

# The Daily Tar Heel

71 Years of Editorial Freedom

Published daily except Mondays, examinations periods and vacations, throughout the academic year by the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina. Printed by the Chapel Hill Publishing Company, Inc., 501 West Franklin Street, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Entered as 2nd class matter at the Post Office in Chapel Hill, N. C., pursuant to Act of March 8, 1870. Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester; \$8 per year.

## Tarnishing The Image Of Justice

Town Solicitor Roy Cole seems set on proving that the kind of justice he is concerned with is not only arbitrary, but beyond the scrutiny of any of the citizens he supposedly acts for.

In Recorder's Court yesterday, Cole unexpectedly and successfully moved that a disorderly conduct charge against a local white man accused of interfering with police in a civil rights demonstration, be not-prossed, or suspended indefinitely. Twice he refused a polite and valid request from a reporter for an explanation of why he did so. The arresting officer was in the hall outside the courtroom, but he wasn't called in or even specifically notified about the matter.

The pity of the situation is not so much that Cole's reputation for being

high-handed is worsening; the real pity is that the image of justice in Chapel Hill may well be distorted as a result of Cole's actions.

This would be most regrettable, because arbitrary justice is foreign to Chapel Hill's law-enforcement standards. As we have repeatedly noted in the past, Chief William D. Blake runs one of the finest Police forces in the country, and Chapel Hill's Recorder's Court judges are noted for their fairness.

But it undoubtedly will happen unless someone impresses upon Cole the fact that his official decisions are very much the business of the public which elected him, his apparent notions to the contrary notwithstanding.

## Suspending The Law Of Supply & Demand

Advice, the old saw goes, is worth exactly as much as you pay for it. Usually, of course, this means it isn't worth much because so much of it is offered free.

The same rule operates with regard to candor, or frankness. Because there's so little of it, most of it is precious.

Thus it is that we felt especially rewarded the other day when we ran into two separate cases of candor in places where you'd least expect to find it.

One of the two cases concerns Wake Forest's new football coach, Bill Tate, former assistant coach at the University of Illinois. The other involves a Presbyterian minister in Brooklyn.

Tate told a group of Wake Forest alumni that he intends to recruit Negro players despite anyone's personal feelings on the matter, and alumni had better get behind the school's athletic program or drop out of the Atlantic Coast Conference.

"You may approve of Negro football players at Wake Forest or you may not," Tate said. "It doesn't bother me. We're going to recruit them."

In asking for alumni backing, Tate continued: "We're in show business. There's no other way to describe it. If you want a successful athletic program, then support it. Or else drop out of the Atlantic Coast Conference."

This is candor of a high order. No mish-mash about building character and so forth, just straight out truth. Truth of the variety we could use more of here at UNC—and reflective of the

same sort of courage we could also use more of.

The second instance of frankness we came across was equally refreshing.

The Rev. William Glensk, pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, defended from his pulpit the controversial 18th Century novel "Fanny Hill," which tells of a 15-year-old girl who was lured into prostitution.

The Reverend said the book was moral.

"Man cannot choose between right and wrong without having knowledge of them both," he told his overflow congregation. The girl in the novel "was not out for kicks," he continued, "she was out for love." He quoted several passages from the novel to illustrate his point.

"I say that if the act of sex is wrong, then let the censors of the nation start cleaning up every bedroom . . . Let the censors of the church begin with the Bible . . . The prophets didn't beat around the bush in describing sex, so what are we afraid of?"

The minister said he has been "flooded with about 25 protest letters a day since I spoke out in defense of the book . . . and believe me, they contained vile language not found anywhere in 'Fanny Hill.'"

This too is candor of a high order; the type we could use more of not only here at UNC but throughout the state and the world.

Somehow we don't think, contrary to that old saw, that it's value would decrease because there was more of it.

## Communism And The Campus

By JACK ANDERSON  
THE LATEST FAD among college students is to invite political freaks, the fanatics of the left and right, to appear on the lecture platform. These intellectual sideshows usually attract swarms of students, drawn by curiosity or the prospect of off-beat entertainment.

The biggest attractions are the Communists who have made dozens of college appearances, drawing large crowds, giving press interviews, making personal contacts.

Perhaps it is only natural that American students, who have grown up reading scare stories about Communists, should want to see one for themselves. Now the Reds are cashing in on this cold war curiosity.

