

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 WHAT DO STUDENTS REALLY KNOW?

The results of the Tar Heel Poll (see page 1) are frankly not the least bit surprising to those members of the staff who designed and worked on it. We don't think it will surprise many faculty members. We don't even think it is going to shock many of the students, that is among those few who have bothered to consider this subject. But we're not so sure as to the reaction these results would evoke in the minds and hearts of the thousands of Carolina men still "sweating it out" on the island of Japan and on the soil of Germany. We're not the least bit happy about what the prospective employers of university graduates will think about these results. We shudder at the thought of what hard working parents will think of the value of college educations when they see these figures.

Is it quite understandable that students who can rattle off the value of pi, who can explain (to fascinated parents) the basic principles of atomic energy, who can ask for the salt in at least two languages are unable to name the senators from their home states?

The question of blame immediately comes to the fore as we examine the irrefutable results of the poll. Can we pass it off on a poorly devised curriculum? Is the student enveloped in so much collegiate "brain food" he just doesn't physically have the time to read the newspapers or listen to an occasional news broadcast? Or can we absolve the University of blame and exhort the student to greater effort in finding out what goes on in this world of ours? The truth, as usual, lies somewhere between these extremes. No student in this or any other university can honestly claim reading a newspaper a few times a week is physically impossible because of scholastic pressure. We may not be able to lay the blame completely at the door of the student, but we can certainly conclude a most definite lack of interest in the realm of national, international and local affairs.

American universities may claim (and rightly so) they are not supposed to force an interest in world events down the throats of their students. The college attempts to set forth in four years a savory aperitif designed to awaken the intellectual taste buds of any person of normal intelligence. Certainly the student is justified in demanding a modern revision of college curricula to include more live subjects encompassing current events. But, and this is the key to any assignment of blame, is the student therefore justified in refusing to take the initiative in these matters by himself?

A PLEA FOR PRE-REGISTRATION

We believe that the student body is almost unanimously in favor of pre-registration for courses. Looking at the matter logically, it doesn't seem that the University can make any claim to personal student guidance and attention to individual problems unless pre-registration is offered.

All too often we have seen the disastrous results of programs hastily planned at the registration lines. No one can hope to produce an intelligent academic schedule while hundreds of students are storming through long lines all in one mammoth room.

Every student should privately see his dean or adviser before planning his schedule. A schedule planned in the quiet of an office when long lines are not putting time at a premium is certainly superior to some of the unsatisfactory schedules which come out of the confusion of the matriculation line.

Last term we had pre-registration. If the deans can spare enough of their own time to offer a little personal guidance again, the profit to the student body will be great.

G. I. BILL INSUFFICIENT

Enactment by Congress in 1944 of the G.I. Bill of Rights, with its educational provisions, was a milestone in progressive legislation. It recognized these three fundamental truths:

1. That the servicemen whose education was interrupted by the war is entitled to education at government expense.
2. That higher education is not the property exclusively of the well-to-do classes, but is the right of all.
3. That governmental subsidization of higher education is not charity to the poor, but an investment in the future of our country—a hard-headed deal whose dividends are a higher percentage of alert, enlightened citizenry, more doctors, professional men, and others, thus more

stable government and a higher standard of living and national strength.

An interview of Carolina veterans reveals, however, that the fifty-dollar-per-month allotment provided by the bill is inadequate, and tends to negate the very purpose for which the bill was enacted. (See story, page four). At the present allotment, veterans coming here to get an education must either receive financial assistance from their parents (which is contradictory to the principle that education is the right of the poorest), or work part time.

While some apostles of the old "rugged individualism" may extol the character-building value of struggling through four years of college by working part time, it is a question whether paying a man enough to go to college if he works on the side is equivalent to granting a free education. For a person to get a real university education, he must have ample time to engage in at least a part of the extra-curricular activities on the campus; and have ample time for studying and extra outside reading during his junior and senior years. For science students, with heavy lab schedules, part time work is out of the question except for a very few exceptional individuals.

As more and more servicemen are discharged, more veterans will want to come here to study. This means that elimination of the disparity between veterans' living expenses and his allotment is CAMPUS PROBLEM NUMBER 1.

If we would make our campus available to as many veterans as we can, if we would have UNC play its rightful role in the post-war as a great educational center, if we would have the American colleges and universities serving to capacity in turning out better and more useful citizens for America, then:

Support the veterans in their just request for upward revision of the present monthly allowance to \$75. Write your senator and congressman today. By piles of letters on the subject from here and all over the United States, let Congress know that the people want the G.I. Bill to stay—and work!

GRAHAM MEMORIAL BARBER SHOP

Mack Snipes, manager of the University operated barber shop in the basement of Graham Memorial, has put his own post-war plan into operation by employing an additional barber.

Students who want a good hair-cut are advised to make their way to the student union building and proceed from there to the little shop tucked down in the lower southeast corner.

