The Duke Chronicle

FOUNDED IN 1905

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Empty Heads Always Laugh Loudest

STATEMENTS set in type often can lead the unsuspecting astray. There is something about the publishing of an opinion, no matter how biased, *how ill-founded it may be, that bathes it in the* light of truth to the unwary.

And because of this psychological phenomenon, Duke university's staunch friend and defender, Mr. Ernest Seeman, may possibly have enticed some ingenious readers of his enlightening and certainly well-substantiated article in a *liberal* publication some weeks ago into accepting as gospel truth any number of his wierd fantasies therein expounded for the delectation of those palates hungry for any morsel which decries against any aspect of the capitalistic system.

"Story after story of suppression at Duke university may be told," said Mr. Seeman, whom Duke students unanimously endorse as candidate for president of the Alpha Sigma Sigma fraternity.

Well, well, Mr. Seeman, we certainly are amazed. All along we had been under the impression that Duke university was strikingly liberal, at least in some respects.

Not one bit of censorship of the three undergraduate publications here is practiced, Mr. Seeman, in case you were not aware of this. And yet, at the University of Texas, the *Daily Texan* (which, Mr. Seeman, is regarded by college journalists everywhere as the one outstanding college newspaper in the South and among the nation's very best) is now under the vicious blue pencil of faculty censorship.

Down at Texas the student newspaper no longer is permitted to comment on national politics either through the regular editorial columns or through letters to the editor. The Board of Regents apparently deem that students of a university are too immature to express their views.

Quite free, however, has the CHRONICLE been to devote space in its columns to national affairs. One of our columnists was strongly pro-Democratic this fall, and not a word was forthcoming from our faculty advisers (a triumvirate which, Mr. Seeman, never exercises its privilege).

And, one possibly could advance conjectures as to why the administration should not have favored the Democratic party.

Suppression of thought here you say? Dear Mr. Seeman, your delusions are bothering you again. Take some pink pills and a long rest, and when you feel better, remember that apt little phrase that an empty head always speaks (or is it laughs?) the loudest.

Marxism Seeks An Inroad . . .?

IF DUKE undergraduates are red-baiters, afraid of subversive influences from "radicals," and if they are restive at thoughts of communism making inroads, they must raise their plaints today.

For yet is the American Student Union chapter at Duke university in the formative stage. Not yet has it enlisted the support of a good representation of the student body.

If Duke students are so minded, now is the time for them to give consideration to this organization which is seeking to affix itself on this campus.

The American Student Union is a strongly liberal organization. It represents the union of the Student League for Industrial Democracy—a socialist group—and the National Student League, a league which, in the words of the *New York Times*, "has no official connection with the Communist party, but is considered strongly sympathetic."

Norman Thomas himself has declared that the A. S. U. "is much more than a united front of the two student groups."

As a rallying ground for liberally-minded youth has the American Student Union been formed.

With the national organization but little more than a year old, it is hardly time to place the stamp of condemnation upon it. In practice already it has demonstrated strongly liberal tendencies. It cannot yet be said that the Union has inflicted more harm than it has accomplished good.

If Duke students are of a reactionary turn of mind, they will not welcome this new organization to the campus. If Duke students, however, are true to the principles of democracy, they will not wish to place restraining bonds on these students who seek expression for their liberal-mindedness. They will tolerate the right of free speech among these left-wingers.

No intelligent Duke student would relish the thought that academic freedom was non-existant here. Duke students will, therefore, not call for the suppression of these liberals, for they realize that only by oppression can a healthy liberalistic tendency assume threatening proportions.

But not easily will Duke students be swayed by propaganda which may some day be spread by these Marxian sympathizers. Well will they measure *the words and actions of the A. S. U. before* they give their endorsement.

Duke students will cooperate with the A. S. U. in their endeavors, so long as what they seek is for the best interests of the university and the students.

If the time should come, however, that they resolve themselves into radicals in the more unpleasant sense, then will Duke students turn from them.

Some of the aims of the A. S. U. are commendable: academic freedom, social security legislation, and agitation against war. Their platform, though bearing a noticeably ruddy tint, is not *directly* Marxist.

If they will succeed in America, they of the A. S. U. *must* divorce themselves from dangerous alliances with Marxism.

