The Duke Chronicle

FOUNDED IN 1905

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Like Building Without Any Bricks

THROUGHOUT, a college newspaper should mirror the college it represents. It should convey indications of the spirit of its campus. A conservative school should have a conservative newspaper. A radical school, by the same token, should have a progressive, campaigning newspaper.

But, whatever the college, the newspaper should be a distinct credit to that institution which it represents. The college newspaper is a strong advertising medium for the college, if it is properly employed as such.

By providing only one course in journalism—and that open only to juniors and seniors—Duke university has been hindering, not making possible the effective service that the CHRONICLE could perform.

In a university composed of some three thousand undergraduate and graduate students it should be possible to publish a large newspaper, a newspaper which would contain many columns of news about the college community, and, in addition, articles of educational value. The newspaper could become a valuable medium for discussion lectures as a means of instructing youth, this through feature articles on professors' opinions of current trends in the world, articles on matters of educational interest, and other means too numerous to mention.

It is impossible for the CHRONICLE to assume the place it should at Duke university.

Neither is the editorial nor the business staff sufficiently large enough efficiently capable to carry out such a task. Were it possible for the newsgathering staff to assemble the news, the CHRONICLE could not publish a newspaper with sufficient pages to contain it, for the business staff, too, lacks a sufficient number of capable men able to get sufficient advertising so that the cost of a larger paper could be met.

Even though Duke university may not consider *it expedient at this time to create a school of journalism*, Duke university should add three or four more courses on journalism to its curriculum, courses which freshmen could take.

Then might the CHRONICLE become one of America's better college newspapers. Then might Duke university benefit from its undergraduate newspaper far more effectively.

"Sober Statesmanship"

VIRTUAL admission by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, in a telegram to the laborites at the opening of their convention in Tampa, that prosperity has returned to this country bears a note of encouragement to American business and industrial interests, as well as to the nation as a whole.

From this terse statement, the nation deduces that our President's second term will be marked by none of the hasty, often ill-chosen legislation which resulted from his first twelve of office.

With the emergency passed, so has the need for desperate experimentation.

For a time after the November avalanche, America's citizens feared for the health of the country during these next four years. Dangerous enough was a substantial party majority in Congress throughout the first Roosevelt era. But what was not to be expected during the second term?

President Roosevelt has expressed himself as still ready to welcome sound advice from his fellow citizens. He doubtless will continue to accept advice from Tugwell, Ickes, Hopkins, and the like —and yet, it seems almost certain that the influence of these strongly liberal-minded gentlemen will be quite diminished.

As Arthur Krock of the *New York Times* recently said, there will be "few O.K., F.D.R.'s" this next term. Instead it will be a period of "sober statesmanship."

By their decided endorsement of Roosevelt, our people have shown themselves to be liberal-minded. Therefore we can look for liberal legislative proposals from the White House, but these will be sound measures, looking toward a redecoration of our national house after a prolonged, severe winter.

Quietly, Its Aim Is Realized

VERY quietly there has been going on on the East campus a worthwhile enterprise, which, although it has had hardly enough publicity to need a name, is known as the Presidents' Club training school. Under the supervision of Dr. Bradway, of the Law school, and his assistant, the heads of all Woman's college organizations are taking a six weeks' course, with classes twice a week, in order to perfect themselves in the matter of parliamentary procedure.

This school is indeed a rare opportunity for the presidents, and it shows a cooperative spirit on the part of these leaders in wanting to learn more fully the intricacies of their duties. By means of open discussions, trial meetings, and the staging of unusual parliamentary situations, Mr. Bradway is able to show the presidents the snares due to ignorance of parliamentary law and order. As a result of this course, group meetings will be more effective and an organization's business can be attended to in less time and with less difficulty. Furthermore, not the least of the values of the school is that it will connect a greater importance to the officers' preparations for meetings and more dignity in the men of the presiding officer.

