

Please, Legislators, Take Your Time On Judicial Bill

One week ago Thursday night a dramatic bill was introduced to the legislature calling for sweeping revisions in the judicial system at the University of North Carolina.

It was, perhaps, the most important bill proposed at UNC in many years. Unless something most unusual occurs, it will remain the most important for years to come.

The bill would completely revolutionize the court system at UNC. It would make a one-court system out of the present two-court system. It would place women defendants before a partially male council, and it would do conversely for the men.

This is the most far-reaching, the most all inclusive bill which will ever be considered by the current legislature.

Wednesday night what proba-

bly is the most important aspect of the bill met legislative approval. Legislators then approved the one-court system for the University. In less than a week's time—in six short, little days—the legislature made this grave decision.

Can a mature decision be made in seven days? Does that time allow the pro and con argument which should accompany an act of such importance? Should the future of the judicial system be decided in less than a week's time?

Legislators, we'll be here yet for a long time. Please be sure you know the implications of your vote before you cast your ballot. Please don't "push" your bills through the halls of New East before all have had a chance to understand them.

Please, legislators, take your time. The justice you save may be our own.

J.Y.'s JAZZ

Woopee, Gosh —Now It's Jazz, Pomes... zzz

Well, good buddies, I was sittin' by my vikrolia few days ago and I got this rekord called "Kenneth Patchen" on the Cadence label and decided to give it a spin. It certainly was sompin. Yes indeed—it seems that this Patchen writes pomes and besides that he likes to read them with a jazz bunch. Well, I was just plain overpowered by the intellectualty of the thing, because this feller sure does seem like he knows all about the world and life and all those mystery things.

Well, the first pome was about a feller who wore lemmon collared gloves and killed two other fellers. Now I couldn't quite figure what this has to do with jazz music, but it sure did excite me. First of all the pome feller tells us in a reel excited way how he calls the pome, then the old jazz band starts a whonkin' and a whalin' and then he commences to read. Now the message of the pome was reel exciting. All the way the feller keeps sayin wait wait wait wait wait wait which got me all hopped up waitin' to figure out why I was supposed to wait. Well then if he just didn't say NOW and then that was the end of the pome and the music stopped too.

Well now the reater the pomes were kinda on that way too except some of them had other words in them and they were all about life and death and were reel mysterious which just tingled my spine and made me feel reel creepy and funny. But what I liked most of all was the feller's voice. He was reel sleepy like and I kept thinking he was just gonna flop out on us. Yessir, reel sleepy, reel sleepy, kinda borin . . . zzzzzzzzz

More seriously, this recording and all the others in the series of disks emanating from this newest of fads suffer from two primary faults. The first fault is that the poetry is bad, the second that the jazz is bad. The poetry suffers from lack of intellectual meaning or cohesion, the jazz from lack of swing and musicianship.

If one wishes to combine the two media of music and words one must make the two elements sympathetic to each other. This effort seems to be primarily for novelty's sake—once one passes the stage of surface impressions one must realize that the music often fights the words, and that the overall effect is one of disturbance rather than any sort of intellectual satisfaction. I do not think that, at least in this stage of its development, the idea is a particularly good one, and am not at all sure, that it ever could be good. If an enterprising artist and repertoire man found some good musicians and a first rate poet, he might have something. But never with a first-rate bore like Patchen.

"I've Told You Fifty Times — Not At The Front Door!"



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Gas Bill Takes Low Road Again

Once again the Texas gas and oil boys have overplayed their hand to bring on almost certain defeat of the revived natural gas bill which had previously been given an excellent chance of passage by the Congress and acceptance by President Eisenhower.

One would think that the so-called smart, big-money operators would have known better and been carefully on guard after their attempt to bribe South Dakota's Sen. Francis Case back in 1956 resulted in a presidential veto when the measure to ease federal control over natural gas producers had been pushed through both House and Senate by Texas leadership.

But the gas and oil boys wouldn't or didn't learn.

A highly successful money-raising dinner was held Monday night in Houston with White Minority Leader Joe Martin as honoree and principal speaker. Almost simultaneously with the meeting, which netted \$100,000 for the G.O.P. campaign pot, there came to light a letter written by Texas national committeeman H. J. (Jack) Porter in which he described Representative Martin as a friend of Texas' oil and gas industry and a battler for the natural gas bill. His letter went right on off the political dead end.

