

The Daily Tar Heel

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Friday, October 7, 1932

A Cheering Need

With no home game scheduled for the football eleven until October 22, the cheerleading staff has plenty of time to render to the team a service which has been needed for the last five years—that of developing an organized cheering section. Not since the graduation of Kay Kyser, organizer of the famous Carolina Cheerios, have the Tar Heels had the vocal backing in the stands that they deserved, and in many cases absolutely needed.

A plan has been followed recently of seating all students into one section, not only to avoid the federal tax, but also in hopes of aiding cheering. But this plan has proven unsuccessful. The only remedy is to organize a special volunteer cheering section. The expense of equipping such a group with megaphones, bright colored hats, etc., would be relatively small. And if the Athletic Association would be unwilling to carry the expense, probably the class and professional school treasuries would be able to share the burden.

Carolina's feeble attempts at cheering during the last few years has been a considerable joke to the other institutions in the state. Not only have they taken it as a sign of a miserable lack of the traditional Carolina Spirit, but also as an evidence of aloofness on the part of Carolina students. It has given the impression to many that since the University has come to number some 2500 or more, its students have ceased to take part in "college yells."

In many cases this aloofness to "the collegiate" is to be desired. But if the University must have the college football team, it should go the full extent and have the college yells. For without the latter, the former is not at its best.

Our Great Enigma

With the rush and excitement of the preliminaries of a new school year over, and with a national election just ahead, the question of politics is receiving

at least a passing notice from every patriotic minded student.

The political issue on the campus revolves around two main questions and their answers: Should I vote this year, and, if so, How should I vote?

It is safe to say that a large majority of the students who vote the Republican ticket this fall will do so, not so much because of any belief that its platform conforms more nearly to their ideals of what the country needs than that of either of its other opponents, but largely because that is the party which their fathers have always voted. The same thing might just as truthfully be said of those who will vote the Democratic ticket.

For the liberal-minded man or woman just entering upon his or her political career, however, and wishing to cast a vote that will never be regretted, a problem presents itself that is not to be lightly dealt with. There are many who can not summons forth the audacity to vote for Norman Thomas, and to such, the dilemma of whether to vote Democratic or Republican tickets is forthcoming.

It is a difficult proposition to distinguish between the fundamental principles contained in the two platforms, which politicians make to stand out in such bold relief. One of the parties is wet; the other is not dry. Both purport to have the interests of the people vitally at heart. One has formulated plans which it is positive will release the country from the fell clutches of economic depression; the other asserts that such plans are now in operation, and are fast restoring things to health and normalcy. Both parties employ the latest methods known to calumny, indecency and animadversion for undermining each other.

When it comes to a final showdown, it seems that the major differences between the two parties lie, not in their platforms, nor their applicability to the problems of modern government, but to the differences of personality, ability, and experiences of their respective heads.—W.A.S.

A Noble Experiment

The chapel situation in the University, especially regarding sophomores, bears a striking parallel to the prohibition question now being so urgently discussed in this country. The parallel lies in the fact that the "powers" do not seem to understand that, although they can pass a law disagreeable to the majority, they cannot hope to enforce it. In the case of prohibition we have actual nullification. As regards chapel, we have an intellectual nullification. The University officials can force sophomores to come to chapel, but as they might, they cannot make men listen, who do not want to hear.

The unfortunate part about the whole affair is that it is almost impossible to study during chapel—there is a little too much noise coming from the direction of the rostrum for complete concentration on a difficult matter. However, the period is not completely wasted inasmuch as the noise is not sufficiently loud to interfere with a superficial perusal of the TAR HEEL, or perhaps *Liberty*. (?Ed.) The only difficulty in the way of this latter pleasure is that the benches are a bit too hard for really enjoyable reading. Perhaps the committee on chapel attendance would be kind enough to supply cushions to those desiring them, and, possibly, as an added dispensation, ear-muffs.

There is, nevertheless, a small minority that seems to really need, and what is stranger still, enjoy chapel. After all, an opportunity to rest one's weary bones, and at the same time to be

serenaded with "Hark the Sound" and "Holy, Holy, Holy" is not to be sneezed at. For the benefit of these people it is suggested that the University add to its curriculum a few courses in chapel sitting, for which credit might be given. If sufficient enthusiasm is shown, enough courses might even be added to permit one to major in this field. A question might arise as whether a "B. S." or an "A. B." should be received at the end of four years. Of course the question of a Ph. D. could be taken up later, but for the time being the two undergraduate degrees should suffice. These suggestions ought to fill the bill fairly well, but what is there to do on Monday when there is no TAR HEEL, and when *Liberty* has been already read? —M.K.K.

