

Weary Wisher

Wisher Carruth Winds Up Columns, Covers Typewriter

By Hayden Carruth

A year ago I began this column. The first issue had a preface that ran like this:

"Columns need a preface, and here is mine. The birth of The Weary Wisher signifies the beginning of a regular column, appearing several times each week, when I shall write what I please. The column shall include within its scope everything from light verse to moral essays, touching current events, campus doings, human interest, and my own grouch."

For a year the Wisher has continued. Its ranks were more than doubly swelled when Sylvan joined its staff at the beginning of the current year, and together we have conscientiously tried to fulfill the prospectus of the Wisher's preface. I hope we have succeeded. I hope our crusading zeal has offended no one, and, if it has, perhaps the one or two worthwhile results have justified the offense. For a year this preface has been our guiding rule, and today I am writing my last Wisher under the same principles.

The life of the Wisher has been a good one for me, mostly because it was the period when I was most closely allied with Chapel Hill and the University. That is the period when I was nearest to the part of Chapel Hill that flows underneath and within. That is the period when I got to know Henry Moll, Pete Parker, Momo Mahoney, Dave Hanig, Erich Zimmermann, E. E. Ericson, Bucky Harward, and Ardis Kipp.

That is the period when I learned what goes on in South Building when you see it lighted late at night. That is when I learned that an hours conversation in the Graham Memorial director's office, the back booth at Danzigers, or the Episcopal Parish house can change the course of life at Carolina to an entirely different track. That is when I found Chapel Hill.

I found a lot of things I didn't like . . . the ritualistic aspects of the sororities and Golden Fleece that are a travesty on student intellectual dignity, the tie-ups and inefficiencies of the administration that have wrought such havoc on so many occasions, the smooth-faced boys that get elected to campus offices without the slightest conception of their responsibilities. There are a lot more, hundreds of things, big and little, that have made me angry, made me want to change them.

Nevertheless, there has grown within me a sentiment for Carolina that is undefinable. It is not love nor loyalty, affection nor devotion. But it is a sentiment that ties me as closely to the bad as to the good, and I am sincerely sorry to leave them both.

No Second Cup

By Henry Moll

Movie notes: Just about got over the case of the jitters developed last Friday at E. Carrington's slaughter-house-red Emporium. Responsible movie for this being Hitchcock's latest meller, "Shadow of a Doubt" which for a few days turned my innocent postman into a Nazi espionage agent, my little cousin into a suspected manic-depressive case and even caused me to think that Libbie Izen was partially constructed of paper-machie and that she was in the pay of the Gestapo for the purpose of destroying campus morale . . .

Hitchcock certainly has a fiendish way of keeping you on the end of your mental seat and Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten helped out to the best of their dramatic possibilities. Little known, but adding a lot to the picture was musical director Dimiri Tiomkin's perverted "ragging" of the waltz theme which was reminiscent of Ravel's La Valse, the unconscious Hemingway touch at the beginning which was right out of "The Killers," and the small-town touches under Thornton Wilder's guidance. January's best was "Casablanca," Hitchcock's latest was the best so far for March . . .

Intrigue Hour at Graham Memorial: Dr. (Mr. Chips) Woodhouse and E. E. Erickson gentlemanly demanding the right for each other to be heard at the IRC Panel the other night, and then just as hotly trying to disprove each others points . . . Miss Libbie Izen of the Gestapo bawling out Bob (Gherig) Shuford in the Williams Lounge for cutting a class . . . Taming of the Shu? . . . the confusing amount of interpretations that can be given to New Republic and Harper's . . . the boy who walked into Mack Snipes Haircut Establishment in the basement, waited an hour, then when seated, calmly asked for "my hair combed, please" the couple over the Graham Memorial counter, who when told there would not be any more darkened Fireside Concerts for the rest of the quarter, angrily replied: "What do you want to do, drive us back to Kenan?" . . . Wonder which they meant, Stadium or Dorm? . . . And to quote those after-dating late arrivals into the Campus Cafe in the ten-thirtish hours, "It's g-o-o-od beet soup!" . . .

