

Editorially Speaking

THEY 'DOOD IT'—PARTIALLY

The University's buildings department, after seven weeks has finally gotten around to removing the blue paint put on the doors of Graham Memorial by the more enthusiastic Duke students during the week of undercover warfare prior to the UNC-Duke classic.

Red paint still remains on the columns of Graham Memorial, Memorial Hall, and on the steps of Phillips.

In the Navy, when a mission is accomplished, the traditional commendation is, "Well done." To the buildings department we can only say "Well," and add a question mark.

Please finish the job, so that we can finish the phrase.

SEE HERE, PVT. WILLIAMS

Elsewhere on this page is printed a letter from one of the Marine College Trainees here at the University. Read it.

This editorial has nothing to do with the criticism of the columnist, but we would like to take issue with the letter writer on his views of discipline.

We agree that "a little discipline never hurt anyone," but the following sentence shows that Marine Williams does not understand the word *little*. We refer him to Webster's dictionary.

From the 1943-45 catalogue we quote: "The student body of the University is self-governing. The functions of this government are both disciplinary and administrative. These functions are exercised by the Student Council. . . .

"Student government, insofar as it is disciplinary, is based upon the honor principle. No code of rules is laid down to direct a student what to do and what not to do. The only standards are those of morality and gentlemanly conduct. . . ."

And from the pamphlet, "Contemporary Student Government at the University of North Carolina":

"This University endeavors to bring young people into manhood by education. One of the primary attributes of manhood is independent or self-determining responsibility. Somewhere between the natural dependence of youth and the independence of manhood people must learn the significance of the transition to self-sufficiency. Such qualities cannot be laid upon a person while he lives and moves in an environment created for him and not by him. Unless he is vested with the responsibility of bringing his own ideas to bear upon the design of his government, he cannot understand the laws which are going to restrain him, he cannot understand his own behavior, or be responsible for it. If he is forced to conform to a pattern designed by someone else, he is being deprived of the right to grow up."

IRC member Williams should stick to international affairs—something which he probably knows a *little* more about. Generally the students at UNC are out of adolescence. Granted that few apparently have not yet seen it, and that others are far past it! The facts that they are in college, and that they are old enough to accept responsibility—although many of them do not; that you, yourself Private Williams, USMCR, are in the service and the moment you hit boot camp you were in an organization of *men*, and were addressed as such; that you and others are of this generation which is old enough to shed blood and give lives for our country witness that we are "quite out of adolescence."

We think, Private Williams, that after your plaintive outburst that you'd best leave the pondering of the troubles of the world to more mature minds than yours. If you must philosophize, understand your subject and do some research on it. If this thought appalls you, content yourself with something concrete, like, "What this world needs is a good five cent cigar."

But, Private Williams, what this world really needs is less people to tell us what this world needs.

DR. FRANK AND PEGLER

Westbrook Pegler's column Tuesday blasted Dr. Frank Graham as a WLB member for his position on the Montgomery-Ward case.

Pegler's labor views are well known, therefore his attack is surprising only in striking someone close to home.

Since Dr. Frank is an integral part of campus life, the Tar Heel feels it its duty to give him opportunity to clarify and explain his stand. We have written a letter to him requesting a statement which will be published.

Tar Heel Letterbox

Dear Sir:

Having just read Miss Caplan's column in the January 2 issue of the Tar Heel, I realize that I missed an issue of PM. I wonder what we would do if Gloria didn't write her little column? Why, we might even be associating with fascists!

When Miss Caplan stated that the acceptance of Archbishop Damaskinos as regent of Greece is indication of the turn to the left is rather meaningless, (I could say something else), since it is obvious to all, (well, almost all), that the Archbishop is being accepted by both sides because he is a neutral.

May I also say that a little discipline never hurt anyone and I'm sure that there is not too much discipline on this campus. One of the troubles with the world today is that every one thinks that he or she is mature enough to live without discipline and here at UNC so few of us are quite out of adolescence.

One more point, it is considered proper when referring to an ecclesiastical to refer to him by his proper title.

Now a compliment. Our little Gloria certainly has her column well named. I don't think it ever rhymes with current opinion of facts!

Respectfully,
VINCENT B. WILLIAMS,
Pvt., USMCR.

(Ed's Note: For comment on this letter your attention is invited to the editorial headed "See Here, Private Williams.")

Exchanges



By Jerry Davidoff

REAL ESTATE, CLINICS AND TEXANS:

In a statement issued to the *Daily Texan* the Students' Association of the University of Texas' Medical School asked that the Board of Regents move the school from Galveston to Houston. On the surface this may seem minor—but it is part of the fight concerning the ouster of ex-President Homer P. Rainey.

