

The Daily Tar Heel



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Friday, November 14, 1930

The Myth of Free Speech

Once more the myth of free speech has been exploded in the minds of those naive Americans who believe that a man may freely express his opinions without fear of harm. Abernethy, a student at State College, merely wrote his thoughts on one aspect of State life—cheating—and for this expression of his sentiment which was guaranteed him by the Constitution of the United States, the student council has recommended that he be suspended from the university for two years!

This action does not surprise us. We have long ago learned that freedom of speech is a fable told to high school children; a fable which they laugh at when they outgrow their juvenile credulity. As they grow older, they realize more and more that a man can say only what does not displease or anger the man above him. That is, he can say very little.

Genuine freedom of speech has never existed in this country. The early American who said he did not want to go to church was severely punished. The late American who in 1917 said he did not believe in war and refused to fight, was as harshly treated. And a teacher in Tennessee who told his pupils that Adam and Eve were only a fiction of the mind was saved from incarceration only through the intervention of one of our greatest lawyers. Countless other similar cases are on record to show the tenuousness and hypocrisy of the phrase "freedom

of speech."

We are beginning to despair that the time will ever come when a man will be allowed to say what he wishes; even if he does tell the truth.—P. L.

Still The Abernethy Case?

For the past few days this Abernethy question at State College has been a front page issue in a big majority of the state papers. Practically every newspaper of any size in the state has run at least three or more editorials as well as several lengthy stories concerning this affair, which to our mind has been given entirely too much publicity for its actual importance.

Student councils in universities and colleges all over the country are faced with the problem of suspending students at almost every one of their meetings. The majority of these suspensions, however, are made and the outside world is none the wiser of the actions.

But, here a case comes up where a student has nerve enough to say and publish what he thinks to be a true state of affairs. He sees something which he does not think is right, and he has the courage to tell others of his decision. Such a case is so rare that the entire state news world goes wild over the matter.

Have we fallen to such a low level that when a man states an opinion of his own, it is worthy of extended publicity? Is the fact that one man will stand up for his convictions important enough to give front page newspaper space to it? Are there not others who have opinions of their own 365 days in the year, but who have tact enough to hold some of them to themselves? Why then has this trifling matter been so widely broadcast?

To the writer's mind each paper that publishes any news story on the matter is lowering its standard. It is confessing to the world that it thinks that when a man expresses his opinion, then he should be made known to the public. If such men are so rare that their names should be published in the papers, then surely, this present age is treading the downward path.—C. G. R., Jr.

A Happy Solution

Some fortunate things result from accidents, but some, so unfortunate, can grow out of nothing less than divine inspiration. The solution to the problem of what in heaven's name to do with Sunday afternoons must have come only from pure inspiration on somebody's part. And that somebody deserves the undying thanks of this student body.

There was a time when students could meditate for hours on Things in General, and Things in General is a rather large category. They asked nothing better than to spend an afternoon answering the question "Is the chair really there?" and yet never answering the question. But they had a glorious time, no negative pleasure at all. But we may as well accept the fact that the world can't amuse itself any longer, and we may as well accept the fact that there is no sense in deploring the situation.

Sunday motion-pictures dispose of an afternoon that otherwise would leave students wandering about looking like Kipling's Tomlinson when nobody would have him. A few generations of law-abiding forebears give us an hereditary holy horror of breaking the law—as a rule. But we are wholeheartedly in favor of Sunday pictures. The fact that they can be best held as benefit performances is very happy. Two birds...—V. A. D.

OPEN FORUM

AGAIN—V. A. D.

Why all this hullabaloo about the glories of war? It is too obvious to argue about. Of course war is a glorious thing; and the most glorious thing one can do is die for his country.

What can be more noble than to say: "My country right or wrong, she can count on me for cannon fodder?" What is more magnificent than to lie in a lousy and filthy trench on an empty belly with a .300 Springfield in your hands and try to kill some one you have never seen and never will see? What would be more admirable than to go over the top and with the butt of your gun smash in the face of some dirty "Heinie" who eats babies and deflowers virtuous maidens—at least according to government and newspaper reports? And finally what, oh what could be more glorious than to die a soldier's death—a death that came only after hours of agony and torture: a death that you prayed would come quickly after that piece of shrapnel entered your abdomen and let your guts seep out through the hole in your clothes?

V. A. D. is absolutely right. War is "rather glorious." Let us always have war. And let all pacifists be thrown into jail. Let them rot there.

At all costs, we must have war.

PHIL LISKIN.

CHIPS Off The Old "BLOCK"

By Moore Bryson

Oh boy, I'm beginning to feel like a real scandal sheet writer. I have had my first request to withhold some news because it might darken some poor unfortunate's reputation. As it is, I already feel a weakening of the knees when the dark night creeps on and finds me away from the security of my little room.

According to reports, Lawyer Jim was very instrumental in preventing a turkey trot done by several of the boys from becoming a goose step. If the culprits had only waited until Thanksgiving to do their "doity work," think of the plea which Jim would have been able to make to the jury.

Rumor hath it that "Bootie" Uzzell adopted the slogan of "Pin Penn or pop," before the Georgia Tech game.

