

The Daily Tar Heel

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Sunday, October 1, 1933

The King Is Dead, Long Live the King!

Although the resignation of Dean Manning as head of the medical department will be keenly felt, the University is exceptionally fortunate in having on its faculty a man such as Dr. Charles S. Mangum to whom it can turn for a worthy successor.

No man whom they could have chosen could have been more completely a part of the University nor more unselfishly interested in its welfare. More than forty-two years ago he first came to the University as a student, the university at which his father was an esteemed faculty member for fifteen years. During his years here as a student he was active in campus affairs, and in his junior year was awarded a trophy as the best all-round athlete at the University.

In 1896, after taking his M.D. from Jefferson Medical College and doing graduate work at Harvard, he returned to the University as a professor of physiology. From then until the present date he has been an integral part of the University and Chapel Hill life. In his thirty-seven years here he has acquired for himself a host of friends throughout the south because of his kindness and sympathy towards his students.

Under the new regime the University medical school may look forward to a continuation of the ideals which have made it the leading two-year medical school in the south. The University will see a deepening of the spirit which more than a thousand students have carried with them into their profession.—V.C.R.

Taxes And Texts

The University of North Carolina, as well as other state-maintained institutions, has some reason to be indebted to those who have made the sales tax possible and who have put it into execution. For the present, at least, it means more money for our needs as well as for the other branches of the state-supported system.

But one particular feature of the sales tax which has struck most of the students in state colleges this year as somewhat unfair is the tax on textbooks. Texts in grade and high schools, as well might be, are exempt from the tax. But the college textbooks, more expensive and equally necessary, are taxed; and it undoubtedly works a hardship on many of those who are already pruning their expense accounts to the core. A few cents is not, it is true, an overwhelming sum of money, and there would be little cause for dissatisfaction if it did not please the University instructors to change texts as often as they change their neckties.

In the field of economics, where last year's teachings are in some cases as outworn as last year's newspaper, a change of texts is comprehensible, but the only explanation for constant shifting of books in literature and classical courses would seem to be that the professors get tired of teaching the same texts, year after year. This, too, is comprehensible, but let the professor remember that his change is sung to a tune of from two to six dollars by every student in his classes.

And, since change is the order of the day, on the campus and in the outside world, the tax descends upon us to the musical clanking of coppers on an average of three times a year.

Textbooks are as much a part of the sustenance of the ambitious student as bread and butter, and resemble in no small part a tax on such food as is necessary to existence. As Bacon has it: "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. . ."

Regardless of the classification into which they fall, textbooks must be bought, and those who do not resent the inroads upon their pocket-books find taxes on texts wrong in principle.—H.N.L.

The Cloistered Pedagog Emerges

Those in on the political know predicted that the resignation of Professor Moley as under-study to the Secretary of State meant the beginning of a decline in importance of the Roosevelt administration "brain trust." Will Rogers in particular, as exemplary of good old common sense behind down-to-earth humor, intimated that the college professor had no business in the politician's place and should bury his nose

in his rusty books.

But from all we can find out (and read in the papers) the brain trustee is destined to continue his advisory role, at least until economic ship of state is sailing on smooth waters once more. This does not mean that the present brain trust is likely to have a permanent place in the administration, but as one editor has suggested, they are likely to be recalled at any time the economic affairs of the country get out of shape, to diagnose and prescribe accordingly.

President Roosevelt has too much common sense himself to leave everything to the politicians, and we can do no less than assent to his judgment. And if some of us think it tending toward the pedagogic and impractical, it would be well to look over the records of some of the "professors" who make up the investment in brains. Arthur E. Morgan, for one, can hardly be accused of being anything else but a common-sense planner. He is famous for his experiment at Antioch College, where students work part time in classrooms and part time at regular jobs.

While we do not insist that the brain trust is due for a permanent government job, we can say with some assurance that, if the NRA, the greatest piece of reconstructive legislation enacted in this country, succeeds as anticipated—the college professor is destined to enjoy the elevated position of being foremost in the ranks of the economic planners at Washington. And if it does not succeed as anticipated, the fault will not be its impracticality, but its abuse.—A.T.D.

