

The Daily Tar Heel

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Thursday, October 29, 1931

Narrow-minded Critics

The University of North Carolina is again criticized for being too radical. It is not the first time that this institution has received such criticism from persons who have made a survey of the existing conditions with a prejudiced mind.

It is peculiar how such critics look at the purpose of an education. They seem to think that the students should come in contact with only those persons who believe "thus and so," and never ought the students be allowed to hear the radical side of any question.

If such a system of education has ever existed, it has now long been out of existence. Educational centers today favor the plan of presenting both sides of every question and leaving the decision up to the student himself.

It is unfair to the student to tell him what he should believe without giving him a chance to think for himself. If anyone has reached college and is still unable to make his own decisions, it is not the fault of the college but rather the early training of the student.

Persons who are opposed to this University's presenting all sides of every question are not only trying to narrow the students' education, but are branding themselves as antiquated old-foggies who are satisfied to leave the world as it stands today.

Touche!

"Stupidity is the quality of robust sanity," Mahomet has told us in laying an antediluvian foundation for the widely quoted adage "Ignorance is bliss, etc., etc." Thus it appears that stupidity is really an attribute in these days when every man expects his neighbor as being a "happy moron," as the term has become so generally used.

It is a peculiarity of the robust sane, for this mental classification is undeniably established once they are publicly dubbed stupid, to suffer an injured ego when alluded to as unequipped to handle semi-weighty subjects of imported chapel speakers.

Our cause is therefore lost, and our relentless search for knowledge is shattered when it becomes evident that, after all, we are not possessed of the intellect or sense of the finer and more basic things in life to appreciate an enlightening address on something of paramount import.

Student Evaluation

In the all-important "bull-session," the relative worth and ability of various professors are discussed. From these opinions, other students may be enabled to avoid instructors considered boring. But the criticisms go no further. It is an obligation, on the part of the student that these criticisms should go further; he owes that much to his University.

The student may sit on a class and be bored to death; he may be flunked without reason and have no redress. Again, the boring, the unfair, the indifferent professor may be left to harass following generations of students. Or, on the other hand, a professor may understand his subject well and may be a master of the rudiments of teaching; yet, there is the possibility he will spend his educational life teaching unimportant courses.

The student should have some way to communicate with the head of his department, or his dean, or the President of the University, his own opinion of every instructor and the way a course is conducted so that those in authority may have a guide in appointments in dismissals.

The standards of instruction would certainly be raised by students forming definite ideas of the worth of instructors and professors attempting to meet the criterions demanded by their classes.

It is ever a student obligation and a student privilege to criticize constructively every instructor so that the instructor, the head of the department, and the President of the University may have a real standard to judge the merits of instructors.

Extra-Curricula Conflicts

Everything is merely a matter of organization. If a group, however small, sets out on any purpose, however great, they can accomplish it by means of this keynote to success. The

social, or group, sense is uppermost in the individual of today. No one dares to do, to say, or to think without first considering the group.

At the University, the modern trend is severely followed. The erection of the Graham Memorial building was an inspiration for the establishment of several new clubs, including, as we hear, an anarchist organization—in addition to the innumerable old clubs that existed.

There is room for each person on the campus to belong to at least seven such groups, each of which urge him to be present at each of the weekly meetings. Beyond that number, and there are many who do belong to more than that, the meetings must come at different hours on the same night.

This is a beautiful example of the attitude of the University toward study. As a general principle, the class work is more important than the extra-curricula activities, but each individual feels that the particular activity which he is engaged in should take precedence over all others.

The faculty is willing to praise students for the work that they have done on the outside, yet severely punish absences resulting from the time taken to do this work—aside, of course, from the out of town trips which are made.

It is hard to say what are worthy and what unworthy causes for combination; yet it seems to us that the time for some action has come, and that organizations should be required to have some kind of permission before they can have regular meetings.—P.W.H.

SPEAKING the CAMPUS MIND

Waiting For A Ring

Old Joe College is back in town, this time assuming the person of Mr. Practical Joker. This type of wit should be quite exhausted by four years of high school life in the old home town. However, there seems to be a hangover, remarkable for its crudity.

The telephone has long been the instrument of tortured and painful humor, but rarely by men and women of mature age. We are reminded of the youths who formerly called the grocery to ask if there were any "loose" pickles, but, of course, you remember the rest. A sad epidemic of this primitive wit seems to have been revived. Dapper youths still get a kick out of pre-war stuff, we find.

Knowing his charm and dashing brilliance, Old Joe has hit Spencer hall a hard blow. Many fair maidens are languishing away waiting for the date that never turns up.

"What are you doing on Friday nite? . . . Nothing? Swell!" Bang goes the receiver and another female is disillusioned.

The old Spencerians receive this freshman crassness with gay repartee and the younger ones are gradually becoming initiated. All Spencerites are banding together to snub efficiently all such jeeters and to ostracize them from fair co-ed society.

"May I see you on Friday nite?" "Not if I see you first—" Bang.

The trouble with a lot of going concerns is that they are gone before you have a chance to collect from them.—Jackson News.

A student at the University of Michigan held thirteen diamonds yet was unable to take the bid. One of his opponents bid seven spades.

The Low-Down

By G. R. Berryman

Much Ado About Co-eds

(Children under 16 positively not admitted.) Co-eds—co-eds—co-eds! In my ramblings about the campus that's all I hear. "What's the matter with the co-eds that they should cause so much talk?" thought I.

I asked Shoemaker who sits at the typewriter next to mine in the Tar Heel office. He made a wry face and shuddered. "Don't ask me about co-eds," he screamed. "They're my pet abomination!"

So I went to Jimmy Thompson, man-about-campus. "Co-eds? Sure, I know all about them. What do you want to know?" he asked, at once master of the situation.

"Well, in the first place, why do they come to a man's school?" "That's easy," he answered. "They come here to look for husbands."

The Souls of Women Are So Small, That Some Believe They've None at All.

A co-ed is a woman. You can't get away from that fact. So all the inconsistencies of women are possessed by co-eds—including a few more they have thought up for themselves. The co-ed pushes herself into an institution where the majority do not welcome her. Is she properly humble? Not a bit. She acts as though she were one of the trustees. If a professor flunks her on a course she thinks him no gentleman.

If Ladies Be But Young and Fair, They Have the Gift to Know It.

The main argument against co-eds seems to be that they are all snobs. Every one of my readers can furnish countless of his own illustrations of this fact. My Only Books Were Woman's Looks, And Folly's All They've Taught Me.

Most University men think that co-eds are all right—in their place. But each one hopes that his classes will be without the female element. One of my professors, at the beginning of the year, looked over the class and said: "Well, gentlemen, I see we have no co-eds." Under his breath he added two words which every member of the class heard: "Thank God!"—And I can prove it.

For the Defense

It is not, of course, the co-ed's fault that she is not as intelligent as the man student. Both man and woman sprang from monkeys, but man sprang farther. A man constantly gains in wisdom with each additional year of life; a woman stops growing intellectually at about the seventeenth year.

As long as we are cursed with co-eds, let them use all beauty aids at their command to make themselves attractive. A campus filled with co-eds who are beautiful and dumb is infinitely more desirable than one filled with co-eds who are only dumb. To House-break a Co-ed Lose no time to contradict her, Nor endeavor to convict her; Only take this rule along, Always to advise her wrong, And reprove her when she's right; She may then grow wise for spite.

Girl to Pay Tuition at Texas College by Renting Ponies.—Headline. These are small saddle-horses, however.—Arkansas Gazette.

It might be possible to popularize the slogan, "Buy until it hurts," as a means to end the depression, if we did not hurt so easily.—Boston Globe.

The Musical University

By SCOTT MABON

Mary Garden sang night before last to a large, responsive audience in the spacious and acoustically excellent Page Auditorium of Duke University. Her recital, the first of the season's concert series at Duke, was likewise one of her first appearances on her present eight-weeks transcontinental tour.

The program, carefully chosen with respect to the limitations and possibilities of Miss Garden's voice, could not have failed to fulfill the expectations of all who came the slightest bit prepared to hear from this excellent artist and rather glamorous personality. Mary Garden's soprano is a voice with definite bounds and not unlimited power, but a voice of great richness and purity within its range; and hers is a personality capable of creating all sorts of moods and of catching her hearers in her spell in a way that no other singer, to our knowledge, can quite do it.

Mr. Sanford Schlusel, Miss Garden's accompanist, played two groups of selections during the evening, thereby winning for himself a large slice of the audience's esteem. As might have been expected, his touch is delicate and sensitive rather than powerfully decisive, and well adapted to give a sympathetic emphasis to Miss Garden's mood.

Miss Garden sang first a group of four songs in French: *Nebbie*, by O. Respighi; *Reverie*, by E. Moret; *Le Rossignol*, by A. Gretchaninow, and *Ouvre tes yeux*, by J. Massenet. Possibly the least well adapted to the singer was the first, by the celebrated modern Italian. It demanded a bit more power than Miss Garden could muster, and the result was a slight straining on some of the high forte tones. And, possibly because it was the first number on the program, the singer's breathing was more audible than it should have been. Moret's *Reverie*, a song well suited to her rich tones, was marred slightly by a little careless sliding. *Le Rossignol* gave Miss Garden an opportunity to use the strong, sensuous timber of her middle register. Massenet's song, a charming thing demanding considerable vocal flexibility, was sung with a satisfyingly delicate artistic restraint. For an encore Miss Garden sang, to the delight of everyone, *Comin' Through the Rye*, in which her vivacity and playfulness were matched by Mr. Schlusel at the piano.

Next to be heard was a group of two piano selections: a *Gavotte* by Gluck-Brahms and a *Polonaise* of Chopin, played by Mr. Schlusel. The *Gavotte*, one familiar to almost everyone, was delightfully done, revealing a pianist with a liquid, fluent, graceful touch, and an airy musical sense. The *Polonaise*, a pianistica and fairly technical piece, was played rather lightly with a nice timing of phrases. For an encore Mr. Schlusel played Lehnhart's *A Little Old Fashioned Music Box*, daintily enough.

The next group of songs, to this particular listener the least interesting of the program, was made up of *The Steppe*, by A. Gretchaninow; *Little Boat and The Swing*, by R. Hahn, *Ghosts*, by C. Warford, and *Serenade* by J. A. Carpenter. This group, ranging in mood between the passionate dreariness of the Russian song, the childish playfulness of *The Swing*, the rather waxy dramaticism of *Ghosts* ("The Ghost called Life, the Ghost called Death, the Ghost called Memory"—it's bargain day, take your pick) and

Mr. Carpenter's politely passionate *Serenade* about "the kiss that burned my throat with bliss" afforded Miss Garden a grand opportunity to display her personality—and her showmanship. For an encore she sang the *Caballero* from Carmen to an audience that was by this thoroughly enjoying itself.

The first group following the intermission consisted of J. Szule's *Claire de Lune* and two songs by Debussy, *Beau Soir* and *Green*, and was easily the most rewarding group of the recital. The first, a love song, gave ample freedom to the rich, sensuous tones and dreamy voluptuousness of Mary Garden's voice. The piano accompaniment made excellent use of the more modern harmonic effects. *Beau Soir*, the finest thing on the program, was superbly done. Miss Garden, as an interpreter of the submerged, smothered, restrained, exotic emotion of Debussy's music is probably unmatched. *Green*, rich as its title would suggest in subjective tone color, made slightly too great demands upon Miss Garden's higher tones, which are a trifle thin in forte. The encore, *Annie Laurie*, was charmingly and beautifully sung.

For his second group of selections, Mr. Schlusel played *Claire de Lune* by Debussy, and *De Falla's Danse Rituelle du Feu*. Like Miss Garden he is a fine interpreter of Debussy, whom he played with a beautifully soft and liquid touch and a keen ability to emphasize the richness of the tonal quality, partly by a skillful use of the pedal. De Falla's extraordinary composition, although it was received with great enthusiasm by the audience, was not quite done justice. Mr. Schlusel, who had studied under De Falla, had the correct idea of the composition in his head; but he failed to communicate it adequately by sheer lack of power in his hands, which he seemed to want to overcome by an excessive use of the pedal. His timing and phrasing of the piece, with a tendency to slur the notes toward the end instead of maintaining the *staccato*, was interesting and effective.

As her final selection Miss Garden sang the air from the beginning of the third act of *Louise*, a choice which surely must have delighted many lovers of this old favorite. Her singing of it was a fitting close to an evening that gave pleasure to a great many people. One was left wishing that there were only something that this remarkable and captivating woman could have sung from her greatest opera, *Pelleas et Melisande*.

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