

The Daily Tar Heel

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Thursday, March 6, 1930

PURLOINED PARAGRAPHS

Chicago has been taken for a ride, and now it's walking back.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Don't imprison the St. Louis man who sewed up a dog's mouth. Send him to Washington to operate on Congress.—Boston Transcript.

Doctors treating parrots down with this new ailment are handicapped. They can't tell a parrot to go get its teeth pulled.—Macon Telegraph.

The butcher, we read, still uses everything about the pig except its squeal. This is used by the customer when he hears the price of pork.—Punch.

The horse may be vanishing, but we think there still must be a lot of him in the laughter inserted between parentheses in congressional speeches.—Arkansas Gazette.

Tar Heel Topics

The "Spanish bull-fight" at the Episcopal church Tuesday night must have been quite a bull-session.

Youthful bandit has confessed to holding up four North Carolina movie theatre box offices with a toy pistol. That's giving the movies some of their own medicine.

Ratan Devi, who appears here tonight on the student entertainment program, "portrays Indian music with a genuine India-consciousness," according to advance publicity. If the wording had been "India-rubber conscience," what a whale of a difference it would have made in the size of the crowd!

The seniors had E. C. B. Erhinghaus, a candidate for governor in 1932, as the speaker at their last smoker. Now come the juniors with announcement that Albert Cox, also a candidate for the governorship, will speak at their smoker. Evidently the campus politicians are missing no chances of getting pointers on how it's done by the experts.

The University Presidential Straw Vote

At the meeting of the University board of trustees in Raleigh Tuesday it was evident that sentiment had not crystallized on the choice of a successor to President Chase. The suggestion was frequently advanced that the matter should be approached with great caution and much deliberation.

We are in hearty accord with the attitude of the trustees. It is vitally important to the future progress of the University, and to some extent of the entire state, that the most competent man be selected for the presidency. Qualifications of the men under consideration should be fully determined.

We believe that the trustees will consider student opinion to some extent in arriving at a decision. In order to assist them in ascertaining the opinion of the student body, we are conducting a straw vote through the Tar Heel on the most logical men for the presidency. A ballot appears on the front page of this morning's edition, and it will be repeated in the Friday, Saturday and Sunday issues. These ballots are to be filled out and dropped in the ballot box in the lobby of the Y.M.C.A.

We request that each student refrain from voting more than once. The straw vote is conducted in order to determine the opinion of the majority of the student body on the most desirable man for the presidency from a student point of view, and this cannot be accomplished if the ballot box is "stuffed." Each ballot must be signed by the name of the voter; otherwise the vote will not be counted. The results will be announced in next Tuesday's issue of the Tar Heel.

During the past few days the chief source of ammunition for campus "bull-sessions" has been speculation upon the most likely successor to President Chase. The straw vote will give the "bullers" an opportunity to express an opinion in tangible form.

Pine Trees And Hard Times

It seems that the state of North Carolina is about to become the newest battleground for the warfare between lumber interests and advocates of highway beautification. Whenever fine roads are built through forested or semi-forested districts such a controversy invariably follows. Pennsylvania, New York, and Michigan are states that have recently terminated such disputes within their borders.

Lumber concerns always watch with interest the laying of good roads across timbered regions. Then when the roads are finished they move in and begin to operate. The forests alongside the highway, being nearest the line of transportation, are naturally the first to be razed, and with such methods it is only a question of time until every highway traverses a strip of unsightly stump land. This is exactly what North Carolina is threatened with.

We are a perfect example of a state whose new roads are rendered twice beautiful by leading through the heart of splendid forests. It is one of our boasts, and it is one of the things that makes our state so attractive to people from other parts of the country. Beautiful woodlands have become rare in eastern United States, so that to drive over our highways is an unusual as well as a happy experience; especially for visitors from the North.

But even now the sawmills are beginning to eat out a trail along either side of our roadways, so that the part of the state which should be kept beau-

tiful at any cost, the part that everybody sees, is the very first to be mutilated. Moreover, most of our woods are pine woods, and, although there are few trees stielier than pines we must remember that there is scarcely any landscape more monotonous than cut-over pine-lands. Are we going to allow our network of fine roads to become also a network of pine-stump wastes?

