

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue

NEWS: MORRIS ROSENBERG SPORTS: MARTIN HARMON

• After Dark, A Star

The first meeting of the student legislature Thursday night must have been a little analogous to the meeting of the first assembly of congress in the early history of the country, that is, if there is no essential difference between our small scale student self government and the system of democracy accepted by people of the colonies after 1789.

Thursday night, however, we apparently lacked campus Hamiltons, Jeffersons, and Washingtons to make articulate the significance of the first student assembly, the need for concentrated action by representatives of the student body for the benefit of the student body, and the power at the disposal of the group—or else the members present felt no history in the situation and regarded the first assembly as another meeting of the Di Senate.

For, Thursday night student government expressed itself as a formal weak organ of the campus—lacking both dignity and vitality. There were no opening statements, for example, to launch the new vessel of government, no acknowledgement of the presence of the new members at large, and above all a complete disregard for necessary rules of order.

The legislature in all the confusion of its first meeting revealed, however, one characteristic of its membership that may result in Thursday night's failure being turned into the successes of future meetings: no man in the assembly hall was satisfied that the body of student leaders had fulfilled their obligation to the campus. This self-knowledge can become the foundation of a fresher attitude toward student government.

• Everybody An Athlete

The Saturday pageants of football have monopolized campus attention this fall, and a great deal of interest has been centered on our team of expert athletes. Each week-end thousands of people have gone to football games, but not to play. Many have watched, while only a few played.

However, it would be unfortunate to allow this football pageantry to mislead us into thinking that actual participation in sport here at Carolina is so exclusive.

As time goes on, more students are being encouraged and given the opportunities to play and to achieve relative excellence in some sport. In the gay nineties a campus meadow, where Murphy and Saunders buildings now stand, was used alternately to pasture local cows and to provide Carolina students a playing field. The extent of our physical equipment for athletics today presents a striking contrast to those old "meadow" days.

Skillful and enthusiastic direction of campus athletics has made this increased equipment available to any and every student. A really remarkable intramural program has been developed and is rapidly expanding to encourage and give every student the chance to enjoy competitive sport. This fall, for example, some 900 students played intramural football, 147 entered the cake race, and this week 198 dormitory residents and frat men are wrestling on intramural mats.

The University Athletic department is developing a well-balanced program when it gets the students out of the grandstands to playing on the fields themselves.

To Tell The Truth---

By ADRIAN SPIES

This column presupposes that you read other newspapers beside the DAILY TAR HEEL. We have to take your reading of this paper for granted—or else commit ourselves to a certain institution in Raleigh for a criminal waste of much valuable time. But today we are concerned with the "real" papers that are flung under your door each morning, and which offers up the news of a world over your bacon and eggs at Swain hall.

If you have been reading such news, you have learned of the agitation in France. There were many syndicated stories of the threatened general strike, of the centralization on projects of Premier Deladier, the use of armed forces to convince the French people of the "proper actions," and the general threat of Fascism in France. You read about these things in your fine professional papers, and of course you accepted them as true.

And yesterday you picked up that paper, went for your bacon and eggs—the use of these edibles is an image for convenience, personally we prefer oatmeal—to learn the gospel of the day. And your papers carried tales of the strike as broken, and of Deladier as having firmly bolstered his totalitarian movement. And though everything seemed quite right, and the paper seemed as authoritative as ever, you were reading an immense fraud. One of the greatest, perhaps, in journalistic history.

For there is a dramatic tale of journalistic daring behind those incorrect news stories. And there is a lesson to be learned about international news stories in general.

As you probably know now, the French strike was not broken by Deladier. It was general and successful, and was a courageous mandate of the people against his plans. But all through the tense hours of the strike,

when Deladier's soldiers were forcing the people to remain in factories in fine Fascist style, French officials were falsifying the news. They did not want the truth known. They wanted the world to believe that the people had bowed beneath the threat of arms, and had bowed to Deladier's proposals.

As the international correspondents wired their news to American papers, they were censored by some one in France. And, as they appeared before our bacon and eggs in print, they lied beautifully. One paper in America carried the true story. It was the pro-labor Daily Worker. Intensely interested in the outcome of the strike, the paper refused to except the censored reports. Dramatic calls were sent to London—and were without result. They were sent to official parts of Paris—and without result. Finally one of the editors of L'Humanite was contacted, and he branded the censored lies and announced the success of this vital mandate of the French people.

Thus it was only by frenzied transatlantic calls that one newspaper in all of America was able to tell the truth. And they were only able to do it by ignoring the censored syndicated reports. This mutilation of news is the most subtly dangerous of all propaganda, and the most difficult to check. Yesterday the vested interests of one radical group was endangered—and they stopped a nation from accepting and acting in a lie.

Whatever we may think of the Daily Worker's general ideals and pursuits we owe them gratitude for their disclosure of the truth in the French strike. And we owe ourselves a warning for caution in the daily reading of stories that color our morning bacon and eggs. They may, sometimes, be artificially colored.

ETCETERA

FROM THE EXCHANGE DESK

By BEN DIXON

A definition: The Daily Kansan tells us that a bachelor is a man who did not have a car when young.

