

**The Daily Tar Heel**

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Tuesday, December 13, 1932

**Before Judgment**

Among business pending consideration before Congress is the proposal to include the Glass Bill provisions for branch banks. There is opposition to the plan, of course, being offered by many large banking interests, but their arguments against it seem to center around the illustration that Canada's system of branch banking has retarded in normal times the prosperity of the country. There are only ten banks, strictly speaking, in Canada, but their branches scatter out over a vast amount of territory and make their services available to a majority of the people. These banks, in times of depression, are as safe as any in the world, for they are government-chartered and must guarantee a specific amount of capital before going into operation.

Our own experience with branch banks in this state shows the merits and defects of the system. It is true that money is more likely to be safe in a branch bank while others are closing their doors, and it is also true that branch banks extend credit in prosperous times as freely as any other banking houses. But the money stored in branch banks during depression, even though "safe," is idle capital. And in what we like to call normal times, credit is plentiful everywhere and cannot be attributed to branch banks as one of their peculiar qualities.

Idle capital is no capital. However plentiful credit may be in the golden eras of prosperity, when it is most needed is during hard times. Not that branch banks alone are guilty of withholding money that should be put to work; on the contrary, it is a well-meant mistake that often occurs. But branch banks, intent on remaining solvent—and then some—to the last ditch, too often refuse credit to businesses which, not being able to meet their excessive demands for collateral, go broke. This American tragedy has far-

reaching effects on the economic well-being of a community and eventually affects the status of its banks themselves.

So, without pretending to pass judgment on an issue whose outcome will either accentuate or retard the growth of branch banking, we at least see that, however desirable it may be to further this growth, there are ample arguments against it.—A.T.D.

A Columbia graduate student's thesis contains data proving that Phi Beta Kappa college men have more children than the average-grade undergraduates. And that's one way to scatter the seed of knowledge.

**Wolf in Sheep's Clothing?**

The proximity of the final examinations serves to resuscitate the time-worn question: What do examinations really test, anyway? The answer to this question lies too deep for the mind of man; at least there can be only conjecture concerning it.

Do quizzes and examinations test the scholastic attainments and reasoning capacity of the student, or do they merely reveal the degree to which he has entered into the thought and mind of the instructor, during test periods, at least? The latter, many contend, is too often what it revealed, which not only does not encourage the student to do independent research and reach his own conclusions, but actually inhibits such tendencies.

Such is not the case with all students, by any means, but it is probable that the effect lies in that direction. If the instructor throws out a definite pattern of thought and expects the members of his class to accept it, as too often is the case, then why not do so and avoid the labor involved in investigating and comparing the various conflicting ideas and forming an opinion of your own, is an attitude fostered by such a pedagogical prospect from the chair. Furthermore, it is argued that many instructors have assistants to aid in grading the papers, which is no more encouraging to individual opinions and reasoning than if the instructor were doing the work himself, and has the added disadvantage that the last whit of personal sympathy and understanding disappears.

Some criterion by which to judge the student's attainments is necessary, but any system which makes no allowances for individual differences appears to machine-like and leads one to wonder whether the art of examining has kept pace with all the other phases of modern endeavor, and whether the present system is founded upon practical and scientific principles.—W.A.S.

There remain only nine more days for many students to do the work supposed to require three months of diligent labor, but apparently we have some equal to the task.

**Marked**

Why must certain individuals be forever intruding their opinions upon the public by writing remarks in library books? Who has not taken out a fine library book to read and found it filled with asinine marginal comments from some egotist who has an undue pride in his own opinion and a carelessness about the opinions or the comfort of others?

To find that on page after page a soft pencil has been dragged under various names, that felicitous phrases have been emphasized, that brackets have been drawn in the margins around whole paragraphs is sufficient to awaken the savage in the gentlest breast. There are persons who find a religious service enlivened by sundry barks of "Amen" or "Hallelujah" ris-

ing from remote pews. Most people's taste does not run that way. They would rather hear the sermon without comment. Likewise, they prefer to read a good book in silence. The noisy blatings of some previous reader first distract, then infuriate them. They would no more think of writing in a book than of scribbling their names on the ruins of the Parthenon or disfiguring the silver bark of a birch tree.

The habit of marking books is doubtless formed early in life. Education is partly to blame, since teachers have been known to encourage the practice of marking textbooks. In some people the habit formed in early school days has persisted.

They are not respectful towards any book; even their Bibles are rendered objectionable. One genius with more ardor than taste has even printed a New Testament with some hundreds of texts underlined in red, so as to save the Philistines trouble, as if a tailor were to put grease spots on a new suit of clothes in order to make us feel comfortable in it.—R.B.D.

And now one professor has actually denied the existence of a Santa Claus, which is spreading liberalism just a little too thick. Here, Mr. Clark, he is in your custody; spare him not.

