

THE TAR HEEL

Official Organ of the Athletic Association of the University of North Carolina
Published Weekly

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PARAGRAPHS

Lending money to the strongest government on earth, at a good rate of interest, is not charity. It's a mighty fine financial opportunity.

Destructive criticism of Germany is a heap better than amateur "constructive" criticism of America.

Germany has proved itself absolutely suptr-efficient in one way. It has secured the enmity of the whole civilized world.

Spending money for luxuries today is pro-Germanism expressed in cash terms.

One Hun offensive that failed: In May the kaiser talked of "me and Gott"; in June of "the Lord and I"; in September of "Almighty God."

When you refuse to recognize your opponent's ability, you do yourself, as well as him, an injustice.

There are not many comic papers published in Germany now. But the Beast's press agent's stories supply the deficiency.

The longer the war lasts, the busier the "retreat specialists" over here will be trying to explain the German Staff's explanations.

It's a wise man who cleans off his desk and table ever so often, and throws away things he will never need again—if he throws them where he can retrieve them next week!

A WORD BEFORE PARTING

To you who go—we would say a word of farewell. Many of you are those we have known here when things were not as they are. Many of you are new men who see to-day a Carolina outwardly changed—we say "outwardly" because the pulsing, vibrant heart of the old school still beats, giving to you all something imperishable—a glorious, glowing idealism. Remember, knights errant, you are the sons of an alma mater whose history is the pride of all her sons.

Go, then, sons of Carolina, with the benediction of the old school. She will be proud of you, whether as "soldier and gentleman" or "officer and gentleman" for we know you will not fail her.

Goodbye, good-luck, and—we add this last quite fervently—God bless you.

"BREVITY IS THE SOUL"

The business of our country is to win this war. That is the explanation of the new draft and all the thousand and one activities that circle around ordinary business. The new draft is diverting the efforts of thousands of men to this big job.

Business must go on, but under a reduced pressure, and with a saving everywhere of individual effort. We must learn to say in a hundred words what the commercial traveler formerly took five hundred to say; to circularize on a 3x6 slip what we used to spread over an 8 1/2x11 sheet.

And incidentally it will be good for our vocabularies as well as our sense of conversation, to do this very thing. We are going to learn to cut out the camouflage of verbiage and not only "get down to brass tacks"—but to start there.

With every one doing so, we will grow accustomed to saying what we have to say in crisp, crackly, clear convincing English—and to reading what the other chap has to say, in the same way.

ANOTHER LIBERTY LOAN

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo has announced that, no matter what the results of the pending overtures for peace may be, there will be another Liberty Loan. To use his expression, "We are going to have to finance peace for a while just as we have to finance war."

There are over 2,000,000 United States soldiers abroad. If we trans-

port these men back to the United States at the rate of 300,000 a month, it will be over half a year before they are all returned. Our army therefore must be maintained, victualled, and clothed for many months after peace is an actuality.

The American people, therefore, having supported the Liberty Loan with a patriotism that future historians will love to extol, will have an opportunity to show the same patriotism in financing the just and conclusive victorious peace whenever it comes.

Not for a moment, however, is the Treasury acting on any assumption that peace is to come soon. Until peace is actually assured the attitude of the Treasury and the attitude of the whole United States Government is for the most vigorous prosecution of the war, and the motto of force against Germany without stint or limit will be acted up to until peace is an absolute accomplished fact.

One more Liberty Loan, at least, is certain. The fourth loan was popularly called the "Fighting Loan"; the next loan may be a fighting loan, too, or it may be a peace loan. Whatever the conditions, the loan must be prepared for and its success certain and absolute. Begin now to prepare to support it.

The owner of a Liberty bond is the bond creditor of an honest debtor, and one who is amply able to meet its obligations—the United States.

LETTER OF DANIELS

October 17, 1918.

Dear Mr. Mott:

Your plan to enlist the cooperation of all the officers and men in our various naval stations and on our ships in American waters in the United War Work Campaign is in keeping with the real American spirit of the hour, and I wish most emphatically to endorse it.

Anyone who has seen what I have of the invaluable service rendered by the Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, Catholic War Council, the Jewish Welfare Board, the American Library Association, the Salvation Army and the Camp Community Service, must be proud of these manifestations of unselfish interest of the American people in our boys of our large and ever growing Navy. I would find it difficult to overstate my sense of appreciation of what their varied and practical ministry to the body, mind and spirit of our fighting forces means in the accomplishment of the great purpose before us in this war.

Your plan is such, as I am sure will meet the hearty sympathy and cooperation of every one of our able Commanding officers, and the 500,000 splendid young men in the service. Their interest will be heightened, because all of us in the Navy realize that this movement is on behalf of their shipmates on the other side.

Sincerely yours,
JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

Dr. John R. Mott,
Director General
United War Work Campaign,
347 Madison Ave., New York.

