

The Daily Tar Heel

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Davis B. Young

A Last Look At State Politics

Editor Jonathan Yardley of this publication has asked for one final wrap-up on the current North Carolina political situation in today's paper, the last edition for this academic year.

By the time you return to the hallowed halls of alma mater in the middle of September, North Carolina will have selected its Democratic Party nominee for the position of Governor, and one for the United States Senate. Since no change in past voting trends is expected in November's General Election, it may safely be assumed that the men chosen by the party of the people will be those who will sweep into office over their token GOP opposition.

Before digging into the bulk of this final column, it would be appropriate to deal briefly in generalities. Initially, it should be noted that the campaign for Governor features four very intelligent and able administrators, while that for the Senate presents two experienced and qualified candidates to the electorate. This observer of the political horizons has been privileged to witness campaigns for statewide office both in California and New Jersey before finally arriving on the soil of Tar Heelia. Never before have we seen a campaign waged on a higher level, one almost totally devoid of mass mudslinging.

Never before have we seen four very able gentlemen present themselves for the state's highest office, using as the basis for their

campaign an academic approach. To be sure, there will be some who will disagree with this assertion. But to that we say, you haven't seen a really dirty political campaign until you've watched them in other parts of the country. Again, as it has had reason to do on so many occasions, the State of North Carolina may be justifiably proud of the manner in which something has been accomplished within its boundaries.

As far as the gubernatorial picture is concerned, we will hasten to join virtually every political forecaster around by conceding the front running position in the first primary to Terry Sanford. From all newspaper reports and personal observation we have seen and done, it is beyond comprehension how the Fayetteville attorney will be moved out of the number one spot in Saturday's vote. On the second go around, the June runoff, we have our serious doubts that he can win. However, unless he fails to pile up a commanding percentage in this week's Primary, he will be tough to stop from going all the way.

The other party on the June runoff could be any of the other three aspirants, Malcolm B. Seawell, John D. Larkins or Dr. I Beverly Lake. Each has his strong areas. Seawell is running with full backing from the incumbent Governor, Luther Hodges. Larkins, the present Democratic National Committeeman and a veteran of 13 years in the State Senate,

has strong support from the regular party workers throughout the state. Lake, former N. C. Assistant Attorney General, is the candidate of the segregation forces in the state. Look for a silent, but large turnout for him. Again, we repeat, Sanford will have his hands full with any of them in a runoff.

In the senatorial sweepstakes, incumbent B. Everett Jordan is also being backed by the Hodges administration. Indeed, Jordan is his best partner. Jordan has on his side the fact that he was a stalwart in southern efforts to block passage of Civil Rights legislation in this term of Congress. He is favored to retain his seat.

The challenger, Wilmington attorney Addison Hewlett, is a former Speaker of the North Carolina General Assembly, and a well known figure throughout North Carolina political circles. It should be noted that he has very strong support in this area, Orange County. He may well shock the speculators by giving Jordan a sound beating, but this is doubtful. Never bet against the champion.

In conclusion, allow me, from a personal standpoint, to say that it has been a real pleasure to write a series of columns on North Carolina politics. It is an interesting subject, of vital concern to all of our citizens, and the men who participate are "real swell" fellas.

Anthony Wolff

Parting Shot

(The following column, a parting shot from Anthony Wolff, was written at the request of the editor. It is the last effort of Mr. Wolff's Carolina career, and as such deserves the attention not only of those who have been faithful readers of his but of those who have not as well. For four years he has been one of the most reliable columnists on the staff, and one of the most stimulating. The paper will miss him next year. The Editor)

It seems that condemned men and retiring columnists have this much in common: both are assigned a time for Last Words. If the death-bound has it in him to be great, then his final utterance, informed by a confrontation with imminent death, may define both his life and his death.

Unfortunately, the retiring columnist has no such stimulus to prompt him to greatness. His "final" confrontation is no more — and, hopefully, no less — special than those attempts to discover his world which have marked his career as columnist from the start. So these are last words, not Last Words.

The most discouraging thing about writing a column like this one is not the search for a few remarks which will crystallize the experience of four years; it is the realization that there is nothing new to say. After four years the same offenses are committed against democracy and — often in the very name of democracy — against the best ideal of the University.

