

To The Rescue

Carolina's own version of the Red Cross flashed into action and came through with flying colors Tuesday when something far worse than the usual sun-burn sickness hit Spencer dormitory.

With limited facilities for handling 76 cases of food poisoning, the University infirmary staff, aided by volunteer helpers from other women's dormitories, took control of the situation in Spencer and did a magnificent job of pulling the girls through a miserable afternoon and night. There was the sincerest kind of appreciation expressed in muttered grunts of relief, but those people who came to the rescue deserve the gratitude of the whole campus.

Something of a modern Florence Nightingale was Mrs. Mildred Elliot, registered nurse, who accompanied Drs. J. V. Arey, Bill Morgan, and Ed Hedgpeth up and down the hot halls of the dormitory and directed the work of the assistants. She went about her work quietly, but the girls in Spencer realize, nevertheless, how valuable her efforts were.

All Miss Willie Aimes, dietician for the dormitory, needed to complete her roll was a starched white uniform and halo that probably, after all, would have melted over the stove on which she boiled gallons of tea. She and house mother Mrs. Irene Lee kept up an assembly line of iced tea and pitchers of crushed ice, while they answered numerous questions and telephone calls. The complete cooperation during the emergency reached even to the Carolina Inn, the contributor of enough crushed ice to pull the girls through the night.

Now that the girls are on their feet again, and there are some more vacant beds in the infirmary, the campus can look back with some pride on a job well-done and offer its appreciation, along with the girls in Spencer, to the people who did that job.—R.A.

Who's Too Hot?

Somehow we never understand why even the oldest of local residents and even more surprisingly students from the deepest south tropics (suh) continually gripe about the weather. Perhaps, tradition bound, they feel obligated to talk about it since they obviously can do nothing about it.

Getting right down to brass weather tacks we proudly state that we downright LIKE the weather. It hasn't gotten so hot yet that we couldn't take off our shoes and comfortably wiggle our toes. Or wander around comfortably in our summer-bound uniform of T-shirt and khaki trousers. And we still have a most unpleasantly chilly memory of several weeks of snow, ice, and slush from last winter.

Yes, we like the weather hereabouts lately, and the hotter it gets the better we like it. If it wasn't so wonderfully, comfortably, drowsily warm, the swimming pools wouldn't be so appreciated; the beer wouldn't be as welcome and refreshing; and the coeds wouldn't look so cotton-dressy-unswept appealing. So what's the use of hollering about such fine weather? Us, we're enjoying it.—R.F.G.

Date or Death?

We're all four-wheel personalities. That is, we all like nice new shiny Buicks on what have you. But we don't like them bearing down at us, roaring down congested streets, about to hit our tin jalopies. We don't like to have these monsters of the road terminate our lovely lives which we have tried so hard to preserve thus far.

What we're talking about are conversations like this: "Honey I'm going to be late . . . hurry, darling, hurry."

"I've got it wide open, sweet. Don't worry. Just keep pressing the horn. I gotta drive."

Meanwhile the car being driven is cruising down Raleigh street (that's the street going by the gals' dorms) at a 50 mile clip in a 20 mile zone.

The moral we're trying to bring out is this. Please be considerate. There are other guys who want to date the next day or night . . . not wind up on a slab. So how about it huh?—L.K.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Editor: ED JOYNER, JR. Business Manager: T. E. HOLDEN

M.aging Editor: Bill Buchanan Sports Editor: Billy Carmichael, III Assistant Business Manager: Betty Huston Advertising Manager: Baxter Morris

For This Issue: News Staff: Lincoln Kan, Jim Dickinson, Sam McKeel, Emily Sewell, Carolyn Taylor, Clyde Osbourne, Sunny Rollband, Ann Humphrey, Charlie Gibson, Bill Kellum, Beatrice Metcalf, Betty Holbrook, Mildred Leonard. Sports Staff: Bill Gallagher, Bob Ousley. Circulation Mgr.—Owen D. Lewis; Asst. Circulation Mgr.—Don Snow.

Hodgepodge

I Like You, Mr. Crouch

By Ed Joyner

The Daily Tar Heel staff has taken a liking to M. L. Crouch. We do not know Mr. Crouch. In fact we are not even sure he is a Mr. We looked him up in the summer school directory in the Graham Memorial office, but he isn't on the list.

The only thing we know about M. L. Crouch is that he made a one-cent investment last week which we appreciated. He bought a penny postal card, wrote on it and addressed it to the Daily Tar Heel.

