

# The Daily Tar Heel

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## The Race

Ruth Hoyt

In a few short weeks many of us will again experience that nerve-racking, tiresome ordeal better known as exam week. This is the time when all students are expected and required to come forth in three hours with all the knowledge that it has taken them ten weeks to accumulate in one course of study.

But most of us take this for granted. By the time we become juniors and seniors in college we passively accept this state of affairs and say nothing.

However, the situation is not all peaches-and-cream. The majority of students do not really object to taking exams. Many actually look forward to them.

But they do have one justified gripe—one to which they are entitled. Quarter in and quarter out the authorities in charge insist on scheduling the first exam immediately after the last class day. This quarter classes end on Friday and, as usual, many students will be facing their first exams Saturday morning at 8:30. For a student who must attend a lab or a late class on Friday afternoon this seems to be very unfair. These people will scarcely have time to review for their exams. And I am firmly convinced that you cannot assimilate ten weeks work on an 80-year period of history in five or six hours.

Surely there must be some way that this system could be reorganized for the benefit of those students who are conscientious about their exams and their grades. There are very few students, I dare say, who would seriously object to one more day of school for the sake of having one free day between classes and exams to get themselves organized.

## No Space In A Manger

We suspect that even James Hinton, first student there and who allegedly walked the 165 miles from Wilmington to Chapel Hill, would have been demoralized if he knew he would have to spend his first freshman nights bedded down in a basement. And unless we miss our guess, there are going to be some unhappy new students here next Fall.

With enrollment up over last September's 5,400, the rooming prospects are gloomier for this Fall. It is true that after the normal first quarter attrition there is sufficient room. However, the first quarter is the quarter for many students who find it difficult to adjust to college.

So yesterday's announcement that some incoming frosh will wind up in the bowels of Cobb Dormitory seems to us impractical. Better, we believe, to inconvenience several hundred males for a couple of months with three-man rooms than to shuffle our new students off to the unattractive quarters of a basement.

The Daily Tar Heel hopes Housing Officer James Wadsworth will reconsider. If obstinate, we suggest he spend a night or two in the basement bunks. Then reconsider.

## As Others See Us II

Helmuth Deicher

Dear Mr. Weaver,

It is very true that it is already 10 days since I've been in this country, and I have not yet written; but it takes quite a time to get into everything here again, much more than it takes when one comes back from another European country.

I would not have imagined that much of a chance—there is a difference in almost every dimension. You start off with the difference of houses, trucks, cars, streetcars and taxis, and you finish with some meditation about the definite differences in peoples attitudes.

One thing that strikes immediately is the somewhat hard expression on the faces of so many especially young people, which is of course to an extent the result of the war—and post-war lives; some of them look as if some heavy burden is both-ering them, and that they consequently have not had the opportunity to develop slowly and under normal circumstances.

There is an expression of disappointment on many many faces also. On the other hand, you may find them more independent and more conscious looking; the happy-go-lucky type is a very scarce phenomena here today. One misses the American friendliness, and one appreciates by the same token the decisive independence of the individuals.

If I am asked to state exactly what I have learned in the U.S.—apart from the knowing facts about education, politics, history, U.S. Universities, and some part of your country—it seems to be too early yet to define that in definite terms. One thing, however, is quite clear: that I do not want to miss a single minute of the whole time over there, and that I am very happy to have had such an opportunity. Also that I shall be very curious from now on to see more of your country, and I only hope that this time has not been the last time to see on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean.

Our old university is still the same. I stayed home for a week and came here two days ago, and tomorrow work starts—and very seriously, too. There is much to do in the laboratory, and I am happy to be back at work again.

How is your family coming? I hope that every body is fine, especially your little daughter! Your radio case will be almost finished by now, and the pictures will be developed. I hope they have come out nicely, and if I may ask you to send some of them for me . . . I'd be very happy to have those which you took of all of us as well as those we took when Martha and myself came over to say good-bye that Sunday. I am enclosing some, and I hope you will not be embarrassed at the one I took secretly from the back!