Its Fate In Their Hands

FIFTEEN men and women, representing the administration and the student bodies of Trinity and the Woman's colleges, will tomorrow afternoon hand down a decision as to whether Duke students will have a humor magazine as one of the recognized undergraduate publications.

Four years of irregular publication of trial editions under nearly as many editors will be at an end tomorrow. Either the Board will accept the *Duke 'n' Duchess* as a sanctioned periodical or, with an adverse note, the magazine will go into a long sleep until at some future date it is again resurrected for a period of trial issues.

Duke students are not content that a humor publication be voted down. Students feel that a definite place for a humor magazine exists on this campus, a magazine which will reflect the wit and originality and artistic talents of the students such as these are not now being reflected.

There is the administration's fear, of course, that the magazine might resolve itself into a medium for publication of questionable humor. Capable editors, however, would hesitate to cast unfavorable reflections on their university.

As an example of what may be expected, we *have the first printed edition of a humor magazine* here, an encouraging edition this last of the trial issues. With an official status and as a consequence a better organized staff, the *Duke 'n' Duchess* can become a popular part of the undergraduate life here.

Fifteen men and women tomorrow will make their decision exercising their authority as they believe best. The campus asks that the Publications Board vote "yes."

"According to scientists the Capubara, which sometimes attains a length of four feet, is the largest of all rodents. Aside, of course, from campus politicians.—The Columns.

Select A Few And Not A Bouquet

ONE CO-ED, harassed by the excessive demands of studies plus extra-curricula activities, recently expressed the opinion of many other students when she said, "I wish I could go either to an activity school or to a scholastic school." We *can well understand her grounds for such a statement*, but we think another view of the situation is more logical.

In keeping with the policy of Duke university, as well as of other progressive institutions of learning, to grow both intellectually and materially, the scholastic standards of the school are gradually being raised higher and higher. Hand in hand with this the entrance requirements are being raised also; but it seems that in many cases the elevation of scholastic standing by rising yearly has jumped ahead of the students who are here for their third and fourth years, so that complaints are heard in those quarters that "the work is getting unreasonably hard."

On the other hand, the extra-curricula activities are at least maintaining their status of former years and in some cases are showing a slight increase also in consuming the student's time and energy. The total result is a rushed, tired, nervous, busy student body as a whole. Such a result is not the goal of superior education, and something must be done about it.

In our opinion, the remedy can be found in one word—*choice*. College is more than a preparation for life; it is life itself, although of a hot-house variety it is true. Yet we are prone to regard it in the outworn light of preparation instead of the real thing. In an average American town there are *many organizations and activities to take up a business* man's time outside his working hours. There are church work, welfare work, social clubs, sports, artistic enterprises, home life, cultural and educational demands; but no man tries to do all these things. Besides his business he chooses his chief *interests and devotes his spare time to those.*

And so it is at college. There are lectures, concerts, games, dances, sororities and fraternities, publications, organizations for this and that. It is not logical for a student to think that merely because he is in college that he must "take advantage of everything." Too many students leave home with this mistaken idea and follow up the next four years in a struggle to meet classes, meetings, games, and social functions all prepared and on time, and then they graduate with an A.B. and a nervous breakdown, instead of an improved, evaluating mind, poise and strength in spirit ad health, and a wealth of personal experience.

The student should learn from the garden that is life that even in his hothouse existence it is better to pluck a few beautiful and highly-prized flowers than a massive, mixed bouquet. —*A. L. R.*

Youth Speaks

By ROBERT G. HOWARD

Spain Worries League War Still Endless Nine-Men Ponder

Intrigue Slinks Along

While the Spanish war continues to decrease the population in Spain by leaps and bounds, international intrigue slinks along close behind. The sides in the question are lining up more and more strongly against one another through the machinations of the diplomats and other shysters who have in their power the right to involve entire countries in petty squabbles.

During the past week the emphasis of the chicanery has been placed on anti-Communist activities. Fascist Germany completed the negotiations of a treaty or agreement with Japan, which is itself virtually a military dictatorship, to "combat Communism." To combat Communism the two countries agreed to oppose the Communist International in any and all ways that may become advisable. What the agreement means, however, is that they are pledged to oppose Soviet Russia.

Italy Remains Silent

Italy has not announced that it is in on the deal, but Foreign Commissar Litvinoff of the Soviet government said on Saturday that he knew positively that *Italy was negotiating an anti-Communist* agreement with Japan similar to the one between Germany and Japan. Litvinoff said that both of the agreements are simply masks for military action against the Soviet Union.