This in itself is not remarkable. People quite often address cards to us. The remarkable thing about this postal card is that Mr. Crouch likes our paper. He said so. He wrote it down in blue ink and signed his name to it.

The card started off, "Orchids to the Tar Heel staff!" We hate cliches and that is a much overused one, but when you are on the receiving end of those orchids it still sounds pretty good. The second sentence read, "Seldom have I seen a more popular summer school paper."

And right there we began to get suspicious.

Ordinarily the Daily Tar Heel staff is not a cynical group, but long and disillusioning experience with letters from the student body has taught us to beware of those that open with compliments. Almost invariably these letters fall into one of two categories: those in which the compliment is followed by a "but" after which the writer explains in detail the many and heinous faults of the DTH; and those in which the compliment is followed by a request for a favor—usually that the editor or one or all of the staff should drop dead immediately.

So after reading Mr. Crouch's first two sentences I stopped with an unhappy feeling and began taking bets among the staff as to what the "but" would be this time or what he would want us to do for him.

Then I read on. I got safely past the next sentences. I read faster. I got to the end, and then I read it again. There was not a single "but" or a single request on the whole card!

I am not by nature a suspicious person, Mr. Crouch, but I must admit that I waited in this office for three days expecting you to come in with a notice of a meeting of the Podunk club which you would like to have printed in headlines. You did not come, Mr. Crouch, and for that I thank you.

Mr. Crouch, you have done an unprecedented thing. Among college papers in the United States the DTH is recognized as one of the best. It is gaining a good reputation among professional newspaper men in the state. But never to my knowledge in the three years that I have worked on this paper has any student ever written in and said with no reservations, "I think the Daily Tar Heel staff is doing a good job."

Yes, Mr. Crouch, you have done an unprecedented thing, and because of it you will probably be ostracized by your fellow students. For what you have done is comparable to saying something nice about the Playmakers or Administration. It is one of those things which simply is not done.

An unfortunate misconception has grown up among Carolina students that a writer for the DTH is a strange creature who types with only one hand while the other holds a whiskey bottle to his mouth. We have not been able to stand a first-rate crew of beer guzzlers to the bar since the spring of 1947 when the famous DTH chugalug team won the State Intercollegiate Chugalug title.

On behalf of the staff, Mr. Crouch, I thank you for your kind words—and if you should be ostracized for them, come up to see us. We'll teach you to type with one hand.

WAMBLY WHIPP



Yack! Yack! Yack! Yack!

By Charlie Gibson

Patience, folks. Gene Johnstone says again that so help him, Dewey, the new Yackety-Yack will be given out next week. And when and if the Yacks arrive in shipment, it is one man's peaking opinion that all the waiting will not have been in vain.

The '48 Yack is a whopper with 512 pages, weighing more than six pounds. The size of the thing, it seems, is the staff's only explanation for delay and their only decent plea for these days. Actually the GM mezzanine maniacs finished all the material a month earlier this time than last year, but printers and binders had a slower and tougher job wrestling with 110 more pages than last year.

What say we applaud all their industry and forget last year altogether anyway, huh? The '47 annual had a novel cover and a well carried out theme for Tar Heels which many in publications circles considered unsurpassable. When staff originality has obviously gone about as far as it can go, subsequent comparisons are injustices not even Spencer dormitory cooks could think up.

However, it is true that the cover of the new yearbook is less striking. Odds are, though, that its brown synthetic leather should prove even more durable than a coed's "No!" The modernistic gold script type on the cover and all through the book is very appropriate for the timely but vague theme—building and future production. Those who only look at pictures and ignore squib captions

might miss the unifying idea entirely. It is, too, there, though. Remember "Y" court psychology: Look around and don't give up until you make something of it.

Without further apologies the board of editors—Ruth Evans and Hal Bursley along with Johnstone—have thrown about everything but a sure-hit crossword puzzle into the '48 Yack until it speaks for itself. Among the creditable new features are more color plates, a bigger and better athletic section, senior personality sketches to break up the monotony of a record-breaking class gallery, and more and more informal snapshots.

It is these snapshots that steal the center of interest through the whole book. Much credit for their cleverness goes to Bill Duncan, ex-pictorial editor and next editor-in-chief. The No. 1 Picture of the Year shows a frat house after a slight potty with 29 men (29—Count 'em, girls—29) lying informally stacked on the floor. Most expressive procession. In said scene, Dr. Graham looks impressed while Dean Wells trudges along behind him, looking nothing but hot and tired under a rakishly cocked academic cap.

