

"LIVES OF GREAT MEN..."

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts though strong and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act—act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

How can we express it? How can our measly, little semi-weekly college paper put into trivial words those thoughts which amply express the meaning of this man's death? The answer comes feebly. We can't. Our finite minds and our metallic print fall far short of measuring accurately the depth of what he was, what he did, what he visualized.

Possibly the radio commentator came the closest when he said, "He was a man fully as great as the time through which he lived." We agree. And yet, surely Franklin Delano Roosevelt was more than this: he was the epitome of the very vision which he so unselfishly created for us all. He himself was the summit of those ideals with which he inspired the world.

But where to from here? He, who often alone carried the burdens for us all—who, despite the cycles of political criticism and the waves of internal dissatisfaction, stood firmly in his right, no longer sits bravely in his rolling chair at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. No longer can we know he is there, guiding the nation for us, guarding, and, as it were, dying for the causes to which we as a guardian people must eternally pledge ourselves.

Our leader is dead and we, momentarily, are lost. Just now we cannot perceive, as did he, that fine ideals can never be shackled to the finiteness of one man, nor to the finiteness of his people and their epoch in transient history. And so our present state of mind presages naught but fear, and melancholy, and darkness. We need but to remember an essential truth spoken most eloquently in his own words: We have nothing to fear but fear itself.

But this man—Franklin Roosevelt—has he really died? The physicist says yes. The radios drone the affirmative through our loudspeakers. The newspapers spread the awful answer across their headlines. And yet, surely this man has not died. We hesitate even to accept the verdict of the physicist. We pause in incredulity before our loudspeakers. We read and read again the printed message.

And the physicist has spoken his usual scientific truth. Our President—the man—is dead. But when we—the people he loved and the world he served—resign ourselves to the grim conclusion that Franklin Roosevelt the spirit, the ideal, the crusader, has slipped away, then the man whom we mourn is betrayed. And betrayed with him are millions already dead, now dying, and yet to suffer and die in the great shining crusade for which he suffered and died. We dare not mention the generations of posterity whose happiness or unhappiness is now being determined by that crusade.

We dare not even speak of possible failure in that beautiful peace which lay latent in his dreams. But we can, indeed shall, speak of the ardent struggle still required of us—of the continuation of that battle which men have ever fought that they and theirs might live freely and securely in a peaceful world. Our resolution toward these ends embodies the noble bequest which was left to us by him. We must not fail.

CONFERENCE OF SOUTHERN COLLEGES

Possibly for the first time since volunteering for the armed services was prohibited, Carolina students—indeed students all over the Southland—have an opportunity to make more than a pass-the-buck effort towards winning the war and securing the peace. The so-called "brain storm" which produced the plans for the Southern Student Conference (it meets here Sunday) has blossomed into something slightly more than a fragile dream. Answers to hurriedly sent telegrams are pouring in and students from approximately fifty southern colleges and universities will assemble here Sunday for an all-day session. The purpose of this Conference cannot be overrated. Any movement, which seeks to activate student interest and participation in securing for the world some concrete international system of cooperation, is worthy of all the support—both financial

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YOU MAY SEE YOUR NAME PRINTED!

From all quarters have come appeals to preserve the beauty of this campus by not walking on the grass. Members of the Legislature, faculty, Council, administration, and all factions of the University have commented upon the fact that worn paths across the grass on our campus are unsightly.

The Order of the Grail and the President of the Greater University will perhaps take action in regard to the matter soon. Until then, the Tar Heel wishes to sample public opinion on the campus and discover exactly how certain individuals feel about the matter.

It might well be that many students may logically defend walking on the grass of this campus as one of the rights which must of necessity be enjoyed in a liberal university. Some may well state that to demand that students stay off the grass is to be unfair. Others may think that a campus netted with worn paths is unattractive, or that it is the duty of the University to keep the grass re-planted.

Therefore, the Tar Heel proposes to let the campus and all who read our newspaper know who feels how about this matter which comes before our attention every year. Staff members have been instructed, and all the campus is asked, to turn into our office the names of all persons seen walking on the grass between 6:00 p.m. Saturday and 6:00 p.m. Sunday of this week. These names will be printed on the first page of the Tar Heel to show our readers what persons do not believe that they have an obligation to protect the grass on the campus.

Mays Is Not In Agreement With Sandick; Lauds Watson

To the Editor:

After reading Seaman Sandick's attack on Mr. Watson's constructive criticism of the Playmakers, it is easy for me to see that he misinterpreted the meaning of the letter.

There was no mention in Mr. Watson's letter concerning the morals of any Playmaker; therefore I can see no reason for creating that issue.

