

# 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

### 'COMMUNISM' AT CAROLINA SHOCKS MEMBER OF BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Ordinarily it has not been the policy of the Tar Heel to bother the student body with such magnanimous ukases as come down from Dave Clark's *Textile Bulletin*, but occasionally it is well to look upon the writings of our less apt members of the Fourth Estate and chuckle awhile with their cavortings. If the circulation of the *Textile Bulletin* had not been frozen by the discriminating readers of the state, a few more stray copies could be honored to drift into the campus of the University of North Carolina.

Because the Tar Heel has not been able to contract a good syndicated comic strip, we thought the students might find some diversion in browsing over the renowned but little-read editorials of Dave Clark, who is such a friend of the University of North Carolina that not long ago he consented to accept a seat on the Board of Trustees. (Although great things were expected of this pompous entry into the inner circle of our great institution, we can still see clouds of cigar smoke pouring forth from the windows of South Building. Also the northeast corner of the first floor of venerable old structure is still a haven for the ordinary student and a spring of justice for the common man.)

After predicting in previous editorials the gory effects of a CIO training institute at Chapel Hill in the State Legislature, Clark's most recent ramblings on the subject center around Dr. Graham's activities in actually scheduling the CIO meeting.

We were particularly interested in learning straight from Clark's printed page the fact that "the University of North Carolina was established and is supported for the purpose of educating the youth of North Carolina, but in order to furnish an excuse for helping the CIO, Mr. Grumman and President Graham go far afield and claim that it is their duty to have a part in the affairs of all the people of the state."

Clark goes on to say, "It is the same excuse which President Graham invented when the university encouraged communists and socialists prior to the war and became a hotbed of un-American activities."

We admit that we've seen a few copies of the *Communist Manifesto* in Graham Memorial, and we understand that the *Carolina Mag* at one time printed a cover in red ink, but we have never presented Joe Stalin in a campus forum—and we have presented such figures as Dave Clark and Franklin Roosevelt. (The story is told that one of the books which Clark damned as "communistic" in the University library was later discovered North Carolina and to direct their affairs.)

In the most recent editorial, entitled "Dr. Graham Endorses the CIO," Clark makes some more startling revelations:

"It may be proper for a state university to hold its doors open to all constructive organizations that are in accord with the principles and ideals of American constitutional democracy, but not until recent years, when it became necessary to find an excuse, which loyal alumni and friends could use, did the university claim that it had an obligation to advise the people of North Carolina and to direct their affairs."

"That idea or statement was invented solely as a protection to socialistic and communistic professors and instructors who were giving expression to their subversive doctrines and teaching them to students entrusted to their care."

Students, we pause here to ask if you've ever been entrusted to the care of a socialistic or communistic professor?

Clark goes on:  
 "As president of the university and an official of the Federal Government, Dr. Graham is under oath to protect, preserve and defend the Constitution of the United States. Under such responsibility, as we see it, Dr. Graham is obligated to close the doors of the state university to every organization whose activities and objectives have been shown to be antagonistic to the principles and ideals of American constitutional industrial freedom."

We think the old boy has something here. We would like to see him abide by it.

"A state university, supported by the taxes of all the people, including farming and industrial elements, is under most

serious obligations to protect and preserve American constitutional freedom, and defend constitutional freedom in religion in business, everywhere against every organization that seeks to overthrow or restrain this freedom, but no teacher has a right to try to sell subversive or disloyal doctrines to students.

"It is difficult to overestimate the harm the head of a state university may do in giving recognition to organizations that are really hostile to American constitutional ideals and principles. The rank and file of the people, unfortunately, know but little of the foundation principles of government. Hence they let others think for them in this field. Naturally, they assume that the president of the state university is posted on the foundation principles of our government and is expected to be loyal to such principles. Consequently when he endorses and gives his enthusiastic support to any organization, the people are inclined to accept his judgment as sound and safe on account of the prestige of his position. Many alumni feel they must endorse any movement which he approves.

"Radicals understand this, and they may be counted on to use the prestige of a state university endorsement for all it is worth to conceal their subversive objectives from the uninformed public.

"A book written recently by a high official of the CIO urges its members to take advantage of every opportunity to make a tie-up with institutions in the educational field or, in other words, to stage a training school at such places as the University of North Carolina if an invitation is extended.

"In order to understand the radical, parasitic, subversive nature of the CIO movement, it is necessary to understand the foundation of American constitutional industrial freedom."

It was our understanding that a law made under the Constitution of the United States guarantees to workers the right to form unions and bargain collectively. We wonder why these communistic radicals can violate the Constitution and still be sanctioned by laws made by the majority of the American people under the Constitution. We also thought that there was a body set up by the Constitution to interpret the Constitution. We did not know that this body was called the *Textile Bulletin*.

The editorial continues with a maze of facts and figures about American labor which don't quite correspond with facts and figures which we observe in the current press, and then winds up with this superb deduction:

"Who can doubt but that the definite purpose of the CIO is to destroy American constitutional industrial freedom and establish in its place a labor dictatorship over American industry?"