Most timely photo is of sweating, panicky students digging away on construction of their own dormitory to appease J. E. Wadsworth. Best athletic picture catches the basketball team in mid-air action and tags the results "Dance, Ballerina, Dance". Most unusual sporting pose shows netman Vic Seixas serving some mean boogie-woogie at the piano.

In the best individual portrait

division, a bubble bath, two snow women, and a squirrel named "Blip!" rate second place. First honors go to "Pappy" Hamilton rigged up as a sulking Injun and "Fog" Giduz plying away at a Coke machine with a hammer as if he never heard of putting a nickel in the slot.

Hands down, men, the most attractive section of the book in every sense of the word "attractive" is the beauty spread. The editors were a bit naughty in sprinkling beauty contest glimpses haphazardly throughout the book four times before the pulchritude display finally turned up. Laverne Johnson, Chapel Hill cameraman extraordinary, did a top-notch job in photographing fifteen good campus reasons to save bare bottle tops to win something or other. Mr. Johnson contributed his work gratis to the Yack, and the evidence produced shows that all the pretty faces and things a Memorial Hall audience cheered for earlier this year are real. Perhaps it is somewhat disappointing that that full view poses had to be chosen for uniformity when several head and shoulder portraits recently on display in the Varsity windows downtown were even more beautiful than those the Yack used.

In general this annual is a well-done, authentic, and interesting record of this year in Tar Heelia. Way in the future, gentle reader, when you bounce Junior on your knee and try to convince him that Carolina is too fine to miss even after he survives old age in UMT, the '48 Yack will nostalgically depict University life in all its tradition, toil and fun.

Capital Sidelights

Pardon My Politics

(Chuck Hauser, who wrote the following column on state politics, was Daily Tar Heel managing editor last spring and will resume that job in the fall. During the summer he is working with the United Press bureau in Raleigh.)

By Chuck Hauser

Raleigh—You should have been here on election night. The sights, the emotions, the celebrations are things that a typewriter has a hard job putting down.

I was standing just three feet away from the next governor of North Carolina at about 10 o'clock Saturday night when a white-haired, dark-eyebrowed, bespectacled man walked in the door of the mezzanine election night headquarters of Kerr Scott in the Carolina hotel.

Charlie Johnson walked in quietly, then almost ran across the room to where the governor-elect stood.

"Hey, Kerr, congratulations," he said. "Glad you could come over, Charlie," the other man answered, holding out his hand.

And they stood there for ten minutes shaking hands while the news photographers got their fill of pictures of winner and loser.

Their actions seemed extremely incongruous after the manner in which they had been attacking each other for the past few weeks. Scott had called Johnson a machine candidate and Johnson had shot right back that Scott was waging a campaign of deception and insinuation. Scott had said that Johnson was losing the state money by non-interest-bearing investments and Johnson had retorted that Scott had been riding around North Carolina on state time and state gasoline building a political machine. And they both had said on Friday night that they would win hands down. One of them was wrong.

But the buddy-buddy old-pal long-time-no-see routine there in the Carolina was a funny sight to see.

From what I could pick up in Raleigh, politics in North Carolina gets a lot filthier than on the Carolina campus, where we think we're pretty good at it. But what I heard about Charlie Johnson's boys was strictly for the birds.

I don't know yet how bad it was this time, but I've heard about a lot of chicanery in that first primary. Things like buying votes and ballot-box juggling—such as in the little precinct where a hundred and fifty people swore up and down that they had voted for Scott in the first primary but when the election figures were released Scott only got fifty-seven votes.

And the reports about the people herded over the South Carolina line to vote for Johnson in precincts in the southern part of the state, and about the colored people who were lined up and voted without ever having been on the registration books. But they all walked away from the polls with an extra dollar or so in their pockets, so who cared? A dollar is a lot of money to some people.

Yes, the dirty politics was present—and I don't imagine it was all one-sided, but I still think the best man won.

Chitchat

Beer and Bareness

By Violet LaRue

Here it is again! Another week of sweat and toil and beer at the Chapel Hill Brew Emporium. This week marks the end of a blazin' hot month and the beginning of an even hotter one. Oh for some of that blessed rain which we all cussed on the football week-ends last fall!

