

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where it is printed daily, except Mondays, examinations and vacation periods. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price is \$5.00 for the college year.

Complete Leased Wire Service of United Press

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FOR THIS ISSUE:

BILL LAMKEN Night Editor
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Editorially Speaking

SAVE VETS' HOUSING

"A coalition of Northern Republicans and Southern Democrats," in the House of Representatives, as reported by the Durham Sun, have succeeded in emasculating what Mr. Truman calls "the very heart" of his housing program, and has sent this emasculated version of the administration-sponsored Patman Housing Bill to the Senate.

The House refused to grant subsidies on building materials and to place price ceilings on old homes. The House vote was not recorded, but newspapermen in the press gallery took their own count of the nays which reveals that Rep. Carl Durham, from this district, was one of them, as were N. C. Representatives Barden, Doughton, and Ervin. Others didn't even bother voting.

The Senate fight to restore the vital measures to the bill will be hard. Every single man and woman on the campus should write his Senator immediately and demand that the beautiful phrases they have uttered in behalf of the veteran be put into practice. Administration supporters in the Senate are not at all sure they can change the House vote very much.

Write your Senator c/o the Senate Office Building, Washington, D. C. This measure affects every single person in the United States, veteran and non-veteran. The fact that there was no recorded vote in the House proves that Congress' opposition to subsidies and price control cannot stand up if they know the public is watching them. Get your room-mates and class-mates to write. Get a dorm committee up to get the entire dormitory to write tonight!

For your convenience, we publish below a list of some of the out-of-state Senators, and a list of North Carolina Congressmen. It wouldn't be a bad idea to write your Congressman too, as any Senate revision will have to be ironed out in Senate-House conference.

Senators—New York: Robert F. Wagner, James M. Mead; Georgia: Walter F. George, Richard B. Russel; South Carolina: Burnet R. Maybank; Florida, Charles O. Andrews, Claude Pepper; North Carolina: Josiah W. Bailey, Clyde R. Hoey; Virginia: Harry F. Byrd.

North Carolina Representatives—Dist. 1: Herbert C. Bonner; Dist. 2: John H. Kerr; Dist. 3: Graham A. Barden; Dist. 4: Harold D. Cooley; Dist. 5: John H. Folger; Dist. 6: Carl T. Durham; Dist. 7: J. Bayard Clark; Dist. 8: W. O. Burgin; Dist. 9: Robert T. Doughton; Dist. 10: Sam Ervin; Dist. 11: Alfred T. Bulwinkle; Dist. 12: Zebulon Weaver.

(Representatives may be contacted at the House Office Bldg., Washington, D. C.)—D. K.

NOTE TO THE COEDS

We wish more coeds had been present to see Graham Memorial's presentation of Mary Hutchinson Saturday night, to see how quickly Miss Hutchinson was able to change completely her costume.

There would be fewer dejected Carolina gentlemen pacing the parlors of sororities and coed dormitories, purposelessly smoking cartons of cigarettes, wearing circles in the carpets, or engaging in ruinous crap games.

We know that the Carolina coed is never willing to be seen except in exquisite dress, and we admire this tendency, but we wonder if they couldn't start preparing for their dates early in the afternoon in order to meet their dates before the closing hour.

By-Lines

On the Peculiar Vocabulary of Women Whereby They Do Not Say What They Mean

By Bill Lyman

In our efforts to understand the female (and we've practically given up), we have recently made a careful study of their vocabulary. The most noticeable observation we have made is that they never just say things. They have a very lengthy and complete list of words and phrases to cover any possible situation. Every word is very carefully calculated. Men, on the other hand, just say whatever the hell comes into their mind. It is obvious that in this respect the female has a terrific advantage over the male. She never really commits herself; she is never at a loss for an appropriate remark; she is never thrown mentally off-balance.

Examples Cited

We cite some of the more common samples. Dances are always "wonderful," music is always "divine," brides are always "beautiful," babies are "adorable," little girls are "darling," little boys are "cute," people's mothers are "lovely," fathers are "grand," and so forth.