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IRC Report

Why Not Give Madam Chiang Aid To China

By Howard Ennis

Madame Chiang Kai-shek, charming first lady of China, made a speech before Congress recently that struck home.

Very delicately she praised Congress, our soldiers, and our American democracy.

Then she began to needle us for our complacency in viewing China's five-and-a-half-year struggle with Japan.

She told us of the old Chinese saying: "It takes little effort to watch the other fellow carry the load."

Then she told us of the danger of our present course in underestimating Japanese strength.

"Let us not forget that Japan in her occupied areas today has greater resources at her command than Germany."

"Let us not forget that the longer Japan is left in undisputed possession of these resources, the stronger she must become. Each passing day will take more toll in lives of both Americans and Chinese."

The Chinese are now in contact with the Japanese along a line as long as the Russian front. China has shown after five and a half years of war how much she can do with relatively few weapons.

According to best estimates, minimum Chinese needs for driving out the Japs are 500 bombers and fighter planes. Last year we built 49,000 planes, of which perhaps half were combat planes. This year, we are scheduled to build 125,000 planes.

If China needs 500 planes, let's give her 500 planes. That does not seem to be too much to do for so valuable an ally.

Compare China's needs with what we have actually sent her so far. For example, of some 200 planes promised her over a year ago, she has received exactly 12. Wendell Willkie, back from his trip around the world, said, "If I told you how many planes we have actually sent to China, you wouldn't believe me."

It is poor consolation to be told that China is now receiving as many supplies by air transport as she formerly received by the Burma road, when the Burma road never supplied her with more than five per cent of what she listed as her minimum needs.

Madame Chiang told us: "From five and a half years of experience we in China are convinced that it is the better part of wisdom not to accept a failure ignominiously, but to risk it gloriously."

Let's risk more to help China—not only for the sake of the charming Madame Chiang, but to keep in the fight our only Asiatic ally against Japan.

ERC

(Continued from first page)

be called to active duty as apprentice seamen with pay and uniforms." They will remain in school if they pass on an active duty status.

The qualifying examination to be given sophomores in the Navy program on April 2 will "probably be given here" although applications have not been received here "yet."

Marine corps officers candidate reservists class will be called to active duty approximately July 1 to be under a setup similar to students in the Navy program, Perry stated.

Small World

Cardinal Nazi Principle Keeps Allies-Russia Apart

By Harvey Segal

One of the cardinal principles of Nazi diplomatic strategy has been to prevent the cooperation of the democratic powers with the Soviet Union by the ceaseless trumpeting of the "Red Menace." So successful was this ploy up until June 1941 that the Goebbels-Bolshevik Menace factory is still running over time. The only factor that has changed is the market for Her Dokter's products: It has grown steadily worse due to a sharp decline in "gullibility level" of people all over the world. Yet despite the dark outlook, the Menace-Makers in the Wilhelmstrasse are still prolific.

The latest menace concerns the Soviet boundaries; namely the question of Poland and the Baltic States. Upon the announcement of the refusal of the Soviet Union to accept their pre-war boundaries, the Goebbels-men in conjunction with a sizable group of Munich mentalities in this country have been painting gory pictures of a Post War Bolshevik Europe.

To the average reader, their claims would seem not unreasonable; but a glance into the historical records give lie to their claims. The Baltic States, Bessarabia, and Moldavia were all, before the Russian revolution of 1917, part of Russia. All received status as "national" entities or parts of Poland and Roumania due to the weakness of the nascent Soviet government. The Baltic states were separated from the Soviet Union at the treaty of Rigo in 1920. This was more a *diktat* than a treaty. The independence of the Baltic States was actually opposed by the United States and Great Britain at the time that they were formed.

