

Poplarville, Mississippi

It may be a very long time before the lynch mob which put Poplarville, Miss., on the map is found. It may be a long time before the body of Negro M. C. Parker is discovered. And it may be a long time before this type of mob violence is blotted off the American scene.

It is doubtful that the FBI and the Mississippi State Highway Patrol can quickly supply the names of the culprits. It is probable that Parker's body has been dumped into a swamp or bayou in neighboring Louisiana. And it is fairly clear that there will remain the chance in some area, of a similar type of incident for years to come.

But someday, somewhere at sometime, one member of the group of hooded abductors will crack. He may breakdown at anytime. And when this happens and the cards are on the table, it will take an awful force to keep these people from getting their's.

Decent law-abiding citizens are awaiting that day with eagerness. We are patient, yet we will also be persistent.

Time is on our side.

Go The Heck To "Oh Hellas"

Tonight is the second night of "Oh Hellas." In case you haven't seen this superb production, we give it the highest of recommendations. It is a good sign to see students giving a show of this high caliber and fine humor.

No, go man, go straight to "Oh Hellas."

More Henderson

With all of the concern over the violence in the Henderson strike, one question and aspect over the entire fiasco has continued to be overlooked. That question is: What effect will this strike (or lockout, your preference) have on the program of Governor Hodges to entice new industries to move south to the land of promise.

The answer is very simple. Obviously any plants that were planning to move to this state, are now giving rather strong reconsideration. In fact, several industries which had been on their way to North Carolina have withdrawn their prior intentions hastily. And because this trend will in all probability continue, this strike is of importance to the entire future of this state. It cannot be confined to the boundaries of Vance County and the Governor's plush office in the State Capital.

It transcends all of these, reaching into the ultimate economy of every citizen. This, is one of the main reasons why it is imperative that it end quickly.

For the future urbanization and industrialization of this state depends on a hasty conclusion to a most unfortunate 25-week incident.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Mosquitoes-Cockroaches

Editor, Sir:

It recently came to the attention of my committee that a bill was introduced in Student Legislature to do something about the mosquito problem on campus.

Well, I don't know what problems those darned mosquitoes have been having, but, whatever they are, they ain't nothing compared to the problems us cockroaches have.

Cockroaches are the smallest minority group on campus, but has anyone been trying to protect us? NO! All people do is step on us.

Can you imagine what it means to live in constant fear of being stepped on? Believe me, it's a hard life and something should be done!

Also, I have heard rumors that some Roach Paste may be introduced into our living quarters so as to permanently eliminate us. But do any of those legislators pass bills to do something about the cockroach problem? NO!

It's discrimination, that's what it is and I would like to inform you that unless something is done in a great big hurry we, cockroaches may revolt!

Archy, Chairman
Cockroach Ways and Means
Committee

Legislature

To the Editor:

Those legislators who voted against the Crownover Bill, which would make meetings of all legislators with their constituencies compulsory, have been unjustly condemned.

The intentions of the bill are good (increasing legislator, constituency relationship); but by making the means toward attaining that end compulsory, the entire concept of mature Student Government is degraded. By voting against the measure, I was not trying to avoid meetings with my constituency. (I represent only one housing unit, thus I would only be required to "certify" that I had visited said unit "twice each session") but was attempting to express higher principles; namely, that such an act admits that the Student Legislature is an unrepresentative and dictatorial body, demonstrates that the body is made up of immature representatives who in no way understand the nature of their office, and is an affront to any legislator who, as a representative, takes his job seriously.

There are some matters that cannot be handled with effectiveness by a legislative body. The relationship between a legislator and his constituency is one of these. The problems in this bill are ones that should be considered by the individual legislator and his own constituency.

It is a sad commentary on Student Government when representatives, who by definition are supposed to represent, must be required to do so by statute. If the compulsory intent of the measure is removed and it is presented in the form of a resolution, I will be more than happy to help restore the Editor's and Representative Crownover's faith in the Student Legislature, by voting for it.

