

# THE TAR HEEL

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## AS YOUR BETTERS HAVE DONE

There has been here at Carolina from the beginning of the earliest memory a custom that was a part of the best that is our tradition. Students meeting along campus paths or along the sidewalks of the village have spoken to each other cordially and with a common respect for each other as men closer knit together by their life here. Very often these men did not know each other but they did know that they were both Carolina men and fellows in the life of the campus.

Always this has been tradition but now something that amounts to very little in itself is still able to do harm to an old and glorious spirit of fellowship by the very littleness of its methods.

This year the University welcomed from the high schools and prep schools of this and other states, what seemed to be an exceptional freshman class. The long lines of them that formed at registration were made up of clean cut and eager young men, whom we were glad to have with us.

Since they have been here one thing about them has made us a little less sure of our hearty and prompt judgment of them. Not in the acts of the whole class but in the petty, seemingly snobbish, attitude of certain members of the freshman class.

At meeting Carolina men speak, but in these days when men are accepted here from the outset as Carolina men without a year of purgatory as "rats" it is a rather peculiar sensation that an upperclassman experiences when his cordial salute is not returned by a passing freshman.

It is not necessary that you formally meet Carolina men for they are already your comrades. Time has passed when you need be afraid that that they will haze you but the day will never pass when you do not as less experienced and younger men owe the upperclassmen a certain amount of respect.

## OUR NEIGHBORS GLORY.

The South was glad Saturday when the "Praying Colonels" of Center College defeated the Harvard eleven by a score of 6 to 0. The representatives of the smallest college on the Harvard schedule had done what no other team had been able to do in forty years—defeated the Crimson machine in an inter-sectional battle.

The actual victory belonged to the famous "Bo" McMillin but behind him was a team closely knit together by a glorious spirit seldom equalled in collegiate history.

The victory of the little Kentucky college over the redoubtable Crimson eleven was a victory as well for the whole South. News of it was received in Chapel Hill with an ardor that was only equalled by the word that our own Tar Heels had defeated the University of Maryland in Baltimore. The University of North Carolina and the entire South are happy to congratulate Center College on its magnificent victory.

## TENNIS AT CAROLINA.

Interest in tennis here has grown rapidly during the last two years not only as an intra-mural sport but as an intercollegiate activity. Until very recently tennis was a very inconsiderable part of the athletic activities of the University. Now, both within the college and among all colleges, the interest in this branch of sport has become of considerable moment.

The graduate manager of the University has fallen in with the idea of encouraging tennis and is giving aid in fixing up the tennis courts here. The courts are to be improved to a considerable degree and already self-help students have been employed to put and keep them in shape.

In time the present courts, or many of them, will have to go to make way for buildings. There ought to be some thinking, at once, about the future layout of courts. Men who are interested in all University athletics should look forward and see the day when tennis will be one of the most vital sports at the University.

Tennis is played by more men than any other game in the University. It is a clean, healthy, altogether admirable sport, and nothing ought to be left undone to give students a chance to play.

The day before Thanksgiving Day there is to be a meet with the University of Virginia. The tennis committee is not only getting the courts in excellent shape for the meet but it will also endeavor to provide seats for spectators despite the fact that the chief attention of the student body will be focused on the football classic scheduled for the following day.

## THE MARYLAND VICTORY.

No one thing, perhaps, has so stirred the student body into a demonstration of spirit and loyalty as the brilliant and unexpected victory over Maryland Saturday. News of the triumph spread like wild fire, and the campus rather indifferent on account of recent reverses, changed into a glorious acclamation of victory. A bonfire was built and burned in celebration. Students have talked of hardly anything else since.

It was indeed a pleasing outcome. The eleven deserves congratulations from all of us. Defeating a team that had listed Rutgers among its victims, and was doped to win from Carolina by a comfortable margin, Coach Fetzer's aggregation registered something more than a notable victory. The team displayed a masterful exhibition of football, playing a better brand in practically every phase of the game than did the Maryland team. There is glory in such a victory. Carolina is proud of the feat.

## STUDENT FORUM

(All Anonymous Correspondence Will Be Disregarded.)

To the Editor of The Tar Heel:

Whatever the future athletic policy of the University may be, the game of tennis should receive the most enthusiastic support from both the students and the University authorities. As the building program is developed there will no doubt be ample provision for courts. Frequent tournaments should be held, bringing a large number of players into competition and developing talent for intercollegiate matches.

Let us grant at once that tennis does not possess the spectacular, crowd-drawing quality of football or baseball. As a game to be looked at it may never take first place, but as a game to be played by students it has no equal—and general participation in sports, rather than the development of a few star athletes, is now everywhere recognized as the result for which every institution should strive.

If it came to a choice here between producing a splendid team for intercollegiate matches and affording opportunities for play to many hundreds of students, the latter purpose should be preferred without hesitation. But the two things are not opposed. Each works in with and encourages the other.

