

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tuesday, March 21, 1933

At Least Don't Tear Down

All the true spokesmen for the University in the present campaign for a fair appropriation have reiterated their doctrine of standing not for the University alone, but for the state as a whole, for every agency of public welfare and service in North Carolina. Yet, there are specific reasons why the University should be given an appropriation that will at least keep it from falling deeper into the valley of the shadow.

1. It is unreasonable to expect that any institution with a large plant to maintain and certain fixed charges to meet can, without severe damage, absorb cuts mounting to 64.4 per cent of its peak appropriation, given at a time when its student body was smaller than the present.

2. It took more than a generation for the University to acquire its present capable personnel. Good teachers and good research men can get twice the salaries they are even now getting at institutions of equal rank with the University. Further reductions in the salaries here threaten to drive those who have made the University what it is out of the state; they cannot be brought back.

3. Without a doubt, the University is nationally recognized, by great men in every field, as the foremost institution in North Carolina. To impair its efficiency would be to destroy the greatest claim to national leadership that North Carolina now has.

4. Efforts to effect such drastic "economy" moves as are now in progress in the state legislature have all the earmarks of hysterical and hasty action. They show a bewildering lack of confidence and faith in present leadership and in the promise of the future. Almost certainly, inflation of some sort will bring a rising price level within the next two years and that will leave the University still in the depths of depression, if its appropriation for the next biennium is too greatly cut. It will be the orphan child of North Carolina in the next generation.

The University stands ready to assume its just share of the burden of economic re-adjustment in North Carolina. But, its spokesmen do not believe that soundness of state life in the future should have—or can have—its surest foundation on the debris of institutions indiscriminately razed by a legislative wrecking crew. At least, if we cannot build up, let us not tear down all that is left of the state's greatness and glory.—E.C.D.

At What Price Economy?

Unhappy is the state that intrusts the administration of its affairs to such irrational men as many of those who are now in session in Raleigh. Urged on by a blind and impetuous zeal for tax reductions, the economy moguls have made sharpe incisions into the vital organs of higher education in North Carolina, which threaten to bleed the patient to death. They have shown an utter disregard for the happiness and well-being of future generations by attempting to stifle the forces which, more than any others, would have prepared them to be intelligent, healthy-minded and fearless citizens.

It is inconceivable that the citizenry of the state have intended any such severe chastisement for their most illustrious child. Surely they would not willingly see an institution which has so long been a source of so much pride on their part, die from lack of nourishment, or, at

least develop an ailment which would take many generations and much care to bring to health again. Such a verdict is not the will of the citizens of North Carolina. They called for a sensible check up on expenditures which were not absolutely necessary; the economy bloc in the legislature, headed by irresponsible leaders, has carried economy to the point where it becomes foolish and absurd, on the grounds that the people want economy.

Like the physicians of old, these modern economic surgeons know nothing about scientific methods. Their repertoire of remedies consists solely of drawing blood. Such antiquated practices can not be allowed to continue. Those of us who have relatives in the legislature should use all our influence to make them see the injustice they are wreaking of education in general and the University in particular.—W.A.S.

All in This Game Of Politics

Politics is a strange game to be initiated, but to the uninitiated it is beyond comprehension. Political strategy and the spirit of "you black my boots and I'll black yours" seems to be the ruling force in the political arena even in the issues where the future of a generation lies at stake.

Two years ago in the hectic 141 day session of the North Carolina General Assembly, Tam Bowie, arch-enemy of the cause of education and liberalism in the present session, was one of the most ardent advocates of a state-supported educational system. Although the Gentleman from Ashe was not at that time a member of the Assembly, he spent many days in Raleigh during its battle and was active in support of the McLean law to relieve the *ad valorem* tax burden on the land, and he gained quite a reputation as a successful lobbyist.

But now the curtain is raised on a new act and the actor is wearing a new masque. Political observers marvel that Mr. Bowie, now a member of the Assembly, has turned about and is doggedly fighting the 1933 McLean plan to effect an average of 35 cents reduction in the *ad valorem* burden through a state-supported school term.

Not only has Mr. Bowie become an ardent anti-educationalist but he has been energetically doing a little political dickering with powerful textile interests of the Gastonia district through their representative in the Assembly, Gregg Cherry. Cherry has long been a consistent and dyed-in-the-wool opponent of a sales tax in any form, but his reconciliation with his erstwhile enemy has brought some lifted eyebrows. Political aspirations, it would seem, can often time make strange bed-fellows.—V.C.R.

