

The Daily Tar Heel



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Sunday, October 20, 1929

A Great Team Is Defeated

It was a great game, a gigantic struggle between two of the best teams that ever appeared in Kenan stadium. While it seemed a heart-breaking defeat from a Carolina standpoint, there were many features of the game that should serve to console Tar Heel sympathizers. Scintillating plays were frequent, and Collins' charges gave the Bulldogs a stiff battle, a much harder game than even the mighty Yale team could offer.

In the dejection that is only natural after defeat, most Carolina men are prone to believe that the roseate visions of a Conference championship and even a Rose Bowl victory, which would assure a generous measure of consideration whenever National Championship claims are considered, have been definitely shattered. There are a number of games still to be played by the Bulldogs and the Tar Heels, however, and Carolina still has a chance to achieve a Conference title.

At any rate, a great Carolina team and a magnificent Georgia aggregation battled on even terms yesterday afternoon. It was a clash between two equally-balanced teams. We believe that Georgia has a marvelous football machine, but Carolina has, without doubt, an equally great team. Georgia earned her victory, but the Tar Heels were great even in defeat.

The Hissing Element

That institution which we call human society is generally agreed that public demonstrations of disapproval are, to say the least, undesirable. With this introduction, the writer ventures to say that the students who hissed and booed the Russian dancers a few nights ago in Memorial hall deserve censure. Although we condemn this sort of conduct, we are inclined to think that it can be explained.

Two years ago the students of the College of Liberal Arts and of the School of Education voted a tax on themselves to provide an annual program of entertainments. These events are scheduled with a view to pleasing the student body at large.

Undoubtedly, it would be a fine thing for those who are already confessedly super-cultured if everybody liked the things which appeal to the self-appointed intelligentsia element. This campus, however, is filled with men who have not had any great opportunity to learn to appreciate certain forms of art. The contention of this editorial is that a large percentage of the students of the University have spent their money for something which they fail utterly to understand. If this be the case, they should seek in some way to ex-

press their disapproval.

The Student Entertainment Committee has done a very notable thing this year in bringing to the campus many attractions of national and international reputation. Nevertheless, we cannot help feeling that they have tried to force on the students a type of entertainment for which they are not prepared, and to that extent have invited the very sort of misconduct which took the form of hissing a few nights ago. As evidence of the reasonableness of this contention we cite the long, patient and courteous attention which a crowded house gave last year to the efforts of Von Luckner. In other words, the student will give attention to something which is attractive to him.

If anyone doubts the correctness of the conclusions set forth above, let him explain why the Shakespearean play fails to command an audience today while the various picture houses of the land are filled. Let him also expound why students delight in concerts given by the glee club but shun organ recitals.—J. C. W.

Readers' Opinions

PANACEA FOUND

Editor of the Tar Heel:

Peter Green, Evangeline, Mr. Hawkins and Aristotle have all been at each other's throats in the columns of the *Daily Tar Heel* for the past several days, and it seems to me that after reading all the denunciations of both sides that the *Vox Pop* of the student body is not dead, but rather very much alive. But what's all the use of this mud slinging and verbal warfare. Neither side is satisfied, and there is yet to appear anyone with a suggestion as to what to do with all this "red-bloodedness," "he-manness" or what have you.

Coming from the great open spaces of the middle-west where we used to hang strangers as horse thieves when we didn't like them, and where we still are pretty red-blooded, it seems to me that a little reversion to type, a little jumping of the traces, and being what we really are after all, despite all of our supposed sophistication, doesn't do any harm—so long as it doesn't interfere with the rights of others. There is a big expanse of cleared ground down near Emerson stadium on which these aboriginals of ours could maul, bat, pummel, bruise, pound and injure each other to their savage hearts' delight. Nothing is as funny, however, when it is practiced on one's self.

The University of North Carolina does have some cultured students who, unlike the vociferous Duke student body and the timid Deacons of Wake Forest, desire to strike a happy medium. We, the cultured and misunderstood minority of the University of North Carolina, call upon the rest of the student body to reform, clean up, and inhibit their baser instincts, not that we don't believe that E. C. Smith of the Carolina theatre doesn't deserve to be soaked in the eye with the most ancient eggs served at the local boarding-houses.

Now then, to get serious about this great campus problem, what we propose is that all this so-called red-blooded animation be turned to good and practical purpose by let us say—Grady Pritchard, and that these red-blooded youths turn their talents to the carpentering, brick masonry, plastering, etc., of Graham Memorial and open it by Christmas time.

