

# 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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## A Set Of Teeth

The University is back on the quarter system, the war-time program is drawing its last breath, and Editor Wickenberg's long predicted "return to normalcy" has become a reality. Now is the time for the student legislature to ease up on its consideration of insignificant legislation and construct a student government organization equal to that which existed here before the war.

The long heralded and long procrastinated campus constitution is still in its cradle. It seems good that the framing committee is spending a great deal of time to carefully consider all of the ramifications, but we wonder if someone isn't becoming a trifle lazy.

Mary Hill Gaston, associate editor of the Yackety Yack, told us that the 1946 annual has been laid off with the expectation of class organizations. Although the academic standing of students is still quite confused after the University's colossal experiment in scheduling, the time has come for the legislature to take action to organize classes. The belief that classes would soon be reorganized has long been prevalent on this campus, and the need for them is quite manifest.

Possibly the only recent legislation greatly affecting the students which has emanated from the supreme body of student government was the bill to remove the limit from dance expenditures. (Even this bill, however, was merely the rescinding of action taken by the student legislature of a previous year.) The student legislature has frequently issued ukases to the deans of South Building, but these manifestoes have been universally unheeded.

There is little student interest in the student legislature. The meetings are open; the legislators welcome students, but the sessions are as unattended as the bills are unheeded. There is now a bill introduced on the floor by Jimmy Wallace, of the Law School, to petition the administration's six man committee to re-appoint Dean Roland Parker as Dean of Men. Although we are in favor of this, we doubt that the legislature can have much effect upon the committee by petitioning it.

It would be well for our legislators to settle down to a little hard work and genuine interest. Today the student legislature is an elected group of students who have great potential power but who spend too little time on the job, too much time discussing and revising their own organization, and at frequent intervals rather naively send notes to South Building which would have to heed these notes if the student legislature would grow a set of teeth.

## Test Case

The University Veterans' Association has called a meeting Monday night to try and find the long needed solution to the housing problem on the Hill. This should be the test case for the entire nation to see how much power the veterans as a group can wield. The acute housing shortage has brought the entire situation to one word—action. Here is the chance for these former fighting men to prove to themselves and to others that their sacrifice is not to be taken lightly.

The veteran has waited a long time for his education, gone through many hardships to attain his goal, then give him the chance to live decently while here at school. This is not only a fight for the University, but also a fight for the veteran. If you are a vet get in on this—do your share, add your weight to attain this goal. Your combined strength will carry more meaning than most of the individual letters written for prompt action. Your potential political power may hinge on this very case—for here is the first time that a group of your size has tried to use its influence for the better. Your political power as a group is always to be respected—remember the men at the State Legislature count on your vote for their future. Without the veterans support he should be removed.

## A Living Memorial

More striking than any monument that may be erected to the memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt is the organized fight against infantile paralysis which he inaugurated, personally symbolized in his lifetime, and unified by founding the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

The battle which he relinquished at his death was bequeathed to the American public which so generously, during the past 13 years, supported the war against the Great Crippler.

When the war against infantile paralysis is finally won and the disease wiped out, history will record the name of Franklin D. Roosevelt at the top of the list of those responsible.

We can help bring that victory nearer. Every American has the opportunity to join the March of Dimes. Dime by dime, we are building a living monument to one of the greatest humanitarians of all time, and speeding the conquest of that insidious disease—infantile paralysis.

## In Dubious Battle

# Former Partner At Rail Pulls For "Pete" Parker

By Jack Dube and Bud Imbrey  
Variations on a Theme: One-half of us met Roland (Pete) Parker shipside from Far East to Near South. Our stream of reminiscences, pleasant as it was, was punctuated by frequent visits to the ship's rail. We noted then that the Dean had a stomach too. Remembering his sympathetic attitude toward sophomoric escapades of ours, we find ourselves stringing along with the rest of the campus in the hope that his experience with many of us, both as GIs and Collegians, will be recognized by the powers that be. Let's talk it up, fellas . . .

