

The Tar Heel

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BLACK WEDNESDAY

We lost and that was bad enough. But several accompanying factors of Wednesday's basketball game with Duke made that dark night dark from more than a mere athletic standpoint.

High spirit is traditionally associated with any contest with Duke, but when that spirit gets out of hand and becomes only flagrant bad sportsmanship, then Carolina's student body should stop and reconsider such activities as:

Boohing any and every decision made against the Tar Heels; hissing vociferously on every peek at a Duke uniform; seeking to rattle opposing players with noise when foul shots were being made (note: it obviously did no good, at that); singing of the song expressing none too complimentary sentiments about "Dook," which President Graham has oft requested to be abandoned; and even ranging from the childish to the moronic with the setting-off of firecrackers in the packed gym.

It's not good sportsmanship; it's not even good sense. The cheerleaders, who did a creditable job under the circumstances, would do well if they encouraged more cheers for Carolina and less Bronx huzzahs for the foe. But it's up to Tar Heels themselves to stop these extremely ersatz exhibitions of "Carolina spirit," or stop talking about our widely-famed "spirit" as such.

The students, too, on the other hand, have a legitimate complaint. When outsiders are given preference in seating to the point of depriving Carolina's first line rooters of places to watch the game, then something is missing on that score, too. Many students stood in line 45 minutes before reaching the gym and then had to sit in the jam-packed aisles or on nature-given equipment only. Why, especially in such traditional tilts as the Duke game, should tickets be sold to outsiders before all our own student body and faculty is assured of room? Woolen gym has ample facilities, at least ample enough, if correctly employed, to accommodate Carolina students even at such an unhappy spectacle as the "Black Wednesday" fiasco.

But if the present brand of conduct continues, maybe they have little right to the seats, at that. Children have no place in large crowds.

UNNECESSARY TRAGEDY

The recent death of Mary Ruth Caldwell, a student in the University, came as no surprise to those of us who have witnessed the careless driving and poor enforcement of sound traffic regulations in the community of Chapel Hill.

John W. Kirkland, while driving a taxi in Chapel Hill, struck and killed Miss Caldwell. The extent of this driver's blame will be the subject of a court hearing this month; just who was careless has not yet been officially determined, but that there was carelessness is evident.

The police department and city government should see in this fatal accident some cause for the enforcement of stricter traffic regulations. The taxis of this community have provoked quite a bit of unfavorable comment for what many believe to be careless driving. They should be required to observe a greater degree of safety. Such hazards as the "U-turn" in front of the post office should be prohibited.

Chapel Hill is growing up. More lives are now at stake than in the days when an occasional horse ran away.

A WORTHY CAUSE

The March of Dimes, the national drive which was so much the concern of our late president of the United States, will again be conducted this year. The effort will be emphasized here at Carolina where education has made us even more aware of the need to combat the terrible disease of infantile paralysis.

E. Carrington Smith, president of the Chapel Hill Merchants Association, has asked the Tar Heel to sponsor this drive. We are delighted to be able to help promote such a worthy cause.

The drive will be launched shortly; we feel sure that the student body will show the fine spirit which has been presented in previous years.

KEEP OFF!

Again the appeal has come from the administration and student government for students to stay off the grass on the campus. Authorities on grass culture consistently warn that now while the grass is dormant and the ground frequently frozen, great damage can be done by those who walk upon it.

Unknown to many new students is the fact that last year the University spent thousands of dollars to make the grass beautiful and student and administrative leaders spend a great deal of time in an effort to make the students aware of the damage they can do.

At one time on this campus it was almost considered a violation of the honor system to walk on the grass. For those who take pride in the appearance of the campus, it should be that way again. Stay off the grass, walk on the paths, and insist that others do the same.

Just Another Opinion

Thompson Asks Dr. Frank To Pay Close Attention In Choosing Students' Dean

By Roy Thompson

There has probably never been a time when the University of North Carolina was in graver need of a man with a good grip on the administrative wheel and a clear view of the road ahead. Problems of expansion to meet the requirements of returning veterans coupled with the great need for better housing for these men and their wives will require a great deal of attention in the coming months. Yet, as we go into a period of many problems, the one man that should be at the wheel is still doing a bit of long distance back seat driving.

Those of us who were here in what we fondly call the "good old days" before the war still love Frank Graham. We know that he is a bulwark that protects the liberality of the Hill from all who would tear that liberality down and build conservatism in its place. We remember the days when Dr. Frank knew a good many of the students by name and spoke to them often as he crossed campus on the way to his office in South Building. We knew him, and to know him was to become a member of the throng that followed wherever he might lead.

Today there are few who know him. And most of us believe that he doesn't know us well enough. There are those who say that the students' morals are in bad shape. They say that there are "things" going on in fraternity houses. The honor system is not dead, but it isn't feeling at all well. Student government has degenerated into a proving ground and debating society for fellows like me who like to shoot off their faces from time to time. There's a lot that's wrong with the University of North Carolina today, and Frank Graham should start finding out about them.

