

The Tar Heel

SERVING CIVILIAN AND MILITARY STUDENTS AT UNC

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The TAR HEEL office is open each afternoon from 4 until 6 o'clock for any business or phone calls.

I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.—STEPHEN GRELLET (also credited to others.)

OPEN TO EVERYONE . . .

As great a part of University life as its classes, is that phase of college life which comes under the head of extra-curricular activities.

No one is required to participate in extra-curricular activities. But these extra-curriculars are as much a part of Carolina as any textbook, or professor, or special curriculum on the campus. Now as never before, these factions need you as much as you need them.

We realize that the first duty of the Naval reservists is to their Navy program, to their country. Most of you are here to study. Both the Navy and Carolina are the wrong places for you if you are not. But for those couple of free hours, Carolina offers an imposing array of extra-curriculars for those of you who are interested in them.

To you who are still civilian men and women, they are opened as wide to you as ever.

One student publication is functioning at Carolina this summer. THE TAR HEEL. Now a weekly paper, whether it increases in frequency of publication, or even continues at its present rate, depend entirely upon the size of staff that can be recruited from the ranks of Navy and civilian students.

For you who are interested primarily in discussion, debate and politics, both local and national, the chief outlets this summer are the Carolina Political Union, with its regular Friday night meetings, and several scheduled panels; The International Relations Club into which membership may be secured by written application; and the Phi and Di literary societies.

Hub of all student activities and gatherings is Graham Memorial, the student union. Music, records, popular and classical, ping-pong, reading rooms, lounges and the publication offices are all supervised by the voluntary student union staff. Open house at the union is held every day from 7 a. m. till 11 p. m.

The band, the symphony orchestra, and both the glee clubs offer a variety-spiced program for those who find themselves among the musically inclined.

Aspiring young Thespians are offered the opportunity of working with and among the Carolina Playmakers, who need experienced and inexperienced men backstage and behind the footlights.

Take advantage of some of these opportunities. They are open to all.

DEPENDING ON HONESTY . . .

Elsewhere in this paper is a want ad sent in by a lady who lost \$100 near the bus station early Saturday morning.

This isn't just an ordinary ad as the lady's very stay at Carolina depends on finding that purse as it contained all her money including that with which she was to have paid her tuition.

If anyone has found the purse and is considering keeping it, consider the facts. It is mighty hard to have to give up a long planned for summer at Chapel Hill because of someone's lack of honesty.

Perhaps the purse hasn't even been found yet but if and when it is, please return it.

FROSH MEETING CHALLENGE . . .

The last refuge, the last hope of successful student government in the University is Steele dormitory. Being, as it is, the only civilian male dormitory on the campus; being as it is, surrounded completely by dormitories housing members of the armed forces—it has quite a problem.

Due to certain unfortunate episodes which have recently occurred in Steele, there may be doubt in the minds of many as to whether those freshmen are capable of handling their own affairs: whether they should not be subject to another stricter rule—perhaps a military rule. This would indeed be unfortunate, for it would spell the end of dormitory government for the duration and perhaps for good. But it might be necessary.

The purpose of this article is to show that it is not necessary: that the situation at Steele is well in hand. It might be well to give a brief survey of its evolution from a wild, rowdy bunch of freshmen to the well organized, smoothly running unit that it is today.

On June 9, approximately a hundred and fifty boys entered Steele to live and to taste, for the first time, the reputed joys and high times of college freshmen. Most of them thought that they would have the kind of time they saw in the movies. Few of them realized how much difference a war could make.

The first inkling they had that things might be different from what they had expected was when Dean Parker addressed them and told them that unless they could produce a successful government of their own, they would have that military government. The result of this meeting was that a dormitory council

If This Be Reason

By Dave Hanig

An open letter to the Marines:

A nation lives on conscience. Without conscience we cannot make a nation or fight for it. First, there is the conscience to ourselves as individuals. Secondly, the conscience of one human being to another. You are being trained to know this two-fold conscience. You are being trained to carry it, perhaps to other nations as social leaders, as picked men for active warfare. But now, brother, you're on native ground.

Across the state lines, northwest of Carolina to the city of Detroit thirty-one whites and Negroes suffered a harsh death. Six hundred were slugged and mutilated. One thousand eight hundred were arrested. A gust of hate arose last week and overspilled into the streets, the shops, the segregated districts. Where had conscience been forgotten?

