

The Daily Tar Heel



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Tuesday, April 1, 1930

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Allowing for climatic and other conditions, the most civilized nations are the best washed.—Dr. Thomas Oliver.

The Changing Attitude Toward Prohibition

A few years ago North Carolina editorial and ministerial sewing circles would have bedecked themselves in their most lurid war paints had the student newspaper at the state university conducted a poll on whether or not the Prohibition Amendment should be repealed.

But it is indicative of the changing attitude toward prohibition that not a single moralistic tomahawk has been whetted since the Daily Tar Heel announced its prohibition poll.

The poll will continue through noon Wednesday, with ballots appearing on the front page today and tomorrow. Ballots will be filled out and deposited in the box at the "Y" lobby; the progress of the voting will be observed with considerable interest on our part.

There is little doubt that the country is becoming weary of the farcial role prohibition has assumed. It has dealt a mighty

blow to America in its most sensitive spot—the pants pocket. Conservative estimates place the loss of revenue from the abolition of taxes on intoxicating beverages at billions of dollars during the past decade, and the cost of prohibition enforcement has contributed a few billions more to the total.

Evidently public opinion will compel changes within the near future in the substance or application of the prohibition laws. Whether these changes will take the direction of repeal of the 18th Amendment, modification of the Volstead Law, or continuance and strict enforcement of both is a matter of conjecture.

Another Chance

Already the collegiate year is two-thirds gone. We are running the last lap of the annual curricular race. The charms of the winter quarter have passed away. The spring quarter is here and one week a thing of the past.

At this season of the year there can be no doubt that 'hope springs eternally from the breast of mortal man.' Time and again when the darkest moments of despair visit the college man he sees, though not always clearly, better luck and greater opportunities in the dawning.

Indeed, mortal man could not endure the dull, drear, drab realities of a life governed by natural laws of unchangeable consequence were it not for the balm of hope that comes to him in the darkest moments of his earthly pilgrimage.

To say the least, there is one advantage in this practice of dividing the regular collegiate year into three equal parts with recesses between each of the divisions. Reference is made here to the absence from the monotony of classroom work and extracurricular activities—the absence from humdrum duties which never fail to engender a monotony and a dread which is clearly of the ruinous variety.

We all have time, and plenty of it; the length of the day is universal. Yet some accomplish great things, while others know not the satisfaction that comes from experiencing success.

To him who has let the past quarter slide by without accomplishing anything of note, anything to be proud of, a new quarter has opened her gateway of success just as wide as to him who has done great things in former days.

Architects tell us that in another generation the dining-room will pass out of the average American home, but we may console ourselves with the hope that it may linger for a time in the breakfast nook.—Worcester Evening Gazette.



JULIUS CAESAR

(By Arthur Riding)
By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Before a packed house James Hendrickson and Claire Bruce presented the Shakespeare Players in Julius Caesar at the Playmaker Theatre Saturday night. This is one of the few times that a professional group of actors has appeared in Chapel Hill and perhaps expectations were more than they should have been.

James Hendrickson himself, playing the part of Brutus, gave a good performance. Better than the other actors he gave his lines enunciation and force, bringing Brutus to full life. Though for the reviewer the opening of the play was somewhat marred by the over-emphasis which Stanley Cobby gave to the lines of Caius Cassius, the powerful voice of Brutus with clear and strong accent set him at ease again.

Emmet Shields as Julius Caesar did not come quite up to expectations. He was too

frail and awkward to portray convincingly the majestic and commanding personality of the great warrior and statesman. He was much better in the part of Trebonius. Neither was Webster Patterson much more convincing as Marc Antony, although his rendition of Caesar's funeral oration was passably well done.

The performance was well staged and the simplicity of the settings carried out the spirit of the Elizabethan stage. Several University students took parts in the street scenes and as conspirators, doing well with so little rehearsal.

The sincerity of the company was admirable and its purpose deserves praise. The truthfulness with which they rendered the famous tragedy was in good taste.

Readers' Opinions

BEAU GENT, THE CONNOISSEUR

Editor Daily Tar Heel:

There is, among the student body at this University, a reputable young gent known, thru the Daily Tar Heel as "Beau Gent." Of this young savant we know little: that is, of his past experience and learning which would qualify him to be a competent judge of the well-dressed man's attire, he has made no statement.

Now we do not wish to deprive the Tar Heel of one of its most reliable columnists, but we would like to request from Beau Gent, that he not be so dogmatically emphatic in his discourses on that which is proper and that which is not.

Having contributed to the more successful magazines, viz. The American Mercury, New York Daily News, Vanity Fair, The New Masses, The Mercuric de France and others, these capable candidates will undoubtedly bring up the standard of the Carolina publication and burden them with their superfluity of experience and training.

It behooves us to impress upon the impregnated minds of our cheerful and asinine voters, that even if their minds have been made up by politicians, they should throw off the yoke of the common herd and vote for the two experienced dark-horses that threatens to envelop this great institution of our glorious forefathers.

To further impress their qualifications upon the dense perception of the supposedly Gentle Reader the following toe-nail sketch is deemed fitting and necessary.

Mr. Carter was born (and so was Mr. Buttitta) on a tramp steamer near Marseilles, France, 1907. He has been respective-

and a yellow tie that blended perfectly, but a blue shirt that formed a horrible contrast to the "reddish" brown suit he was wearing and the yellow sweater. We do not doubt in the least the competence of Beau Gent in judging proper dress, but we do wonder if he is immune to any slight error in his own dress.

