

The Tar Heel

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Editorially Speaking

TAR HEELS ON HAND

"At Carolina many of the students seem very stupid," said Nina Guard, chairman of the Debate Council, "but when they are away from Chapel Hill and matched against students from other schools, I am certainly proud of them." This veteran debater was even more sure of this when she had the opportunity of seeing the Carolina delegation in action on the floor of the capitol in Raleigh last week.

Jimmy Wallace and Douglass Hunt, mothered by Carolina, fathered by liberalism, and fed upon the milk of belligerency, arrived upon the scene to defend what Jerry Davidoff termed "the dignity of the individual." In contrast to the general unity which permeated the Carolina delegation, Bill Hight declared, "Discretion is the better part of the valor that Doug Hunt called courage."

"As Governor of North Carolina," said Gregg Cherry in addressing the convened houses, "I am heartened and happy to know that so many college students are interested in the practical operations of a legislative assembly." The governor spoke a half truth, for at least as regards the Carolina delegation, more spirit and interest was shown than in the elation which precedes a Duke-Carolina game.

Less floral was a description by Lynn Nisbet, the Durham paper's representative in Raleigh, who wrote,

"Some of the veteran members of the regular North Carolina Legislature might have profited if they had been around the Capitol Friday and Saturday to watch the students general assembly in action. The boys and girls went about the business of selecting a speaker and other officials with more vigor and as much skill as any old-timers in the game. Then when the assembly progressed to the point of voting on proposed constitutional amendments and a number of bills the way the youngsters went about soliciting support for their ideas would make any veteran jealous. Several State officials watching proceedings observed that politics in North Carolina ought to be lively 10 to 15 years from now when these same college students are really running the State."

Whether the action taken by the Assembly, spurred by the Carolina delegation, was progression or retrogression, great men will disagree, but that it was motion, no one will contest.

CLARIFICATION

Dean Mackie has reminded us that our troublesome trustee, Dave Clark, might follow his customary policy and read into our editorial of last issue a condemnation which was not intended. When we referred to Clark as "the degenerate offspring of a great liberal family of the state," we meant exactly that and no more. Clark is degenerate as a liberal, that we firmly believe. That he is degenerate morally, spiritually, or mentally, we do not in any way intimate.

Some persons who did not read the editorial carefully thought that we printed a list of persons who voted for the Di's bill. We printed a roll of recent members of the Dialectic Senate; the Di passed several bills pertaining to the race issue, but only one of these bills was passed unanimously. The bill which was passed unanimously asked for equal proportional educational opportunities for members of the colored race.

SUPPORT OUR GLEE CLUBS

Tickets to the Men's and Women's Glee Club's Concert went on sale this week. The officers and members of these two progressive organizations are doing some long range planning and thinking in hopes that some day Carolina will possess the best choral organization in the nation, not only bringing prestige to the clubs themselves, but to the University as well.

This year the group presented an excerpt from the Brahms "Requiem" for the Founder's Day program during the Sesquicentennial Celebration in October, and last Friday the men presented an outstanding program for the school superintendent meeting held here on campus.

Right now, however, they are on the ground floor working up. Their music library is seriously inadequate. Since August the two clubs have spent about a thousand dollars for music and more will have to be ordered in the spring. Expensive tours will be necessary in order to acquaint the various colleges and schools with the fine work the clubs are doing. These tours will have to obtain financial backing from the concerts presented by the organizations. The members are enthusiastic to carry out these plans, but they need to have the full support of the entire student body. They need to have a "sold out" house next Tuesday! Let's give them some serious support and see that they get to Town Hall within the next few years.

Life Can Be Beautiful

We May Have To Work

By Dick and Wyc

We left you readers a few issues ago, a pair of disillusioned philosophers. Since that time we have travelled far, seen much, and accomplished little, but we have been searching steadily and faithfully for some clue which would reveal to us the way to a happy life once again. Needless to say, we haven't found it; in fact, we are almost convinced that we have no choice but to write about those things which prevent us from finding happiness.

Perhaps the foremost of these unpleasant necessities of life is contained in that four-letter word "work." Gad! What connotations! Just say it to yourself—no matter how you pronounce it, it still has a harsh, grating, unhealthy sound about it.

The first obstacle to be overcome in learning to enjoy work is accomplished by steeling oneself to saying the word. This must be done without wincing or finching, or the rules committee will find it necessary to disqualify you from whatever it is you have decided to enter.

We realize that this is not an easy task, but nevertheless, with constant practice, success may be attained to some degree. Now, then, let's all say the word together. Ready? W-O-R-K! Didn't help a bit, did it? Want to try again? Well, neither do we, so let's drop it right here. Didn't hurt yourself when you dropped it, did you? Ha! That was a lulu, wasn't it? Just keep reading, folks, we've got more—a whole book full, to be exact.

