

Sawyer's Plan Will End In Frustrated Failure

Tom Sawyer, candidate for the governorship of North Carolina, recently offered to the people of the state what he termed "the only legal and workable solution for maintaining a segregated public school system."

Sawyer's plan is based on a section of the United States Constitution which says "the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make." He would have the North Carolina congressional delegation prepare a bill which would remove state educational affairs from the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court.

Sawyer's plan would continue to base the state's public school system on a "separate but equal" basis for the Negro and white races.

As far as we can tell, Sawyer's plan may be legally possible, but certainly no one can believe that such a bill, if presented in the United States Congress, would ever be passed. Outside of the Southern states which are staunchly against integration, how many votes does candidate Sawyer think the bill would gain?

This plan is an attempt to gain office on a segregation platform and then, if such a bill were introduced in Congress, to neatly pass the buck when it was defeated by saying "I did all I could."

If the people of North Carolina want a governor who will lead constructive action in solving the integration problem, they should not elect any candidate who runs on any such program for continued segregation. The decision of the Supreme Court has been made and stands.

No plan which seeks to evade the decision, whether it involves interposition or an attempt to limit the Supreme Court's jurisdiction,

will result in anything but frustrated failure.

Since segregation has entered the political field and promises to gain even more prominence as election day draws nearer, the voters would do well to find a candidate whom they know will take the only reasonable course for which the May 17 decision calls—one which would seek no violent or forced action either for or against integration.

This does not mean that the voters should elect "do-nothings." They must seek and find men who will lead the way in moderate and reasonable action aimed at gradual integration of the public schools—it is a pity that such men are rare in North Carolina.

Station's Ruling Was A Bad One

Charlotte's former popular disc jockey Bob Raiford, who appeared mighty happy here at the Festival of Jazz yesterday, has raised quite a ruckus after he commented on Singer Nat 'King' Cole's recent attack in Alabama.

The radio station, we feel, was certainly within its rights in firing Raiford for violating a station order. But the station should not have a rule against editorializing on the air.

As the Federal Communications System has said, radios have the right to editorialize on various issues, just as do newspapers. Raiford's comments on singer Cole—which, we understand, were not as hot as those of many of WBT's network commentators—should not have been suppressed, even though the station might not have agreed with him.

CAROLINA CAROLEIDOSCOPE:

Frank Crowther

The inevitable finally happened when those six boys drowned at Parris Island last Sunday night. The fact that Sgt. McKeon was a personal friend of mine while I served in the Marine Corps makes it doubly pathetic, for he will probably be made an example of. After all, public opinion has to be catered to.

I don't condemn McKeon as an individual. I liked the man, but he was a victim of his "indoctrinated" environment.

The Marine Corps does strange

things to the individual. It is almost as if they wanted one to forget that he is an individual and think of himself as belonging to a machine.

This is what the Marines think of as "brain washing" to establish esprit de corps. A Marine must thrive on discipline, he is told, or the organization will crumble. Discipline and stomach sustain military force.

Working on this premise the drill instructors at Parris Island push their recruits almost to the breaking point to instill this discipline.

Your heads are shaved; almost all associations with civilian life are taken away; you eat and go to the toilet only on "strict schedules; you stand at attention whenever the D. L. (as the instructor is referred to) enters the "squad bay; you shave with your head under a bucket and with sand as lather (the blood was hard to get out of the uniform), if the instructor doesn't like the way you shaved that morning; you "give your hearts and souls to God, because the

Marine Corps has your body." They push and push until you think something will burst. But, for most of us, the breaking point never came. Some, however, cracked right in front of your eyes.

One boy ripped a leg of a table off and tried to kill his best friend; another woke one night screaming about his mother and had to be carried off to the "psyco" ward.

The section leader reached his "point of no return" one day and dove through the window. They drop all around you, and you swear that it won't get you.

But the doubt is always there. What will they do next? The tension never subsides.

Some nights they let you "hit the rack" without doing out any "disciplinary measures" for being boneheads that day. On others, we would do knee bends with our rifles balanced on the backs of our hands; or we had to move from a position of attention at the foot of the beds into the beds, top and bottom, and have all springs quieted in eight seconds — "get in, get out" until you think it will go on all night. Put on your full marching pack and crawl over one bed and under the other, cracking your skull as you go; sleep on six rifles if you called it a "gun" — if you did this too often, they made you sleep with it in your underwear. Exaggeration? Go through it and see.

I made it, and I was proud of it. But, you wonder what happened to the others. Did they discharge them, or were they still in the psyco ward?

You think it was a wonder that we made it through alive. Walter Winchell's son didn't. He was shot on the rifle range. Winchell's comment: "If your boy is in the service, write to him; if he is in the Marine Corps, pray for him."

