

## New Taxes

Whether the citizens of the state like it or not, the state needs new sources of revenue in the form of taxes.

One need only take the University as an example of what the present budget recommendation will do to the state if adopted. The present budget that the Advisory Budget Commission recommended to the General Assembly is inadequate to keep the standards of the University at a high level.

The prospect that is before the University is not very pretty. It presents a picture of a library falling from third in the South to fourth, and further in the near future. It presents a student-faculty ratio that is already too high to meet the demands of a high caliber University getting even higher.

Indeed, the future eminence of the University in the state, South, and nation rests largely on those legislators in Raleigh, and in their ultimate wisdom they will have to decide whether they will lose the next election because they recommended a tax hike.

The whole educational structure of the state is dependent on the ability of the legislators to take the necessary leadership in asking for higher taxation. It is incumbent upon those in responsible positions, such as those at the head of the University in Chapel Hill and the Consolidated University and all other state agencies to point out to the legislators the desperate fiscal needs, and if necessary to urge higher taxation. This state at present does not have the revenues to support its agencies adequately, but can have that revenue if it wants to.

It is time for all those with influence in the state to come out fighting. The results may well be very worthwhile.

## The United Front

Student action on the budget has been impeded by the united front that says that one must support the entire budget, and if carried to the Consolidate level, one must support three budgets.

There were three basic student budgetary aims. The first aim is to have a representative library that would attract high quality students and professors to Chapel Hill. The second aim was to have adequate faculty salary monies so that the many qualified professors and sub-professors would not leave, and to procure a competent faculty additions in order to provide for a large faculty and a closer student-teacher relationship. The students were also interested in a student union to meet the very definite need on this campus.

However, when the Committee on State Affairs was organized it was charged with the task of presenting the entire budget. Indeed, there was a small administrative-student squabble about the exclusion of the Division of Health Affairs from the committee's report. In this area the administration was right, for if the committee undertook to present the budget in its entirety, it had to present the health affairs picture also.

However, the committee should not have been saddled with this responsibility. It should have presented those things that were basic student concern, and only these things. They should have had a brochure devoted almost entirely to faculty salaries, library, and student union to the exclusion of all other topics. However, their analysis of these areas should have been so thorough and so penetrating as to leave no doubt in a legislator's mind that these were the most important University issues at stake, and that the need for these was real and great.

The result, of course, did not do what was necessary. However, all efforts in any direction have been temporarily thwarted. It is up to the student now to shift their ground to the salient areas, and to meet these critical needs. If the students can do this, they will be performing a service, and they will be one of the main breaks in the United front that has hampered the University for so long.

## On The Movies

Bill Bailey

I envy the age of the old timers and the days gone by. What a relief to the drama critic and the general theater-goer of the present age if he could see some real, corn-fed actors tramping through the village to set up their stage within the painted walls of the local dance hall; to see them projecting themselves before glaring footlights and an audience of the local townfolk. What do we of the twentieth century have? Why, we have the movies. Where does one take his gal? the movies. Where does one go for enjoyment? the movies. Where does one go to avoid work in general? the movies. So it is with us poor unfortunates; burrowing into a convenient cinema, one sits for two hours (three to six in the worse one), watching a pack of morons prance in a quasi-primate fashion, while the eyes are binged with seething flashes of color and the ears assailed by ninety-one drums and three score trumpets. Do I then think that the stage actor or producer is a superior fellow . . . superior at least to his movie counterpart? No. Not particularly. I haven't even seen too many stage shows. To know what is before you is what my bones ache for; know that the actors, however lowly they may be, are acting, not merely a patched-up piece film; know that the director is pulling his hair and dying a thousand deaths behind the curtain; to know that that fellow shaking and shivering in the seat on the last row is the producer; to hear the applause—or the lack of it—at the end of a well-turned scene. These are the things I long for. This is why I envy you, O aged one.