The student tennis committee, this fall, has set out to put the game upon a sound footing, and if it keeps up its effort it will be doing a vast benefit to the student body. It has begun to overhaul the courts—to have them sprinkled, rolled and lined. Some of the courts have not been reached yet, but I am told it is the committee's purpose to put them all in good shape. At the same time it has inaugurated a try-out tournament to determine the make-up of

The Number isn't Limited.

"One can get a lot of enjoyment out of a small piece of mistletoe," states a gossip writer. So can two—Passing Show, London.

a team to play Virginia here the day before Thanksgiving.

Dr. Lawson told me the other day that his observation of athletics, extending over many years, had convinced him that of all games tennis is the best for the physical development of young men. And it has one virtue that is not often commented upon: it is practically the only college sport that can be kept up in after life. This is so because the playing of it requires a space so small that courts can be built within towns, because it can be played by as few as two persons, and because the cost of playing it is not excessive. In England men in their sixties play tennis and play it well. I saw a man of fifty-two defeat, in a London tournament, an American who was ranked at the time in America's first ten. Arthur Balfour, when he was prime minister of England and well over sixty years old, played in a tournament on the Riviera, and gave a good account of himself.

So, the young man who becomes fond of tennis when he is in college is laying the foundation for a lot of enjoyment through the years to come.

I hope The Tar Heel and all other organs of student opinion will get behind the game and do all they can to stimulate interest in it.

Louis Graves.

## Pertinent Paragraphs

The fifty cent jitney fare is a reality—but not so the fifty cents.

Perhaps those pigs browsing about Gerrard Hall are another University co-operative enterprise.

It appears to us that a game either with Georgia University, Tech, or Clemson would fill the bill admirably.

Nowadays it appears to be the man who's wrong and knows he's right that has the greatest possibilities.

It is said that too young, one doesn't know how to tell a woman what he thinks; and too late, one learns to tell them what he doesn't think.

Dr. Coker says that the drought hasn't injured the Arboretum to any great extent. Only the sequoia gigantia being damaged—still most of us are in considerable doubt as to what was injured.

"The drab monotone of vigorously applied paddles against a brilliant background of oriental head dress and scarlet neckwear," appears to us a fitting sentence in description of last week's hectic activities.

Freshmen are complaining of insufficiency of Swain Hall fare. Never mind, veridants. You'll get over it. That has been the favorite indoor sport here since the establishment of Commons as a Carolina institution.

To the Editor of The Tar Heel: Please publish the following outburst, lest I wallow in the gore of self-inflicted wounds.

Paul Trotter.

Musicians, Notice!

There is a right which every man on this campus has. That right is to go to any piano on the hill, at any hour of day or night, and play until he has satisfied himself and all his ilk—whether or not he can play. But that right has this single qualification: he can not do it if it interferes to a reasonable extent with the study of others!

This right is real and absolute; but it is a secondary right. I may, with perfect immunity, elude anyone as savagely as I please on the nose, or as often as I please. But if he object to savage clout being deposited on ancestral snout, I have no right to do it. It is a wrong.

I understand that it is not the policy of the governors of this campus to say strictly: you shall not do this, or that. Our government is an experiment in absolute democracy, founded on the belief that given all liberty a gentleman can be a law unto himself—interfering with no man. They will not lock the pianos or make an eight-hour day for mandolins. Don't wait for such an action.

I like music. I like it very much. Everyone likes it. But who under the blue sky loves it well enough to enjoy it from 7 a. m. 'till 10 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, ad infinitum?

No, Geraldine, it is not "my lookout" if my ability to concentrate is imperfect; nor should I move to the no-rent district to avoid these embryo Wagners, Titterellis and Hoffmans.

"As nature is the common parent, so let reason be the common guardian of man."

## ITEMS OF INTEREST

After the first performance of the two plays, "How He Lied to Her Husband" and "Suppressed Desires," the Carolina Playmakers entertained the casts of the plays and those who had helped with the production. Among the other prominent guests were Dr. and Mrs. Chase.

Miss Curtis Henderson entertained her friends at an informal dance given at her home last Saturday night.

Miss Julia Russ, Miss Norma Freeman, and Miss Avis Young drove up to the Hill from Raleigh with Mr. Freeman last Friday afternoon.

Miss Nancy Battle and Miss Julia May Southerland, who are students at N. C. C. W. in Greensboro, spent last week-end with Mrs. D. C. Battle.

Plans have been completed by the T. C. Atwood Co., Supervising Engineers and Architects of U. N. C., for a new platform and steps in front of Memorial Hall as the old steps were considered dangerous. These the University expects to build at an early date.

The water supply and sewer line to the bungalows on Pittsboro Road are completed and the tenants are now occupying the bungalows.

The completion of the houses on the Wilson lot is a matter of about two weeks' time. Three of the University bungalows are already occupied.

