

University Day

October 12th—as you may have forgotten from your grammar school history—is the day Columbus discovered America in 1492. In 1807, it was the day Robert E. Lee was born. And it was on the 12th day of October, 1793, that an imposing procession of men with names like Davie, Haywood, Mebane and Blount walked through a forest across three cleared acres of land and laid the cornerstone of Old East Dormitory.

The sweetgums and dogwoods and maples were just beginning to turn russet and gold. A little cloud of dust stirred under the feet of the men, many of them clad in the striking insignia of the Masonic Fraternity. They were the greatest men of the state—senators, governors and judges. They were about to lay the foundations of the first state university.

The orator of the day was a sturdy Scotch-Irishman named Samuel E. McCorkle. And this is what he said:

“... Knowledge is wealth, it is glory, whether among philosophers, ministers of State or religion, or among the great mass of the people. Savages cannot have great men, though many a Newton has been born and buried among them. Knowledge is liberty and law; and how this knowledge productive of so many advantages to mankind can be acquired wit out public places of education, I know not... ”

“May this bill be for religion as the ancient hill of Zion; and for literature and the Muses, may it surpass the ancient Parnassus!”

Most of North Carolina's great men since that October day have been touched by Chapel Hill. Hinton James wandered in a year and a half later, the first student, the precursor of a hundred thousand seekers after knowledge.

This morning we will stand facing South Building and watch the reenactment of the cornerstone laying. The band will be there and the chorus will sing “Integer Vitae.”

And we will stand for a moment in silence, remembering these things:

The men of the University, the Davies and the Swains and the Grahams who gave their lives to Chapel Hill. The tortuous years when the school was still a burning and a critic called the whole idea “a Temple of Folly.” And the later years, after the Civil War had sealed the state and the University closed its doors, when a student with bags packed to leave a shut-down college wrote in bold letters on a blackboard, “This old University Busted and Went to Hell To-Day.”

We will stand on the broad lawn of the old campus under the ancient oaks and listen to the story of the cornerstonic laying, and we will remember the students who have stood there before—North Carolina's soldiers and statesmen and lawyers and carpenters and teachers, and among them a President of the United States, more than one demagogue, a few communists, a few governors, countless hundreds of good and noble citizens.

The Chancellor will call for a re-dedication this morning, and if there be one in our minds, let it be this:

That we will guard Carolina's freedom and its character and see it for what it is—a hill of strength and truth for North Carolina and for all the land. That this University is our own, it is the highest heritage those who have gone before could give us. That there remains no one to take it nearer Parnassus but we, ourselves, and that we will do so.

Carolina Front A Better Use For Revenue From Tickets

Louis Kraar

A SMALL news item in this week's papers informed the world that the University of Washington is considering a plan for conveyor-belts to carry students from a parking lot to the campus center. As I read it, I remembered what an Egyptian student had said this summer.

“I was surprised to hear that one of your greatest problems here is where students can park their cars. We are concerned about where money is coming from to provide books and tuition,” the Egyptian told a group of American students.

Apparently, when a country has bought its books, fed its hungry students, and paid its professors (or underpaid them), it's time for production line parking.

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A CLOSER look into the conveyor-belt parking idea at Washington revealed that parking fees would pay the freight rate. Perhaps this is the point on which the Seattle educators will justify their production-line parking setup.

Here at Carolina the student concern is being allowed to keep cars on campus—not having an automatic parking lot with conveyor-belt. And that concern is an honest one. Chapel Hill, always a free place, should allow a student to have a car if he can afford one.

But, while plans for mass production parking are in the air (and the newspapers), why not something new for students here?

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EACH MONTH the University police tag from 300 to 500 student autos with parking tickets. Currently, the town collects the money from the student car owners.

If the University kept the money—or even a part of it—the two-bucks-a-throw parking tickets would go far toward establishing a scholarship fund.

Students have to pay out their two bucks anyway. And it might as well go for education.

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WHILE STATE politicians seem to be conjuring up a tuition raise for the University, the N. C. Foundation of Church-Related Colleges has come up with some encouraging statistics about college education in the state.

One out of every three white public high school graduates enters college. This is a 34 percent figure for North Carolina as compared with a national average of 25 percent.

A higher public regard for college degrees, existing scholarships, and the GI Bill of Rights have helped interest graduates in going to college.

