

The Tar Heel

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All the exams have passed, but all haven't passed the exams. We cite for proof the killing made by the Chemistry department.

The Orange county bootleggers laid in a full stock of distilled sewerage water knowing that a certain percent age of feeble minded students will always drink to drown their failures, others to celebrate their success, and still others will drink anyway.

The Tar Heel is introducing a sporting column conducted by Bill Cox, who will be remembered as the pseudo promoter and fearless interviewer of Jack Dempsey. Although Cox is inexperienced in column work, we can truthfully say that he knows more about Carolina athletics than Grantland Rice.

Ever since Bill Cox bearded the champion in his hotel room at Raleigh he has been consistently punching the bag in the gymnasium and reading the "Police Gazette," letting his playmaker activities assume a second place. Which leads us to believe that Jack Dempsey has more pulling power than our own Professor Koch.

We received quite a shock Monday night when a scantily clad, thickly painted young lady smoking a cigarette walked by the office on her way to John Paul Weaver's room. We were about to call the student council, but Ye Gods! wouldn't that have been a gross mistake!

From a distance Professor Weaver's male troop of chorus girls would deceive the trained eye of Flo Zeigfeld himself.

If you think it is easy to impersonate a chorus girl, jump into some flimsy short skirts, don a wig, assume a terpsichorean pose, and have a picture snapped. Then place the finished product beside one of Ann Pennington or Marilyn Miller, and ask your room mate which he likes best.

The only redeeming feature to the oil mess in Washington is the abundance of fertile suggestions it offers to paragraphists and cartoonists. We expect to see Andy Gump smeared with oil soon.

The weather seems to be reluctant to let the baseball team get under way. If it doesn't warm up soon there is liable to be an epidemic of sore arms and surly tempers.

PRESIDENT CHASE AND TRUTH

President Chase's interpretation of a university's function, which has received favorable comments from several of the leading state papers, is based on common sense and a careful study of educational values. His speech is a satisfying balm after the extreme views expressed by General Bowley on the one hand and Upton Sinclair, the author of "Goosestep," on the other. These men merely scratched and irritated the surface instead of boring down into the real problems before higher education.

President Chase says "Piffle" to the charges that universities breed and spout radicalism and "Bosh" to the insinuations that higher officials shape college courses for capitalistic purposes or words to that effect, and gives his own conception of the university's mission—that of training minds to the point where they may seek out and establish the truth. And this is to be done with no effort to "tyrannize over the minds of men, or to take their minds and shut them up within the limits of a particular doctrine and a particular system that is forced upon them."

Training the college boy so that he may sift out the truth from the jumble of extraneous matter is a difficult proposition for the professor and more difficult for the pupil. Perhaps that is why there is so much juggling of college courses and confusion in selection of faculty staffs, and why there are so many unpractical youths turned loose from college walls yearly who wander in a fog, until they find the truth by virtue of cold and harsh experiences.

Professors do not impose truth on their subjects. They lay their particular branch of study before the students for the latter to assimilate or pass by. This selective process requires thinking which is the university's fundamental purpose. The college boy, as courses are arranged in a large institution at the present, comes in contact with forty seven different trends of thought and educational doctrines. He may have one class under a scientist who preaches the gospel of evolution and scientific research, and in seven minutes he may be exposed to a lecture on culture and the fine arts, and then one on government, economics, or what not. It is all very confusing to the student who tries to put each in the proper pigeonhole and ascertain the truths from the mass of facts poured into him. Rarely does he solve the intellectual puzzle in college or for some time after graduation.

In fact, the average student has a hazy idea of what truth is, if he cherishes any idea at all on the subject. If he thinks truth is the theme expounded by any one man he is apt to chase a phantom; if he considers the truth to be "a rational way to live," and carefully weighs and selects the doctrines that best coincide with his conception of truth, he will more than likely make his college education count.

As President Chase pointed out, the whole process demands thinking, and the educational institution that doesn't achieve this fails in its purpose. This University, expanding in all directions, more and more is broadening its educational policy and giving a freer rein to subjects of study. No particular doctrine is stressed; a wide variety is offered, and this wide range of subject matter passes the buck to the student, who must choose and think. The more he thinks, the more he will accomplish, and the more he accomplishes, the more the University will approach the mark it has set up.

