

The Tar Heel

LEADING SOUTHERN COLLEGE TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Member of North Carolina Collegiate Press Association

Published three times every week of the college year, and is the official newspaper of the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C. Subscription price, \$2.00 local and \$3.00 out of town, for the college year.

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Tuesday, October 11, 1927

PARAGRAPHS

Four out of five sports writers yesterday dwelt on the upset of pregame dope by Carolina's victory Saturday.

Reports state that the Mexican revolutionists are now bottled up in the mountains, which leads to the conclusion that violent volcanic eruptions are forthcoming.

The Yankees having won the world series and the Tar Heels defeated Maryland, Saturday goes down as a full day's work.

Co-eds want athletics, report runs. Seeing as how the gal chiles want to exercise, we suggest the best looking member of the coaching staff to thrash the matter out.

All is not dark! H. L. Mencken, who has been termed with some degree of precision the BAD BOY of Baltimore, discovers in his Sunday syndicated articles that there is some good in colleges after all.

AN ARTS SCHOOL PROMISED

The announcement that courses preparatory to the establishment of a School of Fine Arts as a part of the University brings to public attention plans that, when consummated, will fill a long-felt need.

Art, and the appreciation of art, has foregone thorough neglect in the south since the Civil War. Impoverished colleges and universities were hardly able to survive the economical setback in the period of financial strife following the close of the war. In consequence, only courses that necessarily prepared for a profession or a vocation were offered in the southern institutions for many years. Now the conditions are changed. Following the economical progress and the intellectual awakening in the states below the Mason and Dixon line, southern institutions have begun to turn to cultural curricula to meet the steady and increasing demand for training in the arts.

It is desirable that the University will not be long in establishing the School of Fine Arts. Aside from offering instruction in architecture, sculpture and painting, there is another far greater need for an art school here. This is the statement of Dr. J. P. Harland who has been secured to direct the work of the embryonic arts school:

"Other branches of the University are teaching the history, economics and politics of people from first civilization to the present and it will be the aim of these courses to teach the art of these people as just another factor in their life. So many people have the notion that 'art' is something done by a queer individual stuck away in a studio somewhere. We hope to create a different feeling about it."

If the School of Fine Arts of the University succeeds in doing just this; namely, teaching the people of the state to appreciate art and the finer things in life—the school will be a notable success!

DR. DURANT AND OTHERS

Will Durant's appearance here last night in his lecture on "Is Progress a Delusion?" brought to the University

community an outstanding philosopher and author of the day. The faculty committee on lectures is to be congratulated and commended for their securance of Dr. Durant to lecture here.

The fame of the lecture of last evening is well known. His *The Story of Philosophy* brought him immediate recognition and made him highly desirable as a lecturer.

The bringing of a lecturer here of Dr. Durant's prestige and achievements presages a year of excellent and stimulating lectures by men having reputations as being outstanding in the particular field which they come to treat. Lectures by such leaders are an integral part of the year's program of the institution. In the past the faculty lecture committee has had many famous men here to give public lectures that stood out for their depth of thought, deliverance and reception by the audience.

It is to be hoped that more men of Dr. Durant's intellectual size will be scheduled to lecture here during the year.

DO YOU NEED A TONIC?

(D. D. C.)

The editor has made two references to the unsightly path which some students are making across the central campus.

Consequently, many who had carelessly patronized this lazy man's walk have ceased to offend. To them we extend our heartiest thanks. But there remains a chronic wrecking crew whose dronish steps continue to deface a formerly beautiful expanse of grass. Perhaps they failed to see the preceding editorials; may they be so indulgent as to read this.

This is our University. Our fathers are maintaining it for us now, and on us that duty must devolve, directly later. The institution does not belong to the faculty, which is employed. It certainly is no possession of the townpeople. This University belongs to the State of North Carolina, and we are her nearest representatives. Now, "we" doesn't mean the TAR HEEL. "We" signifies you.

We have called this school a university. Yet, those who show so little regard for the dignity of its appearance do nothing less than make a college of it. At Wake Forest many slovenly paths mar the campus; no doubt the authorities there bemoan these eyesores. Still, they are more excusable at a small college than at a university where supposedly maturer minds congregate. Years ago this institution, small and less scholarly, suffered broken windows, devastated furniture, and a medley of barbarisms incident to its cruder life. But shall we return to the category of a college today?

