

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.

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 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 Carboro 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.

'Our day'

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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 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.

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.

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.

Which brings us to the numbers of students. In January of 1946, the total enrollment at UNC was 4,011.

The University has established what are called residence colleges to alleviate this feeling of hugeness.

Back in Our Day the physical appearance of the student masses attracted very little comment.

Perhaps as much as anything, parents of UNC students might worry about their nutrition. Lenoir Hall is closed, for example, and while there is some cafeteria service, many thousands of students simply live too far away from the cafeterias.

But outside of the drug problem, which is an overriding concern of parents everywhere, visitation is the thing that interests the general public.

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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.

As we studied the rule book, we got some good laughs from some of the more far-fetched regulations.

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.

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.

That speaks to all new students, 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.

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.

Table listing parents in Class of '46 and their children's names and classes. Includes names like George W. Blair III, Herbert Vinson Bridgers Jr., etc.

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 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 hilarious 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 who 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 kinasence 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 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,

reported 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 when his C-47 transport plane crashed 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,

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 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.