

# 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

ROBERT MORRISON Editor  
WESTY FENHAGEN Managing Editor  
BETTIE GAITHER Business Manager

ASSISTANT EDITORS: Fred Jacobson, Ray Conner.  
EDITORIAL STAFF: Dick Koral, Dick Stern, Dorothy Marshall, Gloria Gautier, Corinne Osinsky.  
NEWS EDITORS: Bob Levin, Jack Lackey.  
COPY EDITOR: Bill Lamkin.  
REPORTERS: Betty Green, Jo Pugh, Frances Halsey, Janet Johnston, Mary Hill Gaston, Bettie Washburn, Gloria Robbins, Sam Summerlin, Elaine Patton, Mickie Derieux, Gene Aenschbacher, John Giles, Roland Giduz, Darley Lochner, Posey Emerson, Elizabeth Barnes.  
SPORTS EDITOR: Carroll Poplin.  
SPORTS STAFF: Howard Merry, Frank Miller, Clark Stallworth, Mel Cohen, Bob Friedlander, Buddy Gotterman, Jo Farris, Jim Klutta.  
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Bill Selig.  
ADVERTISING LAYOUT MANAGER: Ann Thornton; Assistant, Don Shields.  
BUSINESS STAFF: Suzanne Barclay, Natalie Selig, Claude Ramsay, Strowd Ward, Barbara Thorson.  
ADVERTISING STAFF: Adelaide McNarty, Ruth Gay, Virginia Wilson, Peggy Cates, Sarah Wood, Gene Heafner, Bettie Chatham, Nancy Westbrook, Jean Youngblood, Clare Hudson, Nancy Maspin, Ann Geobegan, Lois Clarke, Hal Dickens, Zab Little, Eddie Owens, Mary Widener, Fay Maples, Marianne Brown, Jane Slaughter, Mary Jo Cain, Ann Cobb, Louise King, Jeanne Driscoll, Betty Lamb, Nooky McGee, Jo McMillan.

FOR THIS ISSUE:

JACK LACKEY Night Editor  
BILL WOESTENDIEK Night Sports Editor  
FRED JACOBSON Assistant Editor

## Editorially Speaking

### STUDENT-FACULTY GOVERNMENT

Tonight an amendment to the constitution of the student legislature will be brought out on the floor. The amendment's purpose is to allow 3 faculty representatives to sit on the student legislature and have the full privilege of other representatives.

A few of our legislators may naively oppose this bill on grounds of faculty control, but we think that there will be enough legislators who see in this amendment (if accepted by the faculty) a triumph for democracy and self-government at Carolina.

Several faculty members have approved of a student-faculty governing body, and if a majority of the faculty will vote to send the 3 representatives, student government here will begin a new era of greater significance.

We think that the legislature should pass this amendment to see what action the faculty will take. Recognition of student government will be thrust upon the faculty in a very real manner. If they refuse, we will know that student independence is not a certain thing; if they accept, we will have obtained something which we have wanted for many years.

The Daily Tar Heel urges the student legislature to pass the amendment. No harm can be done, because the constitution can be re-amended if the experiment does not work. If the experiment does work, the potential advantages are tremendous. With the Constitution of the Student Body coming up for ratification, a clause for faculty representation in the new legislature might be included in the new constitution—provided that the present legislature is willing to give the plan a chance.

The reasons for such an amendment can be better explained before the legislature tonight than in an editorial now, and we know that capable men are prepared to give the reasons tonight.

Incidentally, any student will profit from a visit to the legislature tonight, particularly if he has never attended before. The place is Gerrard Hall and the time is 8 o'clock.—R. M.

### GIVE THOSE PHANTOMS A WELCOME

The Carolina White Phantoms of 1945, the greatest basketball team ever to come out of Carolina, won the hearts of the fans in Madison Square Garden as they fought against overwhelming odds to reach the finals in the NCAA tournament. Even as they went down to defeat in the final round at the hands of All-American Bob Kurland and Co. from Oklahoma the Tar Heels were the crowd's favorite. Opponents and fans alike applauded the individual players on the Carolina team. The sincere handshakes that John Dillon received from the NYU team as he left the game on personal fouls was ample demonstration of the feeling in the tournament.

When Bones McKinney left the game against the Oklahoma Aggies and the crowd stood to give him an ovation seldom seen in the Garden, it was easy to see that our boys had made a hit.

Tonight in Memorial Hall the student body and all of Chapel Hill will have the opportunity to welcome back home this great team. Seldom it is that a team from Carolina wins such nationwide prominence and brings such glory to the University. It is unfortunate that most of us couldn't see them in action in the national tournament, but we can be on hand tonight to show them our appreciation and thanks for a job well done.

We can do a good job, too, by being out tonight and giving them an ovation that may not be as noisy as the one that they received from the 19,000 in the Garden but surely will be more sincere and heartfelt.—G.A.

