

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue:

NEWS: CHARLES BARRETT SPORTS: RUSH HAMRICK

• A Better Route

Because the State Highway Commission has apparently decided to route the proposed new Duke to Chapel Hill boulevard through Franklin street, a group of nineteen local citizens met last Thursday night and drew up a petition opposing this route. The petition is now in circulation and will soon be presented to the Highway Commission.

The objections to this route are: (1) East Franklin street would have to be widened to make way for the new boulevard. This would disrupt one of the oldest and most beautiful sections of town; (2) To run the new highway through the main street of our village would increase the volume and pace of traffic and would menace the comparative peace, quiet and safety which we, as a college town, now enjoy.

There has been an alternate proposal suggested which we think far more satisfactory than the one at present considered by the Highway Commission. That is, to let the new boulevard skirt the edge of Chapel Hill proper and come into the business section from North Columbia street. This would not make communication with Duke any less convenient. It would furnish hard-surface transportation facilities for a district which now has only dirt roads. It would obviate the necessity of disturbing village life as we enjoy it now.

• In All Modesty

A student columnist in the University of Florida's paper describes Chapel Hill as the "outstanding southern university," quotes a series of news items from the paper, and says "we try to keep abreast of the developments in the utopias."

The writer comments on student-faculty day, playmaker productions, dance orchestras, the Buccaneer issue, and speakers of the political union. Underneath his observations is an unexpressed recognition of the boiling activity and fervent interest of the student body in things societal, social, artistic, and intellectual.

For example, the writer must have been impressed with the fact that last week there was a student body formed on "liberalism," a panel discussion of students, faculty, and Negroes on the racial question and a message sent to the state legislature a Sunday broadcast of the IRC, various political union announcements of speakers, the results of polls on social issues; and a statement of plans issued by the committee of the forthcoming Human Relations Institute.

There were, however, well under a hundred students at the "liberalism" forum, only a handful at the Negro panel, and small minority voting at the CPU polls. The audience attending a CPU address is always as large as the name of the speaker featured on the program.

Yet it is in these forums, polls, panel discussions, and addresses that the student body manifests its collective interests in the major social, economic, and political problems of the day.

Yet we can acknowledge the tribute of the Florida paper only to a minor extent. The little series of panels, forums, and rolls, still enjoyed only by a monotonous few, are but a potential opportunity for the whole student body to express its initiative and interest in major social, economic, and political problems. Those few whose interest has been awakened find colorful differences of viewpoint expressed, enjoy the excitement of verbal battles, and sometimes develop more

To Tell The Truth---

By ADRIAN SPIES

Some time ago we read a newspaper article about The Council of Young Southerners. It was not particularly played up, and the ideals of the group were phrased in round vague terms. We thought that this was another of the many debating societies which grow up to say much and do nothing. And we were afraid that it would lead to nothing but a few quiet corners for a few theorists.

But recently we received, in the TAR HEEL office, a pamphlet concerning the ideals and plans of The Council of Young Southerners. Although it was only a general statement of the preliminary sort, there were several points offered worth considering. For such pamphlets have probably been received by every Southern collegiate editorial desk, and the project is probably being slowly advertised to every Southern campus. It is natural, we believe, that the Chapel Hill campus be in a position to understand the proposals of this Council, and perhaps act in cooperation with it.

This Council is described as "a group of young people born, reared, and educated in the South who have a deep and abiding faith in the ability of the youth of this section to solve its own problems, if given adequate help and sympathetic cooperation." It includes members from 13 Southern states, claims to be neither radical nor reactionary, and definitely non-political. In such a program I think that the group is wise, and that it may do more of an eventual good by being all-embrasive than it would by subscribing to a narrowly defined political ideology.

Discussing the purpose of such a general society, the pamphlet says: "to cooperate with other young people of the South in the study of their needs and to encourage youth activity in the solution of their own problems, particularly through the establishment of youth forums throughout the thirteen Southern states." Thus apparently the Council is earnestly attempting

a stimulation of the young Southern mind to conditions about him. And apparently there is an effort to give this young mind a self integrity to solve its own dilemma.

This is to be done by state committees which will be subdivided into county committees—all working toward a common program. Although our pamphlet did not bother to explain this program, it may be understood to have something generally to do with the solution of sectional problems. For the Southern Council admits these problems readily. But it has not bothered to define them for us, or give us any idea of its own attitude about the alleviation of them.

This pamphlet left us wondering as to the worth of the entire organization. We want to encourage and aid any movement having an intelligent program. But we are not much interested in a debating society. And we are quite certain that one does not cure pneumonia by writing vague odes to the sun—instead of summoning a doctor.

Although the editorial division of the TAR HEEL is deeply concerned with the Southern problem, it has not reached a point of chauvinism which assumes that we few young people know all of the answers. We think that the young people most certainly should be encouraged into some sort of solidarity. But we are not at all unwilling to court and even welcome the aid of other sections of this land.

