

Governor Hodges & John C. Calhoun

Governor Luther Hodges, who with each press conference sounds more like a candidate for reelection, this week began to sound like John C. Calhoun.

Hodges had already given his good graces to the local option plan of maintaining school segregation and the Patriots of North Carolina, a group pledged to keep races separate despite the U. S. Supreme Court's mandate.

But this week, donning the outmoded cape of Calhoun's nullification doctrine, the governor struck out at the Supreme Court.

According to Hodges, when the nation's highest court overruled public school segregation, it "assumed the authority to change the Constitution . . . at the will of the members of the court and without legal precedent."

Going an awkward step further, the governor endorsed the movement for interposition—today's name for the old, ineffective Calhoun doctrine. Nullification, and interposition, provide that a state can simply refuse to enforce a judicial interpretation with which it does not agree, until it is written into the Constitution by amendment.

Over a century ago, Calhoun devised this plan to prevent the North from blotting out Southern slavery. It was a brilliant defense of minority rights—in the 19th century. Today, though, nullification (or interposition) is little more than a political theory, the philosophy of a lost cause.

As for the Supreme Court's authority to "change" the Constitution by judicial interpretation, it's equally obvious that Chief Justice John Marshall settled that early in our history.

Evidently, Governor Hodges wants to appear in favor of any method, short of violence that will evade enforcement of the segregation mandate. But he should remember that his pledge of office carries allegiance to the national Constitution above that of the state.

Besides, Hodges need only refer to the record of history to find that, while nullification kept South Carolina's Calhoun in power, he died a bitter, beaten man.

We urge the governor to study the old solutions for lessons, not remedies. The integration of schools will require new adjustments, new ideas, and renewed moral vigor—not worn out political theories with new names.

'Lulu' Or A System?

"The Honor System is being knocked for a lulu."

This stern verdict, from a professor, brought down the curtain on Honor System Week in December, transforming the program from an epic on student integrity to a farce.

The week, as you will recall, was one of vigorous discussion of that University tradition which assumes personal integrity on the part of students. Athletes, student jurors, and other dignitaries sang the praises of honor and a system.

But then, only a few brief days after the week had ended, the professor rendered his judgment. Why?

This academic critic of the Honor System found that 55 names were initiated on the roll of his 78-member class—but only 39 students faced him that morning. Sixteen students signed for others who just weren't there.

We think those student leaders who conducted the honor week did an admirable job of needed propagandizing. They presented, in a dramatic manner, the Honor System as it should operate.

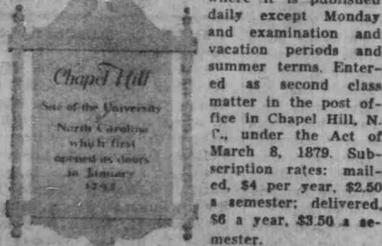
Now, let the student courts begin to act.

Alleged laxity in the operation of the student courts has prompted many faculty members to doubt the wisdom of the system. An alarming number feel that the faculty will have to take over administration of student justice—if the student courts are not effective.

The Daily Tar Heel believes that student jurors can deal with student offenders fairly and justly. But, at this point, confidence in their vigor is at an all-time low.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Editors: LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER
Managing Editor: FRED POWLEDGE
News Editor: JACKIE GOODMAN
Business Manager: BILL BOB PEEL
Night Editor For This Issue: Rueben Leonard

Carolina Front — Coach Shift Bears Down On Chancellor

Louis Kraar

BARRY FARBER, the polylingual former DTH editor, dropped an interesting Tatum note in the mail from Washington.

Farber, whose present occupation is promoting TV Guide, offered the following clipping—with no comments or explanation—from sports writer Bob Addie's column:

"If Jim (Tatum) does go to North Carolina, he's likely to find the top brass a bit ruder than the nice people at Maryland—and this isn't said in sarcasm. I called the chancellor of North Carolina, a man named Robert B. Houses, the other day to ask a simple question and I had the telephone banged in my ear. It was probably just as well Chancellor House was still imbued with the Christmas spirit or he probably would have wrenched the phone off the wall."

Although this reporter would be the last to defend the way some of the press has written up and played the coaching situation here, this type publicity doesn't aid the University.

Chancellor House, admittedly is in the hot seat. He is the man from Chapel Hill who will hire the coach. The pressures on him are great.

But, nevertheless, the University must symbolize those virtues associated with the so-called Carolina Gentleman.

If writer Addie was correct, the Chancellor has erred.

THE ALUMNI Review, which publishes special weekly issues during the grid season to carefully chronicle every football play, gave one paragraph this month to Phi Beta Kappa initiation.

This publication is the best organ available for keeping alumni in touch with the University. I have been taught in the classroom that those matters of the mind are Carolina's foremost concern.