— Etc. —

Another definition: A library book, we learn from the Indiana Daily Student is one of these things.

It is lost.
It is out on faculty use.
It is in the reserve room.
It is locked in a glass case.
It is in the departmental library (open 3-4 a.m.)

You must have copied the number wrong.

It (and this is rare) is out on student use.

— Etc. —

Boom for the gallus business: "If any girl appears at the 'Varsity Ball' Friday night in one of those terrific creations, strapless gowns, the committee at the door will see that she dons a pair of old-fashioned suspenders." This from the prom chairman of the U. of Washington.

— Etc. —

A-little-too-early-for - spring - department: All physical ed majoring football players at Temple must take and successfully complete a course in the modern dance. Tweet. Tweet.

— Etc. —

And you probably wouldn't want to go to the University of Colorado

where they won't let you flunk in peace any more, but charge you three dollars per credit point for every course you fail.

— Etc. —

Clipped as is from the Daily Texan: "Varsity Village will be the name of a new group of homelike student residents at Niagara University." We predict a little trouble in delivering mail.

— Etc. —

The Indiana Daily Student provides us with the solution to a "Gee-oh-merical" problem:

Given: I love you.
To prove: That you love me.
Proof:
1. I love you.
2. Therefore I am a lover.
3. All the world loves a lover.
4. You are all the world to me.
5. Hence you love me.
— Etc. —

The Creightonian cracks: Coffee is advertised as extra fresh because it is dated. But the gals know that coffee isn't the only thing.

— Etc. —

And we close with this bit of sisterly love: When troubled with mice at 2 A. M. one morning, a certain sorority at the U. of N. Dakota called another house and asked for a pledge—because, they said,—they needed a cat.

Local Students To Edit Mag

(Continued from first page)
by Shelley Rolfe of the DAILY TAR HEEL.

As the purpose of this magazine will be to intelligently serve the North Carolina collegiana with a combined publication of its own the support, criticism, and general aid of all students is requested.

The editors have decided to invite all interested people to a meeting to be held tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock in the Graham memorial banquet room. All people in the campus, not seniors, are invited to come to the meeting. There are several vacancies which may be offered to interested candidates.

BIRTHDAYS TODAY

(Please call by the ticket office of the Carolina theater for a complimentary pass.)

L. G. Weaver.

Helen Crutchfield To Wed Tom Rudisill Here This Afternoon

Helen Crutchfield, graduate in journalism, and Tommy Rudisill, senior in chemistry, will be married in an informal ceremony this afternoon at 5 o'clock in the Presbyterian church by Reverend Paul Garber. They will leave tomorrow night for a wedding trip to Charleston and then to Cuba.

Saponaceous Superlatives

(Continued from first page)
Watson and Frank Miller for most handsome; Jack Vincent, John Moore and Voit Gilmore for most personality; Carl Pugh and Dick Worley for most individual; and Bud Dillon, Jack Vincent, Jim Lalanne and Jim Joyner for boy with most sex appeal.
Final tabulations of the annual campus superlative election will be completed today and published in tomorrow morning's paper.

There are 50,000,000 tons of platinum on the sun.

LETTERS To The Editor

• UPROAR WEARY To the Editor,

Dear Sir:
I have grown quite weary of the uproar caused by Messers Green, Miller, Ericson and others, concerning the "strike-breaking" activities of certain self-help students on Tuesday, Nov. 22.

Professing to help the cause of labor, they succeeded in having the proffered student help withdrawn on rather doubtful grounds. Now I, personally, am pro-labor, but I cannot accept the proposition that labor can do no wrong. Yet this is what they seem to wish us to believe.

Using a rather shop-worn set of labels and stock phrases, they, Mr. Green et al., assured us that to take any part in the battle was to hurt "the cause of labor." I contend that in this case, labor had no cause.

"Opera-on-Tour," as the company calls itself, attempts to present opera without an orchestra. At first glance, this would seem to throw musicians out of work. (It is a pity that our little group of calamity-howlers did not bother to look further.) But it is perfectly clear to those who attended the performance that no community able to afford opera with an orchestra will be content with no more than "canned music."

Taking Chapel Hill as an example, it is quite obvious that it is a case of opera with "canned music" or no opera at all. By accepting a performance with it, this town and communities of like size have offered employment to singers and stage-hands, if not musicians. But the musicians, finding no room for them in the new house, strive mightily to tear the damned thing down, and persuade the stage-hands to help them. This is not a case of a union protecting something it already has, but the worst kind of example of the dog in the manger.

Mr. Green, and his companions, seem to think that labor has the right to strike upon any occasion and for any cause, regardless of all reasonableness and right, and expect public support. In my opinion, a union can be just as greedy and oblivious of the public as any of the much-maligned "capitalists." I am heartily in favor of unionism and in sympathy with attempts to better the worker's condition. When, however, a union attempts to benefit itself at the expense of other groups, with no regard for right or justice, merely because it has the opportunity or power, then the public needs the services of "strike-breakers," or "scabs" — use either label you wish.