We have often declared ourselves as opposed to any sectional solution of problems. And we have continually scored that stupidity of identifying certain problems with special regions. As always, the well-being of a section in America will only come with the general good health of the nation. This will come when the young learns unity and not sectionalism.

We would like to be enthusiastic about the Council of Young Southerners. We cannot until the Council explains its position more clearly.



By RAY LOWERY

YOU'RE NOT CAROLINA

IF YOU HAVEN'T received a slip from South building, reading "Please drop by here at your earliest convenience" . . . If you haven't spent the greater portion of your college career standing in a line . . . If you've gone to church twice this quarter . . . If there's a dirty joke still going the rounds of dorm bull sessions you haven't heard . . . If you haven't tried unsuccessfully to hitch to Durham for three long hours and finally had to forget you ever wanted to go . . . If you know the lyrics to "Split It For the Team!" . . . If you haven't flunked Winslow's Economics 31 . . . If you've gone to the infirmary with a cold and had to stay less than two weeks to get it cured.

IF YOU'VE NEVER danced with Mickey Warren or Sue Southerland more than two seconds during one number . . . If you've ever gone to bed before 12 o'clock midnight . . . If you haven't enjoyed a fireside chat with Prex Graham . . . If you've never cut a class on Monday morning . . . If you've ever bragged on a Playmaker production . . . If you haven't had headlights turned on you at Gimghoul castle . . . If you don't belong to the IRC . . . If you don't know Tempe—rather punsually . . . If you've never hissed Dick Powell.

IF YOU'VE BEEN in Bowman-

Grey bird bath more than once . . . If you've never taken Harland's Archeology—or if you've taken it and flunked it . . . If you've ever used every single ticket in your athletic passbook . . . If you haven't let someone else use it sometime or other . . . If you can find a convenient place on the campus where you can legally park your automobile . . . If the two of you haven't had one of those small lounges in the New Graduate dorm all to yourselves . . . If you've ever had a date for the Germans that cost you exactly what you figured it would . . . If you haven't written a letter to the TAR HEEL . . . If you haven't signed one of those periodical petitions.

IF YOU'VE NEVER taken a reserve book from the library and kept it out overtime . . . If Harry has ever asked you to "quiet down" . . . If you ever got what you expected to get on a quiz . . . If you've never sat in the grass at Kenan stadium in the wee hours of the morning and watched the moon that hovers over you . . . If you've never drawn pencil sketches in class while giving the impression of taking notes . . . If you haven't written at least three term papers in one night . . . If you don't think Chapel Hill about the sweetest place in the world . . . If you aren't reading this on a rainy eight-thirty.

TEN-THIRTY DOPE

By JANE HUNTER

Listening to Playmaker speech director Earl Wynn's affected and highly irritating voice for an hour the other afternoon has made your scribe painfully voice-conscious. A week of observation has produced the following little collection of notes:

Top honors go to Bob Magill and Henry Nigrelli for the richest voices; to Nell McIntyre for her unintelligible but utterly captivating drawl; to Billy Worth for his intriguing lisp; to Dorothea Raoul for her charming, if slightly exaggerated, mellowness; to Dr. Don Stewart for his enervating British clip; and to President Frank Graham for his unassuming friendliness.

Mention, honorable and otherwise,

understanding of problems containing threats of war.

Not until the whole student body spontaneously increases its participation in and respect for these programs we can bow and blush, and accept the tribute we have been paid.

FROM THE FACULTY

Edited by Louise Jordan

TODAY BY DR. H. K. RUSSELL

(Dr. H. K. Russell is a graduate of Davidson. He taught in Virginia for one year and in the American university in Beirut, Syria for three years. He did his graduate work at the University, and his specialty is contemporary literature.)

Miss Jordan asked me to write a column for the DAILY TAR HEEL. I am using the columnist's privilege of being personal, though I imagine that a good many teachers in North Carolina might agree with me.

Teaching is my job, and I like it. The abilities it requires are different from the abilities necessary for success in other lines of work, just as the lawyer's skill differs from the doctor's or the merchant's. The man who can teach would likely go bankrupt if he tried to run a store, just as a surgeon would probably lose if he tried to plead a case in court. But I do not believe that these differences in ability mean that one man is less intelligent than another or his work less worthy.

The success of a teacher cannot be measured by any definite means. The lawyer wins his case; the business man shows a profit; the physician cures his patient. The teacher may help a student to use his intelligence more effectively or to understand himself and the world he lives in more clearly. If they are both lucky, the teacher may help the student to be a better man. But there are no ways of measuring these successes. The best the teacher can do is to insist that if we value intelligence, clear vision, and goodness in our citizens, then whatever means work toward these ends are valuable.

