

The Daily Tar Heel



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Thursday, January 16, 1930

The Campus Political Pot Begins to Simmer

"Undergraduate politics" does not exist here; "fraternity politics" is the only accurate term for describing the activities of the campus political machines. Already the machines have started functioning, and two strong fraternity lineups have been formed.

The methods employed in selecting the candidates for offices in extra-curricular activities here are unscrupulous and underhanded. During the three and a half years of our undergraduate career we have witnessed countless examples of mediocre men securing election over far more capable candidates; practically every activity is headed by a fraternity man, and he nearly always will permit no ethical consideration to interfere with his desire to see his frat brothers or other frat men gain the offices they seek. Non-fraternity men have very little chance in politics here. During the campaigns they are back-slapped and flattered, made to feel an inflated sense of their own importance, but as soon as their votes for frat candidates have been secured the political bosses forget them entirely. As far as receiving an equal chance for office with fraternity men of commensurate ability—the campus political leaders would receive such suggestions from non-frat men with pitying smiles.

Very infrequently a non-fraternity man is so industrious or capable that the politicians cannot afford to ignore him; but such men are gobbled up promptly by fraternities, in most cases, as soon as they distinguish themselves in extra-curricular activities. The fraternities themselves often keep capable men within their own ranks from office for the sake of political expediency. If Mu Mu has a not particularly strong candidate for the student body presidency and an especially strong candidate for the editorship of the Magazine, it is very likely that the Mu Mu brethren will form a compact with the machine to withdraw their Magazine candidate if the organization support is swung to the prospective student body president. The latter office will bring far more prestige to the

chapter; who will consider mere qualifications when the prestige of "the lodge" is at stake? Thus many capable candidates are eliminated in favor of far more unworthy men.

There can be little question that student politics are rotten here. There seems to be no effectual means of destroying fraternity control of activities and abolishing fraternity politics. As long as you have fraternities you will have political machines, in all probability. The evils of frat machine control of undergraduate extra-curricular activities are all too apparent; but there is at least one means of minimizing these evils. It may be accomplished by the creation of two or more powerful machines. For the past two years student elections here have been little more than mockeries; the candidates were selected months in advance and a single strong frame-up combination formed with such skill that it was almost impossible for adequate opposition to develop. All the influential fraternities were placated with one or two offices, and they were afraid to enter into combinations against the one powerful frame-up. As a result only one candidate appeared for each of the important offices, and they were unanimously elected.

But evidences have already appeared this year of two combinations. The Tar Heel is anxious to stimulate the formation of at least two strong machines, for the chances of the best men for the offices being elected are thus multiplied.

Efforts will be made through the editorial columns of the Daily Tar Heel to reveal the constituency of the combinations and to record the events which occur in connection with the campaigns. Candidates will be given opportunities to make statements regarding their opinions upon problems now in existence, and an effort will be made to give the campus some idea of their qualifications in a fair, unprejudiced manner. We intend to run a column of "Political Gossip" as least once a week after the campaigns get in full swing. The identities of the individuals who contribute to this column will be known to no one with the exception of the editor, under whose direction they will work. Everything within our power will be done to open up politics here this spring.

Our Faculty

Although the recognition accorded to any college or university is heavily dependent upon the quality of its student body, the ultimate and final classification of such an institution is determined by the caliber of its faculty. It is a marked tribute to the quality of the faculty of the University of North Carolina that other institutions of the highest rank throughout the United States are constantly making attractive bids for its members. The school of our choice is being forced to compete with the best universities of the country in gathering and retaining its teaching force.

Such is the big problem which confronts the University. Such is the situation which the board of trustees must be made to recognize. The best colleges keep ever before them the desire to employ the greatest scholars and teachers of the country. If this institution is to prosecute a program during the next decade commensurate with the progressive strides which it has made in the course of the past decade, then it must retain the fine teachers which it now has and, in addition, enter the competition for additional ones.

As evidence that there is a great demand for able teachers

at present, suffice it to say that scarcely a month passes that some member of our faculty is not offered a position elsewhere that carries with it a bigger salary and more luring inducements than he is now receiving at Chapel Hill. Many have remained here at great financial sacrifice, largely because of their faith in the future of the state and their loyalty to the University itself. But others have found offers of large salaries too tempting to be denied and have withdrawn from our teaching force. In their going the University has suffered a serious loss which can be remedied, but which has left its imprint indelibly stamped.

We do not have to go far to find all manner of evidence that the University of North Carolina is being forced to engage in nation-wide and ceaseless competition for its teachers. This fact rightly brings pride to the hearts of the student body, but it is a fact which North Carolina lawmakers have given only casual consideration when asked to give the University funds adequate to the maintenance of the present high standards of its teaching force. Although some members of our faculty will remain here because of loyalty to the state and the institution itself, there are many others who are not so disposed. The lure of big salaries is universal in its application, and rightly so.

