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COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. J. J. Wade,
Editor, The Tar Heel.
Dear Sir:

Through the medium of your open forum column I wish to express "one man's opinion" as to why Freshmen should join one of the literary societies.

In the halls of the Dialectic and Philanthropic societies hang pictures of great men who have gone out from their doors. There may be seen pictures of James K. Polk, Zebulon Vance, Thomas Ruffin, Marian Butler (one Republican), Edward Kider Graham, and many others who have gone out into the life of the state and nation and made for themselves fame and for their people prosperity and happiness. These silent sentinels of the past speak a more eloquent plea than it is given any writer to make. They speak of a day when they were in those halls, ranting on slavery, new constitutions, free silver and all the problems of their day—a day when they were the lords of creation, not mere presidents, governors, merchant princes, and planters. That twinkle in the eye of Zeb Vance suggests that he recalls a political campaign fought in that hall, or of a joke on the rival society. The pictures themselves speak past days of glory; their presence there speaks to us a bit of advice, "would ye be great, or good, or evil?—then go where the great, or good, or evil are."

But it is not only that the great men of a day gone by were members of the debating societies. In these days of over-organization on the campus most of the leaders of campus life are members of one of the societies. The president of the student body last year was a member of one of them. So was the president of the Senior class, the president of the Junior class, the captain of the football team, the baseball team, the track team, the editors-in-chief of the three student publications, president of the Glee Club, all the inter-collegiate debaters, president of the North Carolina Club, president of the "Y," and so on. Seven out of the nine men picked for the Golden Fleece, the big honor organization, were society men. It is always so. It is a statement that will meet with no contradiction that the leaders of the campus are society men.

In the society halls a student can learn to express himself to a group, be it large or small, in an easy, clear and forceful manner. The ability to do this is an asset, not only to those preparing themselves for a public life, but is for all—doctors, engineers, business men, tinkers, tailors, laundrymen, sailors—so much capital to be used throughout life, and it is the kind of capital which cannot be lost. The lack of the ability to speak in a forceful manner to an individual or a group is too often the cause of much embarrassment, and frequently loses a man a golden opportunity.

It is not only by being thrown where the great of the past prepared themselves for their greatness that the literary societies prove useful to a man; nor only by permitting a man to do as they did. The society halls are one of

the few places on this campus where the plebeian rubs the shoulder of absolute equality with the prince. There all meet on an equality of interest and ambition. There the slick-haired darlings of fraternity row meet with the red-bearded individuals from Smith building. There a freshman meets his classmates. And there he has the privilege of differing with a sophomore, of agreeing with a senior, or of contradicting a faculty member. There he may see Juniors slinging mud at each other, and listen to the sharpened arrows of sarcasm wing from the eloquent bow of a senior to the pate of some conceited soph.

In the societies men are taught to think of national, state and campus life in an intelligent way. Their minds are trained to grasp an idea, weigh it, and measure it in a moment. The purposes of the societies at Carolina is to promote clear thinking, forceful expression, useful knowledge, and lasting friendships. It is enough to say that those who join the societies and take an active interest in them realize these aims before they leave the walls of the University.

To all who consider joining either the Dialectic or Philanthropic society the writer would say: If you're willing to work come in—otherwise don't. For those who will interest themselves in society work there is a great opportunity for development in many ways; for the others there is no room.

A final word: Don't "put off" joining one of the societies. Jump in now and get the benefit of an early start. Ask some man who is a member and abide by his answer.

A MEMBER.

It is a source of pride to every traveler to observe the signs of progress that greet him on every side. No longer need he blush with shame because his beloved Chapel Hill is not keeping up with the modern spirit of jazz, for it is now possible to point with pride to many signs showing the introduction of the modern spirit.

One of the most conspicuous of these innovations is to be found in front of the post-office facing the campus. As one walks across the campus at mid-day, lost in trivial reflection upon the lyrical qualities of Tennyson's poetry or perhaps considering the influence of Greek learning upon European civilization, he is suddenly brought back to the 20th century. There in front of him, emblazoned in large red letters upon a background of white, like a banner of the crusaders calling to duty, he reads the words, "Send It to the Laundry; Every Day is Wash Day." Oh! Marvel of efficiency! Having cast aside all the excrescences of pedagogical method, the laundry department in simple, forceful language has here pointed the way to godliness.

