PAGE TWO

### The University's Man Friday

The University's new secretary is a man with his work cut out for him.

When the Trustees Executive Committee created the position of secretary yesterday and named William C. Friday to the job, they scooped together all the work of the school outside the domain of the other officers-and it is much, and vital-and laid it on Mr. Friday's willing shoulders.

Here's a job schematic for you: Mr. Friday is to serve as staff officer to President Gray 'on student affairs and development programs, and shall be the service officer of the Board-of Trustees, its officers and committees" and shall "assist the President in maintaining effective liaison with members of the Legislature. University, councils and committees, University officials, alumni and students.

But this is not all, He shall also, in the trustees' words, assist the president by performing "special assignments which are outside the regular jurisdiction of other University officials, and by acting as the president's personal representative when so design: .ed.

If that sounds like a job for four or five men, it should be remembered that Bill Friday has been performing these very tasks Thursday night, the weekend with skill for four years as President Gray's seemed to get off to a premaassistant. Out of his love and concern for the University (and that includes State College and the Woman's College) he has become loved himself, by students, faculty, trustees, alumni and all those who know him and his part in this school. We know of no one whose devotion to the University is greater or for whom admiration is so universal.

The trustees are to be congratulated on their appointment of Mr. Friday, And students, particularly, for whom he has bridged the student-administration gap so well, will be pleased to hear of his new honor and new job.

### Honor To The Teachers

There are more teachers than researchers me to catch cold?" among the Kenan professors created vesterday by the trustees.

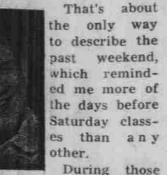
We are not, of course, running down the essential role of research men in a University, but it has always seemed to us that professors whose first love is the classroom were free Saturdays each semester,

## Carolina Front Weekend Like Those Of The

Good Old Days

#### Louis Kraar

WHAT IT WAS, was a Carolina weekend.



days of no Saturday classes and the quarter system, Germans festivities would begin unofficially Thursday afternoon. By Friday morning, classes were sparselv populated. And by late Saturday night, the campus had pleasantly partied itself into exhaustion.

With Louis Armstrong on ture, but potent, start. Sunday morning at about 1 a.m., the Mouza Cafe-only eating place opoled-bustled with more students than appeared in most Saturday classes.

HIGHSPOT OF the Earl Bos-

tic concert Saturday afternoon was the boy who opened a Memorial Hall window from the outside, set his paper cup on the window sill, and climbed into the auditorium,

Wind rushed across the hall, and everyone shivered. The student who had climbed in through the window turned to someone beside him and muttered: "Hey, shut that window. Do you want

#### THE STUDENT Legislature, which last week so generously granted the campus two class-

THE DAILY TAR HEEL

**Only One Wept** 

in course material in order to

take advantage of such cheap ed-

itions, seems not to have been

Many professors are authors of

is

the texts they assign; this

pensive; this is not fine.

fine. Most of these texts are ex-

considered.

lies of peak dwellers.

races,

### The Death Of Halfway To Heaven Heaven's fleet of fishing sampans cliff below the village graves.

Joseph Alsop NORTH TACHEN ISLAND One of the casualties of the latest

free world retreat in Asia is a place called Halfway to Heaven. Halfway to eHaven perches, or rather used to be perched, on the cratered summit of the highest peak of North Tachen Island, some 1,500 feet above the surrounding, nourishing sea.

It began a little more than a century ago, when the first harsh impact of the modern world on ancient China produced the Taiping rebellion, which in turn produced a fearful famine in Chekiang province. Fleeing the famine, a handiul of inhabitants of the Chekiang town of Wan Ling found a safe refuge on this island crag and stayed to build a village, or rather two villages, for the lesser of the two adjoining craters contain Little Haltway to Heaven, and the larger, also kept, the people of Halfway Big Halfway to Heaven.

