

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tuesday, February 16, 1932

To Many Colleges; Too Little Education

Throughout the state there are a great number of parochial colleges which have almost no educational value. Year by year these schools continue to graduate girls with unbalanced views, girls hemmed in by narrow teachings and strict rules. Life moves on outside rarely touching those confined within. That conditions of the nineties should linger in this modern day is inconceivable, but true. Freedom is limited to an almost unbelievable extent. State prisoners are allowed almost as much liberty as the inmates of most of these "schools for the refinement of young ladies." Walks in the afternoon are duly chaperoned; certain parts of town are taboo; picture shows are censored; girls are permitted to go out with near relatives only and may barely nod to acquaintances (of the opposite sex) when they pass them on the street; young men may call for an hour or so once a week (provided they are on the calling list sent from home); smoking and cards are prohibited, under penalty of "shipping." These are just a few of the disadvantages noticeable in these "petty" church schools. In this bigoted atmosphere minds are thwarted, liberal thinking is frowned upon and strong prejudices are built up. The pity of it is that girls are committed to these institutions at the most formative age of their lives, ideas are just taking shape, personalities are just beginning to emerge. Each year hordes pour forth cut in the same pattern... mass-educated. Charm is the keynote of such education. They bring them the atmosphere of dried rose leaves kept for long eras in the pages of a musty book.

That these staid colleges of conventionality should linger on is another example of "cultural lag." Their utility has vanished. No longer do women desire to be merely ornaments for a drawing room. More and more women are taking part in affairs of importance. The scope of their interests is broadening yearly. Why should they be

shackled by narrow schools? Why should they see life through dimmed spectacles of provincial ecclesiasticism?

How much more beneficial would it be to merge these numerous insignificant institutions into one or two liberal universities, in which women could gain adequate training to face problems, not shrink from them, to think clearly, to play a winning game. To educate is merely to broaden the outlook, to train in the art of living, and so should be cosmopolitan, not provincial.—L.P.

Why We Are Here

The value of a college education is being constantly debated and while much is being said for coming to college and for staying away the number of young men and women at college has increased greatly during the last decade. Today every young person who can raise the money and satisfy the scholastic requirements comes to college. Though the exact reasons for coming are in many cases unknown to the individual there are excellent reasons for the growing trend towards college education and the movement is based upon many sound theories and facts. To begin with the scholastic phase of such an education is becoming more and more valuable as the struggle for existence becomes more difficult and the standard of living becomes higher. The modern institute of higher learning no longer contents itself or its students with merely providing a cultural background but attempts to prepare the young man and woman for an advantageous start in life. The desire for specialized training and the need for a certain modicum of culture with which to draw the most from life provide the greatest incentive that is attracting youth to our many colleges.

The scholastic side, though most essential, is of course but one of many advantages that college offers. The experience of being independent and self sufficient is invaluable. Removed from the close care of the home and the high school the college man is forced to lead his own life, handle his own affairs, and make his own decisions. This being thrown out to sink or swim is in many cases the turning point in a man's career and decides the course of his future. The contact with new types and many different classes of people is also highly beneficial. Here at a great university we find a mixture of all species of men. Individuals of different mental ability, interests background, wealth, religion, and culture are here thrown together in a crystallized section of life from which we select our friends and companions and in which we learn to adapt ourselves to all sorts of company and all varieties of culture.

Further advantages offered by colleges lie in the numerous and varied extra curricular activities that are opened to the student. Every form of athletics provide physical development and the thrill of representing the school in competition with rivals. Work on dailies, year books, and magazines offers excellent training in the art of writing and thinking as well as in certain forms of business. Campus politics, fraternities, societies, dramatic and musical organizations are other fields that are opened to the ambitious college man. The attraction to social life and the general care free and liberal atmosphere of the college enhance the acquisition of these benefits. Hence, while some realize it and some do not, we are here because college has a tremendous lot to offer us and does so in a highly attractive manner.—J.F.A.

