

# The Tar Heel

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

**ROBERT MORRISON** ..... Editor  
**HOWARD MERRY** ..... Managing Editor  
**JACK LACKEY** ..... News Editor  
**JACK SHELTON** ..... Copy Editor  
**CARROLL POPLIN** ..... Sports Editor  
**IRWIN SMALLWOOD** ..... Sports Editor  
**BETTIE GAITHER** ..... Business Manager  
**HARRISON TENNEY** ..... Circulation Manager

*News Staff:*  
 Mary Hill Gaston, Mickie Derieux, Bill Lambkin, Art Stamler, Mel Cohen, Dot Churchill, Frank Miller, Bill Kornegay, Jo Pugh, Florence Andrews, Nancy Hoffman, Sibyl Goerch, Hardinge Menzies, Dick Seaver, Barbara Spain, Frances Halsey.

*Business Staff:*  
 Billy Selig, Charles Bennett, Ann Thornton, Mary Pierce Johnson, Natalie Selig, Suzanne Barclay, Alma Young, Mary Louise Martin.

*Circulation Staff:*  
 Tom Corpening, Eugene Ryan.

Phones: Editor, F-3141; Managing Editor and Associate Editor, F-3146; Sports Editor, 9886; Business and Circulation Managers, 8641.

Published Tuesday and Saturday except during vacations and examinations. Staff meets every Sunday and Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock. Any student desiring staff positions should attend a staff meeting. Deadlines Sunday and Thursday.

Editorials are written or approved by the Editor and reflect the official opinion of the Tar Heel. Columns and letters may be submitted by anyone; the Editor reserves the right to edit this copy, but it does not necessarily reflect the opinion of the Tar Heel.

Editorial, business, and circulation offices on the second floor of Graham Memorial. Presses in the Orange Printshop on Rosemary Street.

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

# Life Can Be Beautiful

By Dick and Wye

Life can be beautiful! How do we know this? Let us count the ways. One, two, three, four, five, and six, to mention only a few. But, better than counting the ways (one, two, three, etc.), let us count the coeds (God bless 'em all); and that is exactly what we've been doing the past week. Looking over the new crop of feminine pulchritude, our only remark is, "Never before have so many owed so much to so much." Of course you must realize that our actions are the results of a frustration complex brought about by that long weekend between terms, when there was such a noticeable absence of the fairer sex on the Carolina campus.

And speaking of sex (Who was? We were), we have come to the realization that the campus is literally covered with frustrated scoundrels like ourselves. Frankly, this is not good; in fact it is not even safe. So, we felt it our bounden duty, as defenders of the truth, champions of the people, and users of Sal-Hepatica, to warn the new coeds of impending disaster in the person of Satan's own Garden of Eden, affectionately termed the Arboretum. How innocent and simple a name—why, half of you probably can't even spell it. In fact we're not even sure we spelled it right ourselves. However, we do know the derivation of the word, and that in itself should serve as a warning. It seems that etymologists have traced the word back to the Old South Hindustan dialect of the Frisian Islands where we find the words "arbor," which means "to struggle," and "etum," which bears the connotation "uselessly."

But to become more specific, it all started as a simple experiment of the botany department, which soon got completely out of hand when several biology majors decided to combine entertainment with labs. We hope we have made ourselves perfectly clear to everyone—

except the censors. There have been rumors that there are students who have seen no other part of the campus other than the Arboretum. These of course are only rumors and can be taken for what they are worth. There are, however, some concrete cases which may strengthen our argument. Take case No. 6489.4 in our files, for instance, where a young man who had fallen asleep in the Arboretum one afternoon was kept under the close surveillance of a near-sighted botany professor. The professor was under the erroneous conception that the boy was a rare Japanese shrub. This shrub was supposed to have blossomed at 4:25 on the day the professor discovered it. Upon waiting until 6:45, with no results, the professor left in the heat of a passionate rage, thoroughly convinced of Nipponese treachery long before Pearl Harbor. He immediately resigned his position on the faculty and joined the Army Intelligence Service. To you readers of "Terry and the Pirates" we need say no more, for the professor's true identity as the bearded Mr. Hutch was revealed only last week, showing that his hunch concerning the un-blossomed flower was entirely justified. The terrific irony of the case was brought to light when the boy, who was mistaken for the Jap shrub, took root overnight and burst into gorgeous bloom at 4:26 on the afternoon of the following day. Had the boy taken root one day earlier, Pearl Harbor might never have happened!

