

# The Daily Tar Heel

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Tuesday, April 12, 1932

## Analyzing The "Ignoble Experiment" For Posterity

The *Literary Digest* polls will give future historians of this bewilderingly complex period of the nation's history a method of analyzing accurately public opinion as has never existed before. In reviewing the past the historian has had to be more or less dogmatic in declaring when and how much sentiment on an issue shifted. Henceforth with the aid of the *Digest*, history will be less interpretation and more fact. If it were not for the *Digest's* polls on prohibition a 1940 textbook would say, "from the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment until 19—sentiment seemed to shift against prohibition. Certain elections, while involved with other issues, seem to substantiate this." But digging into the files of the *Digest* the writer will be able to trace the growth of anti-prohibition sentiment through the 1922 and 1930 straw ballots, "until in 1932 the American public almost was three to one against the Eighteenth Amendment."

The *Digest* polls have repeatedly proved their phenomenal accuracy. The result of the 1928 Presidential poll exceeded ninety-nine per cent accuracy in forecasting the actual election results. Even in the present poll the magazine has offered ample evidence of its trustworthiness; notably in the case of the *Wichita Beacon* which, independently of the *Digest*, ran a straw vote in its city which tallied to within one percentage point of the *Digest's* returns from *Wichita*.

It is strange then to find the *Auburn Plainsman* refer to the *Literary Digest* prohibition poll as, "a mere farce; an assinine straw vote which impedes an understanding of the country's real political status." The writer goes on to declare that, "some of the votes cast were sent in as a rather poor joke, and most of them were turned in without serious thought."

People who have been lucky enough to receive ballots may well become indignant at the latter statement. The issue is so prominent as to definitely form opinions in the mind of the great American public. Where as one voter has declared himself satisfied with the present regime; three have, after serious thought, uttered a protest against the "noble experiment." Which ever way the ballot is marked it represents a conviction based upon thought. No person, thinking prohibition a good thing is going to mark a ballot wet as a "poor joke"; and few who wish for repeal will send in ballots which will aid and comfort the Drys. Many of our fence-sitting politicians would be much relieved could they but believe the ungrounded statement that the poll impedes an understanding of the nation's political status.

It seems probable that the Auburn writer is a disgruntled Dry seeking to discredit the poll in any way possible. If the Drys cannot find better methods of explaining the preponderance of anti-prohibition sentiment than are advanced in this unthinking and ungrounded editorial they had better accept their stinging defeat as gracefully as possible.—B.P.

## Campus Illiterati

The existing attempts at "literature" that are evidenced on the Carolina campus seem sadly at a loss. Much literature, it is true, is produced; but unfortunately it is not the amount, but the quality of the production that counts.

The current literary productions, particularly in the field of poetry, are so shallow and superficial that many of the students and practically all the out-of-towners cannot help but believe that this literature is perhaps a reflection of actual student life.

A just parallel between the campus literature and the modern cubist art can be drawn. The painter of the modernistic masterpieces does not in any manner attempt to explain his drawing; he only places a caption upon it and leaves it for the public to puzzle out. The poetry and prose on the campus is written with the same intention. The work is presented to the public, but unfortunately nothing (actually speaking) is given to the public to puzzle over, and what happens to be produced is generally so poor that no one wishes to waste any time in vain endeavors towards the solution of any such word-enigma.

There is really a subtle beauty in modern poetry, but this quality is sadly lacking in the "modernistic" literature which the Carolina campus attempts to write. To be a good poet, it first is necessary to have a sense of rhythm and beauty; anyone can be a versifier. Modern poetry although it lacks in rhyme scheme, makes up for it in intricately delicate rhythm which is beyond the grasp of the adolescent campus poet.

Unfortunately, again, poetry is not alone in its deplorable state; prose is hand in hand with it. If an out-of-town person were to read some of the obscene stories that have recently appeared in campus publications, he would form a very incorrect opinion of the general student. Because some budding-author finds that through the medium of lewdness he can achieve a degree of importance, cause a furor of protests, and lower himself and his medium of expression closer toward the gutter, is there any reason why this type of work should clutter up the campus and assist in lowering its general moral outlook?

The answer to these failings can be found in insisting that the would-be poets stick to something they can handle—if rather clumsily—and that the would-be prosists stick to any form of writing that lacks obscenity or unnecessary vulgarity.—E.J.