Perhaps the Alumni Review could turn some of its pages over to the faculty, or at the very least offer more than a paragraph for academic prowess when football prowess is given extra weekly issues.

THE UNIVERSITY of Virginia, long holder of the title of biggest party school, has a new social code.

Under the new code, fraternities have "permanently identified hostesses" at all social events.

Eager to avoid any misunderstanding of the term "hostess," Virginia officials spelled it out: "A lady approved by the Committees on Fraternities who has accepted responsibility for the propriety of fraternity social gatherings and is identified with a special chapter of the University on a permanent basis."

Sounds as though a reputable coed would qualify.

AN AMERICAN history student was asked by his professor, Dr. C. O. Cathy, what outside reading he had done.

"I read John C. Calhoun," the student said.

"Which one," asked Dr. Cathy.

"Oh, the blue one."

MOUNTAIN COMING to Moses Department:

Electro Metallurgical Company, a division of Union Carbide, sent a batch of impressive recruiting letters to liberal arts students during the holidays.

With all this about liberal arts vs. business training, it seems that even the giants of industry have turned to humanities for talent.

Since Union Carbide, Standard Oil, and the other corporations have more to offer financially to liberal arts students, many would be college teachers will probably be seduced away from the academic world and related professions.

I'm all for Standard Oil, Union Carbide, and others hiring men of the humane letters, as Matthew Arnold called them. But it would seem that the colleges are going to have to offer more financially to meet teaching needs.

Ignorance As A Policy For The South

Jonathan Daniels

(The changing Southern picture in the public schools—changing under the impact of the Supreme Court's Decision of 1954, under economic shifts, and shifts in the mores of the South—has created pressures which this traditionally easy-going, unexcitable land has seldom, if ever, experienced. Under those pressures, there are those who will submit to the abolition of public education. Fortunately, there are those too, in greater numbers we hope, who will never submit to this open invitation to ignorance and set-back. Jonathan Daniels, editor of the Raleigh News and Observer is one of the latter; and he makes his case eloquently in the address reprinted below, which he delivered at Coker College, Hartsville, South Carolina, recently.—Editors.)

A North Carolinian going to South Carolina in the past often spoke of himself as coming from a vale of humility between two mountains of conceit. That has greatly changed in our times. Recently viewing South Carolina's industrial progress, North Carolinians have realized that ours is a vale in which hustling is more important than humility if we hope to keep within shouting distance of South Carolina.

Conditions in this autumn, like everything else, seem much changed. But the harvests and the hogsbills remain. We seem, indeed, to have increasing reason for both our festivals and our fears—and at the same time. Celebration is more fun than the contemplation of catastrophe. But we keep fear and festival all the year round in the South now. Perhaps we have always been a people equally, steadily and separately sharing barbecue and bitterness. Certainly today we seem to have only two things on our minds and in our mouths: the decentralization of American industry southward and the desegregation of the schools southward, too.

They are not regarded as identical twins. Eagerness attends one. Indeed, we are credited with such eagerness to take our part of the pattern of industry from the North that we have been charged with a zeal in looting never before equalled except by Sherman's soldiers. We were recently accused of robbing the industrial graves of devastated New England industrial towns. That was slander which will not stop the belated development of the South in terms of its neglected resources and the needs of its people. The building of new plants at a million-dollar-a-day rate in the Southeast will not slow soon.

The change in the people is more significant than the modern brick buildings which stand in the fields where the broom sedge was golden only in color. The Southern poor white, that creature deemed incapable of any but the dullest skills, seems to have disappeared everywhere except in Erskine Caldwell's novels. The tenant farmers of twenty years ago are imperceptible as the citizens of our bulging cities in a South in which urbanization is proceeding at a faster rate than the country as a whole—twice as fast in some sections. State the fact as we can see it, there are a great many more permanents than poke bonnets to be seen in South Carolina today.

But let us not count too rapidly in the South. The South has begun to feel rich before and sometimes to its undoing. It may not be amiss today to note that that phrase that lies like honey on the Southern tongue, "The New South" is seventy years old—and there was not only no honey but little enough hominy in some of those years. Henry Grady, out of an always expansive Atlanta, used the phrase first, I think, in 1886 in a speech applauded by the same New Englanders who today sometimes seem to regard it as a label for Sher-

man's march transplanted and reversed. It seems hardly worth noting now that the year Mr. Grady spoke exultantly and eloquently of the New South, Pitchfork Ben Tillman began to holler at the elegant people in South Carolina. Things definitely did not look so good to Mr. Tillman or the noisy thousands who flocked behind him. It will, I know shock you young ladies today to know that he spoke of The Citadel as "a military dude factory." It will seem as absurd to your sisters, well dressed and well curled on their wages in South Carolina industry, to know that he spoke of the textile industry of the State as a "moral graveyard" for young women.