The writer feels that the people of the state need to be made fully aware of the situation, of the great competition for good teachers, and the relation which their own university bears to this competitive influence. Without adequate funds many difficulties in this connection are insurmountable.—J. C. W.

Clipped

In the Case of Memorial Hall Let's Have Major Operation

The question in the minds of the executive committee of the University Trustees being decision on attempting to remodel the presently unsafe Memorial hall at Chapel Hill or to demolish it and erect in its place an auditorium capable of seating 2,500 people, it is hoped that the latter course will prove the sense of the meeting.

It has never been quite clear in the light of University history why Memorial hall was built in the first instance. Surely the institution itself, which at that time was paying its handful of professors \$150 a month, could have put the money it cost to far better use. In addition, the pile was a bit of freak architecture (we believe it held some sort of a record as to the span of a wooden arch or some such matter) utterly out of keeping with the character of the other buildings on the campus. For years it was used only semi-occasionally, generally for oratory, and for years on years its acoustics were such that the most lamblike speaker resounded like the Bull of Bashan. Of late years much money has been spent in the partially successful effort to cure this defect and it has been used more frequently, and with the growth of the student body has filled a need as a place of assembly.

But to repair Memorial hall in this day would probably cost twice as much or more than was originally expended in its erection. No remodeling or repair could serve to fit it into the scheme of University architecture, which on the whole is harmonious and related. There must be an auditorium at the University, but it will come at a price if it is attempted to provide it in the outre pile that still squats grotesquely to put out the eye of better conceived surroundings.—Raleigh Times.

The Campus



By Joe Jones

Hardee Chambliss is Carolina's most recent blood-offering to Gotham. He left for the North shortly after finishing his course in the school of education last quarter. Now he and Joe Mitchell, his former campus buddy, are rooming together in New York. Both of these boys are in the writing game, and Joe has for several months been with the World. Both were considered good writers and good students on the campus, and perhaps they may in New York equal the pace set by Tom Wolfe, the Asheville boy who has attained a degree of literary fame and fortune in the metropolis since graduating from Carolina several years ago.

Such things are expected of Carolina. Somehow she has gotten the reputation of being the literary drum major of southern schools, so everyone naturally looks to her to turn out some sort of an artist once in a while. As the home of the Carolina Playmakers she continues to send to New York an annual contingent of young players. Last year's quota, preceded by Shep Strudwick, consisted of Helen Dortch, Al Kahn and Penn Harrison, all of whom, according to latest reports, are at least still acting somewhere in the city.

Likewise, as the resting place of the remains of the mother chapter of Sigma Upsilon, national literary fraternity, she should continue to produce a writer now and then. Or should she?

The January issue of Forum features a debate on the ABC's of culture between Will Durant and Howard Mumford Jones, and we see our campus *l'uomo universale* in a new role. Critics say that Professor Jones outpoints his illustrious opponent. At any rate the name "debater" may be safely added to our list of the Professor's accomplishments, which goes something like this—author, poet, teacher, actor, skilled horseman, and painter. We'll affirm Mr. Jones' proficiency in any of these pursuits except painting, and it may be that he is considered good in that. We are only judging by a canvas we once saw on his easel as he was painting out at Piney Prospect one fine afternoon.

It has been truly said that no man is happy without some delusion. And out comes John Mebane's column in the Daily Tar Heel with a doctrine which does its best to wreck our last delusion. But the damage wasn't irreparable until we picked up a copy of the October Vanity Fair and read Harold Nicolson's article, "Where Women Make a Mistake," which is "an attempt by an English author to account for the growing dislike of women the civilized world over."

Mr. Nicolson starts off: "I have frequently been puzzled to account for the almost universal dislike with which women are regarded. There are moments, of course, in the life-story of any man, when his justifiable aversion from this section of the human race has given way to phases of sympathy, phases almost of attraction, phases of what, I believe, is called 'being in love.' Such moments are not of long duration. They are his weaker moments; they do not last."

The author continues with a torrent of very logical condemnation of women that would make the most ardent wooer

A Thumbnail Sketch Of Howard Mumford Jones

(By Frank J. Manheim)

Editor's note: This thumbnail sketch is the first of a series of minute biographies of prominent men of the University.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES. Shortly after his birth on April 16th, 1892, his family picked "Howard" from a pile of names in a hat. Out of respect for Mrs. Frank Jones' best friend and neighbor, Howard was given the neighbor's name, Mumford, as his second appellation. He has always been called Howard. Although born in Michigan, he went to school in Wisconsin. An excellent debater, he won a medal for his ability in this field at the University of Wisconsin. He's still proud of it but his wife hides it from him.

