

### The Daily Tar Heel

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Friday, November 13, 1931

#### Editor Stars

##### In Grid Battle

Three members of the Columbia football team, one of them Captain Ralph Hewitt, walked into the office of the Columbia Spectator, student daily newspaper, day before yesterday, and threatened to do physical violence to the paper's three editors. All this because the Spectator published an editorial which branded college football a "semi-professional racket," which to a very great extent is true in a big percentage of American universities and colleges.

The three players—Captain Hewitt, William MacDuffie, and Eddie Weinstock—certainly did not help their cause any by their action, which smacks of that of the much heralded "tramp athlete." We do not know or care whether or not Columbia pays its football players, but we do not think the best type of football player would walk into a newspaper office and threaten physical violence to its editors. After all we do have, or so they claim, such a thing as freedom of the press.

Captain Hewitt's action tends to make one think that the old saying "a bit dog always hollers" is true to a great extent. His action could have been much more diplomatic and would have accomplished more. A denial of the story would have accomplished a better result. By their action, the seed of suspicion has been sown in the minds of people everywhere. Their anger seems to have been much too belligerent for so-called righteous anger.

After all the statement of the Spectator will accomplish nothing without definite proof. Director Cardozo, head of the Alumni Federation of Columbia, seems to have the wrong idea of the entire situation. He demands the resignation of Editor Harris, if he can not prove the charges. It seems to us that Cardozo is "het up" over something that does not affect him in the least. Of course, if Editor Harris had charged that the alumni had furnished the money, then it would be a dif-

ferent affair, but the alumni are not mentioned, unless it is to be assumed that they furnished the money, as is the case in most instances. Cardozo's charge that the statement is an insult to the alumni and the university seems to us utterly preposterous. The university could not be insulted unless university authorities furnished the money with which they were paid.

In fact the whole stand of the alumni and team seems to be that of guilty parties, so we congratulate Editor Harris and his associates for their stand. —E.K.L.

#### Death Comes To Tabloidia

Sensationalism in journalism and the glories of tabloidia have long been bewailed by the more conservative clansmen of the Fourth Estate as factors leading to the decadence of American journalism, should such a downward trend be admitted. The tabloid, with its gigantic circulation builded on cheap sensationalism, the rhymeless chatter of debonair columnists, and the conventional bathing beauty and semi-nude night club dancers' pictures, has been the despair of ethical journalists since their rise to prominence in the last decade.

The tabloid is a post-war product, and it fills a crying need of a supposedly nerve-strung public which seeks mental relaxation in the perusing of "Daddy" Browning's latest escapade or the antics of some like demagogue of the yellow sheet. The metropolitanite takes his tabloid like a cigarette, in short, jerky, self-satisfying puffs, and once consumed, it is thrown to lie side by side with the other rubbish of the gutter. Thus the tabloid is popular with a less literate population than those who swear by the Times from generation to generation.

The late trend in newspaperdom has been away from the tabloid style and toward the conservative, polished daily, which functions with a noticeably more strict adherence to the King's English. Perhaps the answer lies in the mistaken identity of sensationalism, which is often taken as an object of prime news value.—D.C.S.

#### The First Gleam

Clouds of depression are gradually breaking up as the gleams of returning prosperity begin to shine through. For the first time since its slump two years ago, business is showing signs of improvement.

Latest reports quoted in Time show that the Federal Reserve System ratio of reserves to deposits and notes remained for the past week unchanged at 59.9 per cent; that currency in circulation increased \$24,000,000, showing hoarding to be less popular; that the failure of small banks had decreased from twenty-five per day to seven; that wheat was up twenty cents from its low; and that cotton had advanced six dollars a bale. And still more optimistic evidence is that uncovered by the National Association of Manufacturers' annual survey which discloses the fact that of 800 replies to questionnaires sent to twenty different industries, 58 per cent pointed to busy winter prospects, while 54 per cent of the responding concerns had either maintained or raised their scale wage.

Business is unquestionably increasing, but it will be some time before its actual effects can be felt. Many persons will refuse to believe that business is really better, saying that the number of unemployed is still practically the same. But this difficulty will not be settled over night. As the return of prosperity has been long in arriving, so a decrease in unem-

ployment is still some distance off.

