

The Daily Tar Heel



Published daily during the college year except Mondays and except Thanksgiving, Christmas and Spring Holidays.

The official newspaper of the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C. Subscription price, \$2.00 local and \$4.00 out of town, for the college year.

Offices in the basement of Alumni Building.

GLENN HOLDER, Editor  
WILL YARBOROUGH, Mgr. Editor  
MARION ALEXANDER, Bus. Mgr.  
HAL V. WORTH, Circulation Mgr.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS  
John Mebane Harry Galland

ASSISTANT EDITORS  
Robert Hodges J. D. McNairy  
Joe Jones B. C. Moore

CITY EDITORS  
E. F. Yarbrough K. C. Ramsay  
Elbert Denning J. E. Dungan

SPORTS EDITOR  
Henry L. Anderson

ASSISTANT SPORTS EDITORS  
Browning Roach J. G. Hamilton, Jr.

REPORTERS

Holmes Davis Kemp Yarbrough  
Louis Brooks Clyde Deitz  
Charles Rose George Sheram  
Mary Price Frank Manhelm  
J. P. Tyson B. H. Whitton  
Nathan Volkman J. M. Little  
E. C. Daniel Bill Arthur  
W. A. Shulenberger George Wilson  
G. E. French Harold Cone  
Sadler Hayes Jack Bessen  
W. W. Taylor Everard Shemwell  
Vass Shepherd Ted Newland  
B. H. Barnes Jack Riley  
M. M. Dunlap John Patric

Friday, January 17, 1930

The "New Morality"

Since it is neither comfortable nor fashionable to go without them, the question of clothes has long been a pertinent one. Indeed, they form one of the foundation stones of present-day society. That wearing apparel will continue to occupy the spotlight of youthful attention seems quite likely.

"We are moving in a world of constant sex excitement." This quotation affords us the stimulus for this article. That we are moving in a world of sex excitement we admit; this has always been true. That we are living in a world of constant sex excitement, however, seems a bit dubious. To quote further, "Dancing, as it is practiced in modern dance halls, is the essence of a sex orgy."

Resultant of the attitude underlying the above quotations from a statement made recently by a prominent member of the American Social Hygiene Association, salacious magazines featuring figures of feminine pulchritude and physical perfection have been removed from the shelves of news-stands in several North Carolina cities of late. Students of aesthetics have been caused no small amount of worry by the removal of these so-called "art" magazines. Pornographic magazines, portraying human bodies in nude and semi-nude fashion early met with disapproval in this grand old state of ours. Such "studies in art" are now conspicuous by their absence in Durham, Charlotte, Greensboro, and other North Carolina cities. The dearth of lecherous literature is bemoaned by many, even though it may be cherished by the majority of those who are in power in these cities.

But depraved literature is not the sole means of creating present-day sex appeal. The pen of the sex novelist is competing with vulgarity, banality, and indecency on stage and screen. The great, piercing lamp of criticism has long shone on the unwarranted exploitation and degradation of the stage by those who lack respect for decency and seek to coin immorality into profit. The same is true of the screen. The voice of older people is continually advising

that the present diet of youth contains too great a quantity of filth. The question of employing a czar to cleanse the stage is a pertinent one in numerous large cities, the city of New York being the center of this agitation.

Adherents to the so-called "new morality" movement, which is merely a term brazenly used for the age-old immorality, claim that people are getting what they want. If this be the case, we may well inquire as to whether they want the right things, or not. The common herd of people must always be directed by a few leaders who can peer into the future of society. Obviously, the "new morality" with which we are familiar stands for the very practices which formerly were classed as immoral. The present moulders of society's amusements sponsor practices which those of a few generations ago warred against. Is it possible that morality admits of such flagrant instability?

The question arises as to whether the theatre has debauched the people, or the people debauched the theatre. Is the motion picture debasing the public taste, or is public taste debasing the motion picture? Recently a group of Germans said that they wished to rid Germany of the "demoralizing influences from abroad"; and so the blame shifts from one place to another. Certainly, such pictures as *A Most Immoral Lady*, *Hot Stuff*, or *Getting Gertie's Garter* call attention too strongly to the so-called "shady work" of life. Since pictures bearing such glaring and suggestive titles draw the largest crowds, there is validity in the contention that people are getting what they want.

