

by Chuck Hauser.

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Up To The Council

The Student Council will meet Monday evening to decide whether the academic requirement clause in the new elections law is constitutional.

We do not wish to influence the Council one way or the other in making its decision. We feel it is one which Council members should decide without outside pressure. But it seems necessary that the Council be made aware of some of the facts and theories involved in the case.

The elections law, which requires that a candidate maintain a C average over three quarters, is definitely not ex post facto. Ex post facto, which amounts to punishment for an act which was not prohibited at the time it was committed, applies only in criminal law.

But Attorney-General Dick Murphy and Student Council member Bob Evans, among others, believe the law is ex post facto in spirit and principle. They are right. And it is up to the Council to decide whether that spirit in the law is grounds enough for declaring the law void.

It seems unfair to set requirements for office which are impossible to meet for a number of people—impossible to meet because of the time element alone. It is obviously unfair for the Legislature not to have made sure the law would not go into effect until all office-seekers would have time to learn of the requirements and then meet them. To impose such unmet requirements right in the middle of nomination time is rather absurd.

Most of the major candidates who have been disqualified under the new law will probably not run even if the law is thrown off the books. So the pressure to void the measure will not be coming from that direction. But the Student Council should look at the law carefully and ask itself the following question: Is the law fair and in accord with the spirit of the Constitution?

As to the merits of the law itself, there is no argument. The academic standards set are nothing more than common sense for any person intending to hold a public office. But the time element involved in the case has resulted in some unfair treatment to some very fine people.—CH

The Durham Sun

Those Primary Highways

Governor Scott, it appears, is aghast at the condition of North Carolina's primary roads. It will take, we are told, more than 300 million dollars to put them back in shape.

It is unfortunate the Governor did not think of that two years ago when he fathered the bill which increased truck loads in North Carolina. If the Governor really is concerned about the primary road system and about the expense of its maintenance, he will throw his weight behind the current movement to roll back those truck weights.

By so doing, he may save a hundred million of that anticipated 300 millions by the single achievement of avoiding the necessity for making the primary roads thicker and stronger, hence probably a third more costly. In addition, he will save other millions in future maintenance.

It is true that the trucking industry is asserting that it pays for every third mile of highway laid by North Carolina. We doubt the accuracy of that claim; but, if it were so, the trucks are damaging the public's two miles as well as their own one. Indeed, it seems likely that, if the truckers were paying one third of the cost of construction and maintenance of our highways, they would take better care of them.

Steve Canyon by Milton Caniff



Lil' Abner by Al Capp



"I'll Be Glad When The Great Debate Is Over"



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Louie The Gambler by Jimmy Rutherford

Heretofore unpublished information on the Curve Inn story:

At the meeting of the Board of Aldermen Monday evening, Alderman Ken Putnam moved to give Bob and Joe Graham an extension until July 1 on enforcement of the law prohibiting them from serving beer to cars outside their building. The reason for the extension was not enough warning given to the boys of the effects of the law.

The six aldermen split on the question. Voting with Putnam for the extension of time were P. L. Burch and Robert Fowler. Voting against the Curve Inn were Obie Davis, Bernard Fitch and Judge Hobbs.

With the vote 3 to 3, the decision rested with Mayor Edwin S. Lanier, better known to students as Director of Central Records and the Registration Office.

The Mayor, I'm sad to report, sided with Davis, Fitch and the Judge in voting against giving the Grahams an extension of time. And the Curve Inn sold its last beer at 11 o'clock Wednesday night.

It didn't quite close up at 11 o'clock, however. A few beers were consumed after that time to finish off the stock at hand, but they were handed out free by Bartender Bob, who had a couple himself—the first time he's consumed anything stronger than coke while on duty. It was a sad occasion.

In my room I have an empty green Balentine bottle—the hollow shell of the last beer to go across the counter in the Curve Inn's history. I saw the place born several years ago out of a wilderness on the east slope of Chapel Hill. I saw it die Wednesday night. No beer hall ever had a finer funeral.

