

# The Daily Tar Heel

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.

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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.

It is a rather safe bet that incidence of Communism is about the same—0.1 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, renaissance 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 state-supported 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.

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 . . .

—Morris W. Rosenberg

# Hello, Sucker!

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 of 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, I 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 medical cadavers in the Buccaneer created a sensation on the campus—and an angry investigation at the med school.

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

In thumbing through the old Bucs, I came across my prized copy of the banned, infamous Sex Issue of November, 1939. As chairman of the Publications Unions Board, it was my unhappy task—after receiving stern orders from President Jim Davis and the Student Council—to burn every copy of this sinful publication. Somehow in all the confusion at the town incinerator several copies fell into my coat pocket.

Later I discovered that several enterprising classmates were down below at the fire door, pulling out charred copies from the flames. Amazing, isn't it, how the Class of 1940 loved the printed word?

As we celebrate our 25th anniversary it is appropriate to review the past, but for the future please keep in mind the wise advice of the ageless Satchel Paige who said: "Don't never look behind. Something may be gaining on you!"

# Co-Edits

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 the press, the Honor Council and its rulings, and other items of (to us) equal importance. At least, they seemed earthshaking at the time.

Like the rest of you, we danced at the Tin Can, strolled the paths of the arboretum, debated the various freedoms or lack of them in Dr. E. J. Woodhouse's class under the Davie Poplar, sang in front of the open fireplaces at Graham Memorial, and were even called upon to conduct "bed check" throughout a sleeping dormitory at one o'clock in the morning.

Once, lacking an acquaintanceship with Mr. Webster, one of us—we forget which one—suggested that tea be served each afternoon at Dormitory Two (now McIver). Tea and strumpets, we said. Get our your dictionary, said Ed Rankin.

And a pocketful of crumpets to you, sir!

Nowadays, instead of worrying about invitations to the dances, our primary concern is keeping our teenage daughters at home long enough to do their homework.

The only freedom we have found has been the freedom to mop, sweep, dust, and iron to our heart's content. Or is the word discontent?

The family council has replaced the Honor Council, and such rules as when and where the car may be driven, what time to be in from a date, how much allowance should be forthcoming week-

# MARTIN'S MEDICINE

Ingredients: bits of news, wisdom, humor, and comments. Directions: Take weekly, if possible, but avoid overdosage.

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 Woolen Gym in December, 1938 and received a Doctor of Laws degree from the University.

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 college, was proclaimed Coed No. 1.

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# 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 University 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.

Numerous classmates took 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 FURNAL hall at Columbia University. We both were good friends of Mac Nesbit, the permanent class president, knew he was with the navy armed guard on the Russian run, and the scuttlebutt had 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 short for the navy physical test, but had exercised until he stretched himself the extra required half-inch of height.

Classmate Walter Ashe (Brick) Wall, now of Raleigh, was shot down over Germany near war's end and was a prisoner for several weeks. After returning to the States and awaiting discharge, he visited me in Albemarle. Was he resuming 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 bells for Brick.

It was 25 years ago that Dr. Archibald Henderson, the mathematician and biographer, was named by John Kieran of 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 offspring of all ages—awaits the members of the University of North Carolina Class of '40 returning to Chapel Hill this weekend for its Silver Anniversary Reunion.

It is traditional, Alumni Association officials say, that the Silver Anniversary reunion is "the" reunion, and Dr. James E. Davis, of Durham, chairman of the committee on arrangements has announced a big schedule of activities.

Reunion headquarters will be the Chapel Hill Country Club, and classmates will be billeted at the swank Ehringhaus Dormitory, replete with elevators, cafeteria, and other comforts.

The Country Club facilities, golf course and pool, are available.

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 Gattton, travel bureau, Jack Lynch, who has published an updated Yackety-Yack, William E. (Bill) Stauber, humor 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 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, is major domo of the registration desk, while Ed Rankin, is the liaison man with the Moore administration,