

The Tar Heel

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SERVING CIVILIAN AND MILITARY STUDENTS AT THE
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To the STUDENT BODY... ... from the EDITOR

CAMPUS CONSTITUTION

We are glad to see that attention is once more being given to the formation of a campus constitution under which student government may operate. The mere fact that the fee system was voted upon nearly a quarter of a century ago would indicate the need for some revision in the present order; conditions have changed to such a great extent that that revision is indeed imperative.

Another matter which needs immediate attention is the disproportionate seating in the legislature. At present there is a dormitory containing three students which sends a delegate; just as dorms having hundreds of students are able to have only one legislator. The situation is certainly unfair.

This is just one of many problems with which the Legislature Investigating Committee, the committee of the legislature whose prime function is the drafting of a campus constitution, will be faced. The Tar Heel would like to wish the committee members the best of luck in their none too easy task.

GUADALCANAL DAY

Three years ago today blunt-nosed landing craft beached for the first time on a small island in the South Pacific. At that time few of us knew the name of that dot on the map, but since then it has become one that will live forever in our memories. That name is Guadalcanal.

It has been a short but eventful three years since that momentous day when the long journey back to the Philippines and on to Tokyo was begun. In that time we have seen victory in Europe and the beginning of the end in Asia; we have seen campaign after campaign go to successful completion, island after island fall before our victorious forces—and American after American fall before enemy fire. Have we not sometimes wondered at the purpose of it all?

What we, as assistants of an American university, must not forget are the sacrifices of the men who have risked (and given) their lives on such landings as that portentous one three years ago; many of the same Marines who participated in the Guadalcanal campaign are even now here at the University. Shall we forget what they did that we might be students at an American university in an American America?

TWUA

The Tar Heel extends a hearty welcome to the students of the Southern Training Institute of the Textile Workers Union of America. The education of workers throughout the South is a fine and commendable project.

The appropriateness of this project can be best expressed by the words of Chancellor House and President Graham. The former stated that this program is in keeping with the things the University stood for: social, personal, and spiritual advancement of the people of the South. The latter said that this is the University of the people and they were returning home to better themselves and the social order as a whole.

It can be only hoped that more workers' educations can be promulgated in the future on the initiative of other social institutions as well as their extension under the labor movement. The need is great and there is room for all.—B.G.

FORMER EDITORS RETURN

The Tar Heel office was honored with the visit of three past editors last Sunday night. Your editor was absent at the time, but acting associate editor Banks Mebane welcomed Dr. Frank P. Graham, Don McKee, and Reed Sarratt, all of whom have served on the paper in some editorial capacity. Dr. Frank Graham, President of the University, and Don McKee, of the United States Army, have both served as editors of the Tar Heel, and Sarratt, now city editor of the Charlotte News, was managing editor during McKee's term in '36-'37. Though the three editors remained only a few minutes, the Tar Heel staff was happy to see some of its past notables.

Cogs of the Wheel

By Allan Pannill

It takes all kinds of people and things to turn the wheel of time, and of life. Herein there is a little of much; a few cogs of the tremendous wheel.

Not long ago the rain stopped, and the Carolina grass was tall. Thanks to that untiring device, the lawnmower, and the earnest efforts of the campus caretakers, we soon shall see our now fuzzy campus with its ears lowered.

After hearing of the countless deeds of the Marine Corps, and envying their true, and well known courage, it seems funny to see them strolling hand in hand across campus with the local coeds. Irony of it all?? These are the men we expected to find broken by the horrors of war, with no chance of a normal existence again!! Orchids and good hunting!

To an innocent bystander it seems that:

The new "Music Under the Stars" time and place are very much out of accord with its attractive purpose. Imagine, those hard benches of the Forest Theater on a Saturday night too!!

The embryo ROTC band has something there. Keep at it!

It's just about time for the Carolina Theater to resume its Saturday midnight shows. The lights are on again Mr. Smith!!

"Snavely's Boys" are shaping up mighty well, even at this stage of the game. Will they be supported this season, or will we repeat last year's poor showing of Carolina spirit?? It shouldn't happen to Hitler!!

The Pre-Flights are having a hard time learning that we don't walk on the grass around here. Attention Commander Raugh!

If we ever expect the ever-increasing freshmen to know Carolina as it really is, it's time for someone to jab the University Club in its—purpose, and gets the plans laid for a good old-fashioned Freshman Smoker. Mr. Carmichael and all!!

Coffee and doughnuts bring on such odd chatter:

"If one more jerk lets those swinging doors go when I have my hands full, I'll report him to the Captain!"

