

The Driftwood Fire

Dave Carroll

Here I gather up and store
Sticks that drift upon my shore;
And you may find what you desire
On salty rainbows of my fire.

Personal Motives

In spite of the fact that we believe it well known that our motive of attack is not personal, we have been asked by friends to declare this. Therefore, we take this opportunity to state that at the beginning of this movement we were friendly toward all Fleece members as individuals. For several we have highest respect; our continued congeniality with all Fleece members should disprove any charge against the personal sentiments we hold. Golden Fleece has never disappointed the writer of this column; he strikes it for neither the gratification of a grudge nor the pleasure of his friends. We sincerely conceive the organization as a menace to more valuable things in University life. Against the institution of Golden Fleece we have directed and shall send shafts of discredit. As one of its students, we conscientiously believe that ours is the right to help improve the University. With this conviction, we have set for our task the casting down of a false idol, our Golden Fleece. Any threat against our pursuance of this enterprise will prove unsuccessful and a boomerang to its presumptuous author.

Call It What You Wish

A few days ago, a state newspaper's account of the latest Fleece election contained an implication that new men were chosen in order to keep them from entering a rival honorary organization which was being proposed for the campus. Omicron Delta Kappa, a student leaders' national fraternity, was being considered by some to rival the work of the Fleece, the article alleged. In order to dodge the blow that inclusion of capable men in rival society would deal the Golden Fleece, it seems to have selected quickly men whose competition they feared. A pointed reference to this well-talked insinuation was made by the editor of the TAR HEEL and this writer in Thursday's edition of this paper.

We remind you who can appreciate the significance of this affair that even the most conscientious of Golden Fleece's members HAVE NOT DENIED the use of such skin-saving, competition-killing tactics by their organization. Furthermore, the attention of the student body is attracted to the fact that Wednesday's altercation, in which we were concerned and which three Fleece members have considered unrepresentative of the ideals of the organization, HAS NOT BEEN EXPLAINED to the student body before whom it occurred. Golden Fleece is willing to give the appearance of refusing to acknowledge officially a wrong for which it must, justly or unjustly, receive some discredit.

Lack of Space

We had written a summary of the points on which we have thus far attacked the Fleece. But space is not available in this issue for that paragraph. We request all students who are interested in the subject to be debated next quarter to review the matter to be found in the last two TAR HEELS. Our contentions have been presented in skeleton form. January will bring fuller arguments and new attackers of the organization which we believe that the student body has and will come to consider unworthy of this institution. In the meantime—a big turkey and stocking to all good boys.

Latchstring Out Stockings Are up Santa Is Coming

(Continued from page one)

Julian Starr and Robbins Fowler extend the season's greetings to the Student Council.

Entering the realm of publications, we humbly propose: a new set of reporters for the TAR HEEL, student contributions for the Magazine, and a censor (or a full-size can of Dutch Cleanser) for the *Buccaneer*.

Lest the individuals be forgotten in the presentation of gifts, we recommend the following as ideal presents: the support of the student body to Sid Chappell; a curb on his wild hilarity to Jeff Fordham; a perpetual "smile" to Lawrence Watt which may enable him to avoid any embarrassing happenings; a one-way ticket to Greensboro for Walter Crissman; a place among the rising young intelligentsia for John Anderson; more advertising for Fred Simon; Walter Camp's position as International Athletic Authority to be fought over by Brown Shepherd, Luther Byrd, Mutt Evans, and freshman Glenn Holder; ATTENTION for all co-eds in general; for Katherine Johnson, some quiet and shady glenn wherein to pursue her poetic and romantic bent.

If we may not seem too presumptuous, we even offer a few suggestions as to gifts for certain popular faculty men: to Dean Hibbard, a quart of oil for his *Literary Lantern*; to Dean Bradshaw, opportunity for making unlimited surveys, including one on "What per cent of freshmen brush their teeth and wash their ears once a week?"; to J. A. Warren, four added inches to the cuffs of his trousers; to Frank Graham, more and longer books for his history students to read.

We might also suggest a railroad and mail service for Chapel Hill.

However, ingenious and imaginative though we may be, we cannot think of appropriate gifts for everyone. The logical recourse, then, is to delve into the many letters written to Santa Claus from our campus. For at this time of the year the mail boxes are crammed and the chimneys are stuffed with appeals to old Saint Nick, with assertions of "What a good boy I have been," and with promises galore of better conduct in the future. Having searched all available chimneys and rifled every mail box, we (reportorial we) have discovered the following pleas to Santa Claus:

Walter Kelly asks for the governorship of North Carolina; John Orr Allison wants a chance to bump Phi Beta Kappa; Joe Bobbitt, although realizing that he has been an extremely good boy, only wants to be president of Phi Beta Kappa, president of the University (and captain of the football team).

