

Making the Best of Things

Tremendous is and will be the word for every phase of Carolina life this fall. As we get away today on the first lap of the 1946-47 race for an education, crowds, lines, problems, headaches, and questions are strewn all over the path as obstacles that will make this the toughest season in Carolina's glorious pedantic history.

University officials and students have no precedent to follow this year. The number of students so far exceeds any previous group that even comparison is remote. Everyone is still in the "feel your way along" stage, and some of us will continue to grope in the dark for some time probably.

Places to live are non-existent. Places to eat are far too few and far too crowded. Classes will be too large for maximum efficiency. Students will be standing in long, sometimes hot, sometimes wet lines. Schedule problems, veterans' problems, financial problems may all arise.

But all of these difficulties are not the result of lack of foresight or preparation on somebody's part. The University is trying to give every possible chance to every eligible student to come to school. Whether or not the administration is right in choosing to be criticized for overcrowding facilities rather than be criticized for not allowing students to enter and keeping enrollment at a leisurely minimum is a matter of opinion. One thing is certain—criticism would come in either case.

Tempers are likely to grow shorter and smiles may be wiped off a lot of faces by the tension caused by the growing pains of the day as everyone seeks solace from his own difficulties. In the face of all these troubles it would be well for each of us to remember the spirit of friendliness and comradeship that has always prevailed on the Carolina campus.

Also remember that the administration doesn't like the confusion any more than the students. They're also involved in the complicated problems and are working hard in an effort to do something about them. If anyone can solve some of these current difficulties, the solutions will be welcomed.

The load on their shoulders is a heavy one. University officials have been pondering over these problems longer than we've been standing in line. They're in the unpleasant spot of seeing all of the difficulties and realizing many of them are well-nigh unsolvable.

With friendliness and cooperativeness as a keynote, not only among individual students, but also between students and administration, all of us can make the best of what we have for the coming year and make it as pleasant as possible for all concerned.

DTH Policy

This newspaper today is serving more people than ever before in its history. In these times, it must serve faithfully and accurately as a voice of and for the student body of the University of North Carolina throughout a year that promises to be a most trying one.

We fully realize that The Daily Tar Heel is faced with no small task this year in supplying the student body with an accurate, unbiased account of campus happenings. But those of us on the staff pledge ourselves to do our utmost to serve you earnestly and faithfully.

The editorial page will have no room this year for any personal or selfish comments. Controversial subjects will arise this year at every turn and our opinions will be forthcoming on all of these. At times we will criticize what we consider improper action from any quarter, but in all cases every issue will be investigated thoroughly before any comment is made and we will attempt to picture both sides of every argument when the occasion warrants it. All of the opinions appearing in the edit columns are those of the newspaper.

A "Letters to the Editor" column has always been a feature of this paper and will continue as such. Our only request is that the letters be signed and less than 350 words in length.

It's going to be a big year. We shall do our best to bring you every feature of it to the best of our ability.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina Chapel Hill, where it is published daily, except Mondays, examination and vacation periods; during the official summer terms, it is published semi-weekly on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price: \$5.00 per college year.

COMPLETE LEASED WIRE SERVICE OF UNITED PRESS

The opinions expressed by the columnists are their own and not necessarily those of The Daily Tar Heel.

BILL WOESTENDIEK Editor
ROLAND GIDUZ Managing Editor
IRWIN SMALLWOOD Sports Editor
BILL SELIG Business Manager
BURTON MYERS Circulation Manager

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Ray Connor.
ASSISTANT EDITORS: Gene Aenebacher, Fred Flagler, Eddie Allen.
EDITORIAL STAFF: Matt Hodgson, R. H. Hamilton, Jud Kinberg, Bob Jones, Sam Daniels, Bob Finehout, Bettie Washburn.
DESK EDITOR: Barton Mills.
NEWS STAFF: Roy Moore, Darley Lochner, Jo Pugh, J. C. Green, Arnold Schulman, Burke Shipley, Bob Morrison, Sam Whitcomb, Helen Highwater.
NIGHT SPORTS EDITORS: Howard Merry, Bob Goldwater, Jim Pharr.
SUBSCRIPTION MANAGERS: Brantley A. McCoy, Jr.
BUSINESS STAFF: Suzanne Barclay, Ed Parnell, Natalie Selig, Barbara Thorson, Stroud Ward.

