

Reader was Daily Tar Heel's hero in battle with student government forces

The hero of my tenure as editor of The Daily Tar Heel was a reader. On Monday, Sept. 8, 1975, David Flagler and 19,999 other readers who wound their way to the DTH distribution boxes found instead the Technician from N.C. State University.

Its six-column lead headline blared: "Daily Tar Heel at temporary standstill."

On the Friday before, The Tar Heel had shrunk to four pages, losing the editorial page. On the Saturday before, the special football weekend edition had been scrubbed. On this Monday, for the first time in memory, a regularly scheduled daily edition had been canceled.

The disruptions grew out of a dispute between the paper's professional business manager and the student body treasurer about how quickly unpaid advertising bills were being collected. The paper faced cash-flow problems caused by its huge orientation issue and wanted its student-fee appropriation for the semester to pay printing and other costs until advertisement payments began flowing in.

The treasurer decided to dole out the appropriation in monthly installments, to prod the business manager to collect the unpaid bills faster.

David Flagler, a senior chemistry and religion major from Winston-Salem, decided to act.

He launched a petition drive demanding the recall of the treasurer's elected boss, the student body president. He quickly gathered 1,000 signatures, one-third the total needed. The treasurer released the DTH appropriation at 10 p.m.

There were other heroes in this climactic encounter between student government and a free press, including Technician Editor Kevin Fisher, Bill Hinton, who printed both the DTH and the Technician, advertiser Richard Levin of Poor Richard's and a number of students who pressed student officials to release the money. News outlets from across the state — and some national media as well — reported the imbroglio.

But David Flagler taught me that every thing we do in news papering depends, in the end, on keeping faith with the reader. I learned many other lessons from many gifted teachers on the DTH staff. Assistant News Editor Lynn Medford taught me that every word we write is a

jewel that should be given away to print grudgingly.

Managing Editor Jim Grimsley taught me that good design can express as well as organize — and that every team needs someone willing to make the tough calls.

News Editor Jim Roberts taught me to be dispassionate in covering the news (even the news about the DTH fight with student government).

Sports Editor Susan Shackelford taught me that great sports journalism is gender blind.

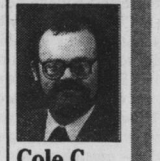
Cartoonist John Branch taught me that a caricature is worth 2,000 words.

Tim Pittman and Vernon Loeb, who collaborated on a column called "Public Knowledge," taught me that short stories about real people can be as compelling as anything else we publish.

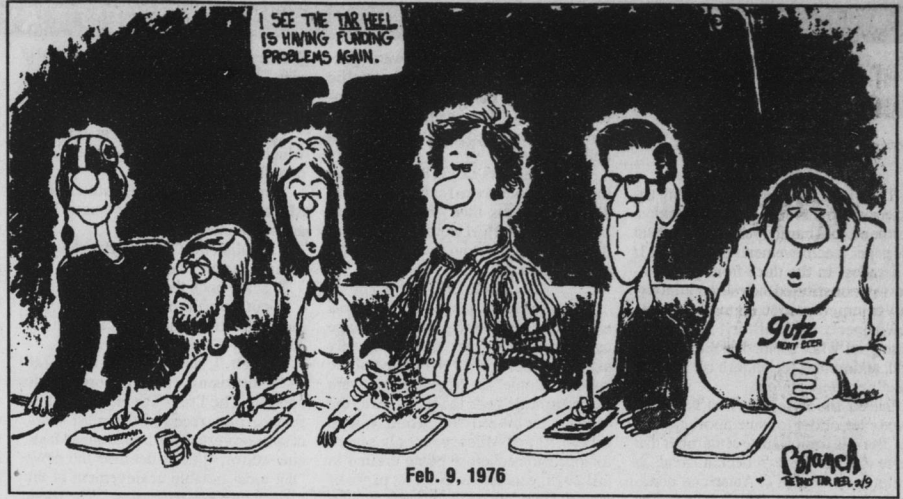
And staff writer Nancy Mattox, who exposed a secret \$178,000 student government surplus, taught me that persistence is paramount in government reporting.

And Features Editor Alan Murray, who won election as my successor by trashing our intense coverage of student politics, taught me that there's more to news papering than keeping the big boys and girls honest.

