

The Tar Heel

LEADING SOUTHERN COLLEGE TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER



Published three times weekly during 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.

Offices in the basement of Alumni Building.

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Thursday, March 14, 1929

PARAGRAPHS

We saw a boy walking across the newly planted grass path from New Dorms to Old East the other day, but couldn't decide whether he was a freshman, a moron, or just a cow out for an afternoon's grazing.

Our campus cynic declared that Wigwe and Masque had selected the wrong title for their musical review. "Bum's the Word," he maintained.

But after all, "Hotter than Hot" described more than one of the features in the show—and we still like Carolina chorus girls, we mean we really do!

Examinations are just around the corner, so we are told—but then that's all right for we always did believe in going straight instead of turning corners.

With elections so near at hand, it's a strange thing that no more open forum letters have come in. They used to be considered just as effective as stump speeches and big black cigars.

That Eternal Game of Bridge

"Three diamonds," "Four clubs," "Bye Me," "It's your lead," "Try to finesse me, will you?" "Play on the board!" goes the continual chant around dormitories and fraternity houses. Mr. Shakespeare and Mr. Milton—or even Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Cabell—may be neglected; but Mr. Work and Mr. Lenz will be quoted from morning to night as to which card South should play if East has led trumps.

Books are relegated to the bookcase and athletic equipment to the closet; Tuxedos hang in darkness and girls go undated. But Bridge, the kingly favorite, rules supreme. Shall we go to the show or pitch horseshoes or do parallel reading or take a walk? Oh, no, indeed! It's always "Let's catch a few hands of bridge."

And so it is that students gather round the table and deal out the cards, inspect their hands with anxious eyes, and commence the daily pastime. All afternoon they play, eagerly following the luck of the cards, and then go at it again when supper is over. Hour after hour of the night slips away, and still the bridge fiends stick to their table, their cards, and their score.

"Why waste so much valuable time in such a futile way?" inquires the

puzzled novice. And the addicts shout in reply: "Why, Bridge is stimulating, refreshing, restful, invigorating, inspiring, educational, healthful, soothing, exciting—it calms the mind after a hard day's study, it rests the body after a hard day's exercise, it benefits the soul, it encourages friendships, it strengthens the intellect, it quickens the reactions. Indeed Bridge is a mental, moral, physical, and psychological necessity for the college man!"

So be it. But still we wonder if some of those thousands of hours spent every college year upon the game of bridge might not be used to better advantage.

Autocratic

Confiscation

The autocrats of the University Business Office have refused, with their usual haughty disdain, to refund any portion of room rents to those who are leaving the University at the end of this quarter.

About twenty or twenty-five dollars remain in room rents to the credit of all students residing in the dormitories. When classes were resumed after Christmas room rents were paid for the remainder of the school year, in accordance with the customary ultimatum of the Business Office to pay up or get out.

The unfortunates who are compelled to leave school for financial reasons, through the insistence of the Student Council, or what not, are out of luck. The loss of twenty-five dollars is not to be taken lightly as any students here will attest, and the petty tyrants of the University financial staff are utterly indifferent to all requests for rent refunds.

"We must rent the rooms in advance. When a student leaves in the middle or at the end of the quarter it is then too late to find other occupants for the rooms; they would remain vacant and there would be no chance of a return upon them if we refunded the rents." Plausible enough on the surface, if this argument is considered from a strictly business standpoint. But numbers of dormitory rooms have been vacant all this year. If vacated rooms cannot be rented at the beginning of the new quarter the chances are that it would have been equally impossible to have rented them at the beginning of the year.

Ethically speaking, the University is confiscating money that rightfully belongs to the students when it refuses to make room rent refunds. The student is in effect forced to pay in advance for a room, and if circumstances beyond his control prevent him from occupying it he receives no return for his money. He has every right to demand a refund. "Give us our money back," the students say.

"Run along and forget it," answers the autocrat behind the barred window in Old South.

And what can the students do about it? Nothing!

GLENN HOLDER

"Ain't No Use Worryin'"

Listen in on any group of students these days when exams are impending, and you will eventually and inevitably hear one of the number say "Gesh, I'm losing two pounds a day worrying over my exams. I'm scared stiff this quarter—don't know how I'll get by!" "Well," nods one of the group, "I'm not putting on any weight, myself." And there follows endless comparison of notes and mutual consolations.

It is true that the lot of the poor student at the end of the quarter is not easy. Beset on all sides with visions and spectres, there is little sleep for him. All his professors are undoubtedly searching carefully for just the questions which he, and he alone, will never think of spotting. All the book reports in the world, with a few dozen term papers thrown in on the side, are due by next week. Well, what can one do about it, except worry? Nothing, and so your average student wears himself out worrying.

There is nothing so demoralizing as worry. Ninety per cent of the students who flunk exams every quar-

ter, we venture to say, are helped along the path to the big black F by worry, and would have had a reasonable chance to pass if they hadn't sat down and figured out how hopeless it all is.