The following quotation seems to embody the solution of the much talked of situation: "Light, decency, and law have ruled the world thus far and will continue to rule it. Light, representing the intelligence of men, destroys the germs of immorality and indecency and cleans up other pest holes, including those established in the theatres for the profits of obtuse and conscienceless men. Decency is the power that prevails in public opinion in the minds of at least ninety percent of the people of this this country. Law is the power by which men compel those that lack moral light and decency to refrain from public display of their unworthiness."

If this be the case, then perpetuate light, decency, and law forever!—J. C. W.

Readers' Opinions

NOT AN UNPRECEDENTED CRIME WAVE

Editor the Daily Tar Heel:

In my talk before the sophomore cabinet of the Y. M. C. A. Monday evening I seemed to have failed to get over with the Tar Heel reporter what I was trying to say. I did not say that we are in the midst of an unprecedented crime wave. Nor did I intend to endorse the idea that the crime of the present day is in large measure attributable to a break-down in the family. What I tried to say in this connection is, that as indicated by indictments in our superior courts over a period of thirty years there has been a decided increase in crime since the World War; but that if we omit liquor law violations for the whole thirty-year period, there is no appreciable increase in the crime rate per 1,000 population for the period following the war as compared with the period of the same length preceding it, and that the rate for the period since the war is

decidedly lower than that for the first ten years of the thirty-year period. I made the point that since the increase in crime in the state consists in violations of the prohibition law and since the average of the liquor law violator is considerably higher than that of offenders against the law in general, this increase in crime can hardly be charged to any recent break-down of family control of youth.

ROY M. BROWN.

AND ATHENE WAS THE GODDESS OF WISDOM

Editor the Daily Tar Heel:

It is interesting to note that the gentle John Mebane has succumbed to the temptation always besetting the philosophical and thus airs for us the shortcomings of the "unquiet sex."

In quoting from Rousseau's epistle and the popular little essay by Schopenhauer, Mr. Mebane thinks to add a touch of authority and thus clinch his case, but women are not so easily convinced of their inanity. Even had his dissertation bristled with the diatribes of Juvenal, Tertulhan, Solomon, the elder Cato, Valerius and Jean de Meung, I doubt if the gentleman could produce a single ripple in the placid surface of the female mind. Somehow she holds vague memories of the doings of Sappho, Aspasia, Theodora, Heloise, Marie de France, Christine de Pison, Elizabeth, Catherine the Great, Madame de Maintenon, Jane Austen, Madame de Stael, George Eliot, the Bronte sisters, George Sand, and Sonia Kovalesky, to say nothing of a host of other sisters whose fame depends on something other than intellect. Of course those who make a cult of apotheosizing the male mind will observe that the above list represents the brilliant exceptions. Quite true, but at the same time would we not be stretching a point to classify Plato, Aristotle, Virgil, Dante, Beethoven, Goethe and Shakespeare as representative of their sex? Obviously no women have equalled these men but that does not prove women are capable of nothing but love and deceit. Most of us will agree that the female mind is not a philosophical mind. It does not attain to great depths of abstract thinking, but it surely is less phlegmatic in those mental patterns which it does master. The vigor and depth we ordinarily associate with genius is undeniably a male attribute, but in the finest order of genius this vigor is always refined by a sensitiveness to nuances that is essentially feminine. This is what Elbert Hubbard meant when he said that "Schuman was feminine in many ways as the best men always are." This is one of the things that distinguish the Hebrew Jahveh from Jesus of Nazareth.