Aye, laddie, its with a sigh that I turn from the nostalgic days past to the revolting future. But it must be done. I sound the tin horn of complaint in the ear of the deaf. The movie is here to stay. So let's be content to disembowel and show it for its real self, i.e., its congenital scabrousness. There are, in all my movie-going hours, a minimum of three and a maximum of five shows worth recalling; none were top-billed; none received awards; none were spectacular; one was in color. The rest are clumped, from the class D mediocrity on down, running helter-skelter off the end of the alphabet. Most people would get more out of reading comic books. These movies leave one with a mental blank . . . if one goes into a theater thinking of fried eggs, one leaves and picks

up the train of thought going in: fried eggs. This usual type of rubbish generally follows a ethos-pachos-ethos pattern in which the principals are shown happily clinging about one another neck; the middle section takes us into a heart-rending situation where one, or perhaps both, is torn from his lovers arms to be tempted by the devil or Molech to break one or all of the belated Ten Commandments, giving in perhaps a bit to secure a point; the last section is the happy one . . . the harsh, clashing tones are resolved into a harmonious tonic; winds shift, for the gale is over—Adam has refused the apple; tears roll down stained cheeks as the cast clasps hands and all is forgiven. Danger over. Alls well, Love, Happiness. Ptoeey.

This is a mixture of the sublime and the absurd . . . life pictured through the glazed glass of the village church window. No ideas; literally the tundra of globular originality. They tell me that the background music is a formula led into a watered-down Univac; that one tells the machine whether one wants loud music or soft, strings or horns; and presto—the score is fed out in pre-fabricated ticker-tape. If this is true, then I might be led to secretly believe that the script has its conception in the same manner; no writing; no thinking; only manual dexterity. Take this script, a group of braying asses to act, a name director, and a moneyed producer; add a pinch of advance publicity (all lies), mix well in a 2,000 volt Hollywood set, and bake before a gullible public for as long as it takes to squeeze admission price from every possible fool . . . and you have the usual blarney proffered to the American public for two hours and a half a buck. Even some of the literate minority who are forced into movie halls are beginning to sit with unflinching eyes of glass, nodding their heads with approval, creasing their faces with false smiles, and coming back for more the next night. The pity of the whole thing is that we cannot chop down these houses of boredom; neither can we hang the idiots who produce the things . . . they are fostered by the law.

So go ye to the movies . . . pay your homage to the muse in the fowl manner that you must. Heed not the call of reason . . . but I dream of something . . . I see movement before painted scenery; hear voices that ring true in my ears . . . I can boo, I can clap, or sleep . . .

## Neither Black Nor White...

### Mostly Shades Of Grey

Norman B. Smith

Every day it was the same. He tried first to participate, to join in their activities with as much enthusiasm and exertion, though not as much skill because he was awkward still, as they showed. Then he tried to laugh, agree, apologize, to go out of his way to do favors. When this too failed he turned to aloofness and aloofness, but even then they sought him out.

They sought him out to hit him, to insult him, to curse him, to trip him, to betray him. There were fights which he usually lost because if he appeared to be gaining advantage, he would suddenly be fighting two instead of one. There were clothes torn. There were pencils, lunches, potepaper stolen, not out of need, only malice. When the lunch wasn't stolen even that became an object of ridicule because the inverted snobbery of the others (who had been brought up on cold biscuit lunches and who now that they were in the eighth grade had been elevated to the honor of carrying sandwiches made with store-bought bread) was offended when he carried the homemade bread in his dinner-pail which according to his mother who was unsophisticated by their standards was "a special treat just for you." When the teacher walked into the room in anger because he had heard the commotion down at the other end of the building, accusing fingers pointed at him alone, pointed from hands that had gripped in the universal pact of non-betrayal between pupils against teachers; thus it was he who was whipped.

"Why?" he asked himself countless times, keeping time to his footfalls by uttering silently the simple monosyllabic word that has

been the spark generated by the flint of self rasping against the steel of world ever since man has been a thinking being, initiating through the friction of existence these sparking whys which lead him sometimes, occasionally on to the discovery of knowledge, but usually only serve to bring him to a sense of frustration, lead him to an impasse of unknowability. "Why?" he asked himself as he walked home from school to avoid

being on the bus where they would there too tease, poke, curse.

