

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.

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Thursday, February 9, 1933

CITY EDITOR FOR THIS ISSUE: W. R. EDDLEMAN

A Victory for The Publications

Despite the fact that members of the activities committee voted Tuesday night by a bare seven-vote margin to defeat the proposal to place power of electing editors entirely in the hands of staff members, nevertheless, the assembled group expressed unquestionably the opinion that some method is needed whereby proper recognition be given the staff's ability to select the most qualified candidate. The committee thought that compulsory nomination of the staff would be a step in bringing about this recognition.

This expression of the group is identically in accord with the principle which the four publication staffs had in mind when they voted to make staff selection final. The only difference in the action of the two groups is with regard to the extent to which this ability of the staff should be carried.

The staff members, being more qualified to select their head, thought that their choice should be final. Whereas, the activities committee, admitting the staff's ability to make the most accurate selection, thought that the question of democratic principle should likewise be brought into account. As a consequence a compromise, in effect, was reached. By making the staff nomination compulsory, the committee hoped that sufficient weight would be given the staff selection so that the ultimate result in the popular vote would be the election of the staff's candidate. Although not stated in so many words, this sentiment seemed to predominate the discussions at the meeting.

The decision of the committee is in one sense a victory for both groups. The importance of the staff's ability to select the qualified man has been sufficiently emphasized. In turn the fact has been brought out that for the matter of democratic principle, if none other, the students have a right to express their opinion.

By emphasizing the importance which should be placed in the decision of the staff members with regard to their candidate for the editorship, the campaign the publications have been waging has achieved its goal. If the students will but bear this importance in mind in the coming spring elections, there is little doubt that only the most qualified men will be elected to the editorial posts.

R.I.P.—Dr. Muzzey's "Immortals"

Professor of American History David S. Muzzey of Columbia listened obligingly to the entreaties of a newspaper reporter for a good story, sat down in his easy chair, and completed a list of forty-nine American "immortals"—in twenty minutes. But after repenting of the fit of good nature, Dr. Muzzey awoke to face the cold reality of a world of publicity which has driven him to decline to discuss the list. He now hopes "the whole thing will be forgotten"—the moral of which seems to be that professors of American history should look before they list.

However, Dr. Muzzey's immortals should be a gentle hint to posterity as to whom to carve a niche for in the hall of fame. Heading the list is Woodrow Wilson—which is not so bad—and giving him a close race is the wide opened faced senator from Idaho, William E. Borah. But farther on down the list is a tax on the memory; for

instance, Dr. Irving Langmuir, Tasker H. Bliss, A. A. Michaelson, etc., to future generations.

Nevertheless, Dr. Muzzey's sin is not one of omission; he is most to be commended for his disregard of some of the present-day figures in the public eye. Andrew Volstead is not among the illustrious because, as Dr. Muzzey declared, the dry laws "may be forgotten fifty years from now." Howard Scott he consigns to the oblivion of being unmentioned because "the theories of technocracy will be forgotten before prohibition." And Herbert Hoover made the honor roll not on his presidential record, but on his services as war-time food administrator. The only names conspicuously lacking were those of Abou-ben-Adhem and Al Capone.

For his obligingness to the press in furnishing them with fodder for publicity, we nominate Dr. David S. Muzzey as the fiftieth of his forty-nine "immortals."—A.T.D.

The Dear, Dear Days Beyond Recall

Those of the older generation who remember the days when college was college and look back at them with longing, shaking their heads over the cold, almost intellectual atmosphere which pervades the campus today, must have had the dark pall of despair greatly lightened at the joyful hilarity which shrouded the Carolina theatre Tuesday night when the sophomores entertained the junior and senior classes at a free show. Under the deadening influence of an ultra-cultural movement instigated by the faculty and certain groups of students who take a diabolical delight in removing the fun out of life, the collegiate spirit of the good old days of yore is fast in danger of dying out.

Such a situation is deplorable. The aim of all mankind is to obtain some measure of happiness in this vale of tears, and who is happier than the Purple Cow standing in a field "looking eastward to a tree"? Intellectualism and seriousmindedness are to true happiness as Flit to a fly. Modern collegiate youth has put up a valiant fight against such narrow-minded educators, but, alas, the odds have often been too great.

At such a time as this the liberalism of the sophomore class brings glimmerings of salvation. The University has not this year seen a truer or more sincere exhibition by the exponents of liberalism. Not only was their gaiety approaching boisterousness, a fact which the seriousminded adherent might have been able to smile away, but even a few of the most ardent enthusiasts, standing firmly by their convictions, succeeded in bursting out a few glass panes and otherwise adequately expressing their feelings.

