

# Amphibious Thinking Has Merit Carolina, Hoorah!

The fuss over abandoning passenger train service to Durham, Greensboro and Raleigh is a problem which affects Chapel Hill, too.

Perhaps we should demand passenger service all the way into Chapel Hill—or up to Carrboro, like we used to have it.

One thing that might be done—to benefit Durham—would be to inaugurate a system of rail transportation such as exists in some places in Europe.

There are bus-type railroad cars, carrying 30 to 50 passengers, that can run on rails. Yet the bus-trains also are equipped with rubber tires. When the vehicle gets

to the railroad station in a town, the rail wheels can be elevated and the rubber wheels lowered, and the bus can travel on the highways and streets as well as on the rails.

If we put our minds to it, we might even be able to visualize a bus, a passenger rail train, and a helicopter that could all be combined into one vehicle, a local man suggested.

It's thinking like this that will solve our transportation problems. The thinking must be free-wheeling, flexible, and capable of being air-borne, on highways or on rails, or in the sea lanes.

## A Time For Shouting!

It's practically over now save the tumult and the shouting.

Five weeks are history, 35 days are marked off the calendar, 840 hours have scurried to a past tense and 50,400 minutes have been experienced by the Bell Tower.

And the UNC News made it to the street five times.

Sometimes we wondered if this publication would ever get out of its Graham Memorial Offices. Other times we had the same fears after the copy was assembled at the printing shop in Carrboro.

Now our fears are history just like the many days which comprised the second summer session here. This is a time for bouquet throwing, thank you's, acknowledgements and gratification.

It's the hardest thing to do. But the most heartening.

First off, a debt of gratitude is owed to Pete Ivey, Director of the U.N.C. News Bureau whose editorial help, advice and Professor Heatwave column often saved us.

The staff, comprised of Jane McCorkle, Eloise Walker, Bill Corpening, Tim Stevens and Sandy Jarrell, added the necessary spice to our cake. We owe them a tip of the typewriter.

A special thanks to an especially capable newsman — Special Features Editor Stan Fisher — for his mechanical genius and creative touch to what otherwise might have been a prosaic publication.

The list is long, but not too long to list. So without further vacillation dipped in nostalgic nonsense, the following people are our creditors in this intangible business known as gratitude:

Graig Gibbons, our Business Manager, Dr. A. K. King, Director of the Summer Sessions, members of the University Publication's Board, employees of the University News Bureau, Sam Magill, Assistant Dean of Student Affairs, Howard Henry, Director of Graham Memorial, and Jack, Howard, Shank and the boys at the shop.

And the biggest bouquet of all to the students here, who may have read an issue or two and kept us in business!

Summer at Carolina is a remarkable season. In June, when all the regulars stampede home, trailing clouds of shredded texts, outsiders from other camps swoop in to pick up the pieces.

The ensuing clamor is enough for Silent Sam's musket to go off unheard. Come August, and another exodus even noisier, even more furious, than anything that went before. Yet, in September, almost everyone returns.

What is it that drags students back like boomerangs? In an effort to pin the answer down for all time, we call again on Susan ("Frisky") Doberman. The question put to Miss Doberman was.

"Are you coming back to Carolina this fall, and if so, why?"

"Are you kidding?"

"God, I love this place! I mean, sure, I'm flunking just about everything except Lenoir Hall, but God! you can't have everything!"

That's what I keep trying to tell my mother. She keeps writing me and saying, 'Susan Doberman, if you send home another report card like the one we got last session, you're gonna have a heap of explaining to do,' and so on. I keep trying to tell her—

"What's that? Gosh, I don't know what it is about the place. Yes, I guess you could say it's a kind of — how did you pronounce it? — nostalgic (sic). I mean when you get right down to brass tacks, this is just about the nostalgist place this side of Flanders Fields.

"Like Kenan Stadium, for instance. You know how nice it is there on a hot summer night.

It's so wonderful just to stretch out on one of those bleachers and, you know, cool off. And you meet more people you know there! I guess that's what you'd call a real nostalgia place.

"And that sun dial, that's another one. Oh, did I ever tell you about that time we had there one night?"

"Oh, it was funny! There was me, see, and Eddie (he was my date that night—I don't know him very well), and Carolyn (she's my roommate), and her date (I can't remember his name), and we all got together and Eddie and what's-his-name made a ladder with their hands, and Carolyn and me climbed up on that long shaft and slid down!

"God, it was fun! The funniest part, though, was Carolyn got her dress caught one time, and she lost her balance and fell off! She didn't get hurt, though. She was real lucky, because her dress was caught good on the end of that shaft and she was just dangling there in the air.