Playing It To The Chapel Hill

By Morty Seif

The other day in the YMCA, we heard a coed holding forth on life in general and sex in particular to a fawning Rotacee, who listened rapturously to each word spewed forth by this recent graduate from the bobby-sox brigade, who was balancing herself, a cup of coffee, and a cigarette on a chair in a most precarious position which undoubtedly appealed to her love of danger.

During the course of this one-sided conversation, Mademoiselle X (the French, I am sure, would appeal to her passionate nature) executed a series of aerial maneuvers with her flaming tobacco-stick which charmed the Rotacee's eyes into a snake dance trying to follow it. Arcs, parabolas, ellipses, and what-have-you that the geometry texts don't, curled into dense clouds of smoke which probably were meant as a murky background for this esoteric confab. We held our breath, any moment expecting this woman of intrigue to dip into her pocketbook and empty a vial of absinthe, a la Lucretia Borgia, into the cup of coffee on her lap which did not add to the sophisticated effect she was striving so desperately to attain.

Hoping that perhaps we were on the verge of discovering sex reduced to the simple terms of geom-

etry, we sidled up to the couple. Incidentally, we have devised a system whereby all women are classified according to their glandular structure, and are now in the process of readying a manual on the subject which is sure to bring us a Ph.D. (Phony Document). There is no line in the world as sure-fire a success as — "Darling, you and your pituitary gland . . ."

Returning to our jaded coed, we hear her utter in solemn tones a phrase which no doubt she believes ranks with the classics of history and rhetoric—"those blue Chapel Hill moods." Stage Direction: The oo of "moods" is prolonged in order that the heroine may show the world she has a perfectly normal set of teeth and not fangs.

Scoffing, and at the same time following a head of hair out of the YMCA, we determine to locate a genuine Ciceronian toga to present to our heroine as the final touch. (Our cheek is stinging in anticipation already!)

But, as the saying goes, the worm turns, and when he did, he bumped into us with a sudden twist. Here it is, Saturday evening, exactly 7:29 p. m., and we are sitting in the library reading an article entitled *How to Make the Most of a Saturday Night*. Apparently, the author— See PLAYING, page 4.

Life Can Be Beautiful

By Dick and Wyc

We do not feel capable of writing on such a complex and unfaithful subject as the weather situation here, and so we have taken it upon ourselves to call upon one who IS fully capable of such a task, a person who has influenced many great writers of this age, a genius understood by few and misunderstood by many, Miss Stertrude Gien. After accepting our journalistic offer, and after detailed investigation on the subject, Miss Gien writes:

"The weather, boy! It rains and rains and rains and rains and there's mud all over the ground and the little squirrels that run around on the campus can't run around on the campus any more and all the people are getting wet because it rains and rains and rains and it's all muddy, boy! And that's not all.

"When I came here to see about the rain the nicest old man in a rattletrap car brought me from the station which had only one fender and the seats were hard and the roof leaked rain which came through the roof and got the nice old man and the hard seats all wet but I had a raincoat on and was all right but the nice old man

didn't seem to mind the rain, no he didn't, and he refused to take my coat which I offered him yes he did because he was getting wet from the rain, which came through the roof that leaked; and suddenly the man pointed with his finger and said there's Chapel Hill and sure enough there was rainy old Chapel Hill yes it was, boy!

"But everyone at Chapel Hill was nice to me and when I got there sure enough there was a glass of orange juice and some friends whom I had met when I was here before and I drank it down and it was good and then to bed. And I made sure about the weather before I went to bed and sure enough there it was still raining and raining and raining yes it was."

Gad! What feeling! What expression! Now maybe you can see why we felt ourselves incapable of describing the weather. We all want to thank you for this dissertation, Miss Gien. And to you readers may we close with this storm warning: "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Only 23 more days before you'll have to have your arks completed and get the animals in two by two, yes you will, boy!"

Letters To The Editor

(The following letter is from a former Daily Tar Heel Editor.)

South Pacific News.

Dear Robert:

It's mighty late to be writing congratulations, but that's the main topic of this letter. I was most happy to hear of your being elected to your present position, and there is not a doubt in my mind that you will put out one of the best papers in the history of the Tar Heel.

Also, I might mention here, many thanks for your editorial on the deer hunt. Such things are most appreciated by a fellow some 10,000 miles from home.

This next year will be one of the most important in the history of the University. The service of the Tar Heel to the student body and to the Administration will prove important for years to come. Your job will be a tough one, and it will mean sacrificing many things that you would like to do. If I were to offer a single bit of advice it would be that you give all of your time to the Tar Heel and forget the many other things. Do that job and do it well.

I not only congratulate you, but also your staff and the University for being so fortunate to have you as its editor at this time.

A note from you (air mail) would be appreciated. Keep up the good work and look for me to pay you a visit come early 1946.

Best wishes,

Orville Campbell.

Editor:

All know that in Russia the communist system exists. In England, socialism has taken the reins. But the most unorthodox system known to man is at present in effect right here in Chapel Hill.

