

# The Daily Tar Heel

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# The Daily Tar Heel Editorial Page

Opinions Columns Letters Features



## My Say

By Elsie Lyon

Ad on the YMCA bulletin board: "Wanted, blonde, 1942 model, super-charged streamlined."

Example of concise outlining presented by Phillips Russell to his creative writing class: "Theme, (for a letter home) I like college because: (a) You should see all the funny people here; (b) It's different from home; (c) The food is good; and (d) if you see Margy tell her hello."

Add pearls of wisdom from the profs: Dr. Taylor telling his Milton class that angels are the MP's of heaven.

Phillips Russell, "Write about something with which you're acquainted." Grötz, the magnificent, "My short story plot is about the distressed father who watches his son grow up in a chaotic world, and I don't know anything about that."

Comment: "Let him explore the facts." "Give him a week for research."



## In Dubious Battle

By Jack Dube

Bill Seeman at the PU Board meeting: "Moll publishes 'cheesecakes' of coeds and they call it art. I publish the same pictures and they call it sex. He goes to houses of ill repute and they call it a 'sociological study.' I go to the same places and I get banned."

Oh, We Heard: Dick Adler told us about the prof who came to supper at the fraternity house and looked up in horror as the beets were passed when one of his supposedly "more trust" - worthy students murmured subconsciously "I'll take a stack of those reds" . . . Bill Stanback told us about the dog who didn't have any teeth but which he was staying away from because he sure could "gum you to death" . . . Something should be done about the telephonics who hog the lines to the women's dorms leaving heartbreak and misunderstanding in their wake . . .

Gag? Dick (the fox) Soskin telling us about the cartoon showing two witches in the air on broomsticks. . . one turns to the other and says "Look no hands" . . . P. S. we did so know her name, we just wanted to see if she could talk. . . Pp. Ss. BEAT DUKE!

Gageros: Bill Schwartz told us the one about the two morons who roomed together. One noticed that his chum was sleeping with his feet out of the covers. "Why don't you pull in your feet?" he said. "What, bring those cold, dirty, things into my nice warm bed" . . . or Salvation Army again. . . the derelict who walked up to the lassie with her drum and asked her why she was so clean and shining . . . "Well," she said, "When I was young, I used to smoke, I don't smoke any more. I used to drink, I don't drink any more. I used to be a party girl, I don't party any more. . . all I do is stand here and beat this golllll darnnnn drum!"

Souanfurios: Quote: "I have neither given nor received aid on this exam, and am a member of Sound and Fury" Unquote. . . Orson Grötz warning the girls in Greensboro before selling them tickets, that the show might be a little risqué — and then getting mobbed. . . the boys have decided to do the strip tease at Greensboro. . . Glandular fever striking down Jack Potter in time to let Bob Richards and Anne Lewis make the love scenes more convincing. . .

Out of the Mouths of Babes: Doc Rosen wants to know if Mary Caldwell is any relation to 206 Caldwell. . . Stud Gleicher says that in N-Yawk he graduated from Public School 99 — marked down from 100. . . And from the Profs, believe it or not. . . "I'm not very good at anatomy, but I grew up at Wrightsville Beach" and, describing a naive female character in fiction, "She hasn't had the marriage course — nor a term in summer school."

## Creative Men

By RICHARD ADLER

Yesterday was a very big day! But as usual, it began slowly with an 8 o'clock class. Then at the 10:30 break at the "Y" I ran into Sylvan Meyer. We were both ordering those super 10 cent malteds to keep us going through the morning.

Sylvan was busy with the Daily Tar Heel and talked rapidly about an idea for a sports feature on those three great stars of last year's team—Lalanne, "Stirny" and Severin — where they were now. . . what they were doing. . . It seemed important because a year ago is a long time.

I wandered outside and walked over to the steps at South Building. The "Big Four" were huddling again! Lou Harris, Henry Moll, Bert Bennett and Terry Sanford. Lou is behind-the-scenes analyst and statistician for Henry who wants Graham Memorial after he graduates in June. Law Student Sanford was giving Bert a few hints. Bert has his eye on the Student Body Presidency next year.

Interesting that these two devotees of student politics from different backgrounds (Lou from New Haven and Terry from Laurinburg) should be so often together. . . welded by a mutual love of government of any size or form.

