

Unsung Heroes in the Back Room

The history and development of the University Pharmacy school can be traced to its housing. It started out in 1897 occupying only three rooms on the ground floor of New West; soon it expanded over the entire ground floor. Following this they moved into a building of their own, Person hall, and in 1925 built a thirty-five room building and called it Howell hall, honoring the founder of the school, Edward Vernon Howell. This is fifty years of progress in the school of Pharmacy — a record of which those associated with the school are rightly proud. They are proud that their enrollment has jumped from 17 men in the first class to this year's enrollment of 223.

But we cannot dispense with the history of the Pharmacy school in just a short paragraph showing how they have outgrown their buildings. To a great extent the men who have been graduated from the school have written a more important history which add to the glory of the school.

Shall They Take Up Snakes?

Never very strong on snakes as playthings, we have been wondering off and on just why reptiles have become the vogue in some circles. If there were some sensuous pleasure to be derived from caressing a copperhead or petting a python, it would not be too difficult to get the slant. As it stands, though, snakehandling definitely rates a place on our list of bizarre things to do on rainy nights.

All this came to mind as a result of the trial over in Durham yesterday of the religious leader, who had a penchant for fondling the fansters. As this is written we have no idea what penalty, if any, the city will impose on the gentleman. And we must confess also that we are not quite sure just what they could do to him. But all this is beside the point. Our investigation of snakehandling has been purely academic.

We remember attending—long, long ago—a service in a little, wooden church on the outskirts of a Carolina city. Inside the regular members of the church were worshipping—with a guitar and a shiny trombone to accompany their hymn. They sang loudly, if not well, and they were certainly sincere, for two elderly women fainted dead away. They had "gone away" during the preacher's outburst about the pain of hell-fire. This we interject because we have been

The pharmacist is unlike the soda jerk in the front of the drug store who performs for the customers by using all off his antics in mixing his concoctions of goo and sweets. He works in privacy in the back of the store where he uses his four years of training in the compounding of prescriptions. He is a man, like the doctor, who is on call at all times. Disease and sickness have no regard for his posted hours. His hours, in the small-town drug store to which the majority of students in training here will be employed upon graduation, are long and tedious. There is no glory in their work, such as for the soda jerk as the fountain.

These are the men who are being trained in Howell hall. They are learning the virtues of drugs, and how to take their place in the community as a public servant. Over the period of fifty years in the Pharmacy school on campus, hundreds of men have been trained in this creed and many more will be during the years to come.

And, we might add, ladies like the two who "went away" have been bitten by snakes; children have been bitten, and this is tolerated in many parts of the country under the bill of rights.

There has been much talk as to whether the leaders of the snake-handling cult should be allowed to endanger the young and the infirm by providing poisonous snakes. It seems to us that the whole thing hinges on the sincerity of those participating. And we here and now express ourselves as doubting that they are handling snakes out of religious motives.

In this age of Freud and even heavier men of psychology, few of us are unacquainted with the phrase "death-wish." It means something like this: people, subconsciously, want to come as near as possible to dying—without actually giving up the known for the unknown. We believe that the snake-handlers are letting themselves be carried away by their subconscious. Not that they can help that.

If they really wanted to show their faith, if they wanted to prove that that faith would keep them from danger they would put a gun to their head and pull the trigger. That would be, so to speak, a trial by fire. —B.S.

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It was a two-way tie and dead heat this week between coeds Rachel Taylor and Joan Lucas for first place in the Creep-of-the-Week contest.

Judges said according to entry blanks, both "talked like Mumbles," and were so similar in several other distinctive ways, that it was impossible to pick one over

Interested in the revenue which would eventually be derived therefrom.

