

# The Daily Tar Heel

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Saturday, October 28, 1933

### Integrated Education

A faculty-committee, feeling that educational policies on the University campus can be greatly improved by more effective teaching, has submitted a series of excellent recommendations for faculty and student consideration. The proposals are based on remedying obvious flaws, and one of those flaws is the unsatisfactory attainments of students, which they attribute to lack of proper regulation. With faculty interest running high, students should rise to the situation and demonstrate a spirit of cooperation in improving the University educational policy.

Faculty members feel that, either because they have failed to stimulate students "to think things out," or because there is naturally a collegiate attitude of "just get by," the majority of students are guilty of sliding on to a diploma without a fundamental work-out. Everything is taken for granted. There is a laziness hanging like a cloud over the really intelligent brains of most students. They have got into the habit of asking why without self-inquiry; it seldom occurs to any individual that he has the ability to think out something for himself. The faculty is here to serve the student body—a sort of tool to guide the embryo-ideas of youth. But it does not think that assuming the role of walking-dictionary, so to speak, is supplying the correct end—result. They merely wish to stimulate and cultivate self-dependence.

Students here have the brains to do their own thinking, their own inventing. Instead of wasting evenings and nights in long sessions about things that have been "bulled" and "rebulled," that time could be spent in dusting out the cobwebs from independent "think-muscles" of the brain. If these bull sessions must take place, discuss the NRA or the honor system or why a minus times a minus gives a plus: you are part of the NRA; you are part of the honor system; you probably have always taken for granted that a minus times a minus gives plus.

This is the idea behind faculty revolution of the University educational policy. They want to make a degree really mean something when the senior goes his way into the world.—J.S.C.

### Opinion Wanted

The honor system is on trial. In spite of the whole-hearted endorsements by the leading organizations on the campus, a genuine undercurrent of scepticism as to the ultimate success of a system of individual responsibility is more than apparent.

We are completely in accord with those organizations that have foresworn themselves to stand for honor, and we have only the deepest admiration for the spirit that moved those pioneers who started all this rumpus by taking things into their own hands. Nevertheless, we believe that the situation is far from ideal, and that the honor system is doomed as long as a modicum of hypocrisy exists.

The student council has made the penalty for a conviction on a first offense as light as is compatible with sound judicial administration. There seems to be no reason that the honor system can not be enforced by every student provided that the current of opinion on the campus is favorable. We believe that the privilege of

pledging our papers with no questions asked is to be guarded jealously, and we resent any actions that will in any way jeopardize the further extension of that privilege. But unless the great majority of the students on the campus share with us our firm convictions, the system has little chance to survive as a strong institution.

Again the bugaboo of individual responsibility comes up. We welcome student expression on the subject, especially from the sceptics.—J.B.L.

### Who Wants To Drink Acid?

Tasting more like hydrochloric acid than pure fresh water, the fluid emanating from the bubble fountains (and from Swain hall water-pitchers) is so thoroughly chlorinated that the DAILY TAR HEEL fears the student body will soon die off either from thirst or from having the lining of the stomach eaten and burned by acid. Something must be done at once by the University water purification plant to avoid a catastrophe of major proportions.

Seriously speaking, however, the drinking water does have such a putrid taste from excess chlorine that it can be swallowed only with difficulty. If this is absolutely necessary to kill bacteria, then it cannot be helped, except by finding a better supply. But if it is due to negligence on the part of the water purification plant, then it should be attended to at once. No doubt an explanation from authorities would be appreciated by the students.—D.B.

### Training And Education

Recently, some professors of natural and physical science in German grammar schools, colleges, and universities have been replaced by professors and instructors of military science. Hitler realizes that the future of the Republic lies in the ability of the young Nazis to fight the enemies of the Fatherland. No matter how the situation may be viewed, it is evident that Herr Hitler is giving his young men the wrong kind of foundation for a happy, successful life which would, in turn, result in a well-balanced state.

The German newspapers were instructed not to announce these appointments and did not do so. They were carried out most unostentatiously. But now one of the new appointees, Professor Ewald Basse of the Brunswick Technical High School, has published a book in which he makes plain the part he and his colleagues are to play in the making of a martial Germany.

