

Bleached Body

The bleached body of Negro M. C. Parker, accused rapist of a white woman, has been found on the Mississippi-Louisiana border in a river. The body was so bloated, water-logged and maimed that it was impossible to determine even the race of the individual, much less positive identity until an FBI fingerprint report was made available.

And, in another part of the South, four white men have viciously and sadistically raped a young coed at a Florida Negro College. Fortunately, the culprits in this case have been caught.

Yet, the underlying issue is not to bring those responsible for these atrocious acts of violence to justice, but to reduce and indeed, to obliterate, the sort of division between human beings that can cause such acts in the first place.

UNC Budget—Money, Money

It is expected that the Joint Appropriations Committee of the State Assembly and Senate will release sometime next week its recommendations for the next biennium's budget to be awarded to the three components of the Consolidated University of North Carolina. Much of the future of the three institutions involved depends on the report of this group. Therefore, during the course of the remaining days before learning the news of what our lawmakers will recommend be appropriated to us, we will devote a large amount of space on the editorial page to this problem, hoping that through these efforts, the voices of concerned students may be heard on this crucial issue.

The University today stands at the crossroads. More appropriately put it stands in the middle of an intersection. It knows surely that the surge of traffic will push it on, but it is reluctant to make the decision of which way to go of its own accord.

The questions that are most major before the University today are ones of adequacy versus purpose, fragmentation versus communal organization, number versus individuality and consolidation versus planning.

These are all questions that will in one way or another be solved by the money given to the Consolidated University. For, the funds we receive will determine the excellence or lack thereof, the growth, and the extent of planning. They will either be sufficient to carry this University to greater heights, or will leave us in the void of the status quo. They will either be sufficient to keep those good faculty members we already have and to recruit new ones of high caliber, or will drive the better onto higher paying posts at other more enticing institutions. And they will either be sufficient to purchase the books, research facilities and materials to promote scholarly pursuit of the highest order, or will repel intellectualism, progress and attainment because of a lack of the necessary tools with which to gain the knowledge to go forward.

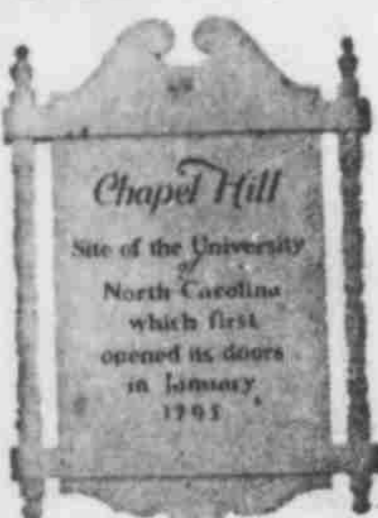
This is the choice before the legislators in Raleigh at this moment. Theirs is the problem of choosing between a great university or just another school. And with this choice will go hand and hand the future of this state. For North Carolina will lack the leaders in all of the various fields unless these funds are provided. The future of this state is in reality, the future of the Consolidated University of North Carolina.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Works Of Minor Poet

Dear Sir,

Noting that your paper has recently published two selections from the works of a minor poet, I respectfully submit, in hopes of publication, the complete works of one of the most minor poets I know.

T. Baile Costen

MY SIN CONTEMPLATES ANGELS

My sin contemplates angels
As you might scan a history
My sin contemplates angels
In a manner very like
The act itself
The sin has no fists but eyes
Flat twisted oval leering
My sin contemplates angels
As you might strike your sister
My sin contemplates angels
In a manner very like
The act itself
Its snoring thought squalid
Sweat beneath flimsy wings
My sin contemplates angels
As you might stroke your hair
My sin contemplates angels
In a manner very like
The act itself
Furtive, alone, in secret
Un-natural, out of perversion
My sin contemplates angels
As you might mumble I love
beer
As you might cry with rage
with grief
with exasperation
As you might read your work
Quiet AND by yourself
Hoping you might yet make a
revision
Thoughtless, out of incapacity
Helpless, out of inability
Wordless, out of incoherence
As you might construct a poem
Impetuous, unreasoning
Unique—thoughtless, best for-
gotten
As you might lie awake
After hours, printing
To test our credulity
My sin contemplates angels
As you might shout a poet
Testing your skill
On small life
As you might accept your fate
My sin contemplates angels
In the vacuum of its head
Plunging words about
Confusing
My sin contemplates angels
(Only when it isn't crawling)
And is resting on my shoe sole
In a manner very like the act
itself.

—T. Baile Costen

Hammurabi Had A Code

Gary Greer

This is the paradox of student government at Carolina: the people who one week introduce a bill giving the power to the Publications Board to appoint the editor of the Yack find it necessary to introduce legislation a couple of weeks later to make student government more "representative."

