



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Editorial Correspondence

Ghosts Who Come To Commencement

CHAPEL HILL. Clouds that morning had draped the Orange County hillsides, and those who were en route to Chapel Hill for commencement day thought wistfully of the legend inscribed on Mr. Morehead's magnificent sundial: "The sun is always shining somewhere in the world."

But, as for thousands who headed elsewhere in North Carolina this week, commencement day was commencement day. If Apollo failed to move his golden chariot across the heavens, they would seek light of another kind—from the bright tassels on a son's or daughter's mortarboard or from the satin underside of a Ph. D. hood as it was slipped suggestively about the shoulders of a dignitary. And then there was the random pilgrim who needed no light but recollection, who aimlessly sauntered about the brick walks with no other compelling reason for being off the job for a day.

By noon, however, the sun had decided to celebrate too. Throughout the afternoon and early evening it celebrated so spiritedly that when the band began to play in Kenan Stadium at 6:30 many were in shirtsleeves. The gathering hundreds wondered at the stoic band players, arrayed in heavy blue wool.

A commencement audience lacks the studied popularity, the tartan blankets, the flasks, the unruly noise of a football crowd in October. Still, the little girl in starched pink just in front whispers urgently that she must have something to eat. From three rows down, the sharp aftermath of a dime cigar floats up the amphitheatre. A baby squeals. "Do you reckon we'll be here till midnight?"



UNC's Louis R. Wilson Library

voice inquires, at the very moment that the solemn finery of robes appears distantly and the trumpet strikes the first note of long ceremony. Even the pomp, the pageantry, the music did not dull the nearness of cigar smoke, shirtsleeves, and hungry little girls. Certainly, nothing could be farther away than ghosts; they belonged across the pine woods among the headstones of the graveyard.

Ghosts? They were on at least one mind, bothering at least one person, whose short figure could be picked out from the long train of deans and students and teachers. He was the speaker, Vermont Connecticut Royster. In less than 25 years from a similar commencement in Chapel Hill, this Tar Heel with ancestral roots deep in North Carolina had become one of the lords of metropolitan journalism. With his graceful editorial commentary as editor of the Wall Street Journal, he had gained a Pulitzer Prize but perhaps more significantly to him he had been invited home to commencement for a triumph.

Mr. Royster is not a man of compro-

mise, at least on those subjects which are cordial to him. So, being an editor and a Tar Heel emigre who believes in ghosts, he proceeded to tell the largest graduating class in the University's 170 years about them. He made his manners to the business administrators, the social workers, the sanitary engineers, the dental hygienists—the countless specialists who almost concealed with their numbers the handful of humanists who had once dominated the scene. Yet it was clear that he was talking to the humanists, and with a beautiful antiquity.

When he was a student, he recalled, the class was not so big nor were the subjects so many. The great courses were not abstractions: Greek literature was really "Bully" Bernard, philosophy was, of course, Horace Williams, and though the Shakespeare course didn't follow a prescribed routine he thought he had come to understand Hamlet, Falstaff, and Macbeth. Mr. Royster, '35, remembered the house on Franklin street where he had grown up, the son of a Greek and Latin teacher, in a Chapel Hill which, as he pictured it, seemed strangely antique—almost as much so as the old catalog for 1860 which listed a faculty forebear, Iowa Michigan Royster. "The Roysters named 'em by states even then."

By no means a gray eminence, Mr. Royster did not seem sure that his estimate of today's size-conscious, degree conscious, administrative world could be any more than a polite obeisance. He was not even willing to be an orthodox commencement speaker, who usually deprecates the mess that previous generations have made of the world and exhorts the new generation to come along and clean it up. That was something that Mr. Royster, with his heart plainly lost among ghosts, could not do. He tended to think, in fact, that if today's world is a world which, in that cynical phrase, "you never made," the ghosts who had made it wrought well; and today's diploma-bearers would do well to keep it as sound tomorrow.

His words about the University were generous. "Chapel Hill," he said, "draws people from all over the world because, as much as any university in the land, it has come to embody the spirit of the academy." Today "it may be bigger and better. But it would be a grievous error to suppose it is better merely because it is bigger or that the values it (once) offered . . . have been outmoded by progress."

Well, everyone knows that nostalgia is the set-piece theme of many a commencement speaker. Did we see the difference between Mr. Royster's graphic evocation of old shades and the commonplace, "our times were better than yours"? This was not certain. Nor was it sure that the irony posed by this speech—with Mr. Royster putting his stock in the small academy of 1935, or 1860, before an audience of the large and growing university of 1959—made itself felt. The audience lapsed gratefully from its respectful attention as a small dog barked sharply from in front of the platform.

