

Campus Keyboard

By The Staff

A few years ago Kay Kyser, one of the boys in school here, got behind a scheme of his for a "Meet, Greet, Speak Week," and placed democratic Carolina friendliness on a new high level. Ever since we've been here we've heard echoes of what Kyser did in the urge of upper classmen that we speak to our neighbors on the pretty paths (and those which aren't so pretty), which make up the Carolina Campus Highway system.

Chapel Hill is a traditionally friendly place and by right it should be, with girls and boys from all over the world mingling in a congenial atmosphere and needing, craving, and getting friendship which puts sugar on the pills of wisdom. It's not a mushy sort of sentimental friendship, either; it's one of those co-operative attitudes which make working pleasurable and pleasure workable.

Far be it from us to lead a pep fight or a spirit crusade for hand-shaking. But we'd like to make it our duty to reiterate a little tradition which has made Chapel Hill the most delightful and progressive educational center in the South.

As we go to press with the first edition the Russian situation looks especially bad for the proofreaders and printers, however, if the situation becomes acute perhaps the Tar Heel will find some experienced All-American football announcer to fill in.

And there was the rather emotional middle aged woman who was seen talking—nay! almost weeping to Mrs. Welch at the information booth in South building the other day. It seems that she was worried about the fact that no one would meet her only male offspring at the bus station when he arrived.

But that wasn't the point. The real worry was that if he were not met that (s'help me) he wouldn't be able to find the University.

Private admission by some German cabinet officers that Germany cannot win, discovered by a distinguished foreign correspondent—(News Release) That'll distress a few semi-Americans.

"—Of course, Bill, those other fraternities have some good boys. Maybe we have, maybe we haven't, but we think we've got just the type of fellows that you'd naturally want to live with. You've seen how friendly they are, you always seem to feel at home around here, and I don't mind telling you, Bill, the brothers think a hell of a lot about you. You wanta think about the fellas when you join a frat—not about the cups, and the house—just say to yourself, are these the kinda fellas I wanta spend my college life with? Are these the kinda fellas I want to associate with the rest of my life. Are these the kinda fellas I'd want my sister to go out with? And when you've thought about those things, just remember, Bill, we really wantcha, kid, we really do . . ."

And so another rushman will go through the mill in a couple of weeks. And when it is all over, he'll be happy with the frat he joined, but he'll laugh at some of the things that were told him. It never fails, brother, never.

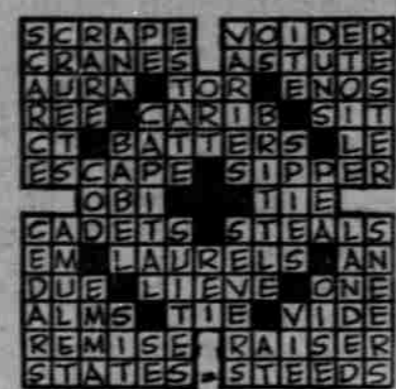
And then there was the frosh at the smoker the other night. Fumes were thick and the people thicker. A little more oil and a lot of tin and it would be the same old sardine gag. The frosh tapped his neighbor on the collar bone; "Cheez, guy—just like the subway, just like the subway."

