

The Quality Of Mercy

The Daily Tar Heel is emphatically in favor of the leniency bill introduced in the student Legislature last night. The student body and its leaders should welcome this modification to the honor system rules.

We refuse to accept the idea that a lightening of the penalty would make the honor system an edifice of straw. Leniency will strengthen the system; for it recognizes that a code of honor draws its vigor not from punishment but from prevention by the force of conscience.

Violations with which the Honor Council must deal, those which not baseness of character but human frailty breed, are punishment in their very realization. Except for a few habitual and hardened cases, toward which the Honor Council will still be empowered to act with due severity, first offenders, we suggest, learn their lesson in the recognition that they have sold out their codes of personal honor.

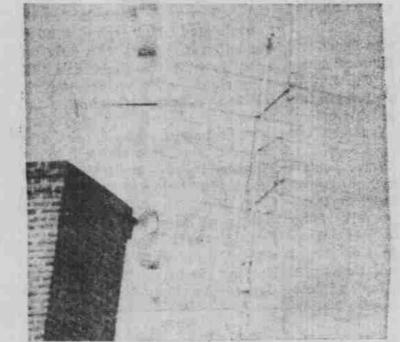
Most important of all, a change in the penal system will find that its value depends upon the spirit with which it is met. Leniency will avail little if it comes begrudgingly from those who sit on the judicial boards. The quality of mercy is not strained. . . . It blesses him that gives and him that takes.

Arthur Godfrey & Old East Dorm

We invite your attention to the photograph below. It is a picture of a television antenna, the new roof-top phenomenon of the national countryside.

You find them everywhere — atop Park Avenue apartments and Pennsylvania farm houses and tenement houses close by the Chicago el. But this one has given us cause to pause. For this one is buckled to the ancient roof of Old East Dormitory.

There it is. You can see it as you stroll the historic path past South Building—an aluminum monster towering even above the old brick chimneys, a thing admirably designed for the reception of Arthur God-



frey, but without symmetry or form; a gadget interrupting the classic, simple lines of a beautiful building.

It is really too late for protest. The workman's job has been well performed, and there is no questioning the dorm-wide popularity of television. This symbol of the new Philistinism, we suppose, will be with us for the century or two that Old East has yet to staff.

So this objection is just to record, for whoever may be interested, the time when they bolted an antenna—with tenna-roter—to the top of the oldest college dormitory in the land.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday, examination and vacation periods and during the official summer terms. Entered as second class matter at 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.

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Carolina Front — It's Not Really The Blues, But Plain Yellow

Louis Kraar

IN THE past few years students, educators and writers have been singing a blues song. And while the harmony hasn't always been perfect (as in most blues songs), the words have been in unison. And the words have been true.

There is little room for freedom of expression. Few speak their minds these days. And it is hard to disagree without being called "disloyal." These are the mournful words to the blues song. And they go on and on.

Here at the office, I notice that fewer people are willing to sign their letters — or even write them, for that matter. An investigator from the Army comes around from time to time and inspects the earlier writings of students applying for security clearance. And a column headed by an unknown person—The Ram—appears in the paper.

PERHAPS IF free people are afraid to use their freedoms, they really don't have any freedom.

All of this brings me to what I found on the bulletin board of the office this afternoon—a roughly scrawled note in red pencil. The note said, "The obvious odor in here is due to the corpse of Honest Journalism, who died in this office three weeks ago." The note was unsigned.

CHARLIE WOLF, a campus politician who takes his job more seriously than himself, was "only kidding" Monday night at the Student Party meeting when he refused to read a report—because a reporter was present.

According to the report of the meeting in the paper, Wolf started to give a report on formulating a plan for preventing executive sessions. Wolf asked if a reporter was present, and—when told there was one — stopped his report.

According to Jim Turner, a Student Party member, Wolf's report wasn't even ready. He was "just kidding the reporter" when he got up.

Wolf has a good sense of humor, and he may have been just kidding.

THE FIRST collegiate panty raid was attempted this year at Cornell by the freshmen. And, like most of the stupid things, it failed. The coeds poured cold water from their windows, dampening the would-be raiders "both in spirit and body."

THE BOYS going to the Averett College this Saturday night know two things about their dates: Their names and their heights.

