

## 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

### WOOLLEN GYM NEEDS MORE SOCKS

Students who patronize Woollen Gymnasium (this includes almost the entire student body) have a genuine complaint to offer because of the shortage of socks. From a hygienic point of view, soiled socks are a health menace. Athletes foot develops much faster (so physicians tell us) when soiled socks are worn too long.

Those who operate the physical organization of the gym should be the first to realize the necessity of cleanliness.

If the shortage of socks is due to a lack of funds on the part of the gym, we would suggest that the overall expense be lowered by cutting the number of required classes of physical education. If the shortage is due to pure negligence or inefficiency, we suggest that the person in charge be made to better understand his responsibility.

The Department of Physical Education is under fire now for its insistence upon five hours of compulsory physical education for all male students with an "A" medical rating. If the Department hopes to maintain these compulsory classes now that the emergency is over, we think the Department would be wise to guard itself against all possible criticism. Now that the war is over, the principal argument for the five days of compulsory physical education no longer exists. To maintain this program, which the Department undoubtedly favors, the details of plant organization should be carefully attended. Soiled socks are a small item, but such a detail gives the impression of poor organization.

### 'Y' SPONSORS FRESHMAN EVENT

Thanks to Bill McClammy and Sam Daniels of the YMCA Cabinet, the freshmen will have a field day at three o'clock this afternoon. Thanks to E. Carrington Smith and the merchants of Chapel Hill, numerous prizes will be awarded the winners.

Mr. McClammy and Mr. Daniels have invited the whole campus to attend the event; their extensive preparation certainly deserves a large attendance.

Mr. Smith, president of the Chapel Hill Merchants' Association, should be commended for using the highly organized association to support the program.

It is said we have some excellent freshmen athletes. The campus is expecting high scores.

### STATE SYMPHONY DESERVES SUPPORT

The Tar Heel invites the students on the campus to contribute to the North Carolina Symphony expansion program. Summer school students will have an opportunity to do their part now, and regular students may contribute either now or during September and October.

A number of students recently asked to contribute to the Symphony Fund and become members of the Society. It was suggested that they defer their membership contributions until this time. If you are interested in helping our State Symphony, bring your membership contribution to Bill Poteat of the Y.M.C.A. at Chapel Hill, or send it directly to the North Carolina Symphony Society, Box 1111, Chapel Hill.

It is hardly necessary to mention the significance and value of this unique orchestra under the leadership of Benjamin Swalin. Let us not forget that it represents a social movement, and it is, above all, a movement of the young people.

The state is doing its part and will be increasingly responsive when and as the people in the hundred counties become better acquainted with the potentialities of the orchestra.

### KIRKLAND DOUBLE-ENDORSED

It is a very pleasant sign of increased Carolina spirit that both the Student Party and the University Party have placed their support behind the same candidate for head cheerleader. Both these parties claim to present the best qualified candidates for each office. The fact that they have agreed on as important a position as this would indicate that they are sincere in this assertion.

It is also indicative of the high qualifications of the man selected, Jack Kirkland. His job will be most difficult in view of the very short time he has to whip the squad into shape. Let us hope, for the future good of the Carolina spirit, that his efforts will succeed.

## Veteran Calls For The Abolition Of Ivory Tower

By Jack Shelton

During the past months the American public has been the victim of more downright hog-wash on the question of veterans' readjustment than on any other vital issue of the post-war world. A thousand and one of the currently popular "quasi-intellectual digests" alternately portray the returning serviceman as some sort of warped ogre with both guns blazing, or the same sweet boy you saw leave, completely unaffected by the rigors of war. The truth lies somewhere between these two sensational extremes.

