1905 ★ The Duke Chronicle ★ 1938

Published Every Tuesday and Friday of the University Year by the Undergraduate Students of Duke University, Durham, N. C.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Durham, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Delivered by mail, $2 the university year, $1 the semester, cost of postage to enrolled undergraduates not in residence on the Duke university campus.

Editor-in-Chief . . . . George T. Frampton
Business Manager . . . . .E. Gilbert Mathews

Editorial Board

Managing Editor . . Frank A. Mathey
Asst. Managing Editors . Stephen Kidd, Roosevelt Der Tatevasian
Sports Editor . Ellis T. Baker, III
Co-Ed Editor . . Betty Anne Stowell

Business Staff

Assoc. Bus. Manager . Nelson Cobleigh
Co-Ed Manager . . . Betty Souders
Office Manager . . . Walter James
Circulation Manager . Travers Brown

Offices

West Campus Editorial and Business Office—House Q, Room 08, Telephone 215. East Campus Editorial and Business Office—06 Union. Downtown Editorial and Business Office—124 West Parrish Street, Telephone J-6591.

Printed by the Christian Printing Company. Reprint Rights granted when credit line is given.

Subscriptions should be addressed to the Co-Ed Business Manager, College Station, Durham.

On The Spot

It looks as though things would go pretty bad for the fraternities if, having urged the voters to vote either combine to end combines, they were to fail to "produce" after the elections.

The voters are a little skeptical in the first place. A majority of the fraternities whose members are enthusiastically composing and distributing reform literature every night voted down the Pan-Hellenic reform measure, and voiced no regrets in doing so. Their sudden appearance in robes of white, on the eve of election, gives all signs of pointing to a one night stand, after which, the ballots having been cast, they will retire to their old ways. But the voters seem willing to hope that they are not being deceived. It is safe to say that if that hope is turned to anger after the elections, the reform movement will be moved even more rapidly than the fraternity men would have liked it to.

In the second place, feeling against combines is riding very high. The politicians have sensed this resentment; you can tell it by the way they act. It seems not out of place to remind them they are not only on the spot, as far as the present political season is concerned, but that the chances are that they will remain there until something more than vague promises is offered to de-emphasize combines.

—G. T. F.

Wilson And The Daily Worker

It has recently come to our attention that Robert C. Wilson, the erudite and enigmatic editor of the *Archive* recently accused of pro-fascist leanings, now receives daily, without having applied for a subscription, the *Daily Worker*, American news-organ of the Communist party. To those of us who are aware of Mr. Wilson's leftist sympathies as conclusively demonstrated by the continual attacks on the downtrodden worker that appear in his publication, the action of the *Daily Worker* officials in forwarding Mr. Wilson their paper free of charge is, at best, hard to understand.

If this incongruity is the result of ignorance of Mr. Wilson's true colors, hadn't someone best inform them of the mistaken identity underlying their generosity? And if it is the result of some sort of fanatic optimism with the object of converting Mr. Wilson from the other side of the tracks, hadn't some reputable, well-informed organization in close contact with Mr. Wilson's case, the American Student Union for example, best take the time to point out to these same officials the futility of their hopes?

We personally believe the *Daily Worker* is simply trying to get even with the Fascists. In just the last few months, one great literary figure of the country, Sinclair Lewis, has been weaned from the Communist camp, where the rightists thought he had voluntarily taken refuge after his anti-fascist "It Can't Happen Here," as is shown by his latest novel, "The Prodigal Parents," directed at the Communist movement in America. It is our belief that the *Daily Worker* hopes to balance its literary budget by the conversion of Mr. Wilson to offset the loss of Mr. Lewis. Actually, Mr. Wilson will make superior class-war fodder to Mr. Lewis, for his first novel is yet to come, and should he be got off on the right foot, he might be kept in step for an indefinite period, possibly until the Moscovites themselves see fit to liquidate him in a private purge.

