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Class

He'd a-been like me and thee If old Hinton had returned . . .

By ROY THOMPSON

Hinton James probably came back . . . 25 years later . . . and sighed:

"THOSE were the days!" Remember Hinton James? He's the stout fellow who walked from somewhere

'way down east to become the first student here. They've got a dormitory named for

him now. It's out yonder back of the stadium somewhere. Ask any student you see. Fierce as they look, most of them are nice to old people.

Yes, old Hinton probably came back and tried to get somebody to listen to him tell how beautiful it was in his day ... and how lucky they were not to have

to walk. Now they've got roads. Come to think of it, didn't they have them even in OUR day?

Yes, there were three. One went through Graham to WC. One went to Peace and Meredith through Lowes Grove. The other one went to the likker store in Durham through nothing in particular.

The road to Raleigh has been improved some. They put a likker store on the county line as Wake County's contribution to quality education in Chapel Hill.

They finally built a good highway to the likker store in Durham, but as soon as they'd built it, Chapel Hill got a store of its own, so that one was a waste of money.

The road to Graham is the same except that they may have re-arranged the bumps a little.

(Notice Carrboro as you drive through. It has expanded. They have one of those fried chicken places now.)

* * *

If some long-haired kid comes up and starts preaching to you about the problems of his world, give him a taste of his own medicine.

Tell him about the way they used to make whiskey out of potatoes back in World War II.

Lord, those were trying times!

If you get close to the planetarium . . . the place where some of the Astronauts trained ... take a look at our king-sized sundial.

John Motley Morehead gave us this and the planetarium and the scholars.

Get somebody to tell you what they call the sundial ... if you think you're old enough.

If sports turned you on back in the old days, you might find a student who'll talk to you about this.

Stick to basketball.

Most of them will leave if you try to talk about football. * * *

If you haven't been back to school lately and haven't kept in touch, you may not have heard about what's happened to Terry Sanford.

You may remember him. He was in law school when you were here.

He got to be governor, and there was talk about his running for the Senate, and there was talk about maybe a place in somebody's cabinet, but he became president...

Of Dook.

Politics make strange bedfellows.

Flipping through a Carolina Scrapbook

By LILLIAN LEONHARD THOMPSON

When you get an invitation to attend your 25th college reunion you dig out the old yearbook and wonder where the heck that old scrapbook is.

At least that's what happened to me.

The scrapbook turned up in storage, and I got it out, and as I turned the pages long-forgotten names and events came trickling back.

The crowd at the Y at breakfast time...Doug Hunt dashing to a meeting, bow-tie under chin, umbrella under arm...the smell of wisteria on a fine spring day in the arboretum...walking quickly past the statue of the Confederate soldier, because you know the fellows standing there would make



'Our day'

(Continued from page 1) and students who want to see their friends wander over to the Pit. The Pit? Roughly speaking, it's about on the edge of what used to be Emerson Field. The Pit is the open area bounded by the new Student Union building, the new Student Stores building and the new undergraduate library building.

The Y does look sort of uncared-for now. But from it emanates many programs which illustrate a basic difference between students in the 70's and those in the 40's. The Y is headquarters for work most of us never thought about. There's the "Washington Witness," the central agency for students who wish to influence our nation's decision-makers by one means or another. There are the "Walks for Hunger" arives, wherein pledges are secured to earn so much a mile for a 25-mile hike to Carrboro and back and points in between-the money to go to feed the poor. There are tutoring programs for University students who will go to outlying areas to help teach the disadvantaged, and for others who volunteer to work with the mentally and emotionally crippled at Murdoch Center at Butner. How many of us had these things on our minds during our college days?

We had a war going on most of our college years, too, but we felt different about it from the way young people today feel about the war in Indochina. There was no great moral dilemma, no protest movements, little of today's social awareness.

Carolina was a fun place. It still is. The big name band weekends, with formal clothes and figures, are pretty much a thing of the past—as are the big name bands. But now there are "groups" and solo performers who generate the same campus-wide enthusiasm. There's the spring highlight, Jubilee weekend, when kids from other colleges and even from high schools pour into Chapel Hill. The main attraction is listening, not dancing. The Jubilee events are held out in the open, because there's no indoor space large enough to accommodate the crowds.

