

# The Presidential Bull: Unam Segregatum

President Don Fowler, in a recent presidential bull, has encouraged the student Legislature to pace closer to the move it should have made almost two years ago—on the Supreme Court's desegregation decision. "If the student legislature feels it should express itself on this question, then it should do so," was Fowler's word.

Now we may run at least abreast of our sister students at Woman's College, whose legislature acted belatedly on the issue two weeks ago. The student legislators there voted with the Supreme Court.

The student legislature at Chapel Hill has made only one stab at a vote on the question—just before school ended last spring—and that one stab ended in fiasco. Just as the now-immortal Joel Fleischmann mounted the rostrum to introduce his resolution backing the Supreme Court, floorleaders of both parties led a walkout big enough to remove the quorum under the incredible rationale that the session had gone on too long.

President Fowler, whose pleasure or thunder is really irrelevant to what the Legislature does, added with his approval of debate on the segregation question: "I can see no further advantage to be gained by either those in favor of or opposed to desegregation if the student Legislature decides to debate the merits of what the Supreme Court has ruled to be the law of the land." Under one interpretation—that the law of the land is the law of the land regardless of what any student legislature thinks of it—Fowler is right.

But under another interpretation, more important, we think, in this instance, Fowler has undermined in one sentence a nuclear purpose of student legislatures: To face the issues, the more important the better, and to debate them. Perhaps as vital as the substance of any opinion on desegregation is the reason, logic, and cool understanding by which it may be determined. Surely President Fowler is not suggesting that mutual understanding will not be enhanced by debate.

Add one more comment on President Fowler's multi-faceted spate of opinion: For at least the second time, he has laid it down that students should accept the decisions of Governor Hodges, the North Carolina Legislature and other "state leaders" on the segregation issue. Respect may be in order, if those decisions befit enlightened and reasonable minds. But student's will have learned little here, from books or experience, if they think acceptance—i.e., blind kowtowing—is in order at every unresolvable dictum of the holy voices of authority.

# Security's Puzzle

The real difficulty is with the (security) system itself, or with the philosophy behind the system. The time has come to contemplate not particular reforms, but whether the system is susceptible to reform.

That is the way historian Henry Steele Commager viewed the U. S. government's security system in a recent Reporter magazine article: his view represents the alarming, but not lonely, outlook of many wise men of the day.

For that reason, when a State Department recruiter appeared in a Chapel Hill classroom to promote the Foreign Service, we asked about the so-called security system.

What constitutes a so-called security risk? The answer, from recruiter John R. Garnett: "Well, we don't handle that directly ourselves. It's done by security officers, according to executive orders by the President."

The Daily Tar Heel found the answer unsatisfactory, and, we suspect, so do students considering government employment. The standards for so-called security are hazy, too hazy for many to risk their future position on. And this, we believe, accounts for the decline in government job-hunters among many capable college graduates.

Historian Commager, in simple terms, pointed to the faults of the system: It violates numerous traditions of American justice, such as presumption of innocence until proof of guilt, the doctrine that guilt is personal and cannot be found on the basis of associations, and provision to the accused of elementary due process rights.

In a letter that just crossed our desk, the State Department's Chapel Hill visitor expresses puzzlement over our previous comments on the security program.

We are puzzled, also, when this country begins to ask for proofs of loyalty, rather than assuming loyalty until evidence of disloyalty is revealed.

# The Daily Tar Heel

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# A Refusal To Hit Ideals Over The Head

Ralph McGill

Among the experiences impossible to forget is one dating 1933. The place—Havana, Cuba.

The time—late July, just before the August revolution exploded to blow a wicked and murderous man, Gerardo Machado, out of his long-held position as dictator of Cuba.

Many men and women, young and old, had given their lives in opposing him. Others had suffered prison and torture. Still others had undergone a boycott and lost jobs and business.

Of them all none had suffered more than the students and faculty of the University of Havana. . . . most of whom had stood against his ruthless, cunning tyranny. He had long before closed the University.

Across a span of several days and nights I saw and talked with these people. I recall students whose backs were scarred from beatings given them in prison. Others had mutilated faces. There were those with scars where bullets or clubs had dug deep. Bodies of others had been fished from the harbor, having been dropped there from the prison quarters in old Morro castle.

They didn't quite. And, finally, they were there when the old butcher fled . . .