Mr. Watson pointed out that, having had access to both sides of the picture, he believed the Playmakers to be misjudged by outsiders—due to their unnatural speech and their unorthodox fashion of dress. These, I think, are the basic factors which

started so many rumors on the campus.

As a group I consider the Playmakers hard working, honest, and sincere in purpose. It is legitimate for the girls to wear slacks during their long hours of work. To be seen in public places dressed in this fashion is another matter entirely. I think that the members of this organization should be more careful about their personal appearances in public.

If they do so, these rumors which have not as yet circulated beyond the campus will in time die out.

Yours truly,
Glenn R. Mays
8 Steele

Marine Writes Letter To Editor On Letters Written To Editor

Dear Editor:

I have decided to write you a letter. I hesitated for a long while because I thought a letter to the editor should have something worthwhile to convey. Soon it became obvious that the worthwhile part was not necessary. Lately I've noticed that there are no requirements. I have decided to write you a letter.

To begin with, I'm quite happy. I'm not angry at anyone. I receive courteous service down town. Nobody crept up behind me and influenced my voting. I think every organization on campus has a right to exist—even those I do not belong to.

And I'm quite confident that the best way to keep people from "going to the dogs" is to let them out of the doghouse.

Incidentally, I'm even in favor of letters to the editor. Occasionally someone has a good suggestion. Some aren't so good. At any rate, good or bad, they do little harm, since nobody ever does anything about them except to write an answering letter. I realize that, in the view of past letters, this letter of mine may seem somewhat radical, but I trust there is yet some place for liberal ideas—even in a liberal institution.

Sincerely,
Pvt. Vin Cassidy,
USMC.

LONG DECLARES LACK OF INTEREST

To the Editor:

Is it necessary for everyone to be so tremendously impressed with campus elections? The letter that Don Shropshire wrote to the Editor, and I quote, "I beg of you—wake up Carolina," was, so far as many of us are concerned, ridiculous.

If we, meaning a few of us politically unimpressed students, do not care to regard campus politics with too much seriousness of mind—that is our business. Not only is it our business, but it is a democratic privilege.

Sincerely
Pete Long

and moral—it can get. Carolina plays host Sunday to a most deserving assembly. It is good to know that the students on this campus are sufficiently aware of their responsibilities in working toward that system of global collectivism which promises peace and security for future generations. As student hosts to the conference, and as individuals conscientiously aware of our part in preserving the peace, we should give spontaneously to this cause. It is an investment which CAN pay large dividends.

The Ram Sees...

BY AN OLD GOAT

Summer growing always requires summer cutting... noticeable sights are lawn-mowings and hedge-clippings. All is getting in order for another Chapel Hill week-end. The Ram sees everywhere green grass... good for food!

A Carolina week-end is booming forth. Today's fair weather... a hint to the weatherman... and tonight's starry skies... a prayer, too... will shine upon scores of partying partisans.

The NROTC's will occupy regions around Hogan's Lake tonight... for a sober party, 'tis rumored... The med Phi Chis... from 11 to 1... will picnic and party... the site unknown. Guy Andrews heads plans for the Betas' entertaining their sister sorority, Pi Beta Phi... That's looking ahead in a fine way to next year. Pharmacy students will gather 'round for another of their fetes. Sunday afternoon... Alderman will open her doors wide to the "fly-fly" boys... Barbara Boyd is putting the punch in order... Hogan's Lake will again echo... this time with the merry makings of the Phi Gam-Chi O picnic.

LINERS

Flash-light news is the Libba Wiggins-Charlie Vance pin-uping. Engagements include... Frances Knott to Lt. Albert Parrott... they will be married in June. Marilyn Schroeder and "Slats" Zimmerman. Ann Phillips and Jack Moshell, who is at Midshipman's School in Notre Dame. Kirk Armbruster ('44) and George Robinson are being married at Annapolis this week-end... Fran Cheshire is up for the occasion.

THE RAM SAW

Sound and Fury, Carolina's problem child, announces that its riotous "Roaring Twenties Revue" will be presented around April 26. Torch singers and strip-teasers will knock the eye out and certainly make a swell show... the Beta's aroused the neighborhood AND the entire village with its four-alarm fire Tuesday night. After being kicked, slugged, trampled, and wet, the Ram stole a quick glance through the window and discovered that the "raging" fire consisted of a stuffed chair giving its all to smoke. "Just call us Blackies," say the Beta's. And while on the interesting subject of the boys at 114 South Columbia Street, the gals at Ercher House are blissfully "lullabied" every night around "sack time" by some eager beaver aspiring to great heights by blowing the wind through a muchly out-of-tune tin horn. The dates for May Frolics have been set for April 27-28-29. The password: IMPORT... A winged-chair, footstool, and lamp make up Dot Chase's supplies as she travels to Ye Olde Infirmary to camp outside the window of Nelson McGinley, present victim of the germs.

