

The Tar Heel

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE PUBLICATIONS UNION
SERVING CIVILIAN AND MILITARY STUDENTS AT THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA AT CHAPEL HILL

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To the STUDENT BODY... ... from the EDITOR CAMPUS RETURNS TO NORMALCY

The campus began to take on the appearance of the pre-war Carolina this week when hundreds of freshmen, veterans, and new coeds formed the first wave of the great invasion. Several Pre-Flight Dormitories are being turned back to the University while civilian men are slowly pushing the V-12 and NROTC off the campus.

A hearty welcome goes to all of these new students, who must be made to feel as soon as possible that they are a real part of Carolina. Both the men and the coeds were given a splendid orientation program by the Student Honor Council and the Woman's Government Association.

The fact that now is the time for the students to make plans for a great future is everywhere evident. There are some conservatives in student government who will delay our reconversion. We must be on guard against such poisonous statements as "We are not yet ready to plan for a peacetime campus. There are not enough students here to build a structure like that we had before the war."

DUBIOUS CARNIVAL

The carnival which was held near Chapel Hill this week aroused a great deal of unfavorable comment among the student body. Several students have declared that the gambling devices sponsored by the carnival were maliciously unfair. A great deal of student money was lost in these gambling devices this week.

This carnival was of a nature which we believe to be detrimental to the University community. Many new students, who were rather uncautious, lost up to a hundred dollars. Such a loss of money by minors on gambling devices is a disgrace to this community.

We hope that the people of the community who sponsored the carnival will be more careful in the future. The police and city government should look into the matter to protect the people who patronize such affairs in good faith.

TO THE NEW STUDENTS

All new students who wish to become affiliated with extra-curricular activities are cordially invited to come to the Tar Heel staff meetings on Sunday and Thursday nights when the reporters who are acquainted with all parts of the campus can furnish any needed information.

The system of student activities is complex, and promises to be even more so in the coming year. The Tar Heel has always endeavored to act as a distributing agency for any needed information. We consider it our responsibility to keep persons on our staff who are qualified to speak for many different student activities.

New students and old students are cordially invited to come around to our office and try their hand at journalism. We are now receiving applications for staff positions, and trial beats are being given out for each issue.

The other two publications, the Carolina Mag and the Yackety Yack, also need more qualified staff members. Connie Hendren, Mag editor, hopes to begin work immediately. The Yack is temporarily dormant, but should become active about the first of next term.

A host of fine organizations on the campus are ready to receive new members. Find out what organizations are devoted to your special interests, and apply for membership.

DOOK INVENTS ATOMIC BOMB?

We were certainly glad to read in every college newspaper from Durham to Pasadena that every college from Durham to Pasadena was to some large degree responsible for the development of the atomic bomb. It is certainly good to know that the institutions of higher learning in the United States were responsible for the defeat of Japan, but we can't quite see how all of them could have been almost solely responsible. We were of the opinion that the Physics Department at the University of North Carolina discovered the atomic bomb, but now it seems that credit is being claimed by others.

However, some solution to the problem seems to lie in the fact that about half a dozen college newspapers claim to be the oldest in the nation, about three claim to be the oldest daily, about ten claim to be the largest, and nearly all of them claim to be the best.

Unfortunately for the Dooksters, the infamous Duke Chronicle was not able to continue publication this summer, but if it

had, we are sure that it could have infallibly proved that Dook University was the sole institution which developed the atomic bomb. Or, it is even more likely that the Chronicle could have proved that the staff of the Chronicle gave guidance to the physics and chemistry departments while they were making the bombs.

FRESHMEN ORIENTATION

Bill McKenzie, Archie Hood, Walt Brinkley, and the other members of the Student Council are to be commended on their work in connection with their work on the Freshman Orientation program. All phases of the program have been carried out in a friendly and instructive manner.

It is more important than ever before that the new Carolina men know, understand, and respect Carolina's unwritten traditions as well as her written codes.

Respect and self-discipline are very important attributes which should be possessed by all citizens of the Carolina campus if democratic student is to flourish at the University. The Council and its members have contributed to the stimulation of these desirable characteristics.

Life Can Be Beautiful

By Dick and Wyc

Feeling it our divine duty to hide our talents no longer, we have consented, after much bickering, salary-baiting, etc., (we have agreed to pay the paper ten dollars per to print our stuff) to come forth and present our own sordid, prejudiced, biased and uncalled-for views on various aspects of life as we see it.

To our readers we promise this: we shall persecute no individual or campus group, for only the good Lord Himself knows how persecuted we have been; we will sponsor no crusades, although we do have one idea to have a blanket exchange constructed somewhere near the Arboretum (some dew on the grass, you know); we shall side with no political party, for neither one will let us; and, finally, we shall refrain from discussing world issues, although we have been told by those who should know that our opinions are held in highest esteem by the intimate circles of the nation's statesmen. And, although we may meet obstacles in our quest for public enlightenment, although our wheels may strike many ruts on the road toward truth, we shall always grind slowly forward, letting our wheels remain imbedded in the quagmire. Amen. Amen.

