The Duke Chronicle

FOUNDED IN 1905

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Youth Calls Upon Our Chosen Leader

AMERICA'S electorate last Tuesday returned a man to the White House for a second four-year term who had guided them through the last years of a severe economic crisis. By a vote whose proportions leave even the most partisan of observers aghast, the citizens of the United States entrusted their destinies again to President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

And with this decision, youth of America as a whole apparently must be content. Straw votes conducted by the *Daily Princetonian* and the *Associated Collegiate Press* revealed prior to the election that college men and women in this country had declared themselves in favor of our President for a second term.

And now that America has once again placed its trust in President Roosevelt, there are certain things which the citizens expect from his this term, things which youth in particular hope to see realized.

College men expect that our President, now that serious economic straits no longer burden our country, conduct himself with more caution, that his second term will be marked with a conservatism quite in contrast with his enforcedly visionary first term.

Youth calls upon our leader to carry to greater perfection the hasty social security legislation that we may thereby more nearly realize a more abundant life.

Youth, seeking a decrease of the all too burdensome national debt, calls upon the President to retire just as swiftly as will be expedient the various relief programs which now have been in existence long enough. And, in matters of finance, youth of course also expects and hopes that before President Roosevelt reaches the closing months of another term he will have been able to place the national budget in a more nearly balanced state.

Youth would desire that our dollar be returned to normalcy from the present 59 cent greenback. And, provided world conditions are in a more settled state, youth would desire a return to the gold standard, though youth appreciates today that this matter is beyond the control of our leader.

In alleviating the American agricultural conditions, young America calls upon President Roosevelt to assist the farmer in his plaint for greater purchasing equality with industry. Young America seeks more than the stop-gap Soil Conservation act in this respect.

Youth places full confidence in President Roosevelt as far as continuing his estimable foreign policy is concerned. It is here in particular that youth looks expectantly to our President, a President who has acted with wisdom in four years of strained international relationships.

And, finally, college youth expects our President no longer to divert federal funds to assist college students through the medium of the N. Y. A., now no longer essential.

Mr. President, our people have chosen you, as is their constitutional right. Youth looks to you for four wise years of leadership during which our nation shall complete its return to normalcy.

Mr. President, we salute you.

Immature And Selfish

REACTION on the campus to the move made by the Men's Student Government association last week in seeking to reduce cheating on quizzes and examinations here to an absolute minimum has not been so favorable as the leaders may have idealistically expected when they undertook their campaign.

Not only is this discouraging reception due to the fact that our leaders seek to attack the effect rather than the cause, but too it is equilly the result of a weakness in the character of youth who do not cheat.

Instead of attempting an approach, far the more difficult to be sure, toward those causes which make a student cheat, the council seeks to eliminate cheating my intimidation—penalizing the offender after the commission of the crime.

But, much still might be accomplished were the student body as a whole to approach the question with a *mature* frame of mind. It is a common failing among students that they are prone to tolerate cheating among their companions without reporting offenses. A true sense of rights and wrongs would lead the student not to hesitate a moment upon noticing cheating.

Reporting of violations calls for the highest qualities of manhood and unselfishness in us. For each time that a student cheats he injures his own character far more than he may exert a hardship upon his fellow students, and for his own good we should help correct his weakness.

Cheating at Duke, fortunately, is not practiced to such as extent as to be truly alarming. It is not an organized business such as it was at a neighboring institution not long ago.

But the number of minor violations is sufficiently large to warrant action by Student Government officers, *with* the coöperation of the student body.

It is hard to "tell" on a friend, especially since one should warn the offending friend that he *will* be reported. But it is essential that students shoulder this responsibility if we at Duke will ever stamp out the vice entirely.

For the statistically-minded: If three thousand Duke students use half a pen-full of ink a day taking notes, how many words are daily transcribed into notebooks?

Strange, But They're For Your Good

BY November 25 grades for freshmen and failures of advanced freshmen and all upper classmen will be reported by instructors to the administrative offices. To freshmen this means the first grades to go home; to upperclassmen who are failing in their work so far, it gives a chance to pull up their low scholarship; to all it means hour quizzes now or in the near future.

With the advent of mid-semesters, there always comes a deluge of protest from students who have two or three quizzes assigned for the same day. There are two ways of regarding this situation. One is to retort that if a student keeps up with his daily work, he has nothing to fear in a quiz. In theory this answer sounds plausible, but in reality it does not hold water. Even if one does keep up daily assignments, if the growing importance of learning by assimilation is to be recognizer, it is necessary for a student to have time to review and assemble the daily units of his study from the vantage point of retrospection into a unified, continuous mass of knowledge. This he cannot do in justice to one course if perhaps two other courses are demanding like study at the same time.