Right now there's a great deal of controversy over the appointment of a new dean of students. A special committee has been appointed by Chancellor House to consider applicants for this position. A quick look at some of the leading contenders should convince anyone that something is wrong. The students of this university need a man that they can respect, a man who knows their problems and a man who will stand up and fight for them when he finds that they are in need of a man who will fight. Some of the names being ru-

mored around might fill the bill; others smell.

If the new appointee is to represent students, students should have a voice in his selection. Chancellor House is an administrative officer. He is a good one. He looks out for the taxpayers and the parents who worry about their daughters and sons. Although we often cuss him for a few of his rulings and those of his subordinates, there are times when his sobering influence is beneficial.

But, and it's one of the biggest buts on campus. With one possible exception, the students have a right to their own megaphone. Dormitory rooms are filled with boys who knew Pete Parker when he was here. They know that there were many times when he had the only voice raised in behalf of the students. They want him to be appointed. At present there seems to be little chance that the committee will recommend him. Various opinions have been expressed. One official seems to think that the dean of students should be a man apart from the students. Pete Parker would never be that.

There is always a great deal of scrambling about whenever a vacancy occurs in Chapel Hill, whether the vacancy is in a student government post, a seat in South or a booth in Harry's on Saturday night. The strings are being pulled on this appointment. A great deal of interest in this appointment has been aroused in sources that don't logically have any connection.

The student body of the University of North Carolina needs the right man, not just a man. It needs a man who can understand its problems by being informed about them. It needs a man who learns about students in the Y court instead of in an inter-office memo. It needs a man who can speak forcefully in its defense. It needs a man who can point out to the students their own short-comings. Dr. Graham has been informed about this matter, but he hasn't been given the whole picture. How about it, Dr. Frank? We'd like to see you crawl out of that back seat and take a good look at the new appointee. If you look the field over and approve a man, we'll like him. But let's be looking before we leap. Get your own information, and please, listen to what some of the students have to say about their representative.

IN DUBIOUS BATTLE

By Jack Dube and Bud Imbrey

Diatrise: We note with concern that the Phi Kappa Sig House is trying to steal the thunder from the leaning tower of Pisa. The firecrackers tossed from their balustrade at frequent intervals have not only shaken the foundations of the house but have occasioned the building of foxholes just for old times' sake . . . Obviously things ain't what they used to be at the Delta Psi's. We note with emotion the presence of a lone Pepsi-Cola bottle in front of their house . . . Too many summers of cross-country have left Dan, the great speckled dog, world-weary. He has done absolutely nothing about the raccoon who flaunts himself daily from the tree in front of Bingham.

Eyestems: The rush for the Inn Cafeteria at noon-chow may be due to the presence there of one Halie Dockery. It's the way she rolls those eyes . . . Frances "Torchy" Avera, promising canary, who wowed 'em at the Student Smoker Tuesday nite, says she didn't get that voice by eating bird-seed . . . Betty Cobbs, former Glen Island habitue, blushing blondly and beautifully, during a lecture on Copulative verbs . . .

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings: Words between Terry Maverick and a South Building representative. "Miss Maverick, how do you stand on petting?" "Stand?" queried Terry, "a little bit to the right." . . . In Ec 32 Prof. Buchanan working on the figures. "This number can be doubled, tripled, quadrupled, and dectupled." "Yes," glibly Harry Thomas, "but that dectupling only happens after eight p. m." . . . Then there is Martha Aiken who wanted to

know if the Prof's name was really Ruthless Efficiency . . . Ab Moskow says that when the Chapel Hill mud gets thicker than the tradition, pave the walks . . . Our personal slam at dog-haters, "How many generations ago were you a tree? . . ."

Children's Crusade: Despite the efforts of Congress, as far as we're concerned, the war is over and so are Saturday classes. Bring back, oh bring back our Friday nite midnite show . . . How about it, E. Carrington? . . . A late report from our small intestine:

What could be sillier Than being covered by cilia.

Feed muh tea Dept: The present Memorial Hall was erected on the site of another building which a perusal of the 145 Carolina Handbook shows to have been the spiten image of the Kremlin . . . We are certainly going back to the Vets' club . . . to see if those cigarettes are dry yet . . . Overheard in the library: "Freshman, a man's home is his castle. Get outta my carrel." . . .

Sounds and Furies: We note with riotous anticipation that the Es-saneff Club is resuming its policing the Primrose Path under the new leadership of Rover Alexander (known to some as Pokey) . . . an inspection of their long dormant files disclosed one cheesecake (leg-art, square), four over-worked songs, and a bottle of peroxide . . . If their next show is as good as the entertainment provided by members Tiny Hutton, Bill Sasser, Fran Avera, and their songs at the Smoker Tuesday, better buy your tickets now . . .

Kiss-off Dept: Time wounds all Heels . . .