Mr. Grady's eloquence and Senator Tillman's violence both are a long way behind us. In our times hope is not only high, it is hung there like the moon. In a day of young and confident marriages, the babies, so thick in our suburbs, are clearly born to be the more and more skilled operators of our industrial plant and its multiplying customers, too. The highways everywhere widen. Their lanes run to shorter work weeks, higher wages, more fun and a clear faith in the future. We have a right to celebrate our harvest in this autumn, South 1955.

We have a right also to our fears. No man—certainly no Southerner—in his right mind would minimize the dimensions of the problem of the South created by the Supreme Court decision ordering the desegregation of our schools. It is not solved by the fact that our population has altered almost as rapidly as our pace. Indeed, it seems irrelevant to present people in the midst of the present problem that the white-Negro ratio in South Carolina has altered from a Negro majority of 150,000 in 1910 to half a million more white people than Negroes today. It is not made simply by the fact that in South Carolina the population of cities has doubled in two decades.

Nothing makes it a simple problem. But it can be made a more serious problem by those who step promptly, confidently, angrily forward with ruthless remedies. And the most tragic proposal ever made in a presumably intelligent land is that the South solve this great public problem by putting an end to public education—indeed to all education so far as the overwhelming majority of the people are concerned. The anger of those who propose such drastic remedies is understandable in the South but what they propose should be understood, too, as something beyond secession from the Union. What they urge is secession from civilization.

Maybe once the dictum was uttered and believed that one Southerner could whip ten Yankees. There may be those today who believe that a South denied public education could compete with the skills, the training, the schooling available to men and women and their children in other states and sections. It is an enterprise upon which I as one Southerner would not wish to embark. It would, I believe, if such a fantastic proposal should be accepted in the South, reduce a whole people to levels at which they could not be expected intelligently to cope with this problem or any other. Give us one generation of abandonment of public education in the South and we would all be poor, poor whites together. In our own personal fears and in all those fears put together by men, who put such fears together, one thing we need to hold to hard in our hearts and our heads is that ignorance is no defense against integration or anything else.

Education is the basis of all we possess and all we hope to be—and I know no better place to say that with certainty than Hartsville, South Carolina, and Coker College. Trouble is not new in the South. Sometimes it has seemed our heritage. Long ago virtually the last words of John C. Calhoun were

'On Second Thought, Maybe I'll Ride With You'



"The South, the poor South." Others have seemed to us very often to bring us our troubles. It is just possible, however, that we are not without fault, too. Just a few years before Calhoun whispered that phrase, one of the most distinguished scholars who ever came to South Carolina, Francis Lieber, now too much forgotten, proposed an epitaph for himself, "Here lies a man who died of the South." He did not die, fortunately, but he lived to go to other regions where he felt his leading was appreciated more.

But here in Hartsville, I'd like to talk about a man who left fewer phrases in either despair or complaint about the South but who I suspect may serve as a better model for Southerners in troubled times. It seems to me time today to talk in Hartsville and everywhere else in the South about a man as Major James Lide Coker. I do not find his name mentioned much in the angry records of Reconstruction in South Carolina but I do find, still alive and creative, the works he began in industry, business, agriculture and education not only here but in every part of this South we love together.

I suspect his image on this campus is venerable, maybe bearded. I like to think of him as the boy he was when he went to Harvard at 20 in 1857. He was not alone. In that center of abolitionism as well as erudition there were 63 Southerners when your Charleston neighbors fired on Fort Sumter. He studied there soils and plants, chemistry and botany under the great Louis Agassiz. It may be pertinent in the South now that when Agassiz came to America he said that it was a "land where Nature was rich, but tools and workmen few. . . . Certainly he stirred one great workman from South Carolina in James Lide Coker.

Well, of course, young Coker came home. He went to war. And he came home from war with a thigh shattered by a ball in Tennessee. He was Major Coker. That may not evoke any such image in your minds but a Confederate Major always sounds elderly to me. This one was just 27 and he went to work, the historians say "with a crutch in one hand and a hoe in the other." Frankly, I think that gives as false an image as a grey beard would. It sounds indeed heroic. I think he was. But the burned hills of South Carolina in those days were filled with heroic men to whom neither the crutch nor the hoe were strange.

What marked Major James Coker was that he had education in his head and put education to work in building this town, this state, this college. He could have devoted himself to futility and fury. Instead, hardly anywhere has the education of one man so blessed a family, a town, a state, a South. It does not seem strange to me that he capstoned his success with a college. It would only seem strange to me if anywhere within the expanding influence of his memory any person might consider the abandonment of education as a remedy for anything.

