Standing Room Only

We are sad.

The Y Court trysting place—you know the one, over beside Gerrard Hall—is barren. Those inviting-looking green benches are gone. No longer is it the scene of philosophical talk, final-seconds cramming, or perhaps sweet words to the sweet one. Instead, it is desolate, an oasis without a waterhole. Even George stays away.

South Building: Do something, men. Even Bernie Baruch wouldn't be anything without a bench.

Flat Chest

There are perennial editorial topics about which the writer must hold forth exhorting the reader to this or that. Among them is the annual drive by the Community Chest, which begins Sunday.

The fact it's perennial may make it boring but it doesn't make it less worthy. Hear us out.

Drive Chairman Orville Campbell will have a big project in reaching the Chapel Hill goal, because for several years now the town has fallen short. However, he's added another goal: This year the Chest is seeking $21,800, 33% more than has ever been raised. Benefitting will be eight organizations, organizations which touch us all.

Out of a University payroll of eight million dollars plus individual student budgets, the Chest asks for help. Won't you give it?

State Secret

Holt McPherson of the High Point Enterprise told the Charlotte Lions Club the other night what he thinks of the secrecy law adopted by the last state legislature over considerable opposition.

McPherson, who also is chairman of The Associated Press Freedom of Information Committee for North Carolina, sketched his press freedom position—a healthy one, we think—in combative, but well-chosen terms.

He called for teamwork in the newspaper industry to rid the state of the secrecy law. We must do it, he said, "with such vehemence that the idea will never again raise its ugly head to discredit a great state."

The secrecy law was passed in a rather spiteful mood against the press. Some of the legislators complained that several reporters had been indiscreet when they released facts brought out in a committee hearing. The Daily Tar Heel thinks that such violators, if there were any, deserved reprimand for a breach of promise. However, vital information concerning our representatives and the business they transact, which concerns us, must not be shut off from the public. A personal feud of legislators with reporters should not be held against the citizens of North Carolina.

Everything done by the legislature, in and out of committee, is public concern. The public has a right to know. The legislature must not be allowed to continue to abridge that right.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Chapel Hill — Site of the University of North Carolina which first opened its doors in January 1795

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YOU Said It

Editor:

It would be a pity if a letter of the sort written by Mr. Pursel, a publisher's agent, in criticism of Palinurus should be allowed to pass unchallenged since it advances popular myths about the textbook trade. As I am not aware of the specific points at issue between Mr. Pursel and Palinurus. I shall restrict my comments to the letter which the publisher's representative wrote.

The letter raises a great deal of dust around the subject of textbook publishing. Quite conveniently for his case, Mr. Pursel chose modern fiction reprints to defend textbook policy. Why didn't he comment on more expensive texts in other fields such as English, history and political science? Perhaps this area was outside his plane of contention with Palinurus, but his letter still leaves room for certain observations to be made.

As one of the Scribner's college graduates devoting "intelligent, constructive, thought" to every text published, the agent leaves no doubt but that he is in a corner of a trade dedicated to sound business and public service. Aside from the matter of non-textbook publishing, we should like to question the extent of "public service" involved in the textbook trade.

Who does Mr. Pursel think he is spoofing? The average textbook publisher is on to a good thing and knows it. Texts are not printed for prestige purposes, nor merely to serve the student. The textbook trade is a lucrative sinecure, supported by the college student and financial support falls as onerously as a salt tax or any other tax on the necessities of life. Students not only need texts; they are practically required to have them.

The publisher's agent seems to think that 25 cent paper-bound books by first rate authors should be a limited treat. He maintains that if the 25 cent books didn't go out of print, the publishers would have inventory trouble which "no I.B.M. machine could possibly remedy." In practically the same breath he admits that other firms as Rineheart and Anchor keep paper-back volumes available. I would like to suggest that Scribner's send Mr. Pursel to England, to investigate how Penguin Books manage to publish literary classics and contemporary writing, and keep the books in print, or readily available through a central bookshop in London.

Finally, Mr. Pursel suggests that texts printed in hard covers are printed for the student in inexpensive editions, and are so durable that they can be sold and resold "at least a dozen times." Here he confuses the need of a public library (sturdy volumes) with the need of a student (inexpensive texts). His argument that texts are printed cheaply in hard-bound volumes applies to a limited number of books. Not all are inexpensive. Ask any student ,Mr. Pursel! The hard fact eludes the publisher's agent that a very great number of textbooks are extremely expensive—$5 to $10 in some cases. Does he think that a textbook should be expensively made, bound and sold at such a price if it is going to be used only a year or two before it becomes obsolete?