To All Students

The following is a digest of a letter to all students written by Fred H. Weaver, Dean of Men. The very timely letter presents the University's viewpoint on the present overcrowded situation.

The University has been challenged to provide the education that has been promised veterans.

It has answered the challenge by adopting the policy of admitting all worthy students way beyond its normal capacity. The University has chosen to strain all its facilities rather than deny admittance to qualified candidates.

The manifold problems that exist in the management of housing and government will have to be solved by individual student action. All of it can't be done by the University. Self-government is the primary need and requirement.

No matter where you live, you are urged to maintain every precaution to keep clean, well, and out of accidents. Voluntary rules for maintaining these conditions along with a provision for study hours should be instituted as soon as possible.

It's the only way. It's up to you.

Strictly Detrimental . . .

Registration Line Is First Sign That Troubled Year Is Ahead

By Jud Kinberg

Ever since this week's Terrible Tuesday of Registration, I've had all my voluble time taken up with defending the reputation of the University of North Carolina.

It seems that the hundreds of boys who were drenched in Tuesday morning's downpour as they waited for the line to start moving into Woollen Gym insist that University registration machinery has reached a new low of efficiency. Now I don't think that's true. The fact is that the people responsible were as ineffective and unimaginative as usual; they just had more men to be inefficient with. Anyway, a good dose of frustration so early in the quarter is a good way of letting Carolina's pitifully overcrowded student population know that any ideas they may have about enjoying school are as wild as an Army Recruiting Officer's promises.

You've all been warned now, so the University expects to hear no more beefing. South Building is going to keep a close watch on chronic complainers, starting with the men who dislike killing Friday or Saturday buying books at the undermanned and obviously inadequate Book ex.

For the many hundreds with Army-Navy waiting still too fresh in their memories, Tuesday's debacle was a grim reminder that civilians can throw a mean line too. One group of hardy souls padded through the rooster-early morning to reach the gym at 4:30 — that's A.M. Sprawled over tables and chairs, they waited patiently, serene in the knowledge that they would be the first. "In and out in time for nine o'clock breakfast" was the battle cry. The spirit resembled that of night-watchers at World Series bleacher gates.

Seven o'clock brought some light with it and the boys were joined by more and more returning students. By seven thirty there was the hustle of preliminary activity and by eight everything was ready!

Ready for a conglomeration of football players, student helpers and a small coterie unknown to anyone who slipped through the tight noose of officialdom. As these chosen two hundred passed into the creaking registration machinery, a typical Chapel Hill rain swept over the long line of men and women waiting impatiently outside Woollen Gymnasium. It failed to cool the air and perversely added fuel to the small fires of indignation already burning in the minds of the thousand would-be registrars.

By nine the line started to move and like a ponderous snake emerging from summer hibernation, Carolina students enrolled for their courses. The snake kept uncoiling all through the afternoon and on into the next two days.

Why over five hundred students were left outside to be drenched in the downpour is a question that will take a lot of answering. Certainly it would have been worth upsetting the machinery just a little to get them in under temporary cover. From what I've heard about the armed forces, such outdoor showering facilities were frowned on even there. If the University is set for a policy of non-consideration, it will find its hard-won reputation blasted.

While this is only an incident, it is dangerous for the future of Carolina because it may well be symptomatic of an unhealthy attitude this post-war flood of students has caused. That is, the thought that since UNC is jammed now with many men and women eagerly awaiting a chance to enter school, there is no need for even basic consideration of student comfort or convenience.

If that is so, we will lose our most



9-24

MARSHALL

Copyright 1946 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—All rights reserved.

"Yer lucky it's cloth. Mine was paper an' it wore out."

Short, Short Story . . .