The other attitude is to arrange a systematized schedule of quizzes to avoid as much conflict as possible. Whether the students realize it, or whether the faculty regard it, such a system has been worked out by Dean Greene, and copies of it have been sent to all instructors. The schedule calls for first and fourth period quizzes to be given on Friday or Saturday; second and fifth period quizzes, on Wednesday and Thursday; and third period quizzes, on Monday and Tuesday. In the observance of this ruling, most students will have no two quizzes the same day, and no student will have more than two quizzes in one day. It should be understood that this ruling applies only to quizzes given to assist instructors in awarding the preliminary grades of November 25. An instructor is privileged to give a written recitation at any time.

It is the students who take the quizzes and the consequences of them, but it is the instructors' obligation in all fairness to the students to observe the quiz regulations of the dean of undergraduate instruction. —*A. L. R.*

While members of the senior class are pondering what shall constitute their gift to the university this next spring, it may be suggested that they well could complement the gift of the class of 1934 with a second flag-pole, opposite the library, where the Duke university colors could fly.

As Others Express It

Murder at Geneva

Besieged by burly ruffians in the persons of economic imperialism, bristlingly aggressive corporate states, pugilistic rightists and leftists, and swaggering dictator-orators, the League of Nations, that pale, frail, white angel born of the idealism of Woodrow Wilson, is in the death throes.

The death rattle comes as no surprise to students of international relations who saw failure foredoomed in the unfortunate founding of the League upon the Treaty of Versailles, that document of greed and hatred, in the woeful lack of real authority invested in the League, and in the lack of an international military unit to enforce the decisions of the league.

American students generally are prone to scoff at the League of Nations either deriding its weakness which in some measure was caused by American failure to enter the League, or harking back to the immortal words of a certain soldier, Mr. George Washington, "No foreign entanglements."

The best reply to the words of the man who, because he was the father of his country, could undoubtedly foresee and understand perfectly international affairs 150 years beyond him, is the statement of Dr. Harry N. Howard that "the United States has played an active part in *every* world conflict in modern history" which he follows with an enumeration of seven such world conflagrations.

But now the League is dying, or dead. With the last vestige of rationality and arbitration wiped away, the arena is nearly cleared for the settling of international problems with blasting shells, screaming airplanes, and ripping bayonets. Now will come a mad dance of alliances and alignments with an ever-tightening circle of armaments and military preparation and soon all the world will be aflame in the next world war.

It may come within months or a few years or ten, but it will come, and eventually the United States, after first carefully choosing the side of justice, truth, and freedom, will set valiantly forth to save the world from dictators—keeping the world safe for democracy. That, you see, is progress; that is civilization. "Time Marches On!"

—*Miami Student.*

Youth Speaks

By ROBERT G. HOWARD

Prediction Falls Short
Election Certain
Stocks Bolt

This column has apologies to make in this issue. It is called upon to admit that it was wrong and that it is a bad guesser.

We Were Wrong A week ago the column predicted the probable outcome of the election, but it was too conservative, and it was wrong. This column advanced the opinion that President Roosevelt would win the election, and indeed, that he would sweep into office again by a landslide. There is where the prediction began to go wrong. It picked the winner, but failed miserably in quoting the probable figures of the vote.

The column guessed that Roosevelt would win 40 states. He won 46.

The column guessed that Roosevelt would get 400 electoral votes. He got 523.

The column guessed that Roosevelt would get 54 per cent of the popular vote. He got about 60 per cent.

The results of the election tell their own story of the confidence of the American people in President Roosevelt. Not only did they elect him by the greatest popular majority ever given a Presidential candidate, but they also saw to it that the Congress to convene in January will be a thorough-going Democratic one.

Leaves No Doubt The majority of the voters in this democracy showed their approval of the policies and results of the Roosevelt Administration. That hearty approval was expressed to the amazing tune of a 10 million plurality vote over that of the President's opponent, Governor Landon. Obviously the majority of the electorate is firmly convinced of liberal policies, and convinced of the the good of the President's far-seeing liberal policies, and convinced of the utter worthlessness of the Republican Old Guard's ante-dated policies of reaction and stagnation.

All kinds of people cast their ballots in favor of the President, except, perhaps, those "economic royalists" who so sturdily opposed all of the President's reform measures, who admittedly hate him, and whose hate he welcomes. The farmers all over the nation supported him. The industrial workers of the big cities all over the country supported him. Most of the country's educators and professional men supported him. The majority vote of the "middle-class" was solidly behind him. President Roosevelt is the most popular president the United States has ever had.

