

The Daily Tar Heel

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Saturday, November 12, 1932

Just a Matter of Coloring

It was with a lack of economic foresight as well as political discrimination that the Charlotte News published in its Wednesday's edition a map of the United States showing the results of the national election with all Democratic states in black, and those claimed by the Republicans in white. Not only was this a considerable waste of printer's ink, but more especially was it a stab at these Roosevelt states to insinuate that they should be thus blemished because of their pronounced decision at the polls Tuesday.

Had the editors of the News been definitely set upon their plan of printing the Democratically-inclined states in colors, it would have been far more appropriate had they selected colors with some actual significance.

They could have used the colors of the rainbow to signify the calm after the storm. Or in keeping with the beliefs of David Clark and L. A. Tatum they might have distinguished Chapel Hill by a large "Red" dot. And if the financial condition of the nation was taken into account, the entire forty-eight states might have been printed in red.

But to stain those states in black that had been instrumental in electing the next president of this great nation of ours was an insult, Mr. Editor of the Charlotte News, which requires an explanation.

Laugh Parade

Once again the University is about to witness that annual farce of farces, the freshman election. Imagine, if you can, the ridiculousness of it. Freshmen, scarcely here two months, hardly knowing each other, and certainly not knowing and understanding University traditions, are to meet and elect class officers. The fact that the captain of the freshman football team is often chosen as president of the class gives one a fair idea as to the discerning powers, at

least in this respect, of the electors. The fact that a man is a good football player (imagine that), was a prominent high school student (and that), and has the right fraternities in back of him (and that), more than suffices to enable him to acquire this eminent and coveted office. Could anything be more ridiculous?

The situation would be bad enough if the freshman class had need of president and officers, but the truth of the matter is that the men who are elected are mere figureheads and their positions nonentities. They accomplish practically nothing except to spend precious money which could be used far more wisely in these days of frugality. Of course, the election of these men brings honor and prestige to the fraternities which they represent—a very doubtful honor to say the least.

Let us once and for all abolish this example of collegiate idiocy. Let us not continue to tolerate this foolish practice and to pass it off with unconcerned complaisance. It will be a fine beginning of the movement to rid ourselves of every unnecessary parasitical growth which movement in time to come will have, we hope, far greater scope and compass.—M.K.K.

Here's a Hand

One of the most important developments in southern intercollegiate circles is the growing feeling of friendship between Carolina and Duke. Two of the leading schools in the south, equal in size and importance, and situated very near one another, the relation between the two schools has long been of great interest to many and doubtless will continue to be so.

There was a time not long past when the *Lux Libertas* on the Carolina seal was translated "to hell with Duke" and the student body did its best to carry out that slogan. There can be no denying that feeling ran very high and at times was a cause for genuine alarm. That period fortunately is rapidly giving way to one of mutual admiration and respect that will eventually make relations between Duke and Carolina a valuable part of the lives of both. The sharing of educational, social, and athletic phases of college life has tremendous possibilities that are greatly enhanced by the close proximity of Durham to Chapel Hill.

The fast fading era of bad feeling had its roots in the sudden transformation of little Trinity College into mighty Duke University. Carolina who for a century or more had been the monarch of the state in education and athletics now found herself with an equal and has been long in accustoming herself to the change. During the process of adapting herself to the new condition many regrettable statements, incidents, and attitudes were engendered—but that is a cloud that is nearly passed and the radiant sun of accord and cooperation peeps forth to the great satisfaction of every sane and mature person on both campuses.

Carolina and Duke may soon welcome the day when each will rejoice in the triumphs of the other and applaud warmly one another's teams in action even against their own. That is not far distant and it is our duty to foster a mature and sportsmanlike spirit that offers so much, and to work away from the sinister possibilities of hostile rivalry.

It is superfluous to point out the merits of the schools, each is worthy of esteem in the eyes of the other and is well on the way to enjoying it. In a week Duke plays Carolina here. This will afford an excellent oppor-

tunity for both student bodies to behave as childish school boys, or an opportunity for the students of venerable Carolina to extend Duke the cordial hospitality of Carolina gentlemen.—J. F. A.

Another Hand

In the present order of things labor would seem to be secluded and discussed in terms of mass production—devoid of realization that American people still like something besides hard philosophy. What chance has individualism?—self-expression? We no longer speak of freedom because we have lost it—opportunity is lacking, burdened by the oppressive weight of government or economic organization. Have we not a right to the conception in which our nation was realized? Why is it that middle age and old age have such sure faith in their own wisdom and such doubt of the wisdom and capacity of the young? They perpetrate all this mechanizing to make us stronger and happier as human specimens, but not as thinking individuals. How broad a future does the American Adding Machine hold for its people? To what end is the creation of nations headed but to broaden the scope of self-expression—idealism if you like?

