

The University's Ragged Orphan

Gordon Forester is a man with a complaint that should be taken up by the whole student body.

Forester, president of the Graham Memorial Activities Board, had this to tell the Legislature's Complaints Board this week:

Graham Memorial is so far behind the other two schools in the Consolidated University in not only the physical plant but in the allocation of finances that it is impossible to present an adequate program or to hire a professional staff to carry out this program.

Anybody who has seen the plush student unions at State and WC knows the truth of that statement. Both are show places; both have become centers of student life, student "unions" in the best meaning of that word.

But not here. Graham Memorial, stuck away in a corner of the campus, is never visited by most students. And if it was, it would burst at the seams.

Compare sizes: Neither State nor WC are as large as Carolina; but their shiny new unions are each twice the size of ours.

Compare budgets: At State, it's \$20 per student per year; at WC it's \$19; here it's \$6.

Compare programs and services: Both State and WC offer year-round, stimulating vies, games, concerts. Both have spacious lounges, auditoriums and snack bars. Graham Memorial, through Director Jim Wallace is making the best college try in its history, just doesn't have the budget to provide more than a token program.

Graham Memorial was built in 1932 to serve 2,000 students; and two-thirds of the architect's plan was never constructed. Its fee to students among the very lowest in the country. Our student union is a ragged, starved orphan of the University which includes two of the flashiest, most successful student unions of which American colleges can boast.

With the state's coffers empty as they are, we'll have to wait many years for a new student union. But the fee gap is one that can be bridged now.

With a reasonable budget, Graham Memorial could hire a professional staff and convert itself into a real student center; nobody who has seen what has been done at State and WC will say it shouldn't be done here.

Termite D'oeuvres

Add signs that Chapel Hill is evolving out of the village category: A note in The Chapel Hill Weekly that such worldly delicacies as french-fried grasshoppers and worms, barbecued muskrat, termite eggs, alligator soup and canned snails are on the counters down at Fowler's Food Store.

"Excellent for serving with cocktails," says Fowler's.

Gracious Living—XXV

The Saunders-Murphy-Law School horseshoe, we hear, is softly scented, these Indian Spring days, with Japanese cherry tree perfume.

But the Graham Memorial-Battle-Vance-Pettigrew end of the campus is enjoying no such sweetness, even with blossom-laden cherry trees well within perfume-range.

The GM groundsman, more excited about the blossoms to come later than the blossoms here now, have dumped a well-known plant catalyst in the surrounding flower beds—to the nose-wringing distraction of us Graham Memorial slaves, the ruination of our pure, melodious March, and the abject embarrassment of Gracious Living in Chapel Hill.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Sunday, Monday and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

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Carolina Front — Answers For A BA Major & Ben Bobrow

Louis Kraar

THE BUSINESS major came up after class, and he looked angry. "How much money does the paper get from the students?" he wanted to know.



I explained to him that it varied from year to year, depending on the size of the student body and the generosity of the student Legislature.

"Well, it seems to me if students in the BA School help pay for the Tar Heel, you would represent them," he said.

I explained that the editorial column of this paper does not attempt to simply mirror what students think. I tried to go on have so many varied opinions that it would be impossible to "represent" them in the editorial column.

Letters to the editor represent student opinion, columns represent individual student opinion, news stories report student opinion—but the editorial column is the opinion of the editor. And this is the way it should be.

★

"WELL, WHY does the Tar Heel crowd think they can tell me what courses to take?" my BA buddy wanted to know. "I took a course in Milton, Chaucer, and Shakespeare. And if I had to take more of that stuff, I think I'd leave the University," he added.

Actually, no one has tried to tell students what courses to take. On the other hand, most business majors simply don't realize what they're missing. Literature? No, it probably won't help you make a sale or be a better accountant. But most of the qualities of a man that reappear in every age are there. It's just a study of life, something that even a business man could enjoy.

History? This field, no doubt, won't spark one's executive ability in a big corporation in just one semester. But here again is the study of all the things men have done. Not only that, but you can see what mistakes they made.

I could go on in this manner, but actually this would only make BA majors think that I'm telling them what to take.

★

A PROFESSOR in the English Department has perhaps found the key to the BA major problem.

