

The Bloomer Lobby

Petty moralistic objections to panty raids we consider infantile. Boys will be boys, as the saying goes; likewise, asses will be asses. But we would have the ears of the panty-raiders for just one tip: When the state legislators wrestling with a crucial University budget in crucial times opened their newspapers yesterday morning we doubt that the staring headlines about a panty raid in Chapel Hill did our cause any good. Lace-trill bloomer chasing is not a good lobby for the University's budget.

If the panty-raiders would use their pent-up energies to steam up a march on Raleigh to plead for the school's fiscal needs, we all would be better served.

So, gentlemen (?), please hold the raids under wraps till we get a budget. Who knows—Maybe the Raleigh folks will give us enough money to give every Carolina male a free pair of panties.

How Not To Fight A Mushroom

The bill to increase out-of-state tuition in state-supported colleges continues to bounce around the State Legislature. This week it bounced into the chambers of the House Committee on Higher Education.

Representative William W. Taylor of Warren, the devil's advocate (and apparently a lot of devils back him up) is mightily disturbed about where dormitory space for 4,000 new out-of-state students anticipated in the next 17 years is to come from. In hinging his argument for increased out-of-state tuition (\$310 per year, which would not apply to those now enrolled) on the expected lack of space, he has removed all doubt in our minds that the measure is a prohibitive measure—just as surely as a protective tariff is a prohibitive measure.

We think that a drastic discriminatory raise at this time would seriously puncture University vitality and we oppose it. Ultimately, we foresee sectionalism and stunted outlook if the Legislature chooses to tax a special group for increased revenue.

Legislative steps should be taken to assure the University of a minimum percentage of out-of-state students. True, the out-of-staters should bear the brunt of any increase in tuition; but, we maintain, the in-state students and the taxpayers of North Carolina, given the broad picture, given the dangers of a prohibitive tuition raise, should be willing to bear some of the cost of an expanding University.

And let the Legislature make no mistake: The University is going to mushroom. The laws of growth cannot be turned away, shunned, or ameliorated by short-sighted and discriminatory tuition raises.

Let Them Talk Of The Ghosts

Students from all phases of campus life, faculty members, and administrators will sit down this weekend to take a closer look at themselves and the University.

Officially, this two-day session in introspection (or bull session, if you want to be frank) will be called the second All-Campus Conference. Actually, this conference will consist merely of a number of the three species of Carolina inhabitants—students, professors, and administrators—talking over their main job, the pursuit of learning.

The Daily Tar Heel hails this meeting, urges participants to talk about the real problems of Carolina. Last year's initial All-Campus conference, after the duties of politeness were performed between the three groups, turned into a frank, informal discussion of what is wrong (and right) about the University.

The All-Campus Conference decided last year, among other things, that students don't study enough, faculty members don't teach interestingly enough, and administrators administer too much.

We hope this weekend's conference will tackle the lousy problems that loom ghost-like over campus life—the rigors of implementing the Supreme Court's segregation decree, the lack of student leadership, and the need for an intellectual leader in the administration to point out the purposes of the University to undergraduates.

If candid conversation among leaders assembled deals with these, and other vital problems, the ghosts will vanish like bad dreams.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

Editors: YODER, LOUIS KRAAR

Carolina Front

The Ugly Head Of Crime—1 Murky Doings

J. A. C. Dunn

A MERE 48 hours ago in the Pine Room, we overheard the following conversation conducted sotto voce between a pair of spectacles, a crew cut, and a tan sweater:

"The spectacle led off by remarking that this was the season for panty raids."

"This is the season for panty raids," he said, and the other two quite agreed with him. "I've always wanted to see one organized on a commando basis." Spectacles went on. "Only a minimum of men, no shouting, yelling horde, and every man assigned a specific job. An inside job, of course."

"Fine idea," said the sweater, "but you have to have someone on the inside before you can pull an inside job." Spectacles said he could arrange that if they picked the right dorm.

"The main trouble with all the panty raids I've ever seen," said the crew cut with a voice of experience, "is that the girls always have complete control of the dorm. Now if we could get two or three men into the basement of a dorm at the very outset and cut the main light switch . . ."

"There's always the telephone if they get desperate," broke in Sweater.

"Well, the telephone wire would have to be cut, too."



"Let's say there are three floors to a dorm, 30 men to the floor and ten more for odd jobs and emergencies makes a hundred men," said Spectacles.

"That's about right," agreed Sweater.

