

The Daily Tar Heel

Published daily during the college year except Mondays and except Thanksgiving, Christmas and Spring Holidays.

The official newspaper of the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C. Subscription price, \$4.00 for the college year.

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Sunday, April 19, 1931

To the Class Of 1934

Never has there been such a sincere, wholehearted, and purposeful demonstration on the part of a single class as that which "Ike" Minor and the other men of the class of 1934 staged Friday night. It was advertised as a smoker, but it was a revival.

In a year marked by its apathy, this was a refreshing exception. Freshmen are always better cheerers, and more enthusiastic than we upperclassmen who have reached man's state—a state which we full well know doesn't permit of such childish things as "boosting." However, this aggregation of first year men have a drive and efficiency that points toward permanency. When they want a famous football coach to address them, they get him, even though he may refuse radio audiences the pleasure of hearing him.

Friday night the members of the class of 1934 for all intent and purposes became upperclassmen. The juniors and seniors of this institution have but a brief pause to make on the threshold of the outward swinging door, until they will have ended forever the evanescent life they have been leading here. Their aspirations, university ideals, hopes and plans are as good as ended. It is to these men of 1934 that the institution now looks to carry on, to progress with, and to realize these ideals, aspirations, and plans.

Becoming upperclassmen, these freshmen have unconsciously assumed obligations of great proportions. Frank Graham,

the greatest president the University has ever had, has said the students in this University at this time owe it to the struggling tax-payers and their equally burdened relatives to get the maximum good out of every one of their college courses and days. They are obligated to see that every penny of student fees are legitimately spent, and that a reduction be effected shortly. It is their pleasure to inculcate within themselves and the college generation which will follow deep love of the University, a desire to serve community, state, and nation on the part of honest, tolerant, and educated persons, and to accomplish a revival of the more serious activities which represent the intellect more and the senses less.

Great classes have been discovered in the freshman unit before; and they were great classes. Somewhere along the road, however, has lain devastating influences which have vitiated all the abundant energy, the altruistic enthusiasm, and serious minded intent.

A World In Itself

Collegians hear much of preparing themselves for "life" after leaving school. A sudden metamorphosis is said to take place in one's daily habits upon completion of the final year of four spent supposedly in preparation. Observing the fallacy of such a surmise, others vigorously assert that college existence is as truly life itself as is any period of the life of an individual. But in reality it seems, as well expressed in a recent class smoker address, that college is a world in itself.

Many are the elements and factors going to make up the ordinary routine at any of America's institutes of higher learning. Intense interest and loyalty in regard to athletics and scholastic teams, fraternity and other binding group affiliations, association with those striving toward a common end and attracted by similar pursuits, the pervasion of a spirit of friendly cooperation and mutual desire, and above all the sense of carefree existence and irresponsibility—these and other features, not to be found in just such relation anywhere else, combine to set apart in a category peculiarly its own the ordinary activity of undergraduates. Probably never afterward will the average student encounter from authority over him the leniency accorded the cutting of classes, big week-ends, and youthful escapades. It is extremely unlikely that any such friendly regard for his welfare and individualism as is accorded him there will be extended by subsequent coworkers and associates. It is no doubt with a somewhat wistful feeling of longing that alumni look back on the joyful days spent at college as belonging to another world.—J. M. L.

Scholarship Demands Precision

An hormone is a gland secretion. An excellent illustration of a prevalent and adolescent characteristic of the average student is found in an anecdote told by a psychology professor here. It was in a test that the question was asked, "what is an hormone?" The answer was, "When a bunch of fellows sit around, and start singing; if it sounds good—hormone." In commenting, the professor struck upon an important failing in the character of our average student. The illustration was exaggeration of the point but it does make clear this need. The average student is standing in crying need for precision in his scholarship and for a deep sense of personal responsibility and a desire to be thoroughly true to himself.

