

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 at Chapel Hill, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price, \$3.00 for the college year.

Business and editorial offices: 204-206 Graham Memorial
Telephones: editorial, 4351; business, 4356; night, 6906

Don K. McKee Editor
A. Reed Sarratt, Jr. Managing Editor
T. Eli Joyner Business Manager

Editorial Staff

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Edwin Kahn, Mac Smith, Stuart Rabb.

CITY EDITOR: Charles Gilmore.

NEWS EDITORS: Lytt Gardner, Ed Hamlin, Bill Jordan, John Jonas.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS: Bob Perkins, Ruth Crowell, Gordon Burns, Alan Merrill, Jimmy Sivertsen, Voit Gilmore.

DESKMEN: Will Arey, Herbert Hirschfeld, Carl Jeffers, Ray Simon.

REPORTERS: Randolph Reece, Ben Dixon, Dorothy Snyder, Jesse Reece, Erika Zimmermann, Kim Harriman.

SPORTS: Ray Howe, Editor; Herbert Goldberg, Newton Craig, John Eddleman, Night Editors; Fletcher Ferguson, Len Rubin, Harvey Kaplan, Ed Karlin, Bill Raney, E. L. Peterson, Tom Tufts, Bill Lindau.

REVIEWS: Bill Hudson.

FILES: H. T. Terry, Director.

ART: Nell Booker, Phil Schinhan.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Jerry Kisser, Director; Alan Calhoun.

Business Staff

ADVERTISING MANAGERS: Bill McLean, Crist Blackwell.

SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER: Roy Crooks.

OFFICE MANAGER: Glen Humphrey.

DURHAM REPRESENTATIVE: Bobby Davis.

CIRCULATION MANAGER: Jesse Lewis.

For This Issue

News: Edwin J. Hamlin. Sports: John Eddleman

To Help Something Better Grow

• Pay, Fiddle, Pay . . .

Musical minded students on the campus received welcome news recently when Phi Mu Alpha announced that Albert Spaulding would appear here next quarter. Added to this attraction are the several musical performances to be sponsored here by the student entertainment committee.

This committee, however, in trying to bring here several performances each year, cannot, for financial reasons, bring here as well known men as Spaulding. An example of the type of entertainment they must bring here due to financial stringency resulting from getting several performances is the magician scheduled to come to this, a University campus.

It would be of much greater benefit to the student body if this committee would attempt to bring here fewer performances, if necessary only one or two, and have these performances consist of top-ranking entertainers. College students would certainly forego the pleasure of seeing rabbits come out of hats, and many of the other programs already scheduled, if their pass books would enable them to hear the violin of Albert Spaulding.—E. L. K.

• Pariah Memorial

Of all the buildings on the campus, Graham Memorial alone is denied University maintenance. The Student Union must pay customary high prices to the buildings department for repairs and painting. Even the Y. M. C. A., home of the profit-making Book Exchange, receives maintenance service free.

Director Pete Ivey is asking that the administration extend its maintenance services to Graham Memorial. Students pay three dollars per year to support the Union. These funds are best used to replace equipment and furnish entertainment.

The Student Union is a vital part of the campus, a valuable addition to the University. It deserves University maintenance.—S. W. R.

• Do You . . . ?

In spite of the age of mechanization in which we live there are some of us who still use the old-fashioned two-for-a-nickle lead pencils. And that is one explanation of the violent expletives one hears at intervals echoing through the halls of Bingham, Murphey, and Saunders.

To be brief, we need pencil sharpeners; not a little dab of pencil sharpeners, but a whole mess of pencil sharpeners. There is an acute scarcity of this commodity in our class buildings, and the few we have are confined to professorial cells.

One in each classroom would not be too many. Students in the midst of an exam find themselves faced with the problem of locating a pencil sharpener in order to continue. And we are sure the harassed secretaries who do possess them would be grateful if someone put an end to the continual interruptions caused by students poking their heads in the door with the query: "Do you have a pencil sharpener?"—J. F. J.

CARO-GRAPHICS by Murray Jones, Jr.



LAKES

IN 14 COUNTIES OF WESTERN N. C. THERE ARE MORE THAN 77 LAKES



DO YOU KNOW YOUR STATE?



DROUGHT

IN 1889 THERE WAS NO RAIN IN N. C. FROM THE MIDDLE OF MARCH TO THE FIRST OF SEPT.



