

The Tar Heel

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Editorially Speaking

CAROLINA VS. GROUPS

Today we walked through the old Pre-Flight area, the University's lower quadrangle. Being civilians, we found it was almost like another school, which hadn't opened. But the thought naturally came that soon those rooms would be filled, or partially filled, with students who had come there of their own choosing, students who would want to be a part of the student body and who would want to feel that they were a part of the student body. What effect will this have upon Carolina? We feel that this has the potentialities of becoming a definite problem.

The war and the advent of the service units on the campus has done one big thing to hurt Carolina: the dividing of the student body into groups and factions. This has probably been unavoidable, but it is nevertheless exceedingly bad on school spirit and campus morale. It "does something" to the student body that isn't good.

Having come to Carolina during the war years, we have found lacking that old Carolina spirit that alumni and older students had told about. Practically the only time a student can get a real feeling that he is part of a student body is during the half at the Duke-Carolina game when the band plays "Hark the Sound," and the half-drunk stands arise to sing. Of course, an exceptional few can get the Carolina spirit elsewhere and at other times, but the fact remains that at the present this is a campus of definitely separated groups.

Now the question is: Will the coming of more and more civilian students and the filling up of the lower quadrangle tend to pull the campus together or will it form just another group working for itself? From the way the situation looks now, it will be the latter.

Unless each and every group and faction stops the old policy of working for its own personal wants at the expense of the rest of the campus and begins the older policy of working for the interests of all, the student activities at Carolina are sure to gradually "fold their tents and silently steal away." We've got to learn that what is good for one is good for all and that the college campus just like any community is interdependent.

Each one of us, individually and collectively, must stop thinking entirely of ourselves, our own groups. We must follow Ben Franklin's advice or we shall "surely hang separately" and student activities at Carolina will be doomed.

UNC THANKS YOU, DR. COKER

We thought our readers might like to know how it all came to be, so that they could add it to their collection of famous "So That's How It Started" items. The following is quoted from Kemp Plummer Battle's *History of the University of North Carolina*. The Tar Heel goes on record as favoring the continued use of that which is under discussion.

"At the close of my description of places of interest in and around Chapel Hill should be mentioned the lovely Arboretum, the work of Dr. William C. Coker. He has converted a barren, pipe-clay, wornout old field, the first cleared lands within the limits of Chapel Hill, into a garden of flowers and shrubs and winding paths. By a generous donation of Mrs. Margaret Shipp he has erected, parallel to Cameron Avenue, a Pergola, on which vines are beginning to trail. When completed, it will be a favorite resort of belles and beaux."

ABOUT YACKETY YACK

Everyone seems tired of waiting for the Yackety Yack to make its appearance on the mad Chapel Hill scene. Since the yearbook is the one thing that holds and, upon command, divulges the frantic, happy college experiences, almost all students like to have them, keep them, look at them with pride and pleasure from time to time. And everyone is anxious and impatient to see the record of the past year that they have scrambled through.

We're tired of waiting for our Yack. We realize in a hazy way what the staff has been up against in the way of material and labor shortages, but, along with everyone else, we want our annual. Yet we know of one person who can shut off the gripes and the impatient complaints.

That person is one of the editors who has sat up in the Yack office and seen that less than 50 percent of the civilians on campus and about one percent of the V-12's have come by to make appointments to have their pictures taken for this year's edition. He'll be there when the complaining starts when the Yack comes out, and he'll be there if there's any complaining about the next issue. He'll be asking where the student support was.

Life Can Be Beautiful

Offers Aid To Ignorant

By Dick and Wye

We are appalled at the lack of knowledge among college students! Results of the recent Tar Heel poll on current affairs was unbelievable. And we, as the true prophets of public enlightenment have taken it upon ourselves to employ our extensive influence for the rectification of this abhorring condition.

We shall take two or three questions about which every college should have a working knowledge and shall endeavor to discuss them on a highly intellectual plane.

Question number 1: WHO is the President of the United States? . . . Now wait! Don't stop reading this — don't give up — we realize we've started off with a "toughie;" nevertheless, we must consider it from every angle, leaving no stone unturned in our search for the answer. It appears that there are three schools of thought on the matter, the first, the second, and (natchery) the third. This may sound unbelievable, but it's true. The first group, most often termed by foreign propagandists as "Republicans" claim that there is really no President; they WILL admit that there was at one time a President of this nation, but firmly state that that office had been abolished when Mr. Hoover left the White House in 1933.

The second group are commonly called "Democrats," and the popular opinion among them is that there IS a President, and that anyone denying this fact is being narrow-minded, prejudicial, and detrimental to the American way of life.

There is a third group, a small but determined band of liberals who hold neither to the Republican or Democratic views, believing that there never HAS been a President, that there SHOULD be one, and that there WILL be one if their candidate, Norman Whatizname, should live to be 146 years old.

There it is in a nutshell . . . we have discussed the question from all possible angles and hope that you now have the answer firmly established in your mind.

