

# Does Nick Like Football?

Should Khrushchev be invited to Chapel Hill?

Governor Hodges has already said "Barkis is willin'" and that the Tar Heel State will put out the welcome mat in a dignified how-de-do if President Eisenhower wants to route the Russian dictator in this direction.

One big thing will be: What does Khrushchev want to see.

Maybe he wants to see a football game. All right, Clemson plays Carolina in Kenan Stadium on September 19. UNC plays Notre Dame in South Bend the Saturday after—Khrushchev could attend either game.

Where else should Khrushchev go?

Many people will suggest the usual things—like The Statue of Liberty, Hollywood, Las Vegas, Detroit automobile plants, Washington and the White House.

But maybe the Soviet leader would like to be on a TV show — perhaps the Gary Moore hour when panelists could guess "What's My Secret?"

If he goes to New Orleans, what are we going to do about Earl Long?

These suggestions are passed along for what they are worth—something for State Department people to worry over in their spare time.

# Real Cool, Man!

One of the most frequently expressed questions in Chapel Hill these days is: "When are we going to get air-conditioning?"

Some offices are already comfortable—air-cooled and conducive to work and study. A few classrooms are equipped with window conditioners or larger devices for lowering the temperature.

It is a common topic of casual discussion among the faculty. Students talk about it all the time.

Ask a student, or anyone else, for the "Inquiring Photographer" what are the main things that can be done to improve the efficiency of summer school, and they

will answer "air-conditioning."

Since this is so, it would seem that the problem could be approached two or three ways.

1. Get an air-conditioning firm to finance a research project in the University to show how much better classes would be with air-conditioning and without — how much more efficiency is realized — how much more work is put out.

2. These findings could be translated into money saved.

3. Studies could be made into how large-scale purchasing could be effected to install better means of air-conditioning at lower costs.

WAYNE THOMPSON

# Off The Cuff

Some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed!

Keeping pace with College Joe in the classroom is one thing, but when you have to bring in an interpreter from Bopville to translate a conversation over coffee that's carrying this collegiate venacular too far. A peak into Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary didn't help, but an 18-year old freshman, hopped-up on rhythm 'n blues and joy pills did.

It was a struggle, but three cups of stimulus from the java bean and four cigarettes later I managed to define the following terms:

**Mickey Mouse:** Anything that is beneath the dignity of a man of letters . . . namely a college student. An act enjoyed only by those of high school intellect.

**Panic Button:** An intangible device designed to alleviate the rigorous pressures of the classroom. Especially in evidence during exam periods and in Murphey Hall, home of the Romance languages.

**Carolina Gentleman:** The dating male who is true to chivalry until the last five minutes of his date. Also a guy who opens a car door for a coed, slams it on his finger, and excuses himself for bleeding on her new dress.

**College Jazz:** This one fooled me. Has nothing to do with music. A flexible term that refers to anything spoken, written or acted out on a college campus.

**A Pig:** An unflattering term used to distinguish an undesirable coed from the other kind. Easily identified if asked to find her way around the Arboretum at night.

**Good Personality:** A subtle way to describe the preceding phenomena when arranging a

blind date.

**A Loser:** I coughed on this one. It means what it says, describing anything, breathing or otherwise, that doesn't win.

**A Lover:** Guy who kisses on the first date and tells.

**Shot Out of the Saddle:** Experience suffered by a lover after his story gets back to his first and last date.

**Make Out:** Several translations available. Often misinterpreted, but common definition hints a compatible relationship between a dating couple who frequent Gingsuhl Castle, the Arboretum, and Kenan Woods.

**Puritifical Wench:** A coed who likes to date in groups.

**Drag:** Anything that promotes sleep.

**Crip:** An academic test for ditch-diggers and college students with Q. P. deficiencies.

**Beatnik:** Who knows? They're so far out they can't even define themselves.

**Animals:** The Greeks called 'em men, the English called 'em knights, the Indians called 'em warriors, the sports world calls 'em gridders, and college people cheer them on Saturday and throw them peanuts every other day of the week.

**Pad:** A place of leisure for people of leisure.

**Blast:** An ecstatic form of chaos enjoyed by thrill-seeking college students and terminated by nothing short of an H-Bomb blast, complete inebriation, or Ray Jeffries.

