

In Our Opinion . . .

Shortcomings Of The New Federal Minimum Wage Law

Greensboro Daily News

House approval of an increase in the federal minimum wage from its present level of \$1.25 an hour to \$1.50 in February, 1968, may have been a victory for President Johnson and organized labor, but it was a rather empty one.

The 10 million workers now covered by the law will not likely jump with joy over the "increase," since last month the average hourly wage in manufacturing industries was \$2.76 an hour; in construction \$3.94; in retail trade, \$1.91. In fact, in only two of the dozens of areas of employment surveyed by the Department of Commerce — hotel and motel service, and farm labor — did last month's average wage fall under the \$1.60 standard proposed for 1968.

Thus the vote in the House had every sign of a paper victory for Mr. Johnson and his labor supporters. In at least one important — and welcome — aspect, however, it did have some significance.

When the final minimum-wage measure is enacted, as it is expected to be soon, it will extend coverage of the minimum to an additional eight million workers. They will include restaurant workers, laundry employees, and workers such as waiters and ushers who rely on tips for some part of their earnings.

With this extension, the Fair Labor Standards Act will begin to have effect in areas where its absence has long been glaring. It should also have some impact on the Negro labor force, which is still concentrated in occupations such as those now about to be brought under the act and which lags far

behind white workers in average income.

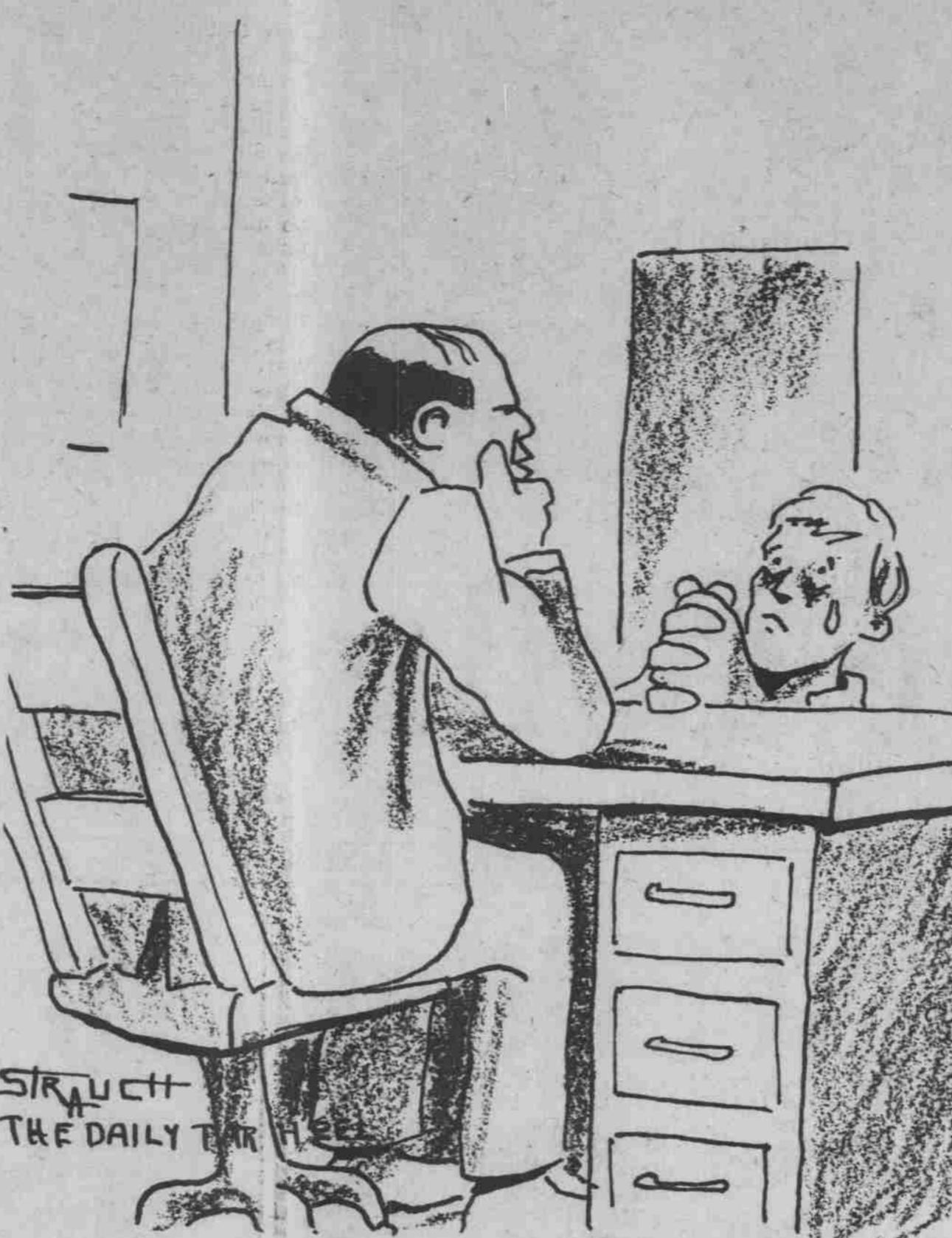
The most regrettable omission is in farm employment. By specifically exempting workers who travel to fields to pick crops in peak seasons, the 1966 bill continues the government's shameful indifference to the conditions of migrant labor. No one who has travelled along the Eastern Seaboard, from New Jersey to the Carolinas and down to Florida and seen the rundown buses with their loads of impoverished migrants, could share this indifference — or accept this latest manifestation of it without protest.

