

There's A Place For Court In Changing The Rule-Book

"... the meaning of a constitution is fixed when it is written and is not different at any subsequent time when a court has occasion to pass on it."—North Carolina Sen. Sam J. Ervin Jr., speaking to the state Bottlers' Assn.

If what Sen. Ervin said is true, the United States of America would be dull, dissipated and decayed.

The Constitution of the United States has been in full force and effect since 1789, and it has changed tremendously since then.

It has been changed, in a few cases, by the will of the people. It has been changed, temporarily, by Presidents. And it has been changed by the Supreme Court.

It was meant to be that way. It is what professors of political science and authors of books on the subject call "the dynamic Constitution." It is responsible for the dynamic America we live in.

America could not move forward if she were bound solidly to a set

of rules adopted in 1789. Those rules have to be changed as America changes.

Changing the rules by amendment is a good process, but it takes many years. Changing the rules by interpretation—as the Supreme Court has done—is a risky business, because Supreme Courts are not generally known as the most judicious of bodies. But the Supreme Court was correct in its interpretation this time. The Daily Tar Heel feels.

Without judicial interpretation of the Constitution, the United States of America still would be flying in the 18th century. Senator Sam knows that, too.

Let's Get Coordinated

At their next meeting student legislators will have a chance to do a great deal for the University.

They will vote on a bill proposing a "student committee for the purpose of coordinating events on the campus." If passed, the bill will set up a five-member committee to coordinate and assist in the scheduling of all important campus events and to form a master schedule to prevent time conflicts of these events.

If the committee is set up, it can do much to prevent mixups such as last week's, when Chapel Hill was the scene of half-dozen meetings, all important and all of immense interest to the students.

The committee would ask campus organizations to submit proposed schedules of events. Once compiled, these events would be fitted into a master schedule. The master schedule could be checked by other organizations, when planning other events.

The result, if the committee would do its work well, would be less conflict and a smoother schedule of extracurricular events for the students.

It is a good bill, and the Student Legislature should pass it.

Big Brother Forgot About Adlai's Talk

Raleigh's News and Observer, which covers Eastern North Carolina like Kerr Scott's black-topped roads, forgot the other day.

It was the day after Adlai Stevenson, speaking at Little Rock, Ark., asked for "law abiding" acceptance of the Supreme Court's decision abolishing segregation in the public schools.

Newspapers all over the country headlined Stevenson's statement the next day. But in The N&O: Navy a word—or at least there was nothing in the edition which hits Chapel Hill.

This soon before the election, too.

YOU Said It:

An Open Letter To Veterans

I would like to borrow a few minutes of your time now, with the hope that you can be repaid in hours, days, and indeed years. I would like to talk first about unity.

Unity, as defined by Webster, is the state of being one in concord, harmony, conjunction, agreement and accord. Unity is essential to power; power, in some degree is the key to action and specifically change. And change brings to light the second and main point I want to talk about.

Perhaps the news hasn't reached you yet, but in room 315 of South Building there is a petition addressed to Dr. Oliver Cornwell, chairman of the physical education department, asking that the physical education requirements for us veterans be removed. As you know, the present requirement is one year.

Now, you know about the bill. But what are you going to do about it? From the 159 signatures that have been appended to the petition since its birth on September 27, I think it is destined for "file thirteen." That's a great

show for a bill that has the potential backing of 1,836 vets, representing 26 per cent of the entire enrollment of the university.

How about you, Joe? Wouldn't you like to spend more time out in the village with Ann, Joe, Jr., and little Sue? Wouldn't it be wonderful to get home in time for lunch every day? You might even break Joe, Jr. from holding his fork like a club.

And you, Bob, you've been griping more than anyone else. You have to work part-time to supplement the old \$110, and

you don't have the time to study and you don't ever have any fun. Well, here's your chance, boy, get up there and sign that bill. If this petition goes through, you'll have time to be more thorough with that physics and maybe even get a chance to take that cute little coed out.

Jim, I realize that your circumstances are somewhat different. Your father helps foot the bills and you aren't especially pressed for time, but there's something in the bill for you too. If it goes through, you can pick up another course that will prove more beneficial to your career. Don't you think you learned enough about physical education during those four years you spent in the service?

'Well, Nobody Can Say I'm Not Keeping On A High Level'



THAT NASTY OLD WORD AGAIN:

Is Apathy Super-Sophistication?

