

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publications Union Board of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill...

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Sunday, October 9, 1932

The Day of Youth

"Editors are always eager for new viewpoints and the outlook held by the rising generation." So Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the Atlantic Monthly expressed himself regarding the future of youth in the field of literature.

It is as though the entire thinking public had expressed its feelings towards the possibilities of youth. For since the youth of today will be the elders of tomorrow, it is only natural that the present elders are pleased when members of the younger generation show signs of promise.

Oftimes it has been said that this is the day of youth. People with this idea point out numerous young men who are taking positions formerly held by old men. They use that as conclusive proof that today is the day of youth.

In the correct sense every day is the day of youth. Some youth, however, have their day before others do, since it is the youths themselves who determine when their day shall come.

The youths of today can not live hoping that their day will soon come. Instead they must through their own thought and

achievement prove that their day has come and that they are fully prepared to take charge.

Eleventh Hour Haze

Tomorrow is pledge day. After two weeks of mutual "looking-over," freshmen and fraternities will become formally associated. Presumably, by this time the freshman will understand his situation well enough to make a sensible choice, and the fraternity will know which new men will be assets to them.

That this will be true in some cases cannot be denied, but that it will be true in all cases can be denied. It seems that the average freshman is so limited in experience that he comes to college in more or less of a "fog," to dispel which usually takes considerably longer than two weeks.

It would be an interesting experiment to ask each freshman on pledge day to present the reasons for his choice. In this way it would be possible to see whether freshmen are given a long enough period to "size up" the situation.

This is not necessary, however, to realize that if a freshman's hands are left free for a quarter or even a year, that if he were not confronted immediately with the task of choosing a fraternity, then he could make a natural choice without being under any pressure whatever, fraternities would from the first assume their proper place in his mind, and he would most probably get more out of his first year at the University.

Rushing—the very name connotes a wrong attitude. In an ideal university there would be no rushing. Only a period of adjustment.

A Plea for Reel College Life

The University of North Carolina tho the oldest state university in the country is woefully lacking in certain attributes that go to make a genuine college. On other campuses each year sees a manifestation of college spirit, tradition, and quaint custom designed to render intolerable the life of the freshman, and hence to guarantee a real collegiate atmosphere.

The Carolina campus has no hazing. Our frosh are not required to wear freshman caps, red ties, or white socks. Nothing distinguishes them from the lordly sophomores, juniors, and seniors. There are no freshman-sophomore mob fights, no duckings in Sparrow's pool or the Old Well, in fact nothing to give expression to the feeling of dislike and animosity that should exist between the first and second year men.

That we should be so different from other schools and so lacking in the virility of other campuses is intolerable. Imagine the feelings of the Carolina man who goes to the movies and sees real college life portrayed there. He must inevitably come to realize that he has made a great error, that Carolina is not a real college, and he will regret his choice of schools.

If we are to establish a legitimate claim to the name of university there must be a great reform in our methods. We must have quaint customs, freshman rules, hazing, and traditions if the latter have to be made up in

the future. So far the Sheiks, minotaurs, and the Thirteen Club have been the only bodies to give evidence of the right approach to the collegiate atmosphere. Why not select a committee of members of the three sophomore societies to formulate the necessary traditions and raise Carolina from the sloth she has fallen into back up to the high collegiate standards of our contemporaries.—J.F.A.

When the Smoke Clears

The economic disaster in the throes of which the world has been struggling since the memorable October 29 has left marks on the campus of the University which are sadly to be regarded. But none of these marks is as disfiguring and repulsive to the glorious name of this institution as the amount of cut-throat rushing which has been carried on during the past twelve days by men who are someday to lead the state into flourishing opulence.

The number of eligible freshmen this year was much smaller than the amount in previous years. For this reason it was imperative that each fraternity make the best possible impression on a number of boys to insure their getting enough men to fill the quota. Had they been content to merely make impressions all would have been yet serene on the much celebrated western front, but the weaker lodges found it necessary to indulge in the age old pastime of mudslinging, much in vogue by inferior individuals and groups throughout the universe.

When a fraternity boasting the grand total of two men on the staff of any University publication has the temerity to promise a freshman that he will be made editor of the TAR HEEL in three years if he joins that lodge, and then disparages the accomplishments and men in other lodges, it is soon enough for the other fraternities on the Hill to take a hand either through the Interfraternity Council or by means of individual efforts.—O.S.S.

