

REUNION EDITION THE DAILY TAR HEEL

Robert H. Morrison Editor

Published quarterly (per century) by the Class of 1947 to commemorate a joyful, nostalgic return to the campus of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

OLD FRIENDS

A sadness that we cannot escape at Reunion time is learning that an old professor has passed away. This year came the death of Dr. Frank, whom Chancellor House has remembered in a moving statement on the front page of this issue.

They buried Dr. Frank in the old campus cemetery among a group of his distinguished friends. We were surprised at how many names on tombstones we tearfully remembered.

Nearby are the graves of sportswriter Julius Jennings Wade (May 9, 1962) and Judge Henry Adams Whitfield (October 26, 1962) and historian Robert D. W. Connor (February 25, 1950).

Journalism Professor Oscar Jack Coffin (October 29, 1956) is still designated "Skipper," and the tombstone of James Moore Tatum (July 23, 1959) reads "Chosen National Football Coach of the Year 1953 by his Colleagues."

All around there are more memories of the old men we loved: Public Servant John Wesley Umstead, Jr. (August 21, 1968), Botany Professor Robert Ervin Coker (October 2, 1967), Law Professor Robert Hasley Wettach (1964), English Professor John Manning Booker (March 12, 1948), English Professor Englis Bagby (January 15, 1955), and Sociology Professor Howard W. Odum (November 8, 1954).

And, alas, there are more and more.

A Good YACK

DTH editorialists have reviewed other campus publications now for more than three-quarters of a century, and it falls our pleasant duty to call attention to the excellent Yackety Yack now off the press and available at Reunion.

This publication, billed the "Revised Yackety Yack of the Class of 1947," took lots of work and it is a gem that we will treasure through the years.

It shows the journalistic talent of Sibyl Goerch Powe, now of Durham, who was a well known DTH staffer back then. Her distinguished father, Carl Goerch, was the founder of the State (Down Home in North Carolina) magazine.

Assisting Sibyl and labeled "Survey Editor" is Katherine Coleman Williams; Kit has worked hard and has faithfully attended the committee meetings that led up to the present big Reunion weekend.

Tookie Hodgson Humorizes Again

Seymour Sinkhole IV, Class of '47, tossed sleeplessly in his bed. It had been a disturbing day for the aging fraternity man; even the crashing sound of broken glass that was wafted by the gentle May breeze into his room at the Inn from the Inka Dinka Doo House a hundred yards away did little to assuage his troubled spirit.

Those were the days, he sighed inwardly.

That morning, Seymour Sinkhole IV was filled with the joy of anticipation. This was to be the first day that the former campus socialite and bon vivant had spent in Chapel Hill since his graduation, twenty-five years ago.

Life had been good to him, he reflected, as he surveyed the fashionable image in the full-length mirror. Aside from some slight aging, he was the same Seymour Sinkhole IV of old—even the sneer was the same, since his career as a high-ranking bureaucrat had heightened, rather than lessened, those qualities of arrogance and fatuity that had so distinguished him as an undergraduate.

The glorious Chapel Hill May morning delighted him, as he strode breakfastwards to Jeff's—nothing like a cold brew to start the day off. After seven Schlitzes and three packages of peanuts, he felt rejuvenated as he sloshed down Franklin Street.

"O Tempora O Mores," quoted Seymour, sadly. In my day, he reflected, all the men would have been dressed in sun tans, loafers, and button-down shirts; whilst the coeds would have worn neat, attractive frocks—well, anyway, brassieres, certainly.

A familiar face flashed before the Fraternity Chieftain's eyes... It was the countenance of Montmorency "Pig" McGonigle, a fellow Inka Dinka Doo, and on more than one occasion, twenty-five

and more years ago, a boon companion in Seymour Sinkhole IV's bacchanalian revels.

"Pig, you ———!" shouted Seymour.

"Seymour, you ———!" responded McGonigle, with equal delight.

The two Brothers, arm in arm, repaired back to Jeff's, McGonigle for breakfast, and Seymour for a light brunch.

As the Schlitzes were served and emptied, the two Old Grads exchanged impressions of Alma Mater.

"Too many changes," opined Pig, as he browsed over a bowl of peanuts.

"Completely different crowd," noted Seymour.

"Things were better in the 40's."

"Much better."

"Girls looked like girls."

"Men got haircuts."

"Students bathed."

"Fraternity men took pride in their associations."

"Football players were better paid."

"Everybody who was anybody took Professor Harlan's Biblical Archaeology."

Thus, the two friends passed the morning, and a part of the afternoon, partaking deeply of the golden goodness, their voices mounting in volume.

"All the way, Choo Choo!" they cheered, again and again, as blurry visions of "22" dodging through the Duke football team flitted through their befogged consciousnesses.

