

The Daily Tar Heel

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CITY EDITOR FOR THIS ISSUE: WALTER HARGETT
 Saturday, January 26, 1935

PARAGRAPHS

One out of every seven students made the honor roll. Thicks to one and a half-dozen to the other, eh?

What we want to know is: did Bruno walk under that ladder?

"Industrial South Will See Change," says publisher at the press institute. We hope it's the kind that jingles.

Rumor and Falsehood

An investigation into the rights of three students, members of the Carolina boxing team, to attend the University with in-state tuition is now being conducted by the administration. It is a pure administrative matter and rumors of outside pressure to harm Carolina's chances to-night are unwarranted and false.

In the words of President Graham, the fact that this affair has come up before the Virginia boxing meet is not material. The main object of the administration is that the University be represented only by those who are eligible under University regulations.

There has been no censorship of this press or the suppression of any facts. The investigation has not yet been concluded. The question of the rights of the three boxers to get in-state tuition and any other technicalities associated with the investigation will be settled today insofar as is possible. We ask students to regard rumors of attempts to ruin Carolina's mit chances as utterly false.

We Have A Part to Play

The staunch alumni of the University of North Carolina are back again in convention, confident and hopeful in their attempt to see justice done in the matter of state appropriations to the University. The old-young fellows, who have returned to meet together and to see the Virginia meet, might easily talk old times in their meetings, but as we understand it, they are putting forth an effort to keep discussion and, finally, decision on a level that will help the situation.

In the words of Carter Glass, United States Senator, "The University of North Carolina is not merely a state institution; its reputation and its influence are co-existent with the United States"; obviously, our loyal alumni believe wholeheartedly that this is a fact, seen in the great work they have been doing in backing the school.

President Graham has said that every school or college, boasting the fact that it has quality, is not necessarily indispensable, or even valuable, to the country. We believe, on the other hand, that the record and reputation of this University speaks in language authorizing the statement by Senator Glass, and that an institution warranting the reputation of having quality and, at the same time, an indispensable value to its students and the surrounding country, should not under any conditions be allowed to operate on expenditures cut 23 per cent below the cut taken by the average college at the lowest ebb of the depression!

The students themselves are the logical ones to get behind the thing, to write home the facts

about the matter whether they end up in street corner politics or not. Ask them to write the local legislator in Raleigh requesting action favorable to the University. Such a move on the part of the students may seem useless, but the object is to bring all such pressure to bear upon the legislature that it can see its way clear to vote appropriations equal at least to Dr. Graham's request.

World News in Perspective

For the past few weeks we have been watching with interest the front page of one of the state's most prominent newspapers, one which we consider to be fairly representative of newspapers throughout the country.

On the January 25th front page, which is quite representative of other issues, there are ten news articles given fairly prominent headlines. Of these ten articles the one given the most importance and the biggest headline concerns the Hauptmann trial. In all there are three stories on this famous kidnaping case and a picture of the defendant, the only picture on the page.

The article given secondary importance is that dealing with the passage by the House of Representatives of the \$4,880,000,000 relief bill to give jobs to millions of men, the largest lump sum appropriation in the world's history. Other articles of importance given minor positions and smaller headlines have to do with the state legislature and the sales tax, a flood on the Mississippi, a Japanese bombing attack on a Chinese city, and a special message by the President to Congress.

Forty per cent of the front page has been devoted to the Hauptmann trial while nine other events of equal, and in some cases greater, importance have been crowded into the remaining 60 per cent.

We have long wondered if this dramatic trial deserves all the attention it has been getting from the newspapers. As a sensational and thrilling story we can easily see its value. But as an event of ultimate social importance, demonstrating the efficiency of the law, and the workings of justice in all their glory, we fail to grasp its significance.

Of course we all want to see justice done to the kidnaper, whoever he may be, of our national idol's first-born, but to devote so much emphasis to this case, at the exclusion of other more important world news, is to throw completely out of perspective national and world affairs, and their important inter-relation.

Fatback And Soup

We see where President Frank Graham has been sweetly considered with a \$300 expense account for entertainment. The idea of the state is, of course, that our president has lots of nice people, alumni and people like that, and he needs lots of greenbacks to show them all a good time.

