

The Tar Heel

The Leading Southern College Tri-Weekly Newspaper

Member of North Carolina Collegiate Press Association

Published three times every week of the college year, and is the official newspaper of the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C. Subscription price, \$2.00 local and \$3.00 out of town, for the college year.

Offices on first floor of New West Building. Telephone 318-Red.

Entered as second-class mail matter at the Post Office, Chapel Hill, N. C.

J. T. Madry, Editor
Harold Seburn, Business Manager

Editorial Department

Managing Editors

J. F. Ashby, Tuesday Issue
A. B. White, Thursday Issue
L. H. McPherson, Saturday Issue

J. N. Robbins, Assistant Editor
D. D. Carroll, Assignment Editor

Staff

J. H. Anderson, H. L. Merritt
J. R. Bobbitt, Jr., J. W. Moore
J. M. Block, W. P. Perry
J. E. Coggins, J. P. Pretlow
Walter Creech, W. P. Ragan
J. R. DeJournette, T. M. Reece
E. J. Evans, S. B. Shephard, Jr.
Ruth Hatch, F. L. Smith
T. W. Johnson, W. S. Spearman
H. C. Lay, J. A. Sprull
R. P. McConnell, W. H. Windley
Alex Mendenhall, H. A. Wood

Business Department

Sarah Boyd, Asst. to Bus. Mgr.
T. V. Moore

Advertising Department

Chas. A. Nelson, Advertising Mgr.
Baron Holmes, S. Linton Smith
J. C. Uzzell, Jr.

Circulation Department

Marvin Fowler, Circulation Mgr.
Dick Flagle, John Deaton
Tom Roney, Reg. Schmitt

You can purchase any article advertised in the Tar Heel with perfect safety because everything it advertises is guaranteed to be as represented. The Tar Heel solicits advertising from reputable concerns only.

Tuesday, April 20, 1926

H. L. Mencken certainly knew what he was doing when he had the police to arrest him in Boston. The *American Mercury* has sprung into into such popularity that the local library authorities have put it on reserve.

The belated vernal awakening is at last at hand. Winter has lost its grip on Mother Earth for another year, we hope. Grass is springing from terra firma while the stalwart oaks are taking on a verdant hue. If Spring is here, can barnyard golf be far behind?

The monkey business is up again. The Di Senate has invited Representative Poole to come to the University soon and express his views against the teaching of evolution in the public schools. Better watch out Senators, lest Mr. Poole make a phool of somebody.

The High Schoolers had the honor of being the first to use the structure on the north-eastern part of the campus called Graham Memorial. There is a slight possibility that some of these same students may be able to use the finished building about the time they are graduating from college.

Now that dancing is again with us a new term has been discovered which belongs in the category. Necking, petting, and spooning have given way to "looping" which is described as something modern and requires a motor car. It means skipping out from a dance and describing a loop with a car through the country and coming back to the dance again. It is said to be no worse than romantic buggy-rides of sainted memory, which is another way of saying that it never will be popularized. The act is an old one but the term is new to us.

Where are the intra-muralists? They, like the canine population, are expected to come out soon and launch into their busiest quarter.

J. Pluvius pulled a good one during High School Week and refused to shed tears in the annual conventional way. Several threats were made, but the goods were never delivered. Another case of fooling the public.

With the coming of the balmy spring days, the straw hat era is near at hand. If our memory serves us right, the first "corrtet" day to darn the straws is May 10, and if our predictions are any good we expect to see Professor Chester Penn Higby in his lightweight bonnet on that date. We saw a straw a week ago just up from Alabama and it was the cynosure of all eyes.

One of the 'sagest' parables that Will Rogers has ever spoken about colleges was uttered when he said that what college students need is narrower trousers and broader ideas. Rogers' advice is being taken by at least one school. The Philatelo Society, which formulates the fashions for the famous Harow public school, has decreed that boys who are five feet, ten inches high may wear trousers as large as 20 inches at the bottom, allowing an extra inch in the case of boys who are six feet tall. Most of the Carolina fops are within the law.

Col. H. J. Koehler, for more than forty years drill master at West Point, has expressed the view that college men make the best army officers when it is necessary to take officers from civil life. He said it is because the collegian is by training more receptive to intensive study. Local olive oiled sheiks wearing plus fours don't look like the stuff that is needed to lead an army into the firing lines, but the colonel can find good backing here for his statement in the "intensive study" line. One out of every ten made the honor roll last quarter.

THE NEW ORDER

With the passing of the old order and the coming in of the new it has become an annual expectation of the editor to state in his initial editorial the policy that the paper will pursue during his regime. The habit seems to be a useless formality to us, as the policy should be easily detected without a definite statement, but we will face the ordeal.