England and France are still main*taining an aloof attitude toward the* obvious preparations for trouble and the Spanish War. Nevertheless, Foreign Secretary Eden announced that England would protect her shipping in any waters, meaning of course, Spanish waters, especially those of Barcelona. *Immediately then General* Franco, the insurgent leader in Spain, announced that the embargo which he threatened to plop on all shipping in Barcelona would not go into effect. England, however, has stopped all shipments of munitions to Spain.

England had been accused before last week of being afraid to take any stand. So Foreign Secretary Eden, whose prestige suffered immeasurably by his miserable failure in getting League of Nations action to stop Italy's invasion of Ethiopia, stuck his *chin out and announced that if any*one invaded Belgium, the British forces would take a hand to support Belgium.

Spain Is Worried

In the midst of all the agreement-making and threatening on the part of the other countries, the Spanish government embarrassed the League of Nations, which has been trying to remain inconspicuous in Geneva, by appealing to it to put an end to the "armed intervention of Germany and Italy in the Spanish civil war in favor of the rebels."

The Spanish government probably appealed to the League purely as a matter of course. The leaders doubtless know as well as everyone else that an appeal to the League of Nations is about as effective as an appeal to the Epworth League, the Anti-Saloon League, or the Junior League of South Orange, New Jersey. The League sufficiently demonstrated its ability to solve international questions by its masterful handling of the Italo-Ethiopian conflict earlier in the *year. Even men who are hard put* to defend their lives and homes evidently can still maintain a sense of humor; nothing but a grim sense of humor could have caused them to ask the League for help.

Still Hammer Away

The War itself seems to be still in a deadlock today. The Rebels are still hammering at Madrid but have made small headway toward capturing the city. On the other hand, the Loyalist forces seem to be organizing themselves. They are the greater in number, but up to now have been miserably helter-skelter in their operations.

The United States has of course made no attempts to be other than neutral in the Spanish war. The people of the United States rest assured that the President's power to embargo arms shipments to belligerents will keep us out of any agreements or disagreements in Spain.

Court Is Hesitant

The Supreme Court of the United States is not so sure that the President has any business in assuming the power to embargo arms shipments. In fact a test case is now under consideration be*fore the Court*. Some of those nine old men, to whom the rights of private business are more sacred than Heaven itself, don't think the President ought to have that power. Justice McReynolds, the iron-bound defender of business, said that the President might just as well have the right to forbid the sale of wheat, cotton, or anything else as the sale of arms and munitions. He can't see the difference. The difference lies beyond hte end of his nose. Four of those old men, possibly five, can see farther than the tips of their noses, however. Probably through their influence the President's power of embargo will be upheld.

. . . Whispers From The East . . .

Well, now that all this Thanksgiving excitement is over, let us see just what has been happening. And, in passing, we might add that that crack about our stooges had results—Wonder what they're afraid of . . .

Another Kappa gone wrong . . . Bobby sure had everyone in the Union craning their necks and straining their eyes on Thanksgiving noon when she appeared there with her pin . . . *Several people were highly* shocked . . . It did look good to see the other halves of so many campus romances back for the holidays . . . Just like old times . . . It seems that Callaghan had a strike on his hands a few days back . . . We're happy to *say it's all patched up now . . . Brun*ner and "her Bill' are really getting serious . . . And then there was the Freshman who tried to date Marlatt. He understands now, but he still doesn't approve . . . Looks like the North won a moral victory over the *South in that triangular affair* . . . How about it, Ellen? . . .

The Co-ed Ball was a huge success. . . . Many congratulations to the Social Standards committee for the superb decorations . . . Poor Mary almost got left out of the figure, but *they waited it for her*. . . Who was the ubiquitous tall man with the moustache? . . . He looked like the villain in one of the old mellerdramas. . . .Maidie had double trouble on her hands . . . She had an awful time figuring out that switch in dates at the *last minute*. . .

The Thanksgiving game was probably the roughest one we have ever witnessed . . . Thank Heaven for announcers who come through with the proper announcements at the proper time . . . Wonder how we'd have done *without it? . . . And then Alabama* won after all . . . Oh, well! . . . Mackie sure got a big rise out of the Delts when he promenaded past . . . And, incidentally, did you hear about Carolina's goat? Poor old Rameses died the other day from a heart attack *contracted at the Duke-Carolina* game . . .