If, by any chance you're wondering why we've been so concerned with this problem, we must admit that our reasons have been personal to some extent, although, of course,

as in all we do, we have tried to take an objective instead of a subjective viewpoint. Nevertheless, we are faced with the unpleasant possibility of having to go to work in the very near future. As you all have heard, the Navy program here will soon be discontinued under its wartime set-up, thus leaving us faced with the dangers of this cruel, cruel world.

Hearing that there was the possibility that we, the humble authors of this humble column (no comments from the ten-cent seats, please) might soon be available for civilian consumption, many, many rather tempting offers for worthwhile positions have been received.

For instance, we had one very fine offer from the Florida Tasty Coconut Concern to husk coconuts for two cents a piece. Also, several lucrative invitations to join the executive staff of the Mid-Atlantic Refreshment Co., Inc., Ltd., who plan to set up a series of post-war hot-dog stands in mid-ocean to sell refreshments to all fishermen who might wander out from the Newfoundland fishing banks. Perhaps our most generous offer has come from Greasy Jim's Cafe of Kunkle, Penna., which has offered us the dual position of advertising managers in Kunkle's version of the Stork Club. The only problem remaining before us is, which of us will carry which of Greasy Jim's two wings?

We could go on for pages and pages, but there's no need to make you any more jealous of us. Yes, indeed, as the sage once said, "Fame brings all things!" and I guess we're no exception to the rule. You know, come to think of it, things are looking up these days; who knows, maybe in time life once again will be beautiful!

World Government Necessary; Destruction Is Alternative . . .

(Editor's Note: The following is the text of a speech delivered by Jerry Davidoff on the floor of the House at the Student Legislature Assembly in Raleigh moving adoption of a bill for world government.)

The author, a Junior, is President of the Amphoterethon, secretary of CPU, and a former member of the Tar Heel editorial staff.)

Mr. Speaker: War, at best, is stupid! Not only is it stupid, but it is unnecessary. Unless, of course, you consider war as innate in the nature of man.

Many of us here are veterans. All of us have been close to this war in one way or another.

I don't like war, and I presume that none of you find it an enjoyable experience either. Out of the conflagration so recently ended has come a sadness rather than a joy.

Victory ALWAYS brings more responsibility than happiness, and because on August sixth of this year a new era was exploded into our consciousness we are faced with a crisis of decision such as NO victors, no people anywhere before, have ever experienced.

Technology, always ahead of the sciences of society, has outdistanced society by a thousand years.

Atomic energy SHOULD mean the emancipation of man in our own time.

It SHOULD mean enough power to provide for sufficiency throughout the limits of the earth.

It SHOULD mean the end of all such phrases as "have nots" and "one-third of a nation."

It SHOULD mean all that these words imply—and yet we fear it. Fear it? I wonder if that word is strong enough?

I wonder how long it would take to split the earth atom from atom. How much atomic bombardment can this one planet bear?

It is readily conceivable that the earth's axis might be dislocated, or that the earth might revert to the inferno of incandescence which was at once itself and its womb.

We have reason to fear. Good reasons!

Without control the development of atomic energy WILL mean destruction.

Retaliation is the counter-weapon of war. But with the beginning of an atomic attack the end is always present.

Thus there can be no counter-weapon!

When you realize that the amount of atomic energy that you can carry in your vest pocket is greater than that of ten thousand pounds of TNT, you MUST realize that control is not a preference, but the most dire kind of necessity.

It goes without saying that if there is another major, or even a minor engagement, it will be the end of civilization.

Peace MUST stay!

Not only peace in the sense of no war, but peace with the development of atomic energy to work FOR man rather than to destroy him.

There can really be no guarantee against destruction—and I mean destruction of the human species.

But there are two alternatives which MAY assure security.

One is the uniting of all sovereignty of the world: a world government which MUST have the power to control and utilize atomic research and to prevent conflagrations—and in the atomic era this becomes literal instead of figurative.

Peace under world government should mean vital peace; a development of a faith to face the future gloriously.

Real peace means progress.

The other alternative is simple. It requires merely that man eliminate the source of the trouble.

Let him disassociate himself completely and definitely from all that is civilization. Let him burn the books, all the books, destroy all technology, remove all that is thought, punish literacy by death . . . and simply return to the Neanderthal.

The time for decision is now! There will be no other chance!

This is THE question! Aside from it there stands no other problem.

It is the question of the future fact of being of man on the earth. This is THE challenge.

Aside from its ready acceptance no man is more than a coward.

It is the challenge that war is inherent in the nature of man.

This is the answer!

Aside from it man no longer exists as we would like to know him.

We must NOW stop being world warriors and manifest ourselves as world citizens.

We have a job to do. The hardest that ever faced any generation. Harder still because it was sprung suddenly upon us.

