

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tuesday, October 2, 1933

Duty at

The Crossroads

This year of 1933 promises to be the crossroads period in the desperate fight for disarmament and world peace. With the post-war background of repeatedly discouraging conferences on international understanding facing us, a situation has arisen which calls for the utmost efforts of peace workers to prevent a reversion to the tragic pre-war "drifting." A populace which is alert to the machinations of irresponsible politicians and business interests cannot be inveigled into the War Spirit; and this alertness can be maintained and fostered chiefly by the school and the newspaper.

The results of the last social cataclysm are manifest in the mass of economic problems now confronting the legislators of the world. The realization that modern warfare owes its inception to financial conflicts and the laissez faire principle in government of "the devil take the hindmost" has been a growing hindrance to imperialism.

The Great War has been dead but fifteen years—little more than half a generation. The men who were responsible for its occurrence, with a few exceptions, are politically impotent. But who has succeeded them to power? New and radically different spirits? Harbingers of a finer relationship among men? Look at the list: Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Hirohito,—to name a few. In only a few instances are our contemporary leaders known as lovers of peace and builders of a cooperative society.

The crisis of our time may have been reached in the lethargy now being displayed by men and women everywhere in proposals for world peace. The opportunity of the college professor and the duty of the college student are self-evident—the elevation or the degradation of society is in their hands.—V.J.L.

Wanted: Spirit

One Carolina student cut a European vacation short and caught an early boat home while another caught a passing freight from a distant city so that they might report on time for early football practice. The University Club worked tirelessly last week introducing the first year class to the athletic aspects of the University, entertaining Davidson, and sponsoring the first pep meeting of the year Friday night. Ernest Hunt, with his assistants, put on an exhibition of pep at that meeting which spread to those attending in a highly Kay Kyser fashion. The pep division of Carolina's 1933 football season was off to a flying start.

Regardless of various opinions, athletic coaches declare that whipped cheering sections defeat teams more efficiently than any opposing team no matter how powerful. A cheering section gone mad under the influence of the cheer leaders this fall can help Coach Collins win games and put over a successful campaign.

A successful team should not make a cheering section but a cheering section can and should make a successful team. This can be accomplished only if the Cheerios, and every student in the stands should be a Cheerio, respond to and cooperate with their cheerleaders. From the exhibition Friday night and at the game Saturday we believe that the tradition of a cheering section inhabited by weak sisters suffering from acute "vocalitis" and "listlessness" which has in some way grown up here is definitely at an end and shades of "Kike" and Rameses are hovering over Kenan Memorial Stadium.—R.L.B.

Dance Reform

There has always been a great deal of controversy concerning, and dissatisfaction with the methods in which our dances are conducted here at the University.

Last Saturday evening at the Grail dance those who were in the habit of waiting outside till a sizeable crowd had gathered within, were considerably chagrined to discover when they finally went in to buy their tickets, that only a limited number of stag tickets were for sale, and that the number had been sold many minutes before. It was over half an hour before the ultimatum of "get a girl or get out" was changed, and the anxious stags swarmed in upon the floor. The criticism at the time seemed to be that although the limitation of single tickets was an excellent idea, some warning should have

been given beforehand.

The answer, although not the solution of the problem, rests in the fact that the ratio of men to women at the University is approximately seven or eight to one.

Obviously the only solutions are to import women, or to export men. In that case, the Grail was doing the right thing. More might be done by excluding freshmen from these dances.

Another aspect of the dance situation that has aroused considerable ire is the fact that in the entire series of dances for the year, there is not one card dance. Even the formals seem to have the same hit or miss, break or don't break idea, with the resulting confusion, and rushing about in what should be a pleasurable affair.

The only consolation seems to be that there are relatively few stags at the formals. Why couldn't the same be true of the Grails?—W.H.W.

P.S. Open Forum letters on this question, especially from co-eds, will be welcome.

True to Tripe

He is invariably learned, puntillious to the core, mature, sometimes brilliant and usually intelligent. From him flows an almost continual stream of what might be called wisdom. He allows himself full expression, knowing well his listeners are hanging on every word. He preaches the value and sanctity of individual thought—yes, permits it and encourages it—if it coincides with his own. Who is he? Your dogmatic professor.

Either too old and set to be able to learn, or too smug to want to, he forces his students to become mere auditors while he magnificently propounds and expounds for the benefit of their immature minds." His students are too busy fostering or restraining their resentment to profit from what might be an enlightening contact. We don't know whether he is to be pitied or condemned, or merely censored or tolerated as an eternal and unknowing evil, but we do know that when and if he sees this, he, the grammarian always, will say, "But, surely, this can't be I."—M.K.K.

Old Man Happy

Whatever the virtues of the microphones at the football field, it occurred to us last Saturday afternoon that they were combined with one cardinal flaw. The voice emitting from the speakers is inescapable. The spectators listen whether they want to or not.

We are perfectly well aware that the "Old Man Happy" of the football field broadcasts the facts of the game under certain difficulties, but even that cannot excuse his insistence upon certain points, and his total silence on some other, and more interesting ones.