(We can doubt it.)  
 "If Dr. Graham is in sympathy with this radical, subversive revolution against constitutional industrial freedom, his enthusiastic endorsement of the CIO is easily explained."

We can't quite determine what is meant by "constitutional industrial freedom" which denies the right for labor to organize and a university to offer instruction to any group of citizens, but we'll leave the interpretation to the Supreme Court and Dave Clark.

## READING THE EXCHANGES

By Frederick Smetana

### THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE

The main difference between British and American wording in signs comes in such as these, which endeavor to keep traffic moving:

The British sign says, "If you must stop, please get off the road." The American, "Keep moving or get off the road."

—Indiana Daily Student.

### ODD ACCIDENTS

A stone step by the door. (It better not take too many steps—shoe rationing, you know.)

I saw a mill race up the road. (Or maybe it was just Mr. Watson's physical education class doing cross country.)

A morning break the gloom. (And I mentally cursed my 8 o'clock.)

I saw a night fall on the lawn. (You have to watch for those banana peels.)

A clock run in the room. It was my alarm clock shouting, "get up you lazybones, you had three whole hours of sleep last night." Oh the woes of a student!

I saw a peanut stand up high. (Mr. Planter Peanut of the elite garb.)

A sardine box in town. (And, boy, did he give that shark a licking.)

Student.

### LIFE WITH FATHER

Then there is the absent-minded druggist who put surgical dressing on the sandwiches.

The world is thousands of years old, but one simple problem that hasn't yet been solved is blondes.

A horse fly in the store. (He soon flew out—in the form of steaks and hamburger.)

An absent-minded professor stopped a student Monday and asked:

"Son, could you tell me whether I am going north or south?"

"North," the student replied.

"Well, I must have had my lunch then, thank you."—Red and Black.

Scene in Co-Op: Everyone is playing bridge, talking, and sipping cokes. Suddenly someone jumps up, and runs to the counter. The suspense is ended. The cigarettes have come in.—Red and Black.

Girl keeps sneezing in class. It must be a hangover from the Saturday night hayride.—Red and Black.

The following is the first paragraph of an editorial in the University of Maryland "Diamondback."

"Up at the University of Maryland there is an awful lot of trouble. Up at the University of Maryland there are over eight hundred coeds.

All are lovely; all are desirable; all are desiring. Up at the University of Maryland there are a few dozen able-bodied men. Up at the University of Maryland there is an awful lot of trouble."

All we can say is that we wish that was the only kind of trouble we had here at Tech. (Some guys get all the breaks.)

—Joe Sanders, The Technique.

Some people have the strangest opinion about Tech. The latest of these came to us via the Dartmouth Log which had this to say: "Georgia Tech is a college where rough and tough engineers are prepared for the trials and tribulations of the cruel world."

However, their opinion took quite a jolting recently when they read in the "Technique" the following lines, "While no one is looking, Dykes is kissing—the lip-prints of the letter from home." They haven't felt the same about Tech ever since.

—Joe Sanders, The Technique.

The Tulane HULLBALOO has initiated a new feature on contemporary clippings, but it contains notes on the more serious side of college life than that which we try to portray. Their first column contained a clipping on the new Rocket Society which was formed here at Tech. Well, at any rate, somebody reads the Technique.

—Joe Sanders, The Technique.

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried the epileptic out of his shop.—New Mexico Lobo.

It doesn't take much to satisfy self-satisfied people.—Indiana Daily Student.

## Cogs of the Wheel

By Allan Pannill

Through the mud of life, a conglomeration of the past, the inevitable, and the fumbings of man, the wheel rolls on.

To an innocent bystander it seems that:

The end of the war should not only bring the boys back to Carolina, but should also bring many oft talked of improvements and renovations to the campus, its buildings, and the University's methods. Mr. Administration knows what I mean.

The many damages incurred in Chapel Hill on THE night of the Japs' surrender cannot be blamed entirely on the Marine V-12 as some believe! Even coeds were responsible for some of it!

At least one Dukeman has found reason to stay away from the Hill, and NOT as a result of the usual feud. Around 11 p. m. last Saturday night he was attacked by a negro in the vicinity of the ATO house. The fight he didn't mind, but the quart of Scotch broken in the scuffle drove him to tears and anti-Chapel Hillism! Dukeman or no Dukeman, I still feel sorry for the guy!

The Sigma Chi house has had a face-lifting. Congrats, fellas, it looks fine!

That dull dome of South Building is still insulting the local pigeons. No wonder the sun seldom shines around here; why should it?

Pretty soon SOMEBODY should figure out what the campus servicemen are going to do now. The "Y" has been resounding with the anxious computation of points, and the woeful wails of those who can't find out the score!

The loudest applause in Legislature its last meeting, came from some contradictory people. The reason for the clapping was the announcement that there would be no more meetings this term. Those hearty approvers were the very ones who were so anxious that the Legislature continue its meetings through the summer, due to urgent business that was BOUND to come up!

