

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publications Union Board of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill where it is printed daily except Mondays and the Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Spring Holidays. Entered as second class matter at the post office of Chapel Hill, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price, \$4.00 for the college year.

Offices on the second floor of the Graham Memorial Building.

Jack Dungan Editor
Ed French Managing Editor
John Manning Business Mgr.

Editorial Staff

EDITORIAL BOARD—Charles G. Rose, chairman; F. J. Manheim, Peter Hairston, Vass Shepherd, R. W. Barnett, J. M. Little, A. J. Stahr.

FEATURE BOARD—Donald Shoemaker, chairman; James Dawson, Robert Berryman, Scott Mabon, and E. H.

CITY EDITORS—George Wilson, T. W. Blackwell, Robert Woerner, Jack Riley, Tom Walker, William McKee.

DESK MEN—Frank Hawley, W. E. Davis.
SPORTS DEPARTMENT—Jack Besen, sports editor; Phil Alston, Morris Long, assistant editors.
NEWS MEN—William Blount.

HEELERS—J. S. Fathman, Donoh Hanks, Peter Ivey, P. S. Jones, J. H. Morris, L. E. Ricks, Walter Rosenthal, Joseph Sugarman, A. M. Taub, C. G. Thompson, A. G. Leinwand, J. D. Winslow.

Business Staff

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT—Tom Worth, manager.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT—R. D. McMillan, Pendleton Gray, and Bernard Solomon, assistants.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT—Jimmy Allen, manager; Howard Manning, assistant; Joe Mason, Nathan Schwartz, Bill Jones, J. W. Callahan, H. Louis Brisk.

COLLECTION DEPARTMENT—John Barrow, manager; H. A. Clark, assistant; Joe Webb, Henry Emerson, Randolph Reynolds.

Tuesday, November 3, 1931

Dams And Constitutions

Last night at the sabbatical gathering of the student Y. M. C. A. of the University an unprecedented thing occurred. A written constitution was presented to the gathering. Much discussion ensued but at the heart of the problem was this issue—can an organization function better with or without restrictions. Is it possible to achieve more by retaining a vague, general feeling of responsibilities and purposes or by defining them in black and white?

News reel photographers delight in showing from every angle the new dams that are constructed over this country every year. The romance of a dam rests in the fact that "before" it is there the river that it obstructs is a mere wandering stream whereas "after" it is built the stream becomes a dynamic force with almost immeasurable potentialities. Some of the water pressing against the dam may be used for irrigation, some of it may home schools of newly planted fish, and some of it may be diverted for power uses. In other words, what had previously been an aimless stream wandering uncontrolled and free, has now become a great force ready to respond to the guidance of man's directing mind.

The Y. M. C. A. here has carried on numerous projects, has completed year after year with more or less success some outlined program, and has, the Y. M. C. A. itself has felt, fulfilled its functions decently enough. Impartial observers, however, have criticized it and say that it lacks life and drive and definiteness of purpose. The indictment is justifiable.

It is to be hoped that with the actual definition of powers, responsibilities, and purposes we may feel a new enthusiasm, a new sense of usefulness, and a new vividness infused into the student Y. M. C. A. of the University of North Carolina.

—R.W.B.

Students Desire Intersectional Games

Although the football season is little more than half over, there have been rumors circulating the campus that there will be some intersectional games on

next year's schedule.

Of the possible intersectional rivals, Syracuse, Dartmouth, and Wisconsin head the list. Last year a game with Dartmouth on a neutral field fell through by an eyelash. However, it is being said that the Tar Heels will meet the Green probably at the Yankee Stadium or the Polo Grounds in New York.

Syracuse is reported as ready to journey to Chapel Hill for a game with Carolina, while Carolina is to play Wisconsin at Madison, Wisconsin.

In spite of all these signs, too much stock can not be taken in these rumors. As rumors go, it is unlikely that the Tar Heels will play more than one or, at the most, two intersectional foes.

