

The Tar Heel

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Northern and Southern traditions clashed Saturday when Washington and Lee drew the color line and Washington and Jefferson clung just as tenaciously to their "A man's a man for a that" ideal. There was no possible chance for arbitration and the game remained unplayed. Here is an interesting speculation—if the Southerners had agreed to the playing of the dark complexioned Mr. West, would he have been able or willing to continue after the first play?

The Yackety Yack announces a beauty contest. Each student will be allowed to submit a picture of his own fair one (she must be a North Carolina girl) and the pictures will be sent North for some connoisseur of feminine charms to select the twelve best. The Annual will print the pictures of the twelve winners to enliven its pages. We hasten to add that co-eds are eligible.

The Carolina Magazine and the Boll Weevil are due to make their appearance this week. If only the best writers in college would take active interest in the Magazine, we would have something of real literary value, but they have the perverted notion that college publications are beneath their intellectual plane.

Messrs. Weaver, Fitch, and Sides furnished an enjoyable Sunday afternoon for music lovers. The large attendance showed that many students are just about surfeited with the blatant offerings of King Jazz.

Facing the Presbyterian church is a bronze tablet of Daniel Boone, who watches the gasoline-soaked Durham road with alert calmness. When Dan blazed the trail to Kentucky years ago, it presented dangers on all sides even as it does today. The honk of a speeding car is fully as ominous as an Indian war cry.

It doesn't seem right that the University should celebrate an important part of its birthday ceremony on a hostile gridiron.

THE UNIVERSITY'S BIRTHDAY

The oldest state university in the country will celebrate its 130th birthday Friday afternoon, the same day that marks the coming of white men to American shores. Each year University Day assumes a deeper meaning to faculty, students, alumni, and all connected with the University. It is a day when all should look back on the University's best with reverence and look forward to its future with pride and enthusiasm.

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For over a century Carolina struggled along slowly with little desire to enlarge itself or extend its influence. It was a provincial institution in a provincial state holding to conservatism and checking any symptoms of educational vigor. Then a wave of restless energy urged it to leap forward and keep pace with the state's industrial and educational awakening. It developed new ideas called for more funds and equipment, and issued the challenge for higher education in North Carolina.

If the life of the University were pictured on a chart, it would show a slowly ascending line with a sharp upward slant at the extremity. Ten years ago there were approximately one thousand students here and a few buildings clustered about the old well. Compare this with the present enrollment of 2125 and a maize of buildings reaching far back into Battle Park. At this rate of increase, in 1923 the University will have 4500 students, and there are no indications that it will have reached its peak at that time. Future citizens may find this nourishing food for thought.

While alumni organizations throughout the state and nation are paying homage to their venerable old mother, Chapel Hill will celebrate the memorial occasion in fitting style, with a parade of classes, faculty, and trustees, and anniversary exercises in Memorial hall. W. N. Everett, '86, Secretary of State, a man who has never outgrown his love for the University, will deliver the principal address. In the afternoon, the scene will be transferred to Durham where the Tar Heels and Trinity will clash on a noisy field.

It will be the red letter day of the year, and all interested in the University should pay observance to its glorious past and future greatness with frank enthusiasm.

ATHLETICS FOR THE MASSES

Carolina has done well for her athletic teams in recent years, placing them on a respected pedestal in the South. A good coaching system, adequate equipment, and active interest has made it possible for rugged, well conditioned athletes to represent the University. Now, in keeping with a country wide movement, attention is being paid to the big majority of flabby muscled, flat chested students who have not the physical stamina to take part in varsity athletics. Heretofore all of the students of sound physique have been given the opportunity to develop their bodies, and the weaker brethren have been neglected. The latter looked on and cheered, but did not take part. This system gives way to the new era of mass athletics—some form of physical recreation for every student.

Pushball contests, class athletics, cross country runs, tug of war, and other forms of exercise have been arranged for. Plenty of equipment is available, dormitory and fraternity teams have been organized, a field for mass athletics is under construction, and all is in readiness for those who wish to reap bodily profit. Look yourself over in your mirror and ask yourself if you are satisfied with your muscular development. If you're not, throw away your cigarettes and spend an afternoon on the class field in a friendly rough house with boys in your own plight.

If you are swallowed up in activities or can not separate yourself from your books, remember that "Mens sana in corpore sano", a sound mind in a sound body, is God's greatest blessing to man. English Universities do not produce athletic teams of our calibre, but the average English student is the physical superior of the average American student, because some form of outdoor exercise is a part of his daily program.

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.

To the Editor of The Tar Heel: May I ask the use of your columns to call the attention of the University to a practice on the part of some men here which tends to reflect dis-

credit on the University in the eyes of hundreds of people who come here by automobiles for games?

I refer to the practice into which a group of student has thoughtlessly fallen of lining up on both sides of the street by the Post Office after a game and shouting at passing cars. Thoughtless though I assume it has been, this practice is in effect the height of bad manners and discourtesy. It is altogether out of line with the University's general reputation for good sportsmanship and courtesy, and sends scores of visitors away from Chapel Hill with the impression that rowdiness is a part of the University's accepted code of campus manners.

Furthermore, it is an unbelievably immature performance on the part of University men. It belongs to the stage of development of the small boy who jeers after passers-by at the street corner—an attitude that would be out of place in a high school, to say nothing of our own campus.