False Conclusions

A recent article from Madison, Wisconsin, points out the fact that the author of the famous "On, Wisconsin" received \$15 while the printers got \$50,000. The headlines stress this fact and the penniless condition of the two students who wrote the words and composed the music of the piece.

That a company which had nothing to do with the origination of the song should receive most of the monetary returns from it seems, at first, very unfair. Further, the penniless genius is ever a subject of sympathy. But one should not be awed by the great gap between \$15 and \$50,000 into a harsh condemnation of the printing company. This company took the piece and printed it. It took the risk of loss and provided for royalties to be paid the author. That the song was no startling success when it was first commercialized is amply illustrated by the paltry sum that the royalties amounted to. Moreover, at the time that the royalties came in and later, when the hundred dollars from the sale of the copyright was realized, the ready money was worth a great deal to the men. As one says technically, their time preference was very high. The money was worth much more to them for use then than an investment that would probably mature later.

The \$50,000 is an accumulated amount. It is no lump sum earned overnight. It is the result of the sale of the piece over sixteen or seventeen years. Time and capital have been necessary to realize returns. A large part of the \$50,000 amounts to payments of present and back interest on the capital put into the publishing. Part is recompense for allowing that capital to be tied up when, invested in some other place, it could be earning interest.

Too often one allows himself to draw conclusions that are far from just. The publisher, at first sight, seems a heartless capitalist willing to squeeze the last penny wherever he can. He may be, but there is nothing in the article that proves he is anything but a normal business man earning his living in a sane and fair manner.—H.H.

France, The Culprit

The discord and hostilities that have characterized recently the economic development and social pastimes of those of the Orient have overshadowed the European embroglio wherein France, Germany, and Great Britain respectively are playing the roles of the villain in the play of economic rehabilitation and international peace, the economic martyr, and the debilitated father grimly holding its last vestige of European dominance.

France, the culprit, is ostensibly obstructing the peaceful and satisfactory culmination of the play. Her insistent demands for the full payment of reparations, her desire for maintaining the status quo in the matter of armaments and military preparedness (in which stage she is by far the most advanced) may be likened to the black-moustached miscreant of old, whose scruples were dictated to by the fancies of selfish desires. And lucky she is in having so helpless and devastated a victim as Germany. With her economic life entirely disrupted and ravaged by the dying condition of her export trade, with her social stability being slowly subverted by the increasing dominance of socialists and economic dictatorship, French interests can quite easily be planted and take to root in so tempting an acreage. And few better realize it than France.

Disarmament conferences, international conferences for the betterment of world trade fade into insignificance when the course of events are set in a track so unmistakable.

Some believe that the solution lies with us. France's demands for full reparation payment is supposedly based upon the United States' insistent demands for payment. And upon this excuse France claims her legal and extra-legal rights on Germany whose helplessness invites incroachment and economic bloodsucking. But to call this bluff might be too costly.

Meanwhile, Great Britain, once the controlling factor in European policies, the father element in guiding her ambitious neighbors, lies prostrate, weakened and helpless by her own internal diseases—and allows France to foreclose the mortgage.—G.B.

SPEAKING the CAMPUS MIND

... Up To The Students Themselves.

We have an honor system on this campus by reputation only. "Thou shalt not squeal" is just as much in control of our student body as a whole as it is of the men in the navy. Statistics on this are not needed; instructors, students, and mothers of students know that dishonesty goes on unchallenged and largely unchecked. Honorable students simply will not be informers as a general rule. They feel that to "squeal" is to be dishonorable in itself. Therefore, in the conflict of traditions thus arising, "thou shalt not squeal" wins out; our "honor system" droops, shot full of holes (our holey ideal), and we go marching on under a banner of tattered remnants. One wonders if the honorable students, upon whom the success or failure of the honor system indisputable depends, will have a blind eye, a "thou-shalt-not-squeal" philosophy, when they get into the stream of business and politics. Will they allow their associates to get away with funds, with dirty work in general?

Rationalization, psychological speaking, is so much with us, let us jab at one concrete and vital point in the situation. "We sit too close together on examinations." This is not wholly a smoke-screen of rationalization. In this fact of propinquity during quizzes there is unquestionably what might be called moral overstrain. Then, if this be so, why not initiate another tradition whereby a vacant chair (in which may sit the ghost of a 100 per cent honor system) interpose itself between every student during examinations. Far more than this is needed, of course, to patch up the bedraggled banner. It's up to the students themselves. A FACULTY MEMBER.

Brief Facts

- Kansas is having trouble with gasoline bootleggers. It is estimated that the state has lost more than \$150,000 in tax revenue. Dr. Clemente Robles, National Biological Institute of Mexico, recently announced that operations on dogs in which the cerebellum was removed were not fatal, but that the dogs regained control of their movements in a few days. About one-third of the world's billion chickens are in the United States, more than in any other two countries combined. Italy has prohibited wage cuts.



A SHORT SHORT STORY

(Which is at the same time a true story)

It is always with fear and trembling that I approach the editorial offices of THE DAILY TAR HEEL. Stealthily do I enter, glancing both to the right and to the left to make sure that I am unobserved. Now do not misunderstand. The publication room situated on the second floor of Graham Memorial is not particularly awe-inspiring, nor do I stand constantly in fear of editorial disapproval. I will admit that I sometimes feel like a prisoner in a court of justice when I approach the inner railing behind which is situated the editor's desk. There is a tension in the atmosphere as when the occupants of a crowded court room lean forward as one man to await the verdict of the foreman of the jury. But that feeling is soon dissipated into thin air as I flee, lest I be apprehended in the very act of putting columns where they belong.

Last Monday heavy footsteps sounded down the corridor just as I was congratulating myself that once again I had escaped observation. Headlong I dashed, right into him. He was a silver-haired old man who wore with his neat black suit which gave evidence of the depression an air of unremitting toil. His kindly eyes expressed faith in and good will toward his fellow men.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "where John Doe's apartment is?"

Striving to conceal my mild amusement at the idea of looking for apartments in Graham Memorial, I asked him just what was John Doe's address.

"The Graham building," was his reply. Suddenly it flashed across my mind that my questioner was John Doe's father, come to pay his son a brief visit and perhaps to add a cautious word about expenses. But why should such a father as he be laboring under the delusion that the University provided apartments for the members of its student body? Nevertheless I directed him as best I could to Graham dormitory. He thanked me, and together we descended the stairway.

"I was just going around to install an electric refrigerator," he explained. Halfway down the stairs, I paused, curious as to why electric refrigerators should be in demand in dormitory rooms.

"And whose apartment did you say you were looking for?" I queried. "Mrs. John Doe's," came the prompt rejoinder. "Oh!" I answered weakly.

It was plain that Mrs. John Doe couldn't be living in Graham dormitory. There was only one straw left. I flung it at him in the form of a question. "Don't the John Does live in Graham Court apartments?" His face brightened. That was it! And how could he get there? Again I gave directions, this time to McAuley Street.

At the foot of the stairs he lingered, looking carefully at the marble walls and even venturing timidly into the beautifully panelled lounge. "What is this for?" he asked. "The conception of the Graham Memorial building," I quoted from THE DAILY TAR HEEL, "is that of a social center for the University campus." He accepted my statement with an air of resignation. "So," he commented, "this is where the society people live!"

With Contemporaries

Impressions Of College Newspapers

The Davidsonian from Davidson: A good sheet with a better editorial page. Ring-Tum Phi from W. and L. They hardly seem to take their journalism seriously but still live up to the college heritage. THE DAILY TAR HEEL from N. C. U.: The south's most liberal paper. It's editor seems to be better than Brisbane in settling the world's problems. Crimson-White: It seems that we have said something of a highly complimentary nature before. The Emory Wheel: Published on slick paper but still a very excellent publication. The Gold and Black: Good despite the heads. The Plainsman: Dame Modesty prevents us. —Auburn Plainsman.

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