

The Tar Heel

LEADING SOUTHERN COLLEGE TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER



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Tuesday, March 5, 1929

PARAGRAPHS

Somebody told us yesterday that except for the cuts and the jokes the new Buccaneer really wasn't so very dirty.

The Duke basketballers sort of two-timed Carolina's White Phantoms in the tournament—two times 17 is 34!

Dean Bradshaw tells the freshmen that "college habits are life habits." Yes, and for some people the college habit becomes a life habit before they ever graduate!

Add to the similes of the season: As successful as the Di dance.

And while speaking of that delightful dance, it might be well to announce that the ancient senators didn't step out of their picture frames and down from the walls after all. They rather seemed to enjoy the novelty of the gay occasion.

A new excuse has been discovered for the growing of insipid little mustaches; their owners can twist the corners to prove their nonchalance—it's much cheaper than buying Murads.

Instructors Who Fail To Instruct

Of all the handicaps suffered during the educational process of a freshman the saddest is the lack of competent professors. The man who has just graduated from high school or prep school arrives at the University expecting instruction of superior worth and receives as his teacher the newest, most inexperienced and weakest member of each department. This is not always the case, of course, but it happens to at least the well-known "four out of every five" freshmen.

The inevitable result of such a course is that the best freshmen students become disgusted at the ignorance and inability of their instructors and form the habit of letting their work slide along in some slipshod manner. And the weaker students drift aimlessly along the educational stream without that bit of inspiration somehow imparted by a master-teacher which often serves to start the pupil on an earnest and fascinating quest of knowledge.

No doubt it is necessary, for academic instructors to secure valuable experience in teaching, but it is unduly hard on the freshmen to make them the victims of unpracticed and unskilled novices. The first year of

college life is important to a man, for that year molds his attitude toward education, toward professors, and towards college as a whole. If his impressions are to be made in the freshman year then, it is highly important that he be given the best the University can provide rather than low-man from each department.

Then, too, a great percentage of students get no farther in the educational game than the first year. They need the best instruction possible if they are to leave college with only one year's training, so why not give them a chance at the professorial cream of the institution rather than compelling them to subsist solely upon skimmed-milk-instructors?

After the crucial first year, the real student begins to do his work to a large degree upon his own initiative. Then he needs the advice and the help of professors more than actual lecturing or quizzing. But the freshman, just embarking upon his journey, is in sore need of the best to be had. Give him the pick of the history, English, math, and language departments for the fatal first year and he will be so well launched that he can carry on well enough for the other three years.

All Praise To the Rain

Rain, a gentle, monotonous downpour. The University presents a bedraggled appearance; South and the dormitories are like plump old maids with water-soaked skirts clinging to their ample forms. Everywhere is Chapel Hill mud, famous for its goey consistency and clinging qualities. In the past few years the Ground Committee has made determined efforts to rid the campus of squishy underfooting in wet weather, by means of gravel and grass. But Chapel Hill mud is not easily conquered. More gravel on all the walks and more grass on the campus, are needed especially between South and the railroad tracks and back of the library.

Running diagonally across the campus from Old West to Alumni there is a great ugly red-clay gash in the campus, left when a careless ditching crew did not cover up traces of its work. This gash ruins the appearance of the entire campus in the vicinity; it should be turfed over.

With all the unpleasant appurtenances of the almost continual rain recently, it is, however, a blessing in the guise of a curse. Exams begin Saturday week, and who can deny that the rain has a certain soothing effect that is conducive to study? All the temptations of cheerful spring days to idleness and casual pleasures are removed by the gloomily soothing rain. All praise to the rain, for it is the foe of spring fever, and spring fever does not consort with good examination grades.

GLENN HOLDER.

Optional Attendance Not Working Well At Other Colleges

Optional class attendance is gaining ground all over the country, but it seems that, like many other innovations, it has its seamy side; in this case chiefly due to professors who like regular attendance whether or not it is made optional by the higher-ups.

