



"And who did you say your grandmother was?"

Non-partisan Politics

The General Assembly of the state of North Carolina is 30 years late on the constitutionally required re-districting of congressional districts. This is a cause of much complaint on the part of Republicans, certain disgruntled "out" democrats, and young idealists.

The student legislature of the University of North Carolina is six years (the life of the constitutional student government) late on the obviously necessary and desirable re-districting of campus legislative districts. We haven't heard anyone complaining except members of the newly "in" Student Party.

So it should not be too much to expect that the present legislature (whose margin of independents and double endorsements gives the Student Party a workable majority) will hustle to act on the measure introduced Thursday night by David Kerley.

The bill is thus far being met with enthusiasm by members of both parties. The long-time University Party members see the validity of the moves proposed last week in the re-districting bill, as do the idealists of the Student Party.

Should debate on the bill descend to the level of petty party politics, the campus will suffer from the annulling amending tactics which will inevitably result.

Behind the scenes complaints of older leaders of the Student Party that the bill will destroy the SP's most helpful king-maker—the fraternity split—as a result of the districts as un-gerrymandered by Mr. Kerley are therefore beside the point.

The move has obvious advantages and disadvantages for both parties. It is most obvious that the advantages to the campus are important and long-overdue.

Furthermore, the winning party in any campaign is obligated to its campaign promises, and the Student Party promised.

Letters To The Editor

Madam Editor:

In reference to Rollo Taylor's article on Lenoir Hall in the Daily Tar Heel of January 20: If Mr. Taylor or anyone else has any good ideas on how to improve the service, variety of food, etc., at Lenoir Hall, I am quite sure that the management will give the ideas careful consideration.

Instead of using the above method of helping to improve the "poor" service, Mr. Taylor uses exaggerated illustrations (taking three minutes to move from the tray to the silverware counter) to prove his contention

of poor service.

We like to be informed when we read the editorial page. If we want jokes, we can read "Lil Abner" (which often contains more thought than the editorials).

In short, if Mr. Taylor or any other writer has anything concrete to say, let it be said. If not, skip it. An eight page paper isn't that important.

Bruce Marger

Sorry, we have to run eight pages occasionally to take care of the concrete suggestions of our correspondents.—Editors.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill where it is published daily at the Colonial Press, Inc., except Monday's, examination and vacation periods and during the official summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office of Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates mailed \$4.00 per year, \$1.50 per quarter, delivered \$6.00 per year and \$2.25 per quarter.

Glenn Harden Editor-in-chief
 Bruce Melton Managing Editor
 David Buckner News Editor
 Bill Peacock Sports Editor
 Mary Nell Boddie Society Editor
 Al Perry Feature Editor
 Joe Raff Literary Editor
 Beverly Baylor Associate Editor
 Sue Burress Associate Editor
 Ed Starnes Assoc. Sports Editor
 Nancy Burgess Assoc. Society Editor
 Ruffin Woody Photographer
 O. T. Watkins Business Manager
 Business Office Manager
 Advertising Manager
 National Adv. Manager
 Subscription Manager
 Circulation Manager

Tar On My Heels

by Bill C. Brown

That curve—the love of some instructors.

Why is it that some instructors are determined that a certain percentage of the class has to make "A", a certain percentage has to make "B", "C", "D", and worse, that a percentage has to make "F". That is the life of a student graded on the curve.

What one actually knows about the course has little to do with the grade he makes. Usually, to make matters 100% worse, the instructor tells his class, "You aren't expected to get all the questions correct. If I took the test myself, I don't know whether I could answer all correctly or not."

With this problem facing you, plus the added confusion of ambitious statements and the law of averages, you limply take up your pencil and half-heartedly start on the quiz. You read statement after statement. Is this test covering the material you studied? Sometimes I wonder. I have seen tests where they might as well have given the test on geography when the course is botany.

So after trying to decipher fifty-cent words, figure out what ambiguous statements were intended to mean, and weeding out the trick questions, you, just before screaming to the top of your voice, sign the pledge, and hand the paper in with your last struggling breath.

The next day you trudge to class, having no conception of whether you passed or flunked—it all depends on that law of averages and the curve. You enter the room and your heart drops. He has graded the quiz and is passing them out.

The smile spreads across his face as he hands out the papers. Gleating. Enjoyment. supreme. Happy day.

You look around you and see such numbers as 115, 99, 42, 61, and 80. Then you see your own grade. Perplexed. Wondering. Hoping.

Seventy-six.

You look down the grading of your paper. Then ones you thought you might possibly have gotten correct are wrong. Vice versa. Just plain vice. The ones you got right, you wonder why they are right. The ones you got wrong, you wonder why they are wrong. Hit and miss. Guess work. Law of averages.

Seventy-six

With a smile that resembles death he explains the curve. "There were the grades over 100. They get 'A'." Heart failure. Skin creep. Sweat.

