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## The Daily Tar Heel

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The Daily Tar Heel is the official news publication of the University of North Carolina and is published by students daily except Mondays, examinations periods and vacations. Today's is a special Silver Anniversary edition in tribute to the Class of '40.

CH H	Martin Harmon '40 Editor Shelley Rolfe '40 Sports Editor Harry Gatton '40 Reporter	Doris Coble Helms '40
	John Anderson '40 Columnist Doris Goerch Horton '40 Columnist	Morris Rosenberg '40 Editorial Contributor

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## **Right To Examine**

Theologians and philosophers agree, as well as the man-in-the-street who pauses to think. Mortal man improves the physical and material, with faster autos, jet planes which travel faster than sound, kitchen aides from dishwashers to blenders to electronic ovens, moon-bound space ships, and computers which think.

Conversely, he progresses comparatively slowly, if at all, in the abstracts of unselfishness, human relations, and objectivity.

When the Class of '40 matriculated, when it graduated, and today a quarter century later, this problem remains and is continuing.

University of North Carolina (Chapel Hill), new official handle of the Chapel Hill branch of the Greater University of North Carolina, was considered by some to be a hot-bed of communism in 1939-40 and is likewise considered by some a red-tinged hot-bed today.

State Senator Ralph Scott reported such pockets of thinking in a recent speech on the campus.

Classmates knew better then, know better today.

Yet it was false charges such as these that helped defeat Dr. Frank Porter Graham, the great UNC president of the thirties and forties, for the United States Senate seat to which he had been appointed by Governor Kerr Scott. Some 4,000 students were enrolled at the University in 1939-40. If there were more than 40 real Communists on campus that year, classmates of '40 would be surprised. Today UNC numbers more than 10,000 students on campus.

claim his Communist political religion. The United States has already been

victimized many times by the ostrich policy of putting its head into the sand. The slowness to recognize the danger of Hitler from 1933 made the nation woefully impotent at December 7, 1941. Most recent example was the halcyon days of the fifties, when Americans, from Washington officials to private citizens, were comforting themselves that the Russian Ivan was a stupid dolt. The sad awakening jolt came with Sputnik I in 1957 and the nation is still in arrears in the space race.

The purpose of teaching is to teach students to think, to use their heads for more than hat-racks, and this purpose is traditional with the University of North Carolina.

### **Chief UNC Benefit**

Though Tar Heels, as would be proper at a state-supported University, far outnumber students from other states and lands, there is nevertheless an incidence of students from outside the state's bounds.

The presence of these "furriners" provides one of the University's more important benefits, a form of ecumenicalism.

A graduate of '40 remarks, "It was at medical cadavers in the Bucthe University that I learned something caneer created a sensation on of the Jewish culture, of the Chinese culture, and Yankee culture from fellow students. I learned that no race nor ethnic group held patent to all that was worthwhile and that Yankeeland also produced some migthy good folk."

By ED RANKIN

When my old boss editor, Martin Harmon, assigned me a HELLO SUCKER column for this special 25th anniversary edition, I headed for the attic. There in a dusty cardboard box was what remained my mementoes from the Class of 1940.

The box contained a baker's dozen of yellowed Daily Tar Heels, a few student Party handbills, one Carolina Magazine, a "Sound and Fury" program, the June 11, 1940 commencement program and every copy of the Carolina Buccaneer for the years 1936-40. After a dusty search,

of

could find only one copy of HELLO SUCKER. Dated January 30, 1940, it dealt with such weighty topics as a conflict between the dormitory presidents and the inter-dorm dance committee, the coming campaign plans of the Student and University parties, and the unsettling news that Willie Stauber was in love. Obviously, my column left no deep imprint on the march of civilization.

However, the other material proved more interesting to an old grad. Here are some samples:

Jimmy Davis was elected president of the student body April, 1939) by a vote of 1,175-644. Other officers elected included Jack Fairley, veep for student body, Charlie Wood, sec.-treas. for student body, Martin Harmon, editor of DTH. Allen Green, editor, Carolina Magazine, Jack Lynch, editor, Yackety Yack, and Bill Stauber, editor, Carolina Buccaneer

Ace Parker led Blue Devils to 27-7 win with 105-yard scoring kickoff return (November, 1936) . . . Happily, the next year the DTH used its "second coming" boxcar type to proclaim WE WON! - 14-6 ... Carl Pugh's grisly pictures of

