

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue

News: Lytt I. Gardner. Sports: Leonard S. Levitch

Dichotomies

"SEGREGATION of the sexes at any age level is out of line with the trends of civilization and modern science." Thus writes Dr. Lee M. Brooks, prominent member of our sociology department, in a contributed article on page four of this issue upholding the value of coeducation in institutions of higher learning. "Coeducation is as normal," he concludes, "as it is sensible."

President Graham (who recommended to the trustees the adoption of the present consolidation program against coeducation) maintains that in judging the Greater University the question is not whether coeducation is good or bad, but rather what can be worked out expediently under the local conditions of our Carolina-State-W. C. U. N. C. love triangle. The merits and demerits of coeducation—they aren't the issue, he says.

Dr. Graham's consolidation program has closed State college to women, the Greensboro unit to men, Carolina to freshman and sophomore girls. On this campus women constitute only 12 per cent of the student body; yet the consolidationists refuse to take steps to equalize this unnatural ratio by admitting local girls. A nunnery at Greensboro, a monastery at State, and an unwholesome situation at Chapel Hill—all at President Graham's request. All this ash-canning of coeds—and they are not the question!

"Explanations and rationalizations there are aplenty," writes Dr. Brooks, "but they do not stand up under the light of knowledge . . . Expensive dichotomies, especially in our South, will have to yield eventually to inexorable truth." We agree.

'01, '02, I'se A-Muggin

EVERY SPRING as graduation approaches a certain soberness settles down upon students as they realize that many of their closest associates are leaving, are to be separated from the bond that has tied them together, the University.

To some alumni the University was an ideal, to others perhaps an excuse for doing what they wanted to do. But each of them contributed to Carolina, each of them helped make the institution that we attend what it is today.

Today has been set aside in honor of alumni because of their close association with us and with the University, because of what they have done for the University and its present students. And so we respectfully and sincerely welcome home again our alumni, and hope they have as good a time here as they've been expecting.—E. L. K.

Good Time

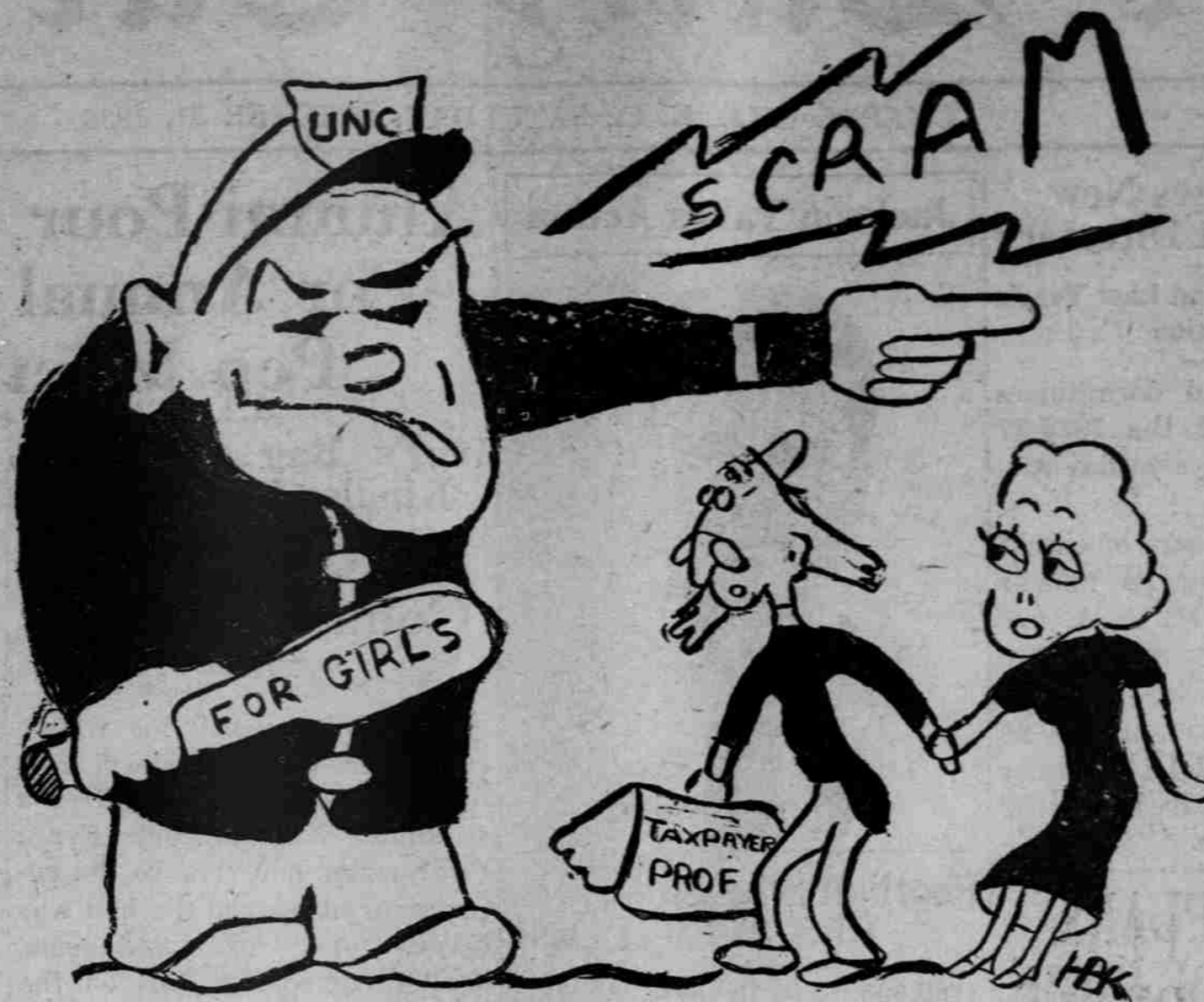
IN THE hospital this morning with his face bashed in is a student who found out that automobiles should not be driven too fast. If he recovers from the smash-up on Columbia street, he will be marked for life.

