

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue

News: John Jonas. Sports: John Eddleman

Noble Experiment

THIS PLAY-BY-PLAY account of the Carolina-Tulane game is being broadcast by the B-C Remedy company. North Carolina radio stations had a profitable day Saturday giving out Western Union reports on the big game at New Orleans. They went so far as to include recorded cheering and band effects.

And when the studio needle wrung the last cheer from the wax record, the fair name of the University of North Carolina, unbesmirched and pure for 144 years, was linked with that sordid headache remedy—B-C.

It wrung our hearts. We say a University—nay, an entire state addicted to patent medicine. Poverty, ruin . . . and the Keeley Institute.

All the University's noble efforts to stop this monstrous commercialization had gone for naught. B-C was to have broadcasted the Carolina-Tennessee game. The administration emitted an edict at the eleventh hour and B-C withdrew. It cost the University a sum that nobody will name. The Athletic office has the bill—rumored to be somewhere between \$600 and \$1,000.

And then Tulane said to North Carolina radio stations: "Broadcast boys, and God be wi' ye."

Like prohibition, Carolina's non-commercialization is, or was, a noble experiment. But as Old Janitor Sam said, "It sho' cost lots of people a hell of a sight of money to get kicked in the britches."—S. W. R.

Bend Down Sister

AFTER A MONTH of normal, sane college life, the student body yesterday was subjected to its annual deluge of nonsense by our otherwise moribund sophomore orders (the stress is on sophomore), the Thirteen club, the Shieks, the Minotaurs. And, as is the custom, it is now the duty of the DAILY TAR HEEL to uphold the campus pride by printing its annual polemic against the spectacle thus presented of how low the student may fall during his second year here.

But this article is not directed against these orders. By no means. God bless 'em, they show us how sane and normal and dignified we are. It is directed against those who stand around watching these poor devils and grin at them, laugh at them, and ridicule them. Though they bray like asses, you students must remember two things: that they have the forms of humans, and secondly that you should be kind to dumb animals—and so you should take pity on them. Instead of laughing, it is advised that students get down to the level of these men. Bend down and bray with them, and then gradually by slow degrees, decrease your braying and try to raise them up to the level of the rest of the campus. And may he who brays the loudest be elected president—of his fraternity.—A. C.



SAND AND SALVE

By Stuart Rabb

TODAY'S CONVERSATION

Dubinsky to Browder

Q. Hello, Earl. You look tired. Where've you been?

A. Tampa is a filthy city, Dave. Don't ever go there.

Q. Is it as bad as Terre Haute?

A. Dirty bourgeois—they upset the speaker's platform, Dave. They had American Legion caps on. Wish our party had fought in some war somewhere. We could get paid for protesting.

Q. What do you think of the Constitution, Earl?

A. Filthy instrument used by capitalism for oppressing the masses . . . outgrown a hundred years ago . . . ought to be overthrown and a dictatorship of the proletariat should rule.

Q. They didn't hurt you down in Tampa, did they Earl?

A. No, I just picked up a couple of splinters when we slid off the bench. But I'm getting tired of these continued violations of constitutional rights . . . the sacred right of freedom of speech is being violated.

Q. What do you think of the Constitution, Earl?

A. Filthy instrument used by capitalism to oppress the masses, etc., etc.

RADIO

By BUD KORNBILTE

WDNC—1500 KC.

- 7:00—Stoopnagle and Bud.
 - 7:15—Rubinoff and Virginia Rea.
 - 7:30—Doris Kerr.
 - 7:45—West Durham on Parade.
 - 8:00—Around the Town.
 - 8:30—E. Llewellyn, pianist.
 - 9:00—Fred Waring's Show.
 - 9:30—Camel Caravan, with Benny Goodman's Orch. and guests.
 - 10:30—News; Clyde Barrie.
 - 10:45—Strickland Gillilan, Opines.
 - 11:00—Artie Shaw's Orch.
 - 11:30—George Olsen's Orch.
 - 12:00—Tommy Dorsey's Orch.
- WPTF—680 KC.
- 7:00—Dance Hour.
 - 7:15—Tony Russell.
 - 7:30—Harmonizers.
 - 7:35—Radio Night Club.
 - 8:00—Philip Morris Program.
 - 8:30—United Press News.
 - 8:45—South Sea Islanders.
 - 9:00—Ben Bernie's Orch.; Beatrice Lillie.
 - 9:30—Fred Astaire, Chas. Butterworth, Allan Jones, J. Green's Orch.
 - 10:30—Shep Field's Orch.
- MISC. PROGRAMS
- 7:15—WBT—Ted Husing's Sportcasts.
 - 8:00—WABC—Hammerstein Music Hall.
 - 8:30—WBT—Laugh with Ken Murray.