But it was a great question—might size drive away quality?—which was no less applicable to every graduating class and every commencement audience in the state and land. But of course no one answered. At 9 o'clock, the degrees had been given. Parents and friends hurried away through the woods to their cars, a hungry daughter was going to be fed, an unknown voice had got out three hours early, the shirt-sleeved man still smoked his cigar, and the deans were down at the swimming pool giving out diplomas in almost every imaginable subject. Probably very few of them were thinking about Mr. Royster's ghosts—Edwin M. Yoder.

Sober Wisdom On A Touchy Subject

In an era when racial sensitivities are so easily bruised—on both sides of the color line—it is refreshing to receive some straight talk on the subject from an unlikely source: Ebony magazine.

Which is the more acceptable term, Negro or colored? asked Ebony. The magazine's thoughtful conclusion:

"Ethnologically inaccurate though it may be, the word Negro has official status, is legally binding. Little can be done about that. The real problem is the man called Negro. If he would spend as much time dignifying his race as he does degrading it, designation, if he would quit worrying about the label and con-

centrate upon improving the product, the stuff inside, the name would take care of itself."

Wise words—and they are applicable not only to the Negro race but to members of all races.

Only In America

Charlotte's Harry Golden, the Jewish editor, concluded his commencement address to a predominantly Protestant graduating class at Myers Park High School last night with an old Irish Catholic prayer.

From The Richmond News Leader

TWO COWS

A gentleman in New England, with a thirst for simplicity, sends along a homely illustration of the operations of the modern "isms": socialism, communism and capitalism.

• Socialism: You have two cows. The government takes them both and lets

you milk them for a small percentage of the milk.

• Communism: You have two cows. The government shoots you and takes both cows.

• Capitalism: You have two cows. You go buy a bull.

Milton Caniff Sketches His Impressions Of Berlin

Berlin in June of 1959

... a city in crisis . . . a city that's still waiting for the other shoe to drop . . .

Berlin is the symbol, the prize. The fate of the city figures prominently on the agenda in deliberations between the East and West in Geneva, Switzerland.

Milton Caniff, creator of the adventure strip Steve Canyon, is in Berlin. On this page we are presenting a Caniff sketch pad of his impressions.

WEST BERLIN — Quick view



Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON

The fraternal convale of Communist leaders now being held in rough, isolated Albania is, in my opinion, the most significant move made in the cold war of nerves for some time. It's probably as important as the threats on Berlin—though the two go hand-in-hand.

What it means is that Nikita Khrushchev is ready to parcel out his large store of IRBMs to the satellite countries, including Red China. If we set up NATO missile bases in Western Europe.

No Golf Courses

Khrushchev is spending 12 days in Albania, which under most circumstances would be a very boring visit. I have walked or ridden horseback over much of Northern Albania, also lived on the Montenegrin-Albanian border for almost two years. How a man as busy and restless as Khrushchev could keep occupied there for 12 days is hard to understand. This is real self-

He May Bluff But He's Got Missiles

sacrifice. Albania is about the size of Delaware, has only three or four movie theaters, no golf courses, and Khrushchev could visit every corner of the country in a week.

Can Back Up Bluff

His reason may well be bluff. However, Khrushchev has the power to carry out his bluff. He has approximately 700 IRBMs able to fire 700 to 1,800 miles. In contrast, we have about 48.

That means that the missile bases we are establishing in Italy and England can fire only about 30 missiles each. After that, they're out of ammunition.

Generous Shares

In contrast, Khrushchev can take Russia's 750 IRBMs and parcel them out rather generously between Albania, East Germany, Bulgaria and China, so that each will have considerably more missiles than we can supply Italy and England.

This alarming possibility is one of the factors which prompted Jack Anderson's and my book, "USA—Second-Class Power." It's also one reason why the present Army-Air Force row over missiles is so disturbing. We still don't know the type of missile we want to build.

Trigger Happy

Meanwhile, every single report in the Pentagon, without exception, shows that Russia is well ahead of us in missiles, and has the capacity to stay ahead. Secretary of Defense McNamara admitted this when he told the senators that the United States has no plans for catching up with Russia in the race for IRBMs.

American diplomats have believed that Khrushchev in the past has not been anxious to distribute Russian missiles among the satellites. Some of the satellites, among them the Albanians, are inclined to be trigger-happy. Other Russian partners, especially the Red Chinese, have been nudging Moscow

for power, and missiles in their hands would increase their power. Moscow wants to remain supreme.

Worried

American intelligence also indicates that the Kremlin has been genuinely worried over what might happen if atomic weapons got into the hands of too many governments.

However, the Chinese defense minister, Marshal Peng Teh-Huai, is now in Albania conferring with Khrushchev. He has the earmarks of a bluff, but Khrushchev has the power to carry out his bluff if Gromyko doesn't get his way at Geneva.

Just One Missile

Note—Missiles based in Albania would not be aimed at near-by Greece and Italy, which are too close, but at U. S. bases in Spain and North Africa. At Tripoli, North Africa, the U. S. Air Force has the biggest base in the world outside Dayton, Ohio. One missile could put it out of business.