

The Daily Tar Heel

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Friday, October 19, 1932

On the Playing Fields of Eden

So common have been the optimistic mutterings during the worst of the recent depression that cynicism has become widespread in the average man. Yet today we can with reason say that times are improving. Indeed, the reason why such optimistic generalizations are few is that we are at heart a superstitious people and fear even to mention happy days without our fingers crossed and some wood nearby to tap on. Indications, it must be admitted, however, point to a gradual rise to a normalcy which it is to be hoped will be lasting. The lack of a sudden, meteoric rise is a good sign, inasmuch as it would seem to indicate the absence in the future of an equally sudden fall. A recent headline states that there is "Improvement Noted in Mills of Britain" and the local cotton and tobacco crops are doing well. Atlanta textile workers are receiving a 10 per cent wage increase and so on.

Yet it is obvious that the great world problems of unemployment and division of wealth are still far from solved. Only the bitterness of iron can be aroused in a newspaper reader who discovers that "Republican victory is sure to revive business" or that with a Democratic administration will come the millennium. Obviously the fact that stocks have risen sharply does not mean a job for every man and a piece of cake for every mouth. The futility of politics when it comes into contact with economic law, which in turn exemplifies the experience of the ages, is most strongly represented in the ludicrous and irrational remarks and speeches of the political leaders. The Republicans are sure that Calvin Coolidge's endorsement of Hoover's administration will carry great weight. Why? Because Mr. Coolidge happened to be occupying the White House at the time when this country was going through a period of wild prosperity, which should be as much feared in the future as any retrenchment, however great. At least the latter has the advantage of making people think, and not always of their

own gain, but perhaps a little while of the other fellows. By mentioning the names of Jefferson, Cleveland, and Wilson, the Democrats hope to conjure up in the minds of the voters a rosy picture of the past and future, a sort of Garden of Eden, wherein will reside angelic citizens, with archangel Democratic representatives and senators to guide them.

Cannot we lay aside this nonsense and put politics on a reasonable basis? If politics must be a game of man, let him play the game with rational argument, since he is said to be the rational animal. Let arguments on an emotional plane be ruled "offside" and the whistle blown. Let politics be a frank and open game, one which the youth of the nation will not be ashamed of playing, and which will feature honest rational argument and not oratorical eulogies and play on prejudice.—B.B.P.

Time Brings All Things

Rushing rules are a wholesome check on the methods used by fraternities in attempting to bid new men; and it is a credit to the University that it has been so vigilant to enforce these restrictions. But the duration of the present rushing season was apparently fixed for no other reason than that of saving the valuable time of fraternity man and prospective pledge.

The above purpose our system fulfills admirably. But a short rushing season does not justify itself. Rushing should be restricted by rules, but not confined with the short space of twelve days; for it is of more importance to both parties concerned than freshmen realize or fraternity men care to admit. For the former, the choice of a fraternity means the organization by which he will be identified; for the latter, the choice of a freshman means a number of years of living with him. An error in either case is irrevocable.

There are advantages, of course, that go hand in hand with the disadvantages of a short rushing season. For one thing, small fraternities, outdoing themselves to put up a bold front, profit from the present system, pledge men who otherwise would not have affiliated themselves with those organizations. And the same statement, by inverting subject and predicate, would be applicable to the group of larger fraternities on the campus.

But waiving both advantages and disadvantages and granting that a short rushing season affords less inconvenience to both parties concerned, let us raise the question: Is it possible to know, within twelve short days, a speaking acquaintance? To know him well enough to appraise justly his abilities and short-comings? If human nature has not reverted to childish simplicity—and that is not inapplicable to freshmen in spite of however simple some would make them out, the answer is emphatically in the negative.

On what recommendation, then, must the fraternity man consider an individual whom he can be in contact with at most six hours per day for twelve days? Perhaps one or two of the "brothers" have known him, is their like or dislike of him to be accepted as final judgment? Perhaps the chapter has received a letter recommending him—one highly complimentary, no doubt—is this sort of appraisal to be accepted at its face value? Not that it is in all cases, but nevertheless these conditions surrounding our rushing only add to its already supercilious atmosphere.

