

The Daily Tar Heel

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Of Time and the Reunion

Here we are—many but unfortunately not all—25 years later. Time has flown or crept, sometimes both. A quarter-century has recorded itself on waistlines, hairlines and calendars.

Twenty-five years: that's approximately one-eighth the time since the American Republic was born, one-eighteenth the time since Columbus discovered the New World, and one-eighthieth the time since Christ walked on earth. Yes, we've lived a large piece of modern man's history.

Besides chronologically, how far have we come in 25 years? We've charted the way to the moon—even if we've only begun the first faltering communication with our neighbor whose color is different. We've filled fabulous supermarkets with gourmet's delights—and joined the Metre-cel-for-lunch bunch. We've fought great

wars to preserve freedom everywhere—and passed Speaker Ban Laws to kill it here.

Like all men of all eras, we've often taken one step backwards for each two forward. And in recent times, as the Ku Klux Klan spirit has flourished in cornfields and legislative halls alike, North Carolina sometimes has seemed to take one step forward and two backwards.

But Tar Heels by tradition are unafraid of free inquiry, of being out front, of leading instead of following. Our own bones may tire a little more quickly now than they once did, but our progressive springs run deep. Let's look to the next quarter-century and hope that—all things considered—we advance as much as we have in these past 25 years.

By What Measure?

There Was A Wiser Tortoise Who Said To Another Hare "Go Chase Yourself I'm Racing Me"

The temptation is there for each of us—the temptation, 25 years after graduation, to attempt to determine to what extent one's classmates have been successes or failures, and how one stands in comparison with his old friends. And the danger is there, as it always is in our country, to use financial achievement, or lack of it, as the chief criterion.

Perhaps, for those of us who will be looking backward over the years to that evening when we received our diploma passport into the working world, and a fighting world, just perhaps, the essence of it is to look long and hard and fairly at oneself. Not how well Joe has done compared with Charlie, or Sally with Jane, but "How well have I done against

my own true potential? What have I achieved in comparison with what I might have done?" Not whether this classmate or that classmate or oneself is making the top salary, but maybe, just maybe, to ask oneself, "How much have I done for others? Is earth a little better off, even in its smallest corner, for my being here?"

Then, can we leave the past alone and concentrate again on the duties and opportunities of the present and the future? The collective accomplishments of our class, thus far, indicate amply that, as a group, we are a forward-looking lot. Yes, we can and will use the present and the future with at least a fair degree of wisdom. And when the status fanatics flock around us and want to compare salaries and honors, social standing and future prospects, well, let's remember the values which truly count, and quietly tell them, "Go Chase Yourself. I'm Racing Me."

—S. R.

Spike Saunders

As much as you enjoy this reunion, however glad you are to see old friends and exchange reminiscences, how would you like it as a full-time activity—days, nights and week-ends?

Nice people, lots of fun—but enough's enough! Right? One man who doesn't seem to think so is J. Marion Saunders ('25) — "Spike" to his friends. Since he has no enemies, that includes everyone.

When you see this ever-young, ever-enthusiastic general secretary of the UNC Alumni Association in action this weekend, you will conclude this reunion to him is the most important thing that ever happened. And his sincerity will be as deep as the Old Well in its most fruitful days. Ask the Class of '40 how they found

Spike last year. They'll tell you he regarded THEIR reunion as the most exciting of his career. The same will be said by '42 next year.

It isn't this way just at reunions. At alumni meetings from Thomasville to Times Square, you'll find Spike Saunders in the thick of things, quietly helping the program along, bringing people together, saying a friendly word here, telling a story there. He's always around as the essential coalescing agent for a successful alumni gathering.

Kemp Battle, Cornelia Spencer, Horace Williams, Frank Graham—they are significant names in the University's history. By his performance in his field, Spike Saunders has carved his name alongside theirs.

Under No Censor

By DON BISHOP

The day came to turn over the office keys to my successor, and I set out from Chapel Hill.

Under my arm was a volume of one year's Daily Tar Heels—a gift for an outgoing editor.

It seemed an awfully fragile weapon for facing a world already using rifles, mortars, cannon and dive bombers.

With uncanny precision, the draft board dropped "greetings" into my mail box at home on the morning after Carl Sandburg pronounced his benediction in Kenan Stadium.