So-called "experts on human relations," not being content with muddling the picture as a whole have flooded us with articles on particular phases of readjustment. The recipient of the most attention and the question which is of prime importance to us here, is the attitude of veterans to the American college. The colleges they are now flooding (though hardly as quickly or greatly as had been hoped) under the GI Bill of Rights and Public Law 16. The great bulk of these articles picture the veteran as completely impatient with such "fol-de-rol as campus life." He knows exactly what he wants; he is coldly scientific and calculating in his choice of subjects (which of course will always border on the pure sciences); and he can't be bothered with such encumbrances

### Playing It To The Chapel Hill

By Morty Sief

*The bugle blows, he moves his toes,  
He starts to shout (Is Censored Out)  
The sky is dark, with not a mark  
Of breaking day, so hit the hay  
He does again, while Navy men  
File out of doors, and emit roars  
Which fail to soothe the dire truth  
Our hero knows, that he must close  
The book of sleep, and gently creep  
From slumberland to make his stand  
Against the sun, his only fun,  
To lazily fall against a wall,  
To bang his head and fall down dead.*

Having proceeded to divest ourselves of the foregoing choice piece of doggerel (verse gone to the dogs), we may now breathe easier and look ourselves in the one eye of which the lack of sleep has not deprived us.

For the past week, we have meant to make that one last roll and ascertain whether that bugle blows a minute before or a minute after midnight, but we have not quite succeeded. So far, we have blamed it on the poor quality of caffeine employed in Chapel Hill coffee.

We, super-patriot that we are, honored with every decoration from a pair of eyes to a single nose, lament the loss of our sense of values. All our notable contributions to the war effort pale before this noble, heroic, valiant, courageous (wait, this is just the build-up!), altruistic (there, we finally got it out) sacrifice of not the last measure of devotion, but of the best hours of d' morning.

In the words of some octogenarian (we claim the exclusive use of the word, and copywriters for the Octagon Soap Co. who utilize it will be prosecuted to the fullest—well anyhow, by the best shyster lawyer that we can find), or another, we, who have done so little for so much during the course of this war, such as licking the backs of war stamps for old ladies are being sadly compensated in the post-war world. And to think, throughout the conflict, we preserved our high ethical standards of morality; not like another tainted character (who will undoubtedly be known in Heaven, if he ever arrives there, as Taint Peter) who stooped to the indignity of licking the backs of old ladies for war stamps in the warm weather.

One morning, purely in the spirit of scientific inquiry and for the elucidation of our readers, we are going to embark on a pet project of ours—the murder of the man (or is it a man?) who awakens the bugler. Any frustrated neurotics who harbor the soul of Flat-top within them may join the merry band of Argonuts....

*"You be Jason and we'll go racin'  
To get our piece of the Folders  
Fleece!"*

At the current moment, we are engaged in running the tips of our fingers over our lips in a slightly downward motion.

*"Happy little moron, happy little moron..."* we lyricize as we pull the covers over our head and plug our ears with toothpaste in preparation for the morrow.

as football games, dances and other activities within the realm of trivia. Is this true? Did the serviceman overseas object to students carrying on with a social program (provided it did not interfere with the war effort)? Did they object to students dancing, dating, laughing; in short, did they object to students being students? The answer can clearly be found in the type of letters our servicemen demanded; letters with news of the home town, of the local gang, of any festivities; in short, letters about the things he hoped someday to enjoy. Nothing made a soldier madder than a letter full of the trials and tribulations of rationing or waiting in line at restaurants; for these were temporary things and he just wasn't interested. Our serviceman (and more specifically, our student-serviceman overseas) never begrudged the students he left behind in college a normal amount of fun, always remembering that it was, of necessity, to be a sharply curtailed program of gaiety.

