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THE TAR HEEL.

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WINSTON AT OXFORD.

Horner Winston Writes Interestingly to the News and Observer of his Life as a Rhodes Scholar.

Sunday's News and Observer contains a letter from J. Horner Winston regarding his life at Oxford. The letter is exceedingly interesting, especially to University men, as the writer spent his American college life in this University. Hence we have taken the liberty to reprint some of it here. Those who recall Mr. Winston's article in the Charlotte Observer early last fall, will observe that there is a considerable difference between the tones of the two letters.

MR. WINSTON'S LETTER.

"The Rhodes scholars have completed their first term at Oxford and spent their 'vac' of six weeks scattered in all parts of the country. Ten went to Paris, ten to Germany, some stayed in London, two studied at Stratford-on-the-Avon and two went back to God's country. Europe has had amazing exhibition of American habits and American disregard of any fixed kind of custom.

"It is now a week before Hilary term begins, but every train is bringing back to Oxford some straggling Rhodes scholar, and by this time they are nearly all here, not with any over-zealous desire to get back to work, but for the simple reason that they 'ain't got no happy home to leave,' and they can live on credit at Oxford. Nor should we be unduly censured for our 'busted' condition, for nobody will contend that there is any pleasure to stay in an eight floor dark attic and watch your fire burn six weeks; but to do otherwise means money. Well, the Rhodes scholars were out to see the sights and have the fun, and the result has been that, after they had borrowed and reborrowed from one another, until they had nothing left, they had to deposit their watches in London in order to buy a railway ticket back to Oxford. And we were not extravagant in our tastes, either. I believe what Brooks, of Georgia, said one day in Paris, best described our financial attitude. We were sitting in a restaurant and I was looking over the 'bill of fare.' I said, 'Brooks, do you want some 'bifteck and pommes de terre'?' He replied no, that he didn't like 'em very much, and besides they cost eighty centimes. It is needless to say that the last was his main reason of refusal. To an American, who is accustomed to American college life, the yearly benefit of \$1,500 seems an ample allowance, but the Rhodes scholar vision of luxurious trips upon the continent, fades into 'rustication' in rural England, when his term's 'Battels' are presented. It costs about as much to live one term at Oxford as it does to live a year at the University of North Carolina. Our actual college expenses, presented as a college bill, for the

two months of Michaelmas term, just passed, amounted to two hundred and fifty dollars, and of course outside expenses were correspondingly high. There are three such terms, which cover twenty-four weeks of the year, and that leaves twenty-eight weeks in which we have to live somewhere. Don't let anybody fool themselves that 300 is extravagance at Oxford.

"Well, Michaelmas term passed off without any undue commotion. Englishmen continue to smile at American roughness; Americans at English softness.—good-naturedly, though, for they understand that we don't mean any harm by talking loud, and we are beginning to be reconciled to their not speaking to us on the street, for it is Oxford custom. But for a man who doesn't understand such things, it takes very close study and much patience to endure the Oxford man's way of doing, and at first it went very much against the grain not to be recognized by the man who the day before had invited you to breakfast. Men of the same college never speak to each other, when they pass in 'Quado' or in the street. For instance, I was introduced to the most prominent undergraduate of Brasenose College, in the room of my friend Brooks. When that fellow passes Brooks on the street, though they are quite intimate, he doesn't notice him; when he passes me, though we are but acquaintances, I am cordially greeted. He and Brooks are in the same college, he and I are in different colleges, and that's Oxford custom.

"To the matter-of-fact Oxford merchant and store-keeper, these wild talking Americans are still an awfully unknown quantity, and they apparently meet with no success in locating our category. Keiffer, from Maryland, went with me the other day to buy a clock. I was looking over the fellow's display, and picking up one I asked him, 'What sort of clock that was?' 'That's a very good clock, sir,' he said, but I couldn't recommend it as a time-keeper.' Keiffer and I laughed, and he said to the fellow, 'Would it be good to milk a sow with?' The clerk looked puzzled for a moment, and with all solemnity replied, 'No, sir, I don't think it would do to milk with.'

"We find that the ordinary Oxford man is a student of world politics and is thoroughly conversant upon any problem of the day. The outward demeanor of these fellows, which at first we thought indicative of childishness and effeminacy, now discover to be the result of habitual good health and even temper. To begin with, every Englishman is a first-class animal, with a large frame and healthy body. In addition to that they consider exercise indispensable, and every afternoon, rain or shine, men, women and children, old and young alike go to their game of some kind. It is not at all unfamiliar to

see and old woman with gray hair, scampering across the field after a golf ball.

