peoples of the world.

This federation must necessarily be loosely constructed, in order that each nation can retain much of its sovereignty. The federation would band all nations together to solve the problems which are common to them all. These problems, social, economic, and political in nature, are problems of raw materials, immigration, health, education, law, rights of citizens, and transportation, and distribution. Nations together could fight the common enemies of all—poverty, injustice, ignorance, and disease.

The federation would have police power, authority to enforce decisions, and administration to provide for co-operative solution of economic and social problems. Nations could work together for the common solution of their common problems. This federation would bring nations together in efforts for peace.

Peace should be our major war aim.

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

The official newspaper of the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where it is printed daily except Mondays, and the Thanksgiving, Christmas and Spring Holidays. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price, \$3.00 for the college year.

1941 Member 1942
Associated Collegiate Press

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Report from the IRC

DeGaulle's Fighting French Valiantly Blast Axis Armies

By Paul Kattenburg
Faithful, valiant, and courageous, the Free French forces of deGaulle have continued to blast the armies of the Axis since the fall of France, working side by side, or rather underneath, the Allied effort. Little publicized, their work has been invaluable.

Firstly, the Free French hold the key to Africa. They are firmly entrenched in the Chad, the Cameroons, Gabon, the Belgian Congo. Without their support we might not have reconquered Ethiopia. They have placed strategic French islands in the Pacific at our disposal. They have eliminated the threat of Miquelon and St. Pierre.

Secondly, their navy is not a negligible factor. Two battleships, one light cruiser, two destroyers, several submarines and other minor surface craft have been fighting side by side with us in conveying Free French merchant vessels in their job of transporting supplies from the Free French ports to the Allies.

In view of these two important factors, it would seem that State department officials in Washington and London have been giving deGaulle and his troops a raw deal. At the time the Vichy authorities sold Indo-China to Japan, representatives were already in Washington, ready to negotiate with us and ask for help in resisting the Japanese. But we planned to deal with Vichy. Indo-China fell and became the springboard for the Philippines-East Indies attack. London's failure to fully recognize deGaulle as the only representative of France, and Washington's decision to go on with Vichy cost us a bloody battle in Syria to reassure control over a territory that almost certainly would have gone Free French, had the appeasement of Vichy not officially continued from the Allied world.

This has been the policy all along—dealing openly with Vichy while the Free French struggled with the Allied spirit of almost willful non-cooperation and muddling. Perhaps the most flagrant example of this policy as far as the U. S. is concerned was the open and official denunciation by State department officials of the Free French

coup at Miquelon and St. Pierre. When 99 per cent of the inhabitants of the islands signified their desire to remain under deGaulle administration, the State department absolutely violated the confidence of both French and American citizens by their absurd demand that Free French forces evacuate the islands.

It would appear, therefore, that cooperation exists between Vichy and Washington, almost open enough to suggest a direct pact or agreement. It certainly appears essential to keep the Vichy fleet neutral if we are to keep the already precarious balance of power in the Mediterranean and this may explain Washington's action. But a policy of appeasing Vichy by disregarding deGaulle can hardly achieve this aim, for those who hold the key to the situation are not the men of Vichy but the people of France themselves, whose spirit of resistance has so far kept the Germans from interfering too much in Vichy affairs, particularly in regard to the fleet. When you hit deGaulle you hit the spirit of resistance of the people of France itself. And nothing could upset Free French morale more quickly or more easily than this open disregard of Free French efforts, this not-too-tactful diplomatic approach to Vichy Nazis.

The outstanding hurt to the Allied cause that will be the inevitable result of such actions is the loss of faith in the Allied Nations by the masses of French people still on the continent. Most of the worker, true peasant and middle class stock in France follow the Free French flag over the world, hoping and praying that its success will ultimately bring back truth and freedom to them and their children. It is the spirit and example of the Free French forces that militarists in Allied circles are counting on to spring the fires of revolt in occupied France when first our soldiers touch European soil.

So, once again we are appealing. Instead of offering thanks and hope to the few who are able to struggle on, we tie their efforts with bonds of treachery. One of the Fighting French once said: "What do we get? Not recognition, not honor, not thanks. Only arms, and the right to die."

The Diaper Pin

By Walter Klein

Do you cram for exams?
Are you on the swing shift?
Are you an insomniac?
Or do you just plain stay up all night?

YOU DO-OO-O-OOO?
Then you're one of the Carolina students who turns on his radio at 1 a.m. and shuts it off at 7:30 a.m. You're one of the boys who keep the all-night record men checking by at the pay window. I hope you know what you're doing.

Most familiar type of record spinner is the everything-I-say-is-funny-and-you-better-laugh-oh-hahahaha type. To-wit:

Good morning, good morning, good morning, you very lucky people! Are you ready for another night of wonderful me? Oh, ha ha ha HA! Are you suffering from excess plastic lucidity? You ARE? Oh, ha ha ha HA-AA-A! Now here's a new Brunswick record, "Pardon Me, But You Look Just Like Mabel," played by Afghanistan Droll and his Frenetic Five! Isn't that just too ferocious? HA HA! Ha hahahahaha.

Un to wit.

One local station hires an all-night MC who takes special pride in knowing not only the brand of each record and the name of the selection, but also rips off the complete personnel of the band, tells you to listen to that 79th groove where the third saxophonist's E flat pad leaps, discloses during a zoot trumpet break that the trumpeter's wife is expecting a baby, reminds you to send off your Christmas presents to overseas sweethearts and forbids you to go to bed before you buy a case of Zenith chromium needles.

We recently heard of a wee-small-hour disc twirlers out in Montana who never spoke. He just played records. Played records. Records. Records. No drooling. No commercials. Just record after record.

YOU WOULD? Well, how 'bout that?