Correspondence

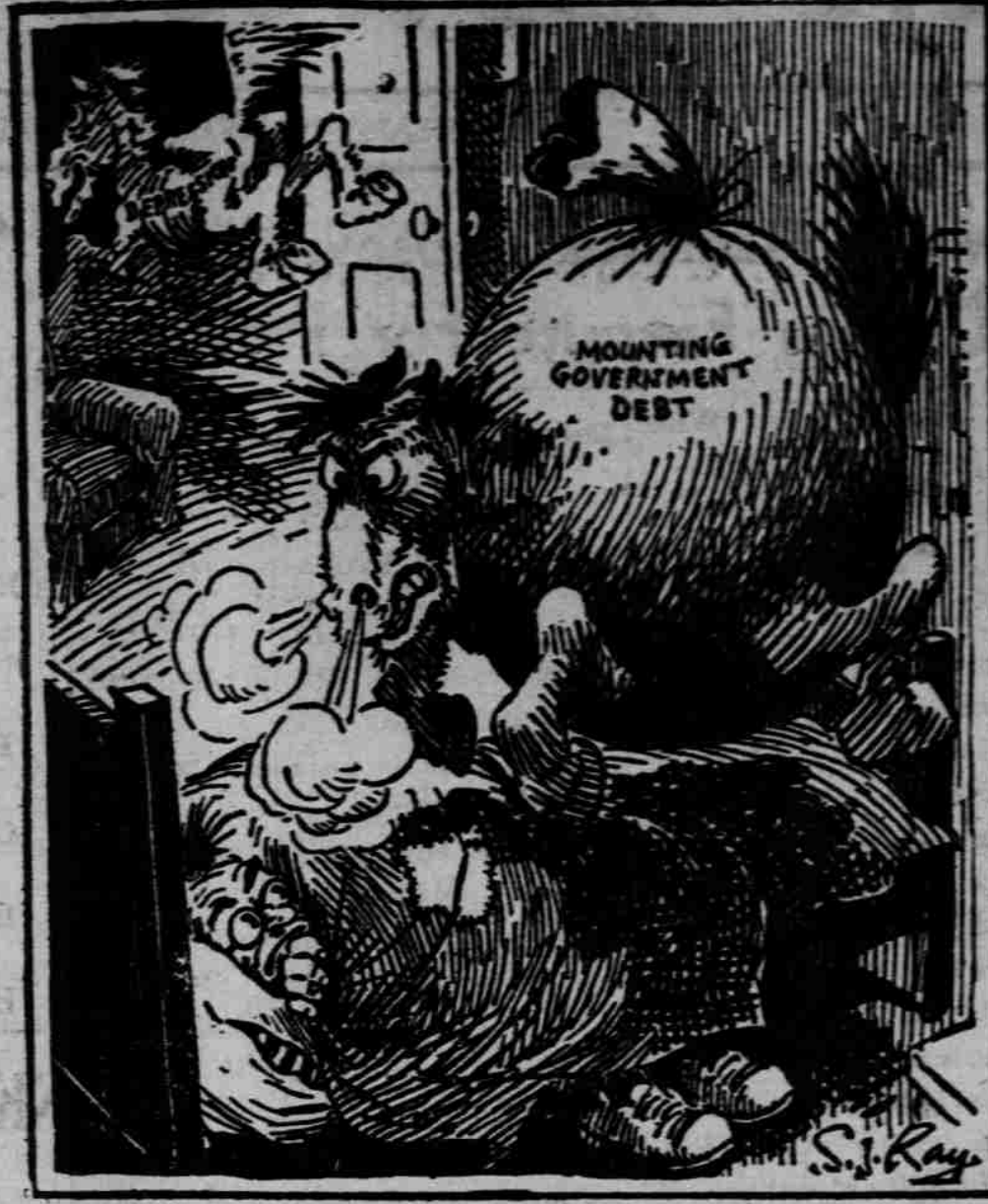
★ HONOR?

To the Editor,
The DAILY TAR HEEL:

The University of North Carolina Honor System! What is the purpose of a system of this kind if the instructors disregard it? A certain professor on this campus at the beginning of every quiz asks his students to separate and spread around the room. I am very much in favor of the present honor system at the University, but it is an entirely different matter when the professors disregard it. If doesn't seem right when the teachers don't back up an issue like that, which is supposedly one of Carolina's main factors. What can we do about it?

R. K. B.

Changing Nightmares In Middle Of The Dream



—From the Kansas City (Mo.) Star

From The Music Box

By HAROLD S. CONE

Miss Helen McGraw, in her Sunday afternoon concert at Graham Memorial, proved to be a highly successful pianist who can offer her audience a good program and make them understand what is in it.

The artist is an unusually healthy musician in her straightforward approach. She goes to the heart of the matter—whether Beethoven, Stravinsky or Scriabin—and presents ideas of which she is confident she has the meaning. Each piece offered is genuinely felt by the interpreter, but the listener enjoys, because over everything the player feels, she manages to exert control. Here is the perfect balance.

Understanding

Miss McGraw's tone is bold and solid, but never harsh in attack, and she phrases intelligently. Her playing is emotionally warm, but through it all, her readings are marked by intellectual understanding. She offers one of the best means of hearing piano music, one in which the skillful virtuoso is not there to divert us with his vaudeville tricks, his personality, or even, in the case that the music be played too supremely well, with his unbelievable control.

