

The Daily Tar Heel

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Editorially Speaking

THE KOCH MEMORIAL THEATER FUND

The Koch Memorial Theatre Fund is our cause, and we ought to back up the Chapel Hill committee with sizable contributions. The Fund will build a new and better Playmakers Theatre, and make it possible to coordinate the various phases of playmaking without running all over town.

The way we respond will be another significant gauge of our cultural development. It will signify to what extent we regard creative art as a valuable contribution to our welfare, to what extent we have broken down the artificial ethical division between well-oiled, efficient, machinery, and fine art, to what extent we have outgrown the pseudo-materialism of nineteenth century America. For today we are becoming increasingly aware that a culturally starved or backward people do not make the best citizens or soldiers. Furthermore, the institutions of culture in the machine age cost money, and lots of it.

As we pointed out in yesterday's news story, our response will be a great stimulus to contributions from New York, Hollywood, and finally, the State Legislature. The rest of the country knows the contributions to the American Theatre made by the Carolina Playmakers, and are already giving, but they certainly will feel better about giving if the Chapel Hill committee can show that the students and faculty themselves are concerned. Again, concern in the machine age is measured, to some degree at least, in dollars and cents.

We think it wouldn't be a bad idea if some student took it upon himself or herself to collect some money from each student in his or her fraternity or dormitory, and presented Dr. J. O. Bailey, of the English Department, with a check from the fraternity or sorority. We think it would be well received, and we know you'll be glad to know that you helped build the Koch Memorial Theatre when you use it in the future.

ATOMIC PHYSICS

Progress in science has been accompanied by a parallel advance in our way of life, our standards of living, our ease in communication,—yes, and in our ability to wage destructive war. No one can pretend that all progress in science has been used to benefit man nor can we hope to escape from living with their far-reaching effects. For this reason the Department of Physics has decided to offer a course in 20th Century Physics on an elementary basis and to present at this level material which in the past has been taught exclusively to advanced students in Physics.

At about the time of the turn of the century a number of developments resulted in drastic changes in the field of Physics. The discovery of X-Rays (1895), natural radioactivity (1896), a theory of the atom good enough to explain the light emitted by atoms (1912), the theory of relativity (1906), the photoelectric effect (1902), and other developments too numerous to mention gave rise to a new approach and a new field for Physics to explore. The facts learned since that time constitute the content of this course. This is Modern or Atomic Physics.

This is, of course, still an active field. The result of work along this line has resulted in the Atomic Bomb, Radar, and many less spectacular achievements. Much remains to be learned in science. Science is, as Vannevar Bush has said, "an endless frontier."

The course (Physics 20), for which no particular requisites will be required, will consist of 5 hours of lecture-recitation plus a 2 hour laboratory period each week. Topics to be covered in the course include X-Rays, Structure of the Atom, the Photoelectric Effect, Atomic Waves, Nuclear Disintegration, Cosmic Rays, Nuclear Fission, Radioactivity, the Quantum Theory and the Theory of Relativity. The laboratory will include experiments on the photoelectric effect, spectra of atoms and molecules, cloud chambers, electroscopes, spectrographs, nuclear disintegration, counting of cosmic rays, and related topics.

Letters To The Editor

Navy Paving Offer Denied By Carmichael

Dear Bob:

Sometime ago the Tar Heel made a statement, either in a news article or an editorial, that the University had turned down an offer of the Navy to construct brick or cement sidewalks on the campus. I am sure that you will want to correct this very gross error.

Since it was my duty to conduct all of the financial-business, and construction negotiations with the Navy, I am in a position to state most emphatically that never at any time was there the slightest intimation, offer, or suggestion that the Navy had the slightest interest in defraying the cost of paving any campus walks. You may be sure that if the Navy had made such an offer our campus walks would be paved today. However, had the Navy borne such a paving cost I am sure that we would have been subject to a Congressional investigation, and even the taxpayers of North Carolina—not to mention those of the 47 other states—would have risen up in arms to prevent the spending of federal moneys on what was a state obligation.

We all look forward to the time when the walks will be paved.

Sincerely yours,
Billy Carmichael

(The article to which Mr. Carmichael refers was written by Dick Stern in the issue of January 26, in which Mr. Stern declared, "When the Navy's offer to pave the paths of the campus at an estimated cost of \$60,000 was refused on the muddy grounds of tradition, we could not but blush for shame." In the issue of February 20 Eddie Allen wrote, "There have been wild and dark rumors circulated, one of the less wild that the Navy offered to pave the walks during its tenure here but was turned down." Ed.)

