

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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Life Can Be Beautiful

It Was So Confusing

By Dick and Wyc

After the hectic few days that seem to mark the beginning of each new term have passed into the annals of ancient history, Carolina once again has settled down to a normal way of life . . . at least as normal as Tar Heeland has ever been. But oh, those first few days! You who had time to sit and watch the world go by as we did, may have seen or encountered such more or less peculiar situations as . . .

Three veterans waiting patiently in the book line at the 'Y' for three-quarters of an hour, still under the impression that any long line of people was either a pay line or a chow line. It was only after many detailed and argumentative explanations that they were persuaded to forsake the book line and have a ten-cent peach-royal ice cream cone on the house. Even after this bribery they left unconvinced that they had not been duped by some wily supply officer who was trying to deny them their rights as American civilians. Then there was . . .

the case of the brilliant sophomore who, registering for French II, found that he had not even been given credit for French I. It appears that the class he had thought was French I, was in reality Lamont Cranston, better known as Sociology 61, in which he was given an A. Upon being questioned as to how he had ever mistaken the two courses, he explained that, not being at all familiar with the French language, he was under the impression that he had been lucky enough to get into one of those new experimental classes in modern teaching. He did admit, however, that he had been surprised how easily he had understood the professor, who he had thought had been addressing the class all term in French, but that he had figured that he must have had a knack for languages and thought no more about it. But even worse was . . .

the instance in which an

eager class in Thermodynamics took notes for three days on the cultural life of the late Roman Empire, until some bright student, at the close of the third lecture, asked the professor how soon they would learn to integrate PDV. The professor looked shocked at such language, and replied that they would never learn such vile things in his class. Further discussion revealed that the professor thought his Roman history class was to be held in 210 Phillips instead of 210 Saunders, although why they had sent him way over to Phillips he had not quite understood. However, he hurried back over to Saunders, where he found a rather puzzled but happy Roman history class eagerly learning how to integrate PDV. Things looked rather hopeless at the time, but an agreement was reached when the Thermo class was convinced that Roman history was as fine a course as they could ask for, and the history class needed but little urging to see that Thermo would stand them in good stead in later life . . .

But the pay-off came when six new ROTC transfers from Howard College tried vainly to convince the authorities that they should be allowed to room in Spencer. Arguing that "This is a co-ed school, isn't it?" they had just about won their point when someone remarked that under such a set-up they would have to stand MOD watches every two or three days in Spencer. Thoroughly convinced by this argument, they quietly threw their sea-bags over their shoulders and, staggering under their burdens, marched off to the upper quadrangle and Ruffin Hall . . .

And, although there were many more tales of similar incidents, life once again is normal, life flows on, in comparative serenity; yea and forsooth, it does appear indeed that Life CAN be Beautiful!



Cogs in the Wheel

By Allan Pannill

Miles of hours and of days, past and forgotten, and the wheel rolls on.

To an innocent bystander it seems that:

The increasing numbers of freshmen, returning veterans, and new coeds are a pretty darn good bunch. Welcome to an academic Utopia, gang, and try not to let your studies interfere with your education!

Now that Smith dorm has been turned over to coeds, the Navy Small Stores would be moved to a more convenient place for all concerned.

Once again apologies are in order. With the last printing of this column, there appeared a sharp criticism of the local Western Union office. In view of a long talk and a little investigation, I offer my apologies to the operators, and an appeal to you students, including myself. If we want good service it's going to take our cooperation! No more giggling girls trying to get the rates lowered, no more ersatz Romeos trying to date the operators, and no more criticism from this column of a hard working organization that is doing its best to serve us well. Thanks, kids.

Ben, host of Harry's, is due recognition. His is the one place on the Hill that has a brass rail! He has invited us all to use it freely and frequently!

Something should be done about the week-end library hours! Why is the library kept open until 10:30 on Saturday nights, when VERY few are there, and open only from 2 till 5 on Sundays, the day when most of us get our Monday assignments done. A change would help many and hurt few, I'm sure, so how about it, somebody???

If the reception at the Veterans' Club last Thursday night can be any gauge, it's going to be quite a place, and a boon to the ex-G.I. guys. Thanks again to the administration!

The campus is in for quite a Dook week-end since Bobby Sherwood is going to be around for the hops. With several outstanding engagements to his credit, including Frank Daley's Meadowbrook, that guy is one we better not miss!!

Yours truly has been asked to issue a warning to all coeds. Mary Stewart Snyder says that there IS poison oak in the Arboretum!! Beware, chilluns, beware!

For some reason our professors seem to think that we know each and every one of them by name.

Honestly, sirs, we're sorry, but although we'd like to, we don't. If you would just tell us or write your names on the board the first day of class, I'm sure we would soon all be one big happy family.

Lo and behold the war is truly over!! This Friday the campus will again observe Sadie Hawkins Day!! The ever-present race, all kinds o' fun, topped off with a Dogpatch dance that night! Rumor has it that the gals will come by for the men to "date up wif 'em, wif dancin' as thar aim." All Lil Abners will sign up at the Y, or be judged cowards according to the code o' the hills!

