

The Daily Tar Heel



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Sunday, May 18, 1930

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

I regret that I have to preach, but cannot practice thrift.—Archbishop of Canterbury.

Continuation of the Present Rushing System

Although the Interfraternity Council has decided to continue the same system of rushing as is in effect this year for the year 1930-1931, there has been comment among some fraternity men which is not favorable to the present rules. Chief objections seem to be that there should be a longer period of rushing and that the preliminary period of silence is too long. Many favor an open season—not lasting all the year—during which freshmen may be formally pledged at any time. These objections came up at the time the present regulations were adopted, but they did not have the proper support to make them of much weight. And it seems that the present system still has the support of the majority of fraternity men, if the action of the new Council in continuing it for the coming year is any indication.

There can be no doubt that this system is an improvement over the old. The freshman has more time for study during the rushing period, he is given a chance to become somewhat adapted to his new environment before fraternities start using their high pressure methods on him, and he is not burdened by a prolonged period of rushing which would interfere with his other activities. Individual fraternity members likewise have more time for study and activities than formerly. Fraternities, however, benefit mainly under the new system by having them by written invitation on the first two days, thus allowing each fraternity to entertain desired freshmen before they are swamped with dates.

When these rules were first adopted it was understood that they were to be experimental. The rules have met with general approval, we think, and they should be given another year's trial. It is hoped by the mem-

bers of the Council that the regulations will be fully observed by the individual fraternity man which is necessary to the effectiveness of the rules. —B. M.

Speaking Of Phi Beta Kappa

A few nights ago thirty-nine students of the University were accorded what may well be classified as the highest honor that can come to any student during his college career—membership in Phi Beta Kappa. Theirs is a distinction which will grow as the years pass by; theirs is a self-satisfaction (the greatest good accruing from any honor) that will be accelerated from year to year. The coveted "key of knowledge" is given only to those who have done very superior work consistently for three years or more. It cannot be secured by politics or any form of chance. Consistent, hard work coupled with superior native ability is the only formula that will result in membership in Phi Beta Kappa. Because Phi Beta Kappa is positive proof of stickability mingled with native ability, we congratulate the thirty-nine students who were inducted into those select ranks a few nights ago.

There was a time in the history of the University when not more than six or seven men were annually taken into Phi Beta Kappa. Although it is hardly fair to compare the Carolina of the present with the Carolina of many years ago, we wish to point out that the proportion of students making Phi Beta Kappa here has remained fairly constant from the time of the establishment of the local chapter. The writer is, as a matter of fact, of the opinion that Phi Beta Kappa here is a greater honor than it ever was. This contention is made in lieu of the fact that there are more extra-curricular organizations to attract students than ever before. It is interesting to note that the men who rank highest in their candidacy for Phi Beta Kappa are well represented in campus activities—many of them holding offices, and a number being prominent in athletics. This being the case, we are forced to believe that the students who were initiated into the select order at the last initiation ceremony received an honor which is becoming greater all the while, because scholarship pursuits can no longer occupy the amount of the student's time that they once did.

Our congratulations are sincerely extended to our fellow students who have been recently awarded the most lasting, and in our opinion, the highest distinction that can come to a Carolina man. —J. C. W.

The Public School Teaching Situation

We would not get very far by merely stating that there is an over-supply of public school teachers in North Carolina at present, for even the undertaking game is crowded. The crowded condition of the public school teaching profession in the state does, however, bear a definite relation to the University of North Carolina, in the writer's opinion.

Being cognizant of the relatively low wage paid teachers in the state, the School of Education of the University a few years ago launched the policy of granting prospective teachers free tuition upon condition that they teach in North Carolina for two years in the space of the three years immediately following graduation. This plan was an excellent one in theory and has worked well since its inauguration. The fact of free tuition has, however, brought to pass one evil—Too many students enter the School of Edu-

cation; the result is too many public school teachers. Many teach the required two years merely in order to prevent paying tuition charges, thereby getting the jobs which would be given those really interested in the teaching profession.

Abolition of free tuition in the School of Education would do nothing to remedy the situation, but would rather make matters manifestly worse. The establishment of more loan funds to encourage students unable to pay tuition to enter branches of the University offering courses in line with their professional desires alone would do the trick; that is, reduce the number of non-professional public school teachers. —J. C. W.

Reciprocity Is What We Want

Since the present is the best time to do anything, a reciprocity system in connection with admittance to athletic activities among the Universities in the state would be apropos at this time. It would be expedient to establish such a system in the Universities and simultaneously be a method of creating good will among them as well as bringing them closer together. At the present time much hard feelings are created as a result of illicit entrance to the various games. This would of course not happen with the above system in practice.

