

We Like Music

Appreciative note is hereby taken of the bands resumption of its annual spring Sunday afternoon concerts.

Hubert Henderson, assistant director of the University band, did an able job of directing the musicians usually led by Director Earl Slocum.

Back to Normal

Finally and at last the University's serfs dwelling in trailers, basements, attics and anywhere else that they can find a vacant cubbyhole, may have a chance to get decent living quarters at a decent price.

Came the tidings last week that the first of the three new dormitories is completed, accepted and ready for occupancy in the summer sessions, and that the other two will be ready by fall.

The University at last is "getting back to normal"—although a much enlarged normal, at that.

And Buzzers, Yet

With an aim toward aiding residents of male dormitories in their battle with the terrors of telephone traffic, the University is having a buzzer installed in each room of the new dormitories.

Of course this may be a mere swapping of old troubles for new, because most likely the dorm men will have to work out a system of using a different number of buzzers for each occupant of a room, and then they'll probably need a two-way buzzer so men on the third floor can signal back to the first floor phone whether or not the wanted person is in and will be down to answer.

But it will cut out a lot of running up and down stairs and shouting.

The Home Stretch

It's done it again. The first it refers to examination time and the second one means 'slipped up on us.' Most of us have been coasting happily along, falsely secure in the thought that there is still plenty of time left in the quarter.

Now begins the run on the library as the mad rush starts to get all that outside reading done. Now come the nights with late lights burning in the dormitories as the grind goes on to make up for time spent in bridge games, in dating, dancing, dawdling. Now is the time when benzidine sales go up and beer sales go down.

From here on in it's the home stretch. Put the whip to your horses, and the devil take the hindmost!

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Editor ED JOYNER, JR. Business Manager T. E. HOLDEN

Managing Editor Chuck Hauser Sports Editors Billy Carmichael, III Bob Goldwater Bill Buchanan Associate Editors Sandy Grady Raney Stanford News Editor Herb Nachman Society Editor Weddy Thorp Photographer Wilson Yarborough

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Carolina Carousel De-feet And Bloody Stumps

By R. Foo' Giduz So it is yesterday morning early when we are Monday sitting in on the open meeting of the Greater Tar Heel Monday Morning Beer Drinking and Hangover Recovery Society (8-10, Max's).

—But all seems not lost yet for this spring. It is Friday when Editor Eddie eddy for a lady calls for a genuine peoples' roots and muddy toes movement. CC heartily backs up his proposal & calls for immediate and Dedmond-proclaimed barefeet days NOW.

Friday was another one of those nights out to the Printshop. Presses ready to roll and there's still a hole in the edit page. Thus come to the rescue no less than ever-ready late-carousing Ed Lainer, our central Records Office Director who is never at loss for words, with his impromptu inspirational second column diatribe "Time Marches On."

It does not seem right that no student views were expressed at yesterday's session of the Executive Committee of the Trustees in Raleigh. The group was to take up the matter of current Negro applications. . . . But their decisions (if any) on this question will mean infinitely more than just three admissions or refusals.

You Know It . . . Or Do You?

The answers to Sunday's quiz on campus buildings and objects of interest was omitted from page four by accident. The DTH regrets this error and reprints the questions, with answers below:

(See ANSWERS, page 4)

The Campus Forum

The Question Of Education

By Pets Gerns

"Are you getting an education which you believe to be adequate for your future plans?" Some do and some don't. Theoretical aspects are dealt with to the satisfaction of most, but many pointed out that the practical side of an education is being neglected.



"The tools which a man will use in his future work are here; a great deal lies with the student in recognizing the value of these tools; to me the instructors here emphasize what a man will need. Let him be the judge of his needs." Henry I. Gifford.

"I feel that the college education which we receive is inadequate in that there is need of practical experience along with our preparation." Jo Fishel. "My studies here do seem to me to be adequate to enable me to follow the line of work I intend to enter when I leave here." Ben L. Rouse.

"I agree with Mr. Britt except that instead of farming I plan

to work for the Haynes Cotton Mills." Charles Neeves.

"My future needs are all taken care of." Mrs. J. D. Wise.

"There is too much emphasis put on the theoretical side of our education." D. Smith.

