

S-p-l-a-a-t

The air was full of mud Tuesday and it was not surprising that Fall politics had begun. It was bound to happen the way it did.

The ruckus arose over the selection of orientation counselors. The men were picked last Spring by a committee under the auspices of the University Party, victorious in April's combat at the polls. The majority of the counselors are fraternity men, and that's where the Student Party comes in.

The SP, through former chairman Gene Cook, called the selection "irregular and grossly unfair" and claimed that President Bob Gorham "has taken the position that what is good for the fraternities is good for the campus." Gorham said in reply, "We have tried to be fair." He also answered another Cook charge, that fraternities were "alotted" a certain number of counselors. Gorham said this was not true.

The majority of the counselors are fraternity men and we think it's bad. But we don't believe it can be charged to Gorham or his party. They begged for dormitory men to come and be interviewed for the positions; posters were put up in the dorms; notices appeared regularly in The Daily Tar Heel. An article was run in this newspaper during the selection period pointing out that the SP would claim this fall that "we wuz robb-ed."

Dormitory men simply didn't show up. If, as Cook claimed, allotments were made, then things do need cleaning. However, until it's proved, we hope Cook will be as apathetic vocally as the "slighted" group was apathetic during last Spring's selection time.

Asses By The Masses

Columnist Ron Levin is excited today about students who ignore opportunity, flout the honor system, and disregard their academics. Frankly, we can't feel the same, for Ron is rebelling against what is and what will be.

Disinterest is all one can expect from many of those who are here at daddy's or the government's expense. They are here for no studious purpose; they are here because today many go to college merely as a normal extension of high school residence.

As long as we educate the masses (and that's the American system) we'll have students who ignore opportunity, flout the honor system, and disregard their academics. To paraphrase William Steig: Some students are no damned good.

CORRECTION

A line was omitted from the last paragraph of Mr. Stewart's letter, which appeared yesterday. The sentence should have read: "In other words, there is no necessity for complete conformity; however, there is a necessity for nobility of spirit in the various strivings for the realization of man's highest potentialities."

The Daily Tar Heel
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Puppets And People

John Taylor

Lili talks with puppets.

To say that this is somewhat unusual is an understatement. But Leslie Caron, who plays the title role in today's film at the Carolina, somehow makes the audience believe that her conversations with the little wooden people are the most natural and normal things in the world. It is her complete sincerity and conviction that makes the movie the beguiling fantasy that it is.

On second thought, fantasy is not quite the word to describe the film as a whole. For the world in which Lili lives is that of the carnival, a part of life that at its best is suspended somewhere between the real and the unreal. It is when the story subtly shifts to her dream world of illusions, that the movie becomes a fantasy, and it is here in the scene with the puppets that it is at its most charming.

Of course, being the type of film that it is, there is really nothing in "Lili" that is brutally harsh and realistic. But, rather, one finds a mist thrown over the film even in the straight passages, that distorts reality slightly in the direction of life as seen through a star's eyes.

Oh, all is not rosy in Lili's half-real existence. She is terribly unhappy, because she has a crush on a sophisticated magician, who is most sympathetic, but who is also married. She unfolds her sad plight to the understanding puppets, not realizing that she loves, not the her pine and balsam confidants, as she thinks she does, but the crippled and anguished puppeteer, who, as a silent Cyranos, has poured forth his adoration for her through the mouths of his wooden Christmases. Naturally, in the end all works out well, and Lili and her friends, wooden and otherwise, live happily ever after.

Though the film is a vehicle for Miss Caron, the dances in it are kept to a minimum and while each is used to advance the story line, both are curiously ineffective. However, the dancer has developed into an actress of such charm and magnetism that she does not need to rely on pirouettes and arabesques any more, and so the inadequacy of the dances is a minor matter.

Not enough can be said for Miss Caron's performance. Her Lili is the most guileless, innocent, and yet believable character to come out of Hollywood in a long time. It is the personal conviction of this corner that she should win an Academy Award for her portrayal.

She is ably abetted by Mel Ferrer, as the puppeteer, and Jean Pierre Aumont, as the magician. The scene in which she is begged by the puppets not to leave the carnival, only to have her rip open the curtain and come face to face with the miserable, but silent, Ferrer will cause many a hankerchief to come into action at the Carolina.

