

The Daily Tar Heel



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Wednesday, October 1, 1930

Delayed Judgment For Tennessee

The executive committee of the Southern Conference Monday ordered the University of Tennessee to show cause why it should not be suspended for failure to observe regulations governing freshman football. According to newspaper reports a group of prospective freshman football players gathered at Knoxville, received equipment and more-or-less began early practice.

If the reports are true Tennessee clearly violated the Conference rule prohibiting freshman practice of any sort before the opening of the institution. These reports originated during the latter part of August when an Atlanta newspaper reported that a mail clerk had seen players practicing at the University of Tennessee. After several days the matter was dropped and until yesterday morning's papers announced the action of the Conference executive committee nothing was heard of the reports.

Evidently the reports were investigated by Conference officials. An investigation was necessary after the statement of the Atlanta mail clerk, for he seemed positive in his published statement that organized practice was under way at Knoxville.

The reports seem to indicate guilt on the part of someone. But hasty judgment should not be given. A thorough investigation should be made and when the Conference meets here if Tennessee has violated conference regulations a stiff penalty should be inflicted.

Hasty judgment cannot aid matters and this seems to be an occasion for deliberation.

Scotchmen Take Blame For Bare Legs

Man has been accused of invading the sacred realm of feminine attire. This went on record in last Sunday's Tar Heel for the first time in history. All grades of bare-legs have been observed—tanned, hairy ones, matching the beards of their owners, knock-kneed, menagerie specimens, curving inward or outward; it seems there is not a perfect pair of masculine legs on the campus. However, there are hundreds of pairs of legs, concealed in the darkness of 34-inch trousers capable of mak-

ing the feminine heart beat faster. The aforesaid heart should take hope, for the fad is spreading, and the great open spaces between knickerbockers and shoe-tops are becoming wider every day.

The women just referred to have accused man unjustly of usurping this fad. A few hours spent in the library proved this to be untrue. Centuries ago men were walking the streets of Athens and Rome bare-legged while their wives were at home letting out the hems of their last year's robes. Not even the tips of their sandals were allowed to show! Many a Roman leg has projected from a toga, as its master reclined at a feast. In fact, women did not have legs, except in private, until the turn of the twentieth century when the invention of the tandem made bustles and trains impractical. From the Spartan to the Flora Dora girl is a long hop.

Let us pass on down through history from the golden age of Rome to the thirteenth century. We find Robert Bruce amusing himself by plucking superfluous hairs from his bare knees, while absently letting the cakes burn to a cinder-track on the hearth. This brings us to another great group of men who have toasted their knees over campfires for centuries—the Scotch. Bare-handed and bare-legged they have wrested a living from the stony fields of Scotland, repulsing all invasions, keeping themselves a free people against great odds.

Think of the millions of pounds of yarn they have saved through the years by leaving a gap between the sock and the kilt. And think of the wear and tear on their sheep the highlanders have avoided by this simple expedient. This is enough to make every contemporary Scotch heart beat for such keened-witted, economical forefathers. It was probably some Carolina "Mac" who started the local boycott on stockings. With "sox" selling at two dollars a pair, the sons of Carolina should not be too heavily criticized for not wearing them, those thick, fuzzy, itchy cylinders of wool that hold the leg in a vise-like grip.

Besides being economical and more comfortable, the fad is healthy, allowing ultra-violet rays to enter where they have not been since the bare-foot days of youth. While it has not yet been tested and approved by the "Good Housekeeping Institute," it certainly has the "star" of approval of every Scotchman on the campus.—D. B. F.

OPEN FORUM

LET'S HAVE A BETTER SPIRIT!

Last Saturday afternoon when Carolina played Wake Forest the cheering from the Carolina side was very weak. There were about six times as many students in our cheering section as there were in Wake Forest's. Still the cheering, as a whole, from our side was much weaker. Of course there were times when one could hear the Carolina side come out strong, but every time the Wake Forest section sounded out one could hear the distant echo which came as a result of extraordinarily loud cheering.

I think it would have been quite different if Carolina had started piling up points right off the bat. The reason I say this is because I witnessed the Wake Forest game two years ago when Carolina won by a 65 to 0 count. The cheering that year was two or three times as good as it was this year, still there was a much smaller freshman class that year.

It is easy enough to yell when your team is winning, but the

test comes when it is losing, or when it is in a tight place. When the team is struggling to keep out in front, then that is the time for us to give our loyal support, and not when we are in front by six or seven touchdowns. Of course, it is a good policy to keep on yelling no matter how far in front we happen to get, but I say the real test comes when we are losing. Then is the time that the team needs our help.

