

# THE TAR HEEL

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## STATE COLLEGE GAME.

The News and Observer of last Wednesday carried a story about the 1922 football schedule of State College. In that story the question as to the place of playing of the annual Carolina-State College game was discussed. Not only was the question of the place all, for Fair Week has always been the time and Raleigh the place of State College's greatest game but it was even suggested that on account of these things the game between the University and State College might not be played next year at all.

The whole question rises as a result of a decision reached at a meeting of representatives of both colleges some time ago when it was decided, at least tentatively, that after the game of this fall the colleges should alternate as to place of playing and that the State College game should be the great home game of the year when Carolina's eleven journeyed to Charlottesville to meet the University of Virginia.

This was demanded by the representatives of the University in response to many requests on the part of students and alumni that each year there be at least one big football game in Chapel Hill.

There does not exist, and we hope never will, any controversy with the North Carolina State College. The question is merely one of misunderstanding. Unquestionably it will be amicably settled and there will without question be the annual game between the two institutions.

The question that presents itself to us as most important is this, "Do the students of the University want the game here?"

Our own opinion is that it is preferable to play the game in Raleigh before assembled North Carolina. The financial factor that we cannot entirely disregard points readily in the way of playing the game at the usual place. That is the financial side of the question as to the University and the Athletic Association but just as truly the finance of many students will be taxed more than they can afford by the trip to Raleigh.

The game is undoubtedly one of the great periods during the year when the eyes of all North Carolina are focused directly on the University. So it is one of the greatest advertisements that we can possibly have. In Chapel Hill this would not so much be so. Away from the center of Fair Week events it would not play quite as exaggerated a part as it has been wont to in the attention of the state.

Yet it would be a great day of home-coming for old men of Carolina. In a less tremendous way than the Virginia game it would bring back crowds of alumni to the University. On the years when the annual Vir-

ginia contest is played away there is a decided need for a great game that will bring many back for a great day and a splendid reunion.

These are the factors that make the question one of difficult decision. Very neatly they balance one against the other and leave the query unsettled.

Each man must decide for himself and by the many personal decisions the University should be guided. The Tar Heel would like to hear from members of the student body on the question.

## THE INN.

With the mounting cloud of smoke from the old University Inn old memories rise. Memories of the Inn when it first opened to receive a son of the University and a president of the United States. It is difficult to bring back memories of an Inn fresh and new, of another day, against the black background of the Inn we have known as a yellow spotted part of our own campus.

There are lovely things even about the hideous pseudo-dormitory that during recent years has cursed our campus with its ugliness. Even a hag may have been a belle. Certainly the Inn has known days when men spoke kindly of her and great men graced her with their presence.

Those were days when other generations lived. Few now remember them. They are dead. We are a part of a greater day. A day of concrete roads, of electric clocks, and cafeterias. The ugly old Inn is gone and we can hurry and build an uglier red brick building in its place.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST

Prof. N. W. Walker is attending a meeting in Birmingham of the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Southern States. He also attended the meeting of the Commission on Accredited Schools in that city on Tuesday and Wednesday. Professor Walker is chairman of the state committee on Accredited Schools.

Prof. S. H. Hobbs, Jr., addressed an audience at Dover last night on the subject of the School as a Community Center. He will speak on the same subject tonight at Trenton.

