

# Ostrich Eyes & Bludgeons And Classes Speed Forth

The University News Bureau has released another glowing report concerning the 'flu epidemic here:

"The number of students ill in dormitory rooms declined from about 500 on Thursday night to less than 100 on Friday night."

For once we agree with the News Bureau on the flu situation.

There was a sharp decline from Thursday night's victims to Friday night's victims—in dormitories. Everybody went home or to Maryland as a result of a class-free football Saturday—and a good number went home to get medical care which they could not have received from inadequate infirmary facilities here.

We are gratified that University Physician Hedgpeth has finally admitted—through implication—that there is incidence of Asiatic 'flu on campus. He has never admitted it officially.

But Hedgpeth has said he anticipates an increase in the number of 'flu cases on Monday.

This is the most foresight exhibited yet on the part of infirmary officials. They have anticipated what will happen on Monday—all of two days in advance.

'Flu vaccine was administered to students at State College and at Woman's College long before Dr. Hedgpeth rationed out dosages to hospital authorities, athletic teams—and finally exceedingly small portions to lowly students in general. If the vaccine had been available—under any extenuating circumstances—at this semester's birth, then most of the current

victims could have been spared the ignominy of coughs, sneezes and assorted sufferings.

Yet the University information agency, the News Bureau, continues to bring forth various and sundry tributes to the infirmary's handling of the epidemic, eulogies to the administration's foresight and laudatory words for overall handling of the slant-eyed visitor from Asia.

We detest, and abhor this type of University "glossing over." Infirmary and University officials have painted a rosy picture to prevent having to admit that medical facilities here are simply inadequate to handle a wave of victims.

Classes were not suspended and the class load was not lightened we contend, simply because the University's officialdom hated to admit an inadequacy—failure to handle a flood of sick students.

Students have been denied proper medical care, contrary to glowing University press releases.

But classes have gone on. Student health has suffered. But classes have gone on.

Perhaps University officials can take pride in their bludgeoning forth of the academic program—even though many students may have recovered much more quickly had they been allowed a short rest from academic toil.

The bludgeon and the University's ostrich-eye point-of-view.

Perhaps when ostrich-eyed University officials lift their heads for a comprehensive view of the epidemic, it will have gone.

No thanks to the University and the University Infirmary.

The bludgeon and ostrich-eyes.

## WISE AND OTHERWISE:

### The Power Of Positive Pols And Politics ...

Whit Whitfield

With the fall elections just around the corner, many freshmen grooming themselves for political positions. To those neophytes who are a bit wary of the anticipated ordeal which will confront them, let us offer some advice. Someone once said, "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." That is why it is so easy to give advice. Well:

**Rule 1. Be nice to everyone you meet. If names are difficult to remember, then clear your throat as you speak, or cover your mouth with your hand. The name always comes out Glumpit, but you are spoken of as the most amicable gent on campus.**

**Rule 2. Always carry extra cigarettes and matches. Given in good faith upon request, or passed out when you smoke often bring votes in return.**

**Rule 3. Have a good platform. This is of the utmost necessity, for regardless of the office the constituents want to know what you will do if elected. Some suggested platform planks are:**

- (a) Pave McCorkle Place from Franklin to Columbia so that freshmen could keep cars.
- (b) Install conveyor belts in lieu of the brick walks.
- (c) Put escalators and air conditioners in the classroom buildings.
- (d) Free date tickets to all football and basketball games.
- (e) Free trains to Kansas City next spring.

**Rule 4. Run unopposed if at all possible. It is much easier to win this way, and it doesn't hurt the pocketbook.**

**Rule 5. If you cannot run unopposed, then while campaigning stay in each room an hour or so and introduce yourself as your opponent. You will win by a landslide.**

**Rule 6. Deface your own posters. The voters seeing the mutilations will think that your opponent or his friends have done this and have compassion on you. (another surefire)**

**Rule 7. If you do not have the heart to deface your own posters, then go to every place where you have a poster and inscribe thereupon: "great guy" or "Cobb's choice, etc." The residents, thinking that some of their neighbors know you, will vote for you rather than someone else they don't know. This does not work as well as the former suggestion however. Great discretion should be exercised in using this one.**

**Rule 8. Stand up to be seen; speak up to be heard; Shut up to be appreciated."**

**Rule 9. Always be sincere whether you mean it or not. If you follow these few simple steps you need never worry about your election—you won't live that long.**



## CAROLINA CARROUSEL:

### Bloody Marys, Lil' Willies And Visiting Sightseers ...

Gail Godwin

It is a shame that for many UNC students, the rich colors of fall are seen through the blurred vision that accompanies flu.

Passing Davie Hall yesterday, I spotted one lone professor focusing his camera, obviously loaded with color film, on the sights around him. There was, believe it or not, a tree that was completely gold. It stood out from those around it which were only a little less fortunately endowed. The camera clicked and the professor looked genuinely pleased with himself as he crunched through the leaves down toward the Arboretum.

