

# The Daily Tar Heel

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## Pitching Horseshoes Billy Rose

A year ago, I wrote a book called "Wine, Women and Words," and a few months before publication one of the editors of Reader's Digest phoned and said, "We've read the galley and would like to run a condensation in several of our foreign editions."

"That's fine," I said, and then, remembering my grab-bag grammar and tipsy tavernacular, I got a little panicky. Who in Helsinki would know that "mackerel snatcher" meant a seal, and "chesty cake-walker" a pigeon?

"Who's going to translate for the translators?" I asked.

The editor told me not to brood.

Last week the mailman dropped off the September issue of Selection du Reader's Digest and you could have knocked me over with an escargot when I saw that "Champagne, Danseuses et Stylographe" had been translated by Mr. Montmartre himself—Maurice Chevalier. What in the name of Christian Dior, I asked myself, had persuaded this million-franc-a-week entertainer to turn my clip-clop English into galloping Gallo?

Well, the best way to get a question answered is to ask it, and so last Monday, on my way in from Mt. Kisco, I stopped off at Pleasantville and looked up the editor who had phoned me.

"For a while," he said, "our translators in Paris were stumped by your Broadwayese. Then Pierre Denoyer, our editor there, went to see Maurice Chevalier, figuring he knew his Times Square as perhaps no other Frenchman. Maurice said he thought it would be great fun, and when he turned in his translation a few weeks later a 'cinch bet' had become 'candy,' 'iron-stomached citizens who survived Prohibition' had been changed to 'the hard-cooked one,' and since 'razzle-dazzle and razzmatazz' was untranslatable into French, he had made it 'plaisanter sur des plaisanteries plaisantes,' which is untranslatable into English."

"In how many countries do you sell your magazine?" I asked.

"We print nineteen editions in eleven languages and sell about seven million copies each month in fifty-six foreign countries."

"There must be a lot of amusing differences in readers' tastes around the world," I said.

"By and large," the editor told me, "we find that the pulling power of an article is in direct ratio to how closely it affects the reader. Our polls indicate that folks in all countries want to know the same basic things—how to keep well, how to succeed and how to be happier."

"All the same," I said, "a discussion of strictly American problems can't have much appeal to a man five thousand miles away."

"Foreign readers are interested in almost anything that has to do with life in the United States," said the editor. "Of course, there are exceptions. For instance, we seldom use pieces in Scandinavia about old age pensions, health insurance and employer-employee relations. The Danes, Swedes and Norwegians consider them old hat because the United States is so far behind their own progress in these fields. On the other hand, these pieces are eliminated in our South American editions for exactly the opposite reason."

On my way into New York I got to thinking of the impact of this pocket-size periodical on the thinking of the world. As I get it, its square circulation here and abroad is better than 16,000,000 copies a month and judging by my recent trip around the world, it probably comes closer to being the Voice of America than the Voice itself. For one thing, people on this oversized eight-ball have more eyes than radios and, for another, a privately-published magazine escapes the suspicion which is attached to anything official.

My house in Mt. Kisco is only five miles from the Digest's editorial offices, and my wife says she doesn't like this one little bit. Eleanor figures it this way: If the Russians ever decide to drop an especially large one on the plant in Pleasantville,

## Handy With the Scissors



## This 'n That Statement At YDC

By Bill Buchan

One of the choicest statements at the YDC meet Monday night was uttered by Don Shropshire while he was boosting the candidacy of John Sanders for membership on the executive committee.

"John was acting president of the student body this summer," Don stated, "which is probably the best thing the Mackie administration has done."

Speaking of Mackie, a "Preservation of Joseph" drive is being planned to save Mackie's long Jalopy, Joseph from the junk pile. Joseph, it seems, is temperamental and stops in the most awkward places.

Wandering into the SP meeting this week and really saw a show. It had all the signs of an old-fashioned political meet, except there was almost hysterical laughter throughout. Chairman Fred Thompson summed the meeting up perfectly with his comment, "Let's keep this thing on an intellectual basis." Ya suh, bossman!

John Van Hecke and Gran Childress, local citizens who graduated from Carolina last year, are still on the scene as

local business men. They're really settling down, now both are planning to join the Jaycees.

The salute of the week and the tip of the hat goes to energetic Charlie Gibson who has arranged a terrific program of entertainment as chairman of the Student Entertainment Committee. The first show unfolds next Thursday when Burl Ives will be presented in Memorial Hall.