That financial ebb which sometimes follows in the wake of abnormal development is now upon North Carolina. It is at such a time that a state needs all the tourists it can attract. Our state is fast getting the reputation of being a tourists' paradise, chiefly because of our fine roads and the beauty of the country they traverse. If we allow our roadsides to be turned into wastes of sand and stumps what will become of our tourist trade?

Of course we must utilize our timber resources, but this does not necessitate the desolation of our roadsides. We might well follow the example of Michigan, which has recently taken over a 200-foot strip on each side of portions of its state highways leading through forested areas. Even such a narrow stand of forest alongside the highway is sufficient to conceal the unsightly results of lumbering operations which may take place beyond it. At any rate it is a matter which should interest every person concerned with the welfare and prosperity of our state.

—J. J.

Readers' Opinions

BLAKE AND COLUMNIST GALLAND

Editor the Daily Tar Heel:

I would like to express my thanks to you for the vast amount of free publicity you have given me through your Daily Tar Heel. I cannot understand why you are devoting so much valuable space for free publicity. It could be so much better utilized for real news that your subscribers expect to get for their subscription fee. But, after considering it thoughtfully for a while, it comes to me easily. The Tar Heel once carried lots of real news, news that the student body and other subscribers appreciated reading, at least, the average intelligent student and subscriber.

But, taking in consideration that the Tar Heel has advanced from a tri-weekly to a daily paper, it naturally necessitated an extraordinary editorial staff. And, by reading the daily Tar Heel regularly, especially the editorial page where you find Mr. Harry Galland's writing under the head of "Pen Points," it is easily seen that the Tar Heel has disclosed one real genius, a real literary man, some call them intelligentsia. His writings truly amplify his mental vocabulary. Few writers of his caliber have been found in the University student body in the last twenty years.

I am sure that some of the biggest publications have already sent out scouts to land his signature to a contract with their publication. And, ere a couple of years roll around, we expect to hear his name mentioned along with other great literary writers, such as Mencklen, Durant, and Bernard Shaw.

JOHN D. BLAKE.

STUDENT DICTATORSHIP!

Editor the Daily Tar Heel:

All hail to the arrival of student dictatorship over student ideas! (Would that we might say, "All hell to it.") I have become my brothers' intellectual keeper seems to be a new "Christian" idea among some of our

well-intentioned journalistic brethren. And the seemingly long-earned right for the Demos to express itself now comes to be suppressed. Yes—oath re-sounding against oath—the ill, demoniacal, infernal Demos of our student body, as it is looked upon by our worthy new rulers, is wretchedly incapable of ideas in the first place; and then, holy gods and you too, O Allah, when it believes that its sense of justice gives birth to an idea, it is slapped in the face with the true, correct, unbiased views to offset "false and misleading rumors." The erstwhile intellectual who so brilliantly poured out reason by the columns for the benefit of the Southern Textile Bulletin now becomes the exalted patron of exploitation somewhat nearer home. (The man under cover always considers war a great game.) Now, the student body, so excellently shown the multiple means of supporting a glorious Daily Tar Heel (it seems Tar Hell) last spring, begins to see that the chief means was an indirect one, one which still takes money from the students' pockets; and this way is to let the students pay indirectly for spacious advertisements. They are so important that we fear the loss of one patron, and we might say whisperingly, the loss of one job on the staff even at the expense of freedom of the press.

The fourth estate chooses the extreme right of the house; with benevolence (and also selfish and condescending pride) it shrinks from the ghastly appearance of the general and more democratic views. In this way, it elevates itself to the one twenty-seven hundredth percentage of the student body and reckons itself the very top spot of its intellectual cream. (I hesitate to call it cream for fear that it is still of a finer quality—perhaps scum.) This is a part (the triumvirate—though we believe it chiefly a one-man affair and have certain doubts concerning the authentic signing of a certain article Saturday night)—this is, then, IT which seeks more "manifest proof" for our ideas I suppose, since even there have been turned down many letters which only tended to express opinions just as the Tar Heel managers themselves have done. Perhaps, next, we shall meet on the campus some examples of a perfect intellectual pedigree who shall choose to fine us a nickel or take away from us the right to speak for a week upon our having expressed certain ideas orally. Down goes freedom of speech, then; that of the press has already preceded it. We fear grave consequences. Still, we wish to exhort the Demos to a more courageous stand; we wish to ask it to stand for itself. And we most earnestly wish to ask the dictator to allow us a meager bit of freedom and mercy.