We also notice that Governor Ehringhaus has been well fortified for this sort of thing with a considerably larger item in his budget. Now the governor, according to his budget recommendation, has plopped a sales tax on about everything in the state including fatback, so he deserves a nice, fat allowance to entertain all the fatback eaters. But what does that leave Dr. Graham to serve his numerous entertainees—cabbage soup?

Every time we pick up a paper, some national figure is dropping in to see President Frank. He has, probably, more callers and friends than any man in the state, many of whom drop in on business vitally affecting his position as head of this state institution. Now if Dr. Frank can entertain all his official guests on \$300 he is even smarter than everybody considers him—and we imagine he's considered about the most intellectual Tar Heel in circulation. Three hundred dollars, we believe, is just a drop in the bucket.

But, of course, we know nothing about cuisine and callers and credit. We only know what we read in the appropriations sheet.

Congress And Speed

Fright is one of the greatest motivating powers in the world. When we are frightened, we toss discretion to the winds and follow our last standby, intuition. Mr. Frank R. Kent in the Charlotte Observer believes that the New Dealers are afraid and that is why the 1935 program is going through with a minimum of debate and a maximum of speed.

Maybe Mr. Kent is right and maybe not. But what he says brings up questions. Are Congressmen elected merely to fill the chairs that have been placed in Washington, or are they elected to debate over national problems, deciding what issues would be to the nation's advantage? Is their legislation affected by fear and thus speeded up, rather than by the issues?

Fright and haste seem to go together. Our hope is that the speed with which the incumbent Congress is passing bills testifies to a thorough acquiescence in Roosevelt's program rather than a panicky feeling of "anything to save the face."

Casual Correspondent

by Nelson Lansdale

BIG NEWS

Hear ye, good people, sensational facts:

That the Four Saints in Three Acts (American expatriate Gertrude Stein) Is (are?) gonna be Chapel Hill's Valentine!

Pending arrangements, the department of English

Hopes very much to be able to bring Miss

Stein, on the fourteenth of February, Here to lecture a lecture on things literary.

Gertrude, who discovered Matisse and Hemmingway

Is coming is coming is coming any-ingway

To Chapel Hill on Valentine's Day—If the English department has its way.

Don't mind if we have our little joke-las

Because Stein is bringing her Alice B. Toklas.

The author of Three Lives and Tender Buttons

Will meet the celebrity and autograph gluttons

At a lecture, a tea, and maybe a dinner

To let us find out if there's any sense in her.

The English department keeps Making Arrangements,

But they may always be subject to change-ments

For a stein is a stein is a stein is a stein

But Gertrude, please Gertrude, be our Valentine!

PAPER, MISTER?

Pat Gaskins tells one about a High Point newspaper boy who couldn't read. Every morning when he got his papers he'd ask somebody on the street to read him the headlines. One day, several years ago, during the Sino-Japanese war, the newsboy followed his customary procedure, except that he had apparently gotten hold of a wag for an informant. Anyway, he went up the street yelling: "Japs take Sal-Hepatica, But Fail to Hold It."

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

Certain representatives of the Pasadena Horticulture Society are said to have called on President Roosevelt to ask him if they might name a rose after him.

"That's all right," said the President, "if you don't give it the same definition you gave the one named for Coolidge." With that he dismissed them, and the Horticulturists returned to Pasadena in a considerable dither to know about the Coolidge rose. They looked it up, and found, beside the Latin name, this explanation: "Will not propagate in a bed; does best against a tree or wall."

THE FORTUNE TELLER

Exactly 8.1 miles from the Morehead-Patterson bell tower on the right hand side of the Pittsboro road, you'll find it, an unpainted, two story frame house which might once have been recognizable as of neo-classic inspiration, resting uncertainly on a piecemeal foundation of brick and stone. The shutters on the upstairs front windows are closed, and a number of panes in windows at the sides and in the back are broken out, and have been stuffed up with cardboard. A broad frame veranda stretches across the front of the house, and looks out on an unkempt yard where chickens scratch for worms, cats scratch at dogs, and her grand-children scratch each other. You can identify the house by the well, which is out from under the trees near the edge of the road. The well proper is a perfectly circular stone shaft which goes down for about twenty feet before you can see any water, but all of it you can see from the car is the frame scaffolding which supports the pulley and rope. What was apparently once an old oaken bucket

has been replaced by a tin pail.

