

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publications Union Board of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill where it is printed daily except Mondays, and the Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Spring Holidays. Entered as second class matter at the post office of Chapel Hill, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price, \$4.00 for the college year.

Offices on the second floor of the Graham Memorial Building.

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Thursday, November 3, 1932

Music in

The Air

They still boo Rudy Vallee when he appears on the screen in Chapel Hill, but when he sings, "Follow the bouncing ball," they all join in with him. When the bouncing ball movie cartoons were first shown here about four years ago, everybody liked them, but nobody sang. Nowadays the boys bass out right heartily and seem to enjoy it.

The popularity of group singing as a pastime was seen last Saturday at the football game. Student-President Weeks was given a goodly round of applause for his suggestion that the idea be adapted to mass meetings and stadium crowds.

So far, President Weeks and his associates have this plan: A nucleus-group of 300 boys, organized like Carolina's renowned Cheerios, is to be formed. This group will lead the singing and cheering at football games, after proper coaching by the cheerleaders. Rehearsals, with any other students who care to attend, will be held in Memorial hall. There will not be a bouncing ball, but the words of the songs will be projected on a screen. Organist Patterson will furnish the musical accompaniment.

Not only the University's yells and songs (of which they are more to come), but also other college and popular songs will be sung by this group. One has only to recall the fame of the Cheerios under Kay Kyser and to picture the colorful spectacle of an Army-Navy game to realize the enjoyment and value to be had from organized singing and cheering. "So we'll gather 'round the well, Cheer the Tar Heel team like hell, For the glory of N. C. U."

—E.C.D.

Here's Mud in Your Face

Chapel Hill is beautiful to say the least. The celestial atmos-

phere of this sanctified spot conveys a sole-inspiring enthusiasm to poetic admirers. The added colonial tinge of past ages is portrayed and manifested in gravel pathways, quaint in their traditional existence. However, many a time comment from those who have become addicted to their usage, daily question the practicability of their sustenance.

In cement it is essential, but in shoes it is—(quite out of place). Better a slip on the pavement than a slip with the tongue. Is gravel slippery to walk on? Nature in the raw is seldom mild. Economically speaking, gravel is cheap because of the facility of access to it. Chapel Hill is situated upon a granite rise with an abundance of sand. However, beauty is forced out of the colonial picture when public convenience demands a change. Shoes constantly scuffed, winds creating mild sand storms, houses beset with sandy carpets and muddy when rain soaks the soil. In all probability this is not a rainy region, but it rains hard and long when precipitation does occur. This causes small streams to erode ruts in the walks for people to stumble, twist ankles, and pitch headlong into the abrasive gravel. At night in this sea of slush and slop only the wary survive without unpleasant contact with these mud flows, and even those fortunates reveal soiled trouser cuffs, stockings, and shoes. How glorified is this existence for the merchants. It means business in their trade, money in their pockets, bread on their tables, but mud in your face—F.N.

Life and Letters

By Edith Harbour

These columnists, indeed! I consider it a more dubious compliment to be classed with "these columnists" than to be referred to as one of "those women." Incidentally, I'm wondering why members of the party of the opposition do not make much of Mr. Hoover's mispronunciation of that word "women." But at that it would hardly be of equal importance with Al Smith's "radio." So why bother. To return to columnists. They are an egocentric lot, else they wouldn't be writing columns. They prate of this and that, principally themselves. They fill columns with airy nothing. The psychological explanation, of course, is an inferiority complex. The proper treatment of one who would hold an *Autopsy* over the disinterred columns of less fortunate individuals for the purpose of determining the number of words from a dead language to be found therein would be simply to ignore both him and his efforts. But it has been many a long year since my risibilities have been so aroused by a TAR HEEL columnist. In fact, the only rise of which I am now capable is abject derision.

INQUEST for Mr. Berryman:

X marks the spot where the wandering mind was found.

I am in a constant state of wonderment as to the wisdom of the subject.

I am in a constant state of wonderment as to the wisdom of inflicting chapel upon even freshmen who come here fresh (very fresh) from the farm. A consensus of opinion of the majority of chapel-goers seems to be that chapel programs are composed of just so much piffle and as such should be condensed into one piffing chapel program each week. Just think how much time chapel detracts from the all too few available hours for study. Better for those who now attend chapel under compulsion were they allowed to go out and make mud pies for

themselves. Something ought to be done about it. There ought to be a petition. O, Mr. Tatum!

Puzzling me very much is the mental level (I. Q.) of the inhabitants of the quadrangle I reside in. To me or you or any other rational persons it would seem that by the time men become of college age they would know how to conduct themselves as gentlemen. Such is not the case. Instead, they think it funny to give public exhibitions of their particular brand of humor, which is neither yours nor mine. They are the lowest of the low. What is a sense of humor? Ask the man who owns one. Any man on the street has it. A sense of humor is a sense of proportion, or rather, disproportion. If the "gentlemen" who disturb the deadly quiet of a study hour by their unnecessary remarks which no one else considers funny can't be subdued, something ought to be done about it. There ought to be a petition. O, Mr. Tatum!

PLATITUDES

A rose by any other name would smell

As sweet; a turtle dove would mourn the same

If designated by some other name.

A leopard cannot change its spots; full well

You know that certain curfews toll the knell

Of parting day. And colyumists, seeking fame

Or notoriety, seem prone to claim

Superiority. Of this I tell.

Now IN THE MAIN is gossipy and INK

WELL dwells on rhapsodies of dots. OUR TIMES

Knows everything, or thinks so, does he not?

So auTOPSY (and little Eva) think

Lamponing their especial field. Combine

The lot in a melting pot—what have you got?

Nothing.