Crossword Puzzle

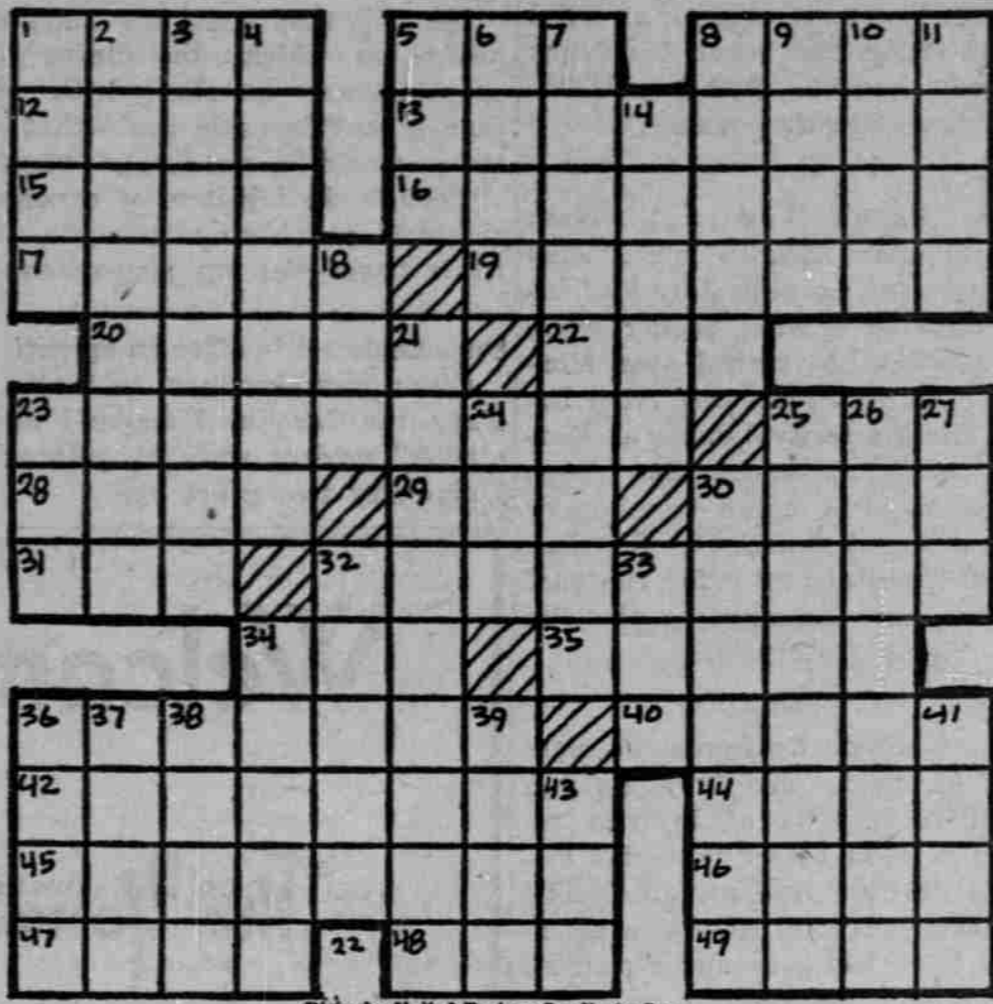
By LARS MORRIS

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

- ACROSS**
- 1—Vessel in which coal is raised from mine
 - 8—Mine entrances
 - 12—Son of Adam
 - 13—Give vitality to
 - 15—Man who sold birthright to Jacob
 - 16—Areas projecting in enemy territory
 - 17—Pertaining to Viktor
 - 18—State of being red
 - 20—Metric quart
 - 22—Animal doctor (root)
 - 23—Storage lake
 - 26—Appendage to watch
 - 28—Roman highway
 - 29—Metric measure of area
 - 30—Shatter
 - 31—Penitentiary (slang)
 - 32—Threw about
 - 34—Ostrich-like bird
 - 35—More judiciously
 - 36—Bring to wrong conclusions
 - 40—Out-moded
 - 42—Gives life to
 - 44—Falshoods
 - 45—Most stringent
 - 46—Garden of paradise
 - 47—Rio



- DOWN**
- 1—Ancient City of Normandy
 - 2—Antiquated
 - 3—Appeared again
 - 4—Differ noisily
 - 5—Foot-like part
 - 6—Ancient Irish frock (new word)
 - 7—Television workers
 - 8—Representative
 - 9—Take dinner
 - 10—Softly adherent of
 - 11—Girl's nickname
 - 14—Addition to legislative bill
 - 19—To stray
 - 21—Place near bearth
 - 24—Plantation foreman
 - 25—Feasting-place
 - 27—Treats in kings' title
 - 28—Smudge
 - 29—Faucet
 - 34—Man's name
 - 36—Pole on ship
 - 37—Gabon arrow-poison
 - 38—Hindu god
 - 39—Writing table
 - 41—Saxon serf
 - 43—Pig oen



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Meet Johnnie Green

He's Still A Scared Frosh But Not Like Joe College

By Ed Lashman

His name is Johnnie Green and he just got to town. He used to be Joe College but that was way back when the typical college student was just a good-time-Charlie. That was in the days of going to State for the dances and the week-ends—the rah rah boys and 23-skidoo.

But Johnnie Green isn't like that anymore. He's just as ignorant and scared and bewildered. But this fellow's different. His education means something to him. He's probably working part or all of his way through the University so that he can be an accountant or a doctor or a lawyer or a personnel administrator.

You know Johnnie. All the Sophomores and upperclassmen say, "You can tell 'em by that 'innocent lamb' look." He's the guy who's been asking you all week where South building and Manly dormitory are. He points gingerly and identifies the Arboretum to fellow frosh.

Student Body President

Johnnie is all freshmen and one freshman. Johnnie is going to be president of the Student body and speaker of the legislature and president of the YMCA. He comes from Rocky Mount and Scotland Neck and New Orleans and Chicago and Los Angeles.

Johnnie has been coming in here by bus and train and with his family in the car ever since Monday. He came up early to take the Naval ROTC physical or for the YMCA retreat or just so the folks could look the place over. Johnnie with all his self-confidence and cocksureness all gone is completely lost. He doesn't know his way around yet and he almost adds "sir" to his questions and then wishes he had.