## Tar Heel Campus Camera

### Frances Bleight Excels At Many Important Jobs

By Jo Farris

Slim, lovely dark-haired Fran Bleight buzzes busily about doing the numerous tasks that confront the house president of Carolina's oldest women's dorms, Spencer. This Richmond, Virginia, lassie asserts vigorously that, contrary to the general opinion, being house president isn't just a bed of roses, unless you count the thorns too. "It's something that takes hard work, and a lot of it," she exclaimed when told that many laymen think it's just a position of honor. If it takes hard work to be a good house president, then Fran must put a lot into it, for she is a "cracker-jack."

More than one high honor has come to Frances, for in addition to being Vice-President of WGA she was tapped for Valkyries in her Junior year, which shows she is still carrying on her record at Westhampton College, women's division of the University of Richmond. While there she was Secretary of Student Government and Vice-President of the Freshman Class.

We suspect Fran is a sentimentalist at heart, for she "goes for" sentimental records such as "It Might As Well Be Spring" and "The Man I Love." Like many other Glen Miller fans, she declares no one else can take his place, but T. Dorsey places well. As you would expect her favorite color is blue—light Carolina blue.

By far her favorite pastime is dancing. "I'd rather dance than eat when I'm hungry." If you could trip the light fantastic like that Bleight girl, you'd dance too. She is good. But def!

Undercover work discloses that Fran is quite prompt and expects others to be so too. In fact, she dislikes having to wait

for people. She is also very well-organized, which is a trait more officials—and simple Jane Does too—should copy. So if you need reorganization, just call on our obliging Frances and you'll soon be on the right way.

The gal's tact, subtlety and very pleasing personality help her over the stumbling blocks that waylay many. Her knack of understanding isn't exactly a mark on the red side of the ledger either.

Fran is a Chi O, a major in Sociology, fond of symphonies, constantly has food in her room, and is very obliging about helping relieve those 'mid-evening hunger pains, and is as "blind as a bat." She confesses this last item constantly gets her into trouble, for she can't see who anyone is. "I hope people don't think I'm unfriendly. I'm certainly not. I just can't tell a post from a person two feet away." Pins and earrings are her pet kinds of decoration, but she prefers the simpler kinds. She really has no favorite sport, for she declares she is most unathletic.

If you don't know Fran Bleight—and you probably do—you have missed something. She's just tops!

### It Could Happen To You

## The Trials and Tribulations Suffered at Registration

By Mickie Derieux

For many of Carolina's gentlemen and coeds, registration has lasted even longer than the extra-long ten-day period scheduled before exams. But an estimated 85 per cent (according to Kilroy, who was there too) registered when they were supposed to—and here's the way they did it.

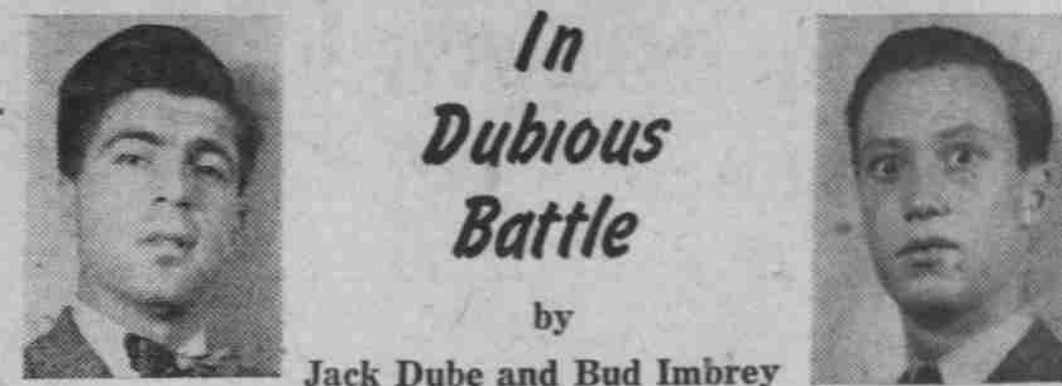
First the student planning to register looked up the office hours of his departmental adviser. "H'mm—twelve to one. Well, if I go at eleven, everybody else will think he has a class, and the office won't be thronged with other students." So he went at eleven and waited till twelve, when the professor came in from his eleven o'clock class and started registering a coed who had walked in at 11:59.

Our student went back that afternoon and got his green paper filled out.

Then came the trip to the dean's office in South Building. Here the real confusion began. Our typical stude learned that the pledge brother who helped him with Psychology 24 had gotten in the "wrong" section of 25. Back to the faculty adviser—change a couple of courses—juggle that chemistry until it finally falls in the "maybe next year" category—and dash back to South Building to find that the pledge brother decided not to take psychology after all.

Coeds had an even harder time. "If I take English, I'll get to see Johnny every day—but Ellen will be in that class too. And if he sat by her it would kill me. Of course I could get in that three-hour journalism class with Mike, but that would be sort of obvious for a sociology major."