Once upon a time there was a gambler named Louie. Louie came down to North Carolina from the big city to get the straight dope on a forthcoming collegiate game between Carolina and Duke. He wanted to know the odds and pre-game dope so that he could wire the syndicate and let them know who to bet on and how many points to allow. But Louie made a mistake.

He decided to go to a sports writer of the particular area and learn about the facts.

"Good evening, Mr. Sports-writer, my name is Louie. I like to read your column very much. Whenever I get down in the dumps, I read you and I get a lot of laughs. I particularly liked the way you nominated the candidates for the Teague Award. Not basing your nomination on their athletic merits but because both their names ended in Thomas and you could have two Thomases for your nomination. That was smart. Different. But what I want to know is who is going to win the game Saturday?"

"Well Louie, it's this way. Duke will win—but don't sell Carolina short!"

"Yes, Duke will win but if Carolina comes and upsets them don't say I didn't warn you. Duke will win but on the other hand Carolina should upset them. So Duke will win if Carolina doesn't upset them. So above all don't sell Carolina short and don't overlook the Blue Devils either. Does that answer your question, Louie?"

"Er, I'm not quite sure."

Louie didn't know what to do so he bet on Carolina and Duke and won by a good margin. And the sports writer was right again.

A certain coed named Louise

was caught by the Honor Council for looking at a bottle of whiskey lying on the front lawn of a fraternity house. Naturally she appealed before the board.

They said: "You were caught ogling a bottle of whiskey in front of a fraternity house lawn. What have you to say for yourself?"

Louise didn't feel like being expelled. She retaliated:

"It wasn't whiskey! It was Gordon's Dry gin!"

A murmur went through the board.

"She's a friend of the President," they whispered. And so let Louise go.

I'll Never Forget . . .

by Wuff Newell

(Miss Newell, society editor of The Daily Tar Heel last year, has been a member of the Raleigh News and Observer society staff since her graduation from the University last June.—Ed.)

I'll never forget my first taste of married life.

I had always sworn that I would never go to the infirmary, but at five o'clock one Monday afternoon I suddenly found myself, suitcase and Kleenex box in hand, sitting outside Dr. Lindsay's office in the building I had promised myself never to enter.

I wouldn't have broken down and gone then had it not been for Don Maynard and Chuck Hauser. Half an hour before, not being able to stand my coughing any longer, they had dragged me bodily from The Daily Tar Heel office to the Alpha Gam house and ordered me to pack my things.

Now here I was, waiting patiently to learn my fate.

Suddenly the voice of Dr. Lindsay pierced the hospital-like silence of the corridor, and I wearily pulled myself up from my chair. Since Don had dozed off, I left him sitting in the hall.

Five minutes and a thorough examination later Dr. Lindsay called Don in and said to him, "Well, she doesn't have pneumonia. I did, he said, have a bad case of flu and should be in bed."

Don agreed with him, and he continued, still talking only to Don, "Since you are a student here, she has the privilege of staying in the infirmary. If it's all right with you, I think she should remain here a few days."

I didn't mind being ignored, but at least, I thought, since I was the once about to be imprisoned, I might have been consulted.

Just then I interrupted the conversation with another coughing spell, and when I finished, Dr. Lindsay asked me what I was taking for my cough.

"Terpin hydrate codine," I gasped.

"Good stuff," the doctor exclaimed.

"See! I said triumphantly to Don, and then turned to the doctor, "He didn't want me to take it—said it was a patent medicine."

"Oh, well," Dr. Lindsay smiled. "Just ignore him. You know how husbands are."

So that was it! Dr. Lindsay thought we were married. That's why he hadn't bothered to include me in the conversation.

My first impulse was to correct him, but I immediately changed my mind. Since husbands could visit their wives in the infirmary, maybe married life wouldn't be so bad.

Dr. Lindsay was a little puzzled as to why I gave my address as the Alpha Gamma Delta house, but I still think to this day, that it was the daily visits he allowed me to have from Don that helped me get well enough to leave in just three days.

Yep, I'm all for this marriage business—especially when I'm in the infirmary.