GOLD RUSH

MANY COLLAPSIBLE HOUSES WERE SHIPPED FROM HERE TO CALIFORNIA DURING THE GOLD RUSH IN 1849



DID YOU KNOW THAT NORMAN CORDON OF WASHINGTON IS THE FIRST NORTH CAROLINIAN EVER TO SING ON THE STAGE OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA



DID YOU KNOW THAT APPROXIMATELY 400 TAR HEELS FOUGHT IN THE WAR OF JENKIN'S EAR? THEY FOUGHT THE SPANISH IN SOUTH AMERICA FOR HAVING CUT OFF AN ENGLISH MAN'S EAR!

• THE EDITORS OF CARO-GRAPHICS (INVITE YOU TO SEND IN INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT YOUR COMMUNITY) •

Campus Correspondence

Letters over 250 words subject to cutting by editor; author's name must be on manuscript.

★ ARE WE MEN OR MICE?

To the Editor,
The DAILY TAR HEEL:
I would like to explain to my fellow freshmen why we apparently are the bulwark of the school and yet have nothing to say.

While we are being fattened by flattery of our importance by President John Parker and his cohorts, they are carefully keeping freshmen off the various committees. Thus only upperclassmen are put up for nominations, but no freshmen! We freshmen as a body control the campus vote. Let's show our power in the election.

Dean House gave us the one piece of advice that we must follow—don't take others' advice! Think for yourself! The time is coming when we must combine our forces and make our decision. Are we men or are we mice? Think it over!

FREDERICK E. BANNER.

★ ORIENTATION

To the Editor,
The DAILY TAR HEEL:
Dear Janie,

Well I'm a full-fledged worm now: freshman, to be exact. All us "underlings" are going around with purple handbooks that are so loud they almost yell out like the upperclassmen, "Fresh-mun." We've been taking placement tests yesterday and today. Yesterday morning we had English. Had to write a 500 word theme in 55 minutes from one of six inadequately named topics. Result, 0. Had French in the afternoon. Prof who administered it was ok but the exam was sorta tough.

This morning all we poor green eggs went up to take the psychology department's College Altitude Test (they called it aptitude, but since it tells how high up you're to be put, I guess that musta been a typographical error). The first section was taken up with trying to see if we were fools, the second with making us prove we were fools, and the third gave us an opportunity to be made fools of. Really it was a magnificent test; clinches a person's ability to teach psychology; but it looked a bit overwhelming for a poor, underprivileged, motheaten, underfed, dumb freshie.

Wahoo

Then came the Indians (or rather the mathematicians). Janie, if you know that a tangent is anything but a kind of red bird, you've got me beat. I didn't remember even the bear essentials of Trig. I also just remembered that a radical is a communist, but they tried to tell me that a number of times itself

would be the same as one under a radical. All I ever saw under a radical was a soap box; but I couldn't argue with 'em, 'cause they had Ph.D's and I only got a headache.

Afternoon dawned at last. Infirmity, here I came. Had to sit down and tell 'em all my family history, including whether I thought Uncle Ezra's bad disposition was caused by fallen arches or whether he was just a natural-born horse-thief. Had I ever had mumps? If so, how many? What about measles? That was just what I wanted to know, what about it? but they kept on by asking if it was German or just ordinary. Did I have the usual three whoops when I had whooping cough? Then after all these questions, they asked me if I had or ever had had dandruff or athlete's foot or anything between the two.

Upon telling them I rode a bicycle for exercise, I was asked whether I used a band to keep the bicycle chain from chewing up my trousers. I said no, I didn't ever need one. They put that down against me, saying I was careless or something. I didn't know that those things were so important, but it seemed that if you part your hair in the middle, you should be vaccinated in the left arm. I seized upon this by asking one of the doctors very confidentially where they vaccinated you if you didn't part your hair or parted it on one side instead of the middle. He looked at me so much as to say, "Why you poor fool!" But then he looked very wise and said that as a rule you were given vaccinations on the left arm anyway. Funny business, this medical profession. I guess when I get to be a senior I can act that way and be called smart too.

Questions Stopped

They stopped asking questions after a while and decided that maybe they could find out more about you if they looked themselves. Gosh, they got it worked out systematic-like. They test your lung capacity by seeing how much air you can blow in a little can. Then while you are still breathless, they make you more so by sending you up a flight of stairs. There is a fellow there to meet you who takes your blood pressure and kicks you in the shins to see if your reflexes are all right. If you grab your leg and holler, the reflexes are ok and they check on the tonsils, teeth, and liver while your mouth is open.

