

The Daily Tar Heel

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CITY EDITOR FOR THIS ISSUE: J. D. WINSLOW

Tuesday, February 14, 1933

Nothing of the Sort in North Carolina

If a front page "scoop" article in yesterday's Greensboro *Daily News* is true, University authorities denying it, applications are now about to be made to allow Negroes admission into the University Law School. Cases of this sort have arisen before in two other states, and on both occasions the Supreme Court ruled that the state should pay the colored applicants' tuition at a law school in some other state. In the event the matter is pushed in North Carolina, such will possibly be the ultimate solution.

Although no information is available to verify it, a rumor has it that this movement is being pushed by forces outside the state. Previously has this same question been brought up with the motivating force coming from without the state's borders. It is quite likely that this present disturbance is nothing more than a propaganda campaign of some group advocating race equality, rather than any sincere action on the part of any truly North Carolina Negro faction. There is little question but what the majority of even the best class of the colored race in the state is not in sympathy with the idea, or would even be willing to back it in a fight.

If the movement does actually exist, as the *Daily News* reports, it will possibly die out as quickly as it arose. In any case it will certainly not result in Negroes being allowed admission to the Law School at Chapel Hill.

Vivat Rex

If ever a chief magistrate of these United States needed to be invested with plenary powers for setting up new, tearing down old, and reconstructing and reorganizing in general all governmental machinery, the time is now and the man upon whom these broad powers should devolve, Mr. Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Not so much because he has demonstrated his ability to deal successfully with the issues which confront the nation, but because the present machinery has proved far too clumsy and too unwieldy to meet the needs that press down so sorely. Congress, though doubtless being composed of some of the most brilliant and able men in the country, is too much interested in politics to concentrate *en masse* upon the needs of the nation. There are too many conflicting opinions to be contended with, too many petty jealousies between different factions and sections, for concerted action.

With a small body of experts to advise him, the new president can accomplish more at one stroke of the pen than the entire congress assembled in a whole term. This is no time for squabbling, no time for playing politics; action is needed and needed badly.

In spite of the heroic campaign carried on by the newspapers to preserve the morale of the people, it is apparent to the masses that no upturn in the business world is in sight. Reassurance and promises are of little avail to the farmer when his property is sold from his grasp for a pittance, when he sees his fellows in the industrial field hungry, while products rot by the wholesale in his barns and granaries, while he, himself, suffers from the lack of the finished goods which they produce. The investor who finds his hard earned stocks and bonds only

I. O. U's can not be easily convinced that old man business is fast regaining his former healthy state, nor that any Fraudian treatments will bring him around again.

If the crisis produces the man to remedy it, Mr. Roosevelt, you have the good wishes of the American people.—W.A.S.

The University Looks Toward a School of Art

It looks as though the University is going to have a school of art after all. It may not compare with the School of Fine Arts that President Chase established at Illinois when he was there, but it is undoubtedly a good beginning.

The idea was formed when McLean, a well-known artist from Raleigh, made a talk in the Playmakers theatre. It was arranged that McLean should meet the students of the University who were interested in forming an art school. Sixteen students presented themselves at the meeting. Hours for classes were arranged, and at present the usage of pencil, water-color, and charcoal is being studied.

But art interest should not end at classes. The are student and other students of the University should combine to form an art club. Nothing is more influential than association with people who are interested in the same line. Several years ago, an art club was established on the Hill. Art exhibits were conducted, and student interest ran high. Last year, the sole remaining member graduated, leaving as reminded of the days of the art club, the two masks in the Green Room of the Playmakers theatre. This last member, Edward Gibson, expressed his regrets at the lack of interest that the students showed in the way of art. He hoped that some day the students would show enough interest to found another club.

A couple of years ago, when the artist Steene was in Chapel Hill, Robert Mason attempted to start art classes. The artist was willing, but the student body showed no desire to take lessons.

This year, the Playmakers brought McLean. It is to be hoped that his classes are a success. If they are, a Fine Arts School will probably be established in the University. That is why an art club should be established. It would keep up the student interest until the time is ripe for the opening of the school. There are many students here who have long been wishing for this club but have never gathered enough nerve to found one themselves. This is the outlet which students have been awaiting. This can be the rebuilding of the cultural interest which students showed in this school not so long ago.—H.C.P.

With Contemporaries

Buchmanism

There has arisen a religious movement in the last twenty years which is gaining converts rapidly in every continent and now has a strong hold in the United States and Europe. This movement is known as the Oxford Group or First Century Christian Fellowship or more commonly, Buchmanism.

Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman, former Y. M. C. A. secretary at Pennsylvania State College and originator of this cult, has won his converts, who are said to number hundreds of thousands, by personal magnetism.

The most outstanding feature of this movement is the holding of "house parties" which in reality might be called conventions. The most famous house party was held at Briarcliffe Manor, New York, last year. Many noted men and women attended from all parts of the world. Among them were Carol Vrooman, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture under President Wilson, Count John Benedict of Holland, Colonel and Mrs. H. D. Belgrave of London.

The program of these house parties includes the morning silent prayer or communication with God for instructions for the day and afternoon sessions for the hearing of short talks by experts, clergymen and laymen who are familiar with the movement. In the evening there is a fireside discussion with public confession of sins by the members. Because these confessions tended to emphasize sex experiences, gambling and drinking, Buchmanism became rather sensational and was laughed at as a meeting where each person tried to outdo the others in confessing his sins.

Dr. Buchman seeks his converts from the higher classes—in Europe he has won over many of the nobility including Queen Marie of Rumania, and in the United States he works with socially, politically, and financially prominent men and women in the east. He also has gone to many eastern college campuses where he has created quite a furore among students.

The nation-wide criticism to Buchmanism is that it pictures God as a solicitious Grandfather who sends down hourly directions to his favorites and there is too much emphasis on confession to human hearers.—*Daily Kansan*.

Our Times

By Don Shoemaker

Ware the Greeks

It was, they tell us, an unusually hot session of the South Carolina House of Representatives, but one old gent over in a corner had dozed off, oblivious of the fate of a mighty commonwealth. As he dozed, a bill came forward to abolish fraternities on the University of South Carolina campus. Orations pro and con on the Greek letter question stirred the chamber.

The old man awoke to hear something about "Greeks," rubbed his eyes, and lumbered to his feet. "Mister Speaker," he shouted, "I'll be switched if my son stays at a doggone school full of wops."

Lulu Again

The Lady known as Lulu, than whom there is none more mysterious to us, has forsaken this department to join the staff of the *Carolina Buccaneer*, the editor of this sheet requests us to state. The *Buccaneer* is that odd magazine with the queer drawings. You may have seen it.

Shavings

The Homecraft Institute of New York will make your portrait into a jig saw puzzle, four sets for a quid . . . plug nickles, buttons and pieces of glass are frequently found in the honor apple box in the Y lobby . . . Camels at ten cents a pack won't hurt R. J. Reynolds . . . they could close shop for two years and still pay thirty millions in dividends yearly with accumulated undivided profits . . . Sailing at the same rate of speed, a fleet of battle ships from Tokyo could reach San Diego two hours before a similar fleet sailing from the Panama Canal . . . radio broadcasting on a beam of ordinary light with no connecting wires or radio currents is now possible for a distance of thirty miles . . . The Playmaker theatre was once a stable for cavalry horses of Sheridan's army . . . A college basketball team in Connecticut has averaged 105 points per game to date . . . The *Buccaneer* has arranged its ninth anniversary banquet for February, but it was founded in March.

Depression A.D.
An enterprising Ohio State University pedagogue tells us that "In 33 A.D. the Roman Empire experienced a panic not unlike the one with which the world is now wrestling . . . characterized by racketeering, official corruption, business failures, loss of investments in both domestic and foreign securities, bank failures, bankruptcies, and even something like a Reconstruction Finance Corporation . . ."

Nothing new under the sun, we suppose. Same old world, though there's only one Huey Long, but same old world. So we'll throw down our scroll now and button on our new camel's hair toga. *Tempus fugit*. See you at the baths.

OUTSTANDING RADIO BROADCASTS

Tuesday, February 14
5:00 Lee Sims, piano, WJZ (NBC).
8:30 Wayne King, orchestra, WEA (NBC).
9:00 Ben Bernie, WEA (NBC).
9:30 Ed Wynn, comedian, WEA (NBC).
10:00 Symphony orchestra, Maria Jeritza, soprano, WABC (CBS).
11:30 Isham Jones, orchestra, WABC (CBS).
12:00 Calloway orch., WJZ (NBC). —D.C.S.

The Ink Well

By Nelson Robbins

In the past few days, this department has learned that right here in the University exists a situation calculated to bring tears to the eyes of a wooden Indian. In fact, this deplorable state of affairs is so cruel and inhuman that even a columnist shudders to think of it. Were the same thing to be found in any state penitentiary in the land, the humane societies would rear upon their collective hind legs and howl the government out of existence. Slavery, beside it, is a condition approaching Nirvana.

