

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.

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Thursday, January 30, 1930

PURLOINED PARAGRAPHS

It's fair enough. The wife eager to mend your ways is also the kind that mends your clothes.—Selected

Webster crossed his T's, Washington crossed the Delaware And co-eds cross their knees. Idaho Argonaut.

Our linotype operator is having quite a time finding names for his twins. We suggest Etaoin and Shrdlu, both words being used quite often by linotype operators, and originated by them.—Augusta (Kan.) Gazette.

The Prince of Wales, who once defied public speaking and found it difficult to do, has buckled down to it in earnest, and now finds it easy, he says. As easy, you might say, as falling off a horse.—New York Evening Post.

Dean Bradshaw's Reply

In the Readers' Opinion columns of this page, Dean of Students Francis F. Bradshaw answers an editorial which appeared in yesterday's issue, entitled "Dean Bradshaw and the Duke-Carolina Question." In his reply Dean Bradshaw points out that an incorrect interpretation was placed upon a series of addresses which he delivered in chapel recently.

Although we were not present when Dean Bradshaw made the chapel talks, we conversed with several persons who were in the audiences, and whom we considered representative of the entire group. We accepted the impressions of the addresses expressed by these men as indicative of those of the entire audiences. It is significant that all these impressions were identical.

We do not question Dean Bradshaw's motives or the soundness of his views in the least. Indeed, we consider him a man of very high ideals and excellent ideas. But we believe that his recent chapel talks concerning Duke-Carolina relations were misinterpreted by a large proportion of those who heard them, and it was with these interpretations that we took issue in yesterday's editorial.

The Practice Of Booting

One of the most widespread collegiate practices in the country is that particularly virulent expression of weak human nature known as booting. Although possibly the habit is not known by that term in other sections of the country, the custom itself is known everywhere. The Stanford University graduate and the boy from the University of Maine can meet on the common ground of this evil, either in a defiant practice or a mutual condemnation of it. Northwestern and Texas, McGill and, no doubt, the University of Mexico, all have their booters, their lax individuals who practice this futile art in an effort to obtain grades without labor.

The booter, or tuber as he is called in some colleges, occupies a peculiar position in the esteem of his fellow classroom sufferers. Some undergraduates, embryo diplomats or floorwalkers, compel a grudging admiration for their skillfulness in this insidious practice. It is their habit never to study, never to spend any energy, even to the extent of carrying a book to class. This, in their opinion, is only a needless encumbrance, and they come to class empty handed as well as empty headed—where the lesson is concerned, anyhow—and by listening with an apparently careful attention and an intelligent interest reflected on their countenances they distinguish themselves in a group of more or less serious students who are frankly bored. They have thereby ingrained themselves, superficially at least, in the mass of faces borne in mind by the instructor for that quarter.

But this is not enough for the clever booter. To insure success he draws from a mental background obtained by some means and engages in serious but respectful controversies with the instructor. By this conduct he not only creates the illusion of having an intelligent interest in the subject, but at the same time he has brought out his mental machinery and hodgepodge of erudition for the benefit of the instructor who cannot help but be impressed.

There are other ways of practicing this particular form of pulling the wool over a teacher's eyes, methods less clever and more reprehensible. The same students who delight in the exhibition of the highest type of booter have only contempt for that species who stays after class to flatter the instructor, and who hang on to every word uttered by him as if it were indeed a pearl cast to them as swine. This type of individual usually does not succeed in his lowly intention; there are few instructors who cannot pierce the insincerity and shallow hypocrisy of this attitude. When a booter of this category does achieve success, however, the rest of the class is justified in its annoyance.

This "yes man" booter is similar to his brother of the third and last distinctive class—the sympathy seeker. The sympathy seeker is an uncomfortable species, usually a poor freshman who has not yet adapted himself to the requirements of a university and, seeing himself falling behind, becomes frightened and pours out a tale of woe to the annoyed instructor in a futile attempt to avoid the consequences of his own incompetence.

It is the last two types that have given booting its unpleasant connotation. The practice will be with us always; human nature will never be won over to the standardized virtue of the Horatio Alger hero, and boys will always be boys. But booting has been lifted to an art only by those individuals of the

first species; the others, which predominate, have made the practice what it is commonly thought of,—and as such it deserves only contempt.—R. H.

Give Us Simpler Laws

"The administration of criminal justice in the United States is a disgrace to civilization." These are the words of William Howard Taft, chief justice of the United States supreme court.