The new brand of Communist speaker, however, is far removed from the Red-tied rattle rouser of the past. He is disarmingly genial, seemingly reasonable.

His whole deportment conveys the idea: "Look me over. I haven't got horns. I merely represent another way of thinking."

A party publication reported exultantly that the slipper-tongued Gus Hall, American's No. 1 Communist, spoke to 19,000 students in five campus appearances in six days.

After addressing a group of New York students, Communist Party Secretary Benjamin Davis said: "I could tell they were impressed with me. These were people of potential action whose activities must be directed."

Lesser luminaries, such as Youth Director Mortimer Rubin and Daily Worker editor James Jackson, have never lacked for

listeners on the college circuit. Buoyed up by this success, the party has established an official Communist Lecture Bureau, which offers speakers for "lectures, forums and debates on communism, who can speak with knowledge and authority, and will give a truthful view of communism."

Circular letters have gone out to editors of college newspapers, advising them of this service and adding modestly: "Fees for speakers is not a main consideration."

This is the first time the Reds, being back-door specialists, have tried to infiltrate our colleges by the front door.

Of course, only a few students have been beguiled. Some 600 Hamilton College students, for instance, listened quietly to party popoff Arnold Johnson harangue them on the shortcomings of the United States Government. The audience wasn't responsive until Johnson, attempting to illustrate a point, referred to a personal experience.

"Recently," he said, "I received a three-year sentence in a Federal prison . . ."

He was immediately interrupted by a tremendous burst of applause.

Even the sobolomb of Party leader Gus Hall was shaken during an appearance at Swarthmore College. He had an audience of some 900 students and was fielding questions glibly when one student insisted on knowing the relationship between communism and religion.

Suddenly Hall lost his veneer and snapped: "I presume you are asking whether I believe in God?"

There was a moment of stillness, then defiantly Hall declared: "I do not believe in God."

He was booed so lustily that he had to scuttle from the hall by the back door.

The Reds are scarcely dismayed, however, that there is no great rush to join the Party. In their view, every appearance of a communist on a campus helps to build up their claim to be a legitimate political party.

Yet eager as they are to speak, communist lecturers are far from unhappy to be banned by the faculty. It is merely more grist for Moscow's mill.

Curb one man's speech, it is true, and others will find themselves silent. So what is the answer to the communist challenge on the campus? What happened at Michigan State University may be the answer.

More than 200 students crowded the banks of the Red Cedar River or floated in canoes to hear the noted Red, Robert G. Thompson, speak.

At last Michael Erdei, a professor who had escaped from Hungary with the Freedom Fighters, could stand it no longer. He cried out against Thompson's double-tongued oratory, reminded the students that freedom is the world's primary goal.

In that moment of truth, the American communist stood illuminated before the crowd, a sickly grin on his face.

The right of free speech is too precious to be denied even to the enemy. Let the communist lecturer speak, but also let him be answered.

# This Is How It All Began . . .

By KERRY SIPE

I could not sleep. The moon was bright and big and yellow, and the earth was wet with autumn rain and a breeze blew messages of sleep into my window. But, still, I could not sleep. I wondered instead how it all began. How many people had occupied by bed before me here? How many people had spent sleepless nights in this same room. The lights were out in every window of the dorms across the quad. All was quiet. I slipped from bed and dressed.

A brisk pace around the block cleared my head, and I started back towards my dormitory in anticipation of some long-awaited rest, when, to my alarm, I noticed what seemed to be a parade of men and women heading down Cameron Avenue in the direction of the Old Well. I don't ask that you believe what I am about to tell you, for indeed I have doubts of my own, but only accept it as the hapless invention of a weary mind and gain from it such knowledge as you will.

Such a completely diverse group I had not seen before in my life. Each bore characteristics widely separated in time and custom from his associates. If my mouth was open, it was in awe of them. Their faces broke the night with a pallor that set a feeling of uneasiness about me. I hid behind a large Sugar Maple and waited to see what would happen.

As the ghostly procession drew nearer, I was able to read on their clothes what I took to be their names. Strange as it was, their names were as familiar to me as the addresses of my friends. "Battle," "Manly," "Aycock"; words once reminding me of buildings were now the names of faces, and I marveled at the wonder of it all.

