

Saturday's Stars



HARRY DUNKLE, of the magic toe, who even in defeat, kept booming long punts to set the Green Wave back.



CARL SUNTHEIMER, co-captain with Dunkle, yesterday plugged his center gap, and backed a fighting line against top-heavy line power.



BILL COCHRANE — Everything that he did on the campus was successful. For a short time during our senior year he served as Director of Graham Memorial. He sponsored dances and concerts, and tolerated the guys and gals who worked on the various publications. He was what we call 'a good guy.'



HUGH MORTON — Every coed on the campus had an interest in this guy. They wanted him to take their picture for Tar 'n Feathers or the DTH. He's made some wonderful headlines of his own over the past twenty-five years.



Cabbages and Kings

By Bob Hoke

Regardless Of What You Might Have Heard

This Is Still The Southern Part Of Heaven

Ivey Relates A Lucky Fate

By PETE IVEY
You 42-ers may think you're hale and hearty today, on your 25th anniversary. But you're nothing like the Man and the Woman you will be when you come back to Chapel Hill for your 50th anniversary in 2017.

The Class of 1942 will roar back for the Golden Anniversary, with vigor and potency that is shocking to think about.

The reason: Scientific medical advances will keep you alive and strong and likely to stay that way into infinity.

Medical advances show that Organ Transplantation is in sight — may be with us in a few years as a normal practice.

Doctors will replace your heart, and liver and brains with almost the same facility a service station attendant will change your oil, or put in a new battery, or install a new transmission.

Switching human organs, from a man of 20 to men of 45 or 50 or 80, may be routine by 1975 or 1980.

If, for instance, you who are now in your middle 40's, feel your kidneys weakening at the age of 55, you can install new kidneys. If you get high blood pressure or heart palpitations in your 50's, just rip out the old and sew on the new.

Hardening of the arteries? How would you like the arteries of a teen-ager?

New glands? Why not go in for a general remodeling, once every ten years?

It could be that in 2017, when you come back to Chapel Hill, you'll be an entirely new man — and new woman. You may go by the same name, and your classmates won't recognize you; because you'll be entirely new from stem to stern. But you'll have the same Social Security Number, and Chapel Hill will be your alma mater.

Organ Transplantation is only one of the innovations which is expected between now and the year 2,000.

We can also anticipate Population Control — brought on by The Pill in fact, the rejuvenation by Transplantation and other chemical and biologic advances will make it even more necessary to control population growth.

By 1975 we will be far beyond the Moon, and it's within the realm of possibility that by that time we'll have heard from Intelligent Beings on Distant Planets — people who have worlds with civilizations far in advance of ours.