Hello, Sucker! Dr. Hiram Wesley Evans, Im-perial Wizard of the Invincible Empire of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, spoke to a nacked house in Memorial Auditorium . . . Business Manager Bill Ogburn boasted of an all-time high record (\$8,055) of advertising in the DTH (May, 1940) . . . Walter Kleeman's "On the

Air" column had this typical radio fare: Rudy Vallee's Variety Hour, Kate Smith Hour, the March of Time, Major Bowles Amateur Hour, Kraft Music Hall with Bing Crosby and We the People by Gabriel Heatter . . . May Queen Louise Hudson and Maid of Honor Bobby Winton led the 1940 May Day ceremony which featured

a Mexican fiesta . . . Joe Dawson could not restrain himself when he saw crosses planted by the Confederate monument - so he burned them up . . . David Clark of Charlotte, University trustee, who was not an admirer of Dr. Frank Graham, recommended in September, 1938, that Dr. Frank be appointed governor of Puerto Rico President Roosevelt spoke in Woollen Gym in December, 1938 and received a Doctor of Laws degree from the Univer-

sity ... The April Fool edition of the DTH announced that UNC coeds had cast off their ancient yoke and were planning a beer party . . . Tommy Dorsey was the big attraction for the May Frolics in 1940 . . . The Buc bravely picked its own coed superlatives: most popular, Marjorie Johnston; most personality, Frances Gibson; best looking, Kathleen Leinbach; ideal. Jean McIndoe: sweetest. Eunice Patten; screwball, Doris Goerch; and best all-around, Melville Corbett . . . Thomas Wolfe, 37, former Daily Tar Heel editor, died September 15, 1938, in Baltimore . . . Lana Turner, who never went to col-

lege, was proclaimed Coed No.

may be gaining on you!"

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MEDICINE Ingredients: bits of news wisdom, humor, and comments. Directions: Tak

weekly, if possible, but

avoid overdosage.

MARTIN'S

One of the sad moments of my young life was inability my frosh year to make the staff of the Daily Tar Heel. At the tender age of 16 I was a sports buff, and my idea of heaven was covering football at New Orleans one weekend, Chicago the next, and Ann Arbor the next.

But Ray Howe, the sports editor now newspapering in Chattanooga, had only two vacancies and hired at the prevailing no-pay rate Shelley Rolfe and Jerry Stoff, who were most experienced. It was about the same situation on the news staff, and Managing Editor Reed Sarratt invited the 40 or more applicants to be roving reporters. He would hire the best. Should we find no staffers at the Tar Heel office, we were to hang our efforts on the hook, our names appended.

#### m-m

Ted Husing, the late great sports announcer, was in Chapel Hill to get acquainted with the Colgate footballers who were opening Duke's season next day in a big intersectional game. The previous year was 1935, when Carolina was Rose Bowl bound until Duke prevailed 25-0. Husing had predicted the upset and it had properly enraged the Carolina crowd. Several put some cash in the kitty and wired Husing, challenging him to a \$500 bet. He did not accept, nor even acknowledge the proffer.

m-m Several upperclassmen, Mangum Dorm Manager Joe Derrickson among them, crowded around the debonair Husing

# **Of Rice And Gin**

#### By BILL STAUBER

Monday, May 31 - Four more days and I will have made it. My 25th reunion. And you can bet I'm planning to be there. Of course, it couldn't come at a busier time for me. My mother's wedding is Wednesday, and my oldest brother is being released from Raleigh on Thursday. I've got Ed Rankin to thank for that. Who says it doesn't pay to have influential friends in high places?

I'm returning to Carolina by special permission of my doctor. I had a physical last week, and he wanted me to go into the hospital. It seems among other things, my blood pressure on the diastolic side has now exceeded by golf score. It's the only thing I've ever had that went up. The only money I've ever made in the stock market was the tax loss deductions. You needn't worry about me boring you with my health though. According to the doctor. I've got 13 things wrong with me, and I can't talk about but three of them in mixed company. I'm returning to the Univer-

sity with mixed emotions. In

journalistic theft. I don't remember who the guy was credited with the story, and I'm glad I don't. At any rate, when Sarratt was with the Charlotte News and on campus to cover the humor magazine banning in the Fall of '39, we had a chat and he realized he had been wrong. Some staffer had soldiered.