BLANK IGNORANCE.

Young People's Social

The Young People's Service League gave a very entertaining social last Tuesday night in the social rooms of the parish house. The program was varied, consisting of fancy dances, vocal selections, and games.

The "goofy clothes" prize was won by Garland McPherson and Penelope Alexander. Carl Griggs rendered a few vocal selections, after which he and Louise Thacker gave a number of fancy dances. Jack Wardlaw and Frank Zappa supplied the musical atmosphere.

ENGINEERING SOCIETIES NOT TO MEET THIS WEEK

Because of the coming examinations the electrical and the mechanical engineering societies will not hold meetings this week.

The Campus
By Joe Jones

Two weeks ago today a man boarded a late night train in Chicago, purchased a newspaper for a few minutes of reading before turning in, and then he had the thrill of his life; for there was the name of an old school-mate of his in big headlines, first page, first column. The man was Charles Eichenhauer, an Illinois editor, and the name in the headlines was that of Harry W. Chase.

When Editor Eichenhauer had subsided from the excitement of learning that Dr. Chase had been chosen to be the new president of the University of Illinois he began to think about their old days together at Dartmouth. His reminiscences on the subject are intensely interesting in that they afford a very human glimpse of Dr. Chase when he was a college sophomore. Mr. Eichenhauer said:

"In the fall of 1901—can it really be that long ago—I, as an uncertain, doubtful and dispirited freshman, was assigned to my room in one of the country's most historic eastern college halls. I had been taught to beware of sophomores because they were the common enemy of freshmen. When the homesickness was becoming acute there was a figure at the open door. It was that of a tall, spare youth with a particularly classical cut to his countenance. There was something friendly about the newcomer who seemed somewhat more serious than the jolly roistering, returning students who were going up and down the dormitory corridor.

"How ah you, freshman?" he asked, his accent betraying his New England ancestry.

"I'm a sophomoh," he added. Here was someone to be dreaded!

"But he added, 'I live right around the cohnah. Come in to see me.'

"Here was a pretty wholesome sort of a fellow after all. A sophomore with a heart for

a homesick freshman!

"And so the two, Harry Chase and I, lived almost side by side—just around the corner—for the entire year. Every change of class period meant passing each other in the hall. There were the usual courtesies. Soon there came the dormitory horseplay and initiations, the dormitory 'chin' and the dormitory banquet. The sophomore was there and so was the freshman. In time there came short visits in the room of either one or the other.

"Dismiss the freshman, for he is of no concern in this story, but watch carefully the sophomore.

"There was not much to distinguish this sophomore from all the rest of his sophomoreic tribe so far as interest in college affairs was concerned or leadership in campus activities. To the crowd that seeks distinction in the by-products rather than the essentials of college interest there was little to attract attention to this tall youth who seemed to be growing taller and whose countenance seemed to be developing a more thoughtful aspect from year to year. He was not the type who chased the rainbow of college political honor, who was loudest at all student gatherings, who thought that the value of a college education varied directly with the number of wild escapades that were part of his experience. He believed that a college education was primarily offered to a youth to develop every part of his being, to make of him a thoroughly rounded man who would know how to live as well as how to make a living or how to get by. He was studious and thorough, a reading, thinking college youth, and yet, withal, a human and companionable fellow."

And so we have the picture of President Chase as a college boy.

In finishing his story Mr. Eichenhauer told something of the brilliant career of Dr. Chase during the 27 years that have passed since they last bade each other good-bye, saying, among other things: "He completely remade a big southern university, and gave it a fame as an educational center that was nationwide."

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