

The Daily Tar Heel



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Friday, October 18, 1929

The Unpledged Majority

One of the greatest ambitions of many freshmen is to "make" a fraternity. If they are among the "elect," the "fortunate" few who don buttons on pledge day, they feel that they have been admitted to the sanctified circle of college aristocracy. Within the next few days they will come to realize the utter falsity of their beliefs.

College fraternities are nothing more nor less than social organizations. The greatest fault of fraternities lies in the attitude of the members and, to a great extent, of non-fraternity men. The frat men feel that admission to a fraternity is a signal honor, and the non-frat men, whether they admit it or not, agree with them. Many freshmen believe that when they receive pledge buttons they have entered the portals of undergraduate glory. And the freshman who hasn't been handed a pledge button envies them as he envies no other mortals.

All of the pain that hundreds of freshmen undergo because they do not receive frat bids is caused by the utterly false assumption that fraternity membership is a distinct honor. The average fraternity is made up of mediocre young men, banded together for social purposes. It is impossible for the frat men to select the best element of the freshman class—they are not competent to judge, and they do not have an opportunity to become really acquainted during the brief rushing season, with the hundreds of newcomers to the campus. Even the most ambitious of first-year men has not the slightest reason to feel envious or hurt if he has not been offered a fraternity bid.

A Boorish Exhibition

The pianist with the Duncan Dancers informed us after the performance in Memorial hall Wednesday night that he considered the audience the most unresponsive that he had observed since becoming connected with the troupe. Naturally he was hesitant about expressing his opinion of the audience, but he intimated that he was astonished by the boorish conduct of the students, especially after the many complimentary things he had heard about the University.

Without doubt the reception accorded the dancers was one of the most deplorable exhibitions of crudeness and vulgarity ever witnessed on the University campus. The conduct of some of the students was reminiscent of a gang of yokels applauding a musical comedy chorus. Frequently they whistled suggestively and laughed uproariously during the most serious and

artistic of interpretative dances. It is evident that a few of the undergraduates—a small group created all the objectionable disturbance Wednesday night—must be compelled to observe the dictates of common decency.

Mildly Suggesting

Students graduate from the University of North Carolina with twelve courses in English and literature, four courses in history, a slight knowledge of a language or two, perhaps an acquaintance with science, and, maybe, even a course in philosophy. A sheepskin parchment is witness to the fact that they are prepared to meet life, to batter down the fortress of opposing forces, to cross safely the moat of unfavorable circumstance.

Now, the salient aim of college is, or should be, to help prepare the student for life, to suggest the arms with which he may better slash through the giant bugaboos of adverse conditions. History gives the student a background of the world in which he lives; philosophy trains the mind for logical thought; languages are beneficial; science teaches him to search after the truth and reveals to him important facts; English and literature are essential.

But should not one take into account the fact that after graduation, in a majority of cases, the problems of marriage and family relationships must be considered? An intimate knowledge of family relationships is essential to the man who would promote a harmonious relation with his family. Many students have had no opportunity, previous to their college training, to become acquainted with the facts of which an intimate knowledge is so essential in their later life.

Many schools require the student to take a course in marriage and family relationships. At this University such a course is given; but it is not required. In fact, there is a comparatively small number of students who enroll for the course. Is it not better that the student learn something of these intimate relationships which he will, undoubtedly, need to have knowledge of, than to take a course in which he learns the igloo of the Esquimau is made of blocks of snow? That is, of course, an exaggerated example; yet, there are a number of courses given here which are, speaking comparatively, of small worth. Would it not be beneficial for the student to take at least one course dealing with marriage and family relationships? Would it not, perhaps, be a good idea to require for graduation one such course?—John Mebane.

Why the Gym Should Be Open Sundays

A number of students have complained because the gymnasium is not open on Sundays. Being doubtful about the matter, we investigated and found that the gym is closed unless some of those in charge of gym work wish to take a workout.

There is no conceivable reason why the gym should not be opened on Sundays provided enough men desire to workout there. The tennis courts are always full; the intramural athletic field and the stadiums are used. Those who desire to exercise with gym equipment should certainly be given the opportunity.

The only drawback we see toward opening the gym is securing someone to take charge and be responsible for the building on that day; with so many men interested in the work, some one could be easily secured. This in another way in which the University can serve the students; we hope that some one

will see fit to investigate the demand for gym work on Sunday and see to it that those students interested have what they need.—J. D. M.

