

# The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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Published Every Tuesday and Friday  
By The Chapel Hill Publishing Company, Inc.

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Entered as second-class matter February 28, 1923 at the postoffice at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, under the act of March 3, 1879.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In Orange County, Year	\$4.00
(6 months \$2.25; 3 months, \$1.50)	
Outside of Orange County by the Year:	
State of N. C., Va., and S. C.	4.50
Other States and Dist. of Columbia	5.00
Canada, Mexico, South America	7.00
Europe	7.50

### Bryant's Address to the Faculty Club About Trustees' Responsibilities

Victor S. Bryant, member of the executive committee of the University's Board of Trustees, addressed the Faculty Club at its luncheon meeting Tuesday on "The Responsibilities of Trustees of a State University." There not being space here for the entire address, bare summaries of parts of it are presented and parts of it have been selected for reproduction.

Mr. Bryant quoted the statute of 1789 reciting the powers conferred on the Trustees. He spoke of the separation of the functions of the Trustees and the Administration. He spoke of the responsibility of the Trustees to obtain from the General Assembly financial support for the University. He spoke of the Trustees' obligations to the President and his administrative assistants, to the faculty, and to the students.

He spoke at considerable length of the Trustees' obligations to the faculty. One of these, he said, "is to see that an adequate salary schedule is provided for both faculty and administrative officers." He said:

"This schedule should be one which will enable the continual recruitment of an outstanding faculty, and at the same time enable the University to retain its present distinguished faculty. No teacher can do his best work when involved in debt and harrassed by bill collectors. We must expect our faculty members to receive offers to go elsewhere, but we should be prepared through financial and other means to fight to hold them.

"May I digress here to pay tribute and to recognize a deep and perhaps unacknowledged debt of gratitude to those of you who have received such offers and who have chosen to cast your future lot here with this University. I know of instances, far, far more, I suspect, than you think I do, in which many of you have received offers at greatly needed financial increases and yet, through your loyalty and confidence in this institution, have remained here. I can not, however, feel that the State has any right to profit financially from such loyalty on your part. The University is under a great obligation to you. I ask that you hold on a little longer, because I foresee a glorious future immediately ahead for this University. I am keenly aware that a number of important positions in this University are now being filled on an acting basis. These will be filled, and I believe filled well, with all reasonable dispatch. What might have seemed stumbling blocks will be stepping stones to better days ahead."

"The Trustees," said Mr. Bryant, "must see that the faculty, once it is brought to the University, lives and operates in a congenial atmosphere. To do this you must enjoy academic freedom. It is the obligation of the Trustees to see that you do. It would be an unnecessary trespass upon your time to trace either the background or meaning of academic freedom, except in brief to say that I heartily endorse what I believe it stands for, and this might be fairly summarized in three principles:

"First, a teacher should have full freedom in research, and the right to publish the results of his research. No university should presume to circumscribe the boundaries within which a faculty member may search for the truth, although his other duties may limit the allowable time for research.

"Second, a faculty member in his classroom should be absolutely free in teaching those subjects which he has been assigned to teach. Of course it should be expected that the instruction

which he gives would be of a scholarly nature, and compatible with the dignity of the profession. Nor should a teacher, in my opinion, take advantage of his position to introduce into the classroom provocative and irrelevant discussions on matters not related to his subject.

"Third, outside his classroom and beyond his chosen field the teacher has the same right to formulate and express his opinions as any other citizen. At times professors fail to realize that their opinions carry great weight, and that laymen frequently judge them as official spokesmen of the institution regardless of the subject on which they may choose to express themselves.

"In the enjoyment and exercise of academic freedom it is inevitable that at times you will collide with established and orthodox beliefs. Your views may conceivably be offensive to others. They may conceivably be wrong. But right or wrong, you have the right—and sometimes the obligation—to formulate and express your conscientious beliefs so long as they are not immoral or illegal. These beliefs may be offensive to me as a Trustee, but I would be derelict in my duty if I failed to protect to the fullest your rights under academic freedom. It may be an unpalatable task to rescue some academic exhibitionist who has chosen to float upstream, but it must be remembered that Galileo, Sir Isaac Newton, Roger Bacon, the Nazarene of the first century, and a now respectable host of others were at one time branded as heretics."