Reasons Are Obvious The reason for his overwhelming support by the people are perfectly obvious. His Administration has benefitted them. That in itself is what makes voters reelect any candidate. That is the theory of democratic government. So long as the elected officer fulfils his duty to the people who put him in office, he will be kept in office. When the time comes that his program no longer is promoting the welfare of the people, then he will be turned out of office.

The duty of the opposition party, or candidate, is not to point out only the defects of the incumbent's administration, but also to offer some program which logically to the voters would seem to offer them more material good. When a party or a candidate opposing the incumbent can do this to the voters' satisfaction, the voters will put that candidate or that party in office. That is the way the American style of democracy works.

Stocks Rocket Upward In spite of the Republican scare talk before the election that the business world would collapse and the stock market would fold up and die if the President were reelected, the stock up at an almost unprecedented post-market quotations today have shot election rate. Some of the stock issues advanced to a 5 year high. Many were selling at the highest peak since 1931. Copper, steel, motor, retail, farm equipment—all stocks which reflect keenly the material prosperity of the country—were at the highest selling point since February.

Business will probably continue to exist in the United States. Most observers think that it will continue to thrive.

Rattling The Skeleton Again

To the Editor:

Within the last week, two news items appeared in the Chronicle which vividly brought out the philosophy of education as it exists here at Duke.

First was the announcement of a newly formed Honor Council to curb cheating. The way in which this council proposes to operate consists of reporting violators of cheating rules to the Student Government. Is this essentially different from trying to cure a fever by putting the patient in a refrigerated room? In both cases we are treating effects and not causes. Perhaps by closer analysis we can ascertain these subtle causes of cheating.

The second item drags out the old skeleton of compulsory class attendance and leaves it standing out in the limelight in all its ugliness. I have in mind the new ruling of the Administration on the question of overcutting.

Must Be Shown

Apparently the gentlemen of the Administration are firmly convinced that we are completely incapable of tending our own gardens and must be shown the way. This is excellent training for the construction of self made principles, I think not.

And these self-made principles, my friends, are exactly what you're going to have to act on the moment you leave your cloistered existence here.

Now the questions of cheating and class attendance, although superficially unlike, are basically one. In our educational system here, and for that matter in about 98% of American universities, the main goal-to-be-attained is *primarily* the gaining of a passing grade and a Bachelor's Degree, and *secondarily*, knowledge.

Placing the stress on the superficial aspect of knowledge, *grades*, leads the lazier student to all sorts of plans for the attainment of a passing mark. Cheating is one plan, cramming is another. Under this system the class-room becomes a bore to the student who cares not for the pure pleasure of learning. And so we must have infantile laws concerning class attendance.

What can be suggested as a remedy for this vicious state of affairs? First I would suggest that class attendance be made optional for all classes above freshman year. This would put the burden on the instructor to either give a decent series of lectures or talk to the walls. There are a number of professors on the campus now who do not take attendance but still have perfect attendance *plus* large numbers of auditors.

"Piddling Quizzes"

Secondly, I suggest that the objective notion of education for a degree's sake be knocked into a cocked hat. Instead of innumerable piddling quizzes let us have conference periods in which the professor may quiz us, but more important, in which we can ask *him* questions. Let both aspects determine our grades.

Thirdly, let's have a larger faculty and smaller classes so that we can masticate our education instead of getting it through a stomach tube.

With these reforms, cheating will be impossible for there will be nobody to cheat but oneself. Class cutting will go on to some degree but at least the student will know that the blame rests upon himself and, if he has any sense, will do a minimum of it. At any rate, the student will learn how to act on his own principles rather than on the mandates of an all-too-patriarchial administration.

Jerome S. Bruner, '37.

. . . Whispers From The East . . .

We always thought we'd like to play Winchell, but we confess we never thought we'd get a chance. Fate, however, gave us a wicked leer, and so here we are. Gather round, my little chickadees, and see what the funny lady pulls out of the bag.

My, my, but the girls in Alspaugh, Pegram, Bassett, and Giles have gotten timid about opening doors after 10:30—could it be *Carpenters*? . . . Bogert's been down at the jail . . . We wonder why the General's deserted Brown for Bassett and Giles. . . . West campus, please note—Murph wants to fall in love . . . Becky's not on campus any more . . . We wonder how Kneipp enjoyed the Follies Caprice—we thought for a while it might be trio love . . . Did you get an invite to Slater's wedding? . . . Marlatt's got a haunt . . . We hate to keep picking on Lucky, but we just want to warn her that a couple of gals are unmistakably shining up to her football hero in class. . . . Yes, yes, Callahan, what about the Hoof and Horn? . . .