People feel as well as think and it is difficult to distinguish between their feelings and what we call human intelligence. However, human capacity far exceeds any form of book-keeping yet devised.

The ledger represented prohibition as a financial success, but it was not. By the ledger the present depression was interpreted and evaluated on paper. The taxes authorized by congress should have balanced the budget. For the past three years the administration has placed its faith in the ledger—what now?

Faith in the people to give them inspiration would evoke the necessary effort to arouse human capacity. They can not attain this enthusiasm unless they feel their welfare—the concern of the government. This faith must be brought to them, conceived not as beggars standing in the breadline, but as individuals who want nothing so much as an opportunity.

Roosevelt here's a hand!—F.A.N.

SPEAKING the CAMPUS MIND

All Washed Up About It

Yesterday I received notice that until \$1.01 was forthcoming my laundry would remain in the custody of God's vicars out toward Carrboro. Although I belong to the cleanliness-is-next-to-godliness cult, I am not willing to have the dean of the cathedral of Columbia avenue poke his hand into my lean wallet just yet—about seven weeks after registration. As a kindly alma maternal monopoly, the laundry strikes me as being somewhat greedy, particularly since prices in at least four commercial laundries I know are considerably lower than those here. Certainly, if there is an excuse for this, it is difficult to understand. The expense of "doing up" shirts without starch should be lower than fixing them nicely, and the expense of delivery—quite large in cities—is small here on account of the concentration of students in dormitories and elsewhere. Of course, we must pay for the rare shirt-ripping and button-grabbing machines installed in the local plant; but if rates continue at their present level, it would appear sensible to discard these two admirable but, really, un-

necessary juggernauts.

Since my purpose is to make this well-meant suggestion and not to brag about my \$9.51 laundry bill in seven weeks, I request that you sign only the initials.

C. L. Y.

Mr. Proctor Settles It

If the plan which represents three weeks' work of the student council and five hours' discussion by the entire Tar Heel staff is to represent the brand of thinking of the 'leaders of tomorrow' then the two major parties need have no fear of running shy of numbskull politicians, for I have not seen such a brain child given birth to since I have been out of the Boy Scouts.

The causes of cheating are probably three, namely:
a. Hangover of the prep school idea of education as a game between the teacher and the student in which the major indoor sport was cheating.
b. False evaluation of a degree.
c. False emphasis on high grades.

1. As an end in themselves.
2. As a means to honor societies.
The new proposal of the student council will eliminate these causes by doing just this: Replacing the customary teacher with an elected policeman, taking the false emphasis of the degree by constantly reminding the student that he is on his honor and will be suspended if caught cheating, and taking the false emphasis of the grade by the fact that he elected the policeman. Thus eliminating all the causes, one gathers that the system must be very nearly perfect, but that's not the half of it. It goes beyond perfection. Not only does it eliminate the causes (as we see), but it brings the student to the realization of his responsibility under an honor system by placing his responsibility in the hands of specific members of the class (note: these members are to be elected). It even goes farther than that, mind you, by extending the student council, which has very little to do, it should find cases to try. As we see this has no tendency whatsoever of becoming a monitorial system, the assumption being that students who haven't the "intestinal fortitude" to report violations of the honor system will suddenly develop character enough to squeal to the back door of the student council.

Another proponent says that the honor system does not work because no one reports violation, the assumption being the more cases caught, the more efficient the system works. The same proponent says that the committee (which merely has the power to suspend, try, and report to the formal student council any violations) will be a constant reminder to the class that they are on their honor. Even though the committees are elected wouldn't it be a more impartial plan to furnish each class with a neon flash lamp with this inscription: "Remember the honor system, gradish, it would serve the purpose much better than three people who represent three people."

In conclusion I would say that the plan needs to be placed in the ship that is to bear all the saxophone players to the North Pole. If this plan represents three weeks' deliberation, then every member who contributed should be given an honorary degree and a free pass to see the Marx Brothers. Yours for more honor and less system. —B. C. PROCTOR.

OUR TIMES

By Don Shoemaker

Dribbles

Now that the struggle is over, amidst the carnage on the field of battle is uncovered tid-bits of election humor that drift into the public eye after every conflict for the presidency.

Staunch Democrats in a downstate village, took great pains to forward to Chapel Hill, an absentee ballot form to the daughter of a village family. And when the ballot came back, it was discovered that the voter had scratched her ballot for Thomas et cohorts.

Editorialized a South Carolina weekly: "We have in our files the names of those two folks who are going to vote the Republican ticket. Their names and addresses will be printed in these columns should they vote for Hoover." The vote: Roosevelt-Norman Thomas et cohorts.

One of Georgia's most prolific editorial writers demands that the new Congress pass a law in the first session "making it a criminal offense to be known as a Republican."

