

# The Tar Heel

"The Leading Southern College Semi-Weekly Newspaper."

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## PAGE THE BASKETBALL COACH

The opening of the basketball season was marked by a very fine performance on the part of the Carolina team, which promises to even better the brilliant record of last year, and by the absence in the University of a single man assigned the task of coaching this varsity team during the season.

It is gratifying to see the team playing so well this early in the season, and especially after having gone through the training period without a coach of any kind. But this gratification we feel is little consolation for the fact that the University—be it the Graduate Manager of Athletics, the Athletic Council, or whoever it is—has not done its share, and is leaving the whole burden of the basketball season on the squad of players. We were under the impression that Coach Bill would be at the helm again this season, but we have been informed that he will not be here, and that the team seems to be left to its own salvation.

Coach or no coach, this fine aggregation of basketball stars may go through the season, a la last year, like a brilliantly performing airplane, and bring home another cup from Atlanta with divers other laurels; but if such is the case it will be a genuine surprise to the Tar Heel and we will file it away in our pet category of miracles. Not that the Tar Heel underestimates the basketball material on the varsity squad, and not that we do not believe infinitely in every single player that looks slated for a berth on the first five, but no team (barring, we state again, miracles), can play its best and give its finest performance, without a coach to guide and look after its welfare. Some optimists may point to last season and say that Coach Bill, who had no experience as a basketball coach, was coach in name only, and the team virtually coached itself. It is undoubtedly true that Coach Bill had little to say, and probably spent little time in technical training, but we will wager today that the team played far better basketball than it would have played, had Coach Bill not been on the sidelines and accompanied them on the trips. He, at least, was there to always strengthen the morale of the team, and look after its every welfare.

But we would say that even Coach Bill is not enough. This University has put basketball in the same class with football, baseball, and track, and given it a standing as a major sport. The teams turned out in the past few years have been of the very finest calibre, and the student body has more than showed its interest in this branch of athletics, always going out for the varsity in large numbers, as well as attending the games, in spite of discom-

forts in watching them, in similarly large numbers. Notwithstanding, along comes the season of 1923, following the most successful season in Carolina's history with all indications of another highly successful season, and the team has no coach, absolutely no coach whatever.

We fail utterly to understand how such has come to pass. We are about to say that if we were skilled in the basketball tossing art and was a member of this fine Carolina squad, we would almost be tempted to quit in disgust or else demand a coach and a good coach at that. The only reason that the student body does not raise one of the traditional howls is because of this great confidence it has in the ability of the team. But the Tar Heel fears that this confidence is liable to a very certain upset, unless from somewhere a pilot is found to guide the team's destinies.

## TELL THE WORLD ABOUT US

An interesting letter appears in the open forum column of this issue, written by the captain of the 1922 football eleven.

The letter is doubly interesting to us because we have been thinking about the same matter a great deal lately. That is, the fact that the University has not been making full use of its great publicity opportunities. The athletic successes of Carolina, for instance, which have been very numerous in the past few years, have not been given the publicity that they deserve, and which would prove such a fine advertisement for the University.

We know the job that this publicity business is, for last year we dabbled a bit in it, ourselves, and corresponded to a number of the state papers from Chapel Hill. A lot of the papers realize what good advertisement all University dope is for the University, and hesitate filling their columns with too much of the dope sent out from here, because of this fact.

But in this state, certainly, the University has been getting a liberal share of publicity. So far as we have been able to discover, however, the borders of this state is just where this publicity stops. Many other colleges, some of which are no larger than ours, send out news to the leading papers in other states and all states, as well as constantly filing news despatches with the press syndicates. One often sees feature stuff from the University of Kalamazoo or the University of Sandy Crossing in papers that reach us right here in Chapel Hill. But how much of the very valuable news that come from the walls of our own University gets out over the other states with Chapel Hill date lines? Very little.

The scope of the University News Bureau has simply been too limited. Here is a chance for the Department of Journalism to do some work that will be highly beneficial to the University, and which at the same time would prove wonderful experience for the students in this school.

## COMMUNICATIONS

NOTE.—This column is for the free exchange of opinion among our readers. Do it if you have anybody to kick or anything to praise. All articles must be accompanied by the name of the author; no anonymous communications will be published.

## MORE PUBLICITY

Editor, Tar Heel:  
During the last football season I received several inquiries from alumni and friends of the University as to why our athletics received no more out-of-state publicity. One of those inquiries came from a Carolina alumnus in an Alabama city ten days after the Thanksgiving game, asking whether or not we defeated Virginia. He said he was very much interested in Carolina but had been unable to keep in close touch with her because the papers in his state never mentioned our athletics.

It seems to me that Carolina has lost a very valuable asset by not taking advantage of the advertising that could have been had through publicity on her four 1922 championship teams. Those teams put Carolina on the athletic map, but how many people know it outside of North Carolina and Virginia?

The University has been satisfied to confine her publicity to the state, and yet she wonders why she receives no recognition on All-Southern selections in Atlanta papers and why Walter Camp does not even give "Red" Johnston an honorable mention in his pick of 50 outstanding backs of the season, while including six players who were on teams that we defeated.

A newspaper man recently said to me, "I can take Casey Morris and follow him through a football season like the one Carolina just ended, and by a little feature writing, put him on Wal-

ter Camp's second All-American." Carolina will never get a Southern or a national recognition until she starts a publicity campaign that will reach further than the borders of the state.

