

The Daily Tar Heel



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Saturday, February 1, 1930

THOUGHT A DAY

There are tropical lilies which are venomous, but they are more beautiful than the frail and icy-white lilies of the North.—Lafcadio Hearn.

The Great Snow Battle of '27

Like the fabled equine of song and story, the frosh "ain't what they used to be." Yesterday morning the first-year men challenged their deadly enemies, the sophs, to a snowball fight around the Old Well at Chapel period, but not more than a dozen hardy souls responded to the time-honored appeal. The opposition was equally wary, however; the sophomore mind is evidently cautious and discreet this year. Thus the first snowfall suitable for a frosh-soph warfare in three years failed to produce anything more than a sporadic guerilla campaign.

Time was when every sizable snow occasioned a fierce and relentless series of battles between the first and second year men here. The last of the great snow battles occurred during the winter of '27, when the members of the persent senior class struggled bitterly for an entire afternoon with their sophomore adversaries.

Led by president Nelson Callahan, now a linotype operator in Louis Graves' Orange Printshop, the frosh ran their class banner to the peak of the flagpole adjacent to the Well in the early afternoon. The class officers marshalled their forces, about 400 strong, in compact formation about the flagpole. In a series of fierce sorties the sophs attempted to dislodge them, but every attack was repulsed with great execution on both sides. Many were the casualties who retired from the fray with lacerated faces and frozen toes.

Late in the afternoon, when dusk was settling upon the battlefield and enticing odors of steaming food were issuing forth from Swain hall, a band of determined upperclassmen rushed from the rear of Old East in a desperate surprise attack.

Kenneth Motsinger and Bunn Hackney were at the head of the charging column. A desperate hand-to-hand battle ensued, and the issue was in doubt for more than half an hour. Finally a trio of daring sophs leaped upon the shoulders of the densely packed mass of struggling forms and succeeding in shinning the greased pole. They seized the frosh banner, but eager hands dragged them down beneath a frenzied rush of freshmen. A few sagacious bystanders succeeded in prying the bloodthirsty throng from the recumbent pile of bodies; it was discovered at least a half dozen members of both classes had "passed out," among them freshman Brownlow Jackson. The banner had disappeared.

Jackson was carried to a room in Old East and several buckets of cold water dashed into his face in an effort to revive him. A bit of colored rag was protruding from his mouth. His clenched jaws were forced upon and the rag extracted. It was spread out and discovered to be the frosh banner! So ended the last of the great Carolina snow battles.

Indications are that there will be no more frosh-soph snow fights comparable to the epic struggle of the winter of '27. Although that strenuous battle will never be forgotten by those who engaged in it, the recollection of blackened eyes, broken fingers, bruised bodies and frozen ears will serve to remind them that fighting is not all fun.

The passing of the annual snow fights at Carolina indicates, perhaps, that the collegian has grown up. Undergraduates seem to be saner, more aware of the fundamental seriousness of college life than they were a few years ago. Reports from all over the country tend to show that the college student is becoming more interested in the vital problems of the curriculum, more cognizant of the fact that four years are all too short a period in which to gain the fundamentals of a college education. Prep-schoolish frotheries such as snow fights are exciting and rather enjoyable incidents in undergraduate life, but college men are discovering that they cannot spare time from the more serious affairs of the curriculum, athletics and other activities which produce tangibly beneficial results, for these worthless pastimes.

The Radio And Profanity

Widespread objections are being raised to the use of profanity on the radio. Just why objections to this practice have not been apparent long ago is a matter of conjecture. Although proposed prohibitive measures along this line have been put off for a long time, the public seems to have become awakened to the evil at last. Decent language on the air is a demand which must be met.

The use of profanity in public places is always nauseating. To use it on the radio is inexcusable and unpardonable. Positive measures should be taken to guarantee the isolation of profanity from the radio. Only decent language should be used on the air. Profanity is not any more expressive in the opinion of the average man than ordinary terms. To some it is well nigh meaningless; to many it is disgusting. All agree that its use should be confined to private discourse. If a man is incapable of using decent language, then his line of disgusting chatter should be stopped. Anybody who has such an undeveloped mentality that he cannot talk over the radio without resorting to profanity, should not be allowed to tax the

air waves with his voice. For spreading news the radio is the greatest instrument that science has yet produced. Its influence in the matter of moulding sentiment can be either harmful or detrimental. The art of profanity spreads rapidly enough from "father to son," and from "mouth to mouth." The radio should be used to war against its use, rather than to spread and encourage it. We welcome, therefore, the recent action to outlaw the use of profanity in connection with the radio.