The Editor's Mailbox

'Heartfelt Thanks' From The Curve Inn

We've been thinking of some way to thank the student body of the University of North Carolina, the people of Chapel Hill, and everyone else who gave us such a wonderful break in our business. Our final conclusion is that the best way to thank everybody is to write a letter to this wonderful rag cause we know all our friends will see it.

The only thing we would like to say is "Thanks," from the bottom of our hearts, to a terrific group of people. Our only hope is that further on down the road of life we'll find other people just like you, to know, to deal with, and to be associated with.

Bob and Joe Graham
The Curve Inn

'A Chapel Hill Institution'

Wednesday afternoon we paid our last visit to a Chapel Hill institution of many years standing. Thursday the Curve Inn passed from the Carolina scene. The local beer merchants can now breathe a sigh of relief, as the students are forced to stay in town during the spring and summer. Instead of relaxing in the vitamin-laden sunshine along the Durham Road, we will be forced to spend our leisure hours in some smoke-filled beer joint on Franklin Street.

The Curve Inn is being closed as the result of a recent ordinance passed by the Board of Aldermen which was aimed directly at the Curve Inn. No doubt the Aldermen got their orders from the Merchants' Association of Chapel Hill and Carrboro. In fact, we've heard it said that the city limits were extended just far enough to get the Curve Inn.

Here's a choice bit of news for the loyal Commies to work with—American free enterprise enables the small business to get ahead one more. The two young men operating the Curve Inn were just too successful.

Since action on the part of the students seldom accomplishes anything around this town, a boycott of the local bars or a campus-wide petition would be a waste of time. But here's hoping the "Curve" will reopen outside the city limits so that, once again, anytime will be Tea Time at the Curve Inn.

Charles E. Behrens
Harrison Barber

'The Fires Of WW III'

In reply to Messrs. Don Maynard, Joe Clark, and Jack Scism I wish to state the following: The main question facing the peoples of the world is: How to prevent World War III? Without lasting peace it will be impossible to solve the Negro question referred to in all of their columns.

I submit that by their slanderous assertions as to the nature of Communism and its advocates, they are adding their tiny bit to the fuel that feeds the fires of World War III. Adolf Hitler is now dead—and it would be well for us to ponder that he, too, in his time, raved and ranted against Communism—with unhappy results. I do not mean to imply that any of these gentlemen agree with Adolf Hitler on every issue.

I do wish to state that race hatred, anti-Communism, and war-mongering were linked together in World War II by the aggressor nations without exception—and most hideously by Hitler Germany.

As for the references to the mental processes of the Communists, it must be admitted that all of us, Don Maynard, Joe Clark, Jack Scism included, fear an atomic war which will destroy our loved ones and tens of millions of others who may deserve to live more than we do. In such a situation no sacrifice is too great for any one of us if it helps to prevent World War III.

Bill Robertson

(We do not think, Mr. Robertson, that any sacrifice is too great to prevent war. Certainly we do not think that we should sacrifice our Democracy in order to prevent it. And if you claim that by believing thusly, we are "warmongering," then yours is a stand that is incompatible with good sense.—Ed.)

Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS
1. Distant
 4. Abhor
 8. Wreat
 12. Frozen water
 13. Porient
 14. Great Lake
 15. Rented house
 17. Step
 18. Heated chamber
 19. Rubber
 21. Possess
 22. Ventures
 23. Aside
 27. Radical
 28. Out of the way
 29. Birth

- DOWN
1. Reoming
 2. War aviator of record
 3. Renew
 4. Dwelling place
 5. Modify for the better
 6. Base of the distal system
 7. Carve in
 8. Historical periods
 10. Pleasant
 11. Animal
 16. Still
 20. Attribute
 21. One of two equal parts
 22. Imulator
 24. Put in a row
 25. More gentle
 28. Originator
 29. Perceived
 30. Carvas animal
 32. More arid
 33. Put up
 35. Extent
 40. Easy gait
 42. To within
 44. Night
 46. Fraid
 48. Confined
 49. Night preceding an event
 50. Girl's name
 51. Time of light

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55				56						