Most publishers are doing fine work in the non-text field, and one cannot gripe about the prices of books which are going up along with the general cost of living. But it seems one has a legitimate complaint about the excessive prices of many short-lived texts and the drain they make on the student's wallet.

Henry Randall

The Beginners

Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON—Kingpin gambler Frankie Costello, who gets out of Milan, Mich., Federal Penitentiary today, has been a model prisoner. He received a few special favors, but only a few.

When he entered prison two days after Christmas last year, Costello arrived late at night in a bureau of prisons' bus, a departure from normal practice, aimed to avoid waiting photographers and newsmen.

During his two weeks' quarantine in the admission unit, Costello was bombarded with offers of candy, cigarettes, magazines from other prisoners. To them he was a hero. He turned all offers down, made it plain he wanted to be an ordinary prisoner.

After quarantine Costello was assigned to the white cell-house instead of the usual dormitory. There is a waiting list for the white cell-house and prisoners get on the list because of merit. Frankie, however, didn't have to wait. He found on arrival that three inmates had completely scrubbed down the cell for him, at which point he decided to follow the line of least resistance and let others work for him if they wanted to.

Costello's prison job was that of sorting other inmates' dirty socks—which got a laugh from everybody.

Costello was paid considerable deference by the guards, but was never placed on meritorious good time—a status whereby a prisoner can reduce his sentence for exceptionally good work. He was allowed the privilege of having visits from his attorneys, which, aside from admission to the white cell-house instead of the dormitory, was about the only privilege he got.

Once during his incarceration, Costello was taken to New York City under guard to face an income-tax charge.

Upon release from Milan today, Costello was taken to New York City under guard to face an income-tax charge.

Upon release from Milan today, Costello faces possible deportation.

On July 21, 1947, this writer reported that Costello had falsified his naturalization papers when he stated that he had never been previously convicted—having been convicted of carrying a concealed weapon. Subsequent investigation caused Attorney General James McGranery to place Costello on the list for deportation.

It is not known as yet what action Attorney General Brownell will take on this aspect of the Costello case.

Tennessee's famed ex-Sen. Kenneth McKellar returned to Washington the other day to "protect" TVA from the power lobbies.

During his 42 years on Capitol Hill McKellar participated in more back-stage maneuvers and closed-door sessions than any man alive today.

Despite his age ,generally believed to be about 85, McKellar's memory is remarkable, and at lunch the other day, he launched on one of his oral trips through history.

"Y'know," he said, "Most military men delegate too much authority. They let somebody else do the job for them.

"Back toward the end of the Hoover Administration, I was on the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee that handled Army funds. One day the Chief of Staff, General MacArthur, came up to testify. He brought two generals, a colonel and a major with him.

"MacArthur was always a good witness," McKellar recalled. "He had most of the answers on his fingertips. But finally Senator McNary of Oregon stumped him with a question about Army research on new gun mounts. General MacArthur and his aides all turned to the major for the answer. But the major didn't know the answer.

"Well, that major gave us a big, friendly smile and said he'd have his staff dig up the answer and get it to the Committee.

"A couple of weeks passed and we still didn't have the answer," McKellar continued. "It was time to make out our report so we phoned General MacArthur. He explained that the major was handling the whole matter. A staff member phoned the major and was told that a lieutenant was working on the answer.

"Well, finally just before we sent our report to the printer, a lieutenant arrived with the answer on the gun mounts. Everybody in the Army, it seems, had pushed the job off on his assistant. The lieutenant was the only man who knew what was going on. Not even the major knew the answer, yet he was the man who had promised to bring us the information. The major just delegated too much of his own work to his subordinates— and they let him down.

"That little story is interesting today," McKellar added with a grin. "The major's name was Dwight D. Eisenhower."

As a result of falling cattle prices, American school children are now eating more canned meat than ever before in history. For what harassed Secretary of Agriculture Benson is doing is buying up canned beef and turning it over to the school lunch program. He is also buying great quantities of canned meat for the armed services.

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

("The horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others. . ." Hipporotis; circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE had several hallucinations with him near the Bell Tower. I did a double-take and attempted an escape.

