

The Tar Heel

LEADING SOUTHERN COLLEGE TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER



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Saturday, October 20, 1928

PARAGRAPHS

Nineteen red-heads will organize a club again. It is expected that the main purpose of the club will be to develop fiery orators for the Di and Phi.

Chapel Hill streets will not be oil-surfaced until next year. If the delay is caused by a lack of material, the University Directory will supply the addresses of a number of campus politicians.

The Chapel Hill Weekly suggests a period of silence for cheer leaders, similar to the fraternity period, lasting from January 1 to December 31 every year. Do the Freshmen concur?

The Flonzaley Quartet and the Barrere Symphony Orchestra have been booked and will play here soon. Will there be a run on the records sold in town as there was after the Whiteman concert? Bets taken here, but no odds given.

FIGHTS

Not so very long ago the Tar Heel columns on this editorial page were filled with complaints, accusations, and counter-accusations, to say nothing of just plain fights. It all made interesting reading, and was amusing if not important.

There is a noticeable lack of such material this year. Nobody seems to be very much excited against or about anything. The *Buccaneer* has not been out long enough for anyone to attack it. Fraternities have not come in for their usual razzing, and it is much too early to write indignant letters about Golden Fleece. Politics and their alleged rottenness won't come in for the usual share of attention until the Spring. And the co-ed question is being taken up by the debaters.

As far as the Tar Heel is concerned, all is quiet along the Potomac. It is very peaceful and very nice, but still, a good fight adds zest to life. Here's hoping somebody will get mad about something soon.

—H. J. G.

THESE GOOD NEW DAYS

If you talk with any member of the faculty who has been in the University a good many years, he will inevitably speak of the dear dead days which have passed, the days when "this University wasn't as it is now, son." A sigh and a tear, and the reminiscences begin.

"Those were the days when there weren't any electric lights, and Franklin street was pitch dark after six o'clock and stayed that way. We stumbled around in the blackness and had a fine time."

Or you may hear of the time when sixteen men composed the faculty, the students all wore high stiff collars, buggies were used for fast transportation by the more gilded rich, and Durham was a good long journey from Chapel Hill. We had, of course, the finest fighting football

team that year (the year of your particular reminiscence) that U. N. C. will ever see, and in those days students had to know something before they got their degree.

Perhaps. But let us count our blessings of today. We have one of the most representative and uniformly strong faculties of any University in the country. We can, if we please, go about uncensored in comfortable shirts open at the neck. Our flippers are a convenience and a pleasure, and are within the means of most students in the least ambitious. Durham is within easy reach by means of a fast and comfortable bus service, or the more humble method of bumming, and our first morning classes meet at 8:30 instead of 8 o'clock. The football team is not to be sneezed at by rivals of our size, our academic standing is second to none, and Franklin street is a veritable Great White Way, offering most of the conveniences of any city, to mention just a few things.

No, we're not so badly off, despite your sentimental Old Grads and Faculty men. —H. J. G.

DRESS 'EM UP

The University Band, says a spokesman for that organization, needs new uniforms. The *Tar Heel* agrees, and hereby does its bit in support of the idea. You have heard the gentlemen practising, and perhaps you have seen them at the games. The music sounds fine, or just about like a band is supposed to sound. But that is only half the story.

Mention the word "Band" to almost anyone, and immediately a picture is formed in the mind's eye. Flashing instruments, puffing lips, a shiny baten twirling in the hand of the splendidly shakoed leader—and bright uniforms. By all means, bright uniforms! Nobody ever heard of a real band without them. The *Tar Heel* is in favor of a scarlet and white. Let the coat and trousers be trimmed with scarlet, and add to them a snappy light blue and white bearskin for the head.

If this is too much, then let the band be dressed as they choose. But let them be dressed, for the idea of a band in subdued, quiet colors is not to be considered. Must all our childhood ideas be shattered? —H. J. G.

DUKE UNIVERSITY'S STRAW VOTE

(Asheville Times)

One of the most interesting speculations concerning one of the most uncertain political campaigns in North Carolina history is how the younger generation will vote, and especially the college students. For several reasons, therefore, the straw election recently held at Duke University may be a vane to show which way the political wind is blowing in the areas where rule young men and women.

In the Duke poll Mr. Smith received 519 votes and Mr. Hoover 469. Now Duke is a Methodist institution, and among the Methodists of the state there is no little determined opposition to Governor Smith. But Duke university has in its heritage the splendid record of a great fight won for freedom of mind and conscience, and this campaign has as one of its foremost issues the principle of religious liberty.

In a personal letter to the editor, a student at Duke writes of this straw ballot:

The size of Mr. Hoover's vote is in a great measure due to the strenuous political activities of a rather large group of theological students.

Perhaps too much significance ought not to be attached to the above figures, but I cannot help feeling that, insofar as they indicate the trend of thought of the younger generation, they are a hopeful and inspiring sign in the midst of the dirtiest, the most cowardly and imbecile campaign which the American public has endured in many years. So long as the young people give their support to Governor Smith and to men whose political thinking is of the same order there is some hope that we shall have some day in this country a more civilized, a more generous and humane democracy.