W...ton Weekly sent to New York for the largest wood block type to be found in a large printing house and ran a streamer five inches high in heavy black across the front page Wed-

nesday morning, "Roosevelt Elected."

Plans

Political prophets, particularly those exponents of a third party movement, stated prior to the election that the combination of the Republican and Democratic parties is inevitable. In the recent *The Coming of a Third Party*, Paul H. Douglas, declares that the Democratic party will be merged with the Republicans in the near future in the light of their similarity of platforms and programs. Such prophetic words can not well go unheeded. That a coalition government, embodying the principles of both major parties and organizing their technicians under one banner, may result within the decade is foreseen by many desirous of abandoning the frivolities of party ballyho and concentrating political man power in the channels of idealistic government. This program, or certain fundamental parts of it, has gained some impetus through the Hon. Newton D. Baker and such commentators as Stuart Chase.

Whatever virtues may grow out of such a plan, it is certain that as such it would abolish forever the incident of the past eight months, where legislature and executive continually clashed to dispel all hope of immediate and whole-hearted effort toward recovery.

A rubber company recently built its 200,000,000th tire. Of course the directors celebrated the occasion with a blowout.—*Dunbar's Weekly (Phoenix).*

R. R. CLARK

Dentist
Office over Bank of Chapel Hill
PHONE 6251

Graduate Dance Tonight

In a setting of chrysanthemums, the graduate club will give a dance in the club lodge tonight, with Koch's Carolina Buccaneers furnishing the music. The flowers for the occasion were gathered from the gardens of Mrs. H. F. Munch, Mrs. A. A. Klutz, Dr. C. E. Preston, and Dr. W. C. Coker. The hours for the entertainment are from 8:30 to 12:00 o'clock.

CAN A WOMAN BURY A PAST IN A GREAT LOVE?

Haunted by leering faces—she was living a dream that was too good to be true!



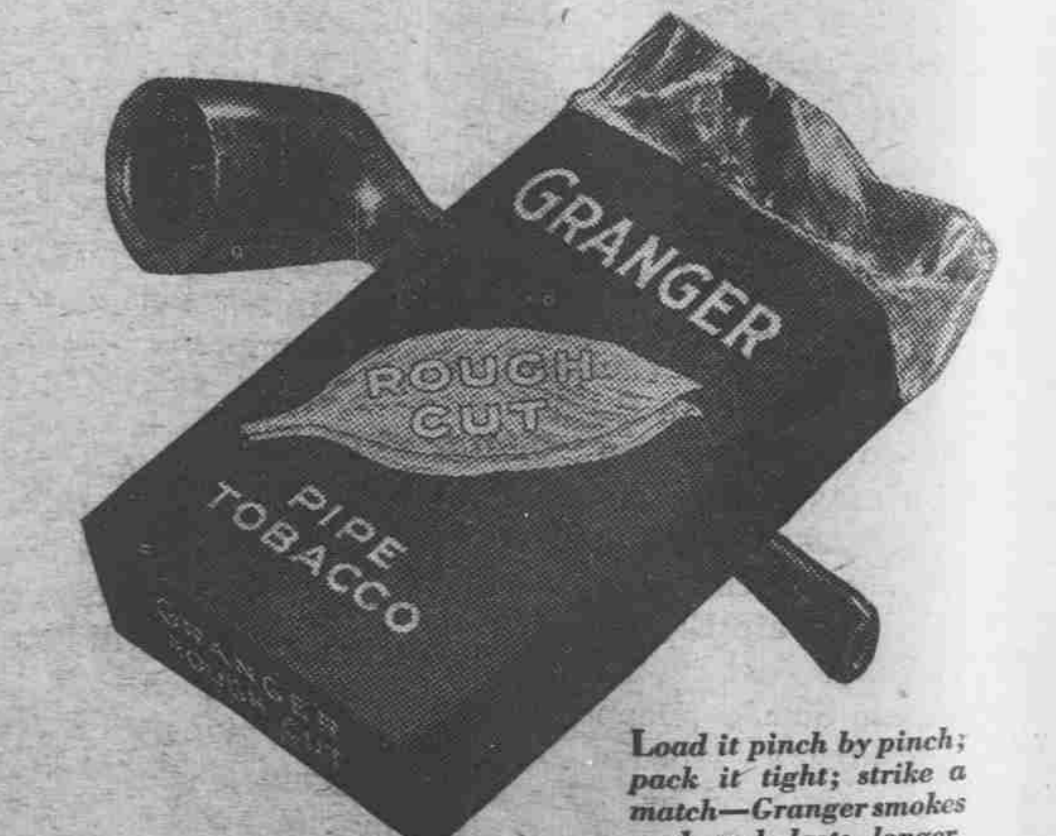
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Mayo Method
Also "C'est Parée," a Vitaphone Act, and a "Strange as It Seems" NOW PLAYING

CAROLINA



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