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Politics, East And West

Political events of the week on both campuses have pointed clearly to the need for a change in election methods.

On the men's campus, the combine system is waging a more effective campaign against itself than its opponents did a month or so ago when the Pan-Hellenic amendment to illegalize combines was pushed by leading fraternities, the Pan-Hellenic council, the student newspaper, and Omicron Delta Kappa. It was hard to get anyone excited about combines back in the unpolitical, academic days when the reform was proposed and defeated. But now people are beginning to understand how combines work; they are being told for whom to vote, and they don't like it very well. It is not dirty, or illegal, or positively immoral, or anything like that, but it is distinctly inconvenient and annoying to be ordered in a democratic community to vote for people whom you think would be unsuited for office. If the students, especially the fraternity men, get sufficiently provoked, they will do as a result of watching combines in action what they would not do at the exhortations of the crusaders, whom Mr. Price speaks of in his column today as "suspicious characters," but whom are really individuals who start holding their noses a little sooner than everybody else. The students will try to put an end to the combine system for once and for all, and will not be bothered with silly logic about how "it can't be done" and "reform won't work."

On the East campus, the problem is different. There are probably no combines there; if there are, the only difference between East and West is that the hogs on the West campus root in the open. The trouble with East campus politics is that a big lot of nomination machinery, geared to handle a whole crowd of candidates, is being run for only the few who are interested in holding office. The machinery is supposed, by various administrative approvals, personal faculty interviews, and written examinations, to limit candidates for any office to two or three persons. When only two or three candidates apply for the office, making the whole nominating machinery unnecessary, the student government and the administration hurry around and dig up a few unwilling candidates to put through the machine so that the machine won't have to be discarded or run without any purpose. In the end, all the candidates go through the machinery anyway, but the machinery doesn't have any effect on the election one way or the other. Of course this is ridiculous in the first place and undemocratic in the second, because some of the candidates who were put up to save the face of the machinery instead of to serve the students in the office are likely to get elected.

Fortunately, the elections are stupid enough, more particularly on the West campus, to make unnecessary the vocal protests of Mr. Price's "suspicious" people: everybody can figure it out for himself. And when everybody starts figuring it out for himself, and deciding that he doesn't like the way things are being done, you get a reform movement worthy of the name.

—G. T. F.

Is College Worth While?

"Is College Worth While?" "College Doesn't Pay," and other similar headlines have bannered many articles lately endeavoring to show the futility of a college education. Using the arguments that the college student not only goes to the university to have a good time alone, but also fails to receive any practical training, these bombasts by popular writers such as Theodore Dreiser have been causing some comment by Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Q. Public, if not by the college student. What then, is the matter? Is it the writer or is it the college really is worthless?

It seems that one of the chief arguments used by writers of this type of article is that college students are either very brilliant or very dull; the brilliant ones will get their education unaided; the dull ones should be doing manual labor. But the aspect of the situation that this group fails to see is that most college students can not be so easily categorized. In the main, they represent average minds with at least one outstanding ability capable of being developed into a means of livelihood.

But, the writer will argue, give the youngster a technical education, let him learn from the ground up, and he will know his business. Statistics from a New York brokerage firm show that the college student starting at the same place in the office as the high school student receives seventy-five per cent more in an increase of pay and advance of position, during the first five years, than the less educated one. That a college education pays big dividends in the business world has been proved too many times to allow false alarmists to coax the younger generation that it should stay at home.

Then there is the other aspect of college—the preparation for life which the popular columnist condemns as a preparation for having a good time alone. Again, the writer is looking at one class of young men and women, ignoring that great class of American college students, who is aware of the problems of the day, interested in art and music, and doing its utmost to develop and grow during the college career. It is fairly simple to look at the surface and draw erroneous conclusions but to really know what goes on behind the college doors and what the dividends are in life for the college student is to have another light thrown on this much discussed problem.

—C. C. B.

