

Astronauts

(Continued from Page 1)

Air Force major, and Young, a 34-year-old Navy lieutenant commander, tended strictly to business. There was little to see. Mostly it was cloudy Tuesday all over the world anyway.

There were problems, of course. A valve leaked before takeoff. Young's blood pressure shot up as he did but soon came down to normal. The stabilizer viewer was not working perfectly. Neither was a thruster. But these were nagging, little things, never enough for worry, much less excitement.

Everything else seemed to

function exactly as the space doctors ordered.

Grissom and Young became the 14th and 19th persons to enter outer space. Of these, 10 men and one woman have been Russians.

Russia was first with a multi-manned flight when three of their cosmonauts went into outer space last Oct. 16. Five days ago, two more Russians were shot into outer space, and one of them scored a dramatic and historic first by stepping out of his craft and floating freely on his own.

But outer space seems big enough for all to claim honors, for on Tuesday's flight the Americans showed how a spaceship can be maneuvered — and Grissom became the first man to rocket twice into space.

On July 21, 1961, Grissom took a short 16-minute flight and, in one of the most frightening periods of all the space shots, had to swim for it when his space ship sank.

It was this misadventure that led to the nickname for Tuesday's ship, the Molly Brown. Officially christened Gemini 3, she was named after the Broadway musical, "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," in the hope that she would float the astronauts until they could be picked up by the Intrepid.

Space officials take pride in the fact that, unlike the Russians, their shots are announced well in advance — and that the public is allowed to watch and hear each step of the way.



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THE MIGHT!...of
Herman Melville's classic...



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CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE: GUITAR GUILD electric guitar. Excellent condition — \$375.00. Write: Al Del Russo, 215-D Scott Hall, College Hill Drive, Greenville, N. C., or call Greenville, 752-9069, 8 - 11 p.m.

FOR SALE: NIKON "F" CAMERA coupled meter; 50 mm., F1.4 lens; case included. Call: Ira Shapiro — 968-9021.

MOTORCYCLE Auction Sale

- Sat., April 3rd, 1965, 12 Noon
- '63 Sparta; serial No. 320594; motor No. 481295776; Storage \$119.
- '63 Sparta; serial No. 320587; motor No. 481295597; Storage \$119.
- '63 Sparta; serial No. 320586; frame only; Storage \$119.
- '63 Sparta; serial No. 320590; motor No. 481295745; Storage \$119.
- '63 Sparta; serial No. 320583; motor No. 481295817; Storage \$119.
- Berini; serial No. M257842; motor No. M257842; Storage \$119.
- Lambretta; serial No. 318539; motor No. 125LD318539; Storage \$119.
- Allstate Vespa; serial No. VA32M257925; motor No. 257-925; Storage \$119.
- Allstate; serial No. 026332; motor No. VNAM026332; Storage \$110.00
- Ducati; serial No. 150830; motor No. 150830; Storage \$110.50
- Allstate; serial No. 03990; motor No. VANIM03960; Storage \$170.00.

Travel-On Motorcycle Co. 504 W. Franklin Chapel Hill



... And The Crowd Watched

Tense Night At GM

The juke box in the Rendezvous Room was not playing last night. There was no dancing. The piano was locked tight.

The carefree faces that usually fill the Graham Memorial social room were tight and drawn last night, as students gathered around the student government tally boards to watch the progress of their favorite candidate.

The man who received the totals from the counting room upstairs kept busy chalking them onto the large board. As first one candidate and then the other gained a slight edge in the close presidential and DTH editor races, sighs of relief and apprehension mixed among the throng.

By 11:30 it was all over but the shouting — and there was a lot of shouting to be done. Scores of candidates received the mandate from the students and took it out to celebrate.

GOLF CLUB SPECIAL
7 Club George Fazio Set
3 - 5 - 7 - 9 Irons
1 - 3 Woods THE WORKS \$33.00
Putter in
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New Compact Jotter. First girl-size ball pen made for girl-size hands. Uses the big 80,000-word Jotter refill. \$1.98.

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Parker 45 Convertible. The pen that fills two ways — with handy reserve ink cartridges, or from an ink bottle. Standard model — \$5.00.

