

The Decorative Value of Football

By Mary deB. Graves

The athletes of ancient Greece, no doubt, in the eyes of some art critics could put it all over our present-day football players in respect to costume, which, according to the sculptors, never consisted of anything more than a bit of vegetation, while of course our boys are almost completely covered by bulbous uniforms. But for lovely surroundings even fair Greece could not surpass a contest held in our stadium on a sparkling October afternoon. Grass, sky, and foliage lend charm and color to the white concrete bowl fitted so gracefully into the gentle curves of the valley. Spectators, who individually might not take a prize at a beauty show, collectively make an interesting, harmonious panorama of a myriad hues. And to the modern eye there is even beauty in the trim efficiency of our players' uniforms.

As one sits on the South Stand of the Kenan stadium one sees, through the opening of fifty feet or so between the stands at the western end, a delightfully sylvan vista of pine trees. As evening advances long, smooth shadows also advance upon the green surface of the field until one looks over these to a sunny spot in the woods beyond, which might make a dwelling place for nymphs. Around the field the spectators, forming many blobs of gay colors, send up airy clouds of smoke from hundreds and thousands of cigarettes. These clouds form a blue and lavender autumnal haze as effective as Nature's own—and of its essence native to Carolina where most of the tobacco is grown for these loyal smokers.

Above the stands in the center soar two slim flag poles, one behind each central box. Behind these, and forming a perfect background, are the pine trees, and above their rich green the bluest of skies across which sails an orange-bodied, silver-winged airplane. At the East end of the stadium, snugly settled on the emerald sward, stands the field house. Only one thinks of sitting rather than standing, for it looks so comfortably ensconced in its nest of green—like a house in a fairy tale. Behind it again we have a beautiful background of soaring pines, perfectly setting off the pinkish tiled roof. From the chimney there rises a spiral of smoke produced by the furnace for heating water for the players, which gives a cozy air of hominess. Beside the cream stucco walls is the stand for colored spectators, who also send up their incense of North Carolina smoke. A peaceful scene, one might almost say.

But there is no peace. Amid wild cheers out trot the players in snappy uniforms. Last year our boys contributed their bit of color with orange jerseys. This year they were not so gaily garbed. Of course, as we have remarked, the Greek uniforms provided by Nature may have been more graceful, but the absolute utility of those of today compare with them as does the automobile compare with the horse. New times, new types of beauty. With their function in mind one can admire the smooth tan leather helmets fitting so snugly the heads they are designed to protect from buffets, the well-padded shoulders, the well-padded breeches—sturdy brown legs are better, however, than striped stockings—and then the shoes so adroitly fashioned to grip the turf. When these admirably armored armies trot out, some lifting their feet like sportive colts, no wonder the stands rise and shout. They are a superb sight. Their beauty

thrills the crowd. And the band. Our band prances out in uniforms of blue and white. The blue is not the pale anaemic shade sometimes used by us, but a vigorous blue with a kick to it, deeper than the blue of the October sky and yet akin to it. The white braid, the caps, are jauntily worn by all the young men, but best of all is the drum major with his slim figure, and his snappy strut. As his silver baton catches the sunlight, his crested head reared high, he is as wonderful as a Russian dancer.

In this scene of variegated movement and color each onlooker may find some particular aspect most charming, depending upon his point of view. To the undergraduate no doubt the accompanying flapper is the *piece de resistance*; to the proud papa, clamping his cigar and leaning forward resting on his baywindow, the substituting son enveloped in a blanket on the players' bench; to the Chapel Hill mother the little boy in khaki knickers scampering out on the West end of the field beyond the goal posts, where he and his kind gambol and frolic like puppies, seeing none of the plays yet imagining they are football fans. Any mother can safely let her eyes keep track of her youngster as he nimbly scales the wall separating the field from the spectators, flies up the steps, or attempts to climb the flagpole, since the absolutely fool-proof announcing system has been installed. She may even plan her Thanksgiving dinner while her ears take in the fact that Rothstein is everywhere, or that the last forward pass has been intercepted. If her ears by chance fail she is saved by a quick glance at the score board.