That is all we can do now for these six drowned boys.

If Mac doesn't beat the charges, if there are any, he has really "had it." I feel sorry for the parents of those boys, but think of McKeon's two children. It's a shame, a damn shame.

'If He Shoots You, Let Me Know At Once'



ON CONSTITUTION QUESTION:

Dave Reid

(Dave Reid, author of the following column, is attorney-general of the student body. He headed the Constitution Revisional Committee, which did the work in the recent amending of the student Constitution. This column was written by Reid upon the request of The Daily Tar Heel.)

It has always puzzled me how The Daily Tar Heel manages so consistently to confuse fact with fiction in its editorials. Is this possible due to a failure to determine the facts before the editor places paper in his machine and begins to hunt and peck?

This is the only conclusion I can reach after reading such an

Editor Goofed, Says Reid

editorial as appear in the April 11 Daily Tar Heel entitled "For Solons: Magnifier, Copy-pencil." The following are a few details that the editor should have attempted to discover before he went out on the proverbial limb:

First, the Constitution Revisional Commission never attempted to rewrite the student Constitution that was approved by the student body of the spring of 1950. We merely attempted to propose a number of amendments which would improve our Constitution's clarity and effectiveness.

Second, when the amendments were completed we realized that they were so extensive that it would be unfeasible to place them all on one ballot. No one

would have had even a vague idea of what he was called upon to approve. The only practical method left to us was to have the Constitution printed in its entirety with the proposed amendment included. In this way the student body could see the entire Constitution as it would appear if amended.

Third, if the student body had rejected the proposed amendments, the constitution would have stood just as it was before the commission began its work. The constitution itself was not up for consideration. Only the proposed amendments were subject to approval or rejection.

Fourth, all of this seems to resolve itself to one conclusion. This misunderstanding was

caused by the failure of some to realize that in our election of March 27 we simply amended the existing constitution. We did not ratify a new one. Obviously then, any alterations of the enabling process in the existing constitution would have been illegal, as well as ridiculous.

Fortunately, we have a constitution which we can submit to the Board of Trustees with pride. It is a document which has grown with student government. It will be the basis for future expansion of student self determination. If the trustees approve our constitution this spring as all indications suggest, student Government will have realized its greatest step toward maturity since the institution of the Honor System.

AT THE MOON PITCHERS:

Guinness Is Back

J. A. C. Dunn

Every time one sees Alec Guinness in a movie, Guinness looks entirely different from the way he looked in the last one. The difference between "Oliver Twist" and "The Prisoner" is a good example, and the difference between "The Prisoner" and "The Ladykillers," playing this weekend at the Varsity, is a better example.

Guinness may have looked pretty grim at Pugin in "Oliver Twist," but in "The Ladykillers," as the professor, he is one of the eriest, sneering, sinister, straggle-haired, slack-lipped, hollow-eyed and evil-minded items of raffish humanity I have ever seen.

Of course, he is a prototype of the mad professor (he doesn't like it at all when someone suggests that his plan for—I don't think I'll say what daring crime it is he is going to commit—anyway, that his plan was hatched by someone in a looney bin). His buddies are

also prototypes, though beautifully portrayed.

(In the order of their disappearance) they are the Major, who gets nervous and waggles his moustache up and down and who has little or any worth except a very courtly set of manners and an expensive military overcoat; and Harry, who is a fairly common, everyday thug with a nice plain, homely face and a little too much hair on his head; and One-Round, a great bumbling lunk of a muscle bound ex-prizefighter who has a protective feeling for little old ladies and who has disastrous trouble with his cello case at the 11th hour; and Louie, who dresses all in black except for his necktie, which is a brilliant yellow, and who carries a switchblade and is awfully handsome and thoroughly untrustworthy.

This is the gang. These five are the unbelievable five who engineer an extremely complicated plot involving split-second timing, a planted "out-of-order" sign on a telephone booth, a large black sedan, a grey Studebaker, a large blue truck, a small taxi, a luggage handcart and a trunk. Also wound up in the plot (though inadvertently) are a horse with a taste for apples, an appcart to go with the horse, a scrap iron cart for the horse to pull—and Mrs. Wilburforce.

Mrs. Wilburforce lives alone with four parrots and a picture of her mercantile-mariner husband (who went down at the salute on the bridge of his ship 29 years before) in a rickety old house which is steadily sliding onto the railroad tracks behind it. Mrs. Wilburforce rents rooms and loves Boccherini.

Her staircase has a noticeable cant to starboard, the pictures won't hang straight because the walls have long since warped out of the perpendicular, and she has to bang the pipes with a wooden mallet to make the water work.