For example, the other night a group of Student Leaders, blindly appointed by their fellows to lead them by the nose down the primrose path of self-righteousness, gave formal notice to the free citizens of this community to toe the line.

In effect, the Student Council has taken for itself the right to review any student action and make ex post facto judgment of it. The Constitution of the United States, to which we all claim to adhere and which is included in the Student Constitution, specifically forbids such judiciary legislation in Article I, Section 3. The effect of the Student Council action must be to stifle free expression, for from now on any student before he acts must consider whether the Council may not at will strike him down.

It should also be noted that the Council rarely concerns itself overmuch with the violations of the rights of others which are its rightful function. If it has any at all, the reference is to such student activities as the purposeful interference with Playmaker rehearsals in the Forest Theatre. Every year students commit violence of one sort or another, there are protests such as the most recent one from Kai Jurgensen, and the Student Council does nothing.

Nor will the Council construe as a Campus Code violation the fraternity practice of broadcasting, often in chaotic competition with each other, their chosen musical fare.

Other examples are easily available, but it seems more important in this limited space to note that South Building, particularly the office of the Dean of Student Affairs, is in cahoots. Likewise Miss Carmichael's salon across the hall. Here the decisions of the student vigilantes go not for review by more mature judges, but for irresponsible rubber stamping.

This is not to say that the Administration is lazy or ineffectual. No less a personage than Chancellor Aycock, whose involvement with the vital life of this University is usually manifest in the negative mode, has joined in the offensive against free student expression. In a letter to the merchants of Chapel Hill the Chancellor has disowned *Spectrum* in the name of the University of North Carolina. It is not, in his word, an "official" organ of the University.

In other words, there is an "official" university, defined by those in power. No student expression is to be connected with the university, though it emanate from students at the university, unless it bears the "official" imprimatur.

This attitude exists alongside the University's willing sponsorship of professional athletic teams, social organizations with discriminatory clauses (written or unwritten), and other such moral hazards which are "official."

It is no secret that officials are concerned about a certain more-or-less definite group of Carolina students who offend simply by their unwillingness to play the game by the "official" rules. They don't dress as the rest of us do — sometimes they don't dress much at all; they live in strange dens around town; they pursue odd vocations such as writing and painting or doing nothing at all, just waiting, and some of them produce *Spectrum*.

This is not to imply that the Chancellor is deliberately moving to cut off *Spectrum's* advertising revenues, as the magazine's editors contend is the case. This may or may not be true. It is certainly true that the Chancellor's "official" letter will tend to have this effect. But in the letter this purpose is specifically disclaimed, so if we are to take the Chancellor at his word we can assume that his meddling is not all that malicious.

His message is more subtle, and potentially more destructive than simple censorship. By refusing these students the right to declare their affiliation with the University in their magazine, he has created the strong impression that a student's expression is subject to the approval of the powers that be around here, and that if you say the wrong thing you are refused your identity as part of the community.

My space is at an end. But, dear friends, the ball goes on into the night. Dance.

A Few Who Deserve Recognition...

Perhaps we should close off the 1959-1960 Daily Tar Heel year with a morbid column filled with words to the wise from the wise advising seniors how they should venture out to take the word by the horns; after all, this is what has always been done.

Since, however, we are neither sure that what we have to say would carry much weight nor that it would make much sense, we have decided to abandon the idea and institute a new one in its place.

As we have watched the years progress there have been many members of the Class of 1960 whom we have felt to be worthy of salutation and recognition by the University's two highest orders, the Valkyries and the Order of the Golden Fleece.

Many of these people have been recognized thusly, but not all, due to the exclusive quality of these two organizations.

We, therefore, have taken it upon ourselves to establish The Order of the Editor's Choice to recognize those whom we feel worthy. Most members of the two established honoraries are automatic members, and to them we add those others, with appropriate citations, written in those cliches which citations demand:

Jim Croenover — for doing more, perhaps, than any other student to promote understanding and efficiency in Student Government. He never lost interest or enthusiasm, even when his own political party showed ingratitude for his work.

