

The Daily Tar Heel

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Sunday, November 1, 1931

Attendance Rules

Make The Headlines

Dramatic material for a philippic against the stringent attendance regulations now being so strictly enforced at the University was revealed in Saturday's papers. The news stories, with a date line from Scarsdale, New York, recounted how a University of North Carolina sophomore, with an excessive number of cuts in a Spanish class, decided to "run away" rather than experience the expulsion from school which now inevitably and automatically results according to habits of the administrative offices. Leaving about October 20 from Chapel Hill, he ended up Friday night in the arms of the law as personified in the figure of a member of the Scarsdale, New York, police department.

The temptation to avail oneself of this story and point to the far-reaching ruinous effects of such drastic enforcement of intolerable rules is great. However, to stress but one phase of this incident would be to emphasize unduly the sensational, rather than the essential elements. Yet it is becoming apparent that the atmosphere of the University is fast becoming similar to that of a preparatory school, where the attention of the faculty and administration is largely directed towards such matters as discipline and good conduct. And the above occurrence brings this analogy to prep schools a bit closer to the truth, for fleeing from the harsh punishment which ensues as a result of a violation of strict attendance rules is to be expected in secondary schools but certainly not in universities, where it is alleged students are treated as men, or almost as such, and education is placed as a problem upon the shoulders of those who wish to receive the benefits of a university.—F.J.M.

Congratulations, Playmakers

Elizabeth, the Queen will be staged in Memorial hall, November 16, by the Theatre Guild under the auspices of the Carolina Playmakers. Within our memory, this is the first time the Playmakers have brought a modern play, done by a Broadway company, to the Hill.

This seems to us to be quite a forward step made in dramatics

at the University. The folk, experimental, and student-produced dramas are without a doubt enjoyed by all the students seeing them; but their field is limited. Likewise, huge crowds will turn out for the Jitney Players and Shakespeare companies; but that is usually a result of curiosity.

The production of Saturday's Children recently and the importation of the Guild production seem to us a forward step in presenting a better rounded and balanced season's program. In addition, the members of the Playmakers organization will be enabled to see the technique taught by Professors Koch and Selden carried out.

Since there is so much interest in the Playmakers, the organization owes it to the supporters to present a well-rounded program. For this forward step, we congratulate the Playmakers.—G.W.W.

The License Of The Press

A shibboleth that magazine editors guard with pathetic jealousy is their much preferred "freedom of the press." Magazines that sell for a price determine what they will write by what they can sell. *Whiz Bang* demands a certain type of epigram, quip, and picture because they have gauged their audience and know what appeals to them. The *American Magazine* has gauged its readers and runs a variety of semi-rah rah articles and stories which border on the Horatio Alger spirit. The *Atlantic Monthly's* rather stolid, rather intellectual style is calculated to appeal to the stodgy intellectuals of America. In other words every magazine picks its audience and then writes for it.

The *Carolina Magazine* is the official literary organ of the University of North Carolina. Presumably, then, the editor already has his audience defined and it is his duty then to write his articles and his stories for them. He has unlimited freedom in what he can run. But there ought to be some criteria of what he should run. In the last issue of the *Magazine* there appeared a story of a brother and a sister who loved each other too well, finding afterward that the "godly" brother had destroyed the irreparable. The young man is horrified, disgusted, twists in the bed and turns his face to the wall. The girl pleads her purity and says that he mustn't think filthy things about her, etc.

The story was written by the cleverest and most polished undergraduate writer on the campus and was exceedingly well done from the literary point of view. Rabelais is good literary writing, too, but there are few magazines that would welcome today his facile vulgarisms. But Rabelais was writing for his French readers of that period. Our campus *litterateur* has written to the wrong audience. He has dipped into one of those profound, pathological psychological studies that might be life without being vital. In other words aside from the fact that it disturbed the aesthetic sensibilities of certain of the *Magazine's* readers, it was clearly unrelated to the currents of general campus thought and feeling. Perhaps the *Magazine* could regain new life and popularity (not that it seems to desire it) if it could link up its literary outpourings with the thought life of Tom, Dick and Harry as well as the philosophical meanderings of its embryo Whitmans and Nietzsches.—R.W.B.

A Beautiful Contribution

It seems too bad that we have to wait until some interested alumnus comes along to secure funds for prolonging the beauty of the campus. But such is the

case of the century-old trees which have become a vital part of the University's tradition. Probably the budget-wielding legislature thought the beauty of these trees to be a pure luxury and would not tolerate an appropriation for them when there were such vital matters at stake, such as protecting the tobacco and power industries, for instance. But even Hoover, the man who put the "tears" in budgeteers, was willing to set aside funds for creating natural park reserves to prolong the pristine beauty of the country.

