

The Daily Tar Heel

71 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Let's Give To Help Those Who Hurt

Once a year a University-wide drive is held to get students and other members of the University community to donate money to the Campus Chest for support of five worthy charities.

That time is upon us. The drive began Monday and runs through next Monday. It's a one-shot affair and every penny helps.

charitable organization providing free clothes to the county school children of 50 of the most distressed Southern mountain counties; the American Friends Service Committee, which among other things provides aid to the Cherokee Indians of North Carolina; and the World University Service, a world-wide mutual assistance program to needy students in 50 countries.

Rarely do you run into a group of charities so deserving of your help as these five.

Besides solicitations in campus living units, donations may be left in Y-Court.

Let's all give, at least a little.

When In Doubt, Turn Right

Most of us have a decided aversion to being regimented, and justly so. Regimentation almost always involves some loss of one's individuality. But often without realizing it, most of us make regimentation necessary.

A good case in point is the way we go in and out of campus buildings, particularly when classes are changing and there are a lot of us hurrying to the next class.

Do most of us move in some sort of orderly manner, so that people going the other way can get where they're going too?

Nope.

Instead, most of us just kind of mosey along in no particular pattern.

But this is self-defeating. It slows us up as well as the people going the other way.

We suggest a traffic rule of sorts be unofficially adopted and followed by all of us. No matter which way you're moving, bear to the right.

This way there'll be a clean flow of people in and out of buildings, with a minimum of stumbling around.

Intelligent self-regulation is the best way to prevent enforced regimentation.

Tip-Toeing On The Scales Of Justice

Raymond Mallard is not all cast-iron in a flowing black robe. He just seems that way when he is presiding in court.

Judge Mallard is on the bench now in Orange Superior Court in Hillsboro. He arrived on Monday morning, preceded by awesome tales of his courtroom discipline.

One advance report had it that the Judge had at one time fined himself \$25 for being 10 minutes late to court. Several days before his Hillsboro appearance, he had fined a young man in Durham for contempt. The young man had laughed at the wrong time.

There were other stories: of a reporter who had been wandering around the courtroom being assigned to a straight-back chair for a couple of hours, of a woman being assigned to a jail cell for ignoring Judge Mallard's rules of decorum, and so on, and on.

In Hillsboro Monday morning, you would have thought the Courthouse was standing on crates of eggs. Sheriff's deputies soft-shoed around, wall-eyed and jumpy. Anyone standing in the corridor outside the courtroom was enough to throw the deputies into trauma. The judge required an unobstructed view.

A student sitting in the courtroom with an open book on his lap was hustled outside forthwith. The judge had ruled among other things that there would be no reading, talking or moving about in his courtroom. The student insisted

he hadn't been reading. The deputy said he would have to face the Judge's wrath anyway.

The atmosphere became somewhat more relaxed when the jurors were being called. One prospective juror told the Judge his children had mumps and he expected to catch them in a day or so himself. The Judge wasn't impressed. "You're too old to catch mumps," he said with a trace of a smile. There was chuckling among the audience. The expectant mumps victim shuffled his feet. Nobody was found in contempt.

The relaxed atmosphere wasn't allowed to get out of hand, though. At one point, one of the defense attorneys forgot to stand when he said Yes Sir to the Judge. Judge Mallard reminded him pointedly to be on his feet when addressing the bench. The defense attorney didn't forget again.

There were long, seemingly purposeless pauses in the Mallard court on Monday, some of them lasting for minutes. At times you began to wonder if the wheels of justice had run off the axle and become lost in aimless wandering.

After several hours of this iron-hard courtroom discipline, you begin to get an idiotic urge to stand, stretch, yawn, and say to Judge Mallard something like, "Well, I've had enough of this nonsense. I'm going home."

Having seen that stern, forbidding gentleman in action, you realize, of course, that only one thing could happen: North Carolina, if not most of the Eastern Seaboard, would break off from the Continent and slip gently beneath Bounding Main, with not even an oil slick to mark its passing. It isn't worth it.

MRC & Thee

The social life provided by the Men's Residence Council takes a definite turn for the better tonight.

