

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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To the STUDENT BODY... ... from the EDITOR MAGICIAN IN CHAPEL HILL

The program which Paul Fleming, the magician, will present here Monday promises to be quite a novel experience for the audience. Fleming, who is also a professor of economics at the University of Pennsylvania, has made a fine art of entertaining by mystifying.

Probably the most fascinating part of his program will be the growing of a rose bush on the stage. This trick of magic by means of which entertainers are able to make trees sprout up from the stage and luscious fruit grow on the trees is the result of an illusion which is closely akin to mass hypnotism. By a careful arrangement of lights and stage properties, and by the proper words and sounds directed toward the audience, things become clearly visible on the stage which really aren't there. After the performance, everyone will have a different idea of what appeared on the stage. For instance, if an orange tree is projected, a person from Florida might see a tree like the one in his back yard, while a person from Maine might see some strange sort of tree quite unlike an actual orange tree.

Every fee paying student may enter Memorial Hall to see Fleming's performance on their regular student entertainment passes. No one should miss it, for Fleming is outstanding in his field throughout the nation.

TAR HEEL TO LOSE MANAGING EDITOR

Barron Mills, the Tar Heel's second-in-command, will be eighteen years old next month—and everyone knows what that means.

Barron is the youngest managing editor to serve the Tar Heel in many years. It was only because of the long established custom of the Publications Union Board to appoint a managing editor favorable to the editor that Barron became the one managing editor. Charles Wickenberg, then editor, asked for his appointment. Barron was further recommended by Charles Frank Benbow, then president of the student body, and Fred Flagler, then the managing editor.

Our present managing editor has certainly lived up to all that we expected of him. His job, the makeup and mechanics of the paper, has been well done. Barron has faithfully stayed on the job late at night before each deadline, and his management of the print shop has been done in a truly professional manner. Special care has been given to balanced makeup. An attempt has been made to arrange the paper in such a manner that the over-all appearance will be most pleasing to the eye.

We see a great future ahead of Barron Mills in the field of journalism. He has that not easily described ability which characterizes the newspaperman. While some journalists excel in some particular field of the profession, Barron seems to possess promising talent for all realms of the Fourth Estate.

The Tar Heel will suffer when Barron leaves for the armed forces. There is no one who can completely replace him. There are many who want the job, and few who are qualified. All members of the staff and all students who are known to have journalistic ability are being watched. At this time it seems rather likely that the PU Board may go back to a former policy of having two managing editors. The job is too big for one person, unless that person has extraordinary newspaper ability. The duties of a managing editor on the Tar Heel can be rather distinctly divided into two parts; and also, each of the two weekly issues might be placed under the care of a separate managing editor.

HUNT REPORTS FROM SAN FRANCISCO

The Southern colleges seem to be well represented in San Francisco by Douglass Hunt and his colleague.

We have been receiving lengthy mimeographed reports from San Francisco containing detailed information about all the affairs of the conference. We are printing excerpts from the reports. Anyone wishing to read the complete reports may call by the Tar Heel office where these reports are on file.

A SUBVERSIVE FABLE

Once upon a time there was a guy who decided that he wanted to work on the Tar Heel. So he did.
Everyone told him that he was crazy. So he was.

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RACIAL PREJUDICE

A survey of Grinnell (Iowa) College coeds on the subject of prejudice against Negroes has been conducted by students as a project for the race relations class.

The questionnaire indicated that one-half of the students had attended high schools with Negroes and three-fourths of the students had talked with Negroes as long as five minutes at a time. This gives a certain amount of validity to the survey, since at least 75 per cent of the students quizzed on the subject have had some contact with Negroes.

Asked a point-blank question, 30 per cent of the girls admitted having race prejudice, while 70 per cent denied it. Twenty-four per cent of the students were not willing to have Negro students admitted to Grinnell college, but five per cent of these gave as their reason that they felt Negro students would not be happy here. Twenty per cent of the girls indicated that they would not be willing to sit next to a Negro student in class.

A seemingly direct contradiction of attitudes arises from the tabulations which show that half of the students quizzed would not like to have Negro blood plasma administered, yet only 30 per cent of the students admitted having race prejudice. A careful study of the individual questionnaire also reveals that some of those students who at first professed to have no prejudice, later on said they would not sit next to a Negro in class.

Ninety per cent of the surveyed students felt that there would be little or no change in the Negro's status after the war, but the 10 per cent that expected a change were among the 50 per cent that had studied race problems at some time.

