

The Daily Tar Heel

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Saturday, October 15, 1932

Ecce Homo

With the time drawing near for the selection of the man who will head the proposed Greater University, many North Carolinians interested in the success of this merger will begin to take sides as to their choices.

The founding of such an institution is a task of no mean proportion itself, and the successful maintenance of its depends on the man upon whom devolve the honor and responsibility of seeing it through its initial trials. The proposed University would mark another milestone in the history of the state; it would be fitting climax, in the eyes of this generation, to North Carolina's pioneering tradition in education; and it would be the highest expression of a synthesis of educational opportunities for North Carolinians. Whether it will endure as symbolical of this ideal depends on the man whose hands will guide its destiny.

He must be more than capable, for executive ability is no great rarity, and it is understood that the state will consider a number who will measure up to this standard. He must be liberal in his attitude toward education, which is no process that may be advantageously confined within the limits of religious dogma or hampered by sectionalism or race prejudice. And above all he must be consciously mindful of the tradition of North Carolina's advances toward democratic, equalized, educational opportunity.

Such a man is Frank Graham, president of this University. He took upon himself this office at a time when people considered him far from the traditional type of college president. Instead of reserved he is affable, and with no loss of dignity; instead of secluded he is accessible to all, and even troubles himself to receive students of the University at his home. In a word, he represents completely the spirit of a university.

The proposed plan will create a far greater University than this one at Chapel Hill, and its direction will entail far greater responsibilities. The qualities of the man who will shoulder them must be weighed carefully, for on his selection will depend whether the Greater University in its inception succeeds or fails. President Graham may well be used as a criterion for this consideration and an example of the type of man that such an office requires. The executive committee of North Carolina's Greater University will be con-

fronted with a problem to find his equal.—A.T.D.

Even-Up

With the decision of the legislature to combine the three state supported schools of higher education, the University of North Carolina, North Carolina College for Women, and North Carolina State College, a storm of protest arose from adherents of the women's college and the Raleigh institution. Today after several months of observation and research into the benefits to be derived by all three of the schools from their cooperation and consolidation, there are only a few die-hards who are still bewailing the "elimination of State College."

The branch of the Greater University probably most pleased by the consolidation is the women's college. Hardly a disgruntled comment has been heard either from the students or authorities of that school. The authorities and students both readily perceive the added prestige accorded them as a part of the University of North Carolina, "the light of liberalism in the south." Added facilities for research and the better equipment here will now be made available to them more so than ever before because of the closer relationship between the two schools.

It is true that there are not many evident advantages which the Raleigh branch may gain. State College is essentially a technical school, and as such it can derive but little aid from the central branch here. However, the non-technical students will be enabled to attend school here, and thus their places will be able to be filled by more students interested in acquiring a knowledge of engineering, agriculture, or any of the many other branches of this type of work taught there. State will therefore be able to become a more highly specialized technical school, and as such will be capable of rendering a greater service to the state.

The central branch of the University will maintain all of its departments, but will cooperate more closely with the other branches than was possible when the three institutions were distinct entities.

To an impartial observer the consolidation cannot seem to be other than hugely advantageous to all three schools. State becomes a highly efficient specialized technicological institution; N. C. C. W. gains the use of the extensive facilities available to the University; Carolina benefits from the contributions of the other two branches. In words contradictory to the current song it seems that "nobody loses, everybody wins."—O.S.S.

SPEAKING the CAMPUS MIND

For the Defense

Among the finest and most worthy boys in Carolina are the seven students who are paying their way through the University by vending drinks, candy, fruits and other refreshments to the fraternity houses. A few days ago, a number of the fraternity men were incensed when they heard that the town of Chapel Hill had forced these men to pay a license tax of ten dollars. However, no organized protest was made since this action had some legal basis, though it was of doubtful moral justice.

Now, there is a well-founded rumor that certain merchants in the town are circulating a petition asking that these boys be strictly prohibited from selling at all. If such a petition is in circulation, its authors deserve the condemnation of the whole

University. For the sake of a few more dollars, they are willing to deprive deserving boys of their only opportunity to get a university education.

The firms sponsoring this petition are blindly ignoring the fact that they owe their existence to the patronage of University students who are in sympathy with these boys and who appreciate their services. It is impossible to see what grounds, moral or legal, the merchants have for depriving these boys of their livelihood, now that they have complied with the license ruling.