The Pika dance should have been longer . . . It was one of the best . . . The Victory Ball was much too crowded for comfort, but otherwise not bad . . . The Zetas were in the *highest* of spirits . . . Dick, poor thing, was on the spot . . . We liked the novel arrangement of the Tennessee song . . . The Sigma Nu's gave a grand dance, too . . . They are so dignified! Janey had to watch her S. P. rush her best friend . . . It must *have been discouraging*, to say the least . . .

Who was the cute gal who paraded into the Quadrangle show Saturday night with SEVEN escorts, and then hung her feet over the rail with the rest of 'em? . . . Kennedy's got it bad . . . Is Ace off of his tomato juice diet yet? . . . The *Duke 'n Duchess* was pretty good, though it might have been stronger if it hadn't been so obviously attempting to do Joe College one better . . . All, in all, it was very favorably received over here.

Good-night, all . . .

EAST RIBBER

Swingin' With Loophole Lou

Story form seems to be the easiest way to give you the dope, so please forgive the personal references. The point is in the story and I'm hoping all you guys take advantage of it.

Yale had beaten Harvard 14-13 most deservedly, and Kelley had proved himself to be a great pass receiver but nothing else. The rounds of cocktail parties had been taken care of and a swell buffet dinner had been stowed away. One last quick one and a group of us were on our way to the so-called Yale campus.

We parked near the Chi Psi house; so dropped in there first and were greeted to the unusually good strains of Don Redman's group. Puttered around there for awhile and then to Colony to hear Duke Oliver. On down the street and on the way dropping in to hear Mal Hallett, Charlie Barnett and Fats Waller. Finally headed in at St. Elma's Club with no idea who was playing there at all. As I entered, the first thing I heard above the din was the smooth, swinging, interpretive voice of what I thought must surely be a beautiful girl. But frankly no fellows, the Hudson-DeLange outfit has no beautiful vocalist, but they do have one who is the closest thing to Ethel Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman's latest dark skin find. No, she's not beautiful but I'll wager all of you will be only too happy if Freda Gibson sings every number. And now the band.

Trying to get to the band was like trying to get to the New Yorker bar on New Year's Eve. Upon lifting my head I was confronted with a band, and what a band. Marvelous, smooth, swingy, grand dance rhythms, great bass section, etc. I could go on forever, but it can all be said in a few words. They're just about tops. Their appearance is perfect; their arrangements are grand; their sections are well groomed; big, blonde DeLange handles the baton well and the boys really work for him. They play a fine array of pieces and you'll get swing with all of them, but it will be the smoothest danceable swing you'll ever get.

How did the crowd at St. Elma's react to the band? They couldn't get enough of it. In fact they thought so much of them that they contracted for another dance with them two months in the future. Now that's the way they're going and in every place they play. They're the only band that has had a return engagement at Princeton, and when you can satisfy those Big Three sophisticates like that—you've really accomplished something.

Hudson wasn't there—having been on Berrigan's Swing Club broadcast, which I hope you all listened to. I saw both of them early Monday morning in Red McKenzie's new spot on 52nd Street and they are most anxious to give us a good dance. Goodman and his boys, Tommy Dorsey's boys, Mondello, Condon, Froeba and a host of them gave Hudson and DeLange worlds of praise as a song-writing team and also for having a fine dance combo. The words of those fellows, who really know, should be enough to send you fellows after your tickets now.

(*Continued on page four*)

Running the Gamut

with KENNETH KRUM

ITEM NO. 1—Maybe you'd be interested in knowing what Mr. Funk and Mr. Wagnall have to say about quizzes, i.e., "Quiz: an absurd, puzzling or mock-serious question or sug*gestion; a hoax. That which is fit to* be quizzed; something or someone odd or ridiculous." Bam! It isn't only the Marines that have the situation well in hand! Why can't guys like that be college professors instead of lexicographers?

* * *

ITEM NO. 2—"Fred Braughton, renowned vaudeville comedian of yesteryear, is now doing eccentric dancing in a Boston night club"—theater news item. From gags to twitches.

