

The Daily Tar Heel



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Wednesday, February 12, 1930

A THOUGHT A DAY

Life has no special purpose—none that is demonstrable. There is nothing to life but the living of it.—W. E. Woodward.

PURLOINED PARAGRAPHS

Until we heard about this "parrot" disease, we never knew exactly what was wrong with Congress.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Soviet may put a better face on things after all. It has granted a concession to a razor factory.—Newark Ledger.

"Wives don't tell their husbands everything," says Judge Crawford. After all, there are only 24 hours in each day.—Punch.

Tar Heel Topics

They don't seem to have any regard for tradition at State College. They've even started hazing sophomores over at West Raleigh.

President Hoover reports that he landed a 45-pound fish, seven feet long, day before yesterday. Evidently the prey is no exception to the general rule that all fishermen are disciples of Ananias.

Alas, a labor strike is imminent in Chapel Hill! The linotype operators at the print shop inform us that they are going to walk out, quit flat, if they have to set the "I" dorm basketball team lineup again, what with such names as Turchiarelli and Leibowitz.

In an article in the current issue of the Journal of Adult Education Professor Edgar W. Knight writes of Phillip Melancthon, one-time professor of Greek in the University of Wittenberg—"He was not content to spend all of his time chasing digamma or exposing the infamies of gerundives." Which is all fine and dandy, according to the Greek scholars hereabouts, except for the rather important facts that there are no gerundives in the Greek language.

"Holier Than Thou?"

In last week's issue of the Duke Chronicle the Carolina student body receives a merited verbal lambasting for its conduct at the Duke-Carolina game February 1. Herbert O'Keef, Jr., sports editor of the Duke paper, writes that "... we would like to see better relations between the two schools, but when any student body lowers itself to the point of hissing and booing at a rival team, we do not feel like lowering ourselves to such a plane.

"The U. N. C. players showed as fine a spirit towards an opposing team as we have ever witnessed. But, we must say that the spirit shown by the students of that same institution was, perhaps the rottenest we have ever been forced to witness.

"We would like to see better relations between Duke and Carolina. But, please remember this, "Charity begins at home," and so does good spirit! We meant this as constructive criticism; we hope that it will be taken as such."

Sports Editor O'Keef had ample justification for his editorial animus. All that he says concerning the conduct at the game here is correct—and then some!

During the past few days we have discussed the past history of the University's athletic relations at length with several alumni. Some rather startling revelations were made in these discussions. In fact, they convinced us that Carolina students are not exactly the only "simon-pure" gentlemen after all.

For instance, one loyal alumnus declared: "When I was a student here we were always beefing about how rotten Virginia's athletics were, and we finally cancelled with them in the spring of 1906 because they would not adopt a 5-month rule. I do not express my opinion as to which was right in the contention, but merely mention the fact that we wanted our way regardless, though we continued to play other schools that did not observe the rule."

Another staunch supporter of the University teams gave us a new slant on the old State-Carolina rivalry—"We fought State College (then A. and M.) quite as bitterly as we now scrap Duke, and broke relations with that institution in the fall of 1907 because they had a man on their team who—according to our reckoning—was ineligible. Six years later we played V. P. I. at the old fair grounds in Raleigh. State college boys came over in great numbers and yelled lustily for us, though we were getting the tar beat out of us. Immediately the University renewed relations with State, and the following spring we beat them in baseball. How does that look? We now meet State in generous rivalry, but it was State that made the advance, and not us—not on your life."

Every alumnus with whom I talked had similar views. In substantiation, we have heard persistent reports from Atlanta during the annual basketball tournaments that all the spectators were deriding the Carolina team because it had not been a modes winner in the past.

It is apparent to the most hide-bound and prejudiced of observers that Carolina should receive at least an even break when the blame for past unpleasantness is distributed. In our opinion the ancient and unjustifiable "holier than thou" attitude, manifest here for many years, must disappear before any material progress can be made in improving the University's relations with other institutions.

The conduct at the game here February 1 was atrocious in

several instances, although it is probable that a small group of spectators contributed the major portion of the hissing and booing. There are always a few boorish individuals who cannot enjoy an athletic contest unless they hurl personal insults at the opposition. But it must be admitted that the game represents another black mark on the University students' far from unsullied "sportsmanship" record.

Duke has expressed its willingness to forget the past and proceed on amicable terms. We should at least meet them halfway. Saturday night we are scheduled to play Duke on their floor; this game will offer Carolina students an opportunity to partially make amends by exemplary conduct for the unfortunate exhibition here.

Shared Accomplishments

Not many days ago the papers carried tall headlines telling of Rear-Admiral Byrd's Antarctic expedition's being trapped in the polar sea by an immense floe of ice. The reports stated that Byrd and his men were behind a vast area of drifted ice through which no ship could pass, and that there was grave danger of their being forced to face another Antarctic winter with an insufficient supply of food.

