

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tuesday, March 22, 1932

War's Blinding Effects

The Horror of It a recent publication describing the cripples, mutilations, and human wrecks caused by warfare today has caused considerable comment. It seems that the attitude of the Army has been peculiarly sentimental in regard to this publication. The book contains pictures and comments building up a powerful visible argument against war. The book strives to strip warfare of all the glamour and happy brilliance which people sometimes attribute to it.

However, as might be expected the war department refused to let the publishers use their files for searching out pictures. The reason that this precaution was taken was, the war department says, because they saw no reason why the Gold Star mothers should be disillusioned about their now dead and buried sons. These mothers visualize their dead sons lying on the grassy hill-sides of sunny France, a noble sacrifice in the cause of democracy. Should a book appear showing that these noble sons were many times practically unrecognizable, mangled, crushed, these poor mothers would suffer from the shock. So in the name of humanity the war department disapproves of showing the naked facts of war.

Little more could be expected, of course, from the headquarters that hungrily wait for wars so that their admirals and brigadiers can get into action and justify in part their salaries. But the disappointing feature of this interest in the new book is that the disapproval which will be showered upon the book as "pacifist propaganda" will not be confined to the strictly military circles but will be voiced by thousands of people who are unwilling to be convinced that war is beastly and unjustifiable.

There is something pathetically funny about men and women who shun the facts of warfare, become inoculated by the germ of military enthusiasm, and suffering from the fever of emotionalism send their sons to be torn by shrapnel and felled by soft-nose bullets. War should be, like cancer and the black plague—loathed and feared,

something which every scientist, economist, politician, and citizen should strive to destroy. A denuded picture of wholesale step toward bringing to his grave the old god Mars.

—R.W.B.

All Irresponsible Youths

There seems to have been a new and interesting game developed here in the last year. The game is simple and can be played any time. It is most popular between classes. The object seems to be to get from one class to another without stepping on the walks. The hazards are rather great due to the great number of walks and the intricate design they form on the campus. The game is both interesting and beneficial. It's great sport devising new ways of approach to classes. One of the best methods so far found for illuminating hazards is to follow closely one of the formerly used walks. The game cuts down distances on the average of from five to ten feet. Further, it minimizes the unpleasantness of walking on the hard packed walks. The springy turf is a sure preventative for blisters, particularly after rains.

Seriously, the way the students are ruining the lawns is indicative of a very childish attitude. In grammar school the children are punished for over-running the grounds. Here, there is no way of punishing the offenders, so the kids walk where they please regardless. To be thoughtless in a case of this kind would necessitate the absence of a thinking apparatus, since the numerous walks are a constant reminder that where the student should walk has been carefully planned.

In a sense, the overrunning of the campus shows a lack of pride in the institution. When a person is proud of a thing, he wants it to look its best. There is no way possible to keep the lawn decent looking the way it is being cut up now, even if the appropriation for the maintenance was not at its minimum.

The most important fact, however, is the unco-operative spirit of part of the student body that this "short cutting" shows up. These students wouldn't cut across private lawns for fear of offending the owner. They would protect their own lawns. But, when a place is owned by the group and no one person has the responsibility of keeping them off, they are not willing to cooperate and protect the common interest at the expense of a very little additional personal effort. Perhaps the offense seems very small from which to draw such conclusions, but the attitudes on small things are indicative of attitudes on larger, more important things.—H.H.

It Is Worth Knowing That—

Radio broadcast advertising is strictly prohibited in the Netherlands.

Henry III of England is said to have chosen a grain of wheat from the middle of the ear as the standard of weight, from which we get our present system.

Wickford, England, with a



EPITAPHIANA

Chapel Hill like that loveliest village of the plain—sweet Auburn—is during spring vacation a village deserted. Its charms, if the members of the student body can be so characterized, are fled, and desolation stalks across the village green. Familiar buildings become cold and forbidding. Footpaths are vacant. Seldom even are professorial characters to be seen flitting absent-mindedly about the campus. Snow flurries sweep through the leafless branches of tall trees. A pall of gloom enshrouds the place as a dense fog engulfs a seaport town. Amid it all I wandered lonely as a cloud. I remembered Poe's conception of that which is poetic in the superlative degree. I remembered that the melancholy mood in English poetry became so popular that a veritable graveyard school of poets arose culminating in Gray whose "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" is still deemed suitable memory work for children who are "kept in" after school as punishment for petty misdemeanors.

