

The Daily Tar Heel

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CITY EDITOR FOR THIS ISSUE: L. L. HUTCHISON
 Thursday, March 16, 1933

For a Carolina Follies

With the success of the University Depression Party still a topic of comment, it is increasingly apparent that the mass participation of the student body in an all-University venture is highly conducive to a spirit of unity within the undergraduate ranks. Saturday night's performance was the first manifestation of what may be righteously and unblushingly termed "school spirit" since the decline of the Cheerios under the famed Kay Kyser.

These expressions have evoked the suggestion that the Student Entertainment Committee sponsor some sort of entertainment written and acted by members of the student body. It has been pointed out that a very small portion of the fee paid by every student could be diverged into a fund for some such venture as a University musical show, with scenery, music, costume, and directorial costs to be met by the fund. It would take little effort to write and cast a burlesque show or a musical comedy, and obtain the services of seventy-five students to design scenery, assist with the direction and music, and carry the principal roles.

Such a program could only be undertaken with the whole-hearted cooperation of undergraduate body. It would, of course, parallel the programs of the now defunct Wigwag and Masque Club which met with such success in a similar venture. With a large sum of money that might be utilized for this purpose at hand subject to the approval of the Student Entertainment Committee, and excellent musical and dramatic resources available, an All-University Show might be a worth-while venture.—D.C.S.

"Earmarked For Education"

With the General Assembly at an impasse, Governor J. C. B. Ehringhaus came forward Monday night with a program to solve the state's financial problems. His plan placed particular emphasis on the passage of a sales tax and the establishment of a state-supported eight months school. Opposition to a sales tax has come principally from the merchants, says the Governor. His plan is to put the sales tax in such form that it may be easily passed on by the merchants. He wishes to relieve the local tax burden by having the state take over, in an economical fashion, the support of the eight months school term.

To the University, the significant statement in Governor Ehringhaus's statement was his proposal to "earmark for education" the funds brought in by the proposed sales tax. He pointed out the danger of an irreparable impairment of the functions of state departments and institutions if appropriations were too severely slashed. It is his intention that if new taxation is levied the state's public schools and higher educational institutions shall receive their just share.

It is not yet known how the Legislature will receive the Governor's proposals. As it has been previously stated in these columns, however, there exists in the state no ready source of revenue other than a tax on sales. If the Legislature intends to secure additional revenue, it can, all things being considered, do no other than pass a sales tax. And as it has also been previously predicted here, the University will receive its portion of the new revenues. We have now something to bolster that hope that we have not

had before: the Governor's statement that the income from new taxes should "be earmarked for education."—E.C.D.

"I Ain't Goin' to College To Be a Soldier!"

College men, who will constitute one of the first consignments of cannon fodder in another war, must be keenly interested in President Roosevelt's belief that the cause of disarmament has come to a crisis, and that the United States should do all in her power to save the present Geneva Conference from failure, and what is most important, save the world from the arms race that would result from the Conference's failure, which could have but one ending—millions of dead and wounded, crushing burdens of debt and taxation, disease, crime, depression—the whole revolting aftermath of the last war in still more horrible proportions.

Roosevelt will follow a policy very beneficial for his country if he does all he can for the cause of world peace in the present crisis. A general war in Europe would be almost sure to involve this country just as it did in 1917. America didn't want the war then, but got it just the same. In 1914 and 1917 it was too late to prevent the conflict. Soon it will be too late to prevent the future one that must come if we cannot do something now.

Prevention of war must come by sublimating the national interests of national states, in a world of international anarchy, to the interest of a United States of the World that is conceived in a spirit of mutual benefit and cooperation. Fantastic as it may seem today, it is the only alternative to continuous war and continuous degeneration of the human race. Before the American constitution was ratified in 1789, what is now a great and peaceful nation consisted of thirteen nations suffering from the same international anarchy that afflicts the world today.

It is easy to argue that to unite all the nations will be infinitely harder than to unite thirteen American states. True, but the answer is that the task *must* be consummated. It is not a question of what is the easiest solution. There is only one solution, and it is not easy. But when world public opinion clearly sees that only in a world government will it find refuge from the terrible spectre of war, then world public opinion will find ways to transcend the obstacles.

In world public opinion, of which college opinion is an important part, the salvation is to be found. A public that is determined not to go to war, a public that can understand the underlying causes of war and can see their pettiness and selfishness, will not go to war. And a public that will interest itself in foreign relations will not allow vested interests to thrust a war upon it. For what Walter Lippman said in 1915 is still true today:

"... People take almost no interest in foreign affairs, with the result that their management goes by default to a small coalition of aristocratic, military, bureaucratic, and exploiting interests."—D.B.

