

The Tar Heel

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KOCH THE INCUBATOR

When the new Tar Heel staff geared up the old machine for higher speed, we made a firm resolve to avoid two trite subjects in our editorial policy for the balance of the year—the much battered and abused co-ed problem and the fast stepping Playmaker organization. The former is a dead issue; the orgy of controversy stirred up by the extra edition of the Tar Heel died down gently when more rational reasoning prevailed. The woman's dormitory is going up, the co-eds will come here in increasing squadrons, and there is nothing more to be said about it.

It is more difficult to dismiss the Playmakers from these columns for they are so confoundedly active and omnipresent from Professor Koch to the scene shifters that they cannot be kept out of print. In swinging around the western and eastern circuits of the state they left a long trail of blazing propaganda; small newspapers and big newspapers were aroused and lauded their work to the high heavens. Well known powers in dramatic circles outside the state have taken note of Koch and his troupe and have thrown more wreaths on his altar of praise. Koch has been put behind a string of adjectives a mile long by writers of varying skill who have labelled him a genius, a nut, and even as one of the four wonders of North Carolina along with Mount Mitchell.

The Tar Heel sought to keep aloof from this prolific flow of tribute just to be different, but with the recent reports of the significant achievements of two of Koch's disciples in other localities, we find it irresistible, and have fallen in line with the rest. We groped desperately for some term that has not yet been fastened on the organizer of the Playmakers and finally hit upon it—incubator. Professor Koch is an incubator and a very productive one that hatches the Playmaker eggs into ambitious young chickens, some of which develop into healthy young hens and roosters.

Two of Koch's roosters, Hubert Heffner and Tom Wolfe, have learned to crow the folk play song in lusty manner. The former, a youth of 21 years, who had inflated himself with Koch's infectious enthusiasm, journeyed to the University of Wyoming to undertake the development of native drama and to initiate dramatic art there. In the course of a few months he organized a playmaker group and produced several successful plays that were highly commended by the Wyoming papers. As a result he was offered a higher salary for another year, and was given an opportunity for promotion to the rank of associate professor. Three other attractive bids were made to him from other Universities, a clear proof of the success he has achieved.

Tom Wolfe, after having taken three years of intensive work at Harvard,

has recently had a play produced by the "47 Workshop," probably the foremost collegiate dramatic organization in the country. The play dealt with the race problem and was received with such acclaim that it may possibly be produced on Broadway by a New York producer.

The work these men are accomplishing comes back in the form of a beautiful bouquet to their inspirer, but it also spreads the gospel of the Carolina Folk Plays in foreign fields and is a splendid advertisement for the University as well as the State. There is a growing demand all over the country for men who can instill the native drama in universities, and many are turning to Carolina for applicants. Incubator Koch has one or two promising young chickens whom he can soon release to carry on the work, and if he sends out more of the Greene, Heffner, Wolfe type, the University will have built up an enviable record in this line of activity.

The Wilderness

By J. Osler Bailey

If there is any one thing that might cause ruction on this fair campus, it is that someone might take this Colyum too seriously. That would be deplorable. On the other hand, kind reader, it will distress us greatly if you take our Colyum too lightly, if you laugh too boisterously at something we mean in all earnestness. Here, guarded by the sacredness of our Sanctum Sanctorum, we intend to call a spade a spade, but may Heaven forbid that ever we shall call a spade a blaméd old shovel. We intend to render hypocrisy sansculotte; but we trust that we shall always be standing by with a pair of the breeches of Truth. Some of the things we will say here in will be as serious to us as Heaven and Earth; sometimes we shall aspire to gentle satire. At all times we shall attempt to use discretion; please, charming reader, will you not try to use discretion in your reactions to our little stump speech!

Many of our unsophisticated friends have been inquiring what the Honourable Booleo Club Organizations, S. I. N. and S. T. P., may connote. Yes, admirable, but quite naïve, reader, S. I. N. means "Soup-In-Noodle," and S. T. P. means "Scratch-The-Pup."

Let us remark the recovery of George Ragsdale from a recent operation in Watt's Hospital. He is back on the Hill, and has plunged once again into the "old swim."