Respectfully, I hung back from this important cluster of BMOG, and felt proud that I was allowed to be in the "neighborhood." Henry's open smile made me welcome. He introduced me to Lou and Terry. It was the first time I had met them! They were agreeable but were too deep in discussion to pay much attention to me. The bell rang and we broke up to go to our separate 11 o'clocks.

Bobby "Goat" Gersten said "hey!" He was walking with his great sidekick, All-American George Glammack. Bobby, five foot seven and George six foot five, were the Campus Mutt and Jeff. (I like Bobby's girl Libbie Izen from Asheville. . . So does Bob "Shuf" Shuford.)

After class I went to Graham Memorial for lunch. I was allowed to sit with some senior girls. . . all very pretty. Kate Lineback, Martha Clampitt, Marge Johnston, Mary Caldwell, and Margaret Rose Knight (she is my favorite, but she is Terry's girl). Bill Shuford, Manager of Graham Memorial, came and sat down. So did my roommate Charles Straus, who is also my best friend.

After lunch, I went upstairs to see Don Bishop, editor of the DTH. I had to turn in my review of Paul Green's "Native Son." I had been sent to New York to review the opening of the Orson Welles production starring Canada Lee. (I gave it a rave!) Don asked me to do a column of features called "Creative Men."

Later, I walked all the way to Greenwood (which is Paul Green's farm) to talk to Mr. Green. He is helping me plan the Carolina Workshop Festival for Performing Arts. Janet, his 10-year-old daughter, brought us in some hot gingerbread she had baked all by herself. I marveled at this little baker. Mr. Green said she was also a good writer. Nancy Byrd Green, seven years older, came in. I marveled at her, too!

I walked to the library to study. I checked an assignment with friend Paul Koltun, who was sitting with Morty Cantor and Jack "In Dubious Battle" Dube. At 5 o'clock Dube and I joined Stan Fuchs and walked over to the Playmaker Theatre for a rehearsal of "Bury the Dead." I'm playing the sixth corpse; Dube, a gravedigger; and Fuchs, the Captain.

After the rehearsal, I thought I'd treat myself to an especially extravagant dinner. I freshened up at the dorm and walked to the Carolina Inn cafeteria. While carrying my tray brimming with fried chicken, black-eyed peas, okra and tomatoes, I passed Lou Harris and Terry Sanford, still huddling.

Lou said, "Hey, Dick, how about joining us!" That made it a very big day, yesterday. . . I mean 25 years ago. . . back in the Fall of 1942.



## Friday's Child

By Marion Lippincott

The cracks people make about this column are beginning to give this columnist an inferiority complex. It was pretty bad we thought when that person said the reason he liked the column was because it meant that Friday was here. But when we watched the fan mail, or mail anyway, piling up for the other columnists and not even a post card for us we got really little depressed. . . But the last crack is the final straw; quote the New Carolina Mag under Friday's Child picture. . . "Few DTH columnists delve in serious subjects, mostly play with humor gossip." In which category this column falls we really aren't sure. We read this a few minutes after having a chat with what we thought one of our more ardent fans, Dick Brooke, who pleaded with us, "Please make

it funny again. You've gotten into one of those serious ruts like everybody up there." But then ho hoo it really doesn't matter. I'm quite convinced along with the rest of the campus that the Tar Heel just uses this column for filler and about its being funny again, don't think we don't appreciate the idea that it was ever funny because we do!

Poem for early spring. Last night I sat upon a chair. . . A little chair that wasn't there. It wasn't there again today. . . But I couldn't sit down anyway.

Poem for later in the Spring Bees buzz Trees gruz I wonder why I wuz!

## music maker . . .

By Brad McCuen

This past spring Bruce Snyder was playing in Freddy Johnson's campus crew. Then his big break came. Tommy Dorsey, here for May-Frolics, heard Bruce. Now instead of playing baritone sax for Johnson, he's playing it for Tommy Dorsey. Need we say that Mr. Snyder is on top.

We were talking about Dean Hudson above. Dean raided Freddy Johnson's band last year to take Bob Hartsell with him as piano-man. Bob is an outstanding piano-arranger in the opinions of music critics from John Hammond on down. On a recent Okeh recording date that this band was doing Bob was featured on a number of his own composition. It had not been named when the recording supervisor asked Dean what to call it on the label. Dean thought for a while then came up with "Holly Hop." Holly is Dean's nickname for Carolina's lad with the nimble digits.