Woody Sears

Here's that word again: Apathy. Recently it has become one of the most discussed words on the campus. And its' about time for people to wake up and see what's going on, and what they're a part of.

Apathy is not like an epidemic of influenza that the folks out at the Infirmary can clear up. It is not like much of anything at all. It is rather an absence of everything.

Webster defines apathy among other things as being an "indifference to what appeals to feelings or interests." Anyone who will stop a moment to consider the question is bound to see the same thing that so many people have seen of late: That there is

no interest, or feeling, or emotion on this campus.

What's the matter? Whose fault is it? A lot of people would like to know the answer to these questions. There are more things going on on this campus than most of the students have ever been exposed to before. Opportunities are constantly present for a student to improve himself or to broaden his field of interest, but they all seem wasted.

Almost everyone likes jazz, in some form, so a big jazz festival was planned last spring. Eight of the best bands in this area were here, competing with one another with a \$500 prize in the balance. Each band was at its very best, and the music heard that afternoon was really superb. One of the best-known disc-

jockeys in the area was here to emcee the program. But where were the students?

Only a very few were there. Memorial Hall was less than half full. Tickets were only \$1 a piece, buying almost three hours of good jazz. But where were the students?

Eventually, those who plan student activities are going to give it up as a lost cause, and tell the students to amuse themselves, which apparently they seem to do already.

Football, basketball, tennis, baseball, soccer and all the rest of the athletic activities suffer from this prevalent attitude of apathy. The whole campus is sick with it. And it is indeed a shame.

Probably everyone has his own theory of the cause, and will ad-

mit to cognizance of the affect. But no one seems to be able to combat it.

Maybe it's an attitude of super-sophistication on the part of the student body as a whole. All indications seem to point that way. But where does this idea originate? Who are these great intellects?

Are they the students who mope about the campus, going to class, doing the minimum and giving nothing of themselves in return? Are they the students who poke along in the driving rain, unable to wax enthusiasm even for getting out of the rain?

But that seems typical of these super-sophisticates, too blasé even to get in out of the rain.

Terms Change - - No One Notices

Barry Winston

How long is the memory of the American press? How just are the rules by which it, as a collective institution, judges the relative merit of a given news item, and accordingly allots it an amount of space on the proper page?

Brief months ago, the headlines of nearly every newspaper in this country were ablaze with banners announcing, "Six Die In Parris Island Tragedy."

The mothers of America rose up as a body, screaming for the crucifixion of one man. The ensuing shake-up was felt by every Marine from the commandant on down. The word was out.

Parris Island is a concentration camp, run by sadistic butchers who delight in torturing and maiming the flower of young American manhood. Drill instructors are vicious fiends, trained in the fashion of the Spanish Inquisition, venting their drunken wrath on our poor defenseless boys.

The man was crucified. His brothers, to the man, became the subject of disdain for every indignant citizen that considered himself a qualified authority on instruction in the art of warfare. The name of the Marine Corps was Mud.

Last week, at Camp Lejeune, another drama of Marine stupidity unfolded. It was during a period of instruction on the use of the Mark II fragmentation type hand grenade.

One instant, all was quiet; the next, there was a live, sputtering grenade in the midst of a group of trainees. It had been blown completely out of the demolition pit, and had already lived at least two seconds of its brief, four and a half second life. For one paralyzed moment, no one moved. And then, in the typically vicious and brutal manner of all Marine instructors, the sergeant in charge of the detail did move. And what did this symbol of terror do? He threw himself on it. That's right—he threw himself on a very live hand grenade.

You see it all the time in the movies, but this wasn't the movies. This was for real. His name wasn't John Wayne. The grenade wasn't a dummy. Do you begin to get the idea?

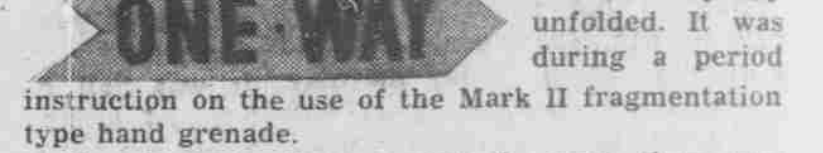
When it exploded, only one man was injured. Guess who. The last time I could find anything about the incident in any of the local papers, he was in the hospital and not expected to live much longer.