Which brings us to the numbers of students. In January of 1946, the total

35 offspring of '46 at UNC

Hard as it is to believe, unless of course, you're paying the bills, at least 35 sons and daughters of the Class of 1946 are now students at Carolina. The names came from the "dope sheets" which were returned to the Alumni Office by '46 class members, and if somehow your "child" is left out of the list below, please accept the editor's apologies.

		· • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •
Parent in Class of '46	Child	Year
Mrs. George W. Blair Jr. (Sara Jo Barnett)	George W. Blair III	1974
Mrs. H. Vinson Bridgers (Katherine Boone)	Herbert Vinson Bridgers Jr.	1972
Mrs. David G. Bunn (Margaret Hooks)	David G. Bunn Jr.	1971
Mrs. Wilbert J. Carter (Brent Woodson)	Charles Woodson	
	Holderness	1974
Herman Cone Jr.	Herman Cone III	1972
	Robert Cone	1974
Robert E. Cooper	Susan Florence Cooper	1974
Mrs. Robert T. Cozart (Carroll Cone)	Robert T. Cozart III	1974
G. Eugene Disher	Deborah Jean Disher	1971
Mr. & Mrs. Richard S. Elliott		
(Frances Bleight)	Nancy Wright Elliott	1974
Mrs. Fred J. Flagler Jr. (Mary Hill Gaston)	Eleanor Gaston Flagler	1974
David G. Fogle	David Lynn Fogle	1972
Robert L. Foreman Jr.	Robert L. Foreman III	1974
Theodore E. Haigler Jr.	Ted Haigler III	1972
Col. Paul B. Haigwood	Nancy Logan Haigwood	1973
Mrs, Willard T. Hill (Sara Stockton)	Frederick Tyler Hill	1974
William T. Hobbs	Constance Mary Hobbs	1974
Mrs. Hampton Hubbard (Anne Holmes)	Charlotte E. Hubbard	1973
Aaron Jaffe	Lynn Carla Jaffe	1974
Jesse G. Jernigan	William Richard Jernigan	1974
Dr. & Mrs. Thomas C. Kerns Jr.		
(Bernice Flowers)	Thomas C. Kerns III	1973
Mrs. John F. Lynch Jr. (Betty Simmons)	John F. Lynch III	1973
Mrs. E. Thad McInnis (Lynn Williard)	Robert Hervey McInnis	1973
J. Roy Manning Jr.	Frances Carol Manning	1972
Leonard A. Meyer	Roger Paul Meyer	1972
Mrs. S. Wylie Milligan (Mary Jane Barksdale)	Ellen Wylie Milligan	1971
Dr. Robert Alexander Moore Jr.	Melinda Ann Moore	1974
David A. Rapp	David M. Rapp	Law
Mrs. Edwin B. Shultz Jr. (Pamela Hotard)	Norma Karen Shultz	1972
Charles G. Sproule Jr.	Sara Elizabeth Sproule	1972
Mrs. William S. Stewart (Caroline House)	Caroline Ann Stewart	1974
Dr. David Thomas Tayloe	David T. Tayloe Jr.	Med.
Dr. Ernest Benjamin Ward Jr.	Dana Sue Ward Bunn	Eve. Co

much? Girls in the 40's wore their uniform: bobby socks and saddle shoes, pleated skirts and sweaters and pearls. And the boys wore theirs, be it V-12, Marine or V-necked sweater and flannel slacks. Most of us dressed pretty much alike-as most of the kids do nowadays. True, we had no particular problem telling male from female. And while most of us owned a pair of blue jeans or an acceptable alternative, we didn't all seem to wear them all the time. (Memo to other parents of coming college students: Don't knock it. Jeans are cheap.) The sheer size of this campus is rather appalling now, and must pose quite a few problems for the kids. There are huge high-rise dormitories in places way beyond places that were just woods back in Our Day. The great numbers of cars, motorbikes and bicycles and those intimidating parking lots are evidence of a problem we did not have in the 40's. But outside of the drug problem, which is an overriding concern of parents everywhere, visitation is the thing that interests the general public. For anyone who may not know, visitation simply means girls can go to boys' rooms and vice-versa, during specified hours during the day and evening (evening presumably ending at 1 a.m.). It's a rather extreme departure, to say the least, and has become a widespread practice on campuses all over the country in recent years. And coed dorms-that idea sort of raises eyebrows, too. But large educational institutions no longer stand in loco parentis, and probably couldn't even if they wanted to. The sexes are on different floors in the coed dorm, Hinton James, and there's some arrangement about locking off the females' floors at 1 a.m.

