

The Daily Tar Heel

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CITY EDITORS TODAY—JIM DANIEL, BOB PAGE

Sunday, April 21, 1935

PARAGRAPHS

It would be a major calamity if the Dog-wooders came upon Boy Scouts chopping down dogwood for firewood next week-end.

Politics is as bad as ever. It used to be that it was "no-soap" for business; now there's plenty of soap but it's too soft.

We just read an article by Roscoe Pound. We don't know much about law, but we guess what Pound says ought to carry a little weight.

First Person Plural

Having wondered throughout the past year about the exact origin of the editorial "we," the present administration is still as puzzled as ever. "We" rather suspect some editor, with his tongue in his cheek, of being indebted to the divine right of kings theory for the expression. An emperor might say "we" with the greatest of ease. He might believe implicitly in the ancient dogma that thrones were handed down from the Almighty's hand, that "Dieu et Mon Droit" was the supreme expression of the dualism of his personality. Not so an editor.

An editor is only a part of his paper. By no means could he restrict the attitude of his publication to a mere "we." It is something much more than a two-fold factor. He depends on a staff of workers, and hence his editorial "we" is somewhat a misnomer.

All this speculation aside, having admitted that "we" are as puzzled as ever about how it ever got started, the present editor of the DAILY TAR HEEL turns over his duties, with this issue, to Phil Hammer, chairman of the editorial board for the past year. "We" wish him all success and propound for his benefit the riddle of the "we," to be mulled over throughout his administration. And, still mindful that the "we" is not simply "two and two makes four," "we" express our appreciation to members of the staff who have given their time and effort to the DAILY TAR HEEL.

With this last effort, "we" pluck, so to speak, what Thackeray called the thorn in our editorial seat.

Dogwood Festival

In addition to the flock of Boy Scouts which will be present next week-end, the University will play host to the annual throngs who will trek Chapel Hillwards for the Dogwood Festival.

The festival is becoming more than an annual event; it is becoming a traditional and symbolic panorama of North Carolina, as a state and as a community. Local color blends together to give the Old North State an ambitious hue, distinctive among the 48 divisions of the red-white-and-blue that is America.

Sometimes we cannot believe that the state which moves to Chapel Hill so often to review its progress and which selects Chapel Hill as the traditional gathering-place of North Carolina lovers of history and government and the arts, can, at the same time, be so duplicitous as to lash the University as being un-American, as being "radical," as being a "bad influence."

However, our bewilderment does not dampen

our ardor for these gatherings in the interest in the state. The University is and always will be a "Dogwood Festival" of state loyalty.

Pitching Our Tent

When 1300 Boy Scouts make Chapel Hill their camping grounds for the coming weekend, Universityites as well as scouts should find the experience pleasant.

Chapel Hill is notably famous for its surroundings and for the type of man who spends four years among the natural beauties and goes forth to make his mark in the world. The Boy Scouts, on the other hand, are famous for their appreciation of nature, for their efforts to perfect themselves in mind, body and spirit. Surely it is significant that they will mingle together, 1300 strong, in the traditional woods of Chapel Hill.

We daresay there are many ex-Scouts and wish-they-had-been-Scouts on the campus who will have lots of fun with the high and grammar schoolers next weekend. Learning how to cook on an open fire, learning how to pitch tents, build fires correctly, find one's way around, is certainly not below the station of a University student, however sophisticated.

We will welcome the Boy Scouts as wholesome American youth, as prospective collegians like ourselves, and as the spirit of our younger generation that even the strain of economic, political, and social malformation cannot sully or bend.

Hearst Is Not Uncle Sam

William Randolph Hearst is something of a puzzle to most undergraduates and we are no exceptions. "Red-baiting Bill," as we'd like to call him, is one of the big army-and-navy men who believe anything that is radical will destroy his pet theory of nationalism, and at the same time, he takes an extremely radical stand toward economic interdependence which anyone with intelligence can tell you is our lot.

Undergraduates, on the whole, have little respect for Mr. Hearst, except that he seems to be, on the surface, sincerely interested in what he is fighting for. Recent analyses of the Hearstian complex, however, show a decidedly crooked path of Hearstian endeavor, crooked in that "Red-baiting Bill" has deviated from a consistent policy.

It is also true that many undergraduates don't even give Mr. Hearst a thought. This is especially true on the Southern campus, where cries of "reds" and "radicals" are usually nothing more than hollow voices in the wilderness. Nevertheless, those who do oppose the great Savior of Nationalism do so with some vociferousness.

We agree with the Hearstian opposition. Hearst is not Uncle Sam; he's a menace.

Shake-up For the "Y"

The incoming president of the Y. M. C. A. is promising a general shake-up of the organization next year. Incoming presidents usually admit that organizations need shaking up from top to bottom, but after a little flurry at the beginning they seldom disturb the status quo.

