

The Daily Tar Heel

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Night Editor for this issue: Dorman Cordell

Dorman Cordell Stewpot

Once upon a time was a group of professors at a fictional university.

One of the professors had been at the university for yea many years. He was a lousy teacher, it was agreed by all students and his lectures were an abomination to the soul of the studios. But the persons who hired him had been too tenderhearted to suggest that he fold his tents and make like the Arabs.

Another professor had also been around for many years. But he was an ear-banger and a boot-polisher, and none dared to raise a voice against him. For he sat high among the hallowed.

There was still another professor who father had had plenty of jack. The father, deciding he couldn't take it with him, left it to the fictional university—with the provision of course that his idiot son be made a professor. And so it was done. For it is well-known that in the time of this fictional university, the love of money was the root of all iniquity.

And there was another professor who was also not among the higher ranks as a lecturer. But this professor had once written a book, and managed to have it published. So he rode on his reputation, and taught practically nothing. But everyone said, "He is a great professor. He once wrote a book."

Also among the professors was one who had studied abroad. In fact, he had a Ph. D degree from a foreign university (which, luckily, no one knew he had bought from a forger). And this professor was acclaimed by all, for when any topic of discussion came up, he would say, "Now when I studied abroad, we decided the answer was thus and so." And everyone agreed it must be true, for it had been decided abroad.

Now those who were not students especially acclaimed all these men, for they had not suffered under their tutelage. And those who graduated were generally ashamed to shatter the illusions of the others. So the illusion persisted.

And as time passed, and these professors lingered on and on like a summer cold, they gradually became the oldest in service in their departments, and thus were made department heads. And the unenlightened rejoiced, for they said, "Ah, now we have fine men as department heads."

And the students also rejoiced, and they said, "Ah, at last we have got the old buzzards as department heads, where they will be put out of the way."

Then one day, these professors all died, and being essentially romantic, everyone remembered only the few good things about them, like the way they fed peanuts to squirrels and so on. So the professors were eulogized by all and sundry.

And university buildings were named after them, as well as newborn sons.

This, my children, is how a myth originates.

"We Got To Stop Reckless Spending"



Chuck Hauser Tar Heel At Large

CROSSING THE INTERNATIONAL DATELINE—We're flying at 8,000 feet over the choppy Pacific, and no one on board quite knows what time it is or whether it's today, tomorrow, or yesterday.

We've been racing the sun for about 20 hours now. It's come up behind us, sped by, and dropped into the water miles ahead, as our DC-4 plods along toward the Far East.

Wake Island is the next stop. That tiny green dot in the vast ocean blue is invisible tonight, however, to everyone but the pilot and his radio.

The four throbbing motors outside in the dark fill the cabin with a feeling of security, and you know that wherever that green dot ahead is, the giant plane will seek it out and settle on it like a huge eagle returning to his aerie, after a night's hunting.

Hawaii and its summer weather are behind us. We flew in over the Islands just before noon with Waiiki, Diamond Head and Pearl Harbor sparkling beneath us in the midday brightness.

A three-hour stop at Honolulu's

universities in the country. A total of 17,000 students took part in a wide sampling of student drinking habits and attitudes toward drinking. "The probability that a young person will drink at all," Mr. Straus said, "is closely related to the practices of his or her parents. Of the men whose parents both drink, 90 per cent are themselves users. However, only half of the men (51 per cent) whose parents both abstain, drink. An even more striking relationship between parental use and own use is seen now for the women. "Where both parents are users, at least 83 per cent of the women drink on occasion. However, when both parents abstain, only 19 per cent of the women students drink." Of the American women students who drink, 65 per cent also started drinking before entering college, the survey disclosed.

A Pre-College Habit

NEW HAVEN, Conn. (I.P.)—Disclosing for the first time preliminary results of a five-year study into the drinking habits of American college youth, Robert Straus, research associate at Yale University's Laboratory of Applied Physiology, reports that four out of every five college men who drink began their drinking before entering college.

"We hope the study will help create a better understanding of student behavior on the part of persons affected by such activities, such as residents of the college town, alumni and parents," he declared.

Data was secured by the Yale survey at 27 colleges and uni-

—Dickens—

(Continued from page 1) extra - illustrated with original watercolors, is signed by A. Tenyson Dickens, a son of Charles Dickens and it contains a signed letter written by Dickens and addressed to Walter Savage Landor, who was the Godfather of another of Dickens' sons.

To those already familiar with the Dickens stories, the part of the collection including "Dickens' Friends," "Dickens' Circle," "Dickens' Doctors," and "Dickens' Jewish Characters" is of special interest.

John Gibson Oh Marilyn, My Marilyn

Last Sunday and Monday this Tar Heel town,
Had a chance to spend some of its dough,
For a truly great actress appeared here on film,
I refer to blond Marilyn Monroe.

The streets they were mobbed with delirious boys,
Who loudly cried "bravissimo,"
"At last we've a chance and we'll take a long glance,
At 'twentieth's' Marilyn Monroe."

