

# The Tar Heel

"The Leading Southern College Semi-Weekly Newspaper"

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If the basketball team continues to show the same finished form during the coming Atlanta tournament, Carolina should annex another championship. The "if" is the most important word in the sentence.

Sometime ago a reader informed the Tar Heel that hungry mules were guilty of the shortages in the honor system apple carts. Another student writes us that the numerous off-spring of our janitors also have taking ways and a like disrespect for honor.

The Tar Heel rejoices in the renewed interest in the Students' Column that was decidedly lacking last quarter. For the benefit of contributors we submit the following suggestion: Typewrite all articles. Avoid windy explosions and long drawn out orations. Sign your name clearly at the end of the article. No article will be accepted without a signature.

The discussions of the Bok Peace Plan Saturday night at the literary societies revealed that many students are basing their knowledge and interpretation of the plan from the brief outline printed in the last two issues of the Tar Heel. This bare skeleton was only intended to place the proposition before the student body and stimulate interest in a careful study of the full texture of the plan. No one can hope to vote intelligently without a thorough analysis of the issues involved with a firm background of reading knowledge. And we doubt seriously whether a college student (however well informed) can give a fair vote when great statements seem to be at a loss to judge the merits and failings of the peace proposal. The coming referendum is aimed to invite attention to a timely subject and should be conducted on that basis.

### A GENTLE REMINDER AND A SUGGESTION

On Thursday night the Trinity basketball squad will come to Chapel Hill for their initial fling against the fast travelling Carolina team and will probably bring a host of buoy-

ant followers. Trinity has a fast, experienced club that should provide the keenest competition the Tar Heels have had this season. The game should be close—very close—replete with tense moments, startling plays and rabid cheering from both sections.

The cheering brings us to the meat of this editorial, a gentle reminder of the regrettable football game between Carolina and Trinity last fall, and the unfortunate consequences arising from nothing less than rivalry carried to an unnatural extreme. It offered a lesson and nothing more. The Tar Heel won't delve into details; it expressed its opinion clearly and let the matter drop as unworthy of further comment. It is now a dead issue, a closed chapter that should be forgotten like a wild nightmare. And it seems only proper that the student body should choke any remembrance of last fall's game and take precautions against rekindling the friction that existed a few months ago in the heat of next Thursday's game. The University's athletic record is too clean to be sullied by a possible few who might substitute jeering for cheering and provoke an uncalled for situation.

The Tar Heel does not anticipate trouble Thursday night, nor have the opposing teams any thought of a "revenge dual." It is simply a plea for the proper kind of rivalry which is the finest thing in sportdom when conducted in a gentlemanly way and a monster when it over steps its bounds.

### BIBLE STUDY IN SMITH

One of the most active and best of the Bible Study groups here is being conducted by D. A. Troutman in Smith dormitory. They have a very enthusiastic group, about twenty-two being present at the last meeting. Two very appropriate motions were passed, one that the business of the group come before the lesson so that the thought of the lesson would not be broken into, and the other that different topics be assigned to the various members of the group for discussion so that there would be a nucleus formed around which the discussion would work. These two motions show that some real work and thought is going on in the various groups over the campus, many other groups also reporting great meetings.

### ENGLISH COMPOSITION CONDITIONS

Students who have incurred a condition in connection with courses in English will be given an opportunity to remove this condition by special examination Friday, February 1, at 4:30 p. m. Report to room 203 Murphey Building, C. A. HIBBARD.

Mr. Harold D. Meyer of the department of Sociology will speak Thursday night to the Parent-Teachers Association at Scotland Neck. Friday night he will go to Raleigh to deliver an address before the Parent-Teachers Council of that city. The council consists of eight clubs.

Our Next Showing At Jack Sparrow's Will be on FEB. 18th, and 19th, 1924.

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### THE DESERT

BY

THE SHRIEK

Our man Wednesday submits the following, which, while rather rank, is readable:

Well folks I meant to visit this here Desert before having heard tell of the plumb beautiful sunrise and sets of which they is plentiful to be looked at but I been awful sick. But the Shriek who I am the valley of and which is always talking about. We when he means only himself alone (and between I and you and the door jam he ain't got sense enough for one, let alone We which means two) —well he says to me "Well We are going to church tonight so you will half to write something to help fill up the Desert which is pretty dry this wk." and I says "But Chief I got a cold and hence don't know nothing to write of" and he comes right back with "Well tell the folks how you got the cold. Besides it ain't a cold at all but only a cool." But I gives him a snappy "Ach, gehen dreck, Schnorrer" and he leaves for the movies in a chagrin which is waiting outside the door.

Well it don't take but one sentence to tell how I got this cold so I will despatch with that right off. The fact is I went to the Elon b. b. game last wk. and the building where it was held which I have nicknamed the Tin Can because it has got a hardwood floor and overheated. I got so hot up that when I came out into the freezing air I stumbled into a cold which had got lost in the woods on the way down there.

And while on the subject of getting there it's a curiosity to me why they didn't build the thing in Hillsboro to begin with or anyways dig a moat around it without any bridge across. It would keep out some of these books which goes down there and yells their heads off and raises all kind of h-l when a couple of teams is trying their best to play b. b.

