

THE TAR HEEL

Official Organ of the Athletic Association of the University of North Carolina
Published Weekly

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INFANTILE FRESHNESS

Just about this time every year the University has at least one case, and sometimes a whole epidemic, of that disease now known as Infantile Freshness.

There are always two or three Freshmen who are supersaturated with sauciness, brass-plated. They have a superabundant amount of freshness, and, like negroes with religion, they are just bound to let folks know they have got it. And so our deluded Freshman paints a big 1920 on the water tank or does some other imbecile stunt that is liable to retard the evolution of the University four or five years and carry us back to the Dark Ages of 1912, the barbaric days of 1911.

Our University seems to be in the path of evolution all right. In the last five years the number of students has increased at least a third; the number of reels at Pickwick has increased three-fold; Emerson Field has appeared; and the auto lines have annihilated distance and our dollars.

But nowhere have we made so great progress as in the extermination of hazing. Five years ago ink was a black fluid made to be used, not in fountain pens, but in blacking buckets, not on paper but on Freshmen; making a Freshman dance, sing, make love or howl at the moon to the tune of pistol shots was an innocent diversion; and ducking him under icy pump water was all the rage. Then, a Freshman was scared to stay in his room and scared to go out of it, scared to lock his door and scared not to, always on the lookout for a blacking crowd and ever prepared to make a hasty exit to Battle's Park.

Now,—now the Freshman is treated with all kindness, courtesy and consideration. The faculty the fraternities and the Y. M. C. A. vie with each other to please him.

So it comes about that he is naturally insensible to his advantages over those who were Freshmen before him. That he may realize them more clearly we print the following, taken from "A Mediaeval Garner" and illustrating, with some exaggeration perhaps, the way Freshman were treated in "the good olde days." Berthold and Camillus are two upper-classmen.

"Camillus (speaking to the Freshman): Thou froward beast, where are my tooth pincers? Hold out thy mouth! . . . Berthold, here is one tooth,—here now is the second.

"Berthold. I will keep these to show at a fair as men do with sea monsters.

"Camillus. Bring a bowl of water and some odorous herbs for his beard,—herbs grown at the spot where the sewer discharges in-

to the garden. Hold thy chin still. The beard is soaked enough. Where now is my razor of stout oak-splinter? . . . See, John, here now is thy beard, black as the beard of Judas.

"Berthold. He grows faint.
"Camillus. Lo! he is half-dead already: his knees bow under him."

Truly, the old order changeth. Despite the fact that in a recent song hit, called "Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You," Uncle Sam is represented as saying threateningly to his immigrants, "But don't be ungrateful to me,"—in spite of this, we believe that

gratitude, like affection, is not a thing to be wrested from a man, or ordered as if it were a pound of beef and your friend a butcher. And so it would be preposterous to expect a gentleman to feel grateful for being treated like a gentleman. He should expect no less. But, we repeat, every year it has happened that some super-freshman forgets, not only that he is being treated like a gentleman, but he also forgets that he is a gentleman. Saturated with the quintessence of freshness, he saucés the supercilious Seniors, browbeats the complacent Juniors, and enrages the fire-eating Sophs.

The best medicine for the prevention of this annual epidemic of Infantile Freshness and its spread is, of course, a popular sentiment among the class of 1920 against all manifestations of militant ver-dancy.

The class of 1920, we believe, has this sentiment, this spirit. It has conducted itself in a gentlemanly, orderly fashion; and we do not doubt that it will continue to do so—and thus wipe out all cases of Infantile Freshness.

THREE DON'TS

There are three things that our football coaches,—Campbell, Cowen and Kluttz,—want us to refrain from doing if we desire to get out a winning team.

We often think, and say, how gladly we would do some work, be active in some way, or make some sacrifice in order to make our team the strongest possible. Now we are asked, not to do any work or make any sacrifice, but simply to refrain from doing three things that it would inconvenience us to do.

The three things which our coaches beg us to refrain from doing are these:

1. Making unnecessary noise near the rooms of football players after ten o'clock, p. m.

2. Watching practice on Emerson Field before five o'clock, p. m.

3. Knocking the team at any place or at any time. It would be foolish to say anything concerning these first two "don'ts." Everybody, even an old lady that can't tell a football from an ostrich egg, knows that to be in good physical condition a person must get plenty of sleep, and that secret practice is not a thing to be watched by the whole community.

