

The Daily Tar Heel

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Saturday, March 5, 1932

**Tear Buckets Turned Over**

Splattering screaming headlines in letters two inches high across their front pages, the national and state press shelved the Sino-Japanese debacle this week to pay homage to the latest offering to the great god of Hot News, the now famed kidnapping of the Linbergh baby. Every conceivable piece of newspaper art on the Lone Eagle's family, his exploits, and the adventures of the distracted mother during her college days glares from every page. Photographers, interviewers, reporters, and sob sisters are hastily corralled and hurried to the scene of the crime, and the forthcoming editions of metropolitan dailies burst forth in heartbroken sobs of grief. Maine newspapers announce in extra editions that the kidnappers are heading toward Maine, while Virginia papers shout that a black roadster bearing a screaming child is heading for the North Carolina border, all in the vein as if to arouse the citizenry to meet the abductor at the state line armed with shot guns. State papers printed and are still printing five or more lead front page stories on the case, and even the staid New York Times burst forth in Thursday morning's edition with a five column sob-head.

Though we feel every measure of grief for the parents of the missing child and hope that the missing eaglet will soon fly to his nest, we feel that the slushy attitude of the press and state legislatures who arise to urge immediate adoption of laws to make kidnapping a capital offense, is one of the most gigantic gestures of sentiment and mush that has invaded the country. Newspapers and politicians are cashing in on public sentiment to gain the public eye in smart legislature in behalf of the anti-kidnaping laws. Justice may as well be junked in behalf of guillotining without trial for any offense from hoarding to libel.

Doubtless the missing baby will be found and returned to its crib with nothing gained save undying publicity as the little boy who gave a great nation of powerful newspapers and enterprising politicians a chance to

tip the scales and tear-buckets. —D.C.S.

**Educated For No Purpose**

A January issue of *The Harvard Crimson* carried an article on some of the recommendations of President Lowell in his report to the governing board of Harvard. Of particular interest was a project he advanced for a society of fellows. This group would be composed of a limited number of brilliant young men under the guidance and companionship of professors. Its object would be to further interest in advanced education, particularly among students who do not plan to teach.

Certainly advanced work would be much more attractive to outstanding students if they could be allowed to work more individually and have their relation with the teachers on a basis of friendship rather than of a director absolute of what the student shall study and learn. The honor of membership in such a society would have much influence in adding to its membership.

But why restrict it to graduates? After a group has been here two years certainly the students who are willing to work and have good minds are apparent. Why should high-ranking juniors be compelled to go to classes where the fundamental facts that they master quickly are gone over again and again? Why couldn't there be a selected group of men who are here for a cultural education who would be under advisors or tutors and who would be freed from class attendance and exams? These relations with the professor would be personal as between men with a vital common interest. The degree could be at the discretion of the tutor.

This system would of course necessitate the assumptions or rather the realization that those students who want a broad cultural education and are willing to work have the mental capacity for individual work regardless of whether they are required to attend classes or take exams.

Students who want special training for a definite purpose would, of course be uninterested. Those that are here just to be able to say they have been to college or are members of such and such a fraternity would not qualify for entrance.

The degree offered would probably be a special type of A. B. At the present time even the liberal arts school demands that a student specialize. The prime purpose of the degree has been defeated, that of giving a wide cultural education. The major and minor require numerous courses on just two particular subjects, and the prospect of the comprehensive exam and the desire to make a good show at that time cause the student to use the electives on courses closely connected. The A. B. is chiefly valuable now as the first step toward further degrees.

The university should be able to give to each type of student the education he is seeking. If they are desirous of a broad cultural education and are able to do thorough personal research, why not give them what they want in the best way possible? The suggested plan would enhance the appeal and value of an A. B. to them.—H.H.

**One Success From Five Failures**

The proposal to unite as one large university five of North Carolina's smaller colleges—Elon, Lenoir-Rhyne, Guilford, High Point, and Catawba—deserves the attention of the authorities of those institutions and some degree of interest from outsiders. The suggestion apparently resembles that which found fruition in the consolida-

tion of this University, State college, and N. C. C. W., and contemplates the maintenance of the advantages of the small college while eliminating the waste and overlapping inherent in the existence of five separate institutions of liberal education in the Piedmont region.