HOW ARE WE GONNA KEEP UP WITH IT ALL?

Make way for the spring quarter, period of balmy days, soft nights of idleness, and a relentless riot of campus activities. The long cold months of winter have given way to the most delightful time of the year and everyone feels stirred with a new optimism and vitality. The tendency in the spring time is to relax; the warmth of the sun penetrates into your bones and fibres leaving you contented and lazy. But just look over the schedule of activities from now until commencement, and ask yourself how in the world you can keep up with them in view of your present lethargy.

Never has such a busy quarter presented itself. With exams barely over, we jump into the Wigwag and Masque performance to be followed by the colorful high school week of debating, track meets, ball games and the like. The omnipresent Playmakers are planning a hefty program, fraternity initiations come next week, the Easter dances will soon be on us. Then after vacation the athletic season gets into full swing with baseball, track, tennis, gym and intramural sports. Yes, we'll have our usual political jubilee closely followed by initiations into the various hon-

THE DESERT

BY

THE SHRIEK

We are interested to learn that in addition to the few whom we are accustomed to count upon as readers of this arid waste, our ebullition of two weeks since was read by at least one other person. This brings the number of known readers to thirteen. Our information comes via the appended epistle: Wednesday, P. M. Editor Tar Heel, Dear Sir:

If you will kindly grant me a small space in your column, I have something to say to your Shriek.

To begin with I wish to congratulate that insidious news sleuth for his truthfulness. That Oasis in his somewhat verbose, but otherwise arid desert was certainly purloined. I am speaking of the stolen sex article, and speak with authority since I have the original copy in my memory book. May Medusa preserve him eternally for his honesty in at least preserving that.

To his offense of purloining, he has also added that of falsity, which seems to me, a thing, not to be tolerated in anyone that writes for the general public. That in itself is bad enough without adding purloined apples and honor systems. It is possible for some people to forget points of honor, but he surely doesn't need glasses bad enough to read sex for ties.

It was only a friendly note between roommates concerning a tie, which one had bought for his vacation and best girl, but had misplaced it. The publication of the article is causing a disruption between two very good friends. And personally I think no one with gentlemanly instincts would

oratory organizations too numerous to mention.

Spring brings an increase in the number of organization meetings. The publications are worked harder than ever to keep abreast of the swirl of attractions, debating and the literary societies issue an insistent call. Then there is the little matter of studies. Classes must be met once in a while and professors placated. How are we gonna keep up with it all? Especially when we must have our usual bull sessions and go to church occasionally. Oh, Gee! Let's not think of it.

LUXENBERG CLOTHES

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Because we sold them good goods for less money.

have stooped to this. Of course it is understood that he was trying to get funny, but if he uses such means some one may get tickled and laugh all over him.

(Signed) E. V. LOGAN

Well, well, well! After due consideration and cogitation we have decided that the gentleman is peeved at us. We are sorry. We apologize for having dumped any blots upon anyone's hitherto spotless escutcheon. The truth of the matter is that the letter which caused the above peevement was discovered by us in a batch of old copy in the middle of a news story which cast dark aspersions upon it. It was got from a drawer in which we sometimes receive contributions and when published we had no idea that it was anything else than a figment of the facetious brain of the reporter who wrote the aforesaid story. After finding that it really was written by one human being to another we are still further convinced of the descent of man. If the gentleman desires satisfaction in a physical way our campus address may always be secured from the Reverend Editor of this sheet.

The following is a verbatim quotation of the opening sentences of a recent report on Johann Schiller given in one of the advance English courses: "The background of this fellow Schiller has been explained to you folks by the guys who handled Lessing and Goethe. Well, Schiller was born in Germany while his parents were travelling in Russia. At the age of three, etc.—"

What is wrong with this picture?

"March Issue of Magazine Aided by Co-eds.—Tar Heel headline. One of these ubiquitous creatures evidently aided it more than she was aware. At any rate we think the review under the above caption deserved a deal more criticism than the magazine itself.