Surely not when scores of visitors every year comment on the serene beauty of the place. We now have a reputation to maintain. One well-traveled aesthete recently declared this campus the fairest in the South. Yet, its plodding sons would trample under foot the hundreds of dollars wisely spent every year for cultivation of grounds.

North Carolinians are justly accused of crass materialism. Why, there are students here who would justify their trespass on grass with the contention that shorter paths should be provided. Fools, do you think that Beauty is an offspring of Yankee Efficiency?

And we are not criticizing those who considerably shorten their walking by cutting directly across the campus once in a month or so. This infrequent practice is unharmed and consistent with logic. But the worst damage is caused by a regular trek along paths which are very little shorter than those provided already.

An informal census taken Saturday shows that most grass offenders are new men. With them we must be lenient. However, the class of '31 should have more worthy contributions to make than the destruction of grass. We are gratified to see that few upperclassmen are guilty of the misdemeanor. There may be some thrill in evading the prohibition law, for there is a policeman to enforce it. However, those who bully the grass are cowardly, for they know that they are safe.

Are you anaemic, or will you follow a man's walk?

WANTED: LONGER HEADS AND SHORTER SERMONS

(D. D. C.)

A reliable church conference secretary has officially reported that the Protestant churches of America are losing members at the rate of 500,000 a year.

We are reminded of one lamentable shortcoming among clergymen. Compelled to capitulate more and more to modern thought, they yet lack the grace with which to accept a scientific era, and deign not to aid man in his task of wringing benefits from his new learning.

The scapegraces of the ministry inherit the vices of mundane civiliza-

tion; but many of its most distinguished sons, in bequeathing little actual aid to human enlightenment, are more reprehensible. How dare they preach of hidden talents?

The Church has been too long on its knees. What does history present as the pulpit's policy toward popular education, aggressive reform in politics—or anything, slavery, innovations in religion, and other progressive measures? The priest clings to his mumpsimus.

Churchmen have had their heads in the clouds, ruminating on a life hereafter with retributive justice; meanwhile men living beside them have needed and deserved intelligent, sympathetic attention. Fosdick, kindly if not scientifically, has mollified the throes of evolution in this country—as has an alert North Carolina churchman. But what of leadership from the pulpit in such matters as vivisection, birth control, capital punishment?

Churches can no longer offer their social prominence as an example of their value to communities. The efficacy of their social deceptions has been jeopardized by theatres, amusement parks, radios, etc. But if denominationalism is to survive, it must, in the words of an eminent biologist, become ethnocentric rather than egocentric. Despite our mysticism, man is the measure of all things.

Churches are here to stay, certainly for many years. But if we are to appreciate them, let us understand them. Is it worthwhile to revere the present institutions which have lost their "socializing" value, and which contribute so little directly to the so-

lution of great human problems?

True, they dry the widow's tears and comfort the seduced working girl, if that patent character can be said to exist. But is this sentimental function necessary or even desirable to a stalwart civilization? And what of those charlatans who actually harm us, these Hams, John Roach Straton, and Frank Norris?

The writer neither expects nor wishes the clergymen en masse to plunge into community administration. The intelligence and sincerity of the profession are too questionable; we might better enfranchise high school students. The same could be said for almost any other single profession. But we do think that the few national or international church leaders, who surely perceive that their less enlightened subordinates are in danger of retarding progress with their anti-evolution, anti-birth-control, and other hoop-skirt movements, should bind themselves in a more forceful and public-spirited hierarchy.

If there be any prophets among exalted church officials, can they not find fields more worthy than academic philosophizing or social censorship? The beam is in their own eye. If benighted ministers were treated to more Moses, their long-suffering congregation might be more hospitable to Christ—provided they were allowed to glimpse him.

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The papers play up the doings of rich people, it being only natural that money should draw interest.—*Marshall County Banner*.

Germany's rag trade is languishing, it is announced, because the men wear their clothes too long and the women wear theirs too short.

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