Gone forever is one feature of the old football—the masculine smile of superiority. The wise and the dumb are now on an equal footing. The amplifying trumpets, gracefully shaped and clustered on a tall pole high above one's head in front of the stands, emit sounds which suggest mightily the voice of Jupiter. As it thunders on and on, giving clearly minute and precise details of the plays, one wonders at times if it is really better to be wise than simple. There was something mentally restful about the old way of sitting like a lizard, sunning yourself with the peace of your somewhat fogged mind, only occasionally disturbed by a few tart explanations from an escort. Now even the clingiest vine cannot think up a question to ask her Brave, for, no matter how much of a real he man he is, he knows no more about what is going on down there on the grass than she does. And, as though the flow of exact information from the trumpets in the sky were not enough, there emerges the Jovian admonition: "Let's have quiet in the stands—quiet please!" Surely nobody but an Olympian would dare make such a suggestion with the ball on the five-yard line and three downs to go. Well, times do change and maybe the gods are coming into their own again. There is another difference in the great game noticeable to the flapper of an earlier era, and that is the scarcity of bouquets adorning the feminine forms.

years ago at the Army-Navy games violets and chrysanthemums were on sale everywhere among the crowd, and we felt as bereft of proper attire as Eve if our attendants did not see to it that we had at least one huge golden chrysanthemum or an equally mammoth bunch of violets. In Northern climes fur coats have always predominated, but here if one sees a student in a shaggy fur coat it is a shock; and squirrel, mole or lynx on a woman is the mark of a Spartan nature able to endure torture for the sake of vanity, for the sun shines brightly and sometimes early in the season stout ladies in silk dresses adhere to the concrete.

Carping critics have made sharp comments on the modern trend from the classics to athletics. They say that when alumni with fat pocketbooks and paunches foregather it is not for the purpose of discussing the latest post-graduate scientific courses, or the size of the medical laboratory, but that the tie that binds these earnest spirits is to see Smith put in as fullback, or to secure a coach who can guarantee a successful season on the gridiron. The highbrows discern nothing in this zeal for athletics but materialism. The thought arises, however, that perhaps after all there is a craving for beauty and color in the lives of these doctors, lawyers and manufacturers, unsuspected even by themselves, which is satisfied by the spectacle of a football game, played by perfectly formed youths in a beautiful stadium on a lovely Indian Summer day. Perhaps when loyal Carolinians rise to sing "I'm a Tarheel born, I'm a Tarheel bred, and when I die I'll be a Tarheel dead," they look about them at the "sailing pines," at the simple Grecian symmetry of the stadium, at the incense floating up from the Golden Leaf that has made many of them rich, and they become not merely sport fans but in reality true worshippers of Beauty singing its hymn of praise.

German Club Selects Leaders For Dances

(Continued from first page)

Jackson, Allen Boren, Bill Adams, and Fred Carr. John Gillespie was elected leader of the sophomore hop which will be given during the



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Special Morning Matinee 10:30

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in

"The Love Doctor"

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ADDED

All Talking Comedy Color Tone Revue

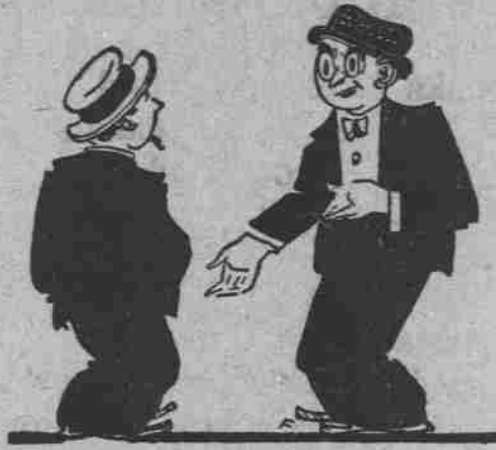
fall dances. Henry Stultz and Peter Gilchrist were elected assistants. The leader of the Junior Prom will be Willis Henderson with Sam McConnell and Gregory Peeler as assistants.

All elections were unanimous. The Thanksgiving dances will be held during the Thanksgiving holidays beginning Friday, November 29, and ending Saturday night, November 30. The dates of the Midwinter dances have not been announced.

BOYHOOD DREAM COMES TRUE FOR RICHARD DIX

Thirteen years ago a boy saw the stage play "The Boomerang" ten times. Then an ambition was born to play the lead in that play. That boy was Richard Dix, the place was New York. That boy's dream has now materialized, in Hollywood, where he has just completed the all-talking Paramount picture "The Love Doctor," the screen name

Heard at the Game



"What are you kicking about? Didn't I get good tickets for the game?"
"Yeah, the tickets were all right."
"Well, didn't I go to see the man about the dog, and wasn't it a good dog?"
"Yeah, it's good."
"Then, what are you all puffed up over?"
"*!%&*!%, you forgot the SHERI-ALE."

of the stage play. "The Love Doctor," like its stage predecessor, is a farce comedy of a promising young society doctor who is a very confirmed bachelor yet gives all his friends advice on their love affairs. His first patient is a young social scion whose love left him as soon as their engagement was announced. His mother, fearing for his health, brought him to "The Love Doctor" who decided that some good advice and a rest was all he needed. The young chap was

bundled off to the country with a beautiful nurse, who was secretly in love with the doctor.

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