But to return to our task, what is it this week that has assured us that "Life Can Be Beautiful?" I'll tell you—it's pay. Did you know that American servicemen are the highest paid fighting force in the world? Well, that's what we thought, too. Ahhh, fifty crisp, cool, clean, one dollar bills with which to exploit our worldly passions. But comes the revelation! This week we sat in on a Navy pay line and watched the eager men stand

with smiling faces and itching fingers waiting to latch onto that green stuff once again. A yeoman seated at a desk called out in a high pitched voice, "Smith, P. P., twenty-five dollars." Smith, P. P. paled and retorted, "But what about the other two?" The yeoman quietly subdued the excited cadet, deftly slipping a straight-jacket over his head while explaining that such trifles as taxes, bonds, insurance, red tape and Admiral Jones' birthday ball had consumed the first half of his monthly pay. Mrs. Smith's pride and joy made a mad dash for the gaping doors, his money clutched tightly in his left hand. A burly figure caught him by the Scuttlebutt. "How much did you draw this time, son?" "Two-twenty-five dollars," gulped Smitty. "Well, your laundry must be at least fifteen smackerels, then," he cried, snatching the bills from the boy's hand while at the same time giving him a gold-edged receipt in return. Then, in quick succession, there came unit fees, gym fees, miscellaneous fees and numerous debts, which left Seaman Smith to realize that he now owed eleven dollars and eighteen cents for the previous month's work.

Gibbering insanely to himself, our hero staggered to a quiet corner and collapsed there in a heap. For three days afterward, he was used as a "Roger" flag by the signalman before his true identity was discovered and he was forced to return to the rigors of V-12 life.

It is because of men like Smith that we are certain beyond any shadow of doubt that "Life Can Be Beautiful."

From the Bell Tower

By Jim Sanford

The Grill certainly has super service . . . big strong girls carrying trays for little freshman boys . . . more than 50 persons—mostly girls—turned out for the first Tar Heel staff meeting of this semester . . . the other night the coeds had a reception in Graham Memorial Lounge and everything was going fine until they tried to open the cokes and found they didn't have a bottle opener . . . you ought to see Morrison open cokes on the side of a table . . . he only breaks one in ten . . . looks as though the Pre-Flight is on the way out . . . too bad its football games were canceled . . . we will have only four home games to see this season . . . the reason we get so many girls up from Florida in school here is because the great state of Florida doesn't have coed education in any state-sponsored school . . . now that peace is here it is about time some crack-pot starts on a red hunt again and winds up by swearing we all ought to go to Russia . . . would make a nice trip . . . the line from the book of social regulations for the coeds that makes us laugh: Girls who find it necessary to keep liquor in their rooms for medicinal purposes . . . nothing for snake bites???? . . . conditions in men's dorms are terrible . . . four men in two small rooms is two too many . . . a man in the meat business told us a few days ago that there might not be plenty of meat on meat counters until five years . . . and that is a lot of meatless Fridays . . . the special elections coming up around the middle of this month are important . . . let's hope more students turn out to vote . . .

We hear Flagler has reconsidered and will remain as editor of the Yack . . . it is about time the Tar Heel receives a letter about the line in the Y on book-buying days . . . it has always been a subject of grip for the students . . . a dollar to the person who knows what a wheaty nugat is . . . and it isn't candy . . . stood in Penn station the other day and saw three Carolina pros . . . so many new faces on campus these days . . .

Letters

To The Editor

Editor:

I believe that before you go overboard about Dave Clark and the "Textile Bulletin," you should take note of sentiment around you. There are a great many people outside of Graham Memorial who don't approve of Frank Graham, Franklin Roosevelt, or the slightly "pink" New Deal regime they represent. As for there being no communist professors on the campus, I've never had a course under one because I've avoided them, but how about T. Woodhouse, Dean Carrol, Russell, Odum, etc. And while we note these things, why not see how the average student likes the CIO, composed of Henry Wallace's "common man" we have all come to love since the rise of the U.S.S.R. and the New Deal. I'm saying nothing about Clark, for I don't know him, but I say—check your readers' opinions about "right" and "left" before crusading.

R. H. Thompson, USNR.

IRC Forum

By Bill Crisp

The cynics, who are currently engaged in the prophecy that future Anglo-Russian relations will prove bulwarks to a lasting peace, are not at all concurrent in their reasoning. Some predict that Russia's "obsession for world domination" is a concrete reality with which we, sooner or later, must reckon. Others fear that the Soviet's system is, by nature, tentacular, and that its future maneuvering will result in either the world's or its own strangulation. However far-fetched or realistic these opinions may be, the events of the past decade have lent credence, if not justification, to several conclusions:

Russia has at long last received open routes to the commercial seas. No longer will her access to the Baltic be overshadowed by a strong Germany, and no longer will her activity in the Mediterranean be subordinated to Anglo-Turkish control.

Of all the innumerable results of World War II, the above-mentioned is probably the most important. It will take several years for Russia to realize the full advantage of this new position. But geopolitically, Russia has attained the stature to which Nazi Germany aspired. She now has control of or great influence over every country in Europe. And, with the exception of India, her entrenchment in Asia is just as powerful. For China, already embroiled in her long-pending revolution, will most assuredly turn socialist, if not completely communist, in a very few years. That revolution, contrary to the ominous warnings of many of our most ardent pessimists, is coming too soon after V-J day to provoke armed conflict between its most interested onlookers—Great Britain, the United States, and Soviet Russia.