We're still hearing rumors about last week-end—must have been a good one . . . Ask Annie about Times Square at 5:00 Sunday morning . . . Annadale wears a Pekingese under her arm when she's home . . . putting on the dog . . . We don't see how Miss Alice can manage to bob for apples successfully and emerge still looking dignified—must be an art . . . They say Hatcher's family serves the best food in the state—anyhow, it took 'em three hours to eat it, if we may quote the General . . . He won the race home . . . And speaking of interpretative dancing, Bull, have you ever visited the Ark right after dinner? . . . Quite educational . . . Ask Dave and T. C. . . . Too bad we didn't have a cheering section at Richmond. . . We missed Ernie and his flip-flops . . . Wonder if Hempy met her millionaire? . . . We admire Covington's red drapes . . . Funny how many gals you see in the West Campus Dope Shop on Monday nights . . . and even funnier how many of 'em happen to meet people they happen to know . . . Yes, Danny, we sure will visit your kitchen to see the new sanitary washing machine . . . We think Chief looks very picturesque in his uniform . . . According to Doctor Peppler, Achilles didn't pick a very original shape for his shield . . . You may come out of the closet now, Mathey—we understand how it was . . . We wonder why so many of our sisters just won't miss a Tuesday afternoon at accounting lab . . . they must be Greek Gods. . . . Peterson finally left her teens Tuesday . . . she's twenty now, believe it or not . . . Will Elmer and the SPE dance triumph, or will Mary Lalla go to Washington next week-end? . . . Barley, Watson, and Little have formed an English club . . . every Sunday night they dress up, stick a flower in their respective lapels, don a Harvard accent, and sing(?) . . .

Good-night, all . . .

East Fibber.

Running the Gamut

with KENNETH KRUM

Good luck, Mr. President! The testimonial that the American people gave you last Tuesday should make you happy and proud. And to you too, Mr. Landon, good luck. No one who loses after fighting the clean, hard battle you did need have anything whatsoever to be ashamed of.

* * *

The announcement in Bull Durham's last column concerning the engagement of "a band by the name of Hudson-DeLange for the December Pan-Hel series" has caused quite a buzz around both campi, and I think the matter needs a little clarifying. Bull's slightly disdainful allusion to this really excellent musical outfit is unfair, but I'm willing to admit that my neighbor probably has never heard of Hudson-DeLange and is a bit rankled because the Council didn't secure something along the Big Name line for the winter dances. In a way, I don't blame him. Perhaps after I've batted out the following explanation both you and he will feel a little better about the thing.

Straight Stuff

Will Hudson is one of the most gifted arrangers in the business; among other things, he wrote "Organ Grinder's Swing" and "White Heat" and "Jazznocracy." Eddie DeLange is the "front" for the organization; he's built like the Chapel tower, has a handsome puss and platinum curls, sings like Lily Pons, and will indubitably make you evening gowns swoon in windows. The last time I saw the band was at the famous Roadside Rest on Long Island a couple of years ago, and the crowd there would have jammed the Yankee Stadium.

Since then they've been touring the northeast, and in two or three spots, one of which was Boston, they actually outdrew King Benny, the Goodman. Which comes pretty close to being enough said . . . when you outdraw Goodman you've either got a corking orchestra or the management is giving away dollar bills with every admission. So come to your own conclusions.

And Too—

And furthermore (might just as well get this whole thing told while I'm at it) . . . if you snap up all the tickets for this next series and bring the ruddy glow of health to the Council's exchequer, don't be too astonished if, for the spring series, you are presented with Goodman, Glen Gray, Herbie Kay or some other such big-leaguer whose baton scrapes the highest heaven of the musical world. And, believe me, I got this from a lot better source than a little birdie.

* * *

Al Seeman made the most intelligent commentary of all on the new anti-cheating program which the Men's Student Government proposes to cram down the University's throat . . . deprecating as he does the formation of what is nothing more nor less than a student SPY RING. But even Al didn't go far enough. Not by a thousand miles. When someone comes forward and calls the entire program just so much tripe and gives it a ripe raspberry from all angles I'll pin on his breast a well-merited Medal for Bravery and Candor.

Pity the Poor Student

Listen—the American college system is, in most of its ramifications, archaic and unimaginative. When a man attains college age he usually has certain predilections, predispositions, flairs, bents—or call it what you will—and he comes to school to smooth up and develop his potentialities. What happens? The curriculum master minds foist on him a welter of irrelevant weasel-subjects, and he *has* to wade through this scum to get his degree. I say let him wade any way he can. It isn't honorable, but is the school honorable when it trammels him the way it does? All right, expel me.