At last, Social Chairman Gordon Appell has yielded to the call for an honest-to-God dance, the kind you can dance at.

The MRC is sponsoring a dress-up dance in the Carolina Inn Ballroom and has got the Duke Ambassadors to play for it. Students can put on nice clothes and dance for perhaps the first time since they came to college.

Now that students will actually be able to hear themselves think, they may find they'll have to talk to their dates, a novel but interesting task.

How intellectual can you get?

A Review

'No Night For Apple Pie...'

By HENRY McENNIS

The pious pipers of folksmanship invaded campus Wednesday night, bringing a torrent of cultural criticism and slashing social satire.

No, it wasn't a good night for Mother, apple pie or the flag, but Carolina lads and lassies were titillated by the rousing and triumphant three musketeers of folk music... the Chad Mitchell Trio.

Memorial Hall rocked and quivered with each song as well it should have, for the slick sounds that wafted through the air were thoroughly fresh, vivid and professional.

The house was crammed like a can of sardines, indicating once again the desperate need of UNC for a larger auditorium. Too many superb concerts are denied students and the problem is getting more vexing with every campus attraction.

The trio consists of four men, yes, four, in their early twenties: Joe Frazier, Chad Mitchell, Mike Kobluk and their guitarist Jim McGuinn.

Their first piece, "A Mighty Day," promised a mighty night for the audience and the goods were delivered as pledged. "The Unfortunate Man" was a cliff-hanging bit of fluff one could legitimately term a horror tune, about a poor man whose honeymoon is spiked at the root by a bride who isn't quite all there.

Cooing and billing the soothing ditty, "Four Strong Winds," a plaintive but passionate note was struck. Next came a "tribute" to the University of Mississippi. "We Sing To The Ole Miss." The Singers spoofed the barricades, the National Guard, the hand grenades, the effigies and the riot queen with relish and good humor.

The group can hardly avoid comparison with the Kingston Trio either in their material or their tone quality.

Even though the woods are full of folk singers these days, the Chad Mitchell Trio can light the kindling quicker and hotter than most comparative commercialized groups.

"What Did You Learn In School Today" was a satirical little tune with lessons that had the bite of sarcasm such as, "I learned Our Government Must Be Strong and that they are never wrong." This musical poking at the piety and platitudes of our American heritage is a wonderful, healthy way for a free people to get outside of themselves and examine attitudes and traditions. Thus, we all profit and enjoy ourselves at no one's expense but our own.

"The Hip Song" was not sung but spoken, more or less by Chad Mitchell, the blond. It was rather cute the way that he caressed the lyrics with a suave urbanity.

The piece that did the most to justify audience appreciation for the trio's pre-occupation with social protest was "Blowing in the Wind." The words that hit hardest asked "... How many times can a people exist before they can be free, and how many deaths will it take before people will know how many have died?" (The answer is written on the wind.)

Although the singers began their association at Gonzaga University and were encouraged to go professional by a campus priest, it is fortunate to note the apparent sincerity with which they sang their freedom songs. Certain people will regard the Chad Mitchell Trio as socialists, radicals or leftists, and compare them with Joan Baez, but the right and duty to criticize one's society is the cornerstone of freedom and democracy, so sing on men, sing on!

"Moscow Nights" was sung in Russian with great warmth and beauty, making it the most lovely selection of the evening. "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again" combined the Irish version of the lamenting wife whose warbound husband will not return with the American version. The trio's shouting of "hurrah, hurrah" was effervescent and extremely exciting. The sad lyrics told a tragic tale... "your dancing days are over. Oh Johnny I hardly knew ya."

Other songs that were memorable and well done satirized Billy Sol Estes and the John Birch Society. However, a few lyrical observations fell flat such as: "They have a lot of ammonia up there. That's why they call it the White House; next to you Bobby Baker is a Little Lord Fauntleroy."