Even if women have never become the greatest of philosophers and artists, they have been the inspiration of some of the best things that man has ever done. It is almost platitudinous to recall in this respect Beatrice Portinari, Laura de Noves, Caroline Esterhazy, beloved of Franz Schubert and Clara Wreck, wife of Robert Schumann. To George Sand we are indebted for some of Musset's purest lyrics and Chopin's most passionate music. Had not Catullus been enamored of Clodia we would not have the Lesbia poems. Beethoven probably did not have an abiding passion for one woman but women were constantly on his mind. So much so, in fact, that he is said to have cried out, "O God, let me find her who is destined to be mine and who shall strengthen me in virtue."

Even to enumerate the classic examples of a woman's inspiration and influence would be an almost hopeless task; the proces-

Merey Meandering



john mebane

Euripides' *Medea* is a powerful play. We have attempted below to re-write one of *Medea's* most forceful soliloquies in order to give it somewhat of a modern appeal. (Profuse apologies to Euripides, of course).

MEDEA:

My sons, here in this house may you reside  
While me, your mama, unkind fate deride,  
For I to other realms an exile go—  
How can your papa shame to treat me so?  
I shall be gone ere you have taken wives  
And settled for remainder of your lives.  
For you, my sons, I then in vain have toiled,  
In vain have washed your necks and ears, and oiled  
Your locks and made you clean your fingernails  
And told you wondrous stories and weird tales.  
Why fasten on me such a steadfast gaze  
Of tenderness? Or wherefore smile?  
My days  
Are destined to be spent in misery  
For I cannot evade the dread decree.  
Ah, wretched, wretched me. what shall I do?  
For Jason has declared that he was through—  
My resolution fails now I have seen  
The faces of my children so serene.  
With me I'll take my children, for why bring  
A double portion of distress to sting  
My heart that I may grieve the unkind sire  
By murdering his sons? I'll send a wire  
For reservations in some foreign state  
And he shall grieve that he gave me the gate.  
And yet, in my intent what means this change?  
Why I'd a hundred times prefer the mange  
Than mock'ry and derision from that man!  
I needs must rouse my courage. To Japan  
I'll fly when now the dreadful deed

sion is too great. There are Livia, who directed Augustus; Theodora, to whom a sober historian refers as "a woman of dauntless courage, possessed of remarkable foresight in political affairs, and in a very real sense joint ruler with her husband"; Aspasia, the wife of Pericles was almost as influential and even the sainted Jerome had his Paula. Everybody knows what Catherine did for Peter the Great, and many know how Madame de Caillavet had to be continually urging Anatole France on to greater and greater achievements.

But suppose we grant—for the sake of argument—that "women are good for nothing but love and deceit." What of it? That is all the average man wants in a woman and she obligingly enough gives it to him. But in doing so she does not necessarily become his chattel. On the contrary, if she uses her native equipment with the least bit of finesse she can make him forget all the philosophy he ever knew—and she is aware of it. Who thinks of the precepts of Solomon when a woman's half-parted lips are waiting to be kissed. Why, even the old king himself became rather frisky on such occasions. Whatever may be their shortcomings women usually know what they're about when it is a question of handling men—particularly men whom they love; and that is one way of getting what they want. Says James Hunckner: "These long-haired, soft-eyed animals, as Guy de Maupassant described them, are our true critics, weighing us ever in the scales that are mortifyingly candid, excusing us if they love us, allowing the lords of creation to kneel in humble attitudes at the shrine and rewarded at the end by—toleration."

AN ORDINARY MAN.

is done;  
And if he overtakes me on the run,  
I'll draw my dagger and cut short my life:  
I'd rather be a corpse than be his wife!  
Enter the regal mansion, o my suns.  
(exit suns.)  
But such a moment is no time for puns.  
Alas! alas! I cannot do the deed.  
I tell you frankly it's against my creed  
To do such things as this. Unhappy me!  
With ashes and with sack-cloth cap-a-pie  
Myself I ought to cover. No! I swear  
Although I storm about and tear my hair  
I shall commit the deed, nor ever let  
My sons abide here near that foul coquette!  
They certainly must die; since then they must  
'Tis I shall do the deed. In God I trust.  
Now, hurried on by fate, I tread a path  
Of utter wretchedness, nor would a bath  
Relieve me of this dreadful burning pain  
Which falls upon my heart like drops of rain.  
To my dear sons o how I long to say:  
"Stretch forth your right hands, babies, that I may  
Embrace them. O, those lips to me so dear  
Will silenced be forevermore, I fear;  
Engaging features and ingenuous looks  
Like angels pictured in the story books,  
Ah, you shall be deprived of all life holds  
And join the cherubims in blessed folds."  
Farewell, sweet kisses, tender limbs, farewell!  
For you cannot be saved now by the bell.  
Now, my distress has conquered, and I know  
What crimes I venture on and what a show  
I'll have at Judgment. But my bitter rage  
Has got the best of me and of my age.