Seventy-six.

"There were eighteen grades between 90-99. They get 'B'." There were twenty-five grades between 83-90, so they get 'C'." There were sixteen grades between 75-80—"D." A long pause. A long grin. A long sigh.

"There were eleven grades below 77." That is all he says. Seventy-six.

Concerning...

What this country needs is more philosophers. Or, at the very least, more people who think about the meaning of life, and all.

Now take the old days (when ever they were.) Everybody went around thinking about truth, and beauty, and why we are the way we are. Hardly a child prodigy was then alive who hadn't written a pamphlet or two about what he thought about things. Nowadays, the bright young minds in search of intellectual exercise, dash off treatises concerning the possibilities of exploring, via spaceship, the more distant parts of our expanding universe.

Or, they work out formulas for new and more efficient ways of utilizing the power of the atom. I can't think of a single student philosopher on this-campus worthy of the name, myself excepted, of course.

Every once in a while I toy with the idea of accepting the philosophy of some particularly bitter thinker of the past—Schopenhauer, for example. Schopenhauer hated women, and wouldn't have anything to do with the best looking girl in Munich, or wherever he lived, if you paid him.

Every once in a while, usually after I have attempted, in vain, to line up a date for Saturday night, I am inclined to think there is some truth in what the man said. It never lasts very long, though. Something will turn up (last time her name was Ginger), we'll go out and gaze at each other for a while, over a puddle of beer; first thing you know the hormones are jumping around like crazy and Schopenhauer is out the window!

Of course there is a good reason why Schopenhauer hated women. At the age of twelve years, or thereabouts, his mother threw him down a flight of stairs, thus doing permanent damage to his ego and, I sup-

pose, other sensitive parts. My mother never once threw me downstairs, which is just one of the reasons I am so fond of the old girl.

The campus is not entirely devoid of young philosophers, come to think of it. There is one bouncing around by the name of Brooks, or Snooks or something or other. Anyhow, I hear he is not averse to making his opinions known to all and sundry, and some of them, I understand, are not too dull, though retaining a strong strain of precocious adolescence.

Speaking of adolescent philosophers reminds me of a rather select little circle I belonged to while in first year Junior High.

Now there was an advanced group. We called ourselves The Society of Freethinkers, and believe me that was an understatement if there ever was one. We met on Tuesday evenings and discussed such things as: The Basic Reasons Underlying the Degeneration of the Greek Culture, 300-100 B. C. Or, something such as: The Similarities, If Any Between The Ethics of Rousseau and those of Spinoza, Particularly In Regard To Their Concepts Of The Relationship Of Religion To Art, and vice-versa. Stuff like that.

Our Society had devoted considerable thought to modern philosophers as well as ancient and one of us, Jimmy Edmunds by name, even lead a little group that went overboard for Existentialism. He was thirteen years old at the time! Funny part about it is, the last time I saw Jimmy he was traveling for Heinz canned goods and making quite a name for himself, having exceeded his sales quotas for several months running and that sort of thing and was being referred to as "a man with a great future in Beans."

Which proves that as the twig is bent, you just never know how the tree will incline anyway.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- | | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|------------------------|
| ACROSS | DOWN | 19. Line of junction |
| 1. Labor | 1. A sharp spine | 21. Stitch-bird |
| 5. Press down firmly | 2. Lubricate | 22. Natural cavern |
| 9. Conceal | 3. Notion | 25. Terrible |
| 10. Jewish month | 4. Shelf | 27. Learning god |
| 11. Moved, as by a pole | 5. Evening sun | 28. Support |
| 12. Fellow worker | 6. A wing | 29. Wool fat |
| 13. Gold (Her.) | 7. Mongrel dog | 30. Pull behind |
| 14. Past | 8. Folding device | 33. Lair |
| 16. Sailor (slang) | 11. American poet | 37. To soil |
| 18. Half ems | 15. Goddess of harvests (It.) | 39. Stream of water |
| 20. Heroic | 17. Blooming | 40. Corroded |
| 23. Toward | | 42. Yugoslavian leader |
| 24. Man's nickname | | |
| 26. Fissile rocks | | |
| 28. Interweave | | |
| 31. Color | | |
| 32. Cleaning ro- for guns | | |
| 34. Erbium (sym.) | | |
| 35. Ahead | | |
| 36. Female sheep | | |
| 38. Epoch | | |
| 41. Kettle | | |
| 43. Indehiscent fruit | | |
| 45. Neuter pronoun | | |
| 46. Prevaricator | | |
| 49. Depart | | |
| 51. Virginia willow | | |
| 52. Filmy fabric | | |
| 53. Inquisitive | | |
| 54. Rivet (N. Fr.) | | |



Yesterday's Answer
 44. Afternoon receptions
 47. Coin (Rom.)
 48. Beam
 50. One-spot card

