

THE TAR HEEL

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WHEN IS A GOOD LICKING GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU?

When a good football team is defeated by one over which it should have a keen-kutter edge we begin to sit up on our hind legs and take notice.

Can we make any excuses for our team's defeat by V. M. I. last Saturday? No, we can't. The fact is, and we must admit it, in the spirit of good sportsmanship, that our boys were outclassed in every department of the game and the cadet eleven deserved to win. Was it the team's fault? No, it wasn't. It wasn't even over-confidence. It's merely one of those unaccountable mid-season slumps which have come this year to some of the most powerful football elevens in the country. Pittsburgh, for instance, in their Syracuse game, Georgia Tech, for example, in their Washington and Lee game, Harvard, as an illustration, in her Princeton game. So there you are!

Understand, we make no excuses for the team. The team itself makes none, why should we.

Football, like everything else, and we are neither sport writers or philosophers here, is ability plus. The plus was lacking in the Saturday game. The spirit which made N. C. State eat great gobs of dust before our boys is still with us, but it was dormant. Not the team's fault, either. No group of men can keep tense to that kind of situation throughout a season. It's exceedingly fortunate that this slump struck us now instead of late. We meet Davidson Saturday. And our boys will come back; they'll be back strong. They'll be there Thanksgiving when the Virginia team comes here as our guests.

We're behind our team. Win or lose, we'll stand behind 'em. We cheer them in misfortune Saturday. That's the essence of our spirit—we cheer our team and not their victories. The team's the thing. We're proud of them.

A day or so ago, out on Emerson field, V. M. I. beat U. N. C. Some time before this U. N. C. had beaten N. C. State. N. C. State beat V. M. I. And yet V. M. I. beat U. N. C. By all the laws of dope this was our game. And yet we were beaten. Why? Many excuses were offered. Some were good excuses and some weren't. But whatever excuses were offered the fact remains: V. M. I. beat us. There must have been a reason.

There was a reason. On October 22 Carolina had only scored 14 points during the entire football season. N. C. State whom they were to meet on the morrow, had run scores well up into hundreds. By all the dope the game was theirs. They said as much. They bet as much. Carolina gritted its teeth and said little. On the inside everyone expected to lose the game. But they meant to give N. C. State one Heluva fight. And they did. And the student body backed the team to the last man. And the team played its damndest. And the Carolina spirit filled every man on that team with its invigorating presence. And that

team couldn't help but win. And it won.

On November 7 Carolina stood on the pinnacle of her glory. She had a record to be proud of. She knew it. She was proud of it. She boasted of it. We boasted of it. On the morrow she was to meet V. M. I. State had beaten V. M. I. 27 to 0. According to the dope we would beat them 28 to 0. We didn't! We got beat. Many excuses were offered. Many reasons were given. One reason stands out before all others: over-confidence. North Carolina's fairest became the victim of the same insidious evil that dragged from their high places such powers as the German Empire and N. C. State.

But we can take advantage of our defeat—we can profit by our beating. And if we do—and I know we will, that drubbing will be worth a dozen victories and a peck of laurels on Thanksgiving.

STUDENT FORUM

What Think Ye?

At the outset let me say that the attitude that I shall take upon the matter concerning which I am about to write may cause a lot of adverse criticism and probably some unpopularity among some of the students. But be that as it may, I am perfectly willing to take whatever may come along that line, and I am confident that the best thinking and most prominent men on the campus will take the same attitude that I am about to write may cause a lot of adverse criticism and probably some unpopularity among some of the students. But be that as it may, I am perfectly willing to take whatever may come along that line, and I am confident that the best thinking and most prominent men on the campus will take the same attitude that I am taking with regard to this question.

The matter in question is this: Sunday athletics. The Sunday that has just passed witnessed an unusual activity among a few of the students; some were playing tennis on the tennis courts, others were kicking footballs behind South and in front of South, in the fraternity houses quadrangle, pitching horseshoes around over the campus, and engaging in various forms of athletics in general.

There were probably a dozen men engaged in this playing—not over two dozen at the most. There are over thirteen hundred students here. Is it fair for these men—about one per cent of the student body—to ride roughshod over the other ninety-nine per cent? They may say that it's nobody's business except their own, but is this the case? Are they not representing the University? As Dean Graham said Monday in chapel, speaking about the action of a few men at a concert recently held in Gerrard Hall, "It is not a democracy when a few men go against the great majority of the students and do things that do not represent in a correct way the spirit of the University."

Engaging in athletics on Sunday is a violation of the Carolina spirit and the man who does this is guilty of undermining the foundation of that spirit, although, of course, he does it unintentionally.

Whether he has any moral scruples about the question or not—this is not the question—he should be willing to abide by the sentiments of the other ninety-nine per cent. Every student up here—if he is a loyal student, and that is the case almost unanimously, is working for a greater Carolina. That is an all-important desire of his. But is Sunday athletics a way to further that desire? This is where the denominational schools come in. They claim that there is an utter lack of morals here and that therefore the people should support the denominational college—not primarily on account of the denomination, but on account of the moral atmosphere prevalent at the latter place. Of course we know that the moral side of our life here is better than at most of the denominational schools, but from outward appearances on a Sunday afternoon a citizen passing through Chapel Hill would come to the conclusion that the denominational schools were right in their charge. And this hurts Carolina to a very great extent.

If a man wants to play ball, let him go over to Piney Prospect or out to the trenches where the passing citizen will not see him masquerading his freedom.

I believe, Mr. Editor, that the man who has been engaging in Sunday playing will see the position of the other thirteen hundred men—as well as the position of Carolina as an institution—and will gladly fall in line. He is that good a sport, and that much a believer in student democracy. LeGETTE BLYTHE.

