

Old Style Debate

In a polite repartee between their respective editorial columns, The Smithfield Herald and the Greensboro Daily News are debating an old issue: University Consolidation.

The Smithfield editors argue that consolidation, weighed in the balance against the confusion of authority it has bred, may be wanting. Their Greensboro counterparts grant that the Herald raises pertinent questions, but affirm their belief in consolidation.

Our attitude lies off somewhere in the netherlands between the two. All three branches of the University have grown since consolidation in the Thirties. But was consolidation a catalyst to that growth? Given the demand for growth, a University, like a living organism, either flourishes or withers. We have grown, surely, but we wonder if, like Topsy, we "just grew" as a matter of natural fact.

Toynbee warns us that the growth and health of civilizations cannot always be measured by outward manifestations. Civilizations, he says, suffer "breakdowns" because challenges bring no response. Extending Toynbee's analysis to universities, the dangers of judging our own progress by appearance are treacherous. Growth can go on after a breakdown.

The issue of authority and its efficacy centers about the man in the President's chair. While Dr. Frank Graham headed the University, he tended to be identified with the branch at Chapel Hill and left State and Woman's College largely to home rule. Under Gordon Gray, the prestige and influence of the Consolidated Office grew, and the old local autonomy diminished.

Final judgment as to whether that shrinkage of local authority was good or bad in the full range of things will have to wait, we think, for time. Consolidation has not yet justified itself as a permanent fixture. Those inner atoms of study and the porveyance of lux and libertas, their sickness or health, will tell the final tale.

New Style Pain

O. V. Cook, associate librarian, says "it is gratifying to notice how resources are being used."

Vocal resources?

Old Style

Robert Ruark, who is making a pile of dough these days from his Something of Value, who writes a nationally syndicated column, and who incidentally went to Carolina, has decided that today's grads have it fine financially.

According to columnist Ruark, he had it tough after graduating from UNC. But, he decides in a recent column, had it been easier, "I would have missed one massive amount of fun."

We wouldn't begin arguing with Ruark about the comparative economic prosperity of today over the depression years. But we wonder if this 1935 graduate realizes just what are the problems facing today's new grad.

First, the draft board, hanging about waiting for its chance to get you, but never telling you exactly when. The 1935 grad has to decide between volunteering, waiting awhile, or just sitting back and hoping he won't be called.

Then there's this bubbling prosperity, a glowing national ledger page in which every element but the farmers is cleaning up. Obviously, if one segment of the economy is in such distress, while others are booming, something is wrong with our economy.

No, Ruark didn't have it so tough as compared with this generation. Nor is our college crew one that has it soft. We bet Ruark never had to get up after a fraternity party on Friday night and go to Saturday classes in his gay days.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.



Editors: ED YODER, LOUIS KRAAR; Managing Editor: FRED POWLEDGE; Business Manager: BILL BOB PEEL; Associate Editor: J. A. C. DUNN

News Editor: JACKIE GOODMAN; Staff: Neil Bass, Charles Dunn, James Nichols, Mike Vester, Bennie Baucum, Bunny Klenke, Ruth Rush, Curtis Gans, Jimmy Purks, Joan McLean, Nancy Link, Bill Corpening, Virginia Hughes, Clarke Jones, Wilson Cooper, Charlie Sloan, Jerry Cuthrell, Peg Humphrey, Nancy Rothshild.

Night Editor For This Issue: J. A. C. Dunn

Carolina Front The Phi Rides Again: Babies Unrestrained

J.A.C. Dunn

ON THE fourth floor of New East the Phi (Philanthropic Society) meets on Tuesday nights. We trotted philanthropically up to the meeting room (the same in which the student Legislature holds its sessions) last Tuesday night prepared for a good eye-squinting slug of rip-roaring forensics.



We were greeted by Pat McBane, the clerk of the Phi, who handed us an information sheet bearing vital and mimeographed points of interest concerning the Phi, and ushered us into the back office. In the back office we spoke briefly (and very slowly) to Lewis Brumfield; Mr. Brumfield took us into the attic and showed us old stacks of the Congressional Record, unused portraits leaning against the wall, bits of plaster fallen from the ceiling, and a large folder entitled "The Inorganic Nitrogen Situation in 1926."

"This is where we have initiations," said Mr. Brumfield languidly, and levitated himself down the narrow flight of stairs again.

We met Lawrence Matthews, who towered over us in a gently welcoming manner; we were introduced to John Curtis, the speaker of the Phi, who drew heavily on his pipe and said he had heard a great deal about our record on the stage, which accomplishment we denied and passed off on the other undergraduate James Dunn (who is from Greensboro, if we remember correctly).

