

# 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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Published Tuesday and Saturday except during vacations, examinations and holidays. Deadlines Thursday and Sunday. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Member of ASC and Nat'l Adv. Service, Inc.

## Editorially Speaking

### SO WHAT?

Well, it's 1945 . . . and the probable rejoinder is, "So What?" Since this is only the second day in the new year it's a trifle difficult to answer the question. The little answers that we might give will add up to only a large hunk of speculation. But let's speculate.

The thing that is constantly in front of us is the war. Last year the boys in the Pacific were singing, "Golden Gate in '48," this year they are trying to find something to rhyme with fifty. As much as we hope and pray that the end of the war in the Pacific will come soon, the cold reality that we have not yet met the main forces of the Japanese—those veteran troops in China and in Manchuria—brings us to the opinion that V-Day will not come until 1949 or 1950. As for the European war, it is our guess that the coming year or the first part of the following year will see the end of organized resistance. The recent push by the Germans will result in the greatest United Nations victory of the war.

Thick and fast the rumors of discontinuing V-12 here have been flying about the Hill. V-12 headquarters denies that there is any basis for the rumors, and unofficially feels, as do we, that this unit will be among the last closed.

This year will see many needed changes on the University campus. The frequent "incidents" during the past year, plus confusion in the student body and in South Building over such things as "flizz-ed," the dismissal of some students for questionable reasons, and other rulings concerning the student body are contributing explosives to a powder keg which will blow up in the University's face sooner or later—and probably sooner.

Student government will also undergo some needed housecleaning. The report of the Legislature's Investigation Committee, and the recommendations of the Campus Cabinet should make for some extremely illuminating and interesting reading and exceedingly rapid action.

Recently, at the Interfraternity convention in New York City certain rulings were made concerning all fraternities. The effects of these rulings will be notable in campus life during the coming year. In North Carolina there are in powerful positions those who would see fraternities outlawed at the first opportunity. Unless fraternities heed the familiar warnings, they may number themselves in the "also ran" column this time next year.

The problems facing Carolina are critical and too numerous to mention here. As fast as their solutions come, new problems will arise, but progress will only be made with renewed interest and cooperation of the student body. Editorials and pleas by student leaders have been made many times in the past for students to take an active interest in their own affairs. The student body rendered proof that its interest is not dead during the last election when it cast the largest percentage of votes in the history of North Carolina. The future is in our hands. The leaders have been chosen. The material is here. If New Year's resolutions are to be made, the first one should be that each student dig in and take a grip and an active part in the things going on around him.

What has happened at the University of Georgia, Louisiana State University, and at Texas University can happen here. We are not immune. And, unless we begin now, this day, this minute, to assert ourselves and become informed and in touch with what immediately concerns our life here, we are vulnerable. We are asking for it . . . and we are going to get it.

Wake up Carolina! It's a new year! Start it right!

## TAR and FEATHERS

Along about Thursday of this week the entire populace of our little hill should have the toothpicks removed from their eyelids and only faint memories of the hectic holiday celebrations . . . the "Wuz I drunk!" stories are getting a little tiresome . . . tak, tak, Carolina Code (?) . . . we're only two days into 1945 but the '44 score of our tussle with Dook still adorns a few of the campus buildings . . . it has been well over a month since this eye-sore was created . . . seems that's plenty of time for the building department to get things cleaned up . . . we realize the hard work involved in getting paint off of the concrete pillars but surely the paint can be removed from the wooden doors of Graham Memorial.

Thanks to a thoughtful skipper and the hard work of V-12er Bill Tweet, those who stayed in Chapel Hill during the holidays had a Christmas Party in Graham Memorial last Tuesday night. . . . Captain Hazlett wrote the boys a blank check to cover the cost of the party . . . town girls were invited and showed up in force . . . more girls

than fellows at the party so naturally a good time was had by all. . . . Orville Campbell, former Tar Heel Editor who has been stationed over at the Pre-Flight School has received his orders to report to the Receiving Station, NOB Norfolk, Va. . . . Among the New Year's crop of rumors is the one about our Marine Unit folding up and Duke's V-12 Unit coming over to Carolina . . . strictly scuttlebutt and Port Hole patter.

