

## Editorially Speaking

### THE UNIVERSITY AND THE COMMUNITY

Often times we express gripes about the cooperation between the community and the University. We say that the local merchants are charging too much for too little and trying to make the most profit while they can, as they operate more or less on a monopoly basis. It is natural for us to make casual statements that sometimes upon closer scrutiny are not at all justified.

This writer has often times cussed in his beard because of bad service, high prices and the general run of things around the shops in town, but when it is realized that things could be much worse it is not so bad to take after all.

The local merchants are doing the best they know how. Now they are confronted with shortages of help; few students are working out in town as compared with the number several years ago and some of the persons who merchants are forced to hire do not take as much interest in the students as they should. Chalk this condition up to the havocs of war. You get your french fries without catsup, but what is that compared with going without food at all as some of our friends and relatives are doing in the battle zones.

When we get down to it, there is really no justification for griping, but of course it is a natural trait of human nature to put forth expressions of dissatisfaction.

The community should be praised for their efforts. The merchants have continued to stand by us. They could easily fold up here, get a defense job and make more money. Rather than that they took their stand and have fought against the distasteful elements which have in a sense changed their business much against their wishes. Merchandise to the student's liking as candy, chewing gum and various items are difficult to purchase, but the local merchants have tried to get substitutes to please their customers who are mostly students or in some way connected with the University.

The time will come when the merchants in town can better serve us, but until that time let's bear with them. They are doing a job which is not easy by any means. It hurts them to see conditions as they are as it does anyone else, but we have got to remember that the University and the community depend upon each other and for the harmonious functioning of both we will have to cooperate.

### ABOUT PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Is it necessary for civilian students to take five hours of physical education a week? Why is it compulsory for us to pay to attend a school where we have to fight through an overpacked locker room and rush to a "hands on hips" class five days out of the week? All of these are just a few questions which have arisen lately.

Some students have suggested that one day be set aside during the week at which time five hours would be taken up for physical training instead of the present system of one hour a day.

There are too many questions and suggested solutions to the physical education program to be listed here, but for one sure thing these questions exist and surely solutions exist also.

Time spent on physical education as far as actual class attendance is concerned is two hours more per week than the average scheduled academic course. In the short term one could understand the necessity of five hours of physical education, but during the trimester basis we can't for the life of us see why five hours of physical education are necessary. The navy of course needs to stress the importance of this type of program for potential officers, but there is a number of discharged veterans who need to relax and take life easy so to speak as they have experienced enough physical exercise while serving in the armed forces. The veterans returned to get an education under the speed up program, but it seems that so much time spent in physical education classes is not in compliance with the speedup idea.

For one thing a trip to Woollen Gym every day instigates a nervous tension. It is a distant walk from Saunders to Woollen and it takes time to dress and get to the physical education class. One meets an overstuffed locker room and staggers around until he finally secures his basket, then he starts for a place to place his belongings and all at the same time, the clock is ticking off the minutes mighty fast. Then after he is out on the field, gets interested in the sport which is on his schedule, the whistle blows for the class to end. In other words just about what the trip to Woollen means, is an extra period a day where you can dress and undress twice.

For all we know the intentions are well meant. Some sort of developing program is necessary, but under the present arrangement we do not see where it is worth as much while as Woollen gym enthusiasts would have us believe.

There is another bone we wish to pick. That is what right does anyone have to make it compulsory for a civilian student to participate in a sport contrary to his liking. We pay to come here and with some advising from South building select courses in line with our respective vocations.

There have been rumors to the effect that the University of North Carolina was a liberal school. It seems that the present situation down Woollen gym way is contrary to what one might call student freedom to make their own decisions about their respective programs.

The intramural setup in the past has been fine, but we believe that the interest in the program will be far less because when one spends five hours a week in physical ed, he probably won't care too much about traveling to Woollen gym much more than he has to.

It seems that the physical education system could be worked out whereby students would consider it a recreation and pleasure instead of a compulsory gripe.

## The Tar Heel

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## INCREDIBLE WORLD

By Wayne Kernodle

Word has leaked out from the Pawling Farm Estate that there is a turkey riot in the making. The whole thing would seem preposterous to mention except for the severe political implications of the matter. In fact, the man on the street who has never seen a turkey riot may dismiss the news as a mere case of after election jitters. But nevertheless some of the highest salaried secretaries and correspondents are keeping constant vigil at Pawling Farm in case the worst happens. There are also rumors that half the State Guard is waiting in fast new model patrol cars in readiness for any emergency.

