

The Tar Heel

LEADING SOUTHERN COLLEGE TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER



Published three times weekly during the college year, and is the official newspaper of the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C. Subscription price, \$2.00 local and \$3.00 out of town, for the college year.

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Saturday, November 24, 1928

PARAGRAPHS

This plan for Sunday mail delivery is getting serious. Maybe the boxing team will put on another exhibition bout to raise the necessary cash to rent postoffice boxes for the lovesick swains.

War-time is far enough in the background for us to have forgotten all about such deprivations as "wheatless days," "heatless days" and the like; but this afternoon we will undoubtedly recognize the tragedy of fall-time "gameless Saturdays."

The cleanest Buccaneer joke we have heard this year is that the esteemed editor of that publication called a staff meeting for Thursday night and then forgot to attend.

While the Di Senate is investigating prices charged by the Book Exchange, it might do well to pass a law making dopes two for a nickle instead of five cents per.

When the Playmakers broadcast "Quaire Medicine" over radio, we wonder whether it will have a tonic effect or a soothing effect on the audience?

The intersociety debates this year are to be on the subject of "uncompromising pacifism." We await the outcome with interest to see whether the losers and the winners stage a fight.

Manager Woollen Speaks And Wise Words Come Forth

In this price-soaring era when the tendency of costs is ever upward and never down, why indeed should the football fans expect the entry price of games to be held on a low level? \$2.50 per game may seem rather high for a couple of hours entertainment, but we think Mr. Woollen has amply justified such an increase in the article wherein he made public a few facts concerning the costs, the profits, and the losses of college athletics.

In the first place, additional revenue for the support of athletics was necessary. Since neither intramurals nor sports other than football can command any significant attendance, football remained the sole way of gaining extra money through gate receipts. An alternative might have been the attempt to increase the student athletic fee, but this course would scarcely have proved popular or expedient. Since football is the popular member of the athletic family and also since no doubt it is responsible for the largest item of expense in

the matter of training, equipment, and coaches' salaries, it seems fair enough for football games to bring in a little extra cash.

Furthermore, explains Mr. Woollen, the increased cost more nearly reaches the standard set by the other large colleges and universities which Carolina meets—or hopes to meet. And since the gate receipts are evenly divided between the two teams playing, the best games cannot well be booked unless the price of tickets is in accord with prices of other schools.

All of which appears to us to be a perfectly valid and satisfactory explanation of our newly acquired \$2.50 football ticket. And what's more, if the Graduate Manager of Athletics sees fit to run the price on up to three dollars, we expect to make no how whatsoever. If football must of necessity support all the other phases of athletics, we favor raising her salary to the point at which it will meet the high cost of athleticism!

A Reason For It All

Of some 300,000 hopeful boys and girls in the United States who entered colleges last September, 60,000 will be missing next year, and if past records are indication, 90,000 more will have disappeared when Commencement Day rolls around in 1931. Some will drop out for financial or personal reasons, some to grasp an opportunity in the business world, and others because of physical disability. But a large majority will be just failures. And, according to a survey in the New York World, the worst of it is that the highly intelligent student is just as likely to flunk out as his less fortunately endowed brother.

To 50 per cent. of the students, college is a total loss as an educative instrument and as a factor in social and economic progress.

Since failures are about equally divided among the clever and the stupid, the students cannot be altogether blamed. Educators have worried themselves to a frazzle over the problem of finding whose fault the failures are.

The jazz age, athletics, home training, modern curricula—everything from liquor to lack of individual character has been decried as the chief factor for the low percentage of success of college students. No college, as the World points out, can be adjusted to the needs of every comer. Some undoubtedly will always be glorified playgrounds for the characters in John Held's cartoons. But when it is found that in one class almost twice as many students above the average intelligence failed as those of lesser mentality, then the answer must be put up to the individual.

The man who cannot make the grade because of lack of native endowments of intelligence is not to be censured. He is simply in the wrong place. But the man who can, if he will, measure up to the standards set, and does not, is the one causes the graying of the hair of Deans and Presidents throughout the country.

There is no excuse for him. He must not expect to skate through college on a laugh, a drink, and a wisecracking bluff to the professor. If he is in college for knowledge, then he must at least, make the attempt to get it.