With Contemporaries

The New Pedagogy

H. L. Mencken, in his chosen role of fiery iconoclast, sears the opening pages of the latest *Mercury* with an attack on the American public school. The reason for his diatribe, needless to say, is the depression. The public schools, it appears, are spending now about \$100 per child each year, where in 1880 they spent \$5. Obviously, such an increase as this offers a loophole to one in search of reductions, if only it can be shown to be unjustified. This task Mr. Mencken assumes, asking the natural question: "Has the increase in intelligence among the products of the schools been at all comparable to the increase in the cost of education?"

This first question he answers, as the majority would, in the negative, claiming that the high-school graduate of today is, if anything, more stereotyped and dull than his predecessor. If this is true, or even partly true, the search for the leak must be elsewhere. Mr. Mencken finds this cause of waste in the growth of special classes for the backward and in the large number of various sorts of experts which infest every modern school. Actually, there is another and even worse cause for growing expenditures: this is the movement toward a large number of courses in every conceivable subject. This innovation has had two evil effects: it has raised the cost of an education, and it has led the present generations too far from the benefits of a classical training.

Mr. Mencken's arguments are a bit high-strung; they savor of viciousness. But it is evident that he has struck a blow in the right place, though he may have struck too hard. From a purely intellectual point of view, the schools need revision. And from the standpoint of financial expediency, they are more than wasteful. For this hard-spent money, the citizens are given, as Mr. Mencken says, the sight of a myriad palatial buildings, "out of each vomited the standard

product of the new Pedagogy... an endless procession of adolescents who have been taught everything save that which is true, and outfitted with every trick save those which are socially useful."—*Harvard Crimson*.

Radio Sadists

One of the minor forms of torture inflicted upon innocent people today is the barrage of prize contest announcements that accompany the majority of programs broadcast over the radio. Depression-hit families which settle down before their radio to try to forget their monetary difficulties and their other troubles that financial freedom would ameliorate, find their intentions defeated by the glowing tales of "hundreds of dollars in money—cash money—for you and your children" that fruity-voiced announcers hurl at their defenseless ears at 200 words a minute. Hopes for distraction through an evening of radio music and entertainment are permanently dispelled by the visions conjured by the cheery speakers who make it obvious that a child's mind and a couple hours' easy work thinking up three-letter words or writing a 50-word essay will win several hundred dollars.

An even stronger builder of false hopes is the heartless radio sponsor who bedevils the listeners to his program with the idea that they can become rich if they will only break down and write the two last lines of a limerick that is exasperatingly tempting in its juvenile senselessness.

The listeners whose only fault is that he bought a radio and wants to use it in order to justify his purchase, can do nothing about the programs that are so eager to give away money. No matter how many of his kind write indignantly and pleadingly to the sponsor to stop being so generous with his money, they will be far outnumbered by thousands of their moron-minded fellowmen who cannot resist entering every contest they hear, although they have been shown time and again that many of the contests are won by fictitious individuals. The sponsor sees the heaps of entries and the empty cartons that accompany them and represent so many purchases, he smiles satisfiedly, and announces a new contest, "richer" in prizes than ever before. He considers himself a philanthropist distributing largess to the improvident, and would be deeply hurt and irate if he were called a racketeer.

Evidently the only remedy lies with the radio employees who pass on the announcements through the unfeeling microphone. We wish more radio hirelings had the self-respect and the thought for their listeners that Ben Bernie displayed when he refused to give any longer the first lines to a limerick that his malt sponsor wanted Bernie-listeners to complete.—*Syracuse Daily Orange*.

Lamp or Door-Mat?

One of the obvious and unavoidable drawbacks of an all pervading spirit of Democracy is the vast, solid and spinx-like tyranny of the mediocre. Bobbie Burns delighted in singing the praise of the worth and goodness of the common man and if there was one thing that Burns did not possess it was mediocrity.

The university aims at turning out for the service of mankind as large a number as possible of people who are quite distinctly above the herd-average, and so the university, that dares to profess this aim, is severely criticised by the crowd, which stops in its monotonous rut-like existence long enough to mutter

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Life and Letters

By Edith Harbour

Banks are what people put money in and can't get it out again. Which sounds like the first sentence of little Mary's theme on the subject of the stronger sex—"Men are what women marry." Or vice versa. Or vice without the Latin verses. Which sounds decidedly buccaneerish. And probably is.

To return to banks. Yes, by all means return whatever portion of the world's supply of gold you may happen to have to the banks else you run the risk of becoming what F. D. R. terms "unfashionable." "Metropolitan Movies," featured in *The World-Telegram*, depicts a lady well past middle age returning to a reopened bank a small gold coin. "It's a five dollar gold piece I received on my fifth birthday," she said sadly. She was afraid of being arrested for hoarding.

