

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 at Chapel Hill, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price, \$3.00 for the college year.

Business and editorial offices: 204-206 Graham Memorial
Telephones: editorial, 4351; business, 4356; night, 6906

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For This Issue

News Editor: Don Becker. Sports: Ray Howe

...CABBAGES and KINGS

By Terence Palmer

The Elm, A Vanishing American?

One of the many annual delights of Spring in Chapel Hill is the first tender-green mist of young elm leaves arching over the long vista of Franklin street. But the time may come when this sight will no longer be among the early hints that the new season has arrived.

Working in conspiracy with a little beetle much shorter than his scientific title, a European fungus named *Graphium ulmi*, known popularly as Dutch elm disease, is threatening completely to depopulate the United States of its native elm trees, and that within the lifetime of the present generation. Already in the affected area, in New York, New Jersey, and the New England states, the fungus has been so deadly that in one year, from September, 1934, to September, 1935, approximately 900,000 tree victims had to be cut down and destroyed in an effort to curb the epidemic.

Leaves Wilt

As soon as ten days after infection with the fungus, the tree may begin to show the external symptoms of the disease—a wilting of the leaves, often accompanied with change of color from green to yellow, and a sudden or gradual defoliation. The attack usually becomes manifest in the Spring or early Summer, and within four weeks the tree may stand as bare as during the winter months. On the other hand, its death may be lingering, take two or even three seasons.

The blight was first identified in 1919 in the Netherlands, where it has now nearly completed its work of destruction. America was free of it until 1930, when a few trees in Cincinnati were discovered to be infected. It was wiped out there, but soon found a foothold in the east from which scientists have been unable to dislodge it.

Beetle Carries Fungus

The most discouraging aspect of the whole situation is that the beetle, like a bee with pollen, carries the fungus from tree to tree in the natural course of its life history. The European elm-bark beetle lays its eggs in the wood of dead trees (frequently trees killed by this very blight). When the young insects hatch in the spring, they first try out their boring apparatus on live trees, before finding dead ones in which to establish their families. Thus they may carry the fungus from a diseased tree to a healthy one, continuing a vicious cycle. It's a perfect set-up for the beetles and the *Graphium ulmi*, but it's mighty tough on the elms.

The forestry division of the department of agriculture and their allies among botanists and other tree-lovers are taking the matter in the serious way that it deserves. Hardly a month goes by without something's being published on the subject. As J. N. Couch, the University's plant pathology expert, puts it, "Anything on Dutch elm disease right now is hot news." At present efforts toward control include frequent check-ups to discover newly-infected trees and the destruction of all diseased specimens. Once a beetle has left fungus spores in one of its little tunnels, the tree is doomed. The only hope is to destroy as many potential infection sources as possible and thus confine the disease to its present locale.

Weil Lecture, 1936



By John Chapman

ABOUT CAROLINA



Little Happenings of Much Interest

Edited By RUTH CROWELL

MACE GWYER was the first student on the campus hit by CARL GOERCH's much talked of wit. At his Phi Assembly address, GOERCH had just stated that he was from New York and asked if there were any fellow cosmopolites in the audience. Tennis player MACE held up his hand and emitted a throaty cheer, expecting GOERCH to welcome him as a friend in a foreign land. GOERCH remarked with an air of faint remembrance, "Oh, yes, you were at the banquet tonight. I thought something was wrong with it."

JOE GRIER, familiarly known to the Phi Deltas as "Brother Brunk," gave Professor OLSEN a penny, and doesn't know why. The humanitarian act took place at the officers' training class, when out of a clear sky, OLSEN said, "STEELE isn't here. Give me a penny JOE." GRIER complied willingly enough, although he had only two cents, and he still doesn't know what it is all about. Maybe Professor OLSEN and the mysterious STEELE do know, though.

WALTER SPEARMAN, assistant professor in journalism, has written a sketch of the life of William Arthur Cooper in Cooper's new book, "A Portrayal of Negro Life," which has just come off the press.

JOE KNOX, freshman transfer from State, plays jazz over the radio from Durham every Wednesday which critics say equals Eddie Duchin's distinctive style.

Seen on the tennis courts nearly every day are Co-eds ANN BAKER, KAY QUIGLEY, MARGARET JORDAN, CAROLINE SMITH, AN-NICE BELDEN, and FRANCES JOHNSTON.

CHRISTINE MAYNARD and JUANITA GREENE complain that they haven't had time enough to eat lately, because of the never-ending Playmaker rehearsals.

BOB BROWDER, who is continu-

ally being questioned as to his relationship with EARL BROWDER, stated between bites of pork at the Phi banquet that he was the first serious thing that ever happened in his family.

Seen caressing MARY POTTS' black Scotty pup the other day was FRANK MCGLENN, prominent C. P. U. man.

Dick Johnson recently inaugurated his new graduation present, a shiney example of Henry Ford's art, with a trip to High Point and Greensboro.

Lanky PHIL SCHINHAN was a source of much amusement to passers-by on the second floor of Graham Memorial. Sans shoes, he spent several hours stretched out on the floor painting a "Strike Against War" sign on a long piece of white oil cloth. PHIL was also much amused when the same passers-by tickled his shoeless feet.