Asked about the source of their prejudice, most of the students stated that they have been influenced by public opinion rather than by personal experience. Ninety-five per cent of the students would employ Negroes in their homes. From this, the conclusion can be drawn that it is not the Negro himself that is resented, but rather the Negro "out of his place." This might almost indicate a social as well as a racial prejudice.

These results are typical for this section of the country. However, a clear thinker should find in this survey a challenge to broad-mindedness and tolerance. Surely a problem which will occupy such an important position in post-war conditions is deserving of fair and far-sighted consideration.

WALKER IS THE RIGHT MAN

The PU Board could have not made a better choice in the selecting of a Business Manager for the Yack than Boots Walker, the lanky NROTC who missed being Secretary-Treasurer of the student body by one vote last fall.

Like so many of his Delta Kappa Epsilon brothers, Boots is an enthusiastic participant in student affairs.

We hope that next year's Yack won't suffer the fate of rapidly shifting staffs which have been quite detrimental to the 1945 Yack. In selecting Boots, the PU Board felt certain that he would be here to finish the job. The Tar Heel and Carolina Mag can afford to shift staffs, but not the Yack.

With Fred Flagler, a very able journalist, and Boots Walker in key positions, we can already predict a good 1946 Yack.

A GOOD COURSE TO TAKE

Students who like to make short speeches and engage in group discussion may practice their hobby and receive academic credit at the same time. Just sign up for English 44 under Professor Bill Olsen this summer. Class periods consist of speeches by the students on almost any subject they want to talk about; open discussion is led by the very able professor.

Mr. Olsen makes careful criticisms of the speeches and offers copious suggestions for improvement. Good grades on the course result from enthusiasm and careful preparation of speeches.

If you like to shoot the bull under expert supervision, don't miss "Olsen's 44."

Reading The Exchanges

By Beverly Eisenberg

At the University of Southern California, where for years campus relations have been cursed by the secret and subversive activities of the power politics of an outlaw fraternity, an indefinite postponement of campus elections was announced by the university president. Time Magazine characterizes Theta Nu Epsilon, the disturbing group, as a combination Ku Klux Klan and Tammany Hall. Southern Cal's Daily Trojan has this to say: "Its methods are essentially fascistic, destructive to the very ideals for which the university exists. The issue before the student body and the faculty and the administration is whether this campus stands for a democratic community life open to all on an equal basis, or whether an underhanded machine is to crush the opportunities of free political activity."

According to the Trojan, no election will be held until the way can be cleared for a "free, open, and inclusive expression of student politics' will."

There is a marked difference between a political party operating in the open and one which uses the tools of democracy to destroy it for self-power of a group.

In direct contrast to the California activity is the organization of a group of independents at Kansas into one of the most closely knit, unified organizations that the university there has ever known.

Just as our recently successful Conference of Southern Students found its start among a small group, this was planned at a bull

session and then organized at a mass meeting for students. Independents at Kansas looked ahead and formed a political party to participate in the forthcoming campus elections. First they held a primary of their own and got their slate clearly worked out. We can appreciate the task of organizing scattered independents who thought they had no reason to be interested in the election. Greeks can tell their members how to vote but Independents know no compulsory methods and they had to depend entirely on spirit and enthusiasm of the voters to get them to the polls.

The group campaigned actively and vigorously. One thing they did for example, was to introduce each candidate in every organized and unorganized house.

It would have been easy for this group to quit before they accomplished their purpose but the leaders were determined. Their aim was purposeful. They were trying to establish a few of the rights which other organizations had through non-interference monopolized.

This Kansas campus is not unique. Their problems are quite typical of a state university anywhere in the country. Right now, the strength of these independents lies in the hands of a few who believe something and are willing to work hard to prove it.

This is looking forward. We hope that these students will be successful. We'll remember their efforts, and we'll remember Southern California too.

The Ram Sees...

BY AN OLD GOAT

• With finals around the corner and those sheepskins almost within reach, the almighty Seniors, the sophisticates of Carolina, are lime-lights sharing with one another. Superlative elections and parties galore vie with one another in popularity. Speaking of the former, Rameses has a single suggestion to offer . . . Hold a special superlative election to choose the gal with the pinkest toes on campus. After all, Tuesday was Senior shoeless day. Wednesday evening spelled "Y" Court dance. See Joe of Gassenheimer for details. Doris Newell and Fred Calligan were combination supervisors for the blue and white banquet-ball evening. Merry-maker Willy Dinsmore gave a figurative toast to the Seniors in his best master of ceremonies fashion. Today's picnic, from which only black ants have received a priority rating, is the climax of Senior festivities. If all goes well you may take your hat off to Johnny Ring.