This professor had a student who showed little interest in the required Milton, Chaucer and Shakespeare course. After the course was over, the professor asked the student would he recommend that his friends take it.

"I sure wouldn't. I'm a business major. What do I need to know this for in business?" the student asked.

The professor now adds: "Perhaps, I should have told him that while he is a business major, he's also still a person."

★

WHITE SUPREMACIST Bennett Bobrow wrote in yesterday wanting to know how the candidates for editor feel about racial segregation.

Speaking for this reporter, I can say simply that the U. S. Supreme Court has ruled that racial segregation in the public schools is unconstitutional. As a citizen of this country, I am eager for us to abide by that decision.

If Mr. Bobrow thinks that we can buck the Federal government because of our narrow personal prejudices, let him join me in my History 113 course this Saturday at 11 o'clock in room 213 of Saunders Hall.

Together we'll take a look at a South that was crying out in the manner of you. If you do show up, you'll find that the South lost. And so did the country.

'I REMEMBER CHAPEL HILL'

Hawks, Po' Dave & Adam Applejack: 1894

Dr. Archibald Henderson

I remember, as vividly as if it has been yesterday, my journey from Salisbury, N. C. via University Station, Blackwoods (half-way point), and Carrboro, to Chapel Hill.

On alighting from the train, traveling from Greensboro to Raleigh, I found University Station not even a "wide place in the road." The railroad station, if I am not mistaken, was a boxcar, holding a few chairs and a cast-iron stove at one end.

Arriving in the morning, say 9:30, there was a long wait for intricate shifting, all conducted by Captain Smith and Brakeman Snipes with stentorian shouts and sweeping gestures which would have done credit to field marshals under the Emperor Napoleon.

A most delightful character with ruddy cheeks and broad smiles was Engineer Nesbit, who remained cheerful under all circumstances, even when some parts of his engine blew up, as occasionally happened.

There were just one passenger coach and as many as two freight, usually flat, cars to this "Lightning Special", as it was jocularly named by the collegians. At the end of this car was a pot-bellied iron stove, which in cold weather was stoked up until it was red-hot.

At this time, the president of the University was a brilliant, capable man, Dr. George Tayloe Winston, who in his many public controversies always seemed to come out on top. Captain Smith once told me that the only time Dr. Winston lost out was when the red-hot stove fell on top of him and knocked him down!

'Po' Dave Kelly'

On arriving at Carrboro, the din of the competing jehus was deafening. My attention was particularly attracted by a colored humorist commonly known, and invariably called by himself, "Po' Dave Kelly". By thus humbling himself and so enhancing the self-esteem of the collegians, he won warm affection and wide popularity. He was wearing a black, long-tailed coat known as a "Jim-Swinger", a black broad-cloth coat slick and turning green from old-age, discarded by some aged member of the faculty.

Po' Dave was driving a barouche of antebellum vintage in which the ladies of the village used to drive around the race-track, near Carrboro, on pleasant afternoons. This "hack", as it was called, was drawn by two horses, so spavined and raw-boned that it seemed as if, at any moment, they must sink to the ground of sheer inanition under the operation of the law of universal gravitation.

Po' Dave was standing up in the barouche, holding the reins high and shouting ingratiatingly: "Come on, young masses, ride with Po' Dave. You'll have to hurry though; cause it's just about all I can do to hold these colts!"

On the drive of three-quarters of a mile to Chapel Hill, one's attention was attracted by two conspicuous houses, Professor Toy's on the left, and Dr. Hume's on the right. Professor Toy was head of the Modern Languages

Department, and indeed, at that time, the whole department. In manners, he was Chesterfieldian: the glass of fashion and the mould of form; and was a stickler for everything which was *en regle*.

On one occasion, he held a large reception at his home (he was then a bachelor), evening clothes being stipulated and the invitation cards bearing the legend "R.S.V.P." From one student, Norfleet (nicknamed "Hawks") Pruden of Edenton, he received "regrets" card, bearing the legend, "H.H.N.C." Some days later, Professor Toy, meeting Pruden, inquired of him the meaning of the cryptic letters. Replied Hawks, "Oh, Professor; you see, I had no evening suit. The initials are an abbreviation for 'Hawks Has No Clothes!'" Dr. Hume, a Baptist minister and a man of high culture, was head of the English Department and took a great interest in his students, thereby winning a mournful pseudonym. He seldom left his office before two o'clock; and would stop to speak to the English students on his way home.