"There can be no adequacy of education for future needs in such a short time. The vital material is too vast for such a short time. However, I believe that in such a time of internationalism 'time' can be spent in no better way than studying languages and cultures of other countries." Tom Cunningham.

"Our educational system has its faults, true, but I believe the question should be: 'Am I doing my very best with the opportunities afforded me?' The marbles are on the table, it's a matter of picking them up." Jack Taylor.

"In one course only." Jerry Darden.

"To get an education adequate for one's future plans he would have to know just exactly what his plans would be. Actually education is something that should be broadened everyday, throughout one's life. I do believe, however, that the education I am getting today will be very helpful to me in the future. Otherwise I wouldn't be here." George Daughtry.

"My education will undoubtedly get me a job teaching, but I believe graduate work at a school like this is largely dead-wood—footnotes and empty defining, worshipping absolutism,

and damming change—entirely out of touch with life in 1946." Ken Macrorie.

"To be successful, a man must be able to fit not only into the business but also the closely allied cultural and social worlds. The broad education now offered by this university is the first step to such successful living." Basil Alexander Wood, Jr.

"We waste entirely too much time on theoretical and unpractical courses, especially languages. More speech classes, general economics courses for everyone. I repeat: abolish language courses as required subjects." Hurschell Keener.

"My undergraduate course is only fundamental to what I'll have in med school, but everything I take, especially sciences, helps. I'm really loaded with science courses. Also, now I can take at least one elective every quarter which will help me in medicine, or others which will give me more of a general education. My present education not only prepares me for a doctor but also for a businessman." Donald Horton.

"I believe that there is too much emphasis on a broad education which leaves too little time for specialization under the present four-year system. I have no quarrel with a liberal education for those who can afford it, but for a great many students it is merely an anachronism dating from the days when the college student was not expected to work for a living." Allen Williamson.

The Gripe Corner

Bearable And Otherwise

By Alice Denham

Everybody on campus, from the famed DTH editorialists to the Archaeology and Arboretum majors, thinks! Oh, yes, they do. When they have nothing else to do, aren't sleepy, can find no one to party with, their mental (more or less) process start clicking. With the rumblings of these mighty minds, lefty opinions are formed on varied and weighty subjects, three-fourths of these pondered thoughts being concerned with gripes, beefs, and what-I-don't-like-about-this-lousy-school. The remaining fourth (fifth would be preferable) of opinions deals with things about the school that aren't too bad or at least are bearable. I shall, with realization of the lasting intellectual importance of the overwhelming task, endeavor to enumerate a few of these serious and mighty opinions for your consideration and judgment.

GRIPES AND BEEFS: 1. Lines at Lenoir Dining Hall, which force me to drag out of bed at 5:45 a. m. to make that eight o'clock class. 2. Watery scrambled eggs,

same place, which I eat only because my mother told me when I was a child that eggs keep you healthy. I'm still trying, Mom!

3. Chapel Hill rain, which is so inconsiderate it soaks our tradition-strewn paths.

4. Lack of dogs at the movie theatres. I really miss them when I go to a show. If dogs were allowed in the theatres, they would undoubtedly understand most of the movies nowadays which are designed for those with a mental age of a four-year-old! And the audience could institute dog races up and down the aisles during the showing of the March of Time.

5. Lack of a nearby ocean to leap into. I suggest circulation of a petition to install one in the vicinity of the Buccaneer.

6. Telephone booths, because they don't have crossword puzzles or slot machines in them to occupy you while you jestingly play with the dial, knowing all the while in your secret heart that your chances of getting a call through are 100,000 to 1.

7. Athletic endeavor required

to reach dorms by good closing hours, whether at eleven or one o'clock. Only the Physical Education majors are assured of getting there on time.

8. Coffee spilled in the saucer at Lenoir, which makes you wish you had a soup bowl under your coffee cup instead of a poor, shallow saucer.

9. Crowds at formal dances. I suggest the A-F's attend the first hour, the G-L's the second hour, the M-R's the third, and the S-Z's the last hour.

10. Food prices (just to be different).

11. "Game rooms" around the campus, where the boys gamble away their G. I. checks regularly the first of each month. It would be all right if every one could win!