THE HALL filled with representatives and visitors, the speaker brought the meeting to order, representative Taylor intoned a short prayer, and the bill of the evening was read after the formalities of roll-calling and welcoming had been gone through.

The bill, as most of the assembly eventually admitted, was absurd. It resolved, in brief, that the Federal government should adopt some system of selective breeding for United States citizens in order to reduce the number of physically or mentally undesirable types now rampant in the country.

Representative Matthews took the rostrum and defended the bill gently and pleasantly, as if he were explaining why cows give milk. We had got only two or three paragraphs into his speech when representative James Duvall rose from his chair and requested a point of personal privilege, to wit that it gave him great mental anguish to hear representative Matthews display his great ignorance of history and Adam Smith, to whom representative Duvall believed the representative at the rostrum referred in connection with an increase in population.

Mr. Duvall was told by the speaker that his point was not legitimate and suggested he sit down, which Mr. Duvall did.

MR. MATTHEWS went on; Mr. Duvall rose again and asked who was keeping time; a gentleman in a blue suit volunteered; Mr. Matthews finished and was replaced by Mr. Duvall, who stated that he whole-heartedly and unequivocally believed in a eugenics system but unfortunately bogged down toward the end. Miss McBane questioned Mr. Duvall's interpretation of the mathematically cumulative clause in the proposed bill, was told by the speaker to rephrase her question and make it non-negative, and did, thereby completely confusing us; Mr. Duvall finished by remarking that the female may launch the ship, but the male lays the keel, which is interesting to know; Mr. Brumfield took the rostrum and said he couldn't find grounds to defend such a silly bill as the one in question, even for the fun of it; Miss McBane spoke and said the bill was appalling ("heart hear!"); Mr. Taylor followed her, argued the social angle in favor of the bill, and refused to yield to questions; Mr. Duvall suddenly proposed debating another bill instead, was voted down; a young visitor from Lenoir next spoke

Editors: Since when did we get editors of The Daily Tar Heel who are made of wax? Yes, that's what I said, wax — or, better still, old candles.

We might as well have gone to Mme. Tussaud's waxworks in Paris and got two dummies and set them in the chairs up in the "Towers of Graham Memorial." Sissies, that's what I think you are, Kraar and Yoder, sissies! The D. T. H. still has the weeping towel out against good Americans who would like to see the Commies, the Niggers and those soft-shell crabs who want to ruin our great B. A. School kicked from Chapel Hill. Editors, you are still coddling the bad people we don't want around here, but you are doing it in a liver-limed way that I, and a lot of other people I have talked to about it, don't like. You are simple little wax-work dummies, dead as the oldest stooge professors before your time, and it's a pity. At least I have heard a lot of people say that although they never liked what Kuralt said they liked the way he said it, and that he was never as high-colored and snooty about what he said as you two are.

If you want me to get specific, o.k., I will. My biggest gripe so far has been two editorials. One, with a stupid blurb from Thoreau that ran in today's paper and was about clothes, and the other that long spool of nonsense about religion that ran in Sunday's paper. Take that piece on religion: It was the biggest line of pseudo-intellectual, radical crap that the DTH has printed. I don't know which one of the "Tower crowd" wrote about religion, but I do know that it should be reprinted — on toilet paper. That's about all the good it was.

When you two party-wearers ran against Dave Mundy (who should be editor now) I thought the whole business was dirty, and I know a lot of other people that felt the same way. I feel the student body will probably give you about two or three more weeks to produce a page that is worth our time to read, otherwise, there will be a blowtorch raid on the Graham Memorial "Tower Wax-works" Name Withheld By Request

Editors: School has now been in session for all of 14 days and in this time I haven't seen The Daily Tar Heel do a damn thing to justify its existence. What I want around here is a newspaper we can look forward to in the morning; a newspaper that will spark the morning coffee, a newspaper that will knock the sand out of our eyes, a newspaper that makes the other college newspapers in the state (may, in the nation!) sit up and take notice; a newspaper that is WORTH SOMETHING!

I want some controversy; I want some action; I want some people calling other people names; I want some interesting news; and I know of a lot of other people who want this too!

Damn it, get on the ball up there and make this campus hop the way The Daily Tar Heel used to! Albert Carney

Reader's Retort

DTH Attacked: Columnist 'Sexually Frustrated'; Editors 'Liver-Limed'

Editors: It's time for The Daily Tar Heel editors to stop contemplating their journalistic navels and start turning their typewriters to the real problems of this campus.