We are aware of the fact that wholesome dissatisfaction with the present is a sign of progress, but we do not have a bucket of red paint and a brush in the office and hope that it will not be necessary to purchase said articles. The newspaper editors of the state press are prone to look on the college editors as radicals and fosterers of hot beds of radicalism, but we believe the pressmen hold mistaken views. Knowing that more progress can be made in a state of complete harmony and cooperation than in a tumultuous condition which generally arises when rapid progress is attempted, our policy shall always be to prefer cosmos to chaos.

The TAR HEEL has made great strides as a tri-weekly during the current college year and it shall be the aim of the incoming staff to push forward and improve in every way possible. The paper will continue to act as a buffer between the student body and the faculty and in return will expect and solicit the cooperation of both parties. Pompous and platitudinous news and editorial comment will be avoided as much as possible in the future as they have been in the past.

It has been said that editorial comments in a college paper are not personal affairs, nor are they to be used for private weapons; that a college paper should register the opinions of the student body as nearly as the editor can estimate them. These words concisely express our sentiments. The TAR HEEL has a real function as an organ of cooperative undergraduate thinking.

Our favorite tri-weekly has been accused of being everything from a repository for campus gossip to a handbill for athletics. As such it would be a waste of ink and effort.

Naturally the question arises, for what was going on in his august, judicial mind. Later, when he rose to go, some loose sheets fell unnoticed from his notebook, containing the following observations. He had evidently been through the "grind" before.

O. A. W.

(The query: Resolved, that the United States should cancel the Allied War Debt.)

Hot tonight—with that student chairman would start the oratorical fireworks. At last—we're off. First speaker: Robert Brady—little red-haired fellow—Boy, not so loud—Great Scott, this little egg-headed volcano will shatter the windows. Boy, you're going to burn out a battery if you are not careful—There! Forgot your speech; I told you so. Your spring is wound too tight. "If ever a man needs help, it is when he is in need of it." Robert, you spoke a mouthful that time—Child, calm yourself; remember your mother.

Caroline Henley: tall, bobbed-haired brunette. "To give one's life for one's country bespeaks the noblest consideration." It does, Caroline, but I bet you read that in a book. "France has been bled white; England has lost the flower of her manhood." I weep with you, Carrie, but this is the third time France has bled in the last five minutes.

Estelle Honeycutt: Sweet Baby!! Angel-come-to-earth... those eyes, liquid pools of heavenly blue. The rest of you can all go home. Mr. Chairman, wrap up the silver trophy for this beautiful lady. "Divine form." She speaks, ah. "Baby!" "My opponents seem to think China is in Europe." Bully for you, Honey; they're a bunch of half-wits. "Who opposes debt payments? None but a few scheming politicians and our opponents." Fine, fine—Oh, to take this sweet thing into my arms just once and give her a fatherly kiss, or, well, not so fatherly. "Girle, my vote is yours forever." Gosh, Rankin ought to run a beauty contest next year.

John Ben Pritchard: Heavy swain with big ears. Dumb-looking, like a bull calf. John, what makes your hands so red and your ears stand out so? "Careful, John; I won't stand for a word against Honey."

Minnie Pender: Sharp-nosed brunette—nosy; with a rasp. Minnie, you remind me of Honey—you're so different. "Yes, Minnie, wasn't it awful about the war and the starving babies." Ah, that little Honeycutt! Wasn't she irresistible when she said her opponents were dumb! "Minnie, stop putting your hand on your abdomen; it is an awkward gesture." And what makes your neck so red, Girl? "Yes, Minnie, you have proved your case, but your case is hopeless. Your words sound familiar—"France has been bled white"; ah, but when you first saw Honey, you should have gone home."

Annie Crabtree: Brunette bomb, full of wimmen wigor, a trifle plump. "Annie, I suspect you have a nasty disposition." "Verily, thou art a strenuous, powerful female. I will before thy logic." Ah, me... I wonder where Honeycutt is from. "If my fellow judges say a word against her, I shall have to kill them." Lord! It's 11 p.m. Wonder if the milk home on the porch is sour.

(The query: Resolved, that North Carolina should build a port terminal... or something like that.)

Another orgy of oratory.

Bentrice Daggett: Good-looking brunette, green dress and bangs... what pretty arms... There you go popping statistics at me already... You're hard to listen to, but easy to look at.

Dick Nelson: Dick is a go-getter drug-store cowboy, blond curly hair parted in the middle, tall, rather flat-chested. Good looking, mouth large and very movable. Wags his head continuously. "We must take heroic action at once." Ah, Dick, you and I both aspire to the heroic. You don't know what romantic aspirations some of us solemn professors harbor within our academic breasts. "Sir Walter Raleigh, who to seek this paradise washed by the stormy Atlantic..." Great! "Unfurled the flag of the Old North State... God has given us a priceless gift." That's oratory, Boy. Keep off those infernal statistics, Richard; one little wisp of curled hair over a penciled eyebrow will beat any statistics off the map.