One problem now is to convince the public that the depression is really ended, and that signs of returning prosperity are again evident. So long as people insist on believing that business is still bad there is no hope of our again coming into prosperous sunlight within the near future.

Asinine as the suggestion may sound, if a prosperity propaganda could be started to counteract pessimistic talk, it would be easy to assume that before many months had elapsed this country would be again back on its normal business level. —C.G.R.

#### Curfew For Women Necessary

So much has been said against the rules that abound in girls' colleges and for girls on co-ed campuses that it is time for someone to expound their advantages. A typical example of these rules is the one enforced on this campus: that girls must be in their buildings by ten-thirty on week nights.

First among their virtues is the fact that they afford the rebel ample opportunity to carry out her theories. Without rules there is nothing with which to satisfy her craving; with them she can "kick over the traces," start a riot, write an editorial, or whatever she finds necessary to release herself from the very thing that interests her.

More often than not they prove to be a saviour. When one yawns at the rate of fifty times to the hour in a date's face there is always the comforting thought that the ten-thirty bell never fails to ring. And whose brain and feet are not worn out by an hour after the dance?

To the unpopular girl there is no better alibi than the rule one. In a girls' school she can sit around with the best of them complaining because there are no boys present and "thanking her lucky stars" that no dates are permitted.

The lazy girl finds ease for her conscience in the stricter schools. All boring books and papers must of necessity be laid aside when the lights are turned out in one's face.

This type of rule has been a part of a system ever since colleges for women were established. Although it has been relaxed in recent years it has far too many advantages to be abolished altogether.—R.N.

#### The Low-Down

By G. R. Berryman

##### How the Demondeans Effected a Scourge Upon the Good People of Norcaluniv

For many years the subjects of the little kingdom of Norcaluniv dwelt in peace and contentment. Life was a joy. Every man was well satisfied with his little share in the kingdom's wealth.—Then came the dread year of 1931, bringing with it those foul creatures now known as Demondeans.

To understand the nature of the scourge visited upon the innocent, trusting inhabitants of Norcaluniv it is necessary to know something of the Demondeans' origin.

For many years there had been a death penalty inflicted upon persons who caught the dread malady known as Menny-cutz. This disease was a form of cold. Its first visible symptom was a series of sneezes.—But many who sneezed did not catch the disease. This important fact should be noted.

The executioners were called Deans. They killed those who caught this disease by removing their heads with a huge suspend-

ed axe. This machine was known as the Expulsion because it hurled the detached head high into the air.

Most of the Deans felt pity for the poor wretches whom they executed, and wished that there might be less to meet this fate. However, there was a small group who took a certain sadistic delight in the deaths of the poor devils.

One of these evil Deans was known as Dewittlunk. This wretch was so heartless as to wish that more persons might be sentenced to death so that he might experience the pleasure of seeing their detached heads flying from the Expulsion machine.

In order to accomplish his evil desires, he consulted with his crony, Hobblegobble, a creature whose tastes were almost as low as his own. They then gathered together several other conscienceless Deans and plotted the deaths of more Norcaluniv inhabitants. At the end of this discussion, they called for a meeting of the executioners in order to pass new laws.

Dewittlunk jumped to his feet at the start of the meeting and made the foul proposal that, as some of those who sneezed later caught Menny-cutz, it would be best to execute immediately anyone who sneezed. The other Deans were immediately aghast at this heartless suggestion but, before they could consult among themselves, Hobblegobble sprang to his feet and lent his support to the evil proposition. Then, still another leapt up to add his word.

By this time the gentle, kindly Deans were bewildered. They looked at one another, each waiting for someone else to rebuke Dewittlunk for making such a bloodthirsty motion. Being unprepared and ununited, none stood forward to oppose the motion. Dewittlunk and Hobblegobble were powerful figures, and none dared to face them alone. The motion was then voted upon.