Duke's Mixture

b. m. o. c and w. o. c.

The letters heading this column hold no mystery for you if you have ever read any of these pseudo-collegiate novels which deal with the adventures of Frank Merriwell and chums. It was while idly thumbing through the year book that I suddenly hit upon the remarkably brilliant idea of humanizing the stiff, formal list of activities which are placed beneath each beaming face. These people are not botanical specimens to be listed, catalogued, and filed away. They, some of them, get into their clothes the same way you do. For instance: Emmett D. Atkins, Jr., Alpha Lambda Tau; Kappa Kappa Psi; George Tech. 1 (Tsk, Tsk); Band 2; Symphony Orchestra 2; Chronicle 2. (hurrah) probably speaks without too many qualms to somebody like George Gump, Durham, N. C. I hope you get the general idea; it's there if you will try hard. For some examples of the fine art of making people come to life on the printed page; Randal B. Adams . . . This unassuming fellow has, believe it or not, gone with the same girl on the other campus for three years without a nervous breakdown. What a signature for Camels . . . Peter E. Callahan . . . What a signature for anything . . . Albert W. Fletcher . . . A man with a repertoire of assorted sound effects that would put to shame even the most well equipped broadcasting studio . . . Ray C. Matulewicz . . . Ray believes that one shouldn't pay off on upsets. A system that is even more remunerative than Williamson's system (Win, tie, or reverse) . . . Everett G. Perine . . . Where there is a Will there is Perry . . . Willard Raphael Schlesinger . . . If it marcels its hair, he knows it . . . Tom Southgate . . . If it votes, he knows it . . . Ann Wagner . . . Social Standing Committee . . . Robert Rowe Beatty . . . When he cracks the whip they get on their perch . . . Barbara Jenkins . . . Poise, boys, poise . . . Frank Moffit . . . More gallons per night than last year's model . . . Caroline Breedlove . . . That crack about fools stepping in where wise men fear to tread still goes. . .

also on campus . . .

Ovaltine, Codliver oil, etc., have worked wonders where wonders needed to be worked for one little (?) hard pressed Gawgah miss . . . Overheard one boy say that his family would probably move to Canada because of the election results. That is about the only place left that isn't Democratic I guess . . . The lads are still figuring out the possibilities that we may yet go to the pigskin classic in Pasadena. Hope springs and stuff . . . Wake Forest practically outplayed Carolina when they met earlier in the season; so let's go slowly on the number of points we give tomorrow . . . and next week the massacree in Chapel Hill. We hope.

Bull.

Glimpses Around The Colleges

Associated Collegiate Press

It's fairly late to be giving advice to men who are about to experience a Leap Year date, but males at Washington University, knowing that such things will be going on until December 31st, offer these suggestions to all collegians:

Be sure to keep your escort waiting at least 20 minutes.

Load your pockets with combs, powder puffs, and mirrors. She will be disappointed if she hasn't anything to carry.

Of course she'll provide you with stances light your own cigaret. It cigarets and gum. Under no circum- would make her feel bad.

During intermission in dancing, order at least a double chocolate malted milk. She doesn't want you to think she's a miser.

Be subdued and meek at all times, but insist on your rights. Taxis are available at all hours.

Something strange has happened at Amherst College, alma mater of the late Calvin Coolidge. The Student, undergraduate paper, recently came out in support of President Roosevelt's re-election for this reason: it found "Governor Landon a colorless and unconvincing candidate." Henry Stuart Hughes, grandson of Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, the G.O.P.'s 1916 Presidential nominee, is editor-in-chief!

Why waste "pin-money" on pinball machines? Students of Ohio State University, according to a survey conducted a short time ago, spend on an average $1,500 a month on these machines. Losers never seem to abandon the idea that they can beat the "pinball-pirates." Losing is only added stimulus to play again.

Dr. B. M. Wood, of the University of California, warns everybody of the futility because of the results of his experiments. Using a mechanically accurate release, he hit the designated hole only 28 times in 865 attempts for one score in about every 33 shots. Using a hand release, he was successful only 14 times in the same number of shots.

You just can't win on a pinball machine," says Dr. Wood, but he knows secretly that his feelings won't deter the ever-egotistic people who have overheated coins in their pockets.

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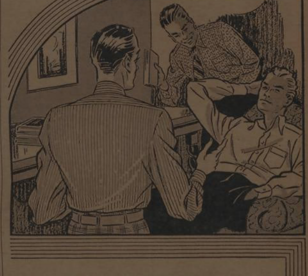

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