Today Chapel Hill will be seething with homecoming traffic. There will be reckless drivers and drunken drivers.

Everybody should have a good time. That is the purpose of Homecoming day. But to take chances on killing or maiming ourselves and others is not necessary to have that good time.

It is difficult to learn from our own experience—doubly difficult to learn from the experience of others. But let's have a good time in the future as well as today. Let's use our heads instead of our accelerators.—S. W. R.

The University Compensates For Salary Cuts



RADIO

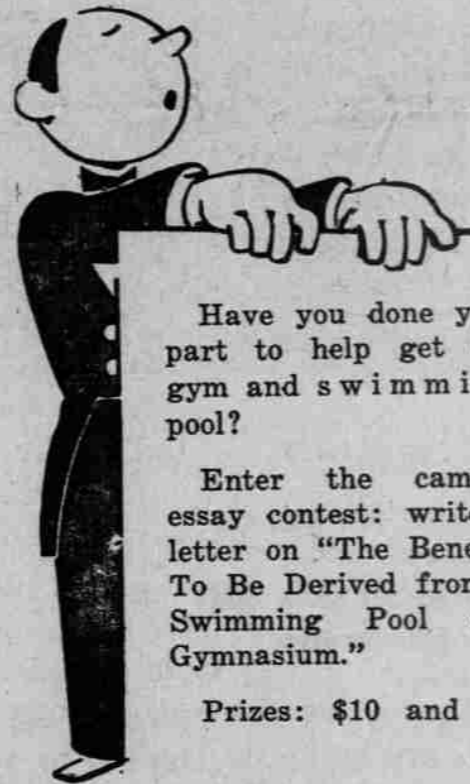
By BUD KORNBILTE

WDNC—1500 KC.

6:45—Sat. Eve. Swing Session (CBS).
7:15—Football Radio Contest.
7:30—Saturday Jamboree.
8:00—Columbia Workshop (CBS).
9:30—Frankie Gerard's Orch.
10:00—Your Hit Parade (CBS).
11:00—Tommy Dorsey's Orch.
11:30—Geo. Olsen's Orch.
12:00—Joe Reichman's Orch.

WPTF—680 KC.

7:00—"Red" Grange.
7:15—Crazy Barn Dance.
8:00—Sat. Night Party (NBC).
9:00—Political Speech (NBC).
10:00—Nickelodeon (NBC).
10:00—Irvin S. Cobb.



Have you done your part to help get our gym and swimming pool?

Enter the campus essay contest: write a letter on "The Benefits To Be Derived from a Swimming Pool and Gymnasium."

Prizes: \$10 and \$5.



FEAR CAMPAIGNS

I'm afraid to vote for Landon, He's the pal of Randy Hearst, He's supported by the Liberty League

And DuPonts, which are worse.

I'm afraid to vote for Roosevelt, And his New Deal regimentation, He tries to tell us how to live, He's sure to wreck the nation.

I'm afraid to vote for Thomas, A Socialist pink is he, He smells of Soviet Russia, So far beyond the sea.

I'm afraid to vote for Lemke, One of Father Coughlin's boys, His party seems content With only making noise.