The life of one man is, perhaps, not much. But this man knew what he was doing. He wasn't a runny-nosed little brat, disobeying orders. He wasn't clowning. He didn't need disciplining. He knew the statistics on the destructiveness of a grenade at 25 yards, so it follows that he had a pretty good idea of the effect of one at a range of six inches.

All this wasn't necessary stark heroism. More likely, it was the result of training. Boot Camp Training. You know — Parris Island, where they drown people.

And the story? I found it buried on page seven of one of our local papers. The follow-up? It's been written, and I'm beginning to have my doubts, it must be in the small print at the bottom of the want-ad page.

Does the voluntary death of one man, to save the lives of half a hundred more deserve less attention than the death of five who died because they couldn't learn to grow up? I think not.



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The Hill: No Place For Spartan Type?

Charles Craven

In The News and Observer

News and Observer columnist Craven attended the University.

All the hope you can summon goes with 'em... Folks work their fingers to the bone getting 'em ready, put beautiful new uniforms on 'em, see that their shoes don't pinch their big feet, feed 'em steaks, make 'em study so they'll be eligible, run 'em out past a big noisy band amidst roars of good will. And what happens? A starved bunch of Wolves—some of 'em not much bigger than a .43 caliber bullet—just kicks the living... Sob! I can't go on...

I had to be excused a moment to pitch some cool water on my face... Maybe Chapel Hill is too beautiful... Maybe the languorous atmosphere forbids the necessary Spartan life of a good athlete... Maybe there are too many coeds, convertibles, lush fraternities... Whatever it is, it is death to any kind of spirit that enables a line to charge fast and hard and backs to drive until they are stone cold smothered... even then they should have the will to wriggle.

Perhaps the single-track intellectualism, expounded by the intense, bi-focaled type young men who gravitate to the college publications is right... Maybe a university is a place where scholarship alone should reign without the "hysteria" and excitement engendered by a big winning football team.

But if so, let's cut the schedule... Let's not play Oklahoma and Notre Dame... Let's arrange for contests with lesser foes. East Carolina might not be too tough. Elon and Guilford always provide entertaining contests... and, too, maybe we could arrange football contests between English classes, with the cardinal rule that participants should trim their finger nails so that no one, simply no one, will get scratched...

But I'll tell you what... My football appetite has to be satisfied. I require seeing at least three "big time" football games a season... This season I'm following the Wolfpack... just as often as I can corner a pass.

One other thing: Some of the underpaid professors at Chapel Hill can supplement their pay handsomely by selling soft drinks at the home games. The going price is 15 cents per bottle.

FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES:

Power, Diplomacy, Canal

Hanson W. Baldwin

Two major military lessons have been re-emphasized sharply by the Suez Canal crisis.

One is the military and political liability of over-dependence on a nuclear strategy. The other is the necessity of a proper understanding of the role of force, military power, in international relations.

When Gamal Abdel Nasser, President of Egypt, nationalized the Universal Suez Canal Company the immediate governmental and public reaction in Britain and France was forceful. Military action was envisaged. But neither Britain nor France was ready to apply military power of a type suited to the situation.

If force was to be employed the only possible objective that made sense was seizure of the Suez Canal—and seizure in such a manner that the canal could not be blocked for any long-term period by the defenders.

Neither Britain nor France was prepared for any such operation.

Thus, though both Britain and France talked of military action, they did not have immediately available the type of armed force needed to carry out such action on the Suez crisis. Time, perhaps the most precious of military and political commodities, was required to assemble the task forces needed, and even then Peter was robbed to pay Paul.

The other great lesson of the Suez Crisis was mentioned inferentially Sunday by Secretary of State Dulles. Mr. Dulles warned that the "danger of war would recur" unless a Suez solution could be obtained.

When the Suez crisis first developed Mr. Dulles indicated by his actions that he did not believe vital interests were involved. President Nasser learned that the West was divided and that the United States would not use force and would oppose its use by others.

Mr. Dulles has now restored force to its traditional place in international politics. But it would have been better if Western power had been obvious and ready but neither forsown nor invoked.

Unfortunately, military power is a continuing factor in the world of men.

A realization of the proper place of force in international relations is essential to a sound diplomacy. But, more than ever in the nuclear age, the homely policy of Theodore Roosevelt is still applicable: "Speak softly and carry a big stick."

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