

Skeletons Bow From Waist

Many skeletons are turning over in their graves, rising to full height and bowing from the waist in appreciation.

They are saluting Professor Fred B. McCall who has taught law in the University for 33 years.

He is the "prime architect" of a new North Carolina law which gives greater protection to widows when their husbands die without leaving a will.

Actually the law "equalizes" inheritance rights between spouses — that is, husbands and wives have the same privileges of inheritance under the new law which becomes effective in July, 1960.

Efforts to revise the North Carolina laws of "interstate succession" have been foiled the past quarter of a century. The state laws prevailing are based on old English law, antiquated and unjust — as Prof. McCall pointed out to the Legislature.

So the men who have died and forgotten to leave wills could, by some ghostly stretch of the imagination, be symbolically thankful that finally a law has been passed that will take care of what they and other men have neglected to do. It's too bad it can't be retroactive.

The Common Touch

Sniffers of the political wind might as well puff in their muzzles. Thanks to weekend developments, Nelson Rockefeller's plans for 1960 are now about as vague as a hurricane blowing through a skunk farm.

Unlike Kennedy's, Rockefeller's religion cannot serve him such valuable purposes. Even Catholics speak of Baptism. But, on the other hand, he does not have one boon that can serve quite handily as bane: money.

High in the political catechism is the axiom that nothing excites sympathy like an underdog. The only trouble is, not everyone can be one. Only the lucky few are natural underdogs, that is, possessors of God-given disadvantages—like being born in a log cabin or contracting polio in the prime of life.

Now, no one ever came right out and said that politics and riches don't mix. But it's still a well-rooted figment of the American imagination—harking back, probably, to the log cabin myth—so as long as it's there, why not nurture it?

Others have to sweat and strain and beat their brows to find some magic defect. If successful, they wind up being photographed in conkskin caps or with holes in the soles of their shoes.

And then, when you're fairly sure the public is getting leary of it, quickly rummage through your multi-million-dollar wardrobe and pop up wearing that most fashionable of all political getups, the common touch.

But there is still one last resort. If you can't find anything wrong with yourself, if you seem to be hopelessly and irremediably perfect, then for God's sake, if you want to get anywhere, invent something. Turn your assets into liabilities.

With all this uppermost in mind, the Sunday morning papers' extensive accounts of Rockefeller's "pleasure" in his son's decision to marry the upstairs chambermaid seem sheer superfluity.

For someone like Kennedy, such a strategy is especially convenient. Given a four-century heritage of Catholic-Protestant edginess, what could be more advantageous to a Catholic aspirant to a traditional Protestant office than to stand aside and let the religious issue grow to inflammatory proportions, and then, at a particularly dramatic moment, mount a soapbox and forswear all allegiance to Rome? Good boy, that Kennedy. A real American.

In fact, quite possibly the only person who hasn't caught a whiff of the political hay harvest is Anne Marie Rasmussen herself. To some it may seem unaesthetic to expose the bloom of romance to frosty cynicism like this, but, to spare our nostrils further discomfort, let's have it said and done with now:

Pulling the strings behind this blushing Cinderella is no fairy godmother bent on turning pumpkins into four-wheelers, but just another grinning politician bent on turning family pride into votes, votes, votes.

From The Horse's Mouth

A small group of UNC political science students are spending the summer in Washington, D. C. — interns to certain members of Congress.

A photograph in the current University Report shows the Chapel Hill students in

a parley with Senator Lyndon Johnson—they are really learning political science at the top! Also from inside out. They have a grandstand seat at the grassroots.

If this be book-learning, we ought to have more of it!

How About The R.S.V.P.?

Should Ike invite Nikita?

Governor Hodges thinks so. Vice President Nixon is said to be toying with the idea.

Maybe it would be good, maybe not. The questions: Would Khrushchev come in good faith? Or would he turn the invitation into an international squabble

for propaganda purposes. For instance, he might accept the invitation — contingent upon a similar invitation extended to Mao Tse Tung, or perhaps the Soviet satellite stooges of East Germany.

If he is invited, we should carefully scrutinize the R. S. V. P.

WAYNE THOMPSON

Off The Cuff

You are a student in summer school at the University of North Carolina. You live in a dorm.

You've got a quiz at nine o'clock in the morning and you've got to study. It's 10 p.m. now and you can only hit the books a couple of hours if you're going to get any decent amount of shut-eye.