Rumors from the recent convention of women's college association presidents have it that laxness is prevalent in the parliamentary procedure of many college organization presidents. Duke is proud that the opposite can be said of our own campus meetings and the officers of our organizations, and we are pleased that means, such as the Presidents' Club training school, are being taken to continue and to improve our record.

It is only by means of some cooperative organization such as the Presidents' Club that a school of this sort can be undertaken. The organization was started by Ruth Phillips Pollack, '36, and is going on its second year under the leadership of Paula Bassett, president of the women's senior class. The club sponsors other projects, but even if it did not, the training of campus officers to do their work well would be justification enough for the club's existence.

Congratulations to the President's club and to Mr. Bradway for his assistance in making them *real* presidents. —*A. L. R.*

Mud, Ashes And Vanishing Magazines

FIFTY dollars a year—and for what? Our Y. M. C. A. spends that amount so that students may enjoy magazines in the Union reading room. Instead of treating this service with proper respect, students tear up the magazines, and even remove them. December's *Esquire* lasted hardly from morning until mid-afternoon before it had disappeared.

Not only this, however, for students scatter ashes indiscriminately over the expensive carpets, place muddy feet on the furniture—so report the Y. M. C. A. officers.

Unless Duke students show more courtesy and appreciation, the Y. M. C. A. will discontinue this service.

The choice is up to the students.

As Others Express It

Intellectual Honesty

Character shows itself in conduct guided by principle, integrity and wisdom.

Preference by which an individual determines his course of action in a given situation is the measure of our estimate of a person's character. If a man or woman is honest characteristically, he or she will prefer what is honest rather than what appears to be expedient.

For example, copying during examinations is a definite characteristic mark of a dishonest person. The purpose of any collegiate examination is to test the powers of assimilation; to determine the grasp of the subject matter of a particular course. When a person prefers to let the notes taken in class "do the talking" or his neighbor "do the thinking," and determines his course of action by transcribing these on his own examination paper he is acting contrary to truth, and characteristically he is a liar. He prefers falsehood to truth for the very obvious reason that he prefers to pretend a knowledge which he does not possess.

A student once characterized copying in examinations as "a mild form of cheating, readily detected, like cheating at cards," as though cheating at cards would not portray character just as convincingly as cheating in business or intellectual *pursuits*.

The student apparently believed that the professor "stacks the cards" at the start, and thus he retaliates in kind. I am inclined to think that the student closely resembles Bret Harte's famous "Heathen Chinee."

Dishonesty in examinations proves a weakness of character which is restrained from great faults only by the servile fear of being caught.

A boy or girl, in college, who can not organize his or her own thinking upon an examination paper without the aid of notes and neighbors is characterless and is not to be trusted in the greater responsibilities that await him.

The question is frequently asked, "Who should go to college?" Our modern educator answers "Every potential leader, and no one else." Assuming for the moment that this is true; then to find in college students a habit of copying is to find a dangerous weakness of character in the potential leaders of law, medicine, commerce and education. The fact that leaders today may laugh over the astuteness shown in "college days" when they sat under Professor Blind, is no argument against intellectual honesty.

The evil goes on day after day, term after term, in papers, assignments, reports and examinations—not by the many but by the few. The alarming thing of it is that it is found in every group from undergraduate class to graduate departments of our universities. The fact that it exists at all in the upper reaches of higher education is the deplorable fact. Possibly dishonest students are not to blame—character education failed to function and if it did, the answer to those questions were copied also. No one but the individual can correct the evil, and only after he or she has learned the meaning of the word "Character."

—*The De Paulia.*

Youth Speaks

By ROBERT G. HOWARD

Cheating Pops Up Again
Three Wiser Ways
Spirit Is Needed

That Issue Again

Some time ago the Men's Student Government announced a plan for the elimination of cheating on the campus. The plan called for the establishment of a so-called honor council, which apparently is a spy-ring, to check up on and inform on students seen violating the honor of the university. Readers of this column will remember that I denounced the movement from the beginning as being the worst possible way to go about finding a solution to the problem as it is said to exist on the campus.