INITIATIVE

This is the 125th year of the University. When the University started it was small and insignificant. Now it has passed out of this stage and has made a place for itself among the leading Universities of this country. Do you think that the plan for founding the University came into the minds of all the people concerned at the same time? No! It took a man with initiative to conceive the plan and then get others interested in it.

Many activities that seem small at the beginning grow to be important factors in our lives just as the University has done. There are opportunities here on the campus for every Carolina man to show his initiative and productive ability. There are many things which we need very much on the campus. We need original plays for the Carolina Playmakers; we need more fraternities; we need stories for the student publications; we need men with initiative in the organizations we now have. Most of the organizations on the Hill are on the down ward path. That is, they have ceased to serve the purpose they were put here for and are doomed to die a natural death. The Greater Council has gone. No one in it had sufficient initiative to make it serve its purpose. One good man could have saved this organization if he had exerted himself at the right time. Don't let any of our other organizations go but try to create new ones. Show your initiative and do something this year.

J. M. H.

ARE YOU A GENTLEMAN?

This was the question asked by Dr. Moss Tuesday night at the "Y" meeting. The department counts and the family counts, said Parson, but those things are only minor essentials. The gentleman has the right kind of feelings that bind everything to him. He relates himself lovingly and amicably to everything he may touch. He is a man and not a mankin.

No gentleman can be a grouch. He never invades another's feelings. He will not sneer at the other fellow's snobbishness or rudeness and will never be rude himself. He doesn't throw peanuts at the Pick Wick.

The real gentleman doesn't talk of a Y. M. C. A. fund like ours was talked of this week. One would never hear a gentleman say that the "Y" has done him no good and therefore he will not support it, but he is willing and glad to give for the sake of the community.

The man who comes to the University and loafes away his time, and throws away the money of his parents is not acting the part of a gentleman. A gentleman owns his life and is never owned by it, is the way Parson interprets it. Then let us put it down in our lives to have the right kind of feeling toward everything with which we come in contact. Be guided by truth and goodness.

The Y. M. C. A. is this year doing something for the students here that merits the gratitude of every man in this University. I am speaking of the artists that it has brought and is going to bring here to furnish Carolina men with entertainment of the higher sort.

There exists in the average student a distinct need for some sort of change in the way of lighter recreation. He needs something that will take his mind away from work for a time, and give him a chance to think of other things. Music in some form or other has always been a favorite means to affect this end. It lacks the excitement of a football game, but that its influence serves to bring to the front the best that is in a man will be denied by no one. Its ennobling influence serves to give him an insight into the higher things of life.

The "Y" plan is distinctly popular among the students. When a man goes to one of these recitals he leaves it feeling that he has gotten his money's worth. These strictly high class attractions should not be judged by the absurdly low price that is charged for seeing them; the Y. M. C. A. entertainments are not in any sense a money making venture.

The next artist to appear here is Joseph Konechy, the famous Bohemian Violinist, announcement of whose coming was carried in the Tar Heel of last week. Sufficient it is to state that these are opportunities for hearing really great artists for a negligible sum, and should be considered a part of the regular culture course that every University man should have.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead" as not to swell with pride at such words as those of Dean Graham in Chapel Monday? "Carolina was defeated, but Carolina will not stay defeated. Carolina spirit does not depend on victory." His appeal was for a continuation of this spirit which manifested itself with such splendid force in the A. and E.



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and V. M. I. games. Dean Graham is firm believer in pep and spirit as a winner of games, even when opposed be great odds in the way of weight and skill. It is also a conviction of his, and happily shared by all the students, that Carolina has more than her share of this spirit. His call will serve to crystallize that spirit into an unconquerable force for victory in the contest here on the 27th.

One of the most obvious needs on the campus at the present time is the need for some form of musical instruction. When considered for a moment, it is a surprising and regrettable fact, that Carolina men, during the four most critical years of their lives, when they are becoming broadened in all respects, and becoming oriented to the world at large, have no way by which they can develop the desire to be able to play some musical instrument, a desire which is felt in nearly everyone.

As might be expected, the majority of students never have sufficient courage to begin the laborious process which leads to the final mastery of an instrument. But there are many others on the campus, as evinced by the list of names handed to Professor Weaver, who are anxious to learn to play either the piano or violin, perhaps not with the intention of becoming professional players or of completely mastering the instrument, but the view of becoming a player of medium skill and being able to beguile the weary hours with weird, dulcet, or inharmonious sounds. Then there are others who would enter into the work wholeheartedly, with the intention of becoming players of skill, or of gaining some knowledge of musical technique or forms, which would lead to greater ability to appreciate music.

It is true that many of those who would start would lose interest, or lack persistence, but there are many others who have ample time within the four years to devote to the consistent practice which leads to the ultimate mastery of an instrument. These are the ones who are anxious to study music, and who are being prevented from doing so only by lack of provision for such instruction.

Why can't we have more of this kind of chapel music? was the question asked by many after hearing the orchestra in chapel Tuesday. "Bull" is alright in its place, but the students here are "fed up" on it, and the musical program always makes a hit with them. It takes a man's mind off his work for a few moments, and he goes on class afterwards feeling distinctly better towards his "Prof." and the world generally for having heard it.

If Professor Weaver and his orchestra will pull something similar to the performance Tuesday two or three times a week, they will have the gratitude of a large number of students who want to forget their daily grind for that few minutes.

Fresh—It sure is a great pity and loss to the varsity that Tom Wolfe doesn't play football.

Campbell—Why? Fresh—He could fall down with the ball and make a touchdown every time.

Louis Hobbs, '08, the idol of Chapel Hill fans in spring of 1908, is principal of the graded school at Saxapahaw.

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