Certainly, the fraternities, as taxpayers, should have a word on this subject. Undoubtedly they appreciate the service of these boys who bring refreshments to their rooms during study periods. Rain or shine, the "sandwich boys" make their calls, saving fraternity men the inconvenience of leaving their work to go downtown for "eats."

It is an inspiration to see these boys, who work five or six hours a night and yet who find time to do creditable class work, who are always courteous and genial, and who are making a serious business of getting an education.

Certainly, it would be an injustice to deprive these boys, who serve some five hundred taxpayers in Chapel Hill, of their only means of staying in college. No fair-minded merchant would sign a petition to that effect. Assuredly, the fraternity men will defend these boys who give them such friendly service.

ROLAND B. PARKER.

To the Ladies!

In many neighboring cities it has been rumored that co-eds at Carolina don't rate. This rumor should not be ignored or even allowed to go unchallenged. There is a deep reason for such a bit of news becoming widespread. It happens that colleges are necessarily made up of cosmopolitan groups, and Carolina is no exception. There are students from many cities, states, and countries in school here. They represent all classes of society from common laborers to aristocratic financiers. Some of them go through daily grinds at various jobs to help defray their expenses. Others have as much as they can use of this world's wealth. Such a situation presents a group of students who do not have the time nor the money to date the co-eds. Of course, too, the co-eds prefer to date the men with money. No one can blame them for that. Fate, it seems, has decreed that such inequalities exist; therefore we must accept our various places in society. These men who do not have the time nor money to date quite naturally resort to the well-known method of rationalization to satisfy themselves. When refused dates, they say, "Oh, well, co-eds don't rate anyway." They leave school with this same idea which originated in their own minds. It grows stronger and becomes almost real—to them. They tell friends about it. But some valiant girls brave the perils of such a place and come to Carolina.

Wise choice, girls. This is a great place. Bring on the co-eds. The more, the more.
JIMMIE WADSWORTH.

Munch Will Speak

H. F. Munch, professor of mathematics in the school of education, will address the western section meeting of the North Carolina teachers association this morning at Asheville on the subject of "The Contribution That Mathematics May Make Towards an Insurance Policy for Democracy."

Professor Munch will be accompanied by his wife on this trip.

Autopsy

By Robert Berryman

Yellow Sheet

Puzzling me very much is the average opinion I hear expressed of *The Carolina Magazine*. Even among students supposedly possessed of critical literary sense I find a few who will give it a boost. And this is a great pity, I think. I believe it should be praised to the utmost.

When I first came to the University I asked a friend of mine to tell me about the publications. He omitted all mention of the *Magazine*. I asked him why. He made a face and said that there was only one circumstance in which he was glad to have a copy of the campus literary publication.

This year I persuaded my roommate to read a short sketch I had done. When through he asked what I was going to do with it. "I thought I'd try to get it in the *Magazine*," I explained. He grimaced as though I had suggested the murder of one of my professors and exclaimed melodramatically: "Oh, anything but that!"

What makes the students so slow to recognize and acknowledge—aye, even acclaim!—their own literary publication? There is a mystery here somewhere.

One of my friends, whom I had previously given credit for possessing boundless sagacity, ruined my opinion of him by his expressions on the subject. "Dammit," he said to me, "the *Magazine* isn't artistic, it's *arty*. You can't write about your normal feelings and get that printed; you've got to have Japanese princes or Greek gods in your stuff or they won't even read it. They like this stuff that you dig up out of the twelfth century—and if you can give your article a latin name you can demand the front page. It's not so much by the way you write as it is by the selection of a subject that by recognized authority is within the province of 'capital A' Art that you make the *Magazine*!"

Personally, I believe my friend is entirely prejudiced and entirely unfair in his attitude. But his opinion is shared by so many other students that I think it wise for someone to explain, with patience, to him and the others, exactly wherein they err.

Chapel Chaff

Stop any freshman on the campus and ask him if he thinks the things presented to him in one week of enforced chapel that really add to his sum total of knowledge or entertainment could be condensed into one meeting. I would like to take the small end of any bet at fairly largish odds that he would answer yes.

If, as I think, most University chapel-goers are of the opinion that the majority of their chapel hours are occupied by piffle which, by its time space, detracts from their total available hours of study, it would seem that this point should have at least slight weight with those higher powers who inflict chapel upon men during their first two years here.