We shall soon work on our report and send you a copy as soon as it is ready. In the meantime, may I ask you to remember me to Roy Holsten and his family, and also to all the other friends in your office. And let us once more thank you very much for everything. Special greetings for Mrs. Weaver. Sincerely yours,

Helmuth



## Express Yourself

Editor:

Mr. Anderson—You state that an explanation is in order. I am very sorry that the Editor-in-Chief Hugh Gale graduated in March and has departed from Chapel Hill to work in Virginia. I feel obligated, therefore, to try to give you your explanation.

When pictures are taken in the Fall of each year, the students who appear are given a form to fill out. When taken to a typist, this form is numbered. The picture taken by our photographer is numbered also. These numbers are identical. It is by means of these numbers that we know well in advance of the time the pictures are due back from the photographer what the lay out of each page will be like.

We use this same number to find pictures when they come back to us. When we find that a picture is missing, it signifies to us that the person wasn't interested enough to wait to have his picture taken. We then have to make a decision—leave a blank space, which isn't very professional, or insert a picture and change the name. We choose to insert the picture.

We were informed by our photographer that using someone's picture with another person's name can result in court action for damages. On the basis of this, we choose to use pictures of people whom we know will not bring suit against us—the staff members of the current book.

In the case of Hartwell Conklin: Mr. Conklin, as far as I know, had no previous knowledge of the incident. The editor-in-chief is the person who, in the carrying out of the duties invested in him by the student body, made the decision about that picture.

In regard to the other point you mentioned—Omega Gamma

Mu Iota, this is an honorary society conceived to bring some sort of recognition to those persons who spend most of their time in the Student Union Building trying to make your college career a little more enjoyable. Not unlike some societies, the first announcement of the entire membership appears in the Yackety Yack of the current year. I think you'll find through investigation that although this year's Yack has 424 pages in it, we are being billed for eight pages less, or 416. Thus you'll find that the student body actually didn't pay for the page—it was a gift from the printer for "a job well done".

I will readily admit that there are many mistakes in the book, but I can honestly say that the staff did the best job it knew how to give the student body the best possible book. But as the expression goes, "to err is but human".

Robert S. Colbert  
 Managing Editor  
 1953 Yackety Yack

Editor:

. . . to answer your specific proposal: the publishing of paper-backed textbooks. The textbook industry is not a mass production business because there are not enough customers. The low price of paper-backed books is based on a quantity of production far beyond the college textbook market . . .

If college textbooks were paper-bound, the saving in price would be only that part of the manufacturing cost involved in the binding material. This would mean a price differential of only 25c to 50c. As a result the student would be buying a good product in a cheap container, and its value would be lost by the end of the course . . .

Many students, particularly

engineering and science students, have a continuing need for their textbooks after college. Many liberal arts students also cherish their textbooks in literature, political science, economics, etc. long after their college days are ended. Paper-backed volumes could hardly serve as the basis of a private library.

. . . Because each college student has an individual curriculum, the problems of mass production increase further . . . Textbook publishers have kept prices far below the increase of general commodity prices in spite of steadily increasing manufacturing costs. The publishers are justifiably proud of this accomplishment.

Leona W. King  
 Executive Secretary  
 American Textbook  
 Publishers Institute

## New Industry

NEWBURGH, N. Y.—The mystery writer, Mickey Spillane, plans to give his home town a break by using its Hudson River scenes and residents in movies.

The pictures, primarily for television use, will be his alone. Spillane will write, direct, produce and finance the project. These films are not to be confused with the full length movies of his works being made in Hollywood.

Spillane said he would set up a studio here. "We'd like to be able to start a new industry in Newburgh," commented the sensational best-selling author.

For the indomitable Mike Hammer, hero of Spillane's thrillers, he will use Jack Strang, local patrolman.

## Character

English Club

(In answer to a dare the following "Character" was received—sadly the only one out of many that were hoped to be received. Mr. Farrar is to be congratulated on having learned how to use the English language. His piece was shown to a professor of English in the University, and for a pro in this sort of thing, his praise was high.)

Mr. Farrar's piece is also apropos to other departments on the campus, i.e., Department of Maintenance.)