#### m-m

Numerous classmates took ple. the V-7 105-day-wonder navy route during World War II, among them Johnny McNeill, now a Whiteville pharmacist, who roomed on the same deck (floor) of the good ship Furnald hall at Columbia University. We both were good tels have given way to progfriends of Mac Nesbit, the ress, and the Washington Duke permanent class president, Tavern is now a well lighted restaurant. But a bit of nosknew he was with the navy armed guard on the Russian talgia still lingers at Brady's. run, and the scuttlebutt had even though your elbows don't it that this convoy had taken a bad mauling. Both of us were hoping aloud that Mac would make it all right, when Johnny had a telephone call. It was Ensign Nesbit, just put in to port, his six-knot Moore-McCormack freighter leaking like a sieve, but home safe. Johnny, incidentally, was too more opportunity to stand in short for the navy physical line. Look me up if you get a text, but had exercised until chance. I'll be at the end of he stretched himself the extra the line.

required half-inch of height.

m-m

(Brick) Wall, now of Raleigh,

was shot down over Germany

near war's end and was a pris-

oner for several weeks. After

returning to the States and

awaiting discharge, he visited me in Albemarle. Was he re-

suming work with Burroughs

Corporation? Eventually, he

was, but not immediately.

"After kicking around for more

than four years with Uncle

Sam's army air force, getting

shot at, and being a prisoner,

I've decided to settle down. I'm

going to work eight hours per day finding a wife." Three

months later it was wedding

ells for Brick.

Classmate Walter Ashe

Jack Lynch's revised Yackety-Yack, I'm aware that I'm the only one who hasn't changed. Oh, I might have gained a few pounds, and I've installed bifocals just to give me that successful look. But I'm still the same happy-go-lucky fellow I always was, still the great lover. still filled with humility. The thing that keeps bugging me is the possibility of run-

looking over the pictures of

ning into a couple of coeds I still think about. If they still look the same as they did then, I'll hate myself. If they've changed, then all my dreams of the past 25 years will have been shattered.

I can't wait to get back to show off my husband, Sarah. I was married to her for three years before I discovered she was a man. But it worked out perfectly, because it made me realize for the first time that I was a woman. We've been very happy ever since, have three lovely children, one of each sex.

Living as I have in Durham for the past 18 years has given me an opportunity to watch old Alma Mater grow. You'll be surprised at the changes, and you probably won't like the idea that someone has been messing with your old landmarks. But there are still a few places where you can capture the past. The garbage behind the downtown business district on the way to the old Orange Printshop smells the same. The Arboretum is for all intents and purposes the same except you step on more peo-

The sporting set will be interested to know that a new boulevard now puts Durham only 10 minutes away from Chapel Hill. But there's nothing to come over for. The Lockmoor and Commercial Ho

It is a rather safe bet that incidence of Communism is about the same-.01 of one percent.

Classmates of '40 were knowledgeable of the American Student Union, the Liberty League, the America First movement, and other extreme organizations -right and left.

Today there are Americans for Democratic Action, the John Birch Society, renascent efforts by the Ku Klux Klan, and CORE-some extreme right, some left.

One of the University's bugaboos today is the 1963 law, enacted last-minute and in railroad jack-balling fashion, the Speaker Ban, whereby invitation to known Communists for speaking engagement on any campus of a statesupported school is illegal.

It is a silly law.

None would anticipate invitations to speak being transmitted to persons claiming protection of the Fifth amendment to the Constitution, but it just might be something could be learned from a Russian biologist, musician, physicist or mathematician, obviously Communists if eminent in their fields. Most, it is suspected, would not want to pass an address by Russian Ambassador Dobrynin-particularly if opportunity were given to quiz him in open forum.

The basic silliness in the Speaker Ban law is that the person to fear is the wolf in sheep's clothing, he who does not

### Where?

Twenty-five years ago the Class of 1940 stepped out into a world hellbent for catastrophe: an economic depression was still around and a world war was at hand.

The Nazi Germans and the Japanese were stopped, defeated.

### **Village Charm Retained**

Alfred Guy (Pete) Ivey, Class of '35, ex-editor of the Carolina Buccaneer and once director of Graham Memorial student union, is now director of the University news bureau. His UNC student era and re-association makes him wellknown to the Class of '40.

He was commenting recently on the amazing growth of the University in the past 25 years, in plant, faculty and students, and the concurrent growth of the Village of Chapel Hill.

Chapel Hill, of course, is no longer a village, qualifying with several thousand to spare, for city-status on basis of the test applied by the Bureau of the Census.

But, says Pete Ivey, Chapel Hill-in spite of its hustle and bustle-still retains its village charm.