—J. C. W.

Readers' Opinions

MR. HOUSE DISAGREES

Editor the Daily Tar Heel:

Mr. Hodges has written an able editorial on "The Practice of Booting," and I agree with his main thesis—contempt for student insincerity in all its forms and methods. But I disagree with the implications of his argument.

(1) Does not Mr. Hodges depict the booter as too much of a fox and the instructor as too much of an ass? I can not conceive of a student's getting by on nothing, except with a fool.

(2) Does not Mr. Hodges characterize discussion, questions, argument, seeking personal contact with the instructor, as methods of booting, whereas they are perfectly legitimate methods of exercising the mind, getting help, and making friends in a human sort of way? His error is, I think, in failing to distinguish between a fair and an unfair motive.

(3) Does not Mr. Hodges' argument foster a sort of aloofness on the part of instructors and students, which certainly will prevent normal relations between them, and which may prevent students from seeking help that it is the instructor's business to give?

I am deeply interested in faculty-student relations, but do not expect ever to see them ideal. In the meantime, some students go at the business of getting help from and making friends with the faculty in a direct, human fashion. Others simply bewail the fact that they do not have friends among the faculty. I fear that the dread of booting may convince others that the only thing a gentleman can do is to have as little to do with the faculty as possible. And it may make it equally impossible for the faculty to be human.

Sincerely yours,
R. B. HOUSE.

IN ANSWER TO THE EDITORIAL ON "BOOTING"

Editor the Daily Tar Heel:
This letter is prompted by an editorial on "The Practice of Booting" appearing in Thursday's Tar Heel.

One must admit the presence on the campus of those types of students who engage in the obnoxious practice of deceiving their professors and courting their favor both by unethical means and for unethical purposes. This is indeed a distressing element, but it seems that one must accept it as an inescapable evil. For wherever there are grouped heterogeneous people in large numbers there will be some who will lend themselves to some forms of moral or social turpitude. (This is merely an observation and not a sermonization.)

While admitting the above, I detect a distressing lack of differentiation between the student who attempts to create "the illusion of having an intelligent interest in the subject" and the student who actually does have an intelligent interest, between

(Continued on last page)

Dressy Dope

By Beau Gent

Very few accessories for the well dressed man are new. Some are adaptations or revivals and some are so old that we have already forgotten them. The novel accessories have a distinctly modern touch.

One of the newest things is a watch in a belt buckle. It lies face inward to prevent breakage, but may be easily opened by a flick of the lever attached to it. Another achievement in the line of watches is the watch without hands. The time is read by numerals that appear through two openings in the otherwise opaque face. And since the watch chain is passe, they are not equipped with rings for a chain.

Another neat little trick is in the form of a book—usually the Bible—from which the corner unscrews revealing a most useful flask.

One of the surprises of fashion is the revival of the white linen handkerchief, plain or cross-barred, for breast pocket embellishment instead of the gayly colored affair.

Monotone cravats and, as usual, the small figured foulards and Spitalfields are in vogue and, since the fashion in neck-dress is veering toward narrower openings, scarfs that take a smaller, snugger knots are favored.

The penchant of southerners for the black tie and white shirt and sundry somber effects is to be deplored. One should endeavor to give range and color to one's clothes. The monotonous repetition of the black and white effect should long ago have bored its wearers to a change.

For the benefit of those men—mostly New York collegians—who are addicted to the "sloppy collegiate" mode of dress, let me say that they are far behind the time. The new collegian attempts to convey his familiarity with the fashions of the day, and to combine utility with effectiveness of dress. The students on other campuses realize the absurdity and inevitably boorish appearance of a "sloppy" and it is high time that we too learned something about dress.

A sloppy appearance is no asset to you. Despite all arguments to the contrary a man's appearance is noticed by everyone and a neat looking man enjoys a priority over the "sloppy."

