

# The Chapel Hill Weekly

"If the matter is important and you are sure of your ground, never fear to be in the minority."

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## The Odds Are Long, But The Time Is Ripe For The Governor To Lead

There is an old joke about the college student who turned up at the end of the semester with four F's and a D. When his parents demanded an accounting, the student blandly replied, "Well, I guess I concentrated too much on one subject."

Something like that happened to Governor Terry Sanford in the 1963 session of the General Assembly, although his saving grace was considerably better than a D. The Governor's prime objective in the 1963 session was progress in higher education. That was a highly commendable objective and one worthy of all the influence the Governor could bring to bear, but his overriding concern for it cost North Carolina a decent minimum wage, Senate redistricting, and other major Sanford proposals.

Now we have a special session of the Legislature coming up which will be devoted to Senate redistricting. This is the way Governor Sanford wants it, because if other issues were cut loose, the legislators might jump the traces and redistricting would be jeopardized.

There were political realities the Gov-

ernor had to face in the 1963 General Assembly and there will be more facing him in the special session. Eventually there comes a time, however, when political considerations no longer can take precedent over what is right and wrong.

As far as Governor Sanford is concerned, this seems to be such a time.

It is time for the Governor to take a strong and forthright stand on North Carolina's gag law and not only agree to, but to sponsor personally a major effort to repeal the law in the special session of the Legislature.

Obviously, such a move on the Governor's part might knock the props right out from under any Senate redistricting plan, and hopes are not exactly blinding that the gag law could be erased. But it's a dead certainty the gag law won't be repealed unless somebody makes the effort.

A repeal movement led by Governor Sanford would be consistent with his intense interest in higher education. Even more to his credit, it would attest to a very real concern for democracy.

## An Unintentional Blow For Democracy

Assistant Attorney General Ralph Moody, in confiding to the citizenry of Harnett County that the real purpose of the gag law was to force the University to function as the "political agent" it actually is, probably had no wish to hasten the law's repeal.

But, by saying that "the University is merely a political agent," presumably serving no purpose but to buttress the political philosophy of the state in which it exists, he has argued as cogently for repeal as any of the law's liberal opponents.

It would be pointless to tabulate the number of demagogues, past and present, who have said the same thing about other universities. The statement could have been lifted intact from the writings of Marx, Lenin, or Stalin. The subjugation of German universities by Hitler or the vigor with which Mussolini rinsed the free-thinking taint from Italian universities are echoed with sympathy and precision in Mr. Moody's definition.

Of course those Universities were notably unreliable perpetrators of the political systems to which they were bent. To some extent universities, no

matter how badly mauled by political dogma, have mulishly persisted in pursuit of matters that have little to do with the preservation of doctrine, unless truth bulks large in the doctrine itself. A university's basic concern is knowledge, we are told; knowledge is truth, the truth of things as they happen to be, and the political content of truth is negligible. On the other hand the percentage of truth in politics is vital, and cannot be determined without unfettered inquiry. We have adequate proof of this principle in that every totalitarian system has found its perversion a necessary condition of survival.

If we accept Mr. Moody's borrowed definition of a university, we accept with it a philosophy that enjoys current vogue in Moscow, in Prague, in Peiping. We say, moreover, that freedom and democracy are dogma. Just as well to say black is white, up is down and out is in.

We may harbor no hidden affection for Mr. Moody or his ilk, but we should feel gratitude toward him for asserting with pith and conviction that he has no faith in truth nor any wish to entrust the survival of democracy to the untrammelled pursuit of knowledge.

## Hurrah! A Quarantine Against Words

The Vineyard Gazette

"Words, words, words," said Hamlet. Words have mystery and beauty, says J. Donald Adams as one more spokesman for a great and lofty tradition that is also meaningful to all who speak and read.

With this choice of texts, we will proceed to declare that nothing can be formalized, stylized, socialized, blueprinted (except in a precise literal sense), upgraded, or downgraded in the columns of the Gazette. These are words of a sort, typifying an unfortunately prevalent tendency of our time, but we will venture to say that they are jargon rather than members of the family of proper English. Moreover they suggest the urban sprawl of the intellect which is accompanying the urban sprawl of actuality.

The Gazette will continue to maintain a strict quarantine against the word contact, used as a verb, and against the word itself in most circumstances, because of its evil associations as measured by the standards of good taste in language.

