

The Daily Tar Heel

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This 'n That Green Stands For Thursday

By Bill Buchan

There's a new face on the campus—her name is Green Thursday, and if you ain't seen her yet, buddy, you ain't lived. Green Thursday is the successor to Southern Comfort. Not the whiskey mind you, but the station wagon (and I use the term loosely).

Southern Comfort was the proud possession of the Publications Board and was used mainly by the Daily Tar Heel staff for the delivery of copy between the offices in Graham Memorial and the print shop in Carboro.

Now, there's nothing wrong with Southern Comfort. She's got a good heart and a good motor, her body is just plumb worn out. She gave everything she had to publications, especially the Daily Tar Heel. 'Course she wasn't any spring chicken when we got her, but she was ready and willing and dedicated to the University of North Carolina.

Cops chased Southern Comfort and more often than not, they caught her, but this didn't dampen her enthusiasm. She took all the tickets and let her drivers pay all the fines. But Southern Comfort (mercy on her soul) is a thing of the past and Green Thursday is very much the thing of the present.

Green Thursday, as far as actual description is concerned, is a green 1949 Chevrolet panel truck. While we didn't know what color she would be when she arrived, one look at her and the name Green Thursday was inevitable. For an explanation of the name, inquire of a DTH staff member. There are some things you can print in a newspaper, and there are some things you can't.

Green Thursday has got all the personality that one green panel 1949 Chevrolet panel truck could have. She was on the campus only two days before she took off for a nearby city (some 60 miles) without permission. She had a driver, of course, but the blame was put on Thursday. Just like Southern Comfort (may she rest in peace), Thursday has that inevitable ability to take off for the faraway places that Margaret Whiting sings about.

Before her complete orientation program on Carolina life is complete, Green Thursday will have a fine lettered sign on both her sides and her rear end telling who and what she is.

While she isn't named Southern Comfort II, she will still be carrying on the life and loves of her predecessor. If your DTH's aren't delivered on time, put the blame on Thursday, boys, put the blame on Thursday.

Carolinantics

Flipping Coins Is on the Cuff

By Charlie Gibson

How would Paul Baynard ever expect an entirely convincing "Welcome back" from roommate Wellborn Phillips on the weekend that he flew west to woo a W.C. alumna? Not wanting his parents' to know of the trip, Paul left a \$25,000 airplane accident insurance policy with Wellborn as beneficiary. Roommates are, too, that dispensable, aren't they, Mr. Wadsworth? . . .

Eddie Knight cannot decide which is worse—having to buy Cokes for everybody whom she matches or having to explain what she was doing snatching at Dorch Warriner's pants leg in the Y lobby. Practicing the costly art of coin flipping recently, Eddie happened to land a dime in Dorch's trouser cuff. Quite a rumpus arose when Dorch first discovered Eddie crawling around the floor after him. Then while she mercenarily dug into his leg, this shocked and highly sensitive soul hopped and hollered for help. No, there is absolutely no hope for coeds' ever becoming more subtle.

Senator Allen J. Ellender, of Louisiana, reports some interesting experiences in filibustering. As in athletics, he avers, the conditioned filibuster gets a second wind. I had a feeling I was back in



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Washington Scene

From Filibuster To Lookout

By George Dixon

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WASHINGTON — Antonio Bermudez, who is heading up the Mexican oil deal, was in Washington but had to leave abruptly.

As you know, the deal grants permission to Americans to drill for oil in Mexico for the first time since all foreign oil concessions were confiscated in the big expropriation of March 18, 1938. But Bermudez, director general of Petroleos Mexicanos, known as Pemex, could not remain in our midst to celebrate the great concord.

He had to hurry back to Mexico city to attend the big annual jamboree celebrating the anniversary of the oil expropriations.

Gad, what a cad! While Senator Olin D. Johnston, of South Carolina, was filibustering for the Southland, his tonsils got dry and he commanded a page boy to bring him a glass of orange juice.

The lubricant was delivered, but before Johnston could find an oratorical pause Republican Senator William Langer, of North Dakota, snuck up behind him and drank it.

Note to an unknown taxi driver: that white-haired man shivering without hat or coat you picked up about 4 a.m. in the vicinity of the capitol was not out of his mind — except, possibly, temporarily. He was the distinguished chairman of the Foreign Relations committee, Senator Tom Connally.

No, driver, the eminent senator had not run amok. On the coldest night of the winter he was the victim of a lookout.

The great Connally had grown weary as the filibuster went on into the night. So he stole quietly from the senate chamber to the lower floor suite of the Foreign Relations committee where he stretched himself out on a couch.

The filibuster adjourned at 2 a.m. The senate sergeant at arms and his myrmidons went around locking up. The statesman from Texas snored on.

He awoke about 4 a.m. and decided to go back upstairs and see how his colleagues were doing. Everything was dark.

