The Duke Chronicle

FOUNDED IN 1905

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Robbed Or Robed By College Education

THE EAST campus in majority is still trying to recover from the statement of Frances Farmer, University of Washington graduate and current movie actress, which was published in a Chronicle article a short time ago, to the effect that a college education robs a woman of her capacity to live. It is not a question of Duke women thinking her statement to be true, but it is the discouraging fact that one of their own sex, and a college woman at that, has expressed such a thought in this day and age.

"Women live on emotion," said Miss Farmer, "and when that is taken from them by too much introspective thinking, they're not feminine any more." She continued by declaring that a girl is "fairly normal" when she enters college, but that the strain of trying to meet each problem rationally and intellectually is too great for her.

Can it be, is it possible that a twentieth century woman has uttered these words? In fact, it is doubtful that an Elizabeth of the sixteenth century or even a Cleopatra of the first century B.C. could have been accused of expressing such thoughts. It is certainly not the conviction of the average college co-ed, however.

The Farmer statement is valid, if at all, only in one respect: it challenges college women who read it to search themselves to determine honestly the reasons why they have come to college. There are several reasons; parental compulsion, a search for social pleasures, a desire for book knowledge.

But fortunately none of these alone, except in rare cases, is the real reason that the modern American girl goes to college. Hers is founded on a combination of desires, and the whole makes an honorable, sturdy, practical motive. The college woman of today realizes that femininity is no longer a household word, that she is not only justified but is usually expected to work when she leaves school, and that in this fast-changing world, it is very likely that when she marries, both she and her husband must share the wage-earning burden. The 1937 model woman does not deplore these facts—she is not a sissy. On the contrary, she faces them intelligently, realizing that a college education is nowadays a prerequisite for the more enjoyable and remunerative positions, and so she comes to college.

All the while, the modern college woman does not necessarily advertise that these sane notions are running through her brain. She continues to participate in social affairs, and an unbiased observer will note that she has lost none of her feminine "allure." The fact that her charm is of a different brand from that of her home-educated great-great-grandmother does not mean that femininity has disappeared from the face of the earth. She realizes that to "live on emotion" is neither wise nor really attractive. She is a more real person, this 1937 co-ed; she can "take" the "strain of meeting each problem rationally and intellectually" without impairing her reason or her charm, and for being this sort of person today, she will be a better Miss America tomorrow.

Does a college education rob a woman of her capacity to live? No, instead it robes her with a mantle of learning and experience in which she can face the modern world with more understanding and attractiveness than ever before.

—*A. L. R.*

We Were Too Busy To Stop

WHILE peoples throughout the world were bowing their heads for a reflective minute last Wednesday in tribute to those who sacrificed their lives in the Great War, Duke university was hurriedly about its business, evidently too busy for even a moment of dedication to the cause of international peace.

It has always seemed to us that the kind of prayerful meditation which has annually marked the anniversary of Armistice Day transcends all other activity designed to end war. That kind of meditation—even though it be for a moment—is the most effective healing for this great sore upon the world. And one minute each year is all that the world has so far been able to give of its busy time to bow in determined opposition to the recurrence of the catastrophe that was ended in small part eighteen years ago this week.

It was not important, therefore, as far as numbers were concerned, that the professors and the students of the little community of Duke university were too occupied with their psychology, and their philosophy, and their English, and their languages, and their mathematics, and their law, to join the others at the solemn hour. But it was certainly very significant.

It symbolized perfectly the apathy to broader questions of our future welfare which prevails on the Duke campus and among Duke students. The Great War, for instance, was fought because the forces of greed and hate temporarily paralyzed intelligent thinking. It is amazing that the great institutions of learning have not taken a more forceful leadership in the fight to see to it that this paralysis will not come again. But in this one respect Duke and its students, proud of their motto "Religion and Education," have trailed even those who drag behind, with their standards in the dust.

Wednesday's example of this situation was the fault of no group. The students did nothing because nothing was planned for them by the administration; the administration planned nothing because the students showed no joint interest in the matter, nor any determination to plan anything for themselves. It was simply a case of our determination not to neglect our studies for our education.

—G. T. F.

Only "Hercules" Encourages The Devil-men

NOT three days previous to the "battle of traditional rivals" and only a figurative handful of Duke students could summon sufficient spirit to attend the first of but two pep meetings prior to this "perennially spectacular clash of giants."