Naturally, Professor Guinness, all wound up in an eight-foot scarf and looking for a nice quiet little place where he and his friends can "practice their string quintet playing," rents "Mrs. Lopsided's" lopsided suite of rooms. Naturally Mrs. Lopsided Wilburforce offers them trayload after trayload of nice hot tea.

Naturally Mrs. W. is kept from suspecting by One-Round's beautiful pizzicato cello playing (He guesses he "just picked it up"). And naturally, one of Mrs. Lopsided W.'s friends comes around with a newspaper. Then the disappearing starts.

It's better than "The Lavender Hill Mob."

The Daily Tar Heel

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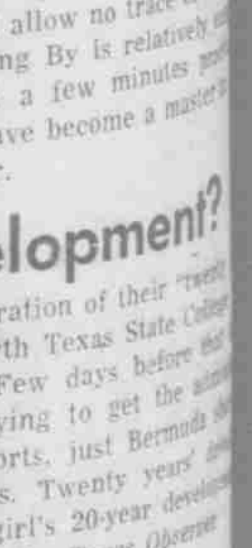
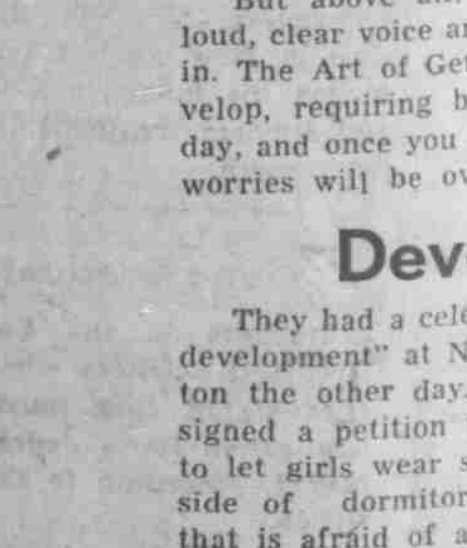


WHEN MAH IDEEL, AN' TH' IDEEL O' EVERY RED-BLOODED AMERICAN BOY, FEARLESS ROSDICK, IS ABOUT T' EAT—



Prime rare roast beef "all you can eat" at the Rathskeller every Saturday night

Pogo—Kelly



Development?

They had a celebration of their "development" at North Texas State College on the other day. Few days before the school signed a petition trying to get the state to let girls wear shorts, just Bermuda shorts, side of dormitories. Twenty years ago that is afraid of a girl's 20-year development.—The Texas Observer

The Fine Art Of Getting By

Barry Winston

The main object in the great Art of Getting By is to avoid, at all costs, being called on in class.

There are several methods of doing this, but there is one which I have found superior to all the rest. The secret is in yourself, but requires some small amount of perfect.

If you sit in the front of the class, fix the instructor with an intent and steady gaze, intelligence and knowledge radiating from your eyes. At the same time, you will achieve a certain amount of respect from every one in the room.

Important, following exactly and understanding completely everything he says. This look of devout attention is essential, and should be fixed frequently in front of a mirror until it becomes a habit.

If you are one of the fortunate ones who sit in the rear of the classroom, the problem is considerably simpler. If, from his vantage point in front of the room, the instructor sees you intently over your desk, pencil in hand, furrowed with concentration, he will assume you are in the throes of giving him a new and startling theory in the course of his so proud.

There is no reason at all for him to call you out if you are trying desperately to figure out a seven, down, in today's crossword puzzle. Exercise a little caution when turning the page at this point. I might interject the instructor, there are now available special glasses, alert eye-balls painted onto them, for the fit of the student who would rather work the crossword.

They will not stand scrutiny, however, should be used only in the extreme case. For those of you who feel guilty about class, or who snore, your best bet is on pills designed to keep you awake. The result is that you will eventually develop an immunity to the stuff, and find it necessary to take larger doses in order to obtain the desired effect.

When it takes a bor at a time, the getting dangerous, and some morning you gotten your daily dose, you may very well be on the floor of your 8 o'clock class, saying "I gotta have a fix!"

If, after all this advice, a crisis still comes upon you, you are called upon to say something, but by all means, say something—anything. The instructor will know you're in there at any rate.

The following suggestions may prove helpful in such cases:

In science courses: Memorize a half-dozen standard formulae, and recite them in class.

Math: Same as above, only use formulas as the Pythagorean Theorem and the Quadrilateral.

Music: Learn Ravel's Bolero, or the Nutcracker Suite, and play it in your breath constantly.

Languages: Memorize a few phrases of the language, other than the one you are studying, and appear to lapse into your mother tongue. This gets 'em every time.

But above all: Keep a cool head, speak loud, clear voice and allow no trace of nervousness to show. The Art of Getting By is relatively simple, requiring but a few minutes practice a day, and once you have become a master, your worries will be over.