Let's see if we can get a little more pep and spirit into the cheering section. It can not do anyone any harm and it will let the team know that we are back of it and will give it more courage to fight harder. Next Saturday when we play V. P. I. let's give cheers that the team can hear all the way to Virginia. Everybody together now, let's go!

J. H. C.

Editor the Daily Tar Heel:

After reading the article in your paper entitled "Co-eds Repulse Blond Intruder" dated September 25, 1930, I wish to call your attention to what I consider a most erroneous piece of phaseology and which, I feel sure, after careful consideration, you will also. You referred to an assembly of girls grouped together for casual conversation as a "bull session." Don't you think, Dear Editor, that a feminine assemblage should be called a "cow session"?

This is not a publicity scheme but is done entirely in the interest that I have in the school. If you feel you were correct in your phrasing do not hesitate to inform me, but if you are wrong or in doubt please correct it in your next issue.

A TAR HEEL FAN.

THIS AND THAT

By PHIL LISKIN

During the past week my alarm-clock has lost all its predestined utility, and it is now as useful as a picture on the wall. No, it has not ceased to run. It still tick-tocks as clamorously as ever, but its momentous function of awakening me at exactly 7:30 every morning has been usurped by a character which, up to this time, I had always considered of minor significance. It is the *Musca Domestica*, more commonly called a house fly, and still more more commonly called merely a fly.

It first began last Tuesday morning. I awoke from a deep slumber to the realization that someone was standing on my left ear and buzzing in a sweet and gentle voice. From there it flew over to my other organ of hearing and repeated its throaty emanations. Its next point of contact was the tip of my nose where it sat down and rubbed its hands with evident satisfaction. By this time I had grown tired of the performance. I attempted to slap the intruder into the happy hunting grounds of its ancestors but, due to my sleepiness, it was my nose that received most of the result. I was fully awake by then, and as I turned to consult the clock, it suddenly quivered, and then delivered a feeble *Braaaaang!* It had already seen its Waterloo.

Since that morning, at precisely 7:25 A. M., my winged friend has awakened me with his cheery greeting. And every morning, at precisely 7:30 A. M., the alarm-clock moans its daily *Braaaaang!* But it is too late. I am already awake.

Now that a night football has come into its own, one doesn't have to bring his liquor to the game in a Coca-Cola or gingerale bottle. A black or brown flask is almost invisible in the dark.

The lack of hearty cheering at

Saturday's game was rather noticeable. I do not know whether the spectators were too interested in the game to cheer, or whether it was too warm to yell. However, I have a plan whereby the Carolina cheers can be sent roaring and crashing into the stands as never before.

At the next game, when it is time for a cheer, two loyal Tar Heels should approach the gentleman at the amplifying apparatus. One should have the strongest pair of arms in Carolina and the other the strongest voice. Strong Arms will ask the gentleman with the microphone for a match. As he reaches into his pocket, Strong Voice will grasp the "Mike" and proceed to knock the spectators off their seats with a mighty Carolina yell while Strong Arms will do his duty by holding the surprised announcer to the ground during the rendition. Kenan Stadium will then be treated to the mightiest yell of its existence.

There is only one drawback. The announcer may say: "Sorry, I don't smoke!"

Monday's Greensboro Daily News tells us that \$50,000,000 in cash has been rushed to Havana to stop a run on Havana banks. The University of North Carolina could also use several million dollars to stop the running of some of its best faculty members to other institutions.

CO-EDS DISCUSS BULL SESSIONS

There is a legend that a freshman was wandering about this campus aimlessly, trying to solve a disturbing problem. Finally he called on an upper-classman for consultation—"Why did a bell ring every hour?"

Now here is a story about one of the much maligned co-eds. Three of them, one old and two new, were making their nightly pilgrimage to the library. The moon and the stars were up, which is quite beside the point. Suddenly there was one Gabrielic blast of a horn. The conversation turned to strange wind-instrument sounds. One girl spoke of a set of bewildering calls she had heard. The second year co-ed asked if it had sounded like a cow. She in her wisdom knew it was the fire alarm. But before she could begin her spiritual work of mercy by instructing the ignorant, a new girl had volunteered. She said, "You know, I'm not sure, but you have heard of bull sessions. I have. I think maybe that's part of the ceremony."

Carolina Students Pass Pharmacy Exam

A total of 13 University pharmacy students passed the state board examination given in the early summer.