The difficulties which those colleges are said to be undergoing plus the decided advantages that could be effected through consolidation need not constitute the only grounds in support of the proposed unification. Additional facts are not unimportant; the future of the small college nowadays is uncertain at best, and the necessity for sectarian or local colleges is no longer evident in an era in which strong, intense religious sectarianism is rapidly passing, and in which efficient means of transportation and communication render attendance at distant institutions easy and convenient.

In addition, it is probable that the present generation is advancing into an age of consolidation and coordination in all fields of human endeavor. County consolidation, as often urged in this state; the League of Nations; business mergers; the insistent demands for economic stabilization, organization, and integration; Aristide Briand's proposed 'United States of Europe'—all these possibly have a common significance. Granted such a trend and its desirability, the proposal for a Piedmont university is in order.—K.P.Y.

**With Contemporaries**

**Collegiate Casuals Challenge Plan For Student Loan Funds**

Accepted at its face value, the plan to provide a loan fund designed to keep at the University 400 students who otherwise would have to leave classic shades for farms and cross-roads has all the elements of virtue to appeal to the liberal.

These young men are at the state University in search of a higher education. They are measuring up to the plan of the state which Aycock was wont to put eloquently as "equality of opportunity." They are ambitious. It seems a distressing shame that on account of poverty at home, they should face the necessity of returning after a very brief service of the cultural gods.

But there is another side to this question which calls for the display of the rarest sort of judgment. It reflects a condition to which we have often called attention; the condition that sends ill-prepared and half-baked high school students to the University, who have no chance of assimilating its learning, or even its "atmosphere." This class of students flocks to Chapel Hill at the opening of every term. For years they have been coming as naive adventurers with the smallest possible idea as to the meaning of adventure itself. As a result, the mortality in the freshman classes, sometimes running to a thousand, has been tremendous. Every student involves an expenditure by the state far greater than that made by him, so that the addition in the end is formidable.

If the loan fund is raised, as we hope it will be, it will constitute a trust demanding the greatest care to see that its dollars are made available only to those who, without means, already have demonstrated that a University education ranks in their minds as something real and not temperamental.

Before the depression had absolutely struck home one of

its phenomena was that it seemed to stimulate attendance at colleges. The boy who could not readily find a job, went off to the relief of a family ready to pay for having him temporarily off its mind. The depression now strikes deeper, and this type must return to the homestead, the place in which it belongs. There should be a great care exercised to see that no loan fund monies are wasted on this type.—*Raleigh Times*.

**Old Time Press To Survive Raidings Of The Tabloids**

That curious little publication, *Newsdom*, which is printed in New York by unemployed newspaper workers, comes along to the desk with an article by-lined Ann Silver in the matter of the opinion of Bernarr McFadden as to the future of the press of the United States.

Bernarr is one of those geniuses on the left, or sinister, side of the gifts of the gods, and we are not quite orthodox enough to say that his inspiration is the gas from the scum of a theological melting pot. Anyway, Bernarr puts it out, via Ann, that the American newspaper of the future will be a tabloid "Nobody, nowhow," as Bernarr would say when not being interviewed, "has time to read." He wants his stuff in a pill that will give a knock-out. No wines for him. Raw stuff—raw meat—raw crime—sex of a gorilla, supposed to be the most passionate animal. Says McFadden:

"Originally, the tabloid was looked down on as something off-color, unfit for the reader's attention. All that is changed now. There is no question of the acceptance of the tabloid. It is the modern newspaper and answers the need of the modern reader. He wants his news quickly—he wants to know what is happening at a glance—and the tabloid supplies him that."

From my own experience with the *Graphic*, I have found that it is wrong for a newspaper to set itself up on a pedestal and ignore the reading public. That is why we are more personal in the contents and style of our paper. We speak to the reader on his level. We present the news of the day to him as interestingly as possible—dramatically, but always truthful. And we find that, because of this, we have a stronger hold on our reader than most papers."