* * *

ITEM NO. 3—Don't be frightened; I'm not going to bore you at this point with any drawn-out, formal discussion of the virtues or vices of the ill-starred anti-crib program recently set afoot by the Men's Student Government. But I would like to put before you a little squib that I saw in *Magazine Digest* this morning—its appropriateness, its relevance to the case at hand is immediately obvious.

"What would you like to eat for your supper?" the warden asked the criminal sentenced to die the following morning. "You may eat and drink what you like and as much as you like tonight."

"What a pity nobody told me that three months ago," replied the criminal. "There wouldn't have been any murder or robbery then."

Primary causes, primary causes, that's the thing—they go unheeded and untouched—and when finally their eternal wrongness pervades the whole set-up we start scramming around frantically for Jack-leg remedies.

* * *

ITEM NO. 4—Are you the one responsible for keeping the side doors on the women's dorms locked? Well, if you are, Betty Anne Johnston, '37, of Brown House and Doylestown, Pa., asked me to please tell you that she's just about fed up with the idea. She says she's pretty sure the burglar must have long since left for N. C. C. W., and that locking the flanks of the houses adds an incalculable burden to the already bent shoulders of Duke co-eds. Of course, this is not a personal issue with me, unaccustomed as I am to entering the women's dorms by any entrances other than front doors and fire escapes, but this young lady seemed so very much in earnest (practically tearful) that I thought her plea ought to be heard.

* * *

ITEM NO. 5—There seems to be, somehow, a note of futility in the hat situation at Duke. Consider. When you enter as a freshman they clap a skull-cap on your noggin. It's blue with white lettering—and it costs you a buck. When you leave here as a senior you're still wearing a special helmet—an eerie something that sketchily resembles a sailor's benny. The color scheme has merely been reversed, being white with blue lettering this time—and the tariff has been jacked up to two bucks. Quo vadis? Can it be that we are, like squirrels in a revolving cage, getting nowhere in this best of all possible universities?

Duke's Mixture

in retrospect . . .

Last Thursday the Wolfpack of State College invaded our lair with the wild idea that they had what it *takes to knock off the class of the* Southern conference, or any other conference. About the only thing they did with any degree of superiority was to howl. They were led in their howling by the voluble left end who spent more time in our hurdles than *he did his own. He proved to be so* obstreperous that even the mild-mannered Duke rooters began to howl, and they howled hi mright into a position on the all-state team. I have even heard him compared to that other verbose end of fame, Larry *Kelley of Yale. Fine state of affairs* when all one has to do is be noisy to get on all-star teams. . . Azel (Duke will be victorious!) was on hand, and announced that Duke would again triumph. His only competitor was Tarzan who, true to the promise he made when he was unceremoniously tossed out of the Colgate game, cheered for State. What a trio: Azel, Tarzan, and Callahan . . . Robert Fearing, the man responsible for Duke's fine band this year, should get a word of praise for the remarkable job he has done in drilling and making the band one of the finest in the South . . . Marse Tom acted as student aid to the man in charge of the broadcasting. Incidentally, ask Tom to tell you the one about Jurgen's lotion.

victory ball . . .

Fully expecting this dance to be no exception to the Victory affairs of the past, I was pleasantly surprised. Usually you can depend upon everybody in the school being there with a very noticeable lack of space to allot each one. Though it was a bit congested, the presence of most of the pulchritudinous element of the East and the stalwarts of Duke's championship eleven swung the dance into the favorable side of the ledger . . .Most conspicuous by his absence was Liana. I understand that when he heard that he might have to make a speech he commented "I ain't much up on de speechin game." A man of few words, but great in action . . . Parker's speech cleared up whatever doubt there may have been as to why he is *being chosen All-American in the* quarterback position. Eloquence, thy name is Parker . . . Southgate was a little awkward, but managed to do fairly well . . . Some people went so fas as to say that they thought that the dance was a little better than the *Co-ed ball. Tsk! Tsk! . . Wilmot was* mad, Smoot was glad, and Murphy was indifferent. . .

also ran . . .

Barrett feels that if she were allowed she could teach Moff plenty—about truckin . . . Back in our midst for a few days is that genial jester of days gone past—Lou Ganz . . . The editor of the *Chanticleer* informs me that this year things are to be run differently. The beauty section will be chosen by campus poll, no politics. I hope that it turns out better than the *Literary Digest* poll. The figures should be more accurate at any rate.

BULL.

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