### A DRAIN PLUG

Is a device which, designed to aid man's conservation, now implements his wastefulness. It is manufactureable for two cents and salable for five times that amount. It is found most frequently on the counter in a store and most rarely on the basin in a bathroom. Like an animal, when domesticated it submits to the constraint of a chain but will never submit to loss of wanderlust. If loosed from its stifling collar, it reverts to its archetype, the unchained drain plug. This creature defies Dormancy; its prison is the basin top; its home is on the floor. It strays to the shower, the hall, under the water closet. Being normally protectively colored to match its environment, it couches unobserved by those seeking it. Lost plugs exhibit a colonial tendency; groups are found at intervals in the lower corners of sloping bathroom floors. Until recovered, however, they force the seeker to perform his ritual of washing or shaving in a flowing stream rather than a placid, soap-fogged pool. The cost of water consumed far exceeds the cost of a new plug plated, but convenience deleted frugality. Thus the drain plug is an instance of man's inability to progress beyond a primitive state, a being dependent on circumstance, not on invention.

Yr Most Obt, Hmbl & Devtd Servant,  
 L. P. Farrar  
 304 Grimes

## The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

THE HORSE had been missing from his haunts for a few days. I assumed he was boning up for quiz-week. Then I heard a dreadful clatter in Caldwell, and I hurried thither.

The Horse was slithering through a classroom on the second floor, and all but knocked me aside as he roared out. "I'm a Political Scientist!" he chattered. He tore down the stair and across and into a classroom in New East. He brayed, "I'm a Geologist!"

By dint of rugged leg-work, I was in time to see him roar through New West, yelling, "I'm a Psychologist, I'm a Philosopher!"

I got him slowed down by Memorial Hall. What was going on?

"I'm picking up additional culture," he said. "I'm going to a convention of the Durned Arrogant Rebels and I want to impress them."

The Durned Arrogant Rebels?  
 "The D.A.R.," The Horse sighed. "Tsk, you're dumb!"

I wasn't that dumb. That meant, Daughters of the American Revolution. They were very aristocratic and merited respect.

"Affirmative," The Horse nodded. "Or so they say. It gets me, though, that one of those Durned Arrogant Rebels just the other day was yapping about 'revolutionaries' in this country. I suppose it all depends whose revolution it is. Loud, sing cuckoo. Alas and welladay!"

The radical of today is the conservative of tomorrow.

"Spare me your half-witticisms," The Horse said throatily. I hate him when he does like that. "But I don't know should I go to this racket of the Durned Arrogant Rebels. Not fitting, you know?"

Did he feel inferior?  
 "That's the trouble," The Horse shrugged his front hoofs. "One of these Rebels was tracing her family. Back. Away, way back. She announced she directly descended from William of Normandy. Guillaume, to you, me lad. Heh heh, ain't I the educated one, though?"

Was The Horse jealous of that ancestry?  
 "Ever hear of Noah's Ark?"

Noah's Ark, he meant.  
 "It must have been an Ark," The Horse pointed out, "to have shuttled so many animals. No one boat could do it. Well, you got to grant I at least go back to the Arched-Ark. You know, these wild claimers sometimes go too far. Like this one who is related to William of Normandy. History has it that the guy's parents neglected the small detail of a wedding-license. Now, another Durned Arrogant Rebel announces she goes clear back to Runnymede."

Didn't he believe it?  
 "Her, I do believe. She looks as if she witnessed the signing of the Magna Carta. But she and her playmates ought to slow down on this claiming the ones longest here are the best. They really should."

They were too proud, was that it?  
 "Poey," The Horse snarked. "Not only does it sort of say that their folks couldn't get along, or by, in the old country; it also says the American Indians are tops, because they were here before the Durned Arrogant Rebels."

I didn't believe in belittling. I thought everybody had good points.

"Why," The Horse chattered reprovingly, "bring Marilyn Monroe into this? You are speaking of the woman who loves me!"

I hadn't spoken of her at all. But what made him think she loved him?

"She's never said she didn't," The Horse yawned. "And that is good enough for me. Well, I'll be seen' ya if you see me first."

Fortunately, The Horse does not see well . . .

