

The Daily Tar Heel

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Editorially Speaking

PLANETARIUM IS A WISE GIFT

In a letter on this page today, Jim Keiger, a student, expresses his disapproval of a poem called "Anti-Planetarium," "undoubtedly the most foolish piece of literature that has appeared in the Tar Heel to date."

As we made clear in our editorial of February 15, we think the planetarium will be of great merit to the University, and is probably the wisest manner in which Mr. Morehead could have given a million dollars to his alma mater.

The author of the poem was A. C. (Monty) Howell, Jr., president of the UNC chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. We printed it in accordance with our policy of trying to give as many views as possible on controversial issues, regardless of what our editorial policy might be on the subject. Of course we do not print all material which is submitted to us for publication, and we probably wouldn't have printed "Anti-Planetarium" had the poet not held such a distinguished position in the student body. Furthermore, knowing Mr. Howell personally, we know that his views are usually sound and we interpreted the poem to be more or less of a jest. His use of slang and unorthodox rhyme definitely indicated that he meant the poem to be humorous.

In regard to our opinion that the planetarium was a wise choice for a gift to the University, it is well to point out that Mr. Morehead was once a student here, and his son is now a student here. He is qualified to know the needs of this University. If Mr. Morehead had given dormitories, it would have meant that the General Assembly of North Carolina would have not have seen fit to build dormitories. If you think that the farmers and spittoon lawyers in our state legislature could be persuaded to build such a magnificent edifice as the planetarium will be, dedicated to man's highest cultural and scientific endeavor, then you may use this paper to cut a string of paper dolls. As it is, we will now have dormitories (we hope), PLUS a planetarium, which cannot be fully appreciated by those who have not had the opportunity to see the marvelous Zeiss instrument in operation.

When Mr. Morehead and his friend Mr. Patterson built the Bell Tower, a bee-hive of criticism was raised as short-sighted persons said, "We have a 'Bell Tower' when professors are starying." Bill Crisp once facetiously suggested that the Bell Tower be dismantled to supply bricks for the paving of campus walks.

When Mr. Morehead contracted to give the planetarium, he was fully aware that some persons might begin a short-sighted discussion of "practicality." Actually, it can be argued that the Bell Tower was a waste of money, but that a highly useful and highly educational planetarium is a poor gift is just not a logical conjecture. Mr. Morehead took every precaution to use his million dollars in the best possible way, even considering "practicality." We think he has succeeded.

JUNIORS ORGANIZING

It was good to see a large attendance at the reorganization meeting of the junior class. A nominating committee was appointed, and an election will be held Friday.

It is time that student action is taken to restore the high degree of student government which existed on this campus before the war. An enthusiastic group was present in Gerrard Hall yesterday afternoon, and there is promise of an active junior class.

Officers should be elected Friday who will plan functions for the junior class—junior proms, junior-senior dances, etc.

The only class now unorganized is the sophomore class. A group of sophomores should soon get together and follow the example of the juniors.

Writer Supports Phi Stand Against State Liquor Laws

By Dick Koral

Carolina's Phi Assembly voiced the sentiments of the majority of students when it voted to go on record as opposed to ABC, North Carolina's brand of prohibition. The stand is courageous, realistic, and progressive.

Why is it courageous? Because many folks are afraid publicly to admit that they do not consider the consumption of alcoholic beverages a moral sin. Because, like with so many other things, it is fashionable to adhere to two standards: one for publicity and one to be practiced. Courageous because it brings a social problem in the open, and ignores those who caution against mentioning "the awful thing" for fear that "the situation will only be made worse."

Why is it realistic? Because the vote recognized that artificial restrictions don't reduce the actual consumption of liquor, but merely drives it into dark corners, and perverts its use. Because the nation tried prohibition and learned it didn't work. Because it recognizes that prohibition laws don't change peoples' desires one iota.

Why is it progressive? Because it recognizes that the way to tackle any problem, and especially a social one, is not to ignore it, suppress it, or moralize upon it, but to bring it out in the open. Progressive because inherent in the resolution is the truth that social problems have real causes and deep roots and it is only by discovering the real causes and getting at the roots can the problem be solved.

