

Student Solons Tight On Purse

Last Thursday night, the Student Legislature took action on two bills worthy of comment. Both were defeated for reasons beyond our comprehension. The first was to provide an additional \$85.00 to the fund to send Carolina delegates to the National Student Association Congress in Evanston, Ill. The second was an appropriation of \$78.00 to the Junior Class for a Junior Day.

On the first it seems a bit illogical that a school which has supplied the NSA with two national presidents and scores of lesser officers, and currently has two officers for the Carolinas-Virginia region should suddenly decide that to send a full delegation to the Congress is an unnecessary expenditure. It seems that this is a further manifestation of grumblings on the part of students who are not acquainted with the NSA program, and who consider that it does them little good. If the organization is good enough for a couple of hundred schools around the country, its certainly good enough for Carolina.

As it currently stands, Carolina will send nine delegates to the two week Congress in late August and early September. A full delegation for this University would have called for twelve. Even with the \$85.00, we could only have had ten. With the situation as it stands, we are, in all probability, going to send seven people automatically, these being the Big Four, assistant to the president, editor of the paper and the yet unnamed NSA coordinator. This is only right; yet, there is a need for more. There should be five more positions open to interested and qualified students, instead of two.

In a time when NSA's prestige is at a low point on this campus, we must be fully represented, so the delegates can return home and tell their constituents the true story behind NSA, that it is not pink, that it is not at all subversive, but in reality a potentially powerful organization which can be of service either directly or indirectly to every student on this campus.

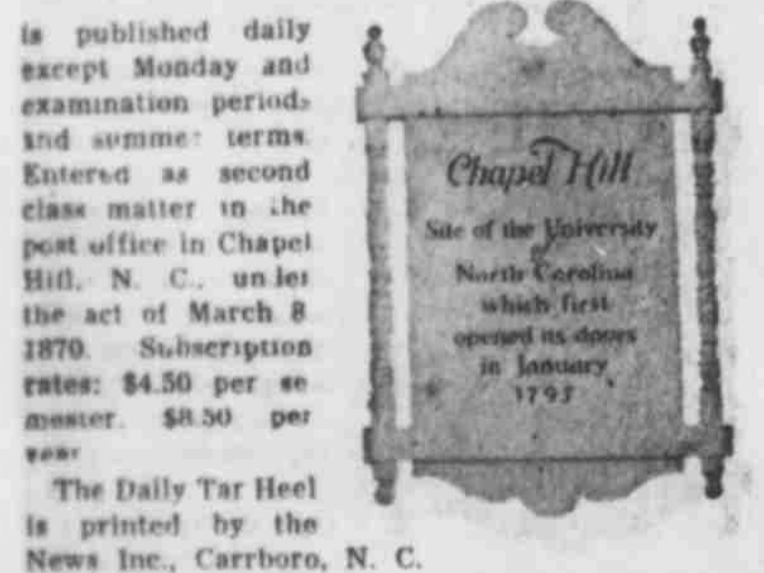
As for the bill to appropriate \$78.00 to the Junior Class, there is little doubt that it deserved to pass. Junior Class President Wade Smith and his officers have done a commendable job throughout the tenure of their office. The scholarship program which they have founded along with the freshmen and sophomores will be truly unique when it goes into operation next year. Possibly the hesitancy on the part of the class officers to announce the nature of the program was a handicap to the junior's efforts to secure funds. Yet, as we know full well, Smith and the junior officers have certainly fulfilled one half of their pre-election objectives. They have done something for the University. And now, they simply ask for a chance to do something for their class.

It is a shame for the Student Legislature to be somewhat unaware of their efforts, and the efforts of the officers of the other three classes to accomplish something worthy while this year. We will never object to the Student Legislature keeping a close eye on finances. But, when a group comes before that body with a good purpose and a record of accomplishment and is denied a piddling \$78.00, we think that they are a little too tight with the purse strings.

Adding it up, the student solons, by saving a mere \$163.00 the other night, lost far more in good programming and activities for groups that are worthy of more than a monetary slap in the face.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Carolina Caucus

Norman Estes Smith

One of the members of the Student Legislature has mentioned to me the reason why he voted against Rep. Crowmover's bill to require legislators to attend dorm and fraternity meetings. The reason he gave was that his constituents did not want to be bothered by him telling what the legislature is doing because they do not care about the issues involved in the bills before the legislature or the actions taken by the legislature. Since he represents them then he stated he should vote against a bill which would be against their wishes. This is contrary to a basic obligation of an elected representative in a democracy; the obligation to lead.

