

**The Daily Tar Heel**

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Sunday, December 11, 1932

**The Campus' Voice**

In the poll conducted Thursday and Friday by the DAILY TAR HEEL under the legal supervision of the student council, more than eight hundred students were given ample opportunity to express their preferences in the selection of the new head of the Chapel Hill branch of the Greater University. Every precaution was taken to elicit only unbiased and unpartisan opinion. The appeal was to the sanity and integrity of the student body in demonstrating that student opinion should have its place in determining the executive who should guide the University through its trials and struggles.

The response is gratifying, principally in that a large majority of the undergraduate student body took this opportunity to express through such a large ballot the conviction that such a selection is within their rights. It is increasingly gratifying that one man should receive such a large vote, indicating that there is a compactness of student opinion on this campus.

Only through such a poll can the preferences of a student body be recognized. This factor evidences the sincere interest of the students in such a selection and recommends itself heartily to the committee on selection of our new vice-president.—D.C.S.

**Good Earth**

Among the beneficial results of the depression from whose gloom we are now emerging is the very decided trend of population away from the cities and back to the farm. Before the period of the depression the agricultural element was decreasing at an alarming rate. Millions, motivated by a desire for a better living and lured by luxury and excitement attributed to urban life, were pouring into the cities leaving their wake deserted farms and untilled fields. A decade or less ago we heard

most discouraging predictions that at the rate of migration then existing it would not be many years before the number of farmers would be insufficient to supply our millions with food.

The depression with all its attending evils has reversed the tide. Within the first few months of this year over a half a million people returned to the land and to the occupation of farming. They followed some hundreds of thousands that had gone before and that had realized also that the cities were not all they had seemed. They had learned from painful experience that while agriculture held little prospect of riches it might be depended upon at least for food and shelter. They realized that the city was for many a place not of pleasure and easy living but the stronghold of poverty and suffering. The farm house and the meager rewards of farming they found to be preferable to the bread line, the flop house, and the soup kitchen. And so the trek began back to the friendly soil that had yielded them food and work.

Their return is highly encouraging. It terminates for a time at least a movement that might have had dire consequences. It reduces greatly the great pathetic armies of the unemployed dependent on charity and the public. It means that millions will return to wholesome and necessary occupation and have seen the myth of the city's joys dispelled. Greater than these will be the realization that the farmer's salvation lies not in desertion but in cooperation. Several times have efforts been made to organize them in some way to guarantee fair treatment and better reward for their arduous toils. These have all failed. Now with labor and capital drawn up in well knit ranks the farmer will learn that he must follow suit or perish. Cooperation among them will certainly come and with let us hope some fairer distribution of wealth and power and a square deal for the man forgotten, neglected and misused—the American farmer, still the backbone of the nation.—J.F.A.

**The Ink Well**

By Nelson Robbins

**SOME MINOR MEANDERINGS**

**Needle in the Hay Ballot**  
Hi! Diddle, Fiddlement, Who'll be Vice-President?  
First straw ballot was a lark—Four votes cast for David Clark! On the Socialists, a pox. Did someone stuff the ballot box? Both Randolph parties bolt their tickets,  
And O. J. runs like a child with rickets.  
Football coach also gets vote, Which the counters failed to note. Student Council takes up fight To make everything come out all right.  
Both ballots won by ablest man, Whom the radicals can't even pan.  
But when the trustees take up matter, Will they pay heed to student chatter?  
Will the gentlemen take any note Of the official student vote?

And Now Spencer Hall Has Taken Up Basketball—Ready? . . . Toss-up. . . Ouch! Turn loose my hair! . . . Fourth floor out. . . Oh, there's Bob on the sidelines. . . Wonder if my nose is shiny? . . . Time out. . . Telephone for Miss Harris. . . Substitution. . . Foul. . . The uncouth thing. . . Three personals on Miss Bizzell. . . Lordy, someone shot a goal. . . Miss Browne wanted at the Shack. . . Excuse me, Dearie. . . No, that wasn't a signal—I was waving at Bob. . . Darling, your shorts

are slipping. . . Mercy!

**Semi-Serious One-Word Descriptions of Striking Campus Personalities**—The Dr. Cobb, geniality; Edwin Sydney Lanier, unselfishness; Dr. Jordan, befuddlement; Coach Bob Fetzer, modesty; Dean Walker, culture; Dr. Archibald Henderson, egotism; Dr. Booker, twittrery; Dr. Crittenden, courtesy; O. B. Harmon, soupy.