It passed. Now, Norcaluniv is a chaos resembling hell. The bloodthirsty Demondeans are enforcing their unjust and unreasonable amendment with hands of steel. The streets of Norcaluniv resemble rivers of blood, so often are men executed for the simple act of sneezing.

The kindly Deans, still bewildered, do not realize how they have been hoodwinked. They watch the blood choke the sewers, but none dares to brave the wrath of the Demondeans by attempting to stop the stream at its source.

#### Lines of Least Resistance

By JAMES DAWSON

##### SOME WOMEN

M. W. M.  
Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give me back my heart.  
Or, if you'll leave my actions free,  
Keep it. It's no good to me.

F. Y.  
Poets have sung you through the years,  
Novelists have poured you tender tears.  
I (neither one) have only cried:  
You're driving me to suicide.

V. Y.  
Baby, when I took your ring,  
It didn't mean the usual thing.  
(All backward) and I sadly find  
I cannot trust my absent mind.

E. M.  
Mozart is all your ears have heard,  
And Shelley is your passionate bird.  
If you'd be human, you would see  
A comparable change in me.

E. N.  
Cynicism in you is like  
Solomon's wisdom in a tike

R. R. Clark  
Dentist  
Over Bank of Chapel Hill  
PHONE 6251

FOR PEACE

Strike gorgeous chords and wrest the gods of war,  
New chords that sound symphonic harmonies!  
Nor let thematic cadences be stilled  
Till all the worlds are spanned in rapturous notes  
Exchanging symphonies for armorments.

Ring mammoth bells throughout the listening worlds,  
And lift the minds of men to planes of peace,  
Nor let the echo of such mammoth bells  
Be stilled until their tones return again  
To make us know their messages are heard.

Pray burning prayers that rush beyond the spheres,  
For prayers must vibrate through the mind of God,  
From whence they flash again to earth and us,  
Electrifying love and killing hate  
Thus making heaven and earth inseparable.

L. T. P.

Of ten. Without it, can't you see  
How much more lovely you would be?

J. N.  
I like your walk, I like your way  
Of moving, but the things you say  
In Southern idioms were not meant  
For that false Britisher accent.

V. W.  
Life (says Vallee) is a serious,  
And awfully mysterious.  
But I (and this is not a quip)  
Say Life's a game of battleship.

D. L.  
I said (sitting behind you there):  
"I like the way she wears her hair.  
It's like a brown inverted cup.  
(How does she keep the great weight  
up?)"

F. C.  
You seem always to have for me  
A lovely hospitality.  
As Dostoyevski said before:  
"C'est a ne pas mettre un chien  
dehors."

A. E.  
In case you see this tender rhyme,  
Releat—save me at least a dime.  
That library book I got for you  
Is now just two weeks overdue.

#### To Our Hall Of Fame

We Nominate

Dudley DeWitt Carroll (subbing for R. B. House), who miraculously appeared in every newsphoto of the presidential inauguration save one; who achieved a mark of .500 on forward passes, completing a two-year heave of the Bible to President Graham but fumbled a seal lateral behind the line of scrimmage.

The name of Lenoir Wright was unintentionally omitted from the list of commencement marshals published in Wednesday's Daily Tar Heel.

With Contemporaries

Forget It, Mr. Chapple

We are indeed startled to learn that John B. Chapple, a university graduate, a newspaper editor, and a person who aspires to political leadership, should take seriously one of the campus' major assinnities—the proposal for the formation of a body of students to combat the "red menace."

We enjoyed a hearty laugh when he first heard of the proposal, and we know the majority of students laughed with us. For a mature man to keep a straight face while speaking of the idea is absurd—or political.

Before Mr. Chapple makes any alliances with this silly snipe-hunting brigade, he would do well to consider one instance where the same students' rights have been trampled upon, and the consequences of the trammellers. One day two years ago a number of university communists started a demonstration. It was no more than a harmless un-employment parade around the square. A half dozen excited stand-patters who happened to be athletes organized, and by means of force, routed the parade. To this day those athletes are still trying to withstand the concentrated guffaws that have poured forth upon them from the entire university as a result of their act.

Should Mr. Chapple go any

(Continued on last page)

Before The Game—Before The Dance

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