I think that the Administration was right in taking the action that it did; at the time, and under the circumstances, with its responsibility to students and parents uppermost in mind, it could hardly have taken any other course. It would be well, in the future, however, if such issues as this could be placed before the students, and let them decide upon a course of action, rather than let a small, but vociferous group stampede public opinion.

Sincerely yours,
G. R.

String Quartet To Give Concert Here Tomorrow

Appearing in concert at Graham memorial tomorrow afternoon at 4:30 will be the Raleigh string quartet composed of Edgar H. Alden, Mrs. Alden, C. D. Kutschinski, and Katherine Eide.

The program will be the following: "Quartet in C Major" by Mozart, consisting of "Adagio-Allegro," "Andante cantabile," "Menuetto," and "Allegro molto," "Romance" by Kutschinski; "Night" by Bloch; and the "Quartet in C Minor" by Brahms, consisting of "Allegro," "Romanze-Poco adagio," "Allegretto molto moderato e comodo-Un poco più animato," and "Allegro."

WPA Head To Visit Here

(Continued from first page)
speaking stand tables for press representatives and a stand for newsreel cameramen will be set up, while space for the University band and 75 WPA Negro singers will be reserved.

Sections one and two, opposite the student section, will be set aside for friends and sponsors of the CPU along with high school newspaper editors and student body presidents. Eight sections in all will be reserved, including sections 11 and 12 for Negro spectators, with the remaining 16,000 seats to be thrown open to the general public.

Send the DAILY TAR HEEL home.

ASU Hears Report On Welfare Meet

The American Student union Thursday night heard a report on the Human Welfare conference held in Birmingham, Ala., during the Thanksgiving holidays, by Albert Rouslin, and a committee was formed to conduct an open forum on the Wages and Hours law which will be led by several members of the Economics department.

Your Roomie And Relatives

(Continued from first page)

a baby-food company. Roly-poly little Ollie got five dollars a day for sitting and playing in a store window. He was the baby-food baby who could hardly move because of excess avoirdupois. Beside him sat a scrawny child who represented the millions of poor dear things who had never tasted the marvelous baby-strengthener. Before and After; the lean and fatted calf.

As to Oliver's versatility, Tom asserts, with pardonable family pride, that Hardy has a beautiful tenor voice. Imagine, if you can, the sweet high notes of a tenor solo emerging from his 325 pounds. But life is full of paradoxes, and Napoleon was a little man.

Hardy is said to be rather crazy over horses, and keeps the movie colony bookies busy. There might be times when one could say with comparative truth, "Three Men on a Horse."

GRACE PERSONIFIED

Many graceful dancers come out of Hollywood, but no doubt the statement that Oliver Hardy is one of the city's best dancers is astounding. Nevertheless, according to Tom, Hardy is as graceful as the best of gignolos. Still, when you think of this comedian on the dance floor, you get the incongruous impression of an elephant performing the scarf dance.

Last summer Tom Fry and a group of college seniors lit out for California to attend a Marine training camp. They called on Hardy, and obtained through him permission to go through the Hal Roach studios.

The boys say that Oliver Hardy on the street looks like a very matter-of-fact business man. Apart from stroking his tiny mustache, he was not funny at all (very disappointing, these actors off-stage).

DEAD-EYE FORAN

Then there is Walter Foran. His claim to this article is his brother, Nick Foran, who started out as a six-shootin' cowboy of the horse opera. Nick is Walter's best-known brother, but at one time he had three in Hollywood.

Walter is just as proud of the fact that Nick played tackle for Princeton as he is of his brother's acting. Nick had a part in Princeton's Triangle club performance, too. He is a great hunter, but uses none of the blanks that he shoots in the movies when he goes stalking deer.

John Nicholas Foran, it seems, was surveying out in California when, by a series of lucky breaks, and screen tests, he galloped into the movies as Nick Foran, the cowboy. His more recent roles have not been in Westerns, but his hobbies show what he is interested in. Walter says that Nick's Hollywood home is cluttered with saddles and other horse paraphernalia, that his walls are covered with etchings of horses.

Well, there they are, three of them—cousin of a funny-bone artist, nephew of a serious actor, and brother of a horse opera tenor. They are all here on the Carolina campus. One thing more: if a relative of Madeline Carroll shows up, this writer would appreciate his wasting no time in particulars but rather his handing over a letter of introduction.

Juniors Defeat Senior Gridders

(Continued from first page)
went one further and exhibited an interchangeable passing combination.

On one play it was Carver to Berini. On the next it was Berini to Carver. And so on throughout the tilt it went. One passing and then receiving and vice-versa.

The senior defense just naturally crumbled as it was blinded by this barrage of bullet passes, until finally it was penetrated for three long completed passes—one to Carver, one to Berini, and one to Royal.

Both lines played stellar ball with possibly one or two players being outstanding for each. For the juniors, Faircloth and Royal played well, while Shell, Clements, and Brame starred for the seniors. Bud Hudson coached the seniors and Charlie Wood directed the juniors.

Officials of the game were: Foy Grubb, referee; Edwards, headlines-