The whole of America, which a few weeks ago had rejoiced at the news of Byrd's success, was cast into gloom upon reading the dark news. People everywhere watched and listened anxiously for the daily reports. The thoughts of everyone turned with trepidation toward the little party of Americans caught at the frozen bottom of the world. North Carolina no less than her neighboring states was fearful for the safety of the expedition; Chapel Hill was as much aroused as other towns and cities.

But up on Pittsboro street is a house whose occupants hailed news of the expedition with more personal concern than any group of people in Chapel Hill. On the wall of one of the rooms of this house hangs an autographed picture of Richard Evelyn Byrd, and the boys who live there call him one of the brothers, because he, like each of them, is a member of the Kappa Alpha fraternity.

They are proud of him. They were proud of him when he flew over the North pole; they were proud of him when he flew the Atlantic; when he pushed off from New Zealand for the Antarctic; and prouder still when a few weeks ago he was the first man to fly across both poles.

All of which may seem to have no special point. But there is a point. It seems to us that the feeling of kinship these boys have with Byrd and his achievements is an example of the workings of one of the most valuable things membership in any fraternal organization can give a man. We are speaking of that unselfish feeling of shared accomplishments which men who are bound by a common tie have for each other. It is something that makes success more worth striving for, this thing of knowing that there are others besides your own selfish self to take pride in and share with you the glory of achievement.—J. J.

The University Progresses

Plans were laid for the one hundred and thirty-sixth session of the University of North Carolina under circumstances which were decidedly unfavorable. The prevalence of hard times is still causing the Board of Trustees and the officers of administration considerable worry and uneasiness. Reports

from the office of the registrar show, however, that the present enrollment is in excess of that of a year ago. This is positive proof of one thing—the state of North Carolina is progressing. The progress of its university is, of course, in direct proportion to the success of its people and their interest in the cause of higher education.

That the scarcity of money and the lamentable agrarian discontent have placed a damper on the progress of the state cannot be denied. But be this as it may, the fact of the present large enrollment proves conclusively that the spirit which underlies the activities of the people of the state has not been materially adulterated. True it is that appropriations for the University have been cut down, but this is undoubtedly a temporary measure devised by the people of the state in a time of depression. It is yet far from time to think that the people of North Carolina have lost any of their interest in their state university.

Although the progressive spirit of the people has been a potent factor in steering the University through the present period of depression, great praise is due the administrative officials of the institution. Their efforts in securing gifts from wealthy alumni have served a very worthy purpose—that of supplementing state appropriations.

When the people of the state of North Carolina cease to back their university, it will decline from year to year; but as long as they stand behind it some provision will be made to supplement small appropriations, and material growth will be a certainty.—J. C. W.

Readers' Opinions

DOWN WITH USELESS ORGANIZATIONS

Editor Daily Tar Heel:

I have been in the University campus for five years, and during the course of that time I have had an unusual opportunity to watch the mad scramble for collegiate honors, the unreasonable effort on the part of a number of otherwise sane students to sell their hours of study for a mess of pottage.

Extra-curricular activities in themselves are admittedly harmless. Yet I have never seen the campus which did not overdo them, or the student who, once caught in the swim, was not well-nigh drowned. In the rush for honors, with their attendant list in the Yackety Yack at the end of the year, the sense of values is lost. Perfectly good time is given up to join this, become a member of that, expend hot air here, and attend endless meetings somewhere else.

There is something in the idea of contact with other students or with faculty advisers of activities, but these contacts can be made just as readily in the classroom or study. The training of which one hears is negligible, and in fact non-existent in the case of honor organizations.

Perhaps it would be a good idea for the campus if all such activities were abolished for a time. A welcome breathing space in which we could re-evaluate activities would be gained, and many useless organizations swept away. Such activities as the news organs of the campus should be continued, of course, for they serve a recognizable purpose. A clean sweep of a few of the more parasitical activities and organizations might serve to raise the standards of scholarship. If this can be accomplished, then surely the idea is not wholly without value.—Lucretia B.

ENDORSES MARGARET VALE'S LETTER

Editor The Daily Tar Heel:

Just a word of hearty endorsement to the letter in your Sunday edition by Margaret Vale. It is with difficulty I have repressed the desire to congratulate Mr. Mebane on his breadth of vision and penetration as so clearly demonstrated in everything he writes. Only the realization that such people revel in being on the wrong side of the argument and in being denounced by the masses has prevented my saying something before. I hope the accusation of childishness didn't perturb John's phlegm. That would be asking too much.—G. W.

CONCERNING AN "OLD-MAIDISH" CRITICISM

After reading "Embers of the Gleam" in the recent edition of the Carolina Magazine, I was very pleased with its fluent verse, delicate diction, and beautiful description. But I was no more pleased with these than I was spiritually enlightened by the story itself.