Dr. Coker has rendered valuable service in looking after the campus trees. But he has not been given the means to apply the needed amount of tree-surgery. All that he has been able to do is to inspect the trees and cut off the dead boughs.

Tree-surgery is rather expensive. But beauty can never be measured in terms of money. However, it is doubtful that there will ever be an appropriation for the proper maintenance for this inherent part of the University. So beauty must go begging for charity again. If some alumnus really wants to contribute something worthwhile to the school, to preserve the beauty that he enjoyed for future generations, and to save from ruination one of Carolina's oldest traditions, his chance is here!—W.V.S.

CIRCLING THE CAMPUS

Herein, readers, our three muses—Euterpe, Erato, and Calliope—are especially invoked to aid this poet in a weekly parade of personages and things to be satirized, and criticized so that our mores, thoughts, and ideas may be sane, logical, and decorous.

Epistle Dedicatory

Princeling in the throne room,
May the devil singe your hair,
May your royal robes fall from you,
And your bloodless shanks go bare.

Tyrant of the pink slips,
May your veins go back to mud,
And spill the icy water
You sport in place of blood.

May your sore-down-trodden subjects
Run amok, and go berserk,
And may you on a hempen cord
Hang high, and dance, and jerk.

Epitaph

Here lies a modern maiden,
All her days
With continence were laden.
Bring her praise.

Now angels gently waft her.
Ripe and full
Is her reward hereafter.
God, how dull.

Cradle Song for an 18-year-old Girl

Hush-a-by, flaxen-
Haired, hush and sleep.
You can relax and
Perhaps even weep.

Posing is over and
one for a day;
Pull up the cover and
Hopefully pray

For figure and poise and
When you're of age,
Then you can strut on
A Playmaker stage.

Song of the Mass

Pedants are bloody fools,
Classes are bores.
Let's throw attendance rules
Out of the doors.

The way of the Oxon is
Patently sane.
Ours (which is pox on) is
Clearly insane.

Walk with light heart today,
While you can, sing.
Even forced labour may
Come with the spring.

Plea

Congreve, thou shouldst be living
At this hour.
The world is scarcely thriving
On the sour

Produce of sad dyspeptics
On the stage.
The fools and epileptics
Of the age.

Need castigating sadly,
And the band
That tries it does it badly.
Lend a hand.

THE BEGGARY OPERA

Reviewed by James Dawson and Scott Mabon

In Memorial hall, on Friday night, Mr. H. M. McFadden presented John Gay's English ballad opera, by arrangement with the Lyric Theatre of Hammersmith, London. Dragging perceptibly throughout the long first act, the piece frankly bored the greater part of the student body that saw it, to the extent that a great many of them left the hall, missing the last two acts, which were much more swift and pleasant.

The opera was effectively mounted in what was a modification of the Restoration stage, with permanent wings and changeable backdrops. Fine lighting overcame what was to a modern audience a handicap in the way of scenery, and the illusion of scene change was well preserved. Candles, represented by bulbs, hanging in a chandelier, were extinguished by means of a snuffer by the keeper of the gaming house, in a cleverly designed trick that achieved the effect desired. Lanterns were hung over doorways, with guttering candles, impersonated by flickering bulbs. The lighting of the back-drops was responsible for much of the set's effectiveness. Probably the most convincing of the scenes was created by means of a blue background, before which appeared a silhouetted gallows and a black-garbed hangman in the last act. The entire cast was capable and well directed. Polly Peachum (Sylvia Nelis), due possibly to the exigencies of the music, was outshone by Lucy Lockit (Vera Hurst), a statuesque brunette with a pleasing depth to her voice. Macheath (John Mott), a gifted actor, gave to his role a polish that somehow did not fit the swashbuckling captain, but succeeded in making the character move convincingly. Peachum (Charles Bagrath), and Mrs. Peachum (Elsie French) handled their comic scenes with an irresistible verve.

The several dances occurring in the course of the piece showed much ingenuity of design and execution. The most popular one was Macheath's with his six wives, a dramatization of the old cock-and-hen motif. It was encored twice. Due possibly to the notoriously bad acoustics of Memorial hall, the orchestra frequently, in the more rapid songs, had some difficulty in accompanying the singers. The notable exceptions were the slow airs, particularly the trio near the end of the last act, with Macheath, Lucy, and Polly. In the charming intermezzi, the orchestra performed gracefully, and was applauded deservedly.

