

The Daily Tar Heel

Published daily during the college year except Mondays and except Thanksgiving, Christmas and Spring Holidays. Entered as Second Class matter at the post office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879.

The official newspaper of the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C. Subscription price, \$4.00 for the college year.

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Friday, October 2, 1931

Bartering For Charity

The Carolina Theatre, an institution on this campus rather than just another entirely commercial venture on the part of Publix-Kinney, now comes forth with a series of three Saturday morning charity matinees, which, if taken advantage of, will mean that there will probably be no need for any community-chest drives in these precincts this winter.

It is proposed that those attending the shows bring flour, potatoes, and canned goods as prescribed in lieu of the ordinary admission. The entire proceeds will be distributed among destitute families of the immediate vicinity.

This is one of these too few community enterprises altruistically conceived for the relief of persons in straightened circumstances. It means that if ventures of this sort are successful special taxation for the care of the indigent may be avoided.

Years past efforts have been made by socially minded persons in the faculty and the student body to care for unfortunates, but which have not always been successful. Here is a pleasant and entertaining manner in which charity can be less of a burden and our consciences can nevertheless be saved. As a matter of fact business and duty can by an act bringing return to ourselves be performed.

Charity, thy newest handmaiden is the cinema—the once lowly cinema.

Gandhi—Modern Egnima

Gandhi has turned London upside down. He arrived dressed in a loin cloth and fed by the milk of two goats brought with him. One could hardly call that an elaborate outfit. Yet the Mahatma sat with the princes of the empire and his most Christian Majesty, George V; and not only did he sit with them, but he also dictated his terms to them, while they listened petrified by the fear of what he might do should they refuse.

Gandhi well illustrates the point under discussion. He has a great ideal, the ideal of the freedom of India, for which he will go to any end. He has lost himself in his ideal; he has attained to a very close approxi-

mation of the Buddhist's *Nirvanah*, the state of complete self-oblivion. Incidentally, in a very quiet way, he has very nearly accomplished the impossible.

All this shows that true worth is, as a rule, on top at the finish. There are, however, groups of people (though more frequently the type is seen only in isolated individuals) who through inability or laziness attempt to edge their way to fame by publicity. They are persons who do the sensational, who strike poses, and who are always certain that the public knows all about it.

We do not envy them their position of notoriety. We simply point out that they waste an amazing amount of peoples' time by their antics and gain nothing in doing it.—P.W.H.

Among The Social Leaders

In Thursday morning's paper, we note the comment that the buildings department is busy making paddles for the benefit of those freshmen who are so fortunate as to make a fraternity. In the course of the generally pervading madness, anyone is apt to do almost anything. Some poor dupes have even joined the social orders, or are in the process of doing it, much to the amusement of the campus.

From the time that breakfast is over until it is too dark to see, the campus is charmed by the cries of "Coo-coo," the prayers to Allah, or the shouting of first grade problems in arithmetic. Not that we object, for the first week at any rate, to the conglomerate hoodlum, after that it really becomes tiresome, and we are inclined to think that those doing it are also.

Social activities are very commendable in the main, but we fail to see exactly how these orders are social; in fact, about the only use that we can find for them is that it gives the distracted editor of the *Yackety Yack*... something wherewithal he can fill three extra pages of his annual. Indeed these abominations are continued only through the energies of those juniors who were dumb enough to be taken in the preceding year and now, realizing their folly, wish to be comforted by the fact that there is someone equally as dumb.—P.W.H.

A Problem For The Educators

Wednesday the stock market took another nose dive, making the brokers' charts, where a star is placed for every new low of the year, look like an astronomer's diagram. Two hundred and twenty-six of them! This is but a final tip to our gullible public that depression is really here. If the business man of 1928 had been told of what lay in store for him, he would have laughed and called his advisor a fool. Who could ever imagine anything as absurd as the great German Reichsbank failing, or of England abandoning the gold standard which had become a part of the nation itself? But these things have happened. Moreover, our own United States is in danger of dealing out a dole, in one form or another, to combat with the ever increasing numbers of unemployed.

We have had depressions before; every time we have recovered. There is no reason to doubt that we will recover from the present one. But it does shake one's belief in nature to look back over the record of national panics, which have occurred with astounding regularity and apparently from the same cause—namely, the public's forgetting about their last little scare. As soon as the great god consumer is convinced that the depression is over, he immediately sets about spending

as foolishly as ever; the producer follows suit and expands as much as possible, and our little boom bubble is inflated all over again, awaiting one prick of some minor calamity which will make it go "pop," letting us down into the depths again.