But the *Daily Worker* has allocated itself an imposing task. Those closest to Mr. Wilson will tell you that he is fascist through and through, as if his magazine didn't speak for itself. Yes, some reputable, well-informed organization such as the American Student Union had best inform the *Daily Worker* of the futility of its hopes and allow it to devote its time and money to more credulous, if less deserving, subjects.

—E. T. B.

Calling It A Day

Last week the President's club on the East campus woke up and broke up. They had sense enough to realize that a club without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder. It's destined to drift aimlessly about on a sea of uncertainty and finally sink to the bottom.

What the campus needs is more awards, if necessary, but less clubs which have no purpose, especially honorary ones. For example, Susie gets a certain average and consequently receives a bid to the Whatsis society. The night comes when she is presented with a pin or something in front of everyone and they all clap and Susie beams with pride. Here is the appropriate time to stop.

But then comes the next week and the Whatsis society holds a meeting. What to do? They all have their pins. The honor is already bestowed. There's nothing left to be done. The purpose is already accomplished. But it's a club and that means having meetings. And so the meetings go on month after month and nothing ever happens.

Specifically speaking, there are the Eko-L and Ivy, both honorary scholastic societies and commendable for the high scholarship they encourage. But after the members have been recognized, why continue having a club? It all seems rather pointless after the real purpose is complete.

And what of the Forum club? It seems most conspicuous for its obvious lack of inactivity. Why does it exist? And there are others that might be mentioned too.

It's one thing to give up without trying. But it's something entirely different to admit an error and be willing to rectify it. Why don't some of these clubs and societies stop wasting people's valuable time and energy and call it a day?

—B. A. S.

As Others See It

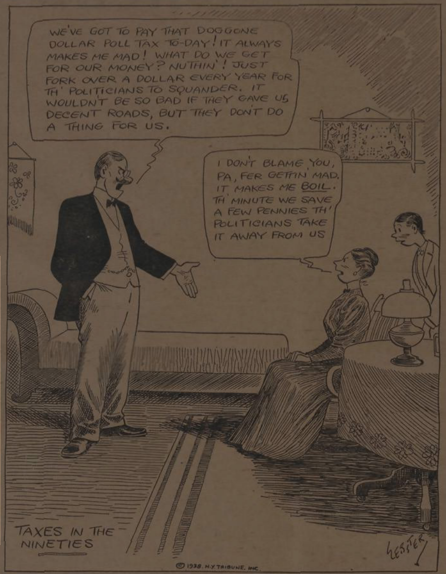
Unkissed Vladimir

The amazing discovery that someone on campus actually has not kissed a girl since July 15, 1935, has just been made. This unusual personage is Vladimir Morkovin, a graduate assistant in mathematics, native of Czechoslovakia.

Vladimir prefers neither blondes nor brunettes. In fact, he says, "Appearance does not matter as long as she is understanding, sympathetic, and can talk intelligently." American girls are too light and frivolous. They cannot talk intelligently—their interests are in things that do not matter.

—*Syracuse Daily Orange.*

Life's Darkest Moment : : : : : BY WEBSTER



Music in the Air . . .

