

# The Tar Heel

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Thursday, December 1, 1927

### PARAGRAPHS

Sixteen more cramming days before examinations.

Anyway, the Virginia Tech editor, complains that some 150 copies of his worthy journal have been purloined from the office, has the satisfaction of knowing that his paper is read.

Compliments come and go, but this one gets the bet. The Yellow Jacket Weekly avers in its exchange column, "The Tar Heel is a well edited bi-weekly."

The Durham Herald states that as presidential honors Governor McLean could carry the south. Trouble is that too many Democratic candidates have this honor and nothing more to their credit.

"North Carolina Will Be Given 4 Per Cent," headlines a daily. But the article had nothing to say about the candidacy of Al Smith.

"The Carolinian staff is deeply grateful for the brand new trash can left outside its door," paragraphs our sister editress at N. C. C. W. Not meaning that a valuable contributor has been added to the staff?

One valuable thing about having the center as captain of the football team is that he is always in the middle of the game.

### REBELLION FOR PEACE

(D. D. C.)

The recent debate here on pacifism should have provoked more thought.

Nine scant years have sped since the message of peace brought frenzied joy to the American people. Since its arrival, we have rushed recklessly to the abandonment of pleasure, for the war, the great War, is over. We seek to replace the blood so nobly shed with deep drinks from the river Lethe.

Do you hear? The War is over. Yet, our failure to respond is only natural. For those who cannot think are customarily apathetic; and those who do think are silently skeptical about the end of the war.

They see grim militarism taught in the colleges. They listen to Mars in the speeches of some General Bowley. Memories of the failure of peace overtures harry them. Every week Pathé news-pictures show gleaming steel in their local theatres. The gold-star mothers are dying, inarticulate and messageless to a country bent on war.

Will dawn ever come? The answer to that question is in the minds of us, the younger generation—the war babies, if you will. The challenge is clear, unavoidable. Neither for you nor for me is acceptance of the gauntlet; the answer to the agonizing cry of humanity is for us.

The writer declares for pacifism, unrelenting to the very verge of self-defense. And this country, in his

self-defense. Pacifism, intelligently maintained, is the only bulwark against the tide of militarism.

When war is declared, professed pacifism may mean cowardice. Today it is an ideal, an insurance against the emergency which could find few of us loath to act.

Who will answer?

### THE DEGENERACY OF THOUGHT

(D. D. C.)

Frank Kent, Baltimore journalist and political writer, recently entertained an audience in Greensboro with his speculations on Al Smith's presidential candidacy.

From the public pronouncements of Mr. Kent, it would appear that he ardently favors the New York governor. There are reasons for his loyalty: Smith's four-term governorship of the wealthiest state in the Union; his unrivalled personality; his hold upon the so-called New York group of Eastern states, which are full of Republicans; his executive ability and fearlessness.

What more could be wanted? A bigoted South rises to answer: "We want a Protestant! We want a Prohibitionist! Give one of our boys a chance!"

Critics decry this attitude, which is not peculiar to the South alone. They gnash their teeth over the senseless hub-bub which drowns out real issues. Yet, it seems unlikely that either party would commit itself to issues when the present questions of high protective tariff and tax reduction can arouse no excitement. Each faction has long been forced to realize that it can interest voters only in gossip, not government.

And there seem to be reasons why the people want to hear about Mr. Smith's licker notions instead of his tariff theories. First of all, this degeneracy of thought, it seems to us, is to be expected in a popularly educated democracy. We see the masses, taught to read, bellowing for pornographic literature and cheap emotionalism. The press responds, for it is delighted to find a new, paying reader. Heretofore its clientele has consisted of a more discriminating, conventional class. With the education of the wage-earner, the press has developed a low type of literature and a new, but murky, sea of thought.

Nor is the popularity of tabloids, Hearst and McFadden publications, etc., dependent on the workers alone. Emotionalism has dragged many devotees from the higher strata of society. Hence, the writer has seen countless brokers, store-proprietors, salesmen and other members of their class enjoying tabloids in New York subways as much as do the usual chewing-gum girls and men in jeans.

And the most superficial examination shows that college students are rabid addicts to jazz journalism. This neurotic mob perverts thought, but there is another class which clouds intelligent campaigns with irrelevancies. Our reference is to religious zealots, led by such men as Bishop Mouzon. They introduce countless irrelevancies, to the ridicule of their section and their churches.

In view of such mental chaos, is it surprising that the only issue which could excite the people in 1928 is one of whiskey? Even in 1924 the outstanding discussion was not of party platforms, but of administration scandal.

Perhaps if the parties were possessed of giants like Roosevelt, the people might be more interested. As it is, voters are concerned with rustic superstitions about evolution, fundamentalism, whiskey, etc. Of course national problems have always lacked popular interest when the country basked in self-respected prosperity. But to the writer there seems a more basic factor in cheapened thought. Through popular education, a new class has been enfranchised and made articulate. It is levelling thought, as is characteristic in democracies. To it each party must be attractive, and not "high-hat."

Thus degeneracy.

### CRITIC ANSWERED

Dr. Booker has replied to one of the writer's editorials.

He states that our attempt at refutation of a certain speaker's ideas was legitimate, nay, appropriate. But he avows that personal abuse, which he perceived in the article, was exemplary of unrestrained license.

Now, Dr. Booker's objection, translated, amounts to this: A student editor should be allowed to debate, point by point, with visitors, but he should be prohibited from estimating the sum-total of their influence on local thought.

