

**The Daily Tar Heel**

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Friday, December 11, 1931

**Why Deny The Truth?**

Now that another year of football has passed into the records, the usual reaction has set in. The subsidized athlete is being attacked from all sides by men filling high posts in our educational institutions. The situation is termed "deplorable" and is "viewed with alarm."

Let us take inventory of ourselves at this propitious moment and decide which side of the fence to be on. Are we among those who condemn wholly the over-emphasis of the present day football situation, or are we of the opinion that a "laissez-faire" policy should be followed with regard to the sport? It is high time that the great institutions of learning in our country banded together and arrived at some definite decision for the future of a sport which has captured the imagination of so vast an audience.

It is the opinion of *The Daily Tar Heel*, that there is great need for reform. The spirit of secret diplomacy which seems to permeate the atmosphere under present conditions is indeed regrettable. The game should not be overcast with dark clouds; the public should be aware of true conditions regardless of what they are. If it is true that athletics are subsidized directly or indirectly in order to convince them that dear old Oshkosh is really the place for them why isn't there an open admission of the fact? Are institutions reticent about calling to the attention of the public that they have awarded a \$2,000 scholarship to a promising scholar in order for him to attend their university? Hardly. Instead they submit the facts to the press and hope that it will be given sufficient space to call it to the attention of everybody. Are not the cases analogous? If the scholar, who it is hoped will bring prestige to the school by his fine work, is deserving of monetary recompense why then is the payment of athletes

looked down upon?

Under the present system, entailing the use of big stadiums, highly salaried coaches, and a football mad public amateurism is well nigh an impossibility. The public pretends to demand sportsmanship and non-professionalism. They will arise and applaud such things as the Carnegie Report but will they likewise get behind a losing team and voice their approval? Judging from past observations the answer could hardly be anything but negative.

We must consider also that colleges and universities as they exist today are much akin to large corporations. The finances must be carefully guarded and wisely apportioned. The value of extra-curricula activities has long before this been recognized. There is little argument against the statement that participation in the various campus activities is an important phase of one's college career. Yet, how many of us realize that without the funds derived from football games a vast majority of these campus activities would have to be suspended? Basketball, boxing, tennis, track, and intramural sports are among those sports which must look to football for their upkeep. Would it then be wise to reduce the game to a point where it would lose its box office appeal? Let those who are ever bewailing the so-called over-emphasis of the sport take this point into consideration before advocating a drastic move in the wrong direction.

It is a recognized fact that a change of some sort must be made. Colleges must discontinue the idea of steering a middle course. They must either make what would be a vain effort by earnestly setting about ridding our colleges of all traces of professionalism, or else do the sensible thing and acquaint the public with the true state of affairs.—S.H.R.

**Mental Utopia**

Here and there and everywhere novel ideas are being advanced in the world of education.

Professor Pitkin surprised the students of journalism at Columbia university by announcing a compulsory two hour study period to be supervised by him outside the regular class work. Furthermore, he appropriated \$10.00 from the class for the purchase of useful books.

The faculty members of the university regard this method of supervised study with favor. J. Donald Young, assistant professor of Fine Arts says:

"I should think the possible advantage would be in the opportunity for a student while preparing the work to go to the instructor for a solution of any phase of the subject which might be puzzling. The disadvantage would be in tying the student down to a definite time schedule for his preparation. It's an interesting experiment, nevertheless."

*The Daily Tar Heel* believes that this system would have a definite value in other courses as well. Class rooms could be so outfitted as to create a distinct intellectual atmosphere. Comfortable chairs replacing the proverbial hard seats; artistic pictures relevant to the course; a goodly array of stimulating books would all be conducive to individual thinking—that thinking most essential for original production. Perhaps the greatest merit of this plan would be the opportunity for an exchange of ideas among people interested in a particular field. Open discussion and friendly argument do much toward clarifying and enlarging the scope of mental vision. Moreover, association with the professor would tend to direct the thought of the students along the most advan-

tageous channels. Personal contact with his more broadened outlook would serve as a source of inspiration. Increased activity and more original output would result from such stimulation.

