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The Daily Tar Heel Editorial Page

Opinions Columns Letters Features

grit your teeth . . .

(A column of sharp satire)
By Walter Klein

"How To Be a BMOC"
A heretofore unwritten but well defined formula has set Carolina's Big Men on the Campus on top. Not one alleged Big Operator in Chapel Hill has failed to resort to the quaint pattern here set forth. So, you sophomore freshmen, you aspiring big shots, listen closely and you'll be a BMOC in six months. . . .

First, look busy. No matter how trivial your work is, look busy. This attitude can be assumed by constantly frowning, walking at double your natural speed, and not talking to anyone, including deans, for more than five minutes. Use these lines liberally: "I can't see you now. Phone me at Dr. Graham's office at 1:07 A. M. or you can catch me in Raleigh tomorrow at Josephus' office." Or, "Don't bother me now . . . I'm busy . . . Busy . . . BUSY . . . BIZZEE-E!" And if you don't have anything to do for a couple of hours, rush like all hell to the movies—Henry Moll does this very effectively.

Second, never look anyone in the face or act as though you might be listening to them. Look flustered, troubled, concerned—anything just so you don't look attentive (common freshman trait.) Look at your notebook or watch steadily. If anyone else passes while you are in a conversation, start talking with him. In short, don't let anyone think he can interest you. The Great God Harris is an old hand at this trick.

Thirdly, the BMOC is a politician of the first water. He muscles in with other BMOC's or faculty members at their dinner tables. He polishes apples. He praises others by saying, "He's a good man." He laughs only at the jokes of the influential. He slaps backs. A good example—Roger Mann.

The aspiring BMOC must get publicity, and plenty of it. Best way, of course, is through publications. He writes philosophic letters to the editor, and if they aren't printed, he writes public condemnations or attacks, which are sure-fire. He runs for half a dozen extra-curricula and political offices. Whether he wins or not doesn't mean a damn thing, because his name gets printed a dozen times anyway. He also makes a point of joining every joinable organization on the campus, just to be seen and to get his name on the roster and mailing list. Where there is a dispute, step in fast. Where there's an issue, take a stand.

Above all, be a loudmouth. Don't say, "I don't think so" or "Better ask somebody else," but bellow "Hell NO!" Criticize liberally, whether things are good or bad. If an innocent victim shows you a political science paper he just finished after weeks of work and research, mutter, "Good, God! This is full of errors. It's incomplete. Look—you spelled 'empiricism' wrong. Better let me help you. . . ." And if some silly fool asks you how you liked that new Woody Woodpecker short, you say, "It's moronic—symbolic of the decadent complacency of this University." That's it! Be socially conscious. Call the NAM, the Dies committee, red-baiters and the Chicago Tribune a bunch of Nazis.

Another thing. Never be seen in the mornings. If someone does see you before noon, just tell them you had to get up for classes because you've overcut. Then—stay out until at least 1 o'clock every night. Get your friends out of bed early in the morning to tell them to meet you immediately. Urgent. "We're starting another petition. Hurry over."

Speaking of classes—cut them. Or if your adviser really threatens you (the cad!), just walk in late.

And, for heaven's sake, look tired; pooped, as it were. Tell people you haven't had sleep for seventeen days and the only things you've consumed in that time have been:

Cokes, Benzadrine, Cigarettes, Black coffee.

Finally, you lucky fellow, look and sound big. If some ooly drooly asks you if you want to hitch hike to Greensboro Saturday, mutter, "Sorry. Think I'll be in Washington for the week end." The HE says, "What for?" Then YOU say, "See Eleanor." See what I mean?

retreads . . .

By Stuart McIver

Ahooooo . . . Ahooooo . . . Ahooooo . . . If you have wandered into the lower quadrangle lately, the preceding paragraph may make some sense to you, that is, provided anything resembling sense can be made out of anything resembling ahooooo. From this corner it appears that ahooooo is the howl of a wolf yelling, no doubt for his good wife, Mabel. One boy thinks that the cartoon may have been responsible for the craze. Perhaps this particular wolf was a cartoon character.

One faction contends that ahooooo is a long-needed substitute for the old everybody-in-Everett-is-a-blah-blah-yell. I don't think it needs a substitute, but the practice does seem to me to be declining. In Steele there is practically none of it. The old upper quad used to resound to the lusty roars of irate Mangumites and what not. But here in Steele the boys have really passed up a golden opportunity. On one side of them is the Playmakers' Theater, founded and directed by Frederick H. Koch, founder and director of the Carolina Playmakers, and on the other side is South building, founded by Sherman on his way South.