Friendship and The Fraternity

The close of this week marks the end of the fraternity rushing period. Many will be the joyful and woeful faces when the bids are handed out from the fraternities.

One of the most difficult problems that confronts the men who are rushed is which fraternity to pledge.

Quite often it happens that the rushed one has a friend or relative in some particular fraternity who insists that he go "their way," while the man himself might want to go "another way." The task of deciding which fraternity to choose often causes ill feeling between the freshman, members of the jilted fraternity, and everybody in general.

The thing that the new men should remember above all is that they should follow their own likes and dislikes in choosing, because it will be their duty to remain during the coming four years with the men of the fraternity they choose.

Those who weren't "fortunate" enough to get bids or to be rushed by fraternities have other things to realize—many of the best friends and companions a student makes during his college career are men he has met in his classes, his dormitories, or other gathering places of the student body.

The greatest value perhaps next to the knowledge acquired during a four years' college term is the friends that one makes. Therefore when choosing or refusing fraternities one should do so with the idea of friendship in the background.—E.J.

OUR TIMES

By Don Shoemaker

An All-American Gal

"She's got a half back at Pennsylvania an' a quarter back at No-ter Dame", croons the suspicious soprano of our favorite jazz orchestra in a weak plagiarism of "Betty Co-Ed" known as "All-American Girl". The song progresses by stages to indicate that the miss who captivates the hearts of the first two named gridiron incumbents eventually encompasses the athletic man power of the nation from Amherst to Southern California by way of Duke and Tennessee in her gigantic little heart. At any rate we are lead to construe that her somewhat patriotic *no-men* is derived at the expense of dozens of big, husky, strapping one-hundred-percenters.

Here are some of her "all-America" sweethearts (she has one in every college). At Princeton: Kalbaugh, Kadlic and Draudt. Nearby at Amherst, Moses, Feinberg, Debevoise and Kehoe. Her Pennsylvanian's may be Sakolis, Yablonski, Mas-savage or Perina. At Ohio University our All-American girl and her All-American lovers

could be Banko, Priede, Corradini, Sodasky or Sintic.

Indiana's finest offer Keekich, Nylick, Opaski, Saluski and Sawicki. Illinois has Kamm and Schultek and Miami places Ker-ekes, Niemi, Fertig and Savot-sky prostrate before her charms. Coe's potential all Americans are Swarzentuber, Schwank Rass-mussen, Slavik and Saccaro. Luckily Virginia still has her Byrds and Harvard her Cabots, but then they play soccer.

In the Maniac

Headline writers, notoriously weak in the fundamental principles of arithmetic, a big factor in counting spaces for certain fonts of type, often labor for some minutes in a vain effort to find a combination that will fit the allotted space. First headlined a TAR HEEL desk man recently "Definite Program of Athletics For Co-Eds Is Planned", and finally in indelicate desperation: "Co-Eds to Get Chance at Having Athlete's Feet."

With Contemporaries

We Go Political

In has been often contended that the only political interest on the campus has been evinced by those students who come under the heading of Socialists. This fall, however, all students who are interested in either of the two major parties, as well as the Socialist party, will have an opportunity to display their enthusiasm. The occasion will be the Political Parley, which has just been announced for October 28 and 29. Through Doctor Hatten, of the Political Science department, a well known figure in politics, the committee from the Saturday Noon Forum, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. has secured outstanding speakers from the Republican, Democratic and Socialist parties. Mr. Horner, candidate for governor on the Democratic ticket, and Mr. Burt, also candidate for governor on the Socialist ticket, have consented to speak. The choice for the third speaker, a representative of the Republican party, will be announced shortly. The prominence of these men is in itself an assurance that the Parley will be attended not only by a large number of students, but also by a great many Evanstonians.

Further plans have been formulated by the committee, calling for round table discussions the following morning on the issues of the campaign, and this again presents a great opportunity for an understanding of the main points of contention. A luncheon on Saturday noon at which a summary will be given, will terminate the parley.