It has been some time since a Carolina team has entered the intersectional field. In 1928 Harvard licked the Heels in their last encounter with that college.

Ever since Carolina put out its famous 349 point team in 1929 there have been cries for intersectional games. Carolina certainly has the material to engage in such contests, and if it were done, it would be in line with the policies of other Conference teams, nearly all of whom play teams from other sections of the nation. In North Carolina, Duke played Villanova at Durham this year; last year the Devils played Navy in addition to the Philadelphia school.

In other sections of the south, games like: Yale-Georgia, N. Y. U.-Georgia, Southern California-Georgia, Mississippi-Colgate, Auburn-Wisconsin, Vandy-Ohio State, Florida-Syracuse, and others advance southern football to its rightful place among the leaders, in addition to being great drawing cards wherever these games are played.

A game with Dartmouth at the Yankee Stadium or the Polo Grounds would draw close to 50,000 fans. Dartmouth is one of New York's pets, and the Green has always played to capacity houses whenever in Pa Knickerbocker's domain.

Syracuse would, without doubt, be a sell-out for Kenan Stadium, as would Wisconsin.

The sentiment of the Daily Tar Heel and the students is that at least two intersectional games be scheduled for next fall. We wish that the schedule makers would take this in consideration before completing next year's card.

—J.B.

Vive, Henri, La Guerre

"War," we have read somewhere, "is after all rather glorious." We thoroughly agree with this point of view, which recommends war; but there are far better reasons for war than those mentioned. We shall attempt to enumerate them.

War, in the first place encourages and trains citizens in loyalty. Loyalty is the word that is most important in the military officer's vocabulary (of course the vocabulary of the average military officer is certified to be larger than that of any other average moron, but it is made up largely of unrepeatables)—but loyalty is at least the most important in some vocabularies.

Then we must look on the wonderful chances for suicide that war offers. Really, we can think of no better way of ending one's life when it grows dull. The bother of a burial is done away with; the passé is lauded as a hero, when as a matter of fact his chances were far better in going ahead than they were in going back or standing still.

Finally we must consider the social values that war has. Let us set them down! 1. War decreases the labor supply, thereby allowing those left to profiteer. 2. War gives an excuse for the members of the grand

old army, or what have you, who are left to have nice get-togethers—thereby increasing consumption, and consequently prosperity. 3. War gives all sweet young things real heroes to worship. 4. War kills off just lots of obnoxious people, such as poets—Kilmer and Brooke.

In conclusion, let us say, "Vive, Henri, la guerre!"

—P.W.H.

Proposed—A Solution

"The boys like the co-eds all right as long as they look up to them as mighty males." This statement of M. W., writing in "Speaking the Campus Mind," may be perfectly true, but the main trouble is that there are only too many girls—and we won't bring down the wrath of Spencer hall on our head by calling them co-eds—who are willing to look up to boys as mighty males around Christmas or birthdays.

If the co-eds want an even break we might suggest the plan started at the University of Arizona by the newly formed Bachelor's Club. This club has been formed for the purpose of conducting a drive to make its co-eds share the expenses of their all-necessary dates to meet the demands of the present depression. If the co-eds throughout the country were to adopt that plan it would cause the death of the so called gold digger, if nothing else was accomplished.

If co-eds were to follow in the footsteps of West Point, Annapolis, University of Pittsburgh, Arizona, and others it would at least give them an even break. If the statement of M. W. is true, then co-eds could tell men in the case to take a running start and jump in the lake, because under the proposed plan the woman in the case would be paying the expense of a date.

Another plan that M. W. could use to advantage would be a plan of having women call on the men and divide the wear and tear on the family sofa and the electric light expense.

How can men be blamed for disliking co-eds? The girl of today has taken over the entire realm of Manhood. We noticed in Saturday's Tar Heel that Ruth Newby, dignified senior of the University, "has broken the ice upon the pool tables of Graham Memorial" for the members of her sex. How can men be blamed when the women of America have even taken away their claim to pants. With the coming of the beach pajama the death knell was sounded for the last rights of man, but at least we can thank God for one thing—whatever the women of America do to further take away the ancient rights of man the sacred realms of fatherhood are still left beyond the reach of the ambitious females of this age.—E.K.L.

