

### The Daily Tar Heel

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Thursday, April 23, 1931

#### The Junior-Senior Brawl

Since October members of the executive committees of the two upper classes have had in mind a dance which a large number of upperclassmen could enjoy, realizing that the percentage of persons attending the final dances of the German club and the management of that organization naturally rests with a relatively few men. The idea those leaders had in mind was an efficiently managed ball or series of balls on a very high plane. The orchestra, the decorations, and the entire atmosphere of the affair was to be the best that a reasonable amount of money could buy.

That was the scope. Since the "jam-up" bands of the that time Johnny Hamp, one of nation, an elaborate decorating scheme, and an infinite number of small details have been completed. Among these, in order that opportunity might be given prominent alumni to renew their contacts back at "the old institution" three hundred invitations have been issued to political, social, and business leaders.

This is the one occasion when decorum and dignity must be observed. The amount of unfavorable publicity which a "wet" or "moist" dance and a "colossal bust" would bring the University is immeasurable.

The German Club has detailed a large number of committee men in addition to the large joint dance committee of the two classes which is more than ever pledged to insure sobriety.

The student union has been demanding large democratic dances in which quality is the key note. They are at last to realize them. The faculty of the University, the social leaders

who will attend, as well as the newspapers and alumni of the state will watch with interest the conduct of the members of the senior and junior classes. What we are to expect in the future rests on how we will use what we have at present. In a final analysis whether these dances are to be a testimonial to the sporting blood of the younger generation which accepts in gentlemanly good taste whatever situation he finds himself in, or whether they are to be as some have said—a Junior-Senior Brawl rests with you and me.

#### Intellectual M. Maurois

There is, it seems, little in these days to agitate students. The demands for the gymnasium are stilled, attendance regulations have been placed upon us; the necessary "Do Not Walk On The Grass" signs have been posted; cries for suitable appropriations await definite action of the legislature; and the King of Spain is resting comfortably at Fountainebleau, or it is Paris, or London. Yet in various corners and nooks of the new, united University, there are growls and howls being heard from incensed and disgruntled readers of Andre Maurois' observations on American life and love, as they appear in the current *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

The learned French gentlemen asserts that the present economic distress in these delighted states shows signs of being the cause of the disappearance of our "primitive optimism." He continues by saying that culture is extending, and that everywhere one sees the "healthy and gentle doubt" that comes with this expansion of culture.

Mr. Maurois had better give heed to the sad fate of Mr. Priestly, who made many distasteful dicta on the U. S. A. The days of admiring prominent foreigners, and enjoying their attacks are past. We haven't lost our optimism. And moreover, we haven't any doubt. A little thing like this past depression won't convince us that our economic or social theories are wrong. We don't, in spite of Mr. Maurois' assertion, doubt that our political institutions are the best that can be devised. Nor have we changed from our position that America's policies, abroad and at home, in matters of policy or liberalism, can be improved. We still are certain that Washington's statement a century or more ago as to our foreign relations still bears all the weight and accuracy of a prophet; in short, we know that all's well with the country; that nothing can be done to improve a well-nigh unimprovable land.

All we need, as Mr. Brisbane says, is to buckle down and work so that the good old days will be back again. And one of the primary requisites for the g. o. d. to return is to be optimistic, and let's scrap any of "this here" doubt that Maurois claims we have. And if it's true that doubt is a natural result of culture,—it's a pretty apparent indictment of culture. Let's scrap culture before we lose our optimism.—F. M.

#### Here And Now

There is always a cult of "futurists" wherever one goes. They are people who are preparing for their flourish tomorrow. They are the people who find the present unresponsive to their efforts of the moment. They are the ones who look ahead for the opportunities and the responsibilities that will mark their "coming of age."

It is interesting to study the lives of successful students, of successful business men, of successful scholars. An analysis of their success will usually show that they are the men who take life in their hands and live it moment by moment caring little

for the future as an ultimate, but confident that the future is no more than the inevitable product of a succession of useful presents.

"Carolina is inferior to Harvard." "The South is inert." "People are not intellectual." "The student body is stupid." "There is no competition." "There is no stimulation." "All in all the campus, the student body, and life here is impossibly enervating." These are the charges of not a few of those who drift through the system of education set up here. The plea is of course a weak one and one which is calculated to heighten the estimation of the critic in the eyes of his auditors. Observation of the actual situation will reveal however a richness of opportunity and advantage on this campus that can be equalled at an exceedingly few institutions elsewhere. The plea of paucity of stimulation and opportunity here can be estimated as nothing more than cheap rationalization and unintelligent fault finding.—R. W. B.