Let us not forget for a moment, however, that the serviceman overseas still felt the American college student strongly obligated, obligated not only to him but to the country as a whole. Our soldiers and sailors overseas felt they had left behind, in the American university, a strong nucleus of enlightened, politically conscious students. A nucleus which would act in his behalf; a nucleus which would watch with hawk-like eyes every new political move, every trend threatening to endanger the establishment of world security, ever-ready to pounce at the slightest sign of an undermining of our war aims. What proof do we have that this is so? We need only to look at any one of a thousand typical army installations. A busy communications center takes time out each day to post world news, intercepted on tactical sets, for a large news-hungry audience. The official Army News Service each day sends to almost every military installation in the world a complete roundup of world events; large attendances at voluntary information and education lectures on the war situation; situation maps kept up daily by intelligence personnel; bull sessions in barracks, not only on the military strategy of the war, but its political implications and social effects. Never before in the history of our country has a greater interest in world events been shown on the part of a group of men com-

pletely wrapped up in the tactical end of a war. Is it then unfair for veterans to expect to return to a politically alert student body?

It was downright shocking, shocking and heart-sickening to witness a segment of a political science class on this campus object because the instructor expressed a desire to have the students familiarize themselves generally with the identity of important cabinet members, congressional committee chairmen, and other governmental leaders. Whether or not it is within the scope of a political science instructor's authority to require students in his course to be familiar with these men is not the point (though a strong case can certainly be set forth for this being a perfectly relevant requirement to the subject at hand). What is important is the results of an attempt on the part of the instructor to show that the students were not sufficiently well versed on this important aspect of our government, an attempt which clearly succeeded in demonstrating that an alarmingly large proportion of the students have not the slightest idea as to who the "men of destiny" of today are and what they stand for. Is it actually conceivable that a coed in this university cannot recall any Secretary of Agriculture beyond Henry A. Wallace? Is it within our comprehension that there is a man on this campus who cannot identify Molotov? Is it understandable that there is one individual in this institution of higher learning who has never heard of Senator McKellar and his present position of importance? These things are not only conceivable; they are true. For these were the results of the instructor's inquiry, results which probably even shocked him, in their uncontestable proof of his theory of the lack of political alertness on the part of the class. Let us further point out that this class is made up primarily of upperclassmen.

The veteran cannot hide his disgust at so disappointing a picture. He feels he is demanding very little. He does not want the student to be a Republican or a Democrat, a Communist or a Fascist, a liberal or a reactionary. He merely wants the student to be alive, to be aware of the tremendous and important political changes swirling about our heads. He doesn't consider a college stocked with row on row of "intellectual cabbages" something that was worth fighting for. Are his demands too great?

## Cogs of the Wheel

By Allan Pannill

Unmindful of the barriers it must cross and the load it must carry, the wheel grinds on.

To an innocent bystander it seems that:

Now that the Pre-Flight School is leaving, maybe we won't have to climb over the officers between every class.

The laundry office goes out of its way to make work for itself. With every registration they take time out to make up new laundry registration numbers for every student. Why??

Everybody is doin' it. The SAE house has just donned a new paint garb. At that rate, fellas, you'll never be outdone.

The local Whodunit Emporium persists in missing a good bet by not reviving the Saturday midnight shows. What seems to be the trouble, Mr. Smith?

Our marching band, under the direction of Mr. Slocum, is getting underway in a hurry. There is still room for a few more musicians, though.

The first few practice games of Snavely's Ramblers haven't looked too good, but what better way is there to find out the weak points and iron them out?

Thanks to the efforts of the Monogram Club, the campus may soon again be adorned with the monogram sweaters that a few years ago were so prominent. Nice goin', fellas.

Things I never knew until now:

The Carolina Inn is owned and operated solely by the University. Our campus Confederate statute hasn't fired that rifle of his yet!

Midnight musings:  
What a big jump toward normalcy it will be if the campus returns to the quarter system in March, as proposed.  
So far it looks like we might

have another quiet and clean election next Thursday.

I wonder if there isn't something that can be done about those bugs that swarm around the table lights in the library?

It is truly going to be a great Fall if all the proposed dances come off as scheduled!

Fred Flagler has proved his worth again. To make sure the Yack got off to a good start while he was convalescing, the guy came up here and saw to it himself! Thanks, Freddie.

Won't it be nice to be able to get a drink from the long dilapidated fountain in the Y? The thing was fixed Thursday.

Like to broke my neck on that third step the other night!