Can't you see the possibilities? It's, say, 3:30 in the afternoon. A group of Steele clubmen creep to a window, and yell, "Everybody in South building is a blah blah." Not only is it great spring sport, it is probably true. The majority of the South building ring are blah blahs, only don't tell them I said so. It all adds up to this. The campus is decaying. The ahooooo must go. It is a symbol of a new way of life, a way we don't like. It is sapping the vitality from student opinion. We'll let the Navy boys do it, but the Carolina lads—NO!

Herbert Porter got pretty nifty on Kay Kyser's program Wednesday night. Herbert, a freshman from Fayetteville, answered everything the great Kay asked him, and Kyser had to pay him \$75 to make him stop. After his confident mike performance, Herbert will probably turn up with a master of ceremonies job one of these days and let KK enroll here as a freshman.

Overheard at the Davidson game. Mack Morris was drifting off a little too far from first base. Bill Marley, chatter specialist, cracked, "Back to the sack, Mack."

"Ugh. Great white bwana, ugh, zimba cola, zimba, zimba, ugh, bwana." (Editorial comment is Campbell's.)

That may not make much sense to many of you, but it is a matter of real importance. With coca-colas on the wane and substitutes cropping up every third day, drink-namers are soon going to run out of titles. But one of the more recent ones is really a killer. You may have had one. It's called zimba cola.

It was probably christened by an explorer who had just returned from Congo. Speaking of christenings, did you hear the one about the fellow who invented a new champagne and launched it by breaking a battleship over it. Sorry, but it should be of interest to you what is happening to our battleships.

Let us return once again to the cola field. The explorer is a big red-faced man, bluff and jovial, with empire-builder written all over him. He has come out of the jungles, out of the Heart of Darkness. From that mysterious territory he brings many scars, physical and emotional. And there is one memory he can never willingly let die. The chief's farewell words. The man of destiny had just said, "Good by, chief, you old blighter," and the chief answered with the words we know so well that I am not going to repeat them. Be-

friday's child . . .

By Guest Columnist

Tryntje Auer
A column should be a novelty but frankly it just ain't possible. The only thing a column of this type can do is to ease people through their 8:30 classes.

A smudge fire was built the other day by several individuals who thought it would be great fun. It nearly smoked—one Casanova out of existence.

Along with the warm weather, the Navy has arrived. The other day in front of the Y, naval officers filled one of our plush benches. A self-conscious coed passed by, and as she did, they saluted. She blushed a flustered smile. But it was not her charms that had provoked the salute. Following in her wake had been a superior officer.

A great crowd at the Y yesterday. So many people were packed about South building's backdoor steps that it was impossible to see anything. We watched people's backs for 20 minutes and then the throng suddenly melted. Out of the melee rolled a baby carriage. Its contents, a six-foot-two infant clad in diapers. What is Chapel Hill coming to?

Have you noticed the recent gold rush? A number of young gentlemen apparently have idolized lead-panned, gold-topped Stirling Hayden. Too bad that exaggerated shoulders don't come in bottles too.

The time when the male sex could monopolize baseball is gone. Just stroll one day down to the intramural field and watch the three-base circus. Boys are doing as well as ever, but the girls are putting up the show and getting the crowd. The graceful manner and posture in which they slide from one base to the next is worth the price of admission. Such energy wasted. . . .

it happens here . . .

10:30—Student Union presents the American League baseball movie, "The Ninth Inning," in main lounge of Graham Memorial.

1:30—Coed senate meets in Caldwell hall.

7:30—Opening session of the Institute of Judaism in Gerrard hall.

8:00—Lieut. King speaks at the V-1 mass meeting in Hill hall.

9:30—Opening dance of the Grail-Commerce set in Tin Can.

Bell to Conduct Camp Interviews

F. D. Bell of Camp Mondamin, Tuxedo, N. C., will conduct interviews with students and faculty members today to fill vacancies in the camp personnel. Dr. W. D. Perry, director of the bureau of vocational and military information announced yesterday.

sides I forgot what they are. The chief always mumbled in his beard, caused by the razor blades shortage. Anyway, that's why you can't get coca-colas very often.

Nobody likes to hear kiddies stories except perhaps Uncle Pete, but my three-year old nephew pulled a neat one Sunday. I took him out to look at some hogs—no relation—and as we were leaving he said, "I'll see you pigs." Which is an awfully good way to close a column.
Ahooooo

Just Arrived:
Lorraine Haspel
SEERSUCKER SUITS
— at —
Varsity

OUR TOWN . . .

The tides of war carry with their flow changes, rearrangements, new molds and new mores that bear opportunities to leave the human scene a better one with the ebb. This is a fact long recognized on the world and national plane; the opportunities should not be overlooked here at Carolina.

Primary among the many re-arrangements that have overcome Carolina since the war began is the displacement of the many dormitory students and the possible formation of more and better cooperative houses in town. This has been realized in South building and among a few students, and with it was the realization that, unpleasant as the shift may be, it offers the chance for betterment of student relations. The recently formed Professional Fraternity and Town House council is the material outcome of this realization. At present it is formed merely of representatives from three professional fraternities and one co-op, but the possibilities of growth and activity in such a council far surpass those of the Interfraternity or Interdormitory council.