For five generations, sons succeeded fathers, gradually clawing new terraces from the crater yen, except the people from Door walls and naked mountainside of the Wind Hill, the village on for their plots of vegetables and the other side of the crag, and sweet potatoes, gradually adding the huge, superbly winged fish vessel to vessel in Halfway to eagle that had his nest on the

**Blast!** 

# **Books: Why So Dear?**

Paul T. Chase The distribution of text books this institution is a racket. at It has long been a racket in the publishing world, where new editions overtake each other before their ink is dry for the sole purpose of killing the used book

market. But publishing houses have mystery. At the end of each senever pretended to be educational or philanthropic agencies. Our University has, on occasion, made such pretence. This has not prevented it from making the sale of texts to students a lucrative commercial enterprise, Whereever the profits go - football, scholarships, dormitories --- they pensary. After the initial rush come from us.

Whenever you buy a text you tomes make a hesitant appearare giving a handout to some ance at prices higher than those unknown recipient. Does it make you feel all warm inside? At most other educational institutions a student can buy any er's list price? a deluxe, slick paper edition of a text costing from five to ten sors. He cannot do a lot to fight dollars. Many demand six or it. Those who can have refused seven separate volumes for a to do so. single course. The existence of identical or comparable books in thing will be done to extirpate inexpensive paper format, or the the textbook racket at this Unipossibility of slight alterations versity,

until there were 130 sampans Then President Eisenhower and old, stood around the table, owned among the hundred fami- "unleashed Chiang Kai-shek" and their faces work hardened, their The bitter poverty of the origi- sured the Chinese Nationalist ing a picture fit to be painted by nal refugees thus slowly gave government into occupying the a Chinese Breughel in the yeilow way to a kind of crude prospeci- Tachens in force. So the soldiers light of a guttering tallow candle ty. Long low houses of chinked came, ballacks were built, and Hung read the movement order in stone, with finely carved, bold- halfway to Heaven briefly tasted a brisk sing-song. ly curved ridgepoles were built an unfamiliar uneasy prosperity. to cling to the crater sides. A - And then again President Eisen- next morning. Each section leadlittle temple to the Taoist earth hower releashed Chiang Kai- er would be responsible for his godlings gave the villagers some shek, and the American govern- section. Each person would be alone to pray 'o when times were ment pressured the Chinese Nahard. The young men fished all tionalists into abandoning the year. The elders, the children Tachens; and that was the end

and the women tilled the ter- of Halfway to Heaven.

In the Chincse way, the end came without undue lamentation The villagers talked it oevr and With salt and cloth from the decided that what they had heard Lig settlement on South Tachen of communism from their fellow Island, with the'r fish and sweet fisherfolk from the mainland as potatoes and vegetables, with a ugly enough to justify a move. rare treat of meat from the pigs. The government said it would chickens, rabbits and goats they help. And so, on the afternoon before the move was to be made. to Heaven were not ill-content. no one was weeping except the But for a hundred years no outwife of the elder of the Leng sider ever saw Halfway to Heafamily. She was deaf and could not read, and she wept because she had grasped that a move impended but no one could tell her why or where.

The elder of Leng, a little, old gnarled, toothless man like a weathered root, with what must really be the last queue on any Chinese head, was ignoring his weeping wife. He and the elder of Chu and the young men and boys of Little Halfway to Heaven were sitting in the pale, watery sun in the village center, while the women finished their packing. Ves, they said, they were leaving. Yes, it was hard to go, but they did not want to stay. They d swept the graves one last time, and now they were ready.

The fate of used texts is a It was the same in Big Halfway to Heaven, where is found the mester thousands of slightly house of the place's richest man, worn texts are sold by relieved Cheng who owned three whole students for a fraction (never sampans in the fleet that set more than half) of their value. to sail from the foot of Knife At the beginning of each semes-Black Mountain. He had enough ter these texts are markedly capital stored up to open a restconspicious by their absence from aurant when the soldiers came. the shelves of the local book disand his Chinese crullers and hot sova bean milk brought him in is over some of these bashful the magnificent cash profit of two dollars a day. But Cheng too was leaving without reluctance.