In certain class rooms in this great University where, formerly, a gentleman could spend four or more years in enjoyable leisure and comfort, students are now being compelled to sit for 53 minutes a day on hard wooden stools, like they sat upon at home when they went out to the dining room. Stools, mind you. Not chairs or benches or pews, but round, uncomfortable stools without backs. Here, these noble young martyrs, sit in worse agony than any galley slave ever was forced to endure. Lower and lower they slump—down, down, down. When the gong rings for dismissal, they lose valuable seconds getting their twisted bodies straightened out—seconds that might be gainfully spent in loitering gracefully about the campus walks, practicing a new cigarette flick.

It is said that the cracking and snapping of joints may be heard clear across the halls when these classes rise to leave. No one could hear this and remain unmoved.

The department of the University mainly responsible for this modern form of torture is noted for its efficiency, kindness and humanity. How little the world knows of the oppression, the suffering, the maiming of tender little bodies and all that goes on behind lecture hall and laboratory doors.

Is it not enough that our classrooms have no coat hangers, no upholstery, no foot-rests, no spittoons, no no tuning out systems for dry lectures, without the added misery of hard stools that have no backs? Alack-a-day, and woe is me. Was it for this that we left our fathers' farms? Is there no justice, no mercy, no pity in this cruel world? Lend me your shoulder, friend, while I weep quietly for a spell.

Our parents did not send us to school to be tormented and tortured and have our poor spines curved into half moons. Not for this was the old log cabin mortgaged. Think how dear, wrinkled old mothers would go down to their graves in grief and sorrow, if they knew. Trustees, dear trustees, save our boys and girls.

In these times of depression and budget-slashing, perhaps it is too much to ask that chairs might be substituted for the stools, but the least that can be done is to move them out into the arboretum so that students in the class rooms referred to above might sit on the floor and lean back against the walls.

Carl W. Dennis

Back in

STUDENT BARBER SHOP
25c—Haircuts—25c

ROOMS FOR RENT

Two rooms for men in house on edge of campus. Separate or together. Apply at office of Chapel Hill Weekly or telephone 4521.

UNIVERSITY HEADS KNOW NOTHING OF NEGRO APPLICANTS

(Continued from first page) are precedents which make these applicants believe that they really have a case at law," the report continued.

The suit will be brought by the "aggressive wing" of Negro citizens in the state who "have talked this procedure over with some of the best lawyers in the United States," according to the *Daily News*.

"Another group . . . does not favor the university plan," making a "fine distinction between the separate school systems of the races and the racial segregations at the higher institutions of learning . . . but they do not think the state law denies the University law courses to the Negro."

The Negroes do not believe they will win the University case "at the doors of the law school," nor do they "expect to make good on the mandamus," according to the account.

The same thing was tried by Negroes of Missouri and Delaware. They did not gain admittance to these institutions, but they won a law suit which required these states to supply tuition for Negroes in other institutions. "This," declared the story, "is exactly what these postulators hope to make of the present case."

Other prominent Negroes do not want admission to white schools, "but Negro schools adequately equipped and maintained."

Appeal to the state "to enact the spirit of the constitution which gives the Negro equal accommodations in the enjoyment of institutions which he cannot share with the white man" is favored by "milder Negro leadership," but ". . . unless the two Negro lawyers who have the case now, decide to follow their elders . . . there should be some sort of legal procedure within a few days."

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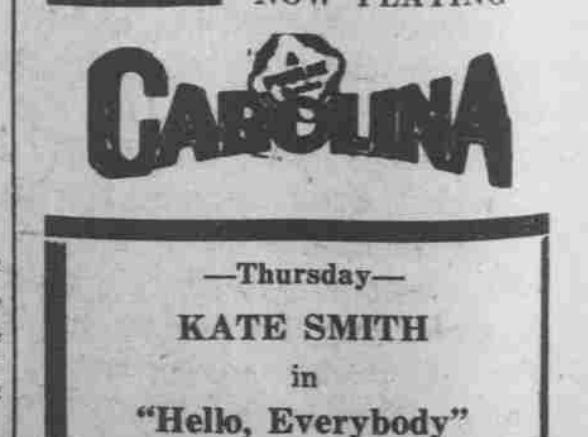
LOST

A Zeta Psi fraternity pin. Finder will please return to Charles Rawls at the Zeta Psi House and receive reward. (3)

SHE LOVED A MAN WHO OFFERED EVERYTHING BUT MARRIAGE . . . WHILE SHE COULD GIVE EVERYTHING BUT LOVETO THE MAN WHO LOVED HER!



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