In conjunction with the ready remark, women have an amazing facility for saying things when often they mean the opposite, or a degree thereof. For instance, if a man asks a girl what she thinks of another girl, he will get one of four replies. A girl may be "grand and loads of fun." This means that she's a good old girl, a good sport, and probably captain of some basketball team. Or she may be "darling." This means that she's fairly attractive, definitely "one of the girls," but nothing to get excited about. Or perhaps she's "nice." This is one of the more damning epithets. It means she's strictly a sad sack and meek and sweet and would make someone a wonderful wife.

The Pay-Off

The pay-off comes when, in describing another female, a girl assumes an expression of super sincerity and good-intention. She invariably starts off, "Well, I really don't know her very well. I mean, she's probably a real nice girl, and . . . I mean . . . well . . . I probably have the wrong impression . . . BUT . . ." Who doesn't know the rest? A man who has been around at all will know that if he's smart he'll start dating this woman as soon as possible. Nine times out of ten she will be: 1) beautiful, 2) sexy, and 3) VERY popular.

In order to keep from being completely duped, the male collegian must be constantly on guard when dating a coed. For example, if a man asks his date, "What do you want to do tonight?" her invariable reply will be, "Whatever you want." She no more means this than anything. Actually, she will have the entire evening carefully mapped out, and what's more, her schedule will end up being followed almost to the letter. It revolves around the idea of being "seen" at the right places at the right times.

Playing Her Hand

The man says, "OK, how about Harry's?" "Love it." So far, he is playing into her hands perfectly. She has planned to go there for the first hour or so. From there she wants to put in an appearance at a local dance. Seeing her opportunity to get him on the right track at this stage, she slips in the least little hint, "Oh, by the way, if you want to later on, let's drop by the Graham Memorial dance for

a second. There's gonna be a riot of a show at intermission. That is, if you'd like to, of course." Translation: "We're going to the dance at 9:30 for an hour and a half, Bub, because it's the right place to be seen and will give me a good opportunity to snag a few more men." The statement she actually makes seems quite innocent, and he vaguely thinks, "It might be fun to drop by for a minute. I'll think about it."

At Harry's they get ready to order. "What would you like?" he asks. She comes back with the eternal, "Oh, all I want is a coke." "Coke" is a funny way women often have of saying "steak special." He is delighted at her apparent economy, and naively urges her, "Oh come on. Don't you want something to eat?" "Oh, no, I'm not really at all hungry. You go ahead and get something, though." She assumes a martyred expression. He orders. She glances casually over the menu, as though to have something to do. Her attention happens to focus on a particular place. "Joe, I believe I WILL have some french fries." This is to break him in gradually. Then she smiles at the waiter and,

simply to be pleasant, says, "I suppose it'll be months before y'all have any of that good old pre-war steak again." (It is listed on the menu for the day.) "Why we happen to have some in right now." "No! Joe, did you hear that?" etc., etc., etc. It is all very accidental, all quite by chance. But who would be foolish enough to pass up pre-war steak?

The Wind-Up

They go to the dance at 9:30 ("the intermission show will be hysterical"); they stay for an hour and a half ("I love to dance with you"); they drop by the Porthole for a cup of coffee ("coffee's always so good after a dance, isn't it?"); they wind up at the Terrace View ("goodness, they're running us out; is there any place still open?").

We are contemplating telling our date some night, at the first of the evening, "We're sitting right here the entire evening. Period." We are going to say this very emphatically. We're not going to put up with any foolishness, either. (In fact, we're going to fly to the moon some day.)

Letters To The Editor

Publicity Agent Explains Missing Election Report

Dear Bob,

I would appreciate it if you would give me an opportunity to make an apology by printing this letter in the Daily Tar Heel. I would like to apologize to the student body for adding to the confusion attending the past election for secretary-treasurer of the student body, to the student legislature for placing them in an embarrassing position and the University Party for not fulfilling my duties as chairman of the publicity committee. One of my duties was to be acting campaign manager for candidates in special elections. As campaign manager I was personally responsible for seeing that all requirements of the election bill were met by my candidate. It was my duty, which I did not fulfill, to turn in an account of all election expenses. My only excuse is that since my candidate was the only one running I used no publicity and therefore had no campaign expenses. I forgot to go through the formality of reporting this to the elections committee.