12. Mysterious rooms in fraternity houses, through which only imports may pass.

13. Cliques of all kinds, because they shut out the people in them from necessary and educational contacts with the opinions of outsiders and deny outsiders access to the thoughts and feelings of the groups.

Pit And The Pendulum

On The Side Of The Angels

By Raney Stanford

Newspaper offices are notorious for being on the receiving end of all and sundry who who have crusades to win and worlds to save, and even our collegiate rumpus room is continually struggling under the load of tracts, poop sheets, and pleas to get on the side of the side of the angels.

Among the more intriguing of such items coming in on the postman's back last week was a clever little publication that on first glance would seem to be a comic magazine of the inexhaustible "Superman" category. But on perusal you find that Superman hasn't been between these covers for some time. The thing is entitled "Is This Tomorrow?" and says it depicts "America Under Communism," and off they go to the races. The kiddies will probably lap it up; it stays right in the same style as other mags with the same format, only this time it is the Reds who shoot the preachers, whip the school teachers, burn the books, machine-gun the good and terrormentally deficient; but just the same, all sorts of thought trains start chugging off when you

pick up the mail and have "Why Fear Sterilization?" leap out at the poor. It is printed by a "Catechetical Guild," an apocryphal outfit that exposes its purposes almost as much when its name is spelled backwards as it does when it is read as written.

All this is based on methods Communists, and for that matter Fascists and Nazis, have used to control peoples. But this manner of presentation is luridly flamboyant and aimed pretty low. "Be American" screams this Guild; don't reason, just get angry, Mac. Hey fellows, how about giving us Superman back, if I remember correctly he used to be a pretty clear-thinking guy. . . .

Another set of pamphlets that create an ominous note of a different nature are the ones continually coming in labelled "Why Fear Sterilization?" across the front. Now we know this is the work of meritorious North Carolina group called the Human Betterment League, which is trying to get a more thorough and scientific application of the state's sterilization laws as regards to the you. I know there's nothing to be afraid of, why fear it, it says; but just the same. . . .

Since our eminent editorialist Sandy Grady has shoved off into the cruel world in search of greener pastures (there was another cliché to go in there but it seems to be misplaced) there is nobody around here to talk with about the merits of Dave Garroway. So I decided to have a go at interesting you in the deal. Mr. Garroway is the clever young man who MC's a musical show over NBC at 11:30 on Sunday evenings, but he first became known for the record show he "jockeys discs" on, as the initiate say, out of Chicago in the middle of the night. This is about the most remarkable record show heard around here, both for the quality of music and for the amazing line of chatter Jockey Garroway gives out with. Any one interested in catching the hassle can tune in just a shade to the left of WPTF's frequency, 670, Mondays through Saturdays, from 12 until 1:30 in the morning. Garroway is the only man on the air that I know who will play a record of Debussy's La Mer, read part of Eliot's Waste Land, and then spin Dizzy Gillespie's "Salt Peanuts". Won't say the show is better than the sack time, but it's among the few better things.

"No Iron Curtain"

By Bill Robertson

In the final stages of the recent war against fascist barbarism in Europe the loud-mouthed red-baiter, Dr. Josef Goebbels, shouted hysterically that if the Bolsheviks were to continue their advance an "iron curtain" would descend upon Germany. A little later, after this vile character had been dumped into the ash-can of history, his spirit arose once again as Winston Churchill, son of a long line of aristocrats, repeated this phrase at Fulton, Missouri to indicate the Western boundary of "Asiatic" power. The Japanese ruling class maintains that communism is a product of "Western Culture."

But to get back to that monstrous mechanism, "the iron curtain," there was a time when it was pushed much farther to the East! Like a huge scraper it moved into the suburbs of Sebastopol. It worked its way through the rubble—inches by inches. And as the Soviet soldiers retreated to the beaches they picked up the dirt and held it tightly in their hands. Many of them wept and vowed that they would return as they boarded the ships which evacuated them under a hail of fire.

Unfortunately, "the iron curtain" continued its eastward movement until it reached Stalingrad. At Stalingrad was fought the greatest battle of human history. Never was there a battle in which the issue was so clearly drawn—and in such epic dimensions. It was a battle between the advocates of "the master race theory" and the advocates of the brotherhood of man; a battle between mediaeval mysticism and scientific understanding of the course of development of human society; a battle between the past and the future.