OUR TIMES

By Don Shoemaker

Chapel Hill

Whirligig

Along with the rest of the general illiterate electorate, we've been following the current political rodeo from the innocuous mouthings of the nearly-Throttlebottomed Mr. Smith to the munificent platitudes of the present incumbent. Not quite being twenty-one, on November 8 we can throw over the whole business and do a George Jean Nathan. But despite our electoral reticence, we have been looking the situation over with open eyes.

We've noticed particularly that the younger generation has put its oar into the troubled sea with delicately phrased chalk exhortations on Chapel Hill sidewalks and board fences. The best of these, we saw Tuesday be-

Analysis Of 'Daily Princetonian's' Presidential Poll

(By Vergil J. Lee, Tar Heel Editorial Board)

The recently completed presidential poll conducted by the *Daily Princetonian* has created quite a stir. This is especially true among those persons who believed that Governor Roosevelt would keep up his good work as exemplified by the *Literary Digest's* straw vote. The efforts of the Democrats to scoff at and belittle the figures showing Hoover leading the New York executive by a vote of 28,180 to 17,712 will remain impotent until cold figures are brought to light which challenge the validity of the tabulation.

Attacking the problem from the non-partisan standpoint, we come upon some interesting disclosures. At the outset, we might say that the survey included 46 colleges and universities in all parts of the country; twelve in New England; seven in the East proper (N. Y., N. J., Penn., Del., Md., W. Va.); nine in the south (includes the so-called solid South, with addition of Kentucky and the exception of Texas); nine in the mid-west (O., Ill., Ind., Iowa, Mich., Wis., Minn., N. D., S. D., Neb., Kas., Mo.); three in the south-west (Texas, Okla., Ariz., N. M.); two in the west (Mont., Wyo., Col., Utah, Id., Nev.); and three on the Pacific coast (Wash., Ore., Cal.).

A glance at the accompanying table will immediately show the greatly over-balanced character of the poll. New England, for example, (which is solely and exclusively Republican in the *Literary Digest's* survey) exhibits a percentage of fifty seven in the number of students canvassed relative to the total number of students in the New England section. Contrast this with the other sections of the country in which Roosevelt sentiment is strongest; East, 23 per cent; South, 23 per cent; Mid-west, 33 per cent; South-west, 31 per cent; West, 18 per cent; Pacific Coast, 49 per cent.

Furthermore, when we consider the various manners in which the student bodies were polled,—some voting en masse; others voting individually and at will—we can state rather conclusively that, although the *Daily Princetonian* meant well and deserves great credit for its efforts, the way in which the survey was conducted lead to a greatly distorted and partially fallacious picture of American college students' political preferences.

Elect. vote.	Section	No. regis't'd students		No. stud'ts polled		PERCENTAGES		
		in area	in area	Number	B to A	C to A	C to B	
41	New England	54,000	30,900	13,700	57%	25%	44%	
118	East	370,000	86,000	11,300	23%	3%	13%	
113	South	100,000	23,000	6,700	23%	7%	29%	
161	Mid-West	237,000	77,300	14,800	33%	6%	19%	
40	South-West	47,000	14,500	3,300	31%	7%	23%	
24	West	21,000	3,700	700	18%	3%	19%	
34	Pacific Coast	65,000	32,000	3,000	49%	5%	9%	

fore they took the *Grand Hotel* poster down from its place on the side of a building on Franklin street: "GRAND HOTEL, Carolina Theatre . . . Monday and Tuesday . . . Greta GARBO, John BARRYMORE, Joan CRAWFORD, Wallace BEERY, Lionel BARRYMORE, and (chalked) ROOSEVELT."

More Whirligig

And along this same line, since politics rules the day, we have jotted down here several little lyrics from a political satire which we wrote this summer and worked all Fall to have published. It is here apparent that our efforts were negative. The first was in reference to slurs cast on one of the principal characters a year or two after 1928 and ran:

"Humpty-Dumpty sat on a platform, But he didn't risk to fall on his

platform, He straddled it tightly, kept still as a mouse And now he's th' incumbent up at the White House." And another sung by a gentleman (Continued on last page)

Special Football DANCE

Washington Duke Hotel
Friday, Nov. 4, 1932
MUSIC BY JACK WARDLAW
10 to 2 Script, \$1.10

FORUM DEBATE

State College and U. N. C.

Six ten-minute speeches—two for Hoover, two for Thomas, and two for Roosevelt.

OUR SPEAKERS: Fleming-Jones, Eddleman, and Jenkins

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3
7:00 P. M.

Gerrard Hall

To Our Hall Of Fame

We Nominate

The University of California *Daily Bruin*, which relieves all fear that the spirit of "We'll die for dear old Rutgers" is not dead in the American college:

The huge bonfire pile will be touched off at 9:00 p. m. and led by the Bruin band, pajama clad students will serpentine about the blazing pyre.

After the bonfire has died down students will adjourn to the dance. "Pajamas are not allowed at the dance, but as the affair is informal, cords and a sweater will be acceptable," Bob Stewart stated.

LOST

Diamond dinner ring for little finger. Return to Mrs. C. G. Peebles, 513 E. Rosemary, phone 5081. Liberal reward. (3)

Dedicated to the lovers of the world!



They had too much money for their own good . . . only when it was swept away did they find the gold beneath the tinsel. . . Smart! Sophisticated! . . . Brilliant!

Tallulah BANKHEAD Robert MONTGOMERY

in "FAITHLESS"

—Also—
Comedy—News
NOW PLAYING



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Booksellers
Office Outfitters
Social Engravers
Stationery

The Carolina Playmakers

ANNOUNCE

A Gala Revival

of

Uncle Tom's Cabin

OR

THE DEATH OF LITTLE EVA

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
8:30 P. M.

SINGLE ADMISSION—75c
A few season tickets still available
Six shows—\$2.00