

State Board Takes Right Step

The uniform entrance examinations for all state-supported colleges in North Carolina, approved Friday by the State Board of Higher Education, is a move in the right direction.

For too long there has been too much inconsistency in entrance examinations—and thus in requirements—in institutions of higher learning across the state.

The compulsory—and uniform—testing program will do much to alleviate this problem.

The board also acted wisely in stating that scores from these examinations would

not be the only factor used in determining college admissions.

This is especially true in view of the fact that individual colleges will be left in view of the fact that individual colleges will be left to determine how they will use the scores from these exams.

There should be some uniform measure for weighing the test scores, so that students all across the state would have an equal chance of getting into the college of their choice—at least as far as the entrance exams are concerned.

Rocky Puts GOP On Hot Seat

By the time this issue of the News floats gently down upon the campus the Republicans will have nominated Richard M. Nixon to carry their standard until November.

Nixon was nominated because there was no other candidate—at least no other candidate to speak of.

As Nixon will now enter the presidential campaign full-blast we see a close, hotly-contested race shaping up. Both candidates are relatively young—with, of course, Kennedy's youth one of the main campaign issues.

And all the while Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York will sit back more or less quietly and observe the goings-on. Rocky will no doubt profit from the mis-

takes and miscalculations made in this campaign.

For Rockefeller is going to run for the same office in 1964. Rocky has been noisy lately, and he may continue to be so. But he's doing a little campaigning of his own.

We can understand why a man would wish to further his own chances at such a great office. But when he does it in such a manner that tends to split his own party, we cannot condone such actions.

Of course it has turned out that the Nixon-Rockefeller tiff did not—at least yet—split the party. But the Republicans have had to fight—and fight hard—to prove to the country that they are every bit as unified as are the Democrats.

They should not have to prove this because of one man's political aspirations.

Crippled Children's Home

Student Visits Camp Sycamore

BY DEWEY SHEFFIELD

Last Wednesday evening I had one of the most enlightening experiences of my entire life. I went with Robert Pace, state public relations agent for the crippled children society, out to the camp for the crippled children, Camp Sycamore, located at

the William B. Umstead State Park.

The camp has in attendance some 52 children ranging in age from seven to seventeen years old. There is a staff of some 35 persons, including 15 counselors. The length of the session is 3 weeks and there are two three-

week sessions.

Until a fire destroyed their camp last year, the crippled children's camp was located in the heart of the mountains at Bardarville. They hope to build a new camp at Southern Pines next year.

The estimated cost of this camp is around \$350,000, and a campaign to raise this amount of money was launched in the fall by the state crippled children society. The society is also engaged in the sale of Easter Seals.

This being the first week of camp, it will be climaxed on Saturday morning with an election of camp officers. There are four candidates for President of the Student Camp Council and numerous running for the Vice President, secretary and two girl and boy representatives on the council.

The counselors are of college age and represent ACC, ECC, UNC, Duke and GC. They seem to find their work inspiring and rewarding in terms of something of far greater value than money.

The Old New Play

BY WALTER WILLIAMS

I understand that the Playmakers are thinking of doing another play. It hasn't yet been determined what play they will produce, but from my usually reliable sources in the theatrical world I heard that they are considering a play written by Eugene O'Peill, titled "Sussie Saunders, College Co:ed." It is in three acts, and in preview it goes something like this:

CHARACTERS

Sussie Saunders

Mrs. Saunders

ACT I

SCENE: In front of Sussie's house. A new car is on the right, loaded with suitcases, hat boxes, etc., with blue UNC stickers pasted on everything.

Mrs. Saunders: Now Sussie, take good care of yourself, study hard while in summer school, but have a good time, too.

Sussie: (grinning from ear to ear) Don't worry about me, Mother dear, I'll be alright. (they embrace)

Mrs. Saunders: Write often and let me know how you're doing.

Sussie: (getting in car) I'll write as soon as I get there. Bye.

ACT II

SCENE: A week later in the lobby of a girls' dormitory. Sussie is answering the telephone.

Sussie: Hello. (pause) Mother! How nice of you to call. (pause) Oh, I'm sorry I haven't written, but I just haven't been able to find time. (pause) Oh, yes, I love it here; this is the most exciting, most wonderful place on earth! It's fabulous! (a young man enters and leans against the wall. He seems impatient) Mother, I'm sorry, but I just have to run. You understand, don't you dear? (pause) I will, I'll write the first chance I get. Bye.

ACT III

SCENE: Same as Act II, but a week has passed. Sussie has just called home. She is wearing a housecoat, her hair is a mess, and in general she looks like hell. A pencil is behind an ear, and a book in one hand.

Sussie: (sobbing loudly) Mama! (more sobbing) This place is terrible! It's the hardest damn place I've even seen. (more sobbing) Mama! I'm flunking!

(Curtain)

"Sussie Saunders, College Co:ed" has been viewed by many thousands in past years, and continues to captivate new audiences wherever it is performed. Success will be inevitable in Chapel Hill.

Oh yes, if selected, tryouts will be held for the female parts as soon as mid-term grades are in.

A Dragon Is Slain

BY PHIL GRAHAM

With a swirl of his tail, the old dragon yawned and stretched his tentacles until they touched the top of the cave. He felt good that morning. It was the first day of class.

Already, in the gorge below, his new students were gathering. Some, the dragon noticed, crawled along happily, full of great expectations. These were the freshmen. Others slithered muggily, a dreary expression covering their feelers. There were the upperclassmen. The dragon thought all this funny, so he threw out his tongue and roared.

Soon, three slaves from Duke Castle were sacrificed, indicating that class had begun. With a sprightly gait, the dragon left the cave and took his place in front of the class. Building his lungs to blow-torch power, he engraved his name into a nearby rock.

A young freshman waved his tentacles. "Sir, how many cuts is we allowed?"

With a snort, the dragon curled his tail around the freshman and hurled him over a nearby mountain. "You is allowed no cuts," he said, scratching his scales.

Solemnly, the dragon adjusted

his glasses until they rested comfortably over the middle nostril. A hushed silence fell over the class. The dragon was ready to lecture.

The students watched him open his jaws slowly, revealing a full set of white teeth. His eyes gleamed brightly with malicious forethought. Would he tell them of the monster in White Lake? The dragon's mouth watered. Perhaps he would tell them how to destroy the walls of castles. With that knowledge, all young dragons could achieve their destiny.

Breathing deeply, the dragon wriggled his tongue and vibrated his throat muscles; but he was suddenly dumbfounded.

Above on the edge of a cliff, stood a magnificent white stallion. And on the stallion was a knight in shining armor.

"For yo'all there is no re-spite," shouted the knight.

The dragon was furious at the disruption of class. He threw a fifty foot flame at the knight but succeeded only scorching his students.

The knight was quickly upon the dragon with his sword, and the ghastly deed was done in seconds. He then left for his morning grits, leaving the dragon only a dark shadow in the rays of the rising sun.

Happiness makes up in height for what it lacks in length. —Robert Frost

Happiness consists in being and in doing good.—Mary Baker Eddy

Before we set our hearts too much upon anything, see how happy those are who already pass it.—La Rochefoucauld

The reason for failure in most cases is lack of perseverance. —James R. Miller

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