For a few days after the movement appeared there was some discussion over its possibilities, but now it seems to have died a natural death—natural because the students don't propose to act as informers on their fellows. Some few of them may not hesitate to do so. They are the ones who started the movement at the outset and pledged themselves to report any cheating they saw. The majority of the students evidently feel that such an unhappy plan is not worthy of their interest, to say nothing of their support.

Suggests a Meeting

The Student Government, however, says that there is extensive cheating on the campus. Assuming that it is correct in its belief, we agree with it that some steps to reduce the amount of cheating would be appropriate. Campus-wide discussion, therefore, should be revived.

Steps to revive the discussion are being taken by the newly organized group of men, called the American Students Union nationally, of which the Duke group is a new chapter. The group proposes a discussion of the whole situation on next Monday evening. Some of the sponsors of the honor council system will debate informally with their less honorable opposition on the question. A detailed announcement of the meeting appears somewhere in this issue.

Students who are interested one way or the other in solving, if not the problem of cheating, at least the method of control would do well to attend the meeting. They might get hold of some of the facts of the situation which would let them see what they are in for if the honor council movement should be carried out.

Three Methods Better

This column's sanity and integrity were questioned when it suggested that three methods of controlling cheating were preferable to the honor council method. The column still believes, however, that the present system, a proctor system, and a unanimous honor system are all superior to the informer system. The column still believes that changing the present system can only be attained through majority-student cooperation with the administration. The initiative should, to be sure, come from the students.

It goes without saying that in order to effect a change in the present system the student body must present some plan acceptable not only to themselves but also to the authorities. If the students want a true honor system, they must agree to it by a majority vote and present their plan to the administration. Surely the *administration will not dispose of its* present set-up unless they are convinced that the students can eliminate cheating by a better plan. And they must be convinced that any half-cocked plan such as the one now on foot will not work.

The point has been recently stressed by certain members of the honor council that they are not organized for the purpose of reporting their fellow students, but rather for carrying on missionary work among them to convince them that cheating is wicked. The fact remains, however, that *not* men are pledged to inform on their fellow students. That is policing.

Feeling of Honor

The honor council of says now that it wants to foster a feeling of honor among the students. It seems pretty improbable that informing will foster such a spirit. You can not scare people into honor. You can not make people honorable by antagonizing them. It just will not work.

Cheating, says the Student Government, is prevalent on the campus. If this cheating is to be got rid of, *the president body must agree* upon a method for doing it. If changes in method are to be made, it is up to them.

That Creature Called Woman

Being an authoritative pronunciamento anent femina pulchritudina

By JOHN MCDONALD
(in the Rutgers Targum)

Woman is that part of the human race which exists, in the main, through its ability to convince the remainder of the species that it, woman, is essential to the happiness and well-being of the rest of the race, namely, man.

Woman is what man loves, supports and works for. Man is what woman tries to love, works on, and is supported by.

Woman is that part of the race which spends half of its waking hours in attempts to make itself beautiful and the other half hoping that some poor unsuspecting male will take cognizance of the result.

Woman is that part of the human race which leaves lipstick stain on collars and cigarettes, and blond hairs on the shoulders of blue serge suits.

Woman is that section of humanity which in its highest state of perfection, takes all, gives nothing and feels *embolied* in so doing.

Man is the creature characterized by woman as handy to pay bills and run errands but quite useless otherwise, a creature comparable to a mule in stubbornness, a pig in habits and a fish in mental attainment.

Woman is that part of the race which considers arguments won when the stage has been reached at which her answer is reduced to "because." They query "because why?" then "because," forth only a never-ending stream of becauses. In short, it is the unanswerable argument.

Woman is that part of the race which makes its decisions through a force called intuition and its mistakes only through someone else's errors.