## IDEALISM

Since then I have never condemned students, or young people anywhere who protested for the sake of an ideal. One only too rarely encounters idealism in its most uncompromised form. Students may, and on occasion do, commit themselves to what seems folly. But, in the main they are pretty fine.

A young person's idealism is the best because he or she has not yet met the forces which demand, and obtain, conformity, compromise and withdrawal from controversy. A student's idealism and faith still are much closer to the heart of a child, of which, so we are told, is the stuff of the Kingdom itself.

That is one reason they make good soldiers in a good cause. That is why they are always expressing themselves against what seems to them to be tyranny.

The Communists have been shrewd enough to try and capture and use that force. In China and in Asian countries long under colonial rule, the Communists have offered Marxism to the young people as the way to freedom from foreign rule. Yet, in all the bloody anti-Communist riots there have been students in opposition. Communism has by no means won them all.

Even Hitler, who lavished uniforms and flattery on German youth, did not win them all but he prostituted the idealism of many.

## CONFORM

In our country the usual custom is to hit youthful idealism over the head whenever it expresses itself in any save the orthodox and approved channels. Men and women whose ideals have long ago withered down to the roots, or which suffer badly from blight, find it easy to criticize "the modern generation" for "excesses." But when adults are silent and afraid, and a principle is anywhere at stake, how else may the student express himself save by a demonstration?

The cry goes up, "Conform, conform." There are demands that examples be made. Idealism is battered over the head, put into patrol wagons, and locked up in jails. But, happily, it keeps repeating itself in youth.

If now and then it expresses itself in so-called party-raids, in which giggling young maids in college dormitories toss "souvenirs" out the window—it perhaps is folly—but it hardly comes under the classification of sewing a wild oat—which used to be expected of the well-brought-up boy.

When the guns begin to shoot—they'll be there.

And whenever dictatorship or tyranny takes over there will always be those to work in the underground, to make the bombs, to sabotage, to die for the principle of freedom.

I go along with the old prophet of Ecclesiastes: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart."

Someone else will have to view with alarm and hold up the rebuking finger.

# The Humanist And His Work In The University Library

Dr. Andrew H. Horn University Librarian

(The Daily Tar Heel takes pleasure in printing here a condensation of Dr. Andrew H. Horn's humanities lecture, delivered here last week.—Editors.)

In an hour's time of wandering in the stacks of the Library one could assemble a shelf or two of books published within the past fifteen years, dealing with the humanities in American higher education. Within that same hour one could also be plucking out another shelf-full of recent books and articles about research libraries. Examined, this library of the newest books on two old subjects will be found to contain a good deal of thought upon the prospects of both. In these books three words occur over and over again: problems, conferences and reports. The word "problems" suggests that on the matters being considered we have not found satisfactory solutions. Indeed, when the problems are especially baffling, we sometimes call them "challenges" and postpone them indefinitely. The word "conferences," and the fact that there have been so many conferences, suggest that we are uncertain about these matters, untried, that we want to meet in groups for mutual comfort and consolation. The word "reports"—or "studies," if not much of anything can be discovered—suggests that we can, if we wish, make a career in writing about our problems. I am led to the opinion that the humanists of the university and the university librarians are at the present time in a certain amount of trouble. We probably should have a conference to discuss our problems and then write a report. What I, a university librarian, wish to do is tell you, the university humanists, about some of my troubles. Conceivably, we may together discover in the university library an instrument of much greater utility than any of us has appreciated.

**PROBLEM OF FINANCE**  
The problem faced by university libraries in 1955 is one of finance. Everyone knows that university libraries are expensive; and it is equally obvious that the major items of library expenditure are for books (and journals), services (i.e., salaries) and buildings (including equipment). Although maintenance

costs, such as binding and supplies, are also high, they are after all only subsidiary. It is evident that this financial problem of university libraries is directly related to their size. Suddenly, as we have come into the second half of the twentieth century university administrators and other budget authorities seem to have rediscovered what they have known very well all of the time, namely, that big libraries cost much more money whereas small libraries are not so expensive.

