

The Daily Tar Heel



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Saturday, January 18, 1930

PURLOINED PARAGRAPHS

Automobiles may be almost as deadly as war, but they don't make you salute all day and scratch all night.—Publishers Syndicate.

In London, recently, a baby gave the alarm for fire and roused the occupants. A campaign is to be launched urging every householder to install one of these useful little gadgets.—London Opinion.

Captain Orlebar, this British speed demon, who recently flew in the wonderful new plane at the rate of 368 miles an hour, is said to be about the best croquet-player in England. We knew there was a wild streak in him somewhere.—Los Angeles Times.

Tar Heel Topics

The senate's refusal to grant higher tariff rates on sugar is evidence that even the solons like their sweets.

We advise those State College students who have formed a discussion club to lay off the textile situation if they don't like to be called "crack-brained radicals."

Ray Farris is reported to have met a Chicago gangster and card sharp on his trip to the National Students' Federation congress at Stanford. Shoulda kept quiet about that, Ray. Now you can't get anybody to play cards with you.

A buggy factory was robbed at Reidsville the other day and a considerable sum secured from the safe. The robbery wasn't news in itself, but when you consider it as evidence that buggy factories still exist, and what's more, have safes with cash in them, it enters the front page category.

We opine as how President Carey Dowd's ardent plea that plenty of brickbats be tossed by the delegates will be adequately answered by the results of Oscar Coffin's Newspaper Institute questionnaire on "What is the place of a reasonably honest and independent newspaper in the sort of family fight to be settled, perhaps, on June 7?" and "Are North Carolina newspapers going to allow themselves to be used for rekindling the Smith-Hoover fires of bigotry and ignorance?"

The Methods of David Clark

In the mind of the average American, especially the less enlightened member of the middle classes, the terms "socialist" and "radical" denote wild-eyed and long-haired fanatics who have unpleasant habits of hurling bombs to blow the innocent citizenry into gory bits, advocating free love and anti-Christ, and inciting the workers to abolish all property and property owners by blood and thunder methods. Although the mistaken conceptions of radicalism and socialism are rapidly being corrected by popular education and an enlightened press, they still exist among a considerable proportion of the American public.

A few unscrupulous writers and speakers apply these terms indiscriminately to all persons who offer opposition to the accomplishment of the selfish ends for which they are striving. By associating the odium attached to the terms "socialist" and "radical" with their opponents, unprincipled men attempt to discredit them, to prevent the public from giving consideration to their views.

Excellent examples of the methods employed by such men are afforded by editorials appearing in recent issues of the Southern Textile Bulletin. Through its managing editor, David Clark, the Bulletin has been carrying on a campaign for dismissal of several prominent professors from the University, N. C. C. W. and State College. These professors have exhibited interest in improving conditions in the textile industry of the South, both for the laborer and for the employer.

Among the possible improvements suggested by these expert economists and sociologists have been more efficient distribution of the manufactured product, close cooperation among manufacturers in reducing overproduction, and the encouragement of better feeling between employer and employee. One of the methods advanced for improving employer-employee relationships has been organization of the laborers for collective bargaining, in order that they may be assured of a fair portion of the profits of their labor, thus encouraging them to cooperate with the employers in producing more profits.

With a display of narrow mental vision and unintelligence that would have shamed the most bigoted figures in history, the Southern Textile Bulletin has invoked every unfair method in its attempts to discredit these men. Its favorite procedure in initiating its editorial attacks is to quote a rabid socialist or anarchist. Thus the ordinary reader is alienated from all sympathy with the object of attack from the very beginning, without having considered the least evidence against him.

The following commentary upon Bertrand Russell's address at N. C. C. W. this fall is illustrative of the Bulletin's editorials:

"Bertram Russell was invited to address the young ladies in our State owned and State supported North Carolina College for Women at Greensboro, N. C., and he was introduced with words of eulogy, by a man whose salary is paid by the State of North Carolina.

"They might have gone into some dive in Greensboro and found a moral degenerate and atheist of as low character as Bertram Russell and presented him to the young ladies of North Carolina, most of whom came from decent homes, but such a man would not have had the ability to sell filthy doctrines to the young ladies and therefore, Bertram Russell was paid to come and was introduced as an

authority on advanced ideas.

"As a traitor to his country, as an atheist, as an enemy of the sacredness of the marriage relation, as a teacher and practitioner of free love, Bertram Russell is par excellent.

"For these reasons and doubtless with the hope that he might win disciples was Bertram Russell presented to the students of North Carolina College for Women."

Intelligent men throughout the world recognize Bertrand Russell as an enemy of hypocrisy, a profound thinker who adheres to ideals of intellectual honesty, happiness and culture. But the moralistic Bulletin describes him as a degenerate, a man of low character, a purveyor of "filthy doctrines," and imputes to the professor who introduced him at N. C. C. W. the motive of "winning disciples" for free love and atheism. We doubt seriously that the Bulletin would have printed a line in criticism of Bertrand Russell if the professor in question had not advanced the idea of labor organization as a possible solution of the southern textile problem.

