

The Daily Tar Heel



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Thursday, January 9, 1930

PURLOINED PARAGRAPHS

The Old Dominion's sudden swing back to the Democratic fold might be thought of as a Virginia reel.—The Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.

"Crucial battle over dry enforcement." Dry enforcement long ago settled down to just one crucial battle after another.—Greensboro News.

Mexico has survived an earthquake and a national election in the same week. After that it should be able to stand anything.—The New York Sun.

As we understand Lobbyist Grundy's attitude, the backward states are those which have been pushed away from the trough the longest.—Dallas News.

Detroit judge rules that a speak-easy is not an inherent place of danger. And does Detroit also afford the customer police protection?—Greensboro News.

When we read about a big airplane smashing two houses and setting them afire we get some idea of the thrills in store for future generations.—Des Moines Tribune-Capital.

A favorite native dish in Honolulu is humuhumunukunuaakunaa. Even one portion of this would give most of us something to chew on.—Christian Science Monitor.

If this relation between Russia and China is peace, possibly there would be less bloodshed if they would declare war against each other.—The Long Beach Press-Telegram.

Hollywood's young women have taken up cigar smoking. Another chance for the optimist to assert that the younger generation will come out all right if given plenty of rope!—Chicago Daily News.

The old saying about marriages being made in heaven may literally come true. One couple was wed in an airplane the other day two thousand feet nearer heaven than the folk on the ground.—Savannah Morning News.

Artists' model who sued Harry K. Thaw for \$100,000 damages charged that he spanked her with a hairbrush. It's a good thing for some of our grandmothers that the statute of limitations has run.—Arkansas Gazette.

General William B. Parsons, probably as good an authority as any on the doom of a mechanical culture, says our boasted mechanical culture is doomed, and he gives it something more than 100 years to go. And just think of the unnecessary noises humanity will be rid of when the coal is all burned, and the oil, and the amount of waterpower is negligible compared to the population.—Greensboro News.

The United States A Pacifist Nation?

Yesterday the House of Representatives began consideration of the supply bill of the war department for 1931, which provides for an increased outlay of \$442,000 over the current year. Although an increase of \$442,000 in a total expenditure of approximately \$455,000,000 does not seem especially remarkable, it assumes real significance when the proposed distribution of the funds is considered.

The bill designates \$337,058,000 for military activities, representing an increase of \$6,019,000 as compared with 1930. For non-military purposes the bill provides \$117,173,000, a decrease of \$5,577,000 from the 1930 appropriation. Thus a substantial increase is sought in the amount which the nation pays every year for preparation for warfare. An army of 12,000 officers, 118,750 enlisted men and 6,500 Philippine scouts would be maintained with the funds sought for military activities.

It is a typically American anachronism that Congress should be discussing a bill providing for increased preparation for warfare simultaneously with the issuance of an appeal for worldwide support of naval disarmament by the nation's chief executive. President Hoover was bidding farewell to the members of the commission which will represent this country at the London naval conference while the House was debating the war department supply bill.

World peace will never come while the foremost nations continue to increase their facilities for war. Americans have taken the lead in agitation for reduction of armaments; yet our Congress is considering the appropriation of additional funds for the maintenance of a larger army. And we expect the rest of the world to regard us as the preservers of world peace!

Relief for The Workers?

President William Green, of the American Federation of Labor, speaking before the Southern labor conference held in Charlotte a few days ago, made the following declarations: "We believe that if an orderly normal condition is established of co-operation and mutual respect, recognizing the rights of labor and management, there can be brought about a change that will be of benefit to both without strife and strikes. . . . It is our endeavor to make it possible for working people to secure such wages as will make for decency and comfort. We believe in the abolishment of industrial despotism in every sense. . . . When we concede capital the right to organize we demand for workers the same right to organize. . . . We will never reach the millenium when there will be no strikes or strife, but we can establish relationships where strikes will be very rare."

