

The Daily Tar Heel

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Thursday, October 27, 1932

Handwriting On the Wall

Statistics collected over the past five years by Ben Husbands, assistant to the registrar, prove beyond the least shadow of a doubt that the mid-term warnings posted each quarter are accurate indications as to the students' ability in academic work. And they show conclusively that unless heeded carefully these warnings will finally result in conditional or failing marks.

According to the survey the fact is brought out that as a rule those persons making at least one "w" at mid-term will at the end of the quarter find themselves with an average of a low "C" on all their courses. And those who are posted for as many as one "x" will have an average of something less than a "D."

Mr. Husbands' tabulations also indicate that those students who are on the registrar's mid-term list seldom find themselves on the honor roll. As a matter of actual statistics, during the last five fall quarters, of all the persons receiving an "x" at mid-term only seventeen of this number registered a grade as high as a "B," and not one of these recorded an "A" on their courses.

Many students who find their names on this mid-term registrar's list try to make light of the matter without paying it much attention. Oftimes even the professors will humor the students by intimating that mid-terms have little effect on the final mark. This fact is probably true. But it can not be denied—as these figures show—that on the average those students who are doing poor work at mid-term are the same ones who are doing poor work at the end of the quarter.

If these students continue to be posted quarterly, or even every other quarter, with at least one "x" they will in all probability at the end of four years find themselves unable to graduate because of an insufficient number of grades of "C" or better.

In view of all these facts,

therefore, it would seem wise for those students whose names are now on the registrar's list that they profit by the mistakes of their predecessors on the list and buckle down to some hard work between now and final examinations. Faculty members and students may contend that being placed on the registrar's mid-term list is not a sign of scholastic danger ahead—but statistics prove otherwise.

The Horizon Brightens

In the flux of conditions and consequences, the ethics of honor also change.

When the University was younger and smaller than it is today, the strictest code of southern honor was in force on the campus. Beyond all doubt, to cheat was to act dishonorably. And to act dishonorably was to be expelled from the University. Such was the strictest of the code.

As the University grew, this idea was forgotten. The tradition could not be perpetuated in the inhomogeneous thousands of students whose mere mass made the old system impracticable. In its place, a peculiar code of school-boy honor found its way from the schools into the University. Cheating became a legitimate sport and a favorite device for lazy students. It was, then, unsportsmanlike to report a fellow student.

Parallel with the new code, however, there was the unspoken conception of cheating as a form of stealing. It is manifestly unfair to a good student who works hard to have his ideas stolen by a lazy pupil on examination.

Such an act arouses resentment and indignation. No question of moral scruples is involved. So far, this resentment of an unfair practice has taken no active form. University students generally show the same discouraging apathy to campus governmental affairs that their elders display in regard to political corruption.

Such is the state and condition of honor at the University of North Carolina. But it will not always be so.—E.C.D.

Gone Are The Days

Regardless of the action taken on the eighteenth amendment, it is almost a surety that before many months have passed, alcoholic beverages may be had in many sections of the country without hazard of the law.

Both major parties seem definitely committed to schemes for making legal the sale of intoxicating liquors. The issue swings from a moral to an economic one in the eyes of political leaders, who hope, by either a plan of direct sale by governmental agencies, or by private concerns operating under close governmental supervision, and highly taxed, to direct the profits of the liquor traffic into Federal coffers, and, thereby, seal the widening gaps in our national budget.

No one doubts that such a system would constitute a step toward removing the disparity between treasury receipts and expenditures, but that it can have the equalizing effect claimed by its propagators, seems hardly credible.

To bring in such an enormous revenue, would necessitate an exorbitant tax, and would produce such a wide discrepancy between the initial cost and retail prices of the products effected, as to afford a very lucrative field for exploitation by organized bootleggers and racketeers.

To avoid such illicit competition would require an army of officers not smaller than that now mobilized to enforce the eighteenth amendment, which

would inflict no light burden on the revenue derived from this source.

On the other hand, if the government undertakes to preclude the necessity for such a force by underselling these highly organized bands of marauders, then it must be at such a low price as to render the returns far from sufficient to reinstate the salubrity of our economic system.

While forced to admit that government control of spirituous liquors has many wholesome aspects, yet the plan does not take due cognizance of the influence which would be wielded by a militant underworld, with which Federal authority has failed to cope in the past, and the plan, like all Utopian theories, when put into practice, will doubtless be very sadly emasculated.—W.A.S.

The Spider Spins Silently

Let no one be deceived by the apparent quiet hovering about Manchuria. The newspapers are printing only an intermittent exudation of news about the situation; there is little public interest manifest—even the so-called intelligentsia have branded the subject "out of fashion"—but things are happening!

When a campaign speech is made; when a fire razes a movie palace; when a football hero weds—that's news; but when there are little or no surface indications of activity, such as is the case between Japan and China—that's not news. However, one has only to probe behind the seeming quiescence of the Far-East to see the multitude of history-making factors at work. Although little fighting is reported from Manchuria, it is estimated that there are well over 100,000 Chinese and about 80,000 Japanese troops awaiting duty there. Meanwhile the actual struggle between China—the yawning giant—and Japan—the strident Tom Thumb, has been proceeding apace in spheres other than the political.

China's boycott of Nipponese products is slowly bearing fruit. The fact that approximately ninety-five per cent of Japanese foreign investments are in China, and that Chinese trade in normal times constitutes a large majority of her total, makes it apparent that Japan's economic dependence upon her neighbor is all-important. Thus, the situation reaching the *impasse* that it has, the island Empire has begun to feel the pinch more and more each day. Already we find that the value of the yen has depreciated fifty per cent; already starvation, rioting and reaction have reared their ugly heads; the stalemate can not long remain as it is.

Manchuria is a rich prize, but she also bears thorns. A territory comprising an area twice that of Germany, with abundant forests, rich soil, and mineral resources of almost fabulous extent; a province containing but thirty million people (although ninety-five per cent of these are Chinese and the Japanese population is but 200,000)—Manchuria is indeed well worth having. Japan feels that she must go thru with this Manchurian annexation, come what may. She realizes that a crossroads has been reached in her national existence, and that there must be no turning aside from her Dream of Empire. Well does she know that if thwarted in this effort, the growing strength of both China and Russia will become an unsurmountable bulwark to overcome.

Japan is taking the long chance. Will she realize her dream? Or—defeated by the very forces which she has engendered—will she sink back in

to the position of a second-rate power, strength shattered and growth permanently impaired? —V.J.L.

Tripping Along On Trivialities

The campaign speeches of Hoover and Roosevelt have been full of promise for economic recovery and better times. Much has been said about federal aid, farm relief and attitudes toward the bonus demands. These are important issues, but ones that fade into nothingness in comparison with questions that have been practically ignored by the two candidates—questions of world conditions. There seems to be a great unwillingness on the parts of our leaders to face the present conditions in the light of their true origins, the light of world chaos and world disorder. It may be that American diplomats feel themselves inferior in ability to the diplomats of other nations, and are therefore unwilling to risk anything through any attempt to arrive at some international agreement, imperative though it be. It may be that America has not yet found herself able to discard the advice of Washington, timely though it was a century and a half ago, and remain strictly out of European affairs. If so, this petty and provincial attitude stands as a serious barrier in the way of international accord and consequent bettering of world conditions.

It must be realized that in the world of today one nation can no longer be an entity relying upon itself for support. With the machine age the nations have become more and more dependent upon one another, and the present world-wide disorder is probably due in no small part to the failure of international comity to keep abreast with international necessity. In Washington's day a panic in Germany or a revolution in Russia would have produced a relatively minor effect upon our economic order. Today, with highly industrialized Germany groaning under the intolerable burdens inflicted by the post war treaties, it is obvious that the American people having millions of dollars invested in German industry will feel the results of Germany's terrible plight. Founded upon the palpable lie of war guilt, the crushing German debt remains as evidence of the greed and hostility of the allies as well as an effective bar to German economic recovery and hence to any change for the better in the status quo.

The time has come when nations must realize that to survive they must cooperate. Policies of aloofness and splendid isolation are antiquated ones that must soon disappear. The day is here in which each nation must depend to a greater and greater degree upon the other and must work hand in hand with its fellows. The sooner world leaders practice mutual trust and mutual aid, the sooner will depressions cease and the world enjoy far better times than the lean years she knows now.—J.F.A.

REPUBLICANS PLAN TO HAVE FRAZIER HERE

Plans are pending to have Clifford Frazier, candidate for governor on the Republican ticket, speak to the students under the auspices of the Young Republican club of the University. If present negotiations are completed Frazier will speak in Gerard Hall the first of next week. A meeting of the club is scheduled within the next few days to arrange final details.

The Young Republican club is making every effort to secure a nationally prominent speaker to address the students of the University within the next few days.

Life and Letters

By Edith Harbour

Since I was born on a Wednesday long, long ago I might paraphrase an old folk rhyme something like this:

... Wednesday's child is full of woe;

Thursday's column has far to go.

Or if I were a devotee of football jargon I might say that with only a few words down on this page there are still two pages to go. With a procrastination worthy of the proverbial Mexican I always put off writing columns until tomorrow. And my only interest in that revolutionary republic to the southwest is Stuart Chase's *Mexico* and a lingering desire to know more about those

... old, unhappy, far-off things,

And battles long ago . . .

For I still remember from undergraduate days that Goldenweiser said that many civilizations other than our own have achieved things of genuine and unique worth.

It was Somerset Maugham who interestingly observed that the best use of culture is to talk nonsense with distinction. . . . *Thirty Years in the Golden North* by Jan Welzl, the garrulous Czech, reveals among other things that the first and last bath an Eskimo ever has is immediately after birth. . . . Hint to a fellow-columnist: You might re-name your "column"

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. . . . Proof-readers may be the salt of the earth, as I have heard, but when they turn my "diffident" Thomas Hardy into a person who is merely "different" I am prone to remark that when salt loses its savor it is good for nothing. . . . Without my window Saturday after the game "Asphalt Arabs" were hailing rides up Greensboro way. One smallish lad was not satisfied with the ordinary request for a ride. With a grandiose wave of his hand he begged in stentorian tones: "Greensboro, High Point, Salisbury, Charlotte!" . . . My pet abomination is to be traversing the main thoroughfare of the village and to see there movie advertisements on which actresses have been decorated with mustachios. . . . Incidentally, I'm still wondering who wrote the speech President Hoover delivered last Saturday night and who sang the theme song for Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through."

The worst pun of all times was included in the recent radio broadcast of one of the great refining companies which pays high for the privilege of entertaining as well as instructing the Great American Public: A certain Englishman was asked to leave an estate, more or less unceremoniously. He demanded imperiously, "Mahatma Gandhi and my gloves!"

Community Club Meeting

The Community club will meet at 3:30 tomorrow afternoon in the Episcopal parish house. The American Citizenship department will be in charge of the program. E. J. Woodhouse will present a non-partisan discussion of the platforms and policies of the three major parties.

Editorial Appointments

The editorial board of THE DAILY TAR HEEL has the pleasure of announcing the appointment of Floyd A. Northrop, Jr., Long Island, N. Y., and Loren M. Joy, Brushton, N. Y.

OUR TIMES

By Don Shoemaker

Skunks

We note with a sigh for the good old days of the Winter and Spring of '32, that the famous skunk filler is now on the rounds of college dailies again, this time appearing initially in the *Princetonian*, who brought it to light from the files of *The Lafayette*. The skunk filler, if you remember the good old days, is a little story whereby some university, football team, or fraternity "has adopted a baby skunk for its mascot."

This time it's a fraternity house at Marquette University. Last year it was the University of North Carolina football team that had adopted a member of the genus *Mephitis mephitis*. We wrote a little piece about the matter last year charging the N. C. State Technician and the Duke Chronicle as the perpetrators of the original deed, but before we could get to the bottom of the matter, it had spread all over the country. For awhile it was good publicity, but pretty soon it became monotonous. Something like a chain letter.

Darb

For three years we've practically resisted the temptation to "go collegiate," except perhaps for the occasional sporting of a yellow-stemmed pipe. But the Inter-Collegiate Press people out in Kansas City, Missouri, have got us in a pretty bad place now, we'll admit. Sent out a pretty colored circular announcing their new "Varsity" Windbreakers which "are the new vogue that boosts school spirit and peps up the campus."

The "Varsity" Windbreaker is a sort of "high-grade garment with your team mascot or emblem embroidered on the back in school colors." It's a "darb" for campus and class room wear; "studies and co-eds both are wearing it;" it is a "wow for campus, field, and bleachers;" and besides "its a bear for looks and wear."

Personally the "darb," "studies," "wow" and "bear" specifications got us right away. The whole business brought back memories of our red hat—striped blazer—yellow tie—corduroy days, now buried in a mouldering pile of high school annuals.

Intellectuals

Plenty of folks who take their intellectual nourishment seriously have complained about a feature story on the front page of yesterday's TAR HEEL. The over-zealous feature board member handling a history of the Bull's Head book shop remarked that " . . . Although it continued to reap a profit it failed to realize the ideals given it by Howard Munford Jones. In that it was not conducive to the gathering of the University's intellectuals, last year was an unsuccessful one for the shop, despite increased size and scope . . ."

Now to anyone who enjoys his chapel hour "dope" browsing through the various volumes of poetry and prose in the Bull's Head, the above is nothing short of a slap in the face. There's nothing worse than calling an intellectual an illiterati, unless it's calling him a litterati.

Alfred Williams & Co.

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GRAHAM MEMORIAL BARBER SHOP