**Do You Snore? . . . Beware of insidious breath! . . . Or, perhaps, it is B.O. that is keeping you from being a shining social light. . . Do they laugh when you sit down at the piano? . . . Avoid pink and lavender toothbrush. . . Can you speak English as she oughta be spoke? . . . Do people shudder when you make the "thoid" mistake? . . . Send for our five-foot shelf of books. . . Have you athletes' foot? . . . Learn to play the ukulele in three lessons. . . Develop your bust the new easy way. . . How is your etiquette? . . . Your nose straightened while you sleep. . . Send for forty lessons in dancing. . . How is your aunt Emma's dandruff? . . . Wonder how many suckers are caught annually by the ad writer's appeal to our social instinct? . . . "Quick, Henry! The Flit."**

**The Week**

Monday, Dec. 5

Webster N. Jones, Carnegie Institute of Technology; and A. H. White, University of Michigan, conduct seminars here in "Chemical Engineer's Day."  
Christmas holidays extended one additional day, administration announces. Sophomores, freshmen and new men will register on the third with classes to begin on that date.

Tuesday, Dec. 6

December issue of the *North Carolina Law Review*, first edition of the year, comes off press. J. H. Chadborn, member of law faculty, editor-in-chief.  
Professor Frederick H. Koch announces twenty-seventh annual reading of Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, taking place this year in Memorial hall. Usual reading place; Town Hall, New York City.

Wednesday, Dec. 7

Dr. Archibald Henderson expresses extreme regret at treatment of his friend, Albert Einstein, momentarily ensnared in passport difficulties.  
V. L. Granville, distinguished English actor, seen in "Dramatic Interludes," Memorial hall. Granville interludes: Nero, Job, Lady Wishfort, etc.  
Carlos G. Davila, ex-president of Chile, former Chilean ambassador to United States and first president of the Student Federation of Chile, appears before large audience in first of week-long lectures on relations between South American republics and the United States, Davila's first, "The Monroe Doctrine."

Thursday, Dec. 8

Plans for *Freshman News Review* announced by English department. First *Review* to appear in January and to include compositions by Freshman English students.  
University of Tennessee drops North Carolina from 1933 grid card. Reason: Vols could not make two trips to Tar Heel territory (meeting also Duke) on successive week-ends.

Finals of campus boxing tournament run off before crowd of one thousand. Winners and weights: Eustler, 115 pounds; Frucht, 125 pounds; Kalb, 135 pounds; Sutton, 145 pounds; Pratt, 155 pounds; Edwards, 165 pounds; Ellisberg, 175 pounds; Kanner, unlimited. Team match to Best House with fifty-five points.

Friday, Dec. 9

Head football coach C. C. Collins elected president of Southern Conference Coaches Association following heated attack on Dixie gridiron officials.

Robert Burton House, executive secretary of University wins student vice-presidential poll with 219 votes. Nearest competitors: Dr. E. E. Ericson, 121; Dr. L. R. Wilson (now at University of Chicago) 89.

Administration announces revised registration schedule. Revision: all students register before end of quarter; classes begin promptly January 3.

Dr. Frank P. Graham, addresses Alumni assembly, exploring faculty salary cuts and general cuts and general budget slashes.

**THOSE NEW BOOKS**

The Christmas magazines have arrived from England—*The Sphere*, *The Graphic*, *The Sketch*, *The London News*, and *The Bystander*. The illustrations are way over and above any thing put out here in America. There is one article on "Real Life in the Middle Ages" which will make you want to pin on a wimple and play on a lute. Hiegh Ho!

INVITATION TO THE WALTZ by Rosamond Lehmann (Holt) \$2.50. Reviewed by Nelson Lansdale.

This is a novel which deals with a brief period in the life of its main characters. A most important period in the life of a girl—the week of her formal entrance into society. The setting is English.

A few characters are genuinely Miss Lehmann's own—Olivia, who tries desperately to seem sufficiently appreciative of her presents on her birthday, and whose reactions to her first ball are the substance of the book; her sister Kate, who is older, more experienced, and who understands everything; and her curiously wise little brother, James. And there are the usual stock characters—gruff old Sir John and majestic Lady Spenser; the radical young poet, Peter Jenkin, who scorns the society he is, at the moment, frequenting; an aged eccentric, her uncle Oswald; and her mother, of the higher class bourgeoisie, whose reverence for nobility is no novelty.

It is perhaps fortunate that Rosamond Lehmann does not have a mind keen for the dramatic situation. In *Northanger Abbey* Jane Austen, with her endless dramatization of incidents which have no dramatic essence, bores the modern reader almost to the point of yelling "What of it?" and throwing the book out the window. Miss Lehmann has been wise enough to realize that any week in a girl's life is chiefly important to the girl. She tells her story simply, directly, and, above all truthfully, and the reader is not bored. He is not, for one thing, asked to consider Olivia's success or failure at her first dance of equal importance to the battle of Waterloo.

Most Americans will marvel at the sheltered life young English ladies of family lead. In America, when young girls begin attending sub-deb functions at the tender age of twelve, their "coming-out" affair rarely finds them with neither suitors nor social experience. They can well thank their stars that they are spared so much agony of apprehension at so crucial a period in their lives.

