



—Drawing from '43 Carolina Magazine

'She said even 25 years from now Carolina men'll be going to WC for dates . . .'

## Reunion recalls strength University instilled in us

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Why return for a twenty-fifth reunion?

For one thing surely, to relive the pleasures and intensity of those years we spent at Chapel Hill. There are many ways of achieving this. Despite all the additional construction and the variegated architecture, thanks to intelligent planning and conservation the campus retains its power to move us as we talk again by the Old Well or stand on the steps of South Building to look out over the sloping lawn toward the Library and Belltower. We can renew friendships and recall with laughter the dance weekends and pranks and politics of years ago. We can talk again to favorite faculty members under whom we suffered and who patiently suffered us.

Returning will be an experience not unmixing with melancholy, of course. Some friends and professors are dead. And despite the goodnatured humor about waistlines and hairlines, we ourselves have aged.

In more serious moments, we may care to remember what the University meant to us in our years here, whether or not we fully realized it. The time what was happening to us. Most of us came in 1939 from schools and homes in towns or small cities in the South, bringing narrow, received notions about education and a complacent conviction about the sanctity of "Southern tradition." Organized labor, for instance, most of us regarded as an insidious development and many phases of the New Deal as federal interference. World War II had just begun, but it was very far away, and it was not our war.

What we entered here was an enormously vital institution, where, in the classroom and out of it, freedom in thinking and discussing all sides of issues was a way of day-to-day existence. In the fall of 1939, Carlyle Sitterson thunderbolted the freshmen in his history class by announcing his opinion that the U.S. would enter the war and then in a salty style (which we trust hath not lost its savor) led 20-odd adolescents to discover for themselves where the world and war were going.

Here in Chapel Hill we experienced the dynamics of a great center of learning where the faculty freely disagreed among themselves and let us disagree with them. They made us understand that the search for truth

was a difficult process that lasted a lifetime. One recalls the story about Rex Winslow in the Department of Economics. Asked one day by a student to explain exactly why a complex economic theory was valid, Winslow gazed silently out the classroom window for some minutes, and then replied that he could not explain. At a subsequent meeting of the class, he did brilliantly, lucidly. The story may be apocryphal, but it deserves to be true, for that was the intellectual honesty and caliber of Winslow and of many others.

All of us would have our nominees. Newsome, Lefler, Harry Russell, Coffman, Katsoff, Wolfe. And leading them and directing the University with an idealism that was at once gentle and unshakeable was Frank Graham, who despite frail health brilliantly divided his time between Chapel Hill and the War Labor Board in Washington. There were giants in those days, and for most of us it was the first time we had listened to and talked with greatness. We gained a sense of belonging to a community of learning, not one divorced from the outside world but a part of it.

Reunion may then prompt us to recall what has happened between our departure in 1943 and our return now, not only in our individual marriages and families and careers, but the events which we have lived through and to which we have contributed.

We left here to fight a war. When it was won and this nation turned to help a ravaged Europe and Asia, we found ourselves confronted with hostile and aggressive Communist power. We have learned to live uneasily with that threat and with the knowledge that world civilization now has the power quite literally to destroy itself in nuclear warfare. In our time, this country has fought two other costly wars, and that in Vietnam, which many regard as either futile or immoral or both, continues and involves or threatens to involve our children.

World War II ended the residual effects of the Great Depression, which most of us remember vividly from our youth, and the country has enjoyed increasing and unparalleled prosperity. Yet continued inflation may have brought us now to the worst financial crisis since 1932. While the great majority of the nation live in prosperity, some 30 million are in poverty and 10 million of these are actually hungry. A sharply increasing population now threatens

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## Hayden Carruth

# Our middle-age reproaches our unseeing youth

Carolina Mag associate editor, now author, poet, critic.

Each of us has responded in his own way to the assassination of Martin Luther King. Most of us from the Class of '43, true to the spirit of our university, have responded with sorrow and unease; but even if a few of us have been glad in secret at least we have responded.

To this event already so central in our histories an indifferent response is inconceivable.