Sandy Trotman — who led the Women's Honor Council through a year of trial and tribulation, trying always to do what she thought would best benefit the girls who are under the jurisdiction of that body.

Gordon Street — He walked into the job of Treasurer of the Student Body in the middle of the year when it was vacated, doing the kind of job that he has made typical of himself. He always is concerned with the best interests of the University and of the students who compose it.

Bob Bingham — he had to vacate his job and let Gordon Street take over for him, because he had tried so hard to do so many things for the University that his studies practically collapsed. He has managed to befriend almost the entire campus and to serve all of it.

Dee Daniels — one of the finest staffers the Daily Tar Heel has ever

had, and one of the finest coeds we have ever met. She extended her services to the YWCA and made invaluable contributions wherever she worked.

Jack Raper — His work with the YMCA has resulted in high achievement for that organization and endless benefit to the entire campus. His scholastic record does not need to be cited, as it stands on its own merits.

Lee Shaffer — he has been one of the finest basketball players to attend this University, and has represented us in a gentlemanly manner wherever he has gone. He, too, has set high scholastic marks.

Becky Clopper — who was a guiding force in the 1960 Yachety Yack and who was willing to come into the Symposium when that job was over and continue to work diligently. One of the most pleasant-natured people we know.

Bob Thompson — active in Student Legislative and Student Government, he has served the dormitory interests unselfishly and has contributed to the efficient, beneficial working of Student Government as a whole.

Howard O'Tuel — certainly a driving force in U.N.C. publications, and one of the most cooperative, helpful and kind members of the student community. Has held the best interests of all he has worked with at heart.

Frank Crouther — always controversial, always interesting member of the Tar Heel staff who has made the Carolina Forum one of the most important organizations on the campus through his dedicated efforts to bring stimulating men and women to Chapel Hill.

Bill Davis — a good personal friend who has been of infinite help to this editor and who has been willing and anxious to serve the University in any capacity in which he might be able.

Mardi Bardaell — she spent a majority of her free time during the past year serving as secretary to the 1960 Carolina Symposium and doing a job that would make any person proud. One of the major reasons for that event's success.

Jim Harper — the last of the Tar Heel wits, and one of the funniest. His good humor and willingness to help the paper in a pinch have been a Godsend to three editions.

There are many more who deserve public recognition but we, like the Valkyries and the Golden Fleece, are open to error and omissions.

Five Hundred Dollars Well Spent

Those of us who had the good fortune to participate in the "General Electric College Bowl" television show last March 27 were pleased to see that the \$500 we won by losing was awarded according to the suggestions we made.

For one year Edwin G. Mendenhall, sophomore from Sanford, will bear the distinction of holding a grant made possible through the efforts of four male students, one alternate and one coach who went to New York, had a good time of it, and got pasted by four much quicker folks from New York University.

It was also encouraging to see that the recipient of the scholar-

ship lives up to the requisites that we set in our somewhat pretentious, but, at least, sincere request.

Mendenhall has demonstrated, in his two years here, a capacity for work and intellectual endeavor which might well be followed by many students here — including the author of this editorial — in its diligence and success.

If the scholarship has been awarded with such a sense of responsibility, then those of us who went down in defeat have been handed some small balm for our wounds, received at the hands of those who were... well, just a wee bit sharper.

Angus MacLean Duff

Our Student Judiciary

In conjunction with an effective honor system is an efficient student judiciary. Any such judicial branch which is incorporated within the workings of an autonomous honor system should, of necessity, be constructive rather than, or instead of, an adherence to the destruction of individual personality. As a human-being subject to error and fault, and possessing a lack of understanding and temporary loss of faculties, the individual student wishes of the administration or the political should be given the prime consideration. The desires of self-concerned student legislators should be subdued.

Certainly, we do not want to develop a legalistic judiciary if it can possibly be avoided. Here at the University, the chance of stiff sentence is proportionally much greater than that of a District or County Court. Suspension or expulsion from school means an ultimate loss of respect and reputation, often the opportunity to finish college is denied, and certainly a lessening of success in later life ensues in the majority of the cases. This is a much stricter penalty to endure than a twenty-five dollar fine or a suspended road sentence. Therefore, we should not employ legalism; but, the system has to be administered entirely by students, regardless of the methodology we use.