THOSE NEW BOOKS

Van Loon's Geography as published by Simon and Schuster, is one of the outstanding fall books. To begin with, the jacket unfolds to become a map of the world, with which you can live up a bare space on your wall. The idea-drawings found on every other page will do much to decorate the vacant corridors in your brain.

"Iceland, an interesting political laboratory in the Arctic Ocean... Austria, the country that nobody appreciated until it no longer existed... India is full of Indians... Belgium, a country created by scraps of paper and rich in everything but internal harmony..."

"We are no longer able to plunder and filch as and rob as heartily as our fathers did because... well, if you really want to know... because our conscience won't let us or if we ourselves."

"We are fellow passengers on the same planet, all of us equally responsible for the happiness and well being of the world in which we happen to live."

Van Loon has created a hearty and fitting companion piece for his Story of Mankind. He has taken Geography out of the doldrums and made it the dramatic setting of the historical stage.

Sons, Pearl S. Buck. (The John Day Company, New York). Reviewed by Bernard B. Perry. Sons, the continuation of the

saga of Wang Lung and his family, unlike most sequels, equals in strength of style and beauty its companion piece, The Good Earth. With the death of Wang Lung, a wealthy landowner, born a poor farmer, the reader's interest is directed to the sons, brought up in the lap of luxury. The youngest son, Wang the Tiger, assumes the chief role in the book as a commander of men and warrior, who becomes a revolutionary general and war lord.

OUR TIMES

By Don Shoemaker

The Greeks Have A Word in It

In digressing:

Two weeks of joyous genuflection ended in a haze of glory last night as the campus fraternities shooed the last first year men out of their houses more or less at twelve sharp and resolved en masse to atone for their sins. It was unanimously realized and resolved that the old adages "All's fair in Love, War, and Fraternity Rushing" and the "Lord watches over little babies, drunks, and rushing chairmen" were true to the very letter. After all, rush-

We Nominate For The Pulitzer Prize Department

Ossining, N. Y.—Sing Sing's 1932 football prospects are darker than the inside of your derby hat. The speedy backfield and sturdy line of the mighty Ossining eleven has been wrecked by paroles, pardons, and discharges.

Unless the courts send him some new talent, "Alabama" Pitts, colored captain of the team, threatens to waive the three-year eligibility rule and play lifers.

His agents have scouted the reformatories for schoolboy athletes, Pitts said, and a likely young quarterback, doing time for robbing fruit stands, will report for practice as soon as he can get himself arrested for sticking up a coffe pot.

Meanwhile "Alabama" threatens to complain to the Carnegie Foundation about a pernicious practice, which, has cropped up

ing season, like a wedding anniversary, comes but once a year, and with the realization of its culmination, a wave of "whew's" sweeps the campus.

Hardly ever in the history of the Oldest State University has such a flood of potential man power hit the campus. We will have with us, safely anchored behind pledge buttons, four freshman class presidents, after Monday afternoon. There will be three editors of the TAR HEEL (one in his freshman year) and the Buccaneer will operate smoothly with three business managers and four art editors. Seven freshmen will play on the Davis Cup team next year, for those of our mystic orders who wield a tennis racquet and a tennis racket, have enough push to place their fresh-

men (if they come around, you know) in the list of those favored netmen. It is fully understood that there were three managing editors of the TAR HEEL last year, each one in a different house. Of football captains, there will be any number of potential individuals after pledge day, unquestionably a revelation to our gridiron mentors who are aware that team elections lapse into fraternity frame-ups. The usual number of freshmen promised class executive positions will be again disappointed, for though these pointless posts have been offered to at least fifty potential Taylor Bledsoes, in rare instances do more than fifteen men find themselves incumbents when the fall election is run off.

He objects, he says, to the transferring of convicts from one prison to another. For instance, two of his tackles, a guard and a halfback, will play in Auburn or Dannemora uniforms this season. Of course, they were sent there because they were too rugged for Sing Sing, but "Alabama" is annoyed, nevertheless.

"How can my boys get to play San Quentin on New Year's day in the Tournament of the Sub-Rosas," he asks, "when those crooks keep stealing my players from me? It ain't honest, I tell you."

"Alabama" has worked out a new hidden ball play. It is signalled by the cry, "cheese it—the cops." He will try it when his boys meet the Fort Jervis police team. — Queen's Univ. Journal.

when the fall election is run off.

(Continued on last page)

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