A raise in tuition would be discouraging at this point.

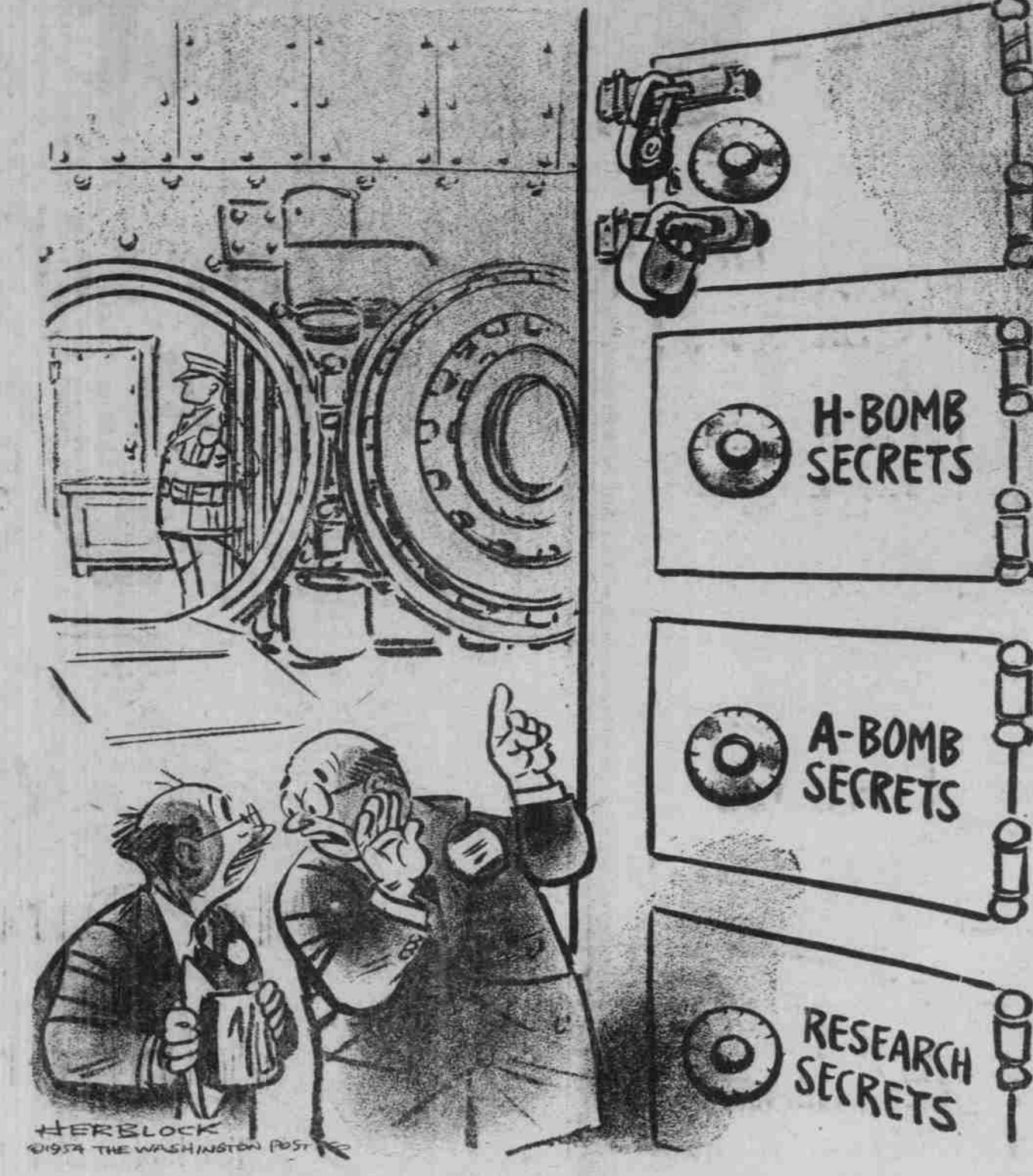
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ALTHOUGH TODAY'S headlines may not show it, this is a crucial day in the history of democratic countries.

France's Pierre Mendes France faces a vote of confidence on the EDC agreement arrived at in London recently. Germany, whose power the French still fear, is waiting for France before it ratifies.

Thus diplomatic eyes are on France today as Mendes France fights harder than he ever has before to get EDC ratified. The outcome may not change your draft status, but it probably will affect your children's.