Men, fresh in college, are humorously believed to know very little of what is good for them. This may be quite true, but even among such immature persons it must be admitted that there is at least a small amount of intelligence. The very fact that such a large number of students must be strictly dealt with in order to force them to chapel should give to the superior powers a hint that perhaps chapel is a senseless motion that should not be unless it, by evident value, proves itself worthy of existing. If it does this, compulsion will not be necessary to supply it with audiences.

OUR TIMES

By Don Shoemaker

G—sh D—rn

Professor Lynn Clark, short story writing instructor at the University of Southern California, injects a ray of hope into the young scribes' horizon. "Pulp magazines such as *Thrilling Adventure*, *Argosy*, and *Western Stories* are of real value to anyone desiring to write short stories," opines Mr. Clark, "because after you have assiduously read them for a few weeks you become convinced that it is impossible for you to do any worse; and such a conviction is the first step up the ladder."

The professor has got something there, all right. He might go farther and list the worthwhile periodicals, which we believe might be counted on the fingers of anybody's right hand. That lets out about five hundred general blitherboshy rags and four or five thousand worthless novels. Clark also points out, that despite the general intellectual level of these pulp publications "a great many of their editors allow no swear words to appear in them. Plain ordinary 'damn' must be printed 'd-n.'"

We feel the same way about the matter. For instance, you never see "damn" or "hell" in our columns. When we cuss out somebody, more than likely we'll call him a "l-w d-wn, ord-ary, h-rse's n-ck" etc. Delicacy, we feel along with our contemporaries *True Story* and *Wild West*, is the first law of manuscripts.

On the door of a Franklin street book shop: "Gone to dinner about half an hour before you read this note. So will be back any day-minute now. Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edgar A.

Guest, proprietors."

Taxes

Recommended to the tax-paying-griper, Margaret Cullen Banning's "The Lady on the Dollar" in the October 15 *Saturday Evening Post*.

Dozens of letters poured into this column yesterday in condemnation of "In the Main," which printed some nasty words about the conductor of this column in Friday's paper. We'd first like to know if "In the Main" is familiar with the criminal libel laws of this state; also (contributed) in what main? Then a city editor suggested that we threaten to disclose to the campus that the columnist's nickname is "Ducky-Wucky," but we decided to play fair and forget about the matter. We columnists has got to stick together.



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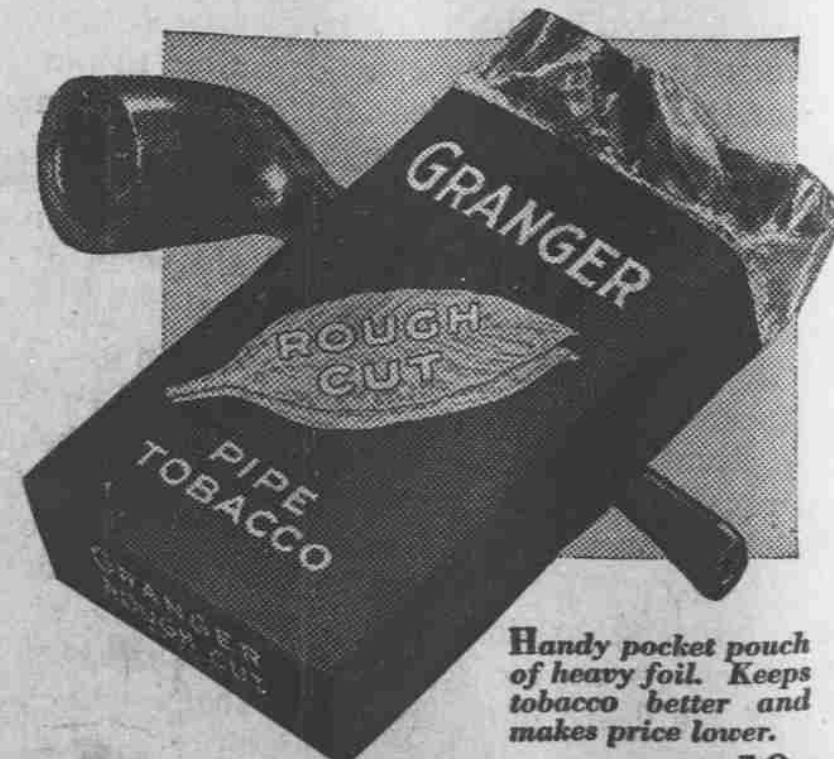


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