Tonight the Faculty Executive Committee, Naval Authorities, and the Student Council will meet at the Carolina Inn . . . a periodic dinner meeting to discuss Student-Faculty problems . . . last time they met we had a complete revision of the Honor System . . . orientation should be the major topic of their discussion tonight. . . .

Congratulations to Cadet John Graham on being elected editor of the ROTC yearbook, The Catapult. . . . Buckets of both Tar and Feathers to those responsible for smashing the juke box in the "Y" during the vacation.



Navy War Bond Cartoon Service

"Because you buy War Bonds regularly, Smith, don't get the idea that you personally own each shell!"

## From Where I Sit

By Charles Waldman

Person Hall Art Gallery is at present holding the 8th Annual Exhibition of North Carolina Artists, thirty-five works of art which will be on display here until January 5, after which time they will travel to Raleigh and the State Art Society Gallery.

That the show is primarily the work of a group of students and amateurs seems rather painfully evident both from the craftsmanship exhibited and the uninspired range of subject material to which most of these artists have seen fit to confine themselves. An extenuating factor, of course, is the war: a large percentage of the regular contributors has been unable to participate this year. As things stand, however, perhaps the most saving grace of the exhibition is the fact that, with one or two exceptions, there is a commendable lack of "American Scene" stuff: little at Person Hall is of potential interest to the manufacturers of Lucky Strike cigarettes and Coca-Cola or the art editors of the Saturday Evening Post. But whether this fact is enough to counterbalance the all-over feeling of inadequacy and indecision is highly debatable.

The most interesting, and yet at the same time most disappointing piece of work I found, was done by V-12 John Recknagel in a tiny surrealist oil, painted on what looks like a handkerchief, and entitled, "I Hate My Math Teacher." Just the right size for a college edition of Einstein's "Theories," nevertheless Recknagel's painting shows real imagination, technique, and color sense which, if blown up to the proper size for this type of work would undoubtedly have dominated the show. As it is, "I Hate My Math Teacher" is almost lost in the shuffle: were it not for the provocative title I doubt whether many visitors would even notice it.

Two explosive, expressionistic landscapes, and an equally violent harbor scene by John Oppen add a note of slightly uncontrolled fire to the walls. Although I found

these works thoroughly unpleasant to look at both because of their unfinished appearance and a chaotic admixture of effect which loses any central idea in projection, still there is no denying their impact. But specific painting never yet sufficed to express a general idea in toto, and in all probability never will. More successful along the same lines is Murry Jones' "Hallway of Past Experience" done in oils, which, in an attempt to portray the Freudian and other implications via the purple line, comes closer to its objective.

Two small oils painted somewhat after the primitive style by Mrs. Cyrus Levinthal entitled "Mill Houses" and "Cotuit Bay," manage to be rather innocuously pleasant. The coloring of "Cotuit Bay" is good; from a distance this work presents an unusually fine appearance which unfortunately is not preserved upon a close-up scrutiny. The same weakness is present in Mrs. Lucielle Breswick's attractive water color, "Storm in Carolina." The other landscapes are too cluttered, either in the superabundance of color which they offer, or in the sheer amount of depictions on the canvases.

Of the portraits, William Field's glossy "Barbara Rose" is by far the best. One of two entries by the same artist, (the other is "Neil Page Atwater"), this miniature portrait exhibits some truly delicate brush technique and coloring. The still lifes, most of which seem to come from Meredith college, are uniformly bad.

Out of the realm of paints, a bit of interesting effect almost non-objective in its scope is achieved by two woodcuts of Josef Albers from Black Mountain college. His "Astatic" and "Tlaloc," combining abstract design forms with the familiar configurations of the natural world in which he works, are striking.