We agree, even though the Class of '40 may find a map necessary to spot Ehringhaus dormitory, for instance, where the class is billeted during Silver Anniversary reunion activities.

## '40's Fortyish

Until Woollen Gymnasium opened for the press, the Honor Council and its business the dancing spa for Tar Heels rulings, and other items of (to us) was the much-used Tin Can, also the equal importance. At least, they seemlocale for indoor track and basketball.

Someone suggested to the Silver Anniversary arrangements committee that Tin Can, strolled the paths of the arboone of the few big-name bands still in return, debated the various freedoms business be booked for the Tin Can as or lack of them in Dr. E. J. Woodhouse's a highlight of the Class of '40's twenty- class under the Davie Poplar, sang in fifth anniversary get-together.

proved to be medical. The Tin Can is not air-conditioned and Chapel Hill morning. usually boasts steamy temperatures around commencement time.

at the venerable Tin Can. The cooled

Millenium At Hand

And the second sec

the campus — and an angry investigation at the med school

Duke students were suspected of sabotage in the premature burning of the annual pep rally bon fire on Emerson field (November, 1937) . . .

**Hangover** Treatment

## **Free, Davis Pledges**

Outlining plans for the Silver Anniversary reunion at the February 7 luncheon, Chairman Jim Davis noted that a Friday night dance was planned with cocktail party preceding.

Alluding to the fact numerous doctors were produced by the Class of '40, including himself and several in the audience, Dr. Davis promised: "Hangovers will be treated fortuitously and gratuitously."

#### By Dorothy Coble Helms and **Doris Goerch Horton**

Nostalgia is a sign of old age-so they say-; so we certainly can't afford to display any symptoms of senility. But we do see from a different angle.

Some of our thought-provoking columns of yesteryear dealt with such subjects as "imports" for the Germans or May Frolics, freedom of speech and

ed earthshaking at the time.

Like the rest of you, we danced at the front of the open fireplaces at Graham While budgetary matters were a Memorial, and were even called upon minor consideration, principal one to conduct "bed check" throughout a sleeping dormitory at one o'clock in the

Once, lacking an acquaintanceship with Mr. Webster, one of us-we forget It was not thought sage to encourage which one-suggested that tea be served heart attacks among the fortyish Class each afternoon at Dormitory Two (now of '40 with an old-fashioned swingding McIver). Tea and strumpets, we said.

and asked why he hadn't re-In thumbing through the old lieved them of their treasure. Bucs, I came across my prized Husing replied, "Why should copy of the banned, infamous I bet you even when I had 6 Sex Issue of November, 1939. to 1 odds in New York?" As chairman of the Publications Unions Board, it was my m-m

As I returned to the dormiunhappy task - after receivtory, it suddenly dawned that ing stern orders from Presimy chance had arrived. dent Jim Davis and the Student Council - to burn every opened up the portable and copy of this sinful publication. wrote away. True to Sarratt's prediction, the DTH office was Somehow in all the confusion vacant and I did as instructed. at the town incinerator several copies fell into my coat pocket. Next morning I picked up the Later I discovered that several paper and there it was! My enterprising classmates were story was carrying a two-coldown below at the firedoor, umn headline on Page 1. Jauntpulling out charred copies ily that afternoon I approached the onetime-awesome Sarratt. from the flames. Amazing, isn't it, how the Class of 1940 How did he like my story? loved the printed word?

What story? The Husing inter-As we celebrate our 25th view! "That wasn't your anniversary it is appropriate story," he charged, crediting it to someone else. "It's mighty to review the past, but for the strange," I shouted, "that the future please keep in mind the wise advice of the ageless Satstory is word-for-word as I chel Paige who said: "Don't wrote it!" My protests were never look behind. Something to no avail. It was my first victimization of plagiarism

> ly, and whether to wear stockings in the seventh grade have replaced the problems of the Carolina coed.

> We have reached one conclusion, however. The UNC coed of today is little different from the 1940 coed-no better, no worse; no smarter, no dumber. Perhaps she is a little better prepared scholastically, but, then, the competition in the classroom is more strenuous.

We wouldn't take anything for having been a 1940 coed. And, if you will permit an honest confession, we hope that some charitable souls might even recognize us.

it seem incredible to you, too, to note the familiar faces on the Carolina cam- Reunion. pus "that last year" we were there. four years as the state's First Lady. istering somebody's administration. schedule of activities. Frank Holman made the Big Time as over two decades with the Washington cafeteria, and other comforts. Bureau.)