"The time has come," the walrus said, to speak of a most important matter—the Carolina Magazine. Just the moment Ragsdale, next year's Editor-in-Chief, recovered a sufficiency of strength, he called a meeting of the Board. The plans are already under way for next year's Magazine. Perhaps it may not be sacrilege to say just a few things about the policy of the Magazine for next year. It is going to have one.

In the fall, the Magazine will be read by more readers than ever before, Ragsdale pointed out in the beginning. And it was in the full realization of this fact that the Board set about its work. This year's Magazine, it was freely admitted,—and is, perhaps, too brazenly proclaimed here,—has had an abominable cover and an uninteresting interior. Interest was the first chord Ragsdale struck. The need for writing that will be read was emphasized. The humorists and satirists were about to carry the day, when a dark-horse opposition—thank Heaven—under the leadership of "Soc" Proctor, sprang up. "Let's make it a literary product worthy of Carolina," he said. The fight was on. "All in the face of Death, rode the 'Soc' Proctor."

Finally, as a result of the shining Grail that was held before them, the need for writing that would appeal to a large number of readers, and the common sense of the most, a policy neither of heavy nor light writing, exclusively, was adopted; but one of attractive writing.

The Magazine next year is going to aim toward literary excellence, but it shall not snub the legitimate tastes of its readers. One thing: heavy biographies are gone forever: "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

The actresses on our little worldly stage think they "understand" the actors. And the thing that makes our play a tragedy—they do!

Leedle Damit has cut another tooth. Leedle dogs grow up; which is just one more reason why we have not adopted knickers. We vainly imagine that plump, woolly calves appear more delectable to the canine palate than our present flapping pantaloons.

We are grateful to the Hon. J. J. Parker for one utterance he made on the occasion of the Golden Fleece tapping: "No cynic or skeptic has ever accomplished anything in the history of the world." We think he meant, "constructed anything," and he was right. Any empty fool can sneer at something, and slander cleverly; but it takes a MAN to courageously construct a thought from the raw material of ideas. No, we do not intend to moralize; but it is because we realize that would-be cynicism, and skepticism that does not try to find out anything, are the most insidious forces at work undermining our literary traditions today, that we speak. And it is because we wish to make the position of this Colyum clear, that we speak. We intend to try our pens at gentle satire. We hope to find the ridiculous on the campus, and point it out; but may mountains fall upon us, and may our Colyum pi in the printer's hands, if ever we sneer at weakness, and show not a remedy therefor.

I lost my heart in my early youth,
In May, when the flowers bloom'd.
And though I'll seek to the ends of the earth,
I'll never find a home.

I gave my heart to the bless'd of God,
To the dearest of the fair.
She didn't know: she tho't it a clod,
And left it broken there.

I'll go a-roaming thru Palestine,
Thru France and old Cathay,
I'll learn to laugh and drink sweet wine,—
My heart was lost in May.

I lost my heart in my early youth,
I lost both joy and pain;
And though I roam until my death,
I'll never find them again.

The Tar Heel needs good reporters. It must have writers of quality, and men who are willing to work. In the fall the Tar Heel will play to a packed house—over 2,000 in the audience; and those who tread the boards will find themselves ever in the limelight;—that is one inducement. Another is, Tar Heel work, as it so well deserves, is recognized and given credit, as a full Academic course. But the big inducements, for the man with literary ability, is the privilege of associating with his kind—two men from the little group on the Tar Heel board were picked for Golden Fleece;—and the privilege of developing himself. A new contest, to fill a vacancy or two, was announced in last week's Tar Heel; and—take it from an old war-horse who has been in harness for a year or so, and intends to stay in harness,—the man of literary ability who fails to strive earnestly to get on the board, is shutting himself out of one of the finest things that can come the way of a Carolina student.

We notice, with a good deal of kindly interest, that Hank Parker, in picking the Tar Heel All-State team, did not say that he knew "it was impossible to please everybody." His assumption was a most pleasing departure from the usual trite expression of team pickers.