"Alright, I know a girl who'd be the inside man," said Spectacles, and he mentioned the name of a dorm. "Let's say on a Friday night she sneaks down and opens the door at 1:15. Then only three men go in, the rest wait outside. Those three head for the basement and cut the main light switch. As soon as the lights go, the rest come in. Someone will have had to already cut the telephone wires. Every man would wear a stocking over his face and carry a flashlight. Each group of thirty covers its floor . . ."

Sweater stared thoughtfully into his coffee cup and said, "Y'know, the cops always seem to catch on to these things. What if they came and there we were trapped inside the dorm?"

"Diversionary action," said Spectacles, snapping his fingers. "Get about three hundred more men all shouting and yelling and carrying on at some other dorm, but don't cut the lights and telephone there. Then someone will call the cops and while they're taking care of one dorm we'll be cleaning out another."

"Have to pick these men carefully," said Crew Cut. "Don't want anyone giving the show away."

AT THIS POINT we left. However, we heard enough to convince most people that these boys were no fools. We report this incident partly because we think it amusing, and partly because we have always had a hankering for a medal to be awarded to us on CU day for "sagacity above and beyond the call of Arts and Sciences." President Gray, what's-his-name with the harmonica, and Dean Carmichael please take notice.

I REMEMBER CHAPEL HILL:

The Hill: From Immortal Dead To Eternal Youth

By Dr. Frank P. Graham

(The Daily Tar Heel is proud to present Dr. Frank Porter Graham's reminiscences about life in Chapel Hill. Dr. Graham, beloved former president of the University, has done as much as any person of any generation to mold the shape of its present and future. At present, he is contributing his unflagging energies to creation of East-West understanding in the United Nations.—Editors)

Chapel Hill, in the midst of primeval forests, hills and streams, as the beautiful seat of the original University of the people and as the lovely village home of a friendly folk, is rich in both its historic heritage and its humane hopes.

The strategic little University village has been for more than a century and three score years the center and symbol of struggles, advances, frustrations and struggles again. The words denote a Chapel for deepening the spirit of youth and a Hill for heightening the vision of the people.