**Intellectual Snob:** Distinguished from an ordinary snob by one factor—above lifted nose is a brown spot.

**Gung-Ho Student:** Disgusting individual who always sets the grading curve on quizzes.

**Out-to-Lunch:** Describes a person unfamiliar with college life who takes a coffee break, con-

verses and can't find an interpreter.

**Odd Ball:** Same individual when he gets up and leaves.

**Brown Nose:** A student, who after bringing an apple to the professor, hangs around after class and helps him eat it.

**Spastic:** One who attempts to walk a straight line from South Building to the Library and ends up at Woollen Gym. Also a student who fails P. E. three semesters in a row.

**Bug Out:** Something I should've done 25 paragraphs ago, but then maybe someone shares my problem.

Like the man said, "some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed!"

# SUNBURN

By STAN FISHER

A South Carolinian, bored with the drive back to the Hill recently, counted all the white lines in the highway from Cheraw, S. C., back here. According to his count, there are 11,734 white lines over the 120 mile route.

Anyone care to double check him?

Scenic UNC has added another gem to its list of tourist attractions. Thanks to recent floods, two canyons now parallel the drive between Everett and Joyner.

So far no hikers have been lost, but two cars, a UNC laundry truck and a campus dog have disappeared into their depths.

**HEIGHT OF CONCEIT:** Rumor has it that the girls on third floor Alderman now answer the house phone with, "This is Heaven, which angel

would you like to speak to?"

A feature story in the newspapers recently commended today's college student as much tamer than those of past years. Included was the comment that, in past days, students at the University of North Carolina "shot up the place."

If higher mathematics are bothering you, why not rent the Univac 1105? Price: somewhere around \$400 an hour. What price passing?

One lady employe of the University finds a little irony in the coming visit of Miss North Carolina to the campus for her "Intellectual-day."

Says lady: "Everybody else coming to the campus gets greeted by the Chancellor or President, but Miss North Carolina gets greeted by the Di-

rector of Development."

Seems development has been progressing rather favorably, if TV can be trusted for an accurate picture.

One student says that by listening to popular songs, "Battle of New Orleans," "Ten Thousand Drums" and "Johnny Reb," he can learn more history than by going to class. Maybe so, but does he get any sleep?

Fayetteville radio station has gone all out for recruiting with the suggestion to "Join the National Guard and see Vance County."

HUH?—Soap and education are not as sudden as a massacre, but they are more deadly in the long run. (The Facts Concerning the Recent Resignation)

# UNC NEWS

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BY WILLIAM CORPENING

# One For The Road

"The institution of social drinking is one of the greatest menaces our society faces today."

Thus spake H. Millard Jones last week at the annual convocation of North Carolina Friends. Mr. Jones, by the way, is chairman of the Committee on Public Morals, and so speaks from a position fairly bristling with authority.

Now, there are some non-friends of Mr. Jones who might feel inclined to take him to task for exploiting a menace as relatively innocuous as social drinking when our society is mostly alarmingly threatened by the triple terrors of Communism, nuclear warfare, and Christianity.

But, on second thought, Mr. Jones might have something there, after all. For, if you take the time to analyze each of these triple terrors, you will find that Khrushchev drinks vodka by the cellarfull, that only a drunken man would be witless enough to start a nuclear war, and that Christians partake of wine regularly. So if Mr. Jones can be criticized at all, it can only be for understating his points. Social drinking is, in fact, the greatest menace our society faces today.

And what's going to be done about it? My guess is, nothing — at least not for a long time. You take a habit as chronic as social drinking, and you

just don't root it out overnight. Might as well tell pretty girls to stop shaving their armpits.

But somebody's got to set the pace, and I can't think of a better institution to institute the substitution of the institution of public sobriety for the institution of social drinking than the institution of higher learning. In other words, us.

And don't think we haven't got our work cut out for us. You take the fraternities, now. Here you have the teeming hotbed of debauchery, depravity, and ultimate destruction. No doubt you never thought how every time a fraternity throws a party, society is being menaced. Even the Student Party never thought of that. Think of it.

And when you're through thinking of that, think of all the local beerhalls that will have to be padlocked or quarantined or burned to the ground before we can feel even halfway de-menaced. Bet you never thought, either, why you have to go down steps to get to the Tempo Room or Rathskellar. Steps down to Hell, brethren. Sin and Degradation.

It's not a very bright prospect, is it? Well, no one said it was. Ridding society of its greatest menace is a pretty big order for any man, but somebody's got to carry the torch, somebody's got to fight for a better world.

Somebody's got to keep up with Mr. Jones.