I am sure that without exception there are groups in every prep-school anywhere which not only indulge in the high art of "bull-dozing" but find an unparalleled delight in seeming to be familiar with something which in reality is quite beyond their vaguest comprehension. Exuberance, and care-free indifference and irresponsibility forbid seriousness but to find the same phenomenon among college men is cause for concern in this modern day of science, speed, knowledge, and precision. It indicates intellectual irresponsibility, laziness, and a tendency to be untrue to oneself.

A dramatic living out of this quality of preciseness and of the spirit as in the parting words of Polonius to his son, "to thine own self be true" is found in the life of Michael Pupin, the richly spiritual scientist, whose life was the very epitome of scholarship, criticism, intellectual and physical energy and stamina, of honesty, and nobility. There is everything to be gained by severe intellectual criticism, nothing by clever verbose indifference. There is hope in severe personal honesty, there is hope of simplification, organization, and growth. But in adventuresome cleverness there can be nothing but the consequences of intellectual and moral chaos.—R. W. B.

With Contemporaries

Friends In Need

Thomas Carlyle said many years ago: "The true university of these days is a collection of books," in his famous essays on "Heroes and Hero Worship." The same statement contains more of an element of truth as the years roll by and the need for larger and larger libraries to keep up with the advances made in literature and science becomes increasingly evident to the university officials of today. Most college and university libraries are maintained and operated largely through the generous support of alumni or friends of the institution. In several instances these people have organized societies or clubs with this aim as a standard for the group. Oxford has its Friends of the Bodleian Library, founded by the late Sir William Osler, former curator of the library at Oxford University.

Harvard has its Friends of the Library, a group of alumni who organized at a dinner in 1925 and have since presented the library at Harvard with \$216,742 in gifts for the upkeep and payment of books.

In 1928 the Friends of the Columbia Library was formed with annual assessments for each member of \$5. Since then they have donated to the library its private collections of economics and mathematics, probably the largest in the world, as well as other useful donations.

The Friends of the Princeton Library was formed last April and accepts all who are interested as members. They publish an annual review, *Biblia*, and without active campaigns, raise sufficient funds to present the library with occasional gifts.

The newest library friends society is the Yale Library Associates, organized last December by Professor Tinker, keeper of rare books in Yale's new Sterling Memorial Library. Through the associates, the library has just acquired an important addition to their rare books a summary of Einstein's relativity theory, written in his own hand, and valued at \$25,000.

Dartmouth remains singularly along among the large eastern college without "friends"

The Sunday Hangover

By Wex Malone

Knowing that everyone would be expecting a gag about the high school debaters, I looked around, and as luck would have it, ran into this one. Ray Farris reports that as he was walking by Old East he saw a youthful couple coming out of that venerable building. Evidently they had invaded the privacy of the inmates. The girls asked Ray where the debating room of Old East was, explaining that they had been looking for it more than half an hour.

The Playmakers wish me to make the following apology concerning their performance last week-end. For some unknown reason the scenery shifters went off on a jag and mixed up the sets. *Always a Bettin Man* should have been laid in the fraternity house, and *Blue Remembered Hills* should have taken place on the roof of the insane asylum.

Even columnists have their blue remembered moments. Mac Grey was tactless enough to tell me what the rest of you feel, just how really lousy my column is. In a final frantic effort to appease, I submit the following poem, which was inspired, not by the spring weather or the Pi Phi tea, but simply by the sudden realization that I was flat broke.

A POEM IN PRAISE OF PRACTICALLY SOMETHING
An expensive venture in the field of free verse

By Wex Malone, the Edgar Lee Masters of Chapel Hill
(With apologies to my ancestors)

I want to take this opportunity to holler
About the virtues of the almighty dollar,
To praise the filthy lucre
That buys our bread and salt and sucre,
That inspires the plot for the bologny
So often heard on the Vitaphogny,
About poor dad who worked till he landed in the hearse,
And his darling daughters who ended up wearse.

To those radio speakers who extoll poverty I would add this P.S.,
That the stuff they hand out is mostly all B.S.
Why, the radio would never have been invented by Mr. Marconi
If he hadn't been backed by some capitalist's moni.
These fellows who give the dollar so many damns
Are probably speaking on advertising programns.
And when they're through, to say the least,
They will talk to you for twenty minutes about Tasty Yeast,
And they'll tell you about the vitamins it has stored away,
And advise you to buy three bars today.