Here are some passages from the last few minutes of Mr. Bryant's address:

"Much still remains to be done in charting the true course of the American university. In this country we have embarked upon an experiment in mass education at the college and university level. We are still in the experimental stage, when the results are unknown and questions are in order. We have few guiding precedents. We know that in the English universities excellence in teaching was accomplished largely because of the sound secondary educational preparation of the English students and their careful selection, although perhaps too little emphasis was placed upon graduate work and research. We know that in the pre-war German universities there was a completeness and solidity with a fruitful combination of teaching and research. Yet we also know that inelasticity and overloading and the class consciousness of the German university rendered it impotent to head off the two armed catastrophes which bloodied the pages of history in the first half of this century.

"We know that both the English and the German universities were recognized as the repositories of knowledge, and that they achieved, and up to a point retained, an independence and a dignity which made them the great institutions they were. Neither ever came to grips with the problem of mass education.

"Today in America we are pouring money into both the secondary and higher level educational institutions at an undreamed of rate. Doubts have been expressed as to the outcome and efficacy of the experiment, but we can not and dare not stop. In a state-supported university the problem of numbers is not as easy to control as in a private institution. Recently the dean of a well known college said that his institution accepted only about one out of each eight applicants. As Trustees and faculty members in a state institution our answer to this is that we must fight the harder to see to it that the real values in education are given their proper positions.

"Certainly you know these values and their places far better than I. I recognize that the University in many of its aspects is necessarily a social agency, and that social attitudes are extremely important. I should, however, be permitted to question whether or not the intellectual efforts in our universities are being subordinated to the social and extra-curricular activities of the students.

"I also ask whether too many of our students are coming to our University without a clear understanding of why they come. At some point basic instruction on this subject would be in order. It appears that some students may be attending the University simply because it is looked upon as the next step in growing up. Some others come so poorly prepared that they spend the first or the first and second years of college being taught what they should have learned before leaving high

## Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

which have been the object of admiration by hunters and travelers ever since the discovery and settlement of this part of the country."

At this season there are a good many newcomers here and sometimes they ask me what they can read to inform them about the University and the village. Besides booklets that can be obtained at University offices and at some of the stores there are Kemp P. Battle's 2-volume "History of the University of North Carolina" and Archibald Henderson's "Campus of the First State University." Battle's History is long out of print. Because of its rarity it may not be taken out of the Library but it may be read there. Henderson's book is close up to date, having been published in 1949 as one of the University's Sesquicentennial Publications. It can be read in the Library or bought (I suppose) at a bookstore or (certainly) from the publisher, the University of North Carolina Press in Bynum hall. I commend it highly to anyone who wants to learn about the history, and to read descriptions and see photographs, of the University campus and buildings since the founding of the University 163 years ago.

Springs in and around Chapel Hill are mentioned in several places in the Henderson book. (See the index.)

As with many another growing town where, in the course of the years, primitive open spaces have to make room for new buildings, and barns and poultry yards and pastures have to be abandoned, the springs in Chapel Hill have been covered over and the streams that flowed from them have been run through underground pipes. For example, a gigantic concrete pipe under the middle of the playing field of Kenan stadium carries the outflow from a spring beside Venable hall (the chemistry building); and within the last month the outflow from a spring in the Arboretum has been hidden from view at its upper end, near the entrance of the park, by being run through a big pipe just like the one beneath the field in the stadium.

The contrast between old-time travel and modern travel never ceases to interest me. No doubt this is explained in part by the fact that for many years in my life the only motive power I used was the same that was used in ancient times; that is, animal-power. The only difference between the Babylonians or Egyptians and me was that they had camels. I was motored by horses and mules and occasionally goats.

I used to ride with Joney Watson, the mail carrier, over to Pittsboro in a two-wheel backless cart. I used to go up and down town and back and forth between here and Durham in buggies and hacks. I used to go hay-riding in springless wagons. Long after fast trains were running between the big cities the only train I ever saw was the freight car and the combination passenger-and-baggage-car pulled by a coughing and belching wood-burning locomotive between Chapel Hill and the junction at the University station. Automobiles were still rare articles when I went to live in New York in 1902; the city government had just begun to allow them in Central Park, and women were moving along the avenues in neat little noiseless electric-motored cars which were steered not with wheels but with straight horizontal handles.

I read not long ago in a New York paper an article about how a replica of the Mayflower had been built in England and was going to repeat next year the famous voyage of 1620 from Plymouth, England, to Plymouth, Massachusetts. As it was for the original ship, the only motive power for the 1957 edition will be the wind. It took the Mayflower of 1620 two months to cross the Atlantic. I think of this when my neighbor, Felix Hickerson, recently back from Europe, tells me of having made the crossing by plane in 13½ hours.