Representative student government does not mean to follow the attitude of the majority of students on this campus. Many students on this campus do not care whether student government exists or not, and a very sizeable group are completely apathetic toward student government. Should our campus government be "of the apathetic, for the apathetic, and by the apathetic?" No, rules of this type can only lead to the destruction of student government because the future of student government depends on interest. There are specific serious problems facing this campus which can only be solved by interest and participation of students and not by the "who cares" attitude. The future of the university and the happiness of the students here depends on their solution.

What then does representative government mean? It means what it meant to those who campaigned for its adoption: government action in the best interests of all the people and not in the interests of a particular group. Student leaders have the responsibility to decide issues in the best interests of students and in the best interests of the university as a whole. It is certainly in the best interests of the students to know about student government since the future of this university and its students depends on the decisions they make at election time and the participation of them in student government. It is the responsibility of every student to know about his government and the responsibility of every elected student representative to keep his constituents informed on campus issues and the actions of a body of which he is a member representing them. It is a representative's obligation to lead not follow.

Dissatisfied Dorm Resident

To the Editor:

We were interested to read the article in the DTH of April 28 concerning the dormitory resident counselors. The idealistic picture painted in this article is not quite true to life. The treatment our resident counselor gives our hall is far short of the description, and we would like to protest the waste of money involved in such a counselor.

It is realized that many of these student helpers are performing with ability in their capacity. However, we feel that there is a need for some kind of board which would oversee and investigate the students' feelings about the job their dormitory counselor is doing.

The "resident" counselor on our hall definitely does not spend twenty hours a week to help the students. The only time he is ever observed is when he is yelling at some shenanigans which his negligence in his capacity has been partially responsible for. As the situation now stands, few students on this floor would ever take any problems to this "advisor," as he has never won our respect or friendship.

It is realized that some of these fellows are doing commendably in their task of giving wise counsel to the student, and that many of them could not attend school without the money from their job. However, we feel that it would be better for those who do not fit into the job to find other employment, rather than receive \$1200 they do not deserve from the fund-starved university. This will prevent any loafing on the part of the counselors; and the students will not have to struggle alone with their problems because of such "silent Sams."

Dissatisfied Dorm Residents

"If He Ain't Running, He's Sure Doing Some Fancy Riding"



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Neither Black Nor White

But Mostly Shades Of Gray

Norman B. Smith

There once was a man who lived in a forest. It is not important who the man was because he could be men and it doesn't matter where because it could be west and is and will be, nor does it make any difference about the forest because it could be this sphere, though with rockets and cameras — the fuel gatherers are getting desperate now and are looking for a new forest which they will never find — they have found it really isn't a sphere, nor an ellipsoid, but sort of an irregular pineapple-shaped monstrosity it is said.) As far back as he could remember he had lived in the forest and he had always been alone. At one edge of the forest there were jagged, unscalable cliffs and at the other edge of the forest there was a bottomless abyss, but the man didn't know about these things yet. He was much too young to remember when he had been drawn out of the pit, led to the middle of the forest, and abandoned.

The forest had been cold for along, long time. He must have learned to use fire shortly after the warmth left else he would have soon frozen. To feed his fire he at first picked up dead branches nearby from the forest floor, for it was a virgin forest and there were fallen trees about. After many years he had burned all the dead branches and also the dead tree trunks in all the forest, except for those that lay past the dragon's path that made a circle just within the rim of the forest (although he didn't know that beyond the circle lay the end of the forest and the cliff and the abyss lay beyond that).

Just as the fire was about to die because all the available fuel had been burned, the man discovered that by using a sharp stone he could cut down some of the smaller trees (living ones) and could get the lower limbs off the larger trees, if he hacked at them and scraped on them enough. Sometime, probably when the fire began to die out a second time, (the chronology isn't exact) he learned how to climb the large trees and cut branches off them all the way to the very top.

Before the fire almost died out a third time, the man discovered that by lashing a heavy sharp-edged rock with honeysuckle vines to a stout stick he could fell the larger trees, so for many more years he was able to keep his fire going that way. Then, as the fire was ready to die a fourth time, the man learned to tie a different shaped stone to a longer stick and grub soil out from around the stumps so they and the roots could be burned as well. This was exceedingly hard for the ground

was frozen and he had to thaw it first. You have noticed by now how much harder it was for the man to keep his fire going, how much more ingenuity he had to employ and how much more he had to physically exert himself to stay alive. It must be remembered, too, that the man was getting older all this time and that his capacity for work had been decreasing. He was reminded of this when the weather changed and the sap ran up the trees each year, and he thought about it a great deal when he would sit down to rest, although there came a time when he hardly had a moment in which to rest. And as once the warm had changed to cold now the cold was changing to bitter cold so that it took much more wood to keep the fire hot enough for the man to stay alive.

