

**The Daily Tar Heel**

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Thursday, December 8, 1932

**Reprehensible Comprehensibles**

The efficient survey of a whole field of study, supposedly within the range of the Senior is indeed a laudable undertaking, but to most persons the idea of an all embracing examination is almost completely incomprehensible.

The magnitude of the impending crisis overwhelms the victim and he frantically pushes away the inevitable in a blind effort to avert sudden catastrophe until at last he faces the gruesome shadow and struggles with it valiantly in the derisive emptiness of the night. Sometimes he is sorely beaten (because of the tension which it is impossible to subtract from the situation) and just as frequently he is victorious and confidently sets out to reap the harvest of his toil. Only for an instant, however, is he conquerer, for the mental strain co-incident with the exam is enough to demolish entirely any of the benefits of his work after the immediate danger is past.

It is conceded that great skill in one thing is very much to be desired, but a review of this kind overemphasizes the importance of the major study and has a paralyzing effect upon the individual to the extent that it makes all other subjects appear trivial. Extensive preparation takes time from his other courses and anxiety caused by lack of it prevents concentration upon anything at all.

Under the present system when check-ups are instigated quarterly to ascertain the amount of knowledge that has been gained in the past three months, comprehensive examinations seem superfluous.

Psychologically and scientifically spaced learning is more rapid, incisive, and longer retained than that brought about by constant application; and thus it would seem that periodical quizzes alone would produce better results, by far, than the average comprehensibles.

The motive behind the mammoth test is no doubt excellent

but the method and the general consequences are decidedly deficient.—P.A.H.

**The Boy Who Cried Wolf**

The sound of the burglar alarm of the local bank bursting forth last Monday night and ringing serenely on virtually unnoticed brings to mind the age old story of the "Boy Who Cried Wolf." The boy, so the story goes, tending his sheep on the hillside, sought relief from the monotony of life by crying "Wolf, wolf." The sound of his cry brought the men running with their sticks and clubs to beat off the wolves, only to find that there were no wolves. Then one night a wolf came to take its meal from the boy's flock. Excited he rushed to the camp crying out that his sheep were attacked, but the men paid him no attention. And so the boy lost his sheep.

The unconcern with which not only citizens of the town but the police force as well receive the gong presents a delightful opportunity for any aspiring Jesse Jameses or Jimmy Valentines. The local police force satisfied its professional curiosity by casually glancing in the door on passing, feeling sure, perhaps, that Arsene Lupin would rise up from behind the cage to wave, if he were there.

The Bank of Chapel Hill is rated as one of the soundest banks in the state, containing the money of the local merchants, townspeople, and students. Yet it permits its public alarm to cry "wolf" so that if the wolf ever does arrive he will get no attention. They, too, may lose their sheep.—V.C.R.

**OUR TIMES**

By Don Shoemaker

**Laundry**

The heated interchange of letters to the editor over the laundry question in "Speaking the Campus Mind" suggests to us two little stories having to do with the laundry situation which we pass along today.

Several months ago a friend of ours bought a lovely big bath towel, the kind that's bigger than a tent and as soft as a bear rug. If you don't believe that sober minded people can become attached to such an inanimate object as a bath towel, let us set you right, for Mr. X admired this towel with a passion greater than love of self, life, or happiness. One day he sent the towel, which now becomes the central figure in our drama and shall be called "Edgerton," to the University laundry. Wednesday the clean laundry returned, but no Edgerton.

It worried Mr. X, for Edgerton had become his sole *raison d'être*. So our friend pinned about for several days and finally wrote an impassioned note to the laundry begging that the whereabouts of Edgerton be ascertained and that he be returned "immediately." Two days later Edgerton came back via a special truck with a nice little note pinned to his border, clean, hearty, and glad to be home.

And pouring over our treasure box of souvenirs the other day we came across a circular from the laundry department to fraternity houses stating, "Please don't write the name of your house in Latin... we don't understand Greek."

**Buc**

This column, which confesses that *Buccaneer* baiting has been a constant source for pusillanimous padding herein, respectfully suggests that the ensuing Christmas number of the campus humor magazine is one of the best in years, judging from proofs of copy and drawings.

And the business staff reports six full pages of advertising, an almost unprecedented figure.

**Books**

We feel that the Oklahoma *Daily* has the book critic racket analyzed in excellent style: "Glossary for readers of book reviews; 'Book of the Year'—any novel of more than 300 pages, containing two or more seductions."

'Genuine Contemporary Classic'—any book of which the publisher has an oversupply of unsold copies.

'Magnificent Reading'—English prose without split infinitives.

'Realistic masterpiece'—any novel that begins thus: "Wash... Wash... Wash... All she did, day after day, was wash, wash, wash, lousy underwear and eat greasy potatoes."