In short, the editors of the TAR HEEL are to be allowed to challenge the validity of a speaker's contentions, but they are to be denied the privilege of evaluating his address as a whole. They may consult the encyclopedia for their criticisms, but they shall not consult their native intelligence for an opinion. Surely Dr. Booker cannot expect student editors to be so lacking of individual

interpretation.

But we agree with our critic that abuse which is exclusively personal should be excluded from the TAR HEEL. Jesus Christ went so far as to advocate the exclusion of purely personal animosity from all minds, let alone all newspapers. The whole world might concur with Dr. Booker in his condemnation of irrelevant attacks on personalities.

But does he justly find us guilty of this offense? A glance at his contention that we ridiculed the speaker's "delivery" is in order.

These words we employed to characterize the Armistice Day speaker's procedure: "spouted," "gushes," "eulogized," "lauded," "said." The first two verbs are the only words which need further notice. We humbly submit that they are seldom used to apply to a speaker's delivery, since no man is considered a fountain; practically always they are used to denote the general effusion of the orator's sentiment. In this case especially there was no reason for confusion, for we made ample reference to the content of the address; why, it is well known that the speaker read his address, not even affecting a "delivery in the real sense."

To illustrate the use of "spout" and "gush" to characterize content and not bodily conduct, we remind Dr. Booker that not only orators may be considered "gushers" or "spouters," but also actors and singers who have sentimental lines. Dr. Booker is obviously in error when he conceives our verbs as descriptive of the speaker's delivery; they were used—if you will—as they usually are, to characterize what was said, and not how it was said. Hence we do not come under Dr. Booker's indictment.

The other objections are met still more easily. The well-meaning professor takes offense on the grounds that our remarks "insulted a gentleman." No one can blame this particular critic for considering our recent comments "insulting"; they offended him. Yet, notice that he does not deign to argue the truth of our remarks; he is content with shouting "insulting, insulting" at them. Well, our grievance was that we had been "insulted" by someone's speech; now Dr. Booker says that the man was insulted by us. A pretty ring-around-the-roses. . . . And obviously the man was a "gentleman," and obviously he accepted the invitation, since he was allowed to speak at the University. But granting that our remarks were personally insulting, which we do not, does Dr. Booker think it worse to insult a gentleman than to insult a social outcast? Would he intimate that insults are sometimes excusable? Strange ethics.

Dr. Booker alleges that we called his guest a mountebank. He is mistaken again. Our judgment was pertinent to a speech, and not a man's general character. We quote: "sounds like a mountebank." Characters don't sound; oral sentiment does.

It should be clear that we had no more to do with the invitation of the Armistice speaker than we had with the selection of the soloists for the free Sunday concerts of last year. Yet they were criticised by this paper. And it should be admitted openly, as it is understood secretly, that no Congressman makes speeches for nothing. It is just as logical to pay money to a speaker as to promise him acquiescence in what he says. Destroy editorial comment and we pay tribute of silence.

Had our criticism been directed against John Doe, a gentleman invited to Raleigh, nothing would have been said. But it is natural that Dr. Booker should be offended. He is chairman of the committee which selected the speaker in question.

### Wardlaw Organizes a Student Banjo Troupe

Jack Wardlaw, a student of commerce, who re-entered Carolina this fall after playing in jazz orchestras in Europe for a year, has organized a string organization, called Wardlaw's Carolina Banjo Boys, and the group has suddenly become popular.

Wardlaw, just back from Paris, where he played at the Folies Bergere cabaret and at the Hotel Palais d'Orsay, is recognized as one of the best banjo players in the south, and his team is made up of four players, all using string instruments. Bill Kessler, Carl Whitaker, and Al Goodman, with Wardlaw, make up the group.

The Banjo Boys played their initial engagement at the Carolina Theatre Thursday night, and it was tremendously successful.

Wardlaw is planning to organize a student banjo club here, with his orchestra as the foundation.

### MOHAWK BARITONE TO SING IN RALEIGH

Noted Indian Singer to Appear Tomorrow at Folk-lore Meet.

Oske-non-ton, the famous Mohawk baritone will sing at the annual session of the North Carolina Folk-lore society, in the Hugh Morson High school auditorium in Raleigh, tomorrow afternoon.

"This Indian singer has been called 'The Caruso of his race,' and has recently sung to packed audiences in New York city. His concert specialty is Indian songs which are sung and dramatized by him in his native costume. Music critics have been loud in their praises of the musical value and good quality of the concerts which have been given by the Indian singer. Throngs of

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music lovers, in all the large cities have filled his concert halls to capacity, and find his appearances most entertaining from a musical standpoint and also because of his sympathetic treatment of his native music with natural costuming and stage effects.

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## When Xerxes wept

THE great Persian ruler gazed from a hill-top upon his vast army of a million men. It was the largest army that had ever existed. And he turned away with tears in his eyes because in a hundred years all trace of it would be gone. That army was a symbol of power, destructive and transient.

Today in one machine, now being built in the General Electric shops, there is combined the muscular energy of two million men. This great machine, a steam turbine, is also a symbol of power—a new power that is constructive and permanent.

Its unprecedented size, a record in construction of such machines, is a pledge to the people that the electrical industry is on the march, ever on the alert to supply plenty of electricity at a low cost to all.



This mammoth steam turbine with a total capacity of 208,000 kilowatts (280,000 horse power) will be installed in the new station of the State Line Generating Company near Chicago. What a striking contrast between this huge generating unit and the group of home devices it operates—MAZDA lamps, fans, vacuum cleaners, and many others. Yet General Electric makes both.

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