*The Daily Tar Heel* commends Professor Pitkin as an exponent of the modern conception of education. The trend is toward greater animation and liberation of thought. Another spoke of change is added to the wheel of evolution. Let us watch the rotation.—L.P.

**Disbench Judge Lynch**

One of the blackest spots on the escutcheon of the south is our part in the record of lynching. While this cruel and barbaric form of mob violence has been effectively driven long ago from the rest of the land, it lingers in the south to the disgrace of those below the Mason-Dixon line. Lynching seems to go hand in hand with lack of education, and those states with the best record in schools have for the most part the fewest cases of mob violence. It is to be hoped that with the better education of our people, lynching will be driven from its last stronghold in America.

Tracked through fields by bloodhounds, seized by enraged brutes, and tortured to death without trial or recourse is too often the fate of those who have incurred the dislike or suspicion of so-called civilized people. It is bad enough to note that lynchings are on the increase, but far more horrible and portentous is the fact that they are consistently increasing in violence and cruelty. Formerly shot or hung, the victim is now slowly burnt, skinned alive, hacked in small pieces, and otherwise disposed of in a manner that would shock an Inquisitor of the Dark Ages, or an Apache Indian.

The average man supposing that most lynchings are the punishment for outrages against women, is liable to more or less condone or ignore them. This is a false supposition, however, and not one-fourth of our lynchings have been for that reason. Most lynchings have as their cause economic competition and rivalry, and the record of lynchings is closely connected with the financial condition of the section. Many trivial excuses are found for mob action, but most of them have as the underlying basis lack of economic security, political jealousy, or race prejudice.

The policemen and sheriffs have been, in many instances, very lax in the protection of prisoners. Often keys to jails have been surrendered with little opposition, and while there are notable exceptions, the average deputy does not take too much trouble to assure prisoners the right of trial. Much has been done to remedy this, but there is still much to do if the south's reputation is to be redeemed.

It is gratifying to note that North Carolina has had one of the finest records in this respect, and it is to be hoped that she will continue to lead as an exponent of justice and humanity among the southern people. But a hard winter is at hand and there is a threat of much crime and much mob violence. A close and careful watch over mob feeling and mob action must be maintained. Never until lynching has become a myth may the south pretend to equality with the civilization of her sister states, and those with the interests of the south at heart will do their best to see that the blood of the defenseless shall no longer drench the history of a glorious people.—J.F.A.

Some minds seem well glazed by nature against the admission of knowledge.—*Eliot*.

**The Place Of The Literatureur**

College writing on this campus, at least, has been characterized by two or three unfortunate tendencies. In the first place, writing by undergraduates has been consistently wordy and lacking in meatiness, the content that makes writing worth noticing. In the second place, writers have been suffering the delusion that something obscure is something subtle, that a thing which is complicated is consequently profound.

For this reason contributions to college publications here have been lacking in the power and vitality that ought to accompany the literary work of youthful writers. *The Carolina Magazine* has this year made a sincere effort to pull itself out of the slothful pseudo sophistication and the soft sentimentality of former years. As yet this forward movement has by no means reached its maturity. Much criticism is directed against the dullness, the irrelevancy, and the unattractiveness of writings that appear in that publication. Some of this criticism is well founded, in others the criticism is merely an expression of dissatisfaction upon the part of lazy readers who cannot bother with a story that does not have the broncho-busting touch that *Adventure* writers cultivate.

The existence of a literary organ on campus boasting a cultural atmosphere and claiming to train students in the fine arts is a necessity. There should be a place where enterprising writers can display the product of their mental and architectonic skill. However, when the organ is allowed to degenerate into grammar school amateurishness it is most unfortunate.

A revitalization of the *Carolina Magazine* has begun. It is not possible that the rejuvenation might be made still more if the concept of a magazine be changed from that of a folder of paper containing words and words and words, nicely written, perhaps, but still words, to the concept of a folder containing ideas, feelings, visions as interpreted by the minds of college men who look at life and interpret it in ink. Mathew Arnold insists that Shelley, Byron, and Keats are not as great as they might be because they became too enamoured of words, isolated pictures, brilliant phrases. Arnold proposes that above all in writing is the need for some dominating idea, some integrating purpose which binds words, pictures, and the music of phrases into itself.

There are countless issues which might engage the thought of the college writer. The struggle against economic obstacles, the fight against paternalism, the thrill of adventure into new fields of intellectual controversy, the problems of getting along with intractable roommates, and the achievement of college ambitions, are all real and college writers know about them. The conflicts of a college life are no less fundamental than the conflicts that meet the Wall Street broker or the Geneva statesman or the Orange county farmer. Literature should be concerned with realities. College writing is missing a great opportunity when it ignores the possibilities for literary interpretation even here on our own college campus.—R.W.B.

**The Devil's Hour**

The wide, wide world is fraught with danger. Hidden perils lurk behind each gatepost. The streets, automobiles, people, stores, and movies assume a sinister air. Night is shrouded in a veil of mystery. Familiar scenes and actions of the day become fantastic and obscure.

Conversations are suspended in mid-air; books hastily dropped; plays vacated rapidly; musicales lose their ecstatic audiences; motors break all speed laws in an effort to reach Spencer hall before the light flickers. The gong of ten-thirty sounds. Innocent co-eds are safely tucked away. Women snore and Nimbus reigns.—L.P.

**The Screen Of "Self"**

The world is made up of any number and variety of people, people so diversified as to seem almost unrelated. Indeed, they are unrelated in some respects, for individuals vary greatly in their innate make-up. Some are radical, others conservative; some hypocritical, others sincere; some naive, others skeptical—all are intolerant. The misunderstanding of the human race is colossal. Because we are all different, we can not view with a clear perspective the actions of others. The mirror which we look is clouded by personal bias. Objectivity is lost to us since we judge others by standards of our own conception. We frown upon free thinking, new ideas, beliefs opposed to our own.

Through life we stumble and even while stumbling deride the awkwardness of our neighbors. It is not enough that we criticize but we must standardize the criteria of our judgments, wishing to mould all humanity to the pattern of our ideal.

Luckily, our conception of the ideal is far from uniform, and individuals are so constructed as to be oblivious to much of the intolerance surrounding them. Thinking in terms of the "ego," the broader aspect of others is obscured by the screen of "self." —L.P.

**Lines of Least Resistance**  
By JAMES DAWSON

In case you're interested, that waltz, *Good Night, Sweetheart*, that you've been hearing, is a shameless steal from one of the melodies in Liszt's *Les Preludes*.

Were you? If you still are, see the first chapter of Sigmund Spaeth's *The Common Sense of Music*. You probably knew that the old *Yes, We Have No Bananas* started off with the theme of the Hallelujah Chorus from Handel's *Messiah*, but you may not remember that it then proceeded to go through *The Bohemian Girl*, *The Merry Widow Waltz*, and some others, ending up with the last line from *My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean*.

Those who are attracted by the anfractuities of abnormal psychology (and maybe some who are not) will be interested in hearing a thing called *Grave*, written by Wilhelm Friedman Bach, one of the many musical sons of the old maestro, Johann Sebastian Bach.

Tsk, tsk, this iconoclastic younger generation. Just as America was beginning to be proud of Eugene O'Neill, the book editor of the Washington University *Hatchet*, from the District of Columbia, muttered, with a sad shake of the artistic head:

"Eugene Gladstone O'Neill, whom some call the Amurrikin Willie Shokie, has produced another flop. *Dynamo* was horrible, but it merely (by being the exception) proved that O'Neill could write fine and occasionally great drama. But in his *Mourning Becomes Electra*, O'Neill gets way beyond his depth..."

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