'Uncensored'—unimportant.

'Undoubted sensation'—third person re-write of "What Every Young Girl Should Know."

**Life and Letters**

By Edith Harbour

**Swan Song?**

My one constant reader asked me why I quit writing columns. I don't know the answer to that one. It may be that my public is merely an editorial wastebasket, but I have wondered what has happened to the columnists of late. Surely all of us can't have been writing columns that weren't fit to print. Have you ever noticed how briskly the columnists parade forth in the fall; how, for some reason or other, they stop writing columns one by one; and the practically colyum-less papers of the spring quarter? It's an old, old story. But really, except for a bit of humor for cynics whose writer requested his readers to remember that that particular incident occurred at the University of Carobama (in all probability it occurs at every university throughout the length and breadth of the land) there hasn't been a nice, spicy column in a month. The perfect columnist would probably be one who was perfectly content with the *status quo* (Latin phrases again!), but who would want to read the blissful outpourings of such a columnist? Who wants to read any column, anyway? Any columnist who is contemplating emulation of the fabled death song of the swan might be interested to know that a cygnet in one of the mirrored lakes of France was named for Walter Damosch that it might sing the better, but it pined away and died, poor thing. It is also well to remember that Galsworthy's was probably the only hugely successful *Swan Song* and that a famous Indian chief once said in his farewell address: *Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.*

**Fads and Fancies**  
It was O. O. McIntyre (there's a columnist for you) who remarked not long ago that nine out of every ten books published in our day and time were the utterest trash. It is the gullibility of the American public which accounts for the amazing success of many a best seller. It is that same gullibility which, when fancy dictates, accepts a fad, elevates it to a position of prominence, and then discards it for something newer. *Be not the first by whom the new is tried, nor yet the last to lay the old aside.* And in nothing is the gullible American public so fancy-free as in the choice of amusement, the method of whiling away an empty hour. How many vocabularies were improved by the crossword puzzle and how many homes wrecked (neglect of household duties in favor of crossword puzzles was

adequate grounds for divorce, you remember)? What became of Tom Thumb golf? Who re-wound all of the yo-yo strings (children cried for it)? Consider the Bango craze which lingers still among the school children. And now, if you'll pardon me, I'll spend the next three hours completely fascinated by the task of putting together the latest addition to my jig-saw puzzle collection.

**AMONG US GIRLS**

By MARY FRANCES PARKER

This thing of being a co-ed is no easy life. It's just about as hard as writing a colyum every week! Rarely do we ever get credit for our real accomplishments—such as getting D's on courses when the male members of that class get A's—and breaks seldom come to the appreciative members of the Wimmen's Association.

Yet we struggle along, and occasionally something nice does happen. At present the DAILY TAR HEEL is sponsoring a contest, the co-ed winner of which will receive the cutest vanity. I don't, however, think the TAR HEEL expects us to pick out a team all by ourselves. The boys are willing to help us—almost too willing. In fact they really feel hurt if they aren't asked their opinions.

And now that we've taken up athletics in a serious sort of way, we get only a condescending sympathy from the better half of this University. They will not take us seriously. They think that we must have our little whims, and they let us indulge in our feeble attempts at being something on this campus.

They're quite nice about it. They offer advice which we accept in the spirit in which it is given. There is no hint of derision in their attitudes or remarks. We're just co-eds, and as such we have certain privileges. And as such, we're excused for a great many things that would otherwise arouse considerable antagonistic comments.

One thing about us is that when we start anything we go out for it in a big way. This idea of basketball has just about demolished any idea we might have had of finishing that term paper. We fling books to the four winds and rush madly out to the Woman's Athletic Field, where we gigglingly knock each other down to get the ball for our side.

If I appear on crutches today and someone asks me the reason for them, I shall consider myself justified in annihilating him.

**Cabinets To Canvass To Help Relief Fund**

The sophomore and junior-senior cabinets of the Y. M. C. A. will conduct an "every student canvass" tonight, the proceeds of which will be turned over to the Orange county relief fund. The sophomore body will have charge of the campaign in the fraternity houses, and the junior-senior organization will canvass the dormitories and other residences. Bill McKee, president of the Y will be the director.

Officials feel that the students are not contributing in their home towns, they will be willing to donate here on the campus. A large donation is expected. It is also hoped by the leaders that those students having refunds on laundry deposits will contribute them to the fund.

George Lawrence is the director of the Orange county campaign.

We're willing to let any nation claim the honor of winning the world war that will agree to pay the war debts.—*Thomaston Times.*

**SPEAKING the CAMPUS MIND**

**Lost and Found Situation**

If the opinion of the student body in regard to lost and found articles were known, it would probably be that the University is sadly in need of an organization to take care of such articles. At least those persons who have been so unfortunate as to lose property on the campus would say that there is a distinct need for a good lost and found bureau, for few of the many articles lost on this campus are recovered by the losers.

