

The Daily Tar Heel

Opinions of the Daily Tar Heel are expressed in its editorials. Letters and columns, covering a wide range of views, reflect the personal opinions of their authors.
ERNIE McCRARY, EDITOR

Let Down By A Dragon

Grand Dragon James Robert Jones has really let us down. He didn't even wait for Attorney General Wade Bruton to tell him if he could speak at N. C. State. He just pulled out before we even had a chance to find out if he's covered by the speaker ban law.

Ku Klux Klan leader Jones has taken the Fifth Amendment so liberally lately that UNC President William C. Friday asked the Attorney General to rule whether or not Jones had non-talked himself into being covered by the law.

Anybody who has refused "to answer any question, with respect to communist or subversive connections, or activities, before any duly constituted legislative committee, any judicial tribunal, or any executive or administrative board of the United States or any state" is subject to the ban. Some folks consider the Klan "subversive," so Friday asked for the ruling just to be on the safe side.

Jones was supposed to speak to a YMCA group at N. C. State Nov. 22. He backed out because he said his subpoena from the House Un-American Activities Committee requires him to stay in Washington until Nov. 14.

We aren't too sure just what that has to do with a speech scheduled for Nov. 22, but we know Jones wants to give the HUAC every consideration.

He's being awfully inconsiderate of those fellows at State, though, and of Wade Bruton — who had even obtained a copy of the speaker ban law to study before making his decision. We would hate to see any of Bruton's efforts wasted so we hope he still gives his interpretation of the ban in this case.

You never can tell. Jones might be asked to speak again. He might accept and he might not go back on his word, so the ruling wouldn't really be wasted.

Unless the General Assembly gets on the stick in a special session and amends the trifling thing.

Mississippi Justice?

It isn't often that we hear of an attempt at a really first-class panty raid, but 17 fellows at the University of Mississippi pulled one off a couple weeks ago that was good enough to get them all kicked out of school.

Details are scanty, but it seems that the boys scooted over to Blue Mountain College, an all-girls' school, one dark night. They were, said one of the captured culprits, "in search of fun."

They tore down a screen and about half the group entered the girls' dormitory. "We didn't go with the intention of tearing up anything," said a spokesman, "but we did have a good time though."

Even though some of them got inside the dormitory, they didn't get anything else, so they returned to Oxford where the police neatly scooped them up and carted them off to jail for the night.

If the cops were sore, at least the Blue Mountain girls weren't. They sent a box to the boys while they were still cooling their heels in the hoosegow. The box contained cookies — and a pair of yellow panties.

The raiders were tried by the Ole Miss Student Judicial Council which recommended some kind of punishment, the exact nature of which was not disclosed. The school administration didn't care to see things handled that way, though, so the Dean of the Division of Student Personnel, with the approval of Chancellor J. D. Williams, overturned the decision of the student judiciary and gave the students the boot — four of them for two semesters and the other 13 for one semester.

The students have appealed, but their fate is still unlearned.

Mississippi justice? Don't belittle it. This case clearly demonstrates that civil disorder will not be tolerated and criminals will not go unpunished there.

But we still can't figure out how those guys got into that dormitory and back out again without stumbling across at least one pair of bloomers.

They deserve to be suspended.

The Daily Tar Heel

72 Years of Editorial Freedom

The Daily Tar Heel is the official news publication of the University of North Carolina and is published by students daily except Mondays, examination periods and vacations.

Ernie McCrary, editor; John Jennrich, associate editor; Barry Jacobs, managing editor; Fred Thomas, news editor; Pat Stith, sports editor; Gene Rector, asst. sports editor; Kerry Sipe, night editor; Ernest Rohl, photographer; Chip Barnard, editorial cartoonist; John Greenbacker, political writer; Ed Freakley, Andy Myers, Lynne Harvel, Lynne Sizemore, David Rothman, Ray Linville, staff writers; Jack Harrington, bus. mgr.; Tom Clark, asst. bus. mgr.; Woody Sobol, ad. mgr.