Then one day it happened: the last of the wood was gone; even the charcoal had been burned. But one thing remained and that was to cross the dragon path. The man did cross the dread (That was one of the few things he had been born with: fear of the dragon path) dragon path expecting that at any minute a great punishment would be sent down on him from the heavens, but nothing at all came.

The trees beyond the dragon path lasted for only a short while, however. He was full of hope at first, but then he saw the cliffs. In desperation he fled madly back across where the forest had been, seeing the fruits (which were piles of ashes) of his lifetime extend out from him in all directions as he ran. He finally came to the other end of the forest, crossed the dragon path without fear this time, and ferociously began to cut the trees there. Soon he had a new fire going ignited by the torch he had brought with him from across the forest.

Now there was no hope left in him because he felt that there were cliffs on this side, too. As he staggered past the hole where the last stump of the last stump of the last tree had been dug out, he looked for the cliffs and came to the very brim of the abyss before he realized what was there. He stood for a moment aching with fatigue, shivering with cold, despairing with old age, and then he purposely fell forward. Nothing more is known of him. (It is only fair to tell you that the real story stops before the man got to the cliffs, a short while after he had crossed the dragon's path the first time. But if you don't believe the rest of it comes true, run back where the forest was and look for the pattern. I could have told you to ask the dragon if it is true, but nobody believes in dragons anymore.)

Harper's Bizarre

Too much has already been said about the late (great) "Sound & Fury" production — some good, some bad, all of it anti-climactic. What we have to say is not intended to cast a bad light on Oh Hellas. It could have happened at any production.

But it did happen in Memorial Hall, Sunday night.

A good friend of ours (and here friendship reaches its highest peak — he shall remain anonymous) literally ruined the life of what could have been a fine upstanding citizen: he took a child, hardly a year old, backstage.

It was obviously a man-child, for his eyes lighted up the moment he sighted the chorus girls. Already a woman-killer, he smiled impishly, and the chorines ran squealing to hold him. He was bussed repeatedly about the head and neck, and (poor soul) he loved it. He would keep one eye on his current admirer, but he would be winking at the next girl in line. He was saved from total and immediate degeneration only by the stage manager, who shooed the beauties into the dressing room.

The child, smeared with lipstick and grease paint, might have escaped merely girl-crazy, but our friend (foul corrupter!) kept him in the wings for the first act.

From the opening curtain the child's eyes sparkled as the cast filed onto and off of the stage. Occasionally he would frown if a singer hit a sour note, and his was the most agonized grimace if someone fluffed a line.

His ruination was complete. By the third scene he was bouncing to the orchestra's beat and casting reproachful glances at laggard stage hands. He would sit back, take a deep sniff of the odors coming from the dressing room, and sigh with contentment.

When the first act curtain fell, our friend hoisted his charge to his shoulder to leave. But the harm had been done. The child had been stricken with greasepaintitis. He upstaged our friend and gave the entire company a look which obviously meant, "I shall return." And he will. Alas!

J. Harper

Humor & 'Oh Hellas'

Editor: Open letter to all those who enjoyed the wit and humor of Sound & Fury's production of "Oh Hellas":

Humor as original and entertaining as that seen in this production can be found, free of charge, gracing the walls of any well-frequented public men's room. A paucity of literary skill and imagination oftentimes creates a necessity for a plethora of smut. The Greeks had a word for it, and unfortunately Hardee and Bridges seem to think it was a four letter word.

John Fisher

GEMS OF THOUGHT

- FIDELITY
I am constant as the Northern star, of whose true-fixed and resting quality there is no fellow in the firmament. — William Shakespeare
- Faithfulness and truth are the most sacred excellence and endowment of the human mind.* — Cicero
- To God, thy country, and thy friend be true, then thou'lt ne'er be false to any one.* — Henry Vaughan
- Fidelity is seven-tenths of business success.* — James Parton
- Fidelity is the sister of justice.* — Horace

View & Preview

Anthony Wolff

Compulsion poses two questions: (1) Is the intellectual giant necessarily bound to the limits which his society forms for its members? and (2) Does society have the right to take the life of any one of its members? Its answer to the former is an emphatic "no." And to the latter? Again, through the words of famed defense attorney Clarence Darrow (fiction and film call him Wilkie), "no." The points in question concern two brilliant young law students, Artie Straus (Bradford Dillman) and Judd Steiner (Dean Stockwell), who have committed a vicious act of violence: the kidnapping and brutal murder of 14 year old Paulie Kessler. Their motivation? To achieve the perfect crime as a part of exploring "all the possibilities of human experience."