TWO VERY DARK HORSES

Editor the Daily Tar Heel:

The friends of Shirley Carter, sophomore, and Anthony Buttitta, freshman, knowing they belong to no political rings, or fraternities, and not being swayed by Sartorial Sways, nor belonging to the literary cornucopias, or the Student Council, the Elks, or the Moose, announce the candidacy of these two esoteric aesthetes, yet unknown for the joint editorship of the Daily Tar Heel.

The best plank in their platform seems to be without a gloomy shadow of a doubt that neither one has contributed to either publication on the campus, thus escaping the contamination of unoriginality, and leaving them free, if elected, to delete their supporters with brilliancy heretofore unhad.

Prayer: "O Lord, help us to be master-builders with thyself. Let all the events of the day become material for our valiant spirits. Give us a robust faith that by thine aid we may convert all things to good and make all things work together for good."

Wilson To Sail For Europe In Few Days

Dr. Louis R. Wilson, University librarian, and Mrs. Wilson and other members of their family have returned from St. Petersburg, Fla., where they have been spending the winter months.

Dr. Wilson is on leave of absence and is to sail in about a week for Europe, to be away until next August.

Dr. Wilson recently received the sole nomination for the vice-presidency of the American Library Association, in the work of which he has long been prominent. He is among those who have been prominently suggested for the presidency of the University.

Austria has no national language, but speaks German and her entire population is Teutonic. Union with Germany was prevented only by the objections of the Allies.

ly a vagabond, gentleman of fortune, Socialist, and conspirator against the U. S. Government in behalf of the coming Socialistic Regime, and gentleman and wanderer at large.

Mr. Buttitta is the illegitimate son of the Prince of Nomania, adopted by Barnum and Baily for a series of Balloon tours to exploit the native taste for aviation. He respectfully, and has been, a parasite with Mr. Carter, living on his wit and the fruits of his ancestors and on the cigarettes he has purchased and dispenses during the Sun-church hour.

Thus, dear voters, remember: "Freedom hath been hunted round the globe by these seekers after votes—so come! not like a quarry slave scoured to his dungeon, but as freemen of mind and soul and vote for those inimitable guardians of Liberty, Shirley R. Carter and Anthony J. Buttitta, Ltd., for the joint editorship of the Daily Tar Heel.

Inevitably yours,
Shirley R. Carter
Anthony J. Buttitta
Chairman of Committee of Detail
Henry Lubetkin
Keeper of the Sons of Pegasus\*
A. S. Williams
(Or the Dark Horse's Father).

Lenten Season Daily Devotion

Monday, April 1.—Topic of the day: "Using Difficulty" (Read II Corinthians 12: 1-10) Key verse: "I take pleasure in weakness."

Meditation: "St. Paul saw in his affliction an opportunity for finding joy. Sorrow and joy are inseparable. Lack of difficulty is not as desirable as we sometimes thoughtlessly assume. There is a story of a comfort-loving man who died and was borne to the other world, where he awoke to find his every wish gratified. He had a mansion suited to his taste, an unlimited wardrobe, a laden table, and boundless entertainment. There was no effort, no struggle, no pain. He became bored beyond expression and exclaimed to his private attendant, 'I can't stand this everlasting bliss. I want to want things I can't have. I want to go to hell. To which the attendant with a shrug of his shoulders replied, 'And where do you think you are sir?' To throw hardships out of life is to throw out likewise its zest and relish."

Prayer: "O Lord, help us to be master-builders with thyself. Let all the events of the day become material for our valiant spirits. Give us a robust faith that by thine aid we may convert all things to good and make all things work together for good."

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Merely Meandering
john mebane
The following pieces are from the Odes of Horace and are done with a full appreciation of and all due respect to the genius of a mortal who, in truth, built himself a monument more lasting than bronze.

For Simplicity

(Ode XXVIII, Book I)
Say, lad, I hate this Persian pose,
And linden garlands get my goat;
Let's wander out to pluck the rose
That lingers yet on Summer's throat.

Come, let the myrtle yet be plain,
For it befits both you and me.
Go fetch the wine while I remain
To drink it 'neath this thick-leaved tree.

Coming of Age

(Ode XXIII, Book I)
You shun me, Chloe, as a fawn
That seeks its mother in the hills,
Filled with a needless terror drawn
From rustling bush and bubbling rills.

For it shakes both in heart and knees
To hear the crackling of a briar
Or if a lizard chance to squeeze
Beneath the brush in green attire.

O, come, my purpose is not ill;
I am no wild and savage thing—
Must you cling to your mama still?
Come, come, cut loose your apron string!

Broken-Hearted

(Ode XIII, Book I)
When 'you, sweet Lydia, do praise
The rosy neck and wazen arms
Of Telephus, I spend my days
In jealous passion for his charms.

I rave about and lose my head
And change my color, and a tear
Rolls down my cheek by torment sped
To be consumed in angry fear.

I simply burn with rage when I
But see him touch your shoulder-blade,
And madness gleams within my eye
When his lips on your lips are laid.

If you would only hear me through
You would not flirt with him, my dear,
Who dares profane the lips that you
Acquired from Venus... Won't you hear?

A happy lot shall be the fate
Of those who make themselves so bound
That quarrels can never separate
Them til the holy trumpets sound.

All of which just goes to show
that Horace was a pretty human sort, after all.

To Frank—who is.
You think my lines are writ for those
Who fain would be amused and fed
Upon a bit of verse or prose
That stands a chance of being read?

If you but knew... If you but knew—
I bet you'd write the same stuff, too!