Who is more prejudiced than a next-door neighbor? Our Colyumist recently became aware of the strains of some blessed music issuing from the recesses of that most unaccountable of places, "B" Dormitory. He immediately became quite polite to some of the inhabitants, in an effort to fathom the dark mystery. "Yes, there's a pianny in there," said one. When our most insinuating Colyumist remarked that the music was soothing to the heart, and that it must be wonderful to dwell in such perpetual proximity to it, one who roomed nearby, and was quite catty, withal, we thought, remarked: "Yes, he's pretty good, on one piece;" under pressure even admitted, "he has got one or two more he plays, sometimes."

GREAT VIOLINIST TO COME HERE IN 1924

The Music Department announces that a contract has just been closed with Mischa Elman for his appearance here in a concert on the evening of March 24, 1924. Mr. Elman is famous throughout the world as one of the very greatest of the living violinists, ranking with Fritz Kreisler, Heifetz, and Zidbalist. Mr. Elman has been touring Europe and the Orient for two years, and returns to America in the fall for tours which will take him to every large city in the country. Chapel Hill is fortunate in having been able to secure him for an appearance here.

"The Story of Abrasives" will be the name of the free moving picture tonight at 7:15 in Gerrard hall. The picture will show the mining of the ore and the final manufacture of the abrasives themselves.

SPORTOGRAPHS

By HANK

While the Carolina team sat idly about watching the antics of J. Pluvius, Davidson College gallantly put it back into the running for the state championship.

The Methodists blamed their defeat on their four worldly errors. We suppose that the Presbyterians credited it to divine predestination, although the joyful students carried Pitcher Boushee off the field on their shoulders.

The Trinity press agent had just gotten his publicity campaign into full swing with their claims not only for the State but also for Southern honors.

But the old bird that said pride goeth before a fall certainly spoke a mouthful.

If Carolina can defeat Wake Forest and Trinity the only claim that Steiner and his angels can lay on the championship is the tie game between the University and Guilford.

But that, in our mind, is a claim too flimsy to be plausible, as the Quakers have been severely promueled throughout the state and the game itself is an admitted fluke.

The only way to decide clearly who would be champions would be for Trinity and Carolina to play a rubber match.

But, of course, if Carolina were to drop or tie either one of the two final state games Trinkity would become undisputed champions.

Stringfield, stellar shortstop on the Wake Forest nine, has reported to the Durham club of the Piedmont League and is now rated as a professional. There are rumors afloat that he will be allowed to play against the University by special agreement, although, strictly speaking, he is debarred from further inter-collegiate ball.

His absence from the Wake Forest line-up will mean a great loss, as "Swinky" is a great player and has contributed much to the morale of the Baptist team.

Bob Gray, sport editor of the Raleigh News and Observer, announces to the world as official news that "Mule" Shirley has fallen down of late in handling the ellum. According to the best figures obtainable, Shirley's batting average is .373, which is considered by most other eminent authorities as a darn good mark.

Carolina is scheduled to play Georgia Tech at Atlanta on June 9 as a part of the latter institution's commencement week program. Which means that the Tar Heels will have to play exactly four big games in eight days and travel hither and yon through four states.

ATHLETES WIN OUT IN FRESHMEN ELECTIONS

(Continued from Page One)

—E. W. Pearce, 148; W. E. Underwood, 144; M. Bishop, 15; T. M. Whitener, 82. For vice president—L. T. Bledsoe, 68; Nat Jones, 14; W. S. Melver, 144; Charlie Thomas, 163. For secretary-treasurer—C. W. Gold, 256; M. M. Young, 127. For campus cabinet—N. C. Gordon, 134; M. B. Poole, 29; C. W. Hall, 38; R. R. Braswell, 61; C. B. Shipp, 125. The outcome of this vote necessitated a second ballot for the offices of president, vice president, and campus cabinet. C. W. Gold having been elected secretary-treasurer on the first ballot.

On Saturday, the day of the final ballot, the friends of the various candidates got busy, canvassing every dormitory. The watchword of the day was, "Have you voted yet?" and the result of this canvassing was that practically 100 more votes were cast on the second than on the first day.

Emmett Underwood, the president-elect, of Fayetteville, is an athlete of no mean ability, having been a star on the freshman football team and a member of the basketball squad.