'The Top Top One? That's The Dixon-Yates Contract'



GOP Campaign Strife

WASHINGTON — President Eisenhower now has the benefit of an especially built electronic device to help him with his golf. It's the first one ever used in the United States and was developed by Dr. Lewis Alvarez of the University of California at Berkeley.

The electronic instrument is not used in an actual game of golf but in practice: It measures the timing of the swing, the impact of the club on the golf ball, where the stroke is off center, and how far the ball would have traveled.

Presumably the gadget will be developed for public use later, but at the moment the President's instrument is understood to be the only one in existence.

The political advisers were determined that the President go out on the Hustings and make a two-week whistle-stop tour through the strategic states. But his personal advisers said no.

The latter argued first that the President was under no compulsion to go out and rescue the Congressmen who had failed to support his legislative program. They also argued that Ike could not afford to have his prestige lowered by sticking his neck out in certain key states and then having his neck politically chopped off, if the GOP candidates in those states lost.

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They pointed out that reports from all over the country were bad—so bad that if the Republican Party suffered a major defeat the collapse was sure to bring the President down with the party. It was not only the party's prestige that was at stake, they said, but Ike's.

YOU Said It

Don't Stereotype Honor Decisions

Editor, On September 30, Dave Reid, vice-chairman of the Student Party, introduced a bill concerning Honor System violators to the Legislature. Since that time the bill has been widely discussed and grossly misunderstood. Reid's proposal, on the other hand, has led to confusion about existing policies of the Honor Council.

As I understand it, the present Honor Council policy is that if a student is convicted of cheating, and he did not report himself, he will be suspended from the University for a period of one semester. He can be readmitted only through the channels of the Honor Council. However, if a student is a victim of extenuating circumstances and if he can show that he turned himself in voluntarily, then he may be put on probation. These actions are purely a matter of Honor Council policy. There is no written regulation that binds the Honor Council to suspend all offenders. However, it should be noted that the Council does not differentiate between Freshman offenders and upper classmen. That is, a freshman who is being tried for the first time and an upper classman are dealt with in approximately the same manner.

Reid's proposal does not bind the Honor Council. The Council is not, under the provisions of the bill, forced to put first offenders on probation. The bill merely encourages the Honor Council to be lenient with first offenders. It does, however, leave a provision for the suspension of flagrant violators. In other words, the bill, if passed, would merely be a recommendation to the Honor Council and not a directive.

Where does this leave the convicted student? In precisely the same position he occupied before the debate started—out on his ear.

Representatives of the Honor Council have said time after time that the purpose of their decisions is not punitive but corrective. Their view is that if a student gets away from the campus and has an opportunity to reflect about his misdeeds he will see the error of his ways.

Civil law is based on the theory that fear of punishment acts as a powerful deterrent to crime. On the other hand, the Honor System at Carolina thrives on the assumption that the majority of college students are honorable enough not to cheat and that they will report anyone who does. Thus our system encourages honesty while civil law threatens dishonesty. Which environment is more likely to accomplish the job of rehabilitating the wayward student?

Probation is a better answer to the problem than suspension. If we assume that the typical first offender is basically honest and that he merely succumbed to the many temptations inherent in the Honor System, then it would be better if he remained on campus. Here he would not have to face the problem of public disgrace. Only the Honor Council and certain University officials would know of his mistake. He would not have to explain why he “left school for a semester.” The problem of readjustment under a system that makes it easier to cheat than to be honest is sizeable enough without adding the burden of social disgrace.

Reid's bill recommends probation for first offenders whose violations were not flagrant, but this is only a recommendation and is finished and Honor Council policies are no longer a matter of general interest, the issue is as far from being resolved as ever.

The crux of the matter is this. There is no pat definition for the terms “typical first offenders” and “flagrant violation,” nor is such a definition possible. Hence the Honor Council must be left free to decide each case solely on its particular merits.

In return for such freedom the members of our highest judicial body cannot allow themselves to adopt a “tradition.” They cannot allow their decisions to become stereotyped to the extent that conviction always equals suspension. Their policies and decrees must be as flexible as the human personality.

