

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue

News: Voit Gilmore Sports: E. T. Elliot

HOW ABOUT ONE "BIG" EVENT FOR EVERY SENIOR CLASS

"SENIOR WEEK" may be a dead institution. When Joe Patterson sends Bob duFour out to Chattanooga to scout a hillside pageant which is supposed to attract 10,000 spectators annually, he is indicating that the class of '38 may break away from the time-worn precedent of setting aside a special week in the spring for various senior festivities.

Just what Joe expects to substitute, if such substitution is ever really made, is still largely conjectural. But two weeks ago when the student leaders from the University of Tennessee stopped over in Chapel Hill they put ideas in Brother Patterson's head. The Tennessee celebration, probably a twilight affair which might easily be reproduced, with original significances attached, in our own Kenan, is an elaborate spectacle with dress, lights, and manoeuvres all worked into an attractive ceremony. The 10,000 spectators testify to that.

Du Four's report will determine the possibilities for a Carolina male "May Day." Seriously, however, there may come out of the \$25 expense money they gave duFour a new, meaningful, spring event to become more of a noteworthy tradition in Senior Class history than the usual hodge-podge "Senior Week."

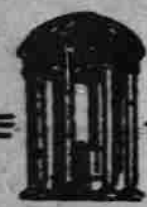
DR. VON BECKERATH COVERED MUCH TERRITORY

NOBODY HAS made much fuss about the coming of the new McNeir lecturer, Dr. Thomas of Dartmouth. When this particular fund was set-up, the late Mr. McNeir declared that the lectures should "show the mutual bearing of science and religion upon each other to prove the existence of attributes, as far as may be, of God from nature."

Dr. von Beckerath, at the Phi Beta initiation the other night, talked, with singular power to stimulate a hot and fussy "crowd," on the rather amazing topic of "What a University Has to Offer." In the end he had pictured All-Knowledge as coincident with the Universal Mind, and our search for that knowledge as our progressive approach to that eternal spirit. Only the petty scientist, who has discovered for himself a small bit of that All-Knowledge is the one to deny the existence of the Mind Universal.

College experience—all our life in fact—is a natural search, not for a chemistry formula to make a salable potion in particular, but a search for an increasing amount of that All-Knowledge. It is on this philosophical plane of search that all students, of any class or country, can meet on equal terms. The university experience, he says, encourages and helps each man to adjust his own course of life-action in some respect to this philosophical seeking after Truth, which seeking has been the natural function of every generation and race of man from the beginning.

But this is a nebulous, grimly inadequate attempt to give you the gist of one part of Dr. von Beckerath's talk. Whatever Dr. Thomas says next week, and it ought to be meaty from the man's reputation, somebody ought to have Dr. von Beckerath speak again to a wider circle. Phi Beta Kappa certainly did at least one thing when it sat down for an hour and heard him the other night. That's a sample of what the scholarship fraternity might do again at one of its proposed new "meetings-without-initiation-as-the-sole-excuse."



From The Bottom Of The Well...

by Allen Merrill

RAISE PHI BETA TO 98

Forty-six men who had toed the 92 point 5 line automatically became members of Phi Beta Kappa Thursday night.

The number 92.5 is the very goal and motivating force of the society. Golden keys jangling from 46 watch chains are dedicated to this numerical god.

In the past the organization has met twice a year for election of officers and distribution of keys.

This is how members are admitted. Registrar T. J. Wilson compiles the averages, orders the name-engraved keys, and reads a list initiation night of 92.5 scholars. The men are standing out in the hall of Graham Memorial waiting for keys. Then a vote of the old members is taken to see who shall be admitted.

Thursday night six old members out of 53, excluding the officers, came.

No applicant was excluded.

Yet the organization proposes to reflect intellectual ideals and aims to demand the respect of the campus.

But this year may mark the date of a change. In the meeting members listened to 97.32 President Lawrence Hinkle suggest that the order come out of its grave and take a little progressive action.

