

## Editorially Speaking

### SO LITTLE EFFORT

There have been many pleas from the destitute peoples of Europe to the people of the United States. And there has not been a single one that we have not responded to with all our energy. Most pleas have been for money, food and shelter, but in the present drive money cannot be used. Why? Because this plea is for clothing and most of the clothing factories are busy making uniforms for our service men. That old coat, sweater, or dress would make a difference to some half naked boy or girl somewhere in Europe.

We Americans are asked to give 150,000,000 pounds of clothing. That is only a little over a pound a piece for each of us. How often do we go to our wardrobes and look at the line of clothes there and ask, "What in the world can I wear, I haven't got a thing." If that little ragged boy on a street corner in Athens, crying because he is cold, could hear that he would laugh bitterly. So would the half naked mother in Poland, holding her babe close to her breast for comfort because her home had been burnt to the ground by retreating Germans who needed a little change from fighting and found fiendish pleasure in this.

It makes us seethe inside to think of these things going on in the world. However, just getting mad doesn't get anything done. We can remedy a serious situation by going to our closets and picking out a few of the odds and ends and giving them to the Old Clothes Drive. Never before has it been possible to do so much good with such a little effort. So when the chairman of your dorm comes around, remember a boy in Athens and a mother in Poland, and give.—B.H.

### "DEDICATED TO THE V-12 UNIT"

The Tar Heel received a letter from a V-12 in Whitehead who requested that we publish the following poem, dedicated to the U. S. Navy Seabees, which was clipped from the Camp Parks Log. The V-12, who asked that his name not be used, stated that the poem should be "dedicated to the ever-lasting struggle of the V-12 Unit here."

#### DON'T SHIP ME OUT!

Give me land, lots of land  
'neath the starry skies above,  
Don't ship me out!

Let me abide with my bride in  
the country that I love,  
Don't ship me out!

Let me stay far away from the ocean breeze,  
Don't wanta listen to the rolling seas,  
Sign me up forever, but I ask you please,  
Don't ship me out!

Just turn me loose, let me skedaddle far from battle  
where there's ships, guns, and gore,  
I'll take abuse, suffer rations, indignations,  
if they will keep me out of war.

Let me stay on the beaches  
with the Oakland peaches,  
Don't ship me out!

### V-E DAY

Victory in Europe Day is apparently not far off. In deciding how to celebrate V-E Day, most of us have only to think of our friends whose names appear on the casualty lists, or to think of those future lists that will be coming in from the Pacific, or perhaps to think of the people of Europe and their sad plight. The day of the armistice will be a day for thanksgiving, but not a day for noisy merriment.

After V-E Day, when the war no longer overshadows the other news from Europe, it will be apparent that the job of reconstruction is simply tremendous. No important country in Europe has been exempt from destruction of its factories, railroads, cities, and public works. The economic and political reorganization of Europe, the administration of Germany and the re-education of her youth, the re-establishment of normal trade channels, the determination of new boundary lines—in short, those things necessary to "win the peace"—together comprise a gigantic task, and unless the Allies do a good job all the way through, they will be sowing the seeds of a third world war.

We will not have won this war until we win the peace. Therefore, keeping these things in mind, let us be sensible in the way we celebrate V-E Day.—L.S.

### UNCLE SAM IS NOT DEAD

"Boy, is this country in a mess!"  
"Who is this fellow Truman?"

"What will we do about the next Big Three conference?"  
"Truman can't be much if Pendergast got him elected."

Comments like these were being voiced all over the campus last weekend. To hear these prophets of gloom one would think that Uncle Sam has one foot in the grave. True, the death of President Roosevelt was a great loss to the nation, a very great loss. But his passing was not such a calamity as to slow down our war effort, or to threaten seriously our peace-planning programs.

Some people seem to be forgetting about the system of checks and balances in our government, whereby no one man or department is all-powerful; hence, the loss of one man cannot cripple the federal government. It can carry on pretty much as usual.

Perhaps the real trouble is that we college students can hardly remember any president except FDR, and therefore have trouble believing that anybody else can do the job.

Only time will tell whether Harry Truman can fill the bill. Meanwhile, let's be optimistic rather than pessimistic about the health of Uncle Sam. How about it?—L.S.



"But they say in America it's fashionable to go without stockings."

(Round up your spare clothes, shoes and bedding for war victims overseas and send them to the nearest depot of the United National Clothing Collection.)

## Lux et Libertas

By Angela Hardy

The Art Department has purchased a small traveling exhibit for exhibition purposes which illustrates the art of photography and is accompanied by a written discussion. The exhibit is entitled "Creative Photography" and is now on display at Person Hall.

It was prepared by the Museum of Modern Art in New York with the technical assistance of Andrea Feininger.