Often we have heard King compared to his master Gandhi of India. Yet there was this difference between them: that Gandhi was murdered at a time which in any case would have been near this life's end, after he had accomplished his mission whereas King was cut down in his prime. Like Joan, like Jesus, like Montezuma, King has left his message plainly inscribed on the world but his work is unfinished.

Hence his killing has dispersed through men's hearts like a tremor through the earth a spiritual displacement rippling around the world from Memphis the epicenter. Nothing has been destroyed but everything has shifted. We see with altered eyes. From

such events and from their imminent and dreadful rightness spring our epiphanies, as we call them, our moments of brilliant awareness that become in effect the mutations of our spiritual evolution.

For my part I have brooded over King's death almost continuously in recent weeks. Not with much effect; this is not the sort of motif that produces reasoned thought. But one clear question emerges. Why the hell didn't we integrate Chapel Hill when we were here twenty-five years ago?

Some of us recognized the need. We thought about it; we foresaw however cloudily what was coming. We even made a few bungling half-hearted attempts. But how feeble they were. And how willingly we gave them up. We were content to let things slide.

We were guilty of the commonest yet most despicable of sins: we didn't really try.

Perhaps it would have been impossible. But in the circumstances of relative freedom and enlightenment which prevailed at Chapel Hill before the war, we might at least have won

a partial success. Think what that could have meant in hastening our necessary progress toward a free, multi-racial society.

Yes, our "necessary progress." First, because we have our own happiness to think about, and that of our children. We know that ordinary human happiness, in the conditions of life which will exist on this crowded planet when we are old and our children are middle-aged, will be impossible without harmony among the kinds of men. A free society is the simple prerequisite to our own comfort. Without it, we will live in misery — if we live at all.

We know this, and we know, too, that we have other people to think about as well. We know, inside ourselves, the equality of human hearts, the equivalence of human experience. The proof, if it were needed, is in our begetting and our dying, the common denominators. And it is in our uncomprehending eyes when we walk out on winter nights beneath the implacable glitter of the stars, or when one of our children is transformed from laughter to agony in one wrecked instant on the highway. It is in our tender eyes at the invitation

of love. At such moments we know our kinship.

What King's death has done is to fuse our separate inner awarenesses into one great social force, out in the open. Ultimately this is what we must respond to.

We graduated from Chapel Hill 25 years ago in the midst of somber times, and today we meet here again in times at least equally somber. But we were young in those days—god, how young!—and helplessly resistlessly we watched ourselves being swept up by the war and the other immense historical currents which we could not control. Now we are changed, we are mature men and women, at the height of our powers. We are about to take over the management of the world.

As we return to our homes and communities, we have only the meagerest hope that happiness will be permitted again in our lifetime. But let us at least make sure that our old age will not be used to reproach our maturity with the same words we now level against our youth. Let us make sure we'll never again need to tell ourselves that we didn't really try.

## Ben K. McKinnon

# Old humor mag editors never lose their touch

Humor Mag. Editor, DTH Columnist, now Gen. Manager, WSGN, Birmingham, Ala.

My old column was called "On Bended Knee."

Perhaps, 25 years later, this column should be titled "On Fallen Arches." It is appropriately termed a sports column since it is directed to you old sports. Recently a young lady referred to me as a "lecherous old man" and I want you to know that I deeply resented her use of the word "old."

Since arriving back on campus for this gala gathering, I have renewed IOU's with many of my dear friends and I would like to say one thing—fellows, you really should take better care of yourselves! I'm tempted to pen a hair-raising commentary as I see that many of you could benefit from any available help in that area. Incidentally, for this reunion, I had hoped to have my old roommate back but she is married now!

My former DTH sports columns had frequent mention of my Tar 'n' Feathers campaign manager, Clay Croom. Columnist Westley Fenhagen claimed that I was stealing his material so I gave Clay back to him. As a confession, I really didn't steal Westley's material. I've actually forgotten who I stole it from but it wasn't Westley.