I do not suppose that it is generally known that the Y. M. C. A. operates a lost and found service in its outer office; if it is known, evidently the students do not consider it sufficiently strong or well enough organized to warrant their patronization. However that may be, there seems to be a universal practice on the campus for persons who find property to keep it. Very few articles are turned in to the Y. M. C. A.

There is some reason for this undesirable condition; either the student body is lax in this phase of honesty or there is some other reason for the trouble. A Y. M. C. A. committee has been investigating the matter, and the results of the investigation are somewhat as follows: The committee is convinced that the fault lies, not in the honesty of the student body, but in the lost and found service. It seems that students do not have confidence in the lost and found service. Because of this lack of confidence, a student, when he finds an article, keeps it with the intention of personally returning it to the owner. But the trouble lies in the facts that the finder, whether or not he makes an attempt to communicate with the owner, never seems to be able to get in touch with him.

The committee plans to remedy this deplorable situation by reorganizing the lost and found service, and notifying the entire student body of its presence. Under the new organization, the person who finds any property of any value at all on the campus will immediately take it to the lost and found bureau in the Y. M. C. A. outer office. There his name will be taken and if, after two weeks the owner has not claimed the article by giving an accurate description of it, the article will be returned to the person who found it. Thus the rights of both the person who lost the property and the person who found it will be given fair consideration.

The student body is asked to consider this matter seriously, and to cooperate with the lost and found bureau to make this service, which will in time probably benefit every individual on the campus.

L. S. S.

**OUTSTANDING RADIO BROADCASTS**

Thursday, Dec. 8  
10:00-11:00 p. m.—Jack Pearl, comedian; orchestra. WEA.F.  
10:30 p. m.—Edwin C. Hill, News. W.J.Z.  
10:00-10:30 p. m.—Romberg's "The Student Prince." W.A.B.C.

**Official Student Vote For Vice-President**

(Continued from first page)  
garded in the first poll because of the fact that they had been obviously cast as a result of considerably campaigning, were official and should have been tabulated in the final results. Ballots which had been cast for Dean F. F. Bradshaw, Dean H. G. Baity, E. E. Ericson, and R. B. House, were the ones disregarded, and had these been recorded in the first tabulation the order of the poll's selection for the first five men would have been: R. B. House, E. E. Ericson, Dean H. G. Baity, Dr. L. R. Wilson, and Dean F. F. Bradshaw, with House leading Ericson by a bare margin.

**Balloting Significant**  
Because of the weight that the results of this poll are likely to have with the selection committee, THE DAILY TAR HEEL is especially anxious that an accurate vote be secured. And three Student Council members have been selected to open the ballot box and tabulate the results.

The names appear on the ballot with respect to the number of votes received in the first poll. Those persons whose names appear on the ballot in order are: R. B. House, E. E. Ericson, H. G. Baity, L. R. Wilson, F. F. Bradshaw, A. W. Hobbs, R. W. Linker, R. D. W. Connor, Addison Hibbard, Archibald Henderson, and Frank P. Graham. Those who received less than five votes in the first vote are: J. M. Saunders, English Bagby, O. J. Coffin, W. C. Jackson, C. T. Murchison, H. M. Wagstaff, George McKie, J. M. Bell, Meno Spann, T. J. Wilson, Jr., H. V. Park, George Howe, Paul Green, N. W. Walker, J. W. Scott, W. F. Prouty, W. S. Bernard, C. C. Crittenden, and J. C. Beard.

**MONTHLY REVIEW WILL BE ISSUED BY FRESHMAN CLASS**

(Continued from first page)  
criticism of the published work is expected to point out errors in technique in writing, both in the published papers and in those unpublished to which the same comments apply.

A suggestion now under consideration by the teachers of freshman English is that the students in the classes have a share in selecting those papers which will be submitted to the committee for the final selection. Should this suggestion be adopted, which seems probable at the present, the instructor would read perhaps half a dozen of the papers to the class, members of which would vote upon these which seem to be best adapted to use in the publication. In the case that a decision cannot be reached the decision will rest with the professor of the class, and, finally, with the committee of four.

This publication will not be issued in competition with the *Carolina Magazine*, as it will be published at the expense of the English department, and circulated only to students of freshman English.

**Infirmary List**

The following were confined to the infirmary yesterday: Miss Elizabeth Kinney, J. M. Queen, Jr., F. M. Hargreaves, Peter W. Hairston, G. A. Cardwell, Jr., W. L. White, E. A. Neurem, A. D. Stadiem, and C. O. Spenser.

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