The Duke Chronicle

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Easy To Say—Very Difficult To Do

TAKING one apple from the orchard of a farmer is not in itself an offense which will disrupt the normal course of events in society. Nevertheless it is an offense, and, as we always say, it is the little things that count.

Glancing at one little notation on your cuff is not in itself an offense which should bring a life-long smudge on your record. But it is an offense, and, whether on a small scale or large, it is cheating. Cheating is an offense which must not be tolerated, or dismissed lightly by college administrations and students as being *virtually* non-existant.

Cheating does exist on the Duke campus. Flagrant violations occurred last year. In one class during the mid-year examination, students freely consulted notes and textbooks while the instructor calmly ignored the noise of page-thumbing and buried himself behind a newspaper throughout the three-hour session. Replete are examples of minor violations here.

Recognizing the urgency of the situation, our Student Government has taken action. More than 100 students have signed a pledge.

THAT PLEDGE WILL BE ABSOLUTELY WORTHLESS UNLESS THE SIGNERS, AND EVERY OTHER DUKE STUDENT, REPORT EVERY SINGLE VIOLATION TO THE COUNCIL.

Pledging one's word is a facile matter. Carrying out that pledge will require every iota of sportsmanship and courage which students have.

Nothing could be harder than reporting one's best friend.

THAT MUST BE DONE IF CHEATING IS TO BE REDUCED TO THE VERY MINIMUM.

The Student Council has placed the blame in our hands. Are we willing to give our unqualified support in cooperating with the university in fulfilling its primary purpose—the building of a greater manhood—or shall we weakly turn our eyes the other way and tolerate dishonesty in one of its basest forms?

Brown Derby Laughs At Reds Also

THE "Happy Warrior" halted his heated war dance at Albany, N. Y., just long enough recently to declare something which every intelligent man in the country perceived long ago. But the late arrival of Al Smith's pronouncement in no way dims its effectiveness.

The "Brown Derby" turncoat lashed at those critics of President Franklin Roosevelt who accuse him of welcoming alien support, by declaring that our President is not one whit a Communist.

Even if he did desert Democratic ranks for the moneyed interests, our beloved Al still appreciates to the full the value of truth. After chuckling along with the rest of us for a long while the opposition *frotted* and fumed over F. D. R.'s "selling out" to Stalin, our Al finally decided enough was enough.

Like the rest of us, he knows that the only concession to Russia that F. D. R. made was when he recognized the Soviets, and this he did, not to open the channel for the transmission of communism to our shores, but for purposes of trade.

Our President is not one to be swayed by radical theory such as communism. He seeks not only to preserve but to develop the "American" way of life.

Thanks for joining us, Al, in snickering at American's legion of red-baiters who have so nonsensically accused our President. Forsooth, sober America cannot so easily be misled by disgruntled "outs."

Republicans Muff The Ball

THE ELECTION which the Republicans lose tonight might have been lost anyway. There are some seasoned observers who do not think that the Democrats could have been beaten under any circumstances. But if the count is at all close, one thing should be evident. President Roosevelt rode to re-election principally on the campaign strategy employed by his opposition's high-command.

A good illustration of Republican mismanagement is found in the fact that Governor Landon was permitted to give all his waltzes to the discredited elements of the country. The munitions makers, represented by the DuPont family; the yellow press, represented by Hearst, MacFadden, and Block; the "vested interests," in the form of Weir, Morgan, and the whole roll-call of the American Liberty league; and the disgruntled political "outs" and die-hards, Reed, Smith, and even Hoover—all these unpopular groups were permitted to publicly embrace a candidate whom Republican big-wigs were trying to build up as "liberal" and "friendly to the workers" Of course, the communists tried to lick Mr. Roosevelt's face, but he had enough sense to push them off; he denounced them. But the Republicans rushed into print pictures of their candidate shaking hands with Henry Ford, and publicly published the fact that William Randolph Hearst, the most unpopular figure in American life, was the principal *contributor to the Republican campaign fund.*

But these are only examples of the disorganization, confusion, and lack of political acumen which was manifest throughout the Republican drive. The real muffing of the ball was the handling of the presidential campaign itself.

