

The Daily Tar Heel
The official student publication of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina.
The Daily Tar Heel is printed by the News, Inc., Carrboro, N.C.

Bob Stokes

Bop In A Beret

The swingiest oil offerings since Whistler's Mother hit the canvas are currently under glass at the Ackland Art Museum in Chapel Hill for all you 'way out' whapnots.
On the scene for a 32-day gig, seven British bohemians have sown this cool cottage with the weirdest abstract art since someone ventilated a tin can with a shotgun and won third prize at a national art show.

"You Just Don't Seem To Fit In Here"



Angus MacLean Duff

Intellectualism

There is definitely an important place for academics in our "Carolina way of life." However, we here at the University of North Carolina have not exerted the proper stress on the importance of good academic work.
We should strive diligently to increase and promote an academic atmosphere at U.N.C., and attempt to develop the intellect of the students through a program which caters to the individual rather than the whole.

Death Be Not Proud

If you were to take a pair of clippers and cut a leaf from a tree, in short time a new leaf would replace it: the only way to kill the tree is to take a spade and an axe and chop at the roots until the source of life itself is destroyed.
And if you live in an area where typhoid fever is rampant, you do not seclude yourself in your house and hope that the bug will pass by you; you receive an inoculation against the fever and continue to live out your daily routine.

Letter to the Editor

The Debate Goes On...

To the Editor:

There are several matters in connection with my charges against Bob Baynes which should be cleared up, particularly those precipitated in your editorial attack upon me and the general way the Tar Heel handled the case.
The Tar Heel made this case seem to be a "tempest in a tea-kettle" which was not the case at all. This effect was accomplished on Wednesday morning by omitting some of the most pertinent facts as well as all except one of the actual quotations which I attribute to Baynes.
I would like to say that I accept the decision of the Student Legislature as to whether Baynes shall continue in office. But I do resent the smothering of communication which has taken place.

Words From The Death House

The following statement by Caryl Chessman originally was made in 1957, when his execution seemed imminent. It was prepared during a series of interviews at San Quentin prison, where the convict-author was finally executed today.
You have asked me if I am sorry, and I tell you I am. I am sorry for a childhood that was wasted. It seems irony that most of my childhood was spent in institutions that were designed to correct my ways and mend my manners. They failed to do that, and I am sorry. I failed to respond to that treatment. Yet it seems to me that someone could have penetrated to me, someone could have reached me when I was only a perplexed and befuddled boy.

That is the time to stop crime, to rehabilitate. Boys can be reached and changed, and that is a job society must accomplish.

Now I am gone. Whatever use I might have been to society is canceled by an act of vengeance.

Capital punishment is not a penalty. Many times, in these last few years, I have realized it might be a blessing to end this tormented struggle and this inhuman harassment.

I have seen the poor, the friendless, the mentally ill, led to the chamber of execution. I have felt that society has, each time, shirked its responsibility. These were the mistakes of civilization. Instead of correcting mistakes, society erases them. Out of sight, out of mind.

You ask me if I have a confession to make. I have not. In my lifetime I was guilty of many crimes, but not these for which my life was taken. You ask me about a future life. I believe there is none. Caryl Chessman has gone to oblivion, so that society can forget one sorry lifetime.

I feel that I had a useful life ahead of me. Had the state been interested in justice, instead of ven-



by WALY KELLY

by SCHUS