example, and while there is some cafeteria service, many thousands of students simply live too far away from the cafeterias. Many eat downtown, where there are always others waiting to be served, so there is little time for a leisurely meal. There are a limited number of small refrigerators, which can be rented for \$40 a year, and many kids in dorms eat out of these, with an occasional bowl of soup or can of beans heated in the popcorn popper. Those big baskets attached to students' bicycles carry not only books, but groceries, too. Being parents of a child at Chapel Hill is a rewarding experience. It is marvelous to observe the eager response to the many opportunities offered in the University community-a speech by the noted columnist James Reston, the ballets and the many, many concerts or watching the lunar eclipse outside on the coldest night of the year, with the astronomy class. Things like this, in addition to the intellectual stimulation of the academic program. In this, the old school has not changed-and for this we can be grateful. Carolina is a far different place to us of the Class of '46 in so many ways. But so is this younger generation different. Educational methods and goals have changed through the years to adapt to the different world they have grown up in. In the 40's, UNC was considered a liberal institution, and there are many of us who now fully appreciate how lucky we are to have been there. The lessons we learned and the insights we absorbed have been invaluable in helping us deal with our own youngsters. The lazy atmosphere of the 40's is gone. But aren't we glad we were a part of it? And aren't we all proud of the great institution our alma mater continues to be?

some crack about how he NEVER shot his gun... And rain, rain, so often the rain.

Now, the things I put in my scrapbook might not be those you put in yours, but in case you never made a scrapbook or couldn't find yours, here are a few of the things that turned up in mine:

—A postcard of Kenan dorm. I may not remember your name the next time I see you, but my room number at Kenan was 304, and it has stuck in my mind like peanut butter.

-A still hilaricus story by Stan Colbert, clipped from The Mag, on watching bridge players at the Y and at Graham. A couple of lines will give you an idea. Over at the Y he found "four unshaven, haggard people gasping for air." And, "The person's hand that I was watching was pretty monotonous...all the cards were clubs. I whispered, 'Bid a club.'"

-A glorious football program cover. A handsome player in white helmet is saluting against a background of Old Glory. Duke vs. Carolina is printed on the bottom.

-Two telegrams sent on the same day-March 5, 1945. One was for me, the other for my roommate. One read: Please let us hear from you. Grades all right. Love, Mother. The other: No word from you yet. Wire telling how you are. Mother.

-A Sadie Hawkins Day proclamation for "all Carolina women what ain't married but craves to be."

-All kinds of political stories from The Tar Heel and flyers for candidates. All of the flyers are for Student Party candidates, because that was MY party. (Sorry about that, all you UP members.) -Several newspaper accounts of the big to-do that mushroomed when 45 Carolina delegates to the state student legislature in Raleigh proposed that representatives from Negro colleges be invited to the next session.

At least two UNC students disapproved. Under a joint byline in the Tar Heel they wrote: "We agree that segregation violates the principles of Democracy and we look to the day when some solution may be reached. But no good comes from a group of independently-thinking students who jump into the fire and attempt to solve the entire problem by abandoning segregation at their next session."

(You've got to watch those "independently-thinking" students.)

-A Doug Hunt editorial in response to a request for a copy of the Di Senate roster at the time the resolutions favoring abolition of Jim Crow laws were passed.

"... but my own deepest feeling and belief about men is that I cannot love a man because of his race (or nationality or religion, or any other cause of prejudice), nor hate him for it; I simply ignore it. To me a man is a man-full of hopes and fears, subject to tempests and passions, weak and frail, strong and noble, free, bond, or master of himself despite his destiny ..."