When he writes his annual report, the university president regards the growth of his library between 1925 and 1955 with a great deal of pride, as an important phenomenon; but when he prepares his budget, the university president looks rather sourly at the corresponding growth of library costs and at the necessity for new and expensive library buildings. Talking among themselves, librarians have also been worrying about the rising costs due to continuous growth. As a matter of fact, the librarians had begun to work out some pretty good solutions toward reducing costs and curtailing, or at least directing, growth. It occurred to me that the dilemma of university librarianship is not unlike the one in which the faculties of the humanities find themselves. On all sides we hear that the humanities have failed, are on the way out, cost too much money for what they do, have no practicality. On all sides we hear that libraries are failing to do their job, cost too much money, are too crowded with esoteric material rather than the up-to-the-minute practical record of the day. Yet all of these charges have a curious anonymity.

I have yet to see a president or a dean or a faculty member outside of the humanities (i.e., of the professions, natural sciences or social sciences) stand up to be counted in public as opposed to either the humanists or the librarians. I have begun to suspect that most of the prophets of despair are in our own ranks. We are being aroused when we hear others merely quote what we have said of ourselves. There seems to be some evidence that our rivals in the competition for budget funds are really not dead-set against us; they even seem to be saying that

they feel a need for our help, our contribution, our cooperation with them in their own endeavors.

## POST-WAR ERA

In a post-war era preoccupied with exciting prospects of scientific discovery, technological advance, professional expansion, and attendant grave social problems the traits of the humanist can be misunderstood; humanity in this strange new world suggests only homo sapiens or the conglomerate of the animal rather than man with a balance of intelligence, taste and spirit.

The university library is one of the great strongholds of the humanistic tradition. In it, the men of the two sciences, natural and social, as well as the men of the professions and of the technologies meet the faculties of the humanities. All thinking free-men thirst for the values of mankind's spiritual, intellectual and aesthetic achievement; and all persons sense that the strength of the single man, his dignity, his defiance, his troublesome individualism, his intellect are the things which have made our miraculous progress possible.

## LIBRARY HISTORY

In recent years considerable attention has been given to the history of American university librarianship. Access by students to the libraries was shockingly liberal by English university library standards of the time; but at Harvard in 1765, for example, the librarian lent and received books on Fridays for two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon. He waited on the faculty whenever there was need; and on Wednesday he attended on such students as had special permission to study in the library.

The origins of the University of North Carolina, from 1776 to 1799, and the opening of the University in 1795, were symbols of the times. Although influenced by the earlier academic tradition of the University of North Carolina and the other nineteenth century American universities still typified the changed outlook in which man became the measure much as had been true in the Renaissance.

Here in Chapel Hill we had as president a "Presiding Professor" who was the "Professor of Humanity." I have looked rather carefully into the early records of our university library

and our two society libraries. It is clear that from the beginning North Carolina's state university developed library resources in the humanities, with a strong concurrent interest in the natural sciences.

## RISE OF LIBRARIANSHIP

By 1849 all classes, even freshmen, were allowed to use their college and university libraries except at Columbia and Yale. At Yale, sophomores were also excluded. True, the libraries still maintained short hours. On the Chapel Hill campus in 1849 our library was open only five times a week, for a total of five hours per week.

## HUMANIST SCIENCE

Will "humanistic science" take the place of the humanities in the field of general preparatory studies which is now divided with the social sciences and natural sciences? I do not believe that the professions and the social and natural sciences what this to happen any more than do the humanists. If this kind of research in the humanities is needed, possibly the librarians can do it for you, and leave you free to study the "production of ideas"—a field which, I am sure, is not yet exhausted.

What the humanist has lacked has been a device to communicate with the citizens beyond the campus, to catch popular imagination and support, and to interpret directly the values of humanism. Humanists in their research and in their teaching are book-centered, excepting perhaps the fine arts, whereas the other disciplines of the university are only book-dependent.

All teaching and research depends upon the use of books and periodicals; but most departments of the humanities rely wholly upon books, journals, pamphlets, manuscripts—without the additional facilities of laboratories, statistical analysis, or testing of conclusions under controlled conditions. The humanist remains concerned with man as a man when he is not in a clinic, being questioned in a poll, behaving as a particle in the social structure, or lying as a cadaver on the dissecting table.

We understand your (the Humanist) reluctance to approve of faculty status for us; but we think you are about ready to agree that we have earned a place in the university as librarians. You trained us—remember that the majority of librarians was trained in the humanities—to a calling of intellectual rather than clerical responsibility.