Now we get down to business. Here it comes.

The record spinner you love and the record spinner I love. The man we both would like to kiss—with a brick. The mercenary leech who, through his one powerful weapon, the commercial, spends the night pounding your limp ear to a pulp

while you unsuspectingly wait for him to play a record. At 1 a.m. he greets you with a hearty cheer and starts off on this line:

"Now before I tell the control man to play one of the greatest records of all time, your favorite and mine, the prettiest tune played by America's number one dance orchestra, let me tell you ALL about the amazing work of Floozoo. FLOOZOO, spelled F-L-O-O-Z-O! Greatest shaving cream discovered! Wipes your floors clean in an instant! Kills cockroaches permanently! Most effective lubricant for your toenail clipper ever marketed, prepared after years of laboratory research IN OUR OWN LABORATORIES! And before I go ahead with that favorite record of yours, just permit me to reveal to you the amazing new product of the O'Thooms company. It's called SMOOTH . . ."

This, of course, goes on hour after hour, throughout the night, while you bite fingernail after fingernail, smoke 12 packs of Luckies, swallow four benzadrine tablets, and drink a boilerful of black coffee. Finally at 6 o'clock the announcer ends up his 46th straight plug and you suddenly hear a cracked record of "Flat Foot Floogie" coming over the air. Just to give you an extra treat, another record follows immediately, this time it's Les Brown and his Duke Blue Devils playing "On the Isle of Capri."

That's why the manufacturers put the on-off buttons on radios. And that's why students flunk exams. And that's what slows up production. And that's why darkies were born.

Me, I sleep nights.

Remnants . . .

The Mag is out. An indication of the increasing interest in the Mag is the hoard of opinions, criticisms, and epithets that are being bantered about the campus.

There can be no doubt that the Mag was aimed at John Doe. All in all, it is good. But there is much room for improvement. Editor Meyer is missing his best editorial outlet in the former much read and popular "Hill Review." More space might well be devoted to Ben McKinnon's humor department.



The Weary Wisher

By Hayden Carruth and Sylvan Meyer

"I was talking," said the squirrel, "to my good friend Mahoney, and we concurred in the opinion that there are many things, in a manner of speaking, going on around here that do not stack up to acorn, as we say."

"And you refer—" I prodded.

"I refer, as you so mildly put it, to certain practices by certain campus organizations, that I would not be caught out on a dead limb doing."

The squirrel placed his thumbs in the armpits of his Harris tweed jacket, rocked back on his bushy tail, but remained silent.

"Well," I said.

"I hesitate," he countered. "You hesitate?" I asked.

"This is, to be exact, a ticklish proposition," said the squirrel.

"I am eager, squirrel," said I.

"I saw the football game Saturday from the big oak by the west goal posts."

"Except for your seat, you were in almost the same situation as several thousand other happy people."

"Ah," said the squirrel, "there you have shall we say the crux."

"Crux?"

"I fail to understand."

"I was not happy."

"We won."

"Indeed," said the squirrel, lighting a cheroot, "we won."

"But you were unhappy."

"Most unhappy."

"I am sorry."

"It was the fault of the system."

"Squirrel, old bean, it is always the fault of the system."

"We aren't speaking of that system."

"I await, with bated breath, all a-tangle, etc., your explanation."

"Since you insist—"

"And I do insist."

"Long years ago we had an organization which met secretly in a now extinct hollow place in a now gone branch of Davie Poplar. We called it the Four-Paws-Shake-Your-Tail-We-Are-The-Beaux-of-the-Acorn Cotillion."

"Some name."

"And we lived up to it," continued the squirrel. "We would bedeck ourselves in stupid outfits and jump wildly from one limb to another, chirping—we did chirp, you know—enthusiastically, simply polluted. We were cute as a papershell pecan."

"But, what happened? If I may ask."

"You may well ask. Upon a certain occasion of revelry, the commissar of this area which includes the Durham basin west to Hickory."

"You stray."

"Ah, yes. Your pardon. To continue—the commissar was a rather obese, gray-furred individual with more pomp than phlegm. He was terrifically upset when we disrupted a procession. It was great fun. We were weaving in and out of lines, simply playing havoc with the dignity and feeling of the moment."

"When we got a little older we understood why the commissar had taken strong measures to see that not only would the club be disbanded, but that all initiation proceedings must cease."

"Give me a sip of that shake."

I gave the squirrel some shake, beginning to understand just what he meant by this harangue.

"At the game last week," he went

on, "some of the most intelligent of your species in this vicinity donned weird apparel and gyrated and gesticulated before the multitude, dragging their alleged dignity to a new low. They tripped the University band, an organization of which I am very proud, and spoiled the formations."

"I was most unhappy at the display of poor taste. I have a nephew who enjoys such stuff. He is now in the third form. That means he sits outside the window of the first grade of Chapel Hill high school and digests things. We have a system also, you see. As a matter of fact, this summer he fell asleep there and almost roasted to death before he gathered courage to slide down a fire-hose."

"I fail to see, old thing, what you are driving at."

"Here's the point, laddy boy," the squirrel said. "We squirrels have cleared our breed of such vulgar displays. We don't think it is Hoyle, to use an expression you would understand."

"I hardly think, squirrel," I said, "that it is your province to—"

"You don't understand, old man," said the squirrel. "These bouncing chappies in the funny hats kept running in between me and the drum majorette. Revolting exhibitionism. Revolting. Ugh."

The squirrel chattered his adieus, retiring to a secret rendezvous for a nip of fermented bark juice.

A splendid example. Will you join me?—S.M.

Remnants . . .

- 7:30—Di and Phi meet.
- 7:45—Legislature meets, 103 Bing-ham hall.
- 8:30—IRC forum "Second Front Now?" Gerrard hall.

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