As Others See It

Horrible Picture

"Break, please." "Miss Tidewater." "Yes, Tarboro." "Break, please." "Hey." Break, Break, Break.—*Lord Tennyson.*

This is, of course, a horrible picture of what we all save up our week-ends for. But an occasional smooth party where, with white tie and tails, the boys made their card dates with the beauties would be an educational experience for those of us who are supposed to be in the process of acquiring and displaying the social graces. If we aren't broken on in less than 60 seconds, these days, most of us are sunk. That speaks well for most of us, doesn't it?

—(Carolina) *Daily Tar Heel.*

The Trill That Comes Once In A Lifetime BY WEBSTER

Music in the Air . . .

The long awaited and, in some quarters, feared announcement concerning the future of Gene Krupa came out on last Saturday Night's Swing Session. Krupa is forming a band of his own. Presuming that this means he is to be with Goodman no longer, I can see that

Benny is reposing snugly behind the right-hull. For Krupa is quite probably the band's greatest single asset. His heavy, sensational drumming has gained for him the public's title of "Number One Drummer." Among musicians there is more division of opinion as to who should be given this title. A great many favor Chick Webb for the percussion department while others lean toward Ray Bauduc (Bob Crosby), Dave Tough (Norvo), or *Joe Jones* (Basie). But, back to G., the ideal replacement for Krupa would be a good Negro drummer, although such a procedure would prove unpopular with the public. I can think of no better drummer to take Krupa's place than *Joe Jones*, Ben Thigpen (Kirk), or Chick Webb, although Webb has his own band. Their heavy beating would provide perfect backing for the band's heavy ensemble. But (ah—there's the rub) the color line still exists!

Meandering . . .

Here's a recommendation given with tongue in cheek: Be sure to hear Ina Ray Hutton at the Carolina tonight and don't say I didn't warn you . . . Here's a hope given wholeheartedly: That you heard Lucky Millinder at the Armory last night . . . Pay no attention to what Bull says about him . . . He gave Bradshaw a good rating and that band really stank (pardon the terminology) . . . Can't something be done about that *Martha* record? . . . Swinging opera doesn't appeal to me . . . As Jack Benaman remarks, they'll soon be thumbing the hymn books in search of "killer-dillers" . . . Radio editors of newspapers are frequently courted by radio stars as a matter of diplomacy. Top diplomat: Stu Erwin. Also ran, and not surprisingly: Horace Heidt and Guy Lombardo . . . Another use of music is claimed to be immunization against typhoid infection. (Sakes alive, Horace?).

Off The Record . . .

A much more sane but still objectionable version of *Martha* is done by Larry Clinton this week and features the sweet singing of Bea Wain. Its reverse, *I Dream't I Dwelt in Marble Halls* is more acceptable and a better arrangement. (Victor) Onie Nelson has recorded *A Shack in the Back of the Hills* and *The Old Apple*. First is a fair sweet tune and latter is a novelty much like one of Rudy Vallee's, but is redeemed by good baritone sax at the end. (Bluebird) Endless repitition of parodic verses features Red Evans' and the Boys' *Thanks for the Memory*. Evans is so grateful for this memory that he consumes both sides of the record. His voice is sweet but there is entirely too much of it. (Victor) You sweet fans will go for Lea Reisman's *Love Walked in* and *Moon of Manakoora*, two lovely tunes played beautifully by this orchestra who can really play good sweet and, thank Heaven, never attempt to swing. (Victor).

HAL C. REES.

Price Tags - by ROBERT PRICE

Mud

The crusader in politics is nearly always a suspicious character. If the campus reformers grumble over the rather messy combine tactics, there is something more than the wish for purity behind the stir. What they can hope to gain by exposing political methods already known to everyone is hard to determine. Quite apparently the Vigilantes of the Polls were on the outside when the plums were parcelled out. We wonder just how loud the howls if the powers to be were numbered among the "exposers." Looks as though the expected plums turn to sour gripes and hence the finger pointers. At any rate, it will be an interesting show as the mud begins to fly. Dirty politicians (and what other kind is there?) deal in dirt, so perhaps the cleanup crew is preparing to draw a herring across the pathway. Yes, the crusader is seeking something—usually for himself.

