

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publications Union Board of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill where it is printed daily except Mondays, and the Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Spring Holidays. Entered as second class matter at the post office of Chapel Hill, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price, \$4.00 for the college year.

Offices on the second floor of the Graham Memorial Building.

Chas. G. Rose, Jr. Editor
Geo. W. Wilson Mgr. Editor
R. D. McMillan Bus. Mgr.

Editorial Staff

EDITORIAL BOARD—Don Shoemaker, chairman; E. C. Daniel, Jr., John Alexander, Bob Barnett, Edith Harbour, Mayne Albright, Nelson Robbins, Ervin Jafee, Virgil J. Lee, Bill Blount, Forney Rankin, Dan Lacy, Kemp Yarborough.

CITY EDITORS—T. H. Walker, Bob Woerner, Bill Davis.

DESK MEN—Otto Steinreich, Carl Thompson, George Malone, L. L. Hutchison, W. R. Eddleman.

FEATURE BOARD—Joseph Sugarman, chairman; Walter Rosenthal, Lonnie Dill, Donoh Hanks, Vermont Royster, John Acee.

SPORTS DEPARTMENT—Claiborn Carr, T. H. Broughton, Jack Bessen, Morrie Long, Lawrence Thompson, Matt Hackett, J. H. Morris, Crampton Trainer.

REPORTERS—Frank Hawley, W. O. Marlowe, J. D. Winslow, Bill Anderson, Raymond Barron, James B. Craighill, W. T. Creech, Perry Edge, Walter Hargett, T. W. Hicks, James W. Keel, Nelson Lansdale, Lewis S. Morris, Robert C. Page, George Rhoades, R. D. Thompson, Charles C. Todd, Henry Bryant, Phillip Hammer, Irving Suss, Clarence Hartman, Eleanor Bizzell.

Business Staff

CIRCULATION DEPT.—Tom Worth, Manager.

OFFICE STAFF—Pen Gray, Ass't. Bus. Mgr., John Barrow, Ass't. Bus. Mgr., Randolph Reynolds, Collection Mgr., Joe Webb, W. B. Roberson, Agnew Bahnsen.

ADVERTISING STAFF—Howard Manning, Adv't. Mgr., W. C. Jones, Adv't. Mgr., John Callahan, Jim Cordon, James Mehaffy.

Friday, September 30, 1932

On to Greater Heights

In recommending Dr. Frank Porter Graham as head of the Greater University of North Carolina, the members of the executive committee of the board of trustees have expressed their confidence in him as the most logical man to lead this state's combined educational forces.

The recommendation is more than a mere acknowledgement of the work Dr. Graham has done as head of the present University; it is a direct defiance to the attacks which have been made recently against higher education as Dr. Graham has conceived it here at Chapel Hill. It shows that the thinking people of the state at least are more than satisfied with his educational leadership thus far and are content to entrust to his care the destiny of the largest educational institution in the South.

No other man could be more interested and eager for this state's educational development. And no other man could be more capable of carrying on this development.

The present University stands high in the educational circles of America. But with the combined strength of the two other large state institutions of higher learning, the Greater University of North Carolina will go forward to even greater heights under Dr. Graham's guidance.

In This Enlightened Land

The recently completed Georgia senatorial race in which Governor Russell participated and won presents a significant picture of the condition of American statesmanship.

Congressman Crisp and Governor Russell declared with benign sanctimony at the outset that their campaigns would avoid cheap mud-slinging—and contain only principles and ideals. But a few weeks put the whole situation in a different light for both of the candidates. They declared, each of the other, that the pact of political objectivity had been violated and forthwith both men launched into caustic personal attacks upon their opponent. So bitter be-

came these attacks that the real issues of the campaign served more as vehicles for insinuations and insults than as subjects of political and philosophical importance in themselves.

The platforms of both candidates became negative and deprecatory. The lack of outright political policy was conspicuous. And one came to suspect that in the personal attacks upon each other the candidates found welcome relief from the need of constructive thinking.