We hope the new president is sincere. While the Y undoubtedly serves a great number of the students indirectly, a very small percentage of the student body is directly connected with Y activities. If the incoming officers are able to devise a plan that will add color enough to attract more men to the meetings, the Y will exert a greater influence on student opinion than it has in the past.

The Busy Man Has Time For Everything

That prominence in extra-curricular activities is in no way correlated with poor scholastic achievement is well indicated by even the most casual perusal of the new Cauldron. Many of the seniors who have consistently held a Dean's List average throughout the five years here have long lists of activities beside their names, and very few of the men with high scholastic averages have less than four or five activities to their credit.

Surveys at other colleges indicate practically the same conclusions. For instance, a survey recently made at the University of Wisconsin shows that the scholastic average of their track team is better than the average for the school as a whole. One man, a sprinter has made a straight "A" average, and only one man had an average below a "C."

Other activities beside athletics would show practically the same results, and several would probably show an even better average.

The figures may show any one or several of a number of things. Perhaps it is because the better scholars are the only ones who have time for activities, perhaps eligibility rules are being more strictly enforced, or it may be that the activities themselves are becoming more selective. In any case, it is quite definitely shown that the "activities hound" who makes a fetish of his extra-curricula work to the exclusion of his studies is mostly a figment of the popular imagination.—Northeastern News.

Casual Correspondent

by Nelson Lansdale

R. S. V. P.

The queerest acceptance to anything we've ever received came the other day in a large white envelope, on which in very green ink was the name "Miss Ellen Gibbs McAdoo" in bold, finely rounded script. Through this, three thin lines had been drawn, and our name and address, in much smaller lettering, was split above and below the crossed-out name. We tore open the envelope to discover gleefully that we—or Miss McAdoo; we still weren't sure which—were invited to "Daphne's Debut," a debutante musical extravaganza for which we could purchase a box for the modest sum of 25 dollars. On the bottom of the page was an arrow to indicate that the rest of the message was on the back. We skipped the inside pages containing the names of patrons and patronesses, and got down to business on page four. At the top of the page in great penciled scrawl the message began: "My sweet—Am thrilled. As far as I know now, I'll say (quick like a bunny) YES!..." As the letter went on, the writing got smaller and smaller, smudgier and smudgier until we couldn't read it at all. We take it for granted she'll be here.

THOROUGHbred

Nick Read, perhaps the most promising member of the rising sophomore class, tells us another one on Mrs. Ogden Armour, the wife of the Chicago meat-packer. It seems that she and a Mrs. Cabot of Boston were discussing the values of life and all that. Said Mrs. Cabot of Boston, (Where the Cabots speak only to God): "In Baoston, we think breeding is every-thing."

"Well, we think it's fun, too," replied Mrs. Armour, "but we don't think it's everything."

HAM OR HAMLET?

Sydney Howard, the playwright, tells this one on Leslie Howard, the actor with whom he is frequently confused. It seems that earlier in the season Katherine Hepburn was considering a production of "Romeo and Juliet." Looking about for a leading man, she gave Leslie Howard a copy of her acting version, asking him to look it over. She saw him next day, and demanded his opinion. "It's a pretty good part," replied Mr. Howard. "How does it end?"

IN WHICH WE TALK ABOUT US

This column began when New Bern's Lonnie Dill took over the editorship of the DAILY TAR HEEL, and it appears for the last time in this, Editor Dill's last issue. It is, we think, an appropriate time for us to acknowledge that the idea of our writing a column at all was Don Shoemaker's; and that the name "Casual Correspondent" was the last-minute brainstorm of a city editor. (Our own title for it was "Letter to _____," which apparently didn't suit anybody but us).

The style we owe to The New Yorker, which we've aped with the greatest possible fidelity, and most of our funniest stories have been told us by people with a keener sense of humor than we have. Our especial thanks are due Miss Elizabeth Bain, secretary of the Romance Language department, without whose help this column would have died a natural death late in October. And most of the little interest "Casual Correspondent" has aroused has been due to its rather peculiar position, for the

greater part of the time, at least, as the only column in the paper.

NIGHTMARES

The above seems a great deal of dither about nothing when you realize that this, since April 28, 1934, when it started, is only column number 40. That means that if you threw out news, features, editorials, notices, sports, advertising, and the mast-head, and set the paper only with columns (God forbid!) that you'd have slightly less than seven full pages of this drivel.

For those frequent occasions on which we've been long-winded and tiresome, and gone out of our way to explain the obvious, we're sorry. (Oddly enough, you never know whether it's good or bad until you see it in print). For the times when the type-setters have messed up stories by errors of insertion and omission, we're sure they are—at least when it made any difference.