To what extent is "drinking" a problem at Chapel Hill? Do we find our classes on Monday morning empty, because the students are home with a hangover? Certainly not. Do we see students staggering down Franklin Street, drunk? Extremely rarely. Is this because alcohol is unobtainable? Or too expensive? The answer to that is common knowledge. Then wherein lies the "problem?"

The problem lies in two aspects of the drinking habit. The first is the clandestine way in which the liquor is procured and

consumed. Most of the liquor is gotten on the hush-hush, and so the whole thing from the start bears the onus of disrespectability and guilt. Then its consumption is driven into the clubhouses, dormitories, and fraternity houses, where it causes further social problems.

The second aspect of the problem is more basic, and presents us and all society with a familiar problem. Few fear drinking "in moderation." It is when the influence of liquor so destroys those social inhibitions and our reasoning that society has created for its own protection, that we act in an irresponsible manner, that the real danger becomes apparent. "Drinking to excess," the thing we really want to eradicate, is a social problem in that our social organization is not providing its members with constructive, social outlets for its members' basic drives, and escape from one's own moral censure (the conscience) is sought in the liberating effects of alcohol.

To the extent that there is "drinking in excess" at Chapel Hill, to that extent have we failed to provide good reasons for remaining sober. To that extent we have failed in providing a social program suited to the real needs of the students. To that extent we have failed to provide the student with the cultural background necessary for constructive and enjoyable recreation. These are some of the most basic problems of society, and most specific tasks of a university. They are not easy to solve, nor are they capable of rapid solution, but we can go a long way if we recognize the problem as such and begin to tackle it. No amount of repression can solve the problem of drinking unless this problem is solved along with it.

The Veterans' Corner

University Changes Stand On Married Vets Privilege

By Roy Clark

When the first married veterans began to drift back to the campus in numbers large enough to warrant the giving of dorm space to them, the administration gave them Whitehead. Later other dorms were added. When the veterans signed for dorm rooms they wanted to know if they might cook in their rooms, in order to try to live on what the government gave them. They could not eat out and do so, due to the inflationary prices of the ptomaine being served in the local hash houses. They were given a specific answer. Yes, they could have a hot plate. This was contrary to the rules, but due to the nature of the housing situation, it was to be permitted. Later, in a joint meeting of the UVA and their wives, and the administration, this policy was repeated.

With this understanding, and a grateful heart for the kindness of the University, the veterans moved into the dorms. Then came the blow. Now there have been large signs posted to the effect that no cooking equipment may be kept in the dorms. Maybe somebody doesn't know what's what. Let's hope so. Anyhow, people who go back on their word are not only causing ill will, but they are placing the veterans in an embarrassing financial condition.

Special Rumor Department: The rumor and scuttlebutt says that there is one of the liveliest shindigs that the campus has seen on the fire for this coming Thursday. I know by right of being one of the inside men at the skunk works, that this ain't rumor. It's a fact. There will be more good looking gals and more salty entertainment mixed up with this doings, than the average male can cope with. So stand by for the big spread which will come possibly tomorrow or next day.

What do you think? The idea of having the meetings of the UVA in the form of supper meetings, to be held in Lenoir Hall early each Monday evening, has been brought up and is under serious discussion. That would mean that the meetings would get under way around 6:30 and be over about 7:30, thereby not interrupting the study and date schedule of the members. What do you think? Why not let us know how you feel?

Letters To The Editor

Against "Anti-Planetarium"

Dear Bob:

First of all, I want you to know that I do not intend this letter to be a slam upon you as editor, but, merely, as a criticism on the poem, "Anti-Planetarium," which appeared in the February 19th issue of the Tar Heel.

The poem, "Anti-Planetarium" should accept the gift wholeheartedly, and without a feeling of regret. Mr. Morehead has bestowed upon us one of the greatest honors that could be offered to any university, but if the planetarium is to be considered a "sore toe" to the campus, it will have defeated the whole purpose of the gift.

