

The Daily Tar Heel

—OLDEST COLLEGE DAILY IN THE SOUTH—

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Via Lanier SOME COLLEGE FOR THE POOR...

A recent suggestion by Dean R. B. House concerning the ample supply of self-help jobs that will be available after this summer and the consequent opportunity for high school students to go to Carolina should not be overlooked.

Essentially his suggestion urged that all students who knew of any high school pupils who would like to go to college, but who had dismissed it as impossible because of finances, to advise them to contact Mr. Ed Lanier, self-help director.

While there will not be an over-supply of students, academically fitted to go to college, who are not subject to the draft, still there will be some and those few should be contacted.

Perhaps they will be able to obtain only one year, one quarter, or one month of college education due to tightening draft requirements. But at least they can get in as much time as possible, and through many self-help jobs, the cost to them should be very small.

If administration officials encourage such students to enter the University, they should also make sure that they will be assured of inexpensive food and lodging. We feel that the statement in the summer school catalogue recently published that food should run from "\$30-\$40 a month" is at the outside very optimistic. If the figure is based on current cost of meals, it smacks of a pipe dream.

We do not, however, believe that such prices will be impossible if adequate steps are taken before the summer and fall sessions begin, to assure cheap, adequate civilian eateries.

Never before has the University been able to offer almost every scholastically equipped but financially embarrassed student a chance at some college education. It is unfortunate that they cannot do the same when more are free to accept the opportunity.

We hope, however, that those few who can take advantage of the situation will not get to the University to find that their self-help checks will be well chewed by food and lodging expenses.

Wear Women COED CURFEW INCONGRUOUS

By Kat Hill

Who said coeds have equal rights on this campus?

Irregardless of what campus activities are swinging into full force during the first four nights of the week, the Carolina coed is still forced to dash back to her dormitory to meet a 10:30 curfew. Yet on weekends she is allowed to wander from the bricked off habitat until twelve or one o'clock.

At the same time, fellow students from the male populace here have no restrictions as to when they must toddle home. Now the question we would like to have answered is: Do girls need more sleep than boys? Or to phrase it another way: Are girls essentially more wicked than boys, especially during the first part of the weeks? Or: Why must a girl be in two and a half hours earlier on Thursday night than on Friday night?

The University of North Carolina is known all over the country for its program of liberalism. It is, indeed, this program of liberalism that forms the basis for our way of life here. Is the reason for the kindergarten time rules set up for coeds that women old enough to be juniors and seniors in college are not mature enough to judge for themselves what time they should go in? If this is true, it is quite out of keeping with the policies of such a liberal University.

Coeds today are being asked to accept a greater part in campus activities. We have been told time and time again that the bulk of the responsibilities for carrying on next year will belong to us. We have accepted the challenge. Coeds who are capable of doing these jobs and doing them well, are just fully as capable of coming in at an hour suitable to the individual's judgment.

POSTULATUMS: Sign in the Beta house last Saturday:
You drank a quart
You ate like heck
And now we hope
You'll send a checkue.

BORROWED: From an import who came in after her first date at Carolina: "Is that a Carolina gentleman? For a while tonight I thought he was an octopus!"

BLOSSOMS: From one Weary Woman to the other. Specifically to Newswoman Sara Yokley for the picture on the current issue of the State magazine.

Early Carolinians Used Pistols As Pacifiers

By Sara Yokley

Back in the 19th century Carolina students considered firearms as part of the equipment of a Southern gentleman. No one came to school without a pistol, and rifles could be found in almost every room. The wild escapades that resulted from "pistol practice" put present day election week in the shade.

In "A History of the University of North Carolina" President Kemp Battle tells of the trouble he had with gun-toting students.

A crowd of playful sophomores one night decided to haze a freshman, although this was strictly illegal. After it grew quite dark they decided it would be fun to jump from behind a tree and frighten him. But this freshman was of a singular temperament. Startled by the sudden movement towards him in the dark, he pulled a gun from his pocket and fired. The result: One wounded sophomore, one less freshman at Carolina.

Tales of hazing at Carolina often involve pistols. A freshman of the 1890's gave notice that he would not submit to hazing, that if necessary he would shoot to prevent it. As he sat studying in his room one night he heard the shouts of a blacking party, for the favorite sport of sophomores then was to smear the faces of freshmen with boot blacking.

By the time the crowd reached his room he had barricaded

the door, and stood behind it, pistol in hand. When they knocked, he fired through the lower panel. The bullet lodged in the leg of one sophomore who later declared that he was "a mere bystander come to see the fun". When the faculty tried the case the wounded student was sent home for hazing was a shipping offense.

One spring day while President Battle was teaching a history class he heard shouts beneath the classroom window. Outside were three students, grappling in the dust. Two of them were trying to force a gun from the hands of the third. It seems that the three were fighting over a contested election, and shooting it out was the most satisfactory solution.

The rule of the law simplified the duties of the Carolina faculty. When deadly weapons were used in student arguments the dispute was automatically under the jurisdiction of the Superior Court. Back files of Carolina life are full of yarns alumni like to spin.

