

The Tar Heel

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Editorially Speaking

"HEY" ON "HEYDAY" TODAY

"The Old Carolina Spirit" included the supposition that everyone in Chapel Hill should speak to everyone else in Chapel Hill whenever two or more persons met. The "heyday" is another worthy attempt to restore the spirit of the good old days of horseless carriages and divorceless marriages.

The Valkyries and the Grail have planned a "heyday" on the campus Tuesday, for the purpose of acquainting Carolina students with themselves.

There will be a public address system set up in the YMCA Building, and printed "hey" cards will be provided to remind every student to say "hey" to everyone, regardless of lack of introductions.

TWO NEW ONES

This month Dr. Kelley Barnett, pastor of the Chapel Hill Baptist Church, launched another addition to the list of publications originating in Chapel Hill. The new periodical, a monthly called *Christian Frontiers*, is well staffed with Chapel Hillians Bill Poteat, associate secretary of the YMCA here, and Dr. A. C. Howell, professor of English and a General College Adviser. Among the articles in the first issue is a discussion of "The Faith of Aldous Huxley" by Poteat and an elaboration of the religious implications of the current term "Hubba Hubba" by Dr. B. C. Clausen of Cleveland, Ohio.

Also a new addition to local publications is *The Carolina Veteran*, edited by Dick Koral of the University Veterans' Association. Volume I, Number 1 brought the latest news of housing and the membership drive.

Congratulations to the new publications! Knowing the complications of publishing a paper here, we wish them luck.

OTHERWISE UNDESERVED LAURELS

It seems that the Buildings Department would not try to display its inefficiency so ostensibly. The Buildings Department, we could understand, might be lax in its perfunctory care of the material assets of the University, but it seems that the public relations program of the Buildings Department is extremely weak when enormous blotches of paint are allowed to remain on the main columns of the student union buildings and Memorial Hall and on other prominent points throughout the campus.

The sooner this vandalistically applied mischief is removed, the less the damage done. That's what everyone in Chapel Hill was saying back in 1944, when similar vandalism occurred, but it seems that the Buildings Department seems to delight in the public display of its inefficiency.

It may be, however, that we are judging the Buildings Department too harshly. Perhaps they are smarter than we suppose. It may well be their intention to leave the paint on the buildings until the next Duke-Carolina football game, after which two jobs can be done at once, and the decrease in time and labor will form a source of otherwise undeserved laurels for the Buildings Department.

WANTED: CO-OPERATION

Graham Memorial, the students' building, is sadly lacking in many things to make it the center of activity here at Chapel Hill. This is not the fault of the management, but the fault of a few malicious students. Lamps have been stolen, telephones ripped from the walls, juke boxes broken and money stolen from them, magazines looted, and many other misdemeanors have been committed.

At one time the baby lounge was open until coed hours, but because a few have broken the rules concerning the lights and have stolen its records, the lounge has been closed for student use. These continued violations are a far cry from the honor system. Graham Memorial can't possibly be what you expect, unless you do your share. Let's help the management out and really make a place worthwhile.

The Veterans' Corner

Improvement Proposals Given Trustees By Vets' Committee

By Roy Clark

The four executive officers of the UVA: Dewey Dorsett, Blount Stewart, Don English, and Joe Woodruff went before the visiting committee of the Board of Trustees Friday night and asked that full consideration be given to the immediate necessity for some solution to the housing problem here at the Hill. They also asked that the Board take under consideration a program to increase the general appropriations for the University, and to give raises in salary to the faculty in order that a top quality staff may be maintained. Also included in the program would be funds for new buildings and equipment, and funds to aid in research work.

The UVA is giving its full support to this program in the hope that something may be done soon. We hope that the other groups on the campus will soon take their stand on these issues.

Flex That Muscle: Marvin Allen, intramural director down at Woolen Gym, asked me to make these facts available to you Vets so that you may take advantage of what they offer.

His department wishes to place itself at your disposal. If you Vets want any type of class or team organized, all you have to do is get your group together or register singly at the gym and an instructor will be assigned to you. This is especially for any disabled or

injured men who wish to build back to normal the right way. The intramural department can also furnish you with the equipment and space for any activity you wish; such as squash, handball, boxing, and many others. If you just want to drop down for a workout of any kind, you can draw everything except tennis shoes down at the gym.

The swimming pool is available for your pleasure swims Monday through Friday from 4 until 6 p. m., and on Saturday from 2 until 6. Married veterans who wish to take their wives may secure privilege cards for them at South Building.

Club News: There are several jobs available for veterans at the Vets Club. Manager Harry Burke is the man to contact. These jobs pay fifty cents an hour and the work is at night. Talk it over with him and work out arrangements suitable to all.

Odds and Ends: This column is for veterans so if you have any news or opinions that you want to share call me at 8051 and we'll try to do what we can for you.

Remember the UVA meeting Monday night, February 28, in Gerrard Hall. Time: 7:30 p. m.

