

The Daily Tar Heel

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Wednesday, October 26, 1932

The Fraternity Leach

With pledge day now only a memory, the young pledge is beginning to form his habits of conduct for his college life. But may he not allow himself, because of his inactivity, to be classed as a large majority of his older fraternity brethren as nothing more than a "fraternity leach"—that is, one who came to college with but one aim and that to "make" a fraternity; and now that he has made one he is completely satisfied.

This fraternal parasite does absolutely nothing. He refuses to take part in activities because he has too little time—seeing the movies. His studies worry him only to the extent of his passing them. He receives nothing from college but what his fraternity gives him. The only honors he might get—such as making a social order, or being elected dance leader—are got purely and simply through his fraternity membership. His friendships are few. And even to his closest acquaintances his opinions are regarded lightly.

He is a non-entity. He takes all from the fraternity, and gives nothing in return. His grades pull down the fraternity average, and his general conduct is oftentimes a disgrace to his more respectful brothers.

He is a hypocrite. He delights in dominating the freshmen, and takes great pleasure in telling them they must get into activities and make the honor roll. He makes a fine first appearance with his light conversation and hearty, hail-fellow-well-met attitude. To a group of rushees he is in his prime. But after pledge day he is hardly heard of—except when the mid-term warnings are posted.

His membership is a curse to any fraternity. And the sooner the other fraternity men as well as the pledges themselves realize this fact that soon will membership in a fraternity mean more than a mere social stamp. And until this truth is definitely perceived the success of fraternities in general still hangs in the balance.

The Young Voter Raises His Voice

The opinionated portion of the student body expressed its sentiment on matters political with a registration of more than five hundred votes in the DAILY TAR HEEL presidential straw ballot last week, an amazing number in the light of recent criticism which has upheld the American college as a center where flip conversation and asinine conjecture reign. Certainly the large ballot may be construed as an open answer to these attackers within our own state, regardless of party alignment.

The value of the straw ballot, particularly in the college, is often underestimated. It is without dispute that the majority of voters here contributed much more than adult-influenced opinion to their balloting. This is most ably illustrated in the large number of votes polled for Norman Thomas, particularly since the Socialist strength on this campus was estimated at about one-fifth of the actual number of ballots cast for the candidate. Protesting against what he thought to be the weak platforms of the two old line parties, the student expressed himself by turning toward the best alternative offered, the Socialist program.

How many qualified citizens might find haven in this harbour before November 8 may well worry the Old Liners.—D.C.S.

Students, But Treated as Visitors

Carolina spirit? Carolina courtesy? Folks, there were "visitors" in our midst Saturday. They attended the football game. They were students of the University of North Carolina from Greensboro.

They were invited to attend the homecoming game of last Saturday, that is, if they paid a fifty cents admission fee. For an appreciable part of the Greensboro student body it was to be a gala day. It was worth securing permission from parents, worth bus fare to Chapel Hill, and the sacrificing of any individual liberty which would have come to them by remaining in Greensboro. And too, college authorities made an unusual departure when they granted permission for this excursion.

They came with a proper spirit for the University of North Carolina. They wanted to sit on the Carolina side. They wished to lend their voices to the strengthening of the Carolina cause. But they were placed on the Tech side of the stadium and then, far enough in the end the stands so they would interfere with no Tech supporter paying for a two dollar ticket.

This action is characteristic of a student body that as the ranking of its individual members rises that it becomes blase and sophisticated, too much so to shout itself hoarse. Pep meeting enthusiasts state that a becoming school spirit is "transfused" into the body of the players, making their efforts more effective. If this be so, and it seems a fact when one considers fighting Davidson, why not utilize the Women's College of the University of North Carolina for this purpose. Is the imagination of the University cheerleaders entirely chilled?

These students at the Women's College should be invited to every game. They should be given their place in the stands. And if Kenan stadium will not accommodate both students and other Carolina supporters, let the "management" find a remedy other than the virtual exclusion of Carolina students. They should have their cheerleaders. And we should find a heightening of the collegiate spirit which, if it does not bring victories, brings the satisfaction of the student body.—J.D.W.