When Johnnie gets into Chapel Hill he has his freshman handbook with him all the time. He wonders "Gosh, what's my roommate going to look

like?" Or he's worried whether he's even got a room.

But Johnnie knows one thing almost as soon as he gets here. He soon finds out that he's on terms of equality with the upperclassmen—that though they laugh and tease "freshman" that they're all swell guys and that they start out with the idea that he's a swell guy, too. Unless they find out differently. Then he's dubbed freshman scornfully. "Grow up, brother!" Then he's Joe College.

Honor System

He goes through the whirl of activity of orientation week in a daze. He takes that first placement test with his heart thumping against his ribs. He hears his student adviser and listens to talk about the Hill and about the Honor system. And pretty soon he can find the library almost the first try. But when he walks the paths alone at night, he's kinda scared—but he wouldn't admit it.

Today he got up at 7 o'clock for his 8:30 Social Science class. He left his toothbrush and soap on the shelf as he did at home. Then he went over to Lenoir dining hall and stood in line. Johnnie got a couple of fried eggs and some coffee—he was a college man now and he could drink coffee if he wanted to, by gods. He gulped the food down afraid that he'd be late for class. Then he almost ran over to Saunders. He got there ten minutes to 8.

The awful moment of the first class. Talking with the fellows and wondering about the prof. The hushed silence. A gulped "Here" to the roll call.

And suddenly, something began to fill up in Johnnie's chest. He wanted to sing or shout or something. Finally he was really a part of Chapel Hill.

But when he got back to the dorm almost bubbling over with enthusiasm, someone said, "Wait till you see Chapel Hill in the spring."

Cabbages And Kings

By Bob Hoke

CHAPEL HILL IS A wonderful place—especially to come back to. Strolled across the "Y" quadrangle and down Franklin street acrosting every old face with the perennial "What did you do during the summer." New faces are mixed with the old. New cabbages in great abundance improving the scene.

SEEN AROUND THE HILL. Speaker of the legislature. Terry Sanford hobbling around on one leg. A horse got the best of the other up around Asheville. Seems that the gavel pounder attempted to break a "wild" horse. . . . Graduated-politico Bill Cochrane sticking close to the Institute of Government building looking for a likely place to hang his shingle. . . . Jean Hahn stealing a march on the Phi Delta Kappa gang by doing work in Wesley this summer. . . . Truman Hobbs, biggest of the B.M.O.C.'s, wearing the battle scars of an encounter with a Georgia "cracker" with a brand new car of 1928 vintage. Truman got the best of the accident and proudly displayed the blood-soaked bandages to his summer school colleagues. . . . Jean McKenzie, of Plymouth fame, bounding across the campus with a smile for everyone, direct from the "Lost Colony" footlights. 'Twas a big summer, just ask anyone.

W. S. Kutz and his famous "fudgy-wuddies" moved from the Book Emporium in the Y to set up an establishment of his own down among the merchants. Something different.

SEEING THE FOOTBALL stalwarts slaving under the hot sun Saturday afternoon made us appreciate our comfortable grandstand seats and realize that the pigskin season is upon us. Were a bit bewildered by the thousands of high school students visiting us.

The Chapel Hill Weekly raised quite a furore this summer by its

article advocating that the students fortunate enough to possess cars be forced to do without them. Supposedly for safety measures and preserving the national gasoline supply. Is rumored that the measure will come before the student legislature. Might just as well forbid the inhabitants of Durham from operating cars.

SEEING THE CAMPUS smoothies coming forth wearing neckties reminds us of the greater number of coeds here this year. Also reminds us of the story of the coeds who last year all got together and voted to reduce their association fees from one dollar to thirty cents a quarter. Only someone neglected to inform the cashier's office of the vital vote and \$29 coeds are still being charged one greenback each. The red tape sorta' got clipped in the bud that time.

Carroll McGaughy flew in last weekend. Seems he and Charlie Sloan acquired an airplane over the summer and while not bothered with summer session classes they took brief jaunts off to Manteo, New York, Chicago and points east. Millionaires on the loose.

Iowa State Teachers Foot All Social Bills

CEDAR FALLS, Iowa.—(ACP)—With coeds footing the bills, social life is flourishing again at Iowa State Teachers college.

For several months dating languished at the school, where there are two women students for every man. The men just didn't seem interested.

Finally, the women threw coyness to the winds and invited the men to a "Femme's Fancy" dance—all expenses paid. It worked, and the process was repeated at the college's Valentine day dance. Now the girls are saving their spending money and lining up dates for the Mardi Gras ball.

At first the college paper protested at the reversal of social procedure. Its pleas were in vain.

As for the men, their attitude was summed up by one nonchalant spokesman this way:

"It's a good idea. Now a fellow's social life won't hamper his supply of pocket money."

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