Center College is probably the most-talked-of college in the country and the reason is about twenty-five per cent due to a good football team and seventy-five per cent to a press agent who wasn't too modest to tell the world about that team. The result is that they can go to Harvard and draw 45,000 people, and play V. P. I. in Richmond and demand 60 per cent of the gate. In 1922 we had four teams, each of which made a better record than the Center football team of the same year. These four teams combined got about one-fourth as much national publicity as that one Center football team. I dare say that there are more people who know that a certain Chapel Hill lady called a Dago Prince a "dumb-bell" and that Prof. E. V. Howell's veal pig got out than there are who know that Carolina has two coaches who in one single year put out the four best athletic teams that ever represented the University.

I believe this lack of publicity is costing us dearly, both by depriving us of credit for what has been done and by failing to use our past success as a drawing card for the future—and in the latter is where the greatest loss lies. Our future teams can't stand on the same level with the best of the country unless we draw the best material from the prep-schools and high schools, and we can't do that unless we put out enough publicity to let them know that we have the kind of coaches and a record that they will be proud to fight for.

What are we going to do about it?  
GRADY PRITCHARD.

To the Editor of the Tar Heel:  
Will you be kind enough to publish the following and oblige?

I trust that I shall not be misunderstood: my purpose, in writing this letter, is not to criticize any one; but only to remind those in charge of the welfare of the student body of the fact that they have forgotten to fulfill the second clause of the verbal contract made by the University and the students; and in which the University agreed to provide each dormitory with a social room.

The second clause, "The rooms shall be furnished by the University," is not in the contract, but it was implied. But I am wondering, Mr. Editor, why the University has failed to furnish these rooms: because of inability to buy the furniture, or because of some other reason?

Here on the campus we have more than 1400 men who do not belong to any social organization; we have more than 350 who have to work their way through college, and who, when their work is over, have no place to go where they can spend a few minutes without any restraint or fear of bothering their room-mates.

The Y. M. C. A. has a very good room on the first floor furnished through the efforts of the general secretary, but it is not large enough to accommodate 1700 men. What shall we do—visit our profs., as the 1920-21 Tar Heel suggests? How long, how long shall we cope with the situation? Is it necessary to call on William Horner?

For heaven's sake let us not have any more conferences; for the sake of the student body let us furnish the rooms.

Yours truly,  
G. D. GOOVER.

## WINTER

Winter, your days are cold; but I Care not for cold; but, oh, Your clouds hang low.  
Winter, I cannot see your sky,  
For cloud on cloud winds blow,  
And hide it so.

Winter, my life is like your days—  
Wind-tossed and dreary skies,  
And tears abide.  
Winter, above it hangs a haze,  
Like curtains dark-hued dyed,  
And worn beside.


Winter, perchance 'tis best, who knows?  
The dark enhances light  
To mortal sight.  
Winter, your air is washed with snows,  
And souls of men made white  
With tears at night.

S. M. LYNAM.

## THE SONG OF THE PINCHED TOURIST

Here's to the land of the 30-per sign,  
The summer land where the judge got mine;  
Where the cops grow strong and the strong show hate,  
Jailed down home in the Old North State.

—Maroon and Gald.



Courtesy of I. C. S.

## What chance have you got against him?

IT was a cynic who said: "Some men go to college. Other men study."  
A slander! But yet there probably are college men whose bills for midnight oil are not large.  
And there are men who left school in the lower grades who, along with a hard day's work, put in long hours of study—spurred on by a dream and a longing.  
Look out for them.  
The achievements of non-college men in business suggest an important fact. Success seems to depend, not so much on the place where a man studies, as on the earnestness of the student.  
But, granting equal earnestness and ability, it is still true that the college man has the advantage.  
Regular hours for study and lecture, the use of library and laboratory, the guidance of professors, contact with men of the same age and aspirations—all these will count in his favor, if he makes the most of them.  
A big "if." The new year is a good time to start making it a reality.

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## THE WHITE HOUSE CAFE

### Laundry Dept. U. N. C.

“Did you hang this outside, sir?” he asked the manager.  
“Yes!” was the stern reply. “Why did you pull it down?”  
The boy looked at him for a few moments. Pity for the man's ignorance was expressed on his face.  
Then he spoke, and his reply was short but to the point:  
“Why?” he said. “Why, because I'm the boy.”—Exchange.

The cave men used to  
In Olden days  
Settle any family  
Quarrels with  
Their clubs.  
Today, married men  
Desiring peace  
And contentment  
Still resort  
To their  
Clubs,  
Which shows that  
Times haven't  
Changed two bits.  
—Wisconsin Octopus.

Said Peekingill, “I'll make a still,  
And work again I won't.”  
He made the still and tried the swill,  
And work again he don't.  
—Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.

Prof.—Late again!  
Soph.—Not a word, prof; so am I.—  
Yale Record.

He—Is Joe very simple?  
She—Simple! He thinks necking is a new kind of scarf.—Brown Jug.

**SPARKLERS**  
—from the—  
**JOKESMITH'S ANVIL**

**ODE TO A PIG**  
By C. O' L.

As near as I remember,  
It was late in last December,  
I was strolling down the street in  
maudlin pride.  
With my heart all in a flutter,  
I lay down in the gutter,  
And a pig came up and lay down by  
my side.

While I lay there in the gutter,  
With my heart all in a flutter,  
A lady passing by was heard to say:  
“You can tell a man that boozes  
By the company he chooses.”  
And the pig got up and slowly walk-  
ed away.  
—In “Wake of the News,”  
Chicago Tribune.

**No Further Need of It**  
“Smart boy wanted.”  
Such was the notice hanging outside  
a busy warehouse.  
It had not been there long before a  
little fellow, red-headed and freckled,  
calmly lifted it down and went insid-  
erly.