

## The Daily Tar Heel

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Saturday, May 21, 1932

## PARAGRAPHS

Editor Davis is getting his *Yackety Yack* out just late enough this year that THE DAILY TAR HEEL cannot take more than two good cracks at it. The annual is scheduled to appear Wednesday, giving our staff satirists only two days to tear it to pieces, in the traditional yearly publication feud. Maybe our victories in former years are responsible for the late arrival of the *Yackety Yack* last year.

A squib in the columns of this publication last week revealed the fact that "St. Anthony's Hall announces the pledging etc." and was read with amazement by many of us. Then the truth dawned. They were the Tony's boys. St. Anthony is much to Yaleish for us and we just thought that the little white house on Cameron street was called Tony's Place.

We notice that some of the old standbys in the delinquent tax roll for Chapel Hill have dropped off this year despite the depression. The K. A.'s, Delta Psi's, Phi Gams, Pikas, Pi Kappa Phi's, Chi Phi's, Theta Chi's, and a few others are the only members of the old guard left. Once we thought of erecting thirty-five or so big signs about the campus in front of fraternity houses bearing the sad message "JEFFERSON STANARD, DON'T TAKE LITTLE NEEL. SHE'S ALL OUR'N."

### They've Got to Deliver the Goods

Despite the fact that THE DAILY TAR HEEL was and still is opposed to the present German club executive committee's continuing as supervisor of Carolina dances, among other things because of its unrepresentativeness it is only fitting that a word be expressed in commendation in the way this group has placed dancing on this campus on its high level. When the committee took over the power of supervising conduct at dances several years ago there was much danger that the social affairs would be banded entirely from the University campus because of the obnoxious manner in which they had come to be conducted.

Today, however, after several years under the supervision of the German club committee, the

conduct at dances at Carolina is as good, and in many cases better, than can be found on the average college campus throughout the country. In fact the University has been received a widespread reputation for conducting dances in a most orderly fashion, and the new committee must see to it that this good name is not allowed to be lost.

Despite the fact that this newly-formed group is, unlike the German club committee, officially representative of dancing groups on the campus, a prerequisite to its continuation in power must be that it retain the present high standard for dancing at Carolina. If it fails in this task, a more efficient group must be found.

### Pigs Is Pigs

"This little pig went to market and this little pig stayed at home." Now, the little pig that stayed at home was the liberal arts pig.

There was a time when a young man was content to be a scholar. His ambition was to learn life, to broaden himself to an application of each and all of its pleasures. He wished to acquire an understanding of life's many parts and their relation to the whole. He opened his mind to the influence of all its forces. In these seemingly divergent and contradictory forces he came finally, if he was successful, to recognize the broad, deep current of universal truth.

Naturally, the little A.B. pig that stayed at home was envious of the fine things that his brothers brought from the market. They would share nothing with him. They said he must buy for himself. The liberal arts pig was not lazy, yet he had no money to trade at the market place.

The specialist came and scoffed at the scholar: "What good is an A.B. degree? It doesn't help you to get a job." For a while, in spite of the specialist's derision, the scholar stuck to his ideals, although he did envy the financial success of his cocksure rival. Soon, however, the threat of hunger made the scholar forget his ideals.

Apparently without changing his plans and his purpose, the scholar began to specialize in one or two fields of study which he hoped to put to practical use. While pretending to a liberal education, he became a specialist.

After all, pigs is pigs. So, the liberal arts pig has gone to market and is well on his way to becoming a full grown hog.—E.C.D.

### But It's Still Around the Corner

Since the grand market crash in '29, the populace of the United States has been in a state of violent despair. There is much justification in this state of despondency, but the people should endeavor to take steps to resume their former status. The basic element of all secure foundations, the first pillar in the construction is faith, or confidence.

The most often manifested abstraction that is so supremely powerful in our lives is faith. Unless a strong confidence and belief can be manifested in the undertakings that one attempts, the results are inevitably unsuccessful. To attempt to return this confidence and belief to the people of the United States would put an end to this horrible monster in whose grip the world is caught—the Depression.

Throughout the epochs of history, the outstanding impulse that has urged men on towards the supreme goals they have achieved has been confidence, in themselves and in others.

Anyone who is acquainted with banking systems easily sees the necessity for confidence on

the part of the depositors. The depositor, in good faith and full of confidence, puts his money into the bank. The bank, through divers methods, lends out the money and secures interest on the same. The entire system is based upon the confidence of the depositor who believes his money safe and therefore the bank can use the money deposited to the best advantage. However, when the depositor loses confidence and rashly decides to remove or withdraw his money from the bank, his action might lead others to do the same, and before the bank can re-arrange itself, the depositors have withdrawn the reserve of the bank and it is forced to close its doors—entirely based upon the lack of confidence in the depositors. Of course, it is easily understood that many bank failures are caused from internal reasons, but equally as many are caused by the lack of confidence.