#### Speaking The Campus Mind

#### The God Lucre Answered

Editor the Daily Tar Heel: "What is wrong with religion?" This is a question that has been asked through the ages by men who have been dissatisfied with life as they have found it and who have been all too ready to shift to other shoulders than theirs the responsibility for the ills of the world and the shortcomings of men instead of seeking earnestly for a remedy for these ills and shortcomings in the only place where it has ever been found.

It was not surprising to find this question asked once more on the editorial page of Tuesday's issue of the Daily Tar Heel in an article which contained much truth and well-founded criticism, mingled, however, with a misunderstanding of the real issue and a misrepresentation of the present trend in the organized church. Out of justice to the Church and to ourselves we should endeavor to think clearly and as nearly as possible without error on such a subject, for religion is the most vital matter that can claim the attention and thought of college men—today especially.

Nothing is wrong with religion. The trouble lies elsewhere, and the confusion arises only when 'religion' is confounded with 'the church'; and undoubtedly many of the criticisms which the editorial aimed at the head of religion are justly deserved by its earthly exponent and human energy, the church. What, after all, is religion? (And we mean the Christian religion, for that is undoubtedly what the writer of the editorial had in mind). Is it not the highest way of life? Did not Christ come that we might have life and have it more abundantly and to show us how this life might be lived? And wherever religion has been sincerely tried as a 'way of life,' applicable to every phase of life, it has proven a successful and joyful answer to man's problems. Where it has not been tried, it has, naturally, been unable to solve these problems.

Let us admit the faults of the Church, faults which are inherent in its very nature as a human organization. Undoubtedly it has become secular-minded at times, undoubtedly it has often lowered itself to the level of the world when the world has refused to rise to its heights, undoubtedly it has often compromised and rationalized until its real principles and real teachings have been buried deep under a gloss of 'sugar coating' which makes the remedy an

#### Weakly Said

by "Yarb"

Idea for a column about until the typewriter is secured and the process of putting those ideas on paper begin. This effort will be devoted to an introduction.

With rare exceptions it has been impossible to secure columnists who could write for the entire campus. Usually he is compelled to devote his writing to those with whom he has daily contact. Dave Carroll was the last of the campus columnists. This weekly attempt will not supply the need of one writing for campus consumption. If we were to employ Carroll's methods of attacking campus institutions we might succeed, but lacking Carroll's vitriolic pen and his mastery of English we are compelled to confine ourselves to observations gained from attending four classes five days a week.

The idea isn't to devote the column to observations gained from class attendance but to use comments picked up around the office which do not constitute news but are good column material.

Most everyone who hangs around a newspaper office, even a collegiate enterprise, is obsessed with the column itch. The trouble is that too few of these near-columnists can write cracks and most of the others think they can. And despite four years of association with the Daily Tar Heel we still want to write a column.

According to Block Bryson the life of a columnist is unsafe. If one writes about one's friends then they get sore. If one doesn't there is very little left.

Frankly, we think that one should be flattered to break into print. During the last campaign quite a few hot words were spilled because someone was left out. Proceeding on the assumption that those we use today will not be insulted but flattered, we list a few observations.

Chink Davis, who doesn't need publicity now that he has been elected, and Ruth Newby, who says she hates it, have been imitating squirrels. Ruth hides behind a tree and Chink looks for her. In the meantime two strange boys walk by, see Ruth hiding and start in her direction. There's no sense in the above item, but it's amusing as they describe it. Ask them about it!

And Russell William and Mutt Ridenhour take "naps" in strange places.

Charlie, custodian of the telephone at the "Shack," says Tuesday night was a big one for the co-eds. He promises a compendium on who's whose down there next week.

J. C. Williams, erstwhile editor of the Magazine, begins his parting editorial with the headline "The Last Word." He uses an entire page of "a reflector of the Campus Literary" to describe the importance of the publication. Its appearance created a sensation. Some thought that it was an enlarged *Buccaneer* from the cover. The editor went out to attract attention and he certainly succeeded with the current issue. Congratulations!

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#### With Contemporaries

#### Are Books Coming Back?

Colleges have placed a great deal of quite natural emphasis upon the substance of volumes. But this emphasis has prevented any real appreciation of books as books. The pleasure gained from rare bindings and fine printing is only secondary, but it can be a genuine source of satisfaction to the connoisseur. Both the modern trend toward mass production and the advance of education have made possible and profitable the publishing of books in great numbers. This large-scale production has tended to reduce the beauty of volumes and to cheapen the workmanship. Students are apt to forget that binding, in years past, was as much an art as writing itself. A study of this kind can do much to create an understanding of artistic craftsmanship and to develop a very real appreciation of books in themselves.