Twelve of the 13 passing were pharmacists and the 13th was an assistant pharmacist. Only two, both assistant pharmacists, failed.

Those passing the examination for pharmacists were: J. L. Pinnix, Kernersville; J. C. Brantley, Jr., Raleigh; L. E. Reaves, Jr., Raeford; I. W. Frontis, Mooresville; W. A. Wilson, Belton, S. C.; G. B. Schoonmaker, Bradford, Pa.; J. S. Ruzicka, Elkins Park, Pa.; P. L. McDaniel, Goldsboro; W. D. Welsh, Jr., Rocky Mount; J. B. Connell, Winston-Salem; W. C. Barnwell, Reidsville; and M. S. Burt, Apex. J. B. Marsh of Salisbury, passed the assistant pharmacist examination.

The members of the state board were: Dr. E. V. Zoeller, president, of Tarboro; F. W. Hancock, secretary-treasurer, of Oxford; I. W. Rose, Rocky Mount; C. P. Greyer, Morganton; and J. G. Ballew, Lenoir.

Deans To Meet Men

The following deans will meet the men in their schools at chapel period today:
Dean Carroll, 103 Bingham.
Dean Bell, 206 Venable.
Dean Walker, 201 Peabody.

Dept. of Education Emphasizes Training

(Continued from first page)

quite naturally the University had been giving courses in education all along. The enrollment has increased steadily. During the last nine years it has conferred 325 bachelors' degrees and 88 masters' degrees. Five doctorates have been conferred in the last four years, two being awarded this year. Last year the resident enrollment numbered 422 and the graduates 94.

There are seven members of the school of education staff who devote their entire time to giving instruction at classes held regularly at various centers over the state, under the auspices of the University extension division. Classes in extension are conducted on a semester (half-year) basis. During the first semester of 1929-30 seven full-time and three part-time instructors conducted 56 professional courses for teachers in 28 communities of the state. There were 917 individual students enrolled and 1564 registrations, which meant that some registered for more than one course. The figures for the second semester were equally impressive. The total registrations for the year was over 3,000. Those were professional courses conducted for teachers in service. Of the 1172 teachers in schools who were taking correspondence courses last year, 793 were enrolled in the school of education.

The University's training school has been made possible through the generosity of the General Education Board of New York. In May, 1926, this board granted the University an appropriation of \$75,000 for a five-year period for the purpose of enabling the school of education to improve its facilities for the training of high school teachers. The school of education officials immediately entered into an agreement with the Chapel Hill school board to make use of the local public high school as the training institution for the school of education.

Other important adjuncts of the school of education include the bureau of educational research, which under the direction of Dr. M. R. Trabue conducts and encourages scientific research in the public schools; the teachers' bureau under the direction of Secretary I. C. Griffin, which annually registers from 300 to 500 teachers desiring positions and places the majority of them; the High School Journal, which goes to high school teachers and libraries in 43 states and eight foreign countries; and the departmental library which has more than 2,000 volumes and several thousand reports and pamphlets.

FOR RENT

Attractive six-room home with steam heat, two-car garage and all modern conveniences, located in Chapel Hill's beautiful Forest Hills, three-quarters of a mile from the business center. For terms see Mr. R. B. Fitch, Carrboro, or phone 7291.

Engineering Society Is To Meet Tonight

At 7:15 tonight, the local branch of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers will hold a business meeting at the auditorium of Phillips Hall, room 206.

The A. I. E. E. is composed of members of the engineering school taking the courses in electrical engineering. George Thompson, president of the University branch will preside. Other officers elected last spring are: Charles Hayes, secretary; and R. E. Hubbard, treasurer.

Announcements of the meeting will be posted this morning in Phillips Hall, inviting all engineering students eligible to attend.

DR. G. G. JOHNSON WRITES OF LIFE ON SEA ISLANDS

(Continued from first page)

These were all influences working on the negro, only. It is not a history that a negro could have written of his race. It is infinitely too orderly in form and substance.

The book represents a new system of thought that is about to prevail over an old. Not so long ago we generalized incessantly and catalogued unreservedly. Then, we would have asked Dr. Johnson, "Is the negro happier in his isolated home?" And we would have demanded an answer of a single word, without any qualifying sentence. The answer would have been half right and half wrong, an exceedingly dangerous answer. Dr. Johnson explains that no reply is possible.

LOST

LOST: A brown wallet containing about six dollars. Lost between Western Union and Mrs. Humphries. Reward—\$3.00. John McGlenn, c-o Mrs. Humphries.



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