As dosk fell, the village head-

from organizing the evaculation

Kwan Yins Village, Bare Rock,

all North Tachen Island--

Heaven. A score of men, young the American government pres- black peasants clothes worn, mal-

Departure would be at nine the lewed to carry 100 pounds of personal belongings if he could manage that much.

There were quick questions; How about bad weather at sea. from a weatherwise fisherman: how about pregnant women, would they get medical care on the ships, from a young fathersoon to-be; and so on. Hung dealt with the questions intelligently. And then everyone went home for a great feast of all the food that could not be sold to the soldiers. was not worth carrying, and was no longer worth scrimping against a poor season. Before dawn the nxt morning

the young men of the village set off down the mountain de, each balancing two enormous packs on his back. At first Lo had a little trouble forming the line to his taste

Then the last shout was given. Little Liang marched proudly forward. Children shouldered the babies. Men and women, young cr old, hoisted up their heavy packs. Even the old boundfeet grannies carried something. But none complained. And so the slowly moving line wound its way up over the crater lip and down the long miles of fearfully curving fearfully mud slimed road to Yellow One Beach where the transports awaited them.

An old nanny goat and her two kids, which had somehow escaped the pot, was being chased by two soldiers when the last of those who had made Halfway to Heaven a living breathing place of habitation cast his last backward glance into the familiar hollow on the mountain summit. The greatfisa eagle still magnificiently volpanet in the cloudy sky above. But the doorways of the houses were dark and deserted. The muddy lanes

# What Price Peace In The Far East?

#### Ed Yoder

In the not so for-seeing view of U.S. warpathrunners, the time has come when we must all either, of two things in the F

East: We must continue to furdle dangerously close to the borders of Communist China and run the risk of war; or we must pull stakes altogether, blow the whisle on the Seventh Fleet ge out, and "lose face. The warpath-runners, who makes

not limited to any particula group except the China Lobb believe that the first choice is the only choice

But the greatest threat of all is not burning that quarter of the woods. The greatest threat indeed, a warpath-running threat, but it is localia right at the flank of the nation where it could do spontaneous harm: Not since peace came to Kores has war sentiment among the rank and file people been so sensitive to sudden change as it now.

The reason is simple. Although the advent of the "total" nuclear weapons, the guided missiles have changed the attitude of wise statesmen and seientists towards war (and have even converted the fading old soldier. General MacArthur, to the belief that war must be outlawed), the full import of the new attitude toward was has not reaching the populace. The new concept of the values of war and peace contain a new ethical ingrident that many do not understand. (In fact, you could believe from the present policy in China that many national leaders do not understand.)

The fickle shifts in Communist policy never have soothed any nerves. Now Formosa and the sur rounding situation are seen as an old and familia show by the Moscow-Peiping Puppet theatre. S the question arises: Why don't we throw bomb into the broad and hateful morass of Red Chun show them once and for all what's what? Why lo the Chinese play with us again to their advan

So runs the sentiment of the warpath-runners Yet their questions run into one solid wall that has existed since the first Khan got the idea of Chinese conquest: How do you conquer a patrol that lives a narrow existence on the land, crowde thousands to a square mile in some areas? How do you conquer a nation that has so many me under arms that slaughter becomes a matter of in difference? Why do you conquer a nation controlled by your real enemy and inhabited only by people who were the forgivable victims of them own hunger and of the abuse of a regime of grat

All which boils down to this question: Why any war at all? If the United States must own an obligation anywhere in the crucial area, it can only rightly be within the "id idical outlined for the Formosan government by the Japanese Peace Treaty. That area does not include islands off the Chinese mainland that are no more distant from it than Wrightsville Beach is from Wilmington, N. C. If we have geographical commitments they are limited to Formosa itself and to the Pescadores. Our moral obligations, too, stent first of all not to Chiang Kai-Shek but to the 30,-000 or so Chinese soldiers who refused to go back to the Red government and are now garrisoned on Formosa.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1955

not getting their proper honors,

A glance at the list of ten outstanding faculty members named Kenan professors yes- legislation - then checked on terday will demonstrate that things are changing a majority of them have won their tration greatest esteem through years of standing at maps and blackboards and teaching students the truths of the world.