Byron White asks for ample opportunity to exhibit his comprehensive knowledge of the dictionary and his unlimited vocabulary; and having lost his recent match at Durham he wants a course in Earle E. Leiderman's new wrestling tactics; he also would like a last year's *Yackety*

HOUSE—Wanted to rent from January to June. Preferably 6 rooms. Convenient to campus. Notify Crow, 101 Carr.

GET YOUR SUITCASES
AND HANDBAGS
—AT—
S. BERMAN'S

Yack and one of Hearst's *Sunday Americans*; Burnham Colburn pleads for more co-eds in his rifle club; Dale Ranson demands Charley Paddock, Paavo Nurmi, and Charles Hoff for the track team; Killian Barwick desires more freshman handbooks to massacre; J. T. Madry writes for a supply of ready-made, cut-to-order, sure-fit, Stetson D, five-column editorials for use in the TAR HEEL; Robbins Fowler could use a new shipment of dead cats in order to revive some of his literary glory.

The Di and Phi send Santa Claus their annual plea for the revival of their ancient glory; the Playmakers want a more lenient reviewer, and the Glee Club more week-end trips; the *Fawn* fancies fuller finances, Fleece failure, fewer fees, and finer faculty. The fraternities ask for inside dope on the latest election frame-up, and aspiring politicians demand major offices to be auctioned off.

Candor compels the confession that certain well-known campus characters have denied outright the very existence of Santa Claus. It is still uncertain whether this is a result of their absolute atheism or merely a desire to hide their wants even from old Santa. At any rate, no letters have as yet been discovered written by Kyke Kyser, Red Whisnant, Kenneth Jones, Al Moore, Judd Ashby, Charley Jonas, Hal Breard, Mutt Evans, Nelson Howard, Phil Dawson, Walter Spearman, Bill Marshall, or Ellen Melick, Susan Rose, Virginia Lay, Miriam Sauls, or Leona Lewis. (May Saint Nich-

WHAT'S HAPPENING

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12

11:00 a. m.—Raleigh Orphanage Singing Class, Methodist Church.

3:30 p. m.—Christmas Cantata, Christian Church.

8:30 p. m.—The Christmas Carol. Playmaker Theatre.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 13

6:30 p. m.—Annual Christmas dinner for Y. M. C. A. Cabinets.

9:00 p. m.—Meeting of the Surry County Club, Clubrooms of Y. M. C. A.

olans justly recompense all such unbelievers!

Returning to actual—or imaginary, if you so choose—letters to Santa, President Chase asks for more and greater appropriations; the University of North Carolina wants more faculty, more students, more money, a new library, a college of liberal arts, and greater recognition; "Carolina" wants more athletics, a bigger stadium, better football teams, faster track teams, finer basketball teams, and a greater subordination of studies to athletics.

The freshmen want all the recognition and praise that they think they deserve; the student body wants strength, endurance, and knowledge enough to pass the coming exams. And last of all, dear readers, this reporter asks for police protection, with Chief Featherstone as a personal bodyguard, if anyone should take offense at this bit of holiday nonsense.

PICKWICK THEATRE

"Almost a Part of Carolina"

SHOWS DAILY
3:00, 4:45
6:45, 8:30

REGULAR
ADMISSION
10 and 25c

Candy, Popcorn, Cold
Drinks, and Gum on
Sale in Lobby.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11

"MICHAEL STROGOFF"

Presented by a Special Cast
Comedy and Kinogram News

MONDAY, DECEMBER 13

Madge Bellamy, Allan Forest and
Matt Moore in Warner Fabian's

"SUMMER BACHELORS"
Cameo and Mermaid Comedies

MATT MOORE FOUND HE WAS ONLY REAL BACHELOR IN CAST

While on location, Matt Moore discovered he was the only real bachelor among the "Summer Bachelors" in the picture of that name directed by Allan Dwan for Fox Films and coming to the Pickwick Theatre for Monday. The picture is based on the sensationally successful novel by Warner Fabian, author of "Flaming Youth."

In real life Mr. Moore leads a sedate bachelor existence. While in New York he lived with Mr. Dwan, also a bachelor, at the latter's home in Rye.

In "Summer Bachelors," Mr. Moore

portrays an absent-minded professor of psychology. He's a bit sheepish when it comes to courting the beautiful maidens in the cast. With his wife in the country, however, he is finally led into the gay life of the summer bachelors. The part gives Mr. Moore ample opportunity to display his histrionic talent. In addition to the comedy scenes, he has a number of very effective dramatic scenes.

The men of the Methodist church will meet in the dining room of the church next Monday at 6:00 p. m.

OUR WISH—

A Merry Christmas

and a real

Happy and Prosperous New Year

to everyone



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Carolina Students

We Wish You

A Glorious Christmas

and a

PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

CAROLINA CONFECTIONERY CO.

Nothing Gives Us Greater Pleasure

Than Wishing All

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A Very Merry Christmas

AND A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR

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for a

Merry Christmas

and a

Happy New Year

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