

### Clearing House Needed

On Wednesday night of this week, the following events took place on this campus.

"Drama at Inish" opened in the Playmaker's theatre. The Carolina basketball team opened its season in Woollen gymnasium, playing Cherry Point.

The University orchestra gave a concert at Hill hall featuring Wilton Mason at the piano.

The UVA held open-house featuring dancing and entertainment at its new clubhouse.

The AVC essay contest winners competed in an oratorical contest in Gerrard hall.

Add to that a few various and sundry meetings, of which we have several every night of the week and it makes for a full evening from whatever angle you consider it.

Wednesday night is only one example. There have been even better ones in the past. But the important point is the fact that too much goes on at the same time on the Carolina campus. It's true that we have many students on the campus, and they have varied interests. Yet many of us might like debating, music, and basketball—but to try to digest all three on the same night is asking too much.

The essence of our argument is the crying need on the campus for a central clearing agency for all campus activities. This agency would have complete control of assigning dates to various organizations for any program they wished to sponsor. It would eliminate needless conflicts of worthwhile programs, meetings, and entertainments.

Similarly, it could serve as a campus chest fund which could regulate various drives to raise funds on this campus. This would eliminate having different groups constantly sponsoring moves to raise money which, although for very worthwhile purposes, become annoying to the student and to his pocketbook. One overall group in charge of the soliciting program could use its own judgment and procedure in campus drives.

We know student leaders and YMCA officials have thought of creating such an organization in the past. In fact, organizations are theoretically supposed to clear through the Y now before making any plans. However, the conflicts continue to arise.

We urge strongly that action be taken to set up some such campus committee for next quarter to regulate times and dates of all important extra-curricular activities. Such a move would give everyone a chance to participate in any activities he or she desired and would prevent a whole week's program from piling up on the same night.

### About Tickets

The student committee's decision that each student will be limited to the purchase of one ticket to the Sugar Bowl game is a just one.

Of course, the majority of those students who desire to attend the game want to get extra tickets for relatives, dates, or friends. Both the University doesn't have tickets, so they can't be put on sale.

The source of the whole gripe must be traced back to the Sugar Bowl committee in charge of allocating the tickets. The Sugar Bowl seats 72,000 people. Of these 72,000 tickets, 3500 were allotted to each of the participating schools. A hue and cry is certain to arise at Georgia, whose students are nearer to New Orleans than we are and probably will go in greater numbers.

An attempt is being made to get Carolina some more tickets. However, since the game has been a sell-out since mid-summer, it is doubtful that we'll get any of the precious extra ducats. Therefore, every student should think of the fellow behind him who wants to go to the game as badly as he does. It's another of those situations where no room exists for any selfishness on the part of individual students.

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### FOR THIS ISSUE

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### Strictly Detrimental....

## Dan the Dog Tells of Job For Dark Winter Mornings

By Jud Kinberg

While surreptitiously storing up chestnuts for resale to the squirrels at an appropriate date later this winter, I was recently accosted by Dan the Dog. For the uninitiated, Dan is acknowledged spokesman of the timeless canine friends who pad about the grounds and building, supplying part of the valuable commodity "atmosphere" which is sold in wholesale lots around UNC. As you no doubt recall, the last time we stopped to palaver with Dan, he was in sad shape. So it was with happy heart that I saw him this recent time, with his sleek coat restored, a nifty topped on his proud mongrel head. It seems that Dan has been appointed head of an important winter organization, and thereby hangs the tail:

"Surprised, eh, laddie," observed Dan as my eyebrows hit my receding hair-line on first catching sight of the New Dan. "Your recent column about my persecution has brought swift action and I am now Chief of the Early Winter Morning Rescue Service, familiarly known as the EWMRS."

Always a marvelous raconteur, Dan had me completely enthralled in this alphabet-soup, since it smacked of Washington and a possible post-graduation job for me. "Just what important functions will this tongue-twisting group be performing for the citizenry, Dan," I asked by way of egging him on.

"I thought you'd ask that question, laddie, and it just so happens that I have prepared a full prospectus. As you no doubt know, we are entering our most hazardous time here at Carolina. When we return to the hallowed halls come 1947, the nights will be long. In fact, without a program you'll probably be unable to tell them from the days."

With this, Dan paused, obviously to let the portent of his statements sink in upon my slow human brain and also to give chase to an unwary

squirrel. Returning from his activity with a few pieces of squirrel pelt to show for his exertion, Dan continued:

"Where was I, laddie? Oh yes, in past years an alarming early-morning mortality rate has been observed. It seems that students trying to make their way to eight o'clock classes in the winter blackout have been stumbling into culverts and otherwise making a nuisance of themselves. My outfit has been formed to go into the trackless early-morning wastes and bring out those unfortunates who don't quite make it to their first class."

Justifiably, Dan's bay-window and chest swelled with pride. I swelled, too, for it was certainly a fine thing to see a friend of such long standing doing such important work. I too have lost some close friends in that age-old struggle to make eight-o'clocks during January and February.