## APOLOGIES TO PEPPYS

November 26—Long in bed for stayed long in olde Gym last night watching thy shaking of many wicked legs. To Gooches at eleven for breakfast where did eat one egg sandwich and drink glass of milke for two bits. Did hear many of last night's late dancers complain of akeing from the debauches of then. Back to room and to bed again until ole Swine opened for dinner where did go to eat turnip greens and spuds. It being raining did stay in house for while but finally to Post Office to get sweet pink envelope from Mabel asking about the dances. More sleep thence to Gym for shower. Found two empty wine bottles back of edifice and wished them full. To eat again at Swine, and wanted to go to Pick but had to hear olde Freshman debate in society where great noble Fresh did gaze up into heaven and plead, "God grant that I may never keep any man's independence from him," and did want to tell him to close his damned trap and give me mine for I could hear them kicking high at dance. Finally got out and to olde peanut gallery to watch the shaking of feet again. Did make me think of Eve and merry Eden to look down on the many fair and bare ones below, but did see my two bosses, Jake and Dice, at it too so decided it was all right. Bully Bernard too, but Johnny Booker did look like tacks were in his shoes. Thence to room and did pass car from which come sounds of "King Me Again" from male voice. To bed and long sleep 'til Sunday noon.

## TRAIN HITS BUS AND KILLS TEN CHILDREN

Red Bluff, Calif., Nov. 30.—Ten high school students were killed today south of here at the Proberta crossing when Southern Pacific train No. 15, southbound, struck the high school automobile bus in which they were riding. Four children and the driver were injured.

The bus, en route with children to school, had suffered an accident and was behind schedule. Two drivers were sent from the school to bring it in. Another bus crossed ahead of

## SKETCHES

By C. J. P., Jr.

Contributions to this column are welcomed. Short articles in prose, verse, or vers libre are especially acceptable. All contributions should be signed and either handed or mailed to the editor.

## THE POETIC FRESHMEN AT THE DANCE

(Earl Hartsell)

Dear Cousin Si—You'd be surprised, Amazed, bewitched, and hypnotized, If you had seen the dance last night; It was an awful gorgeous sight.

The rules say Freshmen must not dance,  
But I went in and took a chance;  
I had my eye on one swell skirt,  
(But don't tell Ma I'm such a flirt.)

I wore the dress suit Pa gave me,  
Which he was married in, you see;  
He never wore it only twice,  
And so I thought it looked real nice.

Well, pretty soon I grabbed this girl,  
And off we went in a kind of whirl;  
"Please let's sit down awhile," said she;  
"I think perhaps I've sprained my knee."

"I'd rather talk than dance with you,"  
Her soft voice thrilled me through and through;  
So there we sat till the music stopped,  
And, golly! how my heart flip-flopped!

Her lips were lovely, cherry-red;  
She smiled at everything I said,  
But when the band struck up again,  
She had a dance with another man.

She said good-bye so sweetly that  
I 'most forgot where I was at,  
And almost kissed her then and there—  
Oh, boy! With women, I'm a bear!

But still they haven't spoilt me, Si;  
Because, with all my might I try  
To keep myself, despite the dames,  
Your unpretentious cousin, JAMES.

## AT THE PICKWICK

There's a "Main Street," that runs through "Canaan," the mythical city which Booth Tarkington wrote about in "The Conquest of Canaan." In Canaan were some who were respectable and others who were not. Once you were placed in the latter class, it was next to impossible to live down the disgrace.

Here, the respectables looked up to Judge Pike as their leader. His word was law. The unrespectable accepted him because they knew that he owned their homes, their saloons and had their lives in the hollow of his hand.

As the title suggests, Main Street in Canaan was conquered and by two of the unrespectables, Joe Loudon and Ariel Tabor. Ariel was fortunate enough to inherit money which took her to Paris. Joe could not bring himself to conform with the Main Street conventions which aroused such prejudice within him that he was forced to leave town to carve out a better career.

The development of this interesting plot, which brings out the bigness as well as the pettiness of a middle-size town, is illustrated in the Paramount picturization of "The Conquest of Canaan," which will be shown on the screen of the "Pick" on Monday evening, December 5th, Thomas Meighan and Doris Kenyon playing the leading parts.

The cast of characters was composed of more than 6,000 of the best citizens of Asheville, N. C., who volunteered to work in the picture, which was produced in that city.

## "RUSHING" INSTITUTION WRONG, CAYS PORTER

(Continued from Page One.)

faith in the fact that we are university men and not subject to the general hobo legislation. This is of course comical, and furnishes matter for a hearty laugh, but aside from the ludicrous consideration, it is a serious thing, and the campus cabinet recommends that the student body look at it as men.