While the results of the vote were being tabulated many voters began to consider seriously why they had voted for their favorite. Crisp supporters might have admitted that it was because he was a "fine Christian gentleman" (his use of prayer in the campaign was suspiciously sanctimonious); and, Russell supporters because he was a "young energetic, friendly fellow." These were the grounds for the fevered support the candidates for the Senate were commanded. Russell, the new Senator, laid a platform notoriously reactionary, containing planks so vague and stupid that it is a wonder he secured a single vote from the ranks of educated Georgians. He certainly was not elected because of this great platform. The whole campaign was patently free from display of rugged, courageous statesmanship.

Voters today find it difficult ever to vote "for" anyone or any platform. The ballot is thrown to one candidate in defiance of the other, the decision being based on a vague, "instinctive" feeling of distrust or loyalty.

During the forthcoming weeks unfolds the great drama of enlightened and intelligent democracy enacted on a grand scale. It bears close watching.—R.W.B.

A Method in Their Madness

Hooray! The circus is back! As regularly as the falling of the leaves comes the campus's autumn extravaganza of nonsense. Realizing that the Carolina student's life is at best a dreary grind of reading and study and lab work, certain campus leaders have hit upon a scheme to bring a little happiness and sunshine into the lives of the hardworking scholars. Every fall they take certain socially prominent young men on the campus—men of apparently otherwise sound mind—and dress them in certain strange garbs. Some wear turbans and sashes of purple and gold; others display neckties and hatbands of charming red, and yet others don embroidered undershirts and plumed hats and carry chains about with them.

These young men are sent forth upon the campus and made to perform certain strange antics. For days the solemn quiet that should invest the cloisters of the University is rent by the horrible cries of these poor unfortunates. Some, with commendable religious zeal but with a remarkable disregard of the geographical location of Mecca and the prescribed hours of worship, praise Allah many times daily with devout salaams and ear-splitting shouts of praise. Others see that the sweet song of the cuckoo, so admired through the centuries by the more poetic souls of England, is not forgotten in our own fair land. Still others, with a strangely perverted sense of self-abasement, announce to an undoubting world that they are the long-sought "missing link."

At one time there was no explanation available for the purpose behind these organizations other than the fact that the initiated would have the privilege of selecting the victims for the next year's orgy and paying a large sum as initiation fee when entering. Now, however, a sane solution to the mystery, sur-

rounding these orders has been reached.

It is now believed that the whole purpose of the big show is to bring comic relief into the lives of the students and in particular to lighten the freshman's burden during his first few weeks of grinding study by amusing him as he walks about the campus between classes. And it probably does succeed in amusing the freshmen, for after all, they are freshmen. But a somewhat weary upper classman, witnessing for the fourth or fifth time the epidemic of sophomore society initiations, can only vaguely wonder if this is quite the proper sort of activity for young men presumably in serious pursuit of an education and if the freshmen couldn't just as well go to see Mickey House.—D.M.L.

Renaissance; 1932 Model

Dr. Urban T. Holmes of the comparative literature course says that there are three stages in the world's history, and that these are repeated over and over. The first period is the Renaissance, or rebirth. The second period is the Decadence. The third is the Renaissance. In the renaissance, people gain in interest in certain subjects. These subjects are retained by rules throughout the classical era and finally die out in the period of decadence. This last period lasts many generations, usually from fifty to over a thousand years.

At present, we are at the end of a renaissance—the mechanical renaissance. Airplanes are being made safe. Automobiles and railroads have become a necessity rather than a luxury. New types of literature and art have been developed. Compare George Bellow's works with those of one of the artists of the great Italian Renaissance. Compare the poems of Robert Frost to those of some ancient poet. You will see that there are great differences between the ancient and modern in both cases.

Now consider our University. It is upon the verge of a renaissance. Look back on the few years past. When certain new courses were offered, people attended the University for those courses alone. That continued for a while, but now the popularity has waned, and the comparative literature, which used to have one of the largest followings in the University, now has barely enough pupils to keep it going. But it will not be long before we have another renaissance. The Institute of Folk Music began it, and there will be more to follow. It takes new things to attract people, and as the difference in ancient and modern literature shows, the University also needs a change.—H.C.P.