We extend our apologies and complete good will toward those, and they are many, who have joined in an addiction to the adverb "currently." There is nothing wrong with "currently," so far as we know, but the Gazette is incurably in love with "now," its sound, its appearance, its thrifty three letters, and its commanding tone. Let things be done currently elsewhere and in the world at large, if that is a wordly preference, but in the columns of the Gazette let them be done now.

## Saws For Today

The error of the ages is preaching without practice.

—Mary Baker Eddy

The best sermon is preached by the minister who has a sermon to preach and by the man who has to preach a sermon.

—Cervantes

## Letters To The Editor

# Dissenting Book Review, Manners

SPAIN: THE ROOT AND THE FLOWER. By John A. Crow. Harper & Row. 412 Pages. \$6.95.

Dear Editor:

The esteemed and much enjoyed CHAPEL HILL WEEKLY for Aug. 11 1963 carried a featured review of the above mentioned book by my young friend, for whom I have the highest regard,

Mrs. Janet Winecuff. I will always support the right of my friend to entertain and publish any opinion of any book whatever, but in this case I think her review was unfortunate in statement and expression. A lifetime devoted to the study of Spanish culture leads me to disagree with practically every paragraph of that review, and I think amends should be made

to the distinguished Mr. Crow. My colleagues here, as well as others, seem to agree with me. The same book was reviewed with considerably more favor by experienced and knowledgeable reviewers in The New York Times, The Los Angeles Times, The Herald Tribune and other papers.

Readers of the CHAPEL HILL WEEKLY should be particular-

ly interested in Mr. Crow, because he was born in Wilmington and attended this University, receiving his A. B. (Phi Beta Kappa) in 1927, and his higher degrees at Columbia and at the University of Madrid. He has taught here, at Davidson, at NYU and has been Professor of Spanish at UCLA since 1937. He is a rather frequent visitor here, because his mother, Mrs. George D. Crow, is a resident of Chapel Hill.

Because several of us feel that you were a completely innocent party to an injustice to Mr. Crow, I hope very much that you will be willing to publish a very different review of Mr. Crow's book. The review will appear in the December issue of HISPANIA. As an Associate Editor of that journal, I grant you full permission for this advance publication. Here is the review, which was limited to about 500 words.

Spain has fascinated many foreigners, some of whom quickly wrote books which varied from merely deficient to very bad. The enthusiasm of the authors was not matched by sufficient intelligence, knowledge of the country and the Spanish language, power of observation and interpretation, and ability to write well. Mr. Crow possesses all those qualities and more. His experience in Spain, which he first visited in 1928, his long stay incident upon the acquisition of his doctorate from the University of Madrid in 1933, his frequent subsequent visits, his lifelong devotion to Hispanic culture, which he has assimilated as few other foreigners have, all qualify him unusually well to speak of his chosen subject.

The result is one of the best books on Spain to appear in recent years. In this case the publishers' statement is accurate in calling it "... a rich-textured book ... of deep sympathy and great insight ... It is a basic and revealing interpretation of Spanish institutions and art, valid regardless of what happens to the country politically."

Mr. Crow graciously dedicates his book "To the people of Spain whose culture has absorbed my entire professional life." That means Hispanic culture in general, for Mr. Crow has previously devoted noteworthy attention to manifestations south of the border with his well-known *The Epic of Latin America* (1946), *Mexico Today* (1957), and with several highly esteemed and widely used college textbooks. In other words, he will have no truck with any silly idea of rivalry between Peninsular and Spanish American studies. This scholar is quite at home either south of the Pyrenees or south of the Rio Grande. May his example be widely followed!

This volume is not a political history of Spain, though important events are duly mentioned and evaluated. It is not a guidebook and not a series of journalistic impressions or personal reminiscences, though it is here and there enlivened by statements in the first person singular. The book is an honest and successful attempt to interpret the underlying motives and realities of Spanish culture from prehistoric times through the 27th unhappy year of the present dictatorship. It is supplied with map endpapers, 16 photographs (one long for more in a work of this sort), all lumped together after p. 146; 64 references which constitute a useful sort of bibliography, a list of important dates in Spanish history, a glossary of Spanish (even though Spanish phrases are translated throughout), and a good index.

The last one fourth of the book is devoted to the period of the Second Spanish Republic, the Civil War (un millón de muertos) and the Franco regime. Mr. Crow's sincere, forthright and vigorously expressed opinions are sternly unfavorable to the present dictator. (A sort of minor neo-Philip II?) How can any true democrat feel otherwise? Official Spanish circles will not relish the statement (p. 362): "Franco and his regime epitomize backwardness," or other statements up to the last page (392): "General Franco, after all, is only a flicker in history, and will soon be forgotten." The very last words of the book are worth quoting:

"In Spain everything decays but the race; the problem is how to project its vital and primitive energies over the right distances and in the proper perspective. When that one thing is accomplished Spain will rise like the phoenix and soar again above the impossible present." This reviewer adds a fervent OJALA.