There speaks, unless all the signs are untrustworthy, the voice of a great company of the younger men and women of the nation. That viewpoint of this country's problems and of the kind of leadership it needs may not in this election prevail. For it has arrayed against it the imponderable yet mighty force of political inertia, the attitude that stands pat and turns to liberalism only as a last resort against evils no longer to be borne.

According to a story appearing in Collier's last week the first forward pass made in football was in the North Carolina-Georgia game. The pass was made by the Tar Heels.

Pen Points



By H. J. Galland

It's all over but the shoutin'—the fraternity business, we mean—and even then there'll be plenty of shoutin' at the game this afternoon.

And if you don't think that rushing is business, with cut-throat competition and syndicates and monopolies 'n all, why you just don't know the half of it, brother.

There are times when we are seized by fits of what might be called nostalgia but is generally called nuttiness by unsympathetic acquaintances, and at such times we either wonder why we are in college, or bust right out into poetry. But don't get scared, we won't do the latter.

We are, however, going to call your attention to the following, which was written by a prominent Cornell alumnus in answer to a request for a contribution to an Alumni Fund:

"My friends speak of a heritage I have gotten from Cornell University. The only legacy I am certain I received from that institution of learning was the licker habit. It took me years to get over it. And, quite frankly, I could have acquired the same habit in two years at Harvard, while it took me four at Cornell..."

The gentleman continues with this choice bit: "And who can get the date of the Norman invasion or the French irregular verbs fixed in his mind when a bare-kneed cutie, all scented up with Black Narcissus, is sitting just across the aisle? No one without the sales resistance of a Galahad!"

It isn't quite that bad at Carolina, but still it must be remembered that we haven't even aisles to separate us from the wiles of the fair ones from Spencer.

There won't be any more excuse for not studying, now that rushing has ceased. If the one and only comes down for the week-end, however, you won't be expected to do any work—except by your profs, who are pretty unreasonable that way. Just call it extra-curricular activity and it will be all right.

There are two posters we saw recently which impressed us a good bit. One of them is of the interior of a cathedral, and it gives you a fine sense of quiet. Both of them are swell, and worth noticing the next time you are in the Bull's Head Bookshop.

A slight war broke out in the quadrangle Wednesday night, when the lights went out. We are told that streamers were used by the warring Sophs and Frosh to pelt each other with. We expect to hear next that rosebuds were used in a horrible fracas around the Well, at which time President Hudgins got all wet.

As we said before, nostalgia is upon us, and you can call it what you will. Get out from under! Roses are blue Violets are red—Saturday quizzes Have gone to my head!

All of which doesn't remind us of the notice on a huge dictionary in the Reference Room of the Library, which says "This book not to be taken from the Library." Nope, not without a horse and cart, and you know as well as we do that horses aren't allowed in the Library.

"Four Sons" played last night at the Carolina. What, poker?

There are those on the campus who have raised considerable ruckus over the fact that they are required to change their coupons for tickets before football games. We haven't gotten to the point reached by the University of Colorado, though. They require photos to be attached to football pass books for identification purposes. And some of us would hate to have that.

We close today's bally-hoo with a pertinent poem by Jacques Le Clercq: Average Student

Making for better or for worse This university your universe, In high, immaculate orthodoxy, You are leading life—by proxy.

What's Happening

TODAY

12:00—Meeting of Carolina General Alumni Association. Carolina Inn.

Bull's Head Sale

The Bull's Head Bookshop is putting on a bargain sale in books. Many popular novels, biographies, and other volume of general interest are being offered at reduced rates. The majority of them are books that have been popular during the past two years.

Quite a few very beautiful color prints are on display in the shop. There are also a number of wood cuts by J. J. Lankes. Each bears the autograph of the artist.

FROSH COUNCIL TO MEET

The regular meetings of the Freshman Friendship Council will be in the front right room on the first floor of the Y. M. C. A. building every Monday night at seven-fifteen, and will last only forty minutes. As the purpose of the organization is to strengthen bonds of friendship among the members of the class of '32 which the name implies a representative attendance is asked.

RED-HEADS MEET

There will be a special meeting of the Red Head Club next Monday night, October 22, at 7:30.

All members are urged to be present as there is some important business to be attended to and Mr. Meyer will deliver an address.

The meeting will be held at the usual place, the Episcopal Parish House.

CAROLINA

THEATRE NOW SHOWING

William Boyd

—in—

"Power"

Added

COMEDY — NOVELTY

MONDAY

Billie Dove

—in—

"The Night Watch"

President Coolidge has cured one of his guides of the swearing habit; but not, we'll wager a hairpin, by having son John play the saxophone at him.—*Springfield Union*. The real question is not whether the Kellogg treaty will end wars, but whether it will keep them from beginning.—*Norfolk Virginia-Pilot*.

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power, they applied sure knowledge and constant vigilance to their task.

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