Work With Uncle Bill

Around Graham Memorial every day in the week, no matter what the weather, may be seen Uncle Bill McDade, who is janitor of the building in name, but who in spirit and self-appointment is custodian, building director, and owner. A spot of dust or a patch of cigarette ashes do not appear that Uncle Bill does not have them brushed meticulously from the floor within a few minutes.

Uncle Bill is perhaps the oldest and one of the best known residents of Chapel Hill, having been here since the Civil War during which time he says that he stayed in the same house with his "missus" while the "massa" was out fighting, but in spite of his age he is on the job here every day, seeing that Graham Memorial is kept clean despite the carelessness of the students.

Many students are too prone to throw cigarette ashes and magazines around carelessly when they come into the Student Union because they evidently think that the fee of one dollar which they pay takes care of the cleaning expenses as well as their use of the lounge and game room. They are right when they think that this fee takes care of the expenses, but when they go so far as to forget themselves enough to leave dusty tracks over the floor of the lounge, they are not only claiming more of their share of the fees, but they are making extra work for Uncle Bill, who has to clean up after them.

Neither should the students sleep in the lounge. Of course everyone knows that the sofas and chairs are soft and comfortable, but they were put here for the students to sit in. It is one of Bill's duties to see that no sleeping goes on, but he says that he hates to wake them, although he knows that it is against the rules.

If the students would refrain from dropping ashes, walking across the floor with dusty feet, and sleeping in the lounge, they would not only be living up to the reputation of a Carolina student, but they would be doing a great service to Uncle Bill, who works much harder than his meager salary requires merely because he thinks that Graham Memorial should be kept in a good condition.—F.P.G.

Speaking The Campus Mind

(Editor's Note: This column is open to the expression of any student's ideas on any subject. All letters addressed to the editor must be signed in order to be published. The opinions expressed here are not necessarily those sponsored by the editorial board of the DAILY TAR HEEL.)

What? No Radios?

We want radios! It is much more fun listening to jazz than it is to listen to girls picking out notes that have a faint resemblance to those old familiar songs known as "Home Sweet Home" and "Old Black Joe." Oh, yes, and "Chop Sticks" has been one of the favorite tunes, that is to say the choppy part of it.

Now we want radios in our rooms. We could get such snappy songs as "Red Hot Mama" and "Sing"; and if one is sad perhaps "Last Round-Up" would help one to get the blues in a bigger way. Or, one could tune in on the opera and so spend an afternoon of aesthetic enjoyment. Rosa Ponselle, Geraldine Farrar, and Lily Pons would quiet a confused brain more than cigarettes and aspirin tablets.

Those without dates could spend a thrilling

afternoon listening to wonderful singers and to imagining that these opera heroes are as handsome as their voices are beautiful.

Or, instead of straining one's eyes from too much reading, one could tune in on those hair-raising programs that curdle the blood, such as "Witch's Tale" and "Crime Club."

If one does not take a paper, one can turn on the radio and in a few minutes find out what has been going on in the last twenty-four hours. All of the educators say that we are undergoing one of the most interesting ages, because of the economic, social, and political upheavals, in the history of the world. This has been compared with that of the Greeks and with the time of the Renaissance. It is necessary to keep up with the times.

Is there a real reason why we should not have radios? There will be quiet hours for the radio as well as for the phone. If you want radios in the dormitory, sign the petition posted on the bulletin board in the Shack.

Margaret Gaines.

LAW ATTENDANCE BEST IN DECADE

(Continued from first page)

grandson of the late Professor John Manning, for whom Manning hall, the law building at the University, is named; F. M. Parker, son of Haywood Parker, of Asheville; R. R. Reynolds, Jr., son of United States Senator, "Bob" Reynolds, of Asheville; C. G. Rose, Jr., son of Charles G. Rose, of Fayetteville; D. R. Seawell, son of the Assistant Attorney General, A. A. F. Seawell, of Raleigh; and N. A. Townsend, Jr., son of Judge N. A. Townsend, of Charlotte.