I found out how to get out of the eye-testing department quick. When they say, "Read the

letters on that chart," why you just say very nonchalantly, "What chart?" While they're doping that one, slip out. They catch you at the door, though, and tattoo you. They don't call 'em Susie and Annabelle like the sailors have, though. They got college names and modernistic designs. They called my two Small Pocks and To Berkley Osis. They are both real gems of art.

This dissertation is overcoming my endurance, Janie. Another chapter will follow soon if you don't object. I'm getting along pretty fair, hope you're the same. Write.

GEORGE.

RADIO

By BUD KORNBLITZ

- * Denotes outstanding program.
- 7:00—WDNC—Col. Stoopnagle and Bud.
- WJZ—Mary Small.
- WEAF—Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:05—WDNC—Varieties.
- 7:15—WDNC—Value Parade.
- *WPTF—Literary Digest Nationwide Poll Results.
- 7:30—WDNC—American Family Robinson.
- WEAF—Edwin C. Hill.
- 8:00—WDNC—Around the Town.
- *WPTF—Cities Service Concert, with Jessica Dragnette, the Revelers, and Bourdon's Orch.
- 8:00—WDNC—Kostelanetz' Orch.
- 9:00—WDNC—Carolina Community Sing.
- *WPTF—Fred Waring's Orchestra.
- WEAF—Waltz Time; Frank Munn, Lyman's Orch.
- 9:30—WDNC—"Red" Barbee.
- WPTF—Twin Stars.
- WEAF—Court of Human Relations.
- 9:45—WDNC—Southern Serenaders.
- 10:00—*WPTF—First Nighter.
- WDNC—Quartet.
- *WBAL (WJZ)—Premiere of Radio Guide Weekly featuring Shep Field's Orch.
- 10:30—WDNC—News.
- *WPTF—"Red" Grange's Football Prophecies.
- 10:45—WDNC—Benny Fields.
- 11:00—WDNC—Jay Freeman's Orch.
- WJZ—News; Henry Busse's Orchestra.
- 11:15—WJZ—Ink Spots.
- WEAF—Phil Levant's Orch.
- 11:30—*WDNC—Benny Goodman's Orch.
- WJZ—Leon Navarra's Orch.
- 12:00—WDNC—Ben Bernie's Orch.
- WEAF—Fletcher Henderson's Orch.

Loaded down with strange facts and figures acquired on his 23rd trip abroad, Robert L. Ripley is flying back from Europe on the Hindenburg to begin another series of Believe It or Not programs on Sunday, October 4, at 7:30 p. m., E. S. T. As in the past, Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra will supply the music for the programs.



SAND AND SALVE

By Stuart Rabb

BIG-BOY BEECHER

Mayor Sam Beecher of Terre Haute, Indiana, is a tough guy. So tough is he, in fact, that when Communist Candidate Earl Browder came to Terre Haute for a speech at the Indiana State Teachers college, Mayor Beecher had a reception committee sent to meet Mr. Browder at the train. The committee membership was police in nature, and they took Mr. Browder to jail.

Had Mayor Beecher jailed Governor Landon or President Roosevelt, both candidates for the same office Mr. Browder seeks, public opinion would have been outraged.

We may not agree with a single idea that Mr. Browder presents. We may be prejudiced enough to regard communism as a loathsome mess. But, like Voltaire, we must fight for the right of every man to the free expression of his principles.

Mr. Browder may be a number of things, but he is scarcely a vagrant. It is regrettable that the electorate of Terre Haute, the people of Indiana, and the citizens of America must share with Sam Beecher the blame for an asinine blunder.

CAROLINA

NOW PLAYING
FRANCIS LEDERER
ANN SOTHERN
"MY AMERICAN WIFE"
A Paramount Picture with
FRED STONE
BILLIE BURKE
ALSO
COMEDY — NEWS
CASH NIGHT
TONIGHT
Cash Award
\$50.00

Just Received At
The YOUNG MEN'S SHOP

TWEED SLACKS
Authentically tailored and correct for campus and sports wear.

COLORS
Grey — Blue — Brown
Especially Priced At
\$5.95

REVERSIBLE COATS
Of Herring Bone Tweeds

- Greys
- Tans
- Browns

\$22.50

The YOUNG MEN'S SHOP
126-128 E. Main St.
Durham