"Roger!" The Horse rebuked me with un-columnistly mildness. "You are offending my friends, Mr. Neckley and Mr. Wump. Or had you not seen them?"

Hadn't seen *them*? The motley-colored Giraffe and the sponge-rubber Frog with him? I had last seen them in Psych-25 when I'd been hard up for an example of Recall, and I Recalled them.

"Ah, then you had met before that, you three?"

The motley Giraffe stared noncommittally over the trees. The sponge-rubber Frog said, "Wump!"

I explained that about a year ago the Durham ABC had given them away with six jugs of Old Screamy. At home, they must have crawled out of the bag while I was getting into it. They watched me from my clothes-closet for three days, and I had eyed them from my bag for three days. Tiring of that, I had switched with them; but I had closed the closet-door firmly. My guests were departed when I had emerged.

"Friends all!" The Horse chittered happily, his eight-balls of eyes crossed with emotion. "Roger, they are necessary to me. I have been accused not of myopic vision — I admit that — but of a lack of range in my myopic vision."

Was myopia multiplied better than myopia simplified?

"Who said Mr. Neckley and Mr. Wump are myopic?" The Horse challenged. "Far from being so, Mr. Neckley never lets his left eye see what his right eye is seeing. This makes for strict impartiality of views at the high level of vision."

And Mr. Wump?

"At his sea-level range of vision," The Horse whispered wetly into my ear, "Mr. Wump usually keeps his eyes tightly shut. Can you blame him, confronted with low sights cans relief?"

"I'll demonstrate." The Horse said. "Mr. Neckly, old chap? Take a look around and see how things are on the high level, eh, old boy?"

Mr. Neckley lowered his head, advanced it under the Bell Tower arches, and straightened, his head going I knew not where until I heard the bells belling, though (as usual) it was not a time for them to bell. I stared up; and there was Mr. Neckley's head scouting from the belfry. I thought this most unusual: a giraffe in the belfry!

"To one accustomed to bats in his belfry, yes," The Horse acknowledged. He raised his chittering to a whinny: "I say, Neckley old boy, how are things up there?"

The bells belled once more, and students who had rushed into classes only a moment before, rushed out again. The Library Staff closed for the day. South Building stirred briefly and lapsed back into rigor mortis.

" Neckley sees everything clear as a bell," The Horse affirmed. He added cautiously, "With one of his eyes, at any rate. And you, Mr. Wump?" he addressed the vicinage of his hoofs.

"Wump," Mr. Wump said, his lids sealed closely.

"Well," The Horse shrugged philosophically, "no vision is better than low vision. Poor Mr. Wump!"

I didn't understand all this. Why, for example, did The Horse use an English intonation when addressing his friends?

"The English are fond of animals," The Horse explained. "In fact, they are crazy about them. They are always going to Africa to shoot animals, they love them so."

Was this affection?

"How else bring the loved ones home?" The Horse shrugged. "Dead freight is cheaper than live cargo. And as Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wills Wilde was fond of saying, 'Every man loves the thing that he kills best: The brave man with a sword, the wise man with a bottle.' "

Oscar Wilde had not said that.

"I'll bet he wishes he had," The Horse said. "But I'm worried about Cactus Bill Adams and Mr. Wump."

Why?

"Mr. Wump must necessarily take a low view of Botany, which Cactus Bill Adams teaches. As for me, I just eat it up. Perhaps Mr. Neckley's lofty view of Botany may be a mitigating circumstance, as Brer Adams would say when he gets really slangy."

The Horse suddenly tensed, demonstrating in his Voluntary Set a power of muscular concentration which Dr. Dashiell could have used in his textbooks. I turned and saw a cute redhead in purple Vagabond pants gyroscoping by, which is to say she was making good a true heading of 90-degrees while somehow rhythmically disposing herself around and about the other 270-degrees of her compass without losing her equilibrium.

The Horse, however, lost his, and crashed to the ground. Mr. Neckley emerged from the Tower to stare noncommittally over the trees. Mr. Wump said, "Wump!"

The Horse took off on a true heading of 90-degrees.

Attention Letter Writers

YOU really have said it.

The Daily Tar Heel has such a deluge of letters to the editor that page three in Friday's paper will contain nothing but letters. If you've written in and not yet seen your letter in print, chances are it will appear Friday.

We ain't complaining, you understand, just advising.

POGO

LI'L ABNER