Band of the Week: Claude Thornhill. If ever there was an orchestra headed for the top, this is it. Claude is responsible for the success of Maxine Sullivan as he was her arranger. But now with his own organization, Thornhill is arranging for his own success. The band is the type you like to listen to when your best girl is by your side.

Crack of the Week: Tiny Hutton, new leader of the local Carolinians, says that trombonists had him fooled for a long time. He used to think that they swallowed the long slide. Says Tiny, "That ain't so. I've found that they all have holes in the back of their necks."

HOT NOTES: "Blues in the Night" has 9 different recorded versions on the market. Artie Shaw first put it on wax in late September and Jimmy Lunceford, Benny Goodman, Judy Garland, Woody Herman, Harry James, Cab Calloway, Charlie Barnet, and Dinah Shore followed. It took the time four months to catch on. . . "Remember Pearl Harbor" by Sammy Kaye was the largest selling record the country over last week. . . Glenn Miller was appointed Honorary Mayor of Chattanooga, Tenn. in connection with the Choo-Choo hit. . . Cab Calloway rides the radio Bandwagon tonight at 7:30. . . Tommy Dorsey's new movie had its title changed from "I'll Take Manila" to "Ship Ahoy." . . Alvino Rey and the King Sisters are featured in RKO's "Sing Your Worries Away" which will hit local screens in late February. . . Dean Hudson, well-known maestro in these parts, leaves his band at the end of next week for Fort McClellan where he will be Second Lieutenant Brown. His band will continue with one of the present members fronting it.

MORE HOT NOTES: Frankie Sinatra will, in all probability, take over the Dean Hudson orchestra. Dean is in the Army and Frankie has been looking for an already-organized crew since he left Tommy Dorsey recently. . . The University Seven open up again at the spot down next to the P. O. We believe that they start this Monday. And understand that the cafe will be remodeled in order to give the band a little better break. . . The rumor was true about Rowland Kennedy being drafted tomorrow. He is and Hurst Hatch will take over. Vince Courtney, of Duke, left also for the U. S. A. His band has been taken over by his drummer, Sammy Fletcher. . . Also in the armed forces from school here are Paul Leske and Dutch Hammond from the Satterfield band. . . Tommy Dorsey and MGM, the movie firm, got together and have started a new record company. Their records won't appear for a while but the new Elite records hit the Hill this week. . . Confidentially, they stunk. . . Dave Macer, ex-Freddy Johnson tromboy, has joined Tony Pastor. Tony now has three Carolina boys on slides — Dave, Tommy Farr, and Hicks Henderson. . . "Get Your Man" and "Crime Doesn't Pay, Boys" from Sound and Fury, could be nationwide hits if given proper exploitation. . . Why don't the boys learn to do our national anthem justice. It is a difficult piece to play but after all it means a lot to us. . . Benny Goodman has a definite hit with his Okeh "Jersey Bounce." The tune is catchy. The reverse side is a stepped-up version of Miller's "String of Pearls."

## 'Hark The Sound' Needs To Be Heard Now Just As It Was Twenty-Five Years Ago

It has been a quarter of a century now. Measured in the weathering of the brick in Old East, that is hardly time enough to tell.

Counted in the concentric circles beneath the bark of the Davie Poplar, it is hardly a trace of time.

Members of the Class of '17, who also are reuniting here this weekend, doubtless regard us still as a cluster of green shoots, barely out of Alma Mater's pod.

At this reunion, as almost certainly at Silver Anniversaries everywhere, we count the years in each other's faces, and it is there we discover, sometimes to our surprise, sometimes to our dismay, that twenty-five years has been quite a while.

The erosion of time is immediately evident in our faces, of course, but then we begin to detect in other ways the wear of twenty-five years.

Too often there is also an erosion of the spirit — loyalties faded, great promises forgotten, lofty ideals beaten down, and sweet dreams gone sour.

One of the things we remember well, as we left here twenty-five years ago, smooth-cheeked, bright-eyed and full of beans, was the undying loyalty pledged by the Class of '42 to this University. We might forget the intellectual burden of an Introduction to Philosophy, the date of the Battle of Hastings, and the score of that last Carolina-Duke game. But one thing we would never forget was our great debt to this magnificent University, the place that took us in, blew some of the cobwebs out of our minds, and turned us out into the Great World, if not to beat it cold at least

to meet it on better terms. Oh no, we would never forget Alma Mater.