• Hear ye! Hear ye! Come one! Come all! On the stroke of two by the tower clock, hold tight to your seat in Kenan Stadium. That super classic, the Sigma Chi spring derby will be set for action as the show swings onto the field. Carolina coeds, from CICA representatives to ADPIers will be ready for the fray. Witness champions-in-the-making at coke-drinking, pie-eating and football passing. Don't be alarmed when you spy a tape measure and a pair of scales. They'll cast that all-decisive vote of the day in the selection of Carolina's Miss Modern Venus . . . the coed whose figure is perfect. As this goes to press entrees include Barbara Boyd, Daphne Richardson, Lib Mace, and Ginny Freeman.

• Sheer Arkansas corn by way of Chuck Henry: "There once was an Indian chief named Short Cake. He got sick and died! The result . . . squaw-buried-short-cake."

• His name is Con McDonald. He wears the shiny gold bars of a brand new "louie" in the army infantry, but Doris Newell wears close to her heart his Phi Delt pin linked with her Pi Phi arrow . . . Sigma Nu's will soon be litting by moonlight the "White Star of Sigma Nu" to Kaye Rancich, their newest pin-up whose fate and future lie solely in the hands of Tommy Gray.

• Bill Cochran is returning to his old haunts of so many years, but this time, not to manage Graham Memorial, but as the Ram could have told you all along—to marry Agnes Scotter Shirley Graves. The time: Sunday at 5:30; the place: Presbyterian Church. Tri-Delt Betsy Bowman is the maid of honor, Shirley's only attendant.

• Hottest news from Torch House is that Cattie Capt's Wally Kraus, just home from the Pacific and Annapolis-bound, is expected in Cheppel Collich come this Wednesday. Carolina lads and lassies will remember Wally as the Kayo King of the boxing ring . . . Hand-shaking-back-slapping KA's were in their element Thursday when Robin Kirby, their gavel wielder last autumn, was back on campus in the ensign uniform of Uncle Sam . . . Marion Saunders, who wears a Pi Phi arrow and a Phi Beta Kappa key and who also possesses a University diploma dated February, 1945, is making a visitor's bed in THE house on Hillsboro Street. Marion will be a white collar girl in our nation's capital come summer.