In addition several etchings, two sculptures and a lithograph are on display.

## It Could Be Worse

By Robert Morrison

In a manner that has become traditional, Carolina students again distinguished themselves and their University in the eyes of the people of the state. During all vacations, especially at Christmas, all travelers on trains and busses operating in the vicinity of the Tar Heel state are either deaf and blind or aware of the fact that a rare and motley bunch inhabits some place called Chapel Hill or Carolina. The already crowded vehicles are flooded by a thundering herd, carrying baggage with a thick outer layer of blue and white stickers.

The mob is tremendously heterogeneous; there are sailors, civilians of every size and age, marines, all sorts of naval uniforms, and an abundant decoration of girls of every denomination.

The new arrivals immediately take charge. They lie in the aisles, sleep under the baggage, sit on anyone's lap, crawl under the seats, hang out the window, sit five in a seat, and generously lend their full services to the driver or conductor.

There is a great group spirit; everyone else in the car is an alien or just another unnecessary fixture. They represent a great army whose members are being dispersed in a mighty wave of conquest to the four corners of the nation.

The group inevitably divides itself into smaller circles for fervent

and boisterous conversation and song. The foreign populace which remains quickly learns of the great and glorious University of North Carolina whose football team has never been defeated. They learn that all of this has something to do with a Chapel Hill, and they assume perhaps they play football on a hill. Second only to football are the mighty political battles which are waged on this hill; there are student parties, university parties, independent parties, and beer parties. The biggest fight seems to be waged against a vicious and brutal force called South Building which is wiping out great masses of students with some secret weapon called "fizz ed pogrom."

Conversation is frequently punctuated by much song and merrymaking. The walls resound with a song called "Hark the Sound of Tar Heel Voices," which is followed by the melodious strains of a lyrical condemnation of Duke University. Then they sing "It's Only an Old Beer Bottle," and then something about someone in the Navy. These people plainly declare that they're "tar heel born and tar heel bred and are from Carolina."

Some of the group proudly wear little buttons on their chests, have foreign letters smeared on their suitcases, and call themselves

See IT COULD BE, page 4.

## Don't Read This

By Bill Crisp

It was from the very heart of Dixie herself that the first outcry came. I shall never forget that spectacle. It was spring, 1942, and Peach Tree street in Atlanta was blossoming with flowers and Georgia blonds. But that was not the scene which I remember so vividly. No, it was a sort of intangible spectacle that I beheld. I think you should hear about it. It might well be very memorable in a few years to come.

Twenty-eight hundred University of Georgia students filled with a lust for the academic freedom which had been wrested from them—rode in calvacade down through Atlanta to the very lawns of the state capitol. There they burned Georgia's governor, Eugene Talmage, in the disrepute of effigy. Why? Because, by political maneuvering, Gene Talmage had removed a highly esteemed professor from the University of Georgia merely because he had once hinted that coeducation of whites and Negroes was a feasible idea.

The demonstration by these students was not a plea for the coeducation just mentioned. IT WAS AN EARNEST APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF GEORGIA TO REMOVE FROM OFFICE THE MAN WHO HAD SUSPENDED ACADEMIC FREEDOM.

Some of you may remember. One of the factions most instrumental in Talmage's defeat the following fall was the Georgia Student Political League—inspired by the incident just described and promoted in the interest of academic liberty.

That was nearly three years ago. That was one incident. But since then, culminating decades of complacency on the part of university students, there has risen in many states, notably of the South, the feeling that students have never been given their just (and in many instances, their Constitutional) rights. In cases where students have been given their rightful privileges, they have too often been martyred to any ridiculous political advantage so obtained by the "higher-ups."

From Texas has come a noticeable example. The President of the University of Texas, loved by his students and respected by his colleagues, was ousted due to his re-

fusal to permit political harranging to interfere with practical educational principles.

And now from Louisiana. The officials of LSU dare to expel a coed just because she gave verbal preference to a certain way of life.