The exhibit shows that the camera is not only an instrument used for recording, but a means of expression. If it is used with insight and proper knowledge the

photographer becomes an artist. It is necessary, however, that the photographer be master of his camera for then the subjects of his picture, the way he presents it, and the qualities which he emphasizes are of his own choice. His instrument is a mechanical tool and with the use of light as his medium he seeks out what he believes to be important. The good photographer is not an imitator of other phases of art but uses photographic means to represent what he sees. He uses a scale of values for his medium and it is up to him to control the proportion of light

See LUX ET LIBERTAS, page 4.

### Student Conference Gives Reporter Insight To Peace Conference At San Francisco

By Lee Silverstein

"What a harebrained scheme!" I scoffed, when I first heard that Carolina was calling a conference of Southern colleges to pick representatives to go to San Francisco and report the proceedings there.

The very idea, I decided, was ridiculous, and moreover a waste of time and money. I doubted that more than a handful of the colleges that had been contacted would even send delegates to Chapel Hill. Also, what good would the student reports from San Francisco be, with the top news writers expected to cover the conference?

Last Sunday, I climbed to the fourth floor of Alumni and watched the student conference in action. I had not been there a half-hour before I realized that my early impressions were all wrong.

Here were 60 or 70 campus leaders from all over the South, earnestly considering the problems which center around the San Francisco meeting. Hardly any of the colleges had failed to respond! About a fourth of the delegates were colored students.

The discussions were remarkable: all the delegates spoke well; all sides of the questions were brought out; and many different members participated. Bill Potat,

assistant secretary of the "Y," did an admirable job as chairman, channeling the discussion in the proper directions.

As I watched and listened, I saw a great vision of the future, when all citizens, male and female, black and white, shall sit down together and deliberate on the laws of the land.

Gradually I came to realize that even if the financing falls through, and no one can be sent to Frisco, the Chapel Hill conference will still be a success, because it has sounded a new note in intercollegiate and interracial cooperation. When the conference decided to make itself a permanent body, I was sure that I had witnessed something very fine, something that had advanced the ideas of democracy that America stands for.

The real function of sending Southern collegiate representatives to California, I learned, will be to provoke and hold Southern students' interest in the conference and in current problems in general. This is a good deal more than a harebrained scheme, as I thought at first.

And one more thing—I'm not so sure any more that the South is the most backward part of the nation. Sunday's conference did much to change my mind.

## The Tar Heel

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## The Ram Sees . . .

BY AN OLD GOAT

Rameses, in a dark and dejected mood, headlines today's column. He's tootin' his own horn rather despondently as he "airs his troubles" . . . scattering them to the four winds. His "nose for news" has a black eye. He is hounded so constantly by "correction-please-don't print-this-addicts" that he has lost his knack for hounding others. He has only the following choice bits to offer by way of the vine, not the telephone line.

#### CURIOSITY-BAITERS

Questionnaire comments the morning-after-the-week-end before that pertain to Carolina's partying-round: Of what significance is the "twin" comment of Marines Tex Lawley and Keith Kennedy, "beautiful but dumb"? Is the most appropriate word for the Med brawl, the adjective "spontaneous"? Does Shirley Weatherwax believe John Pender to be "all wet" because of the ducking he gave her? What relationship does Bill Edwards find between candy and moth balls? Why did a certain Deke prefer lantern-light to moon-light in the dark of the woods beyond the fire-lighted picnic grounds. Was popping-the-whip the primary reason for Mary Widener's "pained" expression Sunday? Wasn't Joe Mallard that bottle and bat player at the Roticee softball game who was really "knockin'-em-out"? Good question . . . who won the above-mentioned game Old East or Old West? Was Pine Groove chiefly responsible for the success of the Phi Delta Chi affair?

#### A DOT HERE

The Delta Sigs are glamorously redecorating their house on fraternity court. Following suit are the ATOs, who are building a junior arboretum . . . Novelty feature is a fish pond made to hold ice in hundred pound quantities . . . Some fish! Two squalling babies are new centers of attraction say the back-yard neighbors of Ercher House. Said house is currently without a house-mother . . . Take it from there. Ask Mac Davis the answer to the following: What was Sophie Sue Duffy's big week-end disappointment? Enthralled by the recent performance of the ballet, Brent Woodson dashed to the nearest bootery and was fitted in dainty toe shoes. Now entrance into Spencer Hall is an "experiment perilous" what with Ballerina Woodson pirouetting all over the place and sliding down ye banister on ye toe. But, frankly, this "Vera Zorina" sent ye olde Goat into ecstatic fits.

#### NO DOT THERE

Definitely one of the most sizzling flashes off the well known vine is the fact that Fred Caligan is the

proud possessor of a cheesy foto of Edie Owens. Dame Rumor has driven herself into hysterics putting forth explanations, but the old Ram has lived too long to believe anything and everything he hears.