Two, boys, whom I know only by reputation, of course, spent the better part of a night not long ago helping each other to their respective rooms. When the visiting boy would decide that it was time to go home, the host would conclude that it would be best to see that he reached his destination safely. Once there, a short rest, et cetera, was necessary before the escort could return. When the visiting boy would decide—The morning sun found them still helping each other home.

Now that the Chapel Hill barbers have reduced the price of haircuts, there is really very little excuse left for being a literate.

So the girls have taken up archery. Evidently the poor dears have come to the conclusion that their little friend Dan Cupid has either become a mighty poor shot or else has deserted his job completely.

One of our modern Eves was heard to lament the fact that she had to be in Chapel Hill last week-end when there were literally hundreds of West Point Cadets in New York. "Butler,

my sporting (pardon)—my military uniform, please."

The Daily Tar Heel informs us that there have been no fires in Chapel Hill during November. Are we really supposed to believe that all the fraternities are satisfied with their houses?

The publication further headlines "Six Births, Five Deaths in October." The sixth shot-gun apparently wasn't loaded.

Kate Graham, of "talkie" fame, and her "rambling wreck" have quite a job acting as the Pi Phi taxi between classes and Patterson's at chapel period.

Which reminds me that I walked into the Pi Phi house Sunday afternoon and found Russell Williams and Jim Lynch (no relation of Steve's) sound asleep on the davenports. Naughty, naughty, boys, you shouldn't go to sleep in sorority houses.

ALDERMAN MOVE TO RELIEVE POOR SITUATION HERE

(Continued from page one)

In addition to discussing the unemployment situation the board voted to install a culvert, or storm sewer, on West Rosemary Street; they also voted to purchase a Ford truck to be used in carrying gravel when the streets need repairing, and further to collect garbage and leaves.

Three luminous "stop signs" have been ordered which are to be placed at important street intersections. One of these signs will be placed at the corner in front of the Carolina Inn; the second one will be put at the corner on which the post office is situated; and the third one will be installed on the corner in front of Spencer hall. These signs strictly speaking are not luminous; glass beads probably one half-inch in diameter are set in the metal so as to form the word stop, when the headlights of an automobile shine on these beads the reflection seems to illuminate the word.

Franklin and Columbia streets are to be made through streets, that is, before a car turns into either of these streets it must first come to a full stop. This ordinance will be put in effect December 1 and will be rigidly enforced. The speed limit on Franklin and Columbia streets has been increased from twenty to thirty miles per hour. The speed limit will remain the same, however, on Franklin Street from the post office to the high school and on Columbia Street from the Carolina Inn to the fire station.

Student Artist Club To Meet

The recently organized Students Artist Club will meet for the first time in its own quarters in Person hall at 4:30 p. m., Tuesday, November 18. These quarters have been fitted up and furnished by the University under the general direction of W. M. Steen and E. H. Gibson.

Tentative plans of the club, which may be changed later, are that members will pay a small quarterly fee, for which they will have the privilege of use of the studio four afternoons a week, with instruction from Gibson. Steen, who is a resident portrait painter residing in Chapel Hill, will criticize the work once a week.

High School Earns Money for Red Cross

The recent drive of the junior Red Cross council in the Chapel Hill grade school yielded \$17. The contributions were made from funds actually earned by the pupils. The second grade was the first whose members all gave to the movement. The junior council is composed of one student from each room.

Flower Language



"Why don't they grow some flower that means a bust in the nose?"

FIRST OF RADIO TALKS IS GIVEN BY RED GREENE

(Continued from page one)

received the training and background for their present work by taking part in that organization while here at college.

Greene concluded by saying that "we are particularly anxious to be of some service to the high school students in their activities which form a fundamental foundation for a successful college career."

This was the first of a series of talks which will be broadcast every Wednesday afternoon at 5:15 over station WPTF by leaders in the various phases of campus life. Ed Hamer, president of the Y. M. C. A. will be the speaker next week.

A Fast Girl Goes On The Loose! Wow!



"FAST and LOOSE"

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Graduate Dean Wins Gubernatorial Job

New Haven, Conn., Nov. 13. (IP)—Dr. Wilbur L. Cross, elected the first Democratic governor of Connecticut in twenty years at the election last week, is dean emeritus of the Yale University graduate school.

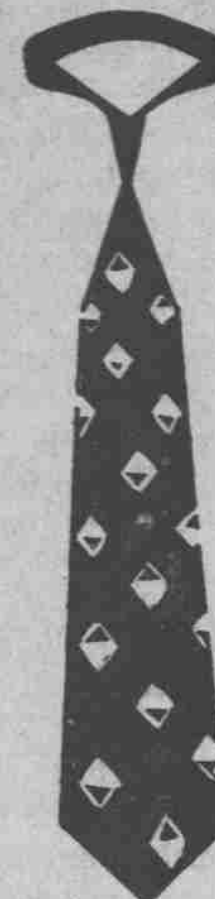
The college professor, known internationally in educational circles, defeated his Republican opponent, Lieutenant Governor Ernest E. Rodgers.

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