Ken Pruitt

Don't Slick Down The Campus

Ed Yoder

Much talk circulates these days about the form plan, or design that gives this campus its physical beauty. An undeniable trend has taken shape, having its share of followers, toward making the Chapel Hill background one of staid inflexibility—one that gives danger signals of looking ultimately like a Gay Nineties fop with high collar and hair slicked down with bear grease. This trend would replace the rustic expanses of sand and oaks with ordered lawns of deep grass and curved walkways.

The lately-constructed “New, New Old Well”—with its plush lawn and azalia-lined brick-walks, presents a case in point. A great change has come over the well since 86, as is demonstrated by a faded photo in Archibald Henderson's *Campus of the First State University*. The photo shows a rickety wooden structure over the well—and it really was a well then because one of the figures in the picture is just drawing a bucketful of water. The pagoda-shaped dome of the well is supported by eight flimsy wooden timbers. President Alderman decided one day some twenty or thirty years later that the Well needed treatment. He had workers erect “a sort of sixth cousin of a Greek shrine, or the third cousin of the Temple of Vesta, or second cousin of the Temple of Versailles.” Now this country cousin is gone and a slick new version has taken its place.

Another example of the slicker trend is the Graham Memorial parking lot, which has had a verdant toupee set on its hitherto dishevelled pate. Now it has been collared around with an asphalt run-way for the myriads of Chapel Hill autos. Last of all, the toupee is to be crowned with a silent and majestic sundial.

A strong hand, in which I include myself, disagrees that this new look follows the tradition of natural beauty on this campus. We have tried calumny. We have called the trend “Dukism.” We have said it is pompous. We have said that these “beauty spots” look out of place. But there exists a more logical argument on our side—for the Carolina campus has not always showed signs of degeneration into foppishness.

It didn't, for one thing, look dandyish to Thomas Wolfe in *Look Homeward Angel*, from the book called “Artemidorus Farewell,” one reads of this campus:

“There was still a good flavor of the wilderness about the place—one felt its remoteness, its isolated charm. It seemed to Eugene (Gant) like a provincial outpost of great Rome; the wilderness crept up to it like a beast... Its great poverty, its century-long struggle in the forest, had given the university a sweetness and a beauty it was later to forfeit.”

But when he came, “the greenest of all green freshmen,” the forfeiture he speaks of had not been made. The tradition of the campus of this school has consistently been one of relaxation, informality, and of rusticity—but this does not mean that it has been one of sloppiness. Its history has included an inherent factor of heterogeneity of building and planning. But it has held onto that Greek virtue of unity within variety. All of its seemingly discordant parts, it has always been agreed by those who have been fascinated by its natural charm, melt together into a pleasing unity in the eye of the beholder.

As Dr. Henderson says, “the architectural forms and idioms of the structures upon the Campus... reflect the successive phases of its historical development. The features which impress the visitor—amidst a welter of untutored Colonial, Classic, Revival, Tudor, Georgian, Italian, Romanesque, and even a touch of Gothic—are not so much the variety and heterogeneity of disparate style, as the harmonious elements which pull the whole composition together.”

Unless the advocates of the new trend intend to tear down and start anew—and surely that would meet with overwhelming adversity—it would be wise if they reconsider their piecemeal efforts to slick down the campus. An old story has it that one of the LaFarge brothers, on a visit here some years ago, gave out the hill tidings that the stadium is the only beautiful edifice on campus from a classic architectural viewpoint. Yet, almost to a man, visitors have yielded to the enigmatic charm of total effect.

When will we take note of the virtue our campus has and grant that it is enough?

Rambling

Ron Levin

Here's a little rundown on the Huxley audience and their makeup. One tenth came to hear what the man had to say. One quarter came to see who else was there. One fifth came with their copies of *Brave New World* to have them autographed. Another fifth came because they had seen both the movies. A final fourth came out of sheer, undiluted college curiosity. I was there. I didn't see you.

After the lecture the folks retired to Graham Memorial for punch. Here the confusion started. Two girls in the GM kitchen had been making punch for the students watching the Tulane football game upstairs. It seems that Huxley and his crew just had to have some punch. The poor students who took in the football flick went dry... I got mine anyway.

After three insufferable weeks of humid, heat-laden horror, we were finally blessed with a beautiful typical fall day with the wind a little nippy round the corners. I overheard one guy remark, “Man, I just can't stand this Aartie weather.” Wouldn't you know it? Wouldn't you just know it?

I heard this one down at the “Rat.” Definition of a Duke coed: A body with a bank account.

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