

The Daily Tar Heel



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Sunday, November 17, 1929

Tar Heel Topics

We noticed in the papers the other day that eight bandits robbed an Omaha bank of \$15,000. At last the renowned "wild and wooly west" is passing, for in those days bandits worked alone. Or else this is another form of a syndicate.

A North Carolina youth recently announced his intention of leaving his home in Spring Hope to stowaway on an airplane to Hawaii. Probably it would have been better if he had sent the sponsors of the flight an engraved announcement to that effect.

The following appeared in the Greensboro Daily News: "C. Q. Rhyne, driving a Ford car, attempted to beat a freight train across the tracks at Kings Mountain. A passenger train which he had not noticed approaching from the opposite direction reached the crossing at the same time the Ford arrived. The passenger train knocked the automobile, golf-like, about seventy-five yards down the track where the freight train caught it on a bounce and made a perfect return to the passenger train's path. The passenger train then booted the car out of bounds and it landed in a nearby field." We suggest that a Rules and Regulation Committee be formed to determine which train won the decision.

Six Years For An A. B.? Year after year the college population of the nation increases, gaining each twelve months on the general increase in total population. Every man's son in the country goes to college, if he and his mother can persuade "the old man" that it is the thing to do. This is commendable. The millennium certainly would be reached if the world were composed of highly intellectual and cultured citizens. The trouble with the huge enrollments today is simply that a large percentage of the land registered in the higher institutions of learning are there merely to avoid having to earn their own bread and butter for another four years, or in the case of the young women, they have in very many cases gone off to the University of Kentucky, Illinois, Michigan, Colum-

bia, or any other co-educational institution for the age old purpose of tracking down a man. As for some of the finishing schools, the sole objective seems to be to finish off the young lady's four years with both a diploma and a "splendid" match.

There be some—and Thank God for them—who take university and college life seriously. The haven't come to college with the avowed intention of increasing their earning capacity, but would like in their four or more years of knowledge seeking to acquire a cultural background by which they may live more happily.

And when these matriculate, they find that the membership of American institutions, being overcrowded as it is, that because of the lack of application of most students during their secondary preparation that the first two years are entirely void of cultural stimuli. The valuable first two years become exaggerated high school years. With few exceptions the subjects treated are continuations of secondary work.

This leaves the man who through lack of funds can go no further than the acquiring of an A. B. with but two years of genuine college work. Two short years, to become master of a field. In secondary schools the cry is "Push them up as fast as you can in order to save the tax-payers money and save our own jobs." In college it seems to be "Give them an urban touch, a good coat of veneer, and enough college spirit so that they will contribute to Dear Old —so that in the end we too can keep our jobs."

Any general picture is unfair to the exceptions. There are countless good teachers and masters but they are entirely too few. The English have been laughing for years at our mad scramble to turn out A. B.'s and M. A.'s from our educational mills, and rightly so. It can't be denied that our colleges are turning out the best crop of dilettantes that any nation has, nor can it be said that they are not most excellent schools for etiquette and manners. Most every Tom Dick and Harry who has been off to Princeton, Harvard, or Leland Stanford can certainly tell you whether it is proper to ask the little girl from Oskowie, Iowa, up for the Prom, especially if her father happens to be a butcher or a general-storekeeper.

Tired professors worn out by euridite research or the struggle to keep the intellectual climbers in their place have a rather profound contempt for the undergraduate mind. A great many are poseurs with a picture to uphold before the world. Some have drifted into the profession feeling wrongly that after the struggle for the Ph. D. is over that the life would be as easy as that offered by some ministries.

As for the students, they are there to earn more money, to avoid getting down to work, to hunt a mate, or as in the case of a small minority to acquire a little culture, which it is impossible for them to do in two years.

The only possible solution seems to lie in raising the requirement for the degree of A. B., making the course a six year one. The other alternatives would be compulsory attendance for two years at accredited preparatory schools upon being graduated from high schools and before entering college, or offering some higher degree in place of the Ph. D., stepping honors down—M. A. to replace the A. B., and the A. B. degree to be given for four years work, the significance of the degree being practically subordinated to that of M. A. so far as literary and pedagogical requirements are concerned.

—J. E. D.