Thus has Mr. Greene set down the objectives of the A. F. of L. in its campaign to organize Southern labor. Certainly these objectives have the appearance, to say the least, of benevolence toward the working class. What does labor need if not intelligent leadership and organization? And is not a readjustment in relationships between labor and capital necessary in any program of reform? It is obvious from recent disturbances in the South that Southern labor, if ever it is going to be in a position in which it can bargain effectively, must be organized. For the purposes of organization, in which we are most interested, has the A. F. and L. ostensibly, then, invaded the South.

Of course the purposes named above are not the only ones which the Federation has in en-

tering the South on a large scale. The Federation will live without the aid of the South, as President Green said in his speech; however, the organization would probably welcome the entrance of Southern workers merely as an addition to national strength. A campaign against communism no doubt will be waged also. Whether we are in sympathy with this last named phase of the program or not, we must consider it as one of the high spots in the Southern campaign.

Here in North Carolina efforts have been made to organize labor. The State Federation of Labor, a branch of the A. F. of L., has been most prominent in this work, but it has not met with a great measure of success. Efforts of similar nature have been made in most all sections of the South, but thus far the South, as far as its laborers are concerned, is essentially an unorganized section.

There is much to hamper the A. F. of L. in organizing the South—the first intensive concentrated effort to organize Southern labor. There are the employers and mill-owners, and then there are the workers themselves, not knowing which way to turn. But we must not begin to take the attitude that the workers are handicapped and always will be, that the odds are much too heavy against labor's being organized. Although we do have grave doubts as to the outcome of the campaign to organize Southern labor, realizing at the same time that the remedy for our present industrial situation lies in organizing labor so as to enable that group to stand on firmer ground before its employers, we may at least hope that in this latest development in the labor situation lies a solution to the problem.—B.M.

The Literary Society Problem

Of all the extracurricular organizations connected with the University of North Carolina, the two campus literary societies, the Dialectic Senate and the Philanthropic Assembly, are the oldest. Due to the fact that the relative influence and importance of these two organizations has declined appreciably in recent years, their present activities are considered rather listless. In this editorial the writer purposes to embody an explanation of this listless condition and, in addition, a discussion of the role of these societies in the life of the Carolina student body.

Within the memory of several members of our present faculty, students crowded into the two literary society halls to witness heated verbal encounters relevant to the foremost political and social questions of the day. Some recall the days when an intercollegiate debate never failed to fill old Gerrard hall to overflowing. Well may we inquire the reason for the discontinuance of this condition and the gradual substitution of the present listless condition.

In the first place, there were few campus organizations connected with the University fifty years ago. Forensic activities, therefore, had little competition in the race for the student's time. In the second place, football and other competitive games were in the infant stage of development. In the third place, the accomplished speech-maker was the idol of the boy or man of college age. Their attempts to become adept in the art of oratory, therefore, resulted in large attendance of literary society gatherings and intercollegiate debates. In the fourth place, the "modern age of brawn worship had not begun." In the fifth place, the Dialectic Senate and the Philanthropic Assembly have lost their political power on the campus at large. The

fact of the matter is that these organizations have elected to gradually concentrate upon the sole function of training students to think and speak clearly in public places; yet comparatively few students are interested in this sort of thing. Moreover, the average age of college students has steadily decreased since the opening of the University. Forensic activities appeal more to older students. The present college generation of youthful students quite naturally becomes interested in the dashing, dodging football player rather than in the master of argument and every phase of verbal encounter. This the writer believes to be the explanation of the alleged listless condition of our two campus literary societies at present.

What, then, is the role of these organizations in the student life of this institution? An analysis of the matter shows that their role has evolved from a number of functions falling roughly into social, executive, and political categories to one specific function which is forensic in kind. Since other campus organizations of more recent origin have deprived the literary societies of their former social, executive, and political functions, it is only logical that their present function should be purely forensic.

The alleged listlessness of our campus literary societies is due, therefore, to the narrow range of appeal which forensics have at present.—J. C. W.

The Campus By Joe Jones

During our first Christmas spent in the North we discovered that football isn't the most thrilling intercollegiate sport after all. Instead, it's ski-jumping; ski-jumping as it was done last week on the Intervales Hill at Lake Placid. For December 27 to January 1 is College Week at Lake Placid, and the Intervales jump is the second highest in the world. The jump event, taking place on New Year's day, is the brilliant climax of the greatest program of intercollegiate winter sports in the western hemisphere.