"Enemy of labor," "crack-brained radical," "twister of plastic young minds"—these are adjectives employed frequently by the Bulletin in its attempts to blacken the reputations of the professors who have incurred its enmity. The editors deny the fundamental rights of American labor, unionization and collective bargaining, and they are attempting to coerce institutions of higher learning into suppression of liberal thought. The Bulletin's editorial attacks upon college professors in this state are classic examples of unfairness, of almost fanatical prejudice and unintelligence. If they were representative of the viewpoint possessed by the majority of southern mill owners, the prospects would be black indeed for peaceable solution of the South's industrial problems. But we are confident that most of the mill owners are far too intelligent to concur in the views of a David Clark.

Woodhouse Vs. Williams

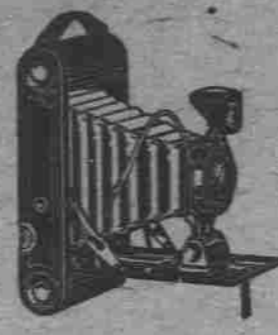
We heartily congratulate the Di and Phi upon their decision to sponsor a debate between H. Y. Williams, executive secretary of the League for Independent Political Action, and E. J. Woodhouse, professor of government in the University. In addition to being good speakers, both men are deeply interested in party development in the United States.

The question of an additional party in the United States is a pertinent one at present. The so-called split in the ranks of the Democratic party, occasioned by the recent candidacy of Al Smith for the presidency, has brought the third party issue to the forefront. Unfortunately, however, there is a dearth of information along this line in the public mind. Advocates of the third party plan claim that there should be an additional political faction to hold the balance of power, while the opponents of such a political system are solidly entrenched in the conviction that present political conditions do not call for a triangular type of political organization.

The Daily Tar Heel hopes that the student body and the townspeople, as well, will avail themselves of the opportunity to hear the debate, on the night of February 5, between these two prominent figures in the realm of political thought—Professor E. J. Woodhouse and H. Y. Williams.—J. C. W.

Fritz von Opel's idea of a speed of 2,000 miles an hour, if applied to automobiles, will leave more pedestrians cold.—Virginian-Pilot.

Campus Snapshot



J. C. Williams

(A thing of moods and changes is woman ever—Virgil: "The Aeneid.")

We write this, the Co-ed Issue of our column, in strict corroboration of the views of a fellow columnist.

INCIDENT NO. 1

While talking to a few co-ed friends of ours the other day, we chanced to get into a heated argument (hot air being made to permeate the locality). One of our fair friends told of having dared a bona fide preacher to kiss her, alleging that he succumbed to the temptation. Resultant of this narration a spontaneous argument arose in which we failed to hold the balance of power. "Would a preacher kiss a damsel's two lips just because she dared him to?" Such was the question which stimulated the controversy.

The co-eds entrenched themselves solidly on one side of the question, saying, "Of course he would. Any man would. A preacher is a man like all the rest—therefore, he couldn't help it."

The above narrative affords abundant food for speculation. In the first place, it is quite remarkable to note what the average girl thinks of herself. No man could resist a pair of tempting lips, indeed! Of course Adam fell, so the story goes, and set us all a precedent along the line of least resistance; but men-folks in general and preachers in particular have cogitated quite a lot on two lips since Adam's day. This is an age of science, and the magic in lips is largely a matter of superstition. Very few men have to accept all the invitations to osculate which they receive, in order to keep this time-honored activity alive. Girls, your idea about this osculatory matter is derivative of a bit of conceit, which is—no doubt—sponsored by "Mavis" advertisements.

(Writer's note: Of course, our own dame is irresistible; but that is quite another matter.)

INCIDENT NO. 2

We hesitate to tell the following harrowing experience, but we realize that it must be done:

Early in the week we invaded the Bachelor's Club Cafeteria for our evening meal, which is quite the usual thing. Neither to the right nor to the left did we peer, for we seek to pose as quite a modest young man. Our soup and our two crackers we succeeded in maintaining in erstwhile equilibrium upon our tray, the while we partook of huge slices of 'Possum meat, being aided by an accomplished olfactory nerve. But alas, not long was peace and tranquility to be our lot. We were abreast of the teller's fortress witnessing with heart-rending anguish the partial demolition of our quite beautiful meal ticket, when a co-ed graced the realm of our then stunted gaze. Our manly knees weakened, our proud chest sagged, and our soup spilled on the best tie that Pope Crowder ever sold. We hugged our tray desperately to our abdomen, for our two crackers must not be lost. "Mr. W.," quoth the fair charmer, the while eyeing us with what seemed to be pity, "Do you really believe what you write in your column?" At that even our two crackers fell to the floor with a heart-rending clat-

ter. We were too weak to reply.

INCIDENT NO. 3

We were mildly surprised the other day when a co-ed asked us to run fraternity ratings in our column. The idea in itself made us dizzy, but we immediately resolved to satiate the fair damsel, and after several nights of toil, submit the following with apologies to all poetic style. If further information is desired, we refer our gentle readers to the Poll Tax reports.

The co-ed's favorite is Kappa Zig,

Her prize is Zigma Chi. She loves to dance with Shaka Leg—

And pet with Geta Thi.