Thus confidence, the basic stabilizing force in our life today, can be the cause of our downfall or our rise to the supreme heights so desired by all.—E.J.

### Justice Awaits Its Pound of Flesh

John Hughes Curtis, fake intermediary in the Lindbergh case, stands rightfully condemned in the eyes of the American public, and he will be ultimately convicted and sentenced by an American jury. But the punishment of this individual cannot, and will not, remove the basic cause of his fraudulent actions. The bait will remain to snare others just as it trapped him.

Curtis can offer no adequate defense for his deed. It was the futile, and somewhat horrible expedient seized upon him to replenish his thinning finances. In this method of money-making lies the deplorable explanation of his crime.

The same American public that is now so concerned with the punishment of the unfortunate Curtis is not satisfied with professional entertainers. It loves to see hammer-murderers and train robbers in the flesh. It pays good money for the privilege of hearing criminals say a few words over the footlights, or into the microphone of the news reel man. It eats up the ghost-written "life" stories of convicted men, and it makes heroes of prominent gangsters. In its pursuit of pleasure, it delights in the "new" and the "un-usual."

Newspaper editors and movie producers, being business men, have long and profitably known this gullible trait of the American. Curtis knew the public and the newspapers that serve it. By combining the two, he saw an excellent chance to improve his financial condition. The papers and movie men saw a good investment in offering him hountiful reimbursement for exclusive picture and news rights.

In the fact of such inducements a strong man might weaken, and Curtis was not strong. He tried to cash in, and failed. And now he awaits the judgment of a jury that avidly followed his news stories.—K.S.

## To Our Hall Of Fame

### We Nominate

Anita Stewart, beautiful cinema blonde, who testifies with a toothy smile in a Lux Toilet Soap ad, "I'm 29," and who in company with Mary Pickford and others, was featured as an old "thriller" heroine in "Screen Souvenirs" (1910) at the Carolina theatre the other day.

"The modern girl is nothing but an animated doll," declares a novelist. He must admit, however, that she doesn't call "Mamma" when she is squeezed. *The Humorist* (London).



*The Butter and Egg Man.* By George S. Kauffman. Presented by the Carolina Playmakers, in the Playmakers' theatre, May 19, 20, 21. Directed by Harry E. Davis. With John L. Sehon, Julia Bates Brown, Harold Baumstone, Marion Tatum, William Chandler, Muriel Wolff, Elmer Oettinger, Milton Williams, Larry Spitzer, Jo Norwood, Closs Peace, Jack Whitehead, and Whitner Bissell. Performance of May 19 reviewed.

Again with a comedy which, like *The Perfect Alibi* of last year, was almost fool-proof, the Playmakers appeared for the last time of the season. Again because of the so-called and belabored depression, the play was produced indoors instead of in the Forest Theatre, where it had been the custom to mount the spring production up to last year. Remembering the Shakespeare of other years, this was not of the calibre of the traditional final play, but it was entertainment, and in this year of disgrace is not to be scorned.

Completely inexplicable in this performance was the tone of amateurishness that crept into the whole of the show. It has been the observation of this department in the past that when the Playmakers were bad they were bad in a professional way. That is to say that their failures, due to some *esprit de corps*, some bond of kinship, or some pride of organization, have been like the failures of bad professionals. But until this production, it could not be said that they were mediocre in an amateurish way. Here all who failed were excruciatingly like the usual little theatre. On the other hand, the three of four who did not fail were as good as the Playmakers have ever been before.

It has been said that this play was fool-proof, that anyone could put it over. That is not strictly true. What the Playmakers did with the play was due to ability; the parts that were done well went over. What they failed to do was because of themselves. It was not an easy play to produce with any assurance of sympathy from the audience. The dialogue was swift, and being laden with theatrical jargon and allusions, was not calculated to register with a completely uninitiated audience. Only two of the roles depended solely upon "human interest," and one of the actors in those roles was utterly out of sympathy with the part, throwing the burden of the work onto the shoulders of the less appealing characters. Those who bore the brunt of the performance were Jack Whitehead (as Oscar Fritchie), Marion Tatum (as Fanny Lehman), and Harold Baumstone (as Joe Lehman).

Jack Whitehead, in his first appearance on the Playmaker stage, got off to an unintentionally perfect start by being stricken with a slight case of stage-fright. But when his nervousness evaporated he had caught the spirit of the bashful hotel manager, and he held it throughout the play. His good performance cannot, for this reason, be called accidental. It was a pleasure to watch him, especially because so many of the cast went about being simply themselves, making no effort to get into their roles.