The crux of the uprising goes back to pre-campaign days when the republican candidate was practicing his speeches out in the spacious environment of the estate. In the course of one of these outdoor practice sessions there were a number of turkeys strolling aimlessly about the yard. Unwittingly Mr. Dewey let slip one of those statements which can often make or break a politician. It was not until he was half through the speech that the governor was aware that he had an audience of some 36 turkeys—male and female—none of which were voting age, but all having connections in Washington or other states to which they supposedly were making trips in late November. I have not been to Pawling yet and the news is electrifying to me. Whether the riot comes off at all or not, the very fact that there is some talk of it is somewhat alarming. My first impulse is to dismiss the topic and file this away in a cigar box somewhere in the attic. But if anything like an uprising should occur I should very much like to have this in print so as to be the first one to say "I told you so." Ordinarily I am not the sort of person who enjoys pointing a knowing finger at the public—but when it comes to things of politics then my Carolina training makes me a friend. Sometimes I would even

give up cigarettes for a choice bit of news about some dirty work in the campaign closet.

But to get back to the Pawling Farm disturbance. This is the story as it came to me by a direct wire from the scene. It seems that when Mr. Dewey was making this barnyard talk he said something under his breath about getting back to one Thanksgiving day a year—and only one. Now all of these turkeys on the Pawling farm—though obviously republican by birth, had grown up under the cunning influence of the New Deal administration and had never known anything but Two Thanksgiving Days. The very idea of giving up one of these states was enough to start some of the wiser birds to thinking. The ring leader is an imported bird whose ideas are not confined to the mere limits of the Pawling Farm. It is his idea that this plot of the governor's has something to do with his mortal fear of the communists. At any rate they don't like the idea of his planning to take away some of their publicity. Of course the whole thing may die down now that Roosevelt is in for a fourth term. But knowing turkeys I expect the worst. They carry a grudge sometimes for a year or more. It probably will depend on what the ringleader decides to do and whether Mr. Dewey can cook up some explanation to pacify him. If this riot comes to a head anything can happen. It may even cause the dissolution of the party or at least cause the governor to go into isolation. As a matter of fact this may have been a contributing factor to the way the election went.

But of course there is a way to handle the thing. By a clever political move the governor could get New York State to set aside three different days for Thanksgiving and clip any action of the birds in the bud. All I can say is that political candidates—national or undergraduate had better be more careful of what they promise—even under their breath.



## SEA BREEZE

By Ronald May, AS, USNR

It seemed to Andrew that it was just for him that the train was charging ahead at breakneck speed, belching smoke and sparks as it tunneled through the night. He didn't even notice the coal dust and grime that overlaid everything, blackening his stripes and smearing his face. He didn't mind waiting two hours for an inadequate meal, pushing his way on the lurching train through five cars back to the diner. He didn't mind the mixture of strong smells that results from humanity crowded into a small dirty place, or the noise, or the uncomfortable seat he had in which it was impossible to sleep. He didn't mind any of these things—they didn't matter. He was going home for the first time in many years and this fact outweighed everything else. It made every inconvenience and discomfort just a part of an adventure. His mind was too full of pleasant anticipation to be bothered with any troubles; after all, the train was roaring westward and every mile was a happy achievement.

He stood on the steps of the station and looked at the city. Every building and street was still in its accustomed place. It seemed impossible—for a moment he thought it a cruel thing that life had gone on ex-

actly as before while he had not been there. His insignificance made him sad—as it does everyone when life momentarily points out our minuteness in the scheme of things. He took a deep breath, finding it to be still compounded of the same recipe he remembered so well, including smoke, yeast, malt, Lake Michigan vapor and the rich black smell of the well-tilled earth that surrounded the city. A sense of the old familiarity swept over him like a pain.

It was home. He had once lived here. . . had he really? . . . it was more like stepping back into some half-forgotten dream. It seemed so real, yet one knew it wasn't real at all. It was all a big hoax, one's memory was telling wrong. If he stepped down these three stairs and hailed a cab, could it really drive him down the avenue, across town and through long streets lined with square frame two-story houses, one like the other, until finally he reached the park? The park that meant across it stood one particular house that was different from any other in the world, no matter how much other ones might look like it. He'd try it and see!

Yes, it was true after all. For See SEA BREEZE, page 4

## Columns and Comment

All signed articles, editorials, columns and letters are opinions of the writers and do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the TAR HEEL.

## Don't Read This

By Bill Crisp

If, during the next two weeks, you get the idea that the General Advertising Company has taken a lease on campus property, don't be worried. Carolina is preparing for another campus election and, until that election is over, I assure you that every tree (except the one immediately in front of the Confederate soldier) will become suddenly conspicuous with the glaring countenances of the various candidates.

Now this, of course, is the glamorous aspect of every election. It is not, however, the important one. Your vote in forthcoming elections should be based on how well prepared your candidate is for the job, and, most important of all, whatever, if any, platforms that candidate has professed to be his supreme objectives in office.