Exchanges

"KNOW THYSELF" — "Every man should know himself," remarked the Wise Guy. "Perhaps," agreed the Simple Mug, "but in doing so he wastes a lot of time that might be spent in making more desirable acquaintances."

—Clipped

By-Lines

On the Rise of the Mechanical and Sweaty Class of Women During the War, and the Subsequent Decline of the Same, Thank Goodness:

By Bill Lyman

Frankly, the woman situation during the late war caused us the fright of our life. The ascendancy of the lady-machinist over the prom-trotter gave us the jitters. We are greatly relieved to note that V-J Day has brought with it the return of dresses, stockings, bridge playing, coke-dabbling, and general indolence on the part of women.

The war brought to a head the increasing equality of the sexes that got its impetus with the advent of woman suffrage in 1920. A woman was scorned unless she was either sniping Germans or shoveling coal in a defense plant. The prom-trotting, lady-like coed seemed shrouded in lavender, old lace, and pink tea when compared to her more masculine, sweaty sister. The clinging-vine type female was eclipsed, and she was replaced

triumphantly by a hardy, beast-class of girl. Five girls' schools in this state alone planned, in detail, drastic changes in their respective curriculums. In these schools only mechanical and agricultural courses were to be taught, and any hints at culture were to be ridiculed as both unpatriotic and namby-pamby. We happen to know that V-J Day barely saved these plans from being put into operation.

The meteoric rise of feminine brawn during the war presented quite a problem to the male collegian. Theretofore he had benefited by the learning of his successive predecessors in the art of wooing—based entirely on the frilly, dance-floor-queen type female. He had to start from scratch with an entirely new plan of tactics. No longer could he whisper sweet nothings to his date, nor shoot a line of

collegiate lingo. Rather, he must flex his muscles, or plow a fast row of corn, or do a quick welding job on a couple of metal plates. No longer was he able to send his beloved a dozen roses for Valentine, but rather a spare-tools kit.

Before the war the labor union had remained one of the few remaining male strongholds. This all changed. Back in '43, just before we entered the service, we attended a dance of the Female Trucksters and Hod Carriers Union, Local No. 62. The result was so terrifying that we have been a bit shaky ever since.

It is a great pleasure to see the re-emergence of the prom-trotter. We'll take the attractive, worthless girl any day in preference to the vigorous, worthwhile female (ugh!).

-- MUSIC MAKERS --

Winchell Reported To Be "Off Musically"

By Brad McCuen

Columnist Walter Winchell plopped both feet in his mouth last week when he stated that the Andrews Sisters' Decca recording of the "Walter Winchell Rhumba" was the best. Winchell, usually accurate, was way off musically because the girls haven't even recorded the tune. There are no words to it and none have been written yet so their version would consist of three women humming. Nevertheless, this melody should become quite popular one of these days.

Hot Notes: Surprise in latest popularity poll puts Bing Crosby in third place for crooners. Frankie was first and Perry Como copped second place. Martin Block ran the contest. . . . Duke Ellington and Cab Calloway are collaborating on the musical score of a modern musical version of "Romeo and Juliet." . . . Hope that the "Music Under The Stars" programs held down at Kenan Stadium are resumed this Spring. What could be finer than a blanket, a brunette and a Beethoven? . . . Mel Powell, one of the most talented jazz pianomen, has been discharged from the Army AEF band and is back playing with his old civvy bossman Benny Goodman. Also discharged from the same service outfit is Ray McKinley who has formed his own new band and opens this week in Gotham's Commodore Hotel. . . . *Sound & Fury is looking for a guitarist. Any interested boys or girls contact the S & F office in Graham Memorial. . . .*

As of yesterday afternoon at four o'clock there were exactly 109 different record companies that have either weekly or monthly releases. Many of them will probably fold up in short order.

Artie Shaw and band have pulled out of Victor and will henceforth appear on the Musicraft label. . . . Harry Babbitt, Kay Kyser's former vocalist, has been civilianized after three navy years and will not rejoin any band but sing as a 'single.' . . . Cass Daley, film and Sunday eve radio favorite, is changing her style from the zany to the serious. She possesses a mellow voice. . . . New proposal to have music played in all of NYC's subway stations is under consideration. You'll be able to hear "Take The 'A' Train" while waiting for it.