And so they went on. Eventually, however, the dean (if not the student) was satisfied, and



## In Dubious Battle

by Jack Dube and Bud Imbrey

Vacation Daze: Mainly because of the basketball game but also because we live there, we desperately started off to lose a week-end. The Waldorf was filled up by the overflow of NC veterans who were turned down for dorm-rooms so we were forced to stay with our family—all good people. Among the other things they have in New York is good food. We also noted a startling plethora of bottles containing beer and a disquieting lack of Private Stock (not a soldier in the U. S. Army). Unlike the Alpha Beta Chi House in Durham, it seems that the people up there believe that corn is for eating. We woke up Saturday morning just in time to see the big game. Are we hoarse from yelling?? No, we're Duke & Imbrey from the Tar Heel. Our tongue thinks our throat is cut. Besides, we think this whisper gives us that Boyer effect. We had a pleasant trip back—who wants to live forever anyway.

c/o Postmaster: We had a dormwarming, and are now Ruffin it. Come up and see us, but bring your own oxygen mask. Still the fourth floor has its advantages. The dulcet tones of the Rotacees' Harry James more easily penetrates the rarified atmosphere. Navy tradition lingers in the Upper Quad. Irving Berlin's tune keeps running through our mind with a few minor changes. Navy personnel take notice: It does not go, "someday we are going to murder the bugler!" but we are serving notice that here and now we will open up on him with our surplus property (a fifty calibre that got left in an old G.I. shoe when we were discharged) as soon as the student legislature takes the necessary action. We suggest "Reveille with Beverly" as a pleasant substitute, to be employed INSIDE the Rotacee dorms. After all, life in the dorm is on the decent side—a fellow we met across the way is named Arrow Buttondown and wears a 38 long. The Navy lad who gave

up his stateroom in the crow's nest just for us apparently took all the air with him. He left a long list of regulations and we are pulling a "Cousin Weakeyes Yokum" delight in breaking one a day.

Ye Goode Shippe Caldwell: The what-to-do-in-case-of-firesigns are written in Navy parlance, otherwise known as gibberish (and pretty corny by now). Any civilian caught with his socks down would be a cooked goose as he looked in vain for the ladder to the third deck—just wind'ard o' the fo'c'stle.

Kissoff: O. K.—so it's all about us. Stick around—next week it may be about you. Please, if you see us, make like a funny.

## Letters To The Editor

### Inside Story

To the Editor: There is hardly any subject which needs to be brought to the attention of the campus more than the student-faculty relationship. It is true that our faculty is greatly underpaid for the work they do. I realize this more than most, because for the past year and a half I have been an undergraduate assistant in one of the departments and have had ample opportunity to watch the professors burn the mid-night oil. The greater majority of the students think that all the professors do any time they work exceptionally hard is to devise new methods of grading and write-up difficult quizzes that they hope no one will pass. No one could suffer under a greater illusion than this. The time spent writing-up courses, quizzes, outlines, and lab manuals is not little, but in addition to that a very great deal of time is given to graduate students (who get little enough attention as it is) and also to private research. That last item requires more time than the greater part of the student body realizes. All in all most of the professors do from one and a half to three times the amount of work they are paid for.

However, the teaching profession is not a lucrative one, and I feel very sorry for anyone who has become a teacher under that illusion. I, not only for the sake of their own self respect but for the respect of the many students with true intellectual aspirations, certain professors can not see their way clear to devoting more time to not only conferences but visits in more congenial atmospheres than the students and faculty combined should really fight for the things to make this possible. The root of all this trouble lies in the skimpy state appropriations or else a raise in the tuition (which is hardly necessary considering the state's present financial status) in order to provide (1) higher wages to keep our good teachers here, (2) more faculty members, (3) smaller classes.

In keeping with your giving credit where credit is due I would like to add a few more to the list of enlightened faculty members. Anyone who has had a class under Dr. H. K. Russell knows that he is never too busy to discuss a new revelation the student has come upon whether or not it has to do with the curriculum. See LETTERS, page four

### Exchanges

TO MY VALENTINE

Editors are a lousy lot.  
You give them everything you've got,  
With drama, humor, punch and plot—  
And do they buy it? They do not.  
They treat you like a brainless tot,  
Convince you you're a mental blot  
Whose mouthings never were so hot.  
Editors are a lousy lot.  
Then, feeling like a you-know-what,  
You scrawl some pitiable rot...  
They give the thing a featured spot.  
They should be boiled in oil, or shot.  
Cretin, fiend, schlemiel, and sot,  
Editors are a lousy lot.

Because of the acute housing shortage, returning veterans at Michigan State College have been assigned to live in Jenison field house. There is only one catch. All returning veterans aren't men.

Forgetting this, someone wrote an ex-Spar that she was to take up residence in the field house on her arrival at the campus. She also received an invitation to join the local YMCA.

### Poet's Patter

An amoeba named Joe and his brother  
Were out drinking toasts to each other,  
And, as they sat quaffing,  
They split themselves laughing.  
Now each one of them is a mother.