Governor Alfred M. Landon was nominated as an average American. As such there were millions who would have voted for him. But no. He must try to beat President Roosevelt at a game at which the Democratic nominee will never meet his match.

And what was the result? When the Democrats saw that the Republicans were going to try, overnight, to make a popular figure of a simple Kansan, they sat back in their armchairs and lit their cigars. This was old stuff for them. Their man had been working out on this track for four years. He could start his running in October and pass Governor Landon long before the finish-mark. And they were right. And so, with the political acumen and foresight which he has shown throughout his campaign, Chairman John Hamilton closed the Republican campaign early this morning with the firm assertion that his man would be "swept" into office. Tonight, however, through no fault of his own, and perhaps irrespective of his merits, but thanks to those who tried to make a president out of a Kansas oil man, Alfred Mossman Landon will be swept indeed, but not into the White House. —G. T. F.

More Than The Past, Less Than The Future

THE SUN has set on the most important day in the United States, politically speaking, for at least the past four years, and no matter what candidate the ballots have chosen, the majority of the nation's citizens are happy and the minority as usual will rail in despair for a short time and then will quiet down to see what will happen to the government in the hands of the opposing party. On a smaller scale the same mingled elation and despondency is occurring on our campuses tonight. The fact that these feelings are being experienced and expressed is gratifying to forward-looking men and women who are hopeful for a government controlled by educated men and women This collegiate interest in politics, if not actually more important tonight than the outcome of the election, at least, if it is continued, will be vastly significant in the vote of 1940.

Continental students have always shown more interest in national affairs than American students. American students are puzzled when they read newspapers that often it is the university students who lead political movements in Italy or Germany or Spain. Closeted in our libraries or class rooms or chapter rooms, we wonder at their knowledge in these matters, not seeming to realize our own obligation and privilege as members of the favored youth in our own country, who should be actively interested in what our country is doing.

At the end of the current campaign, however, we have some evidence that at least Duke students have done something to ameliorate this lack of student interest in national matters. A student poll was conducted. A series of informative lectures on political problems was brought about through the suggestion of a CHRONICLE editorial. The Y.W.C.A. last night conducted a political rally, and discussion of candidates and party platforms. For weeks the campus has blossomed with lapel sunflowers, while elephants and donkeys have dangled from watch charms and bracelets. Furthermore, political talk has monopolized dinner table conversation in many quarters. Definitely the campus has been politics conscious.

Appreciative congratulations go to those campus and faculty leaders who are responsible for heading the movement. The interest has been more definite *and effective than that of former years of* national elections. We hope that it has been less than will be that of future years. —*A. L. R.*

As Others Express It

To the Victor—the Spoils

Several months ago the League of Nations fought its greatest battle and as even then seemed inevitable, met its Waterloo. When Italy marched its modern legions into the land of Emperor Selassie without a formal declaration of war and proceeded to mop up on the Ethiopians, the league's retaliatory actions against Italy were the enactment of economic and financial sanctions against her.

Even with the other large nations of the world refusing to sell her goods, Mussolini succeeded in defeating the Ethiopian army and assuming complete control of the black Negus's territory. Economic and financial sanctions had failed to stop Italy, the league had failed in its first big test.

Ironically, last week the League of Nations voted to stay the ouating of Ethiopia from the league, the same Ethiopia it so vainly tried to help. Ethiopia's stay in the league is limited; it will soon be over. As Ethiopia steps out of the picture, Baron Aloisi will resume his place in the league assembly as representative of King Victor Emanuel, King of Italy and Emperor of Ethiopia.

Such are the fortunes of war. To the victor belong the spoils. The League of Nations has become a mock assembly with no power whatsoever. To reinstate a nation it had branded as an aggressor, it will throw out the country it was pledged to help.—*Junior Collegian.*

Duke's Mixture

after the game . . .