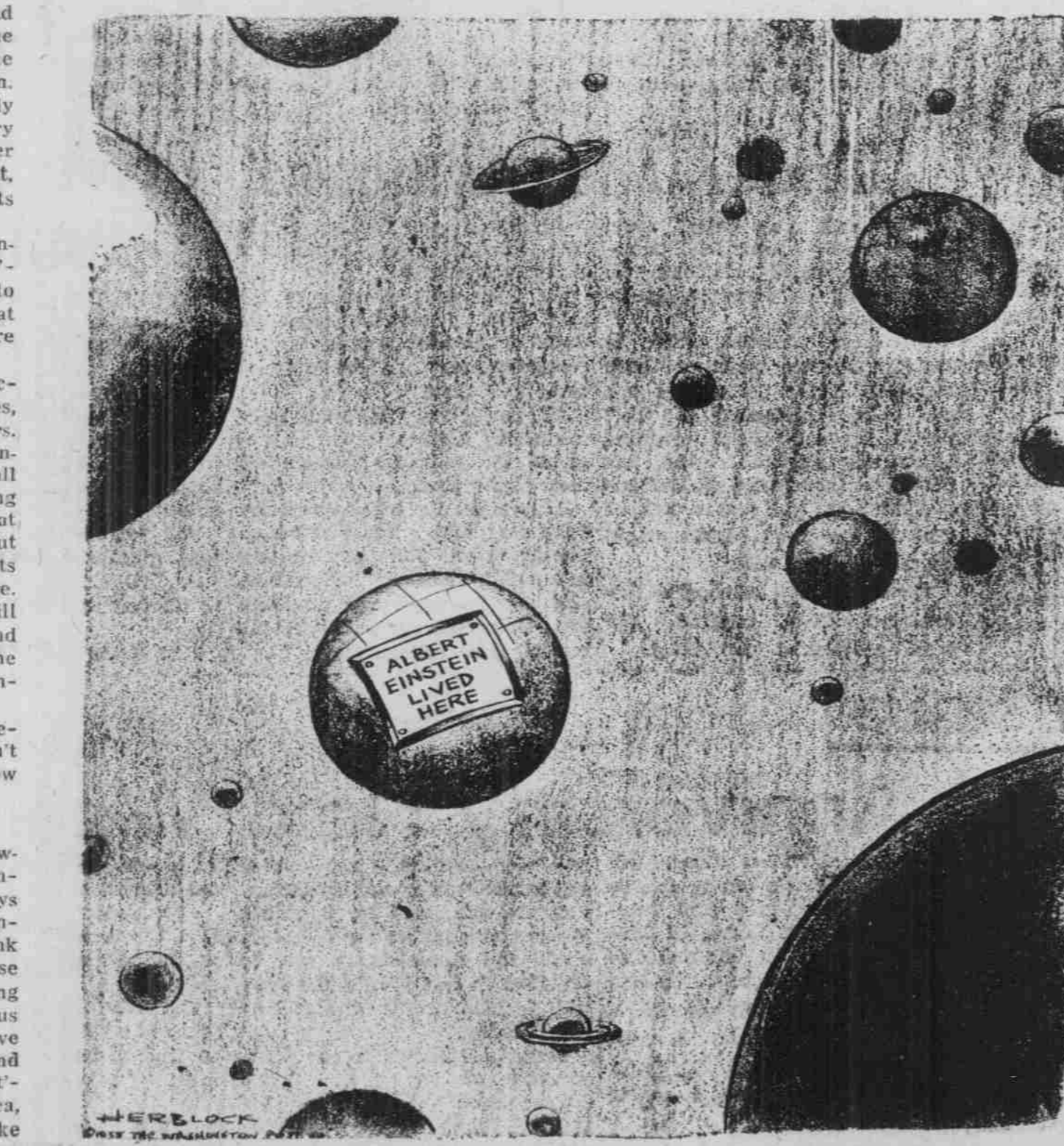
The class rooms and playing fields, the historic buildings from other centuries, the moss-covered rock walls, the ancient oaks, the memorial bell tower and cupolas, the monumental library, reading rooms and carrels, modern laboratories, herbarium, arboretum, planetarium, Institutes, Graduate and Professional Schools, Memorial Hospital, Extension Division and Communications Center, discussion forums, music hall, theatre and art galleries, dormitories and fraternity houses, village homes, flower gardens, streets and a store, campus walks vivid with students on the way to classes and gathering places for zestful youthful talk before and after the hour, the bells ringing early in the morning and youth singing in the evening, the alumni returning for the renewal of associations and fealties to alma mater beyond price in the brotherhood of the University, past, present and yet to be—all these are a part of the connotations of the life and spirit of Carolina.

Inherent in the place are the liberty and learning of the self-governing community of teachers and scholars, the tested wisdom of the ages and the venture-some idealism of youth in the campus democracy. On-going with old and recurring problems for fresh and zestful mastery, student self-government develops the self-discipline of defeat, without bitterness, and of victory, without vainglory, in the common duties and civic sense of the general life, on the way from the campus to the commonwealth, as old as the University, and as fresh as the hopes of youth.

Under its shade, within its ivy-clad halls, and under its steepled towers, religion, without cant would undergrid, and learning, without bias, would enlighten young men and women in their quest for truth, goodness and beauty. It is in the tradition and hope of the college that youth win freedom without license, find and publish facts without fear, organize knowledge logically, interpret the truth clearly without soaping, develop democracy without vulgarity, achieve excellence without pride, strengthen lasting friendships and high loyalties above all vicissitudes.

Under Shadeful Trees

Under its shade, within its ivy-clad halls, and under its steepled towers, religion, without cant would undergrid, and learning, without bias, would enlighten young men and women in their quest for truth, goodness and beauty. It is in the tradition and hope of the college that youth win freedom without license, find and publish facts without fear, organize knowledge logically, interpret the truth clearly without soaping, develop democracy without vulgarity, achieve excellence without pride, strengthen lasting friendships and high loyalties above all vicissitudes.



serve private and public causes without patronage or bending, become leaders of the people without demagoguery, and grow in reverence in the way and spirit of Him who, under the Fatherhood of God, would have us all become more truly the children of one God and the brothers of all people.

I Now Recall . . .

Above many scenes, faces and events which now come to mind in belated response to your request, I now recall an episode which expresses the sense of the oneness of the University Community and still shines through the shadows of a dark time.

The Great Depression had brought in its train foreclosed farms, bankrupt enterprises, closed banks, the mounting state deficits, increasing legions of unemployed, desperate and almost defeated men and women. Mothers and fathers all over the land communicated their anxieties to the children of the Depression. The State of North Carolina made heavy cuts in the state budgets and horizontal slashes in the low salaries and wages of the staffs of all state institutions.