Agent K-9 Reports: Our writing public which includes Dan, BDOC, mailed us a chit. Barked Dan, "Re-Raccoon: Ahn't you cheppies fuh-getting thet a dahg's life must be reckoned as seven times that of a humanbing's? I am, igitur, sixty-three years next St. Swithin's Day." (and he's been sick, too) . . . You don't get the DSC if you pet the chowless Chow, name of Skipper, who makes his lair in front of the Porthole . . . the best you can hope for is a Purple Heart . . . Freckles, Spaniel First Class, is a Klessy Kanine. He ignores the Inn Cafeteria (despite Hallie Dockery) and upper-crusts it in the Dining Room of the same establishment . . .

Jabberwocky: Under the able leadership of Sgt. Orrender, the Marine Detachment (but not so detached) has established a beach-head at Harry's (name of Ben) . . . which causes us to ponder why we don't hear more about them. At least let's put their motto on Danziger's walls . . . Are you hard of Herring or what were four poor fish doing in the "Y" Court Sat morn . . . Maybe it's that rooming

shortage, but that bridge-table, complete with four addicts, on Franklin Street looked like a gentle hint to the administration . . . what famous columnist acquired what fabulous item for Terrelita at the Jewel-Box on the anniversary of what? . . .

Feed Muh Hashish: Conversation at Aggie's Campus Confectionary (name of Jeff): Quote "Moe" Everts, "But, honey, they only have it in Bumpers." Responds "Fob" Cobbs (oh, you left ear-lobel), "What brand is that?" . . . Roger Hall instructs us, "I'd rather play with dogs and small children than human-beings." . . . Ed "Smarty-pants" Heller observes of a skinned amigo, "He's really intelligent, his forehead extends to the back of his neck" . . . Gloria Chapman to Ken Willis, "Lemme see your lil red book." Repeated Kenel, "There ain't nothin' in it, and it's all mis-spelled anyway." . . . Returnee to Lynn "Tulip" Willard, "Chapel Hill is gruesome." Quipped Lynn, "I guess it has." . . . Okay, then, it was Brad McCuen (we gotta joke and we're gonna tell it) who changed his name. He now signs his checks (?) with a circle instead of an X . . .

Let Bygones Be Bygones Dept.: The billing on the marquee of the old Carolina Theater . . . The Fourth of July atmosphere (reminiscent of a Chinese funeral) . . . the smoking-in-class privileges . . . Gotta have that weed . . . the absence of library-inspired dates (Paid Ad by Pencildroppers) . . .

Kiss-off Dept.: If ye Editor Morrison ever hopes to get his Souvenir-of-Blowing Rock letter-opener neatly flied by our agents back, he'd better print this column right up to here . . .

## NOW HEAR THIS:

# Greater University Merger Plan Revived By State, WC Backing

By Jack Lackey

Most people falsely believe that last term's state student legislature was a complete farce and that no constructive items emerged from the meeting. One important bill in particular was a bill introduced by the Carolina delegation calling for consolidation of the greater University into one school to be located at Chapel Hill.

Far more important than the mere passage of the bill is the fact that this bill received ardent support from the N. C. State and Woman's College delegations. With the three components of the greater University spearheading the bill's passage, approval was unanimous.

### An Old Story

This move was far from new. Consolidation at Chapel Hill has long been discussed. But there was a new angle: the support given by the State and Greensboro delegations. In the early thirties a commission was appointed by the state legislature to examine North Carolina's higher education system. This highly-paid commission, which consisted of some of the most noted educators in the country, recommended complete unification at Chapel Hill as being the only practical setup from an educational as well as economical view. That this commission's recommendation went unheeded was due primarily to pressure applied to the state legislature by alumni of State College. The present system of three separate schools, with divided spheres of interest, was devised as a compromise. As indicated by the bill passed in Raleigh, the attitude of State students seems to have changed.

It may seem a bit fantastic to dream of one great university located at Chapel Hill with an enrollment of perhaps fifteen or more thousand students and with all the attendant benefits to the state of North Carolina and to the South in general, but realization of the dream is possible.

The benefits of the plan are obvious. It is ridiculous to have two competing schools receiving funds

See MERGER, page 4.



# Cogs in the Wheel

By Allan Pannill

Though shifting are the sands of time, the marks of the wheel of life shall never be removed.