This attractively written book contains a few errors and misprints, none of them serious. Reviewers can always disagree with a few of an author's statements,

or his sense of proportion. Some readers will not like to see that Unamuno is accorded more space than Cervantes, though all would admit the stimulating quality if not the ultimate validity of Unamuno's pronouncements concerning his native land and various hundreds of other subjects. Some may feel that Ortega y Gasset is here slightly denigrated. My summary opinion is that this *Spain* is a book of true excellence, and that it should be put in the hands of all serious students of things Spanish, and that it will enormously profit all intelligent travelers who contemplate a visit to the alluring country between France and Africa.

Nicholson B. Adams

Mr. Adams taught his first class (in a country high school) in 1913. Since joining the faculty of UNC in 1924, he has published numerous books, textbooks and articles concerning Spain. He is a past president of the American Association of Teachers of Spanish and Portuguese and a Corresponding Member of the Hispanic Society of America.

To the Editor:

Several days ago some older woman came up to me and said she was Lucille Elliott, former Law School Librarian. She said she wanted to thank me for my work here with the students. She said she didn't think much of it when I began, but she had been converted. The students used to let the doors fall on her, and many other things that were rude and thoughtless, but now she continued, they open doors for me, and ask me to get in line, and a general improvement all around. She was very complimentary. I thanked her and told her I thought they had improved, as I told CBS when they called me from New York, in every way except their table manners. None of them, I said, have any backbone. They have to prop their bodies up with their elbows and their feet up on chairs. I wish there was some way the University could see that everyone of them took sitting-up exercises for fifteen minutes every day. One student told me one day when I remarked on their propping themselves on their elbows, that their muscles were weak, that they didn't do anything but lean over books. I am sure that is true.

Another woman spoke to me yesterday. I didn't ask her name. She said she wished I would get after them about the way they dressed. She was referring specifically to the many boys who wear their shirt-tails out. I said they looked like they had just gotten out of bed, and should be sent back for a bath and to put their shirt-tails in. She said her two sons taught in a Catholic University, and that the students had to dress to come to class, she didn't think the University here should allow the students to come on the campus with their shirt-tails hanging out. I like to see students, boys as well as girls, comfortable and cool in summer, but they should show some sense. I have gotten after them about so many things, that I don't like to start on their clothes. I don't know what the University can do about it but I think the students should start a crusade, demanding that the boys show more discretion in their apparel on the campus.

One student back from Paris, a Rhodes Scholar, said he wished I would write about the students never taking a bath. In Paris, he said, a bath was at a premium, while here, with a bath at everybody's elbow, the boys never bothered to take a shower. One woman asked me to get after the girls about going to church bare-headed. The Episcopal church requires that women wear some head covering in church, and this woman said she didn't care what they wore, a veil, a flower, or what-not, so long as they wore something.

This week I saw one of the students, whom I am very fond of, and think highly of, across the aisle at Lenoir. I hadn't seen him since Commencement, so when I finished eating I went over to speak to him. He remained slouching in his seat while I stood. I said to him, "You stand up and speak to me." I thought I was going to have to take him by the collar and yank him up, but he managed to pull himself up. He is a mature student, and no beatnik. He is just plain lazy when it comes to getting on his feet before a lady. I don't expect, or want men, to stand every time they are confronted by a lady, but there are times, and this was one of them. As President Kennedy says, "You have to make a judgment."

Well, I am just passing along what has been handed to me. Keep on improving, young people, you are headed in the right direction.

Olella Conner



## The Rolling Hills Of Orange County

.... Off Smith Level Road Near Chapel Hill

### Story With A Moral For North Carolina

Many people are worried about the North Carolina gag law which restricts freedom of speech on the campuses of State-supported institutions.

Miss Mary Gilson of Chapel Hill is one who is worried. Miss Gilson is in her eighties, but time has not dulled her edge. She is one of Chapel Hill's leading talents for letting people know with crystal clarity what she thinks of them and where their errors lie. Miss Gilson is worried that the creators of the gag law and the would-be investigators of the University will gain greater ascendancy than they already enjoy.

In this regard Miss Gilson has a story to tell. Its implications, which are interesting, speak for themselves.