She wears the pin of Sigma Ep. Upon her boyish form And thinks a fellow's out of step, If he's slow to conform.

That's how they rate at Russell Inn, The Ribbon-Wearers' Row. And every co-ed wears the pin Of Sigma Hata, OH!

INCIDENT NO. 4 (—Censored) Conclusion

Everything which man has invented, from his wife to his tobacco, his moustache to his religion, is an attempt to satisfy himself. So let us satisfy everybody by saying that there is another side to the picture. Then the lions shall lie down with the lambs, say "aw revoir," and dispute no more (unless someone doubts what we have said in this work).

Now, we did write quite a bit more, but we lost it and couldn't find it in time for this issue.

Readers' Opinions

MAN, THE EGREGIOUS EGOIST

Editor the Daily Tar Heel:

I read in the Open Forum column of yesterday's paper the article entitled "And Athene Was the Goddess of Wisdom." Immediately I became demoniacally enthusiastic, thanked God that all men were not cynical, genuflected with reverent awe before the writer of that letter, and prayed, out of pure goodness of heart, for the soul of the woman-hater.

Mr. Mebane, in his account of the failings of the beskirtd sex, evinced the fact that he was not human. At least such was the impression that I received; for all humans are in love. The writer of yesterday's letter is in love; the editor of the Tar Heel is in love; I'm in love; everyone is in love. And in the Spring we'll all be more in love than ever. And no one who is in love could have the heart to toss bouquets of so unsavory a flavor into the lap of any woman (even if he did purchase the bouquets with the approval of Schopenhauer and Rousseau). The writer of yesterday's letter ("An Ordinary Man")—a thorough human being—said that women are not so easily convinced of their inanity. There is a truth which is wholly evident! Even with a sledge-hammer one would be unable to persuade a woman that she was insane. Such is the indubitable courage of the fair sex.

Mr. Mebane agrees with Rousseau (a subtle move) that "Women have, in general, no love of art; they have no proper knowledge of any; and they have no genius." How a man with the intelligence and enlightenment of Mr. Mebane can cling to such a belief is quite beyond my comprehension. May I supplement "An Ordinary Man's list with an aggregation of modern women of renown and ability far above that of the average man? Take a glance (even a shy one, if you wish) at Leonie Adams, Anna Hempstead Branch, Willa Sibert

Cather, Fannie Stearns Davis, Florence Kiper Frank, Louise Imogen Guiney, Helen Hall, Georgia Douglas Johnson, Aline Kilmer, Amy Lowell, Grace Fallow Norton, Dorothy Parker, Lola Ridge, G. B. Sterne, Genevieve Taggard, Jean Starr Untermeyer, Edith Wharton, Marya Zaturensky. Not to mention countless co-eds in this very institution (and there is not the semblance of a smile on my lips).

I again quote from "An Ordinary Man": "Beethoven probably did not have an abiding passion for one woman but women were constantly on his mind. So much so, in fact, that he is said to have cried out, 'O God, let me find her who is destined to be mine and who shall strengthen me in virtue.' Well, perhaps Beethoven did have a difficult time in finding a suitable woman (he had to pray for one); but that doesn't prove anything. Probably women didn't like Beethoven.

"An Ordinary Man" asks "who thinks of the precepts of Solomon when a woman's half-parted lips are waiting to be kissed?" Why, I'll wager that if Mr. Mebane approached close enough "the half-parted lips" of a woman that he would immediately (and without regret) retract every statement he made, and against Schopenhauer and Rousseau oppose himself forever!

Mr. Mebane, take my advice: cast aside that cynical attitude which infects the growing youth, profit by these testimonials of ours, open your mind to the universe of facts, and take a course in Sociology.

With all sincerity,
PHILIP DEVILBISS.

SOMETHING ABOUT BOYS

At twenty years or thereabouts One owns no philosophic doubts: The mystery of time and space Is recognized as commonplace; The simple platitude of God Dismissed with supercilious nod; Let those of elemental mind Study the male and female kind, Two halves united, they agree, Alone can form an entity; Let kings and barbs and minstrels praise A woman's petty words and ways;

Arousing hopeless aspiration To vie with Lords of all Creation;

An age-old riddle such as this Of Jael, Joan, Semiramis, Is solved in less than half an hour,

With aid from Mr. Schopenhauer.

Let scientists and saints and sages Garner the wisdom of the Ages: Then only find, with vain regret,

They scarcely know the alphabet, And bend their hoary heads in awe

Before some undiscovered Law. The curse of study is the chance Of learning all our ignorance.

Why should we use our brains to think

In view of all the printer's ink Expended in efficient fashion To curb latent mental passion!

With patent answers, neatly printed,

Before a question need be hinted;

When "fifteen minutes once a day"

Will make us wise in every way, There's very little left to know— When one is twenty years or so.

JANE MAYBE.

University of Arizona, Tucson. A cactus garden. An outdoor swimming pool. A stuffed wildcat, once the college mascot and pet. After a disastrous football defeat, the cat climbed the tree to which it was tied. In the morning it was found hanged "It didn't fall from a limb. That was a plain case of suicide for shame."