

The Tar Heel

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Market quotation: "Pic" Peanut Co. way below par.

We feel toward the passing of our late and lamented "Pic" like a fellow does when his old decrepit hound is bagged by the dog catchers. The dog might be lame, flea ridden, and useless, but you miss the old cuss when he's gone.

If only a picture could have been taken of the motley crowd that crawled out of bed without too much attention to their apparel to watch the fiery death of the picture emporium. Co-eds minus make-up and students without much of anything worth describing gave the scene a picturesque flavor.

Which makes us cherish a wicked hope that Russell Inn will burn some night.

It is alleged that General Bowley said uncomplimentary things concerning Chester D. Snell, director of the University Extension Division and a lot of mean things about colleges in general. Somehow we have a faint suspicion that his speech in chapel will be worth hearing Monday morning, February 18th.

The basket ball team certainly said it with goals on their recent triumphal parade through Virginia and Maryland. A team consisting of individual stars who work together like a charm, instead of trying to shine individually will take a lot of beating in the coming Atlanta Tournament. Green, Carmichael, Cobb and co. make a basket look like a deep sea fishing net.

We haven't seen Soc's review of the Playmakers yet, hence we are jotting down a few abbreviated impressions. 1. The Playmakers put on a much better performance than did the audience. 2. The Interlude was a real treat and deserved a heartier reception. 3. Fannie Gray's acting was an exceptional piece of work for an amateur, and her play sparked with an Oscar Wilde radiance. 4. Miss Majette lived up to her reputation. 5. "Fixin's" is a powerful play but needs a little fixin' at

the end. 6. Jim Hawkins' interpretation of a malignant minister was well done and put the play across. 7. The Playmakers do not need advertising.

A NEW THEATRE

When the flames blotted out Carolina's favorite amusement center early Saturday morning, it brought back a rush of student memories of carefree hours in a dirty little building which was only popular because of its uniqueness. Unique in that a student could throw peanuts, yell, spit on the floor, smoke, cuss, and sing to the weird music of the orchestra without fear of fines or punishment. There was no etiquette, no ushers, no restraint, not much music, no ventilation, and very little comfort; it had fair prices, plenty of enthusiasm and high grade pictures which were offset by erratic machines.

In spite of its limitations, it was popular with the students who never raised a loud howl for a new theatre. But now those days are gone forever, we hope. It is taken for granted that a new theatre is inevitable before the scholastic year draws to a close. Will the same rough conduct that characterized the old building be carried on to the new theatre when it is open for business? The Tar Heel believes that it will not, providing the prospective theatre is well ventilated, well equipped, and managed efficiently. If the building should be a shoddy affair, its very cheapness would invite cheap conduct, and the old 'Pic' code of etiquette would be reincarnated.

Mayor Roberson undoubtedly intends to build a decent theatre as soon as possible and probable hopes that the students will conduct themselves on a more gentlemanly plane. If the Mayor provides an attractive movie house and keeps the same standard of pictures, he should have no difficulty in securing the co-operation of students in maintaining an orderly code of conduct. Also it is only fair to the faculty and women of Chapel Hill to build a theatre where they may go in comparative comfort and safety.

This editorial assumes that the Mayor is going to build the new theatre. He is the logical one since he already has a building in the process of construction that can easily be made into a spacious movie house. If action isn't started soon, some live business man with a nose for a money making proposition will beat him to the mark. In other words prompt action is advisable.

CO-EDS FRIGHTENED BY FIRE SATURDAY MORNING

The co-eds (like every one else) were aroused by the sound of the fire alarm early Saturday morning. A few of the bolder ones hastily donned their coats and shoes and were among the first to appear on the scene of excitement. There they remained despite the wind, despite the fact that they were hatless, powderless, rougeless, and hair was streaming around their shoulders.

The less venturesome, however, crowded to the windows which overlooked the fire; and as the wind rose higher, and sparks began to fly over the house and swirl around the windows, one and all made a dive for their bags. Dresses were hastily crammed into the suit-cases, bureau drawers were emptied, trunks were hastily locked and strapped preparatory to throwing them out the window, and all this accomplished so quickly that there was still time to dress and go to the fire before all the excitement was over. Thus toilets varied from the hectic appearance of the first arrivals to sporty knicker suits, fur coats and spring bonnets. It is even reported that one girl stopped to curl her hair, another wouldn't go because she couldn't get water to wash her face. Still another, not quite over the excitement of packing, dressed hurriedly and seizing her dearest possession in the form of his picture, she rushed to the fire with it clamped in her arms.

Among the varied costumes which appeared at the fire, however, the girls did not feel out of place until a late-comer rushed up the street and then fell back in disappointment, "Ah psaw!" he exclaimed, "I thought it was the co-ed house on fire."

"Nope," another youth replied, "Nothin' but the Pic." But glancing down at a dainty ruffle showing beneath a coat, and at a pair of high-heeled satin bedroom slippers, he yelled "O boy, if it only had been."

W. and L. Sponsors Tourney

An undertaking which will mark a new department in the field of inter-scholastic athletics will be made on March 6, 7, and 8, and through the efforts of Graduate Manager Dick Smith, Washington and Lee will entertain and sponsor the First Annual State High and Prep School Basketball Tournament.—Ex.