-A poem from the Tar Heel called Anti-Planetarium, written by Monty Howell. It begins:

Though I hate to be known as a

sorehead,

I'm distressed at the present from Morehead. My worst complaint is that it tampers

With the prettiest part of the campus. And I feel like raising a squawk

About messing up old Senior Walk.

The last two lines:

- I appreciate the kingness of Mr. Morehead
- But I wish he'd given us the million instead.

-A commencement program, on one of the scrapbook's last pages, dated June 10, 1946. It was the 152nd commencement, and Gov. Gregg Cherry was there and Dr. Frank and Josephus Daniels.

And there I was, too, at the end of the scrapbook.

World War II Dead Not Forgotten

They won't be here for the reunion. They are the 15 members of the class of 1946 who served—and died—during World War II.

Not all of them died in combat. Three

reportedly the youngest ever to receive a commission. Lt. Hunter was killed in action in Europe.

EDGAR GEORGE LOUGEE JR. of Durham, 2nd Lieutenant, AAF, killed

a 1945.

PAUL HARRIS POWERS of Bennettsville, S. C. S/Sgt. Powers was killed in action in Belgium on Jan. 16, 1945. He was awarded the Bronze Star enrollment at UNC was 4,011. This represented a jump of over one thousand from the previous quarter, the first of the 1945-46 school year. That year, of course, saw the first huge influx of veterans, with 400 enrolling for the fall quarter and over 1,000 more for the winter quarter. And never again was Carolina the quiet, easy-going Southern campus. The enrollment of over 18,000 now is a staggering figure in itself. Too big, many a parent says in trying to help his child decide where to go to college. Too big, say some freshmen who feel lost in the shuffle. Not so, say others, who find just that many more possible friends.

The University has established what are called residence colleges to alleviate this feeling of hugeness. A residence college may consist of only one dorm—there are a thousand students or so in Morrison Dormitory, for instance—or of several dorms grouped together, preferably including both men's and women's dorms. These residence colleges have their own governmental and social set-ups, and it all seems to work out very well.

Back in Our Day the physical appearance of the student masses attracted very little comment. Suffice it to say, this is another area in which times have certainly changed. The whole scene can be somewhat awe-inspiring now. Perhaps it's the sheer number of long-haired, blue-jeaned, granny-glassed young people.

But has the basic concept changed that

Bunky Flagler, a UNC freshman, was

asked to read and comment on the

Woman's Handbook for 1945 and '46,

and Bunky and some friends did and

concluded that the social regulations of

25 years ago were hilarious. Bunky's the

daughter of Fred and Mary Hill Gaston

Flagler of Winston-Salem. Her comments

By BUNKY FLAGLER

Twenty-five years ago, junior women

entering the University had so much to

remember about regulations-so much

more than a freshman entering in 1971.

Just why did you coeds have so many

rules? Could it be that you gals were just

some good laughs from some of the more

As we studied the rule book, we got

For example, if a girl was late to her

follow.

too wild back then?

far-fetched regulations.

Perhaps as much as anything, parents of UNC students might worry about their nutrition. Lenoir Hall is closed, for

All together now. "Hark the sound..."

Oh, those silly social rules of 46!

for a long dry walk.

Another funny rule: "Two girls cannot sleep in the same bed." These days it would be impossible for two girls to sleep on one of those skinny little pallets the University calls a bed. It really seemed funny to us that anyone would worry if one slept with her girlfriend. Nowadays ... well, my father didn't even mention one word about my not sleeping with girlfriends!

Definitely missing in the handbook is any mention of "visitation." Now I know that for many of you the word "visitation" rhymes with copulation and is therefore evil. But without visitation, so many normal and respectable activities could not occur.

For instance, if I'd been a '45 coed I could not have taken care of a friend, who happened to be a boy, who was in great pain. He'd been in a motorcycle accident, and it was good that I could be with him and help him so that he didn't whether they entered in '45 or '71. The enthusiasm for cultural and educational growth, the awe of the beauty and grace of the green, sprawling campus, the excitement of new interests and friends, the warmth of fellowship and meaningful relationships with others in the University community, the love of the village of Chapel Hill—none of these things have changed in the quarter of a century that has passed.