The New Student says, "One admirable college reform that is making considerable headway this winter is optional class attendance. Over a dozen colleges have granted it to favored groups since the college year opened. Students who manage to get this measure accepted 'in principle' by the authorities are reminded that very often what the dean giveth the college professor taketh away. The Barnard Bulletin complains that although this was to be a year of experiment in senior freedom from compulsory attendance, some professors have practiced nullification. 'Almost immediately we were warned of the psychological effect absence from class would have on professors. ... To climax the whole attitude, we know at least one instructor who has gone to the extreme of giving an extra examination to all seniors who have overcut.'"

There are times when we question the pronouncements of the learned, but one of the things we have decided not to prove for ourselves is the recent statement of a prominent naturalist that lions are near-sighted. —New York Evening Post.

Meely Meandering by John Mebane

A Note on the Young Intellectual
Always perhaps—young intellectualism—but more markedly in recent years. It associates itself with the Jazz Age, Flaming Youth, the dazzling efflorescence of overgrown children. We ask: Progress or Disintegration? Everything is moving, but where to? Heaven is above, hell below.

Pseudo-intellectualism is rampant. The club, I believe, is called the Intelligentsia and exists noticeably on college and university campuses. Prerequisites seem to be: contorted expressions, gargantuan vocabularies and awkward gestures. These requirements, of course, are too lenient, and the ranks steadily swell. Their purpose, so it seems, is to further the revolt against standardization and convention—this particularly in literature.

James Joyce is their deity, James Branch Cabell, the right-hand man, and Robinson Jeffers completes the god-head about which drift in ecstasy angels with expressions resembling those of Eugene Jolas, Gertrude Stein, E. E. Cummings, Archibald MacLeish, Hart Crane, Theodore Dreiser, and Sherwood Anderson; and occasionally H. L. M. himself dons the feathers and may be seen drifting casually among the lot. And so the young intellectuals genuflect with due reverence before the throne of their masters. Prayers are sent up to the omnipotent thrice daily—four times on week-ends.

Wandering about in a daze, self-intoxicated, is delightful—I do not deny it. Only, sometimes, big automobiles run over the usually-lyrical drunk.

This, we call, the Age of Transition, the passing from the old literature to the new. And though the ferry is over-crowded, Charon poles faithfully and steadily on. We wonder sometimes about return tickets. I haven't an idea of what is on the further shore—I presume that there is a shore somewhere in the distance—but, having a rather vivid imagination, I often believe that I might venture a prophecy were I not afraid of the caustic ridicule of the dreamy-eyed.

The most radical changes are found in poetry, or rather, verse. I am dubious about attempting a definition of modern verse; I would be certain to exclude someone's. To say that it is unreadable and incomprehensible is to pay it the most subtle compliment. Gertrude Stein's "poetry" has been explained to me on various occasions by exuberant clansmen, and I nod, smile gently, and assume profound interest. But I am too dull, perhaps, to distinguish between her poetry and her prose. (She has written both, they tell me, and plays, too). Yet, I am certain that these interpreters endeavor to make themselves perfectly clear. For instance, I pondered over this for half an hour:

Put it there in there there and they have it
Put it there in there there and they halve it
Put it there in there there and they have it
Put it there in there there and they halve it

I haven't quite grasped the idea yet. There is no idea, they tell me. Her poetry is abstract—and I agree silently.

E. E. Cummings, too, has been explained. In fact, I think that I read a book in which Laura Riding undertook an excellent defense of him, and of Gertrude Stein, too, if I remember correctly. But, upon reading that, I could shake my head, breathe a delicate sigh, and turn gently to Rossetti or Meredith; for there were no prompts to re-explain that only the time-sense has history.

These young intellectuals have rather filled days. Before breakfast, Ezra Pound; Eugene Jolas is sipped with coffee; Joyce finds his way into the classroom carefully concealed beneath the cloak of John Ruskin; at lunch, Cabell is gulped down with a bowl of soup, and MacLeish is saved for desert, in the afternoon, Edith Sitwell is more casually perused; and Jeffers suffers the fate of steak at supper. Then, Hart Crane, Marcel Proust, D. H. Lawrence, and so far into the night.