"Lili" is flimsy stuff, but it is the stuff that dreams are made of.



Passing Remark

Ron Levin

We go to school here under the honor system. If you don't believe it just read the catalog and see what it says.

We go to school under the honor system, but I saw in an ad on the "Y" bulletin board, "Lost: one brown wallet somewhere near Lenoir Hall. Finder keep money and return wallet." But surely no one would think of keeping the money. We're under the honor system. If you don't believe it, just ask any student down the street or on the Y Court steps. He'll tell you that we're on our honor.

We're supposed to be under the honor system but the other day I saw a prof give a quiz, stay about fifteen minutes, then begrudgingly leave the room only to keep the door open and stand just outside giving an occasional peak inside. That's funny, I could have sworn we were on our honor.

Who hasn't left a book somewhere and come back to get it only to find it's gone? Or a jacket or watch or what have you, or perhaps I should say what had you. I certainly don't understand that. It says right here that we are on our honor. Now who would do dirty thing like that. Taking someone's book and selling it back to the Book Ex. But know something... promise you won't tell anyone? It's done every day.

Another thing. Monday the administration was nice enough to let 5,000 students out of their 11 o'clock classes so that they could participate in the very impressive and stirring ceremony commemorating the 160th anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone. What happens? Not more than 750 of these 5,000 students even bothered to come over

and see what was going on, let alone lend their voices to the singing of the Alma Mater... "Hark the Sound." I mention it by name, for I fear that some of you may not know to what I refer when I say Alma Mater.

No, the rest of the 5,000 went back to the house or dorm and read that good book Joe had, or carried those pants to the cleaners, or called up to find out what was playing at the late show. Well, I want you to know I'm proud of you. Damned proud of you. It does my heart good to know you still have that school spirit deep inside. So deep you forget where you put it, and only bring it out on Saturdays with the aid of a fifth of Old Lumber-jack and a winning touchdown. I'm really proud of you. Keep up the good work. You're the future alumni. You're the grads who one day will send your children here and tell them in a knowing voice: "Son, that's a fine school. Yep, a fine school."

How would you know? How could you possibly have any idea? Do you vote for campus elections?

Do you ever volunteer to help in campus activities?

Do you know who works like mad to get out a Daily Tar Heel every morning for you to throw in the wastebcan?

Do you know who sacrifices hours at a time to get out a Yackety Yack or Tarnation or Carolina Quarterly?

No, you don't. But you know what's playing at the late show, and how much a keg of brew sells for, don't you?

Well, congratulations boys and girls. You've won the booby prize of them all. I know you'll all be very happy.

Do you really think you can call yourselves students? ... don't make me laugh.

Firm Foundation

Ed Mitt

Over 2,000 years ago, a Biblical writer said, "Wine and music will rejoice the heart, but the love of wisdom is above them both."

With the indulgence of the reader, and a spice of his imagination, we would like to use this quotation as the basis of a little reflection.

With the utilization of that imagination of which we spoke, we could let the wine and music represent this materialistic age in which we are wayfarers. Few can rightly deny that it is materialistic, and a collateral few can protest that there is anything inherently faulty with materialism. When artifices are held out, it is an abnormal hand that will not accept them—and gladly.

The "Love of Wisdom", of course, represents the opposite of materialism. It is the key to the kingdom of the humanities, it is the key to a kingdom of beauty and its appreciation.

The economists tell us that materialistic ages, by the very nature of their material basking, cannot be permanent; in fact, they add that about 20 years has been the average lifespan of most of them.

What strikes us, then, is the natural superiority of "the love of wisdom," that puts it "above them both," both being the symbolic "wine and music."

Materialism is a house built on sands that periodically shift out from under it. Philosophy (check us on the etymology) is constructed on a rock.



Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

THE HORSE was standing outside the Ranch House and counting his change with unhappy eyes. "Daggone, I thought I could maybe afford a decent steak," he said, "but it was a mistake."

Did he mean a Miss Steak... cow? Instead of steer?