Small wonder that our educational institutions make so little progress in the long run. No sooner does some enterprising little university take a stride forward than the depression catches it and strangles its source of life. Therefore every college, university, and educational plant of any type should concentrate on educating the students of today—the citizens of tomorrow—to keep their heads up and observe the true economic trend of the day, to save up for a rainy day during the boom and to recognize the rain when it comes. With the world as a laboratory we can all take a course in establishing and maintaining a balanced economic system; it is up to our educators to do the work.—W.V.S.

Combine Or Die

A proposal of President Dungan, of the Dialectic Senate, in his inaugural address Tuesday night, deserves especial consideration. He proposed a union of the Dialectic Senate, the Philanthropic Assembly, the Amphoterethen Society, and the Epsilon Phi Delta Cosmopolitan Club, to form "a cosmopolitan University assembly," stating that: "With time and an altruistic outlook on the part of their members, it can be conceived that the Dialectic Senate, the Philanthropic Assembly, the Amphoterethen Society, and Epsilon Phi Delta, could become a useful, dynamic, cosmopolitan University assembly paralleling the work of the unions at Oxford and Cambridge."

"Back in the good old days," the Di and Phi served their purposes as campus political leaders in their form of literary societies, but the Di and Phi of today no longer control the political or the social life of the University. Interest in the two societies has died out and the purpose of the Di and Phi have become that of discussion groups for members of the student body.

Epsilon Phi Delta and the Amphoterethen Society are formed along the same lines. All four societies could be united into one or possibly two larger societies, having the same function. With such a union the former literary societies would again resume their rightful places among campus affairs, instead of dying a slow death as is now the case.—T.H.B.

The Low-Down

By G. R. Berryman

The aim of this column (I must have some alibi) will be to make this, our college, a Perfect University. I expect to accomplish this, with the aid of other patriotic students, by the careful pointing out of various imperfections (if any) and by suggesting improvements to those persons with authority to make them. Gentle persuasion and dignified argument will be the only weapons employed.

I'm going to change the subject now, but please don't get startled. Because if you continue reading this column and become startled every time I change the subject, you will be an old man at thirty-five. Becoming startled is bad on the heart. Where was I? Oh yes! Changing the subject. Well here goes: How can you tell when a man is drunk? That chalk-line stuff is out. Its no good. I know a guy who can

walk straighter when he's drunk than when he's sober. He is so dignified when drunk that he is frequently mistaken for a professor. (When I say that, I mean to say that he is very dignified. Don't get me wrong.) Some guy—don't ask me who—made up the following poem on the subject:

"Not drunk is he who from the floor
Can rise again and still drink more,
But drunk is he who prostrate lies
Without the power to drink or rise."

My favorite definition is one I heard long ago. It goes like this: "A man is drunk when he can't lie on the floor without holding on." Has anyone a better definition?

Leaving the demon rum, I mention in passing, an item which may be of interest to my readers—both of them: The thriving town of Durham has attracted another institution to its flourishing limits. Within the next month, the Salvation (tambourine) Army will establish a home for unmarried mothers near Duke university. This home will be moved from Wilmington in order to be near the medical school of Duke.

If I should ever put anything in this column which does not meet with your approval, gentle reader (or you either, violent reader, hiding over there in the corner), I will be glad to print any lucid statement you may care to make in reply, giving you as many rebuttals as you wish.

For instance, suppose I accuse you, Professor X, (which, as all my clever readers know, is not your real name) of having six toes on your right foot. It would seem that you would be proud of that fact, but let's suppose that it makes you mad. The thing for you to do, then, is to sit promptly down and write this little note (which, Gawd knows, is lucid enough for anybody—even a columnist):

Dear Berryman: You are a liar. I have only five toes on my right foot. I just counted them. Signed, Professor X.

I would gladly print this note, implying sarcastically, that you might have miscounted. You would then have to let me count the toes for myself. If I discovered that I had made a misstatement, I would promptly apologize. Not only that, I might even inform your dean, through this column, that you were worthy of promotion.

Soon, I expect to devote an entire column to the subject: "How the Co-eds Are Undermining our University." Any material on this subject will be welcomed. Boy, that number will be a whiz!
Watch for it.

McCormick's Statue Unveiled at W. and L.

Last week, on the Washington and Lee campus, Lexington, Virginia, a statue of the inventor of the McCormick wheat reaper, Cyrus Hall McCormick, was unveiled. The statue stands on the campus near the walk between Lee Chapel and the Robert E. Lee Memorial church. It is the work of the sculptor, John David Borin. The guests of honor were the members of the McCormick family, who placed a wreath on the tomb of General Lee, in honor of the friendship that had existed between McCormick and the Confederate general.