Meandering

One musical event of the coming week which I understand will be well worth your time is the recital to be given by the piano team Bell and Throm this Thursday evening . . . One of the greatest contradictions in the band field of modern dance bands is that of Henry Busse . . . This boy is generally conceded to be the corniest of the corny trumpet players, but his band rates aces with me . . . Especially outstanding are tenor Masek and the trombone section. The band has been at the Chez Paree so long they are becoming a part of the fixtures. . . . A deluge of cards this week (three to be exact) from irate readers complaining of: 1 the poor quality of this column, expressed in a rather vulgar way; 2 the quality of my phonograph (how did he know), and 3 my too often expressed personal feelings in my writings. The first two are from a couple of roommates in Southgate and come in the nature of school boy pranks, but the last is from one of the West campus *literari* who wonders why I ever give such bands as Heidt, etc., a break and if Goodman is the only one who knows the scale. Long ago I decided to stop arguing about why this band is good and that one is not, but I am weakening enough to quote the following reasons which not more than a dozen will understand: Heidt's band depends upon unmusical effects to gain popularity. It plays the simplest kind of arrangements. Their method of playing their instruments is unorthodox and objectionable, at least in the musicians' mind . . . I realize quite well that "J. S." will not understand what I am talking about, so, to the next item . . . Dorsey's Freeman has never appealed to me but I heard a record by Mezzrow's Orchestra yesterday on which he really lifted me with a truly fine, savage solo . . . So, *Apologies* to Freeman . . . Did you notice that fine trombone soloist and section of Lucky Millinder's at the Armory? Far above the average for a Negro band as was the alto sax who gave out quite a few boots on his horn . . Not many of you knew that our own "Bull" Durham was once a *musician* of the species *hamme*. A bright future was predicted for him and every one felt that he would carve a niche for himself in the Hall of Fame. But Bull had one fault which impeded his progress—incurable laziness. This habit grew on him until it finally wound up his musical career in the following way: The band with which Bull was playing had a job contracted for one night, which our hero did not want to play. So, disguising his voice, he called the leader and this conversation ensued: "Chief, I am sorry but Bull can't play that job tonight." Leader: "What do you mean he can't play the job? Who is this talking?" Bull: "This is my father talking."

HAL REES.

Price Tags - by ROBERT PRICE

Closer

As the heavy band of Assassinating Adolf tightened on quivering Austria, this world and all of us moved a step nearer the front lines of chaos. Since that last great victory for democracy and death, the generation growing into mowing material has always felt that at some far day it too would be called upon to give the martyred men to Mars. Well, now the time is almost here. Those madmen of Europe are beginning to run the riot of their ways across the paths of those who have been called upon so very often to shout, "They shall not pass," and, as always, young men with the fire of duty kindled by the experts in flaming speech will be needed to stop the surge of vaulting empire. Already we hear the rumblings of the brave men who preach and pledge—and stay home. These good salesmen for homicide will find us a good cause for conflicts. The powder keg is near the match of doom. So our generation need wait, nor joke no more. At last will come our chanqe to answer the call we have waited for these years. Though always sure the siren sound would come to call us off, we can't help but hope that somewhere there is enough sanity to avoid certain death for a generation. One step nearer! The hope grows forlorn and we don't laugh so loud when we say, "Why should I worry about a job?—I'm going to that new war."—Blood brothers again.

The Bard Is Barred

Behind the curtain of modernity, was an evil time that was made far worse by the continued use of poetry in affairs of the heart. Sly dogs made too good use of the poet's art and so made the blushing blooms wary of romantic quotations. Lest our modern maidens experience the horrible effects of listening to the beauty of condensed words, there cames a warning to beware the "poetry quoting" males. It is surely a point in favor of culture that every quoter has in mind a dark purpose. But let's not forget that spring is the season when a young man's fancy turns. He will tell his heart in some way and if he chooses Shelley or Shakespeare, the sound—if not the purpose—will be good. You can't stop young love, so give it back its most attractive weapon, poetry. There's something about that —"Listen, Toots"—approach that should make poets of us all. But poetry is the weapon of blackguards, so it's back to *College Humor* for the gags.

* * *

Walking down West campus on Sunday morning (very late), I heard one of those hot lick records give out and some one of the intelligentzia shout, "Tear it down."—The theme song of what we playboys do every week-end for the want of something, anything to do.