The choice for vice president, Charlie Thomas, hails from Beaufort and was a student at Oak Ridge Institute last year. As third baseman and captain of the freshmen nine this year he demonstrated his ability as an athlete. C. W. Gold, who will manage the finances of the class, resides in Greensboro. He, too, is an athlete, having played in the backfield on the first year football team.

Norman Gordon, who is to serve on the campus cabinet, lives at Washington, N. C., and has made many friends on the campus.

MEN, WE ARE BOTH RUNNING OUR LAST LAP OF THE COLLEGE YEAR

By helping each other we will both come out ahead

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Since 1903

HUBERT HEFFNER PUTS WYOMING PLAYMAKERS IN THE LIMELIGHT

They Produce Their First Play After One Year's Work With Hubert Heffner.

(By J. E. HAWKINS)

Wyoming Playmakers, promising one-year-old by Hubert Heffner out of Carolina Playmakers, recently won his first race in record-breaking time. The veteran circumstances was a fair show and Faculty Opposition failed even to show after a bad stumble at the turn on the last lap. The remarkable time in the thrilling three-cornered race was 2.7 (hours) of actual performance.

Which is to say, the first offspring of the Carolina Playmakers has been born in the far West amidst much rejoicing and glad shouting. The Wyoming Playmakers, after a short existence of only one year under the direction of "our" Mr. Hubert Heffner, have produced their first performance of original Colorado Folk Plays with glorious success. The road was rocky and the weather was rough, but benevolent Uncle Sol finally has risen upon a beauteous May day of deserved reward. Our hat is off to Hubert.

The Wyoming Playmakers seems to be a lusty child and all indications point to a long and hearty life. Already a local producer has offered to form the organization into a stock company to tour the Northwestern States during summer seasons.

And the director, who was a graduate student at Carolina last year and is a veteran Carolina Playmaker, has received enticing offers for his services from the University of Arizona and the University of Maine. After overwhelming the continued opposition of the president of the University of Colorado and winning him over completely by the great success of the Playmakers, Hubert has been offered by that institution a handsome increase in salary as well as an assistant professorship. His future plans are not yet fully formulated.

The first program presented by the Wyoming Playmakers has a familiar ring to acquaintances of the Carolina Playmakers. The trio of plays were "Grey Bull," a pageant-drama of Indian tradition by Marion Huggins; "Red Sunset," a tragedy of Wyoming homesteader life by G. Edward Pendray; "Men is Men," a comedy of domestic life on a Wyoming ranch, by Mariette Gwendolyn Jones. We are assured that all three were of the highest quality while the tragedy was a masterpiece of writing. Mr. Pendray has some idea of coming to U. N. C. to continue his work under Professor Koch.

The Laramie Republican had a two-column review of the plays by its editor, who, also, was originally opposed to the venture. But read the following extracts from his article:

"The Wyoming Playmakers made their bow last evening with a most auspicious beginning of a movement which it is most sincerely hoped will not be allowed to be dropped. Congratulations are in order to all who took part, authors, actors and director, for in every way there was much to commend and much to enjoy."

Follows a most enthusiastic and intelligent review and criticism, and the article is concluded with this paragraph: "This whole affair as undertaken by this English class under Professor Heffner is worthy the highest praise and commendation. It has meant a very large amount of work on the part of both instructor and authors and they deserve not only congratulations but the thanks and appreciation of the University circle and community. It is one thing to give a play, but it is so much more first to have written it. The creative impulse is a magnificent one, and should always receive encouragement, particularly when it achieves such notable success as it did in this instance."

Theatre Arts To Use Hsiung's Play

"The Thrice-Promised Bride," a Chinese play written by C. C. Hsiung which was read and approved for future production at the last author's reading of Carolina Folk Plays, is soon to be published in the Theatre Arts Magazine, a national dramatic publication. The editor of Theatre Arts praised Mr. Hsiung's play highly, especially commending its beauty and delightful humor.

The play was recently produced with much success in a San Francisco Little Theatre. The Little Theatre of Santa Barbara, California, has since applied for production rights to the play.