But there were a few weeks of respite. A friendly Congressman steered me into a temporary job at Jacksonville, N. C., where the Marines' Camp Lejeune was being built.

Old Mr. Crowder, the gruff and grizzled construction superintendent, looked askance at fresh young college graduates.

"Boy," he asked an editor who had just finished a year's service of solving the world's problems with his editorials, "what did you learn in college?"

I looked him right in the eye and said:

"Well, Mr. Crowder, the main thing I learned was how little I really know."

Mr. Crowder looked pleased. My most brilliant professor at the University had never alerted me to have that kind of answer ready. Some sort of protective instinct shaped my words at the

crucial moment. Mr. Crowder put me to work as a "coordinator." His formal education was scant, but like any good public servant, he knew that word.

"You just birdog around headquarters," he said, "and coordinate things."

"Headquarters" was an abandoned farm storehouse which eventually would make way for a Marine barracks. One day he decided it needed "dressing up."

"You're a college graduate," he said, finally finding a use for such. "Write me some slogans to decorate the walls."

With dismay, I realized that Skipper Coffin, Phillips Russell and Walter Spearman — those word wizards in the Department of Journalism—hadn't taught me a single slogan!

That night, I brought down a volume of quotations containing the best of Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac."

Next day, Mr. Crowder had his slogans, ready for posting.

"Early to bed and early to rise, Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

"Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do today." "Little strokes fell great oaks." Ben Franklin would have been proud. Mr. Crowder certainly was. And I was too—even if he didn't give me a by-line.

U-N-C

The bound volume of Daily Tar Heels, so laboriously created

by many hands, went into storage in a basement at home in New Bern. At one point, the neighborhood squirrels, sated by pecans growing all around, discovered this new treasure and made confetti of it.

A dead squirrel was found nearby about the time the damage came to light. Who would have thought a Daily Tar Heel editorial could be so lethal?

U-N-C

From a public relations desk at Fort Bragg I stepped before a board of Field Artillery colonels, seeking designation on the small quota of officer candidates being sent to Camp Davis, N. C., for Antiaircraft Artillery training.

"Amazing, Sergeant," clucked the senior colonel. "I don't understand it. You're a college graduate. You have a good record. The Field Artillery needs officers. We have a large quota. How could you possibly decide against going to Fort Sill, Oklahoma?"

Something about him suggested that he wouldn't take kindly to the response that Camp Davis was only 58 miles from New Bern, and not too far from Chapel Hill. So I tried this one: "Colonel, ever since I was a little boy, I've had some kind of crazy idea that I would like to shoot at airplanes. This will make it possible to do it legally."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

To Tell The Truth

BY ADRIAN SPIES

To Tell the Truth—I admit to having almost flunked Freshman Math, but I can't believe that the years since I wrote my last To Tell the Truth column for the Tar Heel add up to an awesome twenty-five . . .

Truly, I blush at some of the things I wrote then — I also blush, however, at some of the things I've written since . . .

A domestic truth—my thirteen year old daughter, the youngest of three, just interrupted this adventure in nostalgia to send me out for a pack of black bobby-pins . . .

(I have returned with the bobby-pins, I note in passing that Beverly Hills is pretty tonight, but never, never will it have the sweet glory of Chapel Hill) . . .

A bitter truth—I wonder if a certain redhead in a fair-sized Carolina city ever has a tinge of regret about having stood me up on a very late date . . . Which leads me to wonder if she's still a redhead and still fair-sized herself . . .

Still telling the truth, I wonder how many of you who knew me would believe that I only weigh 160 pounds these days—and what does Miss Perhaps Redhead think of THAT?

Equally truthfully, less facetiously, I wonder if graduates of many schools have had as many occasions across the years to be proud of a university and a borrowed home state as I have . . .

To tell some Hollywood truths—I hope movies ARE better than ever, because I've just finished one for M.G.M. . . .

There is on file at one of the studios here a Carolina Magazine from 1941, with a story by me. It was submitted by Paul Green in an attempt to get me a job then. The attempt failed, the story was a gaudy mishmash about a writer who ends up in Hollywood with a mortgage, a pool, an uncomfortable secret knowledge about the private lives of some public gods and goddesses. There are moments, dear Paul, when I feel that I am living my fantasies, and in spades . . .

