

The Tar Heel

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KING FOOTBALL MOUNTS THE THRONE

On the eve of the opening football contest of the season, books, student activities, dances, post office conditions, and other channels of thought peculiar to the college man are relegated swiftly to the background in favor of the unanimous question—What will the team show tomorrow? Carolina students rarely unite solidly on any one campus question, but when eleven of their brawniest take the field against a worthy foe, they are indissolubly linked together and all will back the affirmative side of the query: Resolved that Carolina should win.

The football squad has completed several weeks of rugged training and are well-primed for the initial game which will largely be an experimental contest. Much advance dope has been circulated concerning the strength of Coach Fetzer's squad, but before-the-game statistics are never reliable. Big, ugly holes were left in the team with the loss of Johnston, Pritchard, Morris, McGee and Merrit, the battering ram, and the new material, while appearing strong in practice, has not yet gone through the testing fire of an actual game.

Coach Bill Fetzer, like President Coolidge, realizes the safe policy of strict silence and adheres to it. The combined sentiment of those who profess to know, however, gives Carolina a strong line, a backfield of unknown calibre with doubtful reserve power. They are meeting a team whose strength is also unknown, but whisperings from Wake Forest, assure us that a better machine will take the field than that which was overwhelmed last fall by Carolina bone and sinew.

Unless the Baptists reveal amazing power, a representative Carolina team should defeat them. We are a much larger institution, produce more material to pick from, and enjoy a more successful gridiron past. The dope is on our side. In the meanwhile, a big, powerful bull dog waits hungrily in his spacious lair at New Haven for his first meal.

WHY NO COURSES IN JOURNALISM?

Last week twenty-five students registered for English 27, the first of a series of courses in journalism, only to be informed a few days later, than no such courses were being offered this year. These men, genuinely interested in newspaper work, expressed surprise and disappointment that a valuable course listed in the schedule should be vetoed with no previous announcement. It caused them considerable trouble in rearranging their schedules, but more unfortunate, it deprived them of an opportunity to ground themselves in a highly important phase of modern education.

The University is the foremost training ground in the state for all walks of life, and offers a generous scope of courses from rural economics to Einstein's theory of relativity, but neglects to furnish instruction in the most powerful influence on American thought and ideals, the Press. There are many young men in the University eager to make jour-

alism their life work, if the proper inducements and training were offered them, and it is truly pitiful that they are not given the opportunity they desire. It is not only a serious handicap to them but also to the state, for North Carolina has a crying need for thoroughly trained newspaper men.

In the past, the classes in journalism have been well attended, although the work was neither broad in scope or carefully systematized. The Department of English was considering newspaper work last year and intended to give certificates, but these plans did not materialize. Perhaps an honest effort was made to strengthen the journalism department and no capable men could be secured in time to conduct classes this fall. The fact remains, however, that the citadel of education in the state provides no stepping stones for embryo journalists.

There is a glowing chance for some energetic, experienced newspaper man to build up a strong school of journalism here. The class room work could be collaborated with the student publications and practical instruction could be given in the mechanical side of editing a newspaper now that Chapel Hill boasts of a live printing office. Such a school would not lack for earnest supporters.

Student's Column

This column will be open to all students for expression on any subject of timely interest. The editors reserve the right of rejecting unsigned articles.

Now that the Publications Union is an actuality there should be a coordinate feeling among the student body of good will towards the Union. Good will implies several things: supporting your publication, going out for the various staffs, relying upon the judgment of the Publications Union Board, and all joining forces to make the Union a success on the campus.

There is still another way of helping out: making a special effort to deal with the concerns which advertise fairly and consistently in the three student publications. By doing this you will not only be lending your support to the publications, but you will also increase the space value of the advertisements in the three publications appreciably.

The needs and wants of 2200 students cover a large territory, so patronize the advertisements in the three publications as much as possible, and help to make the Publication Union a permanent institution at Carolina.

LIBRARY NOTICE

The attention of students is called to the following Library Rules that appear on page 61 of the Catalog.

Fines for books kept over 14 days (including the day of issue) will be imposed at the rate of 5 cents a day.

Reserved books must not be taken from the Library until 8:30 P. M. and must be returned by 10:00 A. M. the following morning. After that hour they are subject to a fine at the rate

of 5 cents per hour or fraction thereof without limit. The date on the pocket or flyleaf of book is sufficient notice when the book is due.