OUR TIMES

By Don Shoemaker

Oscar, the very, very Odd McIntyre comments from aboard ship: "Kenneth C. Collins, likely the most highly advertising man in the world, is a passenger. We have been mutual friends but never met until a tea roundup . . . he is youngish, alert, and shining with sophistication . . . one of those astonishing successes America so frequently spawns . . ."

Ten short years ago Collins found himself enrolled in Harvard's graduate school with a wife at home, a career teaching English and philosophy in an Idaho university, and a Ph.D. in the offing, and just barely enough money in his pocket to meet his college fees. So he borrowed twenty-five dollars from a fellow student (now a member of the English department at the University of North Carolina) to

hide himself and his wife over the Christmas holidays.

Then Fortune beckoned. Collins walked into a moderately imposing Boston department store a few weeks after the memorable Christmas and sought out the manager, dropping his pedagogical mien for one of the impatient business man. "You need a good advertising manager," he told the executive. "I can save you half your advertising bill."

It was a wild chance, but the manager, finding his manner and sincerity to his liking, instructed him to come back within a week. He did; within a few months he was earning a salary of more than three thousand dollars a year and had dropped half of his work at Harvard to give him ample time at his new post.

His friends quizzed him: "Kenneth, how in the world had you planned to save that man half of his advertising bill?" "Why, it was simple," he responded. "I only bought half the space."

Collins' ascent was rapid. Soon he was in New York at twice the salary as second in command of Macys' advertising force. Then he went out to Cleveland and became identified with a great electric company as advertising manager. Macys brought him back in a few short months and placed him as vice-president at the head of its advertising division.

Today his salary is estimated in the hundreds of thousands.

Yet he had no more education for his life work than philosophy and English.

Were Horace Greeley alive he might say, "Get into advertising" and in cinematic lingo "and 'go south' young man."

With Contemporaries

Quick, Henry—

Have you ever asked the question, "What kind of a summer did you have, Gus?" and then settled yourself to a half hour of relaxation while listening to a boring series of anecdotes on what happened the night in Walla Walla or how screamingly funny it was when John fell off the hundred foot cliff and nearly broke the bull's neck when he landed?

There ought to be a law. Yes, there might even be two laws, on the subject. We should exterminate this recounter of vacation tales with the same avidity that we work on house flies and yearbook salesmen. Instead of the old line about "Quick, Henry . . ." we should have another motto concerning the immediate and speedy choking of the pest who persists in telling about his summer when everyone knows that he stayed right at home in Bondville and didn't see anything more thrilling than the daily traction tearing through at thirteen miles per hour.

Sitting around a fraternity house we hear wild tales of how the wolf was killed just as he was about to murder in cold blood the pet dog of the family, and then we sink in clouds of utter boredom when they found out that it was merely a police dog that came to pay a visit to the newcomer in his prowling territory. Nothing is more dismal than the damp and scummy feeling that permeates the atmosphere when the annual ghost story contest is on following the summer excursions into the north woods or to worse places. Everyone had a night of horrors when they thought surely that a bear had them by the back of the neck to find that it was merely an innocent squirrel putting away the grubstake for the win-

Frank P. Graham Holds Open House For Students Each Sunday Evening

Daily Tar Heel Story on Freshman Boners Gives Wrong Impression of Hospitality at President Graham's Home; Many Students Have Been Entertained Overnight.

In comparing President Graham's home to a hotel the DAILY TAR HEEL's story about freshman boners was right enough, but in telling of a mistaken freshman who "was invited to leave summarily, to say the least" it was, as anyone who has visited Chapel Hill's "White House" knows, sadly off track. The warm hospitality of the Graham household is well known. Many a freshman, unable to find or to use his school quarters, has been entertained overnight in the home of the president.

None Asked to Leave

Many have wandered in thinking it a hotel, a boarding house, a fraternity house, or a private home with a room to rent, but none, it is safe to say, has ever been asked to leave. Parents, alumni, friends, and distinguish-

ed guests of the University are entertained so frequently that it might be mistaken for the "likely looking hostelry" of the TAR HEEL story.