The answer didn't come from the long discussions with his parents during which he sat on the braided rug, the sympathetic fire with its hearty, good-natured crackle casting his shadow on the wall, lengthening, then widening, then shifting as silhouette as though frantically trying to help him reshape himself in hopes that from some new form or perspective he could

find the answer and thus the solution. He described all those agonies to them and told them how it felt to be ringed with laughter and scorn the day long. They tried to tell him that all this was temporary, that he was in the process of growing up, yet they weren't convinced themselves, and after he went off to sleep they would stay up unproving all the things they had tried to prove to

him and end their talk with the ceaseless, ubiquitous "why?"

Nor did the answer come in a personal revelation from God that he had been taught he could expect, for he prayed every night for a long time, pleading for an answer, and to prove that his prayers weren't really selfishly motivated he included lengthy clauses asking for the welfare of all his kindfolk, thanking God for what he had been told were God-given blessings, and in desperation he even prayed for the ones who tormented him. The only response he received was a sighing, disconsolate echo of his "Why?" waiting through the open window from treetops stirring in the night breezes outside.

Yet he was doomed to the life of an onlooker. He could never, never would be able to do, to participate. Understanding of others and others understanding of him enough to make him a part of the group was something that he could not, would not attain. He would always feel uneasy among people, would want to leave so he could walk out alone by himself and think clearly in his own mind rather than muddling everything by trying to explain himself to others. He would expect others not to do what they had pledged they would, and his extreme sense of self-dependence would actually give him a feeling of gratification in having this suspicion confirmed.

He was doomed because he carried tattooed against his soul the most heinous sin recognized by society, the sin for the punishment of which the ground around gullies has become soggy, mouldering bones manacled in ancient dungeons lie, and schoolboys suffer: individuality.

Editor:

The University Party made a big move towards regaining its position of political prominence on campus in adopting on last Tuesday night a new system of representation for its nominating conventions. The Chairman of the UP and the execu-

Editor:

In February 1933, as a UNC freshman, I stepped to the foul line at old Wake Forest gym with the score tied and only a few seconds remaining. Here, within my power, was a chance to win this basketball game. But the Wake Forest student body had more power. And they wouldn't give a visitor a chance. Boos such as I've never heard before or since filled the gym, and as a result my foul shot was short and wide to the right — just as the boozers had directed Wake then got the ball and won.

So the crudity of Wake Forest has been instilled in my memory, and I was not surprised at the finale of the Carolina-Wake Forest game the other night. Wake Forest will do it every time. Apparently they not only feel vastly inferior, they are. In the Big Four, they should always rate No. 4 — until the students are trained to be gentlemen.

Editor:

The UP certainly is doing a nice job of kicking itself in the face by the quality of party campaigning for membership which its leaders are permitting.

I was approached by one of the legislators from the Dorm Women's I district. She asked if I were a member of the SP. When I said no, she thrust forward a pen and a piece of paper and asked me to join the UP. I declined, and she tried to press the point by such statements as "There are no dues!" and "You don't have to do anything. We would just like you to join. You don't even have to vote UP."

Since this episode I have been wondering the value of spending a lot of time getting the signatures of people who neither are interested in the party nor think five minutes about the paper they are signing. The gimmick here seems to be that there are no dues and that the signee "does not have to do anything." Doesn't this party have a platform? Don't its members know or care who the platform is? Aren't the leaders concerned with the bad publicity this type of campaigning is giving the University Party?

If those people in responsible positions do not care and are not wise in such matters as these, the people on campus who think for themselves will avoid the University Party as though it were the Black Plague.

Name Withheld By Request  
P.S. I didn't join.

## Foreign Policy Decision



## Letters

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In February 1933, as a UNC freshman, I stepped to the foul line at old Wake Forest gym with the score tied and only a few seconds remaining. Here, within my power, was a chance to win this basketball game. But the Wake Forest student body had more power. And they wouldn't give a visitor a chance. Boos such as I've never heard before or since filled the gym, and as a result my foul shot was short and wide to the right — just as the boozers had directed Wake then got the ball and won.

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Editor:

Within the next few weeks students here at Carolina will not only be exposed to political issues

and figures, they will also be encouraged to participate in campus politics in one way or another. It is my hope that as many students as possible will take it upon themselves to study what is said and discussed. The responsibility of each potential voter is at least to acquaint himself or herself with how particular policies will affect the principle of fairness and legality as it regarded by each individual's sense of justice.