Do not forget to write that letter to your Congressman today and urge your friends to write too. Help get us that necessary housing.

Support the March of Dimes campaign. Buy a ticket to the dance Saturday night. All proceeds go to the March of Dimes.

— Music Makers —

Dorsey Makes "Chicago" Jump

By Brad McCuen

HOT NOTES: Many Hillers braved last night's weather to travel to Durham to hear the Tony Pastor band. Pastor is currently on a southern tour of one-nighters . . . **Bub Montgomery**, one of Carolina's finer bandsmen, is out of the Naval Air Corps and back at school with his wife. Bub's great trombone will be heard with Johnny Satterfield's campus crew . . . Alvino Rey and his band will record for the Capitol label . . . Dinah Shore has switched her recording connections and henceforth will be heard on Columbia discs. Almost at the same time, Victor lured movie-made Betty Hutton from Capitol. Betty is set for one year with RCA . . . Dave Rose's recording of "Nostalgia" (pronounced nost-al-ji-a) which was released months ago should be a best seller but isn't. The melody is one of the most truly beautiful we've heard since the ABC gave up rationing . . . Spike Jones' latest murder is the "Nutcracker Suite" which he has recorded on six sides for a new album. We'll review it when it hits town . . . Vince Courtney, who had the "prima" dance band at Duke and played frequently on the Hill before the war, was a casualty. He was a fighter pilot in the AAF and lost his life over Germany . . . Jack Leonard, the swooner of the last gin-eration, is out of the Army and signed to record for Majestic—the firm headed by NYC's former mayor, Jimmy Walker. Leonard had a large following as Tommy Dorsey's lyric speller in the pre-Sinatra days . . . Speaking of swooners, why has everyone forgotten the fine Bob Eberly, Jimmy Dorsey's old vocalist? Seems as if Bob—not to be confused with his brother Ray—could cut down quite a few of the current crop of name swooners . . . Best selling records on the Hill last week were Johnny Mercer's "Personality" and Kay Kyser's "Slowly."

NEW RELEASES: The old jazz standard "Chicago" is done up in easy jump tempo by Tommy Dorsey and should make many pleased. Sy Oliver with the Sentimentalists give a swiny voicing to the lyrics and the band sticks close to the melody throughout. Reverside is "It's Never Too Late to Pray" which spots a Stuart Foster vocal. This is soft, quiet music which, we believe, is based on an old hymn. We didn't, but you may, like it. Noticeably absent on both sides is Dorsey's string section.

If you are a "Chopin" pops fan, you won't want to pass up the album of music from the B-way musical "Polonaise" which is based on the composer's life. Al Goodman's orchestra excellently plays

ten Chopin-inspired melodies including the title piece and the "Mazurka."

Johnny Mercer seems to hit the jackpot every dog-gone time. His "Personality" is a solid click from the first groove and is already popular. With the help of the Pied Pipers and Paul Weston's Orchestra he sells this comedy tune from the Crosby-Hope film "Road to Utopia." "If I Knew Then" of the Hit Parade of several years back, furnishes the backing and is treated with a lilting tempo by the same combination.

Josh White, to the delight of the clique which go for his unaffected and authentic blues style, has teamed with Jazz star Edmond Hall's band to turn out "Left A Good Deal in Mobile" and "Did You Ever Love A Woman?" If you go for this fellow, these blues are right down your alley for his singing is sincere and the accompaniment competent.

Spike Jones comes through with a humorous satire on the Ink Spots in "You Always Hurt the One You Love." There is no need in explaining this one—hearing is believing. "Blue Danube" on the back, is noisy and funny but not up to the soul-shattering first side.

RECORD-OF-THE-WEEK: The riddle of where "Pistol-Packing Mama" went has now been answered for on Erskine Hawkins' recording of "Let's Have Fun To—"

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Artists Sculpt Snow-God

By Mickie Derieux

Thursday afternoon after the first snow of 1946 found art students hard at work on a somewhat different branch of their calling—snow sculpture.

It took some time for the innocent bystander to decide that sculpture was the purpose in mind when armful after armful of packed snow was being piled shapelessly, and to all appearances meaninglessly, beside Person Hall. Questions and conjectures arose, were considered, and died altogether as the mass began to take shape.

At first glance he looked like a caricature of a certain statue at that beloved institution 12 miles away. On closer inspection it was revealed that he also lacked an armchair and most of his clothes. This fact, together with his more or less lounging attitude, suggested that he might be a Greek god—certainly his curly hair and scanty draping were indications of classic sculpture.

Apollo, or whoever he was, led a



Cogs in the Wheel

By Allan Pannill

And from the deep rumblings of the wheel come the sounds of men and the world.

To an innocent bystander it seems that:

If Bud Coira, president of the Law School Law Association, intends to be a lawyer, he's going to make a damn good one! His eloquent plea in legislature last week for a Law School representative to the student council, was one of the best. It's too bad that a few numbskulls proved to be too stupid to act on the bill then, but instead, put it off until the agenda holds everyone in the meeting all night. Sorry, Bud, but you'll find them in every organization.