The student chairman of this debate is a pompous ass.

Elsie Cumberland: Pretty, vigorous, vampsy, curly-haired Baby Doll. Baby, let's have done with statistics. Let's hear less of freight rates and more of revolution and liberty. Water transportation is such a damp subject. But Elsie, your pink shoulder strap is showing outrageously. Naughty, naughty! "Thou too, sail on, oh Ship of State..." I'm strong for you, oh Baby Doll. Eyes... lips! "If my wife saw these Judicial notes!!"

Benjamin Waffle: Little, serious, futile boy, dark hair, beefstake face, rattle-tongued. Benny, you'll make a fine train announcer some day. "Magnanimity" [sic] Yes, it's a grand thing. "My opponents are sadly misinformed." Isn't it odd, Benny, how one's opponents

always seem to get things twisted? Little Ben, the Ossipee Bear Cub. I wonder if I locked the back door when I left. "Oh for a glass of beer and a rousing song!" Sarah Shoemaker: What an impossible woman—the original "loud speaker." For the love of Mercy, woman, calm down... This is agony. We'll have you arrested for disturbing the peace. Spare us. "She'll blow a fuse any minute." Ye Stars, I'll explode if I don't laugh or weep... I shall go mad from internal pressure. "Thou shalt not place this crown of thorns on the head of the people of North Carolina." "My opponents are too hypothetical; that is the most sanguine thing I have heard since I read Thomas Moore's 'Utopia'." Canned stuff from the ice-box... Rave on, Chickie, it's a stormy night... You must have a powerful diaphragm. "You have talked at least a week; shut it off." David Cowpens: What a relief... strong, virile, steady boy, with a rural flavor. What's in a name? Pauline Wentworth: Little freckled talk-maid, timid as a mouse. "What's the King's English among friends?" "What's a use to dig big harbors, and then they fill up again, and the money done, are gone?" True, true. Harvey Pitt: Jumping Jupiter, this bird swallowed the dictionary. "Secure in this boom of everlasting radiation, we shall condescendingly let this potentiality predominate." Shades of Noah Webster! "We shall now conduct you to the subject of freight rates... We must batter down the injustice of rate discrimination against our beloved and enamoured state." Let the angels scream, Harvey. "Our opponents may vociferate..." If they do, Harvey, no gentleman should remain in the room. "Harvey, you bore me to tears with your windiness. The citizens should be converging on their alternative... I will not vituperate my opponents." Someone is going to kill you for less than that some day. "My nerves feel shredded. If you were me, Harvey, you would be weeping... You have your argument right by the tail, haven't you? I'd love to violate decorum and rap you on the head. 'Twould afford me relief and you benefit." Time! Don't look so pained at the tap of the pencil; what the hell, man, would you talk forever? It's past midnight and still four to go—Ye Gods!

Gamma Delta to Give Dance for Installation

Gamma Delta, local fraternity, will be installed into Lambda Chi Alpha National Fraternity during the week-end of April 22 and 23. The program for the installation will be replete with entertainment, of which the crowning event will be a dance to be given at the Carolina Inn, Friday evening. Since no other dance is to be given on this date, the Gamma Deltas plan to make it the leading social event of this quarter.

OPEN FORUM

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TAR HEEL:

It is very likely that the Easter holidays have driven it from the minds of the people, but the campaign for books for High Point Methodist Protestant College library is still in progress.

We have received quite a number, but as yet, there are more promises than books, and the goal is not in sight. However, we have been assured that the promises of the faculty are good. But we all know that busy men will procrastinate, if not actually forget.

If you have any books you can spare, give them to the boys and girls of High Point College—they need them.

The student body is not being solicited in person and a good many of the faculty will be missed, but we will appreciate an unsolicited gift and this is to remind any and all that the "Y" office is receiving the books.

(Signed) Mrs. J. J. Crawford.

April 16, 1926.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Late Thursday night I wandered into Murphy Hall and sat in on the tail end of one of the annual High School Debate preliminaries. Among the debaters, home town friends, and interested students, it was easy to spot the three Judges—dignified, learned professors of the University.

While the debaters orated, I watched

Calendar

Tuesday, April 20

11:00 a.m.—Executive Board of Trustees meeting.

12:00 noon—Speaking in 112 Saunders at 1:00 p.m. in north room of Law Bldg.

7:00 p.m.—Di Senate, Di Hall.

7:15 p.m.—Preliminaries for the Peace Oratorical Contest, Di Hall.

8:30 p.m.—Freshman Friendship Council, Y. M. C. A.

Wednesday, April 21

4:00 p.m.—Varsity Baseball, Carolina vs. Elon, Emerson Field.

4:00 to 7:00 p.m.—Playmaker Try-outs, Theatre Building.