As never before, we need you to continue your stimulating criticism and your creative talent in building our libraries with a stamp of individuality and character. We need today your aid in our effort to use the research library as more than a storehouse of knowledge. We invite your understanding as the university library, again following the lead of the public library, accepts more fully an aggressive role—through its extension department, through friends of the library organization, through radio, television, exhibitions, and publications.

I suspect that, if the humanists enter into this new partnership with librarians and perhaps accept the direction of it, they will find it both agreeable and profitable to themselves. More important still, they will discover it to be agreeable and profitable to the eyes which see, the ears which hear, the minds which understand the humanist in his university library.

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## RISE OF LIBRARIANSHIP

Librarianship emerged gradually as a recognized occupation, if not a profession. The college and university librarians began to associate with their public library colleagues. In 1853 a national meeting of librarians was held in New York, attended by librarians of both academic and public or society libraries.

That quarter century between 1850 and 1875, which contained the Civil War, witnessed changes and unrest in universities, libraries, and in scholarship. Student complaint about the inadequacy of library service mounted; attempts to improve library housing or to increase staffing in university libraries did not succeed.

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# Roundabout Papers Doings In The

IF YOU thought we weren't doing thing else from those "Birds of the people who recently added quite a paragraphs to the already lengthy practical jokery, you were quite wrong (I assume it is theirs) has fallen time with not quite so concerned individual, as was the case in the

Herewith a long-awaited tale of chases and suspicious characters

LAST FRIDAY afternoon I received a tip-off on the telephone. An anonymous caller suggested that I be in women's dorms early Saturday morning. I didn't say exactly how early, but I suggested I be there. I called the call traced, but the Chapel Hill Telephone has unfortunately so far succumbed to encroachments of the Scientific Age that trace local calls, all telephone calls automatically made.

Hah! I thought to myself, in that have of thinking to myself, Hah! This left turned shall be a burden on my back. This time we shall get to the "7-13" business (for I assumed, and the 7-13 crew responsible for the party Smith dorm was also behind this time the "Birds" would be heavy tracks by the mighty pen, and great fall thereof. Little did I know.

I figured, in a sudden burst of keenness, that if I was going to find out hind all this I had best catch the act; the only way to do that was to they came.

I WAS there. I almost froze (I'd the average temperature last Friday not say more), but I was there.

At about two in the morning I slipped down to the McIver-Alderman-Kramer blanketed and a pocket hand-warmer stance behind a convenient, though somewhat bush on the edge of the Arboretum. I'd people who have spent any time in the night, I am undoubtedly one of the have ever done so alone. And Friday evening the weather, was a night without mandated company. However, business is not, as we say in the trade.

