

Please, Mr. Trustee— Spare That Car

According to latest reports, the Visiting Committee of the Board of Trustees plans to make another complaint about the abundance of student cars on campus.

If any restriction is to be made, it would, to deal equitably, have to include members of the student body whose need for cars is vital to their college welfare. Married students, the campus's 1,000 veterans, and town-dwellers who may not live within convenient walking distance of their classrooms, may suffer.

Anyway, the statistics released by the Committee don't seem to provide real grounds for complaint. The figures show that only 17 percent of freshmen and sophomores and 23 percent of juniors and seniors keep cars with them in Chapel Hill.

In a university community the size of Chapel Hill those figures seem reasonable enough to us.

Carolina Front Student Cars

A Lost Ad & Lazy Friday

Louis Kraar

WHEN THE University's bosses—the Board of Trustees—meet this Monday, they'll hear a firm statement on the "difficult problems" caused by student cars.

The Visiting Committee will tell the board that the influence of autos "may be especially critical with respect to underclassmen." At the same time, the Trustees will be told that "a hard and fast prohibition of automobiles is unlikely to be effective."

Thus, it's unlikely that the Trustees will take any action against student cars other than telling the local Administration to look into the matter.

However, this reporter sees the mention of student cars in the Visiting Committee's report much in the light of a hint. Saturday classes were mentioned for several years in the reports of this same committee—then, all at once, they were passed.

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WHEN THE Trustee visitors came to campus, they met with President Tom Creasy and other student officers.

Monday the Visiting Committee will report that Creasy and the other officers "indicated that in general the spirit on the campus was good and their own representations illustrated wholesome relations among the students and between students and teachers."

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THE LOST AD in the paper this week that read: "Lost, black scarf with white trim, near the library. Not worth much to you but of great sentimental value to me." I was intrigued.

The ad was placed by our own Advertising Manager Dick Sirkin (who apparently believes in his own product). "My girl at home knitted the scarf for my birthday. I figured if she saw me on a cold day without it, she'd wonder. But I've found it now," explained Dick.

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IT WAS JUST an ordinary lazy Friday afternoon when I heard the hacking sound of the local fire alarm.

Charles' Dunn, of the Chapel Hill Weekly, and I headed toward the sound of the fire engines, and soon we were standing in front of a wooden shack in Carrboro that was already burned almost to the ground.

Faint outlines of a bed and tables stood out behind the flames as the tiny shack burned closer to the ground. I asked someone near me whose house it was, and he said it belonged to the Arthur Smiths, a Negro family.

I had walked up a hill away from the heart of the fire. A police car slid up silently, and a trembling Negro woman stepped out. She took one long look at the burning house and broke into loud sobs. Everything she owned, I thought, was burning before her eyes. She cried and cried.

An elderly Negress with white hair put a comforting arm about the sobbing woman. "It could have been worse Lucille. I told you about going away and leaving the children here. At least, they got out okay," the elderly woman said.

Lucille stopped crying and walked slowly down the big hill toward what was left of her home. Soon her husband arrived. He's a cook at the Monogram Club, and they called him from work.

The husband took a long look at the house, too, then walked with his head down to join his wife.

I've had a hard time this week getting the look on their faces out of my mind, and maybe that's a good thing.

'How can you learn lessons in here? Why there's hardly room for you, and no room at all for any lesson books!'—Alice in Wonderland.



SOUNDS

Clayton Jams On BG Tunes

Tom Spain

John Hammond and George Avakian, Columbia's entrepreneurs of better jazz, have seen to it that another of the memorable Buck Clayton jam sessions have been released. The first two, HOW HIGH THE FI, and THE HUCKLE-BUCK AND ROBBINS' NEST, met with great success during the past year, not without reason. An honest jam session, caught on record, is bound to be of interest to any jazz enthusiast, especially when the jamming is done by Clayton and his worthy all-star line-up.

The footloose recording sessions, in which the promoters gave the groups plenty of time and miles of tape, have an easy air about them, most conducive to what might be termed, expressive relaxation. The veteran musicians were told to do as they pleased, and apparently, they did. The results of the first two releases were sheer delight, and now the new album, BUCK CLAYTON JAMS BENNY GOODMAN FAVORITES, shows a similar quality, lacking only in the unique wonder which was drawn by the first two.