We would not minimize McFadden as a hustler and cultivator of a field. It was all perfectly simple, but few people have the nerve to put dollars on the simples—they would rather put them on the strange. McFadden knew that 120,000,000 people, fifty per cent or more gathered in cities, did not care very much about art. He knew that they cared nothing about politics except as getting the tip how to vote. That international relations were nothing in their lives. That literature was the punk and movies the particular ankles of the moment. A man who could pistol a rival and make a get-away was infinitely bigger than a dud like George Washington. And so on, and so on.

But we are here to say that a paper like *The New York Times*, which gives the news of the world in order that the best advantages may be laid before the feeblest intellect with no consideration for his mental feebleness is directed to the inspiring middle class of America—in many respects a foolish and sometimes a pompous class, yet always reading and always learning.

It reads the tabloids and learns from their pictures how a little female lecher died in the electric chair.



Reviewed by James Dawson

The Thirtieth Bill of Original Plays. The Playmakers Theatre, March 3, 4, 5.

*Bloomers*, by Jo Norwood: nothing else to recommend it, it might at least have some suspense.

It might be well to remember that in the comment printed on the opposite page of the program, the playwright calls this piece a "picture." It can be called that, and if that name will lay its ghost, may it rest in peace. But you might just as well go out and read a high school literary magazine for polish and philosophy.

*The Loyal Venture*, by Wilkeson O'Connell: This play was a joy to the sight, for it recalled the days when folk drama was confined to the folk, when old Bill Cox stuck his chin up and said: "Mon, ye're a dommed liar.", when daughters of great ladies were washed ashore from wrecks off Nag's Head, and when Hubert Heffner drank out of a jug by the light of several candles. This was the stuff the Playmakers were made of in the past. Then they went into the mountains or down to the banks for folk drama, instead of transcribing the talk of librarian and merchant. With the savour of the dead past about it, it did not need too much of a story, but it was even blessed with something that resembled a plot.

Harold Baumstone was outstanding in his portrayal of Captain Durand. He was convincingly heavy and bluff. John Sehon was a bright spot in his last scene, and Mary Alice Bennett was very pretty as Sally Salters.

Taken as a unit, it was a pretty dull evening. Most of the small first night audience was restless. This department cannot go so far as to say the audience was bored, but it acted like a bored audience until the last play began.

The direction of the first play added to its impossibility. It was not the sort of piece that could claim much of a director's attention, and it didn't seem to have got much. The last two plays showed better work by their director.

The sets were convincing, and the lighting was up to the Playmaker standard of excellence. The costuming in the last play was little short of miraculous.

If you want to help the Playmakers and the loan fund, go ahead, but if you're the hedonist type, hoard that admission price, Hoover or no Hoover.

like an understanding.

Not a great understanding, perhaps, but the best the world has ever known. It still, perhaps, will read the tabloids, but only as poor and tired and thinking people (people to whom thinking is a pain) resort as to a kind of drug addiction.—*The Raleigh Times*.

**It Is Worth Knowing That—**

Cape Town is the oldest town in South Africa.

There is a peak in Tibet called Ma Chin Shan which is said to be higher than Mount Everest, but none except natives have ever been closer than seventy-five miles to it.

The weight of the earth has been estimated at six sextillion, 592 quintillion tons, not including the atmosphere, whose weight has been esti-

ated at more than five quadrillion tons.

Professors O. B. Williams, University of Texas, and Newton Gaines, Texan Christian university, have demonstrated that high-pitched sound waves may be used to kill bacteria.

Tidal waves measure from thirty to one hundred feet in height.

North Carolina ranks next to New York in the payment of internal revenue taxes.

Nevada has the smallest population of any of the states, having even fewer persons than the District of Columbia.

Those who are trailing 'em are authority for the fact that a dollar goes farther nowadays.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

It seems that Europe can't give the United States anything but love, so it won't give anything.—*Ohio State Journal*.