

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 news-
paper 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. Spruill
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 Rancy.....Reg. Schmitt

You can purchase any article adver-
tised in the Tar Heel with perfect
safety because everything it adver-
tises is guaranteed to be as repre-
sented. The Tar Heel solicits adver-
tising from reputable concerns only.

Tuesday, April 20, 1938

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
such popularity that the local
library authorities have put it on re-
serve.

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 Repre-
sentative Poole to come to the Uni-
versity 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 cam-
pus 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 col-
lege.

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 dur-
ing High School Week and refused
to shed tears in the annual con-
ventional way. Several threats were
made, but the goods were never de-
livered. 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 Hig-
by 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 Philatelic So-
ciety, which formulates the fashions
for the famous Harow public school,
has decreed that boys who are five
feet, ten inches high may wear trou-
sers as large as 20 inches at the bot-
tom, 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. Kochler, for more than
forty years drifft master at West
Point, has expressed the view that
college men make the best army offi-
cers when it is necessary to take offi-
cers 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 edi-
torial the policy that the paper will
pursue during his regime. The hab-
it 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 mis-
taken 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 con-
tinue 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 com-
ments in a college paper are not per-
sonal 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 senti-
ments. 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 activities will the paper serve
as a mouthpiece during the coming
year? According to Prof. Leon R.
Whipple of New York University,
there are six types of college news-
papers; namely, (1) College Bill-
board. No amplification is needed.
The name is self explanatory; (2)
University Mouthpiece, a loud speak-
er for the trustees and president;
(3) Village Gossip. This paper is
made up of personals about profes-
sors and students; (4) Journal of
Education. This is a "sorry and
dull" paper, the result of faculty
efforts to eject education into the
reader; (5) The Local Gad Fly, a
magazine of criticism, which does
not usually last long; and (6) The
Zealous Crusader, a paper that sees
beyond immediate campus problems
and partakes of national problems.

Strictly speaking the Tar Heel
does not fall into any of these cate-
gories but would best qualify in the
College Billboard group, which
might be said to be the most servic-
able to the University. Innumerable
protests have been made against the
paper in the past, the chief opposi-
tion contending that the paper served
a san athletic Clarion. Whether these
"kicks" were justifiable is a matter
for the student body to decide. The
fact remains that most students are
interested in athletics, and sports
news has been plentiful whereas other
news which the might have been
of interest to Tar Heel readers has
been scarce at times.

No organization or group controls
the paper and it is not under any
obligations to anyone. Therefore,
we expect to give a just proportion
of news to all and show special favor
to none.

There is no place for iconoclasts
on the paper, but we reserve the
right and privilege to be as radical
as a Russian or as conservative as
Coolidge.

OPEN FORUM

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TAR HEEL:

It is very likely that the Easter holi-
days 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. How-
ever, we have been assured that the
promises of the faculty are good. But
we all know that busy men will procrasti-
nate, 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 fac-
ulty will be missed, but we will appre-
ciate an unsolicited gift and this is to
remind any and all that the "Y" of-
fice is receiving the books.

(Signed) Mrs. J. J. Crawford.

April 16, 1938.

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 De-
bate preliminaries. Among the deba-
ters, 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 Trus-
tees 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 Coun-
cil, 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 Fresh-
man 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, Thea-
tre Building.

Professor X taking notes, and wondered
what was going on in his august, judi-
cial mind. Later, when he rose to go,
some loose sheets fell unnoticed from his
notebook, containing the following ob-
servations. 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 chair-
man 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 win-
dows. 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 your-
self; remember your mother * * *

Caroline Henley: tall, bobbed-haired
brunette * * * "To give one's life for
one's country bespeaks the noblest con-
sideration." 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 beau-
tiful 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 oppo-
nents * * * Fine, fine—Oh, to take this
sweet thing into my arms just once and
give her a fatherly kiss, or, well, not so
fatherly * * * Girlie, 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 re-
mind 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 oppo-
nents 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 bob, full of
wimmin wigor, a trifle plump. * * *
Annie, I suspect you have a nasty dispo-
sition. * * * Verily, thou art a strenu-
ous, 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 brun-
nette, 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 mov-
able. Wags his head continuously. "We
must take heroic action at once." Ah,
Dick, you and I both aspire to the hero-
ic. You don't know what romantic as-
pirations some of us solemn professors
harbor within our academic breasts.