One lone coed, accompanied by another young lady who was guzzling java, was drinking beer in Maxie's Wednesday night. I repeat, time marches on. First thing one knows, they'll all be going out alone and then where will the stronger half of the species be?

You've probably heard him already at one time or another, but if you haven't seen Dr. Gibson Jackson, esq. preside at the piano, wander down to the Rathskeller or the Mercury Club one night. He's really terrific.

A young gentleman who was wearing a red tie several nights ago had better watch his step. Seems he approached a coed, enroute to her dormitory, and inquired if she didn't "want to

stop and talk and make a little love." The girl kept her wits about her and out-talked the guy. Now, she thinks she has a lead as to his identity. Such things, like common stealing, just don't go here.

If you're reading this you probably won't be in Columbia so make sure you're sitting by the radio this afternoon when we BEAT SOUTH CAROLINA. If you're short of radios, drop in at the University, Rathskeller, Graham Memorial or around Hogan's Lake someplace.

You probably haven't seen her yet, but if you see a terrific blonde (baby, you've got everything) wandering around during the next football weekend with a tall guy, she's Pat Jeordan of Smithfield, an import from W. C. What's more, she's the athletic type, too. Man, what a woman.

Why don't someone start a "Take That Last Cigarette Club". Folks always refuse to take the last one, then with a little persuasion, they'll accept. Which only means a lot of wasted time. (Provided, of course, that the pack doesn't have one of those "take one, you chisling %\$&X"—.

## Pitching Overshoes

## For The Navy

By Tom Wharton

Some of the guys I was in the Army with would probably lynch me for this, but I'm going to use this column to say a few words in favor of the Navy—or part of it anyway.

The Gripe I want to register is with the way that Louis Johnson, the Secretary of Defense and his underling, Navy secretary, Frank Matthews, have been muzzling the navy's side of the Navy-Air Force fight. Personally, I don't have any axe to grind; in fact, I haven't even formed any definite opinion one way or the other on the whole B-36 versus carriers question.

But I don't think the country or the Congress is being given a fair chance to decide any part of the question when a large body of people who ought to be experts aren't being given a chance to say anything except that all civilians have. But more than that, it is downright dangerous to let any penny-ante politician like Louis Johnson over-rule all the professionals when top-level decisions are being made—at least when he can do it without permitting these professionals to get to Congress or anyone else with their gripe. (Ed. note: the more expressive word used here had

to be censored.)

Of course, having said something for the Navy, I can't close this column without saying something against it.

According to fuzz-faced future admirals in the NROTC here, they are required to sign loyalty oaths to stay in the navy program. That sounds all right to me until I got a chance to hear some parts of this oath. The boys are being "asked" to tell all about any sedition they have ever been in on. The dictionary defines sedition as "Excitement of discontent against the government." Another thing they are expected to have no part of is disclosure of documents of a "non-public character."

All of which sounds to me like a prohibition against (1) criticizing Senator Blowhard or (2) disclosing anything the Navy thought ought not to be disclosed. Selective service men swore to uphold the Constitution but this sounds like reversing the procedure.

Now having gotten the military and naval situation and terrain off my chest, I promise all who have been unfortunate enough to read this far to come back to earth and show my honorable discharge in next week's column.

## DREW PEARSON ON The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON.—The aviation industry isn't advertising it, but the United States is about to lose its superiority in the manufacture of commercial airplanes.

For years, American-built planes have been used by the French, the Dutch, even the British. The familiar DC types "Made in America" have been used by every commercial airline in the world, from Burma to Patagonia. But that day is about to pass.

The British are now ahead of us in commercial airplane design, while the Swedes are about even and will surpass us soon.

Alert Undersecretary of Commerce C. V. Whitney has been visiting England to investigate British commercial air superiority and is reporting that the British already have a jet-propelled transport plane far ahead of anything even started in the U. S. A.

Reason for the slump in commercial airplane design is that the Republican 80th Congress objected to Army funds being used for development of commercial planes. Hitherto, U. S. transport planes have been designed by Air Force funds used in cooperation with commercial companies. Now that money is cut off, and the big airplane manufacturers aren't designing new types.

Note—Both private industry and such G.O.P. leaders as John Foster Dulles and Guy Gabrielson have been yelling about "statism." But when government money is cut off from the aviation industry, it falls behind the rest of the world, and airplane manufacturers, most of them Republicans, want back the "statism" money cut off by the 80th Congress.