7:15 p.m.—Preliminaries for the Freshman Inter-collegiate Debate, Di Hall.

Thursday, April 22

2:00 p.m.—Geology Club, Geology Building.

7:30 p.m.—Deutsche-Verein, Episcopal Parish House.

Friday, April 23

3:30 p.m.—Varsity Baseball, Carolina vs. Virginia, Emerson Field.

Sunday, April 25

8:30 p.m.—Playmaker Reading, Theatre Building.

Observations

By J. N. Robbins

The Way It All Began

After three weeks of competitive news writing, 22 young Heelers have been pronounced full-fledged reporters and the old Tar Heel reportorial staff of the past year steps wearily aside for the new typewriter ticklers. As the editorial staff gracefully withdraws, a few of these veteran old news gatherers are elevated to the editorial dignity.

A newly elected assistant editor had just climbed onto the high office chair, preparatory to an enjoyment of his new role, when the Editor came along. "You've got to write a literary column, Jayen," he said.

"A literary column? Ye Gods," we cried. "Why we only got a grade of 'E' on our last English theme, and the prof. said he doubted if we could write our own name without making a mistake in grammar."

"Well, if you can't make it literary, write something," he said, and left us.

And that is how another cub reporter graduated into the ranks of that sprightly and long winded family of writers who, like Tennyson's brook, ramble "on forever." We fully realize the importance of our new position and may yet have to buy a new hat for our expanding cephalon.

Some Praise Rightly Bestowed

Before going farther, we just want to toss a few bouquets to the retiring editorial staff and to our predecessor, C. W. B., in particular. It is due to these fellows, with the help of the retiring reportorial staff, that the TAR HEEL has been raised to an entirely new standard and has been enabled to remain a tri-weekly. "Cy" Baeremore with his Melting Pot has raised the office of TAR HEEL assistant editor to something more closely resembling one of influence and respect than any of his predecessors were able to do. The fact that his work has been appreciated was shown when his class mates selected him as the best writer in the senior class. Fine work, Cyrus, may your success in after life be in proportion to your success at Carolina.

Aha! The Secret Is Out

In "We Moderns," one of Coleen Moore's films that showed here some time ago, we remember the *petite* Coleen expresses a wild and uncontrollable desire to go to Bagdad and see the "cute Bagdaddies." Besides giving us a new synonym for the terms *Shiek*, *Hot Poppa*, and *True Collegian*, Coleen probably unwittingly gave us a clue to the place of origin of *ye olde Ozenforde bagges* so predominant on the college campuses.

Anent Bull Fights

We understand that Carolina has an organization known as the Matador Club. According to the Spanish interpretation, the matador is a gaily bedecked young man who hops into the arena after the bull fighter has wounded the animal and holds said ox with his strong hands while a brother with an ax or other formidable weapon completes the annihilation. Whereupon, by the way, the aforementioned bull is very uncerimoniously dragged off. Undoubtedly, the matador is a mighty useful fellow in his own way, but there seems to be a more pressing need here for treadors and men to drag off the vanquished oxen. And yet,—the columnist rambles gaily onward.

Sunshine and Shadow

We reflect upon the marvelous beauty of the universe when the buds begin to sprout forth, and the balmy sunshine dispels the last trace of chill winter, and, as we do so, our soul soars to poetical heights, even as C. W. B. predicted. But we bring our thoughts back to reality with a jolt as we realize the awfulness and the seeming futility of college existence. An expressive phrase far removed from poetry is framed silently by almost immovable lips. Darn that prof, why couldn't he give me a passing mark on that last quiz. Guess the only way to pass the course would be to "get a boot on him."

An Author's Oversight

One of the old New England bards of the last century has warbled thus: "When I would recreate myself, I seek the darkest wood, the thickest and most interminable swamp. I enter the swamp as a sacred place,—a *sanctum sanctorum*. There is the strength, the marrow of Nature."

Oyes, oyes, and don't forget the dear little mosquitoes. What delightful little adjuncts of the swamp are they. Perhaps these creatures do not thrive in New England, or it may be that Henry Thoreau wore a suit of mail when he took his scholarly excursions into the swamps.

A Call for Assistance

We often wonder at the quietness of Epsilon Upsilon Kappa. This is claimed to be a sort of outlaw organization of Carolina radicals. Perhaps it is only a joke; after all. However, we have been told by authoritative persons that such an organization really does exist. If it is anything more than a name and if it purposes, as some have said, to follow a policy of opposition, there is plenty of

(Continued on page three)

Exam To Remove Grade "c" Apr. 30

Announcement has come from the English department that an examination to remove composition conditions will be given on April 30, at 4 p.m. in Murphy 202. All students who still have composition conditions to remove are requested to be present. This will be the last chance this quarter to remove them. Any student who has received a little "c" with the regular grade on a course will be required to remove this before the course will be counted for credit.