"Sir, Walter Raleigh, who to seek this
paradise washed by the stormy Atlan-
tic * * * Great! "Unfold the flag of
the Old North State. * * * God has given
us a priceless gift." That's oratory, Boy.
Keep off those infernal statistics, Rich-
ard; one little wisp of curled hair over
a penciled eyebrow will beat any sta-
tistics off the map.

The student chairman of this debate
is a pompous ass. * * *

Elsie Cumberland: Pretty, vigorous,
vampy, 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 trans-
portation is such a damp subject. But
Elsie, your pink shoulder strap is show-
ing 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, fu-
turistic boy, dark hair, beefstake face, rat-
tle-tongued. Benny, you'll make a fine
train announcer some day. "Magnanimi-
ty" (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 inter-
nal pressure. * * * "Thou shalt not place
this crown of thorns on the head of the
people of North Carolina" * * * "My op-
ponents 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,
Chicken, 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, an gone?" True, true.

Harvey Pitt: Jumping Jupiter, this
bird swallowed the dictionary * * *
"Secure in this boon of everlasting radi-
ation, 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 enamored state * * * Let the an-
gels scream, Harvey. "Our opponents
may vociferate * * * If they do, Har-
vey, no gentleman should remain in the
room. * * * Harvey, you bore me to
tears with your windiness. "The citi-
zens should be converging on their al-
ternative * * * 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 de-
corum and rap you on the head. "Would
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 Na-
tional Fraternity during the week-end
of April 22 and 23. The program for
the installation will be replete with en-
tertainment, of which the crowning event
will be a dance to be given at the Caro-
lina 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.

SPECIAL TRAIN RUNS TO GREENSBORO SATURDAY

Will Carry Students to Virginia-Caro-
lina Game at Gate City—Other
Plans Being Made.

A special train will run to Greensboro
for the Carolina-Virginia game next Sat-
urday. It will leave either at 8 or 9
o'clock and arrive in Greensboro about
11:00.

It has been an annual event for the
N. C. C. W. girls to have open house and
furnish entertainment for Carolina
students attending the game. Another
feature of the trip will be a parade of
the "Tar Heels" accompanied by the
band. This feature of the occasion is
without precedent in the previous Vir-
ginia-Carolina games.

The girls will be drilled sometime this
week by "Squatty" Thomas and Bob
Hardee. Other college groups from
over the state that are present are in-
vited to join our cheering section and
arrangements are being made to wire
invitations to different colleges.

The fare on the special train has ten-
tatively been placed at \$3.75. Arrange-
ments are being made to reduce the
fare if possible.

Exam To Remove Grade "c" Apr. 30

Announcement has come from
the English department that an
examination to remove composi-
tion 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 quar-
ter to remove them. Any stu-
dent 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.



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 spright-
ly and long winded family of writers who,
like Tennyson's brook, ramble "on for-
ever." 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 edi-
torial staff and to our predecessor, C. W.
B., in particular. It is due to these fel-
lows, with the help of the retiring repor-
torial staff, that the Tar Heel has been
raised to an entirely new standard and
has been enabled to remain a tri-weekly.
"Cy" Baemore with his Melting Pot has
raised the office of Tar Heel assistant
editor to something more closely resem-
bling one of influence and respect than
any of his predecessors were able to do.
The fact that his work has been appre-
ciated 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 propor-
tion to your success at Carolina.

Aha! The Secret Is Out

In "We Moderns," one of Colleen
Moore's films that showed here some
time ago, we remember the petite Col-
leen 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*, Colleen probably un-
wittingly 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 aforemen-
tioned 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 treading 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 re-
ality with a jolt as we realize the awful-
ness and the seeming futility of college
existence. An expressive phrase far re-
moved 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 dark-
est wood, the thickest and most inter-
minable 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. Per-
haps 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)