Such a system would tend to liven up the atmosphere, increase attendance at games and unify the Universities in the state furthering the success of the North Carolina Federation of Students which was established here last Saturday, May 10. —J. D.

Readers' Opinions

AN APPEAL FROM THE DEAF

There is approximately one deaf inmate to each county home. Due to the fact that the state is financially unable to provide a central home for the deaf, the deaf of the South have organized what is known as the Dixie Association of the South, with the aim of founding a home for the aged and infirm deaf.

The Home Fund Committee of the association has started its work, and will appreciate any and all contributions from the people of each state. Contributions should be sent to the State Chairman of the Home Fund committee who will publish in the state newspapers a list of the contributions, and will send the amount to Mr. Herbert R. Smoak, of Union, S. C. The support of the people is necessary to the success of the association's plans.

During their years of activity these aged and deaf have contributed much both physically and financially to their home folks, to charity, and to civic bodies, and it is an urgent desire of the Dixie Association of the Deaf that the work of the said committee be looked upon, not as charity, but as a just and deserving work.

You may announce that all contributions be sent through your paper to Mrs. L. Edmondson, 1107 Spruce Street, Durham, N. C., who serves on the Home Fund Committee as chairman in your state.

Anything you may offer to make our activity more efficient will be greatly appreciated.

Thanking you very much for your generous aid to the state chairman, I am,

Very truly yours, J. M. Robertson, Pres. Dixie Association of the Deaf Raleigh, N. C.



"Romeo and Juliet"—Playmaker Production — Forest Theatre, May 16 and 17.

By A. H.

There was a bit more rain than tears in the Forest Theatre Friday evening, but not enough of the former to spoil Romeo and Juliet, and quite enough of the latter to seal the success of the Carolina Playmakers' first essay in open-air-tragedy. It is true that a few drops threatened to cut off Juliet (and the show) soon after the nurse weaned her, and Romeo had to ride to Mantua in a drizzle, and Friar Laurence's reverend bald head felt a few sprinkles, and the lofty vault of the Capulets' tomb dripped a sweeter and more copious dew upon the lovely upturned face than a charnel house is apt to yield; but it did not really rain. The lightning-bugs winked angry protests at the clouds, the whippoorwills pleaded for fair weather, and the noble white-oaks and the sweet gums lifted imploring arms to the heavens and spread a gold-fretted roof above the spellbound audience. That is the mythology of the weather control. The technique of it was slightly different. Up in his tower at the top of the hill, Elmer Hall, who had put arrangement but that about the gloss of perfection on every weather, telephoned (maybe radioed, for he had everything else electrical) the man at the rain valve, "For heaven's sake, shut off the juice; have a heart," and the show went on.

Yes, while the Rain Maker was sputtering his bluff, and while Elmer was doing his stuff, the show went on. For all your correspondent knows, the acting may not have been as deep as a well, but he knows it was not so wide of its mark as a church-door; 'twas enough, and 't would serve for any right-hearted audience in all these more or less United States. Romeo and Juliet is a youthful play about youthful passion and death, and a youthful cast carried it off with the elan of youth. The young performers brought its immortal poetry to the place and the time where it belongs—out into the open air, under trees and stars (or clouds, if the weather says nay), on a spring night, when Carolina whippoorwills and thrushes tell Romeo and Juliet that 'tis neither the nightgale nor the lark. Never did Beauty and anguish walk hand in hand the downward slope to death in a Dramatis personae nearer the heart of youth, and in scenes more like the morning of the world (clouds excepted).

To comment upon individual actors is to be invidious. The cast was like those famous football teams that have no stars but always win the game. Yet, since from such teams the sports reporters select gobs of star dust and make stars, your dramatic reporter supernumerary and extraordinary must make a stab, even if he justly suffers a broken head for his pains.

The titular roles were played as they ought to be played. Virtuoso stuff stales the spirit of poetic immaturity that breathes in Romeo and Juliet. And Howard Bailey and Lois Buell either played to the fact or acted much as they would have acted in Verona or London three-hundred-odd years ago, had they been swirled up into such a whirlwind of tragic passion. Personable enough for his role, gifted with a rich and flexible voice, Mr. Bailey compassed the ranges of his scenes admirably; to this reporter he seemed at

his best in the quarrel scene with Tybalt, where his eyes really flashed and his face was contorted by the paroxysms of grief and anger. Miss Buell was what Juliet ought to be. Her voice, soft and low (an admirable thing in woman, and indispensable in Juliet), was at a distinct disadvantage in the open air and was not always heard from the third row back, but was an admirable instrument for her delicately sensitive interpretation of the lines. Expression, movement, and gesture observed the shades and nuances feelingly and gracefully. She dropped "Parting is such sweet sorrow" as it should have been dropped—like a single woodland bouquet of orchids.