"Oh, we could hardly stop laughing, she looked so funny. She was real scared, though, and kept screaming for somebody to get her down before she fell and broke her head, and then when we kept laughing enough to stand up on what's-his-name's back and rip her off. You should have seen the hole in her dress where that shaft stuck through. It was good material, though, or else it never would have held that long—rayon, I think.

"You see what I mean when I say I'm coming back, don't you? God, when you get right down to brass tacks, you can't beat this place!"

WAYNE THOMPSON

## Off The Cuff

THINGS I WOULD LIKE TO SEE BUT WON'T . . . EVEN IF I LIVE TO BE 105:

Air-conditioning in all the classrooms . . . especially Saunders Hall where students study history and sometimes wish they had gone with Seward to Alaska. And to think they called it a folly!

A new gymnasium or, better yet, a coliseum for basketball games. Somewhere Frank McGuire is still dreaming.

A professor who respects the rights of students.

A student who respects the position of a professor.

A coed who hates big cars, fraternity parties, money, beach trips, movies, money, dinner at the Waldorf, Germans, money, cash, greenbacks . . . a gal who isn't digging for gold.

Something besides tea or coffee for lunch at Lenoir Hall.

A men's dormitory sans noise . . . or an underground study hall, similar to a sewer pipes, where ambitious students can study in cool quiet.

A free parking place on Franklin Street.

No cops on Franklin Street.

No parking tickets issued on Franklin Street.

No cars on Franklin Street.

No Franklin Street!

A Univac in every home . . . something every housewife can't do without — a brain besides the one in her head.

A football player who weighs 130 pounds and a basketball player who stands 5-6.

A bar in Chapel Hill which doesn't manufacture its atmos-

phere and one which sells mixed drinks over the counter. Yes, I believe in the Easter Bunny too.

A bowling alley . . . any damn place in walking distance of the campus.

A House mother who doesn't feel like all college students are transfers from the funny farm.

A sober student carrying a drunk campus policeman to bed.

A University squirrel who is just a little afraid of students. Or a campus canine that doesn't look like it just won the Academy Award for stunt work in "Lassie Come Home."

An "easy" quiz that was failed by a poor student.

A "tough" quiz that was raked by an "A" student.

Ice cold water spouting out of the fountain at the Old Well. Or even better, ice cold beer.

Students sitting on the steps of the Library at night with academic pursuits on their minds.

A freshmen who doesn't get lost in the stacks. A freshmen who doesn't get lost. A freshmen who doesn't act like a freshmen.

A senior who doesn't think he's educated.

A grad student who thinks he's immature.

A professor who admits he hasn't read "Dr. Zhivago".

A pretty, social-minded coed who doesn't think God lives in a big house.

A newspaper editor who doesn't smoke three packs of cigarettes a day, and one who gets paid enough to buy three packs a day.

Finally, a new attendance rule providing for free cuts during exam periods.

Like I said before, I'd like to see some of these things materialize but I won't . . . not for at least 82 more years.

Then I'll be 105.

## SUNBURN

By STAN FISHER

Somehow it happens; a fella asks you to write a column 'cause he needs some space filled in his first issue. You sit down and start dreaming away about everything you've heard and seen in the last year that anyone could possibly smile at.

You turn in the first one—not that you think it's anything spectacular, but it does fill space. Oh well, at least you don't have to sweat it again . . . ever!

The same fella puts in an appearance again: "If you're going to write a column, you're going to have to have one every week or it's gonna look mighty funny."

So another hour is spent dreaming before a vacant-eyed typewriter with an even more vacant mind.

The weeks fly by and, though never particularly impressed by the stuff that comes

out, you decide it's going from bad to worse. You like your humor subtle and go all out to make it that way.

And how, from that standpoint, at least, you succeed! Some of your drivel is so subtle that after seeing it in print, it's even too subtle for its writer.

Some weeks the stuff is strained . . . some weeks it's half-fictitious; every week it's a chore.

There've been a lot of stories about hard-drivin', hard-drinkin' newspapermen put out. All of these legendary men of the game are pictured bent over some antique typewriter, necktie askew, hair tousled, baggy-eyed with cigarette butt dangling from lower lip—and all the while they're making that antique hum as they turn out columns on columns of golden journalistic truth.

Maybe it just ain't so! You

begin to wonder if a more accurate picture might not be the same man physically, but this time with a far away gaze in his eyes as he tries to figure out what in earth he's going to put on paper.

Always gotta try 'n be clever . . . original . . . creative . . . maybe a little cynical . . . sarcastic; who cares? Be anything but be with readers.

Always there's the fear that some morning the alarm will ring, you'll get out of bed and . . . wham! You won't have a darn thing to write about.

Hown' hell, you ask, does a daily columnist turn out something every day when you can't even do it once a week?

How does he?

Finally, a couple of seemingly light years later, the long-awaited, dreamed-about last issue comes . . .

And you don't have to sweat it again . . . ever!

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