Under The Sun

by Dick Railey

"In past years," reports Bennett, retiring president of the student body, "70 percent of the cases before the student council have involved freshmen. This year, however, freshmen have only been guilty of 7 percent of the offenses." This improvement in the honor system can in a very large measure be attributed to the thorough orientation program instituted this year by Bennett. Bert has proven that the boys in the headlines are the ones that do the work in many cases. With the marked success in the improvement of Carolina's

honor system, Bennett stands foremost among those to be considered for the Parker Award, given each year to the student contributing most to the University's honor system. Truman Hobbs was the first student to receive the award, which was instituted last year.

For the first time in eight years, the Carolina Political Union, student non-partisan discussion group, has elected a girl as chairman. And the innovation is not a result of the impact of the war, for Lee Bronson was chosen to the po-

If This Be Reason

By Dave Hanig

It started with an innocent twig no different in appearance from the small kindling found around the campus. Yet this lanky southern boy had handled it one afternoon as though it were a pencil. He sharpened it, chewed it over class problems and as twigs go it went eventually.

Nothing unusual in that. The lanky one went through the noon sessions and sauntered into town. He came across his room-mate and the two of them went to dinner. On that particular day he was hungry. The weather had been cool and he had been enwrapped in studies a good part of the day. Now he realized he was never so hungry as he was at that moment.

Together with his room-mate he decided to really stow away a meal deserving honorable mention. He didn't stint himself. A huge platter of succulent spaghetti generously covered with rich tomato sauce was placed before him. His thin face flushed with the hot, spiced aroma of the platter sharpened his appetite even more keenly. He ordered a cup of hot and fragrant coffee.

position in a contest between herself and two boys. However, it might be noted that with the decreasing number of male students on the campus, it is becoming increasingly urgent that the coeds become more active in all activities. The TAR HEEL could well use a good number of interested girls.

Spring in Chapel Hill... hot days again... swimming at Eastwood Lake... the Pi Phi cohort hunting... beer is a refreshing drink... the squirrel, after months of inactivity, is advising again; he's at the window now... the week-end jaunts continue in spite of the war... Friday classes with the usual missing faces... sunbathing on the grass is not so bad but the resumed walking on it which is being resumed is harmful... Truman Hobbs in town looking every bit an admiral; he's headed for sea
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fee. There were soft, steamed rolls sweet in their whiteness. And he went to it. It took time to consume his meal but he ate it thoroughly and with leisure. Soon after he finished it off with French-apple pie and two half-pints of milk. When he dabbed his lips with a napkin there was a deep contentment in that slow smile of his.

"Let's go to a show, son!" he purred.

"Got to get back to the books," replied his room-mate and left him. The lanky one contemplated the stacks of dishes and decided such a meal demanded a tribute. He decided to go to a show.

In the darkness of the theatre and comfortably seated on his spine he gave his attention to the screen.

Slowly at first and then gradually he began to perspire. He wet his lips several times to shut out the sudden heat inside him. The images on the screen doubled and redoubled. His eyes began to throb. He suddenly felt the breath knocked out of him. His brain began to wonder in panic. He twisted in his seat with pains. Finally he managed to stagger out into the aisle and out of the theatre. Instinctively he tottered and lurched his way to the infirmary.

Once there he was taken quickly in hand. A stomach pump and constant attention to the sick youth finally allowed him to breathe again. The pains subsided though his eyes still ached. When the doctors queried him afterwards he recalled that innocent twig he had chewed so absent-mindedly.

"Boy, you've been chewing a herb called belladonna. There was enough in that 'twig' to have killed ten men."

"Guess I'm lucky," said the lanky one weakly.

"Only one thing saved you," laughed the doctor, "that big meal you had counteracted the poison before it had a real chance. I'll say you're in luck!"

Crossword Puzzle

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

ACROSS

- Endure
- Epochs
- Large barrel
- Lamp
- Not any
- Puny
- Arouse
- Melody
- Man's nickname
- Adherent
- Rodent
- Overwhelms with wonder
- Go by
- Harmonize
- Hit
- Parts of feet
- Commanders
- Turkish regiment
- Floats in air
- Toward roof
- Go on road, as theater company
- Arab's garment
- Plays on words
- Passed quietly
- Part of flower
- Calm
- Consumed
- Godfather

DOWN

- Smaller than
- Alutian island
- Cut off
- Waterproofed canvas
- Dinner course
- Defeats utterly
- Girl's name
- Shake
- Propriet
- Regions
- Army shelters
- Possesses
- Cushions
- Captain in "Moby Dick"
- A tissue
- Burns
- Pull apart
- Heated
- Large water bird
- River Caesar crossed
- Diggers
- Aslound
- Exhaust
- Word of despair
- Transmitted
- Place
- Sailor
- Took food
- Chest pieces
- Slight explosion
- Senior (abbr.)
- Father

DO YOU DIG IT?
Submitted by Jerry D. O'Brien
Colgate University

"STASH THE SWIVEL, CHICK! LET'S CUT LOOSE AND SPRAWL OUT A FEW TICKS FOR A BREATH WITH PEPSI-COLA."

ENGLISH TRANSLATION:
The he-half of this jive team is suggesting that they break it up and sit out a few minutes to enjoy Pepsi-Cola. And who could refuse such a magnificent suggestion?

SEND US YOUR SLANG AND GET \$10 IF WE USE IT
Address: College Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y.
Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Franchised Bottlers.