All this may seem to have no bearing whatsoever on your welfare while at Carolina. Well it doesn't. Any lovely blondes, brunettes, red heads or miscellaneous types who wish to obtain additional information on this subject, drop a penny postcard in care of this paper addressed to "Life Can Be Beautiful."

# Playing It To The Chapel Hilt

By Marty Seif

Long after a new-comer to Chapel Hill has completed the orientation process, and has been de-squared, unpleasant reminders of that first week (and didn't we feel weak?) return to plague him. When they return to annoy him in his normal state, that of consciousness suspended over a Coca-Cola, it is not a too catastrophic occurrence. But when they gang up on him during the usual 2½ hours of sleep that a Carolina man indulges in each night, then he is ready to go to Duke.

The Scyllae and Charybides (are we correct, Dr. Simkins?) that finally envelop him in their jaundiced jaws (which have fed too long on Chapel Hill food) are the talks by student leaders on how to get along (a long, not a girl) at college. These speeches are all characterized by the ejaculation of esoteric gibberish which bears a slight resemblance to the English language as she was spoken in 4000 B.C., at which time the water in the Old Well in front of the South Building was first transmuted into dinosaur-juice. The baffling terms which bewilder our incipient Tar Heel no end, sound something like CPU, IRC, PU, and several other ogreish

combinations of letters which make him think he has come to the wrong sanatorium.

So, one lovely night, while he lies dreaming of what he should have done if she would have been where she ought to have been, the letters CPU browse through his brain. Suddenly, that blonde with the beautiful brown skin evolves into a somber, gnarled figure garbed in a black hood and cape. A gleaming stiletto dangles from this charmer's hand, which drips blood from its recently amputated thumb. He of course is none other than an agent of the dreaded OGPU, scourge of the Russias. Now our hero cannot be blamed for this vision, since after all, CPU and OGPU only differ in minor spots.

A further evidence of what Freud (whom all the smart coeds have read) terms the theory of association is evoked when a massive, uniformed figure with PW scrawled across the back of his uniform is seen stalking into Woolen Gym and down to the locker rooms.

PW: "PU."  
 For that last piece of dialogue, so delightfully sordid, the Carolina Playmakers would have given their last corinthium, I'll have you know. Is this beginning to IRC you?

# Around The World To Chapel Hill

(Veterans' reactions to the campus as they find it are very much of interest today. We present one such reaction as written by Jack Shelton, who recently served with the Twentieth Air Force in India. Jack was a student here in 1942 and 43.—Ed.)

"Hey, boy, look what you're doing there; you're spilling that coke all over yourself!" The sound of these words more than anything else showed that Chapel Hill and I had been separated for quite a spell. For I well remember the time when I could strut across campus with a mess of books in one hand, a coke in the other and never spill a drop. Sure, anyone can drink out of a little paper cup while standing still. But drink and walk at the same time and never lose a beat of the tricky rhythm; that's an art learned the hard way.

The dearth of familiar faces; coeds living where men once ruled supreme; the semester system; the variety of uniforms; all these ostensible changes failed to tell what a few drops of spilled coke made clear. It's been a long time since

The Hill and I were buddies.

Those students and faculty members who were here in the dark days of 1942 and 43 well remember the uncertainty that constantly hung over the campus, forming a heavy cloud that prevented not only any bit of levity, but security itself. With a majority of the male upper classmen in one of the reserves, it was but a matter of weeks until many would have to leave school. In those days the key word was "adjustment." The highly touted softness of our American collegiate youth must give way to the hardened rigors of armed service. Now that the brilliant success of that adjustment is a thing of proud record, the word comes into its own again. For our veteran students are warned at every turn of their new adjustment. But this time the word takes on a new aspect. This time the adjustment is supported by tremendous incentive. This time we adjust to a world of scholarship and democratic living as contrasted to the autocratic narrow requirements of military organization. This time we return to

See AROUND, page 4

# THE CPU ROUNDTABLE

By Bill Crisp

Americans look apprehensively on Great Britain's recent Labor victory. The socialist platform which the English so enthusiastically endorsed proposes some of the most radical reforms ever to be introduced into parliamentary government. Indeed, it is the first time in history that a democratic people have underwritten a program which will transform capitalist institutions into socialized machinery.