It will be up to Joe Martin to

muster at least 65 per cent of the Republican votes in order to pass the gas bill this year. . . . He has to put Republican members from Northern and Eastern consuming areas on the spit because the bill is not popular due to the distortion of facts by newspaper columnists and others.

The dinner must raise substantial amounts of money for the Republican Party as part of these will go towards the election of Republican congressmen and senators.

Publication of the letter brought immediate denunciation from G. O. P. national leaders, including Minority Leader Martin, and refusal to accept the fund which had been raised on the strength of National Committeeman Porter's appeal. Thus what happened in the Case episode back in 1956 has been duplicated. The new gas bill is too hot and tainted to handle. The G.O.P. cannot afford politically to go for it; and even though it should be rammed through the Congress again, which seems highly unlikely, by the Democratic leadership, presidential signature is unthinkable under the circumstances.

Right now some Texans must be wondering if their mouth isn't even bigger than their state.—Greensboro Daily News.

Since President Eisenhower was constrained last year to veto the bill to remove natural gas from federal regulation because of the "arrogance of segments of the oil and gas industry," that industry has endeavored to conduct its lobbying activities with circumspection.

But the industry is in the headlines again, this time carried there by H. J. Porter, Republican National Committeeman from Texas, whom President Eisenhower is wont to describe as "Good Old Jack."

Porter, it seems raised \$100,000 for the Republican 1958 campaign at an "Appreciation Dinner" for Representative Joe Martin, Republican House leader. Porter made it clear in letters soliciting purchase of tickets for the dinner that the fund was intended as advance payment on getting the gas bill through the House this year as well as "appreciation" for past favors.

Both the White House and the Republican National Committee have repudiated the dinner; but Porter has expressed confidence that the money will find its way into the Republican campaign chest through other channels. Chances are 100 to 1 Porter is right.—Raleigh News & Observer.

IN THE CONGRESS

Give Us An Angry Man

(The following editorial appeared in the Rails, Tex. Banner, and has been included in the appendix of the Congressional Record.)

Tuesday, Jan. 3 the United States Congress came together to talk, plan, and try to regain the Nation's fast disappearing leadership in the world. Amid all the worried legislators, one is conspicuous by his absence. He is an angry man. Any angry man.

There are no angry men left anywhere in this country any more, and we're the worse for it. Nobody gets rolled up. Everybody is well fed, well worried, well employed, smug, and complacent. How can anybody in a nation of "fat cats" get angry?

Evil has been defeated. Higher wages for shorter hours prevail. We have our social security, pensions, paid vacations, unlimited leisure, plenitude of gadgets, money to combat the upswing in disease among people who are sicker than at any period in their history. Only on television are there bad men and good men, and only there can bad men be "headed off at the canyon."

The great issues of the time are with us, but we have no angry men to implement them. In most periods of crisis we have been fortunate enough to find at least one angry man to slake like a demon from hell through the sincerely complacent stagnation of the populace. Not yet in America at the beginning of 1958.

We have no angry voice to challenge this era of passiveness. Here and there some minister of the Gospel addresses empty air from behind the Mexican border in a tone of anger, but the tone is a stage prop, more than likely, and his aim is economic security for himself. There is no Thomas Paine to fan the flames of revolution, stir the imagination of Americans toward human rights and national independence; no Tom Paine to strike fear into the hearts of dictators, both clerical and lay. Gone are the Robert Ingersolls, W. C. Brannons, Voltaires, and Victor Hugos whose anger stirred men to justifiable action. Nobody emulates Jesus, who in anger, whipped moneychangers from the temple. Stilled is the shrill voice of Teddy Roosevelt at San Juan Hill, and his angry table pounding reverberates no longer from the White House. Upton Sinclair, an angry man, wrote "The Jungle" and "The Brass Check" to horrify the American people and bring about drastic revisions in the field of public health. Angry Man Sinclair Lewis broke up an era of complacency in America with his "Main Street" and "Babbitt." Champ Clark and Bob La Follette were the angry men in Congress at a critical era, but they too are gone from the scene.

The angry man is vanguard for reform and revolution. He is action and inspiration. He walks ahead of angels to point the way for the timid, the tired, the irresponsible majority who long more to be let alone than to exercise the armor of right. Give us not in 1958 any more sober statesmen; status quo, departmentalized, thorough channeled politicians; or pig-headed systemized, and indoctrinated military generals whose responsibility is to their hierarchy and not to the people; or educators who educate to "get along and let's don't have any trouble."

Just give us for 1958, God, some thoroughly angry men.