"Sure I can cut again. He admired my new hair-do, didn't he?"

"Well, I tell you what I'm gonna do. I'll take the duty for you this time, if you'll foot the bill and let me date her next week-end."

"That boy that fixed me this

milkshake is the freshest thing!!"

"Her name is Pat, she's tall as hell, blond, and plenty sharp, but don't get the wrong idea. She's tough too!!"

"I simply can't play with that Dr. Wong running around the table!"

"How do you do, Miss Johnson. Have you seen our Arboretum yet?"

— and so on into the night.

Midnight musings:

I wonder why everyone became so amused in Legislature last Thursday night when Jimmy Wallace was made sergeant-at-arms? Apparently few realize that such a position is just his sadistic meat.

Too bad that Roy Thompson resigned as chairman of the Student Party. It's the hope of yours truly that the long awaited move toward clean politics didn't go with him!

It sure is good to know that the Veterans Association is going to have some say in student government. Theirs is a voice to be heard!

Looks like even with longer days and fewer hours of darkness, the coeds are called in when the street lights come on. Bet most of them were allowed out by their parents later than that, when they reached the tender age of twelve!

Where in the world do these Chapel Hill cockroaches get the food to grow so big? It surely couldn't be from the local ration board!!

Maybe a good, honest prayer will keep Morrison out of trouble.

Without a doubt:

We heartily welcome Charlie Vance home. Just recently discharged he plans to return to all the niceties of campus life, and all the tribulations of the classroom. Glad to have you back, soldier!

We, the student body, offer our deepest sympathy to Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Ericson on hearing of the death of their son. He died for his country; no greater memorial could he leave.

We all congratulate our honor-copping swimming team. Their coaching played a large part to be sure, but in any such event, it takes a man to apply not only his knowledge and ability, but also his last ounce of endurance. Orchids in big hunks!!

And so, good students, the wheel rolls on, and its cogs leave their permanent traces in the grease we call time.

IRC Forum

By Goro Deeb

Peace and security in the world are of necessity the hopes of all small nations. Instability in the community of nations may at times result in minor advantages to certain small nations. However, this is only an exception, the rule being that small nations suffer considerably from any conflict among the great powers.

The Arab East, composed mainly of relatively small nations, has always been interested in stabilizing the ambitions of the major powers within its territory. The Arab countries are now members of the United Nations Organization and intend to do all they can to foster the spirit of international cooperation. They know that through such an organization and any regional organizations, they may create in the future can they expect to remain free from foreign domination. At the present time the Arab countries are united in a regional organization known as The League of the Arab States. Weak as it may seem now, this League has accomplished a major achievement. It has combined the independent Arab states of today,

namely, Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and Yemen. The first five of the above are also members of the UNO. The major provision of the Arab Pact is with regards to collective action against any attack or threat of attack upon any of its signatories by a foreign state. This provision is too much for this newly created League to enforce. The military potential of the area concerned is actually too weak at present to afford any direct clash with one or more of the major powers. Thus we can understand why the Arab states are so willing to cooperate with the Big Powers within the framework of the chartered security organization.

It is the hope of every Arabic speaking person that the UNO will be able to stop any attack such as the last one by France against Syria. As Mr. Stettinius said during heat of the Franco-Syrian skirmishes, "if the United Nations Organization were established a thing like this would have been prevented." We in the Arab East hope that the former U. S. Secretary of State is right.

From the Bell Tower

By Jim Sanford

This is a column that will appear from time to time in the Tar Heel... at least any time there is something worth saying... and since we are not experts on anything, international affairs or religion, it will be mostly incoherent patter...

I wonder how Dave Clark feels these days... poor man is still seeing a Red in every bush, according to all I hear... but WE welcome the Textile Union to Carolina just as we were glad to have the bankers, the English professors, and all of the others who have met here...

I tried to find a bottle opener the other day... had a coke... and the only thing I could find was a Boy Scout knife... once you weren't a part of campus society unless you had your own hand-made opener...

The other night, after seeing a movie in which a Miss Esther Wil-

liams swam around in as little as possible... and I don't mean water... some of the freshmen in Pettigrew decided they could not sleep without talking to her... they took up a collection among the faithful and tried to contact her by phone... alas, but they discovered there are five Esther Williams in Hollywood... not a one of whom, so the operator said, was of the swimming pool...

Best trick of the week: the other night in the Tar Heel office, Banks Mebane, one of the editors, asked if communism is capitalized... well...

Bring 'em back alive: Three members of the TH staff caught a bat the other night, after chasing it up and down the upstairs hall of Graham Memorial for half an hour... when stuffed it will be placed alongside a moose... and a dog named Alvainer...