Sunday evenings especially the presidential home is crowded, because President Graham has reserved that one evening for an informal reception for those who wish to see him. Any freshman or upperclassman is given a welcome which will make him return again and again. Any Sunday evening will find a group gathered there on the cool porch or inside by a warm fire as the season may be.

And now that the presidential mansion is graced with a charming hostess in the person of Mrs. Frank Graham, the Sunday evening groups will probably be larger and more enjoyable than ever.

'CHANCHU THE MAGICIAN' SHOWS AT THE CAROLINA

"Chandu the Magician," from the radio drama by Harry A. Earnshaw, features the program today at the Carolina theatre. Supporting Edmund Lowe, who has the leading role, are Bela Lugosi, Irene Ware, and Henry B. Waltham.

The doors of the theatre will open tonight at 11:30 o'clock for a special midnight show, starring Lee Tracy in "The Night Mayor," a film exemplifying the life of ex-Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York. Evalyn Knapp plays opposite Tracy as the mayor's latest distraction.

Eugene Pallette plays the part of Hymie Shane, the mayor's political mentor, and the role of Riley, the gunman bodyguard is taken by Warren Hymers. Fred Fields, the newspaperman, is portrayed by Donald Dillaway. Others included in the cast are: Emmett Corrigan, Barbara Weeks, Astrid Allwyn, Gloria Shea, Vince Barnett, Tom O'Brien, Wade Boteler, Harold Minjir, and Wallis Clark.

Recently published figures show that flying is decidedly cheaper than it was last year. Evidently the cost of going up is coming down—*The Humorist* (London).

ter to avoid the breadline and Hoover prosperity.

Perhaps we haven't made ourselves clear, but we can find nothing more boring on this campus than the stories put out by these one-satchel travelers who take a three dollar excursion to the state line for the first time, and then just can't help talking about the event for the next three years any more than Mrs. McGuffey can help bringing up her operation at the bridge club every Monday afternoon at four. Down with the tribe, we hate 'em.—*Daily Illini*.

Robert Floyd Finished Eight School Grades In Only Three Years

(Continued from first page) was created. As a climax to the drive, this organization staged a play, *Ye Ole District Skule*, for his benefit. The town of Lumberton showed its interest by filling the high school auditorium, making available a sum of more than \$180. This amount is now being used for his further studies here at Chapel Hill.

Floyd's affliction obliges him to be wheeled about the campus to take advantage of the opportunities made possible by his remarkable manifestation of courage and spirit.

BOOKS

—for the booklover
—for the chapter library
—for the appropriate gift

- The Gov't. of the U. S.*, Munro Revised edition, 1930; reg. \$2.50 \$1.15
 - The Gov't. of Europe*, Munro, 1930; reg. \$2.50 \$1.15
 - Washington Merry-Go-Round*, Anonymous; reg. \$3.00 \$1.50
 - Emerson, The Wisest American*, Phillips Russell; reg. \$5 \$1.50
 - The Works of Schopenhauer*, Edited by Will Durant; reg. \$4.00 \$1.75
 - Grandeur and Misery of Victory*, George Clemenceau; reg. \$4.00 \$1.00
 - The Philosophy of Spinoza*, Edited by Joseph Ratner; reg. \$3.50 \$1.65
 - The Representative Works of Tolstoi*, Five volumes in one; reg. \$7.50 \$2.00
- Above prices include postage
Request our catalogue

Cash with order, or one-third cash and balance C. O. D.

DISTRICT NOVELTY CO.
Suite 807 710-14th St., N.W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Carolina Playmakers
1932-33 Season Ticket
\$2.00

FOR SIX NEW SHOWS

- 1. A Modern Comedy
- 2. New Carolina Plays
- 3. Period Costume Play
- 4. New Original Play
- 5. Studio Productions
- 6. A Forest Theatre Play

May be obtained from

STUDENT SALESMEN
BOOK EXCHANGE ALFRED WILLIAMS CO.
THE PLAYMAKERS THEATRE