Sadie Hawkins day, the festival of the reversal of the sexes, took at least one reverse itself last Friday.—Eager SH spinster Ann Wells got off to an extra-fast start in the grand Human Race . . . Dead set on catching her man, she was way ahead of her cohorts and had already passed by when a guard flagged the women around a short-cut detour by the woods at the fare end of Fetzer field. . . So, suddenly agile

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Mudville Mutterings

No Horse Lovers Wanted

By Dan Sapp

At the council meeting Monday night, Tom Field who is representing the village on the Chapel Hill conservation committee, reported on the committee's actions. Tom says that posters will soon be up in the village to encourage everyone to join in the food for Europe drive. Tom told us that Claude Shotts talked to the committee during its last meeting and gave some pretty impressive facts on the food situation in Germany. Mr. Shotts who just got back from Germany told the committee of an organization "Meals for Millions" which can give a person a meal for five cents. Tom had a copy of a letter from one German family to Mr. Shotts and he said that it was only one of many of its kind. Tom is planning a program with the aid of the council to raise money from the village for one German family each month. At only 5 cents a meal everyone should be able to contribute several meals to these people.

The housing resolutions came up for some pro-ing and con-ing Monday night. It seems that several of the

citizens feel that the resolutions might endanger their position in the village. According to the author of the resolutions they are intended to straighten out any confusion that has arisen as to the assignment of units in the village and should, if anything, make all legal residents more secure.

Bill Goulding reporting for the dog committee says that dogs are not the only pets kept in the village, there are among us cat and even chicken fanciers. Personally we feel that the village should organize immediately and present a solid front in case any horse lovers should appear. According to a recent scientific article, horses have been known to frighten cars into a panic. But to get back to the business at hand, Bill says that so far the dog situation does not appear to be too serious and he hopes to have a peaceful settlement to offer by the next council meeting.

Other business attended to Monday night was the election of Haywood Wyatt as secretary to replace Tom Cole who has served us long and well in that capacity.

Write Away

More About Freshmen

Editor:

After witnessing the fiasco which took place in Gerrard Hall Monday evening I no longer wonder about the lack of interest in student government and affairs. I have seen a freshman class in high school better organized among themselves and showing more sense than the group of college freshmen at Monday's meeting.

Reasons for the mess created can be laid at the doorstep of a half dozen groups. First offender seems to be the student legislature. The bill sponsoring Freshman and Junior elections was duly passed and according to my source of information by a unanimous vote. After passing it it seems the legislature forgot it. There was almost no notice of the bill made public whatsoever. Members of the University party were not asleep, however, and feeling that they had come in contact with a representative group of freshmen during the past weeks, undertook to do what the freshmen were unable to do for themselves, nominate a slate for class officers. The other political parties yelled foul and finally Tom Eller saw fit, wisely, to veto the bill.

Now that I've mentioned Mr. Eller let me apportion to him his share of the blame. If there is one man on campus who should always be on the ball it is the executive. Certainly he should have reminded the legislature of their obligation to publicize the new bill. He is the man who is supposed to look out for the student body as a whole.

Next to be censured is the University party, who without a doubt tried to pack the meeting to gain a double endorsement for their slate. Evidently those representatives who dreamed up this master political move had overlooked the fact that in an electoral system such as ours more than one set of nomina-

tions is quite in order and is in fact welcomed. This act incidentally was not sanctioned by the UP steering committee.

Having censured one party lets get to another, the Student party. The whole affair was their brainchild or at least the work of several of the S P steering committee members who were present at the meeting. According to my information it seems as though these men promised certain members of the Freshman Friendship Council that the Student party would endorse any slate the Freshman Friendship Council should care to nominate. I wouldn't say that was dirty politics, would you?

Finally I come to what I believe is the main cause of the trouble, constitutional inadequacy. An obvious solution to preventing the same mess next year would be the setting up of a definite date in the constitution for holding elections of Freshman and Junior class officers. This would eliminate all vagueness surrounding the elections. Certainly someone would remember such a provision each year and would see to it that it was well publicized.

Having laid the blame where I believe it belongs I now wish to ask of these censured groups an honest united effort to try to effect an elections policy which will clear the muddle and give the freshman a fair chance to break into student government. No one single election credited to a political party can mean so much to that party that they are willing to endanger the successful procedure of student government such as has been done in the freshman elections of last year and this year.