Midnight musings:
To my way of thinking, the Arboretum is hardly the place to be practicing cat-calls, Mr. Gurney.

Can't help but wonder how much the Book-Ex paid for those desk lamps released by the Navy, that they're selling for \$8.00!

Word has it that the sororities are soon to have their own Sorority Court. Proposed sites include the area between the Bell Tower and the Tin Can, and the old Chapel Hill school yard, near the Med Bldg. Good luck, gals, and sound off if you need a little pressure applied.

Sure am glad that the laundry is doing so much better! Maybe soon we'll be getting our own clothes back, and our shirts won't be stiff to the cutting point with starch!

Rather delayed congratulations are in order for "Foxhole" Ferguson, recently discharged Marine wearer of the Silver Star, and his bride, the former Miss Ruth Sayce, who graduated from these marble halls last term. Both are now settled in Chapel Hill, and we wish them all the luck in the world.

I think we all got quite a surprise when the Yack and the Mag both came out. However, it was a pleasant one, and I hope we can have more of the same real soon. Without a doubt:

Although our team has had some tough luck lately, we want them to know that they're still our team, and we're backing them all the way. There's always another game and another season, gang, so let's all keep singing those praises!

A fervent prayer is offered that the Y will find some way to either divide the book-buying line, or provide Elmer with enough help to keep the line moving. A 50-yard long waiting line seems a bit foolish somehow.

And so through the coming wintry blasts, neither time, events, nor the wheel will slow their pace.

Editorially Speaking

BIG-TIME FOOTBALL

"Bigtime football" is a phrase of fairly recent origin, one which continues to be elusive of any hard and true definition. To its critics it would seem to consist of indiscriminate proselyting of muscular young brutes for the gridiron glory of old Meatball Tech—principally at the box office. To its adherents it would appear to be merely an acceptance of the highpowered business into which the modern collegiate sport has developed.

Employing the phrase experimentally with the former definition, something would seem amiss in the newspapers' heralding of Carl Snavely's return to Chapel Hill as signalling a new advent of "bigtime football" here. True, those rose-bespectacled critics would seem to have ammunition in bald facts: (1) That Coach Snavely's salary is greater than the annual stipend allotted to scores of university professors and (2) That the number of players from Pennsylvania, the garden of great footballers, on this year's club push hard upon the aggregate of native North Carolinians.

Both points are true, but most certainly defensible. On the first count, football coaching is a highly specialized skill which is not an overnight accomplishment. Carl Snavely's name alone is worth much to the university, his abilities in the moulding of men and great football teams much more. On the second count, there are still those people who can't see why it wouldn't be just as logical to give a boy an education for his athletic proficiency as it would for scholarship excellence or tuba-tooting.

Facing the facts, Carolina most certainly is headed for an era of "Big time football" if by that definition we mean all-out concentration on athletics to the point of outstripping rival schools. There will most certainly be scholarship players, numbers, and all the accompanying facets of highpowered grid tactics. There is a sneaking suspicion, however, that criticism for such policies will diminish quickly with the coming years. It is a national trend, and not at all for the bad as some defenders of the faith of "giving the game back to the boys" would have you think. It is a wave of action which undoubtedly someday will develop into frank admission of the facts and the dropping of all ivy-clustered sham.

There is no reason why Carolina should follow the field, and there is no reason to think that any shame should be attached to its leading it. We mean to have great football teams, we have taken a non-circuitous path towards the goal, and despite any future chest-poundings and lamentations by the Goody Two Shoes and the Non-Informed, we should take pride in making the University a stronghold of great athletes as well as great scholars.—E.B.A.

STAYING ON THE JOB

Looking back over the candidates who ran for office last Spring, we find that a large number of them are not on the campus now. This month Carolina will be thrown into another election (for better or worse) which is partly the result of resignations.

This time let's elect students who plan to remain in school until the end of their term. For too long the object of campus politics has been to put a man in office, regardless of how long he will adequately fill that office. This time, among other qualifications, let's consider the candidates' intention of staying in school and doing the job to which they are elected.

SADIE HAWKINS DAY

Carolina is due for another Sadie Hawkins day! The CICA, veterans, Graham Memorial, and the Tar Heel have joined forces to present to the campus some novel entertainment next Friday.

Bob Levin, a night editor on the Daily Tar Heel, has taken charge of the project and he is being ably assisted by Dick Koral, Blount Stewart, veterans; Nancy Greenwall, Nina Guard, Mildred Kresnik, Lib Schofield, CICA members; Martha Rice, manager of Graham Memorial; and a host of other students who assembled in Graham Memorial Sunday night to give the campus the kind of entertainment which the war has long prohibited.

This group is really enthusiastic about repeating the Sadie Hawkins day of 1941 when the affair made all the state papers and two pages of pictures in Life magazine. This seems to be another herald of the old Carolina spirit.

Every coed will be expected to catch her man and take him to the barn dance in Graham Memorial Friday night. Full details of the great day will be given in a special edition of the Tar Heel which we will try to have on the campus Thursday.