Now, we no longer need fear the early-early dew and the half-cracked dawn. Dan and his EWMRSes will be about to lend us aid, show us the way to leave home and in dire cases to provide traction splints and the nip of medicinal bourbon.

I understand the bourbon is to be some twelve-year old stuff, so move over in that gutter, here I come.

## Letters To The Editor

### A Defense

Dear Sir,  
There have appeared in the columns of the Daily Tar Heel for the last several days, several criticisms and appraisals of my "What I Don't Like About Duke" article appearing in the current issue of The Carolina Mag.

Most of the criticism stated in effect that my article was "juvenile" or "childish." (The Duke Chronicle called it "prevaricating," "sneering," "debased," and "deproved," among other things.)

Now my contention is this. There exists on this campus no real animosity against Duke. The football rivalry is keen to be sure, but a Duke man visiting Chapel Hill does not necessarily end up tied in a gunny sack, floating down the gutters of Franklin Street.

Quite a few of the "great thinkers" both on this campus and over at Duke have "grave fears" over this rivalry every time someone cries "Beat Dook." However, "grave fears" emanate from the "great thinkers" as frequently as do fleas from an old hound dog.

Personally, I recognize no "hatred" towards Duke. If I did, and wrote seriously on the subject, I would indeed be stamping my self as "juvenile."

To write learnedly and profoundly on a non-existent subject smacks of idiosyncrasy. To praise such a fallacious production is justifiable only when the critic is one of those species known as semi-illiterate skilled mechanics. Catch on, R. Haskell Hamilton?  
Cordially,  
Tookie Hodgson

### Important News

To the Editor:  
On page 4 of Wednesday's DTH appeared one of the most important news items since I entered the University last Spring—the announcement of the inauguration of a faculty constructive criticism plan by Dewey Dorsett, Student Body President.

Some of us might have different opinions as to how the details of the program should work. The important fact, however, is that a system bearing the blessing of the administration is now in operation. In this connection, it is suggested that the President of the Student Body appoint a sub-committee (if one has not already been appointed) to make a study of higher learning. Some of the comprehensive forms being used at these colleges might in time prove of value to us after careful study and comparison.

It is further suggested that Mr. Dorsett have published periodically, preferably monthly, a report substantially as follows: The total number of criticisms received; the number of professors criticized and the number of criticisms leveled at each professor (names deleted); the number on which action has been initiated; the number on which action has been completed and those still pending action. The action completed could be described generally without mentioning names.

It is now up to each individual student to do his part in making the plan work. A few minutes of serious analysis by each student of his professor's manner and method of instruction will tend to bring the University nearer and nearer a goal of only the best professors at Carolina rather than some of the best.  
Sincerely yours,  
FRANK HASSELL

### Local Choir Presents Christmas Cantata

The Chapel Hill Baptist Choir will present the Christmas Cantata, "Bethlehem" by Maunder, tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock under the direction of Miss Lena Mae Williams. The choir is composed of 45 voices. Mrs. A. S. Winsor will be the organist.

Solo parts of the cantata will be taken by Miss Marian Butler, Mrs. Kemp S. Cate, Mrs. Decatur Jones and Mrs. John Harding, sopranos; J. T. Dobbins, John H. Crabtree, Jr. and W. O. Sparrow, tenors; Adrian Chappell and Hershell F. Snuggs, baritones; and Lynn Castleberry, bass. The public is invited.

### SHOTGUN WEDDING LAW

Truro, Mass. — (UP) — Because blackbirds caused such severe crop damage in early Cape Cod days, a law was once passed that no young man in the town might marry until he had killed "six blackbirds or three crows."

## New Seventh Air Force Story Is Exciting, Authentic Tale

(H. G. "Hank" Hankins is from Kernersville, North Carolina. He is a sophomore in the School of Commerce. He joined the Seventh Air Force on May 2, 1943, and served in the Intelligence and Statistical Office in Hawaii, Canton, Fumifuti, Nukufetau in the Ellice Islands, Tarawa, Kwajalein, Guam, Saipan, and Okinawa. He received his discharge in October, 1945, and entered the University this year.)

By H. G. Hankins

TO those who have heard very little of the 7th Air Force, ONE DAMNED ISLAND AFTER ANOTHER is an exciting and authentic story of the daring accomplishments of the men who played hop, skip, and jump on the Japanese-held islands in the Pacific during World War II. To the once-forgotten former members of the 7th Air Force, this book is the true diary of your experiences, the trials and tribulations that you unselfishly endured in order that democracy and the right of free thought might live.

So many of the experiences that our soldiers had during the war are indescribable and impossible to put into words, but Messrs. Howard and Whitely have almost accomplished the impossible in compiling the accounts of the "Atoll-Busters" of this Pacific Air Force.

"On November 17, 1943, eleven planes of the 26th Bombardment Squadron ran into trouble on a mission against Tarao Island in the Maloelap Atoll in the Marshalls. And again the breaks were good. Over the target we encountered intense anti-aircraft fire," Lieutenant John J. Lieb, pilot of one of the B-24's said. "Fifteen to eighteen Zekes swarmed up to meet us, and all hell broke loose. Our No. 4 engine was shot out. As I feathered the prop, Technical Sergeant Lewis T. Horton, our chief engineer, called on the interphone to say a fire had started in the waist section of the plane.