Tennis was always my first love in the sporting world and I played No. 2 in Junior College—second fiddle in the orchestra. I still keep up with it and my Siamese cat now has a relative that is in the "racket."

Coach Dean Smith is anticipating another great season in basketball at UNC. He has to since he needs another Cadillac for his two car garage! He has hired a special tutor to help Lucius Allen flunk out at UCLA.

Football Coach Bill Dooley is trying to hire Lew Alcinder to help with the "blocking assignments." And Coach Dooley has worked out a new schedule for the gridiron gang that should give

us a perfect record this year. All of the home games will be designated as "Homecoming" and all of the away games will be played at Duke.

Speaking of football, some of my happiest undergraduate moments were spent at Kenan Stadium on Saturday nights. Of course all of the games were played on Saturday afternoons!

Did you know that Carolina is offering bowling classes now. Bowling is an underrated sport and deserves more attention. It is the only sport that I have found which I can enjoy in an air-conditioned building with a bar. Also I do think that competent bowling instruction will help the coeds stay out of the alleys!

During the past years I have been able to keep up with some of the active DTH, Yak and Mag staffers. My good friend Hugh Morton has sort of taken to the hills with Grandfather Mountain. He built that mile-high swinging bridge to get him over a dry county! And, off the record, I used to hear from Orville Campbell when he was plugging that great disk—"All The Way, Choo Choo!" My journalism cohort, Karl Bishopric, is making as much money in the advertising agency business in Miami that he gave himself a salary cut for a Christmas bonus! I hear regularly from H.C. Cranford and Charlie Crawley when they need money.

My former adviser (when I was running for editor of the humor mag) Bert Bennett is still successfully straddling political fences. Incidentally, my only claim to fame at UNC is that I was Editor of the Humor Magazine when it was abolished by the Student Legislature as a detriment to the campus! From time to time during the years I have received communications from W.J. Smith and Hobart McKeever promoting Alumni Gifts. I told them I was all for it but they never sent me any money!

I consider myself very fortunate that my daughter Sharon was a freshman at Carolina this past year—she is ma-

joring in rich Yankees! I just hope that she doesn't meet any boys that act like I did when I was here. She is living in my old dormitory that has been converted into a woman's dorm now. When she took me in her room and said "Daddy, there are three girls in this room," I couldn't help but think, "that's exactly like it was when I lived there!"

Don't be concerned about too much Academic Freedom at Carolina. If you were paying the out-of-state tuition that I am, you would know that there is no such thing as Academic Freedom in Chapel Hill. The big thing at Carolina now is student demonstrations—its sort of like Bonnie & Clyde with books!

I remember that Professor Phillips Russell tried to teach us that writing for art was better than writing for

money. At that time, I disagreed with him. However, when I was editor of three weekly newspapers and the publisher gave me a salary check that bounced; I decided that Dr. Russell was right! So, that is how I happened to end up in the radio business at WSGN in Birmingham.

Well, this great reunion weekend will soon be over and I'll be returning to my mortgaged home where I have a wife, three daughters and one bathroom. A man that has a wife, three daughters and one bathroom is never in hot water!

One final parting word—a lot of you college graduates go around acting like you know it all and this is particularly annoying to those of us who do!

(Ed. Note: Nothing, nothing has changed!)

## An Editorial

# Bring back the mag

Our year of 1943 was the 99th of continuous publication of the Carolina Magazine.

In 1942, Henry Moll first combined the humor mag-literary mag concept in what the campus called a "Collier's" type magazine. It was a fine effort, splendid looking. In 1943, after a battle in the Student Legislature, the humor magazine and literary magazine were mated officially. Sylvan Meyer, Hayden Carruth and Ben McKinnon, who had been elected editor of the humor mag, published a good general magazine with solid commentary and cleaner than usual funny stuff. Dick Adler, after Meyer and Carruth had departed for military service, and H.C. Cranford had filled in as well, published a remarkable and still, according to a look at the files, readable 100th anniversary edition as the final one of the spring of 1943.