The first was Waightsstill Avery, the oldest of them all, whom I recognized as the author of the clause of the North Carolina Constitution calling for the foundation of the first state university. He wore a moth-eaten Princeton letter on his sweater and carried in his hand a sheet of parchment inscribed with the words, "A school or schools shall be established by the legislature



The Old, Old Well . . . Grandpa Was No Greek

governor Graham to try to come to an agreement with the Union Army. An agreement to spare Chapel Hill was made in exchange for the use of the town as an encampment for 4000 Union soldiers.

President Jefferson Davis, when he heard of the bargain, declared Swain and Graham traitors to their country, and ordered their arrest.

Staunchly behind the good governor marched the stern-faced, proper Kemp Plummer Battle, who also knew a story about the war. He recalled with certain sadness a time when the survival of the great university was in the nervous hands of fate, a time when enrollment dropped from 456 to 2 in a period of ten years, a time when horses and cattle were stabled in the hallowed halls of the old South Building, a time which promoted an unidentified student to scribble on an abandoned blackboard the hopeless retreat: "This old university has busted and gone to hell today."

It was Kemp P. Battle, standing before me in the moonlight, who had single-handedly raised the \$20,000 necessary to put the severely wounded University of North Carolina back on its feet

it, the structure was "the sixth cousin of a Greek shrine, the third cousin of the temple of Vesta, and the second cousin of the Temple of Versailles."

The group broke ranks upon approaching the well and suddenly I recognized more of them, one by one.

There was JOHN WASHINGTON GRAHAM, President of the University during the early part of the century and his faithful and co-operative Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, MARVIN H. STACY whose names will always be written together as one of the teams in the education profession. "Both," according to an editorial in a 1919 trade journal, "were masters of the problems of student-life; both were successful interpreters of the University's ideals not only to students but to the people of the State who never saw the campus; both were endowed with a passion for fair play and square-dealing; both possessed unusual qualities of leadership among young men. As President and Dean . . . they labored together, planned together, and almost died together."

It was President Graham who had refused to accept women as applicants to the University, though under great pressure to do so, because he believed that Southern women were inferior to all men and even Northern women in their inborn, intelligence.

Standing tall toward the back of the group, I recognized Dr. W. N. EVERETT, a prominent member of the N.C. General Assembly who had stood firmly against the admission of women to the student body. I recalled reading about that day of March 14, 1923 when the TAR HEEL blasted into the controversial argument with the headline, "Shall Co-Eds Have Dormitory Built Here?" and then answered its own question by declaring, "Representative Student Opinion Says 'No.'"

The slogan of the student body became "Women Students not Wanted Here!" and "Shaves and Shines but not Rats and Rouge!" A student referendum voted on by 1,100 students revealed a mass opposition to the education of females 937-173. "Angels on Campus" were banned once again and thanks to Dr. Everett, Manhood was spared another blow of insult.

Marching victoriously behind the stalwart opposers of women suffrage and women's rights, was CHARLES DUNCAN McIVER, the father of higher education for women in North Carolina. Mr. McIver had personally taught 40 of every 100 female teachers in the state during his time.

Among the group of men around the well, I noticed for the first time, the distinctive female figure of Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer, Democrat, journalist, author, poet, and the first woman to receive a Doctor of Laws degree from a Southern institution. She was an impressive woman. Gov. Vance referred to her as "the smartest woman in North Carolina," and then would add, "the smartest man too." I remember the story of Mrs. Spencer's great love for UNC. It is a fact that she died with an invocation of God's

blessings for the school on her lips.

As I looked at the weird array before me, with the memories of the Gator Bowl fresh in my mind, Dr. Eben Alexander took the floor to tell an early Carolina football story. I listened eagerly. "Football, in its early forms, was a dangerous game," I heard him say. "The fans not only yelled and cheered the team to victory, but quite often rushed onto the field to tackle, trip, and kick the opposing players. I believe a group called the Minataurs have not yet abandoned the custom here. At any rate, the Trustees were up at arms over the whole thing, and in a fury declared the game of football an illegal sport. Well, you know how much good it does to tell a Carolina student what not to do! The students got together and decided that if they couldn't play football, they wouldn't play anything. The athletic teams were non-existent in the year 1890. The old playing field was allowed to grow up in grass and weeds." Dr. Alexander continued, "I just had to get up that petition to abolish the football ban." I recalled that Carolina sporting teams have been on the upswing ever since.

meaning each face in the crowd assumed. There was Col. J. Bryan Grimes whom my friends in Ehringhaus and Craig can thank for the suggestion that future construction on the campus should be done to the south, away from Chapel Hill.