Prior to Cardinal Spellman's flight to the Vatican, it was authoritatively reported among the Catholic Hierarchy that Spellman had lost his onetime position as favorite of His Holiness.

Those who have visited at the Vatican during and since Cardinal Spellman's dispute with Mrs. Roosevelt, report that the Pope was not pleased over Spellman's outburst and that this was the chief reason why the Cardinal later called on Mrs. Roosevelt at Hyde Park.

At one time Spellman was considered in line to be Papal Secretary and perhaps the first American Pope in history. But now it's reported inside the Hierarchy that among the American Cardinals, wise old Cardinal Stritch of Chicago is more in favor at the Vatican.

These factors may be one reason for Cardinal Spellman's flight to Rome.

Note—When the newly named American Cardinals designate flew to Rome to receive their red hats, Spellman was the only one kissed by the Pope: which caused

Cardinal Glennon of St. Louis to remark: "I hear Spellman wants to be Papal Secretary. He'll have us all in hot water."

When the mysterious John Maragon tried to smuggle French perfume into the U. S. labeled as champagne for the White House and later got the case squelched by the Justice Department, amiable Clyde Hoey, the swallow-tailed Senator from North Carolina, described it all as "just the usual settlement."

Since then, this column has inquired of the Customs Bureau regarding other smuggling cases to see exactly what the "usual settlement" is. The Customs Bureau has been extremely loath to talk. One week of queries has disclosed no information whatsoever.

However, the New York Times contains the record of the case of one Jack Benny where the value of the goods involved was almost identical to that of Maragon's. Maragon's perfume was valued at \$2,300. The jewelry which Benny tried to bring into the U. S. was valued at \$2,131.

Maragon, thanks to his good friend, General Vaughan, was permitted to settle his case for a fine of only \$1,500.

Jack Benny, however, had no General Vaughan inside the White House. So he paid a \$10,000 fine, received a suspended jail sentence of a year and a day, and was replaced on probation for one year. Benny had not smuggled the jewelry himself. Nor had he disguised it as a gift to the White House. He had given it to Albert N. Chapperau at the latter's suggestion that he would smuggle it for him.

In contrast, Maragon paid only \$1,500 — which Senator Hoey calls a "usual" settlement—while the gentleman who saved him from further punishment, General Vaughan, has not resigned but is still sitting pretty at the White House.

If the battle over the B-36 gets any hotter in actual aerial combat than it is on the ground in these piping times of peace, then we will see the hottest war in history.

For one airplane manufacturer—Glenn Martin—has even resorted to putting private detectives on the trail of blond, hand some Stuart Symington, the Secretary for Air. Symington devoted to his wife and leading an exemplary life, nevertheless has had the gumshoe men checking on him, specially in St. Louis where he used to live.

Unfortunately for the society column and the Navy they haven't come up with anything.

Note—Glenn Martin, who has specialized on Navy planes in the past, has been irked because of lack of orders from the Air Forces.

## They Don't Mix

During the fall season of the year the leaves on the trees begin to lose their green tint in preparation for their voyage to wherever good leaves go after their span of life is over. The days grow shorter and the temperature begins to slide down the scale. Fall is also the season of football, fur coats, gay colors—and red noses.

Not all of these pink proboscises are caused by the decline in the temperature or the nip in the air. A lot of them are a direct result of a nip of something somewhat stronger; about 90 proof stronger to be more exact. It seems to be what they in the Army call SOP (Standard Operating Procedure) to carry a pint or more to a football game. Some people carry their "tea" in thermos jugs, ready mixed, while others are content to conceal their bottles in an already cumbersome overcoat or raincoat. Others use other methods in transporting their seemingly necessary intoxicants—but the fact remains that many of the spectators at a football game arrive with some form of strong drink.

With already over-taxed traffic conditions and complete lack of highway courtesy during pre and post-game traffic among the thousands of motorists who each week leave a comfortable living room radio to see their football first hand, the drunken driver makes a deplorable situation even worse. One drunken driver can hold up thousands of cars by one wrong movement at the wheel. The driver who has had "one too many" may kill himself, his passengers, or YOU.

During the month of August the State Highway Patrol made 5,639 arrests, 442 of which were for drunken driving. This appalling record is due to become even worse during the football months of September, October, November and part of December.

So, if you are planning on driving to the game this weekend, remember that whiskey and gasoline don't mix.

