

# The Daily Tar Heel

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Saturday, February 2, 1935

### PARAGRAPHS

Gridster Barclay's getting old; Instead of a halfback, he'll hit a pole.

"Tom Collins" Solomon made the front page Thursday, the second page yesterday, and ought to make the third soon if he'll be a sport.

We see where the Bull's Head is now renting "A Glorious Pool" by Thorne Smith. It should be good for a few votes this spring, Jack.

### Education In the Arena

Where is our attitude toward war leading us, and more pertinent still, what is our attitude toward war? These and other questions pop into our mind when we read that the President's requested budget appropriation for national defense in peace time is the greatest ever sent to Capitol Hill. Congress has been asked to appropriate \$792,484,265 for the army and navy for the year starting next July 1. This figure is an increase of about \$180,000,000 over the appropriations for military functions of these two departments during the current fiscal year. If, as is entirely probable, the army and navy secure allocations from the public works fund, the cost for national defense will soar close to \$1,000,000,000.

While the walls of our nation are being so well reinforced though, what is happening to the foundations? For the condition of education throughout the nation merits as much and more consideration from the federal government as does the proposed increase in peace time defense appropriations.

Let us look at the possibilities for education which that increase might hold if it were directed in other channels. According to our rough figures, if this \$180,000,000 were invested in a trust fund for the creation of honorary professorships, over one thousand such professorial chairs could be established at a salary of \$5,000 a year. Every state in the union could be granted a loan of \$3,750,000 for rehabilitation of its educational system. Eighteen hundred high schools costing \$100,000 each could be built with this sum.

There is an even more concrete possibility, however, in contrast to the President's request for increased appropriations, there has been a concerted effort made by the nation's educators to obtain a \$100,000,000 equalizing fund for educational purposes. The late superintendent of public instruction, A. T. Allen, who was one of the prominent leaders in this drive for federal aid, figured that if the fund was allotted on the basis of need, North Carolina would be entitled to a seven or eight million dollar share. Such an allotment would give the state a 25 per cent increase in teachers' salaries, and a 50 per cent increase in the educational budget.

We are not opposed to ample protection against enemy invasion. We believe, however, that defense measures in the past few years have been quite adequate, and that to add further armor means only to carry a heavier weight than is necessary. Our guess would be that to spend the proposed increase in education would be a much more valuable step in preparing for, or rather against, the next war.

### More About a Political Union

A political union on this campus could be everything our literary societies are not. It could do the things that these groups have tried to do and have failed in their attempts. To begin with, a union's existence on this campus would not mean that it would be a scholarly, dry, and horn-rimmed organization. It would mean, however, that it may be the making of a snappy, alert, aggressive and intelligent citizenry of able-minded students.

The aim of political unions on other campuses is not to fill its members up with dates, memory passages, listings, and the usual class room drudgery. The aim is to discuss enjoyably and prudently, not the problems that have arisen years and years ago (not that they are unimportant), but to discuss the problems of today and tomorrow as they loom up before our generation.

And that is what we need here. It will help to develop our spoon-fed class room scholars into self-reliant thinkers. To those who will have the gumption to partake in the vigorous activities of such a union the reward is two-fold. They will grasp the topics under discussion not from memory, not from written papers, but from a combination of both mind and voice.

Each meeting will have one or possibly more student speakers, students who have thoroughly informed themselves with the problem under discussion. Each meeting will introduce a well-known speaker—a speaker a week. It will give the campus an opportunity to hear what the guest speaker of experience has to present and unfold. Dr. Woodhouse has definitely stated that excellent guest speakers are available and would be glad to come and speak before such a group.

The Oxford Political Union, according to Dr. Spruill who has studied in Oxford University, has dedicated many of its meetings to the discussion of humorous topics. The meetings are not dead; on the contrary they are much alive—the membership runs between 800 and 1,000 students. Out of such a large membership comes England's voters and men of government. They are by no means pedantic about it all, but they tend to set up in their country political scientists rather than politicians, and that is what we must strive for.

We do not favor cluttering the campus with excessive organizations, but we feel there is a definite need for a group which would prepare us more intelligently for citizenship.

### The Dictionary And the Soul

There is something intriguing about the term "atheist"; something that smacks of worldliness, high intelligence, and blase dissatisfaction with religious dogma. We must admit that we, in our post-adolescent gropings, find the term rather hard to ignore, for there is a certain satisfaction in being branded lost souls by our less intellectual brothers when we tersely reveal to them our inability to accept God.

