

The Daily Tar Heel

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By O. Mac White

Worm's Eye View

(All characters, events, and references in this little story are purely fictitious, but any coincidence or allusion to actual characters or events is intended.)

"Joe, elections ain't far off, and we gotta find some goop to run for that legislature post on the Superficial Party ticket."

"I know, Chief, and I think I've found just the man for it."

"Who?" replied the Chief with obvious anxiety.

"A sophomore named Carl Clamhead. He's a genius academically, and makes Phi Bet grades, but he's sorta shy, doesn't know what's going on around him, and best of all he handles like putty. I've got him convinced that he should take more interest in student government and be of service to the student body, and that under the guidance of our astute party with its astute principles, he can't go wrong."

"Great!" bubbled the Chief in his excitement.

"All we gotta do now," continued Joe, "is figure out a platform for him to run on."

"Oh, I figured out a platform long ago. Just been looking for some jerk who would fit it," revealed the Chief with the satisfaction of a job well done. "See what you think of it..."

"1. I believe that students should help blind men and old ladies across the street."

"2. I do not think it proper for students to go about the campus clad in tee shirts between October and May."

"3. In my love for our great University, I think that students should aid in its economy by not leaving lights on all night and by turning off the water spigots when they have finished washing their hands."

"4. As University students should at all times be gentlemen, I believe that male students should remove their hats in elevators when there are ladies present."

"It's perfect," cried Joe. "No one can argue that. It's perfectly sound."

The next day we find ourselves in the Universal Party head-

quarters confronted with another Chief and Sam.

"Sam, the SP pulled a march on us again. They pulled Carl Clamhead right out from under our noses for that legislature seat. You know how important it is that we maintain a majority in the legislature. It don't make no difference how many other offices the SP holds as long as the legislature is in our power. Then no matter what the SP puppets propose, we can vote it down and maintain that good old status quo. And that's our aim, you know, to keep things at a good old standing."

"Chief," Sam broke silence after a little moment of thought, "what's wrong with Sydney Spoonnose? He likes to hold offices."

"You might have something there, Sam."

"And Chief," Sam continued, "I think I found a loophole in

that Clamhead's platform. The fourth plank about men removing their hats in elevators when there's wimming on it."

"Yes, Sam."

"Yeah. What if the elevator is crowded. I mean really crowded. Say a woman comes on and can just squeeze in. There's a man with his hat on. If he takes it off, he has to hold it in front of him. If the elevator is crowded the man has to move his arm with quick, jerky motions. That means the poor old lady is going to get goosed through the ceiling or shoved forward and get caught in the closing door."

"So I think we got a case," Sam said with pride. "The Superficial Party is campaigning for indignities and physical injury for womanhood."

"Sam," the Chief squealed, "you're a genius!"

Signs of our changing times: Phi Delta Theta Fraternity, in a breakfast fare revolt last year, literally voted out French Toast.

At their meeting this week, the worthy brothers in a majority ballot gave the boot to pancakes.

Three-Cent Brains

In a recent nationwide survey, George Gallup found out a large segment of the American adult population does not know answers to such questions as, how many three-cent stamps can be purchased for seventy-five cents, the number of senators from each state, and our country's population.

The significance of this poll is dire. Not only does it indicate a mentally static nation, but a disinterested one.

Either too many people belong to the T. V. set and substitute a mess for the press, or education is at fault.

Graphically, this is what happens to a lot of college students:

Sam S. gets all A's in grammar school.

This same boy gets all A's and one B in high school, wins Brightest Boy contest, receives scholarship to near-by university.

At the university, Sam excells in such hybrid courses as, The Social Problems of the Zulu Indians, Pythian Games, Psychological Mathematics, and Twelfth Century Sculpturing.

Upon graduation, he gets a job in the production department of a toothpick factory.

Sam does good work. He gets promoted several times. Soon, he becomes manager of the department.

One day, the president of the company comes in with a new idea for quicker and cheaper production. "At three cents a dozen, how many dozen toothpicks can be purchased for seventy-five cents, Sam?"

Sam does not know.

He gets transferred to a menial job in the research department and spends a hand-to-mouth existence for the rest of his life testing toothpicks.

What we need is a college course called Fundamentals I, and a newspaper printed entirely in 48 tempo bold.

Or maybe we ought to go back to "McGuffey's Reader."

—B.B.

By Rollo Taylor

Rameses

The average yankee has the wrong outlook on southern eating. The only chance he has to observe the way his black sheep brother eats below the Mason-Dixon line is along the routes to the yankee colony of Miami.

All along U.S. 1, we can see "Mammy's L'il Ole Barbecue served with Mammy's L'il Ole Greasy Cornbread." Last summer, I was coming south from Baltimore and stopped to chow down at a place that advertised such eatings. I got string beans that had been boiled until they were a palid grey. The potatoes were burned on the outside and still cold in the middle, and I wouldn't have given a self-respecting coon hound what they called meat.

That is the trouble with roadhouses. They give bad impressions of sectional food. From this the yankees think that the southerner won't eat anything that is not green, leafy, and served with fat back.

I picked up a yankee cook the other day that said beans should be cooked 15 minutes. I ate some like that once but nearly died from the effects. And their directions for fried chicken are as bad. "Take a chicken from three to three and one-half pounds," it says. The only reason we kill chickens that size is because they quit laying.

And as for the salt pork seasoning we use, I had rather eat a little healthy grease than get tight every time I eat a meal. The yankees have to add a dash of wine to everything they cook. They put wine in cakes, on meats, in spaghetti, and then serve a glass on the

side. No wonder there are so many alcoholics in this country.

Now a word of advice for tourists seeking good southern chow. Go out to the farm—any farm in any section of the country and you'll get some eating like you never had before. Out where the corn grows and all the folks eat because it is necessary, not because they have to finish a business deal. There are no ulcers out that way despite all the grease and course corn bread. Ulcers were bred in the city where people have a cigarette for breakfast, a salad for lunch, and wine for supper.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Outer covering of a tree
 - Cicatrix
 - Worth
 - Egyptian dancing girl (var.)
 - Light sarcasm
 - Piece of furniture
 - Incite
 - Christmas song
 - Merchandise
 - Marsh
 - Apprehends
 - Aside
 - Perfect
 - Stays
 - Crooked
 - Percolates
 - To long for
 - Mist
 - Sprite (Shakespeare)
 - Collier
 - Grievous
 - Follow
 - Headland
 - Afternoon receptions
- DOWN**
- Fishhook
 - Genus of lily (S. A.)
 - Stunted things
 - Part of a lock
 - Perched
 - Rattled, as chains
 - Large pulpit
 - Chest noise (Med.)
 - By way of
 - Goddess of death
 - Potato (dial.)
 - Gold (Heraldry)
 - Brittle
 - Stripe
 - Open (poet.)
 - Herd of whales
 - Stitch
 - Sailor (slang)
 - Cunning
 - Slices of bacon
 - Northeast (abbr.)
 - Gleam
 - Part of "to be"
 - Metal
 - Father
 - Parts of Saturn's rings
 - Chief Olympian deity



Yesterday's Answer

- Before
- French river
- Encountered