Here we have the unique set-up in which neither the aristocracy, the bourgeoisie, nor the proletariat is the supreme power. Instead, the exalted few are the local restaurant owners. No tyrannical oligarchy ever vented more frustration on one of man's basic instincts, hunger, as do these irresponsible few. Seldom have so many been exploited by so few. At the time of this writing, Tuesday night, there is not a single restaurant or cafe open in Chapel Hill. With one exception (and that not popularly frequented by students) there has been none open all day. Completely devoid of all sense of obligation to their public, the restaurant owners choose to leave the good students of Chapel Hill com-

pletely without means of procuring a meal or sandwich after certain hours—while they vacation at home wallowing in their recently acquired and largely unearned riches.

Perhaps my ideas are completely wrong—perhaps the privileges and obligations of private enterprise no longer exist—but I seem to have acquired a theory on the conduct of public services which is in sharp contrast to that daily exhibited here. I somehow have gotten the idea that such establishments as cafes were in business for the purpose of actually serving the public, of actually filling the needs of their customers, for which they received a fair and honest compensation.

At present the cafe owners regulate their hours to suit their individual whims and fancies, and both the extent and quality of the service are of a highly dubious value. At present the cafe owners consider themselves extremely benevolent and philanthropic if they are so humane as to condescend to grudgingly serve some long-waiting customer with a stale sandwich of burnt toast and a hot bottle of off-brand beer.

Personally, I shall be sublimely happy when a return from the over-prosperity of wartime conditions leaves the cafe owners to the ghastly fate of actually earning their living. When the ex-prima donnas are reduced to a status of such humble servitude that they actually have to provide efficient service of high quality. When the once all-powerful hamburger magnates are further reduced to the point where consideration of the customer's wishes is a necessity and not an absurdity. And I shall be doubly overjoyed when they are finally forced to revert to the ancient though forgotten ideal of building good will and not country estates.

Ted Carroll.

September 15, 1945.

Mr. Robert Morrison, Editor,
The Tar Heel,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Dear Mr. Morrison:

I wish to thank you for the editorial appearing in today's issue of the Tar Heel, not only for the way you spoke of me, but also for the high regard you held for the Merchants Association.

Speaking for the organization and for myself, I should like to offer our services and cooperation in behalf of the Tar Heel.

Very truly yours,

E. Carrington Smith,
President, Chapel Hill
Merchants Association.

"Thank You Very Much, Mr. Porter"

By Charlie Kaufman

Cole Porter, Jerome Kern, Richard Rodgers, Johnny Mercer. They are all names with which Americans who have youth of mind, body, heart, or all three are familiar. Year after year these faithful friends turn out beautiful and cheery songs for all who desire them to enjoy. We buy records and sheet music of their songs and listen to them in juke-boxes, dance to them and watch the best ones climb the Hit Parade. But do we really appreciate the hours of exhausting mental and physical labor which goes into composing these songs? The average young American doesn't. We think of a song we like in connection with our favorite record of it or some movie star we saw sing it in a musical. Where does the thanks to the composer come in? Well, it usually just doesn't. Anyone you'd ask about this would say that a composer gets a fair amount for a song if it's a good one and he is well known.

If he is well known. There it is. Some brilliant composers spend half their lives writing good music, music that would sell—if they got the right breaks. But not many do. And the ones who do have to really be par excellent to get anywhere at all. No doubt quite a few people have tried in vain for years to get the public to catch their tunes, but in vain. After all this the ones who pull through get nothing but a publisher's contract. In other words, it's a long, hard, disappointing road that leads to popular recognition of songs.

Think what life would've been like this year if we didn't have Johnny Mercer. We simply would never have heard of "Accentuate the Positive," "Laura," "Dream," "Achtung, Topeka, and the Santa Fe." (He's really going to town, isn't he?)

Cole Porter has a peculiar way of getting himself into the mood for writing songs. About ten years ago he'd been asked to write the musical score for "Jubilee." Unlike other popular composers, Porter does his best work when in the middle of a quiet ocean somewhere. Without thinking it unusual, Broadway producers heard that Cole Porter had a small ship out in the Atlantic and was hard at work on a brand new musical score.

Of course out in the rough Atlantic was just the place to get into the mood of writing beautiful Latin music. But this voyage was not folly. It ended most successfully. In fact the greatest song Cole Porter ever wrote was written during those two weeks out in the misty Atlantic. A song so great that its original rhythm has become a by-word throughout the Western World for all those who loved its sway. And this song, even if it had been the only song he ever wrote, would still make the composer a great one and one to be long remembered. "Begin the Beguine," whether played by Artie Shaw or Sammy Kaye, it is truly by Cole Porter, and an example of the genius which is required to write a song of its quality.

We cannot all compose. We cannot all even carry a tune. But most of us find it very easy to rock our entire bodies when we hear "Tampico" or "If I Loved You." Showing that we all love music, though we may never have thought of how much we love it unless we should suddenly have to do without it. A good portion of our appreciation should go to the elderly and middle-aged gentlemen who write songs we enjoy so much. Yet about all we can say, even though it seems to be very little in return for their music, is "thank you, Mr. Porter."