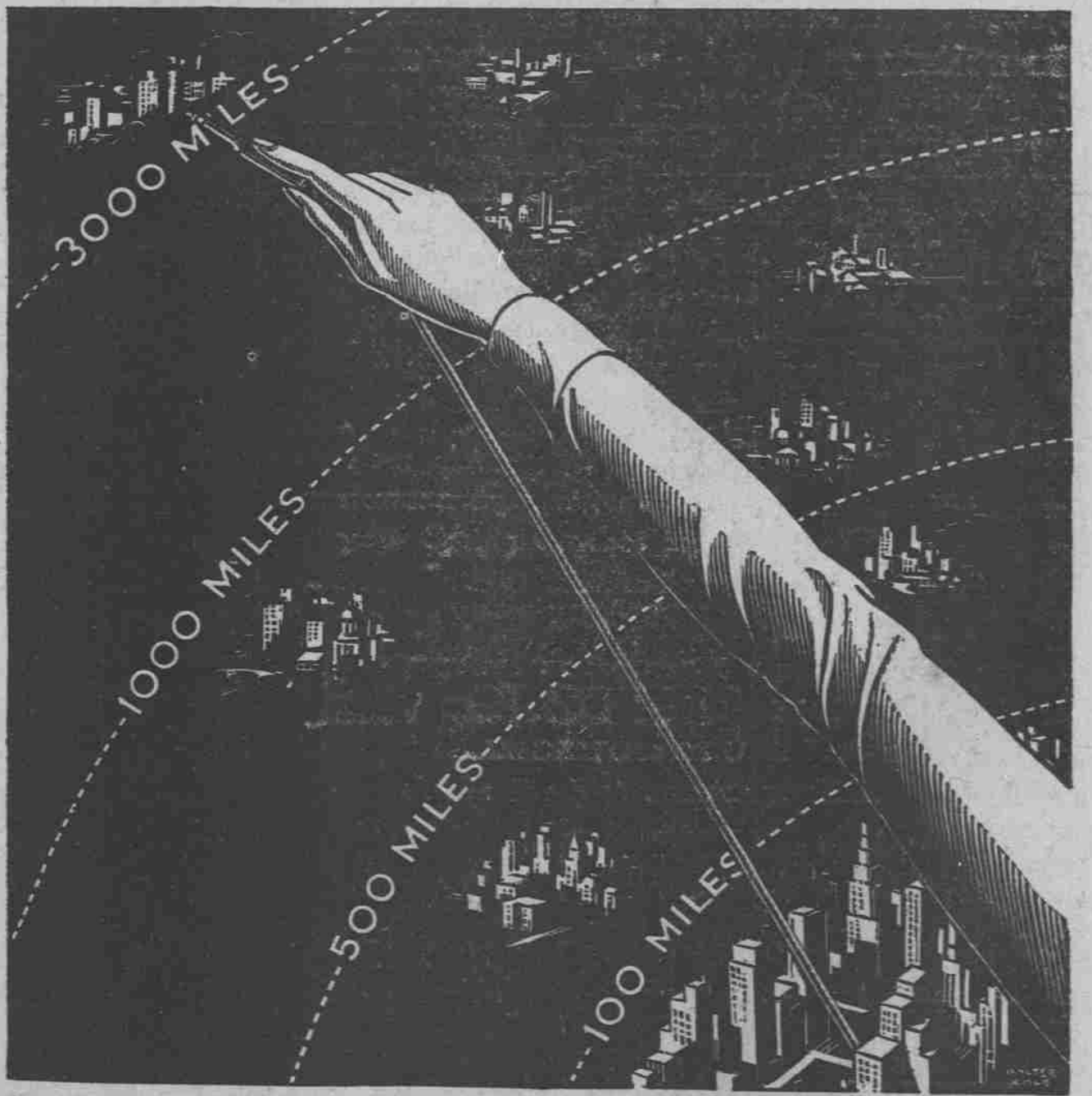
At Harvard a course is given by Dr. Winship which brings to the students a feeling for the individuality and workmanship that are the hall marks of a fine volume. Rollins has carried the study into its more advanced stages.—*The Harvard Crimson*.

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(Continued on last page)