Readers' Opinions

SOUTHERN CHIVALRY?

To the Editor: Sir:

I have long heard of that product of the South, Chivalry, Gentlemanly Conduct, and that the South possessed these as no other section of these United States. Yet, last night during the remarkable performance of those true artists, Isadora Duncan's dancers, I beheld an exhibition of yokelery that would have shamed a native of the Ozarks mountains. Sex-crazed neurotics of moron mentality persisted in whistling suggestively at each dramatic selection; there was laughter when in the whole performance there was not a single theme for mirth; and when a dog, that probably a student of particularly low mentality had dragged in for the purpose and egged him to bark, woefully interrupted the program, there was horse laughter from many. Will one of those students who laughed let us know what caused him to do so? If he can give a single reason for his action I will treat him to a hot weiner, then sock him on the head with a loaded billy. In fact, when I again go to enjoy such a rare treat as that last night, I shall have a billy, and when a degree-seeking hillbilly from Piny Flats laughs, whistles, ogles, or yodels, I shall knock him into merciful unconsciousness (his proper sphere) in order that those who wish to may enjoy the performance without feeling ashamed of the human race.

I wonder what was the impression of the dancers? Famed Southern Chivalry! Bah! Respecters of women! Bah! That has passed with all true and beautiful things.

Sincerely,  
NICKLE-PLATE WHITIE.

CO-ED ANSWERS PETER GREEN

Editor of the Tar Heel: I can not conceive of anyone being so utterly devoid of all sense of good taste, gentlemanliness, honor and decency as to write such an imbecilic and totally asinine letter as the one who signed himself Peter Green in yesterday's issue of the Tar Heel.

We co-eds are under enough course as it is without having to be placed in the presence of a howling mass of hoodlums and near-thugs as were on the streets of Chapel Hill following the Carolina victory over Georgia Tech.

There is no doubt in my mind since reading Peter Green's letter as to whom the ring-leader of last Saturday's collection of crazy, howling, embarrassing and disgusting pseudo-students were.

I have prided myself on being associated with a group of gentlemen at the University; but this pride is becoming extinct as I see that even one of the students of the University sanctions the vulgar display of crudeness, fatuousness and lack of intelligence that was exhibited in the theatre and on the streets last Saturday.

Yours truly,  
EVANGELINE.

PETER GREEN RECEIVES A REBUKE

Editor of the Tar Heel: Peter Green, in his letter in Thursday's Tar Heel, proves conclusively that he is from the backwoods. If he isn't, then he has succeeded in acquiring a set of backwoods manners from a city environment.

Apparently Peter Green fails

to realize the significance of the phrase, "Carolina gentlemen," which is heard so often on this campus. He would substitute the tactics of an uncouth, uneducated rabble for the properly restrained appreciation and loyalty of a group of college men and women. I cannot see what "red-blooded enthusiasm" for a team of football players has to do with trying to break down the doors of a place of amusement, and then because such an effort is properly resisted, throwing rotten eggs to further show that "red-blooded enthusiasm."

If cheering in a stadium is not enough for Peter Green, let him go out and climb trees in back of the Freshman field to work off a little of his worthy enthusiasm, instead of being himself and inciting others to be a nuisance to the town of Chapel Hill and the University. He has made a monkey of himself once already, so doing it again cannot be harmful.

The students and townspeople want to feel that their lives and properties are safe after a football game. They don't want such conditions as existed last Friday night, whereby a co-ed could not proceed down the street without being subjected to indignities. If the condition of enthusiasm here doesn't suit Peter Green, let him try those of a nearby institution.

R. HAWKINS.

SCORES PETER GREEN

Editor of the Tar Heel: "Must we be dictated to always, or may we show our spirit and celebrate in the time-honored Carolina manner?" With this extraordinary outburst of eloquence, Mr. Peter Green concludes his plea for freedom of cheering which appeared in yesterday's Daily Tar Heel.

To begin with, Mr. Green, you have the wrong idea entirely. Such an exhibition as occurred in Chapel Hill last Friday night after the Carolina-Tech game was not cheering. It was for the most part merely a bunch of freshmen who did not know any better and allowed their emotions to get the better of them. The older men who have been here a year or two realize the foolishness of committing themselves to such a ridiculous procedure.