Second class postage paid at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C. 27514. Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester; \$8 per year. Send change of address to The Daily Tar Heel, Box 1080, Chapel Hill, N. C. 27514. Printed by the Chapel Hill Publishing Co., Inc. The Associated Press is entitled exclusively to the use for republication of all local news printed in this newspaper as well as all ap news dispatches.



UNC Presidents

Graham Faced Enrollment Problems During Depression

(This is the concluding article in a series on Presidents of the University.)

By OTELIA CONNOR

Under President Chase's administration, 1919-1930, the University completed the transfer, begun under President Venable, from a good college to a great University. On the material side, the South Campus was planned and developed as far as the Library building; Spencer dormitory for women, and the eight men's dormitories south of Cameron Avenue and east of the old Raleigh Road were built. Over a ten-year period the Legislature appropriated upwards of \$6,000,000, a whopping sum for the State of North Carolina at that time.

Despite all the expenditures of the twenties, President Frank Porter Graham, on taking office in June, 1930, was confronted with securing provisions for the ever-increasing enrollment at the University.

The Great Depression period of the '30's seemed a worse time to think of expanding the University and of asking the Legislature for more money than the 1917 period. What magician's lamp did Frank Graham go about rubbing to get the needed money?

Roughly speaking, here is what happened: Under the Act passed by the Legislature of North Carolina, Public Laws of 1935, state institutions were enabled to participate in the program of the Federal Emergency Administration of Public Works. Through the sale of revenue bonds the State supplied 55 per cent of the total cost of new buildings, supplemented by 45 per cent PWA grants.

The buildings erected with the aid of PWA grants were Wollen Gymnasium; three handsome dormitories for women — Alderman, McIver, and Kenan, facing an open court on the old Raleigh Road; two men's dormitories — Whitehead and Lewis; Lenoir Dining Hall; additions to the Carolina Inn on the Pittsboro Road south of the Inn; the Public Health and Medical Building, the Clinical Annex and Infirmary completed in 1939. The zoology building, Wilson Hall, completed in 1940. Of the money that the State spent in this six-year period, 35.4 per cent was self-liquidating bonds making the cost to the State a very small sum.

Dr. Archibald Henderson closes his chapter on the New Deal and the University with this summary: "The material expansion at the least proportionate cost to the State in any similar period of the University's history took place during the years 1935-41. Thirteen great new buildings had risen as if at the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp, together with handsome additions and extensive remodeling. The number of buildings, on and off the campus, had increased from 53 to 66; and their valuation had increased by \$3,500,000 during that period. Yet of this total expenditure, the State of North Carolina contributed the comparatively small percentage of about 19.6 per cent — a total of only \$697,000. . . . Thanks a million, almost three million, to the New Deal, PWA, FDR and FPG."

In the spring of 1942 the Navy Department established four Pre-Flight Schools, the University of North Carolina being selected as the location for one of these schools because it could supply facilities for housing and feeding and a program for 1,875 Navy Pre-Flight cadets. This called for the renovation of ten dormitories in the



upper and lower quadrangles, additions to Lenoir Dining Hall, and a new athletic field. Because the University was able to supply adequate facilities and personnel for assisting in the task of implementing the Navy Pre-Flight program, it made a great constructive contribution to the conduct of World War II.

The principal structures erected upon the campus for aiding in the effective conduct of the war were: Barracks 1 and 2, 1942; Navy Hall — now the Monogram Club; Naval ROTC Armory; Canteen ("Scuttlebutt"); Infirmary, since taken over by the University as a college infirmary; NROTC and V-12 units, both permanent and temporary.

Swimming as a survival activity was strongly emphasized in the Pre-Flight program.

Commander Oliver Owen Kessing, first commanding officer of the Pre-Flight School here, recognized the necessity for an outdoor swimming pool. Four months after the arrival of the first cadets in May, 1942, construction of the pool was begun. It was finished in August, 1943, and named Kessing Pool in honor of Commander Kessing.