We are all Tar Heels together.



were killed in those accidents which sometimes occur in the service on this side ... before the serviceman ever leaves these shores.

But whether they died fighting on a far-off Pacific island or in an airplane disaster over Florida, they gave all they had, and we can never pay the debt we owe them.

The class of '46 will never forget them. Their names, as compiled by the

General Alumni Office:

ALMAN BYRON BUTLER JR. of Clinton, missing in action Oct. 17, 1944, and declared dead March 24, 1945.

CARLYLE CAESAR COUNCIL of Durham, Army Private, killed in action in Italy on June 1, 1944.

DUDLEY WATKINS HUNTER JR. of Mt. Sterling, Ky., graduated from Ft. Benning as a second lieutenant at the age of 18 years, three months and a few days,

and burned near Ironton, Mo., on Dec. 20, 1944.

PAUL BISHOP LYLES of Wilson, 2nd Lieutenant, AAF, killed when the army bomber on which he was navigator crashed at Gulfport, Miss., on Aug. 27, 1944.

JAMES BORDEN LYNCH of Wilmington, 1st Lieutenant, killed in action on Feb. 9, 1945, in Italy.

CLAIBORNE ROSS MAYNARD of Chapel Hill, shot down over Germany on Sept. 11, 1944. He was awarded the DFC, Air Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster and the Purple Heart.

THOMAS JOSEPH O'BRIEN JR. of Durham, 2nd Lieutenant, killed May 26, 1945, over Peleliu.

CLETUS FRANKLIN PERRYMAN of Winston-Salem, Marine Corps corporal, killed in action in the Pacific on Feb. 12, and two Oak Leaf Clusters with a Presidential Citation.

BOYCE PINCKNEY SCRUGGS JR. of Rutherfordton, killed on April 10, 1945, in Germany.

WILLIAM HAVILAND SMITH of Lexington, Mass., killed in action in Belgium on Dec. 16, 1944, in the Battle of the Bulge.

DAVID LEIGH SPECTOR of Boston, Mass., Private First Class, killed in action on April 25, 1945, in Germany.

GEORGE THADDEUS WHITLEY JR. of Wilson, Private First Class, died Aug. 19, 1944, as the result of wounds received in action in Southern France where he took part in the invasion.

ROLAND CLEGG WILLIAMS JR. of Monroe, 2nd Lieutenant, AAF, killed on Sept. 29, 1944, when his heavy bomber crashed during a training flight near Avon Park, Fla. dorm she was supposed to knock on her housemother's window or her dorm president's window. Now, if I knocked on my housemother's window after the 2 a.m. closing hour, the campus policeman on duty near our dorm would probably arrest me for "peeking." And my housemother would probably shoot me and rightly so. Who wants to jump out of bed to let a girl in when she might have 200 such knocks during the night?

The way to get into your dorm in '71 is to call the campus police on the direct-line telephone beside the dorm door. One usually ambles by fairly soon, checks your ID and lets you in.

The "miscellaneous" rules in your handbook were some of the most humorous. Drinking in the dorms was strictly forbidden. My friends and I had visions of coeds dashing over to the Old Well to get their last gulp of water before closing hours, just like camels tanking up have to move his broken elbow and badly-bruised body so much.

After all, our bedrooms are our study rooms, our eating places, our living rooms. We have birthday parties there all the time—with balloons and candles and the whole works. We study together there, work out lab problems together, discuss personal problems, listen to music together.

The '46 handbook, however, does give some very up-to-date bits of advice. "Wear casual clothes," the authors insisted. That certainly goes for today.

But more than giving advice on what to wear and bring and how to behave, the handbook instructs the new woman on attitudes. "That is Carolina's way of life—liberal, simple, decisive ... You'll love Carolina!"

That speaks to all new students,

REUNION CHAIL. AN-James (Jim) W. Hedrick of Greensboro is general chairman of the 1946 class reunion. He is founder of J. W. Hedrick and Co., furniture manufacturers agents, and owner of a retail furniture outlet in Thomsville.