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Birth Date _____

MONTH DAY YEAR

Dealer Signature _____

Today's Campus Calendar Of Events

TODAY
UNC Physics Colloquium — 4 p.m., 265 Phillips. "Reorientation Effect in Coulomb Excitation." Tea and coffee will be served at 3:30 p.m. in 277 Phillips.
CWC — 5 p.m., Roland Parker III.
Stray Greeks — dinner meeting at Daryl Farrington's home. Meet in Planetarium parking lot at 5:30 p.m.
CORE — 7:30 p.m., 111½ Merritt Mill Rd.
GMAB Publicity Committee — 4 p.m., Roland Parker I.
Interviews for GMAB Committee chairmen and secretary held today through Monday, sign up at GM information desk.
International Students Board — 7 p.m., YMCA.
MOVIES
Carolina — Billy Budd

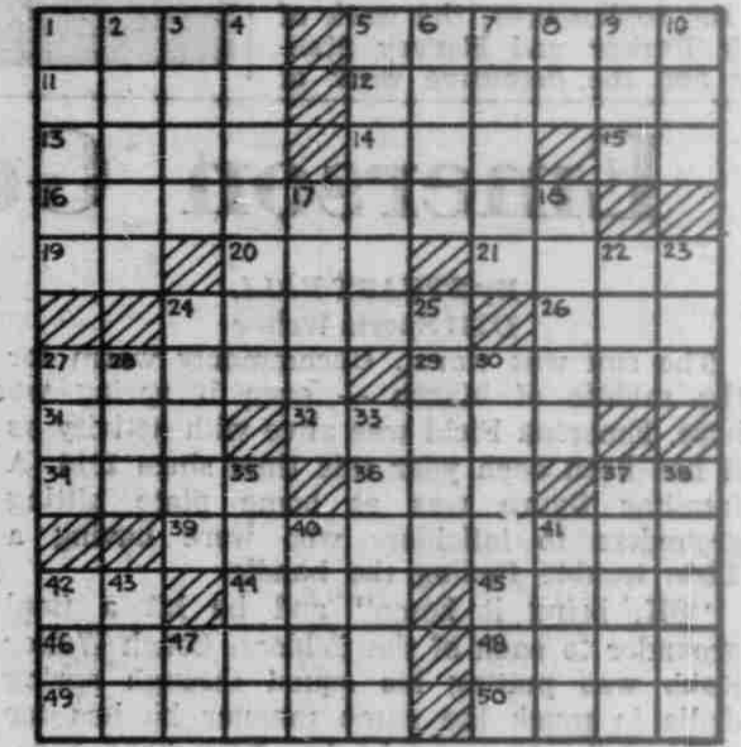
Varsity — That Man From Rio. LOST AND FOUND
Lost — Alligator wallet and a pair of tan gabardine pants on tennis courts, reward. Herbert Biechert, German Department.
Lost — Man's brown pigskin glove at "Beyond the Fringe," 967-2891, Bill O'Brien.
Found — Pair of horn-rimmed glasses in Phillips Hall laboratory, Jim Scott, 942-2765.
Lost — Tan overcoat with plaid lining and gloves in pocket in Ehringhaus study room Sunday night, Marion Redd, 402 Ehringhaus, 928-2313.

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. Fr. Gr. river basin
5. White animal
11. River: Ger.
12. Threw, as stones
13. Lamp: dial.
14. Bath!
15. Toward
16. Restoring
19. Half an em
20. Tree
21. Dull
24. Piggins
25. Mace
27. Helmet-shaped part: bot.
29. Inclose in surrounding matter
31. King's neighbor
32. Ninth day before the Ides
34. Noah's first son
36. Small mass
37. Diphthong
39. Very poor
42. Greek letter
44. Sheltered side
45. Girl's name: poss.
46. Becomes visible
48. Servitude
49. Willows
50. Chair

DOWN
1. Mined
2. Comedian: Steve
3. Askew
4. Coat again
5. American Indian
6. Jacob's son
7. Mix
8. Neuter pronoun
9. Snare
10. Half brother of William I
17. Pert to
18. Seizes
22. Verb form
23. Spoiled, as meat
24. Sumbler
25. Biblical amount
27. Fuel
28. Alms
30. Compositions of musical scraps
33. Fight
37. City in Japan
38. Thing of value

Yesterday's Answer
40. Close to
41. Cry of buccannals
42. Chinese Communist
43. — and
47. Greek letter



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Snack Bar and Cafeteria

Max Shulman for Kellogg's
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THREE TRUE AND TRAUMATIZING TALES

Only one problem remains to be solved before America enters the Golden Age. I refer, of course, to the problem of what to eat for breakfast.