VIEWS of the NEWS

By Sara Tillett

Foreign Policy Is Muddled, Lacks Plan

According to Walter Lippman, the trouble with our foreign policy is that "decisions of the greatest moment are being made in bits and pieces." We have no over-all plan. "While paying lip service to the organizations of peace," we are drifting into a gigantic armament race, we are on the brink of a catastrophe.

It cannot be denied that American foreign policy is full of apparent contradictions. We believe in cooperation with the nations of the world. Yet we are clinging jealously to our knowledge of atomic energy. We have pledged ourselves to recognize no government which is inflicted on a people by force. But we recognize Franco as Spanish chief of state. We oppose spheres of influence in Europe, object to Russia's attempts to dominate the countries around her. But we have done little or nothing to alleviate the plight of those peoples in the Far East who want freedom, want it badly. The grandeur of all our peace planning is dimmed by schemes for bigger and better armies, by the discord and petty jealousies which were a backdrop

for the London conference.

Our foreign policy is muddled and the international scene is confusion, but I think there is still room for optimism. When we created the United Nations it was said that we had turned the corner of a million years. Since then our intellectuals have gone cynic, have dubbed United Nations Organization as out-of-date and forgotten it. I believe that U.N.O. is a last-change institution, an organization with machinery which is flexible enough to be strengthened. Our job — our last chance—is to work for a stronger U.N.O.

It is too early in the game to pass final judgment on Truman's foreign policy speech. A Paris newspaperman said recently that "no one can contest the generosity and idealism of Truman's twelve points, but let us wait until Truman translates his words into acts." Many view the foreign policy speech with scepticism. But how-sceptical, we must make a choice. Either we work for our vague and idealistic principles or we settle for the helter-skelter of tomorrow.

Letters To The Editor

Dear Bob:

I am writing this letter because I firmly believe that the students of Carolina are being "taken for a ride," and it's time somebody started some action to expose the atrocious deeds which are being committed under our own eyes. As a majority of the students well know, we have been charged outrageous prices for commodities which we have had to buy at the Book Exchange in the "Y" building. For many months we have tried half-way to overlook the following facts: (1) that ten-cent packs of notepaper are selling at sixteen cents; (2) that "two-for-five" pencils are selling at five cents each; (3) that "four-for-five" scratch pads are selling at two for five cents; and that the majority of everything they offer for sale at the supply counter is priced

way above normal prices—prices which prevail in our favorite stores throughout the country. I back up this by informing the opposition that retail-selling of school supplies is a part of my Dad's business, and I think I am qualified to make the previous statements. I happen to know that he is making an honest profit and can still under-sell the Book Ex. in a good majority of items along that line.

Another fact which has been called to our attention is that the students are cheated out of hard-earned money for good, used books when they have to sell them back to the place in question, and also when they buy a used book of any kind; prices of used books come very close to those which are new.

The things which I have already

See LETTERS, page 4.

Just Another Opinion

Many UCPers Being Shorn

By Roy Thompson

A sheep is an animal with long woolly hair. Now and then at fairly regular intervals it is shorn for its own comfort and for the betterment of other animals. A sheep can be shorn individually, but it prefers to be shorn with other sheep. For that reason the animals are usually found in groups. They like peace, food and other sheep. This highly developed love of fraternization makes them easy to lead. A barking dog can drive a thousand sheep to Hell; another dog, with a louder bark, can drive them back again.

From time to time, if one should examine a lot of sheep, one might find a pseudo-sheep, a fiercer and wilier beast with a mind of its own. This animal is known as a wolf in sheep's clothing.

A few weeks ago the political status quo received a cyclical shuffle, and we found ourselves with the United Carolina Party. Former members of the UP and SP banded themselves together and damned corruption in student government. They damned "political deals and political conniving." They announced that theirs was a "party of individuals" rather than a party of "cliques, factions, or organizations." Their chief interest, as reported in their "principles sheet," is in student government rather than in student politics.

This program, if carried out, would certainly do a great deal for student government here at Carolina. There are many in this group who are sincere in pledging their support to these principles.

They accept without question anyone else who is supposed to believe in the principles. They are indignant when they see ambitious and inefficient candidates elected to office simply because they happen to be in the right fraternity or know the right people. They signed the pledge several weeks ago, and by now they have forgotten a few things that they pledged to do. This is an oversight, not dishonesty. They mean well, but they're being shorn.

They said in this signed pledge that they "eschew political deals and political conniving." During the last few days several members of the United Carolina Party have been working like beavers for their favorite candidates. They've been making the customary trades for votes. They say that they are a party of individuals rather than groups, but at the meeting held in Gerrard last Thursday afternoon Pi Kappa Alpha and Kappa Sigma attended in large numbers. Fellows who have never interested themselves in student government before have signed the principles. One of Walt Brinkley's frat brothers have bet ten dollars that Walt will be our next student body prexy.

In the pledge they have also promised to propose from time to time a program of activity for student government. They have committed themselves to nominating candidates to put these programs into effect. In this election they have already selected all but two of their candidates. They have not drawn up their platform. This would seem to be building the barn roof without laying a foundation.

See OPINION, page 4.