And meanwhile, over at the Hill, sentiment is running high. Students are picking every score, including a complete reversal of last year's epoch-making outcome. A tenseness such as was evident on the Duke campus one year ago grips every Carolina student this week.

They are united behind their once-defeated team. Duke, an outsider would judge, cares not a whit what Saturday's outcome will be.

Oh yes, there were "spontaneous" outbursts late at night on the west campus, started by the terrifying wails of "Hercules," the fire siren. But these were but nothing compared to the unrestrained *nightly rallies of a twelve-month ago.*

It is shameful to admit it, but we are forced to concede that hostile observers of the past were justified when they remarked that Duke students are aflame with spirit, when the team is undefeated, but lack any traces of enthusiasm after the football team has met its conqueror. We shall not disagree we fear, when these same sentiments are echoed . . . and they surely will be . . . near us tomorrow afternoon in Kenan stadium.

Snake Eyes On Dice Throwing

WHILE the storm continues to rage on the campus over the recent action of the Men's Student Government association in seeking a solution to the cheating problem, another vice is flourishing quite unrestrained.

So extensive that it is as alarming as the question of cheating here, the practice of gambling is being followed by many students, who risk their allowances on the turn of dice, chiefly but not solely; for betting is rife on diverse matters whose result is open to speculation.

Offenders, unfortunately, include some of the more prominent men on the campus.

Now gambling and cheating obviously are not on the same plane as vices. Fortunately, gambling is not as serious an offense as dishonesty on quizzes and examinations. Gambling is far more harmful subjectively than objectively. It is injurious to those participating, while cheating can work hardships on students who are innocent.

But an environment in which gambling, and not for petty stakes at that, is allowed to be practiced, is not an healthy environment.

Omicron Delta Kappa always seeks to better campus life through objectives it sets up for itself annually. If the members of O. D. K. can reduce the practice of gambling this year, they will be performing a benefit of great import to Duke university.

As Others Express It

The European Crisis

The European situation today presents an interesting, though bewildering, study in the possibility of ultimately eradicating the war menace. With the entire continent split into two rival camps, each sworn enemy of the other, it is difficult to suppose that the threat of armed warfare can be long staved off. The political alliances of Europe today are almost parallel to those that existed just prior to the World War, although now it is the Fascists against the Communists instead of the Allies against the German coalition, and motives for the opening of hostilities are daily being presented by the active interest taken by these two modern political systems in the Spanish revolution. The spark is there, and of firewood there is plenty; it is left to the future whether we shall witness another conflagration such as that of the last World War.

Thoughtful persons, however, discount the belief that the chief cause for alarm lies in the bitter antagonism displayed by these two factions, and instead point to the militarism existing throughout the nations of Europe. It is not merely an amassing of arms and munitions, that leads them to take this stand, but it is rather the psychological aspect of the situation. For many years in the past, the great powers of Europe showed themselves favorable to a militaristic philosophy of government and as a result fostered a new class—the munition makers—who, aided by the impetus given them by the rulers, entrenched their positions securely.

Paradoxical as it seems, it is the pacifist, the man who honestly deplores war, who, in his zeal to do away with it, forces the militarist to defend his position by justifying the need for armament. The only way he can effect this result, is to produce a contingency in which the armaments will prove vitally important. Here lies the true danger underlying the European situation.—*Varsity News.*

Youth Speaks

By ROBERT G. HOWARD

Mandate About Labor A National Problem No New N. R. A.

To Aid Labor

On Monday last the President speaking to the Third National Conference on Labor Legislation said, "I believe the election has this last week given a mandate in unmistakable terms to its legislators and executives, to proceed along these lines until working people in every state are assured decent working conditions, including safe and healthful places of work, adequate care and support when incapacitated by reason of accidents, industrial disease, unemployment, or old age; reasonably short working hours, adequate annual incomes, proper housing and the elimination of child labor."

The mandate of some 26 million people given to the President will be observed by him. An integral part of that mandate compels him and the legislators to enact and execute legislation in favor of labor. The pursuance of this mandate requires Congress to enact new labor legislation and it requires the Administration to see to it that the laws already on the books are carried out.