Hitler, even though we may consider his ideas wrong, is convinced that the only way to preserve his country is to grind his principles into the younger generation. Notwithstanding the fact that his ideals are mainly militaristic, is it not a good idea to train the younger generation in national principles and ideals so that when they become the leaders they will think and act as a group?—W.C.I.

## Speaking The Campus Mind

Editor, the DAILY TAR HEEL:

About two o'clock one night a man climbed in the window of Mr. Jones' house. Mr. Jones thought he heard some noises and sneaked down the stairs just in time to see the man leaving—with both hands full of Mr. Jones' silver.

So Mr. Jones sat down, lit a cigarette and had a little one-man debate. Should he notify the police? Was he going to be a common informer and tell on the robber? Was he going to be a tattler-tale?

Mr. Jones was a selfish man. He wanted his silver back. And he didn't have much conscience. So he phoned the police.

He got his silver back. But ever afterwards he was ashamed to look his friends in the eye and went around with his head bowed. He could hear people talking about him behind his back: "Tattle-tale! Informer!"

The point I'm trying to make is this: in most of the classes here the grading is on a more or less comparative basis. A student is graded in comparison with the other members of the class. If other students raise their averages by cheating, his grade is correspondingly lowered.

So when a student cheats, he is not simply cheating. He is not cheating the professor, he is not cheating the grade; HE IS CHEATING YOU—YOU AND THE REST OF THE CLASS. He is the robber stealing your silver. Now are you going to sit and laugh at him or are you going to notify the police?

If students here will only realize this point—that it is they themselves who are getting cheated—they will be more than willing to enforce the honor system and it will be a big success. CHARLES A. POE.

Editor, the DAILY TAR HEEL:

As a freshman the rumors of, and the tentative plans for scrapping the honor system are surprising, and, perhaps, a little disconcerting.

We are fresh from those hot-beds of "cribbing," known as high schools, and we well under-

stand the impossibility of a successful plan of faculty supervision during quizzes. Those students who have been in college for at least two years maintain that this plan would result in fairer grades, but if they would reflect back on their own high school careers, their arguments would be quickly condemned, even by themselves.

We have always looked forward to the time when we would be placed under the moral code of the honor system. We are not afraid of our ability to remain honorable, although the upperclassmen seem to be sceptical of theirs. Our confidence must mean something. It can not be that our moral fibre will weaken by this system. On the contrary, it should be strengthened.

If a student "cribs" on a quiz, his grades may be high, but his knowledge will still be practically nil. We are preparing for a career, and four wasted years is a big penalty to pay for a college degree. C. G. S.

## Great Variety Of Decorative Motifs Shown

Motifs ranging from barber-pole effects on porch columns to symbolic representations of Georgia Tech in various predicaments are employed in the adornments arranged by fraternities and dormitories for the Homecoming decoration contest.

The predominant colors are the blue and white of Carolina and the gold and white of Tech, but several groups used materials of other hues.

In front of the Sigma Chi house, suspended from the porch roof appears a huge spider web, with a blue Carolina spider in the center. Nearer the edge, a Tech yellow jacket is ensnared in the structure.

Other lodges on fraternity court used the barber-pole scheme as a basic pattern, adding other features apparently ad libido. Sigma Alpha Epsilon achieved a garden party effect with variously-colored streamers strung up before the house. S. A. E. also boasts a "ramblin' wreck." Theta Chi and Pi Kappa Alpha used semi-circular curtains of crepe paper below the windows, while Sigma Nu's tall columns were wrapped in paper of the colors of Carolina and Tech.

The columns of the Deke house were also covered with strips of paper, and over the door a streamer of red added to the colors used outside. Leading to the Kappa Alpha house is a tunnel made of a wooden framework covered with blue, white and gold paper.

Hanging near the roof of the Phi Kappa Sigma house is a dummy dressed in an "authentic" convict outfit, and below the figure is a row of decorations of streamers and clippings from green shrubs.

Chi Phi, way out on the Pittsboro road, has the "ramblin' wreck" up a tree. A decrepit old auto, sans wheels, sans steering gear, sans seats, and almost sans end, reposes at a sharp angle against a tree on the front lawn.

The Old Easterners have hung a large three-colored bag before the building and have put below an oval sign which declares that the game is "in the bag." The sister dorm, Old West, has a series of cards spelling out "Welcome Alumni."

