

To the STUDENT BODY... ... from the EDITOR LENOIR NEEDS VOLUME

After more than two years of deplorable eating conditions in Chapel Hill, gigantic Lenoir Hall is opening for lunch today with capacity to feed the entire student body. C. E. Gooch, an efficient, two-fisted business man, will manage the University-owned and operated dining hall in an effort to serve the most and best food for the least money. Mr. Gooch will be assisted by J. E. Monroe and Mrs. Monroe, who are so well known by the students who have been eating at the Graham Memorial Cafeteria. Lenoir Hall will employ over a hundred persons and plenty of jobs will be open to students.

Lenoir Hall is opening in answer to the plea from the student body for decent meals at a decent price. Although the new dining hall will not begin immediately to serve the thirty-five cent complete meals for which it was so famous before the war, Lenoir Hall will certainly be able to give more quality and quantity than any other eating establishment in Chapel Hill. There are ample stocks of food with sufficient variety to completely satisfy the student body.

As its facilities are enormous, Lenoir Hall will need volume to best serve the students. The greater the number of students which eats in Lenoir Hall, the less each student will have to pay. Those students who desire to better the student body, the University and themselves should patronize Lenoir Hall to the fullest, thus giving it an opportunity to give the best service.

Mr. Gooch spent over an hour Saturday afternoon showing us the gigantic kitchens, preparation departments, store rooms, serving facilities and eating spaces in the building. In the basement of the building are tremendous storerooms, capable of holding enough food to feed the student body for over a year. The kitchens are equipped to prepare any kind of food in large quantities. There is even machinery for manufacturing enough ice cream to keep all the University dining halls and fountains amply supplied.

If enough students eat in Lenoir Hall to make all of this equipment operate an anything near its intended capacity, we will have excellent meals at a price lower than that of any commercial eating establishment.

According to state law, Lenoir Hall must operate exclusively for students and University employees. The success of Lenoir Hall depends wholly on the response from the student body. With a large part of the student body moving to the upper and lower quadrangles, Lenoir Hall will be in a very convenient location. The rest of the students should consider it their moral obligation to help give the dining hall the necessary volume to pull through its first months of operation.

ENTERTAINMENT BUILDINGS

The closing of Graham Memorial Cafeteria in the basement of the Student Union Building will leave considerable space to be used for student activities. The present intention is to convert this space into a game room; we would also like to see a fountain and snack bar installed which would be open during the regular hours of the building. Such a small serving unit would be of great advantage to students who use the building for recreation and for work in student activities. The snack bar could be operated by self-help students.

The opening of Navy Hall to the students and people of the community brings into existence a second Graham Memorial. Navy Hall will be managed by the Monogram Club, but will not be for their exclusive use. Graham Memorial is managed by a board of directors consisting of campus leaders and representatives from the administration. The co-ordination of these two buildings (which will have similar functions) would be beneficial. We would like to see Navy Hall become the home of the many campus organizations which can not find room in Graham Memorial.

The YMCA is another building used more or less for recreational purposes. If the various organizations which have facilities for arranging entertainment for all the students, work together in the coming peacetime set-up, Carolina has an opportunity to offer the best in a wholesome social program for the entire student body.

UNIVERSITY DAY

The observance of University Day Friday demands the attendance of all students. Louis R. Wilson, director of the University's sesquicentennial celebration, hopes to make these exercises one of the major events of the celebration.

Chancellor House will preside with President Graham, Dr. H. E. Rondthaler and Dean W. W. Pierson taking part from the platform.

About three years ago University leaders arranged to have James B. Conant, the well-known president of Harvard University, speak on this day. The Association of American Universities, also desiring to feature Conant, will hold their convention in collaboration with Carolina's University Day.

Any student who thinks that this program will be dry and uninteresting should attend and discover that he was wrong.

STUDENT COMMITTEE

We are glad to see the Student Entertainment Committee functioning again with the presentation of Henry Scott, who is supposed to be an eminent humorist. Actually, this committee is mis-named, for it doesn't seem that the students exercise much power in selecting the entertainment they are compelled to pay for. In the past, many of the "entertainments" have been poorly attended by the students.

We suggest that the Student Entertainment Committee could be improved by allowing a few students to voice their preference in how they want to be entertained.