There was the Rev. Adolphus W. Mangum, Methodist minister and professor of Moral Philosophy and Religion, who was so beloved by his students. I remembered the story that Prof. Mangum used to tell about a class he was teaching concerning the effects of a good orator on a mass audience. The students all stared at him with wide eyes and open mouths and gradually moved from their seats and surrounded him at his desk, as if spellbound by his voice. With a flourishing burst of good-natured laughter, he dismissed the class for the day.

I recognized the professional aire of Dr. Charles Manley, who in 1857 obtained the money to build the first university hospital, a two-story, wooden structure affectionately called the "retreat" by students who often found it easier to get desperately ill than to take a mid-term exam. One of the first full-time physicians employed at the retreat was Dr. Richard H. Whitehead. At that time, the School of Medicine was not an official part of the University, so Dr. Whitehead was forced to charge a \$5 fee from each of his students in return for medical care, in lieu of a regular salary.

Mr. HAYWOOD PARKER, stood near by with a profession air about him. It was he who moved that a recommendation to found a Law School at Carolina be passed. The field of law was a new to the University, though, and the neighboring Law School at the University of Virginia saw the opportunity to give helpful advice. "The University of Virginia has never had a great teacher who was a practitioner of any long standing," the sprouting school was warned. "Their job is to teach law, not to practice it. The technique of the practice is easily learned." Ironically, I thought, sixteen of the eighteen members of the law school faculty today have had



Rah, Rah White! Rah, Rah Blue! Hoopla, Hoopla, NCU!

for the convenient instruction of youth, with such salaries to the masters, paid by the public, as may enable them to instruct at low prices . . . I chuckled at the path of history. In a single paragraph, Avery had not only founded a university, but had perpetuated a trend that would not be overthrown even after 187 years — that of the underpaid teacher.

Close behind Dr. Avery, I recognized, in robe and mortarboard, Gov. Charles Brantly Aycock. His placard read "The Education Governor," a title he earned by building an average of one school a day in North Carolina for the first four years of his administration. I could tell by the look in his eyes that he was proud of what he had done. I began to see what Kemp Battle meant when he referred to Gov. Aycock as a man "distinguished for intelligence, for bold manly pluck to standing to his convictions." On the Governor's finger I noticed a UNC class ring — Class of 1890.

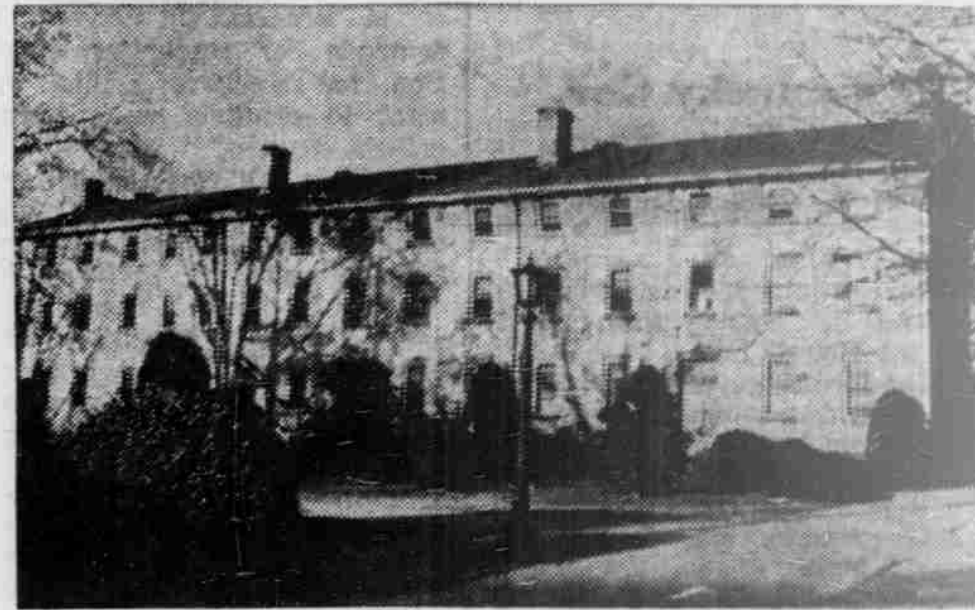
I saw the flag of Dixie blowing high in the night and beneath it marched a tiny two-man confederate regiment. I recalled stories of Lt. James Johnson Pettigrew, captain of the UNC fencing team in 1827, who led the greater part of Gen. Longstreet's troops against the Union at the Battle of Gettysburg. Beside him, in perfect cadence, marched his honor Gov. Zebulon B. Vance of the Confederate State of North Carolina. He was a tall man, a strong man with a metal gray beard. Dixie stars were in his eyes as I watched him march before me. There was no doubt in my mind that he was a loyal Southerner, though history questions the point at his expense.