Such is exactly the case with the bill introduced in legislature providing that all representatives must visit their constituents. If the legislature votes tonight in favor of this bill, it will be a frank admission on the part of its members that they are irresponsible, that they need childish rules. It is, in short, another of those "brilliant" efforts to legislate morality or goodness or something, something which can never be instituted by law, something which can be had only by education.

To some of our old democrats, the term legislator somehow implies representation. To most everyone in these United States, the fact that a person holds an office somehow means that he is responsible to those who elected him. If such is the case, and if the present legislature is not cognizant of it, then surely it must be quite a radical group, a group which apparently has very little faith in its constituency, else it would not have ratified legislation which would have taken away the right of the people to elect the editor of the year-book.

Gentlemen, there seems to be a slight inconsistency. It appears that at least some of the members of that august group of lawmakers are either suffering from acute suspicion of themselves or of chronic suspicion of those who elected them, of those who chose them to lead, to carry the banner of better student government.

"It's Too Nice A Suit To Alter — Just Scrunch Down And Walk Like A Cripple"



HERB BLOCK © 1959 THE UNIVERSIST PAST CO.

Sigma Chi

Letter On Recent Derby

To The Editor:

The editors of the Woman's Handbook might be more truthful if they inserted a statement further mollifying the "Carolina Lady". In addition to her charm and genteel manners, she also possesses a certain dazed amenability—she prefers submitting to the indignities of the Sigma Chi Derby to being bold enough to complain about them.

Rather than suggest that she really enjoys her role of patsy-for-the-afternoon, I take the attitude that she is reluctant to risk being railed a wetblanket and all-around spoil sport. The cry of "AH, be a SPORT!" has been forever removed from the athletic field; it now serves as the signal for all activities directly opposed to the teaching of country, home and MOTHER. I associate it with good old Camp Nimrod for Girls, and the begay-when-you-fall-off-the-horse and learn-to-love-sleeping-in-a-bed-u-l-l-of-toothpaste philosophy. This attitude may be helpful if you want to learn to ride, but I could never see that the toothpaste treatment did anything for its victim beyond creating a lifetime distrust and hatred of her tormentors.

The Sigma Chi Derby is just the same old toothpaste on a larger scale (the people involved are larger), with the change that the victims know beforehand what they are getting into. The tormentors have become crew-cut young men who plan this diversion as part of our much-touted "preparation for life." No doubt this training will be handy when they are old enough to attend the American Legion and Shriners' conventions. There is always a market for this sort of thing: the "Three Stooges" aer very popular (with the ALL-CARTOON Show set); gladiatorial bouts have always been heavily attended. In the case of the Derby, the combatants double as clowns, a posture which has been

quite succesful in the world of professional wrestling.

No glowing report of the good fun had by all at the derby can change the character of the events in it. The handwalking contest should not need an entrant with an injured back to convince anyone that it was dangerous as well as degrading. This year's "secret event" was something from a nightmare—planned by bullies for the entertainment of sadists: six girls, teetering on the shoulders of six boys, their face covered by stockings holding eggs on their heads, swatting at each other with dead fish. The participants finished the contest bloody and smeared with egg, their hands cut and scraped by the fish scales and bones.

The Derby is a disgrace to the University as a whole, as well as to those people who participate actively in it. By participants, I mean to include the sorority members who stayed away from the derby in an effort to dissociate themselves from it. If they had reasons for their disapproval, they should have voiced them in their meetings.

At least one sorority nearly didn't enter the derby this year. Another's members are considering not entering next year. They probably will enter—their junior members won't know much about the derby beforehand, and enough of these new girls will be anxious to please and not too choosy about how. Arriving at the Derby, they will find that it is too late for them to back out.

The editors of the Handbook or even of the Rushing Manual might say that the Carolina Coed is anxious to "conduct herself as a lady at all times" but one—the time of the Sigma Chi Derby, when her conduct changes radically. Is it possible that these are her true colors?

Jeannette Hornsby

Legislative Roundup

Side Swipes

Rusty Hammond

Campus Scene: A mother having a very difficult time convincing her four-year-old son that he isn't helping anyone by taking parking tickets off parked cars (so "they won't have to pay the cops").

The main trouble with mama Henderson is labor pains.

There's so darn many pre-dawn ceremonies around this place it's a wonder anyone ever goes to bed.

An un-burning issue: library lights.

The Playmakers are scheduled to give "Inherit The Wind" this weekend in the Forest Theatre, but unless they're lucky they might have to change to "The Rains Came."

"Humphrey Predicts Democratic Convention To Be Wide Open." Congratulations on the understatement of the year, Hugh.

The University no doubt thought it was a good thing when it made it against the rules to give a quiz less than a week before finals. But the professors have jumped on it - they pile up the quizzes in those last two days and the students wind up going through finals twice each semester.

The Student Body was had, and bad, when the boys in Woollen Gym took it upon themselves to move the Duke game to Thanksgiving next year. It doesn't seem to make much of a darn any more what the students think, as long as those dollars keep rolling in.