Saturday night arrivals from the scene of the game reported that the festive spirit was sadly missing this year. Those who struggled in Sunday night had an entirely different story to tell. It seemed that the revelers did not assume any definite shape until about ten o'clock Saturday evening. Centering about two prominent meeting places, the Marshall House, *Richmond, the after game celebrations* were quite conspicuous. At the Marshall was Johnny Long and his orchestra, undoubtedly most of the boys who might be described as being in that state known as "mellow." The dicks had been cleared for action, (the management remembering last year when most of their decorative furniture mysteriously disappeared) and the stage was set for a night of spectrated diversion. Some of the performs this diversion took were amusing. One fellow, the migratory inspiration for the author of him, wandered upstairs along the corridors, *entered a laundry closet* with a self-locking door from whose clutches he had to be extricated with the aid of a pair of robust beating on the door. Another, desiring to "wash his hands," passed out in one of these niche affairs where he was quietly given to his fraternity brothers after the clock had struck four. There was another who walked up to break in on a bridal party and suddenly realizing his error and fell back into the waiting arms of his friends who had been waiting for him to do just that all night. . .

spring dance . . .

We could talk about the many things which happened at Richmond all night, but there is something more to know which demands a little attention. The *blasé* audience in the Union lobby was electrified the other evening by the announcement that the next number would feature the dancing of one of the graduate students. The dance to take the form of an interpretive Spring dance. And believe it or not, that is exactly what followed. Who says that the cultural level of Duke men is at a low ebb? It's not every college that has Spring dancing after its evening meal. . .

dragnetopics . . .

A band by the name of Hudson-DeLange has been secured for the December Pan-Hellenic senior . . . Les Brown was in town last week as you may, or may not have known. . . Duke did not only beaten Tennessee, we would be out in front by a wide margin now. . . *Duke* students sit on the twenty yard line at the Carolina game while the Carolina cheerleaders are given fifty yard line seats. Why the difference??? Many supposedly Zeta fraternities were among those present who were actively gave the cabin party Sunday night . . . Pegram's *(piece-ass)* Pippen doesn't give a rap, or tap, for nothing. . . Sigma Nu's are actually giving the Fretas the other night. Maybe we were a little hasty. . .

BELL.

RYTHMANIA

Hello, you swingsters, waltzers, capers or what have you—I'm back once more to irritate you. Yet, do believe me when I say I'm sincerely trust we shall agree this year.

We left off with swing, and we might as well start out with it again; for it's still holding sway, though some of numerous and various renditions of swing at this stage; but it is surviving, and at present there seems to be no doubt that it will still enjoy another successful season.

I feel that the arrangements made during the summer season were the best of some many years. Orchestras have really found himself now, and is doing marvelous work for Goodman and Dorsey, both leading bands some of his best on stock. However, Goodman has another great arranger in Jim Mandy, Earl Hines' old tenor sax man. You can credit Hines for some of Benny's best work and if you need proof listen to the job he did on "Sing, Sing, Sing." It will really rap you. —*E.*

Osborne Back

Spud Murphy's great arranging has put Will Osborne back in the running. Spud Murphy's method the rippling rhythm which apparently is catching fast. George Olson's new band is a combination of Fields and Horace Heidt's *Shed* arrangements, success depending on the arranger. I could go on and on showing how bands are coming back and fading away due to their arrangements.

Any musician can play, but to make his music distinctive he must have distinctive arrangements above all other things to be a leader. When Gifford was arranging for Cass Loma, they were tops; when he left, they started down, down. Now, due to the hard work of their great piano player, Joey Hall, they've got a band that's coming back fast to contest for the top much like Red Hal Kemp done so well with only a mediocre bunch of players? Johnny Trotter, one of the greatest arrangers of all times, is the answer. And so it goes; give any band a top arranger and you've got a top band.

And don't let these self-appointed swing critics irk you—some guys as John Hammond and Marshall Stearns are fortunate enough to have the dough to do as they like and say what they like about the bands and the boys in them. They probably don't know a note on the scale, and they'll chatter I'm sure they don't know any primer than Mac. Now, if you read Tempo and Downbeat don't be disillusioned by those two birds or other of their kind.

Well I feel that in this bayonet conversation we got acquainted again and are pretty well set for a good season. May I advise you all to listen on Saturday's to Benny Berrigan's programs, to buy Red Norvo's Brunswick disc of "It All Begins and Ends With You," and to drop all *questions and criticisms in Box* 3553. Until next week, I'll be swinging you.

LOU.