"What more do you need?" asked the boy in the Y who was signing them up.

EVERY STUDENT Wants to buy the Blanket Tax," according to an advertisement in The Daily Texan. I guess they mean for those fall beach parties.

STUDENT Legislature please note: A mysterious stranger, clad in a black robe and mask, broke into the University of Oklahoma's student senate and slammed a roughly scrawled message before the president of the senate. Then the masked stranger, who had a knife in his hand, turned and escaped in a car.

The Aggie student solons were so surprised that they didn't even try to apprehend the masked intruder. After he roared off in his car, the politicians looked at his note.

The note said, "What is the senate going to do about the parking problem?"

Apparently, though, the masked intruder had solved his parking problem by leaving his car in front of the building in which the student senate met.

"Hold Everything, Fellows"



Oil's Congressional Harvest

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — If you go down to the Interior Department to inquire about Secretary McKay's plan to lease Alaskan oil lands to private oil companies, you'll find the place like a tomb. All you get are icy stares. Strict orders have been given that no Interior Department underlings shall talk to a newspaperman.

Reason is that generous Doug McKay, who has been more lavish with the public domain than any Secretary of the Interior since Albert Fall's day, almost got the Eisenhower Administration in stormy political water.

The Interior and Navy Departments have 48,000,000 acres of oil land in Alaska, hitherto set aside for national defense, and McKay, together with Undersecretary of Defense Bob Anderson, has proposed opening up the area to oil companies for private exploitation.

What makes this so dynamite-laden from a political viewpoint is, first, that many Naval officers oppose it. So do Democratic Congressmen and some Republicans. Third, Undersecretary Anderson, who first favored the move as Secretary of the Navy, is himself an oilman. And though he is one of the most respected members of the Cabinet, his position as former Vice President of Associated Refineries in Texas and head of the Texas Mid-Continent Oil and Gas Association makes him vulnerable.

Herbert Hoover Jr.

Finally and most important, it happens that the new Undersecretary of State, Herbert Hoover Jr., has long been a director of Union Oil and President of United Geophysical, which has had a contract with the Navy for exploring Alaskan oil lands. Hoover's company is more familiar with the whereabouts of oil in Alaska than any other.

It also happens that Herbert Hoover Jr. was one of the heaviest contributors to Vice President Nixon's secret \$18,000 personal expense fund. Furthermore, it doesn't look too good from a political viewpoint that 15 of the secret donors to Nixon's fund were oilmen.

Another interesting point, as noted by the conservative New York Journal of Commerce, is that the oil companies got every law they wanted through the last Congress. They increased the public domain for oil and gas leasing. They got the right to develop both minerals and oil and gas on the same public land simultaneously. And they put across certain improvements in leasing regulations.

Go Slow, Ike

Taken together with tidelands oil, there was almost nothing the oil industry didn't get. And when you compare this with the long list of political contribu-

tions from the oil boys to the Eisenhower campaign, and then turn the 48,000,000 acres of Alaskan oil lands over to the oil companies — well, no wonder some Republicans such as Senator Saltonstall of Massachusetts have warned Eisenhower personally to go slow.

Yet secretaries McKay and Anderson propose the Alaskan private leasing plan despite the advice of Ray M. Thompson, long-time expert for the Navy who worked in the Alaskan oil fields. "At least one major oil field, plus big reserves of natural gas," is what Thompson says have been discovered in Alaska. "I do not believe you could duplicate that record in the state of Oklahoma during the early years of discovery."

Naval officers were put on the spot by the decision of their chief, Secretary Anderson, to get the Navy out of the Alaskan oil lands. Cross-examined at a secret session of the House Armed Services committee, Capt. Robert H. Meade, the Navy's expert, testified:

"There has been a reasonable chance of finding a tremendous oil field. There is still a reasonable chance of finding a tremendous oil field. When we stop, it is still possible that someone else, ourselves or someone, depending on the national policy, of course, might find a very substantial oil field in that area."

The congressman who chiefly favored pulling the Navy out of the Alaskan oil fields was Leon Gavin, Republican, who, significantly, is from Oil City, Pa.

Venerable Congressman Carl Vinson, Georgia Democrat, however, asked two questions of Naval Secretary Anderson.