He has traveled all over the United States . . . and hopes to "do" Europe. At Wisconsin, he became an excellent typist because of his secretarial work for Hamlin Garland. He may deny it, but he was a reporter. At the University of Texas, he succeeded Stark Young as professor.

As a boy, he was greatly interested in military campaigns and even today he can talk and talk for hours on end about campaigns and plans of action of wars long forgotten. This old interest has caused him to be vitally interested in biographies of historical figures and books pertaining to politics. Because of his column the Literary Lantern, which is published in most of the important newspapers in the south, he receives a great many books. He retains few of them . . . he is building up a library of southern literature . . . he would rather read in bed than in any other position.

When he writes, he writes quickly . . . his recent Forum-esque debate with Will Durant was written in a few hours . . . telephones, solicitors, visitors, go unanswered when he is busy. Between 12 midnight and three in the morning are his favorite hours for literary work.

He chose red for the color of his library . . . but likes blue shirts. He detests dressing and would gladly evade shaving, if possible. He never chooses the clothes he buys . . . if he had his way, he would wear only a cap but the Law says nay . . . he's

pause and refresh himself. All of which may be interesting and enlightening, but we'll bet John doesn't run for office again this spring.

Readers' Opinions

SHOPLIFTING IN CHAPEL HILL

Editor the Daily Tar Heel: Since my arrival in Chapel Hill, it has greatly surprised me to find in certain stores so much of that petty offense termed shoplifting. Over the entire country this is remarkably prevalent; here it seems to me, for the size of the city, to be unusually so. I do not believe that I am more keensighted than most people, but time and time again I have observed young men and even boys nonchalantly taking possession of notebooks, magazines, or cigarettes, candy, and presumably any other useful articles which may be obtainable. Many merchants have wisely attempted to curb the practice by better arrangement of goods, mirrors, and by employing more clerks. In time stores may lose a great deal of property, and I should like to call it to the attention of all local merchants.

GEORGE H. ABBOTTE.

pretty much of a gentleman when it comes to food, accepting everything his wife prepares. Cookies are his favorite delicacy and Mrs. Addison Hibbard makes the kind he likes.

He likes acting. He has written several plays and at Texas U. he was director of the Curtain Club, similar to our Playmakers . . . attends the theatre when he has the opportunity.

Talking before women clubs, outlines, personal photographs, athletics and Henry James are among the things he doesn't like.

Give him a corn-cob pipe, a round of bridge, entertaining guests, and he is happy.

Although driving for only 2 1/2 years, he is an excellent driver and likes it . . . he is also a good furnace-man, his only household duty, and in Vermont, he showed his prowess as a carpenter by building the northern Chez Jones. He likes the temperature to be cooler than does Mrs. J.

He listens sympathetically and will accept Chesterfield cigarettes if offered him—or any other brand. He thinks Ellen Glasgow just swell.

Although he obtained his M. A. degree in the translation of Heine's North Sea from the German, he'd rather read French and Italian . . . he had only one lesson in Italian, the rest he learned by himself. He translated the opera, "For Love of Three Kings," into beautiful verse from the Italian and has been asked to do more.

A reputation has been earned by him of being a constant worker . . . he doesn't work constantly, but when he does, he allows nothing to interrupt him. Plays, poems, outlines, translations, numerous magazine articles are the things that have kept him busy in the past. No great cause numbers him as among its workers. Liberal, pacifist, he is tolerant of all things . . . except students who do slovenly work, or none at all. At one time, he parted his hair on the side but now—call it a pompadour. There is a picture of him extant which portrays him as a young boy, angelic and holy in the radiant sweetness that shines from his face. He is a brother of Phi Beta Kappa, Sigma Delta Chi, Delta Sigma Rho, Pi Kappa Alpha.

Phi and Di Societies To Sponsor Debate on Question of 3rd Party

(Continued from first page)

liams distinguished himself in moral and civic service in the city of St. Paul, where he served as the head of the Peoples church and as a leader of the Labor-Progressive forces. In 1928 he was the Farmer-Labor candidate for Congress.

Nationally famous among the members of the League for Independent Political Action are John Dewey, a foremost philosopher; Sherwood Eddy, international director of the Y. M. C. A.; Harry Laidler, the socialist leader; Reinhold Niebuhr, of the Socialist party and a candidate for President on that ticket in 1928.

The debate is to be a public affair, the audience selecting the winning arguments by the system of voting, under which the listener forms a personal decision on the question before the beginning of the debate, casting his ballot afterwards as he has been convinced by the speakers.

Pierson Called Home

Dr. W. W. Pierson has been called to his home in Alabama due to the illness of his father.