To those whose feelings were hurt, whose toes were stepped on, speeches misquoted or ideas misrepresented, we extend our apologies, without being in the least sorry for having called attention to anything that's cheap, pretentious, hypocritical, or ridiculous.

APRES MOI LE DELUGE

And to this department, at least, there's something vaguely funny about leaving the staff of the paper we've worked on for three years on Ascension Day. We regret we're unable to report, along with Jesus Christ and Thornton Wilder, that "Heaven's My Destination." Anyway, to everybody: best wishes for a joyous Easter.

Toward the six new TAR HEEL columnists (since Editor-elect Hammer is dispensing with dribblings from this department) we feel as did the master plumber, who caused to be inscribed on his coat of arms the legend: "Après Moi Le Deluge."

Party Bosses

(Continued from page one)

"The possibilities for improvement of our present government, through the training of incoming officials and the exchange of experience and thought among old officials, are great.

"The program should be of equal or even greater service and benefit," he went on, "in the governmental training of our citizens and youth, for it is along these avenues that better government in the long run will come."

The public schools are taking a large part in the work. High schools in 95 of the state's 100 counties are aiding officials and civic leaders in staging local membership drives. In return, the schools have the opportunity to earn valuable and needed materials on government for their classrooms and libraries, plus \$1,000 in prizes.

Dynamiters

(Continued from page one)

shown particular interest in this case, which has been consigned to inside pages and column ends in North Carolina newspapers since the dynamite was thrown.

The only comment in a state journal was in the Textile Bulletin, which carried a long editorial calling the mass meeting held in Gerrard hall to hear the prisoners speak for themselves a fine example of the radical, not to say actually communistic, spirit rampant on the University campus.

Engineering Class

Junior engineers will read papers on recent developments in their respective fields of engineering at the class session of English 59 tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock in the physics auditorium in Phillips hall.

OUTSTANDING RADIO BROADCASTS

8:00 a. m.: Hollywood Bowl Easter Sunrise Service, WABC, WBIG; Easter Sunrise Service from Seattle, Wash., WJZ, WLW.

9:15: Norwegian Easter Program, WEAFL.

3:00 Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Toscanini, conductor, WABC, WBT, WBIG.

5:00: Mme. Ernestine Shumann-Heink, contralto, WEAFL, WSB.

7:00: Jack Benny, Mary Livingston, Frank Parker, Don Bestor orch., WPTF, WJZ, KDKA.

7:30: Ozzie Nelson orch., Joe Penner, WPTF, WLW, KDKA.

8:30: Headliners, Will Rogers, Frank Tours orch., WABC, WBIG, WBT.

9:00: Charlie Previn orch., Countess Olga Albani, WJZ, WLW, KDKA; Kay Kyser orch., WGN.

9:30: Walter Winchell, gossip, WLW, KDKA, WJZ.

10:00: Wayne King orch., WABC.

10:30: Fray and Braggiotti, piano duo, WABC, WBT, WBIG.

11:00: George Duffy orch., WEAFL, WLW, WSB.

11:30: Stan Myers orch., WEAFL, WSB; Wayne King orch., WGN.

11:45: Jan Garber orch., WGN.

12:00: Keith Beecher orch., WABC, WHAS.

12:30: Kay Kyser orch., WGN; Freddie Bergin orch., WABC.

1:00: Phil Harris orch., WLW.

Festival

(Continued from page one)

Saturday nights. Three or four different studio productions will be presented each night.

All exhibits will be open from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m. on Friday; 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. on Saturday, and from 1:30 to 5:30 p. m. on Sunday.

A folk music program, under the direction of Richard Chase, is to be given in Memorial hall at 10:30 o'clock Saturday. Ballad singers, hymn singers, square dancers and dulcimer players are special features.

The South Atlantic division of the American Rock Garden Society, holding its annual convention here Saturday, will give a demonstration of rock garden construction under the direction of William L. Hunt, vice-president of the society, on the campus at 11 o'clock.

Indian Ball Game

One of the high lights of the festival will be the Cherokee Indian ball game which will be staged on Emerson field Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The rough and tumble native game in which no punches are barred will be played by two teams from the Cherokee reservation near Lake Junaluska.

The Boy Scout pageant to be given in Kenan stadium Saturday night at 7 o'clock will be open to the public. Paul W. Schenck of Greensboro, regional chairman of the scouts, will preside and the University band will provide music for the parade and grand entry march of the scout councils.

Governor J. C. B. Ehringhaus and Dr. James E. West, chief scout executive of the Boy Scouts of America, will deliver addresses following the re-dedication to the scout oath. Frank Belgrano, Jr., national commander of the American Legion, has been invited to attend.

The Boy Scout camp church service will be held in Kenan stadium Sunday at 8:30 a. m.