Postal card notices are sent to borrowers in regard to books overdue as a reminder, but failure to receive the notice is not considered a valid excuse for not paying the fine.

Any book or magazine that has been lost or defaced must be replaced by the borrower at the cost of the book or magazine plus a replacement fee of \$1. At the discretion of the Librarian any book 4 weeks overdue may be considered lost.

L. R. Wilson, Librarian

The Wilderness
By J. Oiler Bailey

A freshman was heard to remark after having been for two whole days an inmate of Carolina: "Going to college isn't so bad after all. The worst thing I've found in my college career has been punctuation."

We welcome back to the campus, His Majesty, the Hayshaker.

The modern system of barbering makes it hard for any individuality to be expressed even in the countenance of man. What is the use of telling them anything—the poor dumb chaps have at best not more than three styles in haircuts, in stock.

And it is for the trimmed and greased effect that mere man is victim to, that our women-folks are day by day surrendering their luxuriant tresses. Eh bien, — Ca va le monde! Or, as a real Frenchman would say it, "Such is life in a beeg ceety."

So monotonous is the trend in face frames that, well-oiled as they may affect, even a bald citadel tipped with a wart would strike us as a pleasant diversion.

The wind blows East
The wind blows West,
But where my honey is
The wind blows best.

The sky has clouds
That mask the blue,
But where my honey is
The sun shines thru'.

My heart has moods,
My heart beats blue,
But where my honey is
My heart beats true.

My heart aches West,
My heart aches East,
But where my honey is
My heart aches least.

Once in a great while, our patient waiting at Uncle Sam's P. O. is rewarded, the other day in a peculiar fashion:

"Dear Mr. Man of the Wilderness: I have noticed with particular pains (not rheumatic) your hard and some-

what discouraging task of filling your collium. I fear that you have worked Leedle Damit too much, so how in the name of my cat, H-I-I fire, can you expect him to keep up his usual duty of filling your collium with dog news?

If you intend going into dog journalism, why, dog-gone you, go and take Leedle Damit along with you. There are enough dogs in Chapel Hill to supply every inmate of this institution (including the Co-eds) with hot dogs once a week and then have one left over to help Mr. Weaver with the Chapel singing.

Yes, sir, we think it would pay you to go into dog-journalism, but for the love of Pete and Mike get a few more dogs to help you and Leedle Damit with the editorial work.

Wishing you lots of success in your dog-gone undertaking, (Tee Hee!) we are,

Yours for success,
Me and my Cat, H-I-I fire,
P. S.—My cat's middle name is Tom, Me."

Seeing as how an old friend, Leedle D., has tired of our company and appears in our sanctum quite infrequently, we shall speak little of him hereafter.

But be ye not disappointed at the loss of an old friend—a new one has come. From now on, week by week,

we shall interest ourselves in detailing the exploits of a new acquaintance of ours, The Hen-What-Duz. She is a most industrious creature.

Why would an humble hen do, She'd do because she ken do. And what would hungry men do, Without the egg the hen do?

The merchant marine was a popular means whereby University students earned their way during the summer months.

The latest arrivals at the University who traveled abroad during the sum-



Damon— "Hey, there! Aren't you a friend of mine?"
Pythias— "I certainly am. I'd do anything in the world for you. Yes, cup-they!"
Damon— "All right—prove it! Give me back that Eldorado pencil you borrowed last night."

DIXON'S ELDERADO
"The master drawing pencil"
17 Leads—all dealers

mer while in the merchant sea service for Uncle Sam are C. B. Bishop, of Durham, and J. L. Matthews, of board, the latter a Freshman. Bishop attended the University the year before last. He spent several weeks abroad this summer, while Matthews was assistant cook and later chief steward on the ship "Dallas." He spent a couple of months in Germany, Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

The Classic Pen in lacquer red—that has caused a stir!
HUNDREDS of people are dropping in to try the new Parker Duofold with over-size barrel that holds nearly twice the ink of the ordinary. Its native Iridium point is as smooth as a jewel bearing and is guaranteed 25 years. Your hand will respond in an instant to its symmetry, balance and super-smoothness. No pen has ever had its popularity. All the rage for gifts and prizes.
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