THIS WICKED WORLD

By E. H.

Woman has ever been the choice topic of those who write or think they can write. Helen's matchless face launched an entire fleet and somehow or other ignited the topless towers of Ilium. Dante had his Beatrice, Cyrano his Roxannah. Dickens created that sweetly girlish (but, oh, so untidy!) Dora whom he bestowed upon the estimable David. Victorian heroines swooned, smiled, then swooned again provided there was an eligible bachelor within catching distance. Hardy molded beautifully that moody and desolate creature, Eustacia, who for so short a time presided like a goddess over Egdon Heath. And

that red-headed woman seems to have played havoc in the literary world just recently. So columnists, least important of all the world's writers, feel it their duty to give vent to their cynically improper predilections about women. Being different, as well as indifferent, we are going to write of other things, not necessarily of ships and shoes and sealing-wax, nor even cabbages and kings.

After a thorough disquisition into the identity of Calliope, Euterpe, and Erato, the unholy three who combine so effectively when poetic columns are at stake, we have satisfactorily solved the riddle. But those who lurk behind such euphonious titles need have no fear of us. Like Chesterfield we hope neither to write nor speak amiss. And their names we'll never expose, lest they shed their poisons o'er our prose.

An evening or two ago we were wending our solitary way down that desolate stretch of road which is the only approach to our present habitation. Tiny broken bits of black cloud scudded rapidly across the gun-metal sky like raven crows flying against a lowering storm cloud. The wind sighing through the tops of the tall trees produced a sound as of a far-off waterfall thundering heavily downward. We laughed aloud for sheer joy at being alive in this crisply cool, dark world. The echo was tossed back too quickly; it taunted us. Umbrageous was the world on all sides. And that ghastly, sinister face peering at us! Closer it came, gray like putty, but with a livid scar across one high cheek bone. All around was darkness. That evil countenance stared steadfastly as it approached, bloodshot eyes glistening wickedly. Momentarily we expected claw-like hands to reach from underneath that black shroud and by a mere touch of cold and clammy fingers turn warm blood to water and freeze the marrow of our bones. A sardonic grin seemed to be fixing itself around the cruel mouth. As a drowning person is supposed to see in a flash his whole life before him so did we remember poignantly the countless admonitions imposed upon our heedless ears by editors who constantly reminded us that unless we changed our ways our dead body would be found in a certain locality the following morning. "Let X mark the spot," we would retort gaily. But now there was no gaiety in life. Our past was haunting us! This ghoul-like creature was not of this earth. Already could we feel the coarse, dank soil closing over our still alive body. The face loomed nearer. The lips moved as though to hiss. We opened our feverish lips...

But no scream rent the air. No, it wasn't Halloween. We had just been reading Poe too late at night.

SPEAKING the CAMPUS MIND

The Daily Tar Heel does not necessarily endorse letters published in Speaking the Campus Mind. Lack of space prohibits the publication of all letters submitted. Preference will be given letters which do not speak upon subjects already exhausted. Letters should be four hundred words or less, typewritten, and contain the name as well as the address of the writer. Names will be withheld upon request, except when the writer attacks a person. No libelous or scurrilous contributions can be printed.

Unshattered Faith To the Editor:

To read that certain supposedly distinguished personalities eulogize the manly art of football in the face of the tragic death of Richard B. Sheridan during the recent Yale-Army game, leaves one stunned at their heartlessness and inhumanity.

The honorable Patrick Hurley, our Secretary of War, patriotically declares that he would rather see a man go down in the splendid spirit of the gridiron than under the wheels of an automobile; which is to say that as long as Sheridan had to die, the football field, next to No Man's Land, was the best battleground where he could die. What infinite capacity of sympathy for a mother, weeping at the grave of her son, who fought valiantly for the prestige of his alma mater, and the senseless pride of alumni!