We're not Yankee Doodle dandies or red, white and blue boys. We are a great nation in a dark hour. We know that Detroit condemned thousands of whites and Negro war workers to slums, tents and trailers. It was expected that a horde of migratory war workers should come in and settle the arsenal city of De-

troit. These and other irritants broke down a public conscience that made the rest of the nation ashamed of itself. This on the eve of the Fourth of July.

You in the Marines are the honored ones. You will aid in the adjustment of post-war peace . . . when peace comes. You walk our streets and we're quietly proud of you. Yet remember this. If a nation is to live with itself the acknowledged leaders of our time must be aware of this conscience and we make no bones about it. The world is a battleground but if the American Dream is to take its place among nations we must believe what our conscience tells us. It's not a question of right or wrong but strictly right over wrong.

The halls of Montezuma can easily be Detroit.

Weary Women

By Kat Hill and Sara Yokley

During our midafternoon saunter through the intricate by-paths of that sacred and hallowed portion of green outdoors locally known as the arboretum, we suddenly came face to whisker with a squirrel dapperly draped in an immaculate seersucker outfit. He was nonchalantly puffing away on a freshly lighted cheroot of a nondescript brand.

"I," he announced in no uncertain terms, "have something to say to you two."

"You," we replied, "look strangely familiar."

"Hump. I should. Many's the valuable word of wisdom I have imparted in the past to your illustrious predecessors, Meyer and Carruth."

"The squirrel in the Harris tweed jacket . . ."

"And the Meershaum pipe . . ."

"But where are the . . ."

"I am becoming most exasperated with you two nose old women," imparted the squirrel. "The jacket and pipe have been packed away for the summer." He flicked the cigarette into the distance.

"Enough of this dabble. Please sit yourselves down so I won't have to crane my neck looking so far skyward."

We acquiesced and waited for the pearls certain to be emitted.

"I am pleased to announce to you and to the world in general that Chapel Hill is growing up," he began.

"Really?" we inquired surreptitiously.

"Don't interrupt . . . Yes, Chapel Hill is growing up. In spite of, or indeed partially because of, the vast representa-

tion from the younger of the youngest generations tottering about the campus currently, the regular Tar Heels—this, young ladies, excludes mere summer sessioners,—are fast reaching a competent state of very fetching maturity.

"From somewhere you people have managed to salvage a new set of values. They wear well . . ."

"In my many and varied wanderings about I have noted to my utmost satisfaction, that students are now pursuing, perusing, and letting themselves really study, understand and appreciate books, pros, life and most important of all, themselves.

"Indeed, short, quiet periods of relaxation and comradeship have become the steadfast vogue. They are steadily replacing the former wild partying and partying into the dawn of the swingshift."

"We shall probably become known through the country as the nation's most integrated group of college students," we offered brightly.

The squirrel withered us with a sniff.

"Please . . . This morning I chanced upon a parley between

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was appointed and definite bases for student government were laid.

The first function of the council was to unify the whole dormitory. This was accomplished through the regular meetings of the class, and most of all, through a dance which was held at Graham Memorial last Friday. The dance, which a good many jealous upperclassmen had to observe through the windows, was a howling success.

Then the council took over the problem of discipline. They made a few simple rules for conduct in the dormitory. When those rules did not work, they discarded them and adopted others, even simpler. Even these worked with indifferent success. Finally, when matters came to a head Sunday night, and the old theories about military rule started buzzing again, they called a meeting of their own and adopted the one plan which, at the University, is bound to work.

It's the old honor system with a vengeance. It's the honor system as it has always been at U. N. C., but as these freshmen had never dreamed of before. They thought it out themselves, and are operating it themselves. So far, it has worked perfectly.

So, if you hear a racket coming from Steele, rest assured it will be taken care of. Realize that these freshmen are facing a problem that never before confronted a freshman class at the University. Realize that they are doing their best to cope with the problem. Realize that they are fast becoming the men of Carolina—her glory in the present and her hope in the future.