WINSTON TO TALK OF AYCOCK'S LIFE ON FOUNDERS' DAY

(Continued from first page)

University for the exercises and spend the remainder of the week here, that they may see the University as it operates under normal conditions.

The University will provide dormitory rooms for all visitors desiring them, for which there will be only a small charge.

Other features of University Day being planned includes a play reading, probably by Paul Green, and a reception in Graham Memorial in the afternoon and a musical recital that night.

On the following evening, Friday, the 13th., the Ibsen Players will present "Ghosts" in Memorial hall as the opening feature of the Student entertainment series. And on Saturday, October 14, the Carolina-Georgia game will be played here.

Tennis Balls
SUTTON DRUG CO.

50-Year-Old Society Founded As Memorial To "Father Of Science"

Dr. Elisha Mitchell, Scientist and Pastor, Responsible for Early Advancement of University's Work in Scientific Research; Lost Life on Mountain Peak Which Bears His Name.

To-day marks the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society. During its half century of existence the organization has been one of the leading state forces for the advancement and dissemination of scientific knowledge.

Curiously enough, on that hot day fifty years ago when a small group of scientists banded together for their own betterment no Elisha Mitchell was among them. Yet, the spirit of one of the greatest scientists of the University hovered over the meeting and lent an influence sufficient enough to cause the society to adopt his name.

Scientist and Minister

Like so many other illustrious figures of the mid-Victorian era, Mitchell's attitude was equally influenced by science and religion. While head of the University mathematics department he also served as preacher for the college chapel.

Trained in the venerable Bible and classics tradition of education, his physical appearance easily suggested a patriarch bent on improving the status of his tribesmen. A man of large stature, his great physical strength, untiring energy, dry humor, and insatiable curiosity soundly equipped him for his important role in human affairs.

Augmented Research Work

In 1825, when he was thirty-two years old, he was transferred to the rather meagre department of science. Previously, Dr. Mitchell had made foot excursions through the country surrounding the Hill to satisfy his interest in botany. After taking charge of chemistry, mineralogy, and geology, he extended his field researches. His work was so exhaustive that at the time of his death no one had a superior knowledge of the features and resources of the state of North Carolina.

Dr. Mitchell enjoyed activity. In addition to serving as a University professor, he undertook the education of his own children, held a regular ministerial

position in Chapel Hill, accepted the posts of the peace and village commissioner, farmed extensively, and even acted as police magistrate.

Tropic Death

He met his death in what has been termed "a scientific fashion." Attempting to scale alone the highest peak of Black Mountain in Yancey county, he was overtaken by a thunderstorm. In the darkness of the night he tried to make a slow descent of the treacherous mountain. At approximately nineteen minutes past eight—his watch, now in the possession of the University, stopped at that time—he plunged headlong down a forty foot precipice into a small but deep pool at the foot of a waterfall.

On the 8th of July, 1857, the body of Dr. Mitchell was found by a searching party at the bottom of the pool. The mortal remains of the great adventurer appeared to the grief-stricken eyes of his friends as a figure with out-stretched arms, a hand still clasping a broken branch of laurel.

A Carolina Barbariessa

The remains of the father of University scientific endeavor were interred in Asheville, but, pressed by the solicitation on the part of the mountaineers of Yancey, his family allowed the body to be removed and placed on the top of Mount Mitchell, so named at that time in his honor.

A tablet on that lofty height bears the legend, "Before him lies the North Carolina he loved so well and served so faithfully. From his couch its hills and valleys melt into its plains as they stretch away to the shores of the eastern ocean whence the dawn of the last day streaking quietly westward, as it lights the mountain tops first, shall awake him earliest to hear the greeting of 'Well Done, Good and Faithful Servant'."

Bargain at
Sutton's

10 to 11
Mornings & Evenings

If....

The Folks Back Home
Could See You Now!

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BORROW A KODAK

at
FOISTER PHOTO CO.

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Served From Noon Until 8 P. M.

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