Duke's Mixture

I've studied men from my topsy-turvy
Close, and I reckon, rather true.
Some are fine fellows: some right scurvy;
Most, a dash between the two.—*Meredith.*

After contemplating which, we got the old candid camera out of the Five Points Loan Company and took a walk around the campus. Passing up the chapel (Isaacs got to it ahead of us), we managed to get some fairly good shots. (1) The Ambassadors taking their fifth night off in the lobby out of twelve, which makes a pretty good average. (2) Bill Lewis, the Bottled Blue's new candidate for prexy. (Note: Bill isn't as well known on the campus as M. Strangler; so, in order to clear up some confusion, we might point out that he isn't to be mistakened for the C.I.O. organizer, nor "Monk" Lewis, whose whimsical feats on the parallel bars have given you so many tense moments. Bill is studying carefully to become an A. & P. manager and spends his spare time building kites for the local Boy Scout Troop No. 3. B.D.). (3) "Buckle" Badgett calling the third strike on Brunansky as the baseball team enters its final stages of preparation for the coming season. (The ball was so low that even Truesdale had to go down on his knees to get it.) (4) Gannon organizing an expedition whose destination was Duck's Grill, home-cooking their specialty with some fine tarts. (5) Jo Winston comparing notes with Bonnell. (6) Kuemper and McBride blissfully unaware of their surroundings at the Tavern. (7) The football team the same way, but because of another reason. (8) Dinny Taylor still trying to get rid of those "pork-pie" jobs, with the Phi Psi coat-of-arms shoved over in the corner of the display window as an added attraction.

We have received so many favorable reports from the freshmen who were a bit hazy about the political candidates, and whose doubts we cleared up by our terse biographical sketch of the candidates last time that we feel it a responsibility to continue with the minor candidates this time.

Especially concerned about the future of publications we subjected the candidates for board positions to an unusually severe scrutiny. Schmidtty, whose cheeks are the envy of the East campus, we found out can neither read nor write, and while slightly deaf, has a strong point in his favor by not being too dumb . . . Burny-burny, a veritable cad on the East campus, spends more time at the State theatre than he does in the *Chanticleer* office . . . Penpoint, author of *How to Run a Newsy News Bureau*, is a Connecticut Yankee, and everyone knows that Yankees ain't got no sense . . . We never heard of Bray and Johantgent, but with names like those they should get elected. . .

For senior class officers: K. Foo, son of an eminent Chinese sculptor, whose qualifications for the position of class president consists of the ability to speak nothing but Chinese, which should do much toward overcoming the present aversion to class meetings . . . Woodrow Wilson has come out strongly with a promise to keep us out of war which should do much toward electing him to vice-presidency. Kahly, Cur, and Cork, round out the card.

Space does not admit the continuance of this enlightening work, so we will finish it next time.

B. DURHAM.

Ladies' Kerner

By JEAN KERN

The way Fashion articles get you all frantic and simply desperate over Spring. They start off with all this stuff about how you're going to wake up one morning and there will be something sitting in your window, but you won't know what it is right away, because you're awful dumb when you first get up but when you start singing, you'll know it's Spring that's a sitting on your window sill (this year she's an acrobat, last year she was more the bird type and just flew right in and sat on your dresser if there was room). Then they tell you how horrible nasty old winter has been on you, making your nose run and cracking your skin all up, and they're so sympathetic because they just know you feel as though you're funnier looking than everybody else, and that you have a positively gruesome outlook on life. But you're not to worry because the designers have made all these nice hats that look like flower beds. There is a regular bumper crop of poppies, cornflowers, violets and fresia and you end wallowing in them, but they warn you not to wear more than one at a time or you will look more like a trellis or one of those hanging gardens. They even think a few sprigs of golden wheat would look nice planted on the brim of a straw sailor and you think so too and end up all ears, looking like a surrealism version of a Planter's Punch.

Then they tell you about those necklaces made out of beads that look like those sour ball candies you used to eat when a child, and you having been brought up the scientific way, only having one milk chocolate bar a week, realize that your life's been thwarted and rush down for the beads to gnaw them in class. Then they let you know that there's really a bit of the savage in you even if you are about to collapse after all the persecuting winter has done, and that you'll feel right at home with one of these new wooden African mask clips on your dress. Besides people will think you are exotic and own a lion farm in Transylvania. It appears there is even a chance for the Fine Arts students; all you have to do is wear one of the new Goya hats to class and the prof will know that culture has gone to your head. They come in high, rolled berets of grape-purple felt, like matadors wear for the Sunday crowds or in taffeta hats with rolled brims trimmed in patent leather leaves. You can carry on with the new purses—one is wrinkled like a cockle-shell, another made just like a caged basket ball and some are shaped like desert water-pouches.