Letters To The Editors

Akers And The Quarterly

Quarterly

Editors, The Tar Heel:

If Clemenceau was right about war being too important to leave to the generals, Dick Akers has recently proved that literature is too important to leave to petty bureaucrats. According to the February 26 DTH, he is considering ending the SG subsidy to the CAROLINA QUARTERLY, and therefore the QUARTERLY itself, next year. He said in justification of this step that the magazine is "behind schedule in publication and down in its number of advertisements" due to a lack of interest on campus and among the staff. If this is true, threatening to kill the QUARTERLY will hardly change it.

And even when Mr. Akers' threat fails to produce a magazine published on schedule and crammed with advertisements, there will still be no excuse for his carrying it out. Furthermore, provoking "interest on campus" is not one of the QUARTERLY'S concerns. Its sole responsibility is to provide writers a place to publish and readers a chance to see the best writing currently available. I won't try to convince Mr. Akers of this, but I would like to remind the student body that this is the only standard on which to judge the QUARTERLY and by it, under the editorship of Louis Bourne at least, the magazine has been excellent. In the year I have been gone from Chapel Hill, I have met such diverse people as Paul Goodman, David Manning White, and Arais Nin who thought of UNC as "the place that puts out the CAROLINA QUARTERLY." As treasurer of the student gov-

ernment, Mr. Akers is a bureaucrat, a completely honorable and harmless function. But bureaucrats must not be allowed to interfere with those whose function is promoting and dispensing literature.

A more constructive mind than Mr. Akers', however, would have concocted any number of schemes to solve the problems he cited. A Student Government sufficiently interested in literature to bring in a writer-in-residence could surely be persuaded to commission, through the QUARTERLY, a poem, short-story, or play from some established figure in American letters every year. Perhaps one of the superb young poets who have appeared in the magazine could be brought to UNC for a week of seminars, lectures, and parties to meet and talk with students. Teachers of creative writing might agree to ease the editorial burden by assigning some of the work to their students. This would be valuable exercise for the students and speed up publication of the QUARTERLY. Maybe the DTH advertising manager could help with advertising. These are only a few of the ideas which can be explored. Why they did not occur to Mr. Akers will be obvious to those who have had my ill fortune of encountering other of his opinions.

Norwood Pratt
New York

Rendleman

Editors, The Tar Heel:

The fact that Dave Rendleman, sophomore president of Ehringhaus has brought his dorm into a third place rating among all men's dorms is surely proof enough of his capabilities and accomplishments. Ehringhaus is almost all freshman, and until this year very little was heard from it. Because there are 750 residents in Ehringhaus, Dave has two, three, or even four times as many headaches as any other dorm president. It is quite a job, and Dave has handled it well.

Mr. Good claimed at the MRC meeting that Dave should be impeached for "malperformance of duties," yet he did not give a single example of this "malperformance." Surely an unsupported grievance can not even be considered for the seriousness of an impeachment trial. The Tar Heel item on Dave and Mr. Good that appeared in the Feb. 29 issue seems to indicate that the plaintiff has all but been laugh-

ed out of the case already.

Whenever Dave sees or hears of a violation of dorm rules, he doesn't hesitate to investigate. His honesty and dedication to perform the not-so-pleasant task of turning a man in for a violation was proved to me recently when he regrettably reported one of his best friends for a water fight. It is an exceptional man who would do this. But it is this very dedication that makes the residents of Ehringhaus respect him. As Dave has backed any man of Ehringhaus in the past, I am sure all will stand up for him in this case.

It shouldn't have come up, and with a one-man prosecution I feel sure it will soon "go down."

Harry Blair, Jr.
328 Ehringhaus

Fraternity

Editors, The Tar Heel:

To the ATO's, the Chi O's, and other kindred-in-spirit, I offer this bit of sage by E. B. White, the famous essayist:

"Clubs, fraternities, nations—these are the beloved barriers in the way of a workable world; these will have to surrender some of their rights and some of their ribs. A "fraternity" is the antithesis of fraternity. The first (that is, the order of organization) is predicated on the idea of exclusion; the second (that is, the abstract thing) is based on a feeling of total equality. Anyone who remembers back to his fraternity days at college recalls the enthusiasts in his group, the rabid members, both old and young, who were obsessed with the mystical charm of membership in their particular order. They were usually men who were incapable of genuine brotherhood or at least unaware of its basic implications. Fraternity begins when the exclusion formula is found to be distasteful. The effect of any organization of a social and brotherly nature is to strengthen rather than to diminish the lines which divide people into classes; the effect of states and nations is the same, and eventually these lines will have to be softened; these powers will have to be generalized. It is written on the wall that this is so. I'm not inventing it, I'm just copying it off the wall."