About "don't" number three we have only this to say. Whoever among us says harsh things about our team without being reasonably sure that his words will help it, is a knocker. Whoever is a knocker is as bad as a quitter. And whoever is a quitter is as sorry as a french poodle dog—no, we take that back, but we would say it if we didn't think that it would be cruelty to dumb animals.

The thing for us to do is to remember always that our team is our team, in defeat as well as in

victory, that it is the only team we have and the best we have.

"As a man thinks, so is he." As a student body thinks, so is its team. If we, the student body, get the right spirit, the winning spirit, it can't help being reflected in our team. If we keep alive an abiding faith in our team, if we come out of every defeat with a determination that we will do better next time, if we come out of every victory with the fear that we shall not do as well; then we shall have a team, confident, careful, determined. And other things being anywhere near equal, that sort of a team will win.

PHILOSOPHICAL CONSOLATION

All hail to the reasoning faculty of man!

Did you ever flunk an exam? Yes? Please pardon the reference to a painful topic, but if you ever have—a thousand pardons!—made less than the fateful 70 per cent, and have felt despondent about it, then arise and sing, "Blessed be Logic."

It offers to you a Panacea, a Balm of Gilead, a Peruna. By its aid you can prove that wisdom called by some richer than rubies, is no better than dry bread. You do it just like this:

"Nothing is better than wisdom;
"Dry bread is better than nothing;
"Therefore dry bread is better than wisdom."

Blessed be Logic!

But suppose, in addition to lacking wisdom, you haven't even got any dry bread. Suppose your ticket to Swain Hall has run out and you haven't got any money, not even enough to buy a fifth of an egg-sandwich at Nick's or Red's. What are you going to do? Borrow? No. Starve? Certainly not. Eating is nothing but a luxury, a waste of time, money, the teeth and the jaw nerves. Don't eat; it's foolish to do anything wasteful like that. You may get a little hungry after the first day or so of fasting, but if you do just recite the following to yourself:
"Who is most hungry eats most;
"Who eats least it most hungry;
"Therefore who eats least eats most."

And it is perfectly obvious that he who eats nothing eats least. Twice blessed be Logic!

But you may get into other difficulties. All you have to do is to push the bell and call for Logic. One gets into difficulties so easily. For instance, in some idle and convivial moment you may have seen a cat crossing the road and you may have made the remark that the cat had two tails, or maybe three, according to the spiritual imagination of your eyesight at the time. And later suppose you are called before the authorities, who, not being able to appreciate imagination, foolishly suspect you of having been inebriated. What are you going to do? Must you lose your reputation for sobriety or for veracity? No, indeed. Give them a tablespoonful of Logic. Tell them this:

"For the sake of argument I'll admit that I do lie. But if I say that I lie, and say so truly, then I do lie; but if I say so falsely, then I speak the truth."

And if they can't accept that, then it is up to you to prove that the cat did have three tails; thus:
"No cat has two tails;
"Every cat has one more tail than no cat;
"Therefore every cat has three tails."

Thrice blessed be Logic!

If you are enough of a logician

you can get out of any kind of a scrape. Logic will carry you anywhere; it rushes in where Fords would fear to tread. And after it rushes you in it will pull you out again, just like a Ford, if you give it gas enough. Trust to Logic, she'll carry you through, as a rule. But

"There is no rule without exceptions;

This statement is itself a rule; Therefore this statement has exceptions;

That is, there are rules without exceptions."

There are lots of other good ones in Dr. Noah K. Davis's *Theory of Thought*; but I will stop here to avoid being mobbed.

Why have I wasted a column of your good paper with this stuff? What is the moral of it? What does it all prove? Well, I don't know. I shouldn't be at all surprised if it proved that two is twenty, or that a chair is a house and lot, or that a negro with a chill is a chocolate shake,—in fact almost anything.

And then again it may prove that you can prove anything you want to. Anyway, blessed be Logic!

Lives of great men all remind us
We could make our lives sublime,
If we only had the money,
Sense enough and lots of time.

—Josh Billings

University Directory

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November 30—Thursday—Thanksgiving Day
December 22—Friday

Christmas Recess begins

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Pharmacy—
(Other members to be elected soon.)

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Assistant Coach—Dewitt Kluttz

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THE TAR HEEL

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He—How do you like my mustache?
She—Not so very well at first sight.
He—Perhaps it will grow on you.
She—Oh, James, you are always thinking of the most ridiculous things.—Yale Record.