Inspired, Don McKee, one of the six old members, rose to raise four questions. His audience of intelligentsia responded with interest. He asked whether 92.5 ought to be the sole criteria for membership and quoted Bradshaw on branding 92.5 men as "experts in docility."

He asked whether the order should shed a lethargic shell and become a "spearhead of intellectual activity."

Activity, he claimed, might be in the form of order-sponsored lectures and quarterly meetings. He talked against raising the numerical standards and suggested that a chancellor of executive ability be elected to progressively lead the organization.

Hinkle appointed Joe Patterson as a committee chairman to work up a program of activities. The committee on standards will be announced later.

The campus next year may see a new Phi Beta Kappa which does more than recognize a member.

FALSE ALARM!!!

Producers of last night's "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac" pulled a "coup d'etat" in the publicity yesterday.

A letter appeared in yesterday's paper denouncing Moliere's comedy as "licentious" and a "spectacle fit only for kitchen knaves and stable boys."

It was signed by a member of the English department and gave the French department literary hell. Actually the letter was "arranged for" by the public speaking professor Dr. Olsen, an enthusiastic supporter of the producers and the French department's Mr. Creech, the play's publicity agent and the author of "Fin d'Apres-midi d'Automme," which is billed along with Moliere's farce. The fierce letter was no mean advertisement.

Letters To The Editor

Over 250 Words Subject to Cutting

To the Editor,
 The DAILY TAR HEEL:

Re: "Brooks Atkinson" Hudson.

Mr. Hudson's so-called review of the Wigwe and Masque's production was indeed revealing—not so much about the show as it was about himself. An autobiography could have served as no better key to the personal prejudices, convictions and conceptions of Mr. Hudson. I sympathize with those who are close to him. It seems rather obvious that such a venomous bit could have come only from the pen of one who is as firm and relentless in his blind, unperceiving convictions, as the Herr Hitler whom he mentions (in his quaint, complimentary way), in connection with "Say the Word." The campus may well "say the word"—with no bias or prejudice aforethought, in describing Mr. Hudson's "review"—lousy is the word for it.

Mr. Hudson's objection to "Say The Word" is based chiefly on what he calls an "inferior" plot. It is in this connection that the reviewer's incapability is shown; for, obviously, any critic with the slightest knowledge of musical comedy technique would have known better than to base his destructive criticism on a foundation so bereft

of factual strength. I doubt if Mr. Hudson has ever witnessed a musical comedy—his work gives us no indication that he knows anything at all about one. He is in precisely the same position this year, with regard to musical comedies, as he was the last two years in his column on various recitals, symphonies and otherwise, which took place on the campus. His visible lack of musical knowledge made his reviews mere columns of adoring, gushing generalizations which, in their attempt at profundity, reached a new peak of mediocrity and immature babbling. As a matter of fact, the music department seized the opportunity of placing in charge of reviews, an intelligent man of musical abilities.

"Jazz-Nauseous"

Mr. Hudson's other chief point, that of contemptuously referring to the "jazz-nauseous 'I've Got You Under My Skin' and the crooner and Girl-doll," serves a very definite purpose. Only those who are close to him realize that Mr. Hudson is here expounding upon a rather "dog-eared" theory of his—namely that which states that humanity is divided into the spheres "bourgeoisie" (to quote the hackneyed phrases of our first-nighter) and "intellectualia" of which region, Mr. Hudson is, in his own opinion, a proud native. In condemning such items as "jazz-nauseous tunes," Mr. Hudson fails to take into consideration that not all of humanity are prone to rise above their destiny as he has done. The stench of the Paleozoic is still too strong in the nostrils of humanity in general, and we people in particular, to permit us to even glimpse the inner sanctum where King Hudson lives amid joys of a "higher" sort. I feel obliged to request Mr. Hudson to refrain from attempting to convert us from our present state of Musical-comedy appreciation; let us go our primitive way, Mr. Hudson. Disillusionment is, oh, so painful.

