

The Daily Tar Heel

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Sunday, January 8, 1933

Prejudice Weakens

The far-flung advances made by the Southern Student-Faculty Conference in Atlanta this December last along the lines of race harmony in the south may never penetrate our sectional society further than the limits of Y. M. C. A. cabinets and student discussion groups, yet a resume of the projects undertaken by the conference should be disclosed to every conscientious citizen of the state. The taboo which has long pervaded our social system is in the process of being swept away through the advancement of industrial and economic socialization, our sociologists tell us. This we have failed to realize, garbing our sentiments in the veil of taboos which have aggravated the whole situation.

It is fitting that such advancement of this question comes through a Christian agency of such proportions as a Faculty-Student conference. The question of race harmony must be met; it can best be met on the grounds prepared for it in such a conference as the one in Atlanta. The advancement along this line is most aptly characterized in the address to the recent conference made by Dr. W. A. Smart of Emory University, who says in part: "The Southern part of our country is decidedly the most sectionally minded—possibly because we all love the south so dearly . . . at any rate we spend time in eulogizing about past conditions. We still think of southern culture in terms of civilization before the Civil War. We are still too inclined to think of any divergence from our grand parents' ways as a colossal crime. . ."

Thus Dr. Smart lays the groundwork for future discussion on such a pertinent topic. The restraining bars of prejudice must be stricken down if the present generation is to see a final settlement of this trying question. Emanating initially from such a group, a large portion of this prejudice has fallen.—D.C.S.

Snip, Snip

As had been long expected, the employees of the University have just been the recipient of a further reduction in salary, which was, to say the least, not a very cheerful reception at the hands of the new year. In a period of less than two years, the income of the average instructor here at the University has been clipped by approximately forty-five per cent.

Viewing the situation in a casual way, nothing very desperate is apparent. Wage earners, some would say, have suffered far greater reductions in their earning power. Returns from dividends on investments have dwindled to a mere pittance of their former selves, while the products of the farms are bringing prices which represent but a small fraction of what they were worth before the days of depression.

Many people are wondering if members of the University's staff are some sort of superhumans, that their salaries should remain unscathed, while all the rest of the state must carry the burdens which result from such a chaotic state of things. We would not throw the screen of protection around the instructors of the University and disregard the taxpayer and the hordes of fellow sufferers, but the question of economizing at the expense of education is a serious one, and should be studied very carefully before being acted upon.

A University professor requires a somewhat higher income than the average man. He must keep himself posted in the most recent developments in his field; he must have money to buy books; he often finds it necessary to continue his research, which requires large sums of money; then a great deal of travel is very essential to the development of a college instructor. Finally, he must live and support his family according to the highest standards, which he cannot do if the legislature pursues its present course much further.—W.A.S.

Now Is the Time for All—

The present economic disorder occasioned by a return to order has brought many attendant evils and hardships felt no less keenly in the seclusion of Chapel Hill than in the whirl of the rest of the world. The past year has seen the University's income shrink and dwindle to a shadow and professors' salaries cut to a mere nothing. A plan of forced economy has been made necessary in every phase of the University's activities. The University, so we are informed, is fighting for its existence, and the year and a half to come will be more crucial than the period just passed.

Yet nowhere in the University is the situation more to be deplored than the handicap it has placed upon our library. The present library is the result of a long and gradual growth, the work of a few patient men who realized that books are the treasuries of knowledge. From the scanty supply of books in the original library it has grown until it now contains several hundred thousand volumes. During the recent years of prosperity the University saw fit to build a magnificent building to house its treasures.

The library building since its erection has been the pride of the campus, the sight most proudly displayed to visitors. Now this library of which we are so proud is financially at the end of its rope. Few books were bought last year and the prospects for the new year are not bright.

Last spring a few far-seeing persons organized a group which

they called the Friends of the Library. The purpose of the Friends is to bring together in an informal group a number of friends of the library who are willing to give their time, money and materials for its enrichment.

The project is one which should be given the utmost encouragement. Membership is open to anyone who sincerely has the interests of the library at heart. Although the Friends is not a student organization many students have displayed their interest in its plan. Here is an opportunity for University students to show that Chapel Hill is indeed a seat of the New Learning and Culture in the South.—V.C.R.