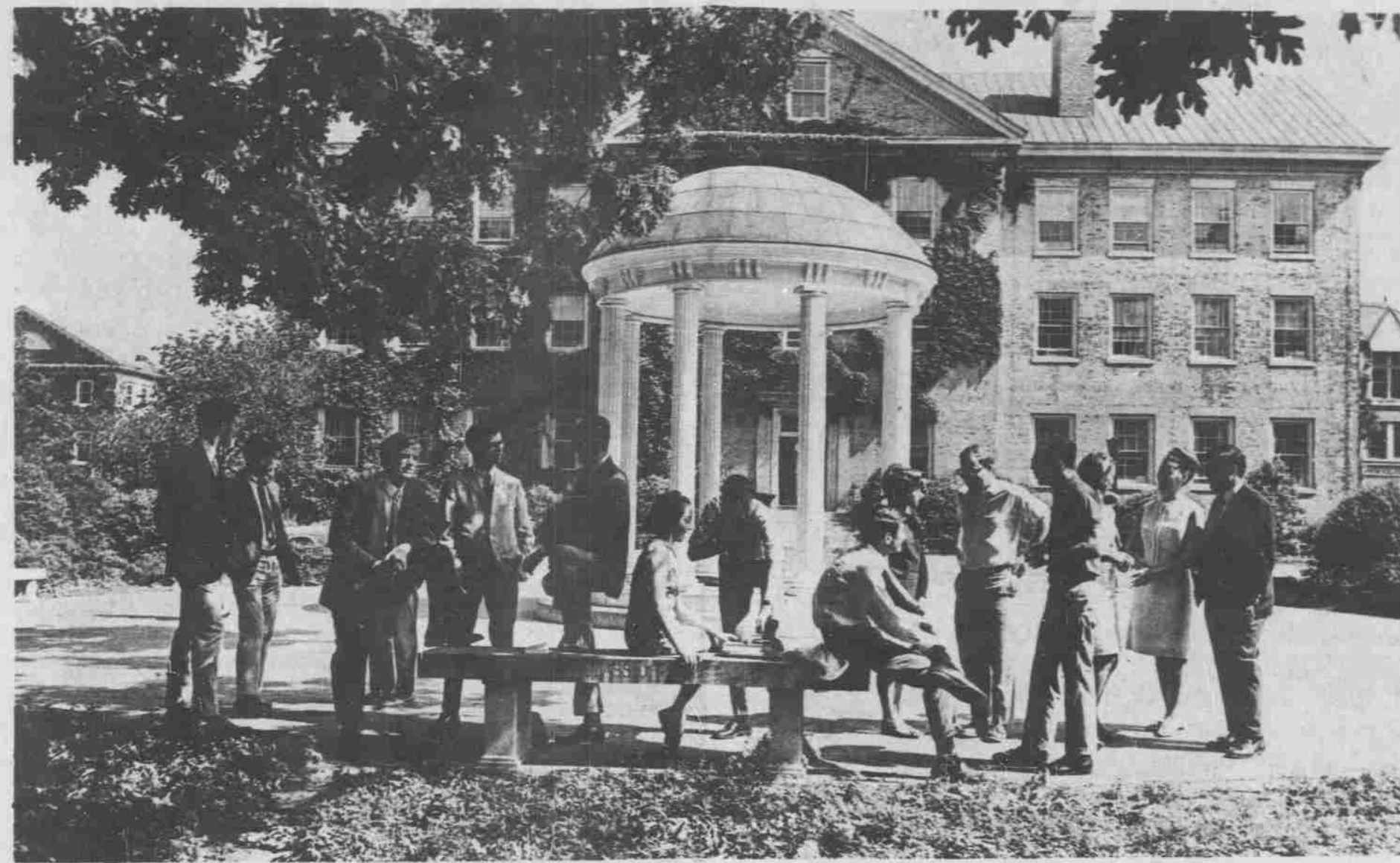
If these people, who have lived several millions of years longer than we have on Earth, have learned many of the lessons that we ought to learn, perhaps they will communicate to us some of their secrets of success.

Such as:
1. How to get rid of war.
2. How to live with one another cooperatively.
3. How to achieve happiness.

Plus many other things that we consider valuable for getting along with one another.

By the time you're back in 2017, our ways of life will be changed, even with the use of the scientific knowledge we will be able to discover for ourselves. For example, each person will be equipped with electronic computer (with telephone and TV communications) for instant contact with other people. If you want to know something, dial a number at your fingertips. Ask the question. Your wireless computer gets the information back from an immediately-replying Ann Landers, Dear Abby, Emily Post, James B. Reston, or Walter Lippmann.

This will be education, instantly — self-instruction and every man his own expert. No schools and colleges will be necessary. When you come back to Chapel Hill in 2017, it will be all yours, for fun and frolic.



These eager young people should look just about like you looked twenty-five years ago. They are some of the sons and daughters of the class of 1942 who

are now attending the University. See how many you can recognize or better still get the proud parents to let you know who they are.