Rain-Soaked Columnist Finds His Troubles Just Beginning

By Tookie Hodgson

After a brief respite from the rigors of a college education I hopped aboard Tallulah Lou, my faithful Tennessee hump-backed quadruped and loped down from the mountains into the fertile land known as North Carolina, that valley of humidity which lies between Virginia and South Carolina, those two mountains of conceit.

Stopping only for an occasional bale of oats and bottle of brew, my trusty steed and I presently approached the environs of the ancient hamlet of Chapel Hill, seat of the University of North Carolina and many other things as well.

As soon as we had crossed the city limits of the aforementioned metropolis, we were greeted with the peculiar but unusual spectacle of a tumultuous downpour accompanied by a bright hot sun.

Here I made a sage observation, "I must procure a seafaring vessel if I were to continue in my quest for a higher education." Therefore, I left Tallulah Lou to shift for her scrawny self and suiting the action to the thought, in no time I was in command of a staunch little craft which I appropriately named the "Lost Weekend."

Immediately, I veered my boat into a rapid stream of water sometimes known as Franklin street, and stopping only to haul a few struggling freshmen from the briny deep I presently arrived by devious means at a building formally named "Old South" but more aptly termed, "Casa Confusion."

Presiding over this aged edifice was one of those curious people known as advisers. Now, if there was anything that I needed at the moment it was advice, so I got myself hence forthwith, and confronted the gentleman, who was none other than Dr. Rottenborough Belfrey, the jovial professor of English malt making, who had set the world on fire with his stirring three-volume work on "The Anglo-Saxon Word for Duck-Billed Platibus, Its Connotations and Implications Appertaining to the Present Rice

Krispie Shortage in Bangkok, Siam." "Greetings, Hodgson," cried the doughty pedagogue flipping a scometer of nut brown ale into my palsied hand. "What can I do for you?"

"Everything, cher maitre," I answered. "But first where do I sleep, where do I eat and what courses shall I pursue?"

"Well, now let's see, Brother Hodgson," began Dr. Belfrey in a thoughtful wise. "We can let you have a nice abandoned pigeon cote located on a farm only seven miles from Chapel Hill. It's a comfortable thing—that is, if you like pigeons. Also, the place is under a waterfall, so there's running water all the time! The rent is only twenty dollars a day, but of course you'll want a roof of some sort so there'll be a slight additional charge of \$1,000 per quarter for that little item!"

"It sounds wonderful. I'll take it, good doctor. But tell me, pray, where shall I dine?"

"Ah now, Hodgson, don't mention eating around here. We University officials have decided to confront the food shortage here in a most unique manner. Heretofore, unwary students embarking on the unpaved water-filled walks of Chapel Hill have regularly drowned and all because of tradition! Well, from now on there will be a strict tradition against eating.

"It seems to us that if students are willing to drown for tradition they most certainly wouldn't mind starving for tradition!"

"Hear, hear!" I cried, singing aloud "Hark! The Sound" and crying profusely in my love for our dear old Alma Mater and her sacred traditions. "But tell me, sir," I sobbed, "what courses will I be permitted to take this fall?"

"That is the question, my loyal student," replied Professor Rottenborough Belfrey. "However, here is a brief schedule which I have outlined for you. First of all, there's English I. That meets in Kenan Stadium between the halves of football games. Then there's history. That meets under the counter at Harvey's. Lastly you will take physics. That meets at Oak Ridge, Tenn. No, Dammit! It meets at Hiroshima. Oh Hell! That's not right. It meets in the projection room of the Carolina Theatre. Yes, yes, that's where it meets."

"Professor," I cried, "I thank you for your help in these important matters. But tell me, are you teaching any subjects this year?"

"No, Brother Hodgson," replied Dr. Belfrey. "I've decided to go out for football. There's more money in it."

"Tsk, tsk!" I spoke, "There ain't no justice."

Whereupon a group of battered football scrubs replied in hurt, dignified tones, "the hell you say. We just been playing with him."

Exeunt Omnes.