To an innocent bystander it seems that:

The gym fee that the ROTC men are required to pay, out of their own pockets at that, could stand a little investigating! Somewhere in the proverbial woodpile there lies a dark colored gent, and I think he lives in South Bldg.!!

Although we lose a basketball game, and hard as it is to take when it's lost to Dook, there still doesn't seem to be any reason for the un-sportsmanlike conduct exhibited by a number of Carolina men after the game. I understand that part of the game is being able to take an occasional defeat.

Dean Hobbs' last letter to the faculty was a masterpiece of confusion! Not only were our kindly professors told to do away with "crip" courses by loading us with enough work to keep us busy ALL the time, but in so many words encouraged them to drop around to the fraternity houses occasionally to see "how we are getting along." Could it be that he believes us to have a King's Row in Chapel Hill??

As soon as materials are available, Ritchie will be able to turn his Book Ex into a golden palace, throne and all, with the profits derived from the resale of second-hand books. This business of trying to sell these second-hand books to veterans in order to get the full price from Uncle Sam, could also use a little checking.

At first the slowing down of the bell on South Bldg. was overdone to the point of stopping it alto-

gether, but once again it rings out in all its lengthy splendor, 20 to 30 clangs at a time. I wonder for whom that things tolls!

Another interesting campus character has gone too long unnoticed. Possibly you've met Max driving his cab, and on the other hand it might have been in any classroom. Though married with two children his desire for knowledge is paramount, and he can quote Shakespeare with the best of 'em. Look him up; he's lived right here on the Hill all his life, and has no intentions of leaving. That, muh friends, proves he's brilliant!

In about six weeks another Sound and Fury show will be on stage and ready to go. If everything goes as planned, it promises to be one of the best yet.

### Midnight musings:

Another week-end has come and gone, but it didn't neglect to offer two pretty fine dances. Alderman dorm rocked, and very well at that, on Friday night, and Swain Hall was taken over on Saturday night by Pan-Hell for quite a shindig. With the exception of some character who edged into the drummer's seat for a wild ride or two, it was a very fine affair.

That pep-rally and smoker combination, held in Lenoir a week ago should show the University Club what it can do in the future. The orchids of the day go to Charlie Vance for its instigation and much of its planning.

It might interest some to know that Jeff will be receiving callers until 10:30 p. m. now that he has someone to help him. Pretty strong competition for the library I should say!

Can't understand why Dean Stacy, being as worried about her coeds as she is, left the Pan-Hell dance even before intermission was over. Maybe she went to turn on the lights in the Arboretum that she went on record as being in favor of!

### Without a doubt:

I hope that next time there will be something to print in this section of the column.

And so, as the world races on, time and the wheels change not their pace, but mark and record all carefully.

# Bits of Humor Cut From The Exchange Pile

"Smile that way again." She blushed and dimpled sweetly.

"Just as I thought — you look just like a chipmunk." Rammer-Jammer.

Kit: "Gee, but that date last night was fresh."

Kat: "Why didn't you slap his face?"

Kit: "I did; and take my advice, never slap a guy when he's chewing tobacco."

# Dope and Daffynitions

By Mort Sneed

Passionate kiss: A pressing engagement.

T. Jones.

A hen-pecked husband: A man who would rather cater to the whims of his wife, than be humiliated by testing her strength.

Greenwich Village: A place where people go down to drink up.

In comparing her with a highway: Curves that will make a man put on brakes but not take his eyes off.

T. Jones.

A ham: One who collects eggs and tomatoes while peddling corn. Love: That old familiar feeling. A new sofa is an asset to any living room.

Disappointment: A woman waiting for her chance at a beauty parlor.

A steak dinner at Lenoir Dining Hall: A bum "steer."

Mort.

In comparing a grocery to a girls' dormitory, there're bags and tomatoes all over the place.

Marriage: amen of singularity.

What the Marine said as he landed on Caledonia: "Caledonia, what makes your beachhead so hard?"

Mother-in-law: Something only a daughter can love—a husband's viewpoint.

Finance Company: The most well-known organization yet the most unpopular—a debtor's opinion.

A vulture: a wolf courting his girl in an airplane.

Come down off the rafters, Grandma, you're too old to be on the beam.

Wife: a kitchen mechanic. — T. Jones.