

The Tar Heel

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CHRISTMAS SEALS

Reports from the local committee of the Tuberculosis Christmas Seals state that students are not responding even though the investment requires only a small sum. The returns from the sales are used to fight disease and assist the poverty stricken, and for fifteen years has saved thousands of lives. Ten cents from each student will amount to over two hundred dollars, enough to enable many unfortunate people to weather the coming winter months. Every student can and should give a dime to this worthy cause.

YACKETY YACK BILLS

This year the Yackety-Yack is enforcing the cafeteria system, pay before you eat. Previous years have shown that the highest and most respected organizations on the campus gracefully dodge the Yackety Yack bills and are deaf to threats and pleadings. Even law suits do not feaze them. The business managers would like to operate on the honor system, but since the honor system often misses fire in its finer parts, they have resorted to a more stringent method. If fraternity men, juniors, seniors and miscellaneous organizations would be represented in the Annual, they must make arrangements for pictures and be ready to pay cold cash before February 15. Otherwise they will be left out, and will raise the cry of injustice. And whatever happens the Yackety Yack will go to press just the same.

THE NEW STADIUM

Mr. Louis Graves, Editor of the Chapel Hill Weekly, is the first off the mark in the cry for a stadium to accommodate the future crowds at Carolina football games. A glance at the past attendance figures reveals the startling fact that in four years the crowd at the Virginia-Carolina classic has doubled in number, 7,177 in 1919 and over 14,000 this fall. Assuming that the figures increase in the same proportion, around 30,000 people will flood Chapel Hill for the annual tussle in 1927. It doesn't take a genius to note that a new sta-

dium will not only be an attraction, but an absolute necessity.

Mr. C. T. Woollen, who looks into the future accurately, admits that the next game with Virginia here will present a tremendous problem in taking care of the crowd, and that if Carolina is to continue with her present athletic program, the stadium is inevitable. The process of obtaining money and building the structure will be long and tedious, and action can not get under way any too soon if the situation is to be met four years from now.

Mr. Graves, by way of evolving something definite as a curtain raiser, has suggested a plan that should appeal to the alumni. It calls for the issue of stock at 100 dollars a share, and each share holder be given two tickets yearly for 25 years. With the centralization and renewed activity of the alumni association, this plan or a similar one, could materialize rapidly providing the proper stimulus and publicity is given it. It is of direct concern to present students who will swell the ranks of the alumni in the coming years and they can serve as messengers of the project by spreading the word to the state alumni associations during the holidays.

THE COLLEGE BOY

What wild and hazy conceptions the world at large has of the college boy! Giants of finance and industry, educated by hard experience alone hold him as a scatter brain egotist who thinks backward and believes he can toss the universe about at will. Righteous people believe him given to vices and atheistic tendencies. Factory workers see him, as a fashion plate, spotted with mystic pins, and point to the arrow collar boy as a finished college product.

The younger generation worships him as a hero, the final authority on drop-kicks, girls, and the art of spending money freely. To professors he is an amusing creature, dumb, erratic, and often annoying, withal a necessary factor in their daily lives.

After all, he is made of mortal stuff. He doesn't grow horns nor sprout wings. He is overly susceptible to the ups and down of life, now poking his head through the clouds, now groveling on the ground. When you come to know him he is perfectly harmless and congenial, and is marked by at least one consistent trait — ambition.

If it be true that a whistling girl or a crowing hen never comes to any good end, Dr. F. A. E. Crew has sent a pure bred buff orpington chicken to the bad. Dr. Crew, chief of the research department of Edinburgh University, has been experimenting on some 50 hens—modest, industrious birds which seemed perfectly satisfied to remain hens—and has come to the conclusion that he can change the sex of the domestic fowl.

Indeed, Dr. Crew—how significant the name here—has changed the buff orpington mentioned into a rooster. Without crowing over the accomplishment, so he told the British association at its recent meeting in Liverpool. He said this bird in its lifetime has been both the mother and father of a family. After certain changes which Dr. Crew produced artificially, this retiring hen ceased to lay and began to crow as boldly as ever did Chanticleer challenging another cock.

Presto! His comb and wattles increased in size, his spurs grew longer and sharper; he was a good deal of a bully and tried to be cock of the walk. He was attracted by hens who kept to their place and attended to their matronly duties, but even these truly domestic fowl were flattered by his attentions and strutted at his approach. He was mated with a virginal hen of his own breed; two chickens, of which he was the proud father, were hatched.

Dr. Crew continues his study of the 50 hens now in the process of sex reversal—hens who, one day, will wear the trousers, so to say. He hopes to learn the intricate mechanism by which the reversal is brought about. He is encouraged by the fact that it is not the first time that changes of sex have been accomplished artificially. In the course of his experiments, Steinhilber of Vienna did the reverse of Crew, changed papa rats into mamma rats, which took devoted care of their progeny until the rats were able to forage for themselves.

Dr. Crew was careful not to suggest to the scientists of the British association that his experiment can be made on humans. But he seems confident that his experimental work finally will put in the hands of medical men such complete knowledge of the mechanism of sex that its artificial determination will be possible.

Then will end the anticipatory discussion that has been going on for several thousand years: "Shall we name the baby Paul or Pauline?"