Taylor McMillan

Thanks To Whom

Editor:

We wish to thank a person, who is unknown to us, for a service rendered, of which he may not even be aware.

Last night a deep somnolent whistle-brought us from the world of drudgery to the world of loveliness, as a man paused somewhere near our dorm and filled the night with melody. He brought to us a serenity which is not often achieved in a moment, something of what Hardy must have felt when he wrote the last lines of "The Darkling Thrush."

"So little cause for carolings Of such ecstatic sound That I could think there trembled through His happy good-night air Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew And I was unaware."

J. Evans
Gwen Pendergraph

Poplarville, Mississippi, U. S. A., 1959



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Notes From An Intra-

Continental Expatriate

EDITOR:

Paper has been much improved since I unfortunately left Chapel Hill for an ex (tended) stay with the philistines. However, I return to find you being criticized for improvements. (At least one in number.)

Have in front of me paper, THE DAILY TAR HEEL, of April 16. Wish to comment. Poem, MY ANGEL, magnificent. Editorial, A FINE WRITER concerning Dennis Parks is trite but true. Will be great service to the university if a publication receiving student funds does what CAROLINA QUARTERLY doesn't do; that is continue to force-feed the state-educated provincials with excitement who inhabit (not LIVE in) Chapel Hill. HOWEVER, AM SLIGHTLY CONFUSED BY SERIES OF WORDS ENTITLED AXIOMS, WHO SAYS THIS NATION, RIGHT? WHO SAYS RUSSIANS, RIGHT? WHO SAYS COMMIES, WINNING? LOOK, PROTECTOR OF THE FLAG, NO-ONE IS WINNING THIS DAMN THING! WE'RE ALL GOING TO GIVE BIRTH TO (OR FATHER) "LOVELY MAHATTAN ORIGINAL MUTATIONS WORN EXQUISITELY BY THE CHARMING WIFE OF IKE," (WHO EVER DECIDED THAT THE "first lady" WAS A LADY?) IF WE LAST LONG ENOUGH TO FATHER OR MOTHER ANYTHING THAT IS, WE SHALL ALL PROBABLY BE ATOMIZED WHILE READING AN ARTICLE IN TIME ABOUT HOW TO RAISE PLANTS BY HANGING SAINT AGATHA (PATRON SAINT, CAULIFLOWER HYBRIDIZERS) MEDALS AROUND OUR COLLECTIVE NECKS.

WELL, so anyway on April 18th I discover that the distinguished compatriot of GOLIATH, AT Alexander isn't exactly human or literate. Well, he can hope for executive position. People in rarified atmosphere usually have secretaries who with coaching can occasionally blunder through. ABBY VAN BUREN's column, "ADVICE TO THE SUB-NEUROTIC." I mean if you can find out how to deal with perversion, gaucheries, juvenile delinquents, and bastards by having your secretary read to you, why bother to attempt HUMANITY by reading poetry, "the supreme fiction." ALSO, Mr. Alexander, please explain your use of "like" in the last sen-

tence of your letter. REALLY, young man! If you must be beat and assail us with such disgusting words as "digested" & "garbage," don't do so at breakfast-time. I almost didn't get my pernod omelet down. (pour 1 1/2 ozs. pernod into frying pan; break one egg; throw egg at Tony Wolfe; drink pernod.) YOU SEE, I CAN'T TAKE BOURGEOIS CATERWAULING AT SUCH A SENSITIVE TIME OF DAY** NEXT TIME YOU WISH TO MAKE A PUBLIC PRONOUNCEMENT OF YOUR POOR TASTE PLEASE SEND A NEWSLETTER AT 10:00 A.M. WHEN I AM STILL MERCIFULLY ESCONCED IN MY FEATHER LINED WOMB merci.