Co-eds are much more susceptible to worry over exams than the usual run of carefree males. But the male of the species students does a generous and foolish amount of hair-graying also. One gets nowhere by such tactics. Either one knows his stuff, or he does not, and if not the only way to remedy matters is to sit down and get it.

Nervousness in the Exam room accounts for much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth later when the grades are given out. It can be controlled, and should be. Grades are not the most important thing in life, and it is no calamity to make a C instead of a B because of a question that escapes the mind at the moment. Worrying over that single question, though, is very likely to pull the grade down much further.

Futile worry over exams, which are never so bad as they are imagined to be before they are taken, is not only foolish but actively detrimental to work. Stay cheerful and do your damndest—there is the best formula for Exam Week.

—H. J. G.

Music Hath Charms

Music, says Webster, is "any combination of simultaneous sounds in harmony," or "the art of combining sounds in a manner to please the ear." But such a cold, and even cruel definition insults the composer. Music is infinitely more than harmony and mellifluous beats. Music throbs with vitality. Music transports listeners to realms forbidden to mechanical vehicles. It can soothe, comfort, impassion. Music is the life, the soul, the heart throbs of an artist.

There are musical recitals frequently at the University; yet it is but seldom that students attend them. The University band gives concerts; individuals present recitals. The greater number of them are free. Perhaps students hold to the belief that unless they pay to hear a concert that they will not get their money's worth! Or perhaps they are content to sit in their rooms and listen to the strains of "I Faw Down and Go Boom" issue from the sound box. Or they may object to the fact that at concerts they are not allowed to hear the music as casually as they might wish. But, at least, one has the satisfaction of knowing that he doesn't have to get up and turn a record as soon as the music stops! The music played at these concerts and recitals is good music—the type that one seldom has the opportunity to hear. An appreciation of music does no one a great amount of harm.

J. M.

Clipped

JOHN STUDENT IN COLLEGE

John Student entered the University as a freshman. The first three professors who met his first three classes started out by telling him, first, that he was now a University student and able to shoulder his own responsibilities; second, that the grading system was devised for the sake of the student; third, that the utmost fairness would be exercised in the assignment of work and in the giving of quizzes; fourth, that what the student got out of a course was more important than the grade he received in it; and fifth, that he did not receive late papers. John gained a confused impression that he was to be treated as a man and allowed to run his own affairs and that he was bound by a number of formalities and a great deal of red tape.

After the mid-semester examinations John had a serious talk with his adviser and gained some new ideas. Grades were not chiefly for the benefit of the student, but the University took a great interest in them; there are many points of view as to what fairness in the matter of examination questions is; the idea that the knowledge gained was more important than the grade was not generally held and cheating was a not infrequent refutation of this view.

John received very mediocre grades for the first semester, while some of

the proficient "cribbers" in his class ranked high. Little had been said on the subject by his professors, who usually preferred stationing guards about the examination room to trusting in the honor system.

These were the first steps in the evolution of a cribber.—University Daily.

Open Forum

FIGURE IT OUT?

To The Editor:

With the retirement of Mr. Joseph Mitchell from the arena of campus criticism, a new and prolific school of critical thought would seem to have arisen. There were some who thought that Mr. Mitchell's expressions of opinion had rather begun to monopolize the field, and hence the inevitable result of terminating his function was to unleash the traditional flood of pent-up yearnings for utterance, hitherto suppressed. All the lads about the place who had managed at one time or another to read a book or to sit in on a current portrayal of folk hardships at the local theater decided that their critical faculties had too long lain dormant and that perhaps they were neglecting an unsuspected forte. Let us pass over the immediate result with a graceful wave of the hand and a delicately elevated eyebrow.

But out of the smoke of battle and the chaos a more interesting situation seems likely to emerge than one might at first anticipate. In short, some of the boys are not so bad. There have been one or two reviews of recent date that are conspicuous for honest, forceful, and intelligent treatment of the matter at hand. If this unforeseen critical millennium should continue and should spread, well and good. Nor is there any pressing reason why it should not do so, if it were not for one unfortunate and significant feature which this writer, for one, regrets. This consists in what seems to me to be a rather severe conflict between local patriotism and the reviewer's good sense. "He and She," by Rachel Crothers, was a thoroughly alien production, and as a consequence no difficulty was experienced in treating it as it well deserved, for the performance was indeed rather bad. But when the thing to be reviewed is of local inception, locally handled, there is brought about an almost pitiful struggle in which the young critic, painfully conscious that the play (or whatever it may be) is really pretty awful, is yet seemingly compelled by some misbegotten sense of local pride not only to gloss over the rough spots, but finally, triumphant and perspiring, to emerge from the carnage flaunting the conviction that, after all, the thing is a work of art.