But if Hollywood parties aren't so hot, the nicest one I recall was at my own house when Ed Rankin and Voit Gilmore and Hugh Morton and some others of you visited me during the 1960 Democratic Convention. I hope some others of you will look me up—and that some future convention can nominate as good a man as 1960 did . . .

Some reunion truths—I won't be there, and I'm sorry, and that's the truth, because I'll be getting ready to take my family to Paris, which I love as I love Chapel Hill, which is a double truth. And, though I confess I won't give up a Grand Marnier soufflé at my favorite Left Bank restaurant or one more walk along my favorite stretch of the Seine to find out, I'd like very much to see if Bill Dees still is quietly on the beam, which I bet he is, if Lou Harris is still solid, which extrapolations tell me he is, if Paul Severin is still a very nice man, if Charlie Barrett still hides his toughness under a boyish smile—and, dammit, if that Redhead still is . . .

Since I'll never know for sure, I'm going to assume it all turned out well for each of you, though we all have lived long enough now to know that couldn't be . . .

In any event, I hope you have a wife (or husband) as good as mine, kids as generally satisfying as mine, work that all in all is as challenging and rewarding as the things you have are the things that matter to you—that you have lost wasn't entirely just thrown away, that you haven't stopped looking for things still to be found . . .

Personally, to tell the truth, I seem to have misplaced Yesterday, our Yesterday, the one we shared. I really can't believe it's dead and gone like some of the people—my friends Harry Lasker and Wieder Sievers, our special Saturday hero George Stimweiss, some of your friends, too. Since it seems to be a trick of life that we are 45 or 46 or 47, though we feel like 21 inside, I choose to hope that one more trick remains to be played and we'll yet run into our sweet Yesterday on some very young Tomorrow.

Answers To Page 1 Quiz

- ANSWERS: 1941-1966 QUIZ
- | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|
| 1. 1966 | 2. 1941 | 3. 1966 |
| 4. 1941 | 5. 1966 | 6. 1941 |
| 7. 1941 | 8. 1966 | 9. 1966 |

"Isn't It Wonderful? . . . Nothing Changed In 25 Years" She Walks Alone. . .

With Men

BY MARTHA CLAMPITT McKay

Don Bishop, my editor and my friend, used to tell me he would print anything I wrote, as long as I signed my name to it. I assume the offer is still good.

Eunice "Panther" Patten Jones was unkind enough, not long ago, to drag out some of my old columns and make me read them. Heavens! What courage Bishop had!

I remember the feud Barnaby Conrad and I carried on in the Tar Heel—by agreement. And the one with Jane McMaster—not by agreement. (About what I know not.)

I remember . . . Sound and Fury . . . "One More Spring" . . . Sanford Stein, who was so bright, and who never got his due from any of us . . . Virginia Worth, singing "Tales My Mother Told Me" . . . "French" Gibson, dramatic and daring to be different . . .

Dolly "The Body" Erickson, followed around campus by a coterie of faithful slaves . . . Jo "Po," who madly loved Ace Brown . . .

"Droopy" Ewald ("My father is William G. Ewald, the most prominent younger man in Baltimore.") . . . "Droopy" ran one spring, or so she declared, for VICE president of the student BODY . . . Her platform included a promise of beer flowing from the Old Well . . . She greeted everyone with a sexy "Hey, Honey . . . (long pause) . . . How's your mother?"

She, Janet Watson, Tudie Hudson, Jo, Trudie Darden, Sallie Anna Evans and I, among others, no doubt drove poor Mrs. Cobb at No. One dorm to a premature grave . . .

I remember Ab, who never recorded what we charged or ordered, yet always knew exactly what we owed, the serial number of the record which was due in yesterday . . .

From him we bought "A Ticket, A Tasket," "Green Eyes," "Celery Stalks at Midnight," "Do I Worry?" and that Alvinorey thing that all the sororities put on at 11 o'clock, and which ended with a throaty, whispered, "Goodnight" . . .

Then there was the "Lily of the Alley," where on occasion was seen one "Bat" Koonce, eating light bulbs and razor blades . . . and who was it who kept walking through the fire in the Bloody Bucket yard one night? . . . the "Count" maybe . . .