Woodrow Wilson is his Fourteen Points mentioned Balkan,

not Baltic self-determination. He undoubtedly felt that the Baltic peoples were a part of the Russian nation. Poland and Roumania merely seized the sections of Russia which they owned before the war. When the Red Army marched into Poland in 1939 they set the Soviet boundary at the Curzon line—a boundary for Russia established by Curzon, of the British foreign office.

These seizures and the Baltic states were only recognized by Britain and the United States after much protest and a considerable lapse of time. The recognition and use of them as a cordon sanitaire around the Soviet Union, only gained us the enmity of an ally whose armies are doing so much to defeat Hitler.

The recent attacks of the Polish premier, Sikorski—aimed at both the Soviet Union and Czecho-Slovakia, the country which Poland helped carve with Hitler's sanction at the treaty of Munich—should be regarded with greatest apprehension. It represents another of the many attempts to force a breach in the unity of the United Nations.

This unity must be preserved, for without it victory cannot be achieved.

Keeping Tab

with Stud Gleicher

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

My local dean informs me that I've reached the stage where I can climb down from my ivory tower and graduate from UNC. Darned if it seems like four years since I first came to Chapel Hill. I'll never forget the day.

It was 97 in the shade. I had on a heavy tweed suit, a Tyrolian wool hat and a topcoat. I was carrying a typewriter in one hand and a suitcase in the other. After walking for what seemed like five miles I finally got to "K" dorm . . . to find out that it wasn't finished. Back to South building where Roy Armstrong assigned me a room in Grimes. By the time I got back there I felt like the whole Russian army had been marching over me in track shoes. I was all set to float away in perspiration, but a quick shower and supper with Steve Karres put me back in shape.

I'm one of the lucky ones though, 'cause I'm getting out before getting in the Service. There's a heckuva lot of us that won't be able to graduate before donning khaki. They're the fellas who'll be coming back to the Hill to finish up their work. I'm through. It's been a tremendous four years. So long.

On The Hour . . .

7:30 p. m.—UNC-Wake Forest debate, Graham Memorial.

8:30 p. m.—Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Student Entertainment series, Memorial hall.

BALLET

(Continued from first page)

Petipa ballet, "Swan Lake." Since leaving the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City last October, the Ballet Russe has covered 8792 miles of territory in this country without missing a performance or making one change in the personnel of the company which includes a minor symphony orchestra, composed of members recruited from major orchestras who have abandoned their American tours. The tour will terminate some time in May—thus ending the longest trans-continental and most successful artistic and financial season in the history of the ten years' existence of this great organization—which may now be considered a national institution.

CVTC

(Continued from first page)

William Cobb of Goldsboro; Co. C, 1st Plt. 1st sq., Cpl. John Membrino, Newton, Mass.; Co. D, 2nd Plt., 2nd sq., Cpl. Milton Schotenfeld, Newark, N. J.; Co. E, 1st Plt., 3rd sq., Cpl. F. L. Bount, Bethel; Co. F, 2nd Plt. 1st sq., Cpl. J. Beyer, Merion, Pa.

Platoon winners were: Advanced companies, 2nd Plt. of Co. A led by Lt. C. W. Porter, New Orleans, La.; training companies, Co. D, 2nd Plt., Lt. J. D. Mease, Canton; and basic companies, Co. F, 1st Plt., Lt. C. W. Lindsey, Lumberton.

Company competition winners were: advanced and training companies; Company D, commanded by Lt. Mease and basic companies, Company F commanded by Capt. Tom Baden, Washington, D. C.

Carolina is known as the "cradle of popular band leaders" having graduated at least six outstanding swing maestros.



It has been estimated that 63,000 telephone calls are necessary in the building of one 10,000-ton cargo ship. And America is sending these vessels down the ways by the hundreds.

We cannot build additional facilities because materials for telephone equipment are going into war weapons. Yet today the men and women of the Bell System are handling more telephone calls than ever before—about 90 million conversations a day. It's an important wartime job. It will continue to be done well.