If you pick one of her busy times, there'll probably be two or three other cars parked around with people sitting in them, waiting to have their fortunes told. When your time comes, you leave your misgivings in the car, cross the front porch alone, enter the hall and follow the fortune-teller, an ample, plainly dressed woman of slightly more than middle age, into the first room on the right. The room is pretty plain. A bed, several chairs, a table with an ancient phonograph, and a number of family pictures are the only furnishings. On the ceiling around the chandelier are the remains of a rather good plaster-of-Paris fresco.

Mrs. Gunner—that is her name—asks you to sit down in front of the fire. You do. She takes the chair opposite yours, and hands you a deck of ordinary dime-store cards, asking you to shuffle them. You do that too. Then she starts laying out the cards, the entire deck, one at a time, in three piles. Then she gathers them up, spits in the fire, apologizes for using snuff, and begins. Prodding you with gentle little questions in a husky, rasping voice, as she goes along, she tells you about your temperament, a few of your likes and dislikes, and makes a couple of broad statements about your future. From then on she skips from past to present to future, telling you how long it will be before you are married, or approximately where you were born, whether or not you're going to be successful, or how many children there are—or will be—in your family. She doesn't use any names. You have to fill those in for yourself. When she gets through, she asks you if there's anything else you want to know, and if there is, you ask her. We asked her a few questions about the coming campus political campaign, and she was just as evasive as the politicians, so we let the matter drop. We asked her how she got started, too, and she said that she's been telling fortunes for twenty-two years, a lot more since her husband died five years ago. She said that people from all over North Carolina come to see her, and that a lot of out-of-state people often come down too. We checked up with some other people who'd had theirs told, and the only thing she seems to tell anybody is that they'll travel a good deal. There isn't any fee—you only give her whatever you think it's worth. We gave her our last quarter.

CAVIARE TO THE GENERAL

When the History department's Dr. R. D. W. Connor left Chapel Hill for Washington to become the first Federal Archivist, he took with him his colored boy, Henry. Well, last week Dr. Connor was entertaining at cocktails in his Washington home, and was serving, among other things, red caviare. One of the guests had never seen red caviare before, and asked Henry, who was serving it, what it was.

"Deed, I doan' know, mam," replied Henry, "but ah suspects it mus' be an archive."

OUTSTANDING RADIO BROADCASTS

1:00: Does Modern Political Publicity Mislead Public Sentiment—Arthur Krock, New York Times; Theo. Joslin, former secretary to Pres. Hoover, WEAF.

1:15: George Hall orchestra, WABC.

1:50: Metropolitan Opera—Romeo and Juliette, with Eide Norena, soprano; Charles Hack-ett, tenor; and others; Louis Hasselmans, conductor, WEAF.

2:00: Republicans and the Republic—Gov. Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey and Senator L. J. Dickinson of Iowa, WOR.

4:15: Pro Arte string quartet of Brussels, WABC.

5:00: Eddy Duchin orchestra, WEAF.

7:30: The Street Singer, WOR; Arden orch.; Gladys Baxter, soprano; Walter Preston, baritone, WABC.

8:00: Sigmund Romberg, conductor-composer; concert orch.; Wm. Lyon Phelps, narrator, WEAF; Roxy Revue, WABC.

8:20: Grace Hayes, songs, WJZ.

8:45: Mary Courtland, songs; Armbruster orch., male quartet, WABC.

9:00: Rose Bampton, contralto; Shilkret orch., WEAF; Radio City party, with John B. Kennedy; Black orch.; Virginia Rea, soprano, WJZ; Kostelanetz orch., mixed chorus, WABC.

10:00: Reminiscences—Wm. A. Brady, theatrical producer, WABC.

10:30: Ireland, the Nationless Nation Maker—Postmaster Gen. James A. Farley, WJZ.

11:00: Dorsey orch., WJZ; Glen Gray orch., WABC.

FRESHMEN VOTE TO AID NEGRESS

(Continued from page one)
 "It's against the Bible," she says. "The woman's place is in the home."

"Moving picture shows are ridiculous—ain't got no use for them," she commented recently. "The automobile is the work of the devil, and causes more misery than anything else we got today."

Giving her opinion on modern preachers, she said that they used to deal with the truth and the light, but "today they preach to please the congregation and get their check at the end of the month."

"People is got too proud to shout," she added.

replied Henry, "but ah suspects it mus' be an archive."

Nation on Edge of War!
PRESIDENT VANISHES
 SEE PAGE 4

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