CATCHALL

Von Braun's Wit And St. Valentine's Day

The February 17th issue of Time magazine reveals that Werner Von Braun learned early the game of hood-winking the bureaucrats who wouldn't allow peripheral spending. When working on the German V-2 project, Von Braun recalls that he and his fellow workers had a difficult time obtaining office supplies. So the missilemen resorted to camouflage: "It was a rare budget official who realized that the request for funds to buy 'an appliance for milling wooden dowels up to 10 millimeters in diameter' meant that the rocketmen needed a pencil sharpener." Also reflecting the pressures which have been placed on him and his men as of late, Von Braun remarked, "Oh, to be in space this week. It's so quiet up there."

Speaking later about man, the earth and space, Von Braun observed: "You know, some think of the earth as a safe and comfortable planet, and they say that space is a hostile environment. This is not really true. Earth is protected by its blanket of atmosphere, to be sure, but it is a disorderly place, and unpredictable. It is full of storms and winds, of fogs and ice, of earthquakes. It is also full of people—people with thermonuclear bombs. "There is beauty in space, and it is orderly. There is no weather, and there is regularity. It is predictable. Just look at our little Explorer; you can set your clock by it—literally; it is more accurate than your clock. Everything in space obeys the laws of physics. If you know these laws, and obey them, space will treat you kindly. And don't tell me that man doesn't belong out there. Man belongs wherever he wants to go—and he'll do plenty well when he gets there."

St. Valentine's Day has become so crassly commercial these days that one can't help feeling the prehensile tentacles of the Madison Avenue animals. The ancient powers of Aphrodite and Venus, Eros and Cupid, and Apollo and Artemis have been perverted to the point that a monogamous American male eats every word of propaganda emitted by the professional persuaders. In New York City, they have Valentine gifts that run into the hundreds of dollars which are guaranteed to convince the object of your aggressions that all is for love and "this time it's forever." This is not only symbolic of the ridiculous position to which women have been raised in this country, it is a direct admission by the male that he is ready to submit; first the men helped them achieve suffragetteism and now he is pleading for a matriarchy.

Present day trends have forced Valentine's Day into a very strange position. It used to be the day on which the males would send some ornamental greeting, usually comic in character, to the females. These greetings were originally sent anonymously, but today one might conceive of a case for breach of promise when reading the abortive phrases of endearment.

Manley Dorm Provides An Example For The Others

Elsewhere in today's paper is a short notice about elections at Manley Dormitory. It's just a little story, but it has a lot of implications.

Why? Because candidates for the several offices will carry out what appears to be a broad program of activities and programs scheduled for the coming semester.

And it is these activities and programs which give dignity not only to the people who head them, but to dormitory life as well. They show that there can be a certain fraternity among those hundreds of students who reside in dormitory life as well. They show that there can be a certain fraternity

among those hundreds of students who reside in dormitories.

Among suggested activities are: several parties, participation in the Valkyries Sing, publication of a dormitory newspaper, improvements in the social room, obtaining a milk vending machine.

So interested in their dormitory are Manley residents that someone took the time and effort to check into the history of the building. It was, the notice read, named for two prominent Tar Heel statesmen of the last century.

Our congratulations go to Manley, with hopes that the majority of the spring program will materialize. Maybe they can be an incentive to others.

Let's Have A Closer Look At The Campus Book Stores

For a long time now people have been complaining about prices at the University-owned Book Exchange.

"They are too high." Or, "We don't know where the money's going."

Well, it appears we finally have gotten our teeth into one fault with the Book Exchange in discovering what seems to be a violation of state law in charging sales tax on Bibles.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Di Bill Deserved Unanimous Vote

We have only one argument with Dialectic Senate members who voted 4-4 Tuesday night to tie in their opinions over whether the University should have the right to direct sororities and fraternities to choose whomever they please for whatever reason they please.

Fraternities and sororities are private organizations. If they want to "ball" a certain person, or refuse even to consider another, that is their right. It should not be taken away, despite the disguise of an act which would do so.

MISQUOTED

We regret that a case cited editorially yesterday to make a point about the proposed one-court council system did not, in fact, ever appear before the Women's Honor Council.

Chairman Kit Whitehurst called that fact to our attention, pointing out that although there were basic similarities between the cases they were so different that the council felt a correction was in order.

Well, here it is. But despite our misinformation about the case, we feel it still is an illustration of what could happen under circumstances involving trial of a defendant before a mixed council.

PEANUTS



L'L ABNER



POGO



by Charles Schulz

by Al Capp

by Walt Kelly