—Hawk Johnson

## Tarnation Review

## The 64 - Page Question

By Don Maynard

It rained Friday morning, but a silver lining was within view for campus publications history due to the appearance of Tom Kerr's long-heralded answer to the 64-page question: the vest-pocket Tarnation.

Seven features, two pinups, a photo feature and cartoons by Tom Warton, cover artist Jack Taylor, Chuck Hauser and "Gale" are stapled together as proof that Kerr wasn't pulling the wool over students' eyes in the election campaign last spring when he promised something new in campus publications. With this issue, the University becomes the only institution in the nation to have a bantam size official mag.

Of course, "Over the Hill," formerly the "Village Spectator," could have stayed on the other side of the hill and not been missed too much. Written by a character named Zeb, it makes one wonder if this is not just another Tarnation. We were glad we didn't stop there, however, for the next item in the table of contents proved to be a charming Fil G. C. girl, Miss Gar Hall, pinned up on the sands of some beach. Found further along was the wind and rain shot of Miss Anne Webb, Spenser coed, looking typically Chapel Hill.

The mag this issue was dedicated "to give the freshmen a laugh at themselves," a chance to look back and remember when, for "those who have gone beyond." Bev Lawler starts the humor ball rolling with his tragedy entitled "Clear Water and Red Tape," the story of Jasper Twirlhead, freshman, UNC.

Jasper's story was overly exaggerated, and was written with a twist that the reader nod his head in agreement and squirm with the humor of the ridiculous registration situations students sometimes get themselves into.

percenter" Billy Carmichael, 3, get together on "Lead, Kindly Light," the story of Al Lowenstein, his campus life. The quartet reputedly writes from both sides. We found one side, but had to search for the other. We like Al, and thus enjoyed reading his story, but there are those who will smile and murmur, "Uh-huh."

Charles McCorkle, with his wealth of library experience, relates a tale that well might have happened among all those thousands of books. "On Your Mark," we hope, doesn't frighten frosh away from the quiet study rooms and picturesque rest rooms of the library.

Jim Mills, Tarnation staff photographer, also of the Daily Tar Heel, does his usual excellent job on a photo feature of the forbidden rooms of the Morehead Planetarium, called "Those Other Rooms" by Tarnation. The outline below the top picture on page 35 expresses the wish that the picture was done in color, which leads us to point to the future and say, "it shouldn't be long now."

"Case Dismissed," by a Sharpe named Dave, reminds us and no doubt many, of the numerous times we have had the rap pinned on us by the infallible female. Only trouble is, Sharpe wrote only one poem in this issue. What happen??

Which has taken us through 40 pages and leaves us with two more stories. "Pulse Normal," a frosh's first infirmary adventure by J. P. Brady, seems to be just a bit overdone, but it does prove J. P. has a vivid imagination.

Unfortunately the final eight pages of humor are anonymous. Whoever pecked out "Repro Revolution" deserves the blue ribbon of this issue for his prophetic excerpts from the journal of an unknown University professor. The saga of how robot professors were installed to teach in place of our beloved human tutors grips you from the opening line and forces you to read to the last line: "Long live academic freedom!"

## Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS
- One or some
  - Bound to secrecy
  - Breach
  - Fish eggs
  - Separate
  - Age
  - Surveying instrument
  - Nominated
  - Steeps
  - Scatter
  - Mud volcano
  - Changed
  - Mine approach
  - Wild plum
  - First woman
  - Prehistoric stone implements
  - Write
  - Urge
  - Son of Seth
  - Sins
  - Rhin
  - Island in the Mediterranean
  - Flippers
  - Charred
  - States amends
  - Wing
  - Puff up
  - Negative
  - Novel
  - Well-considered
  - Daily

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12									14	
15		16				17	18			
		19				20				
21	22				23			24	25	26
27					28				29	
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36					37				38	
					39				40	
41	42	43				44			45	46
47					48	49			50	
51					52				53	

- DOWN
- Knack
  - And not
  - Young animals
  - Flavor
  - Egyptian goddess
  - Kindled
  - Masculine nickname
  - Significa
  - Exist
  - Cushion
  - Abode
  - Veneration
  - New openings
  - Cut with a tool
  - Proverb
  - Mixture of metals
  - Stand for
  - Turn inside out
  - Thick
  - Spanish title
  - Wax ornament
  - Sea eagle
  - Large weight
  - Apple juice
  - Festival
  - Forbid
  - Rubber tree
  - Uncooked
  - Beater for milking
  - Mortar
  - Legion
  - Pippen
  - Behold

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle