

The Daily Tar Heel

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Saturday, May 2, 1931

Valuable Contacts

The coming of the second quadrennial institute on Human Relations affords to the students on this campus an opportunity to see the actual mechanism of some of the best minds in this country. It will give the students a chance to make contacts which will be invaluable to them in later years. The mental contacts which will be formed during the Institute will aid the students no little in facing the problems with which they will be confronted in life. By seeing how the minds of these visiting speakers work, the collegians will be able to more easily make their own decisions.

Not only does the present day education consist in class-room work, but it also includes contacts with other persons who think differently from ourselves. These contacts help us to see how other people would look at life and what their reaction would be to this or that condition.

When we come in contact with one whose mode of thinking is far superior to ours, we immediately have a desire to bring our thoughts up to their plane. We want to be able to see things as they see them, and to think as they think. By so doing we will come to be more broad-minded. This does not necessarily demand that we give up our own beliefs but that we merely alter them according to the good points of the beliefs of our new associates.

Those persons attending and following the speeches during this coming week will not only be given "food for thought" to be digested later, but will also have a chance to think today.

They will also be privileged to mentally associate with the speakers and learn their ideas and thoughts on the questions of the day.

This Institute comes only once in a college career and to miss it now would be to lose part of our education here at the University.—C. G. R.

II Asan"ine" Comedia

Without question a niche may be worthily occupied by Miss Hollywood for giving birth without seeming pain and abundantly to her share of the world's insipidities. Ample evidence of the conspicuous apparentness of her progeny in our national life is available even in this cultured little town of super-elites.

Take your seat, squirm to a maximum comfort in one of Mr. Smith's hard-backed seats, recline to allow your mind to fall under and become massaged by the subtle stimulation of our American cinematographic drama and—the bald-headed man pops out of the flour barrel with a lobster clamped to his vest, come again and the lobster is clamped to his trouser seat, again the lobster is crawling on his shiny pate. (Laughter.) The woman trips, hobbles, and peeks through keyholes posed in unnatural and miraculously distorted positions. The suave host falls into a fish pond. A vase tips, lingers off-balance for an instant and crashes onto the linoleum floor. The impact upon the floor is noisy and very funny. An insane man tears the steering wheel from the steering rod and his car sails precariously through town. The beautiful girl drinks tea made from a sack of Bull Durham. "Googoo-eyed" she staggers about. (This is all humor.) The news reel flashes on the screen and the evening's entertainment continues.

Hollywood appeals to the enlightened and critical interests and tastes of our American people. We sit back and swallow, some in amazement, some satisfied, some awfully hard and with a bitter grin. Then we come back for more.—R. W. B.

Shibboleths

"England expects every man to do his duty!"

That symbolic phrase which swept the world in the same manner as Pershing's alleged "Lafayette, we are here," has been a signal to Britains ever since that memorable day in 1805 when it was uttered on the poop deck of the stunch Victory. Melodramatic, yes, but so expressive of that indomitable spirit that prevails in the heart of every true red-blooded Englishman. It was remembered in front of Khartum, it rang true in British hearts at Sevastopol; the burly Sikh shuddered at its poignant message, doughty Tommies at Hill Seventy fell with its soul-stirring force in dying ears; it lives forever as an inspiration to scores of contemporary Nelsons, and in the hearts of a hero-loving people.

Great Britain has been founded and constructed of such rigid stuff as was Nelson. Others have gone before him, many unknown, into the substance for a great foundation which will never totter. Of such men must every nation build her dominance. With stirring phrases we sent thousands into a great struggle across the waters, fighting for such a cause as was that of the Hero of Trafalgar.

On such phrases has many a battle been waged and won. "Sail on, sail on" was the incentive to a hardy crew that found a new world in 1492, "Westward, ho" urged pioneers across a bleak and unsettled continent to settle a virtual Empire of the Golden West. "To hell with Burgundy" evoked a new France. No less stirring and sacred to the memory of the

English people are the words of the immortal Nelson.

England expects every man to do his duty even unto this day as she will in ages to come. Those eight words will live after all else has crumpled in dust and departed. In the words of the Great Emancipator "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it will never forget what they did here," a statement which in the first part did not hold true, so will the stirring words of the great admiral quicken the pulse of Englishmen for time immemorial.—D. S.

Speaking The Campus Mind

Editor the Daily Tar Heel:

Mr. Bernard must needs plead guilty of the boast recorded against him by your Tar Heel reporter. His only defense is to repeat that boast: That nowhere in America is there a group of college students who could "pull off" cleaner and happier dances than the Junior Prom and Senior Ball of the last week-end. However, it is not the challenge I have in mind in writing these words but the desire that credit for the big endeavor may be given to whom credit is due.

First to the two classes as wholes: their fine spirit and perfect cooperation made possible the remarkably efficient work of their two committees. It is no light task to do the work necessary for entertaining sixteen hundred dancers two nights in succession. No less light is the responsibility of conducting such large dances (the very largest ever held at the University) smoothly and without disorder. Yet I believe the committees will sustain me in saying that there was not an unpleasant incident during the two nights. This is remarkable even in a university justly and universally praised for the sober and orderly conduct of its dances.

I spoke of cooperation: the two class committees, aided by the entire Executive Committee of the German Club, worked together with the harmony and precision of our best basketball teams. I have never seen a finer spirit. To me that speaks of student self government in a well nigh perfect example. For, the faculty committee on dances exercises no autocratic control. Its members "sit-in" as permanent members of the Executive Committee of the German Club—just other boys, a bit older, big buddies, all working together to keep healthy and happy the chiefest social activity of the student body. May I express congratulations to all upon a big job well done?
WM. S. BERNARD.

With Contemporaries

A Red Flag

The Supreme Court decision giving counsel for Negroes the right to examine jurors for race prejudice is much-needed encouragement to a people for whom "American justice" has long been an empty phrase. In the Southern lynching areas the decision will have little influence, since the jury panels include few who have avoided the general bias. But in other parts of the country the Negro will be able to insist upon a right which some of the backward courts have denied him.

To remove from juries those openly hostile to the Negro is, however, slight assurance of justice. Behind the apparent fair-mindedness of the majority of people is a feeling that the Negro is by nature disposed to crimes of violence. The South

would have us believe that, freed from fear, the colored people would embark upon an orgy of license. From lynchings has issued a propaganda more damaging to the reputation of the Negro than to that of his oppressors.

Even in communities where the colored population is small charges of assault upon white women make people forget the rules of justice. Cases are known where this inflammatory disposition of the public has been used for the settlement of private grudges.

The death sentence imposed recently in Alabama upon eight Negro boys on the charge that they assaulted two white girls is considered by the Association for the Advancement of Colored People a new manifestation of the grudge scheme. With a mob waiting to enforce the popular notion of justice, these youngsters were convicted on the evidence of a gang of whites whom they had trounced. Instinctively, upon hearing of the charge "assault," most Northerners as well as Southerners rejoice that justice has been speedily applied. They have come to associate such attacks with the Negro.

A little study of the Negro and the law produces so much evidence of perjury and pre-judgment of guilt, however, that we have a right to be suspicious where the charge "assault" is waved. An honest skepticism will do much to improve the legal status of the colored race.—*Cornell Sun*.

Spinach Ice-Cream

We live in an age that has been weaned, fed and brought up on progress. Progress has become a platitudinous watchword of the times and science and invention are the chief abettors which whet the appetite. Often the results of this move are commendable but every once in awhile the demon "Progress" gets out of hand, runs amuck in a respectable field and causes us to writhe in agony and despair. A Detroit confectioner is the latest to lead the demon astray.

This confectioner has produced a hybrid monstrosity which he styles vegetable ice-cream. To his customers he offers a collection of pea, carrot, celery, bean, spinach, orange, and beet flavors, added to a vanilla mix. The resultant conglomeration, of course, is a mark of modern, progressive civilization! We can only shudder. Ice-cream has long been one of our favorite concoctions. Now to have vegetable ice-cream is the straw to break the back of human toleration and good humor. This Detroit genius has taken a thoroughly delectable dish, crossed it with lowly weeds, and transformed it into something thoroughly detestable. Yet this, this sample of twentieth

century advancement, comes under the head of progress. We only await the caviar lollypop.—*Princetonian*.