## Company In Misery

A recent report from the University of Nebraska contains news of cuts and curtailments that will save over \$300,000 in fiscal biennium. The Michigan state legislature is facing the problem of the amount of the University appropriation. The proposed slash will reduce the University's budget almost \$800,000. Harvard and Yale have also been forced to economize.

It is probably some consolation to the professors here to know that they are not exceptions that prove the rule in this instance. Voltaire had some-

thing to say about companionship in misery.

It is unfortunate that professors' salaries have to be cut and we join with them in ruing the sad situation that makes such cuts necessary. No one blames them for crying out against the curtailment of their incomes and shouting about the paltry returns they are receiving for their work without a cut. But when one realizes that 94.1 per cent of the people in the United States do not make incomes of more than \$3,000, it looks a little different. Add to this the fact that professors' positions are secure and they do not have to worry about where the next meal is coming from as traveling salesmen and many others do. They have a sure thing. They are able in many ways to arrange their work to suit themselves. Their relations with their colleagues are very pleasant and agreeable.

Compared with the business world professors' salaries are not small and they have many compensating advantages as mentioned above. While the rest of us can sympathize with them after having had the same experience we can see no reason for them to expect to be made an exception.—H.H.

## A Smité For Smut

A dispatch from Northwestern University brings the news that the faculty there has established a censorship of all material intended for student publications. "The censorship plague that has taken the American colleges and universities by storm," says the dispatch, "has alighted in full on the Northwestern student publications."

Less than a month ago, faculty censors slipped the much heralded "Obscene Virgin" from the columns of the literary magazine *MS*; they have banned a gossip column, "The Last Word," from the *Daily Northwestern*; and they are holding up publication of the March issue of the *Purple Parrot* until its copy can be made to pass the purity test.

These actions should not necessarily be deplored or condemned. Out of conflict comes eventual adjustment. Without doubt, student editors and writers may have been indiscreet, irrational, obscene. Faculty men, also, tend to be irritable, excitable, and retroactive beyond reason.

But, if left to argue their differences, these two opposing factions may temper each other's extremes. An agreeable mean, a satisfactory adjustment will eventually be reached. The impulsive enthusiasm of the youthful writers must be momentarily checked until the wisdom of experience can ascertain its right to existence. And contrariwise...

So, let us not discourage, but rather cheer on the warring factions, according to our individual preferences. Again, out of conflict comes eventual adjustment.—E.C.D., JR.

## It Is Worth Knowing That—

The average paid-up membership of the American Federation of Labor for the year 1930 was 2,961,096.

There are 180,000 miles of public highways in Great Britain.

"Afternoon," according to the United States Weather Bureau, refers to the period between noon and 8:00 o'clock at night.

Dry wood is two and one-half times as strong in the green, or natural growing state.



## TRIVIALITIES

There's an insidious something in the atmosphere contrariwise to the general lassitude which is supposed to pervade the southern hemisphere at this time of year. It makes me want to hop, skip, and jump. What I'd really like to do is to revive a sensational American fad of a couple of summers ago and become a tree-sitter, the better to admire the quaint green tufts of grass which have sprung up in circles around the trees on the campus. To be admired they must be seen from above. Fertilizer serves a twofold purpose: it enriches the spot where it is and shows up the surrounding area where it isn't.

"When the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom" is a stock phrase from those plaintive tunes of the mountaineers. But it is the japonicas, the redbud trees, the dogwoods, even the lilacs that are blooming in Chapel Hill and wafting their gentle fragrance through the air. The budding trees remind me of the days when, as a zealous botany student, I knew both the common and scientific names of our native conifers as well as those of trees which shed their leaves in autumn. Shades of Linnaeus! And now I have to refer to the Boy Scout's Handbook to be able to distinguish between a hickory and a walnut tree unless the nut is hanging on the bough. All of which proves that education by rote isn't education at all but merely one way of passing the time away.

Experience is the best teacher. Never having bummed a ride, I was desirous of knowing how it feels to stand on the curb wanting to go places with cars whizzing by, but not stopping. One afternoon recently I threw care to the winds (because I have not yet succumbed to the blandishments of life insurance agents) and parked myself opposite the post office at the granite marker for Jefferson Highway. And I arrived in Durham in time to hear the fanfare of trumpets and see the freaks of the 1890 variety sponsored by the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Exposition. I love a parade!

Since spying seems to be the order of the day in the columnistic world, I might as well give vent to the raptures I felt over a blue dress which appeared one day last week in the window of a local shop. The color of dresses never bothered me one way or the other until true love waned and died—since then I have preferred strict mourning. But this was a sea-faring costume in yacht blue ornamented with various essential parts of a ship in white. Anyone with a name like mine just couldn't escape liking anything so nautical but nice.