Taken from Meyer Levin's bestselling fictionalization of the notorious Leopold-Loeb murder case ("the crime of the century"), and more directly from Levin's Broadway version of his book, *Compulsion* is actually a two part affair: the first half of the movie is an intense, immensely exciting detective story, which moves at nerve-wracking pace; the second half is concerned with the murder trial, in which, through Darrow's brilliant tour de force, the defendants are lucky enough to escape the death penalty — each gets life plus 99 years. For most, this penalty seemed more lax than could be reasonably expected. Yet, Darrow's eloquent plea for the abolition of capital punishment was good enough for the judge; and so the villains are allowed to live.



Orson Wells in "Compulsion"

The two young men make for most interesting characterizations. Linked by a homosexual alliance and an intellectual communion, they vow to create together for themselves a world of Nietzschean ideals. Already law students in their late teens, they have everything that makes for the "superman" sort of individual; each is a perfect example of the remarkably prodigious mind. However, the two are significantly unlike: Straus forceful, sadistic, and altogether without feeling; Steiner is on the other hand, sensitive, incapable of individual action. As cold blooded Straus, Bradford Dillman is uncomfortably convincing. Every sadistic grin, every heartless glance is chilling. He is at once all calculating, all sly, every bit a devilish villain. But it is Dean Stockwell as Steiner who, in a far more subtle and demanding role, demonstrates a laudable capacity to see far into the emotional make-up of the character he portrays. Without speaking a word, his stoney facial expression can denote a variety of emotions, is able to suggest much of the depth of his disastrous situation.

Orson Wells' Darrow-Wilkie is a top notch interpretation: he seems to understand the lawyer's every word, and he makes the most of a truly difficult role. Diane Varsi, in a brief but impressive portrayal as the young girl who shows Steiner understanding and sympathy, is sensitive enough. The movie also benefits from a good supporting cast, and E. G. Marshall, whose reputation as a first rate character actor has long been firmly established, is particularly fine as the prosecuting attorney. In short, the acting is excellent.

The film's main problem lies in its attempts at the philosophical conclusion. The trouble is not that the philosophy is out of place here, but that it is indicative of that sort of logical reasoning which, upon examination, comes much too close to emotionalism. The boys are caught because Steiner's glasses were found near the body. Is it fate or what? "God has nothing to do with it," says disbeliever Steiner. "Well, who did?" replies a speculative Darrow-Wilkie, and the film abruptly comes to a close. And, in employing such a means for exit, many of the real concerns of the film are lost in the rather pat conclusion.

But *Compulsion* is always surprisingly intelligent, engrossing picture. It never dwells on the sensational, which would ordinarily be quite a temptation. And the mood is well caught throughout: every lighting effect, every camera device is used to create the proper atmosphere, one of depression and dissonance. The actors are every bit what they should be, and they work together with a sure awareness of each other. Few complaints can be made about the script: it is exact and eloquent, taut and full of meaning. But, most of the credit must go to actors Stockwell and Dillman. They comprehend what is necessarily a highly complicated and abstruse relationship; give solid elucidations to an overwhelmingly complex and tragic study.

(Note: The figure of lawyer Darrow reappears this week in the Playmakers' production of the Broadway success *Inherit the Wind*, which deals with the famed "monkey trial.")

THE MORAL DECISION: Right and Wrong in the Light of American Law. By Edmond Cahn. 342 pp. A Midland Book (MB 15). Bloomington: Indiana University Press. \$1.75 (paper).

Although Mr. Cahn does not specifically consider the Leopold-Loeb case, his entire book is concerned with the same sorts of ethical, philosophical questions with which Darrow bolstered his famous defense.

Mr. Cahn is purposely non-legal in his treatment here. His aim — and a laudable one it is — is to reveal the moral foundation of American law. Such a treatment necessarily pursues only a limited number of problems to any depth; but at least the often-obscured basic problem of legal philosophy is raised.

A. Wolff