Bloomer

Once again the Memorial Flower Garden is being done over. This annual spree in blossom coaxing has been going on for quite some time. The first signs of spring is the signal for a small army of florists to start rebuilding the expensive work of the previous season. They descend with shovels and rakes and start ripping up the old plot in no uncertain fashion. Up go bridges and houses to provide tearing down material for later play days. Must be plenty of loose funds for flowers, but it seems pointless to put so much on the line for perpetual garden changing. Perhaps it is just to make obvious the democratic character of the school. Franklin and his W.P.A. slowns must rejoice to learn that they are being matched in goofy projects and that the New Deal Democracy is meddling and blossoming here without federal aid. Hopkins and his willing workers have done some laughable creating, but never-ending bulb arrangers make the new-dealers grab a back seat in futile industry. Some joker called the government attempts at labor program "Works Progress," which drew snickers. Come on down in our yard, friends, and get a belly laugh.

* * *

One remembers the furore last season when one writer had the nerve to take a sly crack at the beauties selected for the May Court. There hasn't been a peep concerning the selections—so far. And it would be a good idea to lay off, for the wrath of the women is not a nice thing to bait. There is a bit of chivalry that should further stay the unkind remarks. What gentleman will be nasty when confronted with, "Remember, boys, she may make some kid a nice mother?"

* * *

Saturday afternoon in Durham presents quite an interesting sight. This is the time when the sons of toil and soil come to the "settlement" for a big time. They seem to be enjoying themselves no end in simple fashion. Those of us who search for and never find good times even with our so-called advantages should register envy and not disdain as the country folk cavort.

Ladies' Kerner

The way people answer telephone calls. There's the secretive unisonic type who is quite desperate about it all and crouches on the booth bench, practically straddling the phone and keeps looking around to see who's in the office. This type is inclined to speak in hurried gasps as though the wires were tapped or as if they were suspicious of the girl on the other end. Then there's the wifey sort, who fling themselves in all kinds of peculiar cramped positions, looking like Robert Benchley giving an imitation of how to sleep or someone in the dead throes from a tarantula bite. They end up completely exhausted and suffocated, staggering out. The restless type usually has artistic abilities. They draw pictures of girls who look as though they have throld trouble and if they carry knives, whittle pieces of the bench away or carve their enemies' names on the wall. Then there's the animated type who believes in television and re-enacts everything right there in the booth, and the antisocial person, who talks into up residence in the booth as they are afraid that germs and microbes are running all over the phone. So, consequently, no one can ever hear them as they talk at least three feet away from the phone. Of course, there's always the wit who writes cute things in French on the bulletin and begins with "Your Nickel, Start Talking." And the debating team with much "I never said that, who told you that, he said and she said." And lastly the community minded souls who crowd all their chums in the booth and they all have to say something to the person on the other end of the wire, and they end up by dying of hysterics.

: Voices :

'No One Is Surprised'

Editor Chronicle:

A few weeks ago the fraternities of this campus voted down a proposal to end fraternity combines in campus elections. Of course, no one is surprised that they acted in the matter as they did. They could have hardly been expected to voluntarily give up their power. In a move which involves the relinquishing of power, the initiative must be taken by those who will benefit from the change and not by the ones who will suffer by the change. Therefore it was too much to expect of the fraternities (if we did expect it) to make this needed change themselves. If there is to be a change, it will have to be brought about by others, that is, the non-fraternity men.

In order to remedy the evils of the existing system and defeat the combines, an organization of non fraternity men should be formed . . .

A NON-FRATERNITY MAN.

Fencing Carolina

Editor Chronicle:

I thoroughly agree with Mr. Randolph Reece's letter to the editor stating that the Duke fencers should organize and meet Carolina in an unofficial fencing match.

All those interested, see me in B1011, Tuesday, March 8 at 2:00 and 4:00 p.m.