Perhaps cheering at the game is not enough. But, Mr. Green, do you think a football team would appreciate such expressions of cheer as you presumably favor? If you are going to celebrate, why don't you organize and have some principle about the thing? Last Friday night you howled and raised beaucoup whoopee until someone who knew the mastery of words appeared before you, and then you scattered like leaves in a wind. We believe in celebrating too, but not with such an organized and unprincipled mob as attempted it Friday night.

ARISTOTLE.

Many Girls From Over South Here for Week-End

Enthusiasm, not over football entirely, has prompted invitations to a horde of girls to descend on the Hill this week-end. Naturally girls from all over the state will be here, the advance notices prove that, but the entire south, especially Georgia and Atlanta, will be strongly represented. Last week's invasion will be responsible for the presence here of several Atlanta debutantes of this season. Every available room in town has been taken to accommodate the girls, most of whom will remain for the dance in Durham tomorrow night.

The first long distance telephone line to Chapel Hill was from Durham and was installed in 1901.

THE THEATRE

(By J. E. Dungan)

Duncan Dancers, Memorial Hall, Wednesday. Student Entertainment Committee.

Isadora Duncan lives again! Irma Duncan, the great dancer's adopted daughter, and her troupe of Moscow terpsichorean artists completely swept the University audience off its feet during a performance given in Memorial hall.

Isadora in her lifetime was credited with revolutionizing interpretive dancing, and we expected her proteges, coming as they did from Russia, the land of revolutions, to carry this revolution of the dance even further.

In this we were frankly disappointed since it is our opinion that the Duncan dancers go back to the original Greek forms much more frequently than the Divine Isadora.

From the standpoint of the audience, the martial numbers such as *Le Marche Militaire*, the Soldier's march from Scenes from Childhood, and Chopin's Polonaise, in addition to the stirring impressions of modern Russia, were the most widely understood and appreciated on account of their emotional appeal. And probably due the youth of the dancers, youth always being more emotional and chauvinistic, these were the numbers executed with the most finesse.

Irma, the masked faced leader of the troupe, was the most outstanding of the dancers, but falls far below the intelligent and brilliant dancing done here last spring by Ronny Johansen. In the first place, Mlle. Duncan had better watch those avoirdupois or she will be retiring in very short order. In the matter of facial expressions and gestures she was splendid. And her hands! They are the most beautiful hands we have ever seen and the most expressive.

For even tempo of work the nine supporting dancers: Lola, Maya, Little Tamara, Maria, Lisha, etc., approach perfect synchronization as nearly as it is humanly possible to do so. The unsophisticated appeal of these girls is very strong, particularly that of Little Tamara, who starred in *Ras, Dwa, Tre*. *Dubinushka* and *Vo Subotu* were the two most powerful selections, the rhythmic swing of the first and the fire of the second marking them as the most sincerely done.

Don't think, however, that other dances fell flat. There was no prettier bit on the program than their Zizilian and Blindmans Buff of Scenes from Childhood and the Lullaby at the last of the program.

As a pianist Maurice Sheyne, who by the way is not one of the Duncan dancers, whatever you may have thought, was excellent. The program, as a

whole, taking into consideration the *rushin'* (not responsible for this pun) back and forth across the oper stage of sundry Lower New York theatrical gents with big cigars in their mouths, in addition to the bobbing back and forth of some of the campus theatrical lites and the plaintive song of a stray canine, was one of three best best that the student entertainment committee has brought to Chapel Hill last year and this.

Greensboro High Awarded Trophy For Journalism

Greensboro high school has been awarded the Thomas Hume cup in the sixth annual contest for journalism in North Carolina high schools, which is conducted by the University extension division.

By winning this cup the Greensboro high school is entitled to keep it for one year. Greensboro has won this cup every year since it has been offered. At the end of ten years the cup will be in the permanent possession of the high school which has won it the greatest number of times.

The Thomas Hume cup was donated by the alumni of the University three years ago, and has proven to be an incentive toward the high school papers of the state in improving their style of journalistic writing.

The judges in the contest for the 1928-1929 award were Addison Hibbard, O. J. Coffin and Louis Graves. The high school papers entered in the contest were the Charlotte High School *Rambler*, the Kernersville *Spotlight*, the Raleigh *Student*, the Lenoir *Mountaineer*, the High Point *Pointer*, the New Hanover *Sandspur*, the Durham *Hi-Rocket* and the Greensboro *High Life*.

In 1899 Carolina won 7 football games; lost 3; and tied one.



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