Moreover, the cloakroom where his hat and coat were deposited was locked up too and he couldn't find anyone to unlock it.

That's why you saw his long blancmange tresses streaming in the wind, driver. And you can understand why he was muttering so ferociously.

my sports writing days as the lawmaker described his 12-hour and 21-minute ordeal. Mr. Ellender talked for all the world like an old bunion derbyist.

"I was almost dead beat at the end of the first two hours," he recounted, "but a short time thereafter I got my second wind. I was much less tired than after the first lap."

Oddly the senator said his feet did not become tired at all, but the calves of his legs ached. His biggest trouble, he added, was in preserving equilibrium.

"I sort of lost my sense of balance," he said. "I found myself swaying. Frequently I would have to grasp my desk to steady myself."

Senator Ellender said he felt no effects whatsoever the next morning, adding that he finished at 12:41 a.m., went home, got a sound night's sleep and was first to arrive for a meeting of the Agriculture committee at 10 the next morning. His only food after the talkathon was six pecans and an apple, although he hadn't had anything since breakfast, which consisted of a sliver of ham, two wheat cakes, and a cup of tea.

"I trained for the filibuster," he said. "Two days before, I began dehydrating myself. Drank hardly any fluids. That gave me the staying power."

Senator Ellender said he consumed six aspirin cough-drops and six vitamin pills during his speech.

"They did something for me," he said. "At the finish I was positively jumping."

You Gotta Eat Professor Swaps Job

By United Press

PACIFIC BEACH, Cal.—Dr. R. W. Kerns has given up the classrooms in eastern colleges and gone into the motel business, so that he and his family can keep up with the high cost of living.

Ferns, a native of Ohio, is a Ph. D. in sociology and psychology and taught two years at Cornell University and ten years at Penn State.

But like so many other college professors with their modest salaries—far below those of some industrial workers—Kerns was unable to have what he wanted: a typical American family.

So after the war, in which he served as a major in the Marine Corps, he and his wife, Alberta, a graduate of the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, came to southern California. Together they designed, built, decorated and landscaped one of the most unusual and most modern motels on the

west coast. They pooled their intelligence, and are now "making all ends" meet by operating their "Surf and Sand" motel, located right on the Pacific.

"It's hard to leave the teaching profession," Kerns said, "but unless we do we can't live in this period of high costs, and raise our three children in the standard that they deserve."

A college teaching position with probably a \$3,500-a-year salary is all right in "depressions," according to Dr. Kerns, but it is tough in "times like these."

Dr. Kerns, who specialized in economics and psychology. Even now, he is practicing psychology to a certain degree.

To operate a motel, he believes, or a hotel, you've got to be something of a psychologist. His students, now, are his guests.

But Kerns says, as soon as he can afford it he'll be back at teaching and research.

Write Away

Where The Zealots?

Editor:

Where are the campus zealots always ready to rise to defend loudly the rights of all the people to do anything at anytime anywhere? Can it be that the issue is too concrete and not abstract enough? Or can it be that there aren't enough student-like myself who must fight selfishly for an education since I know where I stand in regard to financing my education? It appears that there are few students who feel that the increase in tuition will affect them. I don't have to wait until I receive a bill from the University before I am aware of my inability to pay the increase.

Since we're in the dark as to just who is going to be affected except for those of us who already borrow text books, ask for grants in aid or borrow the amount of each quarter's bill (at 6%), I might as well throw out a few questions.

Will the increase actually fail to affect any student? Of course, no announcement has been made but if out-of-state tuition charges increase and the charge to the Veterans administration is based on out-of-state tuition, as is the case, for students under the G. I. Bill, does the University intend to bill each veteran for the excess over \$500 or will the University be content with only \$500. Does any student think his parents look forward to paying the increase in tuition?

The editorial of March 2 points up the issue. The only check on the board of trustees, and that only indirectly, is in the Legislature. The Legislature can, by appropriation, remove the need for the increase. Not only students but more important is it that parents of students and all interested and concerned persons in the state must bring pressure on the Legislature if the increase is to be blocked.

Don't write Governor Scott. In return for my two page typewritten letter, for the purpose of stating the case of persons of limited incomes, I received a mimeographed copy of the governor's "Go Forward" message and an unsigned copy of Governor Scott's letter to Jess Dedmond. Concerned students should urge the people of their home communities to record their protest with the legislators themselves.

I appreciate having a chance at an education and the help Mr. E. S. Lanier and others have given me and I intend to fight the losing of that chance with all I have.

I think we see in operation in this matter the recurrence of a pattern in which the board of trustees regards the means of accomplishment more important than the purpose for which the board was established. The more power the board exercises the farther away from the needs and problems of all the people it proceeds.

John A. Black, Jr.