Perhaps Mr. White was referring to a wall of discrimination of the sort the ATO's and Chi O's are helping perpetuate.

Robert O'Steen
1609 Sedgefield, Durham

Hugh Stevens

'Spring? Yes, It's Here...'

It isn't springtime in Chapel Hill yet — not really. It only seems that way.



Equinox is still two weeks away.

The little yellow flowers kneeling in front of the Episcopal Church shiver early in the morning and the calendar tells me that the Vernal Equinox is still two weeks away.

At the same time, though there's a certain feeling in the air that can only mean one thing — if spring isn't really here with her cup overflowing, we've at least sipped her heady wine.

I've always thought that spring comes to Chapel Hill before all other towns in North Carolina. It doesn't, of course — the first robin probably showed up somewhere else at least a couple of days earlier. But spring is a unique sensation here and though nature has been more than generous in her timing, the phenomenon is partially manmade. For even when it isn't spring in Chapel Hill, you can't forget

The students and townspeople who have experienced spring here keep it alive in their hearts and minds all year long. It smoulders in their souls even through the most severe days of winter, ready to leap out and envelop the town at the appearance of the first defiant crocus.

It isn't a sudden thing — buds, then swells, then bursts into full bloom with the radiance of the most brilliant poppy or the tenderness of a dogwood blossom.

It starts earlier and lingers longer than nature probably intended, preserved from languor by the gay spirits of college youth and protected from over-indulgence by the demands of college life.

It is a thing to savor, to hold, to remember. It nourishes the hearts and brains turned gray by winter, and injects a new vitality into all who are willing to reach out and clutch it. It is the time that comes to mind when you are far away and someone speaks the magic word "Carolina." It is a million impressions, a million soft voices, a million dreams.

There is no answer to the question, "What is spring like in Chapel Hill?" You can only look upon questioner with some pity because he hasn't experienced it for himself, and say that spring is many things:

Spring is the sound of small birds gossiping on my windowsill on a warm morning, or the trees bending beneath snowy blossoms.

Spring is the clink of a clean white golf ball rolling in on the eighth green at Finley, or the clang of new horseshoes against a shiny stake.

Spring is the pure whiteness of the Presbyterian Church spire thrusting itself into God's blue sky, or the green grass carpet in front of the Morehead Building, covered in dramatic silver by a billion dew drops.

Spring is the first pair of white pants, the first bright madras, or the girls sunbathing on the porch roof at Spencer.

Spring is a walk through the detached, mystic world of a darkened Arboretum, or the first top-down ride in a Christmas-present convertible.

Spring is white tennis balls against grey courts, or the roar of a crowd from Emerson Field.

Spring is trips — to Hogan's Lake, Myrtle Beach, New York—anywhere.

Spring is the smugness of a water ski on your winterized foot, or the tingling in your toes as the cool surf catches you after a chase across tan sand.

Spring is the ivy on Old East, the pale pink of a soft sunset, or the scent of young violets. Spring is having the sun beat you out of bed, eating supper while it's still daylight, or whistling despite yourself as you walk to class.

Spring is the lemon-yellow coat in a clothing store window, ice cream from the Circus Room before bedtime, or dancing in the cool darkness.

Spring is laughter, music, sentiment, emotion, happiness — love. But most of all, now and for all our lives, spring IS Chapel Hill.

Letters

The Daily Tar Heel invites comments on current topics from its readers regardless of viewpoint. All letters to the editors should be typed, double-spaced and of reasonable length. All letters must be signed, with the address of the author. No letter considered libelous or in poor taste will be printed.