This is the visiting season. Grammar school sightseers can be seen at all hours of the day lining up in front of the Planetarium or trooping through Le-noir Hall in orderly little rows, lunch money clutched in hot, sticky hands.

Let us not allow the flu, an overloaded schedule, or anything else to keep us from looking around and seeing what photographers and third-graders see—the magic of fall at Chapel Hill.

It looks as if our gruesome little jokes that have recently been so popular on campus have made national news. TIME has a writeup this week on the "Mother, why can't I go out and play?" story. The national magazine calls these little jokes

## Moonglow

## READER'S REPOSITORY:

### Reader Retorts Femaledom's Husband Hunt

EDITOR:

Hail to The Daily Tar Heel for perpetrating what may be the most significant expose in recent years. Not only has the secret been let out that coeds are interested only in getting husbands, but now we know what the necessary ingredients are to facilitate being included in the divine state of prospective husbands.

I conjecture, would I be speaking for the majority of the Carolina male populace if I said, who gives a damn what Carolina femaledom is looking for in a husband? It is indisputable that coeds are here on a two year "glory trail." The kind of drivel printed in The Daily Tar Heel bears this out.

I'm sure, that we all would be in a far more equitable situation if coeds worried more about whether they have the necessary qualifications. If they took a good look at themselves, and did something about it, the battle of the sexes would be tempered considerably now and for the rest of our lives.

Hats off to Misses Whitehurst and Gluyot. They are obviously gals with enough sense to weather the storm, once having departed from "Carodise."

I realize it's all tongue-in-cheek, girls, so is this. We all love and adore you. We are aware of the necessity of you, but the abominable fact is that you realize it more than we do. The scales of justice are not balanced.

Good luck, husband huntresses, the fishbowl is overflowing.  
D. C. JOHNSON  
204 GRIMES

"Bloody Marys" and gives samples.

Here are a couple I had never heard:

"Mother, can I have a new dress for Easter?"

"Certainly not, George ..."

"Mommy, why do I keep walking in circles?"

"Shut up, or I'll nail your other foot to the floor."

TIME goes on to say that actually this kind of joke goes back a generation ago to the "Little Willie" verses:

"Little Willie with a shout  
Gauged the baby's eyeballs out  
Jumped on them to make them pop  
Momma said, "Now Willie, stop."

You just can't get away from tradition, can you?

## Rameses XXI

Some have hit at the dictatorial way in which Tom Long and John Brooks, roommates, have handled the selection of delegates for the State Student Legislature in Raleigh.

Those who disagree contend that Long and Brooks wanted to pack the delegation with their supporters so they would be free to run for major legislative offices. Brooks has designs on the speakership, they say.

# The Herald Toots Loudly From Narrow-Minded Horn

The Durham Morning Herald editorial writer knew little about entrance examinations and cared less.

"Any college which adds passing an entrance examination to its requirements for admission will find it an important step in raising its own standards. Such a requirement makes for greater selectivity in the choice of students and the selection of abler students."

Obviously the Durham Herald's

## The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Sunday, Monday and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

- Editor — NEIL BASS
- Coed Editor — ALYS VOORHEES
- Managing Editor — DOUG EISELE
- News Editor — BILL CHESHIRE
- Asst. News Editor — PATSY MILLER
- Sports Editor — BILL KING
- Asst. Sports Editor — DAVE WIBLE
- Business Manager — JOHN WHITAKER
- Advertising Manager — FRED KATZIN
- Circulation Manager — SYD SHUFORD
- Wire Editor — PAUL RULE
- Subscription Mgr. — AVERY THOMAS
- Feature Editor — BEN TAYLOR
- Librarian — GLYNDA FOWLER
- Business Staff — WALKER BLANTON, LEWIS RUSH

EDIT STAFF — Whit Whitfield, Nancy Hill, Gail Godwin, Al Walters.

NEWS STAFF — Davis Young, Ann Frye, Dale Whitfield, Mary Moore Mason, Stanford Fisher, Edith MacKinnon, Pringle Pipkin.

SPORTS STAFF — Erwin Fuller, Mac Mahaffy, Al Walters, Ed Rowland, Ken Friendman, Donnie Moore, Neil Lehman, Elliott Cooper, Carl Keller, Jim Purks, Rusty Hammond.

PHOTOGRAPHERS — Norman Kantor, Buddy Spoon.

Night Editor — ALTON CLAYTOR

Proof Reader — ALTON CLAYTOR

editorial writer knew little about entrance examinations and cared less.

The writer did not take into consideration students from rural regions—or from other areas—who were not provided the excellent educational background offered students in Durham or Raleigh or Greensboro or other places.

We call it narrow-minded bigotry. And we refer the prejudicial editorial writer to a statement made by Dynamic Williant Bramley Aycock, newly installed University chancellor, in his installation address:

"Some propose freezing enrollment at or near the present level. Those who do so forget that our leaders, over the years, have taken our people—rich and poor alike—to the top of the mountain and promised that every child shall have an equal opportunity through education to develop his leadership qualities."

It must be assumed that the Herald's editorial writer knows more about education than a man who has unselfishly devoted his life to educational enrichment.