Despite your excellent coverage of campus events this fall, the DTH editorial page is dead. I say dead and waiting to be buried.

First, there's jocular J.A.C. Dunn, the poor man's E. B. White. Now if I want to get the New Yorker magazine (and I really don't just now), I can buy it. Nevertheless, Dunn—using "we" more than Col. Lindburg—writes just like that slick magazine. I want more about students, more about the campus. But what do I get? Just "we" did this, and "we" did that.

Then, there's Rueben Leonard, who thinks he has the answer to all campus problems, the same answer to all problems too—sex. Now I don't want to cast aspersions on Mr. Leonard's character, but he writes like a sexually frustrated freshman on a lonely Saturday night. Why doesn't he go out and seduce coeds, instead of serving us so much sex in the morning paper. Frankly, it's too much to take at breakfast.

The Horse, not long before heading to the glue factory, I hope, trots along like last year's Kentucky Derby hopeful that just didn't quite make it. But he tries, the old nag.

Charles Dunn, who should have headed over the hill long ago, is just about the least offensive of your columns. He just doesn't write often enough.

Last, but not least, are the editorials. And I use the word loosely. (And I don't mean Luce-ly, Messrs. Yoder and Kraar. We all know you spent the summer on Time magazine, but must you write like they do, glibly tossing about words we don't know or care about?)

The editorials either endorse racial integration (an act long settled by the U. S. Supreme Court) or ramble about the question of liberal arts. Once in a while, you mention student government. But that's once in a while too often.

Editors, get up off your haunches and give us something we can read, something interesting, something like the good old days when Chuck Hauser, Barry Farber, and Rolfe Neill were running things. Sarah Benson

Editors: Your perceptive editorial, "Religion: Old Time And New, The Call For Re-examination," one of the finest I have read anywhere recently, is, I feel, typical of the fine work the DTH is doing this year. You are rendering a real service to the students on the campus. I have not been on campus for a number of years, but I always enjoy your paper. The Rev. John C. Woodruff

Y-Court Corner Open Season Declared By Ivory Towers

Rueben Leonard

IT IS about that time of the year when the "Ivory Tower" regiment rallies its forces and declares open season on the School of Business Administration. These intellectual and pseudo-intellectual piranha spend a great deal of their time nibbling the meat off the BA school's commercialistic skeleton.



IT IS often difficult to determine just what the chief gripe is against the business school, whether it is the curriculum, the professors, the students or all three. Granted, the curriculum does not lend itself to an intensive study of history, philosophy, and literature, but it must be remembered that the study of the humanities does not lend itself to a study of business either. Although this isn't a very good answer to the contention, it is nevertheless, as sound as the anti-business set's theory.

If everyone majored in liberal arts while in school who would there be for the scholars to influence after graduation (and there is a life after graduation you know). Some people have business minds, others don't — these people should be in business — others shouldn't.

SOME OF the propaganda distributed by Ivory Towers, Inc. would have you believe the BA school professors ride home in the evenings on a business cycle and dart into their Dun & Bradstreet wallpapered abode to listen to the latest stock market reports. True, some of the BA profs may think Homer is a four-bagger, but not the majority of them by any means. I even had an instructor who once mentioned he didn't think Chopin and Wagner were squares.

SO MUCH for the curriculum and the professors. One often wonders why students major in Business Administration. Is it because they think a major in business is a front row ticket for "Strike It Rich?" Or is it because they can't decide just what to major in their first two years and by some stroke of fate find themselves drifting the way of the majority of Carolina students—to the BA School.

It is probably a mixture of both. But the poor students who have visions of earning huge piles of money upon graduation are certainly in for a sad awakening. The other alternative, that of not knowing what to major in, could be in part a fault of some of the General College instructors. There are some instructors who make the General College courses so difficult that a student in his right mind could not possibly convince himself that a degree in either English, history, or a foreign language would be practical.

I am not implying that courses should be made any easier than they already are, but I do believe some of the instructors could make the courses a little more interesting. Just because an instructor's thesis isn't accepted, he shouldn't go back to his freshman or sophomore class and give 13 F's, 7 D's, 2 C's no B's and no A's. Maybe the students didn't learn anything in high school, but it is the job of the instructor to try to teach them something while they are at Carolina. A rollbook full of F's doesn't seem to be a very good indication of the instructor's teaching ability.