With the belief that politics should be everyone's concern to some extent, I feel that the program and energetic campaign of the University Party to attain more and new representation, should be granted attention and study, if nothing else. Every student is being encouraged strongly to represent his views and opinions for the participation of all campus groups as exercised within the party. The details of the delegate system can easily be attained, and I feel will show without a doubt the sincere interest and effort of the party to acquire more members for a campus-wide representation.

Another important factor of the party's program is to acquaint students with significant knowledge of issues and problems on campus. Much time has been sacrificed to provide students with knowledge valuable in making political decisions.

Although I cannot go into detail, I feel that a sincere effort is being made to bring the party to all students at Carolina. Each student, it is believed, has a significance because of his due representation. Because of this, I feel that the main purpose of this party is to provide for all students not only a moral but also a constitutional justice of administration.

Editor:

I must admit that I was surprised to read Saturday morning's attack of my resolution presented before the Student Legislature. I was even more surprised to find that you used this means of making a personal attack on my integrity as a legislator. I will not justify myself to you. But mainly to the students in Dorm Men's IV do I address this letter; I hope that every resident of this, my district, will read it throughout. They are the ones to whose criticism I will listen; they are the ones to whom I must make this explanation.

I have always voted and conducted myself in Student Legislature in a manner which I believe to be representative of those who elected me. In every vote I cast I always consider their best interests. This fact I have stated on the floor of legislature (to the awe of some of my colleagues) that we must vote in a way that we believe the students who elected us would have us to vote. Only in this way can we have a truly representative Student Legislature.

But now to turn to my resolution so bitterly attacked and so grossly misinterpreted. My resolution was depicted by the DTH front page news article as aimed at "limiting" the Student Legislature. This is simply incorrect. I find nowhere in the DTH the title of my resolution, "A Resolution of Policy Concerning Subsidiary Organizations of the Student Legislature." The purpose is plainly stated as that of policy. The word "limit" or no word comparable to it ever appears in this resolution. This legislation in no way affects the power of the Student Legislature.

In other words the bill says to subsidiary organizations (especially I have in mind those which receive funds from student government), "As long as you are doing your job, we will try to do it for you, but when you cease to do your job, we are free to pass legislation accordingly." The resolution does not say that the Student Legislature cannot or in some cases should not pass legislation concerning these organizations or their interest areas. The Student Legislature is the supreme legislative body on the campus; of this there can be no doubt.

Two experiences of mine during the last session of legislature caused me initiate this resolution. First, I introduced a bill to provide bicycle racks for the new dorms. I was told that the IDC was already working toward this end. Secondly, I drew up a bill to provide sideboards for phones in dormitories. Before introducing this I talked with the President of the IDC and found that here too, work had already begun. There have been similar experiences by other legislators I'm sure. I felt that a policy should be stated in regard to this situation, thus my resolution.

The conflict I am trying to alleviate is between two groups trying to accomplish the same end, not a conflict between the campus as a whole and a part of it. The idea is not to prevent progress, but to remove the stumbling blocks from its path. This, to anyone with an open mind, is the purpose of my resolution. The resolution does not limit the power of Student Legislature, so it could not be used to protect any area from needed legislation. Moreover, if any organization could be singled out as being most affected by his resolution it could be no other than the IDC.

This next point I offer to the campus as a whole. The editor seems to feel that my legislation, had it been representative of fraternity interests, would have been damnable since I represent Dorm Men's IV. But as I have stated, this legislation could not be used as a protection by fraternities or any other body from legislation. The important thing to point out is the false assumption the editor has made. Here he assumes that dormitory and fraternity interests are in conflict. This is a false assumption! While the idea has been exploited by various campus politicians in the past, an examination of the assumption will yield its fallacies. I have yet to find an issue that I felt conflicted these two groups — for instance; delayed rush, dormitory social rooms, dormitory phone booths, discriminatory clauses — how do these conflict? I suggest that all of us be wary of anyone would seek to divide us with this falsehood. "Together we stand, divided we fall," it's a worn out phrase, but it sums up the situation very well. Those who would divide us are putting other interests ahead of those which are best for the campus as a whole. It is not necessary that we fight among ourselves. With a harmonious united front there are no bounds to the progress that student government can make.

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## A Letter

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## The Daily Tar Heel

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