Educated, Organized, Yet Unemployed

The unemployed college graduates of a nation have apparently ceased to bewail their fate and instead are now seeking, through organization, to mobilize their numbers and begin a definite campaign for jobs. The result of the movement has been the recent formation of an Association of Unemployed College Alumni. Headed by the internationally famous John Dewey, the Association numbers among its sponsors Morris Cohen, Reinhold Niebuhr, Norman Thomas (the last two have visited the University as speakers on several occasions), and scores of other liberal thinkers.

Its program includes a wide range of activity. Its avowed objects are to influence favorable social legislation, to advocate planned industry and employment insurance, and to force the government to provide its members with work, rather than with charity.

The Association has as its headquarters a suite of rooms in New York City, donated to the cause by the League for Industrial Democracy. While not directly connected with the League, it is significant that the budding student movement should have its name linked with it. In a sense, the motives for the organization of the Association of Unemployed College Alumni are comparable to those which actuated the formation of labor unions. But whereas labor has found organization expedient to increase its bargaining power, professional talent, it seems, now finds it necessary even to get a job.

But too much cannot be expected of the Association's initial endeavors. Its growth will be slow and many years must pass before it can reach the full fruition of its potentialities. If we have not forgotten in coming years of prosperity the spectre of unemployment, the development of this organization should provide a real assurance to college graduates that their years of training have not been spent without the prospect of reward.—A.T.D.

Has It Come to This?

Yale students are paid the sum of two dollars to act as pall bearers. And Harvard men who desire employment are enrolled on a social register whose business it is to furnish male escorts for "deb" parties.—St. Louis University News.

A Colgate psychology professor required his students to sleep in class so he could determine the most efficient pitch for an alarm clock.—Daily Nebraskan.

Life and Letters

By Edith Harbour

The Sad Case of Mary Smith

Mary Smith is a person of more than fragmentary intelligence who grew up in a home somewhat more comfortable than the average. She went to college as a matter of course and was graduated at the tender age of twenty. She expected, being a rather independent person, to make her own livelihood after graduation, but she had given no particular thought to the manner whereby she would earn her daily bread. Graduating before the first terrific hurricane of the depression had spent itself, she found herself jobless after three months of job-hunting. So she applied herself diligently to the stenographic arts. She happened to know a professor who knew another professor who had a position of authority at an eastern university. By virtue of a slight pull Mary got a secretarial job in the department in which she had done her major work, packed her clothes, and departed for the old North State. The salary was to be \$125 a month which sounded quite adequate.

When Mary arrived in that famous little southeastern college town where is situated the country's oldest state university and looked about for a suitable place to live she was puzzled by the seeming absence of apartments within the reach of working girls. And those she did find, only partially and shabbily furnished, rented for no less than a third of her monthly salary. And as all good economists know, only one-fifth of one's income should go towards paying for the roof over one's head. When she realized that in addition to the high rental she had to pay her own gas, electric, ice, and maid-service bills, she became aware that \$125 a month in Chapel Hill will not buy as much as \$125 in a city of 50,000 inhabitants or more. Mary was the kind of a girl who had to have a livable place in which to live, so she decided she could get along without any new clothes for a while.

That was the beginning of Mary's sacrifices. Word came from home that the bank there had failed, that her brother was jobless, and that the baby needed new shoes. Mary took the hint and wired \$25 home. Being a rather generous person, she has on the first of every month since then sent home a check for either \$25 or \$30, leaving to be spent as she saw fit around \$100 a month until the 10 per cent salary cut inflicted upon state employes by the 1931 legislature went into effect. After that she had only eighty-some-odd dollars a month at her disposal, and the necessities of life required an expenditure of approximately \$60 a month. She continued to write cheerful letters home, saying everything was just grand and that life was still well worth living. Further salary cuts, amounting in all to 28 per cent, reduced her salary to \$90 a month. She was still sending money home. In fact, she was now the only member of her family who was working. Rents had been reduced a little, it was true, but not in like proportion to salary reductions. By cooking her own breakfasts and suppers Mary managed to reduce her living expenses.

Mary came to Chapel Hill three years ago, full of hope and ambition. She took inventory recently. She had enough money in the bank to last until she gets another pay check. She has no life insurance, no savings account, no investment of any kind. Her clothes are still largely made-overs, most of her

clothes dating back to undergraduate days. She is now wearing glasses. She let her teeth go too long and is having bridge-work done. Having foregone her annual physical examination, she is wondering what that tired feeling she has all the time signifies.