He literally "buttonholed" these boys, holding on like grim death to that button while he discoursed eloquently upon Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron, Browning and Tennyson. His wife, a beautiful woman several decades his

junior, had a keen sense of humor. Because the doctor usually reached home several hours late for dinner, Mrs. Hume, greatly to his vexation, invariably referred to him as "the late Dr. Hume."

'Don't Make A Sound, Oregon'
 On reaching the center of town, one noted the old Roberson Hotel on the right (site of Battle-Vance-Pettigrew Dorm) and on the left, the southwest corner of the present U. S. Post Office lot, the primitive post office of that day, a little wooden shack presided over by a Mr. Kirkland, who was so gruff that students were afraid to ask for their mail.

The proprietors of the Robeson Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Klutz, and Mr. Klutz, universally known as "Doctor" Klutz, owned the town's principal grocery store and emporium of students' supplies. For a time, he had a young white man to assist him; but as this proved unsatisfactory, he turned over the management of the store to a clever colored boy, the late Ernest Thompson.

Dr. Klutz, called by the students "Adam Applejack," took no interest in the store, and it was believed that he was notoriously "biked" by the collegians who ran up large bills which proved difficult, if not impossible, to collect. It was said, at the time the store "folded up," that there were \$40,000 of unpaid bills on the books. Dr. Klutz's passion was not store-keeping but draughts; and his invariable fellow-player was Mr. Oregon Tenney (called Tinny) who gave the name to Tenney's Circle. When a would-be customer entered the store during Ernest's absence, Dr. Klutz, leaning over the check-board, would whisper to Mr. Tenney, snugly ensconced in an invisible cubby-hole at the back of the store: "Don't make a sound, Oregon, and maybe he'll go away."

A quattrain, composed by a collegian, is perhaps still remembered in Chapel Hill by old citizens:
 Ernest runs the business,
 Doc chews cig-ar butts,
 Everybody works in this old town,
 But A. A. Klutz.

The MacNider home, where the Post Office now stands, was the site of the house occupied by one of the early Stewards of the University, Pleasant Henderson, who had been a major of dragoons in the American Revolution. He and William Gaston were said to be the two most popular men in North Carolina; and on the death of Gaston, he was elected in his place.

He declined the honor, because the students had violently rebelled against an invariable and unwanted diet of fat mutton; and in the ensuing controversy, the Trustees had sided with the students! The road running north and south past the Post Office still bears the name of the irascible Revolutionary dragoon and incensed Steward.

I cannot conclude without mentioning the most original and spectacular character in Chapel Hill, whose barbershop, about where Kemp's Music Store now stands, bore the imposing sign:

THOMAS DUNSTON
 Professor of Tonsorial Art.

Scarcely a week would pass that some bright comment by Tom Dunston would not circulate through the village.

Shortly after I entered the University, Edwin Anderson Alberman, professor of history, was elected president to succeed Dr. Winston, who had accepted the presidency of the University of Texas.

President Alderman, a brilliant orator, was not yet well known throughout the nation as an educator; and when he was invited to speak at a great educational gathering in Chicago, he became a recluse for the time-being, devoting all his leisure to the preparation of his speech. When he went to have his hair cut, Tom Dunston, who was a great gossip, could get nothing out of him. Finally he burst out in great indignation:

"Marse Ed, what's got into you? I believe you is going crazy. As Epaminondas said to Themistocles, 'Much learning doth make thee mad'."

Where Tom could have picked up the famous saying of Petronius, no one knows; but at least the use of the names Epaminondas and Themistocles was purely original.

The only person known to have got the better of Dr. Winston was the tall, gangling, knock-kneed presidential mail-carrier, the coal-black Henry Smith, affectionately known as Horn-Handed Henry. One day, President Winston, showing a group of Trustees around the campus, met Henry, weighted down with parcels and letters, on his way to the Post Office. Dr. Winston accosted him mischievously:

"Henry, I have seen you carry the biggest loads of mail I ever knew anyone to carry. Why, I believe you could carry the South Building down to the Post Office, if you tried. Do you think you could?" Henry, with the startled look he habitually exhibited when spoken to, courteously removed his hat, touched his forelock, as was his habit, and remarked with blinding simplicity:

"Naw, Sir, Doctor, I couldn't carry the South Building down to the Post Office—naw, Sir—not as it stands. But I could carry it down to the Post Office—one brick at a time."