"Let's see what you are going to do. We have a great reserve up there that we spent \$40,000,000 on." Vinson pointed out. "Now we are going to stop. Now what are you going to do, just let it stay there, or are you going to make contracts with private enterprise to go in there and develop it?"

"Oh, no sir," replied Anderson. "We will not plan to make private contract."

"Do you propose to turn this land back to the Interior Department or do you propose merely to let it remain in status quo for the time being?"

"I would just propose to let it stand in status quo," replied the Secretary of the Navy.

"If you decide to change your mind, will you tell this committee about it?"

"Yes," replied Anderson. However, without telling Congress or the committee, plans have been under way in both the Interior and Navy Departments to turn the two big Alaskan oil fields over to exploitation by private companies. As a result of newspaper inquiries it's probable that the leasing of one oil field has been stopped. But what happens later remains to be seen.

Reaction Piece

David Mundy

REACTION PIECE seems to be the worst possible title that I could have chosen for the column. Behavior is supposedly made up of reactions to various stimuli. There seemed no more appropriate title for a column than an exact statement of what it was to be—a series of reactions to various situations. But the campus' little liberals, generally a pretty confused lot anyway, have found a wonderful opportunity to dub the column's views with their favorite dirty word, "reactionary."

The only other title I can think of comes from *Seven Brides for As Many Brothers*: "Lonesome Polecat."

BLANKET APOLOGIES are in order to the "administration." For long have they been the wrath-wreathed objects of campus politicians and/or Daily Tar Heelers. (It is fun, I've found, especially since they don't fight back.)

Politicos always have to hate someone, and newspapers have to write about something. South Building, the weather, and McCarthyism are the favorite topics on a campus once noted for its level of intelligent conversation.

A serious consideration of student-administration troubles shows the administration to have little room for improvement.

Drinking IS forbidden, but by the trustees. We may lambast the administration for a "hypocritical attitude" on drinking, but they are really being as lenient as possible.

Classes ARE required; else this would be a country club as our "Cow College" friends charge.

We do have three men in a room and a dining hall that isn't too good. These, however, and the few irritating restrictions that we do have, prove themselves either necessary or unavoidable upon a close analysis.

Admittedly, there may be some pretty undesirable creatures in South Building, Hanes basement, and New East Annex. But the much-maligned "administration" hardly deserves our harsh judgments.

They haven't one fear, however. No one wants to be in their positions.

BRIGHT SPOT of the week was the Carolina Political Union discussion last Sunday night.

The question discussed was "Resolved, that the recent Supreme Court decision regarding segregation will have an adverse effect on the public school system of North Carolina."

Only one person admitted that he thought the white race a superior one, and that chiefly because of its achievements. Another blamed the whole affair on those damned Republicans, their unfulfilled campaign promises, give-away program, and Ike's depression.

Two members of the Union declared themselves in favor of de-segregation, but argued halfheartedly that there would be some immediate adverse effects. The adverse effects mentioned were such implausible ones as race riots, mass murders, and lynchings.

Those arguing against the possibility of adverse effects remained unconvinced that any would occur. They recalled that jails existed specifically for people who broke laws.

Everyone, incidentally, agreed that North Carolina was a very progressive state. (Despite its ranking not far above Mississippi and Arkansas in most national surveys, excepting those for such things as aggravated assault.)

THE CAROLINA Political Union discussion this Sunday will probably be as one-sided, but with a deeper rift in opinions. The question? "Resolved, that the Senate of the United States adopt the 'Watkin's Committee Report.'"

Guests are invited to attend (8 o'clock in the Grail Room of Graham Memorial). They are requested to leave side-arms at home. Joe won't be there in person.

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others. . . . —Hippocrates, circa 500 B. C.

The new Old Well was ready for Consolidated University Day, which fell on September 25, coinciding nicely with the day the new Tar Heel Football Club fell on the new State College Football Club.

The results of both unveilings were gratifying to UNC grads and undergrads alike, give or take a few thousand who pretend to view with alarm anything to which the majority point with pride.

The Horse, however, sees an incongruity in such an ornate shelter as The Old Well in offering but one drink-spout to the thirsty. Couldn't a six-spouter have been substituted for the one-spouter now available?