The nation, yearning for a man of action, discovered that the new president could give a fair imitation of Mussolini (see rotogravure section of Sunday's *New York Times* for pictures which reveal the upturned chin and iron jaw). And the students of this University, temporarily denied their spring vacation, discovered that a banking holiday could easily be turned into a Roman holiday in the form of a depression week-end.

Flourishing in these trying times are the punsters. Before the presidential proclamation suspending bank operations for an indefinite period they had referred to Woodin nickels in honor of the new Secretary of the Treasury, but now they are suggesting that perhaps the strongest banks in this western hemisphere are the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. In like vein I suppose the best safety deposit vault in existence is Davy Jones' locker. And it may be the Scotch in me, but I have an uncanny suspicion that the tightest financial institutions across the seas are yon bonny banks of auld Scotland. News flash from Ohio: Prospective depositors are hereby warned that the banks of the Wabash are unsafe.

Hysteria generally reigns when a bank fails. Crowds mill around the closed doors. Threats are made, innuendoes noised abroad. And those who wait the loudest have lost the least. The surprising feature of the recent crisis is that it was taken so genially. "I'm banking on you," said one college boy to another as he deliberately stole his friend's last dollar and went his merry way.

A plumber in a small town received an emergency call and, grabbing his kit of tools, rushed to the address given. There was nothing wrong with the plumbing, but a disgruntled father and an anxious mother could not get the baby's bank open. Were they robbing Peter to pay Paul?

There were Negroes who, having heard the phrase "money changers in the temple" from Roosevelt's inaugural address thought that money could be procured at the churches now that the banks were closed.

And if money is the root of all evil as it is reputed to be I know lots of people who would like to be positively wicked for a change. Oh, don't bother. Keep the change.

A questionnaire for the identification of fifty famous Americans was recently given to a class in government at the University of Oklahoma; Al Capone's name was the only one correctly identified by all students.—*Lehigh Brown and White (NSFA)*

Our Times

By Don Shoemaker

Idea of March

Yesterday, we note with some pride in our meager knowledge of Roman history, was the Idea of March. And like that Idea of March of old, when Julius Caesar went down in history as Rome's most stuck up emperor, thunder and lightning rolled across the skies. It also rained early in the morning.

The bank holiday was still more or less on and there was only four dollars in cash in the University treasury. Two fine trees in front of Graham Memorial building were cut down to make room for a walk. The earthquake in Southern California still rumbled slightly and a corporal in the Chinese army named Ching-Wang-Hang fell off the Great Wall and broke his neck when a peal of thunder rolled down from Jehol.

Trees

Mr. J. F. A., one of our old line editorial writers reflects on the tree-cutting in front of Graham Memorial:
*"Paths are made by fools like me,
 But only God should cut a tree."*

Reply

The item that next commands our attention has already been well cared for by Messrs. Albright and Daniel, but we feel that some sort of public notice should be taken.

From *The New Yorker* of March 11 comes the statement in connection with an article "Profiles" on George Gordon Battle, New York—alumnus of this University: "Young Gordon Battle, educated first by a governess, and later at Hanover Academy in Virginia and at the University of Virginia, artistic seat of learning where legions of Battles had preceded him..."

The aforementioned Mr. Daniel and Mr. Albright wrote a letter several days ago to the proprietors of the magazine pointing out that George Gordon Battle, though he graduated at the University of Virginia, was educated at the University of

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OUTSTANDING RADIO BROADCASTS

Thursday, March 16

5:00 George Hall orchestra, WABC—CBS.

6:00 Current events, H. V. Kaltenborn, WABC.

8:00 Rudy Vallee orchestra, WEA—NBC.

9:00 Ruth Etting, songs, WABC.

9:30 Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, droll comedians, WABC.

10:00 Jack Pearl and "Sharlie," comedians, Lyman orchestra, WEA.

10:00 The Foreign Legion, sketch, WABC.

11:00 Symphony orchestra, WABC.

11:30 Isham Jones orchestra, WABC.

12:05 Cab Calloway orchestra, WEA.

12:30 McCoy orch., WABC.

H. V. Kaltenborn, Columbia news commentator, who is heard tonight at 6:00, has been on the air longer than any other speaker of the Lowell Thomas ilk. A veteran newspaperman, Kaltenborn is one of the best of Columbia's artists.

Rudy Vallee, despite everything, always has a good musical program with A-1 comedy. In a recent program Rudy spoke of the governor of North Carolina as "Governor Max Ehringhaus"; but such is fame.—D.C.S.