We shall have far less occasion for head-shaking over percentages and averages of college failure when the requirements for admission are based, not on intelligence and the possession of a certain stock of knowledge, but rather on earnestness and the desire to obtain more.—H. J. G.

Smith to Address Local Epworth League

Mr. J. F. Smith, a member of the faculty of Berea College, in Kentucky, will speak Sunday evening at 7:00 at the Epworth League meeting in the Methodist church. Mr. Smith has a wide experience in educational and social work with residents of the Cumberland Mountain section of his home state. He has made a special study of the folklore of the Cumberland people.

It has gotten to that stage where a man can't be a first-class murderer unless he's had a college education.—Dayton News.

Open Forum

SAYS CO-EDS ARE LAW-BREAKERS; HAVE NO RIGHT TO CRITICISM OF HONOR SYSTEM

Editor of the Tar Heel:

I have always favored free speech on the campus and supported Will Rogers in the recent electoral unpleasantness, but when a co-ed and two other co-eds write such asininity as appeared in the open forum of the last two Tar Heels and get away with it, the time has come for the intelligent portion of the student body to defend themselves. Every student with one iota of grey matter knows that the trouble with student government is not the form of government, but the results of the spring elections.

For a hundred years this University progressed without the presence of a skirt in the student body. Very seldom was a duel fought in Chapel Hill and not many times was a local policeman found unconscious after invading the campus after sundown. In contrast, we now can see females traversing the campus at 'most any hour of the day. After taking the money which was to be used for a new gymnasium, they even have the nerve to invade the present one. The rights of the male population of the campus are being threatened. To add insult to injury they even write open forum letters to the Tar Heel.

Some years ago the wise, considerate, and righteous legislature of this great state passed a law prohibiting leg shows within three miles of the village. Do the co-eds not realize that, if this law were enforced, they would be removed from school? How are they, thus proven to be lawbreakers, fit persons to discourse on the honor system?

The time has come for the male population of the campus to assert itself. As the first step in this action I would like to suggest that co-eds not be permitted to write open forum letters to the Tar Heel. Carolina men, now is the time to act! I shall expect to see several letters to this effect in the next issue of the Tar Heel.

Very truly yours,
DON JUAN.

HOW TO GET SUNDAY MAIL

Editor of the Tar Heel:

Please allow me space to offer condolence to two apparently homesick, or more apparently lovesick freshmen. Anyone that is homesick is worthy of sympathy, but as for one that is lovesick—well, each night when he says that well known Mother Goose rhyme "Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep," he should be sure to add "And, Dear Lord, may I grow up some day and lay aside such petty foolishness."

These boys, in this state of demeritation, have concluded that all they need to make this campus an earthly paradise is a letter on Sunday. They evidently think that a man's success is measured by the number of letters he gets. They seem to be more interested in the raising of their social standing, especially in their own estimation, than in acquiring an education.

Mail is delivered to the dormitories six days each week, but these youths are at that tender age that life is agony if they are unable to have their favorite toys every time they wish for them. I know it is hard on them, but they will soon be able to pass off Sundays more joyfully. In the meantime, there are boxes for rent at reasonable rates at the post office, and if these boys are so egotistical as to think they are going to get a letter every Sunday, I think they would be better off to rent a box and get that cherished letter on Sunday. They would at least be saved from many Sundays of untold suffering while they are waiting for their dream of Sunday delivery to materialize.

WILLIS WHICHARD.

At the Carolina

"Two Lovers," with Ronald Collman and Vilma Blanky as its leading players, comes to the Carolina theatre on Monday and Tuesday as Samuel Goldwyn's final and farewell presentation of the most famous duet in screen history.

"Leatherface," by Baroness Orczy, one of the most popular novels of this generation, furnished the story from which Alice D. G. Miller photo-dramatized the final co-starring picture of Mr. Collman and Miss Blanky. Its tale is that of the triumph of love over adversity but startling twists of circumstances give the Baroness Orczy story a new and brighter flash of the tender, poignant beauty that has characterized all Collman-Blanky pictures.

Pen Points



By H. J. Galland

The editor of this column acknowledges the questionable aid of Henry Brandis and Luther Steward, both of whom were suspected of being in the throes of delirium tremens at the time of contact with this column.