The reviewer's attitude toward what he terms "off-color" humor is in keeping with his above-mentioned philosophy. If he saw in the show things which, to his narrowness of vision, seemed indecent, it was because he read it into the lines. Mr. Hudson came prepared, vacuum cleaner and all, to pick up every bit of dirt. We may congratulate him on his thoroughgoing methods; he absorbed every bit of dialogue, mullied it over and

over, and finally emerged with a conclusion which his mentality had formed before seeing the show—namely, the lines were filthy. I may add that his moderate tendencies in regard to the Confederate Soldier gag are indeed kind-hearted. It must be the respect which Mr. Hudson has for anything pertaining to virginity (even of mind) which brought about the statement that the gun gag was even slightly humorous.

As regards the bleating statement of "borrowed playmakers," may I remind the honorable editor of the Carolina Magazine that the technical work of the production was in the hands of a professional technician notwithstanding the fact that he might have been formerly connected with the Playmaker organization. In addition, may I inquire of Mr. Hudson, just what he means by the term "playmaker?" Mr. Hudson would scarcely designate a member of the cast as a "history" or an "economics" major. The mere fact that a person has taken courses in the Dramatic Arts department is precisely the reason why such persons should be preferred for such work as was needed in the production. The fact that the Wigwe and Masque is not in any way in competition with the Playmakers, makes the idea of "borrowed playmakers" seem indeed childish. The Wigwe and Masque's respect for the Playmakers is evidenced by its confidence in those members who have gained the experience of that organization. Neither the Dramatic Arts department or any other department owns the services of its students, therefore no such distinction as Mr. Hudson draws can be logically assured.

In conclusion, it is only fitting to say that just as "Valiant is the word for Carrie," so "lousy" is the word for Hudson.

"We said the word."

H. R. B.

To the Editor,
 The DAILY TAR HEEL:

"Lousy" possibly may have been the word for "Say The Word," but "lousier" is definitely the word for Bill Hudson's review. This campus needs a group like the Wigwe and Masque, and their work should be encouraged and not torn apart by someone in a bad humor, anxious to find an outlet for his emotions. Such tirades only lead to discouragement, and the

least the reviewer could do was to analyze the production fairly.

I imagine that if Sarah Bernhardt, the greatest actors of all times, were to return again—minus her leg, as she did shortly before her death, and attempt to do "Camille," Hudson would criticize and mock-criticize her inability to be natural and move with ease.

Sincerity and effort mean a lot in the theatre, and "Say The Word" was filled with both. The group worked for weeks minus financial and professional assistance—sort of like an intramural team. You can't expect perfection or professionalism from such a group. The greatest fault with the show was that more students didn't turn out to see it. Most everyone would have enjoyed it. It wasn't Hollywood. It wasn't Broadway. But it was a Chapel Hill community offering. Let's hope that next year will see another production by the Wigwe and Masque, and Bill Hudson writing for the Magazine and leaving the atrial reviews to those whose artistic flores won't let their emotions lead them astray.

FRANK MCGILIN

Radio Today

- WDNC—1500 kc. (CBS)
- 9:00—Hit Parade
- 9:45—Universal Rhythm.
- 11:00—Ted Fio Rito's Orchestra.
- WPTF—680 kc. (NBC)
- 5:15—The Preakness, announced by Clem McCarthy.
- WBT—1080 kc. (CBS)
- 8:00—Grace Moore, Vincent Lopez' Orchestra.
- 10:15—Benny Goodman's Orchestra.
- 11:30—Harry Owens' Orchestra.

Birthday Greetings



Francis Wilson Campbell
 Bert Leo Premo
 Robert Yoder Rhyne
 Robert Leonard Wilbur

Dr. R. R. Clark
 Dentist
 PHONE 6251
 Over the Bank

SIT-DOWN STRIKERS

SHOULD THEY BE CONDEMNED?

U. N. C. DEBATE COUNCIL

—PRESENTS—

A DEBATE

FEATURING

BROADUS MITCHELL

Colorful Radical Economist of Johns Hopkins University

8:00 TONIGHT—MAY 15, 1937

HILL MUSIC HALL

A Short Open Forum Will Follow