In the midst of emergency pressures and cruel adjustments an invitation came from the Janitor's Association requesting the University president to attend their appointed meeting. He gladly went and expected to hear a justifiable petition that the janitors, if possible, should not be cut the full amount of the horizontal cut.

A decision had been made, with the advice and approval of the faculty's own elected Advisory Committee, to make the cut less in the lowest brackets and to absorb the difference in the larger cuts to be made in the highest brackets. This policy had not yet been announced and was then unknown to the janitors. We were thus prepared to tell this to the janitors for whatever little value it might have in their hard-pressed situation.

The meeting opened with the regular procedures and characteristic dignity of the Association. A chosen spokesman was recognized to state the case for the janitors. He spoke not a word about their own difficult situation. The concern spoken eloquently by him and others was only for the plight of the students caught short of funds by the closing of all banks. They had heard that the Student Loan Fund was running out and that the students were unable to pay the University and other creditors. Therefore, to help out as much as they were able to do, the spokesman said that the janitors had raised a small fund to put in the Loan Fund for students and hoped it would, when added to such other funds, help both the students and the University to come through the hard times.

Sacrifice And Loyalty

This example of sacrifice and sense of common loyalty, had its moving part in helping to raise in alumni meetings and other conferences approximately \$150,000 in cash for the Student Loan Fund at the bottom of the depression. The students borrowed from the Loan Fund and paid the University. The University, stricken by heavy cuts and blows, came through to better days. The janitors revealed the living Biblical truth that those with the least in income can give the most in spirit. They made deep and personal the fact that we are members of one University family.

In the fellowship of learning and struggle, the University teaches us that we are one community in heritage and hope, loyalty and sacrifice. The ties that bind us all reach from the Old East Building to the Morehead-Patterson Memorial Bell Tower, from Davie Poplar to Kenan Stadium, from Battle Forest to Hill Hall, from libraries to laboratories, teachers to students, janitors to Kenan Professors, from centuries gone to centuries yet to come, from the immortal dead to eternal youth, in the light, liberty and brotherhood of the University of the people by whom it was given birth and for whom it lives to serve in spirit and in truth from generation to generation.

Passing Remark

A Report On The Raid And Its Participants

Ron Levin

HE TILTED his black cap back as he spoke and tapped his hand with the night stick. A half sneer formed on his face, and it made the night seem like a bad dream instead of spring.

"If one of them stooedents lays a hand on me, I'll knock his God . . . head off."

The other one nodded agreement, and they stood there watching the group of yelling students disperse from the steps of Carr Dorm.

Cries went up from the crowd, as the figure of Manning Muntzing appeared in a blue blazer with a feeble smile trying to show itself.

The cries became louder.

"We want Muntzing . . . We want Muntzing."

Muntzing walked slowly toward the crowd, and they backed up even more slowly giving ground to the campus politico.

"All right. Here I am. Who wants me?"

No one said anything, but you could hear cries running through the group of "We want Muntzing's pants."

A COP came up to one fellow clad only in pajama bottoms.

"All right, fella, let's move it along now. Let's all go home."

"I'm just standing here watching . . . that's all."

"You'd better move it along just the same."

The student in pajamas moved off slowly muttering to himself, as he was slowly swallowed up in the crowd.

Suddenly a new shout arose, and the crowd surged forward to where two policemen ushered a small student off in the direction of the street.

"They got one . . . They got one!"

Yes, they had one for sure. The student looked like a lifer with the dejected expression on his face. The crowd closed in menacingly around the policemen, and the two burly figures tapped the night sticks in a more convincing manner, and the crowd retreated slightly giving the trio a little room.

Then the tide flowed over to the street between Old East and New East. Manning Muntzing was arguing in a most convincing manner with one of the cops, and then I heard some say behind me.

"They took him down to jail, and Ray Jefferies is going down to get him out."

A few small groups of students started uptown for late coffee at the Mouza and Tar Heel Sandwich Shop. Others lingered talking in furtive whispers, until the policemen finally left assured that the raid was finally at an end.

YES, THE raid was at an end. Like a hurricane brewing up at sea at no definite locus in space or time, the raid had ended as suddenly as it had begun as everyone knew it would in the first place.

Carr Dorm was the only dorm entered, and that glory was short lived, for the local gendarmes appeared from out of nowhere to cut the pilgrimage short.