Your roommate — the guy must be a genius for he's never studied or maybe he's never had a quiz — is playing cards with four other guys.

At 10:35 you manage to throw him out. The room belongs to you now. It's almost quiet . . . and it's hot.

The guys upstairs have seen Steve Reeves in "Hercules" They must have. They're lifting weights. "Body building is fine," you say to yourself, "but what about intellectual growth."

The noise upstairs is disturbing, but at least it's consistent. The weights are hoisted . . . then they hit the floor with a resounding thud. You curse the antagonists . . . then you curse the architects for building the damn dorm in the first place.

At 11:15 you turn the first page, which you've read 23 times, and begin the second page of study. There are 132 pages left to go. You think of this, put the book down and begin to figure out how far you'll get, at that rate, by morning.

Shocked by the answer to that one, you step up your pace and read page two just twice . . . of course you can't remember a thing you've read. Considering the pulse beat of the weights above you, a few scattered laughs from other dorm inhabitants, and a smashed Coke

bottle on the stairs, it's a miracle that you finished page two at all.

Then there's the case for the telephone. Oh yes, the phone is outside your room and it rings at least three times on the hour. You don't answer it yourself, but then neither does anyone else.

If they do, the call is always for someone at the other end of the hall and you are forced to tolerate a blatant shout, "Hey John Doe, telephone." Then John Doe always shouts back, "Who is it . . . male or female?"

About 11:35 it happens. The guys upstairs get careless and as soon as you can shout "Charles Atlas", the weights, bar-bell and all, come tumbling down with a vehement crash that rocks everything on your floor . . . including your roommate's card game in the next room.

Cursing aloud, you complain to anybody who wants to listen and start upstairs. The guys up there are sorry, but they really can't keep from laughing about it. They make amends by offering you some animal crackers and you return to your room, feeling like the man who went to Muscle Beach and got sand kicked in his face.

By midnight you manage to finish the first chapter and have seven more to go. You begin rationalizing and looking for short-cuts. There are none so you assume the, "I don't give a damn" attitude and go to bed.

When morning comes and your alarm sounds the beginning of a new day you hop quickly out of bed in a cold sweat. The realization that the quiz is less

than two hours away makes your blood run cold. You start thinking of excuses, alibis—anything to get you out of that quiz. There are none. You've cried wolf before.

First you're brave . . . "Face it, old man, chin-up" . . . then you panic . . . "I'm gonna fail, what'll I do?" You begin to hate your roommate. Then you hate the guys upstairs. You hate your professor, you hate the course, you hate school.

This is you before the quiz—a dedicated misanthrope.

After you fail it, you only hate yourself.

SUNBURN

Bart Bartholomew, PIO for the Division of Health Affairs, passes on the story of newspaperman who, anxious for a raise, walked into the boss's office and, lying, said another paper had offered him a job at much higher salary. And, he added to the boss, would his paper match the offer or would he be forced to accept the competitor's offer?

The older newspaper man thought a moment, then: "Son, that's such a good offer I just don't see how you can afford to turn it down."

Davis Merritt, sportswriter for The Charlotte Observer, hands this one on as truth.

A North Carolina newspaperman noted for using quite smoky language had the unfortunate experience of his young daughter picking up some quite

choice vocabulary words.

On the day of a much-awaited party, the daughter left with a warning from her mother that the hostess had directions to send her home the second she uttered one naughty word.

Within fifteen minutes the daughter flew back into the house, crying and wailing.

Her mother, not needing an explanation, sent her directly to her room.

As soon as the father arrived, he, too, was sent up to discipline her since, in the words of her mother, "You're at fault."

"I didn't do it, I didn't do it," wailed the daughter as soon as he entered the room.

"Didn't do what?"

"Didn't say a bad word," explained his still-crying daughter, "the _____ party was yesterday."

Chancellor emeritus Robert B. House used to tell this story about a bit of Carolina history:

During the Civil War a contingent of the Michigan cavalry came through Chapel Hill. Needing a place to quarter their horses for the night, they picked the University library (now Playmakers Theatre) because of the rows of book stacks which made good stalls.

"Ever since that time," said Dr. House, "Michigan horses have been noted for their intelligence and Carolina students for their horse sense."

Some wag has scratched the '1' off the Chapel Hill Weekly's slogan on the stand in Lenoir Hall.

Now the Chapel Hill Weekly has been serving Chapel Hill since "923."

Is that A. D. or B. C.?

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