"There have been a few compliments about our campus musicians. They seem to forget that too much music tends to disturb the fellow who has a bit of studying to do all the time. The cabinet would like to see this situation relieved by the use of more discretion and consideration on the part of the men who contribute to these musicales."

the train, but this one, following closely behind in a dense fog, was struck squarely and hurled into a block signal. Inclosed in the car, the children were unable to escape and their bodies were hurled in all directions.

## THE TALE OF A LOST COMMITTEE

A faculty committee traveled south from Charlottesville And zealously they parleyed all the day at Chapel Hill. "Game canceled!" Off to Durham town, and into bed they crept And, with two Commonwealths aflame, that good committee slept.

Two hundred miles away Virginia students met and raged And vainly Western Union lads the lost committee paged; The students cried: "With Johnson in or out we're going to play! We'll tell the wise committee so—but where, oh! where are they!"

All through the troubled night two troubled States remained awake, Five million people murmured with the famous game at stake, And o'er the wires buzzed questionings and curses without number, But never interrupted the committee's peaceful slumber.

And so the hours fled away, and when the sun arose That faculty committee still enjoyed its deep repose; Virginia knew not where they were, Virginia sought in vain, In vain Virginia students met each northbound railway train.

Let Durham's traffic hum, let honking autos pass in streams, No noise in town is loud enough to spoil Lefevre's dreams; The street cars jangle, whistles blow, the Durham Bull it roars— But all in sweetest harmony with Doctor Lambeth's snores.

The morning comes, but all the State away from business turns, For still with ceaseless questioning the Old Dominion burns: "Oh, where is our committee now?" It calls out in its wrath— While Lambeth and Lefevre splutter happy in the bath.

The sportsmen sons of sportsmen sires resolve to play the game— "It's too late now to call it off—talk afterward of blame! But where is our committee now?" For light Virginia begs— While Lambeth and Lefevre munch on Durham ham and eggs.

And Rinehart and his valiant team are champing on the bit, All set to leave if only the committee will permit. "Oh, is there some Virginian who will lend us a retriever To hit the trail and smell out Doctors Lambeth and Lefevre!"

Alumni of Virginia hear the direful news in wonder, And from the mountains to the sea their angry protests thunder, And Richmond men descend upon the University's chief, And in his anxious ease they pour the story of their grief.

He knits his brows, he walks the floor, and finally he raves Because he can't get any word from his two wandering braves, While, incommunicado, they on Pullman seats abide And gaze out placidly upon the sunlit country side.

And while they ride so happily, so proud of duty done, Two voices of two mighty States are booming forth as one: O'er hill and dale and stretching plain, in village, farm and city, The shouted question smites the air: "Oh, where's that dam' committee!"

But no more can the President wait—the hours are slipping past; He says the word, the team is off from Charlottesville at last. Because two worthy doctors loved too well two downy beds Their chief regretfully must go above their (so-called) heads.

Now, hearken all committeemen, when your your spiel have spun, Go hustling back and tell your folks exactly what you've done— Don't hie you off to Durham town and 'tween the blankets creep, Committeemen must always curb their appetite for sleep.

—Finis—

## GREAT WORLD WAR HERO JUMPS FROM STEAMER

New York, Nov. 29.—Secret brooding over the memories of his experiences in the war from which he emerged one of America's greatest individual heroes, was ascribed today by friends and relatives of Lieut. Col. Chas. W. Whittlesey as the cause of taking his life Monday while en route to Cuba on the steamship Toloa.

Leaving several letters apparently explaining his act, the commander of the "Lost Battalion" in France jumped overboard while 24 hours out from New York.

Intimate friends had no idea he was making an ocean voyage. The crisp, laconic reply, "You go to hell," hurled into the teeth of a German officer who called on him and his men to surrender, was the rhetorical battlefield classic which brought Colonel Whittlesey into fame over night.