In an article in the *New Republic* shortly before Christmas, Dr. C. E. Ayres, an economics professor at Texas, charged that one of the main reasons for the Rainey deal was the Med School and its location. Ayres points out when the Medical School was formed, Galveston was potentially the best city for it. It was on the Gulf. However, a canal to Houston has made Houston the larger City and placed Galveston even behind Austin, where the major part of the university plant is located.

Rainey was openly in favor of moving the Medical School to Houston or Austin, where the number of clinical patients would be high. However, Galveston real estate owners were against the move, as it would lower their property values. Two of the members of the Board of Regents were Galveston men, closely connected with the real estate interests. The same Board of Regents that kicked out Rainey on charges ranging officially and unofficially from inefficiency to homosexuality.

The Students' Association challenged "the Regents . . . to take a poll of faculty opinion concerning the school's location. If these individuals will not, we challenge the Legislature to take a poll . . . We even challenge the faculty to express an unhibited opinion on their own initiative."

The students further charged that due to the lack of sufficient cases one-sixth of the senior class was in absentia at any given time, working in other places.

Real estate interests, academic freedom, sufficient clinical work, Regents, and rumpus—all together in an unholy mess.

BRIEFS: The University of Indiana and Brown University are discussing potential honor systems

. . . Statement by female candidate for freshman office at NYU: "I am faced with the problem of announcing my virtues and capabilities to my classmates. I do not find this too difficult as I have so many ideas." About what?

STUMBLING BLOCK



It Could Be Worse

By Robert Morrison

By Robert Morrison
Sound and Fury's presentation of its package show No. 1 has been generally called quite a success. Memorial Hall was pretty well filled with an over-enthusiastic audience which was receiving everything it expected and a little more.

The songs, dances, and everything was the product of strictly "local talent." Bill Sasser, John Batchelor, Bill Crisp, Betty Harwitz, Marion Gurney, and Nancy Jenkins distinguished themselves as composers *cum laude*.

The dancing partnership consisting of Patty Hughes and Fred Caligan looked well nigh like the Broadway professionals. Ginny Mason put Grable and Lamour in the "also ran" column. However, Betty Lou Cypert stole the show with a hilarious characterization of every man's dreamLESS girl; it took courage to play that part. Even the technicians came into the category of artists when the spotlights played tag on the curtain

while the scenes were being changed.

About the only adverse criticism was that it didn't last long enough. Truly a well-planned performance. We're looking forward to another one soon.

After weeks of relentless pleading by the editor and his crew and the general campus opinion, the Dook war paint has been removed from the doors of Graham Memorial. Now why could that little job not have been done a month ago? Is paint easier to remove after it has dried for thirty or forty days?

Now the results of the dastardly deed still remain on the columns of Memorial Hall and Graham Memorial. It will decidedly stay there for many years if someone does not use some chemicals or a sand blast. If the Buildings Department intends to ever remove it, why not now?

Dook pulled quite a job, but at least they didn't get around to cutting down the trees in the arboretum, so . . . it could be worse!



LISTEN STUDENTS

By Jimmy Wallace

A silvery cigar-shaped rocket ship landed with a faint thud in the back yard of Joseph Q. Blow, prominent citizen of Damesville, U.S.A. Mr. Dis Gusted, a very handsome Martian, came through the air-lock and stepped out. His emaciated, Sinatra features could be detected even through the translucent space suit which surrounded him. A signal light on the top of his dome kept blinking on and off. Joe Blow, following the American custom and never being surprised at anything, offered him a seat. Dis preferred to stand.

After setting the dials of his mechanical voice translator, Dis began to talk with his host, and following a few trivial remarks, Joe said, "nice looking ship you've got there. Kaiser couldn't have done better."

"Yep," Dis replied. "Would you like to take a spin?"

"Why, of course. Just let me tell my wife that I won't be home for supper."

A few minutes later, they were hovering over the border between France and Germany. "What are those people doing down there?" Dis asked.

"Oh," replied Joe, "they are shooting each other. You see, there's a war on. The Allies are fighting the Germans. Thus far we have liberated France, Greece, Italy, and other countries."

Dis said, "Does everyone like to play war?" Joe looked puzzled and replied, "Why, no. Everyone hates war."

"Well, why have it?" Dis said quickly.

"You see, it's like this," stammered Joe. "We uh-er-waited. Yeah, that's it. We waited until we had to go to war." Dis nodded.

Soon they saw Athens come into sight.

"This is where the Greeks live," said Joe. "They have fought the Germans for years."

Dis looked down, then questioned, "Whose tanks and planes are they? Who is being shot down there?"