I also wonder if you would do me a favor. In this morning's Daily Tar Heel there was a story on the legislature which said, "This group (i.e., the legislature) . . . which declared the first elections null and void when Stockton was reported to have campaigned within 50 feet of the polls." This statement, which I am sure was a mistake, is not true as written. Some of Stockton's supporters were accused by members of the legislature of this violation, but Stockton himself was never accused and never did violate this rule. Also this was only one of the four reasons given for declaring the first election null and void in the Tar Heel on February 22, 1946. I would appreciate it very much if you would make this correction of that story.

Sincerely yours,

Alex Davis,

Chairman of the Publicity Committee of the University Party.

(Editor's Note: The legislature story was written late at night in order to meet the last deadline, and could not be checked by either the managing editor or the editor. It carried

new Editor Bob Levin's by-line. We think that Levin meant that Stockton's supporters campaigned within fifty feet of the polls, which is true.)

"Why don't you like girls?"
"They are too biased."
"Biased?"
"Yes, bias this, and bias that, until I am broke."

—Bushnell Turtle

Can't Help Talking About Spring

Spring Fever Takes Hold Of Carolina Campus Life

By Mickie Derieux

While northern newspapers are still sprinkled with stories of snow and ice storms, as suddenly as a blitzkrieg, spring has come to Chapel Hill.

Last week anyone who went outside without a coat was either a Damsyankee or a traveler just back from Alaska. But today Carolina gentlemen and coeds are lounging on the steps of South Building, the benches of the Y court, and the porches of the fraternity and sorority houses without coats, hats, worries, or energy.

The week before last trees were still wintry gray and bare, but suddenly they have tiny new leaves and blossoms. The walks through the center of the campus that were formerly just the distance from one class to the next are now lined with white spirea, yellow forsythia, and scattered blue violets.

Spring has affected more than just the looks of the Carolina campus. The whole university has been stricken internally with that strange malady known as spring fever. Students and professors alike find it increasingly difficult to get to class on time, to stay awake after they get there, and to get up and out when

Music Maker

Famed Bands Now Feature UNC Players

By Brad McCuen

HOT NOTES: What's all this talk about naughty words on Betty Hutton's "Doctor, Lawyer." If there are any it would take a moron to find them . . . We nominate "Close as the Pages in a Book" as the best melody of last year . . . Freddy Johnson's band has been a solid click at Virginia Beach's Monticello. They've broadcasted a Saturday evening dance set for NBC's WTAR and are headed for a stay at the Casino in Newport News soon . . . Count Basie, whose band played a hot session in Durham a few days ago, ended his dance by playing one full hour of the "One O'clock Jump" and that is really carving the turkey . . . Jimmy Dorsey playing in the Durham-Raleigh-Charlotte area this week.

Mac McDougal, who climbed from Johnny Satterfield's pre-war campus band to Sonny Durham's crew, is now tenor sax with Tony Pastor. Pastor has another Carolina music maker on his team with guitarist Milt Norman who during his Hill days arranged for Sound & Fury shows . . . BG's recording of "It's the Talk of the Town" is due one of these days. Mel Powell arranged it and UNC's Johnny Best is featured with a trumpet solo . . . The Troika in Washington, D. C., a stop-over for some Carolina stew-dents, burned down last week — damages at over \$100,000. That's a hot floor show in any town . . . Those who like folk music will be happy to know that Burl Ives has just released a new album.

Jean Sablon, the Sinatra of France, is now on Decca after spending the German occupation in Paris. His first pairing is "Symphony" and "Might as Well Be Spring" sung in both English and French . . . Getting tired waiting for the much tooted Duke Ellington collection "Black, Brown and Beige." They are on two 12" recordings . . . Tommy Dorsey's "Showboat" album continues to please more than just TD fans.

Alec Templeton is touring the

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