Seeks Good Aims

The mandate calls for some sort of legislation to regulate minimum wages and maximum hours for labor. It demands *the end of the Department of* Labor's deportation power as an instrument in strike-breaking. It puts the Administration under obligation to exert political pressure to secure the passage of the Child Labor Amendment. In many states the Democratic Party has blocked its ratification in the past.

The President said that the Federal Government was "willing to do its part in making these standards effective and in supplementing the states efforts when the problems assume an interstate or national character."

National in Character

The problems of wage and hour standards is definitely of "interstate or national character," and it behooves the Administration to do something about it. The Administration has tried to do something about it, but there was a nigger in the woodpile in the shape of the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court in its NRA decision effectively blocked any regulation of wages or hours. Its AAA decision blocked aid to farmers. This great mandate to the President and Congress is probably a mandate to the Supreme Court as well. Twenty-six million people want the President's policies carried out. Yet five men can veto the mandate of the 26 million.

The labor legislation on foot and that yet unproposed must meet the requirements of these five men before it can be put in at the request of the 26 million. Its constitutionality must be decided by the Court in accordance with the court's unconstitutionally usurped power of judicial review. The Constitution still is not what it says it is. It is what the Supreme Court says it is.

Do we need a minimum wage law? Take a look at this news item clipped from a New York newspaper:

> NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—Wages as low as four cents an hour are being paid to women engaged in packaging of manufactured goods and foods and other products imported or purchased in bulk, the Division of Women in Industry and Minimum Wage of the New York Department of Labor reported in a preliminary survey laid before a conference on minimum wage legislation called by the State Industrial Commissioner Elmer F. Andrews.

Four cents an hour is $1.60 for a forty-hour week.

The maids at this university get more than that. They average around 15 cents an hour and something like five dollars a week. They could stand a little regulation, too.

Just in what form the sure-to-come labor legislation will be cast no one knows. It may be put across by Act of Congress. Or a minimum wage amendment to the Constitution may be proposed. It is extremely doubtful if the NRA will be recalled.

Running the Gamut

with KENNETH KRUM

When the alarm clock blasted off this morning this columnist had no idea in the world what he was going to talk about for Friday's edition, and if it hadn't been for something that happened after second period he'd still be in a quandary. The Thing That Happened was a visit to the West Campus dopeshop; The Thing He's Going To Talk About is that sometimes he realizes—with a wince—that he doesn't know so very much after all. And what, you may ask, is there in the dopeshop which tends to make your correspondent so humble?

Well, I'll tell you. Just a few yards up the alley from the busy Coke and Nab Bar and the almost equally busy Plains of Pool there is a treasure trove of good books lying on a long table—which isn't so busy. It was this Golconda that did it. Old books, new books, fiction and non-fiction. Books of great and earnest purpose and books to make life more pleasant by tickling your funny-bone. There they lay, practically pleading to be read, to be permitted to open the reader's mental skylight and let in more sunlight and fresher air. The zesty humor of America's funniest people, Bob Benchley, Dorothy Parker, Woollcott, the United States Congress, Will Rogers, Corey Ford, et al.; the works of Boccaccio and Rabelais; Manuel Kormoff's *True Apocrypha* (odd paradox), such as does *not* appear in the Bible; a treatise on the lives of great scientists; another on the intriguing future of glass in industry—and on and on until, as I stood fingering through all this wealth of information and culture, wealth of which I own so minute a portion, I began to feel very much like a microbe on a gnat's eyelash. You know—just sort of barely consequential—if that.

"They" say that a realization of ignorance is a good thing. I don't think so. I think it's sickening. Sickening to realize that you're walking through Ophir and all you've got to show for it so far is a bucket of lead shavings.

* * *

Cigarettism: Smoking one of them only half way down, but insisting on getting that last, suction-pump drag out of it before you throw it away.

* * *

And now to beat the drum a bit for Hoof and Horn—a chore which I essay with not a little avidity and a clear conscience, for this organization, like the Salvation Army (which beats its own drums), The Veterans of Future Wars (goodness knows, they'll find out about drums) and the Chrysler Corporation (brake drums being more in its line), is a worthy one. Those of you who are skeptical have but to read and consider—besides giving work to unemployed university ingenues, soubrettes and chorus boys, it will provide Pete Callahan, the Cheer-loving Rover, with something to do after the season for contortions on the parapet is over, burgeoning song-writers will be enabled to wax creative and strut their musical stuff all over the place, and, best of all, it has instigated a new song in Epworth called "Powder Your Puss, Maizie, There's Your Cue"—the sum of all this endeavor being, of course, the musical comedy to be presented in February.