When we assume that these ends and the means toward them are valuable, there still remains the question of how valuable. Are they worth enough to the commonwealth to justify the payment of public money for them? And, a more difficult question, is the teacher, whose success or failure in achieving these ends cannot be measured, worth hiring?

If he is worth hiring, on what basis can we estimate what he ought to be paid? There are, I think, four possible bases:

First—The services of a teacher should be bought in the open market as cheaply as possible.

Second—The wages paid a teacher should be considered only part payment for his services, the remainder being the satisfaction he takes in knowing that he is performing a service useful to the commonwealth.

Third—The teacher should be paid what an equal training and ability would earn in some other line of work, with approximately equal chances for promotion if he is diligent and loyal.

Fourth—The wages paid a teacher should indicate the value the commonwealth sets upon intelligence, clear

vision, and goodness in its citizens.

I should like my pay to be figured on the third basis. And I should like to be told on what basis I am being paid now. If my services are being bought in the open market as cheaply as possible, I had better do what the seller of every commodity has a right to do: sell for as high a price as I can get, wherever there is the best market.

If I am to consider that part of my pay is the satisfaction of doing work useful to the commonwealth, I must try to find some gauge of just how useful my work is. I do not want to trust my own judgment, because, like every man, I am likely to set too high a value on my own usefulness. The readiest gauge is the attitude of my employer—his willingness to let me have the tools I need and to provide the circumstances in which I can do my best work. Since I cannot buy the books I need for study or maintain a reasonable economic security to work in, it is difficult to believe that the kind of service I give is very valuable.

If I am being paid what an equal training and ability would earn in some other line of work, I must have failed in large part to profit from four years of graduate study and eleven years of teaching experience.

The fourth basis of payment is not practicable: I don't think teachers are worth that much.

The action of the Appropriations committee of the Legislature would not be confusing to me and the other teachers in North Carolina if we knew the basis on which our pay is calculated. I should like to think that in intention we are being paid according to our training and ability. If we are, then we must conclude that the Committee regards the University and the public schools as institutions supported in part by charity—by the contributions of those who work in them.

But North Carolina is not a wealthy state. It may be that we cannot afford to put into the schools more money than the Committee has appropriated. If such is the case, there is only one action for the state to take: it should buy only the educational system it can pay for. Courses of study, faculty replacements, and student enrollment must be gradually cut down until we have a limited but efficient and self-reliant educational system.

BIRTHDAYS TODAY

(Please call by the ticket office of the Carolina theater for a complimentary pass.)

Riddle, G. B.
Avera, L. A., Jr.
Davis, R. G. B.

improved somewhat and carries out the theme of the magazine.

The photography in the February Buccaneer is the best yet to appear; the snapshots are well-captioned. Two of the pages, "You Have Seen Their Faces," might well make Miss Bourke-White look to her laurels. Viewing the series of photos showing "How To Lynch in Ten Easy Lessons" as objectively as possible, I may say that it is an amusing take-off on lynching in the best back-woods tradition.

And Editor Pugh has put out another Buc in the best Buccaneer tradition. To the Reverend Stewart he expresses his thanks for a "matinee metamorphosis from crudity to spangled infamy." And continues the metamorphosis in true Southern style.

Keep In Trim

Bowling Carolina
Next To Hill Bakery



in HONOLULU

Sunday-Monday

CAROLINA

BUC REVIEW

By VIRGINIA GIDDENS

Tramping merrily along on angel pavement and the Reverend Donald Stewart's toes, Editor Carl Pugh gives Carolina the February Buccaneer. Having as its sole theme "The South, The Unpaid Harlot of a Nation" the Buc, after its fashion, is by way of being a minor classic.

Dexter Freeman's "A Southerner Uncovers the South" succinctly sums up the Southern situation and is one of the best features of the magazine. "South is South," by Mack Hobson, proves that there is at least one genius in this section of the country—Mr. Hobson. For some a taste for his writing must be cultivated but the cultivation is well worth the time.

Forsaking poems for the first time, Sanford Stein writes a Tobacco Road parody, "The Decline and Fall of the House of Creepers," that is absolutely not for the squeamish but will prove amusing enough for those with a sense of humor. More of Steinian prose would not be amiss.

"The Hue and the Cry," by Gibson Jackson, is by far the cleverest piece of writing to be published in the Buc this year. It is a subtle little treatise dealing with the removal of that emblem of the South, the privy, and is worthy of a second and even a third reading.

"Blind Date," by "Mary Rose," is mediocre. George Laycock, a member of Phillips Russell's Creative Writing class, contributes a brief but good sketch entitled "Grandma."

Bill Lankford takes over the sports for this issue with a readable article on lynching. Mary Louise Greene and Ernest King do "Vogue" in a not-quite-as-usual manner. The verse has