The Playmakers are quite a crowd and have displayed more energy than any group so far. As the rumor goes the cast for "All My Sons" collected in Mrs. Koch's backyard to make the publicity pictures for the coming production (always get that plug in for the home team) on last Thursday when the temperature was only hovering between 101 and 100—the hottest day in Chapel Hill since around 1897. The cast posed and the camera snapped and the old man in the heat control room on the sun wondered what could be keeping a crowd outside for such a long time. As Sam Hirsch said, "I didn't know that it was such a hot day. But when I got home I felt groggy." It's a wonder that the whole cast didn't have a sunstroke!

Party, party, party—practically all the Carolina Campus shoved off to answer the call of the ocean this week-end. From the looks of the likes of those who returned, it wasn't exactly cloudy on the coast. One brilliant suggestion has been offered in order to allow coolness to again reign in dorm rooms: install a crate of drinks well saturated with ice; hook up a 40 inch fan (that works); open all the windows and doors (closing closet doors to prevent distracting odors); then, sit back and pray for a slight breeze.

The B. T. N. M. (Back to Nature Movement) has clutched the very feet of the Carolina gentlemen. Bare backs coming in five different shades—brown, chocolate, black, bronze, and lily white—are the order of the day. Bare feet wriggle along the cool iron parts of the classroom chairs. One bare-footed male subject of the B. T. N. M. was overheard to say in the Y-Court yesterday: "I wish they'd leave the 'tradition' on the walks; civilization is too damn hot for me!"

Cholley's Follies

Yack! Yack! Yack! Yack!

The Cavorting Picture

Sex Stew Suppression

I am a sin among columnists. For lack of some better way to beat the heat, I have wandered off the sports page—hot with torrid triumphs of sizzling stars—onto the editorial page cloaked in cold, black dignity. The cold is the content; the black is the ink which by some queer quirk of nature and the Colonial Press prints this page blacker than the rest.

But back to this business of being a sin. I am one columnist who differs from the rest. I always have something to write about. That's my sin and that's the difference between me and the rest of these lads and lassies (female lads) who write on this page to fill it and write about nothing and the nothing there is to write about and animals they have known and talked to. My brother talks to

horses, but I'm not one to be caught eavesdropping.

As Gertie Stein always would have said, "A column is a column is a column." Those are my sentiments to the letter. There is always something to write about. First, take the weather. On second thought you take it as I can not bear it.

Then there is sex. Some people say that sex has no place on the editorial page. Others say that sex has a place anywhere. The latter I have the scars to prove. Sex is always of reader interest. Nude-Body-Found-In-Bath-Tub has been selling papers in New York for years with only Dick Tracy backing the story up on the inside pages.

Sex is harder to write than it looks. Of course, it all de-

pends upon the way you look at it. The big trouble is the number of people in the world who are against your writing sex in the first place.

They will delete, censor, out, alter, suppress and do countless thousands of other things to anything you write, which if else proves the power of the written word.

Another big trouble with writing sex is that it loses much of its punch on paper. Sex just isn't a theoretical proposition. It is a proposition that centers around bare reality. It is a proposition . . .

The one fact that stands out above all is that sex, like columnists, is here to stay. Of course, it's a broad subject to be covered in a single column. If you don't believe it, just ask one.

Lead Story . . .

Mallette Street Accident

(The following article is reprinted from the Mallette News, a weekly newspaper published by Dan Kyker of 122 Mallette street, Chapel Hill, Dan, age 9, is Publisher, Managing Editor, City Editor, and Star Photographer.)

By Dan Kyker

THEATER OWNER HAS ACCIDENT! Chapel Hill. Jimps Davis, an Apex producer of Apex Producers, Inc., main his thumb in a not too serious accident on the site of the construction of a service garage down near the A&P on Frank-theater at 120 Mallette St., hurt lin Street.

The way it seems that the carrying home a case of—of—carrying home a case of—of—you guess what? You guessed it—Pepsi Cola. Try one some time; it hits the spot. 12 oz. for only 5 cents—it's de-e-elish.

As I was saying, now what was it? Oh yes! That's it. Now as I said before I so rudely interrupted myself, he was carrying the Pepsis home to the mother of his girl friend (or female acquaintance, as it is in smarty pants Latin). The girl dropped some money and Davis, always the gallant schmoe, stopped to pick it up. As he stooped to pick it up he dropped the Pepsis, breaking two of the

bottles and cutting his thumb badly.

Grabbing his thumb and yowling he set down the other bottles and ran home to his

mother leaving the other bottles for the girl to carry home. Impolite of him wasn't it?

The time of the accident was 4:15 a week ago yesterday.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Includes a small grid for the answer to the previous puzzle.