In The Main

By MAYNE ALBRIGHT

I am just beginning to realize what rewards are to be had from this business of writing a column. Since last week's offering I have been the receiver of the most amazing news of all kinds—all of it interesting and most of it unprintable. Particularly have I been furnished with the name of any number of fraternity men who did any number of surprising things at the State Fair and were not mentioned last week as having been there at all. My apologies! And I never have time to listen to that sort of thing in room number 100 Graham Memorial from 9 till 4 every day.

Associations now formed in the First Year Law Class point to several famous law firms of the future. Seemingly best established is that of "Marm" Rose and "Choppy" Bell who are in constant argument, and agree only when they can unite against some third party. Another partnership will probably be that of Floyd, Block & Tillery. Barnes & Novins may team under the same roof, and mayhap Finch & Clemlire shall share a single shingle.

Lawyer Finch, however, teamed with Lawyer Thornton Brooks recently in an interesting case that should establish some sort of precedent for young lawyers. It seems that Finch & Brooks on behalf of their client, Pinkie Connor, a rather cautious lover who by his own admission never makes a serious statement, drew up an intricate document whereby a certain young lady was to come down for the Duke game as the guest of Cautious Connor provided; that she should eschew all such practices as interfraternity dating, late dating of any sort save with the party of the first part, Mr. Connor; and provided: that said party of the first part should have first, last, and exclusive rights to all attention and affection for the period of the visit. The contract looked good to Finch & Brooks but they reckoned without the lady in the case. She graciously accepted the invitation, thought the idea was just darling, and ignored altogether the terms of the contract. Ah Portia, you live in every age!

And before leaving the lawyers this column wants it known that it has no idea who called Lawyer Rose (of Rose & Bell) long distance from Carrboro at five A. M. recently and spoke at length in neither soothing tones nor complimentary terms. Besides it never prints such stories, nor any about freshman co-eds who ring the doorbells of all the fraternity houses and ask to look them over. The column is glad, however, to assure its readers that Lenoir Wright now has definite word that the girl he invited up to the Vanderbilt game on October 1st will be unable to accept the invitation.

"Is this boy on your Campus?" asks a poster in South building as it describes a wandering student from Lansing, Michigan who was struck in the head and constantly says "Yes Sir" and "Yes Ma'm." The picture looks very much like the new Student Councilman from the law school to me, but shucks, there's no reward anyway.

Highlights of the past week: Jack Wardlaw announcing a change in schedule of the Fraternity Buying Co-operative; "The Fraternity Co-operative Bible group will meet downtown tonight." Coach Belding announcing a Georgia Tech try (Continued on last page)

SPEAKING the CAMPUS MIND

A Misunderstanding

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Lawrence is mistaken in his belief that the author of *Our Times* deliberately attempted a pun on Mr. Proctor's accident, which, if the writer had been aware of this development, would assuredly have been a "crude joke." Furthermore, representing the facts in hearsay as he knew them, the writer found no fault in what he first believed to be "a deliberate devising of our own," and rather commended it as clever political strategy.)

This letter has reference to the item entitled, "Accident" in the *Our Times* column of Don Shoemaker in Tuesday's TAR HEEL. The story has to do with the accident to one of the Socialist cars on the Graham highway last Saturday night. Mr. Shoemaker writes, "a striped Sedan, planted to draw attention to a huge bunting nearby, (which bore the reminder 'NORMAN THOMAS WILL SPEAK IN RALEIGH FRIDAY.'" This throws out the impression that it was a Socialist advertising stunt. Nothing could be further from the truth. The car was driven by Ben Proctor, University student and member of the Socialist party, and contained the literature intended for distribution at the Raleigh meeting. In the accident Mr. Proctor received a compound fracture of the skull and is still in a serious condition in the Burlington hospital. The other member of the party, Vernon Ward, escaped injury.

It was not, I repeat, a Socialist "stunt," but it did represent, or at least the aftermath did, a working example of the capitalist motto, "the economic race is to the swift and the strong." For, according to the report of a lady living nearby, fifteen minutes after the wreck two white men were seen stripping the car of all its belongings. The miscreants were apparently superior individuals along that line. Not only did they remove the tires and all the personal property in the car, but they even carried away the back-seat cushion and the driver's license. Then, as a last derisive gesture, they scattered the Socialist literature in a long row and tramped it into the dirt and brazenly stretched the street-sign between two trees just beyond the wreck.