Alligator Junction, Fla., will give out with a big fanfare this wk. to welcome Katie Boling, who will be there about a week to recuperate from battle fatigue, sustained from five successive Carolina week-ends. But Rameses wonders if that all "there aire to hit?"

Latest naval maneuver is the movement of the ocean's white caps onto the heads of UNC Roticees. The Are-oh-tee-sea boys have really gone in for the white tops in a huge way, and the coeds have gone in for the swooning.

While sauntering past the Deke House tother day, this ole boy had his ears assaulted by the strains of "Old Kentucky Home" with the bass of "All Cows Eat Grass" and "Good Boys Do Fine." Pulling a Sherlock Holmes, Ram found Mochie Morton, in pigtailed and straw hat, parked up on the piano bench, giving out with the said rendition. It seems that Mochie has taken over the job of "house pianist," and she really sends them . . . elsewhere!

#### NOTHING NEW

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cypert were down a'visiting daughter, Betty Lou, this past week-end . . . Satidy Bob Gibson abandoned the University of Virginia to come calling on Martha Mallory . . . Lt. Arthur Quakenbush wrote a new chapter in "The Courtship of Juju New-some" Sunday . . . And a/c Ken Bockman struck out from Gaga Pre-Flight, arriving at Carolina last week. Object: date with Joyce Hinson. Dashing up from Lejeune this week-end were Bill McLain, Bobby Thomas, and Bill McKinley just in time to take in the week-end parties . . . McLain is, by the way, Number 2 man in his platoon. "Sunshine" Walton shone in on Pee Dee Herndon for a couple days . . . She was the latter's roommate before Pee Dee changed from South to North Carolina. "Rock" McKenzie dropped in on brother Bill at the Kappa Sig House before leaving for the Navy. Eugenia Saurre, Duke Tri-Delt, was seen sporting around on the arm of Charlie Warren this week-end. At the Deke House was Lem Gibbons, now a jaygee in the Navy. Marky Parsons is all smiles after her visit from Bill Kelly . . . Marky has just returned from Duke Hospital where she has been ill for several weeks. Is there really a "sisterly" relationship between L. B. Johnson

See RAM SEES, page 4.

## Menagerie Mirror

By Linda Nobles

Today a new column is born. Issue by issue the MENAGERIE MIRROR will place on exhibition Carolina's ever-shifting panorama of collegiate personalities. With each semester comes an influx of new faces and an exodus of old, familiar ones. Green freshmen and transfers, tinged with the same color, scarcely know even current "higher ups" before all eyes are focused on a different slate of Carolina characters. The aim of this column is to catch a close-up reflection of that passing parade. MENAGERIE MIRROR, written as a question box, will be a bi-weekly surprise package handed on a Tar Heel platter to you readers. So guess who? It may be YOU!

Here are helpful hints that reveal the identity of EXHIBIT ONE who's reflection momentarily blots out all others caught on the MENAGERIE MIRROR.

Today's Mr. X wears the indelible "Damyanknee" brand of his rebel Kraternity brothers. Reason enough is the fact that he doesn't like hominy and grits, but he also attended prep school in New England.

Although he's now clad in ROTC khaki, he arrived at Carolina "in bell-bottom trousers with a coat of navy blue." He was Princeton's loss and Carolina's gain. "Proof of the pudding" are the numerous important positions he modestly and capably holds on campus. He's a member of the Honor Council and the student vestry at the Episcopal Church as well as being president of his fraternity and the University Club. He's also an active worker in the Golden Fleece and in

the Grail. (Long to be remembered was the portrayal of today's HE as the blushing bride complete with corkscrew curls and necessary curves at the fall Grail initiation.)

His wrestling teammates somewhat appropriately refer to him as "Thor, the body" . . . the guy with the best-looking physique at Carolina. (Of interest to coeds only: He's six feet two, two hundred pounds. Of additional interest: He has brown curly hair plus brown eyes, too, and "is in his twenties." he does not fall in the all brown-he does not fall in the all brown-no brain category. His interest is not limited solely to football, wrestling, and deep-sea fishing. He likes poetry and chemistry, too.

His interest in chemistry may be deeply rooted in early experiences at his father's, the mill in Maryland where he probably take a position when his life no longer belongs to Uncle Sam. (This mill, which originally manufactured boat sails, has been handed from father to son . . . from generation to generation since 1800.)

His greatest failing is telling "queen" jokes . . . bar-room jokes in mixed company . . . at which he finds himself laughing alone and liking it. His greatest failing could be a blue-eyed blonde, not peroxidized. Please note the verb tense is conditional, which gives this HIM a first place in any male eligibility list. Of further interest to coeds: He lives in Old East, Room 25, and the telephone number is 4026.

If the name of EXHIBIT ONE in the MENAGERIE MIRROR is still an enigma to you, dear reader, turn to page four.