I don't pretend to be an authority on what is right for the campus, but I do know that we

Yours sincerely,

Jim Keiger.

Poetry In The Carolina Mag

By Morton Seif

(Ed. Note: Mr. Seif is a former member of the Tar Heel staff and author of the column "Playing It to the Chapel Hill." Last year he received New York University's national fiction award and has had poetry accepted by such national magazines as "Free World.")

Stan Colbert, editor pro tem of the Carolina Mag for January, 1946, has turned out an edition deserving of praise in many respects. Accolades are the order of the day for many of the features, especially the photographic wizardry of Joe Denker. Only one phase of this entertainingly diverse publication fails to come up to par when considered in its entirety, the poetry section. Mr. Colbert promised to print only poetry of college caliber, if I recall correctly, and apparently believes that the poetry in the current Mag fits that description. Without reflecting on the literary taste of Mr. Colbert, it seems unfortunate that his poetic proclivities took the course they did.

The verse in the Mag represents the efforts of a triad of poets, E. S. Lyne, Jr., Dick Stern, and Jerry Davidoff. The work of these three campus bards, varying in subject-matter and style, furnish ample ground for the wheels of criticism to roll over. None of the poets merit recognition as genuine poetry, either by dint of a deficiency of talent in the poet or the nature of the form.

E. S. Lyne's "An Hour of Dawn" falls into the latter category. As a prose-poem, it is a superb example of how a creative consciousness can transfix experience on a sheet of paper with words. Mr. Lyne's reproductive faculties are keen; his idiom is lively, his imagery stimulating, although at times both lapse into clichés such as "a fascinating burst of fire" and "the shadows of the jungle" or "the roar of cannon."

Over this panorama of life, the author has imposed a form which is neither poetry nor prose, lacking the distinctive harmony which characterizes each. He has used a loose, rambling construction, but perhaps this is the mode for which the power and breadth of his subject call. At this writing, no form has yet been devised which can perfectly encompass the theme on which Mr. Lyne plays modulations in such a vivid key. Readers interested in this treatment of island invasions would profit by a reading of Peter Bowman's "Beach Red."

One is prone to wonder whether Dick Stern's poetry appears on the last page by chance or not. As exercises, his verse is good. But there is still no better advice for young poets than the truism that "practice makes perfect."

Needless to say, a careful reading of his work will reveal imperfect rhymes, clumsy rhythms, and adumbration for what Robert Hillyer has aptly de-

scribed as "the cult of unintelligibility." Mr. Stern is a private poet; he does not care if we do not know what he is saying. But then, neither did Cummings, Eliot and Auden, overtones of whom I hear in Mr. Stern's lines. The poet would do well to read some aesthetic theory, which may convince him that form in poetry is more than a careless or forced design, but a sense of structural symmetry. And pray tell, Mr. Stern, how many people besides yourself, do you think, know without referring to the dictionary, that "carpal" (which, by the way, you misused grammatically) is that part of the skeleton between the forearm and the hand?

The less we say about Jerry Davidoff's poem, "Each Young Heart," the better. Somewhere, sometime, we have read all this before and emerge from our reading of the poem with a vision of Mr. Davidoff strumming his happy song under a sunny sky clad in a Byronic robe and Hawaiian lei, or what have you?

Exchanges

By Corinne Ossinsky

We heard that Claire Wood was a baseball girl. She refuses to play without a diamond. — Livingston Life.

Garage Sign: "Invite us to your next blowout." — Livingston Life.

"Every time I pass the house I see you sitting in the window." "Well, someone has to look out for the family." — Livingston Life.

Remember when a guy told a girl a naughty joke and she blushed? Nowadays she memorizes it. — Maroon and Gold.

Visitor at asylum: "Do you keep the women inmates separated from the men?"

Attendant: "Sure. These people here ain't as crazy as you think." — Maroon and Gold.

Marriage is like a card game. It starts with a pair. He shows a diamond. She shows a flush . . . and they end up with a full house. — Maroon and Gold.