Stop for a moment and think of the numbers of students that will be represented in such a council. Hundreds live in town now; hundreds more will live in town next year. Such strength backs no other campus organization.

The council has avowed its main purpose the organization of town houses and the attainment of an agreement with the women's council. This is a disappointing program, one that lacks foresight and displays little promise. Much deeper problems face this town group, problems that the leaders apparently do not intend to grapple with. How to keep town living standards high enough? How to replace the social atmosphere of the dormitories? How to enlarge the scope of Graham Memorial Student union to take care of the social life of the now-decentralized student body? How to plan, organize, and get under way more cooperative projects, with all their indisputable benefits? How to keep town rentals within reasonable limits? And above all, how to take care of the deepest and most significant problem: How to retain and generate consolidated University-community spirit among a widely scattered group of small, individual living units?

These are a few of the problems that flash across the face of the kaleidoscopic panorama of war-time Carolina. Town councilmen are directly responsible for them; the finger of responsibility points to their positions with the sternness of a Flagg poster. They cannot avoid it; if they do, they must be removed.

Planning should begin now, for there is little enough time to waste. The end of the year has nearly come, and the Navy will be here en masse in 28 days. The brief time demands action.

HARDLY HAY . . .

An important concern of student leaders for the next several years will be the cutting of expenses for the Carolina student. Heavily taxed fathers, an administration worrying over decreased enrollment, students cussing about constantly rising costs of living—all should make this a popular measure.

We were pleased to note that Buck Osborne, newly elected president of the Interfraternity Council, has proposed to work for more economy in the Greek-letter houses. The Council can and should guide campus fraternities into organizing a cooperative for the purchase of house equipment and food for the dining rooms.

Any doubters about the benefits of such action can look into the experience of a similar group at Oregon State where such a plan netted the fraternities a 10 per cent saving after over ten thousand dollars was spent in running the purchasing agency.

And that is hardly a negligible economy.

BESTOWING, NOT BARGAINING

One month remains for last-semester sophomores to decide whether they will apply for admission to the navy's V-1 program. After the close of this term, students who automatically obtain a junior standing will no longer qualify for this division of the service. It is imperative for these persons to reach a decision immediately.

It seems, unfortunately, that a number of students feel incompetent to pass the examination required for admission to this program. Such fears are not justified. It should be understood that standardized intelligence tests are given every candidate seeking a commission in the armed forces to eliminate inferior applicants. These examinations are not difficult. As a matter of fact, students from junior colleges throughout the nation have applied for V-1 training, and their qualifying grades have been well above the required rating.

Apparently too much stress has been assigned to having a foreknowledge of higher mathematics. The student need have only the ability to perform accurate mathematical computation in the solution of problems of elementary algebra, plane geometry, and trigonometry. An elementary background in physics will provide the necessary scientific foundation.

A rather comprehensive series of questions on the other hand, concerning world-wide news is usually included in these examinations. Multiple choice answers ordinarily are provided, and the average college enrollee should be able to locate that ocean in which the Philippine islands are floating.

Time is the precious element as far as the V-1 program is concerned. The student can't sit around waiting for Uncle Sam to throw a commission in his lap. He has to make up his mind and submit an application. These opportunities are knocking, but not too loudly, and it takes no more than administrative directive to cancel any further acceptance of student applications.

The government is trying to make the process of obtaining a commission as inviting as possible, and all efforts are bent toward assisting college students. Uncle Sam is not bargaining. He is bestowing. Now is the time to investigate V-1.—
Daily Trojan.

IN PASSING . . .

Now here's the philosophical attitude for you! The philosophy prof encountered the class at the usual time, and at the end of the hour queried, "Now when was it I said you should have that essay in?" Students (they're the same all over the world) immediately cried out: "A week from Friday . . . Monday . . . Thursday." "No," insisted the professor, "I said Monday and I meant Monday. If you don't have it in by then—you can take it to the archives." As the students dashed from the room, one scholar timidly approached the pedagog and explained, "Sir . . . I'm going home over the week-end, and can't be here Monday. Where are the archives?"—The Daily Reveille.

Webster says that taut means tight, so maybe a lot of us were taut a lot in school after all.—The Plainsman. Maybe they've got something there!

Lehigh students won't go thirsty should war come to Lehigh. Foreseeing the need of an emergency water supply in case the city reservoir should fail, the president has suggested a new source, created by damming the flow of water from a nearby spring. The work is to start in the middle of May.

University of South Carolina men celebrate as they learn that the girls' dorms, never before opened to men, are holding open house during all blackouts. Here's to bigger and better blackouts, the sooner the better!