The lawyers of Carr, never thought of as candid in their expression of opinion of the profession, have displayed a large sign, "Welcome, Shyster Alumni," and below it have another, "Georgia Tech Wrecked."

THE CAMPUS KEYHOLE



By Seall Knowall

Unless I miss my guess, Emerson Gill and his orchestra will knock out the melodies at the Thanksgiving dances, which gets a big okay from me. If you heard them at Midwinters last year or lately from WGY, I think you'll agree. And when Marion Mann starts to sing—yeah, Mann! What K. A.'s are so attractive that two girls from N. C. thumbed it over from Greensboro on a bakery truck to see them last week? Pretty hot biscuits, I think.

June Bateman, the Fiji fattie, had a swell time at the Georgia game even if the Heels did lose. Maybe it's his happy disposition, but that portable bar probably turned the trick. What's this convention in Durham to which the Betas are paying a delegate's way? If it's what we heard, Billy Coan and Nello Teer will be there regardless of who's chosen.

Where was Pete Tyree when the lights went out last Friday night? "Every little breeze seems to whisper Louise."

That coast to coast tennis luminary, Wilmer Hines, is back for a few weeks. Already feminine hearts are going gaga, and if you don't think so, just ask Wilmer.

Our editor is plenty disappointed because Louisa Robert, the Atlanta aquatic star, can't get up here this week-end. He must not be getting along so swimmingly.

Was Claude Freeman's girl burning up when she read in this column that he was doing regular dating at the library? After giving every one the go-by, I wonder how she likes getting it herself?

What peppy football player has a young lady from Elizabeth City plenty crazy for him, so much so that she made her date drive her over from Raleigh the other night just to see him and left the date sitting in somebody's fraternity house while they went into a huddle?

Whoops, my deah—have you seen that darling boy who flits hither and yon about the campus in his little beret? Ooh, is he cute!

The bicycle club will be the next group formed in Chapel Hill and among its members will be Percy Brown, Kat Jamieson, Vass Shepherd, "Crisco" Bowes, Mrs. Ashby Penn, and others. "Lazybones" Everett says even he'll join if he can ride the barcycle.

The Buccaneer let us down badly in its first issue, which wasn't up to normal, for they've got a crowd of contributors who can dish out a better grade of humor. Come on, Pete, kick'em in the pants and make them kick in.

Toasts and Roasts  
A toast to all those people who decorated for today and in such fine style, too.

A roast to all those who didn't. A toast to Jelly Leftwich's orchestra for its swell music at the Sophomore Hop last night. Good luck on the north trek, Jelly!

A roast to that goofy poem, "Franklin Street," in the last issue of the Carolina Magazine.

A toast to the new quarterly for men, Esquire—you'll like it.

### MATINEE SHOW TODAY

A special showing of "The Way to Love," Maurice Chevalier's latest talkie hit, will be presented at the Carolina theatre this morning at 10:30 o'clock. The picture will not be shown during the course of the Carolina-Tech game, but the theatre will be re-opened immediately after the close of the contest.

### Homecoming Observed With Colorful Campus

(Continued from first page) are: Old East, Old West, Lewis, Aycock, Grimes, New Dorms, and Spencer hall.

The prizes were donated by the following local firms: University Consolidated Service Plants, Gooch Bros. and Brooks, Sutton's, Carolina Inn, Crescent cafeteria, Johnson-Prevost, Eubanks drug company, Pritchard-Lloyd's, Randolph-McDonald, Modal market, Carolina theatre, and Wootten-Moulton's.

### DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE KISSING TREE IS?

consult Mary Dirnberger's PICTORIAL MAP OF CHAPEL HILL contains the life of the campus in 374 square inches offered for sale at the BULL'S HEAD book shop in the "Y" building.

100 and more different kinds of sandwiches.

Plus the best draught beer in town.

## HARRY'S GRILL

Opposite Carolina Theatre

THE HEART EXPERT on his own home ground... Paris. And does he make you right at home with him.....!



## Maurice CHEVALIER

## "THE WAY TO LOVE"

with ANN DVORAK EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

Also Comedy—Review Morning Matinee—10:30

TODAY

## CAROLINA