

The Daily Tar Heel



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Thursday, November 7, 1929

"Ars Gratia Artis"—
And The Collegian

In the latest issue of the *Carolina Magazine* there appeared a short essay entitled "In Defense of Poetry." Such a piece comes at the right time and certainly at the right place. As the author remarked "poetry should need no defense," but on the campus not only poetry but all literature needs defense, vigorous defense. To the average undergraduate here Chaucer, Milton, Pope are merely names learned in English 3—and forgotten after the examination; Byron, Shelley, Keats are remembered perhaps, but never read; their names are familiar only because of the popular conception of them as libertines. The names of the Victorians are fainter; Browning (and only his name) is known; of the works of Rosseti, Arnold, Morris, Swinburne, the collegian is in utter ignorance. Of the existence of a modern poetry there seems to be no knowledge. The mention of *vers libre* or The Imagists is greeted with silence; the names of Lindsay, Frost, Sandburg, Amy Lowell, Fletcher, Saret, of Masters, Robinson, T. S. Eliot, Millay, are unknown. As for actually reading "that sort of stuff" for enjoyment—perish the thought!

The collegian seems to have no understanding of literature whatsoever. The glorious and splendid panoply of life great authors present, the reading of which offers a constant and perennial joy, is non-existent for him. He is puzzled by literature; he regards literary artistry as something which exists only for the esoteric pleasure it affords,—and he believes firmly that those whom this pleasure reaches only affect to enjoy it. A conception of "art for art's sake" in literature, in the faithful presentation of life, is utterly beyond him. The restraint and beautiful artistry of the French and Russian realists mean nothing to him; give him instead a copy of *Liberty*. A performance of opera? Instead, a musical comedy, a "leg" show. *Faust*? No, nothing at all rather than that. Dante's "The Divine Comedy"? Service, Guest, perhaps "The Sweet Singer of Michigan"; they represent his most sublime poetry. Al Jolson preferred to Shakespeare almost invariably. . . . From his shallow rut of inane complacency the collegian only occasionally even thinks about the matter; he

turns to pursue again his infantile routine, such pleasures as he can enjoy mixed in with the pursuit of culture. He revels in the recreation afforded by the weekly football game and the daily picture show where, ironically enough, he gravely reads *Ars Gratia Artis* at the beginning of the picture. And that truly seems to be the height of his artistic conception; the painfully impossible acting of those glibly-termed "actors of the screen."

The Undergraduate
And His Books

Text books are not the most attractive adjuncts to a college education from an undergraduate point of view, by any means. Indeed, many students regard them as necessary evils, things to be endured rather than utilized or enjoyed. Elective courses requiring expensive books and considerable reading are usually ignored at registration time.

A large proportion of the University undergrads sell their text books, not realizing, or disregarding, the actual and associational values that will be attached to these volumes after college days are over. Economic necessity forces some of the students to sell their books, but the vast majority can well afford to keep them.

Very fortunate are those who begin a collection of books during their early years and continue to add to it throughout their lives. Every volume has a distinctive charm of its own, recalls experiences and pleasant episodes which would otherwise be lost in the vagaries of memory. A personal library can become the most valued possession of any man, no matter how small or how large his means, even though it consist of only a dozen or so choice volumes.

In the modern era of mass education and factory-like institutions of higher learning, books have lost something of their charm and meaning. Far more likely are they to be regarded as dull compendiums of dry facts and unpalatable fiction, to be read only when absolutely necessary. A rebirth of undergraduate interest in books, a keener realization of the innate charm that a printed volume may come to possess for those who know and understand it, a renaissance of the personal library among students, would do more to overcome the evils of mass education than all the antidotes of the curricula experts.

Mooney-Billings
Up Again

That the wheels of justice grind exceedingly slow and fine is the weight of an old maxim. Dean Inge is of the belief that truth does not always win in the long run, and there have been cases in history which bear him out in this; it is something to think about, at least.

Now, the straight-forward and liberal governor of California, Governor C. C. Young, has re-opened the Mooney-Billings trial. The two men were convicted, if you remember, thirteen years ago in a reactionary hysteria directed against the bolsheviki.

To those who have not read of the affair, a suit-case of bombs was exploded as a preparedness-day parade was passing the corner of Stewart and Market streets in San Francisco July 22, 1916. Because of their radical activities, Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings were sentenced to death and life imprisonment respectively upon circumstantial evidence. Governor Stephens later commuted Mooney's sentence to life imprisonment.