After the war, the Student Legislature cut off the mag's funds, killing it. A damn shame, in our view, and one that should be corrected. With the size of the student body these days there should be plenty of talent and drive to produce a creditable monthly magazine for Carolina.

## Richard Adler

# Just another big, creative day at Chapel Hill

Workshop director, Mag editor, now composer impresario.

Yesterday was a very big day! But as usual, it began slowly with an 8:30 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 thru the morning.

Sylvan was busy with the magazine and talked rapidly about an idea for a sports feature on football co-captains, Joe Austin and Tank Marshall.

I wandered outside and walked over to the steps at South Building. The "big four" were huddling again! W.J. Smith, student legislature speaker; Dick Railley of the CPU; Bert Bennett, student body president; and Ben Snyder, Yackety Yack editor. Graham Memorial Director, Henry Moll, (from New York and Puerto Rico) came over and started to talk to me. Henry, a Golden Fleece Argonaut and last year's editor of the Carolina Mag, wore his usual open smile and made me feel welcome. Respectfully, I had hung back from this important cluster of BMOC, but, I felt proud to be in the "neighborhood." Henry drew me into the group and I noted to myself how different his and my environments were. ("Up North style") to the solid South background of this quartet. And yet, we all had a common denominator; love and zeal for our university. The bell rang and we broke up to go to our separate 11 o'clocks. Bill Sigler,

and Basketball Captain-Elect George Paine said "hey!" They were walking with George "Toad" McCachren and gorgeous Millicent Hosh. (I like Millie a lot!) After class, I went to Graham Memorial for lunch. I was privileged to sit with some good looking girls: Jeannie Afflick, Mary Lib Masengill, Sara Yokley, Emily Irby, Patsy Miller and Kat Hill. My roommate, Paul Kolton, came and ar.d joined us.

After lunch, I went upstairs to see Bucky Harward, editor of the DTH. I had to turn in my column. After that, I walked all the way to Greenwood (which is Paul Green's farm) to talk to Mr. Green. He and Sam Selden had helped me plan the two Carolina Workshop Festivals for the Performing Arts, in 1941 and 1942. Janet, his 11-year old daughter, brought us in some hot gingerbread she had baked all by herself. I marvelled at this little baker. Mr. Green said she was also a good writer. Nancy Byrd Green, seven years older, came in. I marvelled at her too!

I walked to the library to study. I checked an assignment with other roommate Morty Cantor and Jack "In Dubious Battle" Dube, a friend. At 5 o'clock Dube and I walked over to the Playmaker Theatre where I checked something out with Proff Koch. I was now actor turned drama critic!

After that, I thought I'd treat myself to an especially extravagant dinner. I

freshened up at BVP and walked to the Carolina Inn cafeteria. While carrying my tray, brimming with fried chicken, black-eyed peas, okra and tomatoes, I passed the "big four" still

huddling. Bert said, "Hey, Dick, how about joining us!"

That made it a very big day yesterday . . . I mean 25 years ago . . . back in January, 1943.

# The Daily Tar Heel

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This special edition of The Daily Tar Heel is published on the occasion of the 25th Reunion of the Class of 1943.

The editor is Sylvan Meyer. The printer and coordinator is The Colonial Press of Chapel Hill, managed by Orville Campbell. '42. Campbell was editor and Meyer managing editor of The Tar Heel in '42. There may be something cyclical in this.

Contributors are Hayden Carruth, '43, a former TH associate editor; Ernest Frankel, '45, a managing editor of The TH in 1943; Walter Damtoft, '45, an editor of The TH in 1943; Ardis Kipp (Mrs. Floyd) Cohoon, '43, business manager of The Carolina Magazine; Dr. Vernon (Bucky) Harward, '43, editor of The TH; Ben K. McKinnon, '43, editor of the humor mag; Jimmy Wallace, '45, a TH staffer in '43; Hobart and Opie (Charters) McKeever, '43 and '44, student leader and publications worker, respectively; Horace Carter, '43, a TH staffer and since then a Pulitzer Prize winner; Hugh Morton, '43, publications photographer; Richard Adler '43, magazine editor.

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