"I headed back for Canton. The air was full of enemy fighters diving at us from every direction. Our gunners were unable to leave their posts to fight the fire—they were too busy fighting off enemy planes. We saw one Zeke go down in flames. Finally the Japs began to fall back and we gradually outdistanced them, but we were still in bad shape. The fire had spread to the tail section of the plane and the control cables were so badly damaged that they were in danger of giving away any minute and sending us into the sea. One engine was out, our gas was low, and Canton seemed a million miles away."

Sergeant Horton never lost his head. Cans of fruit juice were opened, and he passed them around and supervised the dousing of the fire with the juice. Then, with little more than the skin holding the tail section to the fuselage, Horton picked his way back and repaired cables, and I managed to bring her back to base. Horton was awarded the Silver Star for his outstanding courage and skill."

This passage from the book is the account of men, maybe your next door neighbor, who fought death and won so they could again deliver the crippling blows in the destruction of tyranny.

These men were friends of mine. We worked, drank, hoped, and prayed together. I was on the air strip that night of November 17th to "sweat out" this flying mass of bullet holes with its courageous crew. I saw these boys when they came out on the airfield and see the Northword to anyone, one of the men knelt and kissed the pin-point of coral reef we had to call home. I heard a fellow once say that he could stand on the wing of a B-24 out on the airfield and see the Northern, Southern, Western and Eastern Pacific. That is just how large those beautiful (and I use the word

beautiful sarcastically) South Sea islands are.

The 7th Air Force could not possibly be compared in size with the 8th or 9th Air Force that did such wonderful work in the European Theater, but we had our boys from "Flatbush," our "you-all" boys from the South, and the boys from the Lone Star State who were always arguing that Texas had joined the war to help the United States. These were the kind of men that it took to make the greatest fighting team in the world.

## In This . . . Poet's . . . Corner

### THEY WERE LONELY TOO

The ancient bards of the olden time knew the peace in the silver clime that keeps the sea and sky apart. They thought in terms of ecstasy, felt the surge of wind and sea within their hearts; Heard the loon through the starless night call shrilly—'til the soft-hued light of dawn made the world awake; and they were lonely, too. Loved and laughed the same as you, nor did they think it all mistake. The world has changed but little throughout the centuries, for man is still, the work of God—who shapes our destinies.

JINX HELM

### FIREMEN STRETCH IT OUT

Butler, Pa. — (UP) — Firemen from six towns had to couple 4,000 feet of hose to fight a fire that swept the three-story Cole Hotel at Wexford. The Valencia volunteers drove their pumping equipment to the bank of a creek three-quarters of a mile away. Company after company linked hose until the line reached.

### LAKE NUMING GOES ON

Denver — (UP) — The century-old job of naming lakes and streams in the rugged Colorado Rockies isn't over yet. A previously unnamed 10-acre lake in an isolated part of Arapahoe National Forest has been named Lake Mahan, honoring Stanley S. Mahan, a U. S. forest ranger killed in a hunting accident a year ago.

### COWBOYS USING NYLON

Wilmington, Del. — (UP) — Even cowhands are using nylon these days—nylon lariats. The Dupont Co. reports that cowhands, particularly on ranges of the west and southwest, are beginning to rope with nylon, now being fabricated into superior lariats.

### Crossword Puzzle

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12				13				14		
15				16				17		
18				19				20		
21				22				23		
24				25				26		
27				28				29		
30				31				32		
33				34				35		
36				37				38		
39				40				41		
42				43				44		
45				46				47		
48				49				50		
51				52				53		
54				55				56		

- DOWN
- 1—Baby sheep
- 2—Means
- 3—Citizens of Verona
- 4—Regions
- 5—Sack
- 6—Dash
- 7—Walking pompously
- 8—Operatic solo
- 9—Lake
- 10—Copies
- 11—Funny fellow
- 12—Lair
- 13—Relaxed
- 14—Falling back again
- 15—Part of "to be"
- 16—Oriental coin
- 17—Committed
- 18—Perjury
- 19—Relaxed
- 20—Took food
- 21—Dore's call
- 22—Charity
- 23—Miles per hour (abbr.)
- 24—Teutonic god of sea
- 25—Eat less
- 26—In
- 27—Mark of wound
- 28—Without (comb. form)
- 29—File of stones (Scot.)
- 30—Still

### Christmas Program To Be Given by Y

The YW and YMCA will present their Christmas program Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in the main lounge of Graham Memorial.

A chorus of mixed voices will open the affair with a presentation of Christmas music, to be followed by a short worship service. The main attraction of the evening will be a one act play, "The Desert Shall Rejoice." Written by Betty Smith and Robert Finch, it depicts a tourist camp in the Nevada desert at Christmas time.

After the regular program refreshments will be served. All students are invited to attend.