We have too many laws which are not laws in the strict sense of the term. Laws enacted a century ago remain on the statute books, even though they are no longer applicable to modern conditions. A citizen can hardly go about his daily business without violating some law of which he has never heard and which nobody obeys. In the state of Connecticut it is illegal to travel on the road or the railroad on Sunday. This law was, of course, formulated under the strictest of Puritanical conditions in the earliest days of the commonwealth. That it should still ornament the statute books of Connecticut is ridiculous. But the fact of the existence of the law makes Sunday travel on the highways and railroads illegal just the same. Until quite recently it was illegal in the state of New York to operate a motor-propelled vehicle on a highway, unless a man on horseback carrying a red flag or a lantern rode a quarter of a mile ahead of it! Such archaic laws are to be found in every state of the union.

Congress and state legislatures are continually trying to "make" laws. The number is steadily increasing. Why not erase the old, archaic ones as the new ones are accepted? Lawmakers seem to ignore the fact that no law can be classed as a good one, unless the people whom it affects agree that it is a good one. We are told that in the early days of popular lawmaking people gather to tell each other what the law was in their districts, the law being rules of conduct agreed upon by common consent.

The all too prevalent idea that a congress or a legislature has the right to impose an unpopular law is a reversion to the old myth of the divine right of kings. The mere fact that a law is old is no proof that it is a good one. Times and conditions change, but the law habitually lags behind. As a result of this, law and justice often mean two different things. Poor, honest men often hesitate to go to the courts in search of justice and redress of wrongs. They fear legal technicalities which have no relation to justice, but which have a very definite relation to the money-making tactics of lawyers. The coinage of injustice into profit is the great stumbling-block in the way of the impartial administration of criminal justice in the United States.

A law ought to be based on common sense and ought to be so plain and simple that any man with an average sense of fair play could tell, without asking a lawyer, whether he was violating the law or not. Although such a system would diminish the profits of lawyers considerably, it has many good features. Public opinion would keep us all on the right side, or punish us severely when we overstepped the dividing line.—J. C. W.

Miss Kutz Visiting Here

Miss Abilene Kutz of Fayetteville is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur S. Kutz this week. Miss Kutz will go from here to Blackstone, Va., where she will attend the initiation and parties of the Kappa Delta Phi and Delta Psi Omega sororities of Blackstone College.

Readers' Opinions

DEAN BRADSHAW TO THE EDITOR

Dear Glenn:

Inasmuch as I have many friends at Duke University with whom I have both business and social relations, may I ask that you restore me to their confidence?

Your editorial of January 29, based on second-hand reports of my chapel talk, completely reverses the significance of that talk. My whole point was that the most effective way for this student body to improve the plane of athletic rivalry between the two institutions was for us to make the effort required to raise our own standards of competition, and trust the other group to respond with a similar, or greater, elevation of standards. Essentially this would mean that in addition to athletic rivalry we would add rivalry in courtesy, sportsmanship, and good taste.

I still feel that this would be the most practical and immediately effective step toward progress. To take it, need not exclude the desirability of a banquet or smoker such as has been suggested. The fact, however, that auditors of this particular chapel talk received such an erroneous impression as they did, illustrates the difficulty of improving the situation by public discussion of it.

Let me urge, however, that in your effort to better our relations with any sister institution I should like to be counted your ally and be called down promptly, if I seem to be against your policy of inter-collegiate goodwill and mutual respect.

Sincerely yours,
FRANCIS F. BRADSHAW.
January 29, 1930.

Student Naturalist Acquires Live Alligator for Collection

(Continued from first page)

the two slept any during the rest of the night.

So yesterday the reptile's master had a fifty-inch tin tank constructed and installed. Now Randolph floats contentedly in his pool, while the snake doctor sleeps or studies in peace.

However, the alligator is by no means become tame and tractable. If placed upon the floor he will hiss and scramble about, and if anyone approaches he opens wide his yellow-fanged mouth, hisses shrilly, and blows bubbles out of his eyes. He is extremely hard to handle and it takes a very firm grip to hold on to him.

Concerning the future of Randolph his roommate says, "At my home in Charlotte we have an artificial pond which is going to be his private swimming pool. I'll take him home with me the next time I go, and he'll get along fine there. Of course I'll have to muzzle him to keep him from catching the goldfish, but we'll see that he gets plenty to eat. We also have an indoor pool where Randolph will enjoy spending the winter."

The Show-Off Will Be Given Here Tonight

(Continued from first page)

boresome bluff, his 'loud reverberating barber-shop laugh,' he is not without his own peculiar charm.