That most wonderful of all campus organizations, the Women's Residence Council has done it again. Now coeds will be campused if their bed is unmade three times or if coke bottles are found in their rooms. Isn't it just so sweet to have someone to look after our little girls?

Add cliches: Once there was a bride that wasn't "radiant."

When this column (?) was written, the New York Yankees were in seventh place. If possible, we would like to see them finish a strong ninth.

(I SAW)

I saw a moon:

It was shining brightly
In its blue of day;
And I took its trodden path,
Straight and level on its way,
Until at end I found
An ugly, cold, unfertile ground
That but reflected light.

I saw a sun;

It was burning brightly
In its dark of night;
And I took its steep,
Winding path of spotted light,
Until at end I found
It disappeared,
And I looked out and saw the stars.

Charlie Whitfield



By SCHULZ

PEANUTS



By Walt Kelly

POGO

Not all pieces of legislation proposed by the members of UNC's Student Legislature are so popular and so well constructed that they breeze through the body by a unanimous vote of acceptance.

There were three measures defeated, and two referred back to the Rules Committee by action of the body Thursday night. They were all written by Representatives Jim Crownover and myself, (both SP).

The bill to appropriate \$78.00 to the Junior Class lost by a two vote margin. Wade Smith and his class officers made a serious and a noble effort to prove that class officers can do something. They held a series of meetings, planned a program and set up committees to handle next year's work as the Senior Class. These committees were to have been appointed and their work explained to them at the Junior picnic on May 12th.

Wade Smith made his first appearance before the Student Legislature Thursday night. He did a competent job of presenting his case and topped his presentation off with a clever bit of humor that drew an ovation from the body. His request was not passed. But the fact that he did a lot of work and was seriously concerned with the problems facing his class cannot be denied or voted out of existence by two legislators.

The bill to appropriate enough money to send another delegate to NSA's conference at Evanston, Ill, this summer also lost by two votes. Student Body leaders in both parties were interested in the acquisition of this additional delegate, yet anti-NSA and anti-SPENDING sentiment formed a coalition that killed it.

Student Body President Gray's reasons for wanting the extra delegate are simple: There are eight regular delegates provided for in the 1959-60 Budget; by tradition he must send the Vice President, David Grigg, the Secretary, Sue Wood, the Treasurer, Bob Bingham, the Assistant to the President, Jim Crownover, DTH Editor, Davis Young, and the NSA co-ordinator (unannounced). He will go himself under a separate appropriation. This leaves only two appointments out of the entire student body to be made by his own choice.

Gray also feels that he should send at least one student leader who is anti-NSA to the convention. He feels that certain misconceptions about NSA could be cleared up, and that the persons who formerly led the fight against NSA could possibly be active in promoting the good that its ideas can do the campus.

He wanted a total of ten people in his delegation, and endured, what is in my opinion, undue abuse and expression of a lack confidence in his opinions by the members of the Finance Committee and certain people who spoke on the floor.

Two votes were decisive in this action too.

The bill to provide machinery to have the rules committee review controversial presidential appointments was just plain unpopular. No one, outside of the author, felt that there was any need for it, so it died by a voice vote.

The bill to allow legislators to hold their seats after moving out of their districts went back to committee. The author felt that there was so much controversial stuff coming up, that the session would be long and hot, and that there were some minor changes in wording that he wanted made in a proposed amendment so he asked to have the bill returned to committee.

The "mosquito" bill was withdrawn by the author after he had taken certain steps toward the alleviation of the problem.

Finally, this leaves the Jim Crownover-Ralph Cummings-Jim Scott bill on compulsory attendance at meetings with constituencies.

The parliamentary maneuvering on this bill was very tricky. First, the defeated bill had to be revived. This was done by a motion of reconsideration by one of the legislators who opposed it the week before.

Discussion ensued. A motion to have the bill tabled was ruled out of order.

Jim Scott (SP) then introduced a complete set of articles to replace those in the old bill. I had read those articles in Ralph Cummings' handwriting prior to the writing of the last column. I felt then that they were going from bad to worse in an impossible situation. An effort was made to show the proponents of this bill what was basically wrong with it, but to no avail.

Scott's (or Cummings's) amendments were accepted. Then a motion to send the whole thing back to committee was made and recognized.

It was argued that the proposed changes were not in the proper form, that no committee had seen them, and that the legislators hadn't had a chance to look them over.

Technically, I feel that a bill cannot be constructed like this one and be legal. It calls for a long string of rules that require certain action on the part of the legislators, and provides penalties that could be invoked if they do not take that action. Then in its last article it says let the Rules committee draw up changes to make the provisions a part of the by-laws.

I am afraid that this sort of thing cannot be legally done. By-laws changes must be drawn up and presented as such and passed by TWO THIRDS of the body.

If Crownover and company can't get a simple majority to pass a bad bill, I wonder where they think they are going to get TWO THIRDS to pass a worse one.