"Why," said Joe, "those tanks were sent to our ally Britain by us, and those planes are British. They are shooting the Greeks."

"But," said Dis, "I thought you said that the Greeks were on your side."

"Uh, that's right," said Joe. "Then why shoot them?" said Dis.

"Ulp," said Joe, fingering his tight-fitting collar. "You see, Britain wants to choose their government for them and set up a king."

"What are you fighting for?" said Dis.

"To see that all people have the right to govern themselves the way they want to so long as they don't hurt anyone else."

See WALLACE, page 4

The Ram Sees . . .

BY AN OLD GOAT

The blame has to be laid somewhere, so we've chosen Mascot Rameses II, who typifies the spirit of Carolina, as the "goat" (pardon responsible for this column. "The Ram (who) sees" is for this page as icing is to a cake, and the Bums are to Brooklyn. That what follows below will meet with much criticism of several varieties is accepted sheepishly! If there is something that hasn't been butted into, or should be, drop a note by the Eds. office and he will place the memo in a tin can for Rameses II to digest at the breakfast table.

WHO AND WHOM

No longer can Jay Ray trill that favorite Chi O melody, "She has a sweetheart in each fraternity." She's a pinned-third-finger-left-hand-on-the-way-to-the-altar-girl! The Coast Guard's and Phi Delt's Dick Brooke did the decorating. . . . As to giving a damn for Dook University, Captain Kenneth Royall, Jr. has no heart for the song—his bride-to-be is a Duke coed . . . she must have lost a bet! . . . Maybe there's something to this stuff about "environment." . . . The Voice and Paul Ludwig hail from the same briar patch . . . but Paul has it all over Frankie . . . he has Tommy Thomas swooning and to make it legal there was a Phi Kappa Sig pin. . . . The noise outside Alderman Thursday night wasn't high frequency winds but the Sigma Nus serenading Twig Branch, who is now one of the "ten thousand others," sharing Bro Brock's White Star . . . ask Audrey how she met Bro. . . . if she doesn't mention "library technique" she's lying! . . . Chi O's will shortly be boarding house guests, "boarding" meaning three squares a day, at the SAE house . . . wonder if this includes rations for the house privileges board!

THE AIR WAVES

The Eversharp Pen and Pencil Company inaugurated a weekly program recently featuring on each broadcast a national fraternity. Zeta Beta Tau has the honor of being the first featured in the series. Tune in on the Blue Network each Tuesday evening at 10:30.

BROTHERS

Recent fraternity pledges are Fred Steputis, PiKA; Blair Gammon, SAE; Maxwell Borow, SBT; Johnny Gambill, Kappa Sig; Morris Pully, Kappa Alpha; Abraham Moskow, Pi Lambda Phi; Samuel Homewood, Chi Psi; and Arthur Beaman, Chi Psi.

MARRY-GO-ROUND

Lt. Wescott Woollen's bride is a Alabama girl, Annalee Fitts. The newly-weds will be blissful married life in the deep, deep South. Wescott is in the Naval Air Corps stationed in New Orleans. . . . Barbara Baker, in satin and lace, recently met Edgar Kale at the altar in a Washington wedding. "Spiff" Eller, ADPI, was maid of honor.

The Tri-Delt pledge class now numbers one less than twenty-two. The reason . . . Audrey Johnson said "yes" to her Army Air Corps lieutenant as soon as he landed in the U.S.A. . . . home from overseas. Vows were pledged at St. Petersburg, Florida in a quiet wedding on December 27. Audrey is now the new Mrs. Walter Pendergrass.

SAD SACK SAPP

*A Phi Delt by the name of Sapp,
Caught himself in his own trap,
By introducing his gal,
To Aflick his "pal!"
Who pinned her Phi D
Now Sapp's really a S-A-P.*

HOSPITALITY

Spencer Dorm girls and Chi Omegas, sparkling in after-Christmas finery, will introduce a new battalion of "junior birdmen" to coed life on the Hill at open house Sunday afternoon in the Spencer lounge.

PI PHI PLEDGE DANCE

Sorority highlight of this week-end is the Pi Beta Phi pledge dance tonight at nine in the Woman's Gym. Music will be of the imported variety . . . Jimmy Fuller's orchestra from Durham. The stag line promises to be lengthy . . . blanket invitations have been given to all the fraternities. . . . The Pi Phi "angles in disguise," are planning on having the devil of a good time. . . . The traditional figure will be lead through the Pi Phi arch onto the dance floor by Meadie Montgomery, president of the pledge class. . . . Marianne Dixon, assisted by Jane Wilcox, Betty Hurlbert, Monnie King, and Lulla Burnette are in charge of all arrangements.

The Tar Heel

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