It is sad to think that we have so long neglected our opportunities. Without delay the University should correct this error and make use of all its strategic advantages for instilling into the youthful mind great truths and fine ideals. There should at once be erected in the center of the arboretum a large portrait of the famous Bull Durham bull, symbol of masculine courage and virility. In front of Memorial Hall, placed so as to greet the eye of the students coming from chapel, there should be placed a large bill-board bearing the words, "Use Royster's Guano." In front of the Alumni Building there should be a sign admonishing students to "Let the Gold Dust Twins Do Your Work." And the beautiful yard of the Presbyterian church might be utilized to emphasize a sign, "Our Business Is Protection; Be Wise and Aetna-ize."

These few suggestions by no means exhaust the possibilities, but are intended merely to call attention to a few of the opportunities for instruction that the University has allowed to go unused for more than a hundred years. But now that a start has been made, we may look forward with confidence to a period of evangelical culture that will revolutionize this hallowed but moss-grown University.

RAMESES X.

COLLEGIAN'S LOVE STORY

He had hung his pin—long, dim ages ago. He had completed the payments on the ring. He was marrying the most wonderful girl in school.

On the eve of the wedding he wondered how things would be a year from that night. He wondered if she would still love him, if he would be as crazy about her.

Time has a way of going by. Another year came—the anniversary of that night. And they were still as crazy about each other.

You see, they hadn't been married yet.—Judge.

THE SOUTHWEST CORNER By R. S. Pickens

As was announced with proper gusto last year this column is a personal one. Contributions are not invited. Neither is criticism.

About the most ironical production of last year's wild search after knowledge on the part of University students was the sending out from these classic and somewhat musty walls two outstanding men, to Columbia—"Dice" Daniels and P. Willie Horner. Very likely the two will room together. May God look down in kindly pity on the University and watch with care the entire city of New York. If the two ever disagree the Wall Street explosion will sound like a firecracker.

About the only outstanding feature popping into the first three or four days of the new fall quarter is the moving of the Wake Forest game to Goldsboro. This will leave three games to be played on the Hill. The South Carolina game will probably be checked over to Greensboro and the Maryland game to Wilmington. The column suggests that the Trinity game be moved to Asheville. It might be well to move the Tulane game to San Francisco and put the Davidson game at New Orleans. The authorities should take care that no games be staged within walking distance of the campus. Only the alumni are to be considered when games are arranged. Two thousand men, properly bent upon seizing all the golden opportunities of Carolina (See Freshman Bible and Carolina Magazine for list of said opportunities) should not be bothered with football games they pay father's money down to make possible. From twenty to fifty thousand dollars will be spent this year very probably on developing the physical side of the University. The result will be fifty men highly trained in the art of football exhibiting themselves for the benefit of the football lovers in distant cities. A squad of ten will become expert in handling a basketball and will thrill thousands in distant cities. A baseball squad of twenty will bring the stands to their feet—in distant cities. The other fifteen hundred or more will hang around up town and ask what the score is. Two football games on the Hill last year and one of them played before school opened caused a howl. Many promises were made, but few are carried out.

It is rumored that steps are going to be taken toward psycho-analyzing the freshman class next year. How modern Carolina has become! The present freshman class may offer up many prayers and sing with enthusiasm "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow" in thanksgiving. If the present freshmen were subjected to such an ordeal, two-thirds of them would have to go back and look at the south side of a northbound mule all the rest of their days. Most of the rest of the student body would very likely have to put out to pass those tests. Very likely Dr. Crane, of the psychology department,

will give the tests. That is enough to run several hundred away. He is the man who funks ten per cent of his class whether they pass the work or not.

A few suggestions as to questions to be asked: "Why won't it rain in Chapel Hill during the fall?" The reaction of the subject to this question should determine whether he thinks Alumni Building is beautiful. "Do you think the present student council will allow drinking?" The reaction to this question will determine whether he thinks Cook or Peary discovered the North Pole. The laboratory experiments will be more difficult. A flash of green light thrown on a spot of red should make the subject exclaim involuntarily "Swipe me pink" if the subject be normal. If the reaction is not that, then the subject should be given further tests and declared stupid. He should then be allowed to take courses in the school of education.

Further ideas will be propagated later on the above subjects. This column is named the Southwest Corner because that is the place where the wind blows the hardest. Thus endeth the blowing of the first breeze.

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