A "high water mark for the screen," so they said,
She's not satisfied with one beau,
She "hit with the power of Niagara itself,"
Of course I mean Marilyn Monroe.

Oh, the falls are all right, there's no doubt about that,
Niagara puts on a great show,
But it doesn't compare with that lass, oh so fair,
Called Marilyn (the body) Monroe.

Her golden hair shines in the bright summer sun,
Her black eyebrows tilted just so,
We'd give our life just to have such a wife,
As innocent Marilyn Monroe.

She electrifies all with her grace and her charm,
Her intellect's something to know,
She relies on her mind almost all of the time,
Thank heaven for Marilyn Monroe.

Without benefit of those lace underthings,
(Her covering's never de trop)
She cries, "I don't believe in concealing what's me,
For my name is Marilyn Monroe."

She acts with the force of the Barrymore clan,
Her lines are the height of the show,
With impact, suspense, she eclipses the falls,
Here's an Oscar for Marilyn Monroe.

Oh! said is the town, for our sweetheart has gone,
Though Niagara continues to flow,
So the poor lonely men must just wait until when,
They again can see Marilyn Monroe.

If she comes around to this town any more,
I'll be quite glad to forego
Any movie she's in, for her acting's a sin,
So the devil with Marilyn Monroe!

The Happy Time

Tonight our basketball Tar Heels will meet their first Southern Conference tournament test under their new coach Frank McGuire.

When McGuire came here this season after a successful tenure at St. John's, he inherited a non-descript team of temperamental, individualistic players, along with some inexperienced youngsters. He has molded this group into the best cage team at Carolina in several years, and the first to finish above the .500 mark in three seasons.

The Tar Heels are still not so world-beaters. They still have a long way to go. We doubt that they will advance far in the tournament this year. But we can only remember the old saying in sports circles, "There'll be other years."

Basketball at Carolina seems destined to become better and better in the next few years. And the influence of the schools of the Big Four is expected to cause an improvement in the caliber of high school teams in the state, making more North Carolina boys available for Big Four teams.

McGuire, when he came to Chapel Hill, said he liked Carolina. And after being here for a season, he may rest assured that the feeling is mutual.

The Daily Tar Heel And Sex

Would the campus rather have us publish no pictures at all? Would the coed populace prefer Charles Atlas or Mr. America, instead?

We think first of all, that Miss Monroe is news. Today's communication represents the first complaint from the male element of the campus. We have heard other murmurs from coeds concerning prints of Miss Monroe published in The Daily Tar Heel.

Most of the prints have served a purpose. A movie in which Miss Monroe participated was in town. Ray Anthony's band was in town. Or Miss Monroe had recently made a statement that had been widely publicized.

The Daily Tar Heel believes in pictures as one form of communication in presenting the news. It will continue to present the news with pictures, with the objective of keeping students informed.

We suggest the following sonnet for our letter writers' consideration:

XCVI

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less;
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so. I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

—William Shakespeare

A Hitch In The Weather

We try to keep up with the weather. But because we send the material on this page to the shop a day early, we sometimes fail.

A. Z. F. Wood's comments on the arrival of spring fell somewhat flat as the iceman painted the poplars and oaks with a silvery glaze. As we slid to classes on our slippery walks, we couldn't help enjoying the invasion of Yankee weather for a brief visit to the Sunny South. You might say that weather is one of the binding ties between the North and South. It gives us a brief glimpse into the storms, the blizzards, and the skiing, and skating, and sledding. We get a tiny sampling of sludge, and muddied streets.

Think of it. Montreal: zero weather; New York, a low of 21; Boston down to 12; our nation's capital, shivering with a low of 22; Charlotte ranging from 36 to 34. Yet Dallas maintains the tradition with a high of 72; Birmingham enjoys the spring with 81; Savannah relaxes under 76; and New Orleans hits 82.

The weather: strange, unpredictable, and the topic of thousands of conversations.

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1. State of unconsciousness, 5. Nail, 9. Lid, 10. Roman house gods, 12. Foreboding, 13. Snarl, 14. Lair, 15. Study, 16. Over (poet), 17. Public notice, 18. Gloomy, 20. River (Fr.), 22. Dutch cheese, 26. Part of coat front, 27. Hirsute, 28. Stinging insect, 29. Nuisances, 30. Lance, 32. From, 34. Roman money, 37. Emmet, 38. Cuckoo, 39. Watch out, 41. Sacred bull (Egypt), 42. Mild, 43. Stop! (naut.), 44. Remain, 45. Flit

DOWN: 1. Actor in comedy, 2. Baking chamber, 3. Male adults, 4. Land-measure

LEFT WORD: FAVOR APART, ANAS AWAR, UP GYPS SO, SOLE AUGUST, YOE RIOT, SNEAK TATIE, BUNE ENO, BAKED BIRD, OK EASE RI, LIES MINUTE, AORTA ACRID, MAYA MENA

RIGHT WORD: 38. Armadillo, 40. Miscellaneous, 41. Polynesian drink, 43. Public notice

Yesterday's Answer: 1-30