It was in 1865 that Gov. Vance received word that General Sherman had plans to conduct one of his notorious wasteland campaigns through the center of North Carolina. The destruction of the university seemed inevitable. In an effort to save the school, the governor asked University President Swain and ex-

again. It is to him, more than any of the others, that I, as a Carolina student, felt the need to honor.

As the procession marched closer to the Old Well, I feared my hiding place might be discovered, but soon realized that each man was too involved with his own remembrances to notice me. President Battle and President Edwin Alderman were engaged in a conversation tempered to the interest of the both — the Old Well.

Mr. Battle built the Old Well in the interest of water sanitation in 1890. It was simple and utilitarian. Fresh water was pumped into large tanks in the attic of the South Building each night and used by the University during the next day. It was an admirable arrangement. Mr. Alderman, however, argued that the University should have something "more marked by dignity and beauty" than Battle's "squalid and ramshackle" old well. During his administration in 1896, he built the arcade which covers the well today. As he described



Old East . . . Still Proud After 170 Years

A younger man, Richard H. Lewis received the attention of the gathering, when he rose to speak. "I've always felt that it was the duty of a university to provide for both the mental and physical health of its students," he said. "During my lifetime, there was no gymnasium where students could exercise on long rainy days. When the university trustees once again were pressured by certain Baptist ladies clubs to abolish the practice of dancing on the campus, I saw an opportunity to combine two problems under a single solution. Money was raised and a wooden frame building was constructed on private property off of the University campus, to serve both as gymnasium and dance hall. The students were so relieved to find a way around a rule they considered senseless, that they emblazoned on the wall of the place the words, "We welcome the daughters of North Carolina to our own hall, on our own floor, where the critics of our pleasure have no rights nor power to deny us."

The more I watched the more

experience as legal practitioners before going into teaching. Advice, after all, is only advice.

Sitting on the steps of the well, I saw Collier Cobb, the first publisher of THE DAILY TAR HEEL and the founder of the WHITE AND BLUE, a second campus newspaper which was discontinued in 1895. I saw C. E. Teague, champion debator of the class of 1912. I saw Julian Carr who contributed \$20,000 towards the construction of the dormitory which bears his name. I saw R. D. W. Conner, reportedly the grandfather-in-law of our own dear Otelia. Mr. Conner missed getting the University presidency in 1899 by a single vote.

I saw the sweetly feminine form of Mary Ann Smith, whose \$37,000 donation to the University Chemistry Department has not yet been claimed in full because she made out her will just before being admitted to a North Carolina asylum for the mentally disturbed. Insane or not, she is credited with the foresight of realizing what an important This Is How I am edit CC part chemistry was to play in future years. To the rear of the group, nearer me, I saw the faces of Gov. J. C. B. Ehringhaus and Mr. James Craig, both of whom made tremendous contributions to North Carolina education in more recent years.

Farther away, I saw J. Y. JOYNER and MARY LILY KENNAN whose contributions to the University are all but lost in the archives of history, but whose love for UNC lives on.

I watched the tiny group of 30 men and women stand and move in quietness back to that region of the night from where they came. As I thought of all the love, work and devotion that has been spent on the last 187 years at Chapel Hill, I felt tremendously proud. I knew the meaning of the words that Cornelia Spencer had written for that commencement exercise over sixty years ago:

"Tis 'welcome' now, . . . and then 'farewell'; Let not thy men be few. Thy sons shall yet to their sons tell How dear the White and Blue."



The First Gymnasium . . . "Where the Critics Of Our Pleasure Have No Rights Nor Power to Deny Us."