JACK SPIES, Z. B. T., is a good business man. He hired a Negro band from Durham to play for the Z. B. T. dances week before last, and the band was received so well here that JACK has become their business manager.

DICK BEAR, who went to Charlottesville last weekend to represent the University in a track meet, reports that the Easter dances at the University of Virginia were swell.

Ex-editor NELSON LANSDALE of the Buccaneer who is traveling in Europe writes: "France is everything they said it was."

TEMPE YARBOROUGH, new co-ed, was asked yesterday if she intended to dress for her date. She answered, "No, of course not. He's an old Ph. D. He wouldn't notice my clothes."

Pete Ivey does not think much of sweet little Shirley Temple. He calls her a propagandist.

Correspondence

• "I'm a Lady"

How does a super-patriotic, nationalistic, militaristic propagandist ply his trade?

He scares the people with fears for their homes, fears for their country, fears for liberty and democracy and civilization.

What does the propagandist advocate?

He advocates arising to conquer an insidious danger which has crept upon us.

Is there any question about his motives?

Yes indeed, he is seeking his own ends (peddling guns and bullets, or grabbing foreign markets) in the guise of promoting an undeniably deserving cause—Liberty, Freedom, and Democracy.

We all know these things are true because peace-lovers tell us so. There are many peace-lovers who seek peace only because they know war is foolish. Bless them for being wise, sincere, and courageous.

But there are many people who make speeches against war for perhaps another reason. They scare the people with fears: "The forces which created barbarous, predatory nationalism in Germany and Italy are doing the same thing here." "Your fondest ambition will be blasted in the eventuality of war." "This administration is preparing for war."

They advocate arising to conquer the insidious danger which has crept upon us: "There is one class which can prevent war—the laboring class." "With laborers and students united, throughout the world there could be no war." "To get disarmament there must be a struggle between the laboring class and the owning class."

Is there any doubt about their motives?

They, too, are seeking an end (dictatorship of the laboring class, possibly) in the guise of promoting an undeniably deserving cause—World Wide Peace.

Yet on every occasion radicals condemn military propagandists for playing upon the fears of the masses and for hiding their motives behind a worthy cause. That is about as amusing and about as consistent as the proud trollop who became offended at the clumsy advances of her escort and protested, "Say, I'm a lady, Goddammit."

WALTER HARGETT.

• Delay

To the Editor, THE DAILY TAR HEEL:

Many professors hold conferences with their students each morning at the regular chapel period. Although yesterday the students held an anti-war demonstration and asked the co-operation of all faculty members, most of the regular morning conferences were held just the same.

This of course may be attributed to oversight on the part of a few professors and not to their disapproval of an anti-war strike.

S. B. BRADLEY.

News Release Out

The DAILY TAR HEEL News Release, under the direction of H. T. Terry, Jr., was sent out to 80 high schools and prep schools yesterday.

DAILY TAR HEEL STAFF BULLETINS

Staff Banquet—See Bob Page or Charlie Gilmore to make reservation. Price 75 cents.

Be in Office at 1:30—Howe, Becker, Sarassohn, Gilmore, Craig, Dixon, Perkins.

• Liberalism in Reverse

"The policy of refusing admittance to freshman and sophomore women students will probably be continued as a Board of Trustees policy for years to come." So stated Dean of Administration House yesterday.

With this declaration we must realize that there is small chance of any action to alleviate the unhealthy and unnatural social situation now existing between men and women on this campus. Co-eds make up about 12 percent of our student body. That means they are outnumbered approximately ten to one by male students. With such a ratio existing, is it possible to expect natural relations between men and women students? Small wonder that previously unpopular girls are "rushed off their feet" while at Carolina.

The first woman was admitted to our graduate school in 1897. Since then there has been a slow and halting liberalization of the rules to admit more and more co-eds. In 1934 the peak was reached with 297 women registered. That same year saw the trustees pass a motion forbidding freshman and sophomore registrations by women. The liberal policy was reversed.

Dean House says men come here to study. They might have time to do a little more studying if they didn't have to travel all over the state to get dates.—S. W. R.

• Drawing Card

At this very moment high school seniors all over the country are picking their colleges for next fall. Eight hundred or so hopefuls will turn up in Chapel Hill next September, but their coming will not have been solicited by any attractive literature from the University.

The new Carolina Handbook is now being compiled to be sent out next August to men who, definitely "signed up" for Carolina, are packing their bags for the Hill. For the vacillating student who is this very week looking over the college field (from his reading list) and picking the place where he will live for the next four or five years, we have no attractive literature or presentation of our life here on the campus, like other outstanding schools. Only the heavy, thick catalog beckons this way. . .

Sadly non-existent has been literature in our Go-Get-Students Department. But South building is now considering a proposal to increase the number of Handbooks published and get them out in the early summer of each year. Enough copies will be kept on hand all through the following year to send out to inquirers.

Adoption of such a proposal would change the Handbook from a "Y" pet to a University project. Even as it now is issued, it contains enough interesting detail to raise it above the trite level of a Chamber of Commerce rotogravure sheet. In making its appeal to prospects, the Handbook would let the outside "in" on the fact that we've got something here far more than a list of deans.

—J. M. S.