The appearances of many of the men on the campus would be greatly enhanced by the use of a collar pin. Nothing is more annoying to the wearer and the observer than flying collar points.

The well-dressed men on the campuses of the south are giving added impetus to the growth of popularity of the tab shirt. All of the wearers of tab-shirts recommend them. The idea seems to be that if you wear it once you will wear no other... and my words must not be interpreted so that they are disparaging.

We deplore the lack of enthusiasm for spats on the campus and we can only attribute it to a fear of the derision. We firmly hold to the belief that the majority of the campus are a bunch of farmers when it comes to a matter of dress and despite the cries of "your underwear is hanging out" and "look at the feet gloves" we recommend them as a prerequisite of the wardrobe of the well dressed man.



(By John Mebane)

THE SHOW-OFF

By George Kelly

Presented by the Carolina Playmakers at the Playmaker Theatre Thursday, January 30, 1930.

THE CAST

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 Discum B. Roberts
Mr. Rogers George E. Stone

Presenting their third production of the season the Carolina Playmakers gave George Kelly's *The Show-Off* Thursday evening before an audience somewhat smaller than those which Playmake bills usually attract.

The Show-Off, which the playwright Kelly has sub-titled "a transcript of life," is in itself a fine three-act comedy. It is a play of middle-class life with the scene in the home of a suburban family in West Philadelphia. The characters in this domestic comedy are true to type; and well-done dialogue throughout gives the play a sparkle of good-humor and good sense.

The Playmakers, however, fell below their level of acting in this production. The actors themselves lacked the maturity which the play inevitably demands for a good performance. There was a youthful tang in the voices and actions of the players which betrayed them despite the excellent make-up and costuming designed to give them more mature and aged appearances. The machinery of the play ran smoothly enough; cues were nicely and promptly caught; and the stage settings were excellent, giving quite a suitable atmosphere to the production.

Penelope Alexander as Mrs. Fisher lacked the poise that her part demanded. She was too obviously not the type to play the part of the aged mother. Her voice gave her youth away, and her motions were too quick and lively. The part was a difficult one. Loretto Carroll Bailey recently portrayed a similar part in *Job's Kinfolks* with extraordinary success. But, after all, that part was written for her, and one gains but little by a comparison. The same criticism may well be applied to Joseph Fox who played Mr. Fisher. His expressions and gestures, however, helped considerably in his portrayal.

Richmond P. Bond as Aubrey Piper, the "show-off," the "sign on the dotted line" maniac, the ineluctable jester, put everything across except his laugh. A stage laugh nearly always

sounds quite artificial, and Aubrey Piper's was as forced and awkward as any of them. That laugh had a prominent place in the performance. In other respects, however, he was excellent. All of his rowdyism, his bluffing, his reverberating panegyrics he "put across" with a gusto fitting the part of the little braggart clerk. Mr. Bond's broad gestures and his facial expressions were executed with facility.

As Joe, Whitner Bissell was admirable. He portrayed with credit the youthful, exuberant son. Even in the rather tense moment preceding the death of father Fisher, he gave an excellent performance. Of all the players on the stage he was the most at ease. Sara Falkener as Amy also gave a creditable performance. Though sometimes she appeared a trifle ill-at-ease, on the whole she carried the part with better control and more finish than the average amateur actress. George Wilcox as Clara had but one little difficult acting to do. She "got across."

Discum B. Roberts, playing the part of Mr. Gill, a day laborer, shows excellent promise. Eveland Davies as Frank Hyland and George Stone as Mr. Rogers were capable.

The dialogue of the play offered excellent possibilities for fine expression and acting, but too seldom the players took complete advantage. As a whole the group gave a performance inferior to their usual high standard. The Playmakers are certain to be "at home" in their field of Folk Plays and Carolina Comedies.

Co-Ed Kidnapped From Smith College

Northampton, Mass., Jan. 31. —(IP)—Miss Susan Albright, 20, of Buffalo, N. Y., pretty junior at Smith College, reported recently that she had been kidnapped from the campus.

Two former Smith College male employees are being sought as her abductors. The girl told police that a woman helped the two to capture her and hold her captive for several hours.

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in

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