Being a firm believer in the philosophy that loneliness brings power and that only the lonely soul can annihilate the preposterous claims of the gregarious crowd and become a "Being" in the true sense, I like to read Powys. To achieve happiness in life, he writes, we must dissipate into thin air our "sense of humour," the last impertinence of ignoble minds, which is the outgrowth of a sapless crowd complex. Hereafter, I'll remember that brevity is the soul of wit.

One of the greatest dams in the world will eventually transfer 500,000 acres of land, formerly under the Zuider Zee, into Dutch farms?



*Cinderella*, a play in three acts. Written and directed by Harry E. Davis. Presented by the Junior Playmakers, at the Playmaker Theatre, April 8 and 9. Performance of April 9 reviewed.

By James Dawson

Not since Alvin Kahn's fantasy, *The Queen Has Her Face Lifted*, has such a play as this one been attempted on the Playmakers stage, and never before has one been done with such a cast as this one had. Composed entirely of idea-play of the Grimm variety, the piece was as well constructed a bit of elaboration as has ever graced the boards of the campus theatre. Adhering in the main to the essentials of the old tale, Mr. Davis played pleasantly with variations, the technical staff turned out an enchanted series of sets, and the young cast completed the fey effect with a charming performance. It is perhaps not too much to say that they set a standard that their elders will be hard put to equal, whatever they might see fit to do, and that statement is justified by the obvious fact that the Playmakers (senior) have not by any means equalled that performance in the past. Speaking strictly from the standpoint of entertainment value, *Cinderella* is a play without a peer in the Playmaker organization, and that does not mean that this department has forgotten those *Black Strike Waters*, those *Git Up An' Bar the Blue Remembered Doors*, and those *Scuffletown Houses of Grief*.

Half the fairy quality of the play was in the settings and the costumes. The first act set promised little out of the ordinary, save for a door that opened and closed itself with the entrances and exits of the Godmother's servants, and windows that were similarly trained. But the second and third act curtains rose upon visions of sheer beauty and enchantment. The set for the second act was a representation of the palace courtyard, and was like the archetype for a Metropolitan set of *Tristan and Isolde*. The third act set was something indescribable. It represented the street before Cinderella's home, and it was simplicity embodied, but with the excellent lighting, and that gold-and-ivory Cinderella standing on the steps, it was breath taking.

The costumes completed the physical beauty. That of Cinderella was easy to believe a charmed garment. Both she and Prince Charming were dressed in the Romeo and Juliet manner, which was in itself a stroke of inspiration. The palace guards shone in gold cuirasses and gold helmets, and they carried long gold lances. Underneath the breastplates they wore doublet and hose. All the extra people were dressed fittingly.

Cynthia Grimsley opened the play with her impersonation of the prologue, which in its form was the only really childish thing about the performance. The words of the prologue dedicated the play to children, in spirit, but the body of the play was enough to break the heart of anybody. The Prologue came back into the play at one point in the second act and was as satisfying as any of the other actors.

However, and this is hard to put into satisfactory words, the whole enchantment of the cast was in the Jane Knight who played Cinderella. No more lovely a girl has ever walked on the Playmaker stage, for she was a chryselephantine statuette come to life. She was something

Pygmalion might well have been proud of, and whether it was art or ingenuity she was an excellent little actress. Her hair had the quality of gold, and her movements were surprisingly graceful. It cannot be said without fear of exaggeration, but she was practically perfect. Even her voice was of a golden timbre, an unexpected thing in one so young. She got all possible out of her lines, and her triumph of action came when she stumbled convincingly on the palace steps and dropped her glass slipper. Her one flaw was that in her hearth-side rags she was just as lovely as in her enchanted garments. She made the change from servant to princess almost imperceptible.

Erika Zimmerman was thoroughly shrewish and made a convincing Duchess. Doris Graham and Marie Lawrence, as Jujube and Gelatine, the two step-sisters, were satisfactory. Milton Hogan made a fine old man as Archibald von Poppacorn, Cinderella's father. Nancy Murchison was excellent as the Fairy Godmother, save that she was too convincingly loud in her screeching. Her scenes in which she transformed the pumpkin and the mice into coach and horses were small triumphs for herself and the stage crew.

D. D. Carroll, Jr., as Prince  
(Continued on last page)

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