A stentorian roar of laughter went up from the highly amused Trustees, to Dr. Winston's keen vexation and profound humiliation.

Tom Quoted Petronius

The Need For H-Bomb Information

Michael Straight
 In New Republic

The crew of Number 5 Fukuryu Maru were not privy to the

topmost secrets of the Atomic Energy Commission. They had been fishing for tuna north of Bikini Atoll, and they had bad luck. So they turned south and

fished along the northern edge of the Marshall Islands where they did better.

In the darkness of March 1, 1954 at 3:40 a.m., they noticed

a reddish white flash that rose from below the horizon in the southwest. "Look," they cried, "the sun is rising in a strange fashion!" Three hours later a fine, white ash began falling on them.

APPALLING GAP

Captain Tsutsui suspected that the ash was radioactive and harmful long before blisters broke out and hands began to swell. He ordered up anchor and started for home.

The Japanese fishermen, in other words, did what nine out of ten American farmers or fishermen would have done—and would still do today. Ten years after Nagasaki, 12 months after the Bikini fallout, there is still an appalling gap between what Americans should do and what they would do in the event of a nuclear attack . . .

But how can the public respond when it has no idea to prepare for? Every bit of information that the public has gained has been clawed out of the AEC. It is still not enough information to serve as a guide to action. Forty-megaton bombs are now possible. But Civil Defense Instructions are still based on bombs of one-half megaton size . . .

NOT IN SILENCE

Among the officials around Admiral Strauss, secrecy retains its magic power. For the rest of us the threat of nuclear destruction is too awful to contemplate; too vast to comprehend. We turn in boredom and even resentment from those who break the silence.

Yet if there are answers to these problems they will not be found in silence. Disclosure and discussion are needed to reduce the disasters of warfare, and to reawaken concern in the alternatives to war.

A Cloud No Bigger Than A Man's Future



DR. HENDERSON

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YOU Said It: Editors Write 'Finis' To Feud With Quarterly Critic

Editor:
 In regard to Mr. E. E. Clarke's recent comment on Bill Scarborough's criticism of the Carolina Quarterly, we feel it necessary to state that we are not in agreement with Mr. Clarke as far as any deprecating implications on either Mr. Scarborough's character or his ability as a critic are concerned.

In addition, we intend this statement to be the concluding word to the exchange of criticisms, criticisms or criticisms, and criticisms of those criticisms which have appeared in connection with the Quarterly during the past week or ten days.

Editors
 The Carolina Quarterly
 Legislature's Don Quixote

Editor:
 This letter is addressed to my friends in the Upper Quad.

When I went home last weekend my Old Man, who had heard about the Daily Tar Heel episode, said: "Frank, you can fight windmills all your life, but for the Lord's sake don't fight a newspaper." Well, I want to tell you all that I'm not fighting a newspaper. I'm just trying to see to it that you get the most for your money. That is what you elected me to the Legislature for. Your money, that you pay in student fees, is what runs The Daily Tar Heel, and when The Daily Tar Heel is not covering your news, why then it is up to the Legislature to find out why, and to see what can be done about it.

Who covers the Phi and the Di? Who looks into what is going on in the Dormitories? And what about the Fraternities over there across campus? I'm not fighting The Tar Heel, I'm just trying to get them to do their job.

Now what makes me mad is Charlie Kuralt's attitude. As for his statement that I recanted the bulk of my charges, I haven't recanted anything. I modified one statement. I said you're possibly lazy, Mr. Kuralt. Also Mr. Kuralt charged that we are trying to control thoughts. Personally, I don't care what he thinks. Far be it from the Legislature to try to control anybody's thoughts. We just want him to make sure that the papers are delivered in the mornings, and that they carry the campus news, I think Mr. Kuralt is patently absurd.

Dean Luxon says that we are lucky with The Daily Tar Heel. We are lucky. We have students like you, who pay good money to have a top-notch newspaper, and by damn, if the Legislature can help it you're going to have one!

Frank Warren, Jr.