Dr. Graham served as President of the University from 1930 until 1949 when he was appointed to fill an unexpired term in the United States Senate by the late Governor W. Kerr Scott. He was defeated for reelection in 1950 by Willis Smith. He is now a mediator with the United Nations and for the past several years has been concerned with the India-Pakistan dispute.

Definitely An Inkling In Chappell's Novel

By MARY RICHARD VESTER
DTH Staff Writer

To read *The Inking* by Fred Chappell is to be inside the mind of a retarded girl who gradually loses all touch with reality. To read "The Inking" is often to feel you are out of touch with reality.

It is a short book, easily read in one sitting, which is good because that is all your time it is worth. A psychiatrist might enjoy exploring it further, but the story is too far removed from normal experience to please most readers. Faulkner-type characters are carried to the extreme.

Most of the crazy antics of five chief characters take place in a six-room house about half a mile outside a North Carolina town. The husband burned to death in the war about two years ago. His wife invited her brother Hake to move in, hoping he would somehow fill the void. He does take up space, but that is the extent of his usefulness, aside from helping some with bills. "I ain't no daddy, I ain't no family man," he tells her. "You better stick to your guns and find some guy that will take care of you, some guy that wants a ready-made family." It is hard to imagine the "glum, uninterested, rather stupid" sloven and his slender, pretty sister are of the same family. This lazy bum swats a greasy bedroom slipper at his nephew Jan and Jan's retarded sister Timmy, one year older, whenever they come within range.

The mother is wearing herself down to a frazzle after work at the town's single industry, a paper plant. Uncle Hake refuses to contribute, but Jenny has to have a housekeeper. After running through three or four who cannot endure the crazy house with its foreboding sense of fatality, one finally comes who fits. She fits in so well with disgusting Uncle Hake (their minds run the same no-good track) that she elopes to South Carolina one weekend with the 52-year-old slob. The newlyweds move in with Jenny at her request. She now seems too weary to protest the lousy marriage.

Finally the long-suffering woman silently withers away and dies. Jan, a weird boy with piercing eyes that make everyone uneasy, stays home from his mother's funeral. Most of his time is spent in the barn caging rats or meditating. He likes keeping to himself and being his sister's "protector." But Lora, who isn't discrimi-

inating, has had an eye on him all along. She hurries home without going to the graveside in order to entice puberty-stricken Jan by feigning a broken zipper. For the next two weeks she leads him around as if by a ring through his young nose. The situation builds to their predictable discovery, an intensely violent climax.

Fred Chappell's basic parts are simple enough, but they combine to form a structure so complex that at most points an "inking" of his intended meaning is all that shine through.

This second book resembles his first in 1963. It is *Time, Lord*, in only one way: It blends imaginativeness and realism for a peculiar flavor that will appeal to only a few palates because Chappell's imagination obliterates the story's credibility. He goes so far with it that we are unwilling to suspend our disbelief, which is a deciding factor of a book's excellence.

Outside the dialogue, Chappell sprinkles rare words that are dead giveaways of his desire to impress. The dialogue is natural and convincing, but that alone is not enough. Neither is it enough that the book is unified; beginning and ending are densely but cleverly tied together. Nor enough that it progresses at sufficient speed to hold the reader's attention. More is expected of a book.

It does seem one North Carolinian would be able to communicate with another. The author, son of a furniture dealer and a former school teacher, majored in English at Duke University after graduation from Canton High School. Somehow he managed to have various articles, stories and some poetry published while he was at Duke, in "The Paris Review," "Transatlantic Review," "Sewanee Review" and "Renaissance Papers." He left college for a period during which he was associated with his father in the furniture business, drove trucks and farmed. Perhaps he should return to such endeavors. He graduated from Duke in 1961 after entering in 1954. Presently he is writer-in-residence at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

In all fairness, Chappell did one thing excellently: choosing his title. The retarded girl has an inkling of what will happen throughout the book, and so does the reader. But more appropriately, an inkling is a vague idea, and that must be what Chappell had while he wrote.

