

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue: Night Editor, Andy Taylor — Sports.

on the Carolina FRONT

by Chuck Hauser

This is the story of the preacher who should have been president—the father of the University of North Carolina.

No, he's not William Richardson Davie. Davie is the founder of the University, and earned that distinction by introducing into the State Legislature on Nov. 12, 1789, a successful bill to charter the first state university in the nation.

But the first movement to found UNC was started five years before. On Nov. 8, 1784, a bill written by Rev. Samuel Eusebius McCorkle, with the help of Judge Spruce Macay, was thrown on the floor of the Legislature. That law, which would have chartered the University, failed at the hands of an Anti-Federalist majority and in a period of severe financial stringency for North Carolina.

Samuel McCorkle was a Presbyterian minister who was born in Lancaster, Pa., but was reared near Salisbury, in the heart of the Old North State. He was educated at Princeton and in the classical school directed by Dr. David Caldwell of Guilford County.

Dr. McCorkle was deprived of being the founder of his state university, but when Davie's bill chartering UNC was passed, the good Scotchman was named to the first Board of Trustees of the embryo institution.

As a Trustee, Dr. McCorkle served on a committee to procure information on how other colleges and universities in the nation were being run, and to formulate plans for Carolina.

The popular preacher was also in the group which approved and recommended to the Board of Trustees the selection of Chapel Hill as the site of the new school, after it had been chosen by Frederick Hargett's committee (of which Davie, contrary to legend, was not even a member).

Samuel McCorkle was chairman of the Trustee committee which drew up the first four-year curriculum for the University. Kemp Plummer Battle, the eminent historian, commented that McCorkle "drew up a scheme for the more practical instruction which all institutions of higher learning at the present day have to a greater or less extent adopted."

Reverend McCorkle also wrote the first set of regulations and by-laws of the new University of North Carolina, including one rule which ordered "Students required to cleanse their beds and rooms of bugs every two weeks."

On October 12, 1793, the cornerstone of East Building, now known as Old East, was laid by Davie. But the man who made the only address on that historic occasion was Samuel Eusebius McCorkle. "May this hill be for religion as the ancient hill of Zion," Dr. McCorkle prayed that day, "and for literature and the muses, may it surpass the ancient Parnassus."

Early in 1794 Founder Davie was instrumental in seeing that Father McCorkle was not appointed Presiding Professor of the University, a post equivalent to President. Apparently Davie did not trust McCorkle's executive ability, although he respected him as a teacher. And early in 1795, Dr. McCorkle again was bypassed when the Trustees were looking for a President. This time it was a matter of differences over financial matters.

I guess I should explain my interest in Samuel McCorkle. According to the reasoning of historian-mathematician-biographer Archibald Henderson, I am the great-great-great-grandson of that worthy gentleman. I've tried to trace the relationship, but a missing generation has prevented me from completing my figuring. However, I'll continue to claim the old boy until someone brings me proof that I shouldn't.

Samuel McCorkle has been sadly neglected here at the University. Davie has a building and a tree and his picture in the mural on the west wall of the post office.

One thing on campus has been named after Reverend McCorkle. The great open triangle on the north end of the campus containing the Davie Poplar, the Caldwell Obelisk, the Old Well and the Confederate Soldier is named "McCorkle Place," but you'd have to look for a long time to discover a student who realizes it.

"But First A Few Words From Our Sponsors . . ."



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The Editor's Mailbox

Clampitt Says He's Not Running

Editor:
 I wish to inform columnist Jack Lackey and other interested students that I will not be a candidate for the office of president of the student body. A consideration of the qualifications of candidate Ben James along with an examination of his objectives has convinced me that my candidacy is unnecessary.

Bob Clampitt

Robertson Says Sign The Petition

Editor:
 I welcome the approach of Mr. Selig, in his latest column, to the question of understanding scientific Communism in general and the Soviet Union in particular. It is quite true that, in our country, there is an appalling lack of information plus considerable misinformation on these matters. I shall not go into the reasons for this state of affairs. I shall only state, in passing, that in Hitler Germany, such lack of information plus misinformation was not the fault of the Soviet Union. As regards Hitler's unhappy fate it has happened more than once that liars have become entangled in their own webs of lies . . .