One student forced his way through the front doors of Smith Dorm only to come flying back out with a feminine fist of rather large dimensions being thrust in his surprised face.

Down in front of Old West, another nocturnal adventure was proudly displaying a pair of black lace unmentionables that had been thrown from a window in Smith.

The raid was over. The campus suddenly became quiet, and lights went out one by one in dorm rooms throughout the lower and upper quads.

It was morning on the campus, Wednesday, April 20th, and thoughts of another raid turned slowly into snores and finally dreams.

Reader's Retort

Reader Is 'Disgusted' With Cut In Daily Tar Heel Days

Editors:

Being extremely disgusted with the student Legislature's attitude toward The Daily Tar Heel, which recently vented itself in the matter of appropriations for the coming year, I have written the following.

Once again student legislators have axed The Daily Tar Heel appropriations for the sum of \$5,000. For the second year in succession, this campus will have only a five-day paper after football season, instead of the usual six-day issue. I think the student body deserves at least a plausible explanation for this ridiculous practice. From the trend of the recent McCarthy-like investigations of the paper, the solutions seem out to get the Tar Heel.

Perhaps the budget slashers are the repercussions of the Student Party's give-away plan of a year and a half ago which left student funds rather depleted. Or again it might be a slight draft from the ill wind that roared through the state capital when the state legislature was making up the budget for the coming year.

Whatever the cause, it seems unnecessary to reduce what is one of the best services afforded the students on this campus. Unlike the IWC and the Debate Council, which serve the interest of very limited groups, The Daily Tar Heel touches every student. And as such its services should not be any more limited than they are now. The paper has enough problems without adding one of a financial nature.

I do not feel that the Legislature was acting in the interest of their constituency and I venture to say that if the matter were left up to a vote of the student body, the legislators' decision would be revoked.

Ken Anderson

Are They Kissing On Both Cheeks?

Doris Fleson

WASHINGTON — Former President Truman, in his remarks at the Rayburn testimonial dinner, revived his attacks on the press. Principally, he grumbled about the "cloak of protection" thrown about the present Administration by "so much of the press." But when he talked with friends in his Mayflower Hotel suite Sunday, he got at the real meat of the coconut.

"I have got tired a long time ago," he said, "of some mealy-mouthed Senators who kiss Ike on both cheeks."

It is, of course, manifestly impossible for the press to advertise charges against President Eisenhower and his Administration which Democrats do not make. When they get around to mentioning just why they think the man they admired as a general of the armies is an incompetent President, their remarks will be printed exactly as Mr. Truman's were.

The difficulty with which Democrats have learned to say "I don't like Ike" has been a political phenomenon. Few presidents have ever had so long a honeymoon by grace of so powerful an opposition.

The Democratic leaders in Congress are concededly expert political technicians. If they had to rate the President as administrator of the great bureaucratic complex here they would flunk him. Their public bashfulness about saying so was initially influenced, of course, by the fact that the President was demonstrably popular with the people. They also seem to retain a feeling of proprietorship in him, since Democratic Presidents gave him the great military positions that started him on the road to the White House.

The fact is, before he became a candidate for President, Eisenhower's relations with Democrats were beautifully harmonious. If he had any political criticisms of them, in the best tradition of the U. S. armed services he kept quiet. Democrats also have a heritage through 20 years of deep resentment against the personal attacks and ridicule which some Republicans heaped on Presidents Roosevelt and Truman. Having been so resentful, they were reluctant to appear to emulate the men and women whose behavior disgusted them.

Resentment which Mr. Truman voiced against the "mealy-mouthed" is large shared by Democratic governors and others outside Congress. There will be increasing pressure on Senate Majority Leader Johnson and Speaker Rayburn to hammer Eisenhower and show that party spirit which appeared last week in the tributes to Roosevelt on the tenth anniversary of his death.

While the press cannot report what does not happen, it is true that the majority of newspapers in this country are Republican and naturally like Ike. Their watch over him is more relaxed than that maintained over Roosevelt and certainly over Truman.

To mention one example, very little has been said about "Mamie's cottage," the house built near the Augusta golf course for the Eisenhowers by friends. It is not sumptuous but it represents a very substantial gift. Had Truman accepted one of like proportions from, say, his friends among labor leaders, there would have been an immense outcry.

Nor has much been said about the fact that about 80 per cent of the President's guests at his famous stag dinners come from the top level of the business community. Had Truman given such dinners weighted to anything like that degree with labor spokesmen he would have been in trouble.