The term "rushing" itself is new; and it exemplifies completely the hasty, haphazard, and

hectic method which we tolerate. Let us not do away with rushing restrictions, but rather let us have a month, two months, or a quarter in which to observe a freshman as he is, outside of the stilted and artificial rushing-season aspect of our fraternities. Perhaps then these hypocrisies will not longer have cause for existence.—A.T.D.

In The Main

By MAYNE ALBRIGHT

To my many fellow columnists: I hereby claim the local option on all the rights and privileges of nominating. And having staked this claim, I hasten to nominate Ed Hamer for Exalted Ruler of the Bad Puns Club. Sitting near him at the Grid-graph Saturday was painful. If Carolina would put in a new guard Ed could be counted on for something like: "He sure Kahn play." I could quote him at length but most of his stuff is unprintable.

Personally I hate all puns and punsters. Especially a certain columnist who labeled a paragraph "In the Maniac." Sure, it was that darn Shoemaker. I think he's a heel. He can't last. He has no soul. The piker!

A surprisingly large number of people have been horrified by the fact that a picture of Lincoln, the gift of Noah Goodridge, adorns the walls of the manager's office in Graham Memorial. Won't someone contribute a picture of Lee before we have a U. D. C. investigation?

I tried to relieve the situation by hanging up a picture of Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt on the opposite wall, and incidentally found a new number for John Wilkinson's Republican Club. I asked Uncle Bill McDade, our seventy-eight-year-old janitor, if he recognized the gentleman. Looking closely he asked "Is he an o-lumon-eye?" I told him that he was not and added "Why, that's the next president of the United States!" But Uncle Bill, still not convinced, said doubtfully: "Now dat ain't old man Hoover."

The other half of the janitorial staff is Democratic.

The clubs of Young Democrats and Young Republicans here even in their organization meetings proved themselves true to type. The Republicans met and quietly accepted the officers picked out for them in advance by their leaders, and the Democrats following the precedent of their elders, spent hours straightening out several intraparty frame-ups and entanglements.

Professor Meyer was in Chicago at a conclave of Delta Tau Delta, of which he is local and district chaperone, at the same time I was there attending the Democratic Convention. He very generously and none too seriously suggests that when Roosevelt is elected he should, as a reward for the yelling I did for him in Chicago, appoint me at least third assistant Secretary of the Navy. But, alas, I am susceptible to the late President Winston's trouble—mal de mer—and must blushing refuse. What a loss to the country!

Nobody handed in a correct list of all the quotations in my See-If-You-Know-This-Professor Contest of last week. Several named as many as seven, but none more than that. Maybe I took the wrong courses in getting my A.B. In case you are interested the correct list follows.

1. Dr. Caldwell. Most people guessed Dr. Harlan. Are his jokes old too?

2. President Graham. Few forget his "old Halls and great oaks."

3. Professor Frazer who seems to have stopped "speaking in terms of international relations" since he spent last year with them in Geneva.

4. Professor Meyer who recognized himself even if nobody else did.

4. Professor Koch who admits he's a monomaniac every Awards Night.

6. Mr. Woodhouse, who once ran against the "Sage of Northampton" in a Massachusetts election.

7. Dean Bradshaw who divides every situation into at least three parts and thinks of at least three ways to work each part.

8. Dr. Henderson, as the reference to Shaw would indicate.

9. Mr. Freddie B. McCall whose fine phrase about "meticulous particularity" was well known to law students.

10. The tenth and last was but a small sample of the way Dean Pierson begins his daily lectures in political science.

Oh well, maybe you knew Harold Lloyd's leading lady and got a pass to the show anyway.

With Contemporaries

Editorials printed in this column are selected weekly by the editorial board on the basis of pertinency and style from the exchange list of college and national dailies and weeklies.

Zadusila Frowns

Zadusila, the prophet, yawned, stretched and yawned again. He was a contented god. Knowing neither time nor its ravaging strokes, Zadusila had solved the problems of this little world since that dim day when matter coagulated and was tenanted by a horde of puny beings. Races live and perish, empires come and go, but still Zadusila sits at his oracle, explaining and solving those things that mystify and trouble.