TOPIC THREE OR SO FORTH. This morning I awoke to the sweet strains of "FLOW SWIFTLY SWEET." However, the title which you affixed to it was "Long Epistle on Quarterly." Most of the taurine excrement lay about in the third paragraph: to wit. . . . JOHN K. TICE says that neither the ordinary philistine nor the philistine labeled aesthete would have brought SPECTRUM were it not for lovely obscene publicity (as for JOHN BROOKS, I never mention complete fools in correspondence, it isn't charitable). MIGHT INTEREST TICE TO KNOW THAT AT LEAST 3/4 OF THE FIRST PRINTING OF SPECTRUM WAS SOLD OUT BEFORE FOOL'S ORACLE SPAKE. (Don't you sometimes wish that people would mention what was inside the Quarterly, Tice?) Also, M. Tice, this campus is not "any other university or college campus." TIS US, MAN.

ALSO WISH TO MENTION RUMORED FOUNDING OF A NEO-FASCIST PARTY ON THE CAMPUS. This would lead I'm sure to the most magnificent heaven for the ordinary student—he would have no decisions to make at all. As if the administration isn't fascist enough already. I shall quote administration member of a certain case now hovering behind the news; he said "If the student council can find no evidence (IN THE PEJORATIVE SENSE), the university will be obliged to take steps." Sounds vaguely like a witch hunt doesn't it?

Savior of our souls, come down off that dog-wood tree and fix things, MAN!

FANTASMically,
PARKER HODGES

Harper's Bizarre

On Tuesday morning Josephine ate her usual breakfast. After reading the paper she dressed in her normal working clothes: a tight skirt, a tighter sweater, seamless stockings and high heels. Then she carefully applied her makeup—lipstick, rouge, just a touch of eyebrow pencil—and one of the better perfumes. Brushing her recently curled hair she thought to her reflection, "Not bad for twenty-four." She left her apartment and drove to work.

She was there early, an hour earlier than usual, but the janitor had opened the door to her office. He was in the hall as she came in.

"Good morning, John. I thought I'd get some work done before the others came." She smiled at him and passed.

At her desk she busied herself with some of yesterday's unfinished dictation. Suddenly she realized that the janitor was there. She started.

"That's sure a nice looking sweater," he said. He leaned over the desk toward her. "And you sure do smell good."

"John. Get out of here!" she cried.

"Yes ma'am. And a nice dress. Stand up and let me see you good. Yes ma'am." He moved around the desk toward her.

"John, Don't! Please DON'T!" "Yes ma'am, you sure do look . . . now don't run away." He caught her by her arm. "Yes ma'am . . . don't yell. If you do, I'll cut you." A knife blade flashed in his hand.

Forty minutes later another secretary found her slumped in a corner. She had yelled, but she was still alive.

The law caught John. Two weeks later his case came up in court. It was a short trial. Three months later John was electrocuted in the death-house of the state penitentiary.

The morning after the execution Josephine ate her usual breakfast. After reading the paper she dressed in her normal working clothes: a tight skirt, a tighter sweater, seamless stockings and high heels. Then she carefully applied her makeup—lipstick, rouge, just a touch of eyebrow pencil—and one of the better perfumes. Brushing her recently curled hair she thought to her reflection, "Not bad . . ."

J. Harper

Recent Election

Editor:

Now that the elections are passed I hope that the new chairman of the Elections Board will not allow such blunders to occur as the one which cost Roy Goodman his legislative seat.

In the second election held in Dorm Men's III Goodman, who had been the victor in the first election, was defeated. It is a pity that he had to suffer for an infraction of the law and that the Elections Board had allowed this infraction to occur.

Although the Student Council and the Elections Board stated they did not doubt his honesty, still the implication was there, and unfortunately the voters of his district were pressured by the story that seem to incriminate him for something that did not occur.

Here's hoping that the new Elections Board will make sure that the rights of their candidates are safeguarded and that the Elections Board fulfills their duties as specified by the Election Laws.