"In athletics, every Englishman is too good a participant to make a spectator at a match game, and that accounts for the small attendance. For instance, when Exeter College of Oxford University, plays Trinity College of Cambridge University, there are scarcely a hundred spectators to see the game. Everybody else has got a game of his own; he is off somewhere on the river or at another field playing 'Rugger' or 'Socer' or else following the 'Beagles'.

"At the recent great match in the city of London, between Oxford and Cambridge Universities in which Oxford was defeated 15 to 10, there were only about six thousand to see the game, and very little enthusiasm was displayed. Occasionally somebody would yell out 'Cambridge' and that was the extent of the cheering.

Mr. Winston here states that all but ten of the Oxford scholars have to take straight Freshmen work. Half the time is vacation, but this time must be spent largely at work. There are no intermediate examinations; everything is stood off at the end of the three years' course.

There are great tales told by these Rhodes scholars of what they did and saw Christmas; but they all say that they are glad to get back to Oxford, for it seems at least like a step-mother home, after having been in lands of foreign language. Indeed it is queer how one's sympathies broaden the further he gets from home. If you are traveling alone up about Boston and learn that your neighbor on the train is from North Carolina, that's introduction enough and you are friends on the spot. If you are sitting in a restaurant over here in London and hear somebody remark that he is an American, you feel like he is home folks, even if he lives in Utah. But if you get in Paris, all you want to know is that he speaks English and you are immediately ready to fall on his neck. Several of us Americans were standing in the Louvre Art Gallery one day looking out across the Seine, while the guide was jabbering along in French, explaining the pictures. We were close to a bunch of ladies who were speaking English and we all made up our minds to meet them. We got up a bet as to whether they were English or American and I was appointed to find out. After apologizing to one of the girls for being so forward I asked her if she would be so kind as to tell me whether we were on this side or the other side of the river. She didn't know, she said, but she would ask her mother.

The other fellows heard what she said and I could tell from their faces that they were fully convinced that she wasn't American.

By this time the Rhodes scholars

have fully gotten their bearings at Oxford; they have been refreshed by a six weeks' holiday, they realize the necessity for earnest work and during the coming term they may be expected to buckle to it.

Christ Church, Oxford, England.

University Magazine.

The latest number of the Magazine contains eighty pages filled with a variety of matter. "The Necessity of Compulsory Arbitration in Labor Troubles" is urged in well wrought argument, based on the two propositions: "In the first place, that present conditions demand a settlement of the labor troubles, because they grievously impair the continuous and harmonious work of these agents, and thereby injure our whole organized life; and, in the second place, that the best and only way to settle these troubles is by compulsory arbitration." "Across the Atlantic on a Cattle Ship" is a realistic narrative by one faithful, both to the cattle and to the demands of Neptune. It is well done, and smacks of the voyage.

There are several stories. The best is "Bill Kent and Evelyn". It is the old story of unrequited love. The meeting of Kent with Evelyn, after the ten years of hobo-life, is fearfully intense on Bill's part. Evelyn is a strange woman. Bill's birth into the meaning of manhood is certainly an unexpected turn. Here an unusual type of man and woman met, without either making a sacrifice in the true meaning of the term. The story is of sustained interest throughout.

The poetry is rather dull, but that will be apt to improve with the return of spring—the frost must give way to the flowers.

The editorials are written with point and vigor. They are live. But it must be admitted, that there is hardly that dignity and tone expected of a literary magazine. A certain college journal is scored heavily and justly for the "familiar, free-and-easy appellation" in referring to Teddy Roosevelt. Yet, the editor falls into the same style and tone before he gets through with the aforesaid offending brother. The editor of the other departments seem to have taken hold with a firm hand, and the Magazine is still in the vigor of life.

Lemmert Coming.

Mr. Schellhase, representing Lemmert, the tailor, will be here on Feb. 9th, 10th and 11th. Students are asked to remember that the Athletic Association gets a commission on all the work done here by Mr. Lemmert. He has shown great interest in athletics here, and not only presented the Lemmert Cup, but continues to share with the Association his profits.

Several fellows went to Greensboro last week to see "The Chorus Girl".