THE DESERT

BY

THE SHRIEK

Wednesday Goes to the Play

Well friends this Shriek which I am the valley of being away over the wk-end leaves word that I should write a revue of the recent dramatic offerings of the local matrimonial bureau, viz., The Carolina Playmakers. Now it don't seem to me necessary to do nothing of the sort at all acct. of one W. C. Socrates is obliging with a orthodox report of same elsewhere in this issue. But the winds of this bloody Desert must blow or the Shriek will be out of a job and consequently I also. So I guess maybe I will indict a few well chosen wds. in re some things which possibly Socrates don't mention in his revue which sadly I have not read.

In the first place it looks to me like the Playmakers this yr. is unconsciously incorporating a faint odor of the old trilogy idea which embryoned in ancient Grease into their programs. Take for instance last quarter—a most important note in each play is a young and come-hither offspring which desires to wed against the will of his or her immediate ancestors. Of course they all wins out in the end but only after they have been jawed at by the irate parents and the play has thus went its way to the conclusion.

Last wk. the ruling action in each skit is stealing—the parson steals the church's money, the charm-woman swipes the beaded buckel, and the tenant farmer purloins his wife's cotton money as well as her enjoyment of existing. Of course it don't really mean nothing but it fills up space to write about it anyways.

As for the hot sketches themselves I couldn't hear very much of them on acct. of the gongoric ticking of the new clock which I understand was gave to the hi school by the Traveler's Aid but I seen a plenty. Personally I think they was pretty fair but a sad disappointment after the great serious of plays last quarter. Why it is altogether possible that a couple of these made some folks think for 2 or 3 minutes and that won't never do in Chapel Hill. Furthermore they was absolutely nought to take the place of that great old stummick ache play of the preceding serious.

Why will they produce plays about underpaid preachers and mistreated wives when they is such charming subjects lying all about as for instance the stummick ache and beautiful maidens which is to be had for the flip of a card? At any rate I am pleased to note that the powers which are have considered the feelings of the dear peepul out in the state and won't burden them with anything much which might cause some to pause and cogitate for a while and thus waste valuable time. The stummick ache which they is taking on tour in place of the sorry attempts of the current program won't germinate any of the cerybration which would certainly be fatal to the piece of mind of the audience. And besides it can easily be understood by them whereas the Beaded Buckel for instance is entirely too subtle and will accordingly and wisely be left behind.

But I've got some more kicks coming yet for the performance itself. In the first place the printed programs was of a jaundiced color which makes my head swim all evening. On top of this they could actually be read without much effort, a unheard of thing which unnerves me in the very beginning. In the second place the waits between acts is so briefened that I don't even have time to collect my valuable thoughts before whoop goes the curtain on another play. Lastly the plays is far too dumb for the quality of appreciation of most of the students present which show their superior intellect by laffing at the very ludicrousness of the performance and especially at the cheap and inartistic and Orpheusque song and dance interlude. It's about time folks realized that students has got a sense of humor even if they ain't credited with it and that they ain't going to have tragedy and so-called Art flung at them when everybody knows that life is only a dream anyways.

Well in termination I might say that the parson in the first play wasn't no worm at all like he should of been which turned but a belligerent looking person with a near-Hapsburg jaw which would of throwed out the whole parcel of stewards about 2 yrs. before the date of the action of the play. But I certainly got to hand a wd. of praise to the tenant farmer in fixings which makes one workmanlike job of bolting an ungodly amt. of stage-cooked baconandeggs.

Also the great comedy efforts of this person and his wife at times deserved more laffer than they got.

Of course I don't know whether it was really there or not but this last play somehow give me a strong reminiscence of old Henry Ibsen, the Chinese playwright. Not that this Near Eastern breath was so worse, but I think that the song at the end should of been wrote in Swedish or Hungarian. It would have been much more pleasanter.

Much obliged,
WEDNESDAY, A. M.
* * *

Drip, drip, drip.
Abrogating for the moment our hide-bound rule against sentimentality, we pause to shed 3 tears for the passing of the Pick.

* * *
On the very heels of the great conflagration of Saturday morning the ubiquitous Salvation Army visited the Hill, evidently bent on succoring the little homeless Pickwicks and carrying on the great uplifting moral influence—lost with the passing of the Pick.

* * *
We wonder what Boo George will have to live for now. We suppose that he and the rest of us, when we haven't the requisite time and funds to make use of Pandy's 'Cinema Special,' will have to depend for entertainment on the Commerce School 'Educational Films.'

* * *
Poor Wednesday was mightily put out by the fire. He was just about to burst forth with a gloriously militant indictment of the evils of the cinema in Chapel Hill. But now the cinema will sin no more. And there's another good colyum gone to H—.

* * *
A handsome bound volume of the Congressional Record, which the Desert will present from time to time for choice bits of literary Taurus, is awarded this week to the Laundry

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Notice Students

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YOU ARE
ALWAYS WELCOME

Department's biographical eulogium of WRESTLING, so kindly included in last week's wash.

* * *
The Davie tree surgeons haven't dropped anything on our so-called head as yet but we are still hopeful.

HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL STARTS SHORTLY

The annual high school championship basketball contest will be under way the latter part of this week, Secretary of the State High School Athletic Association, having called a managers' meeting to take place Tuesday and Wednesday.

Managers of teams in eastern North Carolina met at Raleigh Tuesday night in order to draft a schedule for the eastern championship games. The western meeting was held at Greensboro on Wednesday.

The number of schools to take part in the contest this year is the largest in the history of high school



Damon—
"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 Smity says it's the best drawing pencil made."

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ELDORADO**
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athletics in this state. Eighty-three high schools have entered, 41 of these being from the east and 42 from the west.

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EVENING: 8:30 O'CLOCK

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SCHOOL

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