Coffee and doughnuts bring on such odd chatter:

This week it was all the same, dear readers, "I just can't believe

that the war is over, but I'm still going to be first in line when they start releasing things!"

Midnight musings:

I'll bet the Buildings Department will wait until someone breaks his neck before they'll fix that fourth step behind their shops! A single rail doesn't seem to present sufficient hazard; now you have to watch out for a half of a step!!

In accordance with a promise made in this column last issue, this will constitute an issue's silence on "that guy."

It seems strange that there was such a handful of students at Memorial Hall after the surrender news was announced. Gala celebration, yes, but what a gift of God!

I wonder what the occupants of B.V.P. did after all their "ticker-tape" was strewn up and down Franklin street. Quite a loss, gentlemen!

That fellow Raugh, of the Pre-Flight School, is most obliging! After two requests from this column, both were quickly and fully granted. Many thanks, Commander, and the weekly orchids are yours!

The boys that run around half the night delivering Tar Heels to our doors don't get much credit for a tough job! Consider this the thanks of the campus, fellas.

Without a doubt:

The news that Fred Flagler had to leave school under a doctor's orders was hard to take. Hurry back, fella, and next time let Carolina work for you awhile!

I sure hope and pray that if anyone finds my Grail key, they will either turn it in to the Information desk at the Y, or notify me at the Phi Delta Theta house! (Whatta way to get in a free add!!)

It's tough luck that Dougald McMillan has to go into the Army NOW, but since he will be on campus until Sunday afternoon, maybe we can all get a chance to tell him "so-long."

This will be the last writing of the Wheel until next term, so good luck on the exams, and have a big FOUR DAYS!!

The wheel will roll, and its track will write a story in the volume called Time.

## Our Comic Campus

By J. S. O'Neal

The following is an article written by a member of the Carolina NROTC unit, and submitted for publication for the express purpose of airing a pet peeve of long standing. The following is not meant to start an argument with anyone, and it does not warrant an answer from anyone. It is merely a satire to be grinned at . . . and considered.

On this campus we are plagued with a little clique of "B.M.O.C.'s," which, as most every humble, COMMON Carolina student knows, stands for the designation "Big Man on the Campus" or some other equally distasteful combination of words. To see one or more members of this delightful little group cavort and perform for the public eye with their affectations and their ostentatious self-importance, one has only to use his eyes and his other senses of direction; the aforesaid self-ordained intellectuals with their carefully prepared airs of indomitable superiority are as distinctive as so many purple legs on a green goat. From every quarter, obviously mostly rural in nature, these strange characters have stormed the Carolina campus and, at the first opportunity, have littered the campus with their touched-up faces couched in a sea of boasts about their "honesty, integrity, and supreme devotion to duty" in one of the "terrifically important" campus elections with which we are plagued ever so often. Look what we are called upon to elect!

Now the tendency on the campus is to treat these loquacious, verbose, but oh so dainty characters, who give us solemn assurance that they have their hands firmly on the public's pulse, with an assumed air of seriousness, combined of course by all the level-headed victims, with a sizeable hunk of salt. (The neck quote appropriately seems to be the place from which the public's pulse is carefully measured—and regulated). Rather, it seems to me that the attitude of the public should be one of extreme, prolonged amusement; we might as well get a smile out of the antics of our fine, up-standing lowbrows since we are not

getting anything else of benefit. Added to their extra-curricular gyrations, we are even bothered with them in classes—occasionally; but for some reason or other their intellects seem to vary inversely with their loudly proclaimed "honesty, integrity, ability, etc.," particularly their ability.

To help our more docile and believing suckers to get a glimpse of the light behind many a pair of dark glasses and manicured eyebrows, we have only to conjure up (mind you, I said conjure!) a few apparitions and describe them. This gives the desired effect beautifully.

Into our little seance strolls a distinctive (looking) young man with heavy eyebrows and a big shock of brown hair which has not suffered the mortification of being cut for a few months. On his divine face we catch look, set off by the glint of his eyes, of a hapless young neurotic, trying to appear to be wrestling with all of the weighty problems of the world at once. His baggy, brown clothes have not suffered the humiliation of being pressed since his mother pressed them on his last vacation at Glennville. But the created effect is there to impress the lowly "commoner"—to be certain to reverse this cross between Wendell Willkie and B. O. Plenty. In reality he is quite harmless, so long as his power is confined to that allowed a second helper to a paper-hanger—but remember other famous paper-hangers before you become too lenient!

As night follows day, one vision is followed by another of even darker aspect. Out of the shades steps—no, it couldn't be! No, it isn't. I thought for a moment it was Neville Chamberlain, but this fellow is far too young. (Neville Chamberlain was young once!) With an angelic look (powdered too, I fear) and a sloppy gait, our hero bears down on us. His little bow tie bobbles on his Adam's apple, and his Chamberlain umbrella almost drags the ground in company with the tails of his swallow-tail coat, giving the desired "diplomatic" effect. He is much too busy to visit with us, and we shall not

See COMIC, page 4.