What is the significance of this geopolitical position of Russia? Within twenty years Russia will not only have rebuilt her devastated areas; she will be producing vast quantities of both durable and consumer goods for which she will naturally want a market. She will have acquired a merchant fleet sufficient to carry those goods across the seven seas. She will have complete and unobstructed access to the world's commercial trade routes. These factors can point to but one conclusion: Russia will become a new and powerful competitor in international business. This conclusion alone poses the greatest problem to future Anglo-Russian relations.

The problem is not difficult to analyze. One cannot speculate on the eventual quality of Russian products.

Certainly Russia's manufactured articles did not compare with ours before and during the war. But one remembers that the war interrupted for Russia an industrial progress which had been very rapid indeed, compared to the relatively short time since its inauguration in the late twenties. Then too, Russia is no longer the isolated land power of the past. The sheer force of circumstances has assured her recognition and welcomed her economic patronage by both the United States and Great Britain. Already, though the peace has just come, one may observe an acceleration of exchange between these three powers.

And so one may surmise that the production, as well as the quality, of Russian goods is to assume a competitive level in the not too distant future. But this, according to Russia's critics, is not the real danger involved. The United States can compete quantitatively and qualitatively with any nation in the world. But can she hold her own with competitive prices?

The collectivist system of Soviet Russia makes it positive that, the above-mentioned conditions having been realized, she can profitably undersell any capitalist nation on the globe. With no private manufacturers or middle-men to receive huge profits on manufactured goods, with no domestic friction over what labor—capitalism's highest and most exploited cost—is to receive, and with the Soviet government's being the sole purchasing and selling entity, the low price of Russia's goods will assure her of an advantage over any of her capitalist competitors.

Thus the picture is drawn. Great Britain has responded to the inevitability of this international trend with a turn toward partial socialism. She is preparing to remove the private employer and owner—and thus the profit motive—from her most vital industries. Her counter-reaction thereby places her in a more favorable competitive position.

But what of the United States? Once the picture is completed, Anglo-Russian relations will have reached the crucial point. Either the United States, whose high standard of living, like Great Britain's, depends upon the stability of a lucrative foreign market, must move, domestically, in a socialized direction, or her internal economy must suffer severely from a loss of foreign exchange. The two alternatives do not necessarily present a dilemma. There is a third, more exacting course we can follow: war!

Cogs of the Wheel

By Allan Panmill

A road, a wheel, a cog. They all go together to make the events of time.

To an innocent bystander it seems that:

Our latest coeds are something to be admired. Although they have come from all parts of the country, they have adapted themselves to Carolina as if it was the home they had been looking for. Welcome gals, and may we seem as pleasant to you as you seem to us!

Mr. King's 10 o'clock History class is either going to have to find another room, or buy that Steele dormer a smooth running car. What-a racket!!

If we expect the latest arrivals on campus to stay off the grass, we might do well to set a few examples ourselves. Attention students AND faculty!!

For the first time in many orientations, the new men were anxious to attend, and even more anxious to learn and practice the ways of Carolina. Congrats, fellas, and glad to have you!

The Monogram Club might function a little better now that its president, Jack Davies, is back. The meeting he has called for this Monday night should be the first in a series of picker-uppers!

Ye Olde Alma Many has two plugs to its credit. They come in the form of Turk Newsome and Bob Shaw, both old grads, and both coming back for more education and more Chapel Hill!

The University Club has missed the boat again! No Freshman Smoker, no plans for pep rallies, NO NOTHING!! The Chi Omegas are going to have an easy time getting their meals. Brady's is almost across the street from their new house!

Things I never knew until now: Old East was used as a stable by

the Union Army near the close of the Civil War.

Chapel Hill is the only town in the United States that has its railroad station within the city limits of another town. (It would have to be Carrboro!)

The University laundry is trying hard.

Midnight musings:

Now that the Buildings Dept. has fixed that fourth step, I wonder if they would see what they can do with the third! Thanks for listening to this column's appeal, Mr. Fixer.

It sure is good to see so many veterans returning to campus. It's quite a change from the life you've been leading, men, and we're all glad to see you among us.

Won't it seem strange to see the Marines that just left here return in bow-ties and loud sport coats. Those at Lejeune are to be discharged in about three weeks.

How in the world can MR. Wallace stand to look at that more than life size picture of himself?? Egad, whatta thought!!

The Coed Ball coming off tonight should be quite an affair. Admission free, music, AND GIRLS TOO!!

I wonder why those swinging doors in the Y aren't left off for good! It would mean one more threat to mankind removed!

I hope these new fellas aren't going to be bashful about going up to the Tar Heel, The Mag, or the Yack to offer their journalistic abilities.

At last someone has given the campus servicemen the word on what's to become of them now. Thanks, my red-taped Uncle!

Without a doubt: We all hope that the mutual agreements being worked out with Duke as to property damaging
See COGS, page 4.