Now then, should the Princeton Triangle Club hog the spotlight? No. Should "East of the Sun and West of the Moon" be rated the best hit that ever leaked out of a college lyricist's pen? No. Does Princeton have any babes? No. So we're one up on them. So hail Hoof and Horn!

Fifty University of Toledo women have signed up to play hockey. The season will end on November 24, when the two best intramural teams will meet in the "Army-Navy" game.

Duke's Mixture

classroom chicanery . . .

Intelligensia vs. Politicians. Hokuspokus invades the sanctity of the classroom at Duke. Abolition advocated by the political bigwigs via the espionage system. Their adversaries take pen in hand to heap ridicule and vitriolic vituperation upon their, perhaps ill chosen, methods of attack. From our position high upon the Olympian heights of Ignoramia we have gazed in awe as the intellectuals loosed their envenomed shafts of contempt, or, as the political pundits, stung by what the yconsider unjust criticism, retaliate with protests of sincerity. Nearly all the astute cunning of these arch rivals has now been exhausted and still no satisfactory decision has been reached. How much longer are our editorial pages to be devoted to the verbal bombosities of these clever fellows? Is there no rest for the weary? We are no sooner finished with one political campaign, than we are plunged into another.

freshmen rampant . . .

About eleven o'clock Wednesday night the academic serenity of the fraternity quadrangle was shattered by the wail of the siren, concerning which much has already been written. Unsuccessful in arousing any enthusiasm the siren twisters stole into the freshman quad and spirited away the huge coffee pot placed there by the frosh a couple of days ago. They dragged the thing into the before mentioned frat quad and had not long to wait for the enraged freshmen. Swarming over from their side of the campus the green ones wrested by sheer force said pot from the badly outnumbered sophs. Not without being dosed by buckets of water from the windows, however. Chanting "Sophomores have big feet" then continued upon their merry way, tossing one water-tossing upperclassman into the showers, clothes and all. Tsk. Tsk.

blurbities . . .

They say that you get jjust as much out of anything as you put into it. Following out this line of philosophical thought, Peter the Great and Captain Jack dined two of the stunners from the Rialto stage show the other evening in frand fashion . . . The crooner, the scholar, and the ex-whisperer in a new Design For Living. What next my polished ones? . . . The Greek Lit. class was quite satisfied with Nancy's description of the mother pleading with the son not to go to war . . . We gathered from the back page story in last issue that the Sigma Chis had a very successful open house for freshmen. Ooh and ahhh! . . . Did you know that Wade had lost but one game to Carolina since the beginning of his *regime* here? It's the truth according to statistics. . . Quite a successful operation was performed by one of the youn gmed students upon the weak heart of one of our football men. The patient has recovered nicely and no similar trouble is expected to happen for some time. . . See you on the twenty yard line.

Bull.

. . . Whispers From The East . . .

We made a special trip to the Ark the other night to see if we couldn't find some news that was really different. And did we ever find it! Well, maybe it isn't news, but it's different anyway . . . Sally and Mickey have a unique sort of trucking step that simply defies description . . . Rogan has the fanciest wiggle of them all. . . . Fran Hauser does the shim-sham-shimmies with a vengeance in the secluded corner behind the piano . . . The boy who slaps the bass looks as if he were in pain . . . And the neatest shagger of them all is a Yankee . . . Nancy is being taught bigger and better steps . . .

Our congratulations to the person who looked over the directory to get the statistics on the front page of Tuesday's Chronicle. It must have taken days of research . . . One clever house mother absconded for a week-end vacation and had a grand rest in the hospital . . . She sure fooled 'em . . . How come so many of our sisters have suddenly borrowed cars? . . . Sidbury and Teed breeze by the circle so nonchalantly . . . And what was Bill Williams' idea in flaunting that antiquated vehicle over on the West campus circle the other day? Good scene: G. G. rolling up a ball of yarn on the Union steps while one chief holds the yarn and the other a flashlight . . . What is this Giles Love Nest? . . . How about it, Parker and Dipman? . . . Lucky fooled everyone—as witness the new jewelry . . . We fear for the sanity of a certain Sig Ep who sent Hazie Gillin a colossal box of chrysanthemums in commemoration of "Happy Philadelphia Cream Cheese Day" . . . Something's wrong somewhere . . . what was Jeanne de Camp doing in the Goody Shop Sunday night without the usual side-kick? . . . One of the Deuhring twins has a new hair-comb . . . Don't ask us which one . . . Willmott's got love . . . Rumor has it that Bobby Booker is going to descend on the campus for Thanksgiving . . . There may be a Junior Prom next semester . . . And the Seniors are seriously considering bursting out in white flannel jackets. Maybe they do need something to distinguish them from the class of '40. . .