Such liberalism cannot pass unheralded by the true believers. Perhaps we shall again call forth the phillipic pen of David Clark against us, yet to us shall remain our convictions and we may more justly hail Carolina as the seat of liberalism in the south.—V.C.R.

The Descent of Old MittelEuropa

A casual glance at a map of Europe will reveal to the spectator the striking contrast between pre- and post-War Austria. Instead of a large, strong, populous nation, with seaports and a thriving economic life we see now a small, weak, pinched-in state,—no seacoast, no great economic or political power in comparison with its former rivals; Austria is indeed but a half-paralyzed remnant of the once dominant nation of *Mittel-Europa*.

The picture presented is certainly one to evoke both pity and sympathy, but considered coldly and analytically it is replete with interest to the student because of the social and economic dynamics represented therein. On the one hand—Fascism, on the other—Socialism; here—economic self-sufficiency the ideal, there—international cooperation the goal. Then there is the paradoxical situation of an industrial country controlled by the party of the farmers. In its essentials Austria appears to be undergoing a radical change. What form this change will take is beyond the realms of speculation.

The economic crisis existing in Austria amply illustrates the weak position of a country which specializes in the production of luxury goods whenever industrial and financial stress occurs. The situation has long been one of much concern to the government, and has resulted in many economic measures of a radical nature. One of these has been the foreign exchange restriction, which has been in operation for well over a year. This measure prohibits any individual or company save the Austrian National Bank from buying or selling foreign exchange. The result of this statute has been to rather effectively limit the harmful flood of imports which had contributed to the industrial stagnation.

The problem most pressing in the minds of European diplomats concerned is the possibility of a Danubian Confederation. The previous attempts by Austria to become more closely bound to Germany meeting a sharp rebuff from the World Court, it was thought—especially by France—that Austria would welcome the formation of a union of small mid-European states which would include herself. Such has not been

Our Times

By Don Shoemaker

Mail

Out of the vast mountain of mail that falls on this desk week in and week out, we find only one letter with a glimmer of life. Apparently people are pretty much at the end of the rope. No more do those bright post cards from third cousins on a Florida holiday clutter the mail box. Even Mr. William Randolph Hearst's company has crossed us off the mailing list and we no longer get pretty folders showing a typical American family enjoying the seven per cent dividend return on a share of Hearst newspaper stock. No more chain letters, either. But the National College Press association still has a hold on things. They send the editor a letter on the coming New Orleans convention: "... Mr. LeBreton promises a brilliant line-up of speakers for the dinners... the kind of talkers who keep you so interested the demi-tasse gets cold... Senator Huey P. Long will not fillibuster... How shall we get to New Orleans?... if you have ten dollars, by hitch-hiking down the Jefferson Highway, the Magnolia Highway, or the Old Spanish Trail..."

Times

"... Herbert Hoover was included, not because of his record as President but because of his services as war-time food administrator and Secretary of Commerce."—*New York Times*. Half an innuendo, *Times* is only a jump from the frying pan to the fire. Make it an "a" instead of an "o" and we'll forget all about it.

Revolt

To match the growing prominence of the Socialist club and the once popular Communist club, it has been suggested that we organize a Capitalist club on the University campus. Capitalists without money, of course. We'd have a golden banner emblazoned with likeness of Kreuger and Insull. All you'd need for membership is a bad check and two shares of Kreuger-Toll. Password: "So you got caught too!" Idlers of the world unite!

OUTSTANDING RADIO BROADCASTS

- Thursday, February 9
- 3:15 Metropolitan opera *Sigfried* WEAFF (NBC).
- 6:20 Harold Stern, orchestra WABC (CBS).
- 8:00 Vallee, orchestra, with comedians WEAFF (NBC).
- 9:00 Ruth Etting WABC (CBS).
- 9:00 Captain Henry's Showboat WEAFF (NBC).
- 9:30 Colonel Stoopnagle and Bud WABC (CBS).
- 10:00 Jack Pearl, comedian WEAFF (NBC).
- 11:00 Three Keys, songs WJZ (NBC).
- 11:00 Howard Barlow, Columbia symphony WABC (CBS).
- 11:10 Don Bestor, orchestra WEAFF (NBC).
- 11:30 Isham Jones, orchestra WABC (CBS), Eddie Duchin follows at 12:00.
- 12:05 Cab Calloway WEAFF (NBC).
- 12-2:00 Kemp, Garber, etc., from WGN. —D.C.S.