Among Christmas cards exhibited in London was one bearing the Yuletide greeting: "Fifty million Christians can't be wrong."

**OUR TIMES**

By Don Shoemaker

**Beer**

It would appear that beer stories are no more popular in Canada, a wet nation, than in some arid sectors of our own country. A saga unfolding the adventures of a class of chemistry students on a tour through several large Montreal breweries (*Our Times*, December 3) and the consummate inebriety achieved through the sampling of various brands of ale and mild intoxicants, brought the suspension of the news editor of the *McGill University Daily* by the student council of the Montreal institution. This was followed by a wholesale resignation of other staff members.

Beer, it would seem, is not news; at least it's not nice news. We presume that the *Daily* will change its policy which (again we presume) must have been "All the booze that's fit to print."

**Science**

Cognizant always of the latest advances of science, we note herein the inception of the latest boon to tired bridge players. It's the Hammond Electric Bridge Table, and if you'll pardon the interlude, it's the *darndest* thing we have ever seen. The U. C. S. P. has one of the tables down in its Franklin street office, so we dropped in the other afternoon to look it over.

You just push a pack of cards into a side aperture and an electric robot shuffles them and distributes them to little slots in front of the players in something over a minute and a half. The manager told us that an inquisitive bridge fan dropped in the other day and tried to figure how to stack the cards so that the robot would deliver a perfect suited hand to every player. It took him an hour and a half, and he was something of an engineer at that.

The Hammond table costs twenty-five dollars so we didn't buy one; it doesn't bid or play your hand.

**Reading**

We recommend the new issue of *Bunk*, which, unlike other funny magazines in its field, is surprisingly clean and humor-

ous. Also chuckle over "Canine Primary," a brilliant satire in *The New Republic*.

**Story**

"No Longer Barren," a short story in the current *Carolina Magazine*, we have discovered, has real history behind it. The opening scene is disguised as Kentucky. It's really Tennessee, and if you lived there you could detect "Clark" as Sam Houston, Texas' great governor. The character known as Rice is in reality a prominent Nashville gentleman whose name is Sharp. Still living, he refuses to reveal the secret of why Sam Houston left Tennessee.

**Autopsy**

By Robert Berryman

**THE POLL CAT**

Bill Lewis, editor of *The Student Bugle* ("Of, For, By the students"), chewed the end of his pencil, brushed a stray lump of hair into place, and scowled. "Dammit, dammit, and dammit," he muttered reflectively and without passion.

Pete Holland, head editorial writer, heard the moans and looked up from the editorial on the college funny magazine, *The Howl*, that he was writing in the midst of a jangle of typewriters. "Whassamatter now, Bill?" he asked in the tone of one who would in all probability be able to settle any vexing question that might ever arise in a college newspaper office.

"I gotta have an idea for a poll," said Bill, "and I'll be damned if I can think up anything new."

"Well," mused Pete, "we've had one on the most popular professor and the most popular co-ed and who should be the next president of the college. I tell you: why not have a poll to determine the most popular janitor on the campus? Remember, Bill, the *Bugle* is 'of, for, and by the students!'"

"That might be all right," admitted Bill. "But we've kinda run that 'most popular' stuff in the ground. Remember all the phoney answers we got to the 'Most Popular Football Player' poll? Half the damn straw voters voted for 'Pansy' Baxton. We can't let these serious matters which might affect student opinion all over the country be made a joke of. You know that."

"Wait a minute!" shouted Pete, ripping the paper from his typewriter. "I gotta idea for an editorial." He pecked away for a few minutes then swung around to face Bill. "Listen to this lead!"

Bill listened, while Pete read the opening: "Evading the sincere motives of this publication in its recent polls, many sought to make a joke of the solemn business in hand, and many ridiculous and utterly insane ballots were cast—which served to cloak the polls in a supercilious light. These polls that the *Bugle* conduct are serious activities, affecting student opinion of the whole country. Every student should take the trouble to vote in every one."

"That's okay," agreed Bill, "but just the same, that ain't helping me to get a poll for the next week. I've run them on politics, on football selections, and some on real hot stuff like 'What the Co-eds Think of Necking!' and I'm just about out of ideas."

"Well," said Pete. "Remember you can always fill the paper by putting in a half or full page ad saying: 'Subscribe to the *Bugle!* Send one to the old folks. Send one to the girl friend!'"

"Sure," admitted Bill. "We can always do that. But, I kinda hate to just fill up the paper with faked ads. Remember, I did that for two solid weeks at

the beginning of school. The readers get tired of seeing that kind of stuff. That's why I like to have a fresh poll every week. Remember that 'Popular Professor' poll? We got hard up for space-filling and ran that over again and the second time there wasn't anything but phoney ballots in the box. One of the co-eds won the title that second time.