The NC Symphony has lined up a staggering 105 concerts starting in March and running thru May. No state town is too small for this fine orchestra which has already been approached to record for a well-known disc company. . . . Frank Sinatra's new album of popular chants is soon due and advance orders are startling. . . . Tommy Dorsey, who just got Ziggy Elman back from Uncle Sam, has been signed for the summer Jimmy Durante radio show.



Cogs in the Wheel

By Allan Pannell

Though the road is paved with foolish things, the pace of the wheel is never slowed.

To an innocent bystander it seems that:

Considering the fact that the staff of the Marine V-12 unit here draws its pay twice a month, and on time, the unit itself is getting a raw deal. Their pay comes once a month, and that can be any one of 30 days. Think about it Capt. Marchant, and see what you can do for your men!

Dick Stern, satirist of last

Sunday's issue, has got some pretty good ink in his pen. Makes a guy think, at that.

If the student council exercises their veto power to crush the new ruling, requiring the supreme penalty for vandalism on other campuses, they will be, in effect, admitting their own lax discipline in past cases. It seems time to require you to throw the book at them, gentlemen!

Midnight musings:

If ever you want to get the See COGC, page 4

The Ram Sees

Rameses has been duped! Somewhat disillusioned he bleats these woeful tidings: Heretofore the Ram believed that pernicious monsters lived only in fairy tales. But Imbrey and his satiric sidekick have pointed a dragon's tail of scorn at page 2 of the Daily Tar Heel. On said page they have breathed a spiteful fire of irony at Carolina's Mascot. Rameses refuses to enter this somewhat "dubious" battle. He will hide behind protective bifocals in his own backyard with his "kiddies" and chatter "mattah." For what dragon would stoop to such child's play . . .

Spring, flowers, pins: Yellow bells of forsythia, sprigs here and sprigs there, are ringing in the golden tones of spring. Love, too, is on the wing . . . A Pi Phi serenade by telephone was the means of announcing publicly that David Nelson had won his "Idie." Miss Prince wears a Zete pin . . . Violets to Stu Snider. She's the SAE sweetheart of Tubby McClendon, exclusively speaking . . . Hannah Davis has said she will be HIS Fiji girl. Dick Hammer is the male party concerned . . . Bob Killifer lost his sex appeal in Maine. But that was last autumn. He's found himself again and even has a priority rating for each and every week-end of Jo MacMillan. She's joined the ranks of Phi Delt sweethearts. (Dube and Imbrey might consult a heart specialist in regard to the above-mentioned cases.)

Second fiddle, Frankie: Ike Isenhour is bestowing special merit badges upon all her Girl Scout lassies whose autograph books contain the most coveted of all possessions, the signatures of basketball HEROES John Dillon and Jim Jordan. Chapel Hill bobby soxers are swooning at their feet.

Barren Ground: The Phi Delt house breeds masked males, Boris Karloff effect. Ask Codrington, Hendren, and Carmichael who were frightened away in quick order by a false face monstrosity. Are the good Phi Delt's striving to keep their premises "barren ground" for coeds? (Bob Thurston has succeeded Jack Davies as president there at the Bowery Ball house.)

Double-duty Brinkley: Walt Brinkley is the vertex in a triangle that may be right and may be wrong. 10:58 finds him sprinting from Kenan, Ann Farr's dorm, to Ruffin Hall, his own abode. 11:00 finds him answering operator 56: "Washington calling." Rameses wonders: "Does the name Woodhouse make the triangle more specific?"

Roughly Speaking: Marty Taylor is sporting an adhesive patch over her left eye. One story has it that a horse kicked her, another that little sister threw a shoe. If you want the truth, ask that certain Sigma Nu.

Aldermaning: Janet Jolly seems to be the only third floor Alderman girl who is still loyal to the PIKA's or is it vice-versa? . . . Boots Allsopp claims she sold "Snafu," Alderman's favorite cocker spaniel, for profit. No one believes her, but the question is, where, oh where, has our little dog gone?

Leatherneck Stars: Glee Club rehearsals pep up immediately whenever Director Young reminds his songsters that they will be singing "Darling, You're See RAM, page 4