Students Ride "Horses" While In Art Laboratories

By Mickie Derieux

The first glance at an art laboratory reveals row on row of drawing boards, slanted at "just the right angle" (45 degrees, to be exact), and propped up at the heads of what your unartistic reporter will call "horses" for lack of a better term.

There is, of course, some justification for calling these contraptions horses—mainly the fact that the art students sit on them as if they were riding horseback. The boys ride astride, and the girls, or at least the ones who aren't wearing blue jeans, ride side-saddle.

But to get on with the art lab—it begins at 2 o'clock—supposedly. Most of the students wander in by 2:30. This tardiness must be allowed in art lab, although it would not be permitted in other classes, because the students develop an artistic temperament in proportion to their developing talent (strictly original theory!).

After the 14 members of the class have drifted in and seated themselves (or mounted their horses, to stick to our original terminology), the instructor gives the assignment for the day. On the particular Thursday in question, there is an array of "still lifes" at the front of the classroom, to be painted in color.

Soon 13 drawing boards are cov-

ered with large sheets of paper, 13 muffin pans containing paint are selected, and work has begun. As the rest of the class starts painting, Louis, the 14th (Ooooooooooooooh!), ambles in and gets set to paint.

Art lab is not just painting, however—not by a long shot! It's a combination jam session, bull session, forum on the state of international affairs, and Y-court.

For instance, when one student selects the still life containing part of a plaster cast (the foot part!) and finds difficulty in painting the foot, a discussion begins on whether or not a shoe can be obtained to fit the cast—in order to make it easier to paint. The final decision is that shoes for plaster feet are still rationed. Another discussion results in the decision that the girl who adds red to all her backgrounds, whether it is present in the original or not, must be a Communist. And so on and on—the students' tongues seeming to play faster as their work becomes more difficult. It is really a hard job for a journalist (we hope) to keep up with the swift repartee, stare openmouthed at the paintings, and write at the same time.

But with all the foolishness in their conversation, the art students' hands are really hard at work. Almost before your reporter has finished describing the physical aspects. See STUDENTS, page 4.

READING THE EXCHANGES

A first class petty officer met a cute coed in front of the Co-Op. He walked up with a big smile and asked for a date. She began looking him over for a commission rating.

Finally seeing that he was only a petty officer, she said, "I don't date anyone lower than an ensign." He looked at her and said, "You couldn't—they don't make them any lower."

—Ka Leo O Hawaii.

St. Peter: How did you get in here?

New Arrival: Flu.
—Western Carolinian

He kissed her in the garden, It was a moonlight night. She was a marble statue, He was a little tight.

He: "I'm not feeling myself to-night."

She: "You're telling me."
—Technique

Matron at UNC: I know the girls don't drink when they go out because they're so thirsty in the morning.
—Exchange

She: Would you think it was telepathy if we were thinking the same thing at the same time?

He: No, just plain luck.
—Technique

POEM:

By the sewer he lay,
By the sewer he died.
Everyone says it was sewer side.
—The Hornet

Prof: "What are the people of New York noted for?"

Adolphus: "They are noted for their stupidity."

Prof: "Where did you get that information?"

Adolphus: "From our textbook, Doc. It says, 'The population of New York is very dense.'"

—Yellow Jacket.

"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

"Your lips?"

"Hell no! My liquor."
—Sphinx.

A test of a good salesman is one who can sell a Phi Bate a double-breasted suit.

—The Green & Gold.

"Say fellow! Have a drink?"

"But I'm an A.T.O."

"I'm sorry, have the bottle."
—Duke Archive.

He: "Darling, I love you terribly."

She: "You sure do!"
—Maroon & Gold.

Mr. Long: "How are you getting along at college?"

Ralph: "Oh, pretty well, thanks. I'm trying awfully hard to get ahead."

Mr. Long: "That's good. You need one."
—Maroon & Gold.

Scoops And Scalps

Veterans Need Welcome

By Eddie "Blackie" Black

At the end of registration last Thursday there were enrolled in the University 899 new veterans—899 lost students.

There are on the campus now approximately 900 veterans, and approximately 3,000 students who have been here one or more quarters. That makes a huge welcoming committee to help make these students feel at home, to feel like they are part of this great university.

Charlie Vance, student president, started the ball rolling this week with an intensive orientation program, and the Veterans' Organization came through last night with an "open house." But, that doesn't instill the feeling that one "belongs"—that takes people, friendly people.

Years ago, the Valkyries, the campus women's honorary society,

held what was known as "Get Acquainted Week" whenever there was a large turnover in the members of the student body. I think that something of similar nature would be appropriate now. 899 students could be considered a large turnover.

The "Week" achieved in previous years the reputation for Carolina of being the "friendliest school in the South." Let's get that reputation back and in so doing make the 899 new students feel that they too "belong."

This is how it worked: For a week each student was supposed to speak to every person he met on the campus regardless of whether he was previously acquainted or not. If the situation warranted, he could introduce himself. It was simple but effective.

Why not start today? Remember, you live here too!