Life Can Be Beautiful

By Dick and Wyc

Oh, fall has fell on Chapel Hill;
The wind to send through us a chill;
The once green leaves are falling
fast;
Methinks their green ain't going to
last.

The campus moves in brisker stride,
And close to radiator's side
We sit while waiting for a class
Instead of lounging on the grass.

The sun no longer makes us hot;
You think we're happy? Well,
we're not!

For now instead we lie abed
Enclosed in blankets, white and red,
And dream of snow and frosty
climes

(I think I'm getting stuck for
rhymes!).

Yes, fall has fell on Chapel Hill,
I guess I like the summer still!

Ah, yes, 'tis autumn once again,
and with it we have the return of
football games, girls in sweaters,
Jackson Frost, girls in sweaters,
falling leaves, girls in sweaters, and
evenings by the fireside, with (nat-
cherly) girls in sweaters. Perhaps
that is what fall means to most of
you, but not us! We're above such
things as frosts, football games and
falling leaves. To us the word fall
brings back other memories of the
first fall here upon earth. You are
no doubt under the false impression
that there always have been four
seasons, i.e., spring, summer, au-
tumn, and winter. How wrong you
are!

It seems only yesterday there was
nothing but eternal sunshine and
happiness upon this good ol' planet.
Lessee now, if we remember cor-
rectly it was just 3,672,301 years
ago (although one of our col-
leagues insists that it was 302).
Nevertheless, during these times
there was neither poverty nor want;
every man had all he desired, and
no man desired more than he had;
vice, wickedness, and cruelty were
unknown. Even we were happy at
our little job, editing the *Mount
Olympus Times*, a four page bi-
weekly just overflowing with vital
news and interesting columns (al-
though there was some adverse criti-
cism concerning one column called
"Playing It to the Olympian Hilt").

One day we ran across, quite ac-
cidentally, something which had all
the makings of an all-time human
interest story. We were covering
the finals of the Olympic Gin Rummy
tournament held on September 20
and we were making an acute study
of the crowd in hope of seeing some
new faces. We noticed that Pluto
had made a special trip from the
underworld to see the finals, and, al-
though he seemed busy kibitzing,

we saw that he was making definite
eyes at Proserpine, Ceres' daughter.

Being especially hard pressed for
a page-one scandal, we thought that
our problems might now be solved if
we followed this lead and we con-
sequently kept close scrutiny on the
master of the underworld. Sure
enough, just after Jupiter had gone
"Gin" for the third straight hand,
we saw Pluto and Proserpine mak-
ing for the back door. We followed
close on their heels and emerged
from the goddesses entrance just in
time to see them hop in Pluto's
chariot, a super deluxe twelve stall-
ion job, and head down Mediter-
ranean Boulevard.

We hopped on our motor-ponies
and started in pursuit. As luck
would have it, we were stopped at
an intersection by Nathan Neander-
thal and a train of dinosaurs who
were headed for Hades, which was
also our eventual destination (and
we just ain't kiddin'!). Thus it
was that Pluto evaded us in this
midtown traffic, and, feeling uncer-
tain that Ceres would begin to
worry if Proserpine weren't home
by 10:30, we stopped to see her at
Venus' Beauty Salon (Venus was a
good kid, who, despite the handicap
of losing both arms in a Nylon sale,
was making a good living in her new
racket).

We found Ceres sitting complacently
under the drying machine
reading a new novel called "Gone
With Zephyrus," or "Don't Walk
on the Ceiling, Mother, It's Plastered
Too." We gently broke the news of
her daughter's seduction to her,
never expecting to see such a violent
reaction to our story. Ceres
whirled around in her chair, whirl-
ing the beauty equipment around
at the same time ("Whirled Ceres,"
she was known as in them days!)
and cried, "If my daughter isn't
home by 10:30, I'll curse the world
to eternal winterdom."

"I'll hide old Sol so well that even
a thirty-watt light bulb will look
like noon to this darkened sphere.
I'll send such coldness upon the earth
that even your red flannel union
suits won't keep you warm. If you
value this present, pleasant clime,
you sons of earth, get Sherlocking
on Pluto's trail, but quick!"

Will Proserpine be in by 10:30?
Will the world be damned to eternal
winterdom? Will we get the *Olym-
pian Times* out on time? If we can
buy any more of those nice cigar-
ettes or get a wee bit more of that
bottled sunshine before next issue,
then and only then will these ques-
tions be answered in the next thrill-
ing episode of "Fall Has Fell."