Humanity Uprooted

"Life in Russia is so violent an experience, so painful a trial, and to him who bursts with the new faith so glorious an experience, that one cannot remain simply passive. One must react somehow to the heaving turbulence, with fervor, with fury, with hope, with despair, with madness or event with death."

This paragraph from the preface of Maurice Hindus' *Humanity Uprooted* expresses the whole theme of the book; the bigness, essence and totality of modern Russian life. Its scope is all-inclusive. The manner of its presentation is of even greater amplitude: it is entirely apolitical. Unlike Dr. Will Durant's *Case for India*, it presents no brief. It is broadly critical—in the word's true sense of pointing out—of the trend and status of Russian institutions, of Russian people and of Russian quests.

Under institutions, Mr. Hindus analyzes such fundamental social concepts as religion, property, sex, love and the family. His discussion gives one the impression that a colossal projecting machine, arrested with a group of one hundred and fifty million odd actors focused motionless on the Russian screen, has started up again so that the individual acceleration and in greater orbits of social contact. The stuff of their lives is woven on a larger loom and a looser pattern. Their frozen societal assets have been made liquid by the Revolution.

In the second section of his book, Mr. Hindus deals with the people: the peasant, the proletarian, the communist, youth, the intelligentsia, the Cossack, the Jew, women. It seems that the trend in humanity is towards a standard. Rigid class barriers have been leveled by the Revolution, and the formerly isolated contents of these social reservoirs is interpenetrating. Class, sex, and racial disparities have been cancelled in the wash of the current. Russia is becoming a vast babbitt-warren. The once privileged, swash-buckling Cossack is fading from the Russian scene, along with the pogroms, and the subordination of women. Individualism is becoming similar-

ity. Quests, the final third of the book, is a picture of Russia

looking ahead. With eventual recourse to war accepted as necessary, eventual, and even desirable, and so inculcated in the masses, with Revolution transcendent over Russia as a symbol to be fought for and preserved, with England universally considered Russia's implacable adversary, and America held as her well-wishing, mass-productive hero and friend, the outlook on Russia's future trail to the pot of gold at the end of her national communistic rainbow seems sufficiently tortuous. At any rate, something gigantic, glorious and agonizing in the same breath is being attempted.

Humanity Uprooted is a brave, broad work. Its author should be well worth hearing.—*The Dartmouth*.

Pittsburgh Students Overcharged for Prunes

Charging "profiteering" in the University of Pittsburgh cafeteria, several students have brought charges against the management, citing the high cost of prunes as an example. The complainants plan to prove that the profit on prunes sold in the cafeteria exceeds 1100 percent. They claim that prunes sell for 8 cents per pound, and that one pound will make 13 ten-cent dishes, for which a total of \$1.30 is charged. Other items concerned in the alleged profiteering are: beans, 1400 percent; fruit salad, 300 percent; vegetable salad, 250 percent; butter, 220 percent; and ham sandwiches, 200 percent.—*Purdue Exponent*.

California may undertake to regulate the import of foreign dried eggs. Steps ought to be taken, too, to dry up some of the foreign eggs who come over here to lecture.—*San Diego Union*.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

The Love Of A Boy For A Blonde
Lew AYRES in
"IRON MAN"
with
Rob't Armstrong—Jean Harlow
also
Bert Roach Comedy
"Expensive Kisses"
Movie Memories
Now Playing
CAROLINA

FANCY ICES SHERBETS
DURHAM ICE CREAM CO., Inc.
"Blue Ribbon"
Ice Cream
DURHAM, N. C.
"Won Its Favor By Its Flavor"
BLOCKS PUNCH

A Job or No Pay?
Insure Against Starvation or?
NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
vs.
THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
Gerrard Hall
Tonight - 8:30 P. M.