They have done a little something in the nature of keeping it safe for the players. Take I for instance which starts out at 7:30 and gets there at 8:45 just in time to see a ging which is wearing a pink petticoat and carrying a banana playing a game of tiddly winks in the middle of the floor with a guy which is wearing a saffron raincoat and carrying a green umbrella. I learns about b. b. from them. If Omar had been there we would have seen the K. M. which Ruby et—you know, the girl with the iron stomach.

But even then I only falls into one ditch and climbs only five fences and tears only three holes in my trouser and gets less than a half pt. of sand in my shoes. Besides I uses the sand later to help fill up fia mudhole in front of S. Bernian's Big Sale so it all comes to a good end in the end.

The best thing they got to keep folks away in the wild dog zone which I has quite difficulty in passing. After high splitting my eyeballs trying to follow a path which I can't ever decide whether it is there or not I runs slam into a fence what is all fitted out with barbed wire on top. But I'm a determined sort of person so I says "Himmel" and eludes it thus tearing my trouser for the first time. I finds myself in a parcel of dogs which is ferocious beasts and placed there for a ferocious purpose. Consequently I tears my trouser again. However I says "Can't rognose" and ploughs through. Then I runs into another barbed wire fence which is too much of a good thing almost but I merely says "Schweinhund!", giving him a boot in the snoot at the same time and climbs it in haste although tearing my trouser.

So finally I arrives at the Tin Can with only three rips in and some mud on the cheery old trouser and feeling a growing respect for the inventfulness of the athletic commission



Damon—

"What was the matter with Professor Henry this morning? I've never seen him so peeved. He seemed to be boiling over."

Pythias—

"Boiling over is good. He was. Didn't you notice why? The old boy had mislaid his Eldorado pencil."

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and right much faith in the future peace of mind of the b. b. team. Perhaps if they announced a series of lectures on free verse of the Honor System before after and between halves they could keep the rest of the crowd away.

Much obliged, WEDNESDAY, A. M.

Poor naive Wednesday, his M. A. does him little good. His grammar is deplorable and his perception limited. We fear that he was among the several benighted students who unwittingly became embroiled in the Med. School's Home for Doomed Dogs en route to the Tin Can.

Wednesday mentions the Sigma Upsilon neophyte who galvanted around the campus all one beautiful day last week clad in top boots, raincoat, hat and umbrella. The next morning in a torrential downpour of rain we saw this person walking serenely along bootless, slickerless, hatless and umbrellaless. Moral (as Wednesday would say): Ja, wir haben keine bananen!

The Tar Heel continues to uphold its reputation for picturesque advertising. After reading the ad of the University Cafeteria in the last issue we were inclined to shout "Shades of Roger Babson!" Which we did.

The Desert is irrigated with a sprinkling of salt tears at the news that J. Dempsey is not to visit us. Of course it would be perfectly barbarous to bring a puglist to the campus and North Carolina has too recently dropped its collective tail, that is to say, its anthropoidal caudal appendage, to risk the consequences. No, our grief is purely aesthetic and altruistic. It is the speech he was to have made we think of, for we have seen the gentleman in action and recognize his wonderful oratorical gift. Think of what Firpo would have done to him and all the Spanish names we should have to sputter over in the newspapers if he had not persuaded the Wild Bull with lucid metaphor and striking simile, such as "There, take that!", and "Love is like a wood bird wild" that the floor was softer than his mitt. And we understand from one of the campus editors that he had chosen to speak upon the subject "How English has

Helped Me." Alas, what a loss!

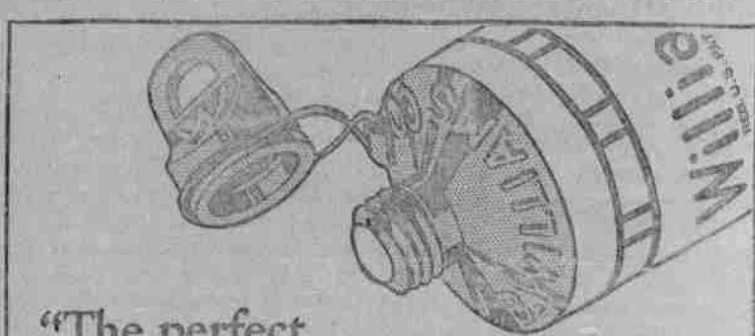
We can't waste any of our valuable space this week in replying to the gross presumption of the Wilderness that we would deign to prolong a 'linguistic duel' with it—fancy! It seems to us a decent amount of time to show our hand would have been in order before making smutty implications. The Old man is evidently growing a bit self complacent with age.

We will now rise and sing three stanzas of that old and beloved anthem, a favorite of Eddie Cantor, entitled "My Girl Uses Mineralava."

Amen.

### INFIRMARY NEWS

Dr. Abernethy reports that the month of January has been one of the healthiest months experienced since the war and that there has been a very small number of house patients. Those that are confined in the infirmary at present are R. P. Warren, convalescent of pneumonia, R. F. Logan, G. V. Harris, Henry Shaw, L. T. Bradshaw, L. W. Kelly, with infectious colds, C. E. Wake, severe infection of both ears and E. R. Spence with a cut on the knee which necessitated sewing with three stitches.



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