Another contrast, that I have been thinking of in the last few days is between Daniel Boone and Collier Cobb Jr.—between the celebrated frontiersman in going from North Carolina over the Appalachian chain of mountains to the Ohio Valley and the Chapel Hill insurance and real estate man in going from the same state to the same valley. The perilous journey took Daniel Boone several months. Collier Cobb, traveling in his private plane, got from here to his son's wedding in Cincinnati in 2½ hours. That was with a head wind. He had a tail wind coming back and made the flight in 2 hours flat.

school. I question whether it is fair to take the money of the parents or the time of the student and then see him flunked out at the end of the first or second year when it should have been obvious far sooner that he was not prepared for his experiment in higher education. Many people without college education, who appreciate their jobs, are happier citizens than some with a college education who feel themselves above their jobs and perform their tasks without enthusiasm simply because they know of no other means of supporting themselves.

"If the excellent secondary educational preparation of their students has contributed largely to the strength of the English universities, we should all the more clearly realize that the aims of our University can not be fully achieved unless our students come here with a sound background of secondary school education. Neither you as faculty members nor I as a Trustee can be unmindful of our responsibilities in this quarter. This is a large but important order. Its importance has been brought home to me as I have analyzed the mortality rates of our students at the end of the first and second college years. We can never hope to build to the high levels of scholarship which we wish to attain without high levels in our preliminary schools."

## From Our Files

5 Years Ago

Robert A. Taft, U. S. Senator from Ohio and generally thought to be the leading aspirant for the Republican nomination for President in 1952, will deliver the Weil Lectures here in Memorial Hall November 27, 28, and 29.

Arthur Hutchins, the University's veteran athletic grounds keeper, is being congratulated on the fine cushion of turf he has produced this year on the football field in Kenan Stadium.

10 Years Ago

At their meeting in Raleigh Tuesday, the University trustees adopted by unanimous vote a resolution authorizing the officials of the University to expand the two-year medical school at Chapel Hill into a standard-four-year medical school "as soon as practicable after the General Assembly appropriates the necessary funds."

15 Years Ago

Pete Ivey, Winston-Salem newspaperman, was here last week talking with old friends. He used to be director of the Graham Memorial, editor of the Bucarener, and a member of the University's wrestling team.

### The First Frost

(The New York Times)

First frost comes back in the hills, and the fox barks in the thin moonlight, the owl asks its questions of the darkness. Autumn creeps in, reconnoitering the valleys and exploring the treetops. Cricket and katydid, silent in the first frosty evening, return as the chill abates and are soon so loud again that one knows they are hurrying to complete unfinished mating calls before the deep frosts of October put an end to their season.

Thus turns the season, in ripeness and morning mist, in a midday sky so deep, so clear that one can see halfway into forever. First frost clears the air as though to enhance the shortening span of daylight and make the abbreviated evening a time of cool delight. And dawn gleams with spider webs spread among the tall grasses and weed stems as though to trap the tag-ends of summer.

But summer is going fast. It lingers only on a hilltop here and there, in a few scattered hours and days. In all green things there is a response, if not an actual knowledge and awareness. Milkweed pods now turn to silver and soon will burst into silk. There is an occasional, tentative flash of red and yellow in the maple groves. Roadside grasses ripen seedheads. Squirrels swarm through hickory and walnut trees, and chipmunks gather thistledown for winter nests. Crows and jays are more insistent as the songsters begin to move southward. Beetles are sluggish and wasps are a trace less truculent.

Frost has touched the hills and the change sets in. The moon shadow shows it, and the long evening light. The color of autumn and the fall of leaf, the blaze that is October, will soon be with us again.

### Protection Against Spooks

(Ruritan National Magazine)

One thing that many brave men refuse to do is to sleep in a house that is empty of humans and dogs.

He might consent to sleep in a prison cell by himself, especially if he is moved to do so by two burly policemen, but his punishment would be much worse if he knew no fellow criminals were in neighboring cells. Half of the comfort of lodging at a hotel is the feeling that another traveler is in every other room.

Even if he had to sleep the night on a bench in the park, he would get along better if there were other hoboos about.