The cast is as follows: Clara, George Wilcox; Mrs. Fisher, Penelope Alexander; Amy, Sara Falkener; Frank Hyland, Eveland Davies; Mr. Fisher, Joseph P. Fox; Joe, Whitner Bissell; Aubrey Piper, Richmond P. Bond; Mr. Gill, Descum B. Roberts; Mr. Rogers, George E. Stone.

Campus Snapshot



J. C. Williams

Venturing from Chapel Hill into the surrounding country one passes from an atmosphere of progress into one of decay. In the village are new buildings, thriving businesses, traffic lights, the talkies, and the bright activity of youth. In the neighboring wooded hills, mill-wheels rot by the streams; cabins, empty and deserted, crumble to ruins; wagon trails become dim and are obliterated by weeds and vines; cotton patches are overrun with cockleburs and tall grass, then brush, finally to become merged with the woods again.

Of course this is not true of the land bordering the highways leading out of Chapel Hill; nor is it true of all the land alongside the by-roads, there being some reasonably prosperous farms in this part of Orange county. But one cannot walk far in the woods without coming upon the abandoned places, the quiet, dilapidated farmhouses, the clearings grown up in blackberry brambles and tall, waving grasses.

That great wooded tract lying between the Hill and Morgan's creek has its quota of such places. They are hidden away in the woods, and one out walking stumbles upon them by accident. On the hillside sloping southward to the creek is one of these places. Approaching from the north the traveler comes over the creek into one of these places. Approaching from any other direction one comes suddenly from thick woods into the clearing.

The weatherboarded house has four rooms, a low porch in front, and a summer kitchen at the back. Clustered about it are a few elms, an oak, and a walnut. The little field is deep in orchard grass, but there is a scraggly peach tree, and tumble-down arbor of scuppernong vines, as well as a thicket of wild plum. All traces of cotton, tobacco, or any field crop are quite gone.

Inside are a couple of open fireplaces, and near at hand is plenty of wood. To be sure there are no chairs, but who has not sat on the floor before an open fire? The little porch is a most pleasant place to recline in the sunshine if the day is warm.

For drink there is a spring about fifty yards away. A wooded ravine leads from its source to the creek far below, and down this the stream splashes over the rocks in a thousand white cascades. This is a very beautiful spot, and albeit hard by the clearing it has a complete air of remoteness. Perhaps the empty house but serves to deepen the solitude.

There are dozens of such places within a mile or two of Chapel Hill. They are worth searching out and learning to know. Each cabin has about it some of that forlorn charm which forsaken country places invariably possess. It is a fascination that draws the exploring hiker across the threshold, makes him go through each empty room, to peer into every closet, and at last to pause and wonder about the people who once dwelt there—why they went away, and what has become of them.

There are now neckties made of glass which can be tied as conventionally as anything made of silk or cotton.

WILL OF CECIL RHODES CHANGED BY PARLIAMENT

Candidates For Rhodes Scholarships To Be Selected From Districts Instead Of States.

SIX STATES TO DISTRICT

Following action by the British Parliament in changing the will of the late Cecil Rhodes, the Rhodes scholarship committee announced that instead of selecting students from individual states for study in England the scholarships will be awarded from districts. Under the former plan each state was entitled to a scholarship two out of every three years. The recent changes divides the country into eight districts.

The British parliament made the change in Rhode's will at the request of the trustees. Frank Aydelotte, president of Swarthmore who is American Secretary of the Rhodes Trust, suggested the change as he believed that regional plan would improve the standard of appointees.

The regional plan of distribution is based on the following grouping of the states:

1. New England
Maine
New Hampshire
Vermont
Massachusetts
Rhode Island
Connecticut
2. Middle Atlantic
New York
New Jersey
Pennsylvania
Delaware
Maryland-D. C.
West Virginia
3. South
Virginia
North Carolina
South Carolina
Georgia
Florida
Tennessee
4. Great Lakes
Michigan
Wisconsin
Illinois
Indiana
Ohio
Kentucky
5. Middle West
Minnesota
South Dakota
Nebraska
Iowa
Missouri
Kansas
6. Gulf
Alabama
Mississippi
Louisiana
Texas
Oklahoma
Arkansas
7. Southwest
California
Nevada
Utah
Arizona
Colorado
New Mexico
8. Northwest
Washington
Oregon
Idaho
Montana
Wyoming
North Dakota

French Credit Notice

All freshmen who have received tentative credit for French 3 or 4 will see Mr. Thomas J. Wilson, III, in room 309, Murphey, during chapel period any morning except Friday. These men will be required to take an examination in order to receive credit for the course in which they are conditioned.

Miss Batts Is Well

Miss Catherine Batts, secretary to the department of romance languages, is now back on duty after having been ill for the past week.