If it weren't for money we'd have no alumni donations,
Nor be able to holler about inadequate legislative appropriations.
There would be no wise guys to make bright suggestions
As to when we'll be out of our economic deprestations,
Nor any exciting World War clashes,
Nor October stock market crashes.
We'd have to stop indulging in the pastime of having bluesies
If there were no money to provide financial excuses.

Ever since the twenty-second of July, 1924, I've wanted to give
the hee-hee,
To the bird who wrote that song about the best things in life are
free.
He sings about the free spring breezes,
And forgets they bring on coughs and sneezes
That necessitate a trip to the family physician;
And free love means the obstetrician.
So, all in all, I am quite adverse
To the bird who praises the empty purse.

for its magnificent new Baker Memorial Library. Occasionally, individual bequests for gifts are made. Sometimes old libraries and private collections are offered to the College. In these instances the cost of putting the books in the stacks does not warrant the expense, in view of their value to the students.

No one knows a library's needs any more than the trustees of the building. If presented with gifts of money they can buy new or rare books which will prove a real asset to the College. Baker needs a group of interested alumni or friends who will have as their purpose in organizing, the collection of funds for making monetary gifts to the library.—*The Dartmouth*

Truly Great Novels

When the balmy days of spring attempt to coerce all ideas out of one's head, it is sometimes a difficult thing to attempt to start an argument, to discourse upon the day's news, or in any manner elaborate at length upon anything.

With that thought comes the idea of arguments in general, and we note with innate glee the haranguing and debating which has already started over John Galsworthy and his list of "greatest American novels."

One of the easiest ways in the world to start a heated argument among the literati is to produce a list of the best American novels. Regardless of what books

about his list is that it completely ignores great writers of the present day. Hawthorne belongs far back in an earlier, almost forgotten, generation. The present generation usually list him with the great unread, barring excerpts found in the *Fifth Reader*. Mark Twain, likewise, although far from being ignored today, represents a vanished era. Only Norris comes close to the present, and even he concerned himself with the San Francisco of the nineties.

But where are the writers of today—those writers whom earnest critics exalt mightily, as if they and only they, among all Americans, had been permitted to see the true inwardness of things? Where are the great exponents of frankness, the sober weighers of tragedy, the acidulous of American hypocrisy and immaturity, the Nobel prize winners?

Where, to be specific, are such men as Lewis, Cabell, or Dreiser? Galsworthy has evidently ignored them, and above such books as "Babbitt" and "Jurgens" and "The Genius" he places a simple tale of colonial New England, two romances of the pre-war Mississippi, and a story of Polk street at the turn of the century.

We may assure ourselves that Galsworthy's selections are not final, as there are many, many qualified judges who are quite convinced in their smug certainty that Dreiser and Lewis have more to say to the world than had Twain or Hawthorne. The English novelist's list at least reminds us that American literature was not born after the World War.

Indeed, the present epoch of history-making literature has often been classed as a renaissance of American writing, but we must cautiously aver that there were able writers in the country before most of the present-day reading public were born, and it is quite plausible and possible that some writers of the present generation have received a trifle more generous praise than they really deserve.—*O'Collegian*.

IRA ROSE ADDED TO FACULTY LIST

(Continued from first page)

has held numerous committee assignments in the association.

In making the announcement Dean Beard said: "Mr. Rose will bring to the pharmacy students at the University a rich experience in the very sort of work they will, as graduates, encounter and be expected successfully to perform. Possessed of high professional ideals he is nevertheless a practical retail owner who knows the varied nature of the drug business of today and he can be expected, therefore, to inculcate in his students a fine appreciation of high standard and at the same time show them how to apply themselves to the stern task of blending professional and commercial practice in such a way, as to render a fine public service without financial sacrifice."

Some take a spring tonic for that run-down feeling, but pedestrians need a stretcher.—*Florence Herald*.

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