Fashion Favorites

By MARION RIEFF

This is grand weather for suits of all types and cloth coats. Our favorite is by way of coats is the princess style or the fitted coat. For suits we like the swagger styles. Coats are either lavishly trimmed with fur or they may be collarless and cuffless. For you who are tired of swagger coats or straight lines in coats, choose a flattering model in princess style with a slightly flared skirt and tended with Persian Lamb for collar and skirt. Molyneux and Schiaparelli have made several models on this order. Molyneux Directoire coat features buttons from collar to waistline, smart pockets and collar and cuffs of Persian. Schiaparelli's Pontillon has the Napoleonic collar of Persian. Other furs used on coats and suits this season are polar wolf, cross fox, fitch, mink, skunk, or beaver. Square ripple collars are important and are certainly the newest-looking for coats that all youthful coats are in bright, richly-toned colors.

The three-piece suit is ideal, for it is versatile and practical. They may be worn now with or without the top coat. And the suit may be given variety by change of blouses and accessories. The instant-one (coats and coats) as shown in Vogue and in the local shops are smart and reasonably priced. Shoulders are square. Necklines are high. Both for suits and coats one praises the excellent Forstmann woolens, or Julliard, or Harris tweeds. Dyeing means to the fine finest quality of materials, they are made up into the best coats of the season.

For choosing a sport coat or suit, choose one that will stand a lot of hard knocks, for a college girl's suit must of necessity be able to give a lot of service. The tailoring of the coat is still grand for this. And, then, of course, tweeds.

College Glimpses

Resign yourself to famous names in sports. A few weeks ago it was James Fenimore Cooper at Marquette. Now Benjamin Franklin, at the U. of Detroit, is working at tackle.

Colby College may move from its 118-year-old site in Maine to a new location two miles away.

Students of the first class to graduate from Bennington College will have developments of their own design and manufacture.

Princeton students have organized a "pressure group" against the Supreme Court.

Workmen chiseled the front steps of Indiana University's law building to make them as smooth as they were in 1890.

The University of Florida is developing a process for location of hurricanes by static.

A Northwestern University traffic violator was given a $25 fine recently and *told to work it out in the police* station.

Major Bob Neyland, coach of the Tennessee Vols, has had five undefeated elevens in the past ten years—1927, 1928, 1929, 1931 and 1932. During four ten seasons, exclusive of this year, Neyland-coached teams have won 76, lost 7, and tied 5.

Frank Pauly, assistant football coach at the University of South Carolina, is reputed to be the heaviest sweat in the United States. Pauly tips the scales at 315 pounds.

John ("The Cop") Quigley, for forty years a NYU campus policeman, has been presented with a mahogany-and-silver nightstick, the gift of students.

Both first and second places in a recent baseball contest sponsored by the *Sporting News*, national baseball weekly, were captured by girls. It looks like Ladies' Day is here to stay.

Captain Ray "Buzz" Buivid, Marquette back, has completed seven touchdown passes in four games, two of them coming up the contest.

Jack Hagerty, veteran Georgetown football coach and basketball known authority on the gridiron sport, succeeds Bill Guckeyson, Maryland halfback, as the greatest back he has ever seen.

Freddie Sington, All - America tackle at Alabama a few years back, is in line for the right-field position with Washington Senators next year.

Running the Gamut

with

KENNETH KRUN

Hey, Callahan! Step over here a minute, Pete, I wanta show ya something. I'm not sure you'll like it very much—and won't blame you if you don't. It's a little item I found on one *the wires to the Durham Sun* the other night from Ann Arbor, Michigan. "CHEERS USELESS, MICHIGAN GRID PLAYERS VOTE . . . All those gyrations a college cheerleader uses to exhort a student body into a frenzy of loyal enthusiasm for the home team are useless, according to a vote taken by members of the University of Michigan's varsity squad. School spirit at grid games is practically worthless in spurring a team on to victory, members of the squad agreed in taking a count of their sentiments." . . .