Well, we do forget, most of us, and those who do remember dredge up those student days, reflect on them briefly and put the memory aside — in the way that you might take a memento from a chest, look at it, turn it over and toss it back.

The University deserves better from us and, to tell the truth, it needs more from us.

To re-coin a saying that is a lot older than any of us: The thing that makes this University great, in addition to Heaven's blessings, is the people who attend her — those here now, those to come and, not least of all, those who have already been here.

To those who already have been here, more than to any others, it falls the lot to give this University the moral, financial (if possible) and most of all the unwaveringly loyal support it must have to survive.

We owe this to ourselves, as well as to this University. Whether we willingly acknowledge it or not, as alumni of the University of North Carolina we are part and parcel of tradition. It is ours to say whether, in the rich tapestry of the University, the Class of '42 will be a threadbare patch, thin in loyalty and devotion, or a fine weave consistent with all that we believe this University stands for.

If this reunion serves no other significant purpose, we would hope that it might stir in us once again that firm resolve of twenty-five years ago when we pledged undying love, loyalty and dedication to Carolina.

## This Is Sylvan Meyer's Kind Of University

Gainesville, Ga. — Old grad nostalgia, usually a subject either for derision or an excess of sentimentality, seems to me now a healthy, upstanding attitude.

Indeed, I'm prepared to go to the line in its defense on eminently human and practical grounds, even forgoing the handy abstractions of loyalty, duty, school tie and those 25-year old initials on a desk that probably isn't there any more.

Why else, for instance, should I walk around the campus at Chapel Hill with the feeling that I own the place when I cannot enter my own dwelling house without recalling that the mortgage has another 18 years to run?

Why else am I acutely aware, when in the com-

## It's Still Chapel Hill

By LOUIS HARRIS

A common experience of most people going back to a place of their youth is to have the sense that everything has shrunk. Stone walls are shorter, walks are narrower.

Oddly enough, this experience has never been true whenever I've returned to Chapel Hill.

To the contrary, the familiar land-marks of the late 1930's and early 1940's now seem more permanent, more solid, larger in their symbolism than they were back then.

This obviously is less a tribute to the maintenance of the old campus; than to the roots of understanding so firmly planted in the minds of students.

The same Memorial Hall that heard Fascist Lawrence Dennis and Communist Earl Browder seems spacious and secure. The same Graham Memorial where meetings were held to seek admission of Negroes to the graduate school seems full and splendid.

Chapel Hill and the university campus of the pre-World War II era was big enough to house the most dissident of views, to absorb and to sift the most diverse expression of opinion.

The land-marks, as all inanimate objects, are only alive as the living make them.

I hope that 25 years hence, they will not be shrunk-en for the generation that now resides there.

pany of my children and their contemporaries, of the yawning generation gap and yet can mingle with the flow of students at the Book Ex with the conviction that time has stood still for all of us?

That my daughter will enter the University in the fall as freshman, and a female freshman to boot, alters this perspective and not an iota of a whit. Thoroughly indoctrinated both deliberately and subconsciously since infancy, she confidently expects the University to be like Daddy says and whereas daddy's other views may be blithering anachronisms, his assessment of Chapel Hill is beyond cavil.

She has discovered that the announcement of her acceptance by the University draws the same respectful response that we are accustomed to receiving to the statement that we matriculated here. We expect the response to be respectful and we interpret it that way and I have never heard otherwise, even during a year at Harvard, a place so securely impinned the rest of the world is referred to as "down there."

All this, as I say, grows not from a mystique nor from maudlin reveries. It does not arise from mere sophomorphism.

We did not realize as undergraduates the true role of the University, but we may see it now as a moving force on the regional and national scene participating deeply in the changes that have involved us all since World War II. The University does go on like a river and though we stepped ashore and went our own ways for a while, when we return the river is still there, with different water but looking and feeling the same.

A great University does not merely emit a block of graduates each year and then recoil and rest until the following year. It works in the life of its era. Notices of seminars and workshops, of research projects and publications repeatedly remind me that the University is a shaper, a prod and an appraiser of what we are and where we live. It has stayed young and vital and, I maintain, we haven't done so badly either with what we've faced as a generation. At least, we have stayed sufficiently in tune and in love to feel, on this changed but somehow unchanging campus, that the place accepts us for what we were and what we are without intruding cruelly to emphasize the difference.