I wonder how many know that Bill Pritchard has received an appointment to Annapolis? Next year this time you can call him Plebe.

Too blasted bad that James Wallace's vacation is only for three short weeks! Three years would be a delight!

Poor Mr. King! Now it's an unmuffled lawnmower that's driving him crazy!

Alas! the ten-day vacation report was false! Only seven unless someone can persuade the administration to let us register before we leave at the end of October.

Without a doubt:

We are all sorry to see Cal Warren have to return home with pneumonia after just getting back on campus. Good luck, fella.

All that is asked of any of us, is that we all get out and VOTE next Thursday. It's a comparatively small election, but we still should exercise our student rights, and show our interest in the choice of our student officers.

And still it rolls on, creaking and groaning under the weight of its passenger, mankind.

Too unfair?

The pure science majors may contend that theirs is to be a path of pure scientific impartiality, unclouded by the smut of political pressures (hardly a new concept on the American campus). Can these "scientific ostriches" still hold this stand in view of the recent developments with the atomic bomb? No sooner had the last vial been put down than a group of clergymen approached the President asking that the bomb not be used; portions of the widely heralded United Nations Charter became obsolete; and scientists were caught up in a swirl they will never forget of mixed social, political, and scientific aspects of what was once held to be the "impartial sciences."

We need not labor the obvious with demonstrations of how the

See VETERANS, page 4.

## Letters To The Editor

3 Old West

The Editor

Dear Sir:

With reference to my letter in the Tar Heel of last Saturday, I wish to retract the word "communist" from the text. The word is unjustified by its full meaning and I wish to remove any implication involving the term from the gentlemen mentioned.

Moreover, the letter was not intended as an unjustified or indiscrete attack on any individual but was a letter meant to curb one-sided editorials by the Tar Heel.

R. H. Thompson.

Editor's Note: We are glad, along with many of our readers, to see Mr. Thompson has now reconsidered his hasty remarks. However, may we point out to him a fact which has long been accepted by the people who write editorials and the people who read them, whether they be editorials on the New York Times or The Tar Heel. Editorials, BY DEFINITION, are one-sided. When an editorial ceases to be one-sided, it ceases to be an editorial and is printed as a straight news story. Of course our editorials are one-sided. Perhaps Mr. Thompson should have said: "My letter was meant to curb all opinions expressed which do not coincide with my own."

We wish to go on record now for Mr. Thompson's benefit and anyone else, that the Editor heartily admires men like the late Franklin D. Roosevelt and Frank Porter Graham and we are quite willing to be called communistic if that is what the latest definition of communism encompasses. We believe Dr. Woodhouse, Dean Carroll, Mr. Russell, and Dr. Odum have all contributed greatly to making this the great university it is. We are glad, Mr. Thompson, to accept your retraction calling these men communists.

Mr. Robert Morrison, Editor  
The Tar Heel

Dear Bob:

In the Saturday, September 8 issue of the Tar Heel there appeared a letter (not very intelligently written) by R. H. Thompson. Of course Thompson is entitled to his own ignorant views; however, I should like to enlighten him concerning a few liberal professors about whom he apparently knows nothing.

If he would take some course under Odum or Woodhouse, he would not only learn to recognize his provincial prejudices as ignorance, but he might even find that these men are no more liberal than were our founders of the present Democratic party.

The only objection to Frank Graham is that he is too conservative. If he were five times as radical as he is, he might be able to strike a happy compromise with some of the die-hard conservatives (usually from them tar hills) who condemn him.

In writing this letter, I am going to be more discreet than Thompson was in writing his. The professors about whom I know absolutely nothing, I shall say nothing. And I do know nothing about Carroll or Phil Russell. However, I can say that it is my belief that these men have been branded by Thompson as communists because they are entirely too liberal and progressive to be appreciated by a shallow thinking student of today, who purposely avoids men undoubtedly his mentally superiors.

And to you Thompson, get on the band wagon, the world is going left.  
Sincerely,  
Pete Long.