One more step in the decline of masculine superiority has come to the fore. Ample proof is shown by the appearance of dozens of snow-girls, instead of the once popular snowmen! Hubba, Hubba!

McIver dorm is trying to discourage visitors. The front roof railing that hangs at such a dangerous angle, is enough to keep even the most ardent suitors away from its doors!

Crowds of credit are due Mrs. Smith of the laundry office. Things can get pretty fouled up with our bundles, but if anyone can straighten them out, it's her—Thank you, mam.

While passing through the credit dept., the mention of Elmer Oakley's name will never be a waste of time nor space. To those who don't know him by name, he's the fellow behind the Book Ex counter, that will do everything possible to help us with our textbook search, and even keep a smile while doing it! At least there's one good thing about the joint!

Midnight musings:
 To the newly initiated Pi Phi congratulations and carnations. That's one arrow that you should be glad to have been stuck by, girls.

Now that fraternity rushing has started, this columnist can't urge the rushees too strongly to walk slowly and carefully in their decisions. Pledging a fraternity is a pretty permanent thing, fellas, so give each one a lot of thought.

It's good to see a new intellectual combination on this page. You see, it takes the combined talents of Jack Dube and Bud Imbrey to produce the dubious, "In Dubious

Battle," because Jack could only learn to write, and Bud can only read! Their postwar plan is to expand their abilities, and try to learn to count too!

With more snow on campus, the art students could give the Dartmouth Winter Carnival some serious competition. Take a look at the mammoth snow statue in front of Person Hall.

To those who often can't get into Jeff's for that before-dinner brew, comes this interesting note. It may not be too long before another Jeff's comes into being. Bigger and better, and just oozin' wit' class!

The slam-of-the-week goes to Ed Meade, who is sadistic enough to want this to be a column devoted entirely to calling people bad names. Shame, Edward, shame!

Someone is a sure thing for the morgue if some lights aren't soon placed along the street bordering Emerson Field, and leading to Lenoir dining hall. Pedestrians and cars on an unlighted street don't mix!! Whose department??

All kinds of orchids are due the Chi Omegas for their regular Sunday night open house. Anyone is invited, and no one has gone away with the feeling that the evening was wasted. Nice going, girls, and many thanks from the campus for brightening a usually dull Chapel Hill Sunday night.

A few visitors to last week's legislature session went away laughing, yet irked. It was their opinion that a good thing had been turned into a farce, and none could understand why Speaker Hunt (better known to his followers as J. C.) figured he was so well qualified to express his sentiments, extremely profound, on almost every issue. "Waste of time," was the expression, I believe.

Without a doubt:
 Another Carolina team in the sports limelight is doing itself proud. We doff our hats to the boxing team after their 6-2 victory over U.S.C. Saturday night. Good luck, men.

It's high time we all started speaking to each other on campus. It doesn't take much effort, and possibly if we started speaking to "strangers," they wouldn't long be strangers.

And thus the tales of time have again been recorded, and a fresh page is opened to be marked by the wheel.

IN DUBIOUS BATTLE

By Jack Dube and Bud Imbrey

Treat for Our Fans: Although everybody who is anybody is planning to dance the evening away at the March of Dimes Dance at Woolen Gym this Sat. nite, no one has as yet offered to take us—we can be had . . .

Egocentrics: It happened in the Pick Theatre during the showing of "Colonel Blimp." Our better half said "Boy there's a war for you!" We replied, "How would you

know?" To which our B. H. quipped, "I'm under the seat, that's how I know!" . . . We sure wowed 'em at Spencer's other nite. Our piano-playing had them dancing out in the snow . . . Due to a sudden decline in our fan-mail, we asked Chief Second-page Bill Hight whether we should put more fire into our columns. "No," he says, "vice versa." . . .

Feed Muh Coke Dept.: Naturally, this happened in the Playmaker Theatre: the little heroine, having been slashed from ear-to-ear with a razor, was gasping her last few lines to the hero. "That's terrible," screamed the director, "can't you put more life in your dying?" . . . Dave Burnet, who's voice sounds like it has been rattling around in empty castles tells us that he asked one of the students, "Who was the girl I saw you with in a sidewalk cafe?" "That was no sidewalk cafe," was the response, "that was our furniture—housing shortage y'know." (We heartily chorus, "We live in a house that has no walls at all.") . . . A Sigma Chi blow-out had forty-six people and only thirty-two chairs, but with women like that, we heard no complaints . . .

Out of the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings: After a sharp exchange of invectives with Al "Fogs-in-the-Wheel" Pannill, we learned that the hardest thing he learned at college was opening beer bottles with a quarter . . . This one emerges somewhat battered from the dungeons of the Med Bldg. The following interchange was overheard 'twixt two Med aspirants before one of their ubiquitous quizzes, "What are the bones in your hand?"

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