Brethren and cistren, there is a *break with accepted tradition if ever* there was one. The moleskinners have had long but silent complaints concerdidly on this organized cheering proposition . . . now if we can get a unanimous vote from our boys about on between him and the pitcher when he saunters out to the box during a taut moment, two major modern myst-ideas will be wrecked and, if I am kidding aside, the findings of those Michigan boys seem logical. Naturally, the guys who are lading it out and taking it thus Autumn Saturdays down there on that green grid are interested in having thousands of *friends and enemies in the stands* watching them, and further, I think, are interested in having these thousands play the game with them vicariously, heart and soul. Football is grand sport . . . a grand game . . . and if it didn't engender high enthusiasm it would be neither. But that's just my opinion.

The point is this: old Dukorniforniaa (or make up your own name) is, let us say, engaged in a terrific battle, a veritable Thermopylae, a Greek-Trojan War, etc., and the lads have been donating their all, including heart, lungs and backbone, in trying to push the *ovoid into the* green pastures of the scoring column . . . just as they do 100% of the Saturdays since Mr. Wallace, wise guy detractors to the contrary, left. Anyway, good old Mike Dabovontavich (of the Newport Dabontavitches) has been the thundering spearhead of Dukorniforniaa's offense and defense. Now then, in this set up, can a Rah! Rah! Team make so much difference in the outcome of a game that has been doing the best they know how all afternoon? Can a yell leader's tidy double flip supply Good Old Mike with just the *additional ounce of energy he needs for that* touchdown gallop? Can you get blood out of a stone? Did the Marines need catching bait Rah! Leatherneckes! . . . Thierry? Michigan says no . . . and, as I said, their decision sounds pretty logical.

Still, they may be wrong. In fact, I may be wrong. Anyway, there's one thing certain; if I am wrong I'll certainly as hell hear about it.

* * *

So Duke beats Colgate . . . and Colgate wallops the Army . . . and Clemson trims Duke . . . and North western surprises Minnesota . . . and *Tennessee bishes a win over Duke* . . . and Duke blast waves Washington and Lee . . . and Pitt quilts the cake with Fordham . . . and Baldwin Wallace slips the ol' to Syracuse . . . and Cornell knocks off Tennessee . . . and Tennessee ups the Alabama wave. And so it goes. Old Emerson wasn't far wrong when he said that consistency is the bugaboo of little minds.

* * *

"John L. Lewis, Chairman of the Committee for Industrial Organization, predicts a Fascist State if Roosevelt is elected" . . . news item in *Sunday's* papers. Quite credible, of course. Roosevelt has also have suppression and censorship of newspapers and radio, a return of the death penalty for petit larceny, quadrupled income taxes, government control of business, a navy eight times that of England's, a toll-bridge across the Gulf of Mexico, and a religious war with Mexico.

* * *

At one point in the Iliad Zeus is being heckled considerably by his spouse, Hera. Finally he explodes and says, "Lady, good lack! I swear ever thus imagining, nor can I escape thee. Abide thou in silence and hearken to my rulings, lest all the Gods that are in Olympus keep not off from thee my visitation, when I put forth my hands unapproachable against thee." Now whatever else may be said for the ancient Greeks, it seems to me we tell 'em off a lot better and more pungently than we do right here in the U. S. Wouldn't we handle a familiar case something like this? . . . "Listen, Toots, your imagination's too healthy for you even good, and lately ya been drivin' me nuts with yer screwy chatter. I'm runnin' this Olympus racket and unless the boys are big enuf to take it they can scuttle here and keep yer lip buttoned or I'll knock yer ears off."

* * *

More Interdepartmental Trivia: You didn't look too good in your embroidery prediction, East Ribber . . . only Old Bull saved you from batting .000 in that league. But don't cry, honey, you're probably a swell girl anyway.

. . . Whispers From The East . . .

Hark ye, my fair weather friends, ye duchesses of Durham, while I cast into your eyes an ears a little alleyval dirt (mud to you)! Everybody listenin'?

So the Generals Died at Dawn, or was it sunset, by the time of 51 to nothing! Not bad . . . Another runner has reached mine ears as to whether the Hood and Horn is really going to pounce in February—then because ol' just a lot of loud noise. What about it, my fair choirmes? What are you letting that Callahan do?