The Ink Well

By Nelson Robbins

What is a poor columnist to do, when he runs out of anything to write about? Does he sit idly and twiddle his thumbs, while some editorial from one of our contemporaries fills the space this week? Does he feign a headache, and stay away from the office? Not on your sweet life. He goes ahead and writes a column, anyway.

About half the stuff we hear on the streets, in the classroom, on the campus, at public gatherings, in the legislatures—everywhere, is entirely unrelated to facts, ideas, or coherent thought. Probably the same percentage of published matter is no better. So, why should the poor harassed writer of newspaper columns bother himself unduly with matters of rhyme and reason? The chances are a thousand to one against him that anyone will read his stuff, anyway—good or bad.

So, here we go, tra la. And, if by any possible chance there should be spectators of this mad event, adjust your binoculars, hold tight to your seats, get a firm grip on your chewing gum, and watch old Twenty Grand go.

Hurrah! He's off. Now, he's on. On again; off again . . . and the seat of his trousers already resembling a gigantic mirror . . . Tsk . . . Tsk . . . Time out to wipe sweat and adjust suspenders . . .

Now, he decends upon the typewriter with the feline celerity of old Tab pouncing upon the well known mouse. Again, he recedes, and approaches the machine lovingly, as a priceless possession. Fondly, he caresses it, letting his hands slip over the keys softly, as a Paderewski translating from the depths of his soul a soft, timid thing of moonlight, roses, and delicate perfumes.

Then, becoming suddenly infuriated, he beats upon the defenseless mechanism with both fists, demolishing fifteen keys, tearing a new ribbon to shreds, and knocking the bottom out of the chair on the rebound. Thus might a Caesar fly into tantrums at news that his Cleopatra had been seen at a movie with some Mark Anthony. *Et Tu, Brute?* (There is a Latin phrase for you, as any female conductor of college newspaper columns will tell you.)

But, we digress. Quick, Captain, a new mount! What is this huge lumbering thing that you bring me, with steel trappings and a clatter of fifty million plate glass windows falling upon the concrete? Ah, the linotype. How many men has he ridden to death! Strong, willful, soulless brute. Kings, Presidents, Senators, have tried to tame him. He carries no bit and has never been saddled.

Come, Don. You on the telephone booth (what a mount for a modern Quixote) and I on the linotype. A-Maying we shall go. Is it a daisy that you crave? I shall print you a page of them.

THOSE NEW BOOKS

The Bull's Head will hold "open-house" Tuesday afternoon at the usual hour of 4:30. Professor Woodhouse will speak on "Technocracy as applied to Government." All those interested in this much talked of and written about topic are invited to come to this informal lecture and to participate in the discussion which will follow.

Several books about "technocracy" have already been announced by the publishers. The most informative study to date is to be found in *The New Republic* for December the 28th. Stuart Chase (*The New Deal*) is writing an article on this subject for February's *Cosmopolitan*.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER translated by T. E. Shaw (Oxford) \$3.50. Reviewed by Ronathis.

The remarkable Mr. Shaw, airplane mechanic, and lately Lawrence of Arabia, has contrived, after four years of work, a remarkable translation of the *Odyssey* of those wonderful poets, Homer. The really unusual feature of the work is the humanization which the translator works into what, as he explains in his preface, is really a very literal translation. In spite of the fact that it might at times justifiably be termed "smart-aleck" this feature of the recent book relieves most decidedly from their weight of former translations, and puts it again on the footing of amusing literature where it began in the first place. It may be startling to hear Telemachus berate the suitors in every modern English, but it is none the less welcome after the grandiose passages of the conferences of the Gods. Shaw has given us a readable *Odyssey* for the first time in all the history of book-worms.

Added to the rental library this past week: *Greenbacks*, *After Five O'clock*, *A Goodly Heritage*, and *A Princess In Exile*, distinguished companion

A crown, I should have? You may crown me the Queen of the May with the telephone receiver. A maypole? We shall dance merrily 'round the hat-rack. Ribbons? We shall use the electric light extension cords. A song? Here comes the editor.

piece to *The Education of a Princess*.