Are they really going to put us on the 20-yard line? . . . Dick intends to register a complaint . . . Anyhow, we'll see you there tomorrow morning around eleven o'clock . . . Better get there early. . .

Good-night, all!

East Fibber.

. . . Advocates Mass Meeting To Clarify Cheating Issue . . .

To the Editor:

In the interest of recent steps to improve the cheating situation, I cannot overlook the column of Mr. Robert G. (Youth Speaks) Howard in the November 10 issue of the Chronicle.

I was considerably dismayed by his fantastic comparisons of the honor council to the Secret Service, the Russian Chistka, and various other frightening devices. Had his logic not been so questionable, doubtless his efforts would have struck terror to our hearts. But, unfortunately for his case, his reasoning is decidedly on the damp side.

As for "our secret service," there was nothing secret about the attitude of this group, which publicly declared that it would not condone cheating as honorable. In his comparison of the honor council to the Russian Chistka, Mr. Howard says it is "control of the many by the few." Yet the constitution of the Men's association, adopted by the students four years ago, states that cheating is a major offense, punishable by expulsion. Student approval of this clause seems to be a fair indication that cheating is considered an evil.

Duke men must remember that they elected the student council last spring and thus empowered them to act in the interest of the student body. It hardly seems that its authority to launch a movement for raising campus honor should be questioned. After objecting that no vote was taken to determine if cheating is an evil, Mr. Howard states that it is the authority only of the administration to lay down such a policy. I for one hope that we shall soon see the day when the students will be able to adjust all of their problems, without the assistance of the administration. It would be far better for the students to solve this problem themselves, rather than demonstrate their inability to do so by turning it over to the administration. I would take great pride in knowing that students of Duke have the courage to place an honor system on this campus.

The system recently launched does deserve criticism. As I understand it, the formation of the honor council represents an attempt to create a campus opinion big enough and wide enough to include the entire student body—to create a sentiment definitely opposing cheating. I regret that the council seems forced to adopt the apparatus of reporting cases. It is a distasteful thing. But if this pledge can be extended, as is my hope, to *have an honor system* worthy of the every man on the campus, *we will* name. This is simply one step toward a goal. That goal must be to make honor a matter of individual concern, to place the responsibility for honor on each person in the university. No group of men, whether it be 8 or 107, can shoulder the responsibility for the honor of the student body.

The majority of our students do not approve of cheating. Here's hoping you who do frown on dishonesty will have the courage to express yourselves and make this campaign campus wide. To that end, I suggest that class meetings be suspended next week, to be replaced by a mass assembly. At this assembly the plan should be outlined, and every student should be given the opportunity to pledge himself to a policy of absolute honesty. If students will pledge themselves (they do in the Medical School), the system will work. There will be virtually no cases of cheating to report. It will be understood that cheating is not to be tolerated.

And, incidentally, those of you who thing it would be a pleasure for a member of the honor council to turn a man in for cheating (this means expulsion for the offender) are crazier than Howard's column of November 10.

Bill Simmons, '37.

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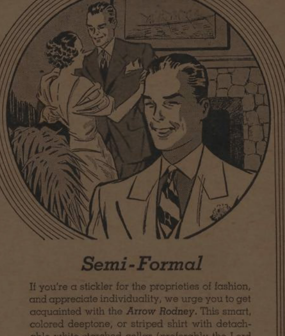

Semi-Formal

If you're a stickler for the proprieties of fashion, and appreciate individuality, we urge you to get acquainted with the *Arrow Rodney*. This smart, colored deeptone, or striped shirt with detachable white starched collar (preferably the Lord Kent) is the latest style note for well-dressed undergraduates. Mitoga fit. Sanforized shrunk.

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