Question number 2: WHY do we celebrate the Fourth of July? This question is not as obvious as it might first appear. After much extensive research, we feel that we are now the world's authorities on the subject.

In the first place, there are those who celebrate the Fourth because

it is their birthday, apparently a very logical reason. And, on the other hand, there are those who celebrate because it ISN'T their birthday. Snafu K. Hecansmoocher, a man of many and varied talents, has confided that he celebrates the Fourth because it was on this day that his three-year-old son first showed signs of genius when he playfully split open the head of Snafu's mother-in-law with his little tomahawk, thus accomplishing with one swift blow what Snafu had been vainly trying to do for almost twenty years.

The oddest of the celebrations is carried on by a branch of an old Indian tribe, the Chagagagogman-chagagogchabungagumog. (This last is a tribal name meaning "You stay on your side, we'll stay on our side, and nobody will go in the middle," and you can check us on that one if you like). They, quaintly enough, celebrate the Fourth as an Independence Day, marking the anniversary of their liberation from the tyrannous rule of the pale-faced oppressors. This is the only celebration of this type that we have been able to discover, but it deserves little recognition because of its use by such a minor group of the population. In our investigation we have determined, however, that the majority of the American people celebrate this day because it is some sort of a holiday, the exact nature of which has never been accurately determined. Our own personal opinion, however, is that this celebration is staged in commemoration of the final settlement of some sort of bituminous coal strike in western Pennsylvania.

Now that we have shown how relatively simple it is to solve the seemingly difficult problems of the world by merely applying a liberal amount of common sense, it is unthinkable that there is any longer an excuse for the presence of un-informed people on the Carolina campus. For anyone desiring a more detailed explanation of our methods, references and sources of information, however, we must admit we are getting tired of this endless stream of postcards which we have been receiving, and therefore would like to inform you that only eight-page, wax-sealed, gold-edged, 8x10 letters will be accepted in return for our pamphlet "A Layman's Guide to a Fuller Education."

Curves and Angles

By Connie Hendren

(To tell the students about coed doings and thoughts, Connie Hendren, Mag editor and prominent politico, takes typewriter in hand and comes forth with a column of "Curves and Angles.")

A certain jewelry firm sends its representative through town every now and then to take orders for extra fraternity pins and other flotsam and jetsam, among their stock in trade being large china beer mugs complete with name of school and fraternity crests. Some coeds wanted to order the mugs with their sorority seals, but were told by the agent that he was not allowed to sell BEER mugs to sororities. "But," he said with a horrid leer and twirling his mustachios, "we do sell sorority COCOA mugs," and whisked out of his satchel an exact replica of the fraternity ones complete with a woman's Greek crest. This must be the height of euphemism (keep the change). No doubt the very latest in parties will be cocoa picnics, with chocolate in kegs and bottles, and the lads and lassies drinking the potent stuff out of their china mugs, all with the blessings of the fraternity jewelry company that disapproves of beer for girls.

And then there was the one about the hen that was laying in a supply of coal. This is inserted as filler of course, and probably you have already heard it, but it does take up a few lines and that's what we wanted was to take up a few lines of space where we didn't have anything else to run.

The White Steed, current Playmakers production, should draw large crowds. Playmakers shows in the past have been notable for good acting, interesting plays, and effective stage settings. With exams drawing nearer, the library is doing a land-office business checking out books that should have been read six weeks ago.

VIEWS of the NEWS

By Sara Tillett

(Beginning a column by well-informed, journalistic major, Sara Tillett, to keep Tar Heel readers abreast with the important events of a world fighting a peace.)

Today's labor problem is not a futile battle between coupon clippers and underfed radicals. It is the here and the now of our economic reconversion. Its solution will effect tomorrow's grocery bill.

Briefly, the facts are that most of the labor unions are asking for a thirty per cent increase in wages. The automobile worker who, during the war, got sixty dollars for forty-eight hours of work now gets forty-six dollars for forty hours of work. This means a twenty-five per cent cut in take-home pay at a time when the cost of living is still high. Because of this wage decrease and because of the fact that four and a half million war workers have left industry, twenty billion dollars less will be going into wages and salaries next year. Labor claims that this decrease in consumers' buying power will curtail industrial expansion.

Labor claims further that industry could absorb a thirty per cent increase in pay without raising prices. Department stores increased their profits from 1.5 per cent in

1939 to 12 per cent in 1944. Thus some of the difference could be made up at the retail level. It is estimated that the total profit of all corporations will be 17.5 billion dollars this year. A thirty per cent increase in wages would cost industry three billion dollars. It would leave industry a fourteen billion dollar profit—almost three times the 1939 profit. The probable reduction of the excess profit tax is another factor in labor's favor.