Norman D. Rippes

FFC Non-Political

To the Editor:

I wish to clarify the position of the Freshman Friendship Council in reference to the freshman meeting held on November 10 in Gerrard Hall.

The action of the FFC in calling the meeting was motivated by the desire that the freshman class might have a fair opportunity for nominating candidates for their class officers.

The FFC was not prompted to call this meeting for political reasons, and therefore was not opposed to any political party or fraternity represented except to the extent of seeing justice done to the freshman class.

Edward N. Hamilton
YMCA Cabinet representative for the Freshman Friendship Council

The University of California cyclotron is said to be absolutely unguarded at night, but as yet nobody seems to have been inclined to get tangled up with atoms bursting in air in the darkness.

Vera and Max

From Left-- To Laughter

By Donald McDonald and Rancey Stanford

Strictly for laughs we'd like to point out a striking comparison. We contend that the memoirs of Vera Scales at the World Festival of Democratic Youth this summer which the DTH printed seem a great deal like one incident in Max Shulman's "Barefoot Boy with Cheek," which first appeared as a column in the "Minnesota Daily" years ago.

At a Communist party meeting, Shulman's "Brenda

Molotov" makes the following report of her summer vacation. (The parallel we wish to point out here is, of course, strictly a literary one. Note the similarity in style, with the same joyous picture painted for public viewing in the same everybody-loves-everybody tone. Note how many tongues are in how many cheeks.)

BRENDA: "Last summer we had a camp on beautiful Lac Qui Parle in northern Minnesota. We all had a

real nice time. There were many healthful exercises and games, in addition to which we had many discussions and seminars concerning Marxian dialectics. We also had many interpretative dances. Also we had a communal garden in which we grew what we believed to be cabbage. In the evenings we built a camp fire around which we sat and had discussions and sang many songs, such as 'I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Industrialist, You' and 'Let the Bosses Take the Losses.' We also burned many prominent capitalists in effigy."

Here's how Vera describes her summer vacation. (And just as a passing stab, we think she should be writing for Tarnation.)

VERA: "I was determined to go (to the WFDY), even if I had to sell my girle. . . . Every few miles we passed through a village where the children and old folks lined the sides of the road, yelling 'Nazdar' . . . with a friendliness that gave us a warm feeling inside that many GIs have shared. We couldn't resist them; we found ourselves yelling back, 'Nazdar'. . . . Turning suddenly into the town square we met eight thousand villagers standing, smiling, shouting 'Nazdar'. A brass band played as they made an aisle for us to tables which held great piles of food—platters of pastries and good Slovakian wine. . . . They lit a bonfire as high as a house and served us wonderful Pivo. . . . We rode home, singing in the dark, so full that we did not even taste the fruit and pastry which we held in our arms. . . . The next day delegations from all countries were rounded up in their native costumes and driven around the city in open trucks so the people of Prague could see them. . . . In the famous destroyed village of Lidice we worked with international youth brigades leveling ground for a new building with pick-axes and shovels." (SHUMAN: "Strong, bronze bodies marching side by side, the people's way, into the sun!")

BRENDA: "Although we all agreed that it was a very nice summer and we had many good times, we were also happy to come back to the University and carry on our work. Thank you."

VERA: "While returning home on the SS Radnik the American delegation had several weeks to reflect and discuss our experiences of the trip. We were agreed that in order to bring about the understanding and friendship . . . American youth should affiliate and work with the WFDY and other international youth groups in order that we may do our share to reap a lasting peace."

Is Vera being Vague?

Speaking of what's in a name, let's make sure that the U. N. "Little Assembly" doesn't get that way because of what it is expected to accomplish.



Aboard the Friendship Train—While the American people are working hard to save food and send it to Europe, a significant thing is happening behind the scenes with the big whiskey distillers.

They would throw conviction fits if they knew outsiders had found out about it, but they are quietly planning to send twenty field men out to soften up editors and sell them on ending the whiskey holiday. The sales argument will be that President Truman double-crossed the distillers, whereas, if anything, the big distillers did (and are doing) their best to double-cross him.