"Why hell!" exclaims the intellectual, "I'm damn good." And so he is. I think, perhaps, that the barbers voice the main objection to the literati; their scissors need to be incessantly sharpened. Clothing stores, too, utter occasional words—they dislike to go in mourning. "Why bother about what others think?" interrogates the sombre-garbed. "I am myself." And at this I mutter

feeble thanks. I might have mistaken him for an imposter.

When the dreamy-eyed reads this, he will exclaim: "My God! Are all people so unintelligent?" And I shall be forced to take shelter behind pseudonyms and remain in obscurity—at least beyond the range of verbal brickbats and gestures from the inkpot.

High Basketeers To Close Season Tonight

Hugh Morson High and New Hanover High Teams to Clash in Dunn.

The basketball championship conducted by the Extension department under the auspices of the University is coming to a close with Hugh Morson high school of Raleigh and New Hanover high of Wilmington playing tonight in Dunn for the eastern high school basketball title of the state. Both have a strong team and are expected to play one of the best games of the season.

Asheville and Charlotte played last night in Asheville. The winner of the contest will meet Winston-Salem in Salisbury Wednesday night for the western championship. The western champions will meet the eastern champions in the Tin Can Friday night for the state title. Admission will be fifty cents. A large crowd is expected from the communities sending teams down for the final game. The county clubs in the University will entertain the winning teams before the game Saturday night.

The teams still remaining in the contest have an unusually fine record. Interest has been as high in the championship race this year as any ever conducted by the University. The final game is expected to see two of the best high school teams ever gathered together playing here.

An invitation has been extended to the state basketball champions to compete in the national tournament to be held at the University of Chicago on April 2 to 5. Several state champions in former years have attended the national meet and shown up quite well.

President Hoover Praises Military Training Camps

Voicing not only his own opinion but also that of organized labor, of capital, and of religious and educational bodies, President Hoover said of the Citizens' Military Training camps, "The experience of eight years has thoroughly justified the establishment of these centers for the voluntary training of the youth of the nation. They have made their own place in our plan of democratic government, and look with hope and confidence to their continued and increasing usefulness."

During the eight years the growth of the camps has been so great, and so pronounced and obvious have been the benefits that no effective dissenting voice has been raised against them. Opposition to them is generally considered to be about the same as opposition to good citizenship, and it is felt that so long as the young men of the country show such interest in the C.M.T.C. peace and prosperity will not result in a soft generation of man's mental, moral, and physical being.

So great has grown the list of applications that many of the later applicants now have to be denied the privileges of these camps. Today a man must apply early, and he must comply with all the requirements for acceptance. The date he fulfills these requirements is the determining factor as to whether or not he goes to camp. Many young men lost their place last year because they did not promptly submit evidence of satisfactory inoculation against typhoid and vaccination against smallpox.

Young men from North Carolina can secure information concerning these camps and submit their applications to C.M.C.T. District Chief, 420 Farmer's National Bank Bldg., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Little Returns

Dr. Malcolm Little of the Extension Division has returned from Cleveland where he attended the meetings of the National Association of Education.

The meetings in Cleveland were the mid-winter conventions of the superintendents' and principals' division.

Grover Whalen, the new police commissioner of New York, is in Florida for a rest. Incidentally, we are all getting the same thing while he is gone.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

SUBMARINE

Popular Player In Big Film Hit at Carolina Thursday

Charles "Buddy" Rogers whose rise to movie fame has been nothing short of sensational has one of the featured roles in the picturized version of Anne Nichols' "Abie's Irish Rose" at the Carolina Theatre Thursday.

Rogers has been in motion pictures a little over two years, but in that short space of time has been heralded by all movie fans.

His first role in "Abie's Irish Rose" will serve to increase his popularity. He portrays the role of Abie, the Jewish boy who falls in love with Rosemary, the little Irish girl. The role of Rosemary is filled by Nancy Carroll. She has red hair, blue eyes, and speaks with a tinge of brogue.

Send the TAR HEEL HOME.

Presentation of the Harvard dramatic club play, "Fiesta" at Boston has been forbidden by the mayor, because of its "objectional" qualities.

EVERYTHING

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