We notice in the Tar Heel that



OVERHEARD IN THE HAT SECTION

Finchley: "What made the customer walk out? Did you insult him?"
Salesman: "I don't know. He said he wanted a hat to suit his head, and I showed him a soft hat."



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



Mah-Jong

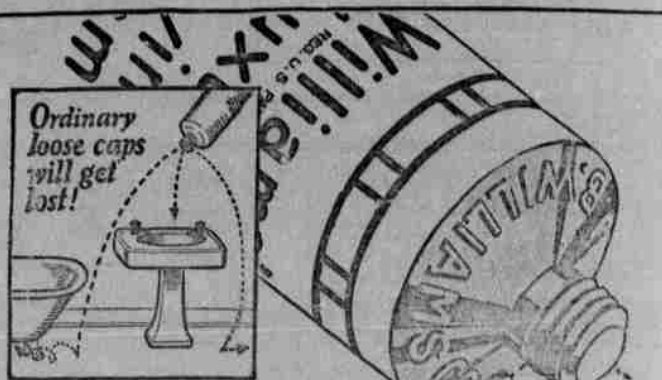
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A complete set in bright colors, 144 titles, 116 counters, racks, 2 dice, book of rules and instructions; any one can learn the game in ten minutes. It's very fascinating. All in attractive box, sent prepaid on receipt of \$1.00 (Canada 25c extra).

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Williams Shaving Cream

J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn.

Dr. Friday lectured on last Wednesday A. M. We are very sorry that our man Wednesday will not be able to reciprocate the honor by delivering a lecture on next Friday A. M.

But, to tell the truth, it has come to light that the poor, naive fellow accepted a retainer fee from some person by the name of Doherty and he is now in the depths of disgrace and despair. However, we hope that it is soon going to be oil right and that the dear old fellow will be with us again before long.

Last week was the open season for prize dumbles. We have been apprised of the following, quoted from COLLEGE EXAMINATION PAPERS:

"The old Stone Age was the early

part of the eighteenth century. It was called so from the use of cobblestones in paving streets—before the use of bricks and asphalt and cement." (History).

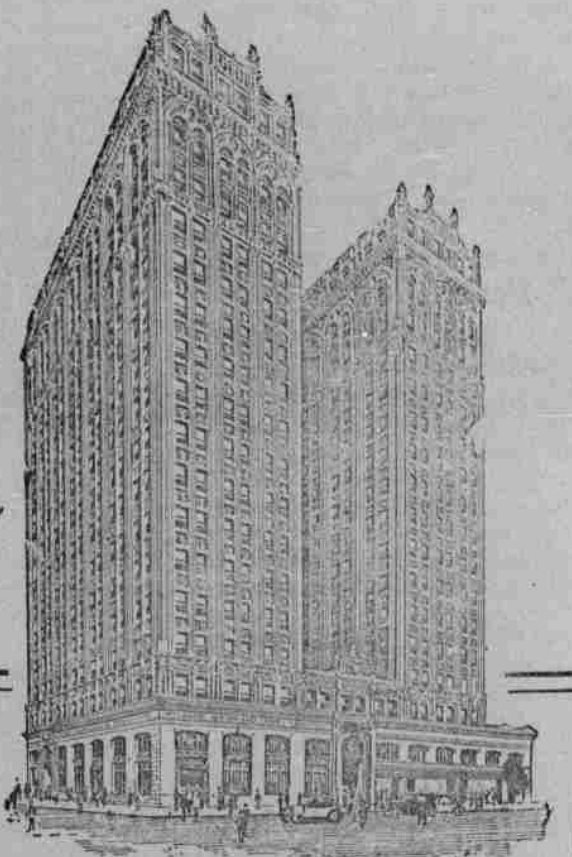
"Sodium nitrate occurs in Chile. It is also found in South America." (Chemistry).

"The climate is caused by hot and cold weather and the amount of time which it rains and does not rain." (Geology).

"A brut is a beast which is not perfect. Man is the only perfect beast. This is because he has brain." (English I).

"There were few christians in the early Roman empire. The people were mostly lawyers." (History). (Do we smell a sense of humor in this one?)

Why can a bull frog take such long jumps? Ans.—God helps the little frogs jump.



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