I ask every man who has been indulging in this practice to stop and think of the fact that he is helping to put the University in the worst possible light before its visitors. I suggest that the pep and energy which are expended in doing this might far better be utilized where they will count on the field in backing the team.

Very truly yours,
H. W. CHASE, President.

To the Student Body:

When a Carolina team trots off the field whether in victory or defeat, here is one thing that every man in his student body knows, and that is that each member of that team has given his best, trying at all times to represent his Alma Mater as an institution of good sports. The student body expects this from the team. Has not the team, then the right to expect the students to refrain from acts as may in any way detract from the glory which they seek to, and usually do, win? While I believe that there is not a student here who would thoughtfully do a thing of this kind, yet there are many who have made a practice of something which, if they will carefully consider the matter they will try to eliminate. I have reference to what takes place after almost all of the important games that are played here on the Hill, namely the formation of long lines of students on both sides of the streets, that yell and shout at the cars as they go out of Chapel Hill. Yelling and shouting is all right,—in fact it is a very fine thing when it is done at the right time and in the right place, such as rooting for the team at games, but surely yelling and shouting at people who have come here from all over the state is nothing to be proud of. While it is done thoughtlessly, do you think that the memory of this as the last thing they see when leaving here will make a very good impression on these people, our parents, friends, etc.? It is easily possible that from this practice some embarrassing situations could arise. Do you not think that such of us owes it to these people to try to bring about the downfall of this growing evil?

Aside from the phase of the principle of the thing, there is another phase to this practice that was brought to my attention by an incident, or I might better say, accident, which occurred after the Carolina-Wake Forest game on September 29, when a car hit one of the students standing on the street. Luckily it did not prove to be serious, but with growth in popularity of football, and the consequent increase in the number of people attending the games, there is an equal growth in the number of accidents occurring on the streets and highways, since most of the people come here in automobiles. So far we have had no serious accidents, but with such rowds as the Virginia game, and which of the Davidson or V. M. I. games that is played here are sure

to draw, unless each of us does his part, something serious is likely to happen. Those of you who have been game know how things are; the others will find out. Chapel Hill is no place for hundreds of automobiles to be running around in if the streets are to be lined with students. Surely we can find something better to do after the game than line up on the streets, and not only expose ourselves to danger but also make still worse what is bound to be congested traffic.

It is up to the individual. Will you do your part,—if not for the sake of Carolina and Carolina's friends, for your own sake?

W. H. HOLDERNESS
President Campus Cabinet

The Wilderness

By J. Oler Bailey

The Phi Assembly gave its annual airing to the freshman cap question and only muddles over it, as usual. The idea seemed to be that Carolina should strive to rise to the standard of State College.

The only disturbance that we scouted at the Grail dance was an outburst by our friend Peck Duls, during the intermission. He was brazenly smoking a cigarette.

Three of us were talking, and the conversation switched around to our Colyum. "Tell me," said one, "do you compose these verses yourself?" "What I want to know," interrupted the other, "is—who decomposes them?"

Just for that, and reasons concerning several bothersome courses in our school, there are no verses this issue. But do not despair, kind reader, we shall try to make a rhyme for you next week.

When do we meet?

The spectators in the gallery at the recent Grail dance were given a rare treat last Saturday night,—a woman was seen on the floor performing alone. Necks craned, and even mouths dropped in wonder, then, as the music twined into a dreamy lullaby, the erstwhile lone dancer turned around, and it was discovered that she was being supported in gentle ease and with a kindly grace by our little friend, Charlie Spencer.

Matrimony has been called a sea from observation we'd call it a wild, tempestuous ocean.

Man proposes, yet,—but woman so often forecloses.

In this year of brass, 1923, it might be said that woman discloses!

freelancewritershaveahabitofinventing their own punctuation and spelling just by way of proving that we're really free-lance



Damos— "What did Professor Smith mean this morning when he told you that no man could ever make a silk purse out of a sow's ear?"

Pythias— "He meant that I'd never be able to do good work with a poor pencil. Guess I'll have to get a Dixon's Eldorado. Old Smily says it's the best drawing pencil made."

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ABCEDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ. . . ! ! ! ? ? ? ' ' ' " " " ?

The grounds about the new dormitories are being plowed up to receive grass seed. Probably some day Carolina will have a Quadrangle that will approach the one that Foster has on his picture-post cards.

The students in the Infirmary at present are F. P. Meadows, G. W. Fluette, and Steve Daniels. The last two are in the infirmary as the result of an accident in a motorcycle wreck on the Durham road last Thursday night. Otto Giersch was also hurt slightly.

Pickens' Yackety Yack Board Meets

A meeting of the Yackety Yack Board was held Sunday night and plans were discussed for the coming year. R. S. Pickens, Editor-in-chief, proposes to make the 1924 edition the most attractive that has been issued in years, and to be outstanding in originality. Deviating from the usual method of production, the new issue will be replete with novel ideas.

One of the novel features of the new Yackety Yack will be the selection of twelve of the prettiest girls living in North Carolina. Six pages, done in high color, will be devoted to this department, and it should be an aid in making it a much coveted honor. Further announcements will be made in the near future as to the details of the contest.



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