And Tommy Dorsey, who brought Connie Haines, Frank Sinatra, Jo Stafford and the Pied Pipers, Ziggy Elman and Buddy Rich for two years in a row to help celebrate the now extinct May Frolics . . . at which caper Bill Luke was last seen stretched out on the grass of Tenny's meadow . . . I might think him still there, except I have seen him gazing out at me from the pages of the New Yorker magazine, wearing a Countess Mara tie . . .

I remember (who present could forget) Ben Browning, minus his cigar, leaping from his post at first base and landing atop the press tables to catch a fly and claim an out . . . a real hero . . . and Jimmy Howard, and Bo Reynolds, and Popeye Jones . . . And Coach Bunn Hearn drawing, "Well, fellas, we gonna win a few . . . and lose a few . . . and a few will be rained out."

And George Stirweiss, great on the diamond and on the football field . . . The Carolina-Duke game, when we stood the entire second half, and won 6-3 . . . and on the side, we square danced, with Margaret Rose Knight Sanford leading the field . . .

Then there was politics with Bill Stauber dreaming up the Ramses party . . . a great maneuver . . . there were candidates . . . Bill Shuford, Herb Hardy, Lou Harris, Ike Grainger, Bill Dees, Stacy Crockett, the UP, the SP, the Student Legislature . . . America First . . . Aid the Allies . . . and we had our speeches and marches (and tomatoes) too . . . We'd better not say too much when our kids take a stand . . .

I remember those who made us think for ourselves, and who inspired and encouraged . . . Rex Winslow, George Coffin Taylor, Hugh Lefler . . . Zimmerman, Bernstein, Harland, Mackie . . .

It was great . . . I loved it all, and I wouldn't go back . . . I like my present perch.

P.S. My column title referred to the Carolina Coed. Unfortunately, nobody ever figured this out—so 25 years later, for your information . . .



Creative Men

BY RICHARD ADLER

Yesterday was a very big day! But as usual, it began slowly with an 8 o'clock class. Then at the 10:30 break at the "Y" I ran into Sylvan Meyer. We were both ordering those super 10 cent malteds to keep us going through the morning.

Sylvan was busy with the Daily Tar Heel and talked rapidly about an idea for a sports feature on those three great stars of last year's team—Lalanne, "Stirny" and Severin—where they were now . . . what they were doing . . . It seemed important because a year ago is a long time.

I wandered outside and walked over to the steps at South Building. The "Big Four" were huddling again! Lou Harris, Henry Moll, Bert Bennett and Terry Sanford. Lou is behind-the-scenes analyst and statistician for Henry who wants Graham Memorial after he graduates in June. Law Student Sanford was giving Bert a few hints. Bert has his eye on the Student Body Presidency next year.

Interesting that these two devotees of student politics from different backgrounds (Lou from New Haven and Terry from Laurinburg) should be so often together . . . welded by a mutual love of government of any size or form.

Respectfully, I hung back from this important cluster of BMOC, and felt proud that I was allowed to be in the "neighborhood." Henry's open smile made me welcome. He introduced me to Lou and Terry. It was the first time I had met them! They were agreeable but were too deep in discussion to pay much attention to me. The bell rang and we broke up to go to our separate 11 o'clocks.

Bobby "Goat" Gersten said "hey!" He was walking with his great sidekick, All-American George Glamaack. Bobby, five foot seven and George six foot five, were the Campus Mutt and Jeff. (I like Bobby's girl Libbie Izen from Asheville . . . So does Bob "Shuf" Shuford.)

After class I went to Graham Memorial for lunch. I was allowed to sit with some senior girls . . . all very pretty. Kate Lineback, Martha Clampitt, Marge Johnston, Mary Caldwell, and Margaret Rose Knight (she is my favorite, but she is Terry's girl). Bill Shuford, Manager of Graham Memorial, came and sat down. So did my roommate Charles Straus, who is also my best friend.

After lunch, I went upstairs to see Don Bishop, editor of the DTH. I had to turn in my review of Paul Green's "Native Son." I had been sent to New York to review the opening of the Orson Welles production starring Canada Lee. (I gave it a rave!) Don asked me to do a column of features called "Creative Men."