At present, the defendant is not allowed to face his accuser before the trial. Perhaps untruth words would pass between the two parties in some instances, but some of the details and possible misunderstandings could be "ironed out" previous to the actual trial. Much time could be saved if the accuser and the defendant had a chance to talk things over previous to the session of the Council. Even if no settlement was reached, at least understanding would develop, and the trial itself would progress swiftly and much smoothly.

We should not have an active defense Council, but unless the attorney general terminates the present "lawyer of prosecution" attitude, it will be necessary to continue the incorporation of an active defense council in our judiciary. Unlimited character witnesses are allowed the defendant now, but due to the nature of the term "witness", only one or, at most, two persons act as witnesses to the act. This means that the prosecution must present numerous instances of proof in order to properly try the case. The convicted defendant can appeal his case to a higher body, but the attorney general can not ask for a second trial. No matter what situation develops, it is imperative that both the attorney general and the defense council have equal powers, in every sense of the word "fair".

Some students feel that full-time professionals run the judiciary now — professionals as far as their own judicial limits and interests are concerned. From the average student's viewpoint, the whole problem of the

Jim Harper

'Wake Me When It's Over'

"Wake Me When It's Over" is not the "funniest picture since fun was born." It does provide an hour or so of good fun, but it runs a little over two hours, total.

The production, by Mervyn Leroy, is taken from Howard Singer's novel of the same name (The reviewer was confused, thinking that it came from Abner Dean's bedroom commentary, also of the same name. Perhaps it should have), and is reminiscent of a second rate "Teahouse of the August Moon." The setting is the same: the charming Orient. The characters are the same: goofy, gay service personnel. But the time is wrong: "Teahouse" and "Sayonara" came booming out of the east, but "Wake Me" comes more as an illegal entrant through the back door.

The picture starts slowly, has its hour (mentioned above), then assumes a soporific character.

In the end, the true meaning of the title is revealed to the hapless, nay helpless, viewer.

Gus Brewbaker (Dick Shawn) is a nice-guy restaurant owner in the Bronx; happily

married, father, Air Force vet, schnook. (A "schnook" is someone who "pays a kid 50c to mow a lawn that doesn't need it and is arrested that night for violating the child labor law.") Somehow, Brewbaker schnooks himself back into the Air Force, and is assigned to a tiny radar post on Shima; an island so small that even the sergeants don't know where it is. On arrival, he finds his old, mad-dog Captain (Ernie Kovacs) in command of an outfit resembling a hobo jungle in appearance, and San Quentin in morale.

The logical next step ("this project isn't logical enough to fail") is to construct a vacation hotel by the steaming waters of the local spot. Friendly relations with the local citizenry, then at a low ebb, are cemented by one of the local misses (Nobu McCarthy) and things (misappropriation and misuse of government property) snowball ahead. A WAF lieutenant (Margo Moore) is flown in to afford Caucasian contrast of sex.

Brewbaker "buys" a dozen of the local maidens to serve as waitresses, maids, etc.; is made head of the hotel corporation; is hi-

complete charge of construction. In a word, the rap is pinned on him.

And the rap must be taken. An offended feature writer from the States pegs the resort as a "sin spot of the Orient," and the necessary investigation, complete with Southern ("we'll clean 'em up lak we does boll weevils") senator, ensues. Then the necessary Court Martial ensues. Then pandemonium (Kovacs parachutes in to testify) ensues. Then nothing ensues for awhile. Then Brewbaker says a fond, Platonic farewell to his little geisha, sails off cheerfully to the Bronx as the viewer sinks slowly in his seat.

There were some good performances in the movie, mostly by supporting actors not billed. Richard Strauss was at his beastly best, but Don Knotts should have, when asked to take a part, replied "No-o-o!"

Jack Warden played well as the friendly doctor and defense counsel. Margo Moore wore a good uniform. Miss McCarthy is one of hundreds of charming geishas, no more.

Ernie Kovacs is by definition funny, and was so in the movie.