

# Carolina Faces Big Game With Duke And Virginia

Chapel Hill—With the State College are the only squad that championship, the leadership of the Southern Conference and the Rose Bowl ambitions of one of the leading contenders at stake, the football mighties of Carolina and Duke will clash in the Duke Stadium next Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock in what is expected to be the greatest game the State has seen in years.

The near-neighbors and arch-rivals have played some great games since they began fighting it out on the gridiron in 1899. The 0-0 ties of 1930 and 1931, Duke's 7-0 victory of last year, and the 18-0 upset Carolina scored in 1927 are games that won't soon be forgotten. But this year's battle is expected to transcend all past engagements in the classic rivalry and, judging from the wide fan interest and hearty advance ticket sales, stands a good chance of breaking all attendance records for Duke's 33,000 capacity stadium.

The undefeated Duke team is regarded as the greatest in Blue Devil history. It registered brilliant triumphs over Tennessee and Auburn, among other teams, ranking it with Georgia as one of the two great teams in the South, and making it a leading candidate to represent the East in this year's Rose Bowl engagement.

The Carolina team met with reverses in its early season games against Southeastern Conference opposition although making a splendid showing against Vanderbilt and Georgia Tech. It looked like a different team against State and Wake Forest and although definitely the underdog, is being picked to give the Blue Devils a great battle.

The Tar Heels will fight all the harder because of the rivalry is expected to bring them to their peak for the Duke game. Carolina is the only team with a chance to cut Duke out of the Big Five championship. The Tar Heels also have a clean record in the Southeastern Conference, and except for State

## RAMBLING ROUND NEW YORK with HUGH KENNY

### WHY WAIT FOR GEORGE TO SPEND IT

Legend tells us of a Chinese ruler who decreed that at a given moment each and every one of his subjects should yell at his loudest so that the man in the moon might hear.

The great day came—and silence. Not a sound was heard in all the land except the feeble cry of one old deaf man. Everyone else kept quiet so that he himself could hear the others.

Thus we see that one more ancient discovery may be credited to the resourceful Chinese—that of "letting George do it"—the most widely used of all their gifts to civilization.

Today too many of us are waiting for George to spend it. I am no prophet. I have no standing as an economist. And I am not a magician despite my claim that a thing can be made larger by taking away a part of it.

What do I mean? The best way to insure capital is to spend a part of it when prices are low.

The man who spends one dollar out of ten in making business better will find the nine worth more than the ten as values rise.

Mass achievement is ever a matter of individual and co-operative action. Napoleon got his army over the Alps a man at a time. We must rescale the peaks of prosperity the same way. The Now Is The Time To Buy Trail is our easiest path.

Each one who can must spend—and millions can spend if they but will.

While we are waiting for the release of frozen funds to start a buying wave, nineteen out of every twenty dollars in 16,655 banks are free to spend as we will. \$33,695,974,000 are on deposit. This is 25 per cent more money than we had in all of our banks when we went into the World War to help save those across the sea.

Now we refuse to save ourselves. Depression will linger if we wait to spend out of income instead of out of capital—and our capital may shrink while we wait.

Industry has signed with N. R. A. Some have signed until it hurts. The public should now sign with industry and spend some of its capital. The cow without pasture can give no milk. An industry without sales can pay no wages. Feed industry. Buy something. Build something. Let us not forget this—better an hour of work than a dollar for dole.

Capital is going to take care of the unemployed—either by buying what labor produces or by dole taxation. The choice is obvious.

And when we spend, personal selfishness should take a holiday. The chisel should not replace the golden rule as a business tool. Those who use it will help prolong depression and in the end murder quality.

Let's take a look at the Blue Eagle. We see in its grasp the symbols of industry and action. The chisel is conspicuous by its absence. Let's remember this whenever we do business with our fellow men.

And further, neither capital nor labor should attempt in times like these to trench in each at the expense of the common good. And no chisel should lurk in any political coat-tail. Let us have public, as well as private, selfishness.

Ours is the richest country in all the world. It is rich in money. It is rich in market. It is rich in a necessity of replacement and repair built up by the highest standards of living the world has ever known.

Let's inflate our confidence before we inflate our currency. Let's remember that God helps those who help themselves and that Mr. Roosevelt is not likely to do more. He can't throw the forward passes and catch them too. He expects each and every one of us to play ball with him.

Let's stop nursing depression. Let's begin to count our blessings. Business is better. It is like a man with a trunk half way up stairs. It is but taking a rest before starting for the top. Let's give it a boost.

Buy Something! Build Something!

This message is not addressed to those who cannot spend or to those who now are spending. It is addressed to the man who is jingling the slacker dollar in his pocket, little aware that it is growing less in purchasing power as prices rise.

In a typical tenement in a typical slum district on the lower East Side of New York only two rooms out of seven have windows fronting on the outside.

A little three-year-old lad was taken to the police station out at Coney Island. Said the desk sergeant, "What's the matter senny? Are you lost?"

"No, sir," piped the lad, "I'm not lost. Grandma's lost."

The most plaintive salespeople we know are two little girls who stand in the doorway of an office building on Lexington Avenue below 42nd Street from five o'clock on each night. Over the big baskets covered with a clean cloth come their thin, piping voices, "Buy some doughnuts my mother makes?"

The head of the picture department at the New York Public Library insists that all requests be written. She explained recently that New York dialects are too frequently misunderstood, and illustrated with this experience:

Someone made a verbal request for pictures of New York wharves and docks. And when the pictures arrived at he desk they proved to be of wolves and ducks.

The activity of the railroads in building new, faster, streamlined trains has extended to one of New York's subway systems which has recently placed an order for an aluminum streamlined train for experimental operation early next year. The speed is planned for 50 in contrast with the present 40 mile an hour trains, will weigh half as much and accommodate as many passengers in five cars as eight cars of present design.

Parked in a car near the firehouse on the Battery down at the tip of Manhattan. An alarm came in. Less than thirty seconds after the signal was completed every light on the fire boat was ablaze, the big diesel engines started, the whistle blown and the lines cast off. We followed up-river by a zig-zag course on land, all set to watch the turret nozzles swing their streams into action against the roaring fire.

When we and the fire-boat arrived, the taxicab's fire on the dock was already out.

The strictest traffic enforcement we know is in the Holland Tunnel that speeds thousands of motorists under the Hudson between Manhattan and New Jersey every day. Cross the white line in the center of the tunnel—and you're as good as pinched—whether you think you're seen or not. Midst a roar of rubber on asphalt you're greeted by one sign after another: "Go 35 Miles"; "Blow No Horns"; "Go 40 Miles—Upgrade." . . . But we crossed that fatal white line one day recently—by request. We soon found out why. The Tunnel Police tractor was dragging a bus-full of placid people toward the exit. The brakes were locked tight as a grave-vault.

Up three flights of rickety stairs in a building that gives you the shivers when you think of fire, are the quarters of the New Workers School where Diego Rivera is working on his water color murals painted on wet plaster. The most violent side of American history there depicted and the workers' most revered figures of New Russia are portrayed in compelling size and composition. It was Rivera's mural in one of the Rockefeller Center buildings that was barred because of the portrait of Lenin included in the composition.

Ed Kressy, the artist, was with me. He remarked, "it's strange how many of these artists with severe complaints to register all work with the muddiest colors, while the idealists work with brilliant colors—high blues and pinks. I doubt that either type could use the other's colors effectively."

Miss G. N., of Piqua, Ohio, tells us that their minister says he doesn't mind members of the congregation pulling out their watches on him, but it gets his goat to have them put the darn things up to their ears to see if they are going.—Sam Hill in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Say, "I Saw It in THE WATCHMAN."

### Heads Gold-Stars



Above is Mrs. Elizabeth Millard of Rochester, N. Y. who was just elected president of The American Gold Star Mothers for the year.

## Negro Dies Believing He Pulled Down City

The negro man who "pulled down" the city of San Francisco unaided on the morning of April 18, 1906, died recently still marveling at the catastrophe he caused because he didn't know his own strength.

History recorded the disaster as an "earthquake, followed by fire," but Bill Wardell knew differently. Announcement of the picturesque Wardell's death recalled among oldtimers his story of the 1906 catastrophe.

Bill, a character even before the great event, had had a rocky night and on the fair April morning was looking for an eye-opener to quench the burning thirst in his throat.

Into the first barroom strolled Bill. He didn't have any money but he was certain either he himself or his razor would get him credit.

But the bartender was obdurate and refused to wet as much as the bottom of the glass with gin unless Bill showed the color of his money.

"White man, you all better fix up that gin or I'm gonna pull down this hyar bar," Wardell said. Even that threat failed to move the barroom attendant.

So Bill grasped the bar. He huffed and he puffed and he blew. With one final mighty tug he carried out this threat.

Down came the bar, the ceiling, the whole building.

Dazed, awed, Bill climbed out of the wreckage.

"Mah goodness, boss, I sure didn't aim to get so rough," he said apologetically. "Sakes alive, if I ain't went and done made a mess for sure."

Outside Bill found more wreckage and great confusion. Buildings tumbled.

"Lawdy, I didn't know mah own strength," he mumbled to a passing officer.

Folks tried to tell Bill an earthquake and not the tug he gave the

bar caused the disaster. But for 27 years Bill remained unconvinced.

"It was the watah pipes," he explained. "They was all fastened together all over town. When I give that jerk I musta pulled on the faucet in the saloon and bring down the whole town."

### HIGH TAX ON LIQUOR

A forecast of the federal tax to be placed on liquor by the next congress says the amount will be between \$2 and \$2.50 a gallon according to present indications. The tax now is \$1.10. However, it is conceded that a high tax will favor competition by moonshiners and bootleggers.

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