STUDENTS STAGE PUGILISTIC BOUT

Old Law Building Is Scene of Boxing Exhibition Friday Night

"K. O. Doc" Ramsey, the Mountain Wildcat, decisively defeated "Battlin' Flop" Bateman, the Wild Bull of the Campus, with a knockout in the tenth round of a scheduled fifteen round bout in the Old Law Building several days ago. From the sound of the first gong to the final knock-down there was no question as to the outcome of the battle, Ramsey completely smothering Bateman with his ferocious onslaught.

The fight was the culmination of a debate as to which was the better man with the gloves. Not wishing to arouse any hard feelings, they decided that the only course to take was to engage in a friendly duel in a gentleman-like way, characteristic of the knights of olden times. Bateman was to represent Carr and Ramsey would be a delegate from South Building. The fight was arranged and promoted by the fighters themselves. The Old Law Building was selected as the most desirable place because it was in a quiet location and had a larger seating capacity than any other vacant structure on the campus. They engaged seconds and a referee was secured. The tussle was scheduled to begin at eight-thirty Friday night and there would be no charge for admission. Each man staked twenty-five dollars on Bateman's declaration that he would score two knock-downs to every one of Ramsey's. All arrangements completed, the young pugilists went in for two or three days training.

Instead of the usual squared circle in vogue with professional pugilists, the Carolina Commission resorted to the round ring, a white chalk line, irregular in size or shape, and devoid of the much needed ropes.

The boxers were not weighed in but a passing glance would leave the impression that Bateman would tip the scales at approximately one hundred and seventy-five pounds while Ramsey appeared to be about twenty pounds lighter.

Bateman and his second appeared at the ringside at eight-fifteen and anxiously awaited the arrival of the opponent. At eight-thirty, in company with the referee and two spectators, the Battler was still waiting for the K. O. Kid and it looked as if the prize would be forfeited to Bateman. In the meantime, Ramsey was atop a table in his room in South demonstrating by shadow boxing the tactics he would employ in walloping his foe, the Wild Bull of the Campus. When the time for the scrap arrived, Ramsey was still going. He was reminded that the hour had come, and with an air of little or no concern he proceeded to don a pair of white duck trousers, tennis shoes, and a gym shirt, an outfit not quite in keeping with that of Bateman, who was prancing around at the ringside with taped hands and all dolled up in a uniform that would have done justice to a world's champion. Surrounded by a throng of enthusiastic admirers, the Wildcat stalked over to the proposed scene and stated that he was ready to begin. He was cheered lustily as he took his corner. On the instant the crowd began pouring in, and it was only a few minutes before the whole grandstand and every bleacher seat was occupied. This monstrous congregation, excited to white heat over the prospect of seeing a real live exhibition, could hardly wait for the first gong to sound, and amused themselves by exchanging playful punches among themselves—preliminaries to the main show.

Presently, Battlin' Flop Bateman, who had delayed his appearance for psychological reasons, ambled down from the attic of the Old Law Building and took his corner with a self-confident smile. The spectators raised the roof with yells, and gave him the kind of ovation that is accorded a champion on his entrance into the arena. The referee walked to the center of the ring, introduced the fighters, explained the ground rules, and elucidated on the purpose of the promotion. During this speech the rivals were waging a psychological battle, using frowns, sneers, carefree smiles, and performing feats of nerve. "They're off!" The gong sounded, the fighters sprang from their corners, and tore at each other with all the fierceness of two god-like creatures, each bent on destroying the other. Ramsey, the more aggressive, was too speedy for Bateman, and was in and out before the latter could land an effective blow. The first round and each succeeding one went to Ramsey. Although out-weighted by his opponent by twenty pounds, the Mountain Wildcat packed an offense that was far superior to that of the heavier man. Bateman's demonstration of endurance and ability to take punishment was commendable. He was cheered every time the gong signaled for a renewal of the conflict, when he would jump in for more punishment that was undoubtedly his from start to finish.

In the fourth stanza, Ramsey landed a right swing on Bateman's mouth that brought forth blood. From then on Ramsey's target was the Wild Bull's mouth, and the latter bled profusely throughout the remainder of the contest. Ramsey's attack was well planned and beautifully executed. He alternated between stomach punches and jabs to the chin, and the

Battler was unable to keep the two weak spots well guarded from the speedy boy's approach. It was this same punch to the solar plexus that led to the knockout in the tenth round.

In the seventh round Ramsey swung on Bateman as they were breaking from a clinch. Bateman's second protested and claimed a victory by virtue of a foul, but the referee ruled it out because technicalities were not in consideration. When the boys were called to their corners at the close of the ninth round, the Wildcat shook his fist at the Wild Bull and shouted: "I'll get you this round." And the K. O. Kid was not far wrong, for as soon as the gong sounded, Ramsey rushed in, landed a telling blow to the stomach and floored him with a right to the chin before Bateman had a chance to recover. Bateman unconsciously took the count of ten, and Ramsey, with hand held high by the referee, was awarded the verdict.

The young pugilists shook hands after the encounter and were apparent-

ly satisfied that the debate was settled once and for all. Ramsey, before he left the ring, made an announcement to the effect that he would challenge all comers, and would shake his fist at any man who stepped into the ring with him. There was no one in the audience willing to accept.

A five-cent taxi service has been established by two Oklahoma Aggie students who are working their way through school. And they guarantee their Fords to take you clear to where you want to go.

NO WON-MUCH HAIR

The student body of the University of Arizona decided at an assembly, that no man would be allowed a shave until after the University had won a game. Anyone violating this rule was to be thrown into the swimming pool. This rule was adopted because the University lost its first two games of the season.

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