The plans of the residence of Dr. J. B. Bullitt are now in the hands of estimators.

The managers of the Yackety Yack announce that they have extended the time in which men can pay for their Yackety Yacks and have their names engraved in gold upon same. If you desire your name engraved in gold on your college annual this year see either Jimmie Phipps or Ike Thorpe before Saturday, the 5th of this month. The proofs of the pictures to go in the annual have already been made and can be seen in about ten days at Yackety Yack headquarters over Foister's store.

## SKETCHES

By C. J. P., Jr.

Music Indeed Hath Its Charm!

Last Thursday we again had the pleasure of witnessing that spectacle which has been termed the greatest of motion picture productions, "The Birth of a Nation." Of course we had seen the picture before—who hasn't? But there was some irresistible attraction about the name and fame of the play that drew us into the Pickwick to brave the cigarette smoke and peanuts for the whole ten reels. But there was something lacking—true the picture was the same, save for some apparently inexperienced cuttings, the film version of the story of the Clansmen was identically the same as it was when first we witnessed it—but something was lacking. And that something was the very thing that had rendered the memory of it so indelibly in our minds—that which had surcharged the atmosphere of every theatre at which it was shown on its first run with an intenseness that has never been approached by any other motion picture. Announcements stated that the picture would be accompanied by the original orchestral score—and so it was! but there were no finished musicians, drilled and perfected in the accomplishment for this one picture. The Pickwick orchestra did nobly considering the lack of practice and the difficulty

of the score—but nobly was not sufficiently well to put across the picture in all its original purport. Without the usual accompaniment some of the famed battle scenes appeared drab and unreal, and the last half, motivated as it were by popular jazz, took on in some way an aspect of ghastly propaganda for the Ku Klux Klan. There are those of us who wish indeed that they hadn't ventured in to see this last exhibition—it only left a slightly bitter taste where there had been before only anticipation of perfection. But then it has often been remarked that the second dessert portion is never half so enticing as the first.

## A Blustery Monarch

The cold snap has brought forth the old uniform and army overcoat again. The odor of moth balls is in the air, and a sense of wrinkles pervades the community. Ice cream vendors are tearing their hair, while signs of hot chocolate are making their appearance in the downtown cafes. Strange things are happening even now during Halloween aftermath. The trees are hanging their heads and exposing shamelessly bare limbs. Students have acquired lately a habit of squirming most unnaturally on class—in such a manner even as would lead us to suspect another coating of woollens. Oh, winter, your advent is indeed cruel.

## Speaking of Columns

Again we are off on our column—our column we say, though it is ours only until we have nurtured it through the stages of infancy and have made it safe from the scurrilous diseases of early childhood, and can turn it safely over to you, its readers and ultimate possessors, in swaddling clothes it is true, but in the radiant glow and promise of youthful health. "Sketches," unlike so many of our greatest men is incapable of making itself—we would be indeed proud if it could, for originality and uniqueness of accomplishment represent to us the pinnacle to which we would see our brain children achieve—but as vain and doting parents we admit the impossibility involved, and that settles the argument. The column tends first of all to be original. The Rhymes of Mother Goose were original in their day, but they hardly find a place herein. Milton was most certainly original, and Chaucer to some extent, but we'll predict that neither Lucifer will stumble out of heaven, nor Beowulf

will ever be quoted in this column. And so dear reader, do you see the kind of originality we are driving at—it's not the belles lettres of literature that we are after, but rather the hors d'oeuvres. A hastily prepared paper for one of the composition courses may come much nearer filling the bill for the column than a carefully weighed thesis by a candidate for honors in philosophy. The man (or co-ed) who can turn out real free verse will be a lion among the column artists, but even at that he has no more chance than the composer of snappy lyrics. Mere jokes have their place—items of personal and local interest only, and familiar essays are especially desired. Loosen up, Carolina literati—and let the column have some of your wares!

Well, we reckon, since our little football eleven represented quite ably by those two promising young gentlemen, called Messrs Lowe and Johnson, went up and whacked off a large slice of bacon desired by the team from the University of Maryland, maybe the whine that some of us have been putting up, "Taint no use, cause Carolina is chased by a jinx always," will die in oblivion. Anyway let's hope. Too much of this hard luck tale has been giong the rounds. True, we have a whole flock of hard luck always, it seems, and State College wasn't due to win that memorable fair week contest, but all the same and nevertheless, we have a hunch that our future is brilliant. If there was a jinx, it has been broken now. Nothing less than all the breaks are coming our way from now on.

Too much confidence never pays, but optimism always raised stock about a hundred per cent, and if we get it in our heads that we are going to beat Virginia here on this Turkey Day, we will come all round doing so.

Let's keep up this spirit raised by the Maryland results.

—R. B. S.

Water polo and swimming are coming into their own at the University of Oregon. A water polo team is being coached, and meets with Stanford and California are pending.

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