

The Daily Tar Heel

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NONPLUS

by Harry Snook

A Bronx for women. In the plural, that's to say.

Just give me mine one at a time, with each. There you have a man-sized sport.

And the only places for a bunched gathering of men are at the front line and in a burlesque theater.

The open houses in the coed dorms last Wednesday night lacked a certain appeal.

Spencer was the first disappointment. Nothing but men. The women hadn't appeared that early, which was only fifteen minutes after the party was supposed to have begun.

From then on I took the precaution of looking through the window before entering. Saved a lot of footwork.

At Alderman the odds were 7 to four. Any man, however wild a gambler, would shy clear of those odds.

Paydirt at McIver. Later in the evening and a generous sprinkling of feminine forms. But too damn many men. Always too many men.

I should have enrolled at Woman's College.

There were a few Ava Gardner, Betty Grables and even some Marie Wilsons. Some were of the type you might file under "miscellaneous."

I was able to single out a few girls at McIver, in addition to filling up on punch. Speaking of punch, mine came from the bowl over which the blonde, volatile Pat Bowie was mistress. Pat's punch is terrific, and you can take that either way.

The dark, extremely attractive Peggy Wood seemed to give all the men a nice tingle with her big smile and warm hand. I met her twice.

One girl remarked that it was her last free night until the end of school. Five eager freshmen were pushing close. I joined them. She was Liz Dockery, a wide-awake lass from Stratford and Greensboro.

Jane Goodman of Long Island was thoroughly thrilled with Carolina. Even though a junior, she said she felt like a "freshman all over again."

But there were too many people, opportunity for furthering an acquaintance too limited and the night was too hot. Some of the men showed their good sense and ill taste by arriving in rolled-up shirt sleeves. They should have been thrown out.

I wore a coat.

On Campus

There was the average number of inebriates at Saturday's game, but three coat-and-tied gentlemen were a little unusual.

With almost sober forethought, they awaited the crowd's departure before readying themselves to leave. Each decided to help the other down the long aisle of the temporary stands. Ultimately, they all fell down.

Then they mounted one of the concrete parapets. They proceeded to debate the best way to get out with the least damage. At a particularly argumentative point, one jostled another and all three tumbled backwards and downward for nearly six feet. Apparently, no one was injured.

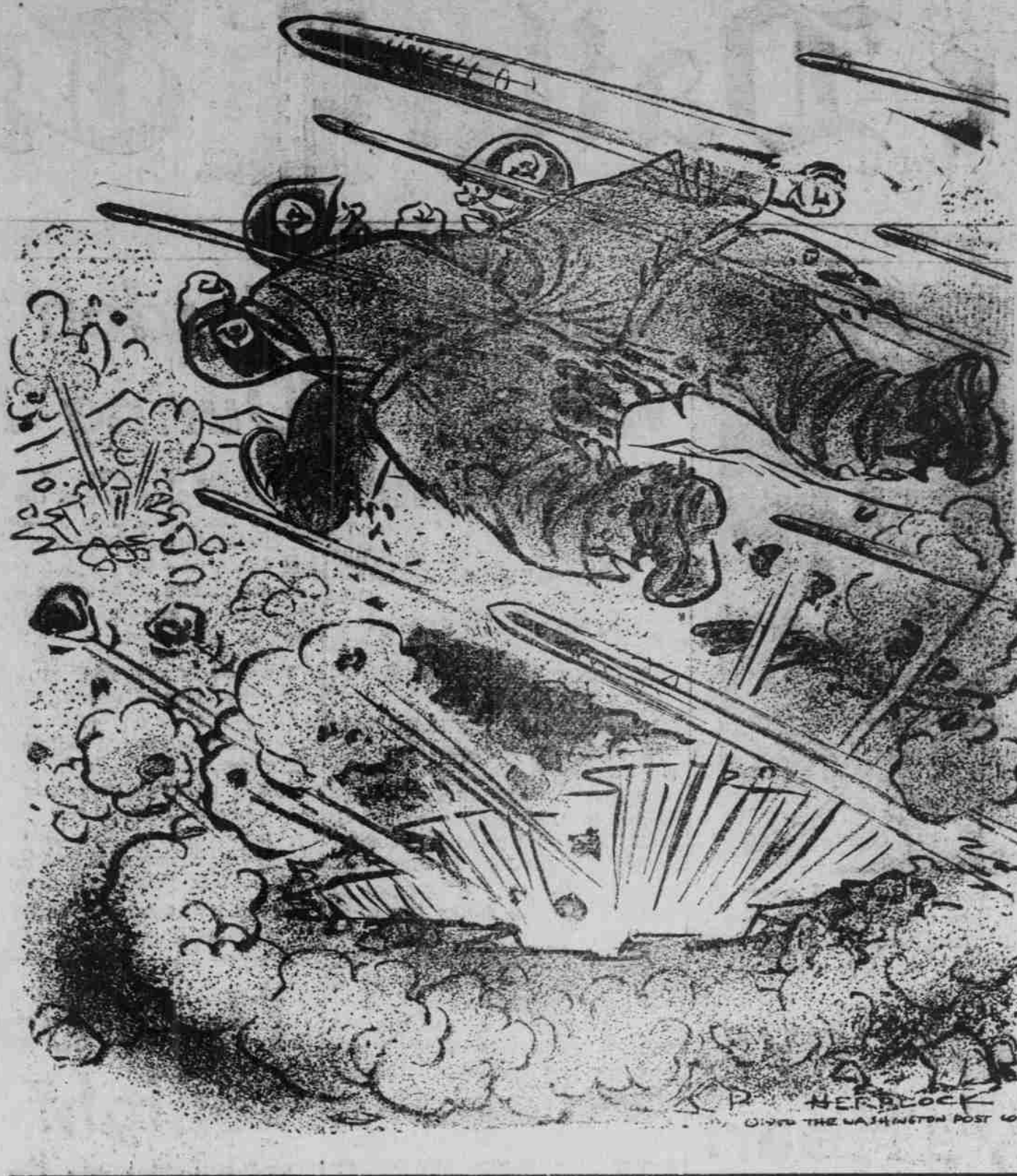
When we left, they still were sprawled atop one another. And vehemently arguing.