: Voices :

In Germany, Hitler—Who At Duke?

Editor Chronicle:

The 23rd point of the National Socialist Party in Germany reads as follows:

"We demand legislative action against conscious political lies and their broadcasting through the press . . . Newspapers which work against the public welfare are to be forbidden. We demand legislative action against an artistic and literary tendency which exerts a destructive influence over our national life and the closing of institutions which work against these demands."

A *Chronicle* editorial in the issue of March 11, signed R.D.T., reads as follows:

"Freedom of the press is a privilege and not an inherent right, and when its use is abused it is only natural that this same right should be taken away, since true freedom consists in observance of law . . . It is only when the use of a privilege brings forth an enlargement to a community's energy, intellect and virtues that its untrammeled use is warranted . . . When actions are directed, whether knowingly or unknowingly, to slander and abuse, then it is no longer the exercising of a privilege . . . It is this sort of abuse that should be curtailed if freedom is to exist."

In Nazi Germany it is Hitler and his henchmen that are the judges of what is destructive of the 'national life.'

Perhaps R.D.T. will tell us who at Duke is to be the judge of what is destructive of 'observance of law' and of 'true freedom?' Since it is said that R.D.T. is a candidate for the Editorship of the *Chronicle*, the student body has a right to a categorical answer.

W. A. SCHAEFER.

Rees Panned

Editor Chronicle:

I object to the use of the words "marvelous" and "masterpiece" which appeared in Friday's issue of the *Chronicle* in an exaggerated encomium of Benny Goodman by Hal Rees. If we are to employ such superlatives to describe mediocrity, how shall we do adequate justice to good music? Mr. Rees' remarks were not only exaggerated, but ludicrously affected as well. They were affected because he was attempting to criticize appreciatively that which cannot properly be the object of appreciative criticism. His efforts remind one of a tyro in a laboratory making a chemical analysis of a vacuum; they are well-meaning but ineffectual.

It is not my purpose here to censure formally those compositions which Mr. Rees has praised so highly. The obviousness of the conclusions of such a criticism would make it platitudinous indeed. I would merely like to suggest to Mr. Rees that he expresses his opinions with a confidence far out of proportion to the quality of the maudlin trash that is so much his pride and joy.

ANONYMOUS 40.

Andrews Direct Tailors
THE BEST VALUES ANYWHERE
110 Mangum Street

Peggy Sage
NAIL POLISH
First in Fashion on Two Continents
FORMERLY 1.00 NOW 60¢

For the hundreds of smart women who "would like to wear it all the time"—here's exciting news! The regular dollar-size bottle is now 60 cents—in the new long-wearing Peggy Sage Polish. • Fingertips are fashion news! Women who set the styles, fashion leaders here and abroad, have their special favorites in Peggy Sage shades. Fiesta, Swampfire, Pimento, Wistaria . . . Come and pick your favorites!

COLEMAN'S DRUG STORE
Corcoran Street

The Finest —

A portrait from the studios of Dunbar & Daniel. Your complete satisfaction is our main desire—*and our guarantee.*
3 8x10 Portraits for as low as
$5.00

Dunbar & Daniel
"The South's Leading Photographers"
110½ Corcoran Street

BALDWIN'S
NEW HAT SHOP
presents
The Latest in Spring Bonnets

Gaity Goes To The Head

You'll wear straight, saucy veiled sailors, chic little bumper brims, wide-eyed off-facers, saucy bonnets—really enchanting hats for spring finery. Felts, straws. Newest colors. All sizes.

SPORT OR DRESS

Headquarters for Rafield Hats