Sunday's playing was surprisingly free from eccentricities. If Miss McGraw has any, hers is a healthy one—namely, the tendency, at times, to set the tempo slower than that of most pianists, perhaps even on occasion in her Mozart and Beethoven and her trills, a trifle too slowly.

Only Weakness

If one looks for something bad to say, it must be in the nature of limitations. With all the warmth, fire, and intelligence in the effective execution of the Brahms Rhapsody and Beethoven Sonata, there are certain profound characteristics latent in the rumbling "daemonic" and the quieter passages of the former work, and particularly in the slow parts of the latter, which are expressed in performance only occasionally by the most highly gifted—usually by performers of riper years.

This must be admitted, even though it is difficult for us to bear waiting until we are middle-aged to inherit that capacity. Meanwhile, the same works have so many other possibilities, that young artists can play them effectively enough.

Even the selection and order of Sunday's program showed thought. Mozart and the three B's were followed by Debussy's

late period with no Chopin represented to bridge the way, inasmuch as an early Scriabin was to stand at the end of the list: Sonata Fantasie, Opus 19, a work developed out of Chopin-esque material and technique with only hints, mostly in the second part, of the composer's highly individual technique, later to take root.

This striking work, perhaps could be given the prize as making for the most inspired performance Sunday. Debussy occupies an intermediate position both with respect to order of events, and weight of material, and then the giaseeking transcription of Strauss' Staendchen and the Stravinsky Etude, made for just enough relaxation from the rather serious ideas of the other works. The Stravinsky piece for all its tenseness is but a series of electric shocks.

First Letter In Gym Contest Arrives

The first letter received by the Daily Tar Heel for the campus-wide contest on the need for a new gym is printed below.

The topic of the essay contest is: "The Benefits to be Derived from a New Gymnasium and Swimming Pool." Letters should be under 500 words and may be addressed to Charles Gilmore, Daily Tar Heel office. Everyone on the campus is urged to help in the drive for gym funds by submitting a short letter. Prizes will be awarded.—Ed. Note.

Mr. Charles T. Woollen,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Dear Mr. Woollen:

During the four years in which I have attended the University of North Carolina, I have found only one thing missing from a most desirable college life—that missing element is an adequate gymnasium and swimming pool. The University has never been able to boast of proper physical training for its students because of this most noticeable lack of equipment. We have suffered greatly in three distinctive ways from the mere absence of swimming facilities. There are those boys who have always received their recreation and exercise from aquatic sports, and who upon entrance in this University are lost in the field of sports and recreation because they know no other sport than swimming. Then there are those boys who for one reason or another have never known the advantages of water as a sport and who do not even know what it means to swim. To these the University should offer the privilege of learning to be at home in the water as a precaution as well as a benefit. The leading medical world all agree that swimming is the best exercise that the human body can take. Finally, the University suffers a great loss in not being able to compete with the other North Carolina college teams in aquatic sports. Only once in the history of this school has there been a swimming team, and, dear friends, that year (1934) the team made weekly visits to Duke university in order to practice. This in itself was a disgrace.

We now have 3,000 students enrolled in this University. About 35 per cent of them are getting regular exercise. The other 65 per cent are suffering from mental and physical sluggishness because they have insufficient facilities for getting their much-needed exercise.

By the construction of a new gym, the University will be able to give to each and every student the sport and exercise to his taste—be it swimming, fencing, boxing, basketball, or what have you.

We have always wanted to raise the scholastic standard of the University and here is our chance, for a healthy body means a clear mind and a clear mind means better work.

Sincerely,

ROBERT R. WILLIAMS, JR.,
Chairman American Red Cross.



The Information Desk

Fourth floor Spencerites brought the weekend's activities to a close by giving a party Sunday night between 10:30 and 11 for the members of the third floor.

The affair was held in the room of Molly Rumsey and Peggy Hampton, this being the only room on the floor large enough to accommodate the crowd.

Refreshments proved surprisingly abundant and were a popular part of the entertainment.

Assistant hostesses were Louise Camp, Margaret Bush, Marjorie Usher, Marion Tayloe, Edith McIntosh, Evelyn Barker, Kate Cushman, Jeanette McIntire, and Anne Fautleroy.

Tommy Sharp (Phi Kappa Sig), Hill Hunter (Lewis dormite), and Frank Ewbank (Pittsboro streeter), all seniors at the University this year, spent several days during the last of August hiking through Pisgah National forest in western North Carolina. Sleeping and cooking was done in the open, but a steady rain beginning the second day finally made the boys give up the trip.

Professor James Godfrey in biology was telling the story of how a star fish will pry open a clam and eat the meat. Philanthropic Jimmie Bryant of Pittsburgh, Pa., feeling sorry for the bivalves spoke up, "When I become a millionaire, I will buy each and everyone of those clams a clamp to put on its shell so that it can protect itself."

Allan Truex, member of Phi Kappa Sigma, approached a cute young thing at a recent house dance and asked her name.

"Mary Lillian Specks," replied the young Spencerite.

"I didn't quite get the last name . . ."

"You know, specks—like flies on the wall."