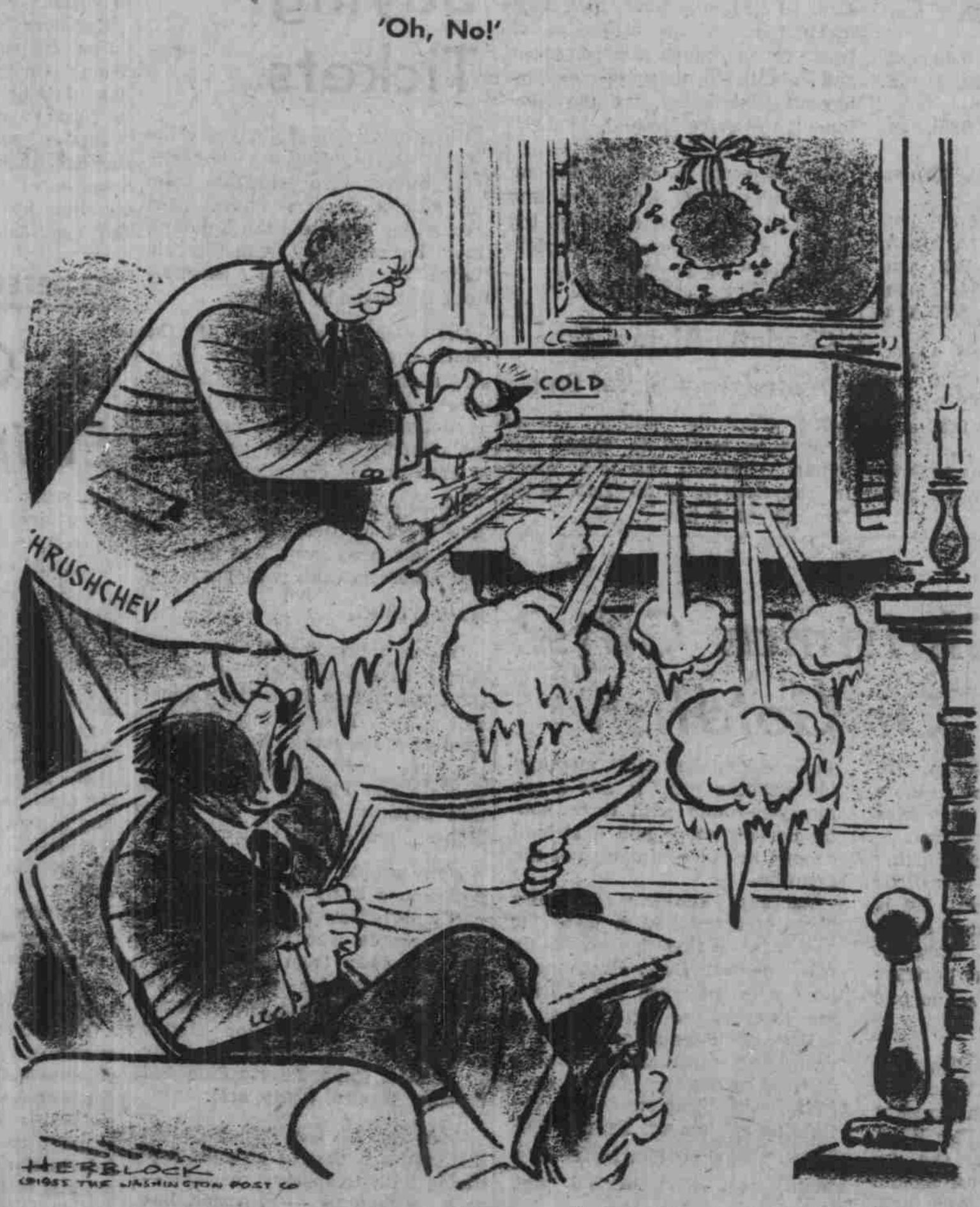
There were several difficulties in containing this wake. The first was of course Suffice it to say that (a) the experience conclusively my long-standing theory of Carolinians are not awfully good at weather, and (b) summer is warmer. McIver was not the only privation. Since I had to be a diligent under-cover agent, a product of the Dagnet Crime Lab, I could. The coal of a cigarette can be seen from distance, and I was determined not to be reer nipped in the bud by the lure of the unpropitious moment, like H. H. Moxley I did not smoke. Furthermore, I refused move. When one does not wish to be not blunder around in the Arboretum I sat, immobile, froze, and did not smoke.

TIME CREPT frostily on. Those who of having ulterior motives behind this somewhat akin to those of a peeping tom assured that, charming though Carolinians be they (most of them) have the window shades provided by the University very few of the visible windows were the way, it was highly unlikely that the "Wilderness" were going to come flying like, out of a women's dorm in the darkness.

The windows blinked black, one by one. The lightened; the daytime noises of the zation gradually dwindled to an occasional roar from nearby Franklin Street or a clanging every fifteen minutes from the I grew colder, more desperate for a less sure of the wisdom of the whole hummed "Sixteen Tons", softly, and occasionally verses from Shakespeare. (I Shakespeare; isn't that lovely?). Three-ed by with icy languor. Three-thirty. A die on the other side of the street from forty-five. Four, I began to think that the jokers didn't get on with it and do sole material witness wasn't going to be material. Four-thirty. I came willing giving in and having a cigarette.

At quarter of five, when I was only away from going home, I heard a "clunk" sound from the corner of Raleigh Cameron Ave. I peered out of the window just barely discern a figure moving beyond the street light. I came stiffly, icebox, crossed the road bent double around McIver, intending to get a look was from an unexpected angle. When other side he was walking down toward Theatre, I hit Battle Lane at a dead double, in an attempt to cut him off.

But he either saw or heard me. He neared Cameron Avenue he suddenly men's dorm side of the street, ran up dorm, climbed into a car and drove turning his lights on, so I couldn't see plate. It was a black Ford, about '48, glumly back to the corner and looked "CATTLE CROSSING" it said simply, "13" and that damned bird track, or was lit a cigarette (Mike Hammer would this), and wandered around. A whole "CATTLE CROSSING" signs were already you know as much as I do, dammit.



'Oh, No!'