We've Reached The Age Our Children Are Students And We 'The Old Grads'

Members of the class of 1942 must still have a pretty high regard for the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. A total of 35 present day students are the sons or daughters of members of the Class of 1942. Several answered our request to pose for the above picture. The total list includes William B. Bates, Jr., William

L. Benton, Jr., George C. Caldwell, Jr., Elizabeth Calhoun, Kathryn Caputo, Helen Charbonneau, Lee Connor, Steve Craver, Louvell Beth Crone, Charles D. Cunningham, Jr., Sharon Davis, Harry Diffendal, John Elliot, Jr., Randy Forehand, Robert A. George, Jr., Richard Gersten, Richard Goldberg, Rush Hamrick, III, Borden Hanes,

Charles E. Harnden, III, Fred G. Harris, Jr., G. Lewis Hayes, Jr., Thomas Headlee, Julia Howard, C. Austin Robbins, Jr., William Robbins, Sharon Rose, Paul Russell, William B. Schwartz III, Arthur Schwartz, William T. Snypes, Jr., Creighton W. Sossomon, Katherine Rosemary Teague, John W. Thornton, III, and Pamela Lesley

Wharton. In the 'Anonymous' 1942 survey the question was asked: "On basis of your image of UNC today, would you send son or daughter to UNC?" By far the largest response was a simple "Yes" although fewer replied affirmatively as to daughter than as to son. Prestige, Liberal education, outstanding, the greatest, its wide variety of opportunities, good academic atmosphere, general excellence, alumni contacts, family tradition, great spirit, fine faculty, progressive, high national standards. These were but a few of the words and phrases used to show an affirmative view of the University.

It's Glenn Miller Time In Chapel Hill

Buddy DeFranco leading the Glenn Miller Orchestra makes a lot of sense. It also makes a lot of very wonderful and exciting dance music.

This is a natural mating, for the music of DeFranco and the Miller Band have one very obvious common characteristic: The clarinet. This woodwind instrument, more than any other, has supplied the distinctive reed section sound that has given the Miller music much of its distinction. It is also the instrument which has brought DeFranco to musical prominence.

For more than a decade, the tall, lean, handsome Philadelphian has been considered the number one man on his instrument, according to the votes of his fellow-musicians as polled year after year in Down Beat and Metronome magazines. His magnificent mastery of his instrument has resulted in starring appearances in New York's Carnegie Hall and in the Hollywood



BUDDY DEFranco

Bowl, as well as in concert halls throughout the world. He

has been featured soloist in numerous movie and television background scores, at countless jazz festivals and clubs, and has served as teacher and soloist for thousands of young clarinet students in special teaching clinics throughout the land.

In addition, DeFranco has learned firsthand all about the big bands — their music, their musicians and their dancers and listeners — for he served as a featured member of several of the most illustrious of them before he received the call to front the Miller organization. When he was just a teenager, he joined the band of Johnny "Scat" Davis, and from there went with Gene Krupa, Ted Fio Ritta, Charlie Barnet, Tommy Dorsey, Boyd Raeburn, and then back to Dorsey. According to the various well-known musicians with whom he worked, he "scared us all to death with the mastery of his instrument!"

Then There Is The Very Delightful Realization . . .

By MAC NORWOOD

Tucked quietly away in the mind of each of us is this very satisfying little thing about Chapel Hill. We have carried it around with us for twenty-five years now, and it has been one of the possessions which differentiated us from our fellow men who were not so discriminating as to have sought their education in such a charming community. It is the spirit of repose, the feeling that here in this town and on this campus is to be found surcease from the daily strife and tension which characterize life anywhere else. A short flight or drive can lift us to this hilltop where we can enjoy quiet isolation. We visualize ourselves sitting on the front porch of the Inn, endlessly rocking, speaking to old, old friends, watching bright young love amid the dogwood blossoms in the springtime and

shouting "Let's go, Carolina!" among the brilliant leaves of autumn. As we tire of rocking, we drift down Cameron Avenue to sip the waters of the Well, perch on the steps of South building (between 10:30 and 11:00), have a coke in the flagpole and gaze lovingly at South building on the north and Wilson library to the south.

There is no need for the moment to think of the troubles we have accumulated. We have many in common: Communities which are divided about race relations, school bond issues, corruption in City Hall, highway construction and mass transportation. In addition to the earthshaking problems, there are the minor disasters such as our children's poor motivation — their troubles with mass education, their general rebellion — the salary which is inadequate to

cover our responsibilities, the lack of vision of the men with whom and for whom we work, and so on. All these we can tolerate a little better than anyone else because we possess a share of Chapel Hill. There is the very delightful realization that if the going gets too rough, we can throw it all up and move body and soul to Camelot.