The gigantic mopping-up operation which followed the Battle of Stalingrad has liquidated the iron curtain forever. There only remains a "curtain of lies" with which the multi-millionaires and billionaires strive desperately to keep the truth from the American people. (Just as earlier the multi-millionaires and billionaires in Hitler Germany did likewise with the German people.) The destruction of this "curtain of lies" is a strenuous task, calling for courage and perseverance. But it is a child's play compared to the efforts which were necessary to bring about the triumph of progressive and democratic forces in World War II.

By the way, when Josef Goebbels departed rather hurriedly from this changing world, he left behind a stench bomb in his barracks bag. In case you are wondering what happened to it, there is now a picture showing at the Carolina Theatre, entitled, "The Iron Curtain."

The Public Will Decide

St. Paul, Minn.—(UP)—Harold Edward Stassen, 41, is seeking the Republican presidential nomination in 1948 with the same strategy which elected him governor of Minnesota when he was 31—taking his stand on issues and then going to the people at the grass roots level for approval.

Stassen said that given the issues, the public would make the right decisions.

A major tool in his strategy is his own physique, which he drives unsparingly while on exhaustive stumping campaigns. Big from the date of his birth, April 13, 1907, Stassen's six-foot, three-inch frame was conditioned by a boyhood of farm work. His parents, truck-gardeners at West St. Paul, Minn., relied on him to carry on when his father, William, was ill for a year.

Opening his political career as Dakota County attorney in 1930, the year after he was graduated from law school at the University of Minnesota, Stassen drew on his farm background in solving depression-born labor strife.

He won an increase in milk prices for farmers who threatened violence, representing them in negotiations after warning he would prosecute them if violence arose. He settled a seething packing house workers' strike with the approval of labor and management.

Youth turned to Stassen when at the age of 28 he formed and headed the state Young Republican League. Youth found a young man whose accomplishments always had come before the age which custom permitted. It found that Stassen was graduated from high school at 14; ran the family at 15; took one college degree at 19 and another at 22, and became county attorney before turning 23.

In 1929, Stassen married Esther Glewe, a West St. Paul neighbor. They now have two children, Glen 12, and Kathleen, 6.

Stassen was only 30 when he announced, a year before state elections, that he would seek the Republican nomination for governor. Astonished politicians told him: "Too early; why didn't you wait?" Others were to tell him the same thing in 1946 when he announced his candidacy for the presidential nomination.

People deserted in droves from the entrenched Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party. They gave Stassen a plurality of 291,000 votes and in 1938 Minnesota found itself with a 31-year-old governor, the youngest in its history.

Stassen served three terms as governor and made good on his first political promises. He gave the state a labor law that cut strikers' numbers by more than half; reduced the state debt drastically; adopted civil service for selecting state employees, and re-organized governmental administration.

At 33, he keynoted the party's national convention in 1940, and acted as floor manager in Wendell L. Willkie's nomination. While still governor, he joined the Navy and became a captain under Adm. William F. Halsey, serving in the Pacific.

The war over, Stassen waited only to December, 1946, to announce his candidacy for the Republican nomination for President. It was almost two years before election time, but he ignored the cries of politicians that he was "too early."

WORD PUZZLE

WORD PUZZLE grid with clues and solutions. Includes a crossword puzzle grid with numbered squares and a list of clues and answers. Clues include: 1. Most, 2. So-be-it, 3. Kind of veil, 4. Fuller's measure, 5. The heart (pl.), 6. Worthless scrap, 7. Colloquial of 'tating', 8. Tellurium (symbol), 9. To describe, 10. To tilt, 11. Three-legged stand, 12. Those who employ, 13. Emmet, 14. To desire, 15. Peals, 16. Passage in literature, 17. Most rational, 18. Turkish title, 19. Mob fights, 20. Small island, 21. Period of time, 22. Wife of Joseph, 23. Heroic poems, 24. Period of time, 25. Being in abstract, 26. Slang word, 27. To desire, 28. Editor's name, 29. That man, 30. Spanish (abbr.)