Bull sessions, in passing through the religious stage of an evolutionary progress leading to the inevitable discussion of sex, seldom fail to expose one or more dyed-in-the-wool atheists. Or can it be that bull sessions so work upon the imaginations of devotees that the complete abandonment of reserve results in creating occasional atheists of students persuaded by their own eloquence?

In short, we wonder how many of the campus atheists have a true conception of what that term means, and whether they, if confronted by the word "agnosticism" in some book or other, would not find that happy expression, by virtue of its still greater mystifying connotation, a more apt description of the states of their unsettled minds.

No doubt there are a few of our atheistic fellows who have discarded religion as a result of sincere study, actual experience, extensive observation, and honest decision. Of such as these, we will speak no further. But there are some, perhaps a majority, whose decision was purely spontaneous and made final after spending all of three minutes in thumbing through the dictionary for the purpose of ascertaining in just what order the "i" and "e" fall in the word "atheist."

These are the students who need to be discouraged, for they are the proverbial empty barrels and they make the most noise. The University of the State Where Students Are Taught Socialism in Sociology Classes—as at least one fond parent believes—is already suffering from the gossip of people who regard Chapel Hill as the Etna of atheism. North Carolina is touchy on the subject of religion, and nothing can give the University a black eye faster than a rumor to the effect that we in Chapel Hill are becoming atheists. Such a black eye we of this state will suffer if we bring it upon ourselves, but we cannot submit willingly to being bruised for the unthinking declarations of students who clutter the campus for four years and then depart to other states leaving the University and its local champions to fight rumors founded upon some others' irregularities.

### Casual Correspondent

by Nelson Lansdale

#### FIGHT, TEAM, FIGHT

One of the faculty ladies who attended the boxing matches last Saturday night was horrified when Carolina's Novich continued to hit his opponent during a clinch. "But that isn't fair," she objected.

"Oh, that's all right as long as the referee doesn't separate them," a student near her explained.

The lady's retort was prim and self-assured: "Then I don't think it's at all polite."

#### OUR YOU-GO-STRAIGHT-TO-HELL DEPARTMENT

"Valentines under the door, the casual correspondent is such a bore" — Valentine number, Carolina Finjan.

#### OLD ENGLISH

When the English actor, V. L. Granville presented his Dramatic Interludes on a Student Entertainment program, Nick Read, who interviewed him, saw a little drama backstage you might like to hear about. It seems that a Memorial hall stagehand got pretty mad at Granville's stage boy because the latter forbade him to tinker with Granville's light cords and switch board. The stage hand, an Italian, got so mad he threatened to hit the stage boy with an iron pipe. Just in time to avert any serious trouble, Granville stepped between them. They both started to explain, the Italian jabbering heatedly, gesticulating all over the place, and threatening to hit the boy with the pipe.

"I say there fellow," said Granville, "you cawn't do that. It's absurd. You simply cawn't go about hitting people over the head with iron pipes. Why, I get in arguments wherever I go, but I do it good-humoredly. Now give me that pipe, and we'll talk it over decently, like good fellows."

They talked it over decently, like good fellows, and got it settled to everybody's satisfaction, too.

#### POST-PROHIBITION ERA

Not that we think that the stupidities of the stupid are half as amusing as the lapses of the intelligent, but this one is on the house. Alex Andrews, onetime editor of the Yackety Yack, contemplating a trip to Washington, asked us where to go for cocktails. "Have you ever been to the *salon moderne* of the Carlton?" we asked.

"The what?" demanded Alex. (It wasn't his fault. Our accent is terrible, and other people were talking.)

"The *salon moderne*," we repeated patiently. "You know—modern saloon."

#### FINJAN GOES BUST

You may or may not know that before you can get your copy of the Finjan in the dormitory you have to sign for it. Bernard Solomon, the business manager, tells us that practically all one dormitory, under the impression that they were getting Finjans, signed a petition telling the Greyhound Company that they wanted busses to run direct from Raleigh to Greensboro. We think it's just as well.