Harry Gatton went from politics to are available.

stick to the tables any more. The latest report on Katie May is that she now holds a big, responsible job in the new Poverty Program Just to bring back memories, the reunion committee is planning a buffet for Friday night to give you one

Twenty . five years ago the University Party won most offices in the spring elections. There were many squeakthroughs and 12 run-offs were required.

It was 25 years ago that Dr. Archibald Henderson, the mathematician and biographer, was named by John Kieran to the New York Timesman's sports brain trust as tennis secretary.

The UNC campus radio station went on the air January 14, 1940.

## **Reunion** Planning Attracted 137 Feb. 7

A wide range of activities-for father, mother, and And, speaking of recognition. Does offspring of all ages-awaits the members of the University of North Carolina Class of '40 returning to the present stations in life of some of Chapel Hill this weekend for its Silver Anniversary

It is traditional, Alumni Association officials say, Margaret Rose Knight has already lived that the Silver Anniversary reunion is "the" reunion. and Dr. James E. Davis, of Durham, chairman of the Ed Rankin seems always to be admin- committee on arrangements has announced a big

Reunion headquarters will be the Chapel Hill a newsman. (New York Daily News, Country Club, and classmates will be billeted at the just returned to the home office from swank Ehringhaus Dormitory, replete with elevators,

The Country Club facilities, golf course and pool,

**Co-Edits** 

Now, 25 years later, how have we contributed to make this a better world in which to live?

Is there now more hope than fear? Is it a world with more right than evil? More faith than suspicion? More confidence than doubt? More enlightenment than prejudice and ignorance? More honor than deceit? More goodwill than hostility?

How is it in our neighborhoods, our towns, our states, our country? How goes it in our world today?

And then I picked up a paper with reports of the KKK holding rallies in North Carolina, and I wondered . . .

was a surface been share and

any to be a statt about July."

-Morris W. Rosenberg

Get our your dictionary, said Ed Ran-Country Club was chosen instead. kin.

> And a pocketful of crumpets to you, sir!

> > the Association scratt. Grainer Merender.

When the Class of '40 crossed the Nowadays, instead of worrying about rostrum to claim sheepskins from Gov- invitations to the dances, our primary ernor Clyde Roark Hoey, they had just concern is keeping our teenage daughheard the brilliant baccalaureate ad- ters at home long enough to do their dress by Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman, homework. Richmond, Va., editor and biographer.

The only freedom we have found has The Class of '65 will get parting words been the freedom to mop, sweep, dust, of wisdom from Dr. Edgar M. Knight. and iron to our heart's content. Or is Is the millenium at hand? the word discontent?

Dr. Knight's current claim to fame is The family council has replaced the his role as president of the institution 12 Honor Council, and such rules as when miles east known as Duke University. and where the car may be driven, what Is the millenium at hand? Certainly time to be in from a date, how much the Civil War must be over. allowance should be forthcoming weekbanking. Bill Stauber's "in solid" as an advertising executive. Godfrey Cheshire has learned that not only gold glitters. He's one of the top men in the crushed stone business. Jim Davis and numerous of others are respected men of medicine. And so on.

sweep and dust and iron!

ago for most members of the Class of '40. But it has been a good life all around, and it's wonderful to contem-It's great to pretend, just for a little while, that it's 1940 again. Twenty-five don't they!

ra inverters soluti to doubt.

Major events are the Friday night barbecue buffet at the club, the Class of '40 luncheon at Lenoir Hall at 1 p.m. Saturday, and the Silver Anniversary banquet Saturday evening at 7 o'clock. Cocktail parties precede both evening functions.

Aides of Chairman Davis, president of the '40 student body, are Watts Carr, treasurer, Harry Gatton, But Dot and Doris? We mop and travel bureau, Jack Lynch, who has published an updated Yackety-Yack, William E. (Bill) Stauber, humor Life began at 40 a good many years chairman, and Martin Harmon, who has published a Silver Anniversary edition of the Daily Tar Heel.

Dr. Sam McPherson is music chairman and Kenneth Royall is in charge of prizes and awards. Phyllis plate the joy of seeing everyone again. Campbell Barrett is in charge of local arrangements, and Track Coach Joe Hilton in charge of properties. Mrs. Frances Sparrow, wife of Dick Sparrow '40, years do make a difference, though, is major domo of the registration desk, while Ed Rankin, is the liaison man with the Moore administration.

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