This Tuesday at 4:30, Bradford Bissel, a graduate student

of the University will present a showing of batik work, describe the process of manufacture, and tell about Java from whence it came.

He has spent several years in that country, which, according to Van Loon in his *Geography*, is "supremely favored by Nature . . . the soil, if treated at all kindly and understandingly will yield three complete harvests every twelve months. There is the climate, which although hot enough to favor the cultivation of every known tropical plant is not excessive and which is . . . more agreeable than that of New York or Washington during the summer. A fatalistic attitude has been developed by the man who tills his fields, whose ancestors ever since the beginning of the world have tilled the same fields, whose children will till these same fields, and who none of them ever want or expect to go without sufficient nourishment." And yet the author insists he is not trying to describe an earthly paradise! Mrs. Phoebe Barr has kindly consented to demonstrate the wearing of the native costume. As usual, the public is most cordially invited to attend these weekly "at-homes" of the "Bull's Head."

**THE THEATRE**

(Reviewed by Ben Napier)

The several productions on the recent bill of the Playmakers were as varied in quality as in subject-matter. Like the girl with the curl, those that were good were very, very good and those that were bad were horrid. In reviewing the latter ones, this reviewer confesses that it would be all too easy and enjoyable to indulge in caustic language at the expense of *Creek Swamp Nigger* and *Stumbling in Dreams*, but, on reflection, he realizes that the only possible good that might come from such a course would be to discourage their respective authors from foisting any more of their brain-children on the campus at large. And knowing Playmaker imperviousness to any but favorable criticism, he believes that such a contingency is too remote to justify the effort.

It is in a spirit of resignation only, then, that your reviewer points out that the first of these—*Creek Swamp Nigger*—was chiefly melodramatic instead of tragic, that the element of suspense was simply not present and that that *tour de force* of a playwright—a struggle and murder on the stage—was laughable rather than impressive. It should also be remarked that the absurd histrionics of the actors did nothing to alleviate the situation.

The second play, Mr. Milhous' *Davy Crockett* can not be so glibly disposed of. As a studio production it gave definite promise of being a fine play. Mr. Milhous has a decided flair for lovely lines and dramatic situations and is capable of depicting emotion in a way that is moving and free from all sentimentality. It may have been that his material simply was not adaptable to the limits of a one-act play, or, on the other hand, that he is not yet sufficiently capable in dramatic technique but, at all events, the fact remains that the work, as a play, was not good. Despite this fact, the scenes between Mary and Davy are memorable. Their sustained dramatic effect and their lines, inherently lovely in themselves, combined to make one forget the other faults.

This department hopes that other works of Mr. Milhous will be on subsequent production

programs of the year. As to the actor, it should suffice to say that Miss Tatum as Mary gave a performance that was up to her usual high standard, that Mr. Fitz-Simons, although an unusual playwright, is not quite ready to step into the shoes of Alfred Lunt and that a Mr. Barret gave the second worse performance of the evening.

Mr. Fitz-Simons' *Four on a Heath* forces this department to a nearly complete *volte-face*. In a previous review, it was dismissed as fairly good. Now, with the accentuation of good production, this fantasy becomes of such a high order as to force the *amende honorable*. It is excellent and ranks with the best the Playmakers have ever produced.

The author was not content to give an original Lord Dunsany-like twist in choosing his subject-matter. For good measure he sustained the original effect by excellent lines and then, at the last, proved his knowledge of dramatic values equal to the power of his imagination. His play was unquestionably the finest of the evening. Excellent direction and effective lighting helped of course, and this department is grateful to both the Playmakers and Mr. Fitz-Simons for evoking, in the normally sentient members of the audience, that all-too-rare delight that a fine play brings.

The next little opus, by dint of its juxtaposition with a good play (as well as by dint of being just a lousy play itself) was very nearly nauseating. Hackneyed situations, broad attempts at comedy, and a general ineptness characterized it.

Mr. Novins as *Jo* struggled valiantly to improve the standard of the production (in doing so, he gave the best male performance of the evening) but there are things impossible even to a perfectly cast, good actor. A *propos* of this production, it is regrettable that the director did not point out to Mr. Brown, who played *Don* that there are other ways of characterizing ingeniousness than by bending the body forward and taking a scoup at the floor with one's hand. The reviewer might forgive him his singing had he not attempted his personification of a sentimental steam-shovel. He is without doubt the poorest actor that ever trod the Playmaker boards.

**DUKE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MEDICINE**  
Durham, N. C.

Four terms of eleven weeks are given each year. These may be taken consecutively (M.D. in three years) or three terms may be taken each year (M.D. in four years). The entrance requirements are intelligence, character and at least two years of college work, including the subjects specified for Grade A Medicine Schools. Catalogues and application forms may be obtained from the Dean.

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