I remember that year also for the special news and editorial packages on



Cole C. Campbell
Editor 1975-76



Feb. 9, 1976

a variety of pressing topics: the risks of nuclear power and the cleaving of Beaucatcher Mountain; Terry Sanford's bid to become president, Delmar Williams' bid to become UNC homecoming queen and Joan Little's bid to escape the electric chair; the rise of East Carolina University, the troubled law school at N.C. Central University and the tug of war between N.C. State and N.C. A&T State over a school of veterinary medicine.

We wrote about campus rape, privacy implications of computerized criminal records, discrimination against women students, apartheid in South

Africa, desegregation of the UNC system.

In their history of student government, Albert Coates and Gladys Hall Coates honored me with a passing reference, labeling me "a noted campus liberal." (At least I earned a place in the history books.) They also noted that the DTH fund freeze was a step toward a student constitutional amendment that guaranteed the paper 16 percent of student fees: "A year later in the spring 1977 elections, the Daily Tar Heel received the financial security necessary for editorial freedom."

David Flagler was one of the freedom fighters.

"I'm glad 83 years of editorial freedom didn't end while I was a student here," Flagler said on Tuesday, Sept. 9, 1975, the day he dropped his recall petition drive.

Thanks, David, for helping extend that record to 100 years.

Cole C. Campbell, editor of The Daily Tar Heel and the summer Tar Heel in 1975-76, is managing editor of The (Norfolk) Virginian-Pilot and The Ledger-Star, a 240,000 circulation daily, serving southeastern Virginia and northeastern North Carolina.

1951-52 true 'year of the woman' for Daily Tar Heel and other University publications

In Spring 1950, Lynn Miller was appointed by a faculty committee to edit The Carolina Quarterly for the coming year. She was the second woman — or, as we said then, girl — to have the job. She was a thoughtful, meticulous editor. As her term ended, two more women were elected to head the campus newspaper and the yearbook. Sue Carter Lindsey became editor of the Yackety Yack. I believe I was the first woman elected to edit The Daily Tar Heel, and the first for a full term.

What about those times made 1951-52 the "year of the woman?"

THE CAMPAIGN: Student Party bigwigs met with me, in the middle of my senior year, and asked me to run for The Daily Tar Heel editorship. Astonished, I demurred. I was sure that I couldn't win, that no woman could win. They thought I could. I had written for all three campus publications, my byline was known, and I had served on the DTH staff. I also was known politically, having served in the Student Party and having been a delegate to the State Student Legislature and to the Consolidated University Student Council (as a sophomore on the Women's College).

But I couldn't imagine running for office. The Student Party nominated someone else; the University Party nominated someone; then, two independents entered what seemed to be a wide-open race.

I was stopped in the middle of Y Court one day by the same delegation of Student Party leaders. In the four-man race that had developed, their nominee had no chance, they said. They asked me to enter as an independent. Graham Jones offered on the spot to be my campaign manager. I knew he would do

a good job. Still certain I could not win, I agreed to run.

At the candidates' forums, I was preceded by speeches explaining that I could not possibly do the job because I was a girl. With the restrictions of dormitory hours, I could not be at the printshop working on the paper all night, as they could. A girl couldn't run a staff composed largely of men. And so forth. In the certainty that my girlhood was a clinching argument against me, they tossed out compliments. I was astonished to hear myself described as very talented, hard-working and the "best darn journalism student on campus." These were the best opponents one could possibly ask for.

I opened speeches by admitting solemnly, in a low tone, that, yes, it was true: I was a woman. Then, I straightforwardly discussed what I would do with the paper. I knew that students' biggest gripe with the paper was that publication had been curtailed to four days a week, in response to a financial pinch. I showed with impressive looking charts and columns of figures that by reducing the size to a tabloid format the paper could be published six days a week for the same cost.

On election night, I had a plurality in every precinct.

THE PLACE: In 1951-52, Chapel Hill had five-digit phone numbers and no zip code. A Franklin Street store

advertised Handmacher suits for \$20. The Monogram Club offered a month's meals for \$60. Designer suits and dining with real napery were unthinkable luxuries for most students.

Women were not allowed at Chapel Hill until they were juniors. This was a non issue. Like many others, I had spent my freshman and sophomore years at the Women's College in Greensboro, now UNC-G. Until that year, all women were transfers, there were no freshman or sophomore women, introductory courses were almost all male. No women at all were allowed at State College in Raleigh. It was impossible to think of women becoming engineers or architects or studying agriculture in North Carolina. All of this was taken absolutely for granted, at least by me. "Feminist" was a historic, quaint term for women old enough to have marched for the vote. Some were still living, I knew.