"Lissen, you quit crabbing my lines," The Horse snapped. "You are as bad as Arcaro."

Arcaro?

"The guy who rides me for this here now column. But no, Roger me boy, my miscalculation was in not including a tip to the waiter in my calculations. The way it is getting, tipping is a meace."

If we go on paying ten per cent of everything we buy with prices soaring, we'll be doing the waiting and the waiter will be sitting at the table and laughing at us."

And tipping us, too, of course. "Are you kidding?" The Horse snorted. "They're too smart to tip. Can you picture a waiter or a barber or a bellboy or a taxi-driver buying, say, a hat, and tipping the guy who sells it to him ten per cent of its cost?"

Few people wore hats now, even in New York. "Right!" The Horse agreed. "And why? Because some smart lads got to keeping books on their hats, and they found it cost them maybe a Fiver for a hat, but during the year it cost them maybe a Tenny to bail it out, to ransom it, from places where they went and had their hats either snatched from them, or were shamed by glaring looks into meekly surrendering them."

I'd heard "tipping" meant "to insure promptness?" T-I-p, catch? "Ho ho," The Horse ho-hoed. "Wait an hour for a steak and pay a guy because it is prompt? Naw, it means, "This is piracy." And it durn well is! We should, as us Latin scholars say, "facimus coniurationem" against receivers of tips."

We were dumfounded. "I'll go along on that diagnosis, Roger," The Horse grinned. "It means, "We make a conspiracy." We should a large number of us agree tipping is strictly for the horses."

Why should horses be tipped? "Not them, but the public about them. Where would the bookmakers be if there were no horse-tinters? Cleaned out, I do not doubt. No, I mean the people who get tips now."

But that was how they made their living, a lot of them. "Okay, let their bosses pay them a living-wage, like they do in almost all other businesses. All it needs is some noble souls to take the lead, and we shall win."

I thought the public liked to tip, it gave them a feeling of superiority. "Well, all I gotta say," The Horse chewed thoughtfully, indicating his steak had perhaps been Filly Mignonne to have lasted so long, "is then we better let tipping stay as it is, because I cannot by any stretch of the imagination see any other way the public I see any day can feel superior about anything."

Caustic, wasn't he? And how did he feel about tipplers? "Sympathetic," The Horse growled. "I see it is time to study a bit."

Latin, perhaps? "My ABC's are being neglected," The Horse said as he raced off.

YOU Said It

Our Miss Brooks

Dear Miss Brooks: You could not have "gathered" anything at all from what I wrote because it is quite evident that you did not read beyond the first line of my editorial.

Had you read beyond the first line I do not believe that you could have possibly gotten the erroneous impression that the opinions expressed were necessarily my own. I am confident that I started in a sufficiently clear manner that the opinions expressed were those of some, not all, Yankee females and about some, not all, Yankee males.

Before you sound off the next time, please read the entire article in question. And, Miss Brooks, there are other more legitimate ways of getting your name in print.

Anita Anderson

A Sour Note

Editor: HALLELUJAH: We finally beat Wake Forest! Our team looked great; I think everybody was proud of it.

However, there was one team on the field that looked terrible. I don't see how anybody could be proud of it. That was our band. Marching to a cadence better suited to the track team, playing the same old worn out songs, blundering through boring maneuvers, it looked like a second rate high school band.

Why, in the name of all that's holy, can't a university with better than 5,000 students have a band equal to, or better than, any in the country? Why? Because of lack of funds. Because of obvious reluctance to try anything modern. Because of lack of interest. Why should anyone want to be in the band? To go on one measly trip a year? Or to be forced to play with antiquated equipment? That's the treatment our band gets. I don't know what the remedy might be; I only know that both the band and the student body deserve better than they're getting.

In the way of constructive criticism, may I suggest that in the absence of adequate funds the band might at least play music occasionally in the Dixie-land manner. It might very well get some ideas from the Goldsboro High School Band, which never fails to put on an interesting and enjoyable performance.

Hoping that this letter will be taken in the spirit in which it was intended, and hastening to add that I'm neither from Goldsboro nor in the band,

I am,
An amateur aesthete
Name withheld by request