#### DELICATE SUBJECT

An English 22 professor was telling his class about the extremities of torture to which Elizabethan Englishmen were subjected for treason. "Hanging them by the thumbs was an ordinary procedure," said the prof, "and hanging, drawing and quartering was usual enough. They cut off their



By WALTER TERRY, reviewer

Once again slightly mad people thronged the Playmaker stage, but this time the insanity was of a more wholesome and likable sort than that of the last Playmaker production, "Shroud My Body Down." The characters of "The Young Idea" were "insufferable" and "tiresome" to each other in the best Noel Coward vein; they kept a reasonably good plot moving rapidly by their flares of temperament and their absurd metaphors. Hence for those of us who like inanity at times, and who don't believe that all drama should have a message of social or political import, "The Young Idea" gave us an evening of laughs, which after all, was what it set out to do.

Harry Davis again proved himself an excellent director of comedy, and gave the audience a production that almost rivaled his production of "Hay Fever" last spring. His direction of the scenes with Gerda and Sholto was particularly fine, for he made them use, to just the right degree, the good comedy trick of playing laugh-lines to the audience. Davis' handling of the many absurd situations in the play, and his direction of the character portrayals of the actors themselves made this Playmaker presentation a truly fine production.

Several of the actors certainly earned their rights to more comedy leads. Philip Parker, clothed in arrogant whimsy, gave an excellent performance, and with innocent ease played each line and gesture for all they were worth. Miss Ellen Deppe talked volubly, acted wildly, and showed the audience what a really fine comedienne can do. Miss Deppe was aided in her work of wearing out the audience's laughing glands, by Miss Patsy McMullan, who wore some astounding riding breeches, and made more noise than her horse could have if she had thoughtlessly brought him onto the stage. Miss Killinsworth again won laughs from the theatre-goers by her frail-Amazon portrayal. The rest of the cast was adequate, except for Miss Frances McGraw, who had an annoying way of twitching from line to line, from comma to semicolon. She was really good in the scene before her final exit, when she was vile to everyone.

The settings were splendid, particularly Mrs. Davis' and Mr. Parker's Jacobean furniture, that nobly withstood the ravages of Miss McMullan's dynamic sitting. And if any of the readers of this review think that sitting cannot be dynamic, a visit to "The Young Idea" will convince you that Miss McMullan can not only perform with gusto the genuflection leading to the sit, but can, once seated try the strength of the chair with the irresistible force of mere sitting.

A good play by a younger Noel Coward; actors worthy of the name; splendid direction; good settings; and actors and audience having a grand time. Such was the Thursday evening performance of the Playmaker production of "The Young Idea."

vitals, or their noses or ears, or put out their eyes, or burnt off their fingers . . ."

The lecture was interrupted by the noise of books being gathered together hastily. Grabbing his hat and coat, a hulking blonde brute of six feet or more stumbled to his feet. He smiled wanly at the prof. "I think I'd better go," he said, and staggered out the door.

#### PERSONAL PREJUDICE

In our humble little way, we'd like to recommend: the Ray Noble record of "The Blue Danube," which is worth 75 cents of anybody's money. It's a brilliant, modern orchestration, perfectly timed, and anybody who thinks it's sissy music should listen to the British come at it with a bang-bang . . . "Lives of A Bengal Lancer," sure to be one of the best movies of the year. Franchot Tone turns in his best performance to date . . . that the Playmakers for their next formal production choose a play somebody knows something about. As far as we could ascertain, "The Young Idea" has been presented professionally exactly once, in London at the Savoy theatre, with Mr. Coward himself in the role played here by Charlie Lloyd. It flopped.

### Dogs

(Continued from page one)

life after they had been killed with ether, chloroform, or by suffocation. Life was restored for puppies which had been dead for as long as 30 minutes.

In these experiments no incisions were made in the thoraxes of the animals. Adrenalin was injected through the aorta.

Dr. Manning of the medical school explained that the purpose of the resuscitation experiments performed by Dr. Dolley and Dr. Crile was to find out what damage was done to the brain cells by temporary death. Even when Dr. Dolley gave his demonstration here, it was not a very new idea, explained Dr. Manning.

The remarkable thing about these experiments which were carried out 30 years ago at Western Reserve University is that they have received relatively little publicity, whereas the recent experiments notably those at the University of California bringing the same results have been universally acclaimed.

THE Young Men's Shop  
 126-128 E. Main St.  
 DURHAM, N. C.

## Valentine Day

February 14th

Remember your family, sweetheart, and friends on this day. There is still the fun in sending and receiving Valentines today as in the days of yore.

The sell-out last year caused us to buy and have for your choice the largest and most beautiful selection ever offered in Chapel Hill.

Ledbetter-Pickard  
 STATIONERY — GIFTS — SCHOOL SUPPLIES  
 Victor, Brunswick, Decca Records