Ever since Marx and Engels drafted the *Communist Manifesto*, in which are to be found the basic arguments for, and the fundamental principles of, the socialist theory, the people of the Western World have been skeptical of the very term "socialism." That skepticism is not prompted by a drastic disapproval of the economic proposals involved. One might suppose that, all other factors remaining equal, the mass of people would heartily condone any economic platform which sought and promised a more equitable distribution of wealth. But, according to the critics, all other factors neither are nor can be equal under such a system. They point to Russia as the supreme example, and indeed no one will contend that there is existent in Russia today the basic freedoms which both we and the British have long enjoyed.

The Russian Constitution of 1936, although one of the most democratic documents ever written, has, for all practical effects, been laid on the shelf. One can only hope and presume that future developments will bring the Russian people closer to realizing the representative government which this constitution promises them.

Meanwhile, Laski's "revolution by consent" is taking place. In a few months the world will be able to see and judge for itself whether or not a people can go to the polls and vote in a socialist domestic economy without sacrificing, in the process, their basic freedoms. We should assume that, so long as there remains the voting prerogative of the people, socialism cannot lead to too dangerous an end. For, with the retention of the franchise, every English citizen is guaranteed the right to repudiate the Labor party (and thereby the socialist program) if and when he chooses.

And so Britain becomes a testing ground. The aged embryo of industrial capitalism now turns to the Left. Americans who remember 1933 and, in turn, try to envision what the future holds in store for the United States, watch with curious eyes the politeconomic spectacle now unfolding. They remember

See CPU, page 4

# Burned Twigs And Olive Branches

By Olive Ann Burns, Chi Delta Phi

## Speaking of Women and Men

At the party where the new coeds met Carolina men, I was a hostess.

"Would you like to meet some girls?" I asked a V-12.

"That's the silliest question I ever heard," he said, lighting another cigarette. "I didn't come here to read magazines. I'm Tom, an' I'm from St. Louis. I'm getting out of the Navy in November an' I'm coming back here to finish up. I hate to dance and like to swim and don't like fingernail polish. I'm an only child and no, I don't think it makes me queer. Do you think you can fix me up?"

The next boy I went up to was a 6-foot tall, 110-pound freshman. I tried the enthusiastic approach. "I know just the girl for you!" "Naw." He blushed. "But can we have more than one cup of punch?"

Hostess Coline Smith was also looking after the new coeds. The big handsome veteran who followed at her heels kept saying, "But, Coline, I don't want to meet any other girl!"

And there were the two tall Marines who would have been a

catch for anybody. "Wouldn't you lo-o-ove to come meet my two room-mates?" I asked.

"No, thanks," one said, staring absently over and beyond my head. "We're just looking."

Speaking of Carolina men, there is a chow dog named Red Boone who lives next door to me in Atlanta. When his family left for the mountains he howled every night, all night. I'd wake up thinking I was back in Chapel Hill.

Now, though, we really are back. It's a "Glad to see you" to the students with whom we crammed in the library last year, and to the new ones, a "Just sit down here and let me tell you all about UNC—the Dook game, the writers like Paul Green, Betty Smith, Noel Houston, James Street, the swimming pool, Dr. (American History) Lefler—and oh, yes—Paul (The Voice) Young, and the Arboretum—just anything you want to know. Yes, sir. . . . Oh, you've already heard about the Arboretum? Well, I'll tell you about the Forest Theater and Kenan Stadium. It's like this, see . . ."

And there's the one about halitosis being better than no breath at all.

# AWAKE AND SING

By Ray Levine

Now is post-war . . . V-J Day has ushered in a new era. The struggle against fascism has terminated with the United Nations marching ahead together in the hope of building a free and better world. Our allies have begun. England has elected a new government, the Soviet Union has put into operation all the plans for widespread reconstruction, France is anticipating the formation of a democratic government, and China is settling all internal troubles to prepare for a more advanced China.

Now is post-war . . . The United States stands victorious, but with four million workers out of jobs. The world is moving ahead in the fight against unemployment but the U. S. stands with the fear of widespread unemployment. Congress has finally condescended to return from their recess and is now piddling around with legislation on full employment. Forces in Congress are doing their utmost to delay passage of many much needed bills. The world moves ahead but the U. S. bogs down in this or that bill.

A Bureau of Labor Statistics survey indicates an estimated eight million out of work by late fall. Yet Rep. Doughton (a North Carolina Democrat) uses his position as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee to throw cold water on his own inadequate unemployment compensation bill. Sen. Byrd (D., Va.) is up to par in attacking the Kilgore unemployment compensation bill. Doughton and Byrd are

only two of many lining up in the fight against unemployment legislation. The bills are still in committee with predictions freely made that both the Kilgore bill and the full employment bill will be thoroughly emasculated before they are passed.