A woman may be no protection against burglars, but she is a great protection against spooks. Her presence may not have seemed to be much but her absence is something appalling.

Men are tempted at times to say children are a bother and their rattle and exuberant vitality get on his nerves. But the goneness of them is vastly more fearsome than their presence.

Alone in the house man rests all night upon the cliff edge of alarms. What ghostly things the wind does with the curtains. What half-heard sounds arouse him to intent listening.

Morbid fancies that never get a peep into his mind during the day now come right in, sit down and make themselves at home.

## I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Harvey Daniell was serious when he asked the other morning if I had heard about Banker Bill Thompson's operation.

"No! What happened?" I asked.

"He's had his hands unclenched," Harvey replied.

Frank Umstead maintains of all the misnomers known to parents the worst is a "Slumber Party."

"Who slumbers?" asks Frank.

"Want to know something good for dandruff?" Frank West asked Hap Perry.

"Nope," Hap replied. "I got dandruff and don't need anything good for it. What I need is something bad for it."

One of Chapel Hill's dog lovers, who probably would tell you how much he loves his dog—if you'd listen—celebrated the last day of National Dog Week last week very appropriately.

He tied his dog to the mail box in front of the University Service Plants office on East Franklin Street and went away for more than an hour. Meanwhile, the dog whined and barked continuously.

Mark Burnham has been in conversation with the Bell Tower on the campus, and has come up with a first person story from that tall and beautifully built structure. He says:

This business of being a stone step at the bottom of the bell tower gets mighty boring at times, but sometimes I have lots of fun—take a recent Saturday, for instance.

In the fall excitement breaks loose around here and whole troops of folks go across me on their way into a fenced-in place a human's throw over in the woods. If I were a little higher in the tower or were a brick, maybe I could find out what goes on over there, but close to the ground as I am I can only see the top of the fence. I never have any warning—just some Saturdays it happens, and some Saturdays it doesn't.

Around noon was when it started. Some people came and sat on me in the sunshine and ate their lunches. You should have seen those nice looking women—all dolled up in their best. I really got stuck on one. Her kid brother spilled jam on me and she sat in it. When her boy friend tried to brush it off he lost his balance and found himself in the same jam. That group left hurriedly going in the direction of Woollen Gym.

People are always waiting for someone on me. One gorgeous thing waited half an hour for her blind date to show up, and when he did come all they could talk about was the beautiful bell tower, and how fine a day it was. Funny thing about humans—they don't get down to earth like us stones, but they waste a lot of talk on things we take for granite.

A little later a fellow came through walking very unsteadily. I didn't think he'd make it, and he didn't—he fell flat on his face and bumped his head on me. Poor fellow, I think he must have missed the excitement later on because he was thoroughly stoned.

I heard a band strike up but it was a disappointment. They didn't play any of my favorite music. My favorite is rock and roll, and goodness knows I don't gather any moss.

Finally the crowd thinned out. They all got inside the fence, and I haven't heard such noise since grandma got caught in the rock crusher. They must have been moving something pretty big because they kept yelling to "push 'em back—waaaaay back."

When the yelling was over the whole bowlful of humans emptied my way. I thought I'd be stomped under. Sometimes I wish I were a gravestone and could stand up for myself.

After dark that night the same gorgeous little thing came back with her blind date—only they were better acquainted then. They sat down on me and it felt good because they were human warm. She snuggled up to him and said, "Hold me closer, this seat is stone cold."

I'd like to know what makes humans act the way they do. It happens five times every fall—the crowd comes and the crowd yells and then goes home. I can't figure it out. Maybe if I found somebody with rocks in his head he could tell me, huh?

And the pistol's red glare,  
The bullets piercing the air  
Give proof through the night  
That Nicaragua's still there.

Republicans are saying Adlai Stevenson lacks experience in international affairs, which, of course, would not seem to him nearly as serious as a lack of votes.

Inherit some money, and you will be surprised to learn suddenly the high regard everyone has always had for you.

The Republicans are bragging about the abundance of prosperity. The only trouble is that it has had a tendency to bunch.

Some families can trace their ancestry back 1,000 years, but can't tell you where their children were last night.

"Everything New in Women's Fashions," says a headline. How can they improve on what's been there all the time?

AIRPORT ROAD CHAPEL HILL  
HOME OF CHOICE CHARCOAL BROILED HICKORY SMOKED STEAKS-FLAMING SHISKEBAB-BUFFET EVERY SUNDAY