For thirteen years the two prisoners have been the center of a storm of protest that has been entered into by practically

all the civilized countries of the world. Since the trial, it has been discovered that the chief witness against the condemned men, Frank C. Oxman, was guilty of attempted subornation of witnesses in an attempt to collect a \$17,000 reward. This fact alone has led the trial judge, Franklin A. Griffin, to join the movement to free the prisoners. Nine of the ten surviving jurors have allied themselves with the movement. John B. Densmore, director of employment for the United States, in a report to the Secretary of Labor at the time of the trial said that the explosion cases were "tainted with manufactured evidence."

Whether Governor Young will have the courage to release the men, is a matter of conjecture. There are still some bigots to whom circumstantial evidence is convicting, and the question is whether Governor Young, the politician, will be strong enough to obey the dictates of the reason of Governor Young, the man. The Governor has given the state of California a just, liberal, and able administration. He now has the opportunity to erase a very large blot from the escutcheon of the state. Justice demands the release of Mooney and Billings; most people desire it, and we believe Governor Young, as a thinking and reasonable man, can do no less than give to these two the freedom that has been withheld from them for the past thirteen years. —J. E. D.

REMINISCENSES
From the Tar Heel Files
* * *
By Howard M. Lee

Twenty-five Years Ago This
Week:

—Georgetown defeated Carolina by a score of 16-0. This was Carolina's first loss of the season on the gridiron.

—Professor Baskerville returned from New York, where a banquet was given in his honor at the Hotel Astor.

—Several members of the faculty and a few advanced students organized the Modern Literature Club.

—President Venable announced that when window lights are broken in the future, they will not be paid out of the general damage fund, but must be replaced by the occupants of the rooms.

Ten Years Ago This Week:

—Carolina and Tennessee broke even in a scoreless tie at Knoxville, playing on a field two inches deep in mud.

—Professor Winston of the University won the tennis championship of North Carolina.

—The University's total registration was 1,313, a record up to that time.

—An orchestra from France gave a performance in Gerrard hall.

—The Chapel Hill post of the American Legion of Honor was organized.

—Arrangements had been made for a concert at Gerrard hall to be given by Joseph Konechy, the world famous Bohemian violinist.

Five Years Ago This Week:

—The University of S. C. beat the Carolina Tar Heels 10-7.

—Houdini, the world famous magician, wrote the authorities here stating that he would answer all questions relative to spiritualism, fortune-telling, etc. after his performance in Gerrard hall, provided the questions were written out.

—The Red Cross started its annual drive for memberships.

—The freshman football team fought the N. C. State freshman team to a seven and seven tie.

The Campus
By Joe Jones

A little less than 30 years ago there came to Chapel Hill a young professor of botany who had not been here long before he was possessed of a fair vision, a dream. Moreover, he was newly out of Johns Hopkins with a doctor's degree and a great deal of that youthful fire which a man must have to make the dream come right.

Now the beginning of the matter was a five-acre tract of boggy swamp land which lay on the immediate eastern borders of the campus. This noisome area was known as Governor Swain's pasture, and no good thing came out of it. Several attempts had been made to drain the place, only to be given up each time as a hopeless task. The sterile fen seemed invincible.

"Some day I shall transform this incurable blemish into a thing of beauty," was the dream of the young professor of botany. Then he began to work. He won the consent and encouragement of Dr. Battle. He planned and had dug a labyrinth of drainage trenches such as the old swamp had never before experienced, and bit by bit the bog was reclaimed. There was already a sparse growth of yellow willows and swamp gums, and to these were added other species that flourish in sour soil. Finally, after years of drainage and renovation of the soil the young botanist was able to introduce enough shrubbery and trees to make the place appear a park rather than a swamp. A system of paths supplemented the transformation and completed the first stage of the Augean task. Meanwhile the skeptic Hillians were beginning to say, "Well, maybe this fellow can do something with that old swamp, after all."

Then came the patient years of growth and caretaking; pruning mowing, delving, planting, spraying. A steadfastness of purpose and a scientific knowledge of what he was about fitted the professor for the labor. With little encouragement he had been working against great odds, had used money from his own pocket and plants from his own nursery; but backed by the favorable results of his early labors he enlisted the interest of alumni and friends of the University, and so continued toward his goal—a University arboretum, a collection of native and foreign trees, shrubs and plants.