I do not in any way refer to the review of "Mum's the Word" which I think fully deserved the praise that was accorded it. I am merely speaking in general of earlier abortive attempts to wring some virtue out of what is worthless so long as it is local. This is a little too much for even the most long-suffering reader, especially when the aforesaid reader has also seen the undernourished chef d'oeuvre in question, and, unprejudiced by considerations of locality, has learned sincerely to regret that art is indeed so long and time so fleeting.

D. M. WILSEY

North Carolina Club Listens to Talks On Recreation in State

At its regular fortnightly meeting Monday night in the main lecture room of Saunders Hall, the North Carolina club heard a discussion of the amusements and recreations of the various sections of North Carolina.

The discussion, entitled "North Carolina at Play", was conducted by Mrs. Loretta Carroll Bailey and Mr. William D. Perry.

Mrs. Bailey's discussion was relative to the sports and modes of entertainment peculiar to the people of the western section of the state, and Mr. Perry told how the eastern Carolinians kept time from hanging heavily on their hands.

To Be Representative At Education Meeting

Miss Nittenna Strobach will represent the Carolina Playmakers and Bureau of Community Drama at a meeting of the North Carolina Education Association in Raleigh March 22.

This is the first time that dramatics have been given a place in the state education program. Heretofore dramatics have held a minor place under the English section. However, this year there will be a separate dramatics arts section with which Miss Strobach will be connected.

The Campus

By Joe Jones

Learned men are saying that there must soon be a let-up in the terrific pace of extra-curricular activities which are overshadowing the scholastic work of our colleges. It is certain that a man can easily be driven under by too wide participation in these multitudinous activities, and it is also certain that they often play a great part in the determination of what a college man's friends and acquaintances think of him. For instance, let us consider the cases of Bill, Jack, and Tom, who entered school together four years ago.

Bill's father sent him to school to get a degree and an education. The boy himself came for that purpose. He knew little and cared less about extra-curricular activities; they were not part of his conception of an education. During the first quarter of his freshmanhood he studied hard, took his courses seriously, and made good grades. Being a conformist, he was duly initiated into a fraternity immediately upon fulfilling the requirements, and by this time he had come to realize that one's studies aren't the only worth while thing in college; that to be an all-round fellow he should "go out for something", do this and that. He became an assistant manager of baseball, joined the business staff of the Tar Heel, and, being a singer, he became a member of the Glee Club; he dabbled in this, had a finger in that—things which would swell the list of activities under his Yackety Yack picture. Before the end of his sophomore year he was almost swamped in the coils of extra-curricular activities. He had to let something slide, so he gave less time to his studies. They had become a side issue in his education; to be a well known man on the campus was more to be desired than high grades, and besides, these activities gave more training than his academic work.

Next year Bill will be a fifth year senior. The dean says he played the part of a fool, and that he lost sight of what he came for; Bill's father says the same thing. The boys say Bill is a fine, smart fellow.

Jack, too, came to college for an education. He came to study books, he studied books, he never did anything else but study books, and he didn't care about anything that wasn't in a book or a lecture.

"Always at work from morning till night; Dear God, it was a depressing sight." Jack will graduate at the end of this quarter with an exceptionally splendid scholastic record; yet some folks say he's a natural born fool. Some even say he hasn't found out what a college is for.

Thank the Lord for Tom; the day he set foot on the campus he entered upon a career of outside activities which he has never since given up; right now he holds high campus of-

fices, and wears a letter. But also from that first day he has studied hard and made excellent grades. How he was able to handle all these things and to keep his health and happiness is somewhat of a mystery to men of lesser capacity. But handle them he did, and next June he will graduate with both the high scholastic standing of Jack and the outstanding extra-curricular record of Bill, without being either a fifth year senior or a bookworm. May it not be said that he is smarter than those two men? His father, and the dean, and the boys, all say that Tom is a mighty fine fellow.

The throng of students here contains dozens of groups of distinct types, the largest by far being made up of the somewhat colorless men who shine neither in studies nor activities, probably the remainder may be roughly divided into the Bills, the Jacks, and the Toms. The prototypes are seen on every side. Then there are the men who apparently have nothing to do but study, and yet who flunk courses and are placed on academic probation—and thereby hangs another point. How is it that some men can carry a load of activities, including self-help work, and at the same time do splendid work, while some other men who don't carry any activities nor do any self-help work can't seem even to get by on their courses? Is it that their abilities are so far below the Toms' abilities, or is it simply laziness and indifference? In either case a state university is hardly the place for them.

University Frosh To Debate Davidson

The Debate Council announces that definite arrangements have been made for a Freshman debate with Davidson College. There is also a probability that the contest will be a triangular affair between Carolina, Davidson, and Wake Forest. In either case Carolina will be represented by both an affirmative and a negative team. Any Freshman who is interested in the matter should see Professor George McKie at once. He can be found in 210 Murphey daily at the chapel period.

The query of the debate is: should be abolished in civil cases."

FOUND

A fountain pen one day last week on East steps of Saunders Hall. Owner can get same by calling at Dean Carroll's office, 106 Saunders, and describing property.

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