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Cogs in the Wheel

By Allan Pannill

The road winds and is lost to sight, but still it goes on. To an innocent bystander it seems that:

In the last publication of this column it became necessary to cut it due to lack of space. The paragraph cut out was one that I believe necessary to rewrite: "All kinds of congratulations to the Coed Eating Privileges restriction of Chancellor House, whose obvious answer to Patrick Henry's famous 'Give me liberty or give me death' speech would have been—BANG!!!" Thank you, kiddies, I just had to get it off my chest.

Also in the last column I referred to campus photography service as a "possible monopoly." To those who misconstrued my meaning, I offer apologies, and add that there has never been any attempt to gain a monopoly on campus picture work on the part of the photos now working, as they did last year, on and for the Yack. You're doing a nice job, fellas, I hope I haven't done anything to interrupt or slam your work.

The past week-end was quite well filled with festivities. Topping the list for Friday night was the ADPI pledge dance, and sharp it was, and the party thrown for the campus veterans by McIver Dorm. Thanks to both for darn good affairs.

It becomes increasingly necessary to plead for student unity! Soon there is to be quite a fight for our own student government, and if we believe in the right to manage our own affairs, we must all be prepared to stand up together for such a belief! Find out what's going on, students, and you'll realize the necessity for your voice, loud and strong!!

A final farewell is due Bob Shaw, old Carolina standby and campus figure, who goes to Washington in January to help run the Dept. of Interior. Good luck, Robert, and knowing how you feel about The Hill, I won't have to urge you to come back soon and often.

These Pi Phis have done it again. Their unique yard display for homecoming won top honors, and rightly so! Congrats, gals.

Charlie Spivak, to be brought here by the German Club, should add to the growing rumor on campus that the war is truly over!!

Now Hear This:

Disagree With Action Of State Student Assembly

By Jack Lackey and Howard Merry

Last Friday and Saturday the representatives of most of the colleges and universities of North Carolina met at the state student legislature in the capitol building at Raleigh. The supposed purpose of this group was to pass on bills of state and national interest, the bills to be considered later by the state legislature. Carolina sent a delegation of approximately 45 delegates, the largest at the meeting. These students represented the Debate Council, CPU, IRC, Di Senate and Philanthropic Assembly.

Shortly after the meeting started, Buddy Glenn, of Carolina, proposed that at the next meeting of the student-legislature representatives be invited from the Negro institutions of the state. John Lineweaver, also of Carolina, seconded the proposal. Throughout the entire discussion of this topic the supporters were mainly from the Carolina delegation. Only one Carolina delegate spoke against the proposal and only three voted the negative.

As would only be natural, word circulated in Raleigh that this was strictly a Carolina movement and was supported by the sentiments of Chapel Hill students. It is our contention that the majority of students here were not in favor of such action. Since a natural inclination would be to look to the Carolina delegation as representative of Carolina sentiment, we believe a great injustice has been handed the student body.

This "liberal" group of Carolina students are extremely sincere. That we do not doubt. But we do doubt that these persons realize the ill-feeling that they stimulate. We

Quite a band, so it should be quite a week-end!

Midnight musings:

Sure was good to see those health inspectors get on the ball and clean up a few downtown kitchens last Thursday night! A number of proprietors were very much embarrassed, and to my way of thinking, it was about time!!

Sure wish I could catch up with Mr. Gooch! That's one man that stays busy and very hard to find!!

I wonder why more credit hasn't been given those sharp cheerleaders of ours! Throughout all the games of this past season they've been right on the job, rain or shine, trying to get us silent monkeys to yell for a good team. You've done a swell job, kids, and although few will say it, we appreciate every bit of it!!

Couldn't help but get a little mad the other day in the Y when a coed, in order to get money enough for her lunch, sold two used books back to Ritchie's Inc. The maddening part came when she turned away from the counter with hardly enough for a sandwich, much less a decent lunch!! Quite a deal, I should say!!

It was great to see the Carolina cindermen join hands and break the tape together during the Va. game Saturday. Those boys are plenty good!

Without a doubt:

Final recognition is due the football squad. It was a tough season, but somehow they seemed to do all right. Well done, men, and we'll all be standing behind you again next year when you put Carolina back on the gridiron map to stay!!

Silent prayers will be offered for the Med students as they go into another of their torturous exam weeks. Good luck, docs, and show that fellow they call Berryhill that you have the stuff!

It would be a dirty deal if the rumor that the girls living in Smith Dorm are to be moved out proves to be true. After making it livable, and finally calling it home, it seems logical that any new men could be put somewhere else, and the Smith coeds could stay put for awhile!

And though we can look back o'er the road we've traveled, we know not what lies ahead as the wheel rolls on.

Quips And Kernels From Other Points

"Stand back of your lover, false woman," shouted the Scotchman as he discovered his wife in the arms of another man. "I'm going to shoot both of you."

—The Virginia Tech.

Little Willie, dressed in sashes, fell in the fire and was burned to ashes.

By and by the room grew chilly But no one wanted to poke poor Willie.
 —The Technique.