Letters To The Editor

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel

I have been sending copies of *The Daily Tar Heel* home since the beginning of school, so my parents have been kept abreast of the Dickson case. My father wrote a letter a few days ago, and I thought that an outsider's opinion, one that is not influenced by students, campus politics, etc., might be of interest:

"I find your student government disconcerting, if that is the right word. Paul Dickson certainly deserves sympathy, and he is undoubtedly going through a private 'hell.' However, his office commands a dignity that is above reproach. Whether right or wrong, he has no alternative. It reminds me of the school teacher who was caught drinking a glass of beer. All hell broke loose, and the town drunk was the one who made the loudest noise. Ridiculous, yes! But the school teacher has a code to live by, and has no choice. At least Dickson and the school teacher know it — in one way, they are lucky. It has been spelled out, perhaps not in words, but by custom, and is inherent in their acceptance of position. There are others who have equal obligations — the leaders, the gifted, crowned or uncrowned, who, through their talents and abilities, have an obligation to do the best they can do for all. This is altruistic thinking for sure. I do feel that lucky is the person who can recognize his obligation and shape his life to fulfil it."

Karen Gibbon
221 Spencer

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

I would like to reply to Dixon Jordan's letter of Oct. 27.

Your appeal to emotion is a moving one, Mr. Jordan, and I join you in a sincere desire for peace. No one here wants to kill. No one here wants to die. No one here wants the agony of war.

As we know, however, appeals to emotion all too often lack rationality. I am afraid this is the case with your letter. I would call to your attention that Alden Lind and his colleagues have made a rather — to use one of his words — "stupid" semantic error.

The fact is that it is impossible to be 'for or against' war. The word "war" is a description of an occurrence. One cannot be for or against a description. What one can and should be against, however, are those who create war: the aggressors. (In this case — as always — the collectivists.) Perhaps you will tell me now that it is the South Vietnamese who are attacking North Viet Nam. That it was South Korea who attacked North Korea, that it was Hungary who attacked Russia, and that it was the United States who built the Berlin Wall. Perhaps, judging from your letter, you might even be prepared to say that it was the rest of the world who initiated aggression against collectivist Nazi Germany, or, if not, that the proper thing for the rest of the world to do was to surrender to Nazi storm troopers.

Lind and followers may feel that the world should finally be run by the Collectivist Mob, by a band of helpless parasites and mindless looters and killers. He may be prepared to beg their mercy. I am not.

Peace will always be my policy. But the policy of peace, unfortunately, can only be successful when it is bilateral. The word "peace" like the word "war" is only a description of a state of affairs. It takes two to keep the peace.

And now, as always throughout man's history we find that it is not the individual (who asks only to be left alone), but the Collectivist Mob (determined to enslave those who refuse to join it) which defends the ideas of coercion.

One cannot help but wonder sometimes. Just what is the position of the UNC political science department. Is Lind really speaking for the entire department? Or are its other members too busy with more pressing affairs to care that they have proponents (however sincere their misguided "humanitarianism") of collectivist aggression in their midst.

Roy A. Smith
654 Ehringhaus

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

Fred Thomas' article, "Wake County Citizens Counsel Own Members," is not worthy of the high journalism standards employed by *The Daily Tar Heel*. It seems that Thomas should not be a student at Chapel Hill, but a Klan member at Salisbury.

Stewart Rosen
503 Morrison

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

The art of "cartooning" has been advanced to a higher cultural level by Barnard's cartoon in the Oct. 23 issue of *The Daily Tar Heel*. This cartoon is a vivid example of the highest standard of art and is one of the best intellectually stimulating and colorful portrayals of real human life. I suggest that the DTH send a copy of this masterpiece to every major museum in the world. Let the world know of Barnard's great artistic talent!

Roy H. Miller
803 Morrison

LETTERS

The Daily Tar Heel welcomes letters to the editor on any subject, particularly on matters of local or University interest. Letters must be typed, double spaced and must include the name and address of the author or authors. Names will not be omitted in publication. Letters should be kept as brief as possible. The DTH reserves the right to edit for length or libel.