Of course, we have great problems in the South—and swiftly growing possibilities, too. Of course, we have traditions which are precious to us—and a destiny worthy of the best in our powers as in our past. We shall not find the way into the future easily—I find no easy roads for most people running through the past. But in this South Autumn 1955 we cannot let our fears become the masters of our fate. We become the masters of our fate. We cannot find our safety in the dark. We will not better escape our troubles in ignorance. More than anything else we need more education, not less.

The South has no greater tradition than that made by its educated, enlightened leaders. And the only hope of the South in this autumn of both festival and fear lies in the determination of its people that, come what fear there may be, no folly will lead us to the abandonment of the education of a whole advancing people. Those who would close our schools will not save the traditions of the South's hope. Our hopes and fears are indivisible. Here where a man's education blessed the South, I invoke your blessings on public education. Indeed, I ask you to hold stubbornly in your hearts the understanding that any man who proposes that the South solve its great problems by greater ignorance is a great fool or thinks you are a greater one.

This is not a time for the South to withdraw into the dark. What the South needs is the continuation of its march toward more education for all its people.

It Was Shakespeare Who Wrote The Words Of Bacon And Marlowe

Abigail Bacon came from Boston where James Michael Curley is again running for Mayor. It was Abigail who started all this business about Bacon having written the works of Shakespeare. After Abigail came a host of other fellows with other ideas; —Bacon, Oxford, and Marlowe, and each of their champions stated a case and offered "proof."

At the bottom of all the arguments is one basic theme;—Shakespeare did not go to college and therefore could not have been the author of the plays. And since Bacon, Oxford and Marlowe went to college, it had to be one of them.

All of which is highly encouraging. Since four million boys took advantage of the GI Bill of Rights and went to college, all we need do now is sit back and wait for the literature to roll off the presses.

I think the time has come to re-examine the whole proposition. I think these "debunkers" of Shakespeare have hit upon the right idea but have not focused it properly. A careful study of the college situation may very well lead us to a new conclusion. We find that thousands of men and women are receiving college degrees without ever having opened up a book by Draper, Hume, Lecky, Cervantes, Rabelais, Plutarch, Cellini, Read, Gibbon, Heine, Goethe, Chaucer, to mention only a few of the great classics of thought. Reasonable men will begin to argue that since Bacon, Oxford, and Marlowe went to college, they could not have possibly written those plays; that they could have been produced only by a fellow who stayed home, read some books and studied life.—Harry Golden in The Carolina Israelite.

Goethe Let

(By some . . . or the mails . . . column from . . . our desk only . . . of several . . . The Daily Tar . . . requested to . . . mental . . . the prologue . . . Letters, and . . . —Editors.)

The exchange . . . the University . . . student . . . rg August . . . en, seems to . . . well. "How . . . asked only . . . in Goettingen . . . and really . . . year ends . . . a thorough . . . which has . . . erises, there . . . way to accom . . . ment of even . . . the presentation . . . ogue.

Suffice it . . . crossed the . . . to be such . . . dition that . . . erals do it . . . Haven on . . . North . . . July 1. My . . . expired some . . . of an English . . . Bremen gave . . . stay in Ger . . . in an ultra . . . middle of the . . . lar a day.

From Bremen . . . Hannover to . . . Herr Stedler . . . gram here, . . . iting piece . . . had not . . . two more . . . tingen I . . . ary, which . . . east side . . . valley and . . . certain.

I also toured . . . tains, visited . . . and villages . . . the national . . . sel, all with . . . dents from . . . sian zone . . . somewhat . . . since my . . . pretty poor . . . him that . . . Semitism in . . . hesitantly . . . that he would . . . to the United . . .

After almost . . . tingen I . . . and Mainz, . . . several days . . . the Rhine to . . . in Bonn, . . . the federal . . . month. I . . . is why I . . . early, visited . . . excursions . . . logne, the . . . more interesting.

A week in . . . give any . . . derlust, so . . . two-week . . . ing to . . . tour included . . . Bern, Geneva, . . . between . . . Mr. Blanc, . . . as Innsbruck, . . . Munich and . . . the Bavarian . . . On October . . . Hannover to . . . will not . . . until near . . . upon what . . . Student . . . ernment) . . . wishes . . . lectures . . . begin.

By next . . . prepared . . . reports on . . . many: . . . crats, . . . Neo-Nazis . . . into Gerard . . . you."

AUTOMATIC . . . A hunter . . . woods . . . house to . . . a woman . . . front porch . . . baby on . . . was amazed . . . using a . . . teething . . . string was . . . the baby's . . . "Would . . . the reason . . . ed the . . . "Why, it's . . . replied the . . . and if he . . . out."