It is gratifying to see this base for the judgment of a professor's value emerge; the recommendation of these ten by the presilent and the chancellor may help usher in a new day of honor for the teacher.

### A New Look

An hour spent talking about student governments with a visiting university admini- days. strator yesterday reminded us anew that Carolina students are practically unique in the extent of their intelligent self-government.

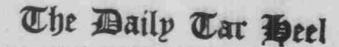
Here, we should take time now and then probable. to remember, there is no hazing of freshmen, no beanies, no clipped hair.

Here, there is no administration control over the student budget or censorship of student publications or interference with the student courts.

Here, no faculty member presides over dormitories or proctors quizzes or counts the dent Party has "thrown open beers you drink in Rathskellar. You can live the windows of the smoke-filled where you please (if you're a male); you can rooms in Graham Memorial." drive a car: you can do, within reasonable limits, anything you want to do."

It is not so at all schools, or even at most schools, where writing, studying, beer drinking, speaker-sponsoring, legislating, moneyspending, examproctoring and housing are under control of university officials.

We are likely to take these hard-won freedoms for granted. And that's the point of this wandering little homily: Take a look at the comparative state of affairs in student government in other schools, and campus politics and politicians, the preservers of this imusual liberty, will begin to look better to VOU.



The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina,

North Carolina

which first

pened its doors

handary

1795

Editor

where it is published daily except Sunday, Monday and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered ...s Chapel Hill second class matter at the post office in Site of the University Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; lelivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

fell into an old pitfall. The legislators passed their its feasibility with the adminis-

Class scheduling is strictly an academic matter, Thus, if student politicians want to dole out free days, they should check with the proper academic authorities first.

Chances of the campus actually getting the free days that the Legislature has called for are slim. The University has a certain quota of class days to meet, and the calendar is prepared far in advance to provide for holi-

But so near election time, it's not surprising for campus politicians to start granting the im-

THE WEEKLY political columns submitted by both campus parties should be interesting propaganda.

So far I notice that the Stu-

I hope none of them catch cold.

IF CAROLINA males are anything like those at Denver University, coeds should be wary of ever stealing a fraternity sym-

A bunch of Alpha Chi Omega sorority girls from Denver were suspected with stealing the Kappa Sigma emblem at that school. The fraternity held a "kangaroo court" and found the girls guil-

The sentence was that each girl had the symbol of the fraternity painted on her forehead. After the sentence had been carried out on several of the girls, the stenciling got out of hand. Then an unidentified coed was stood on her head, and the symbol was stenciled on her panties.

AS A possible fee raise looms over University students heads, word comes from Texas that the legislature in the oil state is considering raising tuition at the University of Texas - from \$25

Tuition for North Carolinians attending the University is \$150 a semester, not including other CHARLES KURALT fees and dorm rent,

we should be paying for new books. Ou sont les livres d'autre man, Lo The Clever, came back fois? The plight of the student who book (not only texts) at a dis- cannot afford to spend twenty count of from ten to forty per or thirty dollars each semester cent. How do we rate the privi- for texts is a sad one indeed. It lege of paying the full publish- is of no apparent consequence to anyone but himself. He is the The assignment of texts for victim of an economic conspirclasses is either a racket or gross acy - witting or unwitting-on stupidity. Most classes require the part of publishers, distributors, administrators, and profes-

Dept. of safe predictions: No-

#### 'Atomic Energy? Sure, Just A Minute Now-'

PIXON-

YATES

the East Village and the rest -which were all to be led by Lo. He had his aged mother to calm and his household to organize, for Lo The Clever is a widower. So he let his deputy, Hung Give

the movement orders to the chiefs of the "Sections" of fifty or sixty people into which the village, by immemorial Chinese custom, is administratively divided.