This said Pen Points has creaking joints. From coming out in prose, And so we change the narrow range Of type lined up in rows.

We turn to verse and if it's worse Than ordinary stuff, We hope you'll not, in anger hot, Decry our little puff.

We had a dream—it was a scream— We wandered through the town; A big parade to give us aid And Chandler for the clown.

The Cheerios in dapper rows Were followed by the Band, And Chandler cheers for nickel beers, Oh, give the boy a hand!

When passing by the saintly "Y" We noticed there a sign: "Ideals do count,"—oh noble fount Of purity benign.

Six feet away from this display Of Red Triangle spiel, A sign declares the movie's wares, "Embattled Sex Appeal."

We marched along, enwrapped in song, And passed the local church. A sign was there—it made us stare— Our Christian concepts search.

For on the boards for passing hordes Of unbeliever's eyes, Next Sunday's theme—we don't blaspheme— Was "Welcome. . . . 'Alibis.'"

We crashed the gate into the state of Johnny Booker's bliss. We cannot lie, it made us sigh, "Oh, have we come to this?"

Within the Di, within the Phi The power was reposed. It made us sad; 'twas just too bad Ed Hudgins was deposed!

A jarring note our ears besmote, There rose a shout of glee. A hundred boys joined in the noise And yelled, "Let's make whoopee!"

From out the mouth of ancient South A note of warning came. The times may change and dogs get mange, But Bradshaw is the same.

"You boys be back at daylight's crack The morning of the third." And this edict is very strict— The Dean of Student's word.

We made no fuss, but with disgust We left the dear old Dean, To wrestle with the Nordic myth And keep his undies clean.

With one accord the motley horde Burst into raptured song:—"If not good verse we'll reimburse And sew the buttons on."

How Gold Prospector "Went Scotch"

Minneapolis, Minn., April 30, 1928

Larus & Bro. Co. Richmond, Va. Dear Sirs:

Two years ago last winter I went into the Red Lake gold fields in Canada. It was a tough trail from Hudson, over 140 miles of snow and ice. There were fourteen of us on the trail going in, and frequently at night when seated around a big camp fire, some one would ask me for a pipeful of Edgeworth. These Canadian boys sure like our Edgeworth.

In four weeks' time I ran out of Edgeworth. I was glad to get 'most any old tobacco.

One day, however, I dropped in to Dad Brown's tent, a 72-year-old prospector, and seeing a can of Edgeworth on an improvised table, back there 150 miles from the "steel," I perked up at once, saying, "Dad, I'm plum out of tobacco—how's chances for a pipeful?" "Help yourself," he said. So pulling my heavy duty pipe from my pocket, I loaded it with Edgeworth, packing it in so tightly that I couldn't get the least bit of a draw.

I excused myself for a moment, and stepped outside to remove about three pipefuls to put in my pouch. Dad stepped out, saying, "You're worse than any Scotchman I ever saw." Then I confessed. I told him what happened to my Edgeworth—that I was just dying for a smoke, and he understood right away. He said, "Boy, Edgeworth is mighty scarce in these parts, but I reckon I can spare what's left of that can. Help yourself."

You can just bet your last nickel that I guarded this Edgeworth with extreme care until I got back to the "steel."

Yours very truly,
C. M. Bahr

Edgeworth
Extra High Grade
Smoking Tobacco

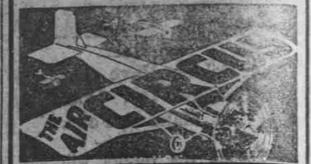
Girls have been given permission to smoke on the Erie trains. That probably will stop the habit.

CAROLINA

TODAY ONLY

Sue Carol

—in—



MONDAY-TUESDAY



From the novel "Leatherface"

The latest and last co-starring feature of these famous screen lovers is the most thrilling romance they have ever made.

All the world will love
"Two Lovers"

Added
Pathe News — Comedy

College Comments



from
BEGINNING to END

That long and winding road which leads to a college diploma is comfortably and fashionably travelled by the men who wear FLORSHEIM SHOES.



Most Styles \$10

Pritchard-Patterson, Inc.
"University Outfitters"