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, that most worthy and estimable Secretary of the Navy, says: "Football, with all its risks and exaggeration, is a good influence in education." Was young Sheridan's death worth all the benefits that twenty-one other credulous young men received?

The gridiron, according to the scholarly Dean Mendell of Yale College, "is a testing ground, a laboratory, where the real man is revealed." To him, Sheridan was an unsuccessful experiment. The same leisurely gentleman philosophically adds: "Life should not be lived for the mere sake of living." We wonder what Mr. Mendell lives for.

Dr. H. Y. Benedict, President of the University of Texas, no less, says: "Deaths [in football]... are infrequent." What complete consolation for Mrs. Sheridan whose son went to West Point to learn to defend his country, and, ironically enough, died in the attempt to defend his goal line. Sheridan has gone. His training for the "battle of life" was complete.

J. B. MASS
I. M. MATLIN.

Musical Cats

What cheerful tinkling melodies there must be rising from Coral Gables, Florida! For Coral Gables requires that each household cat in town must be equipped with a bell around its neck—so *Time*, weekly news-magazine, tells us. This act was no doubt passed in response to the demands of a local cat society, or some similar worthy organization, to prevent sleek tabbies from destroying bird life. Theoretically the bell-cat idea should work perfectly. But in actual practice it fails miser-

ably in its purpose, for two reasons: (1) Any belled cat soon learns the knack of creeping silently to within leaping distance of a bird; when the final spring is made, only providence can save the bird—the bell merely tolls the death knell. (2) It is a known fact that no noise, except be it sudden, loud, and raucous, causes much concern among the feathered folk; they are fearful of motion rather than of sound.

Not without knowledge or experience do I speak: I keep a cat, but I also know something of the habits of birds; and my observations on both cat and bird substantiate any assertions I have made above.

Coral Gables deserves credit for her charitable move, but she might do better to banish her musical cats and replace them with lazy, well-fed felines. Purring tabbies are much more satisfactory than tinkling cats!

WINSTON PUGH.

Fraternities should not burn the leaves which are beginning to fall now, because the most valuable of fertilizers can be made from them. Although these leaves may appear to be a great nuisance, they can very easily be raked into some inconspicuous place, such as a fence corner in the back yard and covered with a few shovelful of dirt. Great quantities of leaves can be packed into a very small space by weighting them down with soil. The addition of a gallon of air-slacked lime hastens decay, and by next fall, this year's leaves will be ready to mix, half and half, with the soil in planting shrubbery, in making new lawns, and in feeding established shrubbery.

Leaf fires only increase the fire hazard, and the disagreeable smoke from piles of burning leaves is the evidence of one of our most wasteful practices.

—WILLIAM L. HUNT.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Horses! Horses!
Horses!

Let's Ride

at
Fisher Riding Club

Three and Five Gated
Horses.
Well Schooled.

Phone 7331

REDUCED
RATES
15 rides \$15.00
7 rides 7.50

Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert

in
"THE SMILING
LIEUTENANT"

All-French Talking Picture

11 P. M.—WEDNESDAY
CAROLINA

New York's Sensational Stage Success!

ELIZABETH the QUEEN

By Maxwell Anderson, co-author "What Price Glory?" with the celebrated English actress in title role

MISS ELISABETH RISDON

of "Strange Interlude" fame

will be presented at

MEMORIAL HALL, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill

Auspices of The Carolina Playmakers
At Sensible Prices Befitting the Times:

All Seats Reserved at \$1, \$1.50 and \$2.00
MAIL ORDERS NOW! DON'T WAIT FOR BOX OFFICE SALE!

Original New York Theatre Guild's picturesque stage settings and eye-ravishing costumes

SPECIAL NOTE: Wherever presented, this delightful romance of the strangest love affair in all history has completely sold out. It will most likely do so here. Therefore, GET YOUR SEATS EARLY. For Reservations write

The Carolina Playmakers, Box 525
Chapel Hill, N. C.