Lake Placid Club sponsors the program, throws open to the contestants its luxurious club houses. Both men and women from many of the northern and Canadian colleges come each year to participate in the events and to enjoy the hospitality of the club.

This year the opening event was a series of hockey games between Yale and Michigan; thrilling enough to a Southerner who had scarcely seen skating before. The Yale boys, heavy-set football types, invariably overcame the tough, wiry men from Michigan. The Yale goalkeeper, a very short fellow, who, with all his protective paraphernalia, appeared grotesquely broader than he was long, was certainly an expert. Only two or three times during the series did he allow the puck to get by him into the net. The Michigan goalie had a habit of using his stick in the fashion of a golf club to knock the puck clear out over the rink fence.

The Monday and Tuesday before New Year's day were taken up with the college men and women's skating, snowshoeing, and skiing races. Crisp snow and good smooth ice made the performance of these events as nearly perfect as possible. Throughout the great week of international intercollegiate sports a small army of Pathe

College Life



News cameramen kept their machines trained on the kaleidoscopic riot of activities.

Besides the college events there were dog-sled races, skiing, tobogganing, fancy skating and bob-sledding on the club's new course, which is the only one in the Americas. Bob-sledding is a hazardous sport. A crew of not less than two experienced men must man the brakes and various gear in order for the monster sled to take the curves properly. Bobbing has long been a favorite sport in the European winter resorts, but the opening of the club's run in December inaugurated its appearance in this country.

On January 1, the day of the Marshal Foch trophy ski jump for college men, Intervales Hill is encircled by a multitude of spectators. Dressed in the bright colors of the northwoods vacationists they present a brilliant picture. Around them rise the white peaks of the Adirondacks; over them, on rough spruce flagpoles, fly the flags of Norway, Sweden, Great Britain and America. Towering above rises the nearly sheer face of the jump hill.

At the highest point, on the peak of the tall steel tower which surmounts the hill, stands Sorensen of Maine, the first contestant awaiting the signal. The sky is his background, and he is so far away from the crowd below that they cannot tell whether or not he wears a cap. There is a fanfare of trumpets, a scarlet banner is raised, and Sorensen lets go. The crowd is silent as he gathers speed on the icy tower slope. One moment he is on the straightaway and the next he leaves the abrupt lifted takeoff to sail like a bird straight out over the long steep face of the hill itself. As he drops he leans far forward and waves his arms to keep his balance. After thirty-five meters in the air his skis slap the hard-packed snow, and he glides down the remainder of the incredible slope with the speed of an express train. The crowd is hushed until the buzzing figure reaches the level field, then it cheers wildly as he suddenly and deftly stops himself.

A few minutes after Sorensen comes Blood of New Hampshire, slender and boyish, but with the cold eye and steel nerves which every ski-jumper must possess. In their turns come a dozen other stout-hearted young men, Hansen of Wisconsin, Foster of McGill, Landry of Ottawa, who does

forty-two meters for the longest jump of the day, and finally the great Pederson of New Hampshire, winner of the trophy for the last two years.

Only one man falls, and that's enough. Losing his balance in mid-air, he strikes the slope awkwardly, and at a terrific speed rolls to the bottom as his legs are turned and twisted by the clattering ungainly skis. He lies quite still as attendants rush out to carry him to the first aid shack.

The judges always watch the (Continued on page four)



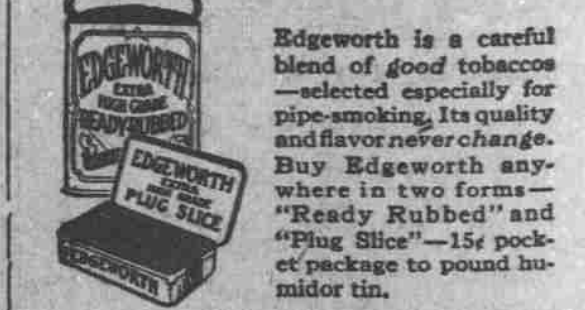
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