Woman is that part of the race which tries its best to drive autonomy

. . . Whispers From The East . . .

Just as we'd feared—the week-end has been much too short for everyone to have been so very good that there almost isn't any gossip to pass on! However, we've a few tidbits saved up, so here goes:

People sure do approve of one Ace Parker . . . Did you ever hear so much praise heaped on one man in your lives? . . . Well, that's all right —he deserves it—but it just seems to us that there are some other players on the team that didn't play such a *bad* game at Chapel Hill Saturday either.

What's wrong between Ted and little Zecher? . . . We've just been let in on a new "racket"—there's no law against using the telephone in the Pan-Hel house on Monday nights . . . Ask Carol . . . Our nomination for the Lost Souls Department: the professors who sign absence mid-semesters for the next class period, and those who keep giving mid-semesters all year . . . It doesn't seem right . . . Here's a plug for you Yankee sophisticates of the West campus . . . Look in a mirror sometime and notice what it does to your figure when you sport the knickle-gripping trousers . . . you may be able to display a neat pair of ankles, but oh, my! We protest against the ballroom effect annihilation for you Yankee sophisticates of the Sing last Sunday night . . . But did anyone notice whether or not they sang on tune? . . . Nice going, Morton . . .

Poor Page has got a problem—she just can't figure it out about that bid . . . Joe Burke's got a new and different musical hodge-podge . . . we're all humming it . . . Will-mot sounds like a lyric soprano over the radio . . . Looks like Murph has gone and done it—she said she wanted to . . . And now we're faced with another problem— with the freshmen parading around without their dinks, we never know whether to be charming to that cute boy sitting next to us in the library or not . . . Oh, dear! Good-night, all . . .

EASY RIDERS.

Running the Gamut

with KENNETH KRUM

Headline Frolics . . . "At Atlantic City's Beauty Industries Exposition representatives of 18 colleges competed in a butter tasting test." Would it be fair to conclude that the contestants' theme song was Oleo-lay-ee?

"Russell Long, son of the late senator from Louisiana, used brass bands, sound trucks and loud speakers to win the presidency of the Louisiana State University sophomore class." Just brass bands, sound trucks and *loud speakers . . . no bodyguard* or bullet proof vest.

"Five pairs of stained glass windows representing Faith, Hope, Charity, Justice and Wisdom will be installed this month in the Heinz Memorial Chapel at the University of Pittsburgh." Patronize your local delicatessen! 32 virtues are still missing!

Similar: As pretty as the Woman's Council.

No Short Junket

Let's cast no reflection on Ace's 195 yard junket against the Heels on Saturday. But only those with faulty memories will consider it the longest gallop ever turned in by a Duke back. Remember, two years ago, when Johnny Johnson covered a distance equal to that between New York and Buffalo *in scoring six* points against Clemson—a club cheered and laughingly known as the "Tigers?" He grabbed the apple deep in our territory, and started right manfully in the general direction of Petersburg . . . then he veered like a bronco with a yearning to get up into the east stands . . . then behind a starboard and ho! for the Blue Ridge mountains, followed by another half turn, evidently with the St. Louis Woman on his mind . . . came lifting outright indecision, as he stood there shock-still, mulling over the sundry compass points and plotting his blips at Clemson tacklers . . . and finally his resolution that his rendezvous with destiny should be held at the Canadian end of the field!

* * *

Johnny Scampers

That this digressive scamper was no more productive than Parker's is immediately conceded . . . but, like an extra helping of rice pudding, it was more blundering. Think of the places Johnny has been! According to statisticians' (I can spell that a lot faster than I can pronounce it) count after the game he had remained only a paltry area of four square inches which had not felt the biting kiss of the flying cleats. Major Hoople will be a hard working business man before Wallace Wade gets his hands on another backfield speedster who can manifest such a magnificent disdain for goal posts and love for Hare and Hounds.