Here is my proposal. In order that Bob Selig, Bill Robertson, and the rest of the fellows at Steele Dormitory may be able to continue their discussion, let us, first of all, sign the new petition for a FIVE-POWER PACT OF PEACE between the United States, Britain, France, China, and the Soviet Union. Such a petition by hundreds of millions of people throughout the world can create the most fruitful conditions for further discussion. For, once PEACE is assured, we can then proceed to discuss everything under the sun, and to regain that old faith in the goodness and intelligence of man which so many of us seem to have lost.

Bill Robertson

Moore Or Less

by John Moore

It's your money, but you aren't interested. It's your magazine, but you don't care. It's our job to put a good humor magazine together but we can't do it without YOU.

You, the student body, have time to criticize *Tarnation*, but you never take that time to put your criticism on paper and let us see it. You sit on your cans and complain about what a lousy excuse for a magazine we have but you haven't got the "guts" the get up and go, to do anything about it.

Well, you are going to have a chance to do something about it now. Opportunity knocks but once and this is it. This is the last issue of *Tarnation* for some time to come and together we can get a hell of a good book out. Without you, the book will be just as the rest have been.

I want every student on this campus to send anything—that he or she thinks is worth printing c/o *Tarnation*, Graham Memorial. If you have something that you don't think is worth printing, send it anyway. We will decide; that's our job. I want stories, jokes, pictures, poems, cartoons and ideas for

any of these things. I want clean copy, dirty copy, funny copy and serious copy.

Anything that can be written on paper, I want. If it is too hot for the postman to handle, then bring it down to the office yourself. You can't bring me more copy than I want. *Tarnation* office is conveniently located next to the men's room and across the hall from the Rendezvous Room in GM. If you are sure you cannot write, then put your ideas on a piece of paper in Sanskrit and we will write them.

It is for you that we are trying to put out a good magazine. As far as I am concerned it would be a lot easier to simply throw something together and give it to you. The whole thing is going to mean a lot more work for us.

We can put the stuff together and put out the best book you have seen, but we have to have the material to put together first.

If I had enough imagination to write the jokes and funny stories to fill 64 pages all by my lonesome, I wouldn't be sitting in school right now; I'd own my own school.

Rolling Stones

by Don Maynard

Joe College, the guy who lives in a dormitory, has had it again. Tuesday afternoon, a ruling was handed down from South Building to the effect that women visitors will not be permitted in the men's dormitory social rooms except on "special occasions."

The argument was—and I have to hand it to the folks in South, for it was another ingenious stall—that there were not "adequate facilities and staff" for men's dorms to have coeds, or any woman for that matter, visiting in the social rooms.

By that does the administration mean a special policeman at every entrance and window?

No, says Dean of Students Fred Weaver, "adequate" signified something similar to the facilities and staff that are in the women's dorms.

But there are no such facilities and staff furnished for women fraternity house visitors. A simple slip of paper agreed upon by most of the campus fraternities is the only "chaperone" requirement for the overseeing of fraternity house social activities.

As I understand it, the social rooms were installed in the dormitories for one purpose: to enable women to easily, without undue embarrassment or inconvenience, visit their menfolk in respectable surroundings. That is to say, the male's home at Carolina, his dormitory.

Back in the days when there were many in school and three men to a room was considered a luxury, the argument put forth by the administration was "but the social rooms are needed for housing right now to accommodate those men who otherwise would not have dormitory facilities."

And now, with the drop in male enrollment, and plans already laid for reconversion to two men to a room in some dorms, the administration says, "Boys, we can't trust you with those women alone in a social room."

However, Dean Weaver points out, there would be no objection to having women visit dorms on "special occasions." Could that be interpreted to mean that men dormitories will be open to women on every "big dance" weekend?

I doubt it. I doubt that any agreement will be reached between Interdormitory Council representatives and the administration. Protect the female from the wiles of the male student seems to be the clarion call. Well, then, let's prohibit parking outside women's dorms and unchaperoned sitting in the small parlors located inside the women's dormitories.