About the price of Scotch in relation to Bourbon.

A history professor wishing to acquaint his students with the nature of his course opened his first lecture with this statement: "I don't know what you've heard about this course, but most of it isn't true. Besides, I don't like people who use that kind of language."

University officials say the current expansion of military forces will probably have little effect on enrollment, but fraternal members are still wondering how a minority of actives is going to rule a majority of pledges.

"You Know, That Cold War Wasn't So Bad."



TAR HEEL AT LARGE

by Robert Ruark, '35

The word "hoarder" has a nasty sound and a nasty connotation, when somebody else is doing it, but hoarding is a very human habit, and I do not see how you can get awfully indignant about it.

"Hoarding," in a sense, is a dirty word for thrift, for selfish providence, for looking ahead to the future. One of the celebrated fables concerned the ant and the grasshopper. The ant stacked it away; the grasshopper blew his wad on fun and games. The squirrel is a hoarder—he merrily gathers his nuts in May, and stashes them in the deep freeze against a tough winter.

Let me say that I am not a hoarder, since I never seem to accumulate enough ready cash to place me actively in the hoarding business. I believe we are fresh out of sugar at the moment; the new tires are clamped on the car, after 30,000 miles on the original set, and the liquor grove is mighty skimpy. Nothing left but meager gin.

But my honest inclination today is to go out and buy up a flock of staples—a few bales of cigarettes, a ton or so of sugar, a hamper of nylons for mama and a reserve set of tires. If I could afford to stockpile a little nourishing whiskey, against the recurring ague, I would do it, because I am in no sense a noble man.

And the reason I am not a noble man, by definition is largely due to disillusionment at the hands of my masters in Washington. The way they run it, with controls on this, and no controls on that, I don't know where I am or what I can believe.

I own a set of frazzled principles, left over from the last war, during which I was blissfully overseas and therefore suffered no civilian shortages. Cigarettes I smoked—the Navy sold them to me for 80 cents a carton. Red meat I ate. Gasoline and tires and transport were kindly furnished by Uncle Sam.

But I remember that the homeside soap-chips shortage assumed proportions which overshadowed the second front, and that ladies used to hurl each other through showwindows to get their dainty paws on a pair of nylons. There was heavy traffic in gasoline coupons and cig-

arettes. The steak-easy flourished like the old time speak-easy. Pleasant living lurked under the counter, and the memory of it all is still mighty green in the civilian mind.

I personally will not hoard—much. I will not turn down a case of Scotch, for instance, for I am not out of my mind. I think that panic buying is wrong and hurtful to the mass, since it creates unnecessary shortages and finally screams for control. But I do not find fault with the people who do it.

We are beset today with fresh credit structures and a new list of controllable commodities. It is half-hearted restriction, with elastic limits and escape hatches for the wise guys. We wistfully ask the people not to drive up prices, not to clamor for heavy wage increases, but we define no real barriers against infiltration and exploitation. We put off the tough excess profits bill. We mumble of guns and butter, with no solid prediction that we will get either, both or neither.

It seems we are too snug to the last war to enter in the economic college spirit of this one, as we wholeheartedly did in the last one. This is understandable. We suffered a deep drought of alarm clocks and stockings; of cars and houses; of steaks and catsup and pepper and beer and booze and airplane reservations.

We have observed the government's hoarding in the artificial bolstering of farm prices, the lavish squandering of our own funds abroad, and all the little funny-businesses in Washington—funny-businesses which have milked the till and delivered precious little in the way of results.

I think a deep distrust in the wisdom and probity of our peers has been planted, and it is hard to blame the people, if, today, they crowd the grocery store and flood the department store and stack their bathrooms full of tires which will probably rot before they use them. You deplore the trend, but you understand it. We have been subject to so many pretty slogans that suspicion of all save bread in the pantry is rife among the yeomanry.