Came a day, A. D. 1932, when a suave young man sat at the feet of Zadusila and spoke of a distant land wherein was a university called, by those who knew it best, Pennsylvania. He told of the passing of class politics and athletic subsidies and sundry other changes that had taken place there. He tarried long on a matter of publications, rehearsing before the great mind of Zadusila the efforts that were being made to curtail, and perhaps abolish completely, profits derived from the business-like conduct of such publications. The prophet listened attentively.

The young man paused, then rising asked Zadusila a question. "Oh Zadusila, thou wisest of all wise immortals, why should not a man who works day after day on a publication be deserving of as much recompense as he who toils at the books of learning and, by his work well done, is granted a scholarship."

A frown spread over the face of Zadusila. He was a discontented and perturbed god.—Pennsylvanian.

POWELL AND FRANCIS FEATURED AT CAROLINA

Today's feature at the Carolina theatre, "One Way Passage," co-starring William Powell and Kay Francis, has a brilliant cast of supporting players, including: Warren Hymer, Aline MacMahon, Frank McHugh, Herbert Mundin, Frederick Burton, Douglas Gerrard and others.

Another in the cast is Wilson Mizner, who has written almost every imaginable role during his several years in Hollywood with Joseph Jackson he is author of the screen play for "One Way Passage," and wrote the adaptation for "The Crowd Roars."

ENTERTAINMENT SERIES WILL BE BEGUN TUESDAY

(Continued from first page)

weeks old, making that his home until his seventh birthday, when he went to Europe to study. His music masters were extremely famous, and included Chiti, the Florentian expert, Buitrago, of New York, and Lefort, of Paris. He graduated from the Bologna Conservatory at fourteen, with the highest honor accorded since the student days of the immortal Mozart.

Spalding has received some very distinguished honors. He is the only American violinist ever to appear in the famous Scala Opera House in Milan. He was presented with Cross of Crown of Italy for military heroism during the World War, in which he served as an American aviator. He was decorated with the Cross of the Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in recognition of his high artistic standing both in America and France.

It appears that an extremely "modern" composer has been saying that the public don't realize what he is doing. But we doubt whether his luck will last.—The Humourist (London).

RONDTHALER TO MAKE PRINCIPAL Y. M. C. A. ADDRESS

(Continued from first page)

Eugenia Rawls, Helene Willingham, Mary Parker, Louise Capps, May Bell Draughon, Laura Ross, Dorothy Bradley, Ruth Hocutt, Naomi Hocutt, Porter Cowles, Anna Cowles, Madelin Thompson, Rebecca Jordan, Betty Durham, Hildergard Ewart, and Aileen Ewart.

Y. M. C. A.'s all over the world will present some type of program corresponding to the one by the U. N. C. organization. Bill McKee, president of the campus "Y," and Harry F. Comer, general secretary, were the main factors in the planning of the program for today.

Furman James To Head First-Year Law Class

In what has been described as a very heated election, the first-year class in the law school chose its officers yesterday in Manning hall at assembly period.

The following men were chosen: Furman James, president; Lee Greer, vice-president; and Graham Trott, secretary and treasurer.

What Would You Do With Four Weeks to Love? See



"ONE WAY PASSAGE"

CAROLINA To-Also Day Comedy—News

A Bite at night



IT'S only natural. You crack the books through a long evening. And at bedtime you're hungry. So you eat.

It's a great institution—this midnight snack. Dietitians say it's healthful—if you eat proper food.

Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes are more than just good to taste. That flavor of toasted whole wheat means health. For whole wheat is nature's storehouse of nourishment. A body-building food that digests easily and quickly. Aids sleep at night. Gives enough good bran to be mildly laxative.

Try Kellogg's PEP—with milk or cream. Have it the next time you feel the urge to eat at night. Get these better bran flakes at any campus lunchroom or canteen. Always fresh. Always good. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

The most popular ready-to-eat cereals served in the dining-rooms of American colleges, eating clubs and fraternities are made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. They include ALL-BRAN, Corn Flakes, Rice Krispies, Wheat Krumbles, and Kellogg's WHOLE WHEAT Biscuit. Also Kaffee Hag Coffee—real coffee that lets you sleep.

better bran flakes