"Let's sing," suggested Seymour to Pig.

"Let's do," replied his comrade.

Louder and louder, from the hallowed portals of Jeff's, the voices of the two Old Grads sounded up and down Franklin Street.

"Roll me over..."

"I used to work in Chicago."

Verse after verse of these traditional collegiate lieder filled the precincts of the township. An increasingly numerous audience gathered, soon joined by two of Chapel Hill's gendarmes. By verse thirty-one of "Chicago," the constables knew full well the path of their duty.

Swooping, lunging, diving, and still singing, Seymour Sinkhole IV and Montmorency "Pig" McGonigle were escorted to durance vile.

A nearby pride of ancient Kenan Professors interrupted their discussion of the recent basketball season to survey the noisy spectacle.

"Isn't that young Sinkhole IV?" grunted one.

"Mmm," responded another.

"That's McGonigle with him?"

"Mmm."

"Thank God some things about Chapel Hill haven't changed in the last twenty-five years!" he declared fervently.

"Mmmm."

Roland Giduz

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Hill Weekly: "Great minds are few, and great souls are rare. In Frank Porter Graham we were privileged to have both."

There was talk of television, but in the year 1947 radio was the really big thing in the national media. Despite this there was a fairly close vote, 53-45, when the faculty voted to create the Department of Radio at UNC, with Prof. Earl Wynn, Director of the also-new Communication Center, as the first chairman.

A milestone was also passed in 1947 by the University Press, which commemorated its 25th year by publishing a catalogue of its more than 500 titles, "Books from Chapel Hill."

Students in the Class of '47 sensed that they were a "different" generation of students. Most of the men had been through the war. Everybody sensed that changes in the world, wrought by the world-wide hostilities and the birth of the atomic age, had rightfully altered the Carolina student's outlook on life.

Comparatively minor things, that would in a few years be un-noticed, were cited as instances of Carolina's liberal thinking. The Council for Religion in Life sponsored a concert by soprano Dorothy Maynor. Afterwards the Daily Tar Heel noted that "for the first time to our knowledge, a Negro and white audience attended a public concert in Memorial Hall without any segregation in the seating arrangements."

An incident that became a landmark civil rights case on appeal to higher courts originated in Chapel Hill early that spring when four members of the Fellowship for Reconciliation, two Negroes and two whites, boarded a bus for Durham and refused to move to the rear as state law and custom dictated.

At a meeting of the University trustees, UNC sociologist Guy Johnson, on leave as Director of the Southern Regional Council, was assailed for allegedly advocating "amalgamation of the races."

While these issues were still hot a press report came down from Washington that the University was to be investigated for Communist activities again. (It had been a target of the Dies Committee on Un-American Activities in 1941 and 1942 also.)

Barron Mills

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to Carolina-Duke football game from Woollen Gym.

Nov. 23, 1947—Carolina 21, Duke Nothing.

Dec. 1, 1947—Faculty says no post-season bowl games will be accepted for football team.

Dec. 5, 1947—"Dan the Dog," missing for several weeks from his Y Court haunt, found in Charleston, S.C. Needs ride home.

Dec. 9, 1947—50-yard dash will herald off-season track meet at Hogan's Lake on Sunday as football star Art Weiner races against a horse with Margaret McGirt astride. Odds, taken by Buckwheat Highsmith in Alderman Dorm, favor the horse 2 to 1,000.

Dec. 12, 1947—Students chant "Our Town Is Red Hot" as \$50,000 fire guts two buildings on Franklin Street.

Jan. 6, 1948—"I got lost hunting timberwolves in the Arkansas Mountains," said Matthew M. (Tookie) Hodgson, editor of the "Tarnation" Magazine, in explaining his absence from classes for several days.

Jan. 17, 1948—Death of loyal alumnus Josephus Daniels great loss to UNC.

Jan. 21, 1948—Norman Cordon, first N.C. met star, recalls for students when gin was distilled on 3rd floor of South Building.

Jan. 28, 1948—Norman Thomas will speak here Feb. 10 against UMT (Universal Military Training).

Feb. 5, 1948—Wallace Club will hear labor leader. (It refers to Henry, not George, Wallace).

Feb. 17, 1948—Dr. Frank receives generous welcome home from UN mediation sessions.

March 3, 1948—Celebrated Poet Robert Lee Frost to speak tonight. And then the dusty old book closed.

practical terms, racially white, the over-all proportion of Negro students being about one in 40. But it is, by the determination of students, faculty, and administration, an open campus, and an institution alertly determined to increase the opportunities for minority persons at all levels in Chapel Hill.