Where are those rights so conspicuously set down in the first article to the Bill of Rights? Are they submerged beneath the financial obligations of United States citizens at the matriculation tables? How long are the students in this country going to stand idly watching Constitutional freedoms thrown into the waste basket, not only by deans and officials, but by government agencies themselves?

For hundreds of years students all over the world have submitted themselves to the curricula set forth for them in the institutions which they financially support. They have voluntarily permitted themselves to be ruled under certain "conduct regulations" and "moral codes" not of their own choosing. These, to a degree, are justified. But when institutions of learning become tyrannical to the point of exploiting Constitutional rights, and when government agencies see fit to injure educational practices for the sake of holding the political "ball," then the time has come to act.

That time is now. The place is here, in the South itself where such injury and exploitation have been felt at their worst.

It is only fitting that Carolina should start the ball rolling. Long known as the most liberal university in this country, who could act better and with greater freedom of action than we?

There is but one objective which must be accomplished before students in state universities may have their rightful privileges: that objective is unity. Once all the students in the universities signify their willingness to sacrifice themselves for the cause of academic freedom and student justice, then the actual sacrifice will not be necessary. The universities of the South are not now, and never have been, in a position to contend with the united purpose which would be forthcoming with such a cause.

I repeat. The time is now. The place is here.



## WITHOUT RIME

By Gloria Caplan

When the historians write of World War II, they will regretfully, but in all honesty, have to record the fact that the Allies fighting for the preservation of democracy on one hand, simultaneously fought young democratic forces on all sides, and that fascism was conquered, not by them but despite them.

All the opposition of Churchill and all the forces of the British Empire were insufficient to stifle the liberal Greek faction, which had fought off the Nazi invader. The acceptance by all parties within the country of Damaskinos as regent is sufficient indication of the turn the plebiscite, scheduled for sometime this month, will take and that is decidedly leftist and anti royalist. Not at all in Churchill's scheme of things to come.

Interesting was an *In Fact* observation on Churchill's vocal capers: "On Dec. 1, Mr. Churchill referred to the ELAS as the Greek Liberation Movement, a popular front of half a dozen parties, all opposed to monarchists and fascists. On Dec. 5 Mr. Churchill referred to the ELAS as communists. Members of Parliament declared Churchill was not telling the truth. On Dec. 7 Mr. Churchill was not telling the truth. On Dec. 7 Mr. Churchill referred to

the same ELAS as "bandits from the hills." The same ELAS, alas!"

C'est la guerre!

Something we'd like to see on the campus in this new year: A return to honest-to-gosh liberalism.

For instance: This column cannot see compulsory class attendance as consistent with "liberalism." It is perfectly understandable that an educational institution does not want itself cluttered up with human dead wood. Eviction, therefore, on the grounds of scholastic failure is consistent. There are times, however, when one's hour can be more profitably spent by cutting an occasional class—all professors' convictions that each lecture is essential notwithstanding—and there are even those who can pass a course by not attending class in which cases, if he has sufficient knowledge of the subject matter, the credit should be his. There are enough professors on campus who do not check the roll and whose classes are consistently full to convince me that an interesting lecturer attracts a steady attendance without the aid of South Building's big stick. Teachers, who without the big stick, cannot command regular attendance, are in the wrong field, anyway.

## Reading The Exchanges

With Jerry Davidoff

From the University of Toronto's *Varsity*, we learn that students are growing more mercenary every day. It seems that a proff opened an examination paper there the other day and found a scribbled preface which read:

"Dear Professor:

"If you sell any of these answers to a humorous magazine, please send me my share!"

And then there was the one about the old lady who sidled up to the

crib, cooing to the little baby who was lying there. "And who's little baby are you," the old lady gurgled. The baby frowned. "Darned if I know!"

I once had a classmate named Guesser,

Whose knowledge grew lesser and lesser;

It at last grew so small, He knew nothing at all— And now he's a college professor.