Sweet words everyone now knows... two members bestowed upon the ZBT's four baby chicks, christened Zeta, Beta, Tau, and Alpha Phi. Source of names?... did you see "The Unseen"? Rameses' "whodunit" talents must have been a little on the numb side. So please, if you got the connection between Maxine, the watch, and Alberta, venture out to the green pastures and explain to this blue-horned animal exactly what it was... what coed sent her sick sailor sweet peas because her "treasury department" prevented her from purchasing real posies?... con-

gratulations are in order for Rebecca Drane on pledging Pi Phi... also to be highly commended is JuJu Newsome for receiving the Pi Phi scholarship ring for the second consecutive year. The ring is presented each year to the Pi Phi active having the highest scholastic average... while getting a moment's glance at the "good sisters in no man's land." Rameses sees that the Tri Delt's had the installation of new officers Wednesday night... the Dream Girl of the PIKA pledge class is lovely Connie Hendren. "My dreams are getting better all the time"... Rameses takes pleasure in announcing that Ruby Hudson, one of Carolina's most promising swimming stars, is recovering nicely from a serious tumor operation at Duke Hospital... Betsy Ann Barbee has returned to the Hill from Watts Hospital in high spirits after an appendectomy.

STRANGERS IN TOWN

Carolina seems attractive to visitors this week-end... many familiar faces are seen around with strange ones. Here are a few introductions... Jay McCulloch from Rye, N. Y. and Sweetbrier is down for a long week-end with Jo MacMillan. The Edmund Welches are furloughing at Carolina... Edith Crockford Welsh graduated in 1944 and Edmund was a marine here last year... they were married two weeks ago just before Edmund received his commission. A Randolph-Macon Chi O is visiting Nancy Stubblefield... Mary Ann Holmes is her name. Laura Mifflin... a Chi O graduate is staying with her former roommate, Helen Lanneau. Lucille Parsons is at the Tri Delt House for this week... she was at Carolina last September. The Ed Manors... married Friday, April 6... are paying their promised visit to the DKE Rebel Room. Derek Parmenter, U. S. Merchant Marine, returns to St. Anthony Hall from wintering at Oran, North Africa. Dick Cheatham is hashing over the good ole days with his Phi Gam brothers. The Phi Lams are receiving Bob Tugender from Ft. Bragg and Allan Bergman from Camp Butner... former fraternity brothers. Ginger Leese's parents will be here to celebrate her birthday... In town now is Elizabeth Worrel's mother.

DEPARTees

Carolina "awayers" are many, too... Helen Borgstrom has taken wings to Washington for her birthday at home... Annapolis seems to be on her mind, too. Birthday greetings at home are in order, it seems... Mary Upshaw went home for her mother's... Atlanta also is the destination of the track team... fine coincidence. Fran Cely is also in that Georgia town... on business. Farther down South to Miami Mary Wright and Dixie Bodge are a-visiting their "Very Specials" who happen to be stationed at the same place. Up "North" go Peggy Teague and Martha Mallory this week-end... They're stopping off at the University of Virginia for Post-Easter frolics. Friday night they were dancing... if plans went right... to the music of the Coca-Cola Spotlight Band.

ATQ

Contrary to the opinion of the Lamb, the Ale, Tail, and Quail are still in action. They recently had formal taping... Grand "Brew" master Ackley was in charge of the ceremony at the Zeta House. The new members are Tom Colfer, Al Sileski, Nelson McGinley, Dick (Robbo) Robinson.

SEE HERE...

By Pvt. Williams

The campus should pay particular attention to the convention of delegates from fifty southern colleges to be held here Sunday—especially since the expenses of the delegates will be paid by Carolina. It is hoped that the conference will consider the desperately overcrowded conditions of the west bound trains before sending delegates to San Francisco. College delegates would only be in the way and could give the southern colleges no more information than could be obtained from the American Press and could represent the students no more than a penny post card sent to the official delegates. If the southern colleges wish to

combine their efforts and exchange ideas they can take a look at history and organize "committees of correspondence." Let us all take a keen interest in the San Francisco Conference but keep in mind that the governments of the United Nations have already appointed the delegates who are undoubtedly capable men and women.

The writer wonders whether the current campus improvements will include tree surgery for Carolina's many fine trees that need it. Too bad that there are still a few students both civilian and military who, despite requests and orders, can not stay off the grass.