What's the objection? Search me, I can't see it. It appears that those fortunate male students with automobiles shall be forced to continue their courtship parked at night, sans the more healthy environment of a clean, orderly and respectable social room.

Take The 'C' Out

In looking over the work some organizations have done during the past year, we notice some which haven't lived up to their promises, some which haven't followed any plan and some which, as far as we can tell, should either change their name or get to work doing something which will be representative of their names. Such an organization is the Young Men's Christian Association—the YMCA.

In looking at the program the YMCA has put on this year, we can find little, in fact, almost nothing which in any manner of speaking puts any emphasis on the "C" in the initials of this group. It seems to us that the YMCA should be working toward bringing Christianity onto the campus and helping the ones of us who don't know enough about religion to come to a fuller knowledge. To the average student, the "Y" is a place to get coffee and cokes and doesn't have anything to do with Christianity. We are not in favor of doing away with the Book Ex, but we are in favor of the YMCA living up to its name.

It has been said that the YMCA is a poor man's APO, that it allows those boys who weren't able to be Boy Scouts to take part in a program that follows along the same lines as their more fortunate fellow students who were Boy Scouts. If this is the type of program the YMCA is going to follow, why doesn't it change its name to the Young Men's Welfare Association? It wouldn't be misleading the campus and it could continue to operate as it is now.

The Daily Princetonian

Next Victim

Television's newest and greatest sideshow, the Senate Crime Investigation Committee hearings from Foley Square, throw the new medium into the rather dubious realm of public investigation. Just as long, however, as we can continue to watch our favorite comic characters on the witness stand (and occasionally on the other side of the rostrum, too) TV's new departure from the usual fare meets with our approval.

But now, by the way of the latest issue of *Editor and Publisher*, comes an inkling of the final flourish of television promotion men. New York Commissioner of Corrections John A. Lyons revealed to a representative of International News Photos, who was inquiring about taking pictures of the electrocution of "Lonely Heart killers" at Sing Sing early this month, that one station had requested permission to televise the couple's last gasps. Needless to say, the request was turned down and the public spared, but the thought still haunts our blacker hours in this overcast midweek week.

Puh-leeze, Mr TV station managers, have a heart. We don't mind the details of the latest evasive testimony, we might be even able to bear television scenes of trials—but executions is just one step too far. It's times like these when we're tempted to turn in our Video Ranger button. We hope television quits while it's still ahead.

Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS
1. Division of a drama
 4. Poem
 7. Break into pieces
 12. That woman
 13. Veneration
 15. Extension of the arm
 17. Mistle
 18. Ripped
 19. Mental image
 21. Cover
 23. Hard fruit
 24. Julefotte article
 25. Nothing
 27. Small child
 28. Fer
 30. Obtain
 31. Obscure
 34. Dully
 35. Soent
 38. 2000 pounds

PAWING RATTER
 ORATOR AVERSE
 MIRAGE SENATE
 ASP SATES CAVE
 DEEP SOD METE
 ENDURED AIDES
 RUDDERS
 SPERM LATTENS
 EELS PES SMEE
 RED FORTS PAC
 IDEALS ENTIRE
 AERIES REAIRE
 LESSEE SEVERE

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

2. Fettered
3. Care for
4. Alternative
5. American political party; abbr.
6. Wicked
7. Symbol for strontium
8. Famous opera house; abbr.
9. Later
10. Rub hard in washing
11. British novelist
14. The way out
16. Lair
19. Help
22. Canine
24. Fast
25. Illuminated
28. Drag
31. Uppermost part
32. Crowd
33. Noise
37. Went swiftly
39. At the present time
41. Degraded
42. Female sheep
44. Alternative
46. Aeriform fluid
48. Distributed
49. Old womanish
51. Diplomacy
53. Dry
54. Julefotte
58. Look for in expectation
60. Forbidden by religious dogma
62. Night before an event
64. Exclamation of disapproval
66. Golf mound
68. Like
69. Negative

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