The committee is to be congratulated for taking the initiative for planning this parley. There is doubtless a great need everywhere in this country to interest students in thinking about current politics of the day. Too often we lose sight of the paramount importance of contemporary affairs in our search for long lost and well buried history of other days. Students in America must realize sooner or later that the success of the forthcoming elections depends upon their interest and intelligence as the future voting population of the United States. Every movement, such as the Political Parley to be held here, should be encouraged. It is only through contacts, discussions and meetings such as these that we can hope to better the political situation within the next few years.—Daily Northwestern.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

San Diego Professor Tells Non-Daters To Take Up Arms

Harry C. Steinmetz of Psychology Department of California School Declares That Social Starvation Is Worse Than Head-Over-Heels-in-Love Affairs in College.

(By College News Service) San Diego, Calif., Oct. 6.—Mixed emotions rocked the student body of San Diego State college this week as it tried to decide just how to take the challenge flung at non-daters by Professor Harry C. Steinmetz of the psychology department.

The challenge, which minced no words, appeared in the form of an editorial in *The Aztec*, student weekly, and called upon members of both sexes, who are inclined to be timid about seek-

Do You Inhale?

Do you have acidosis, halitosis, pediculosis, instructorosis, libraryosis, moonbeamosis, or do you inhale? The advertising copy writers are on the loose again, and the latest is "homitosis." This violent micro-organism is a home-wrecker of no mean accomplishments, having been caught in the act of disturbing even the most blissful of embryonic martial bliss if its ravaging attacks on the homestead.

Homitosis is supposed to be a new one for the familiarly known and odiferous bad tastes found in the female of the species. If she cannot furnish a home on what you're making, either consult Dr. E. Cantor, or resign yourself to a fate worse than death—homitosis. It seems that poor taste in home furnishings have made men live at their clubs, little children fly screaming into nurse's arms and old men weep silently and pitifully in their beards, and politicians stuff ballot boxes.

Such a scrouge loosed against a defenseless mankind has come face to face with the advertisements of the furniture purveyors. There should be a battle to the finish, and probably will be, with poor downtrodden hubbly by turning out to be the goat, in addition to having homitosis. Isn't it bad enough to be afflicted with this little known, but universally hated disease without having to be skinned and cleaned just for a new living room suite to replace the one that caused the terrible malady?

Along the same line of thought we have suffered acute attacks of registerosis and neurosis to say nothing of laddersosis and timeosis in the past few days following registration. Anyway we must take our hat off to the boys who can use all the various "osii" to intimidate the American public (the great American public, to you) into buying new what-you-may-call-'ems and paying good American money for the same. It is an art that seems to never grow old. Ever since the first scientific advertisement was thrust upon an unsuspecting world, the ad writers have endured an existence of horror, punctuated only by a constant demand for new horrible sounding diseases, whether they are authentic or not. Upon thinking it over we are sure we are suffering from editosis. Help! Help!—Daily Illini.

ing companionship, to "get into the running."

And Professor Steinmetz offered a definite plan—a kind of automatic dating bureau:

"For heaven's sake (said he) and your own, make yourself attractive to the opposite sex, do a little flirting and get a date.

"You know if this editorial fits you. If you haven't a date this week, forget your silly pride; fold this paper so the title of this editorial ("Does This Fit You?") shows, and walk around with it; flap it about carelessly in class today and tomorrow; interpret it where you see it as a welcome to become acquainted."

Earlier in the editorial, he declared:

"Worse than being head over heels in love in college is being indifferent or socially starved through lack of contact with the opposite sex. Insofar as biological and eugenic ends are concerned, the average fraternity and sorority, especially the ritualistic sort, as a substitute for natural adjustment, is a subversive and frustrating institution.

"It is the college society of co-educational function which promotes social discrimination and that 'meeting for mating' which is one of the most important contributions of the democratic educational system.

"Scholarship and school political and social or athletic success may be completely negated by indiscriminate, precipitous or unduly delayed sexual selection and companionship. Insofar as lasting adjustment in life is concerned, many of the other benefits of colleges may pitifully mock the sensitive individual. Our whole confounded system of values seems backwards sometimes; we elevate inconsequentialities to first importance, leaving the important things of life to chance and tradition.

"The point of this? Just something to think about seriously. I know of a sorority of intelligent but timid girls who are eating their hearts out for lack of that companionship which they cannot afford each other. There are

(Continued on last page)

What Will the Neighbors Say?

"The Night of June 13"

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