It is very important that we keep Chapel Hill like that. In order to do so, we must not look too closely at the place during this rare weekend. Do not read the CHAPEL HILL WEEKLY. It is all right to buy one or two or three for Orville's sake, but do not read it. You might learn of the troubles that our local alumni share with us. You might learn of the troubles with Texas Gulf Sulphur, of a falling bond referendum, of county commissioners who

simply do not understand, of traffic problems which compare with those of Manhasset or Bethesda or Waukegan or Torrance.

Do not read the NEWS AND OBSERVER and learn that most of the citizens of North Carolina seem determined to destroy as rapidly as possible their one really distinctive historical achievement, this University. And above all, do not enter any of the buildings new or old on this delightful campus. Do not ask Lyle or Jimmy or Ike or Everett how it feels to have temporary custody of such a heavenly place. Do not approach the Hospital campus at all. Do not drive an automobile in the community, so that you won't have to try to park it.

By all means, let us continue to keep our dream unblemished.

The Prices Have Changed But The Place Is The Same

Twenty-five years ago you could get a glass of beer for a dime, nickel in some places. Cigarettes, premium brands, were twelve cents a pack.

You could eat a full-course dinner at Gooch's Cafe for something like a quarter. Down at Ma Burks' boarding house and over at Swain Hall the fare was even more economical.

Thirty-five cents would get you into E. Carrington Smith's Carolina Theatre, or into the old Pick.

One of the hottest (and most expensive) things in men's fashions was the "Finchley Foursome" jacket, waistcoat, trousers and mismatched slacks all for \$40.

Chapel Hill streets and sidewalks were crowded, it was hard to find space to angle-park your car, and pedestrians even then were playing Franklin Street roulette.

Jimmy Lunceford, the Dorsey's and Miller, among others, were swinging in the old Tin Can, and the Arboretum was Carolina's version of Flirtation Walk.

As they will, things have changed. Some things.

Gooch's and Ma Burks' place have gone. So has the old Pick, and the Carolina Theatre has moved across the street.

Swain Hall, renovated and expanded, now houses the University's Department of Radio, Television and Motion Pictures. Indoor track meets are still held in the old Tin Can, but that's as close as anyone comes to dancing in there. The Arboretum is still there and students still pass through it, but usually in a hurry to get somewhere else.

Where there used to be marshy lowlands, there is now a shopping center (with an ABC store). What was a meadow 25 years ago is now the site of a sprawling housing development.

In the thickly wooded area of 25 years ago there now stands a complex of high-rise residence halls (dormitories). There are rows of brick apartments for married students (that's right, married students) in the wilds we used to explore on Botany field trips.

Except for the traditional landmarks — the Old Well, Davie Poplar, Old East and Old West, Silent Sam, South Building and the Y — the face of the campus has undergone radical change.

Some things are constant in Chapel Hill, of course. The streets and sidewalks are still crowded. Pedestrians still play Franklin Street roulette. And students still accuse Chapel Hill merchants of gouging them, just as we used to.

The one thing, though, that seems to be totally impervious to change is what we used to call, and is still called, the Carolina Spirit.

That indefinable chemistry (or whatever you would call it) that seems to work on everyone who comes here still exists, as surely as dogwoods bloom and dogs and squirrels roam the campus in spring.

It is something that emanates from the heart of this great University and leaves a permanent imprint on our lives.

The buildings, the landscape and all else may change beyond recognition. But that singular spirit never will. Nor will it ever die.



THESE TWO EAGER, young people were the chief cooks and bottle washers. Truman Hobbs served as President of the Student Body and Mary Caldwell headed up Woman's Student Government.



Mac MacLendon, chairman of the Safety Council, who yesterday announced a tightening of the safety regulations.



Our May Queen situation was in very good hands. Peggy Lou Futrelle of Emporia, Va., who is now Mrs. Gwynn Nowell of Raleigh, was chosen May Queen with Diddy Kelly and Mary Booth Francis as Maids of Honor.