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Hammond and Avakian deserve due credit for proving that the best jazz is the natural kind, that is without any regulations whatsoever. The Clayton groups had no time limits, no arrangements, and, in effect, no leader. Because of this, the recordings run as long as 25 minutes, giving the musicians time to warm up as well as to have their complete say. The lovers and promoters of jazz have for many years dreamed of catching jam sessions on recording machines, but the thought never occurred to them that they can set one up quite easily. This done, Hammond and Avakian have given us not only some of Buck Clayton's best, but a three-hour collection of some of the most rousing and expressive solo interpretations, riffs, and rhythms.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS features the same group as did the former albums, and in fact was recorded at about the same time. That all-Basic rhythm section of Jo Jones, Walter Page, Freddie Green and Sir Charles Thompson, has a name almost reverent on the jazz world. The others are equally notable: Trumpets—Clayton, and Basie's Joe Newman, a versatile-plus figure who found a more than warm reception here in Chapel

Hill; Trombones — Henderson Chambers and the highly-thought-of Urbie Green; Reeds—Lem Davis, Julian Dash, and on baritone, Charlie Fowlkes, who also wowed 'em in Chapel Hill. All these musicians are qualified veterans, and many are graduates of the Count Basie band.

It is with the Basie influence that Sir Charles Thompson opens CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, and his short and subtle piano introduction sets a swing mood that is quickly picked up by the entire ensemble. Rhythm, key and mood established, the group tosses the melody back and forth with its leader, who then turns it over to Newman, who takes two swinging solos in front of a mild riff. Newman's trumpet work is clear and sure, working in and out of the riff, with a coy touch, generally characteristic of Clayton.

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And so it goes for twenty five minutes. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, of course, is an early Goodman classic, noted for its easy swing. Written by Chu Berry and first featured by the Fletcher Henderson band, the tune is a natural for the Clayton group because of its varying melody, which leaves ample room for open interpretations.

On side two, recorded some months after side one, there are some changes in the line-up. Billy Kyle, Trummy Young, Coleman Hawkins and Milt Hinton sit in for the second and third numbers, DON'T BE THAT WAY, and UNDECIDED.

Kyle's light and airy piano work presents a notable contrast to Thompson's Basie style of the first side, adding a stepped up quality to the easy swing of the two Goodman standards. Hawkins' tenor sax solos bring back the days of the dogging sax and the big swing bands. Though DON'T BE THAT WAY opens just as Goodman would have wished, the group loses no time in turning the old favorite into a first class after-hours session.

Clayton group differs from Goodman's bands in every conceivable way. It is not a highly organized swing band, but rather a group of superb soloists which maintains the talent of ensemble musicianship. They do not present the interpretations of one arranger. Each man, however, is allowed to offer his own interpretation—several times if possible. In effect, each is an artist, and these jam sessions present the talent of each, all being outstanding.

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ALRIGHT OR ALL RIGHT? Merriam-Webster lists "in so far" as three words and then explains that it can "properly" be written either way. (Some authorities also object to the use of "in" in the phrase "in so far as," stating that the phrase should be "so far as.")

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There is, however, reason to believe that "alright" will someday be considered acceptable. If "alright" and "altogether," why not "alright"?

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The similarity that causes what we today label an error may someday be described by linguists as a change (from "alright" to "alright") by analogy with "al-ready." A similar confusion results in the use of "meantime" and "meanwhile." Because the phrase "in the meantime" is standard and probably more idiomatic than the single word "meantime," some people are led to use the unidiomatic "in the meantime." "Meanwhile" is, of course, the preferred form.

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HOT GOODMAN The new album is not an attempt to bring back the Goodman days of the thirties, but simply a new and different treatment of three of Goodman's favorite and most popular numbers. There is not one touch of the former renditions, save the quick introduction to DON'T BE THAT WAY, and the group does not even possess a clarinetist. The

YOU Said It

More Power To 'Liberal Views'

Editor: This is in reference to the letter written by Mr. William C. Grimes which appeared in The Daily Tar Heel on February 24. Dear Mr. Grimes:

After reading your letter of February 24th to The Daily Tar Heel, we felt compelled to answer it. At first we became angry. Later, our anger turned to pity, disgust and embarrassment.

We were angry because we could not see how an educated human being could believe and write such tripe. Did you honestly believe what you wrote, Mr. Grimes, or did you just want to see your name in print.

We pity you, Mr. Grimes, if you are unable to express yourself without using the word "nigger." In your mind, does a person automatically become a Red if he expresses liberal views.

We were disgusted with you, Mr. Grimes, for such narrow minded thinking on your part. What courses did you take while you were attending the University? Narrow Mindedness 22 and White Supremacy 53? Did you take a course in Religion in which you are supposed to learn to live with your fellow man-kind? How about Political Science? Were you not taught that all men are created equal under the Constitution of the United States?