A definite time and place might be set for practice, and in about three weeks, we might face Carolina with an effective team.

RICHARD C. MOCK.

Badge and Uniform

Editor Chronicle:

On my sick bed I have enjoyed your articles regarding "Arch," the college mail delivery man and "Old Man" Rivers, the expert on true Gothic architecture . . . He (Rivers) should have a uniform like the guides in the capitol at Washington with a large shiny badge . . .

GORDON AINSWORTH.

'We All Hate War'

Editor Chronicle:

The very idea of a peace movement seems to have been built up around itself a sort of repulsiveness. The word *pacifist* has, today, a bad connotation. We all hate war; we hate to think of war. Perhaps we dislike peace movements because they make us think of war. Most of us have never lived through a real war, and we simply can't bring ourselves to think of the real consequences or the possibility of another World War. Therefore, if we can't comprehend the actuality of a future war, how can we be expected to give serious attention to a program against its advent. This seems to be to be the average opinion around the campus. This atmosphere of unreality is one of the evils of college life, but it is only a passive evil and can be overcome by active participation. The Duke University Anti-War Society is organized to promote active thinking and brush aside this lethargy of inaction. . .

FRANK BRAYSARD.

A. S. U. Denial

Editor Chronicle:

The American Student Union wishes to express its denial of Miss Jane Dusenbury's inference that the much discussed protest letter pertaining to articles in the *Archive* came from this organization. We would like to make it clear that we have no set policy concerning this matter. Not only did the A.S.U. not sponsor the letter, but it even has two of the students protested on its membership roll.

Duke's Mixture

Imaginary Interviews with people whose good fortune it has been to appear at one time in this column or on this page. Robert Wilson, cross-patch editor of the *Archive*: "I wish merely to again express my contempt for a student body which does not appreciate erudition in five syllable words. I might add that Jo, we think, would make a nice mother." M. F. Council: "I think Duke's Mixture makes jolly reading, and it just thrills me to death to find my name mentioned, especially when it is linked with such *big* names as the usgyo's son." Ariel Moneyhun: "I am so proud of Moan." Gar Miller: "My nominations for presidency of Student Government comes as a total surprise. I can't imagine why they chose me." Ina Ray Hutton: "I positively refuse to date any fresh college kids while in town." Eargoyz: "I should like to take this opportunity to again bring to your attention the Senior Jackets." *La Belle Furness*: "I caven't go on like this." Gerard: "I'm not lazy. I'm just dreaming." Hamilton: "If I could only find my dream girls, and a good pipe." Terry Harris: "Duke men are such bores." B.A.S.: "There is something about spring which makes the college grinds resemble charming damsels to the *hopelessly* romantic members of the *supposedly* sterner sex." Hollneyer: "What has this Ina Ray Hutton got that I haven't got?" (Note: Very little! B.D.). Kern, with that faithful toothbrush in hand: "I'll get these teeth brushed if it takes me all year." Virginia Jones: "I find that scarlet lipstick sets off my personality better." Lampe: "There's no doubt about it. The meals at Southgate's are far better than those in the Union—free too." Lapointe: "I prefer a single Standard." Mansell: "We owe it all to the coach." Gil Mathews: "I haven't been forced to say anything constructive thus far this year. Why should I break my silence now?" Stanuton: "I may not be so good on the drums, but I have a bell of a lot of fun." Wade Marr: "As my pappy used to say." Miggy White: "I haven't made up my mind just which candidate I'll elect for next year." Gwen Adams: "Bill and I have patched up our difficulties." Creec: "Gee, I guess the White combine sort of left me out in the cold." Muriel Wriston: "I am beginning to believe Terry Harris. Give me New York, hot diggity, there's a town!" Barrett: "If you think I am a peppy kid, you should have known my sister."

B. DUNKARD.

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Do they LOOK like Spring?
There's a new season ahead! A season that will demand much in the way of smart clothes, of clean clothes; a season in which *you* can economize . . . and still dress well!
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