Exchanges



By Frederick Smetana

THE FRIGHT BEFORE EXAMS
'Twas the night before exams
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
not even a mouse,
The clock on the mantel had just struck two,
When I lifted my eyes with a great big "whew!"

Maw and Paw were snug in bed,
While visions of murder danced through my head.
My notes, my pencils, my books,
my thoughts,
Were gathered about with the knowledge I sought.
The coffee was hot and kind o' black,
I consumed it all but not the facts.
I hated my teachers, I dreaded the test
'Cause I knew 'twould be one terrible mess.
I pushed this aside and went to collect
The sleep without which I would be a wreck.
I reported to class at nine o'clock sharp
With the knowledge I'd hoped to my teachers impart.
The exam at my face began to stare;
z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z
It all seemed like a bad nightmare,
Then in a moment I awoke with fright
To find 'twas only a dream on Christmas night.
—The Weavings.

From a high school paper, "The Weavings," comes this story about some excuses to the principal:
Dear Mr. Cassell,

Please excuse my absence from school this morning; I went hunting quite early. I had intended to return in time to go to school, but just as we were about to go, we saw a hawk, and, not wanting to return home without game, we pursued it

for several hours. When we were finally through, I was already very late to school so I just didn't come.
Thank you,
Lem.

Dear Mr. Cassell:
Please disregard (he wasn't satisfied with "excuse," he didn't want to make it up) my absence from school this morning. I was just too tired and sleepy to come.
Thank you,
Ed.

The moral of this story is: True confession is good for the soul—but it ain't good for de grades!
—The Weavings.

NATURE
The rain is falling steadily—
A never-ending drizzle.
It soaks my shoes; it soaks my hose;
It makes my hair to frizzle.

The sun is burning brilliantly—
It makes my face to freckle.
It'll soon be red and blistered—oh!
My legs won't, but my neck'll.

The outdoor type I'll never be
A-winning prizes smugly.
I love the sun; I love the rain;
But gosh, they make me ugly.
—Martha Ellen Query,
The Weavings.

Two mermaids were talking at the bottom of the ocean, when one of them looked up at a big black boat bottom going by and asked, "What's that?"
The other one answered, "Oh that's the-bottom of the Queen Mary!"
The other mermaid exclaimed, "Now I see why they sing 'God Save the King!'"

One of the whimsical characteristics of Chapel Hill culture is ice, bobbing and clinking in coke. In fact, some coeds buy a coke (without disparaging that worthy product) just to feel the frigid, insipid chunks slipping down their lovely throats. Invariably they exclaim: "Oooooooh! It's soooooo good!"

Said one coed about an approaching Clark Gable double: "He looks like a taxicab going down the street with both doors open."

I View The Campus

By Bette Anne Melcher

What do you do on dates at Carolina? Have you seen the movie at the Carolina? Well, only twice, but if I have to sit through it again, I'll scream! This I've heard from many a coed who dates a different fellow on Friday and Saturday night or Sunday afternoon and Sunday night. What an imagination some of these fellows do have! (Excluding those with a one track mind!) All they can think of to do is to go to the show and walk! Oh, well, walking is good exercise!

There are other things to do, though, uninteresting as they may seem, why don't you give them a try and maybe you'll find you're having a good time.

Coed Criticizes The Lack Of Campus Interest Material

Dear Editor:

Let me say at the first, that I am certainly not one to criticize the finer works of literary artists and for that reason, I will not criticize your work at making the Tar Heel paper that it is today.

However, I would like to state that it has become increasingly apparent that our so-called "student paper" has forgotten us—the students. Our life, names, our personal tastes and interests, and our activities are no longer mentioned as being articles of importance in campus life. It has become all too

SOPHOMORE'S POEM

If you can stand up while others fall down,
If you can smile while others frown,
If you can stay at home while others paint the town;
You'll be a sad-sack, my boy!

If you can stay at home and read,
While with you your friends plead
For you to go with them,

obvious that the "space is being filled" with items of administrative or town interest.

You have often stated yourself, both on and off the record, that our campus spirit in relation to campus activities and campus organizations or institutions is "not what it used to be," or "what it should be." My query is, would not making us—the students—the focal point of the paper help to renew our "lagging spirit?"

Sincerely,
Sara L. Garland.

And raise the devil, and tar up the town;

You'll be a sad-sack—my boy!
Now if this poem has bored you,
(As most things I write and say do),

Go jump off a building and while Obeying the law of gravity
Take a tip from me and try B.C.!

—Robert Blackwelder,
The Weavings.