Keeping Tabs

. . . with Randy

"Hey, how you?" That's a sentence you'll hear a lot around the Carolina campus during the next year. And, the editor and my marks willing, "Keeping Tabs" is a column you'll see often in the DTH. What I've got to say in this pillar of foolery, philosophy, and sometimes social significance may not agree with the editorial policy of this paper—but this is where we get a chance to say it.

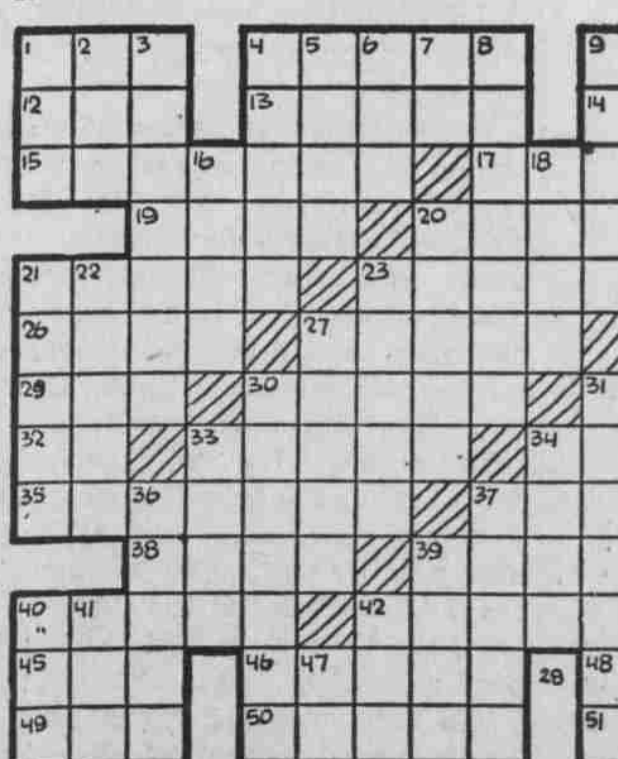
So, along with the new buildings, strange routine and white sweaters with saddle shoes, how about getting acquainted with "Tabs." Frankly, I talk about anything that comes into my head. Sometimes it'll be the movies, sometimes veterans' problems, sometimes jokes, and sometimes pretty green corn. Also . . . I may use dots . . . like this . . . once in a while . . . like the gossip columnists to show that I have also . . . been to the Stork Club.

See KEEPING TABS, page 3.

Crossword Puzzle

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

- ACROSS
- 1—Bankroll (slang)
- 4—West Indian tribe
- 8—Monkey
- 12—Stray
- 13—The end
- 14—Inquire
- 15—Taking no side
- 17—Fall from grace
- 19—Sweethearts (Ir.)
- 20—Hawaiian royalty
- 21—Signal
- 23—Blister
- 26—Comb. form: off
- 27—Scotch oatmeal
- 28—Symbol for calcium
- 29—Free of
- 30—Angle
- 31—Yale man
- 32—Southern State (abbr.)
- 33—Doe
- 34—Exclamation of regret
- 35—A left-over
- 37—Rugged crest
- 38—Tall grass
- 39—Astringent
- 40—Exhausted
- 42—Food
- 45—Legume
- 46—Girl's name
- 48—Recent
- 49—Conjunction
- 50—Racket
- 51—Also



- DOWN
- 1—Skin growth
- 2—Land measure
- 3—Stupefied
- 4—Ocean growth
- 5—Indian nurse
- 6—Relative (abbr.)
- 7—Inspector general (abbr.)
- 8—Stablike
- 9—Tasty
- 10—Beast of burden
- 11—Famed general's nickname
- 16—Singing group
- 18—Helper
- 20—Parallel to
- 21—Sorghum
- 22—Book of Homer
- 23—Goose-like bird
- 24—Notoriety
- 25—Lift
- 27—Sightless
- 30—Add sugar
- 31—A fundamental
- 33—Sign
- 34—Plant genus
- 35—Fear
- 37—Put in row
- 39—Beverages
- 40—Resort
- 41—Trap
- 42—Baba
- 43—Prefix: new
- 44—Dual
- 47—Behold!