The worst was yet to come, for when I read a criticism in the Sunday Tar Heel an element of disgust came over me. I was disgusted because I thought no one could look upon a beautiful portrayal of such a wonderful thing, as a "sugar-coated pill" to be inadvertently swallowed by the reader. I had thought this viewpoint might be held by an old maid in a small New England town, but even then I would give her enough credit to allow that it was purely hypocritical.

This supposedly destructive critic admitted the beauty of description in this tale, and not only denied the real subject's beauty, but called it repulsive.

He said, "the 'innate' is always genuine, the superficial 'affected.' Since beauty is the main object and since all the beauty seems concentrated around the 'superficial,' we may designate 'affectation' as the main characteristic of this tale." Then he asked if the innate should not always be the more beautiful.

My answer, in agreement with the critic, is yes. But why does he not see the beauty of the innateness (the natural human behavior) in this story? Judging from all he said, I blame it solely on the fact that he himself cannot see any beauty in nature for if he could why does he not see it here? Is he one who clamors for the bright spot, the clear color, forgetting that it is the shadows in the picture that make it so mysteriously lovely?

He contended, "it is impossible to associate beauty in its pleasurable excitement of the heart, without a certain sense of distaste." Alas a spark of life! Here he contradicted himself. First he told us that he could not "swallow the pill," then he admitted that it is beauty "in its most elevated form." Is it that he cannot bear the frankness of the story? If so, he might better join the old maid in New England and perhaps discuss it in a low whisper so that none but they could hear. If the author had intended this story to give merely "a pleasurable excitement of the heart," why did he not describe the happenings in the room that night? I dare say it would afford some (since I have discovered there are such) much more "pleasurable excitement." Certainly if he were capable of portraying "ethereal beauty" (to use the critic's own words), he would be capable of handling, and handling well, a more delicately risqué angle of the subject.

If one extracts from this story its exquisite diction, and (Continued on last page)

IN THE WAKE OF NEWS



"We Are All Just Children of the Moon" say the Play-Likers of N. C. C. W., and as for the male population of the University they too say—"We are all just children of the MOON." The student council says it; the student body president says it. It must be so.

With apologies to Frank Manheim, whose ability we do not mock, beginning with this issue it will be the policy of this columnist to print THUMB-NOSE SKETCHES. Our first is a sketch of Ubem Lister Schnitzelfritzner who, if he hadn't eaten weinerwurst at the early age of six months would never have come to Chapel Hill, because as he was eating the weinerwurst he was told that professors in Chapel Hill always eat weinerwurst—and Ubem liked weinerwurst with all his heart. . . . Ubem received his LL. B. from Harvard in 1918, his Ph. D. from the University of Lucknow in 1920, his M. A. from Sayonara Business College in Tokio, Japan. As for his A. B. . . . Schnitzelfritzner says that he has just never gotten around to getting off the requirements . . . what with papers to grade, the theatres in Durham and the arduous demands of Chapel Hill society he just hasn't the time. Ubem likes socks with holes in them . . . he just can't abide ties, home ties or any other kind of ties. . . . As a boy he was queer about foreign languages—his old man tried to teach him his native tongue, German, but Ubem replied, in the best Sanskrit, that Greek was the only tongue. . . . He plays peek-a-boo with his wife on Friday's . . . and he just can't stand lobsters . . . in fact, he once said "You Big Lobster, get out of here!" . . . Although Schnitzelfritzner has often been accused of being conceited, he is quite as modest as Archibald Henderson. . . . He doesn't vote since he is not a citizen of the country although he claims this as his native land. He just hasn't gotten around to it. . . . Ubem is a regular sport . . . he will wager any sum up to fifty cents, but he prefers to bet on the Duke football games because he thinks our team has a better chance to win. . . . On a tramp he made through the streets of Lucknow he accidentally fell into a sacred pool and it was several hours before his fraternity brothers found him sitting at the bottom of the pool reading a book of verse. . . . Although he much prefers to teach languages, he has chosen to teach astronomy because he has an ardent desire to learn something about astronomy. . . . Ubem's most vivid experience, to his mind, was the trip he once made on board a tramp steamer accompanied by Joseph Conrad, who profited by contact with Ubem to the extent that Ubem suggested the matter of practically all of Conrad's tales of the sea. . . . Schnitzelfritzner is at present working on an idea that Daniel Boone really stole the honor of his discovery and exploration of Kentucky from the Schnitzelfritzner family, and if successful in his research intends to prove that the loess of China far exceeds that of Siberia in weight. . . .

A group picture of this year's male initiates of the Wigwag and Masque will be taken on the steps of the Law Building sometime next week. All members must be on time.