

For The P. D.'s Raiders: Courage, Honor And Guts

It was just one of those things that happened on the spur of the moment. I just wasn't thinking. — Student Louis Woodberry, charged with malicious damage to public property.

Student Woodberry must have been correct when he told a reporter he "just wasn't thinking." Any student who was part of a group which removed from a police station a revolver, part of a fingerprinting set, fountain pen desk sets, traffic tickets and payment notices, ripped out telephone wires and set fire to a wastebasket "just wasn't thinking."

But we doubt if "it was just one of those things that happened on the spur of the moment."

When one refers to the "spur of the moment," he is speaking rather light-heartedly of something he did on the slightest notion. If the members of the Ugly Club who descended upon the Police Dept. Monday night were lighthearted about their "raid," they should be examined psychologically.

It was reported yesterday that Woodberry turned himself in to police early in the day. The rest of the Ugly Club's raiders, he told police, would be down in the afternoon to admit their crimes.

The others didn't show. They didn't show, it was reported, because their lawyer, retained this week, advised them to wait until the police came after them.

We have no quarrel with the attorney who advised the students. As far as we know, his legal advice is entirely in good taste.

But the students involved in the Monday night raid who are staying away from the inevitable warrants of the law are behaving like cowards.

Student Woodberry had the guts to go to the police and give himself up. His "friends" are showing their lack of guts in re-

fusing to admit their guilt and to take their punishment.

If Woodberry goes on trial alone for malicious damage to public property he will represent all the University students involved in the crime. If those other students who participated in the raid turn themselves in, the court will decide the innocence or guilt of everyone involved.

Let us hope that those students who aren't turning themselves in will purge their souls of cowardice, demonstrate the guts they used in pulling Chief Cloan's telephone wires off the wall, and take a walk down to the police station.

Gracious Living: No. 2(A)

For a minute there we thought the Mouza would be no more.

That's what we reported on this page Tuesday morning. But, thank goodness, the venerable late-at-night coffee-and-pie dispensary will live for a long time.

Secretary-Treasurer J. D. Galloway, of the corporation which owns the all-night restaurant, reports the Mouza will remain for "more than five years. There are no definite plans to tear down the Mouza," he said.

His statement replaced reports that John Scott Trotter's new hotel would lay low the restaurant.

We heave a sign of relief. Gracious Living in Chapel Hill will go on, now, with help from the Mouza, for a good five years longer.

It's Not All Chest Size

Acting Dean of Women Isabelle MacLeod, in objecting to Memorial Hall's use for the 1956 Miss Chapel Hill Beauty Pageant, is very, very far off base.

Miss MacLeod gave as her reason for the objection the fact that the University's auditorium — the only one of large capacity in Chapel Hill — would "look like the University was sponsoring" the pageant.

Other observers say Miss MacLeod's objection came after she was informed coed entrants in the pageant would wear bathing suits in part of the competition. This, felt the dean of women's office, was bad.

And here is where the acting dean of women stepped off base. The easy-to-arrive-at implication that a beauty contest is a vulgar display of body may hold true for some beauty contests, but not for the Miss Chapel Hill pageant, which leads to the Miss America contest.

Contestants here, and everywhere else in the country, are

judged in five areas in the Miss America contests:

- (1) Talent.
- (2) Facial beauty, judged in evening gowns.
- (3) Body proportions.
- (4) Poise, overall personality. (These are judged at private sessions with the judges.)
- (5) Diction.

As one can see from these five areas, the display of flesh (in conservative American bathing suits) is not the whole contest; the entrant's body proportions count only one-fifth in the judging.

We have never seen a Miss America — or Miss North Carolina or Miss Chapel Hill — who didn't look like an All-American Girl, a wholesome, sparkling-eyed representative of America. Misses America, North Carolina and Chapel Hill have, in the past, been talented, intelligent young women — not cheesecake models.

Miss MacLeod's objection that use of Memorial Hall for the pageant would "look like the University was sponsoring the event" just doesn't hold water. Eleven out of the 12 contestants now entered in the pageant are coeds, and sponsors of the event hope more will sign up. A beauty pageant is an event which appeals to many spectators — students and townspeople. Why not hold it in Memorial Hall, with its 1,800-seat capacity?

Instead, the acting dean of women's objection has moved the pageant from Memorial Hall to Chapel Hill High School, a more comfortable but much smaller auditorium.

The sponsors of the pageant, the Chapel Hill Jaycees, have worked many months on this project. They proceeded with plans for the May 2 and 3 pageant believing that Memorial Hall would be used. They, as always, planned a high-quality, ultra-clean pageant to select the young woman to represent Chapel Hill and the University in statewide finals this summer.