Both the men's and the women's choruses achieved notable results, in spite of the barn-like echos and deaf spots of the hall. Macheath's gang, in its rhythmic drinking song, was full-voiced, and more than audible. The ladies of the town, who would have done well to have made themselves heard at all, were surprisingly satisfactory. Individually, the voices were adequate. Polly Peachum's fresh soprano was admirably suited to her role. Peachum's whiskey baritone was entirely appropriate to the character. Macheath's voice, like Mr. Mott's interpretation of the character, was more polished than rugged, as the ruffianly part seemed to demand. However, its merit lay in its pleasant blending with the voices of the women in the several duets and choruses in which he sang. Lucy Lockit (Vera Hurst) sang her contralto parts with a full-throated ease that was magnificent. Mrs. Peachum (Elsie French) indulged frequently in blasts of abdominal

merriment that contributed to the comical value of her songs. The very large audience went away eminently pleased, with the negligible exception of the few who were not able to reconcile the eighteenth century stage conventions with what they had seen and liked of modern drama.

With Contemporaries

Out Of State Assets

Out-of-state students are an asset to State college. They raise the educational standards and contribute as cosmopolitans that make for a better rounded education. These facts alone,

to say nothing of the \$2,375 additional fees paid by these men, justify their continuance at the college with an increase of population.

An investigation among campus leaders and high honor scholarship students will reveal a large percentage to be out-of-state.

President E. C. Brooks expresses student body sentiment when he declares out-of-state students are assets.—N. C. State Technician.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

LOST

After N. C.-Tenn. game, a ladies' camel's hair polo coat. In town, possibly in front of Spencer hall or nearby frat. house. Finder call room 308 Spencer.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MATRIMONY!



Getting her husband was one thing. Holding him was another. A smart comedy of a smart wife who succeeded in doing both! See how she managed!

INA CLAIRE REBOUND

ROBERT AMES MYRNA LOY
HEDDA HOPPER ROBERT WILLIAMS
A CHARLES S. ROGERS PRODUCTION



A Publix Kincey Theatre

TUESDAY

MYSTERY

Tangled With Comedy Thrills And Romance!

A DANGEROUS AFFAIR

JACK HOLT • RALPH GRAVES
Sally Blane • Susan Fleming

OTHER FEATURES

Bobby Jones Golf Talk
"THE SPOON"
"Little Annie Rooney" Screen Song.
Paramount News
MONDAY

WEDNESDAY

Wilder than ever—Now she's a Cannibal Queen!

Winnie Lightner in
"Side Show"

A real circus for the kids, a thrilling romance for the grown ups!

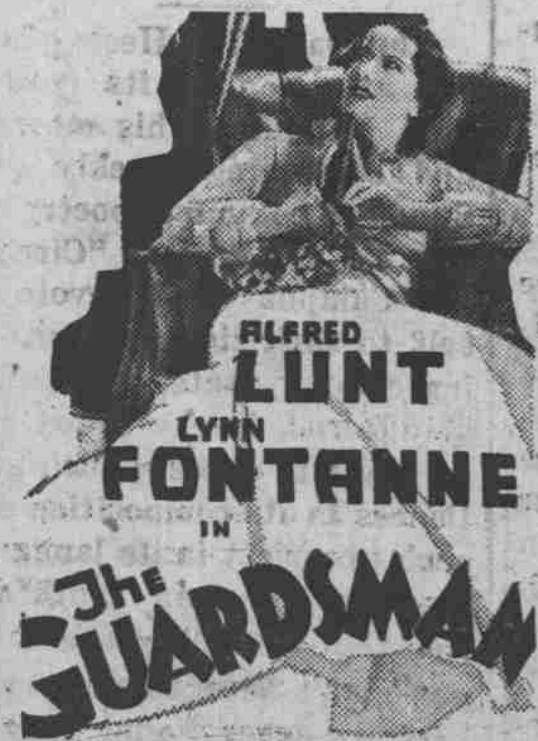
WEDNESDAY 11 P. M.

Maurice Chevalier in "Smiling Lieutenant"
All French Talking Picture

He carries you beyond screen limits—into a new realm of REAL Drama!

JOHN BARRYMORE in
"The Mad Genius"
with Marian Marsh
THURSDAY

FRIDAY



ALFRED LUNT
LYNN FONTANNE
with Roland Young Zasu Pitts
in a picturization of their greatest stage success

SATURDAY

"Bring Them in"

"Get every crook in town . . . Tear the town apart if you must . . . One of them killed my son—and we've got to find him!" That's what the fighting police captain said in this smashing picture.

"Homicide Squad"

with Mary Brian Noah Beery