"CHEERS USELESS . . . Michigan was going steady, but we small s Mouse somewhere . . . The Sigma Chi drum major is saying it with flowers these days, isn't he, Shorlidge? . . . Our fine social chairman hasn't been seen off the campus of late—three guesses why . . . Seaman's away and poor little Lucky is pining away . . . And what's Gretchen doing without that Lambda Chi marksman? . . . How are the two swains back home in Jamaica, Anna?

These freshmen! Decking their gales in confetti and streamers and then walking over them! Because the poor Laocoons won't truck in the Ark.

Marshall and her true love Phi Beta? It's good to know that love doesn't always stide thought . . . While speaking of Phi Betes, it seems appropriate here to congratulate all those inkelligentsia who attained the coveted honor, so congratulations!

The Hallow'en party given by Duke Players was a big success—just ask Cunningham, and by the bye, an orchid to that organization for the comradely and cooperative way in which it gets things done. They certainly help foster good will between the two campuses, and have a lot of fun doing it.

And while we're handing out bouquets, our nomination for ragweeds go to girls who break up one day, poor things, and are "so heartbroken," but "it's all for the best," and the very next day the old flame is around from 8.00 a.m. to 10.30 p.m., but they're broken up. Oh, really, Pat- . . . Our recipients of the cabbage blossoms are girls who date professors and brag about it. That's not Duke Decorum, blondie.

Our biggest black ball is reserved for those who run down the keorities in Durham's varsity squad. Why? It's simply not done, freshmen. It's not cricket. In other words, it's extremely poor taste.

It seems that a Pi Phi and a Zeta were busy Saturday in the Pan-Hel house making brownies for no S.P.E. Barron and a Phi Psi dancer. Such is love! . . . We wonder what "dizzy Daisy" is doing without Peter Rabbit, but it seems all right—and the Blond Tri-Delt actress, without her Bill? . . . Whoever heard that Doyle and Gorce were camera shy, especially at the Sophomore dance?

And now, my little dirt swallowers, be good and you'll be lonesome.

TEAME CAMPUS.

. . . Society . . .

Pledgings

Kappa Alpha takes pleasure in announcing the pledging of Francis Taylor, Durham, N. C.

* * *

Gordon Gibson, Chatham, N. J., has pledged *Lambda Chi Alpha.*

* * *

Sigma Nu announces the pledging of Robert Hamilton, Ridgefield Park, N. J., and Charles Martin, Leaksville, N. C.

* * *

Dances

Sigma Phi Epsilon will give a *Regalia* is perennially good, but the November theme is a standout. Recommended therein . . . the cartoon on page 106 . . . Alan MacDonald's "You Can't Sleep With Women" . . . particularly odd advertisement for *Coronet*, the new magazine of "infinite riches in a little room," sponsored by *Regalia*. Also, on page 180 there appears something little short of astonishing. Over the picture of one of their hostesses, TVA has this to say . . . "The heating system on TVA planes always warms our passengers comfortable. Alberta Tyne, TVA Hostess." Well, the young lady in the picture is very handsome, but it seems a rather bit-o-nelas method . . . still, if it's all right with The Lindbergh Line, it's all right with me.

dance in the Union ballroom on Saturday, November 7 in honor of Founders Day. Joe Burke will furnish the music. They also plan an alumni banquet on November 1.

* * *

Lambda Chi Alpha will give a dance on November 6 in the ballroom with Joe Burke and his orchestra playing.

* * *

Alpha Kappa Psi, professional business fraternity, is holding its fall pledge dance tonight in the Union ballroom with Joe Burke's orchestra.

* * *

Pi Kappa Phi has pledged Tom Jones, High Point, N. C.

* * *

A cabin party was given by Zeta Tau Alpha Sunday afternoon at Riley's cabin.

* * *

Chi Delta Phi held a social meeting in the parlor of Pegram house from 3:00 to 6:00 Friday afternoon.

* * *

Phi Kappa Sigma takes pleasure in announcing the pledging of Harold Pray, Oak Park, Ill.

The lowest ranking team in the country according to Swami Williamson is little Bridgewater. The Seer of New Orleans places the Virginia school at the foot of his list, number 543.

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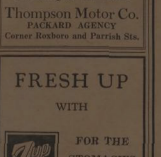
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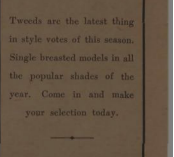
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