We urge every student to attend the pageant, and we urge wholesome, All-American-looking coeds to enter the competition.

SILENCE AT UNC:

Academic Freedom Week?

Jim Creighton

Academic Freedom Week has come and gone here at Carolina with nothing more than I know of than a 9-inch article in The Daily Tar Heel.

To be sure, the UNC student body has less cause than most to be concerned, for as it was pointed out in The Daily Tar Heel, there is less to be feared on the UNC campus than at many universities by the person who insists on expressing what to him is truth.

However, this is an issue which touches into the life of every student in more places than just the campus. If we should look back through the newspapers of the past few years, we could find too many instances of persecution and prosecution of the victim who dared to exercise his right to freedom of expression, and freedom of thought. Today, perhaps I should say "right to freedom."

Jim Turner, national vice-president of student affairs of the National Students' Assn., told me he was very sorry to see Academic Freedom Week passed over so lightly on campus. Jim explained that too many people seem to be completely unaware that anything could threaten these freedoms which have been preached at them since the first grade.

Not only is there something which could threaten these freedoms, there is something which is threatening them. The very organization which should be the protector of these freedoms is the usurper of them.

The government "of the people, by the people and for the people" is telling the people what to read, telling the teachers what to teach, punishing the people for what they say and for whom they choose to be their associates.

If we look back through the newspapers as I suggested, we could compose a list of instances which exemplify what I mean when I speak of the usurping of our academic freedoms: Burning of books, persecuting of persons for affiliations with the Communist Party, many of whom have had little or no association with the communists; loyalty oaths;

FBI plants to spy on the people and what they say, read and believe, and an infinite number of other charges.

Perhaps the instigators of this policy of suppression—that is, suppression of the free mind—believe it is best for the security of our country, but I insist that truth has nothing to fear from lies.

If the government of the United States is just to its citizens, it has nothing to fear from a to-

lititarian government. By restricting freedom of expression, the government lays itself open, in my mind, to suspicion from the people.

As I said, we at Carolina are less concerned with this "totalitarian trend," as Jim Turner called it, because we cannot find it on our campus. Many professors have come here accepting cuts in salary in order that they might have the right to teach the truth. Nevertheless,

it is a grave issue which concerns them deeply.

Let us hope that next year academic freedom will not take such an insignificant role that it will be again ignored. I am afraid that the silence on this campus during Academic Freedom Week allowed one more stone to fall on the wall of indifference. The wall which must be torn down if any freedom is to persist among the peoples of the world.

It's All Very Significant And I'll Explain It To You In November



Ten Thoughts For Less Traffic

Ken Clark

(Writer Clark is a junior-majoring in advertising who is married, owns his own car, and dares anybody to try to take it away from him. Below he offers some ideas on the car problem.)

Rumors have reached this writer that a parking problem exists at Carolina. This intrigues me. We have oodles and oodles of future traffic managers, city managers, transportation experts and what not — but we have a parking problem.

It is becoming evident that these potential experts are too

busy with their own problems to help us, so let's put our own little unscientific brains together and see what we can think up. Okay? Quiet, everybody!

Ah, the waves are coming through. Quick, pencil and paper — here come some solutions.

- (1) We could add a sum of \$150 to the tuition of all students with cars. Said students could park on campus, get a ticket and send it to the student body treasurer. He could pay the ticket and subtract \$1 from student's fund. (But this would eliminate the poor student. That's out.)
- (2) Buy everybody a surplus

Sherman tank, let 'em loose and run like mad. (Has possibilities, but noise factor might be a drawback.)

(3) Tear down South Building and put a parking lot where Y-Court is. Set up curb-service system for coffee. (If we did that, though, where could we pay our tuition?)

(4) Prohibit students from keeping cars. (But daddy, how can I get to Greensboro?)

(5) Prohibit freshmen from keeping cars. (You do, and I'll go to Duke!)

(6) Eliminate parking tickets. (What? And have the town of Chapel Hill go bankrupt?)

(7) Get drunk. (Good idea, but it doesn't get cars parked.)

(8) Ask students to leave cars parked off campus and walk to class. (Splendid—if we just had room for everybody to live within 10 miles of Chapel Hill.)

(9) Present the problem to the student Legislature. (Sorry, no elections coming up — so why should they work?)

(10) Get drunk. (Yo, ho, ho, and on to the Goody Shop!)

Well, our collective heads haven't accomplished too much. So please, oh please—won't some of you birds who study this type of stuff come on out and give us a quick little solution?

