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THE DAILY TAR HEEL

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1950

# The Daily Tar Heel NONPLUS

th Carolina at Chapel Hill where it is published dail ions of the University at the Colonial Press, In on and vacation periods and during the published semi-weekly. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office of Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price: \$8 pe year, \$3 per quarter. Member of the Associated Press, which is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news and features herein. Opinion expressed by columnists are not necessarily those of this newspaper.

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### Criminals At Large

Why is it that some folks think paint is a substitute for school spirit?

After more than three years of paintless relations between UNC and State College, the egeer sport cropped up again last week. The two schools will foot the bill that removing the sticky stuff will incur, of course, and the culprits, if you please, will go unconvicted and roam at large.

Now, when we were in high school, such things as building - painting, cropping hair, soaping windows, and other misguided efforts at displaying one's love of the old alma mater were consider cricket. You see, we were at a very early age then, and sometimes we even slashed theater seats, turned over garbage cans and threw rocks at old ladies. Evidently some of us haven't graduated from high school.

If the vandals haven't been shamed into stopping such shenanigans by our first observation, look at it this way. It had apparently taken three to five years to get Carolina and State students to look upon vandalism as vandalism, not as "college spirit." Last weekend's incidents set such thought back. A freshman class, still fresh from high school, where such stuff was considered immature but condonable, could easily get the idea that such is the proper thing, and it might take five more years to reach the point we had reached before last weekend. For that matter, any of those inclined toward such costly foolishness might think public opinion has changed, and we would be faced with a situation that can take that either way. five years ago was a major headache.

Public opinion hasn't changed. Neither has the immature character of such displays. UNC studens may have to set an example, however. Our Bell Tower got its paint bath first I this time. Five years ago it was Duke students who started the paint craze. It is going to take real maturity on the part of UNC students, whether vandally inclined or not, not to fight childishness with childishness and start a costly cycle that proves nothing but our own youngness.

#### 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 Gardners, 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

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

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

people, opportunity for further-

ing 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.

On Campus

There was the average num-

ber of inebriates at Saturday's

game, but three coat-and-tied

gentlemen were a little unusual.

With almost sober fore-

thought, they awaited the

crowd's departure before ready-

ing themselves to leave. Each

decided to help the other down

the long aisle of the temporary

stands. Ultimately, they all fell

Then they mounted one of the

concrete parapets. They pro-

ceeded 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 in-

jured.

vehement

relation

I wore a coat.



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

time speak-easy. Pleasant living lurked under a nasty connotation, when somebody else is doing it, but hoarding is a very human habit, and I do the counter, and the memory of it all is still not see how you can get awfully indignant about mighty green in the civilian mind.

# 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 TPgard to the criticism this outlook may promote from some who may feel differently.

I merely want to "date around."

# Crime Doesn't Pay?

Some producers insist on their girl named Trudy Marshall writers choosing a movie thrill- whose real-life name we'll never er title which gives the fans a know because of the absence thrill and at the same time has of a cast of characters. 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

Filmed 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.

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-butstill-true Trudy that instead of the 50-50 deal he should be getting, actually there's only 30

College Senior

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 dam scene was put in the movie, we don't know. Anyway, Gay Ma-

son is captured, Granger is shot

down, the Stevens syndicate has

clever lawyers and continues to

function, and the picture ends.

end: Stay away from bookles

and don't patronize the syndi-

cated wire services operating

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 Thea-

ter in Durham this week and

-DM

rded fabri

male desg

n of Seth

We thought beforehand the

illegally from race tracks.

There's a moral given at the

The Daily Tar Heel is sure that students here are going to make good under such a challenge. Pride of school, of personal character, and reasonable maturity have always been characteristic of Carolina students. -RP

#### **Prohibit Car Ownership?**

The distinguished Mr. Louis Graves, editor of The Chapel Hill Weekly, suggests editorially that students should be prohibited from owning cars on campus. And Mr. Graves tells us his reason for such a stand. He says the present campus traffic regulations only serve to "move cars from one place to another, from the campus to the village streets, which are already dangerously overcrowded."

The motive behind the proposal, from Graves' point of vie w, is obviously selfish. Naturally Chapel Hill is overcrowded with automobiles. This is 1950, not 1900, and the traffic situation, like everything else here, has changed considerably. Unfortunately, some townspeople apparently wish to continue living in an age and atmosphere 50 years out of date.

The fact must be faced that Chapel Hill is no longer a "village," as Graves refers to it. It is a good-sized town, and a town that exists only because of the thousands of students who attend the University.

The Weekly editor continues, "What would really do some good would be for the University to have rules limiting the possession of cars by students. It has been suggested that a start be made by forbidding freshmen and sophomores to have cars and that the prohibition be extended in a year down. or so to the whole student body."

To be frank, there simply are not enough activities or amusements on the campus or in the town to keep 7,000 students busy in their spare time. There is not enough space in which to keep them busy if the activities were available.

An example of this is the weekend exodus of a great many student car-owners who go home or elsewhere. Those who remain here usually prefer to head for any one of several night spots just outside of town rather than fight the crowds downtown and in the Rendezvous Room. Conditions are obviously overcrowded now for carless students; why make sprawled them more so?

The campus parking situation at present is bad. Construction projects on the former Memorial Hall parking lot and other campus lots have knocked out several hundred parking spaces. To cope with the situation, student parking on campus has been limited to handicapped students only, and the remainder of the space is being used by faculty and staff.

If students abide by the parking regulations recommended by their student representatives on the Traffic and Safety Committee, we need have no fear of any administration or Trustee action to prohibit students from bringing their cars to school with them

On the other hand, if students chronically violate the regulations their own representatives have approved for the good of all, they may have good reason to look forward to such drastic action as Graves proposes.

May we quote one more passage from Graves' editorial: "Of course there would have to be exceptions (to the no-carrule); for physically handicapped students, for example . . ."

ford and Greensboro,

"Hoarding," in a sense, is a dirty word for thrift, for selfish providence, for looking ahead Jane Goodman of Long Isto the future. One of the celebrated fables conland was thoroughly thrilled cerned the ant and the grasshopper. The ant with Carolina. Even though a stacked it away; the grasshoper blew his wad junior, she said she felt like a on fun and games. The squirrel is a hoarder--"freshman all over again." he merrily gathers his nuts in May, and stashes But there were too many 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 trove 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 60 cents a carton. Red meat I ate. Gasoline and tires and transport were kindly furnished by Uncle Sam.

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

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 commidities. 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 exploittation. 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 drouth 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.

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. give it a chance. You may give Granger sets his sights on a up the horses.

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When we left, they still were sprawled atop one another. And wehemently arguing.	Music vs Baseba	COLUMN ST
About the price of Scotch in relation to Bourbon.		
A history professor wishing to	The radio in the main lounge of Graham Mem- orial was cut off Sunday afternoon during the	W3 OV D

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 fraternity members are still wondering how a minority of actives is going to rule a majority of

the main lounge of Graham Memoff 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 Edward Elgar. Gershwin was played next-a bi eye view of the Concerto in F-and when we Bobby was back playing Cole Porter and Rich Rogers.

by Wink Locklair

This was the fourth time that Mr. Morris given a program at Carolina, which is some dication of his popularity and talent. And he p ay wel'. His hands and wrists are strong, h able to produce thunderous chords, and he a very pleasant, unassuming personality.

Sunday's program was not fair to him, h ever. He had nothing really planned to play, since the taste of the audience did not ext much beyond 1925, he had no opportunity to j anything requiring more than average music ship.

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