"KNOW ALL WELL" IS BUDDY ROGERS' SLOGAN

Even in this age of specialization there is one class of workers who have to be jack-of-all-trades and masters of all of them. They are the screen players who are boxers today, suave men-about-town tomorrow; stenographers in one scene, and ladies of fashion in the next. The screen players must be able and ready to turn boxer, cowboy, acrobat, stenographer and what not at short notice.

This almost daily uncertainty

as to the nature of the work required tends to keep screen actors continually on the alert, physically and mentally. Often the important matter of safety may hinge on adequate preparation for a role.

Charles (Buddy) Rogers, one of the youngest of the motion picture stars, has had to do many things for the screen besides make love. He has piloted airplanes, steered speeding iceboats and captained a tug through the Golden Gate at San Francisco. For his first picture, "Fascinating Youth," he had to learn all about iceboats, and learn quickly for the film called for iceboat races on Lake Placid with Rogers excelling at the tiller.

When he undertook the leading role in "Wings," Rogers faced a much greater test. He had to learn to fly an airplane. In "More Pay Less Work," he mastered the art of high diving, one of the scenes requiring him to dive from a height of 35 feet. In "Abie's Irish Rose" and "Close Harmony," he had to demonstrate proficiency with many different musical instruments. In "River of Romance," he turned fighting man to stage a rough-and-tumble battle with Fred Kohler, and, while these fights are not meant to maim or injure the screen players, they must be realistic. For his magic act in "Illusion," he learned the intricate art of magic.

For his latest Paramount all-talking picture, "Half Way to Heaven," which will show at the Carolina theatre today, Rogers had to become adept at still another specialized business. He became an acrobat. His role requires him to do all kinds of difficult and hazardous feats on the trapeze. That has meant learning another trade.

Not a single voice was raised against putting fossils on the free list. It seems strange some of those senators should be so indifferent to foreign competition.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

It is characteristic of America that nobody wanted the stock exchange investigated while its craziness paid a profit.—*Atlantic City Union*.

It's so easy TO GET THE HABIT..



... the Lee Morse habit. She insinuates her way so pleasantly into a place among the few things you like very much. So you'll be glad to learn that her newest record—Columbia, of course—has been released, and that it holds the pep, appeal and fine melody you always expect from this charming croonstress.

Hear it today, and these running-mates, too...  
Record No. 2063-D, 10-inch, 75c  
A LITTLE KISS EACH MORNING (A Little Kiss At Night) (from Motion Picture "The Vagabond Lover")  
I LOVE YOU, BELIEVE ME, I LOVE YOU (The Dream of My Heart) (from Motion Picture "The Vagabond Lover")

Record No. 2062-D, 10-inch, 75c  
HAVE A LITTLE FAITH IN ME (from Motion Picture "Spring Is Here")  
CRYING FOR THE CAROLINES (from Motion Picture "Spring Is Here")

Record No. 2064-D, 10-inch, 75c  
(With You) WHERE YOU ARE (Fox Trots)  
JUST THINK OF ME SOMETIME (Will Osborne and His Orchestra)

Columbia "NEW PROCESS" Records  
Viva-tonal Recording - The Records without Scratch

Exclusive Dealers for  
COLUMBIA PRODUCTS  
- IN CHAPEL HILL -  
UNIVERSITY BOOK & STATIONERY CO.