Surrounded in the Argonne with his command, the First Battalion of the Three Hundred and Eighth Infantry, Seventy-seventh Division, Whittlesey had been cut off for four days without food or fresh water. All but 87 men had been killed or wounded. At dusk on October 7, 1918, a blindfolded German bearing a white flag, crossed the line. He bore a message asking the Americans to surrender in the name of humanity.

A few hours after the messenger had been sent back with Whittlesey's reply, an American advance took place and all were rescued. His exploit was rewarded by President Wilson with the congressional medal of honor, the most cherished American wartime decoration, given only for valor outside the regular line of duty. Some months after the armistice the German officer who demanded Whittlesey's surrender added to his laurels by publishing a statement extolling the American's courage and determination.

ducing goods, stands out strikingly for the rapidity of its industrial growth."

Louis T. Moore, secretary of the chamber of commerce, expressed genuine gratification over this remarkable record for North Carolina. Quoting from the article, Secretary Moore said: "Next to North Carolina comes Maryland, with \$619,607,000 manufacturing capital and factory products valued at \$873,945,000; Texas with manufacturing capital of \$588,196,000; Virginia, with \$464,517,000 and factory products of \$641,810,000, followed in order by Kentucky, Alabama and Georgia."

"North Carolina's industrial developments point the way to many other Southern States as to the proper utilization of undeveloped resources might well emulate North Carolina's example in creating a larger industrial development, great as has been in progress all have made," the Record declares.

The figures quoted above deal with actual factories having annual production of over \$500, and hand and building trades and neighborhood industries are excluded. The article also states that quarrying and well drilling operations in the United States and the South for 1919, indicated that the rate of progress in the South in this respect was greater than the rest of the country.

## NEW BOOKS.

Baker, George P.—Modern American Plays.  
Balfour, Arthur J.—Essays, speculative and political.  
Bernhardt, F. A. J.—War of the Future in the Light of the Lessons of the World War.  
Blanco Fombona, Rufino—Man of Gold.  
Blease, Walter L.—Suvorof.  
Bruce, Andrew A.—Non-partisan League.  
Cherington, Paul T.—The Elements of Marketing.  
Cressy, Edward—Brief Sketch of Social and Industrial History.  
De Bunson, Victoria—Old and New in the Countryside.  
Dowd, Quincy L.—Funeral Management and Costs.  
Fenwick, Charles G.—Political Systems in Transition.  
Farjeon, Eleanor—Singing Games for Children.  
Ford, Henry J.—Natural History of the State.  
Galsworthy, John—To Let.  
Gooch, G. P.—Germany and the French Revolution.  
Grove, Sir George—Dictionary of Turas.

Music and Musicians.  
Hamsun, Knut—Pan.  
Hudson, Wm. H.—A Crystal Age.  
Hutchinson, Arthur S. M.—If Winter Comes.

Lucy, Sir Henry W.—Men and Manner in Parliament. The Mirrors of Downing Street.  
Mortensen, M.—Management of Dairy Plants.  
O'Brien, Edward—Mystic Isles of the South Seas.

Phelps, William L.—Reading The Bible.  
Porter, Kirk H.—History of Suffrage in the United States.  
Robinson, Corinne R.—My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt.  
Rose, Edward A.—South of Panama.

Rolland, Romain—Liluli.  
Russell, Charles E.—Story of the Non-partisan League.  
Sedgwick, Henry D.—Life of Marcus Aurelius.

Swammerdam, John—Biblia Nas-Small, Albion W.—Meaning of Social Science.  
Steele, David M.—Addresses and Sermons to Students.  
Steiner, Jesse F.—Education For Social Work.

Sterbeck, Franciscus Van—Theatrum Fungorum.  
Terhune, Albert P.—Buff: a Collie.  
West, Algernon—Contemporary Portraits.

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