After attempting to soften up the newspapers, the big four of the distilling business plan to have a greased-lightning bill introduced in Congress to call of the "misguided" Truman's whiskey holiday. If successful, the distillers will then go back to using 8,500,000 bushels of grain per month—as they did in October—or as much as they can get away with.

This columnist has now obtained a copy of the hitherto confidential propaganda bulletin prepared by Licens-ed Beverage Industries and the Distilled Spirits Institute. It makes interesting—and to anyone who doesn't know what's what—highly convincing reading. But it carefully conceals the fact that just before the whiskey holiday, distillers were using grain at the rate of 100,000,000 bushels a year. Incidentally, this amount—100,000,000 bushels—is just the amount we need to make up the deficit of grain to Europe.

One interesting statement made in the distillers' confidential propaganda report is the amazing contention that:

"Processing grain by beverage distillers leaves 100 per cent of the feeding value for beef, dairy cattle, swine and poultry."

This is equivalent to saying that the distillers have learned the secret of making something from nothing—which they have not. When they make whiskey they use up entirely the most important single constituent of the grain—the starch or carbohydrate content. This represents about 65 per cent of the grain.

Actually, the only materials left over after distillation are the unfermentable constituents of the original grain—ash, fiber and protein. While this is fed to cattle and does help the protein content of cattle feed, it represents only 30 per cent of the feed's value—not 100 per cent as contended by the distillers.

This is only a small part of the whiskey boys' mumbo-jumbo prepared to make the unsuspecting public think that the whiskey holiday should be revoked. Actually, the distillers have more than three years' supply of whiskey on hand, and they are more prosperous than ever.

It will be interesting to see if the public falls for their cleverly concealed gall.

See PEARSON, Page 4

Disaster In Headlines

CHICAGO (UP)—Death and disaster made the big headlines of the last 10 years.

Grant M. Hyde, director of The University of Wisconsin school of journalism, has made a survey of the big news stories, excluding those dealing with World War II.

Hyde picked 33 stories as the top news of the decade from 1937-47 for the Encyclopedia Britannica's new four-volume history of the 10 years.

When the editors of the book looked at his choice they found that individual or mass deaths accounted for 14 of the top 33 and that another, the Bikini bomb tests, were as important for their disastrous implications as for their scientific interest.

They classified six as dealing with political or economic subjects and four each with labor, adventure, and court trials.

They added a letter to Hyde's year-by-year choices to designate the category in which the stories had been placed: (A) for adventure; (D) for death and disaster; (C) for court trials; (L) for labor, and (P) for politics and economics.

Crossword Puzzle

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

ACROSS

- Apply the to
- Mighty particle
- Climate
- Great Lake
- Entire
- A nickname
- Hammer
- Prefix: down
- Author of "The Raven"
- Greek parliament
- Drunkard
- Improvise
- Trom (sym.)
- Notoriety
- Woman soldier
- Things (law)
- Land measure
- Place

DOWN

- Exclamation of surprise
- Floor covers
- Canine
- Thick
- Cooled lava
- Conjectured
- Holy book
- Front of hand
- Flew out
- Ropes (abor.)
- Checked
- Seams
- Like
- Peer Olyn's mother
- Female sheep
- Chew

1—Edge of garment

2—Age

3—To be ill or indisposed

4—Russian wagon

5—Quilt

6—In direction of

7—Ancient

8—Inventor

9—Penny

10—Drug source

11—Equal

12—Raised up

13—Stitch

14—Belonging to

15—Crazy

16—Slang

17—Chlorine (elem.)

18—Man's nickname

19—Pamper

20—Alley

21—Shack

22—Pill

23—Considering

24—Idle talk

25—Republican symbol

26—Wear (verb)

27—Iron (elem.)

28—Nostrils

29—Greek letter

30—Large wading bird

31—Tish

32—Cute

33—Prefix: down

34—Greek letter

35—Measure

36—Prognosis