The One in a Million

Editor:

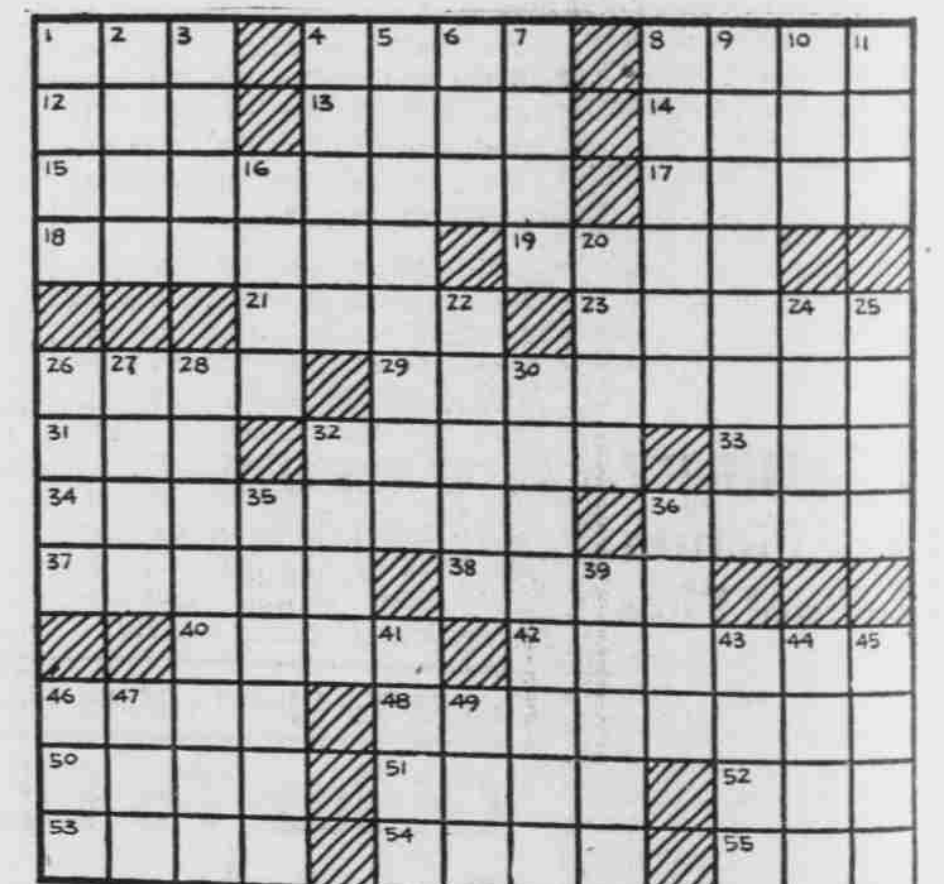
During the many years that I have been at Carolina I have managed to survive many, many editions of your DTH. By some twist of fate I even managed to live through the year that we had a woman editing the paper (that was when they were either too young or too old—I was a draft-dodger).

This year I must however, bread down my hard crust and admit that you are really putting out a fine newspaper. Especially on the first, second and fourth pages.

Maybe this good feeling that I am witnessing in myself is caused by the mellowing years that I am putting on, but with the exceptions of when my ulcers are bothering me its you that deserves a great deal of credit for a truly fine paper.

Walter Williams

(We haven't been able to find Mr. Williams' name in the directory but we can't resist the desire to print the one-in-a-million.—Ed.)



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|--------------------------|----------------------------------|---------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. spring month | 50. come together | VERTICAL | 10. hostel |
| 4. defect | 51. leave out | 1. nothing but | 11. supporter |
| 8. accessory | 52. vertebra | 2. avow | 16. firearm |
| seed covering | 53. spreads for | 3. division of time | 20. head coverings |
| 12. twilight | 54. plays on words | 4. coquette | 22. bottoms of feet |
| 13. smooth | 55. abstract conception of being | 5. abated | 24. Assam silk-worm |
| 14. Biblical word | | 6. insect | 25. unexpected difficulty |
| 15. adherents to realism | | 7. The Occident | 26. breaches |
| 17. noisy thump | | 8. waylay | 27. early English court |
| 18. mistakes | | 9. declare again | 28. stemmed |
| 19. so | | | 30. hold back |
| 21. sweetsop | | | 32. woman of title |
| 23. beasts of burden | | | 35. male body-servants |
| 26. gruff | | | 36. weakens |
| 29. Septentrional | | | 39. hop-kilns |
| 31. air: comb. form | | | 41. fall |
| 32. deletes | | | 43. inaccurate |
| 33. narrow inlet | | | 44. Ireland |
| 34. permeates | | | 45. society buds (colloq.) |
| 36. male deer | | | 46. Scandinavian territorial division |
| 37. vaporized water | | | 47. born |
| 38. portico | | | 49. Australian ostrich |
| 40. snow vehicle | | | |
| 42. knocked | | | |
| 46. poker stake | | | |
| 48. restore to courage | | | |

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