If this suggestion fails to meet with immediate public approval we have an alternate proposal; i. e., that these same Peter Pans, instead of assaulting our

own home town folk placing them in jeopardy of life and limb (our own Chapel Hill people who are heart and soul for us—especially our pocketbooks) transfer the scene of their activities to the well known eleemosynary institution (founded adopted by the Dukes) there to carry on in the true fashion of that highly renowned and cultural center.

ROY FARCE.

DEAN HIBBEARD LAUDS AUDIENCE OF DANCERS

Editor of the Tar Heel:

The reception accorded the Isadora Duncan Dancers here last night by the students of the University reflects distinct credit upon the student body. In one way or another I have been associated with entertainments here for several years, and at different times the question of bringing a group of aesthetic dancers to the Hill has come up for consideration. Each time those in charge of entertainments have expressed some hesitancy in bringing such an attraction here, feeling that an undergraduate body of men might look on the performance more as a display of physical attraction than of aesthetic art. I suspect that this attitude on the part of some of us has been a hold-over from the old days when the undergraduate was thought of as a hoodlum.

Last night, it is true, two or three students were inclined to express their backwoods qualities by whistling and other weird sounds. Perhaps these two or three were among those who attempted to express their enthusiasm at our victory over Georgia Tech by rushing the Carolina Theatre. However, on the whole, the audience was definitely attracted by the performance and the old fear of bringing such attractions here was abolished. I assume that in the future it will be safe to bring artistic performances here with the understanding that they will be judged for their artistry.

While writing you, Mr. Editor, I wish to thank you for the courteous editorial in this morning's paper relative "to the Duncan Dancers and the Entertainment Program." Since you are a member of this year's Entertainment Committee, and one who, through your Tar Heel experience of several years, is familiar with the inception and growth of the Entertainment plan, I must infer that your courteous reference to me in that editorial is more generous than deserved. If any one man deserves credit for the starting of this program here, it is a former editor of the Tar Heel—Dave Carroll. Through Dave's enthusiasm and political acumen the plan was placed before the students and voted in by the students of the School of Education and the College of Liberal Arts. Every decision, every contract, every item in the program has been the unanimous decision of the committee and any credit belongs first of all to Dave Carroll and, secondly, to the members of last year's and this year's committees.

For some reason we have sold forty-five fewer season tickets this year than last. Since our budget is determined on the basis that we sell all of the season tickets possible, I hope that students, faculty members, and townspeople will see fit to buy up these remaining forty-five season tickets. Unless we sell this number, our committee is likely to have a very close year. We have already made contracts totaling about \$5,800 and we need to sell these tickets to break even. There are still twelve numbers remaining on the program; anyone buying now will certainly receive his money's worth.

THE CRITIC IS CRITICIZED

Editor of the Tar Heel:

We wonder if your reviewer, Mr. J. E. Dungan, actually attended the performance of the Isadora Duncan Dancers in Memorial hall Wednesday night. If he did, we are frankly puzzled. How did Mr. Dungan overlook the fact that Schubert's *Marche Militaire* was neither played nor interpreted. Perhaps Mr. Dungan has in mind some other piece when he says that "Le" *Marche Militaire* was one of the most widely appreciated interpretations. It is possible that, in writing his criticism, Mr. Dungan trusted his printed program rather than his memory, or his knowledge of music. Haw.

Again, Mr. Dungan informs us, paradoxically enough, that "Irma, the masked faced leader of the troupe" was "in the matter of facial expression... splendid."

We may suggest, for the sake of the University, that the Tar Heel engage writers whose reviews are faithful criticisms rather than vehicles for their own cleverness?

Thank you,  
TWEEDLEDUM AND  
TWEEDLEDEE.

The Campus



By Joe Jones

"Look here, Charley, at this *Daily Tar Heel*! Can you beat that? And to think what a tough time we had making it a semi-weekly just a few years ago! That's progress on the old campus for you. I tell you, Charley, there's been something besides buildings and football teams growing up here during these ten years." And so the old grad considers the *Daily Tar Heel*, whose history runs back across a span of thirty-five turbid years.

During that time it has served many masters, has lifted its editorial oriflame in many campus wars and rumors of campus wars, has attacked and been attacked; until now it comes into its inheritance, a daily, subservient to none. Today it is become the thread that binds a growing cosmopolitan student body together.