If you don't want everyone to major in business, don't drive them over the BA School by giving the impression that all Liberal Arts courses are as boring as most of the General College courses, because they aren't.

Over The Hill

Charles Dunn

The "be-yourself, you-may-be-smoother-think" column of last Saturday has been the object of many comments, much conversation, and even controversy. Quoted in the column was a speech given by a student in summer school speaking for more respect for girls.

The "be-yourself, you-may-be-smoother-think" idea caused a lot of fun over the Before the football game, several people said "What ya trying to do ruin my week?" Another fellow said that he had heard that the Tar Heels all morning and burning their hair, his girl wouldn't get to see a copy before the end was over.

Of course other people took the idea in sense. Some wanted dates (imports that fill the column, and some even went so far as to copy it to their girls who are away at schools.

However it is doubtful, if such an idea is once or twice is going to change the reader's way of treating or wanting to be treated by the opposite sex. The idea of change had occurred to some readers for the moment, it didn't exist before, it probably was forgotten their next date had ended.

Probably one of the best results of the column was the suggestion by a coed that should be done to help students work out such problems that might arise on dates, or just in life here campus. This coed, who had talked the deal with several others, believed that something should be set up to help students solve their problems. She suggested a board made up of a dormitory, a fraternity man, a sorority woman and a woman to help work out solutions to said problems. Her plan was that students with problems write in asking for advice. The board would write in asking for advice. The board would write in asking for advice. The board would write in asking for advice.

The idea is a good one. It should be carried out if enough students have enough interest.

The "be-yourself, you-may-be-smoother-think" idea and also the other ideas that the "preached" on has taken on new compass since it was first printed. It seems that nearly one has his or her own ideas on certain things, the quotation, and occasionally a group will discuss the matter further.

Such a group formed in one of the majorities the other night we are informed. The conversation started (we are told) with everything in their two cents worth about the "be-yourself" idea. From there it went to the pros and cons of pre-marital sexual relations, and then to the various boys were looking for in the wives. In this group (with another group it may have been different) the majority of the boys were pre-marital sex relations; an even greater number expected to marry women who had not had relations before marriage.

But this was only with one group of the majority. Some groups will differ, but the majority, in thought and conversation, will probably agree.

The whole quotation was intended to be for thought. When it was written for the first time there was no burning candles of an idea would develop into a ravaging barn-fire of it. It was out to set no limits on what could be done on dates; it could or could not have read to include pre-marital sexual relations on the mind of the reader; it mentioned no legalized prostitution or any other kind of matter; it was simply one individual's way in which a gentleman, Carolina and the should conduct himself on a date.

He advised "just be yourself, and you'll be smoother than you think. Respect a girl, she will respect you." You take it from there. Do you call respect? In what way do you want to be respected by members of the opposite sex? After whether you decide that all you should do is a girl is to hold hands for the first six months you decide that relations should be much from the very beginning, you can find meeting the opposite sex that will agree with you. You have to make your own decision in that matter, should, it's your own life.

To Join Or Not

Campus Greek letter organizations have had their annual high-pressure sales campaign as rushing. The first round belongs to the Next week the women will have their turn and being sold on the sorority stuffing. The question to join or not to join is one of the biggest a student, especially a freshman, face. Sometimes financial conditions leave a choice. Occasionally a student already has a mind made up. More often, rushing itself, the round of tea and tinsel, sells the student on a course of action or the other.

The fault usually found with rushing is that it hits the freshman before he has had time to get to his new surroundings. Even worse, it expects him to choose his fraternity hastily. He commits himself to a group without knowing how it will be under everyday conditions.

Some schools postpone rushing a semester or year. We do not favor delayed rushing, but we think the "advisable time" for rushing is the individual too much. No completely satisfactory date could be set, arbitrarily.

We rather like our system of rushing, the burden of decision on the freshmen, recognize the need for a delay; others plan to choose in a day the companions of their careers.

It will be interesting to note the decision of this year's freshmen, and the maturity or immaturity of their attitudes. Yes, we like our system of rushing. It hits the freshmen when they are vulnerable, but it separates the men from the The Daily Athenaeum



and pointed out in a very good speech that lunatics were not hereditary and that lower income brackets did not mean concomitant lower intelligence. The debate sputtered on to a finish, and it was finally decided

that the American public could go right on having all the babies it wanted—thank God. We were struck by two things during the evening: one, the cool, intelligent thinking of most of the speakers involved; and two, the arresting compromise the Phi has effected in its meetings between a tolerant informality and a highly commendable adherence to Roberts' Rules of Order.