Labor contends that out of justice wages must be increased and that there is no need for prices to rise with wages unless the government is afraid to squeeze profit from industry. Industry's answer is that higher wages plus the cost of conversion from wartime to peacetime production and the expense of training inexperienced workmen would force prices upward. It is probable that the two will compromise on a fifteen per cent increase in wages. But it is doubtful that labor will be satisfied with this. The labor issue will of necessity be a key issue for all political aspirants in 1946 and 1948. And unless the public is aware of facts rather than fads, we will have to accept the boom-and-bust cycle and the law of nature that some economists claim it to be.

Just Another Opinion

Questions Dean's Ruling

By Roy Thompson

Thursday afternoon, just forty-eight hours after Lenoir Hall opened its doors to civilians again, Dean Stacy announced that coeds who have been eating in fraternity houses during the past few months will not be allowed to do so after the first of November.

During the war years civilian students didn't eat too well in Chapel Hill. The food situation wasn't quite as bad as Tar Heel editors made it appear at times, but it was pretty bad. There were dirty tables, witty waiters, stale rolls and high prices. The cafe owners had problems, but they could at least eat at home. Administration leaders may have tried to do something about feeding students, but the Graham Memorial Grill was allowed to operate under inefficient management for a long time until students took things into their own hands. Food at the Inn Cafeteria was reasonably clean and tasted good at times, but it cost a lot more than our General College catalog estimate of thirty-five dollars a month for board.

As a means of easing the strain on already overloaded eating places, coeds were given permission to eat in fraternity houses. This was good for both groups. The coeds could keep on eating, and the frats could keep on cooking. Several of the houses have been feeding the girls since their houses were handed back by the Navy last March. They've got dining rooms feeding a large number of coeds along with their

members. They've hired extra waiters, cooks, and dish washers to take care of the girls. The coeds are paying about thirty-five to forty dollars a month for two meals a day that are better than they've been able to find downtown. They like to eat in fraternity houses.

Tuesday at noon Lenoir Hall started feeding students again. Two days later the decree that rumor had been spreading over the campus for weeks was finally handed down. To the surprise of nobody in particular it came right along with the opening of Lenoir. There are ways and ways of getting business.

Perhaps there is a reason for this action. Perhaps it is not as arbitrary as it looks, but there are those who would like to know the reason. The coeds like things the way they are. Many of the fraternity dining rooms will suffer a great deal from this ruling. If there is an evil which is connected with letting the girls eat where they please, the evil hasn't been made clear. It should be.

There is still a student government here at Carolina. It is more than an order-taking organization. We don't always do the right thing, but we like to make our own mistakes. This ruling, many believe, is way out of line. It there is a reason for the action, our student legislature could and should have an active part in issuing the decree. If there is no reason, let's keep the dining rooms open for the girls.

READING THE EXCHANGES

Jock McDougal had blown his lassie to a movie and even hailed a cab to take her home. As they were riding along, she, knowing his natural bent concerning money, remarked:

"Oh, Jock, it does make me feel awfully wicked riding this way." At that Jock cheered up tremendously.

"Then, maybe, it was worth the money after all," said he.—Cloud-buster, Sept. 14.

Don't envy the gal with wolves at her feet,
Don't sit by yourself and groan,
Bring out the charms you've hidden, my sweet,
And go get some wolves of your own.

German Scientist May Know Atom-Bomb

By Richard G. Stern

What looked like a harmless little fact appeared in Drew Pearson's column the other day. It told of the disappearance of a certain Werner Heisenberg who happened to be (should I have said is?) the top German authority on atomic energy. Government officials, state our friend Mr. Pearson, either didn't know or weren't telling where this distinguished Nazi is.

About six months ago in a Paris journal another innocuous looking fact appeared, namely, that strange fires had appeared in the Spanish sky in the central part of General Franco's non-belligerent country. It was a short article; the only other thing it said, and this seemed to be the main interest, was that the residents in the district were making a rather hasty exodus — the "poor, scared, worried populace." The Germans had an underground

factory nineteen miles long, east of Berlin!

Atomic principles, general and many specific, are universally known!

These are a collection of "harmless" facts. Peruse them well; they might be the last thing that you will ever peruse. Stranger things have happened.

The Gotterdammerung might be a complete one. "If we are defeated we will drag Europe, nay, the world down to defeat with us. Civilization will disappear with its greatest civilizers." A half forgotten man bearing the somewhat ridiculous cognomen of Goebbels passionately uttered these words many times in the days between the decline and fall of the third German Reich.

What more can we say? We have offered some facts which we have put together in the journalistic man-

ner of a Hearst paper. This is an "alarmist" article—admittedly. But, we as an unwelcome change from the "herring" of our bedfellow, have something rather large to be alarmed over.

We have the interests of Planet No. 3, Solar System 1, Milky Way Galaxy, at heart (or head). More specifically we have Ma and Pa and Cousin Jake and Uncle Sam and Johnny Bull and Betty Grable and Fala and US at heart. We're worried. We're worried about something we were thinking, not so long ago, was over and done with. We're worrying about a hydra who has sprouted a rather ugly and voracious looking head. We may be wrong—we hope so. But the odds are strong enough (over 2,000,000 to one) for us not to take any chances.

Now you tell me—!