Reading the ads in the Daily Tar Heel of '47 gives a good measuring rod of the life, scale and style of those days. For instance: Sirloin steak at 69 cents a pound (A & P), or the 55-cent breakfasts at Danziger's; and even the wooden ice box and oil stove which Perry Payne '48 advertised for sale at his Victory Village apartment.

Terrace View Supper Club, touted as "Carolina's Coziest Dancing Spot," was open every night for dancing (couples only), five miles west on the Graham highway. The "TV" is still there—but as a campground for the Church of God.

Top entertainment spot on campus was the Vets Club, a modestly redecorated lounge taken over from the Navy Pre-Flight School for which it was built as a wrestling pavilion. Open each evening—and with a live band and shows on weekends—it featured candlelit tables and set-ups. In wilder days, some will recall, more than a few illicit drinks were sold across the bar there.



Mrs. Art Thomas of Concord smiles at her husband, who served as promotional chairman for the Reunion. Looking on is Class President Frank Alspaugh, who serves as Assistant to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, directing that state's Division of Industrial Development.



Needless to say, it took a little money management savvy to make this Reunion a success, and so Jim White (shown here with Mrs. White) was pressed into service. Now executive vice president of the North Carolina National Bank at Charlotte, Jim often gets appointed to do things like last month the mayor of Charlotte and the chairman of the board of commissioners of Mecklenburg County jointly appointed him head of the local environmental council.



Art Shain, now a jeweler in Lumberton, sits with his lovely wife at the Carolina Inn recently, listening to Reunion Chairman Jim Camp outline plans for the big event. Art was in charge of the reception yesterday.



Dewey Dorsett (left), president of the student body back then, appears with Alumni Secretary Clarence Whitefield '44 at a Reunion planning session held last November at the Carolina Inn. Dewey is now practicing medicine in Charlotte and has been in charge of fund raising for the Reunion.



Be blue, bold bluets. Beholding and beholden to the new Spring, you can not know the old wonder below.

Old oak with hoary branches, wrap your roots around one who was also strong through many seasons and saw many acorns grow.

Massive maple, open new shoots on strong old boughs, as he supported a new liberalism on old wisdom.

Gray squirrel, you scamper with an energy from a pool common with his.

Green grass, cover the scar. His battles—some won, some lost, all fought with courage and honor—are over.

Purple periwinkle, entwine the stone as his love encompassed all humanity.

White-winged mockingbird, re-sing the song in another and another Spring.

Bearded Philosopher

Recently I grew a beard and became a philosopher.

I used to think it was the other way around, and with Socrates and the rest it may have been. With me, however, the beard came first.

For one thing, it came out mostly gray. And when you're twenty-odd years out of college, trying to ignore the bald spot on the back of your head and fighting to hold your weight at the same 202 pounds you weighed as an undergraduate (ignoring also the obvious fact that there has been a major redistribution of that weight), there is something definitely thought-provoking about having a mostly-gray beard right under your nose each morning when you brush your teeth.

Then there are the comments you get. The one I treasure most came from the guy who said I looked "like a skinny Ernest Hemingway." (Despite my own minor literary pretensions I'm afraid I would have been just as happy if he'd said I looked like a skinny Frankenstein's Monster. I didn't appreciate the comparison with Burl Ives one bit.) Mostly, however, it's been startled double-takes and wry witticisms from my peers and looks of approval from the younger generation. So now, despite my own often-voiced opinions about the flaws, faults and failures of today's youth, I have found myself in somewhat the same position as a politician being voted against by his own party and supported by the opposition; to wit: I have been dizzily trying to reconcile my prejudices with my ego.

My own well-known reactionary Republican views and tendency to fight for the last nickle lying loose in a business deal have prevented those who know me from labelling me as a middle-aged hippie. With strangers it is a different matter, and it comes as a genuine surprise to a former conformist just how little it does take to create a situation of "us" versus "them!"

I'm inclined to doubt that the under-21 vote will materially affect things for a while, but I'm optimistic that this new generation will handle it okay.

We philosophers are always optimistic!

University of North Carolina STUDENT IDENTIFICATION



Near the top if not at the top of the list of favorite conversational topics at a class reunion is the comparison of how classmates look now with how they looked then. To illustrate this phenomenon, we selected Edward M. Smith, whom we thought was a member of the Class of '47, but actually ended up officially in '48. "I spent three years in the sophomore class," he confessed. We knew Ed in 1947 as a slender, smooth-faced lad scarcely looking old enough to be a high school senior, not unlike his likeness appearing here on his old ID card. Ed today has become a ponderous, room-filling Prophet Moses. He now lives in Cleveland County, where he was chairman of the Republican Party and a candidate for Congress in 1964, and a Presidential Elector in 1968. He earns his living as a textile executive. Personifying change, so usually he seemed the right one to ask for a bit of philosophizing here. With little reluctance he accepted.