Not that a merry party was ever observed congealed about a pump-handle, to be sure; but gregated about a pump-handle, as well as founts of Education, should offer constantly increased facilities. Besides, the consumption of water at football games is to be encouraged, at least until colder weather sets in. . . . when plural 'chasers' will be needed.

It was gratifying to read, among the daily misprints and typographical errata, that the Chapel Hill Police Department approves of the sobriety of the Kenan Stadium stands, both pro and con. But let not our unformed minions of The Law remain uninformed as well: Hemingway's "Death In The Afternoon" is proclaimed by the cognoscenti as a tome of horror, but it is (or so The Horse has been informed) as a record of a Daisy Chain Romp compared to being "Drunk In The Afternoon." On a warm, sunny day, that is. The Horse has been informed.

Nightfall somehow accommodates itself to the shadowy world in which the enthusiastic potvaliant is wont to rubber-leg his vague and alcoholic course. There is something akin to indecency and almost, if not fully, obscenity in bibbing at Bourbon in bright, hot sunlight. Fishing, of course, is excepted, many otherwise blameless Izaak Walton's finding constant recourse to the flagon necessary to their pursuit of killing inoffensive piscine life.

However, at the risk of being listed as an alarmist, we would venture a guess that the Dook, ugh, game may find the Kenan Stadium more flattened and the Chapel Hill police less flattering.

The Horse heard with neigns of delight that our late and great and good teacher of Political Science, Dr. Woodhouse, is teaching at a South Carolina college in company of his good lady, Mrs. Woodhouse.

Dr Woodhouse fractured a rule against teaching when beyond a specified age. Sad as our loss is, it would be to some extent mitigated if the profound legislators who came up with this bit of legalizing against Advanced Years should be inspired to invoke a like ruling against their own tenure of legislative office at a like age: perhaps such laws would permit men with younger vision to see and to act to keep good teachers at work for the Old North State instead of driving them to furrin' pastures of erudition. . . .

The crowd at the nightly rehearsals of the Playmakers' forthcoming production of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible" are mainly circus and aquarium-scouts observing the performance of an aged student in the cast who plays the part of Giles Corey, an almost equally aged character of the story. Giles succeeds in portraying a singing seal, what with his spoken lines and his intermittent barks due to a combination of heavy bronchial cold plus some asthmatic allergy aggravated by the current dry spell—meaning the weather, of course. . . . If they had seals in late Seventeenth Century New England, Giles Corey is it in rehearsals. The balance of the cast bears up under the coughing fits patiently, if grimly. . . .

Mr. John Motley Morehead appeared simultaneously with the rain Wednesday afternoon, to bend an approving eye on the new sundial time-teller which is the piece de resistance of the Planetarium parking area just off East Franklin Street. The rain came in good time, if UNC's benefactor did not. Let no, ugh, Dook students henceforth say that Tar Heelers cannot even tell the time. Rumor has it that Sun Dial 51 will soon appear on the list of courses offered hard-working scholarship students, who will take it to like Corn on the Cobb. . . .

The recent sudden, unexpected and untimely death of Chapel Hill Novelist James Street removes from our scene, but not from our memories, a devoted friend of the University, a showpiece of the town's literati, a friend of the students', and an example of wholesome intellectual honesty to everybody.

Jimmy carried the mirror to the men and to the women who needed to see themselves as everybody else saw them. Few men have helped so many with so little public recognition. Few men of more widely acclaimed works will be so missed as will James Street be.

"Ave atque vale, Mr. Street, sir!"

Quote, Unquote

It is always a tragic thing when a man of great talent dies in the midst of his best and most creative years.

Jim Street not only was a leader among those writers from all parts of the country who came to Chapel Hill to make Chapel Hill one of the centers of literary production in the United States. Also he was a man who in Chapel Hill retired to no ivory tower of literary production. In a very few years he had become a part of the place; he will remain an item of its tradition.

Sometimes Jim Street was caustic. He was always an intense man, outspoken in his beliefs, sometimes impatient of those who seemed to him fools or phonies. He despised cruelty, hated pretentiousness. But he easily and honestly loved people. He himself was an easy man to love as his popularity in his new home state attested. The loss of his talent is not sadder than the loss of the man.

—Raleigh News and Observer