In the 1930's (Miss Gilson is not sure of the year), she was teaching economics at the University of Chicago. At that time the president of the University of Chicago was Robert Maynard Hutchins. Mr. Hutchins was not a conformist. He abolished inter-college football at Chicago for example, pointing out to the students that they could have all the intra-mural sports they wanted, but that he was tired of majorettes and the student exodus on weekends.

Also at that time, Miss Gilson said, Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling and Father Charles Coughlin were talking publicly about the University of Chicago faculty in somewhat less than complimentary terms. Their comments were generally to the effect that the University of Chicago faculty was a hotbed of at least potential, if not active subversion.

"They spread a lot of poison in the air," is the way Miss Gilson described their activities, with graphic simplicity.

At about the same time Miss Lucille Norton entered the University of Chicago. Miss Norton, who came from Seattle, was the niece of the president of the Wallgreen chain of drug stores. She lived with her uncle, Mr. Walgreen, in Chicago while attending the University.

Miss Norton, according to Miss Gilson, somehow got some distorted ideas about what was going on at the University. Day after day she went home and told

her uncle about the University faculty's communistic leanings and other depraved tendencies. Faculty advocacy of free love apparently was reported by Miss Norton, among other things, and finally Mr. Walgreen got worried.

He went to the Illinois Legislature in Springfield and demanded a full-scale investigation of the University of Chicago faculty.

President Hutchins scoffed. He didn't care if there were communists among his faculty, he said, and he didn't care if communist faculty members were carrying cards. Nobody was going to be fired.

But the Illinois legislature obliged Mr. Walgreen by sending eight of its members to Chicago to hold hearings. Whether by chance or whimsical design it is not known, but the hearings were held in the Red Room of the LaSalle Hotel. There the eight legislators sat in a semi-circle on a raised platform and questioned witnesses.

The hearings turned out to be quite a popular pastime. You had to have tickets to get in, Miss Gilson said, to watch the legislators "grill" the faculty.

Miss Gilson particularly recalls the day when Miss Norton took the stand, wearing a pink hat with a blue rose over one eye. A legislator named Baker who, Miss Gilson said, wore his spectacles on the end of his nose, asked Miss Norton to tell about the time a faculty member said he was in favor of free love. Miss Norton complied.

"And did this alter your conduct at the University?" Mr. Baker inquired.

"Oh, yes sir," said Miss Norton.

At this, Miss Gilson said, there was a roar of laughter from the audience, particularly from the row of students from her own class whom she had escorted to the hearing. President Hutchins, who was sitting in front of her, reached back, pinched her on the leg, and told her to keep those students quiet.

"The only time I ever got pinched on the leg," said Miss Gilson.

Frederick Schuman, then a Chicago faculty member and now a professor at Williams College, was called to testify about the

free love affair. As Professor Schuman explained it, he had spoken to a group of students one evening on the economic causes of war, and after his lecture and the subsequent question-answer period were over he collected his notes and was about to step from behind the lectern when a student rose and jokingly said, "Well, now I'd like to hear what you think about free love, Dr. Schuman."

Dr. Schuman, joining in with the joke, replied, "I'm just like everyone else. Religion for the other fellow, free love for me." Miss Norton had taken the remark seriously.

The hearings dragged on to their end. They were not all peaceful. Gangster John Dillinger was active at that time, and at one meeting Mrs. Dillinger's husband happened to be standing at the back of the Red Room listening to the legislators question the faculty. Somebody reportedly spotted him, said, "Oh, you're Mr. Dillinger, aren't you?" and a fist fight ensued which resulted in both parties being dragged out of the Red Room.

The investigation, Miss Gilson said, never turned up any communism or free love or any of the other debaucheries and subversions among the University faculty Mrs. Dilling and Father Coughlin had been talking about, and which Miss Norton had been reporting to her uncle.

Mr. Walgreen was so chagrined about the whole affair that he went to Charles Merriam, then chairman of the Department of Political Science at the University of Chicago. Miss Gilson said Dr. Merriam told her that Mr. Walgreen came to him almost weeping. His friends had deserted him, Mr. Walgreen said. He was a laughing stock. His reputation was shattered. What could he do about it?

Dr. Merriam suggested that Mr. Walgreen give the University of Chicago \$500,000 with which to finance a professor's chair for the teaching of "Americanization." Mr. Walgreen wrote out a check. "And now if you want to go up there and talk about Americanization," said Miss Gilson, "you can ask to use some of the money in the Walgreen Americanization Foundation."—JACD