The boy/girl ratio had dropped from 7/1 to 4/1, thanks to the Korean War draft, which did not exempt most college students. Enrollment at the University continued to drop, affecting student fees and the DTH's share of them. We were the low birthrate generation born during the Depression, and GI Bill students were petering out.

THE DTH AND STAFF: The DTH became a tabloid, and I fulfilled the campaign promise to publish six days a week, on even less money. The DTH was the only daily in the county, and people depended on it. Thus, for me, the most painful cut was the wire service. Student and support for these changes was tremendous.

Oliver Watkins, business manager, quietly made everything work, with enormous competence.



Glen Harden
Editor 1951-52

Bill Peacock was an outstanding sports editor, with absolutely no interference or guidance from me. I couldn't check up on his beat — women were not allowed in the University press boxes. Bill often turned his two pages sideways to overcome the tabloid format and thus was able to run eight-column banner headlines all year.

Harry Snook wrote controversial columns worth their weight in gold letters to the editor.

Dave Kerner wrote a column of remarkable common sense and uncommon wisdom.

Barry Farber, a youthful linguist and bon vivant, sent dispatches from all over the world, from anywhere the National Student Association would pay his way.

Mary Nell Boddie reported on fraternity and sorority events and social events in a lively and charming style.

Dave Buckner, Bruce Melton and Walt Dear laid out pages and got the paper to bed. And Rolfe Neill got his first job as news editor from me. Makes me right proud.

And Sue Burress, Beverly Baylor and I wrote editorials and occasional news. I did a final reading of every piece of copy except sports and ads.

THE ISSUES: The DTH — together

with many national voices — addressed forthrightly and sternly hazing, drinking on campus and the tangled relationship of athletes/money/recruitment/alumni/administration.

McCarthyism showed up at Chapel Hill. While the loyalty oath ripped apart universities in California and Chicago, UNC's faculty dealt quietly with a similar question that suddenly appeared on employment applications.

The first black students had been admitted to the University: five new law students were attending class without a ripple. I was filled with pride that UNC had the wisdom to act, without fighting through the useless and demeaning battles in the federal courts that occurred elsewhere and would continue for three decades.

But when we learned that the administration gave the new students seats in the Jim Crow section in the bleachers at Kenan Stadium, denying them seats in the student section, a delegation of student leaders met informally with the chancellor to protest. It seemed there were fears in high places that the new students would be treated "discourteously" by rowdies among the student body.

The DTH ran a front page editorial, "A Student Is a Student." Resolutions

were passed by a variety of student organizations. Opinion was mobilized. There was no rowdy behavior directed at black students at football games.

The first women to be admitted as freshmen also showed up that fall, as students in the first four-year nursing program. They were placed in housing, under dormitory rules "similar to those for freshmen at the Women's College."

WHY?: I don't know why women were successful editors head UNC publications and were successful editors just then. I only know the time was right, and not only for the student body. The state papers ran jubilant stories and editorials. I received delightful — joyful — letters of congratulations from all over the state, and a few from far places. The journalistic fraternity was apparently cheering too. Non-journalistic alumni were too.

I also don't know the sequelae: Have women continued in the top editorial jobs in reasonable numbers? I know they have become far more numerous in the J-school. And I can trust that Chapel Hill continues to expect change, celebrate diversity and rejoice in talent.

Glenn Harden Springer-Miller is a retired school teacher living in Columbia, Maryland.

End of World War II marked start of new era for Tar Heel and University

The academic year 1945-46 seemed to those who lived it a very important year in the century that began with Editor Charles Baskerville and now extends to Editor Peter Wallsten.

But then one remembers what GAA executive director Clarence Whitefield used to say, during those years when enrollment was climbing from 4,000 to 20,000. Someone would invariably opine that the University was getting too big. He would observe that *everyone* thought that the size of our alma mater was about right when they were a student.

So you may want to accept circumspectly the argument that follows that 1945-46 divided the DTH's first century almost equally chronologically and exactly philosophically.

Chancellor Robert House thought so. Sometime many years later but before the 25th reunion of the class of '47, he said that I was "the first of the new breed of editors." I wish I had asked him to explain, but I was too surprised to say anything. Did he mean that my predecessor and mentor Charles Wickenberg had been the last of the old breed of editors? Did he mean that my successor Bill Woestendiek had been the second of the new? But now another quarter of a century wanes, the harmonica-playing chancellor departed Chapel Hill and this world in the late summer of '87, and we shall not make further inquiry of him in this part of Heaven, leaving me with a license to speculate upon his remark.