Governor Pollard, of Virginia, officiated at the ceremony, and many other distinguished visitors were present at the unveiling.

WHAT I LEARNED ABOUT TENNIS FROM WATCHING THE NO. 1 COURT

You must browbeat your partner if possible. Never let him forget that you were tournament hopping while he was helping Dad at home. The larger the gallery the more you make him feel and look like a worm. The main thing is to show painful surprise when you miss a shot, and disgust when your partner misses one.

Poach on his side and take all the easy lobs. This will make him grateful. When he misses one that you finally let him have, stare hard. This will inspire him for the next one. If he gets a set-up, shout "Kill it." This will stimulate him to drive it impressively hard into the net.

When you miss an easy shot, slam a ball into the backstop. When you miss a hard shot, slam two balls into the backstop or one ball over it. Vary this by slinging your racquet into the net in a fine rage. If your partner misses as many as you, ask him when he is going to play tennis. Curse him occasionally. If your opponents call a close one against you, say in a loud, ambiguous manner: "What?"

During play think and act like a prima donna. Between plays the same, only more so. Run to the net leisurely so as to take the return on the half-volley. It will look good when you make it, and not very bad when you don't. If you poach on your partner, and you are caught out of position, give him a "Where were you" look. This helps team-play. Ditto if you are passed down the middle. If he says he is sorry, let him be.

When you miss a shot, examine your racquet on both sides. Be serious or full of horse-play. Never be gay. If your partner, while serving, happens to hit you, curse him and make him feel like an ass or a criminal the rest of the game. This will give him confidence.

Never forget you're good. Play to the gallery. Model your manners on Galli Curci and Jack Sharkey. Never imitate English tennis. They have effete ideas of sport. Finally, praise an opponent's shot in a robustious, surprised manner, or in a lordly, patronizing manner. Be forceful, temperamental, volatile, and above all, precious. In short, a cross between a yeggman and a prima donna.

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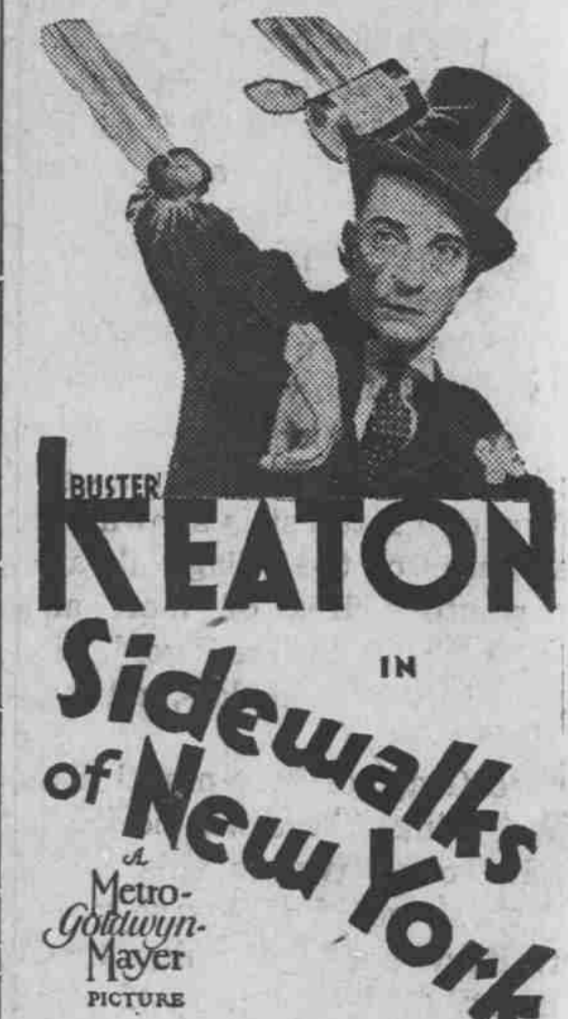
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Playmaker Tickets

Since the season tickets of the Carolina Playmakers were placed on sale late last week, they have been sold rapidly. There is a bigger demand this year than usual, according to report. One student salesman sold his allotment of 60 tickets between Friday afternoon and Monday morning and was back for more. A greater number of tickets have been requested by outsiders this year than ever before. Twelve were sold to students of the Duke law school the day the tickets were placed on sale.

As we understand the economists, the new problem is how to make the world safe for efficiency.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

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