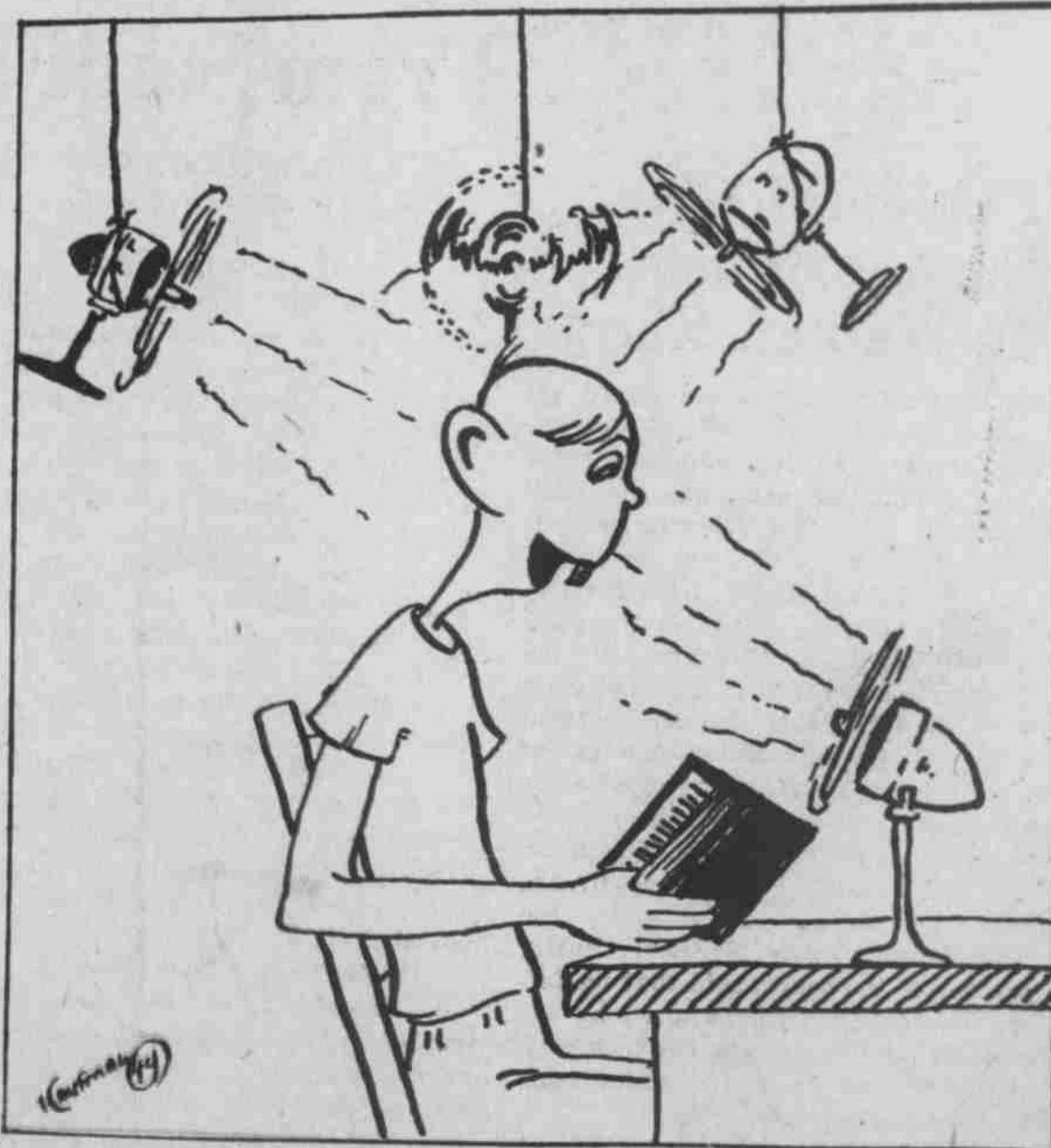
• Quoting Phil Hanes: "Miss Nancy

Stubblefield is Carolina's own Ely Culbertson. The catch is that she makes her bridge gets according to the hands she gets and the company she keeps . . . The newest wearer of the diamond and star of Phi Gam is J'm Lamm . . . And how does Bill Hight get cooperation where Tar Heel business is concerned? He showers his assistants with bouquets of flowers, sweet peas to be specific . . . Attention Ed Bradford: lab time should be reserved for chemical experiments only, not for ones that affect the private life of Maggie Carter . . . Lou Hull's infirmity birthday cake (compliments of Jim Mormon) boasted four candles, not for years but for days—those days she spent propped up in an infirmity bed . . . Sun back dresses are all the rage. Check Mary Goodrich and Daisy Barksdale, too . . . The long and the short of it, the blonde and the brunette of it, is this: striking is the only word to use in describing Willie Meeks and Eugenia Pafe. Their golden and black sun-tans give them a quite daring and come-hither look . . . Pat Kelly, Jim Hedrick, and Banks Mebane are "hanging their hats" in the Henderson abode of Bill Hight this week-end. Blind dates are in the offing!

• The train puffed into the Raleigh station, as the conductor yelled all-aboard! First stop, last stop, only stop . . . Annapolis! Carolina coeds with a weakness for those guys in Navy against a June Week back-drop are Mary Goodrich, Betty Grimes, Daisy Barksdale, Nancy Jane King, Dora Winters, Jane Shivel, Sara Hepson, Helen Borgstrom, and Betty Gaither. 'Tis said Jane Pitcher likes to be different. Her idea of heaven is West Point and moonlight on the Hudson.

• Myrtle Beach goes, not just for the sun either include: Bob Shaw, Ellen McCollam, Bunny Flowers, Tom Kerns, Bob Hurst, Dickie DuVall, Bob Thurston, Bobbie Koonts, Beverly Lee, Whit Parrish, and Emily Burbage. Henriette Hampton whose heart keeps the "one-two-skip-a-beat" at the mere thought of HIM is currently moon gazing with Ben Morris at Myrtle Beach . . . Pi Phis, who aren't "ostriches in the sand" at Wrightsville this week-end are Frances Green, Snooky Phipps, Doris Newell, Eva Harris, Tina Dicks and Betty Strickland.

• Thursday afternoon was the See RAM SEES, page 4.



Of Things to Come