The wets have consistently refrained from citing Europe as an example of beer's value as a financial panacea. —*Weston (Ore.) Leader*.

The case. It seems that even the good-humored, easy-going Viennese bears a certain pride of national uniqueness which is very hard to dispel.—V.J.L.

Life and Letters

By Edith Harbour

Hill-billy

When so-called friends deplore my taste in music I sometimes recall those words of the Cheerful Cherub: "When pompous people squelch me with their regal attributes it cheers me to imagine how they'd look in bathing suits." Which is a bit inelegant, perhaps, but suitable none the less. They profess disbelief that anyone who likes *The Forsythe Saga* enough to read and re-read it many times could really be so moved by the sad-like tunes of the hill-billies as to shed actual tears over the fate of fair mountain maidens caught in the fell clutch of circumstance.

Mountain blood... Ah, yes, the novelists have written all about that. Here's the outline of a novel:

Setting: Mountains. Deep, deep in a lonely mountain valley where the violets bloom and fade and the fairest flower of them all is a mountain maiden, untutored and unlearned.

Characters: Mountaineers, particularly the blessed damsel, fair of face, bare of feet, and rosy of cheek, as pure as the rising sun.

Oldsters who say "thar" and "whar" and, of course, "Howdy, stranger."

Pappy, father to the fair damsel.

A furriner.
Time: All in the merry month of May when the green buds they were swelling.

Plot: Fair damsel, experiencing for the first time true love, gets herself done wrong by the furriner who came a-courtin'. Pappy inquires laconically why she like others is not gay. He then grabs his trusty Winchester down from above the door of the crude log cabin and goes a-gunnin'. He gits his man and there's a shotgun-splicin'. After the news is hollered from mountain top to mountain top the natives they come from the east and they come from the west to dance in honor of the bride and sing ballads of less fortunate fair ladies whose fathers weren't so handy with a gun and who consequently pined away and died of love and were buried in graves both deep and narrow. Life goes on in them thar hills. Yes, indeed, willows wept for the mountain dwellers long before collegiates despairingly sighed, "Willow weep for me."

The hill-billy employs an even better figure of speech—he weeps like a willow and moans like a dove. Could anything be more touching? Ballads were the only form of expression available to illiterates, chained for generations to infertile soil, and they sang of life. They simply made up stories about things that happened.

Glancing through a weekly paper, published in this state, I chanced to see the following headlines:

DIRTY DISHES
 DEAL DEATH,
 WIFE WANTED,
 and THIRD BISCUIT
 CAUSES FATALITY.
 What an opportunity for a o'clock.

composer of ballads. If I'd never been to school I might get out the old banjo and extemporize:

*Come all ye fair and tender ladies
 Take warning from this time now and on,
 If you would have a loving husband
 Feed him biscuits somewhat lighter than a stone.*

BOOK EXCHANGE RELEASES BOOK BY SAM SELDEN

(Continued from first page) some years of teaching dramatics, Selden's discussion of the most important principles of technique is entirely original. Original also is the entire mass of introductory matter, in which there is included a discussion of stage psychology and the other arts in connection with the stage.

A most convenient method of using the book has been provided by outlining, with main headings, sub-headings, and sub-sub-headings, in an effort to make the inter-relationships of points as clear as possible. It is quite easy to pick up the book and read it at any point without confusion. It is as specific as possible, but it has been one of Selden's aims that it not seem dogmatic.

The work is divided into five chapters: the art of acting; communication and response; training for expressiveness—the body, (a chapter which is also entirely the author's own contribution to literature on the subject, and in which nothing has been borrowed from other standard works on the subject); training for expressiveness—the voice, and playing the part—characterization.

STUDENT LEADERS VOTE TO REQUIRE STAFF SELECTION

(Continued from first page) mittees would be selected in each class room in order to handle violations of the honor system in that class. After viewing the matter from all sides, the committee unanimously defeated the idea.

Aside from the discussion of these two proposals, the program was taken up with a report by Professor Robert H. Sherrill on the audit board, and one by William Medford on the recently formed Inter-Dormitory Council. Frank Rogers, president of the freshman class, gave his impression as a first-year man of the honor system.

Rogers Gives Impression
 The class of 1936 president brought out the point that if the upperclassmen would look upon and speak of the honor system with more respect and confidence, the incoming freshmen would much more readily accept the plan as sound. As it is now, Rogers stated, the freshmen get an idea that the system is not working at merely listening to the sophomores, juniors, and seniors condemn it.

President Haywood Weeks presided at the meeting, which lasted from 7:00 until 11:30 o'clock.

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with these passengers
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 SING SING