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A FINE SPIRIT

Last Saturday the Carolina football eleven thoroughly whipped the Wake Forest team in the opening game of the season at Goldsboro.

We say the defeat was thorough. Carolina's superiority was discernible the minute the two teams were called into action by the opening whistle. Wake Forest did not have a ghost of a chance from the outset, for the simple reason that Carolina had a better trained and more experienced team, an eleven composed of more finished, seasoned football players. The defeat was fair, but none the less thorough.

In spite of the humiliation that a 62 to 3 defeat naturally caused in the ranks of the Baptists, the game delegation of several hundred students that rode the special down from Wake Forest kept the spirit and fight up from their section of the stands until the whistle blew for the close of the game, just after Carolina had raced across the goal line for her ninth touchdown. After the exhibition, instead of hanging their heads in shame and ripping their team down the back for the poor showing it made, these Wake Forest students marched up town and sang the college song, as if to say, "Our team did the best it could, and what more could we ask?"

That is what we call backing a team. That is what we call college athletic spirit. Wake Forest may have a bad season in football this year, and may lose many more games, but she can rest assured that so long as the student body sticks by the eleven as it did in Goldsboro Saturday, she will ever have the admiration and respect of her opponents.

"DO SOMETHING FOR YOURSELF."

Dr. Horace Williams, in an appeal to students on one of his classes, to try for a Philosophy fellowship that has been offered for the finest thesis, states that he believes every student in the University should "do something for himself" that he can look back on and retain in the future, when text-books and much that we temporarily learn from day to day will have long been forgotten.

The writing of a splendid thesis on Philosophy or any other subject is one way of accomplishing such a thing. Working on the staff of one of the campus publications, winning an intercollegiate debate, figuring prominently in an athletic victory, are other things which fall truly enough outside the "main show," as the Carolina magazine aptly describes it. But by doing these things nevertheless, one gets out of the regular campus monotony, emerges from an obvious rut, and helps himself immeasurably.

Like the magazine, we do not believe in a student monopolizing his time with activities, and there is surely a danger of this. Too many clubs, too much work in the various activities, can cause one to forget the "main show" and later regret it. But the activity, we

believe, has its place in the student's program. Every student should do something outside of the prescribed field of two languages, two sciences, and thirty-odd other courses required for an A. B. degree. These outside things will stick much longer than what is learned on classes, and it is well for any man to be able to produce in later life something that he accomplished for himself while at college. He can lay his hands definitely on a Philosophy thesis, or the account of his forensic or athletic victory or work he did on the campus publications, and it will be to his very great satisfaction to be able to do so.

THE SOUTHWEST CORNER

By R. S. Pickens

The past week on the campus (with accent on the pus) has been a hectic one. The fraternities have passed through the bidding season, which is saying much. To paraphrase the good old Bible text, "Many were balled but few were chosen." Tuesday morning saw the flash of many colored ribbons, while the night before saw the swing of many shaped paddles. Solemn rituals were chanted behind closed doors. The neophytes came forth from the secret halls carrying in their bosoms things of which the world can only guess. In their hands they had the secret grip. They now call many "brother."

There is a remarkable absence of men wearing "NC" sweaters on the campus. They turn them wrong-side-out when it gets cool. They think if they wear them they will be made fun of by others. They fail to see that the right to wear the NC is a distinct honor won through effort. A spirit sprang up on the campus last spring to rather guy the bird who wore his monogram out on the campus. The right to wear the monogram is won through hard work and service. It is the reward of the University for meritorious service as a representative of Carolina. Few can wear them. Only fools make fun of the man who wears his monogram. The man who hesitates to wear it because he is sensitive to criticism is closer kin than a cousin to the man who criticizes. If the monograms cannot be worn after they are won and presented, then it would be well for the University to stop giving them.

So far no announcement has been made relative to changing some more games from Chapel Hill to Greensboro, or Charlotte, or somewhere else. The campus is expecting the announcement at most any moment. The authorities possibly found out that it is unwise to go to cities the size of Goldsboro. More people would have attended the Wake Forest game at Chapel Hill than were there at Goldsboro. A fraction over 1,200 paid admission at the gates. The greatest estimate possible to place on the crowd in Goldsboro is 3,000 and that is stretching the blanket. About three hundred of those were Wake Forest students. About two hundred more went down from Carolina. Say one-half of the population of Goldsboro is about—and that is really more than the usual proportion. Goldsboro has a population of about 15,000. All right, 7,000 adults and about 2,000 of them colored. Five thousand white adults. About one-third of them interested in football. Fifteen hundred ardent fans. Five hundred kept away on account of business and home affairs. One thousand at the game from Goldsboro, Raleigh, Durham, Mount Olive, Wake Forest and Chapel Hill. Therefore most of the crowd would have been at Chapel Hill anyway. The astute and clever gradu-

ate manager of athletics slipped up and took a hard tumble. The only man who got anything out of the game was Dan Grant. He did do some work among the alumni, which he could have done just as well at home. The student body felt cheated. They still feel cheated, and there is nothing to show for it. Try Wilmington, St. Louis or Chicago next time. Maybe it will pay.

The co-heads are back in full force this year. Numerous new ankles have appeared on the campus, and for the last week have been thoroughly inspected. A new toast, or as "Punch" or the "Boll Weevil" said, a "roast" is out. "To the ladies, may God dress them." Since God is not able to deny His responsibility for the new styles just coming in it is hardly fair to put all the blame on Him. To blame some of the new dresses just out and very much in evidence at the recent Goldsboro affair, on the Maker of us all, is profanity and an abomination in the sight of the Lord. Goodness knows the Puritans and the old men and women should be satisfied at last. A shoe top showing during the coming winter is going to be enough to throw a woman out of good society. A man will have to take advantage of high steps and crossed knees to get a glimpse of an ankle now-a-days. The sight of a knee will soon be like a red flag. There is one consolation, though, girls, you can wear half-hose now and the world will never know if you behave yourself.

The whole Wake Forest student body came down to the Goldsboro affair last Saturday and proceeded to display to the world around Goldsboro one of the best school spirits seen in a long time. They cheered the team lustily before the game, and when Carolina began to run up a huge score they cheered right on. The more their team got beat the more they cheered. Wake Forest played a good clean game and the students over at the Baptist school played the same kind of game from the grandstand. To be defeated 62 to 3 is worse. A student body that can watch its team get drubbed like that and still make the racket they did is nothing but the "berries." The Wake Forest team is not as good as some they have had, but the student body is not to be judged by the score. The Baptist boys didn't win the game but they won a devilish lot of respect and admiration.

STUDENT RADIO FANS LISTEN IN AFTER GAMES

Among the latest fads of Carolina students, radio outfits take first place in popularity. After Saturday's football game a group of interested students in "C" dormitory received first-hand data on every game of importance played this side of the Mississippi. Connections were easily made with Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Detroit, Atlanta, Louisville, Kentucky, and other distant points.

William Dunn, of Asheville, and for the last two years a student at the University of Michigan, has for some time been an agent for several of the best makes of radio sets. Along with the game reports came snatches of music, both jazz and classical. Also a complete weather report and information as to New Zealand's agricultural prospects.

Aerial connection has been made from building "B" to building "C." This fad promises to give much enjoyment in the future, especially if connection can be made to hear from Carolina's games while they are being played.

Former students of Mars Hill College met last Friday night in the county club room of the "Y" for the purpose of reorganizing the Mars Hill club, which has been in abeyance for the past year.

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