The shades of night were falling fast as I wended my way to the local cemetery. Something there is cheerful about old epitaphs. In days gone by the dear departed were subjects for fulsome eponyms and poetic superfluities which appear ludicrous now. There is in old Jamestown (N. C.) an inscription carved by a bereaved husband on his wife's tombstone which was recently immortalized by Ripley. Desirous of having his wife rest in peace but lacking space to say it that way, the husband chiseled *Let her RIP*. And then there is the time-honored inscription of a lamenting husband for his wife:

*She could not stay; she had to go;
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.*

Equally well-known is the Earl of Rochester's epitaphian effusion on the "mutton-eating King Charles." The sight of the wind-swept and vacant tennis courts was too much for me. None there was to follow the bouncing ball, and at any moment I expected to see a quartet of skeletons lead the wall and dance around in their bones. Whistling aloud to bear my courage up, I retraced my steps in the direction of the library where I procured a copy of *Epitaphiana* which makes excellent reading before a crackling fire.

It was even possible back in the good old days, or so it would appear, for a person to have his tombstone raised up where his body was not. To wit:

*Here lies the body of JOHN MOUND,
Lost at sea and never found.*
and
Here lies five babes and children dear,

population of 31,000, has only one policeman.

A recent census in England disclosed that very few actresses smoke.

Three at Ovestry, and two here.

Of a coroner who hanged himself it was recorded that
*He lived and died
By suicide.*

Had this woman been more a poet she probably would have been less a wife:

*Here lies the body of THOMAS WOODHEN,
The most loving of husbands and amiable of men.
N. B. His name was Woodcock, but it wouldn't rhyme.
Erected by his loving widow.*

Dryden, the poet, did no better than this for his wife:

*Here lies my wife, here let her lie,
She's now at rest and so am I.*

A record of an earlier depression is left on a New Jersey tombstone:

Died of thin shoes, January, 1839.

On a photographer:
Here I am, taken from life.

Hic jacet!

Oxford university students owe English merchants more than \$1,000,000, according to a recent check made by the authorities of the school.

SPEAKING the CAMPUS MIND

Soviet Menace For America

How far are we from a "Socialist Soviet Republic" in America? A fair question is it not? Perhaps, it may seem absurd to you. Nevertheless, if you are a thinker, it is an absurdity worthy of your most careful consideration.

Belief in God is part of the law of the United States. "Many of our best civil and social institutions, and the most important to be preserved in a free and civilized state, are founded upon the Christian religion, or upheld and strengthened by its observance."

Sovietism, i. e., practical Socialism is godless. Engels, in "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," says: "In our evolutionary conception of the Universe, there is absolutely no room for either a Creator, or a Ruler."

If unbelief in God is so essential to the development of a Socialist State, it is evident that where such unbelief already exists, there is found a condition under which that State can be established with least difficulty. This condition is being prepared for us in our own United States of America today.

According to A.P. despatch dated Durham, N. C., March 9, "Senator Cameron Morrison tonight told members of the N. C. Society of Daughters of the American Revolution," that "communism and class domination" are "the two greatest dangers facing the United States today." "Communists are assailing the precepts of our government today with a vehemence that is startling, he said."

Aside from political campaigns, Socialists, with unquestioned zeal and loyalty to their doctrines, have made dangerous advances of a more permanent nature. Those of us who estimate the strength of Socialism in America chiefly by votes polled for Socialist nominees are greatly misguiding themselves.

"Among those who supported Norman Thomas for mayor of New York

on the Socialist ticket were Dr. Daniel A. Poling, president of the National Christian Endeavor Society, who stated that Thomas represented those principles I would see accepted in politics; Bishop Francis J. McConnell, of the Methodist Church and president of the Federal Council of Churches, who stated that he believed in the Socialist candidate's policies; Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick; Paul U. Kellogg, editor of the Survey; Rabbi Stephen S. Wise; and Professor John Dewey of Columbia University, who has recently become quite active in radical politics." (Quoted in "T.N.T." by Col. Edwin Marshall Hadley, The Tower Press, Chicago, p. 97).

L. A. TATUM.

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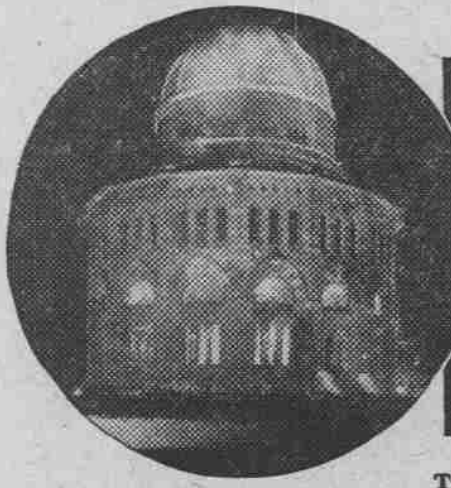


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