The accident has caused deep gloom in the Socialist headquarters. Over \$300 was lost by it, an amount which only the Republicans and Democrats can afford to spend for bally-hoo. It has caused a serious upset to Socialist plans. Calls are coming in from all over the state for meetings, but we now have neither conveyance to meet these calls nor literature to mail to inquirers.

It seems to us, therefore, that it is rather a crude joke to represent this loss and the serious injury to one of our friends as a deliberate devising of our own.

ALTON A. LAWRENCE,
Sec. State Socialistic Party

Book Vandalism

The latest instance is reported from the library of the department of rural social-economics. An honest and cooperative student yesterday morning brought in Watson's *Behaviorism*, and reported that he had picked it up in the bushes near the carillon on his return from Saturday's football game. The book had not been charged out to anyone, so it was impossible to locate the offender. His particular brand of Behavior has more followers on this campus than we like to admit. In this instance, the only retribution was that the vandal himself lost the use of the ill-gotten volume.

We can never have a library that measures up to the needs of our students unless our students (Continued on last page)

Los Angeles 'Times' Columnist Praises Work Of Paul Green

(Editor's Note.—The following is a column by Lee Shippey appearing in the Los Angeles *Times* giving an idea of the impression Paul Green has made on Hollywood during his stay there thus far.)

Paul Green is one of those serious southerners. He looks at life very earnestly, almost as earnestly as he does at Paul Green.

In 1917, when he was about to go to war, he realized that he might never come back and had never put his thoughts into permanent form to bequeath the world. So he used all the money he could spare to have thirty copies of a little booklet of poems published.

When he joined the staff of Warner Brothers a few weeks ago story after story was submitted to him, all of which he read intently and rejected. "I think they would all be merely wasting my time," he said. So the studio turned those stories over to other men to write, and Green is writing a story for George Arliss around the great character of Voltaire.

He considers Paul Green's time much too valuable to waste.

Books Were Rare

Green was born in North Carolina in 1894 and still lives in North Carolina. His people were land owners who had been impoverished by the war between the States. He labored as a farm boy and went to a country school. He came to love books because they were so precious. He had only the Bible and a newspaper to read in those days of genteel poverty and his language still smacks of the Bible; his style is the simple, straight yet poetic narrative style of the Good Book.

"I wanted to express myself," he told us. "Everyone does that. The negro was poor and hard worked and had no instruments for expression, but still had his voice. He could use that as he worked, and because his songs were his expression of his life they have risen to an art. So much for the imperativeness of expression. My mother gave me piano lessons, but I was fond of baseball, and baseball fingers made piano practice difficult. I loved reading and when I earned money bought what books I could. Then I began to write poetry."

Composed While Picking Cotton

But Paul never got too poetical to be proud of being a champion cotton picker. He took his farm work and his baseball as earnestly as he did his books. He was such a good baseball player that he helped pay his way through school by playing ball.

When he went to the University of North Carolina he did not know a great many books, but he knew a few very well. He had read but one play, *Hamlet*, and part of another, and had never seen a play. Yet when there was a play competition, in his freshman year, he entered into the competition earnestly—and won the prize. His play was presented by the senior class during the following commencement.

He was in a field, picking cotton, when his first letter of acceptance came, from the *Atlantic Monthly*. Instead of singing at his farm work, as the negroes did, he made up stories.

Intimate Knowledge Is Power

Most young fellows in rural communities who yearn to write think they could do so if they could only get out and see the world—New York, Paris, Egypt, India—any place far away. But Paul Green always has written about his own people, "black and white." He is very fond of that phraseology, "my people, both white and black." He has not felt it so necessary to study other people as to study his own people. He knows the history, traditions and psychology of the people of North Carolina and far more about the southern negro than the southern negro knows of himself. He has become the voice for a race which cannot speak for itself.

Why Hurry Through School?

Paul Green was not one of those lads who are so bright (Continued on last page)

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