Dewey Sheffield

Mostly Shades Of Gray ----

Neither Black

Nor White,

Norman Smith

More than a month had gone by. It was a Friday night like the last time, and the five of them were in the room talking. Inconclusive it is this talk—much of it senseless. Attempts at being skeptical or philosophical, I suppose. Always the big things, ultimate concern, basic presuppositions, and the rest of it. Partially the academic atmosphere and partially a rebellion against patterns of home, community, and church are at the root of it. These discussions are forgotten later as the old paths are cleaved to, taken up are the practicalities of making a living and raising a family and in spare time maybe contributing something in the way of civic service. So come to a dormitory room late on a Friday night to hear these things, if indeed they really are worth hearing.

"This fellow who was on one of the Philippine Islands," one of them began to change the subject, "as a prisoner of the Japs during the war was telling me of his relations with the guards. The Japanese there were friendly to the few Americans and Britishers whom they held. He remembers how once he stopped to rest while on a march to a new work location. One of the guards sat beside him on the teak log and began to talk about the progress of the war. He said that the Imperial forces had landed on the West Coast and had established a perimeter there some months ago. They would be in Washington within two weeks he said."

"Then there was France under the First Empire," said the history major. "There were losses in Russia, and in Spain, finally in Austria and Prussia over a three year period before the fall of the Empire in 1814. In the government press (which were the only newspapers) there were only accounts of victories until it became evident that Paris would fall. It's somewhat of an exaggeration to say that the people didn't know anything about the defeats, but it is certain that only a few of the higher officers of the Empire knew how close was disaster."

"I know what you all are getting at," said Brent who was somewhat looked down upon because his cynicism hadn't quite metamorphosed into the sublime pessimism that the rest of them had been able to assume (more or less honestly). "The examples you cite are from totalitarian regimes. How can you suggest that we don't know everything with a free press, an elective legislative assembly that has free debate, and two political parties whose adherents are given to outspoken criticism?"

This time the graduate student spoke up. "Free press, sure free press, but they have to know something before they can print it. For the most part they don't try to find out things they aren't handed in press releases; they feel a responsibility to the nation not to pry and endanger our security. Those who do pry usually don't find out much because this part of our security system—keeping things out of the papers—works admirably well. Why it was just recently taken off security listings that crossbows were used as weapons in some special tactics in the Pacific during World War II! And how about our legislative assembly? Obviously, information that is in the security files can't come up in open Congressional debates. Where it is mentioned is in closed committee hearings, but I wouldn't be too surprised but what very little of real importance is said there. Legislative prerogative is a thing of the past; it was quite recently that some government official kept a member of the House of Representatives from joining a Congressional inspection team at an atomic test site for "security" reasons. The political parties—well, the same thing . . ."

"And who knows what conditions really are," Joe interrupted in his shrill voice as his forehead puckered beneath an unkept shock of already greying hair. "No one knows, really. Responsibility is so split up and scattered about; there is security here and lack of communication there, and then there are others—as there are in all bureaucracies—who just don't give a damn as long as they get that pretty blue paycheck. Typical is the check full of meaningless IBM holes arranged in meaningless patterns, signed not by human hands but by a machine gun-like staccato printing press, killed if it is folded or wrinkled or spindled, all deduced and withheld as quick as the wink of an eye. Typical it is of the whole state."

Night breezes were stealing in, maybe from the Shenandoah or maybe from the sea, rattling little piles of shed dogwood petals along in the gutters below, whispering to them that the mugginess was being blown away and that there would be a clear day on the morrow, or was it whispering rather that it was blowing in hellish thunderheads with pelting hail and lashing rain?

"Who knows the real story?"

"Do we? Does anyone?"

Inconclusive this sort of questioning is. Without answers they quietly picked up sweaters and books and half empty Schlitz cans and went home.



By Schulz

By Kelly