The necessity of such legislation is obvious. Here at home 400 workers at Carrboro were recently laid off. A conservative estimate for Charlotte is 4000 less jobs. Mass rallies have been held in New York City, Camden, and Chicago—with others scheduled elsewhere. The fear of widespread wage cuts will shortly develop into something more real than a fear. Yet Congress haggles and argues over legislation on full employment and jobless compensation.

True, reconversion is a difficult task. A certain amount of unemployment is to be expected. Where then is jobless compensation? It would be unwise for Congress to rush through faulty bills. But there is a wide gap between rushing and piddling! Congress must keep up with the rest of the country, with the people who are anxious to avoid the selling of apples on street corners. Congress must act, and act now! Such bills as the Kilgore bill must go through now, at a time when it is needed, and not six months from now.

Wage cuts must be protected against, jobless compensation must come through, the fight against unemployment must be won.

# To the STUDENT BODY... ... from the EDITOR EXCELLENT COED ORIENTATION

The University is over-crowded; there are up to five and six persons living in the same dormitory room. As Chancellor R. B. House has so ably stated in his letter to dormitory residents, this condition is necessary in order to avoid refusing many students a deserved place in the state institution. The director of admissions has found it necessary to refuse admittance to many women students who have made application.

A straw in the wind seems to indicate that the crowded conditions will soon be relieved, but we don't know exactly how soon. In the meantime the University is doing everything in its power to provide adequate rooming for as many students as possible. We hope that the Pre-Flight School will soon drastically reduce its numbers, or will be disbanded completely. It seems quite unnecessary for the Navy to spend millions of dollars training pilots to fight a war which has already been won.

Even with a promise of relief, we must try to see that no one takes advantage of the student body in its present emergency. Hundreds of male civilians and graduate students have moved out into town where many citizens of the community are offering their houses as rooming places. We must express a large degree of gratitude to these townspeople who are helping the students meet this problem. Ever since the present housing emergency began (and it was once more severe than it is today), the people of Chapel Hill have offered rooming places.

If these people had not been so willing to accept students, the University could not have offered its facilities to so many. However, out of any group, patriotic and considerate as it might be, there are always some who try to profiteer at the expense of those who can not help themselves. There are a few people of Chapel Hill who are contaminating all the good that the great majority have done and are doing. These few are charging unfair rates for their rooms and are taking advantage of the student body. Unfortunately, the Office of Price Administration has never been able to make Chapel Hill an area of rent control. The government has relied upon the patriotism which has been so pronounced among the large majority of the populace. On behalf of the cooperative citizens and the student body, we must be on guard against the few who choose to profiteer.

Only by soliciting the aid of every student rooming off the campus can we hope to kill profiteering for the rest of the emergency. The officers of the University Administration need student help in their efforts to protect the student body. That help is best given by each student carefully investigating the conditions of which he is aware, and reporting these conditions. The Tar Heel desires to learn of any rates which seem to be unfair. We are willing to publish the names of all persons who are charging rates which are too high; the student body (particularly new students) can then avoid those who seek to profiteer.

If you know of any instances of over-charging, please report them either to the Tar Heel or to the University Administration. Steps will be taken to warn the students. In this way we can protect ourselves until the day when the University will return to a smooth-running schedule, unhampered by the demands of war.

# LET'S PREVENT RENT PROFITEERING

A fine job of coed orientation was done under Ruth Duncan, president of the Woman's Government Association. No coed was allowed to feel that she must find her own way at Carolina; the senior girls gave the new transfers careful personal guidance.

Those who headed the orientation committee were Bitty Grimes, president of the Pan-Hellenic Council; Lillian Leonhard, president of the Women's Interdormitory Council; Joyce Fowler, president of the Women's Athletic Association; Emily Tufts, president of the Town Girls' Association; Thelma Jean Paolucci, president of the Carolina Independent Coed Association; Lib Schofield, Speaker of the Coed Senate; Mrs. Janel Hoover, Personnel Adviser to Women; Mrs. Kay Ferrell, Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association; Mrs. M. H. Stacey, Dean of Women; and Linda Cobb, Student Adviser Chairman.

There was some instructional or recreational meeting for the coeds for every night; all orientation was supervised by the students themselves.

The coed orientation matches that were conducted for the new men students. Both programs were handled in a fashion similar to pre-war orientation.

With such a good foundation, the new part of the Carolina student body should be well equipped to take their places in the management of student affairs. It is well they should, for these days will determine the caliber of the future Carolina.