It is seldom that platforms mean anything in elections here. One cannot witness the mournful state of student government without questioning the wisdom of having chosen its present officials without first having considered what they stood for. That, nevertheless, is precisely what the custom has always been.

The common criterion for selecting officials in Carolina elections has, in the past been farcical. It has been customary to consult one of two things for making one's choice: first, is the candidate a fraternity, sorority or independent student?

Second, is he or she popular or unpopular, handsome or ugly?

It might be well for us to consider a few other qualities other than these if we wish this crucial election to produce the kind of men and women whose abilities are sufficient to tackle the many problems besetting this campus. It might be well to look at the records and see just who HAS and who HASN'T shown himself to be capable of administering the office which he seeks.

It need not be said that the new positive trend on this campus toward a civilian student body is one which must be treated with a great deal of foresight. This does not exclude the importance of the Navy man, nor does it indicate the necessity for the election of civilians only to office. The Navy man is still important here. His problems must be met just as the civilian's.

But it does mean that whomever is chosen must be competent enough to see the changes that are taking place and to provide a leadership which will effect a successful adjustment.

Next issue I shall present what I consider to be the responsibilities and tasks of student government in the near future. Whoever is most capable of assuming these responsibilities and meeting these tasks should be our next officials.



## LISTEN STUDENTS

By Jimmy Wallace

The University campus is gradually swinging back to the "normalcy" of pre-war Carolina.

Since the departure of many members of the V-12 unit, several fraternities have taken over their houses, and last Saturday night, parties were the order of the day. Sororities are beginning rushing on a major scale, having almost a thousand girls from which to choose. Maybe some of the "giants" reminiscent of yesteryear will soon make their appearance.

Once again, after a lay-off of two consecutive elections, the old battle of University vs. Student Party will be fought. Time for the tilt has been set at November 30, with nominations being required by Thursday. All ring-side seats are reserved. Until the time of this writing, the Student party had not chosen a candidate for editor of the Tar Heel. All other major offices on both parties, however, have been filled. Once again, as was the case in the national elections, there will be a fight between the people and the political bosses. The students will have to decide which they prefer. New Marines who have already served overseas, and other men who have just reached the campus will have no difficulty in ascertaining what the straight dope on the situation really is. Men who have ducked bullets will be able to rise, and will insist upon rising, above petty power politics on a University campus; since, oftentimes, politics become too important in the eyes of the politicians.

In the early days of law, long before our present system, as such, evolved, there was a "star chamber" court. The court was the damndest thing that ever was, because it didn't dispense much justice. There are many modern analogues

## Tar Heel Letterbox

November 11, '44

Dear Sirs:

I would like to express my gratitude for the parts of today's Tar Heel editorial concerning V-12 restriction and the book line at the Y. This editorial indicates the first trend in some time toward the expression of more practical complaints against conditions on campus which need correcting. As the Tar Heel is supposedly the voice of Carolina's student body, I consider it a sign of better things to come when the Tar Heel begins anew to function more properly in that respect.

of such a court. Mr. Franco in Spain has such tribunals. Hitler used the system. Mussolini used it. We could, then, conclude that such a system is bad. However, that does not prevent us from using something similar. Something just as nasty and as vicious as ever a "star chamber" was. That is, inherently. It does not necessarily mean that any set of judges would judge for any other reason than dispensing justice. But the root of the evil is present. Any one body which possesses the powers of judge, jury, prosecuting attorney, and the privilege of secrecy, has within it the stuff that Fascism is made on. And that ain't hay.

The student body and the faculty of the University of Texas still continue their courageous fight for the reinstatement of President Rainey.

The campus is still in need of an expanded arboretum. The present variety of botanical specimens is limited a little too much.

The students still break their necks to get to and from Woollen Gym for their participation in the fized pogrom.

The Baptist girls school of Meredith located in Raleigh is still fighting the proposed merger with Wake Forest, yet Meredith doesn't like to be told that girls' schools are inferior to coeducational schools, even though you are on Meredith's side concerning the merger.

The University Party gained 200 votes yesterday when one of its star members ran under the bridges on his way back home.

The "good" people and the bootleggers still manage to keep Orange county dry.

A certain newspaper editor had cause to admonish his son on account of his reluctance to attend school.

"You must go regularly and learn to be a great scholar," said the fond father encouragingly, "otherwise, you can never be an editor, you know. What would you do, for instance, if your paper came out full of mistakes?"

"Father," was the reply, "I'd blame 'em on the printer."

And then the father fell on his neck and wept for joy. He knew he had a worthy successor for the editorial chair.

Please continue to speak for the student, to be a symbol of unity (which CAN exist), and Carolina will have a justified campus newspaper.

Ig Heniford