Finally, Mr. Grimes, we were ashamed and embarrassed to learn that you hold a degree from the same university that we are attending. As for your suggestion "to go North young man" we might decide to follow your advice. We would go anywhere to escape such narrow minded thinking as you exhibit.

Mr. Grimes, if you happen to take your own advice and go North, please don't associate your views with those of the University. If people ask you where you received your education, just tell them that you never attended college. It would be much easier for them to believe this and it might save us some embarrassment in the future. It is you, with your narrow mindedness that is becoming a ball and chain around the neck of the University.

More power to Kuralt, Kraar, Levin, Fleishman for their "liberal views." What this University needs is more people like them and fewer people like you. Paul D. Mason Fred W. Dieffenbach

Student's Wife Suggests On Vacation

Editor: As a wife of a student I am writing about vacations and their rather poor timing. When I was in college in another state, vacations started on a Wednesday or Thursday and ended on a day in the middle of the week to prevent students from traveling over a weekend when traffic is heaviest. This University's vacations almost always necessitate weekend travel.

Easter vacation ends on Monday, but students who live any distance must travel Easter Sunday in order to be here in time for classes on Monday. This is not quite fair when it is realized that the reason students go home is to celebrate Easter, a religious holiday, and then U. N. C. asks students to spend most of the day on a train, or in a bus or car in order to report to classes 8 a.m. on Monday.

I should think moving the vacations forward a day so that the same number of days are allowed, but the last day falls on a Monday instead of Sunday, would allow students to have all of Easter at home. This arrangement would also prevent students from traveling on a weekend, when accidents are most frequent and traffic is heaviest.

Ariana Holliday Mangum

Quote, Unquote

"Everyone knows how to run a school, a newspaper, or a chicken farm better than the operators do."—Phillips Russell in class.

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"There's a story going around about the collegiate Texas oil heir whose dad bought him a university for him to drive his convertible to."—Dallas News.

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"Posterity may be puzzled at us—keeping America strong and free and broke all at the same time."—Memphis Press-Scimitar.

Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

(The Horse see imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others.—Hippocrates, circa 500 B. C.)

I HAD THE HORSE backed into a corner of his stall and I was working him over with a whip. He sort of lazes up when I let him get away with an Oat-Bag Gleanings piece, as I had last time out.

"Blame it on the linotyper," The Horse argued as he nimbly evaded my worst blows. "Why should I or another guy work hard when youse bandicoot at the printery louse it up?"

Ohhhhhhhh, what Horsie had said. Wham! "Well, that's what Kuralt blames it on, and the Horse dodged successfully. "Zounds, isn't he pulling several demon proofreaders to cull errata?"

So, The Horse laid it to mechanical difficulty. "Now, I mean bi-ped linotypers, not the machines which they mismanage." The Horse shrugged when I belayed laying the lash in lusty licks. "But it is always nice to provide folk with something to beef about."

Was that good. To provide a beef?

"Better'n horse-meat about it," The Horse put in a plug for more live plugs and less Brisket of Seabiscuit. "Remember what Teddy Roosevelt said when Mrs. R., in the White House, mourned that things had not gone smoothly for some house guests."

What did Teddy say . . . Delighted . . . ?

"Nope," The Horse stated. "Ol' Teddy said, 'My dear Mrs. R., you have been the perfect hostess; you have sent our guests away happy in their ability to criticize something. Nothing gives greater affront than perfection.'"

I thought there was little likelihood of ye printers of the DTH ever affronting with perfection, or even with understandable flaws due to haste or badly concocted copy.

"Take this here now gradcoate who wrote what he perhaps hoped would be an earth-shaking document." The Horse pointed with a reasonable hook. "The one who ehue-ed and alack-a-day-ed over how we are all Communists here at The Hill, God bless it."

Ugh! That Grimey-letter writer?

"Well, now, the lad has a right to his ignorance, bad manners and lies." The Horse saw it. "All I ask you to consider is, how horrendous would he be had he not learned something here at this Seat of Southern Cultoor & Erudition?"

Then The Horse thought this friend of the Clarck claque of clucking clackers correct?

"I didn't say that," The Horse reminded me, thus infuriating me by being right. I despise him when he is right! "I said he had a right to his ideas but why bring the Clarks into this?"

Well, the author of the Grimey letter had!

"Okay, okay, so leave him be responsible for his own guests." The Horse chattered. I hate him when he chatters, too. "I don't drag them in."

No; they were put in by Legislature.

"That shows you," The Horse smiled pleasantly. "The only way they could get connected with this here now—"

Seat of Southern Cultoor & Euridition?

"—would be to have a law passed," The Horse stated. "Just toss it off as a tribute to the great and good father, Judge Clark. And leave us not get too grim about Grimes."