THE CHANGE

So gradual are many changes that, often, one is not aware that they are taking place but when a radical all embracing change such as has been observed in "B" Company during the past week, it is high time that goggle-eyed alchemists and wizened astrologers delve into the dusty papyrus of the Pharaoh's and find some involved hieroglyphical definition for the intricate psychological forces involved in the process.

At present no cause has yet been assigned to this egminal affair but it is felt that it will soon be solved and explained to the complete satisfaction of all concerned.

One of the mots pronounced and easily discernible signs of this remarkable change is seen in the fact that five or six squads of the above mentioned organization were seen sweeping and raking the Campus the other afternoon while all the other companies were enjoying a well earned period of recreation. While some people might attribute this strange behavior to the elirium resulting from a very mild form of "Flu", those better informed on the subject, when approached regarding the matter, merely shake their heads in a knowing way as if they would were far more subtle and mysterious reasons.

The most malignant form of this new malady is seen in the case of the young man who was found roaming about the corridors of the South Building in the small hours of the morning, in his night clothes, and murmuring in a sepulchral voice the words: "Give your name to Sergeant—" His voice choked to an inaudible murmur with suppressed emotion was wont to trail off into nothingness at the end of this speech and it was impossible to get the name of the serbeant in this case.

It is also rumored that some of the men at work on the campus were heard to chant a wierd kind of rhyme about being compelled to pursue that task for the duration of the war.

While at quite a loss to account for these wierd psycial incantations and authorities on the subject agree that there has been some powerful force at work in order to produce the symptoms which heretofore have been confined to the pitifu victims of the deadly "K. P." detail.

For the good of all concerned it is

to be hoped that the cause of these occurrences will be found and removed and that then the men in the company will be relieved of the oppression due to these psychological phenomena and that all somnambulist inclinations of the victims will be remedied.

GET BEHIND YOUR TEAM

Last Saturday you saw your football team—a team composed entirely of men without varsity experience—go out on the field and outplay a heavier team with six varsity men in its lineup. You have a hard-fighting, clean playing football team to represent you and you know, by its Saturday record, that it will be a representation of which you can always feel proud—a true Carolina team that fights to the finish—win or lose.

Therefore, do your part. Such a team deserves your individual support—all the encouragement and loyalty you can give it. Your support Saturday was good—but it could have been better. There's a game here Saturday with Camp Greene. Get out—all of you—and cheer not part of the time—but all the time. Get behind your team.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS

Once upon a time, there were some college traditions, Timid; but they were all shot to pitees before you came on. You need have no fear of innocently breaking any of the ancient laws of the academic zone by saying "How do you do?" to the wrong person, or sitting on the wrong bench, or wearing the wrong kind of a hat. We aren't giving a hang about such things, just now.

Act like a he-man, and use your judgment; that's all. The best account you can give of yourself, is to keep smiling! If you are uncomfortable, grin! If the serbeant jolts your sensibilities, cheer! If the military proctor gets your goat, let him have it; there are more goats to be had. The college had gone to war—all of it—lock, stock, and barrel!

Attend everything that looks like a patriotic meeting. Give your old duds to the Belgians. Save up your cash for the United War Work Campaign fund. The college students led the country, last year, in donations to these movements—now combined for one big drive in November.

Until we can get into the fight, ourselves, let's do our best to brace up the other fellows who are in it. Any student who finishes this academic year with money in his trousers, has something wrong under his vest.

We used to chaff teh chap who was tighter'n an old tire on a rusty rim; him!" (He can understand that sentence, being patr Boche.)

So, don't be timid, Timid, about anything but grouchiness and stinginess. The only offenses you can possibly commit, this year, are soreness and tightness.

Miss Roper Dies

As a result of pneumonia following influenza contracted while volunteering her services to the University Infirmary, Miss Bessie Roper, age 29, formerly of Morganton, but for the past six years of Asheville, died here Tuesday night at 12 o'clock, October 23. The young lady has been special nurse to Mrs. Anne McDade, an aunt of Captain Asaac E. Emerson, of Baltimore.

When the epidemic began its ravages in the University, she felt it her duty to go where she was most needed. She made a sacrifice like that of the soldier who dies for his country. Three of her patients at the Infirmary, whose recovery was at one time in doubt, are now on the convalescent list.

Besides her widowed mother, Mrs. Cora Roper, of Asheville, among other immediate relatives, the young lady is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Ed Clodfelter and Mrs. Benjamin, of Asheville, and Mrs. E. Sid Berry, of Morganton, and two brothers, James Roper, in service in France, and Otis Roper, of Asheville.

Marine Organization Moved to Georgia Tech

First Lieutenant Boyd, U. S. M. C., received orders Wednesday morning to proceed with his command to the Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Georgia. This move is to be made is to be made no later than the first of next week.

The Marine organization at Carolina has been unable to get its full quota of men, due to inability of S. A. T. C. men to secure transfers and the movement of the unit to another school is made for the reason.