Readers' Opinions

A LESSON NECESSARY

Editor The Daily Tar Heel:

A scrawled message was found Saturday written on the fly leaf of one of the more popular novels at the Bull's Head Bookshop. There has been a great deal of talk recently about the vandalism committed on library books. It is hard to believe that this spirit would extend to the deliberate defacing of books in a semi-commercial library such as the Bull's Head, which is kind enough to let even the ikkle boys and girlies tum in and jus' wead and wead. But children must learn that the fly leaves of recent novels are not the place for notes to neighbors—even important notes like "I want to meat your friend." The offense hereafter, it has been very sanely suggested, should be punished by sending the scribbler to bed for the rest of the day and giving him only oatmeal or mush for supper.

R. M. WALLACE.

J. C. W. REACHES APPOMATTOX

Editor the Daily Tar Heel:

J. C. W., eminent assistant editor of the Daily Tar Heel, has come to the defense of the Southland in the bathos and bombast characteristic of that esteemed gentleman. He deplores in a dolorous vein the criticism of a native southerner made public in these columns some time ago under the heading The Stagnant South.

With all due respect to J. C. W., let us proceed to a careful scrutiny of the Progressive South.

Mr. W. advances the proof that the Southland is possessed with culture and to prove the statement claims that southern hospitality is a manifestation of a unique culture. We might mention for Mr. W.'s edification that there are certain peaceful tribes in the South Sea Islands which welcome with open arms and no cannibalistic intent whatever visitors who happen to come to their shores. Hospitality, a very commendable trait, is by no means a sign of culture, but is rather a sign of an easy going life and abject laziness.

The very learned senator, the Honorable Tom Hefin of Alabama, by gohd, suh, pointed with pride at the progress of his state university at a time some few years ago when the football department of that cultural institution was so fortunate as to have won a mythological title—the national championship of the United States—and marked with evident pride and pigeon-breasted pomp the doubling of the enrollment of the institution at that period, never realizing that the fall of the football team would result in an inevitable decadence.

While the writer of this learned treatise acknowledges the fact that some southern universities go north for their presidents, he points to the fact that many valuable professors in northern universities come from the South; he overlooks the fact that possibly the South underpays these valuable professors, besides smothering them with narrowness, bigotry, dogmatism and stagnancy.

Speaking of the infant stage of the development of the roads in the South, J. C. W. waxes jubilant over the fact that "great highways have found their way across the hitherto well nigh untraversable sands of this and other southern states." If this be culture, it is certainly culture in an embryonic stage, particularly in the states of Mississippi, Alabama and South Carolina. The point is, however, that some people do not consider

roads and buildings as evidences of intellectual culture.

The Southland has always made much of the fact that its people are composed of 100 per cent Anglo-Saxon blood. We might respectfully suggest that this is an absolute proof of stagnation. For instance, Alabama, the home of the first capital of the Confederate States of America, ranks fourth in illiteracy in the United States, first honors going to Louisiana, and second place going to South Carolina, the home of the first Ku Klux Klan, the original 100 per cent Kult.

Of course, "the Sunny States including our own North Carolina hear the roar of the cotton and tobacco mills," but this roar is punctuated with pistol shots and the screams of murdered men and defenseless women, and to the acute ear these roars are drowned by the cries of hungry children—hungry because the culture of the Southland has moved the cotton mills South.

"Lives there a man" out of the depth of illiteracy who would not say—"This is my native land, the Stagnant South?"

True, Southerners were once great in the realms of education, politics, commerce, law, and the fine arts. But as to the present, Tom Hefin, Coleman Blease, E. Y. Clarke, Governor Bilbo, and Thomas Blanton of Texas, the cream of Southern diplomacy, fail to thrill us; we cannot think of any one prominent in education; as to commerce, we admit of the great traffic in boll weevils, fruit flies, and cotton fleas, but maintain that a one crop civilization is stagnant. The fine arts alone show any hope of a rising cultural level. No one denies the worth of James Branch Cabell, Walter Lipmann, Julia Peterkin, Anne Preston Bridges, and others. In journalism we find Josephus Daniels, Julian Harris, and editors of papers like the Birmingham News, New Orleans Times-Picayune, Macon Telegraph, Montgomery Advertiser and Jackson (Miss.) News—all virulent and active examples of intellectually minded persons.