The otherwise commendable aspects of this extension of the minimum wage make the 1966 bill a good one. It will be the task of another Congress — the 90th, we hope — to bring migrant labor under its protection.

Today's Thought

We hear a lot of talk about the "Good Ole Days." Those were the days when radios plugged in and tooth brushes didn't.

"Nonsense Boy, It'll Do You Good To Get Up At 8 A.M.!"



John Greenbacker

NSA Congress Disillusioning

Next Monday has been set as the deadline for filing official Student Government reports on the National Student Association Congress which was held in Urbana, Ill., Aug. 15-30, and there should be at least 10 former delegates hammering on typewriters this very minute.

For some the report of the activities of the congress will be easy. They will merely chronicle what happened and finish with a few partially sincere superlatives. This columnist, however, is one former member of the delegation that found the whole process just a bit disillusioning.

From North Carolina, through the rolling mountains of West Virginia and out into the rich farmlands of the Ohio Valley, I listened to Bob Powell and Teddy O'Toole speak of the marvels of the previous congress. I noted in my mind the names of its lesser gods, who were able to articulate the most complicated concepts at any time in the most accomplished oratorical style.

I was also forewarned of the characters who came to the annual conventions. The last of the big time screamers from the East were bound to call at least one of us "Facist Pig!" in nasal New York accent before the proceedings were over, and the West Coast was bound to join in on the chorus.

Three weeks later, when it was all over, we held not one but several post mortems on the corpse of the NSA Congress. It had been the stale leftovers of the great issues of today, and the Congress was playing a role that didn't excite it any more.

Most of the resolutions seemed good and fairly well written except for two of them. A strong stand on Viet Nam was taken which criticized the Johnson Administration and called for the establishment of a coalition government in the South including representatives of the National Liberation Front. It was well-documented and basically well written. A good resolution on the draft was passed that called for the institution of universal service.

The damaging resolution for the congress was one that called in part for the repeal of laws restricting the sale of LSD and related drugs. The West Coast and New York could not be sidetracked on this issue, and they would not be persuaded to take the key clause out.

The resolution on civil rights was possibly the most profound as an indication of the tenor of the congress. If you read it, you would probably find it fairly innocuous. It calls on white and black students to go back and work with their own communities rather than going into others to aid integration. What the average person does not know, however, is that this is one of the prime precepts of the Black Power movement, and its representatives managed to show up at NSA in one form or another.

What was disturbing about the legislation was that it had buried just beneath the surface the unmistakable signs of alienation, the very philosophy of alienation that so troubles the world today and destroys communication and understanding.

When we mulled over the congress that last day, many of us were filled with a sense of frustration. We had argued with "knee-jerk" liberals unsuccessfully

when their liberal-mindedness became reactionary and unthinking. We sought the great leaders of the congress, and all except the ghost of one had become mealy-mouthed politicians seeking national office in NSA.

Besides the boredom with the old burning issues, some were shocked by the basic lack of communication between people. They went through two full weeks of speaking at, not understanding the views of others. In truth, UNC has every type of character found at NSA on its own campus, and many of them are a lot slicker here.

On the last day of the plenary meeting, Powell gave a speech to second the nomination of one candidate for national office. In it he described the nominee as a man who could drastically revise the congress to prevent a recurrence of a congress such as this year's. Thank God someone said it.

Probably the final culmination of the proceedings were the last rites on the plenary floor. Someone from Chicago insisted that everyone sing "We Shall Overcome" just like they did it last year.

No one knew which verses to sing. All they wanted to do was get out of there, and they were unmoved by the rallying sounds of the great cause. With shifting eyes and weak voices they swayed back and forth, held hands in fraudulent communion for a few minutes, and quickly shuffled off to catch the next flight out of town.

English History

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

I was fortunate enough to have spent this last summer in England, where I learned, among other things, the following little gem, which I shall pass on to all those who have an interest in history. (And it is dedicated especially to all the medievalists, and more especially still to the English medievalists.)

Willie, Willie, Harry, Steve,
Harry, Dick, John, Harry 3;
Edwards 1, 2, 3, Dick 2,
Henry 4, 5, 6—then who?
Edward 4, 5, Dick the Bad,
Henry 7, 8, Ned the Lad;
Mary, Elizabeth, James the Vain,
Charles, Charles, James again!
William and Mary, Anne of Gloria,
George 1, 2, 3, 4, Bill, Victoria;
Edward, George, Edward, George.
Elizabeth the 2nd.