THE BLOODY YEARS by Francis Yeats-Brown (Viking Press) \$2.75. Reviewed by Don Shoemaker.

Mr. Francis Yeats-Brown has just enough of the glibly humorous in his Anglo-Saxon make-up to unfold amusingly the sanguineous rise of new Turkey in his latest opus *The Bloody Years* (which follows the highly successful *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*). One may judge from the rapid tale of war in its fledgling state in Asia Minor that F. Yeats-Brown confronted his task with a measure of unadulterated pleasure, or such is the impression.

Beginning chronologically in the year 1326—of the Hejira—which is 1908 to you, our erstwhile lancer sets well about his task in contrasting the old estate in Turkey with the rising new through a frequent whimsical reflection to a current seraglio incumbent of Abdul Hamid II (the Damned, the Red Sultan, the Great Assassin—a la European press) whose arduous efforts to interest his politically perturbed majesty avail naught.

Then is unfolded the Young Turk movement of 1908, the counter revolution of 1909, the bloody days before and including Sarajevo, and the plight of two airmen stranded in the desert after cutting the Turkish telegraph lines west and north of Bagdad. Which lets us down with a plunk as the Turks capture the author and his companion to provide meat for some excellent material on the horrors of war. The remainder of the book involves the woefully unsuccessful and similarly uninteresting account of Yeats-Brown's attempts at escape from Constantinople and environs. No, "Aircraftman Shaw," herein is Yeats-Brown unrestrained.

CAUDLE WILL SPEAK TO A. I. E. E. ON RADIO

The next meeting of the American Institute of electrical engineers is scheduled for Tuesday night, January 10, in Phillips hall. The program will consist of three addresses to be made by members of the A. I. E. E. T. L. Caudle will speak on "The Facilities and Work of Radio Station WBT"; J. R. Marvin will discuss "Wattmeters." The third speaker, W. J. O'Brien, has not made definite announcement of his topic.

SPEAKING the CAMPUS MIND

To the Student Body:

While college students are as apathetic as a Mississippi backwoodsman when it comes to objecting to political mistreatment, I had never hoped to see them become so dead above the neck that they would allow some campus oligarch to donate the senior class fund to the student loan fund.

Not that I object to the loan fund being substantiated by any sum however large, for I have used the same fund. Nor do I object to the senior class making a donation for I don't pay senior fees. Why should I raise a howl about there being a \$500 surplus for one quarter since I am certain that all campus politicians make a very thorough going budget of class expenses and make student assessments according to need? That might be enough to howl about but that isn't what rankles a democratic being.

By what act of God has any campus official been endowed with the power of disposing of a senior class fund without the consent or even the comment of the class? Campus officials practically wield that power, for it is an easy matter to get THE DAILY TAR HEEL interested in anything political, and doesn't everyone know that the college student can be persuaded to vote for "Bull Montana" as queen of the May if the idea is sprung suddenly enough, or if THE DAILY TAR HEEL be allowed to hold a straw vote. But really isn't it a wee bit 'crassy' to do such a thing without even the democratic gesture? Perhaps some of you amoebas that call yourselves seniors will resent the donation when you start paying interest on the five spot you borrow to pay for a sheep skin.


Even if you don't feel that way about it, a being that upholds the democratic ideal would feel greatly relieved to find that all seniors weren't dead from the neck up although their brave comment might be in favor of the act. —B. C. PROCTOR.

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—OTHER FEATURES—
Vitaphone Screen Song—"Three's a Crowd"
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<p>Tuesday WILLIAM HAINES MADGE EVANS in "Fast Life"</p>	<p>Wednesday LEE TRACY LUPE VELEZ in "Half Naked Truth"</p>	<p>Thursday WARREN WILLIAM LILI DAMITA in "The Match King"</p>
<p>Friday CLARK GABLE CAROLE LOMBARD in "No Man Of Her Own"</p>		
<p>Saturday RICHARD BARTHELMESS in "Cabin In The Cotton" Screen Play by PAUL GREEN</p>		