It seemed that his every other remark was something to the effect that spectators would please not walk across the grass, but use the gates for exits. This is, admittedly, sensible, but constant reiteration of this same statement seemed, to say the least, useless. The people who did walk across the grass would have done so if the amplifiers had been devoted to no other purpose than to request them not to for the whole length of the game. And most of the people who didn't, and who, with one warning, remembered not to, got pretty tired of being preached at on the same subject every five minutes or so.

And much of the commentary was inadequate. It wasn't so much the few trivial mistakes, hurriedly made and as rapidly corrected,—those anybody can understand—but the announcer's failure to give, at any point in the game, the number of first downs for either team, or the number of minutes left to play in the quarter. The fact that the score at the halves of only one other game was broadcast might have been due to a hitch in the press arrangements, or the fact that the Carolina game was scheduled earlier in the afternoon than the others.

And whether there are any other scores or not, the general run of Carolina students resented being preached at with the same sermon so repeatedly. Since the amplifiers are inescapable, let us have more intelligent comments from the lines, or none at all.—H.N.L.

Speaking The Campus Mind

(Editor's Note: This column is open to the expression of any student's ideas on any subject. All letters addressed to the editor must be signed in order to be published. The opinions expressed here are not necessarily those sponsored by the editorial board of the DAILY TAR HEEL.)

Sincerity . . .

I believe one is supposed to use the editorial "we" in such a letter as this, but inasmuch as I have never before written an editorial, I may slip. If I do, think nothing of it, and contribute it to the sea air, or the ten o'clock "coke," or the typewriter, "er sumpin."

I transferred here from the rocky heights of a western university. The wild and woolly west where democracy is the key word as well as key

action—where sincerity is not at a premium—where people are people and not pseudo-sophisticates. We are inclined, if we may say so with all modesty, to be the least bit literary. We have been raised (or is it reared?) to regard literary pursuit as a work just as digging ditches, or building houses, or making pretzels is a work. Our attempts at writing have been work guided perhaps by some amount of inspiration, but we haven't counted on the inspiration to guide the pencil completely, as it were. In addition to this, we have been conscious of the fact that eccentricity is practically worthless unless one wishes to be able to count his friends on the fingers of one hand. Eccentricity doesn't bring greatness; neither does conceit—or a combination of the two.

We would bring this to the attention of certain young aspirants to the level of literati who are laboring under this impression. We have become acquainted with such a person, who, thinking he was being greatly impressive, loudly proclaimed to all within earshot that he had to obey the creative urge by getting up at three o'clock in the morning to write. And he really made the remark in all seriousness—unfortunately for his reputation. After reading the result of his nightly struggles, we are inclined to title it "Creation's Labor Lost" and advise the young man not to miss his sleep hereafter. Such a person has clothed himself in such a thin veneer of superficiality so as to be unbearable to those around him. And he has added insult to injury by thinking we are so gullible as to admire him for these outbursts. It is unfortunate, for he might be worthwhile if he would come to earth, and quit laboring under the delusion that he is achieving greatness through his attempt to impress people. A person who is struggling to become someone hasn't the time to spend being eccentric. His time must go to his work which must be done quietly, unassumingly, and with a moderate degree of self-confidence. After he has become sufficiently great, if he still is of a mind to, he may be eccentric. But it is our belief that the hard work it takes to reach the heights sweats out all the ideas of the worth of superficiality.

We heard this young man say he didn't like girls who didn't flatter him—girls who had no initiative. In the first place, we question the use of the word "initiative" here, and we wish to reveal the fact that a persistence with such an idea shall lead to a whistling for dates—if any. The remark impressed no one, and amused us all, for it was so brazenly superficial—so terribly insincere. It left a sort of dark brown taste in our mouths. We also found this person lounging in the front room one day with a highball in one hand, a cigarette holder in the other, and a very insipid look on his face. He was trying so obviously to impress us that we left the room in disgust—and we are not inclined to be prudish. We cite the instances of this one person's behavior not as a method of making a fool of him personally, but merely as representative of several persons we have met here who are trying to awe the people of this University by use of superficiality in an attempt to be impressive. It's all so—so utterly utter, as it were.

We have never cared for moralizing, but the situation got beyond our endurance, and we felt that a good strong jolt might snap some people to their feet again. We recommend that such people as these look to the truly great for examples of how to act. They'll find that there is no time in the life of the great for superficiality. Sincerity is worthwhile—in many ways.

N.C.F.

Dramas Of Ibsen To Be Presented Here

(Continued from first page) from "Ghosts" is its fine lyric and choral effects. The last scene, for instance, in which but seven people participate, has all the stirring and fine choral effects of a chorus of operatic stars.

"The Master Builder" will be given as a complimentary matinee for the Playmakers, but "Ghosts" will be presented in Memorial hall during the evening for the public.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Faculty Member Killed

(Continued from first page)

his death and send their sympathy to Mrs. Vining, who was once an able assistant librarian here, and a gracious and creative part of the University community."

Dr. Knight Returns

Dr. Edgar W. Knight of the school of education arrived in Chapel Hill Sunday night from a three-day education conference in Virginia. The conference dealt with the problems of southern education in all its phases.

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