And after many years, we pray,
King Charles the 3rd will then hold sway.

This will be of no use to anyone on the history faculty. Two or three grad students and five or six seniors may find it amusing. Ten or twenty juniors and about a hundred sophomores will find it useful. Several thousand freshmen may find it essential, and I bequeath it to them in the hopes that it will raise many a mark on the modern civ. tests.

*Michael Hollis
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End Of Summer News Wrap-Up

FROM THE CAVALIER DAILY

Knowing how many students tend to forget how to read after being away from the University for a week or so, we have decided to present a capsule report on some of the more notable news stories of the summer, so no one will be caught with his pants down (figuratively, that is) when asked to comment upon the Cleveland race riots or the death of the Trib by a professor or a pseudo-intellectual date.

The tone of the summer was set by Wall Street, where the market is still falling with no bottom in sight, and by Arnold Palmer, who lost the U.S. Open after piling up a seven-stroke lead during the last round, and apparently has yet to recover from the shock.

Luci Johnson got married in the country's largest Catholic church — giving the whole shebang a Barnum & Bailey type atmosphere — while Lynda Byrd, complete with a Hollywood beauty treatment, continues to be seen with the country's slickest draft-dodger, George Hamilton. And Ronald Reagan followed song-and-dance-man-turned-Senator George Murphy out of Hollywood with an act of his own — the Republican nomination for governor of California, won at the expense of George Christopher, the politically moderate mayor of San Francisco.

Gen. De Gaulle bested Napoleon by successfully invading Russia, but the results of the campaign were inconclusive. The Beatles met their match, almost, in the person of a Jew from Nazareth named Jesus Christ. After some remarks by Beatle Lennon to the effect that the mop-haired quartet is more popular than Christianity had been widely quoted, and even more widely misinterpreted, several radio stations in the U.S. began fervent anti-Beatle campaigns. The crowds, however, still packed the auditoriums when the Beatles made an American tour last month.

New Yorkers finally saw debris from last winter's subway strike come floating down the Hudson, in the form of a five-cent fare increase. Meanwhile, down in lower Manhattan, the way was apparently cleared for the erection of the Port of New York Authority's World Trade Center, two square boxes which will rise higher than the Empire State Building, and for better or worse (probably worse) irreparably alter the world's most majestic skyline.

Speaking of strikes, the nation found out just how much it needs its wings when the five biggest airlines were shut down for 43 days by a machinists' walkout. The nation also found out, at the same time, just how much its President and Congress rely on labor votes during an election year, and the federal government has rarely looked sillier. Another "victory" could be claimed for labor in New York, where the Herald Tribune, once one of the great newspapers in the country, was unceremoniously buried near the end of the four-month-old negotiations aimed at getting the new merged World Journal Tribune on the stands. The World Journal is still scheduled to begin (if it has not already) as a morning paper.

Beyond this planet, the Surveyor satellite successfully landed on the moon and performed its photographic chores like a real trouper, doing so well the scientists ran out of experiments for it. If we all vanish someday in a blossoming of mushroom clouds, that hardy robot will always remain, a solitary artifact testifying to what man could have done had he not been preoccupied with destroying his fellow.

For the violently-inclined elements of our society, it was a very good summer. Just a few weeks after eight nurses had been stabbed and strangled to death in their Chicago townhouse apartment, a University of Texas student, Charles Whitman, got a headache, killed his wife and mother, then ascended to the observation platform of the Texas Tower and started shooting at whom ever happened by, killing or fatally wounding 14 and injuring 33. Whitman's headache, and whatever other problems induced him to undertake the slaughter, were cured by a heavy dose of buckshot, administered at close range. The incident recalled a quote from Poe: "While from a proud tower in the town, Death looks gigantically down." We can only be thankful that the University has no tall buildings.

Violence just as senseless but on a somewhat larger scale occurred in the Negro ghettos of Cleveland, Chicago, Atlanta, Philadelphia, Omaha, and even Pompano Beach, Florida, among others. The riots were not surprising — they represent the natural reaction of people who have been made aware of how little they have, then promised much but given nothing they could spend or eat. Natural or not, however, they were none the less disturbing because they pointed up the utter defiance of constituted law and government felt in the ghettos, and because they provided fertile ground for the activities of extremists, both right and left.

Most upsetting was a New Orleans speech by Hubert Humphrey, said to be our vice-president, who declared that he could lead "a pretty good revolt myself" if he lived where most urban Negroes live today. Though we have no doubt that Mr. Humphrey could be revolting without half trying, his statement came at the worst possible time, as it could only give incentive to those who were actually doing the burning and looting. (Humphrey also said something about the need for abiding by the law, but that did not get into the newspapers, and the damaging effects of his speech remain.)

That, very much in brief, was the summer that was across the nation. (We have avoided Viet-Nam: suffice it to say that no one has won yet, and the draft may get you yet.) Not a great summer, to be sure, or even a good one, but a memorable one certainly, and one to be savored, like all others, for — who knows? — perhaps it is our last.