Later, I walked all the way to

Lend An Ear

BY LOUIS HARRIS

A common experience of most people going back to a place of their youth is to have the sense that everything has shrunk. Stone walls are shorter, walks are narrower.

Oddly enough, this experience has never been true whenever I've returned to Chapel Hill.

To the contrary, the familiar landmarks of the late 1930's and early 1940's now seem more permanent, more solid, larger in their symbolism than they were back then.

This obviously is less a tribute to the maintenance of the old campus than to the roots of understanding so firmly planted in the minds of students.

The same Memorial Hall that heard Fascist Lawrence Dennis and Communist Earl Browder seems spacious and secure. The same Graham Memorial where meetings were held to seek admission of Negroes to the graduate school seems full and splendid.

Chapel Hill and the university campus of the pre-World War II era was big enough to house the most dissident of views, to absorb and to sift the most diverse expression of opinion.

The landmarks, as all inanimate objects, are only alive as the living make them.

I hope that 25 years hence, they will not be shrunk for the generation that now resides there.

Greenwood (which is Paul Green's farm) to talk to Mr. Green. He is helping me plan the Carolina Workshop Festival for Performing Arts. Janet, his 10-year-old daughter, brought us in some hot gingerbread she had baked all by herself. I marveled at this little baker. Mr. Green said she was also a good writer. Nancy Byrd Green, seven years older, came in. I marveled at her, too!

I walked to the library to study. I checked an assignment with friend Paul Kolton, who was sitting with Morty Cantor and Jack "In Dubious Battle" Dube. At 5 o'clock Dube and I joined Stan Fuchs and walked over to the Playmaker Theatre for a rehearsal of "Bury the Dead." I'm playing the sixth corpse; Dube, a gravedigger; and Fuchs, the Captain.

After the rehearsal, I thought I'd treat myself to an especially extravagant dinner. I freshened up at the dorm and walked to the Carolina Inn cafeteria. While carrying my tray brimming with fried chicken, black-eyed peas, okra and tomatoes, I passed Lou Harris and Terry Sanford, still huddling.

Lou said, "Hey, Dick, how about joining us!" That made it a very big day, yesterday . . . I mean 25 years ago . . . back in the Fall of 1941.

Of Mice And Men

BY SIMONS ROOF

During World War II there was a young fellow who finally managed to get through Pensacola flight training, and to graduate with the lowest passing grades on record.

He was assigned to an aircraft carrier squadron in the South Pacific. The squadron leader sent him aloft to show off his stuff. The squadron leader took a long look, gasped, and choked out to his assistant, "That guy's so bad he could get all of us killed. I hate to do it, but we'll have to put him in the hot spot."

The first time the squadron went out with its new pilot, the sky suddenly became black with Jap Zero fighters. And before anyone could fully realize it, the so-called poor pilot had zigged and zagged and zoomed his way to 19 Zeroes shot down. He inspected his guns. He had two bullets left. Glancing swiftly around, he spotted a Zero wobbling along and another trailing a wisp of smoke. In he went, with one bullet for each, and got both.

Then he raced back to the carrier, landed, and dashed up to see the Admiral in the con tower.

"Admiral," he said in a rush, "They said I was the stupidest guy ever to get through Pensacola! But you know what, Sir? I've just shot down twenty-one of those little so-and-so so-and-sos!"

The Admiral leaned forward and, with a big show of teeth, murmured softly, "Ah soooooo!"

May your successes be many, old classmate. And after each, may you have a happy and un-Ah-so landing.

Some Things Do Change; See 'Operation Match'

Today's Daily Tar Heel, while bearing out the premise that "the more things change, the more they are the same," also has some strange new language that was unknown 25 years ago. Some recent samples:

"Losing basketball and football teams are camp. Dean Long is camp. A two-month old umbrella is camp. Student Legislature is camp."

Advertisement: "Operation Match (The Computer Dating Service) is searching for a North Carolina District Manager. Send letter and resume to Operation Match, P. O. Box 72, Cambridge, Mass."

"The North Carolina Angel Flight has switched uniforms for the new semester. Instead of wearing the old blue ones every Thursday, they are now sporting red uniforms provided by the Firebirds."

Application of digital computers to literary and social-scientific research will be discussed at two UNC seminars Thursday and Friday at 3:30 p. m."