And the Herald's writer has failed to hit the crux of the educational problem:

Not that too few or too many students are failing to enter halls of higher learning, but that too many are failing by the wayside during their four-year higher educational tenure.

Extra and additional facilities should be added to aid these students—in lieu of denial of higher education to capable students who had the educational background which will enable them to compete with other students on pre-college examinations—discriminatory entrance exams.

Narrow-minded, comprehension failure from the Herald's editorial writer.

... Every child shall have an equal opportunity through education ...

## Review

A full review of the Carolina Playmakers' "Lark" by drama critic Howard Fulweiler will be found on Tuesday's editorial page.

## L'IL ABNER



## POGO



## CAMUS CONFUSION:

### The Nobel Prize And 'Dear Abby'

Frank Crowther

The Swedish Academy played a dirty trick on me, or, better, I just got caught with my typewriter down.

For several days previously, those of us who are Frenchmen, either by birth or adoption, had been speculating on the possibility of Albert Camus' winning the Nobel Prize for literature this year. On Wednesday, several leading news services began some of their own wagering, Camus being their odds on choice.

Thursday morning I set out with the idea of compiling a long, interpretive essay relating to Camus' life, work and thought. If I could just get this completed, I thought, and into print before the announcement. After working for almost five solid hours on the piece, I went across the street to Harry's for a cup of tea and a glance at the afternoon paper. On page eight was the announcement: "French Writer, Only 43, Wins Nobel Prize."

I was both exasperated and exhilarated. When I got back to my room all was confusion. There, strewn over my desk, the floor, my bed and on top of my trunk, was a day's work. There were most of his novels & essays, books reviews, a French biography and interpretation of his work, newspaper articles and various personal scrawlings of my own. The more I thought about the announcement, however, the more excited I became. Now, I imagined, more of his work would be translated, more criticisms and interpretations would appear and, most significantly, more people would read and become aware of his labors.

In my rising delirium, I brushed everything aside and sat down to write him a letter of congratulations. To me this was one of the greatest things to happen since I found out that little girls were not all sugar 'n spice 'n everything nice. After mailing the letter, I went to get a few drinks and toasted the great day: "Vive la France! ... vive Camus!" In all the toasting, I got toasted. The last thing I remembered was being rolled over and basted about 11 p.m.

On returning from class the other day, I saw the little snip-tailed squirrel scurrying across the campus. Legend has it that he didn't quite make it to the nearest tree in the endless game of tag between the canine citizenry and the squirrels. But it struck me that we don't hear any of the barking dogs this year.

I mentioned this to Paul Smith, the genial patron of the Intimate Bookshop of Franklin Street fame, and he said that there must have been some kind of summer campaign. "That's a heck of a note," he went on, "knowing that we can't even go to the dogs ... they've left us!"

While in the Intimate, one of the boys from the Chapel Hill High School came in trying to sell magazine subscriptions (to the proprietor of a bookshop). Well, the practical joker in Mr. Smith showed itself. He purchased, for only two dollars, a five year subscription to the American Poultry Journal and sent it to one of his friends whom he knew to be least interested in poultry problems.

"Boy, this is great!" he said. "A five year practical joke! If you want to have some more fun, send The Breeder's Journal to somebody." At least we are pleased to note that the art of practical jokery is yet alive.

For those of you who seem to have an abundance of problems, may I suggest that one of the North Carolina papers, The Raleigh Times, has the solution to your woes. They have a young lady in their employment who will be glad to answer your letters and give you personal advice. An example follows:

"DEAR ABBY: I am in a terrible jam. I have to marry a fellow right away. We are both 18. His mother says that she will give him permission to marry me if we promise not to have any kids until he gets his army service over with. My mother knows why I have to get married so soon but his mother doesn't. I hate to make a promise I know I can't keep, but she won't give her consent otherwise. Please tell me what to do."  
(signed) IN A JAM

(ABBY'S answer) DEAR IN A JAM: It would be better to tell the truth—but, whether you tell her or not, pretty soon HIS mother is going to know as much as YOUR mother. Good luck!  
(signed) ABBY

If you have a problem, be sure to write to Abigail Van Buren, care of The Raleigh Times. I am certain that she will provide you with an answer which is just as enlightening as the one above.

## Reader Assaults Columnists' View

Editor: Why don't you stop prostituting a part of your publication by giving over the last column of your editorial page to extremely untalented and uninteresting individuals who use that space to elucidate their capacity for alcohol, among other rather boring subjects?

I am sure that an accurate poll of your readers would indicate the majority of us are no more interested in how much Messrs. Crowther, Walker, et al. drink, than we are interested in how often they dream of blondes, eat or defecate.

Instead of printing these incoherent ramblings, I suggest that you allot this space to some member of your staff who might, possibly, have something worthwhile to say (e.g., Mr. Curtis Gans).

With the exception of the above mentioned space, I think you are to be commended for the high quality of your paper and the wisdom of your editorial policy. It is truly encouraging to see such a conservative policy in a paper printed by persons too often thought of as a "bunch of radical kids."

ROY HODGE