The Seat Of The Scornful

By Lee Silverstein

Since I have been at Carolina I
have heard many many gripes
against the professors and the way
they teach. It has occurred to me,
however, that there is one fault
which can be charged up to the stu-
dents themselves.

This fault is an attitude of bel-
ittling the student who shows
more than a dully normal interest in
his work. Now don't get me wrong.
I am not talking about the phoney
who tries to cover up his laziness or
ignorance with faked interest in the
subject—I mean the student who is
honestly interested.

If you ask a question which goes
beyond the scope of the textbook,
you are an "ear-banger." And if
you buttonhole your prof after class-
ture, you are an "apple-polisher."
In some courses you are an "eager
beaver" if you do any outside work
at all. A sensitive person who wants
to avoid these unkind titles may ac-
tually come to the point of sneaking
through the halls at off-hours in
quest of information from some

professor.
Undoubtedly this "Don't be so
eager" attitude weakens the quality
of classes, because it keeps many
good questions from being asked.
Furthermore those who do the jeer-
ing are developing a trait of char-
acter which is no asset in life.

But a greater evil than these is
involved. After all, the future of
this country can be no better than
the people who live in it, and they
can be no better than their educa-
tion. In a way the future success
and happiness of the U. S. A., and
perhaps the whole world, hinges on
the kind of teaching that is done, on
the amount of education that the
people have. There is enough con-
tempt for education and learning on
the outside of colleges without hav-
ing it on the inside too. The "Don't
be so eager" attitude can become a
menace to American education. It is
to be hoped that this attitude will
die out at Carolina.

The Tar Heel

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE PUBLICATIONS UNION
SERVING CIVILIAN AND MILITARY STUDENTS AT THE
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THE CPU ROUNDTABLE

In a recent Gallup poll, the
American people registered their
opinion two to one against loaning
money to either Great Britain or
Russia. Whether this opinion is
based upon a chronic disapproval
of sending U. S. funds out of the
country on a credit system, or
whether it is a reflection of Ameri-
can reaction to Labour England
and Communist Russia, cannot be
determined. But, according to the
predominating opinion in the CPU's
discussion Sunday night, such a
stand is justified from neither an
isolationist outlook nor an inter-
nationalist one.

Great Britain and Russia both de-
sire the use of American funds but
for one purpose: to buy from the
United States the consumer and
durable goods which they desper-
ately need. Both countries have suf-
fered considerable material devastation
during the war with the
Axis, and both are essentially in
need of the goods which can re-
vitalize industrial economies. The
United States is the only country in
the world at present which can fur-
nish these goods. The delicate fac-
tor involved is that neither Britain
nor Russia is in a position to give
goods in exchange for these goods.
Thus, both are seeking to borrow
American dollars in order to buy
them from us.

If Great Britain and Russia bor-
row money to buy goods from us,
that will mean more production and
consequently greater employment
in this country. Although the Unit-
ed States, during a normal year,
exports only about 8% of its total
production, the fluctuation of the
foreign market on which that 8%
is sold is a determining factor in
our standard of living. When it
goes up, our standard of living is
higher; when it comes down, our
standard of living is lower.

To understand this is to grasp
the significance of a relatively
simple fact concerning foreign ex-
change: we buy foreign goods in
direct proportion to the sale of our
exports. We buy British goods with
British pounds. To receive those
pounds we sell American goods to
Britain. And vice versa.

The question has been asked: in
loaning money to Russia, will we
not be financing the imperialism of

a nation whose system of govern-
ment and economy is diametrically
opposed to ours? The answer to
this is that American loans to Rus-
sia can be used for no purpose ex-
cept to buy American goods. And
we do not propose to be manufac-
turing armament for sale on a fore-
ign market.

There is no doubt prevalent a
great school of thought hoping and
believing that in refusing to loan
Great Britain the five or six bil-
lions she desires we will force the
Labour government and its partial-
ly socialist concepts out of power.
Such thought is hardly justified by
reasoning. To force Britain into an
economic vacuum would tend to en-
courage socialism rather than re-
tard it. And British reaction, in-
spired by our insistence on inter-
fering with her domestic affairs,
would most assuredly go more de-
terminedly Left.