Our Reporter Menace Dispatch

Barry Winston

MONACO, April 19—It has been my privilege and pleasure, for the past five days, to cover the festivities here as the representative of Foreign Service Bureau of The Daily Tar Heel. I haven't had such a good time since last year.

I would have been here for the whole affair if they hadn't swum the 100 miles to try to land the bride-to-be at 4 o'clock in the morning. I think that was an example of gross ingratitude and still do not understand why I was singled out from the other 746 members of the press corps to be chucked overboard.

Fortunately, I'm a strong swimmer, and managed to reach land in slightly less than 14 hours. My typewriter held high over my head and my copy paper, still dry, in my mouth.

Everone was sobering up for the third when I checked into my hotel room and set to watch the natives celebrate their imminent liberation from French rule. And when those people came let me tell you, they really cut loose and the natives are east to the winds. I counted 72 bodies on the sidewalk in the first block. I quit counting. The air was charged with happiness and a feeling of well being. Also several thousand dollars' worth of fireworks.

Celebrities were everywhere. I saw the King of Germany, Switzerland, Hungary, England, and Heidelberg discussing the forthcoming ceremony with apparent enthusiasm. The heads of all the major studios in Hollywood were in a line which wound its way down the main street for an hour and one-half hours, complete with 17 elephants, giraffes, four lions and a steam calliope.

Personally, I thought the calliope was just out of taste for such a dignified occasion.

The display of jewels every night at the parties was dazzling, and their glitter not only to the solemnity of the proceedings, but also served as an attraction for several million motes a dozen or so assorted jewel thieves.

No one seemed to particularly mind their sense, though, and I noticed that at least one of them was on the invitation list for the wedding itself. (A jewel thief, I mean, not a moth.)

Finally (somehow) the day of the civil ceremony arrived, and the knot was tied in the eyes of a gathering of 4,000 loyal subjects.

Since it had not been tied in the eyes of the church, however, another ceremony was held in the small chapel (capacity: 1,300) located in the north of the casino.

Two hours ago, the starry-eyed couple smug of the reception to make a dash for the yacht waiting to carry them on their honeymoon cruise around the world.

To insure complete seclusion for his bride himself, the groom decided to use a skeleton of a mere two dozen sailors, and the only passengers were the bride's mother and her seven sisters; the speaker of the House of Representatives; a photographer from Time magazine; and the third ring troupe from Broadway and Bailey's.

So long, kids! Have a good time!

Baroque Music Fine, Restrained

A. R. Harden

Baroque is a term generally calculated to irritate musicologists and literary historians alike. It seems purple. No one is agreed on the etymological limits it encompasses nor upon its most peculiarities.

It is in reality an absurdly broad term, embracing in the realm of musical composition, from the latter part of the 16th century to the half of the 18th. Each European country seems to assign to the term its own peculiar characteristics.

The world itself is said to derive from the turgue barroco, meaning "misshapen pearl" or "loaded with meaningless ornament."

Such a meaning could not be said to characterize the music performed by the Collegium Musicum last Tuesday evening.

The "baroque" music of this concert was composed by those who lived during the 17th and the first half of the 18th centuries and exhibited in general, fine simplicity and restraint.

John Shannon began the evening with two anonymous compositions from the Lutebook for Tablatures (1650). Keeping in mind the character of the instrument for which the works were originally written and their relatively unimportant nature, Mr. Shannon used a clean and functional registration, devised to reveal the contrapuntal quality of the pieces. Of particular charm was a little fugue.

Mary Gray Clarke performed two works of the late Benedetto Marcello and a suite of dances by Jean-Baptiste Loeillet, with Lillian Pibent on the harpsichord. These were performed with delicate sensitivity to mood and decorum. Miss Clarke's phrasing was notably rich and varied.

The chorus itself must be an exceptional young conductor, Gene Strasser. Its 20 voices were constantly responsive to his direction. Its range was broad and capable of rapid adjustment.

The two choruses from Marcello's setting of the Fiftieth Psalm were performed with an awareness of that fine balance between church and secular music which is sometimes difficult to detect in ecclesiastical works of the "baroque" period.

Carissimi's Jephthah proved to be more of a tragic drama than a cantata or oratorio. The composer chose to underline in his musical setting of the Biblical tale, the characters. Beginning with the solemn works of the narrator, and continuing with the dramatic works of the characters, the listener's attention is concentrated on the familiar protagonists.

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TODAY IS "ALL YOU CAN EAT, FISH & CHIP" NIGHT AT THE RATHSKELLER