At present there are only eight men in the Carolina unit. These men will proceed to Georgia Tech with Lieutenant Boyd.

Oh, we haven't learned formation for a squad and a platoon—And we've yet to fix the difference in a bayonet and baton—And we know as much of S. O. L. as someone in the moon.

But this is what they tell us, "Boy, you'll find out soon!" Then the Students Army Training Corps will soon dispel the doubt, which lingers yet with Bloody Bill just what the war's about—We'll show him all the difference in a victory and a rout! Oh, he thinks he isn't beaten but he'll soon find out!

"Appease that conscience—subscribe for the Tar Heel now!"

JUST GOSSIP

Fables of Sultan Peikh A Bou No. 4: All Ye That Are Verdant: Beware

Who is yon fellow who sitteth so dejectedly and who, ever and anon, grndeth his teeth and teareth his hair? For his actions are passing strange.

My lord, thou seest a Sophomore, yea, 'tis even so,—a once mighty Soph who mourneth the passing of the Good Old Days when this curious creature bedight a Freshman walked in fear and trembling. Yea, in fear and trembling of the Sophs who, perchance, would threaten to march him around the campus clad exceeding airy in a pickle barrel and a forced smile, or compel him to sing the "Wearing of the Green" and other favored class songs. And now these same Freshmen, once the Mightiest phatically to endorse ti. of the insignificant, do sneer openly at the Sophs and receive their threats of a shaven poll with cold disdain. But the Sophs sweareth, by the great Danfino oath, that the day of Reckoning cometh. For the face of a Freshman will ever be green in their memory.

She (fondly): "Dear, would you die for me?"

He: "No, precious, mine is an undying love."

Desmond: "There's dirty work ahead."

Esmond: "What's up?"

Desmond: "The battalion is going to take a bath."

By observing the methods of pronouncing commands laid down here, one may readily become almost as unintelligible as most the military graduates of Plattsburg. Experience in the New York subway is invaluable.

Command: Pronounced: Squads Right Squaw-grighk!! Squads Left Haw! -wefligk!!

Right front into line Glightjkl qwzxszyzz ogvhjkl-- unglk!

Left Turn Gweldj-- burnph

On Right into line Punsr ri injonk wine!!

Forward march Grownkwg--mhhurk!!

To the rear, March To huh heuh-hark!

Company Halt Klumfunty --awllwl.

Cheerful one (To rookie, on being asked what the trenches are like—"If yer stands up yer gets sniped; if yer moves yer gets shelled; and if yer stands still yer gets court-martialed for frostbite.

Sentinel (On post): "Halt! Who's there?"

Officer: "An officer of the Camp, with family."

"Advance and be sterilized."

Private Blank of Blank Company: (Showing his disregard for discipline) "You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink." Old Timer: "No, but they can stick old horsie's nose under the water and let him use his own judgment."

An Irish soldier, after fighting eight months on the Western front, applied for a furlough. His request was granted, and then it blawned upon him that he had no money to take advantage of his holiday. He wanted \$100 to go to Paris. He was at his wits end, there being no time to be lost, when he recalled his old mother's advice to apply to the good Lord above him in time of trouble. So he wrote and posted this letter:

Dear Lord: Here I am afther fightin tin months in mud up to me neck. The work is somewhat unpleasant, but Ye'll be glad to hear that I've killed fifty Germans. Now I'm a little tired and have me furlough all right; but I have no money left, having spent most of what I had for prayer books. Ask Father Tom McCarthy if Ye don't believe me. So, Lord, I ask Ye in the name of all the Saints for the small sum of \$100. Sure Ye'll niver miss it, and if Ye sind me the money, I'll niver forgit Ye in my rayers."

PAT CASEY.

In due course this appeal reached the censor's Office, which happened in this particular locality to be housed in the Y. M. C. A. quarters. The letter was passed around and aroused considerable attention and interest, as Casey was known to be a brave and cheerful fighter. Contributions were sought and finally the sum of \$50 was raised. This was sent to the applicant, without comment, in a Y. M. C. A. envelope. The next day the following acknowledgment was received:

"Dear Lord: I've received your \$50 as per application for furlough money, and I thank Ye. May Yer shadder niver grow less—but I make so bold as to 'give Ye a word of warnin. Sind the next money by the K. C.'s. Ye sint the last by the Y. M. C. A. and they nipped half of it."

PAT CASEY.

At present companies "A" and "B" have allied themselves with the avowed intention of administering a sound drubbing to "C" and "D" while we feel justified in saying that the feeling is reciprocated with interest.

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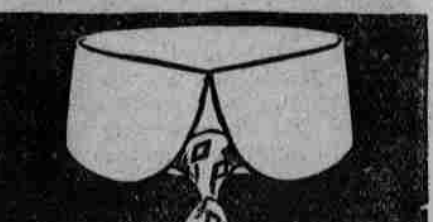
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