As for Mercutio, he amply demonstrated the truth of a remark by that Carolina professor of Shakespearean drama who is fond of saying that Shakespeare had to kill off Mercutio to keep him from running away with the play. In years Professor Koch is a little farther from his teens than the average member of the cast, but his too was the spirit of youth that carried the play along in full spate. His Queen Mab speech was a magnificent piece of fireworks.

Nothing of youth but love and sympathy is in the roles of Friar Laurence and the Nurse, but that and all else that goes with these roles was captured by Professor Mackie and Mrs. Gumble. The dramatic range of the latter, wider than the former but not so deep, was mastered everywhere. Mrs. Gumble was at her best where the Nurse is at her best—in the garden scene where she "holds out" on Juliet. This reporter is sorry that the long speech describing the weaning of Juliet was cut; it went so swimmingly from "Come Lammaseve" to "And she was wean'd" that he craved the rest.

Peter (Joe Fox), the Nurse's servant, stumbled and fanned his way into notice at once, and held what he got. His anti-masque to Romeo was exquisite. As for the others, the fiery Tybalt (Kent Creuser) scowled and fulminated up to the possibilities of that strong role; Benvolio (Harry Galland) and Paris (Eveland Davies) moved surely through their less rugged parts, exhibiting (for the minor roles) conciseness of enunciation; Escalus (B. C. Wilson) was an incisive and vigorous prince; Montague (Horace Ward) and Capulet (Charles Elledge) were excellent vendetta chieftains, the Capulet showing to great advantage by reason of his more important business, particularly in his handling of the marriage problem; Lady Capulet (Margaret Vale) realized perfectly that quiet role; the Apothecary (Cutis Muse) was as macabre as anything out of Dante or Chaucer; and the servants, Balthasar (Fred Cole), Sampson (Gordon Dike), Abraham (Ernest Deans) and the Page to Paris (Robert Davis) ran their errands, fought, got in the way and out of the way as good Shakespearean servants should.

Two words should be said for the music and the minuet. The University Orchestra, augmented by members of the State Symphony Orchestra, alone gave a treat worth going to the damp woods to hear. Their music, coming from the bushes and the honeysuckle hedge, was as fresh and sweet as the evening tir. Much of the minuet, stately and graceful as it was, was lost to your correspondent, who was watching a certain slender lit-

(Continued on last page)

Pen Points



By H. J. Galland

Old Jupe Pluvius was a bewildered man this week-end. He didn't quite know which way to turn. There were the farmers in eastern North Carolina doing their best to make him welcome, and there was Elmer Hall in Chapel Hill burning figurative incense to keep him away so that his handiwork, Romeo and Juliet in the Forest theatre, wouldn't be rained out and ruined.

Not knowing quite what to do, Jupe did a little of both. But Playmaker audiences are hardy by this time and he didn't appreciably affect them. Nor could the week-end dances be stopped by his sporadic activity. Wet or slightly moist dances are no new thing in these parts.

Soft words and gentle phrases, we find, go far toward getting the girl. During one of the rehearsals for the Forest theatre play, Romeo decided to improve on Willie Shakespeare with a little modern language. "Say," said he, "that's a swell-looking bim. Hey, gal, how about a little date? Old man Capulet won't care if he doesn't know. How about it, kid?" Juliet didn't register. From which may be deduced the fact that Willie knew his stuff with the ladies after all, for Juliet came around nicely when addressed in his well-known language.

We note that George Lawrence has an actual balance of \$21.94 left over from the Orange County Relief Fund. If Mr. Lawrence will drop a dime of that sum near us, we will tell him whether it has flopped to heads or tails by merely stepping on it—after which we will accept with thanks \$21.84.

Warm weather—and the only proper existence these days is that of a tile in Sparrow's pool.

A plea for the preservation of old Carolina songs in yesterday's Daily Tar Heel. The compilers of the book, if it appears, are referred to a current classic having to do with the Betas, and are advised that an excellent source for such material is the annual interfraternity council banquet.

Lorado Taft and the Denishawn Dancers will be here shortly. Both are worth while attractions. Which of the two will be better attended is an easy question. Were Mr. Taft to appear in diaphanous robes and prance a step or two, and were the Denishawn girls to model in clay as they danced, the attendance might be more nearly equal for the two events. In fact, in the case of Mr. Taft, there would probably be a record-breaking crowd. Can't someone do something about this—we'd like to see how it would work out.

There's nothing like a man waiting to grab copy from a typewriter to make one hurry and dash out utter nonsense. There is such an insistent hurrier at our elbow now—no, he's out and around the corner, this colyum fluttering in the breeze as he carries it.

Edward Anderson Alderman, now president of the University of Virginia, was elected president of the University in the spring of 1896.