The Horse amazed me with his tolerance and gentleness! How cool, how calm, how objective!

"But of course he is a bow-legged, cock-eyed, double-dealing duck-billed wombat when he says we are Reds, or anything approaching thereunto." The Horse double-crossed me. "And he is a liar, regret the days of duello are past, or I should care the echidna out to give me satisfaction."

What would the weapons be?

"Spittoons, at ten paces," The Horse specified. "Grimey-Boy can't do niffin' but sputter, and I win in a single-foot." He looked me over very carefully and added: "Roger, can't you sorta guess what the deal is with Grimey?"

Venom, hate, fury, rage—

"I mean, why?" The Horse said. "Me, 'E see it either: 1) Grimey is trying to borry moola for his friends; 2) Grimey works for them and is bucking for a raise; 3) Grimey is an interested kinsman; 4) Grimey wants in on The Board and is currying favor with his buddies; 5) Grimey an eddycation didn't see eye-to-eye; 6) Grimey may be a frustrated Journalist."

But, he claimed to be an alumnus! Maybe he had gone through with Straight-D's?

"I would not," The Horse mused, "tag him with any classification, no matter how lowly, which contained in its adjectives the word 'straight,' no, would not. His thinking is not straight, and his aims are questionable, to say the least. Perhaps he has a number of frustrations which make him less than a reasonable man. If so, our learning teaches us to look the other way and hope he recovers his mental balance. His language bespeaks an acute trauma of the ego, aggravated by hypertension, and not lessened in any way by reflection. His words mirror his solitude. He is a person who has resigned from the human race, and all I can say is, I am sorry his view of us is so warped. It is a myopia for which there is no external relief."

Maybe he liked to see his name in print?

"I think Chollie-Boy Kuralt should not print such missiles as this," The Horse said. "It shames the writer, and it is no feather in our caps to have muddled and graduated any such ensemble of disloyal Tar Heel without doing him some small good."

Grimey had said he was ashamed to admit he had schooled here, did The Horse note?

"His secret," The Horse said mildly, "is sat with us, and we promise not to let it go farther than the linotyper, and God wot, after he gets a-holt of it who knows but what it will have us running Grimey for Prexy. He is hereby accorded The Grand Double-Cross of the Lowly Order of Wump . . . and God-speed."

"Wump!" seconded Mr. Wump from deep in The Horse's stall.

All Puffed Out

The doors of the Morehead Building flew open and one of those bands of bobbing heads, nervous feet, and tireless voices—the North Carolina school children to whom the University plays host on weekdays—passed through.

The shepherding teacher passed along the ranks, pushing stragglers into line.

"Is that Roman architecture?" asked one wide-eyed youngster, basking in the pleasure of learning acquired in sixth-grade ancient history.

We didn't catch the teacher's answer to that scholarly question. Just then South Building's bell clanged over the sound of her voice, and our attention moved to the wearied students who trudged out of Alumni Building. A spokesman for the group rubbed his eyes and asked:

"When the crossword puzzles are finished, what do you do in these classes?"

Apparently, academic steam, like youth, is a stuff that will not endure.

Emilygration

The Haverford College sociologist, Dr. Ira Reid, speaking on the problems of implementing the Supreme Court Decision on segregation, struck a vibrant and troublesome string when he spoke of "patterned evasions."

"Patterned evasions" are not limited to proposals to abolish the public school systems, to attempts to fight integration by elaborate paper work—all the typical by-ways being invented in quarters openly hostile to the Decision.

There is another, deeper and deadlier "patterned evasion." And Dr. Reid touched briefly on that evasion when he mentioned those who make their tolerance of minority rights a matter of etiquette or "democracy." For them, as the sociologist said, racial justice becomes a matter of shaking hands gracefully; or of sitting beside a member of a minority race in a classroom because Emily Post would perhaps approve.

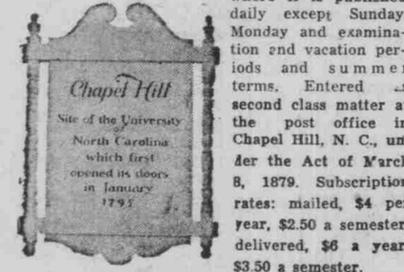
From Dr. Reid's remarks, we can gain this: Compliance with moral obligations may become as false, as perfunctory, as doctrinaire, as defiance.

The picture of racial justice we lay before the peoples outside our own boundaries will stand on weak legs if our actions are but dough-faces for attitudes which remain unchanged.

Prejudice, diluted and concealed by a thousand pages of Emily Post, covered by procedures followed only because they are "noble" or "democratic," is still prejudice.

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