Music vs Baseball

by Wink Locklair

The radio in the main lounge of Graham Memorial was cut off Sunday afternoon during the seventh inning of the ball game from New York so that Bobby Morris, a freshman in the University, could get started on his piano recital which had been scheduled for 4 o'clock.

Since the Yankees were leading the Red Sox 6-2, and since, apparently, a number of people had come down to hear young Morris play, cutting off the radio didn't disturb the sports fans too much.

Mr. Morris was given no formal introduction to the audience. He walked over to the piano, announced who he was, and immediately launched into what amounted to the entire score of "South Pacific." Next came some tunes from "Kiss Me, Kate," followed by a couple of songs featured in "Annie Get Your Gun."

This was a request program and somebody asked for "Pomp and Circumstance" by Sir Ed-

ward Elgar. Gershwin was played next—a bird's eye view of the Concerto in F—and when we left, Bobby was back playing Cole Porter and Richard Rogers.

This was the fourth time that Mr. Morris has given a program at Carolina, which is some indication of his popularity and talent. And he does play well. His hands and wrists are strong, he is able to produce thunderous chords, and he has a very pleasant, unassuming personality.

Sunday's program was not fair to him, however. He had nothing really planned to play, and since the taste of the audience did not extend much beyond 1925, he had no opportunity to play anything requiring more than average musicianship.

It is to be hoped that in the near future Bobby will have a chance to give us a program of his own choosing because Sunday's concert was little more than "Our Best to You" arranged for piano.

The Editor's Mailbox

Editor:

As a senior this fall, I am faced with a strange and miserable problem, the like of which I never believed would involve myself or any of my friends.

I am 21 years old and a normal, not overly-eager, perfectly typical coed. My past year at this University has been filled with the usual academic requirements and electives, a sensible amount of time spent in activities of my choice, and a more than absolutely necessary number of credits toward a Ph.D. in campusology and night life. Frankly, I've had a wonderful time!

Now—the horrible realization has struck me. There are very few veterans of the unmarried variety which used to be so plentiful. No longer do the new students hold any attraction for me or my friends. They're too young. As the situation now stands, even the 21-year-olds are picked over and few are left available. What, with the world in such a state, is a 21-year-old college girl to do?

When I started my college career, no thought of marriage entered my mind. I wanted my degree and the privilege of "dating around." Now I am leaving the University in June and although I shall have my sought-after degree, I shall be minus the one thing so many of my peers have taken with them—a man. This, my last year, I only wish all the available-of-age men would get on the ball.

You will notice I have asked my name to be withheld. Perhaps it seems logical since I am so actively interested in any response this might bring. However, I prefer to remain anonymous with regard to the criticism this outlook may promote from some who may feel differently.

I merely want to "date around."

College Senior

Crime Doesn't Pay?

Some producers insist on their writers choosing a movie thriller title which gives the fans a thrill and at the same time has some connection with the flicker in question.

For all we know, so did the producer of "711 Ocean Drive." But though there were quite a few residences flashed on the screen, we were at a loss as to which one was "711." We let it go, however. One of them must have been the joint in question.

Filed under "police protection" (the trailer said), "711" starred Edmond O'Brien in the role of Mal Granger, an honest telephone company electronics expert who finds there is more money in hooking up bookie telegraph line connections than in giving people wrong numbers.

Co-starred was Joanne Dru, a married woman by name of Gay Mason who cannot take her eyes off the round-shouldered O'Brien. It all worked out in the end, however, O'Brien, hereafter called Granger, decided her husband, Larry Mason, was in the way, as what husband shouldn't be, and had him rubbed out.

There's more sex interest. Granger sets his sights on a

girl named Trudy Marshall, whose real-life name we'll never know because of the absence of a cast of characters.

The villain appears in the person of Karl Stevens, played by Otto Kruger, head of a large eastern syndicate. Stevens decides to move in on Granger, and does. Granger discovers through his now-discarded-but-still-true Trudy that instead of the 50-50 deal he should be getting, actually there's only 30 per cent coming to him.

Well, it all ends after another murder and a breath-taking run over, under and inside the great Boulder Dam. Why the darn scene was put in the movie, we don't know. Anyway, Gay Mason is captured, Granger is shot down, the Stevens syndicate has clever lawyers and continues to function, and the picture ends.

There's a moral given at the end: Stay away from bookies and don't patronize the syndicated wire services operating illegally from race tracks.

We thought beforehand the show was one of those sleeper affairs. Our hunch was proved correct when our date dozed off during a love scene. But go on over to the Criterion Theater in Durham this week and give it a chance. You may give up the horses.

-DM

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Horizontal and vertical word search puzzle. Includes a 10x11 grid and a list of words to find. The grid contains words like FANCIER, ABALONE, STRECA, RETINAL, DICER, CLAP, MID, PITA, EEL, PECAN, TAP, SAL, PIRATE, PACER, CULET, ACACIA, SEE, LOP, SITAR, PIA, ANIL, RUM, HERR, VITAL, NATURAL, ETANA, BRINITE, RELET, RATTLE.