Mr. W. reminds us that "people are prone to forget the fact that the South has not fully recovered from the disaster of the Civil War." When then, if ever, will the South recover? Sixty-five years is a long time to spend recovering from a war, and we should say that rather than "chaotic" the South was apathetic until a few years ago.

The South may be "enamoured of her part in the development of the American nation of tomorrow" but some of we southerners are interested in the South's development of today.

Naturally, "our native land is a recognized part of the Union and as such lays claim to a position in the affairs of the nation and of the world which is never accorded a stagnant region"; so too is the Death Valley of California a part of the Union, but its aridity and stagnancy hardly command a position in the affairs of the nation. To a lesser degree "our native land The Stagnant South," has small hold on the affairs of the nation. It is time for all loyal Southerners to open their ears to criticism, and their minds to progress and bend their efforts toward a genuine and progressive South. Any civilization to exist must have as a keystone—culture.

JACKSON - LEE

Lay Goes to Greensboro

George W. Lay leaves today to join the staff of the Greensboro Daily News. He has been staying with his parents here for the past several weeks and working in Durham, with the Herald, going to and from Durham each day.

Pen Points



By H. J. Galland

At least one professor in this university has been forced to use unusual methods for making his students learn their stuff. The professor is Howard Mumford Jones. He doesn't come to class armed with brickbats, nor does he attempt coercion with daily quizzes. Instead, he awards a penny for particularly good recitations. "Sfact. The moral-pointing rights to this incident are uncopied and free for all. As for us, we feel no urge to point a figurative finger to the decline of learning for the sake of knowledge. We're merely going to register in Professor Jones' class.

Copious attempts were made last Thursday to crash the concerts of the Marine Band, which may be taken as a compliment to that organization, if you want to construe the crashing of the last means of desperate and true music-lovers. But the music-lovers didn't stop at crashing. While the concert was on, some one took the Marine insignia from Captain Branson's coat collar. Captain Branson was not in the coat at the time. He was on the platform conducting, and his coat was in the dressing room.

A problem of considerable difficulty suddenly arose to disturb two serious thinkers Friday night. They were uptown in a car, and decided that, due to various causes, it would be seemly to ride down Franklin street, around the stop light, and all the way back to their fraternity house in reverse gear. They did so, but couldn't decide on which side of the street they ought to be. If they drove on the right, they were obviously proceeding in the wrong direction, and if they proceeded backwards on the

left, they were on the wrong side of the street. So they drove backwards down the middle of the street, and let it go at that. Mid-term marks have been posted, and one more hurdle has been jumped. Our thoughts turn pleasantly now toward the finals, and we suppose it's about time to begin now to brush up on the notes we scribble so lightly during the courses, and oil the mental equipment, if any. Or, as the eminent Dr. Sherlock Holmes said, speaking of exams, "Quick, Watson—the needle!"

We learn from the Tar Heel that the marimba is the national instrument of Guatemala, or is it Peru? We like the efforts of the make-up men in searching for bits of knowledge which will be useful to the readers, whenever they are in need of a two or three line filler. Following this idea, we think you would like to know that Persian cats can be sent out for dry-cleaning, that elephants are entirely vegetarian in diet, that the shortest last name in New York belongs to Mr. George F. Of, that handwriting readers will tell you that if your S's are open it means that you are a hypocrite, that we think all this is nutty too, and that Walter Winchell, who gathered the facts, vouches for their truth.

Dr Henderson doesn't know who gave him the wild goose which was left on his doorstep recently, but we think it was his neighbor, the President. We hesitate to suggest this, for people might get to calling him Wild Goose Chase.

Fletcher Whitted Dead

Fletcher Whitted, more familiarly known as "Fletch," colored headwaiter at the Coop Eating Club for the past ten years and likewise a well-known character in Chapel Hill, died suddenly at his home last Saturday morning. Heart-failure was the direct cause of his death.

Many of the boys whom he had faithfully served in life paid their respects at his home prior to his funeral which was held Sunday afternoon.

Advertisement for Clara Bow "The Saturday Night Kid" at the Carolina Theatre. Includes a photo of Clara Bow and promotional text.

Advertisement for Monday and Tuesday shows at the Carolina Theatre, featuring Clara Bow and other acts.

Advertisement for Latest Styles in leather goods and stationery at Eubanks Drug Co., 1892-1929.