"Now, no reader is ever going to get tired of seeing a fresh poll in the paper every week, cause it is a thing of real importance for a student body to be able to express itself on some question that really matters.—And remember! The world has its eye on the collegiate press!"

Pete jumped up in wild enthusiasm. "I've got it, I've got it!" he yelled. "Boy, what a swell idea!"

"Calm down," said Bill. "Tell me what it is."

"Just this," explained Pete. "Even if you do think up a poll for this week, you'll have the same trouble next week—and the week after that. So, I suggest"—his voice reached a shrill pitch as his enthusiasm grew—"that we conduct a poll asking the students to express an opinion on their favorite polls which they would like for the *Bugle* to conduct!!!"

**SPEAKING**  
the  
**CAMPUS MIND**

**Correcting an Impression**

Information has come to me from a thoroughly reliable source that the figures I used in my recent letter concerning the appropriations to the University at Chapel Hill were incorrect, the profits from the various Consolidated Service Plants (the Laundry and the Book Exchange particularly) being too high. The figures were budget estimates, not actual reports of results. The profits from the service plants, all of them, are used by the University, and this money is particularly needed this year. Please correct the impression that I gave that the profits were as high as they were, but let me insist that the University should be appropriated sufficient funds to hold the present standards of instruction intact. Some other states with legislatures not bulldozed by lobbyists and frightened by the prospect of being scratched at the polls have made splendid efforts and splendid sacrifices for the sake of education and other governmental duties. (Note, for example, the luxury—tobacco and soft drink—taxes in numerous states and the sales tax in Mississippi.) Certainly the fine, progressive state of North Carolina can rely on the legislature to continue the support which has made the University of North Carolina one of the outstanding universities of the country and, indeed, of the world.

C. L. Y.

**LYONS WILL HEAD TOUR OF EUROPE DURING SUMMER**

Party to Consist of College Men and Women Who Will Visit European Points of Interest.

Dr. J. C. Lyons, of the department of romance languages, will conduct his seventh private tour of Europe during the summer. This is a tour for college students only, and will be arranged to give them a fairly comprehensive view of ten capitals and countries of Europe.

The party will leave New York June 21, sailing on the *Europa*, and will arrive in Southampton, England, June 26. From England they will visit the following countries: Holland, Belgium, France, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy. They will leave Cherbourg, on the *Bremen*, and will arrive in New York August 16.

The group, which is now being made up, will be composed of about fifteen or twenty young men and women of college age who will see Europe rapidly, and under the guidance of Dr. Lyons, who has had seven years of almost consecutive experience in conducting trips abroad.

**With Contemporaries**

**Over-Emphasis Passing**

The contention that the normal order of things is about to replace over-emphasis upon college athletics has received public pronouncement in an editorial in the *San Francisco News*.

"Has a sense of humor struck our college at last and survived even the excitement of the football season?" the paper asked.

"Have the undergraduates ceased to be willing clay in the hands of the campus Babbitts and embryo high-pressure salesmen? Is the cheer leader passing as the archetype of what a college man should be? And is football itself subsiding to its proper level as a glorious sport and no longer a religion?"

"Certainly something of the sort is happening on the camp. We cite two phenomena in the very week of the Big Game that will spread acute alarm among old grads of the far-away Nineteen Twenties.

"At Stanford the Big Game bonfire this year was perfunctory performance, listlessly carried out for old times' sake, and so characterized by the *Stanford Daily* in an editorial suggesting that the time, wood, and energy consumed might better have been spent in relief of the poor and that it be discontinued.

"At Berkeley still worse happened. Left unguarded after midnight by sophomores who thereby betrayed their trust and over-emphasized the importance of sleep, the Big C on the hill back of the campus was smeared with red paint and half of its incandescent lamps broken by vandals who were not even Stanford students but just irreverent high school boys.

"At least the *Daily Californian* had left enough of the old spirit to chide the sophomores in an editorial. But that such things could occur is certainly a reflection on those whose job it is to hypnotize college students into the delusion that the honor of their university is somehow bound up in the same package with the reputation of a high-salaried and overpublicized football coach."

All of which leads to the belief that the coming emphasis upon education may lead to changes that will bolster the value of the diploma.—*Daily Californian*.

**OUTSTANDING RADIO BROADCASTS**

- Tuesday, Dec. 13.
- 6:00 p. m.—The Sidewalks of New York—1932—Alfred E. Smith. WJZ, 760 Kc.
- 6:45 p. m.—Back of the News in Washington—William Hard. WEAJ, 660 Kc.
- 9:00 p. m.—Ben Bernie. WEAJ, 660 Kc.
- 9:30 p. m.—Ed Wynn, Vorhees orchestra. WEAJ, 660 Kc.
- 9:30 p. m.—Science in 2050—Julian Huxley, English scientist. WJZ, 760 Kc.
- 11:30 p. m.—Isham Jones, dance music. WEAB, 860 Kc.