Marion Tatum was as usual, which is to say that she was more than adequate. Her Fanny Lehman was sufficiently vulgar, loud, and hard. She spread herself out and sat on desks and chairs with a zeal that was rewarded by a portrayal that car-

ried conviction. She squeezed all the real meat out of her liens, and this department suspects that the line in which she added "Five Star" to Joe Lehman's "Is this final?" was an addition of her own. At any rate she must be given credit for perfect timing and intonation.

Harold Baumstone's Joe Lehman was a creation of energy and force. He is probably the only man in the Playmakers who could have worn a boiled hat with that peculiar ease and arrogance. He too got everything possible out of his lines, and his scenes with Fanny were especially good for that reason.

The rest of the cast is hard to place. Out of the lot, Larry Spitzer's Bernie Sampson was most noticeable, though a short bit. He made the character recognizable and believable. Those who complete the list were so much background material, on the whole as quiet in comparison and as innocuous as the scenery. John Sehon, who was in the central role, must take credit for a great deal of work, evidently, but he missed his part woefully. He needed sympathy for his character, a great tolerance and understanding for the simple youth he portrayed, but he made of him just another "provincial," and the ending of the play suffered proportionately in conviction. Julia Bates Brown was attractive, and she displayed a great deal of stage presence and poise that would not have gone unnoticed in any other play. William Chandler was not convincing as Jack McClure, for no apparent reason. Muriel Wolff accomplished the difficult feat of overacting an actress whose principle characteristic was a tendency to overacting. She gilded the famous lily, and the lily suffocated. Milton Williams was satisfactory in a small part as the director. Closs Peace was the switchboard girl, and was not quite subdued enough for the small part. Whitner Bissell, as the attorney, was as competent as usual, but had far too little to do. Jo Norwood missed the essential quality of Peggy Marlowe by being too hard-boiled. She was more siren-like than ever in a bright red gown, and her movements were satisfactorily voluptuous, but she spoiled her big moment when she hesitated before saying: "I'll smash your goddamned face," and then saying it too slowly.

The settings, by Samuel Selden, were well designed and executed, especially the second act set, which, by the way, saw the best act of the play. The chandelier in Act II, by courtesy of the University Consolidated Service Plants, was convincing. This program has come to you by...

The play was well directed as regards the principal characters, but the others needed polishing. The programs were tastefully printed in yellow and green, to represent, as Mr. Koch pointed out, the butter and the grass (that eaten by the cows, you know).

"Nous n'irons plus au bois, les lauriers sont coupes."

If we understand the position of our esteemed fellow-scribbler, Cal Coolidge, it will be impossible to tax the poor until they're rich after the rich are taxed until they're poor.—*Weston Leader*.

## With Contemporaries

### Favored Son

"My opinion of the value of college? Well, frankly, I think it's pure poppy-cock from start to finish." When Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., noted the genuine shock on the face of his young interviewer, he hastened to query, "Well, isn't it? Except for the social contacts made, does the student really accomplish anything worth while?" The young scion of a prominent American family ignored any effort at a reply and proceeded to answer his own question. He felt that an A. B. degree hampered its holder in co-operating with the world at large more than any one other possession a young man of today might have, for the fellow who can not display a diploma is constantly anchoring for the job of the one who can.

It is only natural that the college man of today should resent this sentiment, despite the fact it emanates from the lips of a man who is somewhat successful. It is true that Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., never attended college—simply because he never deemed it essential in the struggle for success, but it is likewise true that he received the prestige of a renowned family in his rise to his present position. He had something which even the best of college educations can not always give. He had something the average young man of today who is denied the privilege of higher education does not have in his struggle for recognition.

At the close of the 19th century it was not uncommon for young men to rise unaided by college education to positions of power and wealth in the rapidly growing industries of a steadily developing country. The demand for labor was so great that the young men of the country waived their rights to advanced knowledge and hastened to the doors of business concerns. The opportunities in the field of industrial activity were so great that even the crudest of business schemes brought handsome remuneration to their originators.

Today we have settled down to a routine in industrial activity, and it is only by dint of careful planning and accurate research that advancement is made. Education has become the basis for and the criterion of true success. A man without an education is like a ship without a sail. Neither is capable of advancing by its own power. Both must trust to kindly external forces to carry them slowly and uncertainly toward an indefinite port.

Why shouldn't the man with a college education be eminently more successful than his fellow worker without advanced knowledge? He is aware of the mistakes of those who have some before, and he is able to profit by them. He is in possession of scientific theory upon which his practical operations may be founded. He has had the experience of cooperating with others and the enjoyment of exploitation on his own.

To every rule there is an exception. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is the exception, rather than the rule. Today it is the rule—the law governing the activities of the average individual—that we are interested in; we can not too deeply concern ourselves with the exception—the deviations involving a select few.—*The Pennsylvanian*.

The campaign managers issue the dodgers and the candidates dodge the issues.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal*.