You'd think with the millennium so close at hand Americans would learn to eat a proper breakfast. But no; two out of three citizens persist in eating wrong. Consider the following typical cases:

1. Hester, a Bad Eater
Hester Glebe was a sophomore at a prominent Western girls' college (Vassar). Hester, a comely lass of 19, majoring in flatware and madrigals, was so excited on the morning of Vassar's annual Field Day that she forgot to eat any breakfast at all. Eagerly she flung herself into the day's many jolly events—sprinting, leaping, pulling, hauling, hurdling, hop-skip-and-jumping. But, alas, because the poor girl had not eaten a proper breakfast, her energy soon deserted her. In fact, it deserted her right smack in the middle of a hammer throw!

She was able to get the hammer flying all right; what she was not able to do was let go of the handle. Over the Vassar fence soared the hammer and into the streets of nearby Poughkeepsie—with limp Hester, alas, trailing helplessly behind.

Well sir, naturally she was expelled from college for leaving the grounds without a pass. Today, a broken woman, she earns a bare subsistence as a pennant in Newark.

2. Basil, Another Bad Eater
Basil Metabolism was a private in the United States Army. Basil, a robust lad of 20, did not make poor Hester's mistake of facing a strenuous day without an adequate breakfast. He, alas, erred in the opposite direction.

On the morning of the big inspection by the Commanding General, Basil decided he had better store up all the energy he could get, so he breakfasted on the following: a fitch of bacon, a clutch of eggs, a batch of bagels, a notch of ham, a bunch of butter, a swatch of grits, a hutch of honey, a patch of jelly, a thatch of jam, a twitch of pepper, and a pitch of salt.

From breakfast he went to the barracks and sat down on his foot locker to await the arrival of the Commanding General. "Attention!" cried a voice as the General entered the barracks, and all the soldiers sprang to their feet—all the soldiers, that is, but

Floated, bulging, torpid Basil who could not budge his stuffed self from the foot locker.

Well sir, naturally he was court-martialed and placed before a firing squad. Today, a perforated man, he earns a meagre living as a colander in Cleveland.

3. E. Pluribus, A Good Eater
E. Pluribus Erbank was a claims adjuster in a large insurance agency in Blue Earth, Minn. E. Pluribus, a saucy lad of 27, awoke one morning and knew it was the most important morning of his life, for on this morning he would propose marriage to the fairest secretary in the entire insurance agency, the beautiful Clarissa Menhaden, whose cheeks were double damask and whose eyeballs made men slaves.

At breakfast E. Pluribus prepared himself well. He had a bit of juice, a bit of toast, a bit of coffee, and a heaping bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Not that it is vital to our story, for all Kellogg's cereals taste wonderful. But, more important, each golden spoonful of each Kellogg's cereal is pure nourishment, pure energy, pure power to unflag the muscles and unclog the blood, to joggle the cells and jiggle the psyche. Morning is the time of day when you most need a quick pick-up—something that starts your motor without stripping your transmission, that tones the body without tasting like a tonic, that's quick and crisp and bright and ready and loyal and true and obedient. In short, you need Kellogg's!

So E. Pluribus finished his brimming bowl of Kellogg's and off he went—strong and confident, bright-eyed and jut-jawed, springy-legged and gleamly-scalped—and made a proposal of marriage so eloquent, so fervent, so loud, that the beautiful Clarissa could not say him nay. Today they are married and own their very own insurance agency. They have three lovely children—a boy named Fire & Theft, and two girls named Public Liability and Personal Property Floater. It is the happiest of families—especially in the spring of the year when E. Pluribus, with many a laugh and cheer, drives them all to Hartford to see the actuaries in bloom.

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1. Now that graduation's getting close, have you given any thought to the kind of work you'd like to do?
I want to work for The Good of Mankind.

2. I might have suspected.
I'll probably grow a beard.

3. Is it required?
It helps. And I'll certainly need a pair of sandals.

4. What do you expect to earn?
All I ask is the satisfaction of knowing I'm helping to Build a Better World.

5. I'll be doing much the same thing. I've also lined up a job that affects society in a positive way. And if I do good, I'll move up, and my decisions will be even more important in the scheme of things.
But where's your beard? What about sandals?

6. You don't need them in Equitable's development program. All you need is an appetite for challenge and responsibility, and the desire to do the best possible job. The pay is tops, too.
You know, I'm afraid a beard would itch—could you get me an interview with Equitable?

See your Placement Officer for the date Equitable's employment representative will be on campus. Or write to Edward D. McDougal, Manager, Manpower Development Division.
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