The meeting took place in the uper room of the house of Liang, a big house, for the Liang clan, was the largest in Halfway to

HERBLOCK

QISS THE WASHINGTON POST CO.

were strewn with the rubbish of departure. Halfway to Heaven was dead-killed by forces it did not understnd, utterly destroyed because it had been briefly swept. by what strange processes and changes, into the fearful vortex of great events

### **Humanities** And Human Understanding

#### Dr. Harold W. Dodds

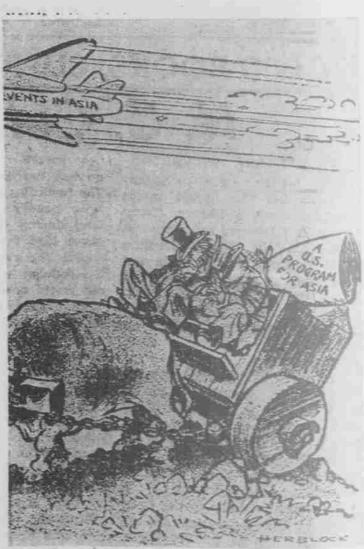
(Dr. Dodds is president of Princeton University. The following assessment by him of the value of liberal arts in education is reprinted from The Daily Pennsylvanian.-Editor)

It is perspective-the ability to see men and events, to see oneself in relationship to the sum of human experience which gives balance to a man and leads to his maturity. His maturity may lead to wisdom. Whether or not he is the rare one who does reach that serene plateau, it is clear that the first stage of the long journey is the gaining of perspective.

Close study of history, philosophy, religion, literature and the arts expands and deepens a man's understanding of human nature in a way that individual experience alone cannot do. Every man's personal experience is necessarily limited, by the circle of his personal friends, by the mentality of his vocation or profession, by the prejujdices of his class, his nation, his religion, by the climate of opinion of his particular historcal era.

But through human studies, anyone with intelligence and imagination is able to make his own the most penetrating insights of generations of thoughtful and sensitive observers of man. The result is usually a startling sense of the range of human possibilities. One cannot have become aware of a great novelist, a great painter, a great philosopher, scientist, musician or great statesman without an increased feeling for the potentialities of human nature. A realistic, deep-driving, but uncynical knowledge of the possibilities of human nature, both for good and for evil, is a recognized advantage in leadership of any sort . . . It is in the Humanities that thoughtful men have found reservoirs of comprehension and strength for a good many centuries.

The broad truth behind the warpath-running sentiment, last of all, returns to one idea-the idea that peace is complete Nirvana, the pacalic peak from which no further excursion be made The tenuous balance between Capitalism and Com-



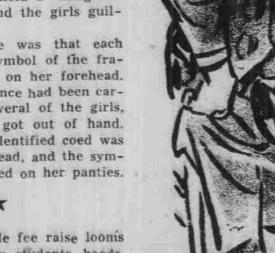
munism, th peace that has included the fury of 2 Berlin air-lift, a Korean police action and riols Germany, is not real peace, say the warpathrunners. o, they ask, why not begin to throw the bombs and make it real peace?

The fallacy is that peace never has been on peace under terms of the warpath-runners. Peace is an often-relative term, and it certainly has only been Nirvana at any time.

In current language, peace is the absence " a global war that would demolish civilization

Hobbes, the English philosopher, had a ratio unpopular phrase for it-"Peace at any prior That maxim, scoffed at for centuries, may come apply one of these days with a new seriousness

Reasonable action in the Formosa crists, in the warpath-runners call it what they will, is one price that can be paid.



per semester to \$50.

the state of the second