So here's about what he meant: He wasn't proffering flattery. He was not much given to that under any circumstances. If he was paying any compliment, it was to some of those stalwarts of the thirties and very early forties: Walt Damtoft, Horace Carter, Orville Campbell, McNeill Smith, Sylvan Meyer, to name a few the chancellor might have liked a little. And from an earlier time: Thomas Wolfe, whom the strait-laced chancellor may have thought of less warmly had he had to deal with him contemporaneously. Such latter-day saints as Ed Yoder, Rolfe Neill and Charles Kuralt have fulfilled his definition of new breeders.

What Colonel Bob really meant, although he would not have expressed it so, was that the last vestige of *in loco parentis* died that year at the DTH. Those of us publishing the noble journal that year deserve no special credit. The illness was terminal. We were just joyful pallbearers.

Awesome events were happening in

the world beyond Orange County. In August 1945 we hit the campus with our second Extra. (The first had announced that Franklin D. Roosevelt was dead at Warm Springs, Georgia.) The second announced that World War II had ended.

(We lacked the prescience to announce that the nuclear age had begun.) Soon thousands of students were joining or rejoining our community, coming not from high schools as before but now from as far as Europe and the Pacific. They were older. Some had been military journalists of various sorts. They soon were writing for the new Daily Tar Heel, not the semi-weekly Tar Heel which survived the war. Things were not the same. Stars like Eddie Allen, Westy Fenhagen and Foo Giduz were on board.

We did some investigative journalism, a term not used then, into the matter of a faculty member who had penned some friendly remarks about Hitler in a book published by the University Press a year or two before Munich and long before we learned about the millions who had died in Nazi gas chambers.

The DTH checked the compliance of Chapel Hill merchants with then unexpired wartime regulations. That was not a bright idea. The country suffered because the government did not remove those regs sooner, but at the time we thought we were doing the right thing.

The DTH advocated the admission of minorities and freshman women, and accordingly learned from a Greensboro Daily editorial that we were "wet behind the ears." I was lucky to be here, however; that year William and Mary College expelled the editor of The Flat Hat for expressing similar views. Even Princeton announced a tightening of censorship of student publications.

The DTH noted that even our own student organizations weren't pure. For example, a female student was not eligible to be president of the student body. Women had their own government! That wrong got righted the next year. DTH staffer Tom Eller played an important role.

We adumbrated in many ways those hastily iconoclastic staffers of the '60's.

There were many myths and policies about race, gender, religion, etc., that weakened a bit in the thirties, but deteriorated rapidly in our year. The DTH helped them along in their decline.

College students don't get the credit they deserve for being able to see into the future. Having lived in the past helps us understand the present but may make us less able to sense what is coming in the next decade. The verdict is now in. These old files, though yellowish, are still readable. The staff of 1945-46 sensed the new order that most older people did not.

We advised the administration about how to run a university and the faculty about how to teach. Not all of our advice was brilliant, viewed retrospectively. We did a lot of nice little things like thanking Mr. John Motley Morehead for building his planetarium. It went up as promised beside our office, then located in the Graham Memorial.

We were even constructively non-controversial at times. We told our gentle readers about the then 150 year history of the literary societies, and sponsored the post-war revival of the Phi. DTH staffer Don Shropshire was a kingpin in Di-Phi revitalization. We heaped great praise upon Charlie "Choo Choo" Justice.

But our noble publication was still governed by the Publications Union Board. Thanks to President Frank Porter Graham, who devoutly supported many such good causes as freedom of the press, the Board did not censor the editorial page.

But they appointed a managing editor to control news reporting. I had some good managing editors, and we worked with the system, but we also worked for a written student constitution, a new concept. That constitution put the elected student editor completely in charge of all things editorial.

With the help of Matthew "Tookie" Hodgson, we persuaded Chancellor Bob to appoint English profs Bill Olson and Lyman Cotten to this new Board. They supported a free student press, although they now had no vestige of power to suppress it, and the second part of the paper's first century began, methinks.

Robert Morrison was a journalism professor in Illinois, Kansas and at Winthrop College. He was editor of the Daily News-Enterprise in Newton. He is currently CEO of several real estate partnerships and corporations in Charlotte.



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