Small World

Rioting Caused By Facists Operating in This Country

By Harvey Segal

Thirty-four Negro and white corpses no longer rest on the slabs of Detroit's morgue. Ruined street cars have been replaced. The debris of a thousand smashed store windows has been cleared. But the menace to American unity created by the three day blood orgy has not passed, nor has its lesson been driven home.

The Detroit riots were neither an isolated nor spontaneous phenomenon. Two other important defense areas, Los Angeles and Beaumont, Texas, experienced disturbances prior to the Detroit outbreak. And while the causes of the first two may be attributed to a multiplicity of factors, the Detroit riots definitely fit into a pattern of sabotage directed against the war effort.

Fifteen months ago the Federal Housing Authority was about to open the Sojourner Truth project, a Negro housing unit designed to relieve the acute shortage of Negro housing in the defense area. Immediately there was unleashed a veritable flood of anti-Negro propaganda. The Housing Authority was warned not to turn the unit over to Negro families. There was picketing, then rioting. This outbreak, some fifteen months ago, was definitely attributed to two groups: the Ku Klux Klan and the National Workers League. The Klan, well known in America as a terrorist group, maintains Detroit headquarters. Justice Department officials have long ago identified the National Workers League as a Nazi

group. Coupled with them were the combined forces of Father Coughlin, whose subversive *Social Justice* has been suppressed, and the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith; a former Huey Long henchman. The combined and determined efforts of organized labor and other progressive groups in Detroit succeeded in driving back the Klan forces and forcing the

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Of Rice and Gin

By O. P. Charters and Hobie McKeever

Trying to break in a new column is very much like trying to house break a little dog. You can never really know whether or not you have succeeded. Only time will tell.

A story on the Navy came to us the other day. It seems that during spring quarter the German Club had a beer party. When they arrived in Carrboro to pick up their six kegs of beer, those in charge of the expedition decided six was not enough so they politely confiscated a seventh keg. Sometime later a complaint came through our Dean's office asking for repayment for a keg of beer that had been on reserve for a particular Navy club.

This column is pretty well fed up on the "no coeds in fraternities" rule. The students, as ever, are ready to iron out the wrinkles in the problem so

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Sailors, Civvies, Marines Comment On Combined UNC

"It's 4.0 by me."

That is the opinion voiced by one of the Naval V-12 men when asked what he thought about the local part of the national program now weighing anchor and heading for sea. The number "4.0" is Navy vernacular for "A-1" or "tops." He is one of the several Navy men to be relieved of fleet duty and assigned to the V-12 school at Carolina. His home is in New Jersey.

Another of the "Old Salts" was a little more hesitant about committing himself. A native Nebraskan, the sailor smiled and said, "Give me about two weeks. I want to see how the books and quail are running." The term "quail" refers to those creatures commonly known as coeds.

From these same coeds came a bevy of answers when confronted by the question: flippancy, serious, general, specific. "I'm getting tired of the whistle chorus."

"Oh! I love it! It does wonders for your morale!"

"I don't like that hungry 'haven't had a date in eight weeks' look!"

Or, "I think they're all swell—perfect gentlemen."

The general comment from most of them was, "We're darn lucky to have them here, all of them."

Summer school coeds, particularly from women's colleges, are finding it all new and exciting and a bit heady to have such a surplus of men around. The regular coeds, adopting a natural, friendly manner, take it all as a matter of course.

One of the Alderman belles summed it up:

"Even though the traditional friendly Carolina hello is exchanged with cadets and pre-mets and the new Navy men who are strange to Carolina ways, the fact that it's still the password is a good sign. We can't say we wouldn't like to have the old peacetime Carolina back, but we know it's still around. And besides, with the manpower shortage most places, we Carolina gals are terrifically lucky to have such a swell bunch of fellows around."

The civilian male students, now cast in the minority, numerically, have some opinions on the joint Navy-Civilian University, too. Mott Blair, chairman of the civilian male students organization, says, "I think it will work if each group will do its part. I only hope that the boys who are coming to the University for the first time will learn to love Carolina as much as we have."

The cadets, as a matter of seniority, seem to be the predominating factor in week-end dating, but the week days are still open for maneuvers from the V-twelves and lads in civies.

ON THESE HOT DAYS —

Relax with a Book

BULL'S HEAD BOOK SHOP

West Door — Basement of Library