She is now faced with another salary cut. But she has made up her mind. She is going home. "If I can get a ten-dollar-a-week job there I'll have more money to spend than I have here," she said. "If I can't get a job I can at least starve gracefully."

Her case is unusual only in that she is quitting.

P. S.—This isn't personal. It's a composite case study.

Our Times

By Don Shoemaker

Secession

Our State Department reports that there is little substantiation for the rumor that the counties of Mecklenburg and Gaston will secede and form a separate state. There is some talk, however, of selling them to South Carolina. Stand by for a proclamation over this hiccup later in the evening.

Naughty

A radio editor writes of the difficulties of a prominent national figure during the presidential inauguration who was making an address over a coast to coast chain from the rostrum of the Senate chamber in Washington. Before the speaker was aware that his microphone on the stand had been connected, he fumbled for some of his notes and muttered in none too gentle tones, "Where in the world (sic) did I put those blamed (sic) things, confound it." His words were relayed, of course, to twenty million people.

All of which reminds us of two similar occasions when the calumny of a speaker found its way to other ears unwittingly. At the Wake Forest game, several years ago, the announcer who follows the plays up and down the field and calls them in to the public address system in Kenan stadium remarked to his assistant, sotto voce, "See that tackle, what in the \$&*!*!& is his number." He spoke just loud enough to make everybody blush.

And then there is the story of the radio story telling man, who had just finished a particularly sickening adventure of Peter Rabbit for his juvenile listeners. Thinking that the microphone had been disconnected, he remarked "There, I guess that'll fix the little \$&*!*!"

Shorts

The earthquake far in the interior of China reported a month or so ago in the newspapers happened several months before any report reached the outside world. . . . And 70,000 people were killed. . . . we made little fuss about it. . . . but the 163 deaths in California filled the newspapers for a week. . . . 15,000 people meet death every year from the quakes. . . . there are about 1,000 each year in Chile alone, the center of the quake belt. . .

Wonder when someone will tip-off magazine writers about using you-all in the singular four southern heroines in their stories. . . . They tell us that all the pipes smoked around here are not smoked by men students. . . . Jelly Leftwich and his Duke University orchestra will play at the St. Regis this summer, a break for a college band.

Allegheny College (Meadville, Pa.) is offering a freshmen in silent reading for freshmen who have never learned how to read.

The Week

Monday, March 13, 1933

Dr. E. C. Branson, head of department of rural social economics, dies in Duke hospital, Durham.

University opens Spring Quarter, 1933, with little fall off in enrollment, due to quick action of student government and administration in declaring moratorium on spring holidays.

Two alumni of University, Josephus Daniels, venerable editor of Raleigh's morning *News and Observer* and Robert W. Bingham, publisher of the staunch and Democratic *Louisville Courier Journal and Times* are picked for diplomatic posts by President Roosevelt. Mr. Daniels will go to Mexico and Mr. Bingham to Court of St. James.

Carolina freshman diamond team takes the field for initial practice session.

Tuesday, March 14

Twenty-seven varsity monograms and thirty-six freshman numerals are awarded University athletes for winter sports activities.

Plan for eliminating spring holidays, cutting quarter one week short, considered in survey by student council.

Work begins on \$500 walk from Graham Memorial to Battle dormitory, intersecting cross-campus walk between post office and South Campus.

Wednesday, March 15

Percy Idol, Carolina's Southern Conference heavyweight wrestling champion entered in national collegiate wrestling tournament at Lehigh University. Captain Idol wrestles April 24 and 25.

Bank of Chapel Hill, together with many state banks, open for business following Presidential

(Continued on last page)

SPEAKING the CAMPUS MIND

To Editor of THE DAILY TAR HEEL:

In Saturday's TAR HEEL the column, Autopsy, by Mr. Berryman was not in harmony with proposed methods of meeting the present crisis. In such a situation we must all bear a part of the unpleasant results even though they often inconvenience us. For Mr. Berryman's information, the postponement of the Spring holidays necessitated such an arrangement by the University Laundry Department. It was a matter of business to require each student to show his Spring registration slip before getting his laundry; however, in many cases bundles were given out without the slip. "The huge ugly sign—Refunds Will Not Be Made Until Close of Bank Holiday—" was not very unusual for the time. Since refunds are always made by check, they would have been of no value during the bank holiday.

We think that Mr. Berryman could spend his time more profitably by omitting personal attitudes toward insignificant things and considering something more pertinent.

JIMMIE W.

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