The long-range question of even-
tual British and Russian industrial
competition is probably the most
important one. Russia, in particu-
lar, is a potential competitor of the
United States. She undoubtedly has
the natural resources, and more
than likely will have the technical
know-how, to produce in volume and
in quality the goods which would
compete with ours on a world mar-
ket. Her recently-won access to the
commercial seas guarantees her the
power to ship her goods anywhere
in the world. Whether or not Rus-
sia will compete with us in volume
and/or quality is not, however, the
supreme question. The price at
which she can put her goods on sale
is the really important source of
competition. There is little doubt
that Russia, operating under a com-
munist economy, can undersell any
capitalist nation on the globe once
her productive facilities are put
into high gear. If and when the
United States finds itself un-
able to compete with Russian prices
on a large scale, a decided change
in our economy is inevitable.
Either we will liberalize it to re-
duce our selling prices, or we will
suffer a setback in our standard of
living which, like Great Britain's,
is dependent upon a stable foreign
market.

There is a third, more exacting
course: war.

CERTAIN COWS CAUSING CONSIDERABLE COMMOTION

By Charlie Kauffman, Jr.

I'd like to advise our govern-
ment to give some assistance to
animal relations while they're as-
sisting everybody and everything
else. Animals live a very rough
life, especially so in the case of
Minnie Quarts. In case you don't
know who Miss Quarts is, which is
most likely, she is the mascot of
Irvingdale Dairy Farms in Atlanta.

She's really quite the cow. All
of Atlanta follows the romances in
Miss Quarts' life as if it were the
life of a very dear friend. And she
is just that. She represents the
originality and individuality of the
American people. I don't know who
thought up the idea of Minnie
Quarts, but she's been a leading
figure in the Georgian Elite for
quite some time now. Just about
every Sunday in the Atlanta Con-
stitution there's an article on the
society page describing to the full-
est the charming occurrences at
some of Miss Quarts' tea parties
for her mooing acquaintances.

Minnie, of course, divides her
time between domestic affairs and
her work at Irvingdale Farms. She
holds the interest of all the patrons
by her beautiful figure and cute
comments which appear on the
Irvingdale milk bottles. Recently
that dairy adopted square bottles
and immediately Miss Quarts was
painted on the bottle in a stimulat-
ing come-hither look and saying:
"This is a square deal." The offi-
cials at the dairy told me person-
ally that she writes all of the ad-
vertisements for the bottles and
billboards on which she appears.
It's proved a very good idea be-
cause countless thousands of Geor-
gians follow Miss Quarts' advice in
relation to milk and milk products.
Two years ago, soon after she started
her Pep Milk radio program,
Mary Lee Taylor, of the same oc-
cupation, had Miss Quarts up in
court because she advocated better
working hours for cows. The court
decided Minnie was right because
she was a direct producer of the
milk. This sort of left Miss Taylor

holding the bag if you know what
I mean.

Equally as fascinating and twice
as shocking is the love life of Min-
nie Quarts. She was married in
1941 to one Minnie Barrels, but
that match soon proved a failure
because Minnie Barrels wanted his
wife to give up her career and de-
voted it to rearing children. Her
second husband, Minnie Hogsheads,
left her for the same reason, be-
sides he spoke French and the only
foreign language Minnie can speak
is Spanish. However, last year she
found the perfect bull. The bull she
wanted to spend the rest of her life
with. They got married and soon
after a little stranger was born to
the happy couple. Everyone was
overjoyed because that meant that
there would be an heir to the throne
of the House of Moo. Appropriately
they named the offspring Minnie
Pints.

But the vivacious and bewitching
Miss Quarts is now madly in love
with a vagabond western cow from
the lone prairie. She is asking the
advice of her friends in this deci-
sion. Hundreds of letters have been
written to her with all kinds of ad-
vice given. Personally, I think she
should consider her daughter, Min-
nie Pints, who is still quite young.
I also believe that she won't get
married again because the public-
ity man at Irvingdale Farms
couldn't possibly have another name
for the fourth husband.

Exchanges

"Mother told me not to drink.
Ha! Ha! I don't.
Mother told me not to smoke.
Ha! Ha! I don't.
Mother told me not to swear.
Ha! Ha! I don't.
Mother told me to study hard.
Ha! Ha!

—The State Ball News.