More than 25 years have elapsed since Dr. William C. Coker dreamed this dream and set out single handed to accomplish its fulfillment. Concerning his success let the arboretum bear mute and eloquent witness.

Where once the hellgramite and terrapin dragged their slimy lengths there now creep periwinkle, and grill-o'er-the-ground, and trillium; and a bed of fern clothes the spot where the tadpoles swam. Where mosquitoes swarmed above reeds and sawgrass now sing woodthrush and mockingbird from the dogwood branch, and in spring there is a mingled fragrance of wistaria, and magnolia, and wild plum where of yore was only the swamp's stench. The morass is become a shaven lawn; the despoiled slough is become a lovers' trysting place. Trees from the earth's far places are here, and plants from the islands of the sea: tansy from the kitchen gardens of France, barberries and flowering quince from Japan, paper-blossomed althea

Emily Rose Knox To
Appear In Raleigh

University students and members of the faculty who remember Emily Rose Knox, who in past years has been a great favorite among musicians, will be interested to know that Miss Knox is giving a special concert at Raleigh on November 18.

Professor Frank P. Graham, in recalling today her past performances in Gerrard hall, told of her gracious custom of playing several additional numbers on the front steps of the building after the regular performance was over. People leaving the hall would stop with feet poised on running boards of automobiles to listen. Someone wrote a poem to her entitled "The Angel in the Doorway."

Her home is in Raleigh. Miss Henrietta Smeeds, librarian in the rural economics department, is her aunt.

Former Baseball
Star Is Married

Tom C. Coxe, Jr., of the class of 1929 was married to Miss Behan yesterday afternoon at Edenton. A large number of people were present at the ceremony, among them "Mac" Gray and George Shepard of the University.

Tom Coxe will be remembered as star baseball player for three years. He achieved a reputation in his sophomore year for hitting homeruns. He was interested in many campus activities and was a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity. He is now working and living in Bennettsville, S. C.

Bridge Party

Mrs. Charles T. Woollen entertained at her home Wednesday afternoon and night for the benefit of the Lucy Payne circle of the Episcopal Auxiliary. Fourteen tables of bridge were sold during the afternoon and evening.

Mrs. Woollen was assisted in serving the refreshments by Mesdames Anderson, Connor, Dey, Emory, Foerster, Mangum, Hoeffler, Bernard and Hobbs.

trees from India, roses from Cathay, wormwood from Europe, sage plants from Mexico, a sage palm from Java, parsley plants from the shores of the Mediterranean, and castor-oil plants from Africa and Persia. Of evergreens there are pines, and firs, spruce and hemlock, junipers and arbor vitae, cedars, balsam, and cypress from all over the world. There are flowers and flowering shrubs innumerable, and of vines a great host—both of forms native and forms foreign. In a sheltered corner, upon a trellis especially erected for it, clammers that most native plant, yellow jasmine, symbol of the south. The final proof of Dr. Coker's conquest of the swamp is a healthy bed of prickly pear cactus transplanted from the desert sands.

Mortar Exhibit

The pharmacy school recently achieved a large old mortar which was donated by H. L. Hicks of Raleigh.

Formerly, when there were no drug mills, the druggist, with the aid of a large mortar and pestle, ground his own crude drugs. This mortar is a relic of those days. It was used in the Williams and Hayward drug store, one of the best known old drug houses in North Carolina. It is about 18 inches across and 12 inches deep. It is hewn from solid stone and weighs about 90 pounds.

This mortar is on exhibit at the museum of the pharmacy building. The school is seeking to secure exhibits of this type to show early day methods of the drug store.

Walker In New York

Dean N. W. Walker left yesterday afternoon for a business trip to New York. He will probably return sometime Saturday.

LAST TIMES TODAY

THE CAROLINA THEATRE

The supreme all-talking drama of the air with a love theme that will reach right into your heart.

"FLIGHT"

With Jack Holt—Lila Lee—Ralph Graves

Added—Paramount Sound News

FRIDAY
Janet Gaynor in "LUCKY STAR"

Hours of Shows
1:30
3:25
5:05
7:05
9:15

HOT CHOCOLATE

AFTER YOUR CLASSES

With the approach of cold weather you will enjoy one of our hot chocolates and a sandwich for your late supper.

at the

Carolina Confectionery and Coffee Shop

The Prof's voice won't drone off into nowhere when you're fortified with a breakfast of SHREDDED WHEAT, the food that imparts pep and lets your mind focus on the subject in hand.

Shredded Wheat

All the bran of the whole wheat