For fifty years before the *Tar Heel's* beginning the *Magazine* was the sole carrier of campus news. In 1891 the *Chapel Hill-*

ian, a student paper, was begun. This soon died, and in February, 1893, there appeared the first issue of the *Tar Heel*, whereupon the *Magazine* said, "What the *Magazine* has so long urged and hoped for is at last come to pass. We are to have a weekly paper, *The Tar Heel*, published under the auspices of the Athletic Association. It will be an exponent of the University's everyday life and a chronicle of minor events to the world at large, but intensely interesting to friends, alumni, and students. The Athletic Association will have an organ through which athletics will be brought into prominence and athletic claims set forth in no uncertain strain. In fact *The Tar Heel* will be of incalculable benefit to the University and deserves hearty support."

The *Tar Heel* thanked the *Magazine*, and said it hoped the two would be co-workers. There have been frequent skirmishes between them since then, but at last they have forgotten their grievances to enter happy wedlock as daily and Sunday supplement.

In 1894 there arose the *Blue and White*, a non-frat student weekly, which maintained that *Tar Heel* was run solely for and by frat men. This rival was treated with respect by the *Tar Heel*, but it soon followed the *Chapel Hillian* down the dim trail to oblivion.

Founded as the child and official organ of the Athletic Association the *Tar Heel* remained so for thirty years. In this capacity it was chiefly concerned with athletics. Let us see what it is saying during these thirty years. A '93 issue says, "The old University yell has served its time and purpose; has become worn out. It took enough wind to run a cyclone to yell it. We are pleased to hear that a new yell is being warmly received."

In a '96 number we are told that "the conduct of students during the two games with Lafayette here caused a great deal of unfavorable comment. Every attempt was made to guy and worry them while on the campus."

In '96 the first blue ink issue told of a football victory over Virginia. The headlines were, "Carolina Forever. We Win From Virginia by Superior, Scientific Football." Another blue ink issue in '98 headlines, "Howell's Great Run Wins Game. Carolina's Scientific Football Wins Over the Superior Weight and Force of Virginia."

In '99 the *Tar Heel* stated that "quite a good deal of interest has

been excited recently at the introduction of basketball into our athletic sports. It promises to be an interesting game."

A '03 issue carried this item: "A new feature at the game yesterday with Gettysburg was the music by the University band. Ten of the University's talented musicians have organized a brass band under the leadership of Mr. Charles T. Woolen."

The only red ink *Tar Heel* ever printed appeared in 1911 with this startling head: "Tar Heels Skin Sore Backs."

In '16 the *Tar Heel* says, "The time necessary for military training has made it impossible for intercollegiate football to be carried on. But keen rivalry was aroused in company athletics." Also in '16: "It is reported that several men in the University have taken the privilege of giving to their 'best girl' a monogram sweater. We suggest that the Student Council look into the matter. It isn't fair to those who have worked for the honor of representing a Carolina team."

Pen Points



By H. J. Galland

Chapel Hill is a chastened town this morning. There was excitement aplenty yesterday afternoon, but now, for some reason or other, the town seems quiet. Perhaps the score of the game has something to do with it.

Always a colorful town, Chapel Hill was a veritable riot of spectrums while the crowd assembled for the football game. The ladies were much in evidence, and they are not generally known to choose the most quiet colors to be found for their costumes. From the field, the stands were a dull grey, relieved here and there with a red hat or an even redder face.

The south side had a self-appointed cheerleader who threatened to take the interest of the crowd entirely away from the game. He led cheers, sang songs and encouraged the team practically at one and the same time. As more than one bystander remarked, it must have been potent stuff.

A news cameraman, thoroughly Carolina in his sympathies, (Continued on page four)

HEAR THE SCREEN'S MOST ROMANTIC STAR

In His First ALL TALKING ROLE!

No one can justifiably say any drama is the greatest of all audible screen attractions. For tastes differ. But, if you like shuddery adventures that provide either a thrill or a smile, and a characterization which inspires that romantic feeling... why not decide for yourself whether this isn't excellent entertainment.

RONALD COLMAN

in

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND"

with Joan Bennett

MONDAY



Pathe News Showing the Latest News Events

ADDED FEATURES

Chinatown, My Chinatown (Screen Song)

WEDNESDAY - THURSDAY

ANN PENNINGTON in "Gold Diggers of Broadway"