What will I do on election day When ballots begin to float? I'll just roll over and stay in bed, I'm too afraid to vote.

Correspondence

Letters Over 250 Words Subject to Cutting by Editor

To the Editor, The DAILY TAR HEEL:

I think that an apology is due to Jimmy Fuller and his band who played on the Thursday night Homecoming broadcast. Jimmy and his band went to Durham at their own expense, and played several musical numbers without receiving any compensation. It was strictly a good will move on the part of the orchestra, and they should at least be given a notice in the DAILY TAR HEEL. The University club appreciated their services, and those who heard the program enjoyed their music.

C. B. G.

To the Editor, The DAILY TAR HEEL:

Your paper quotes Mr. Rabb as stating at the forum Tuesday evening that "The political graveyards are white with the bleached bones of Hearst-backed political aspirants." Surely Mr. Rabb realizes that it has been quite a while since the White House was populated by other than Hearst-backed candidates—or is that his political graveyard?

As his next sentence is rather

extraordinarily flattering to the Democratic party, one is apt to class the Hearstian position as a part of Mr. Rabb's reason for support of the incumbent. If this is the impression that worthy hoped to give, would it be too much to ask whether he supported the Hearst-backed Franklin Delano Roosevelt some four years ago?

D. K.

To the Editor, The DAILY TAR HEEL:

To me the replies that followed my letter on honor were very beneficial. I express the opinion that there are others who were just as badly informed as I, and I hope this discussion has helped them as it has helped me. Thank you, Professor Coker, and you, Lane Barksdale.

Gratefully,

R. K. B.

To the Editor, The DAILY TAR HEEL:

Do you know where the abandoned iron mines are? Do you know the legends of Morgan's creek? Have you ever visited the cliffs or the old Indian caves? (Continued on last page)

Encyclopedia Caroliniana

Between botanical excursions to the surrounding sylvia The Carolina Magazine's adolescent editor has at last completed enough work to publish the first issue in the publication's 93rd year of existence. In short, the October issue will come out all of three days before November.

Recently we asked Mr. Daniel (he's spelling it without the s these days. Like Pete Ivey, who was a Fascist yesterday and a Communist the day before, Mr. Daniel hardly knows who he will be tomorrow) about his plans for the Mag. We had expected him to continue in the worthy traditions of Joseph Sugarman. Instead he has some quixotic belief that the Magazine, since it is paid for by students, should interest students.

Editor Lansdale, now happily deceased, summed up the absurdity of this attitude when he protested "Should I write a magazine for the great minds down in Aycock?" We must agree with him. There is a grave danger when the Carolina Magazine, oldest college publication in the nation, goes in for being attractive. Better let it lie in the musty dust and dusty musk of its traditions.

At the Durham Sunday night speech of Negro Communist Ford, a Landonish contingent of Carolina students, arriving late, marched impressively to the front of the court room and took seats in the jury box. Another student whispered that they were offending the blacks and embarrassing the whites. He was rebuffed to learn that they had drawn the color line purposely.

Trez Yeatman, however, solved the predicament. With his cavernous smile of utter innocence he escorted a late-arriving Negro to the jury box also.

The mountain not coming to Mahomet, Yeatman took Mahomet to the mountain.

Mr. Frank McGlenn is in the spotlight. The other morning he accompanied Mr. Knox to Greensboro, consequently missing his 12 o'clock class.

At the class hour Phillips Russell, peering through his mustachio-eyelashes, inquired of nobody in particular, "Where's Mr. McGlenn?" Nobody in particular answered, "Gone to Greensboro."

To which another nobody in particular nodded understandingly, "Oh, yes. 'Gone with the Wind.'"

Batons Raised

By Roberts Jernigan, Jr.



"Swing, Mr. Charlie"

If you were 23 years old, handsome and worth a million bucks what would you do? Well, for an authentic answer, let's take the case of Charlie Barnet. Charlie fits all the specifications. He is 23, blond and very handsome and represents a family

fortune of \$1,500,000. What did he do? Got himself a band and waves his arms all night. Charlie, whose orchestra career started at 19, is one of a quartet of millionaire band leaders. The others are Isham Jones, who made his money writing songs; Roger Wolfe Kahn, who inherited it, and Rudy Vallee, who made his money through radio and his orchestra.

The youthful maestro is the grandson of the late Charles Daly, once president of the Liberty National bank, and vice president of the New York Central railroad. But he insists that he isn't just another playboy out for a lark. He takes his music seriously and works his orchestra for all they are worth. Charlie is an accomplished singer as well as a saxophonist and is responsible for many of the fine

(Continued on last page)