* * *

College Glimpses

You've heard it a hundred times if not more, but here it is again in its latest and model guise: "Boy Bites Beast!"

It all happened near the state training school of Red Wing, Minnesota—the dramatization of the Mr. Thumsteiic "man-bite-dog" gag. Ray Billy gave rookie Journalism instructors the latest version when he tried to explain the Liberty-loving vessel. As all good vessels will do in similar circumstances, this one wrapped its mouth around Billy's right hand. When the "Tar-Zang" showed male tendencies, refusing to be pried loose, Billy bit him hard with his strong teeth until the animal passed out.

Journalism doffs its hat to you, sir!

Professor Schlitz, at a certain southern college, wants all his students to answer "here" instead of "present" when he calls roll. Perverse Mr. Space usually insisted on answering "present" when he heard his name —much to the displeasure of the prof.

One day Professor Schlitz was in ill humor. He called roll and got the class-anticipated "present" from Mr. Space.

"Present hell," shouted the professor, "you're here like the rest of us. This ain't no Sunday School."

Everything is swing these days. A modern music club is being organized at New York university. The purpose is to aid in the understanding of modern music, particularly those forms known as jass, hot jass, and swing-jass.

* * *

Six Hollywood stars are listed on the rolls of Greek letter houses at the University of Illinois. Nancy Carroll and Mae West are members of sororities, and Robert Taylor, Robert Montgomery, William Boyd, and Richard Bennett get their mail regularly at Illinois fraternities.

* * *

The first Catholic college in the United States was opened in 1677 at Newton, Maryland.

Duke's Mixture

aht for aht's sake . . .

Departing from the conventional style and pattern which this column usually assumes we give you, for what it is worth, the opus of one of the East campus kids. Boys, this should give you an idea of what goes on in a Co-eds mind while she is watching the boys in their satin pants perform down on the gridiron. We in no way want you to think that we sanction this sort of thing: it is merely in line with the editorial policy of encouraging student expression(?) . . .

A SPECTATOR'S VIEW OF SATURDAY'S GAME

Did you ever see an "ace" running?
Well, I did.
Did you ever see an "ace" punting?
Well, I did.
Did you ever have a team thrill you?
With plays that were great,
Oh, but it's grand, and it wasn't just fate.
Did you ever see an "ace" kicking?
Well, I did.
Did you ever see a team get a licking?
Well, I did.
Did you ever see the boys who should be
California bound,
To show the West what they've got?
Well, the "ace" that was running,
And the team that was cunning,
And the "devil" on the field
was DUKE.
Did you ever see a score roll up?
Well, I did.
Did you ever see a team fold up?
Well, I did.
Did you ever have heart-failure
Right at a game, because of excitement galore?
Well, the future All-Americus,
And the Rose Bowl material
And the "devil" on the field
was DUKE.
Well, I did.
Well, I did.

did you get tired of that? . . .

WELL, WE DID!!! Costigan got her wires crossed for the Kappa dance . . . Connie is now the beaming possessor of a ring presented her by the sax player in Charlie Barnett's band. The Royal Mounted have nothing on her . . . The Kappa Sigs deserve a big hand for their fine football team, five laurals . . . You can now get odds of 10 to 1 that we won't go to the bowl . . . "Athletic Al" is endorsing Charlotte for the best on the East . . . Colonel Bean has recuperated sufficiently to make classes after his pleasant week-end.

BULL.

How Will You Look Thanksgiving?

Take a look at yourself—then make your decision. Are you satisfied with your hair having that "just passable appearance?" Visit us and see for yourself how many thoroughly satisfied customers call on us regularly for service.

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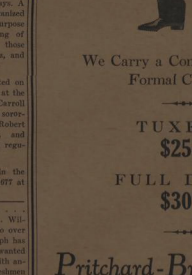
Lobby Snow Building Call L-4671

Tomorrow's Styles—Today

Dress for the Occasion



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