

The Tar Heel

LEADING SOUTHERN COLLEGE TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Member of North Carolina Collegiate Press Association

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Tuesday, May 10, 1927

PARAGRAPHS

Something always happens to blacken our fair aspect. It has been announced that the Kenan Stadium will not be ready for the Carolina-Virginia football game next Turkey Day.

After some six weeks of pip-popping, chug-chugging, and hammering around Graham Memorial building, hope springs in our bosom that the county clubs may meet there by 1949.

The Duke Chronicle finds that women's activities on its campus are increasing. Not due to the season of the year is it?

The report comes that Benjamin Franklin was something of an athlete in his day. Now let anyone arise to say that Ben wouldn't have been a howling success in college today!

The tale goes around to the effect that Dean Paulsen, desiring a radio magazine to place on his newsstand, ordered six copies of *The Dial*.

Whether Holding's drug store should remain open on Sunday was the issue raised in the Wake Forest municipal election, it is reported. A matter of a Sunday milkshake, we would say.

Judd Gray, the corset-salesman assassin, says that it was the woman's "magnetism" that caused him to do the deed. And he did it with a load-stone.

Ho, hum!

AS TO SPEEDING

The time was when we dragged across Cameron avenue through mud past ankle-deep. Now it's a matter of getting over on the other side before an auto-driven at an excessive speed—knocks one out of the way.

It is not clear whether the main thoroughfare through the campus is a town street or a highway by speed law classifications. This leaves the legal rate of speed a matter for someone else to decide. What the TAR HEEL is interested in is the matter of saving injuries, perhaps a fatality, to pedestrians.

There is no palpable reason for a driver to exceed the speed limit, place the lives of many in jeopardy, and render himself liable for the injury of another on this 30-foot street. Something like 2,500 students cross and recross Cameron avenue many times daily. With the campus plutocrats dashing up and down the street at a speed of 20 to 30 miles an hour, it is a matter of time until someone will be hurt. Then, the TAR HEEL would remind, it will be too late.

THE FOLLY OF PRESS CONVENTIONS

(D. D. C.)

Amid the incessant buzz of life, all men crave gypsy music. The crusader wearies of the war; his lance is replaced by the lyre.

And to harrassed college editors, a state press convention is an oasis in the desert. Thither each editor journeys with pomp and power, a begoggled "college leader."

On the pretense of journalistic duties, a host of college students meet twice each year. They disguise their romantic designs with such shibboleths as "press convention," "business," "state representation for our college," etc. They appear before their professors, gnash their teeth at this "unavoidable business" which calls them away; and, the professorial favor having been won for their absences, these over-worked publications celebrities trip gaily off, their expenses paid by foxy business managers.

The state newspapers accord the circus much publicity. The faces of pretty girls adorn the daily sheets. Doughty males, with owl-like mien, stare at the reader from beneath a giant caption: "SPEAK HERE." Meanwhile, the dignitaries themselves troop like children about some college campus.

"Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for care and a fig for woe."

Their visit is perfect. They are treated with hospitality non-pareil. In turn, the host or hostess is given every opportunity to swear or weep, or both. We honestly believe that Southern hospitality is snatched from her grave and frantically resuscitated for the delight of these precocious little boys and girls.

And somebody makes speeches. Politics, publicity, and puns. But everybody laffs and laffs so that the joke which he has been saving for the whole year will receive the same indulgence.

As instructive conferences, press conventions are a grand hoax. But they, like Rudolph Valentino, add a splash of color to the transparency of American activity. They contribute a fanciful, irrational flourish to a drab, uninteresting photograph. For three brief days, scowling Menckens become rollicking Rotarians—or worse'n that.

Like all alumni mob gatherings, federations of women's clubs, and other word-festivals, college writers have a right to speechify foolishly, do indiscreet things, and throw false care to the winds. And student press

Random Thrusts

By



My thanks they go
To Golden Fleece;
It filled my column
Piece by piece!

The all-important subject of Golden Fleece brought to the spearman the first student contributions. This is intended to be a humorous column but it won't be very humorous to the columnist if he has to furnish all the wit. So—all hail! ye campus funny-men; tickle your funnybone and join in the Random Thrusts.

A Freshman Answers

Last week's Fleece questionnaire brought forth the following answers:

1. What organization is supposed by some to be the highest honor a Carolina man may win?
Answer: D. K. E. (opinion of the D. K. E.'s)

2. Because of what organization was J. Frazier Glenn featured in headlines?
Answer: Gilded Fuzz. (See last year's *Yellow Journal*.)

3. What is Dave Carroll's favorite organization—for attack?
Answer: Taylor Bledsoe's political machine.

4. What organization is it rumored that the Athletic Association and Sigma Up are planning to combine with?
Answer: Booloo Club.

5. The Honor of what organization did K. O. Warren so nobly and manfully defend last fall?
Answer: The American Association of Inter-collegiate Boxers.

Very truly yours,
I. M. MERLIN.

Saturday's issue of the Tar Heel furnishes material for the following Thrusts:

Our Efficient Firemen
Extract from the Tar Heel story of the A. T. O. House fire: "The fire made rapid headway after the arrival of the fire company." At least the fire was polite enough to await the arrival of the firemen!

We also read: "Employees of the Nello L. Teer company, of Durham who have the contract of excavating, have dubbed the Keenan Stadium the 'Teer Stadium' since the Teer company is losing heavily on the contract because of the unforeseen blasting." Well, if we were losing so heavily on the stadium, we would more probably dub it the "Teer Stadium"—and christen it with plenty of tears, too!

Tar Heel Headline:
WELL KNOWN MEN
LEAVE FOR EUROPE
We really don't understand the necessity for such sudden action—unless these men happen to have seen an early edition of the *Yellow Journal*!

ANNUAL SPRING DISEASE
Oh, spring is called the season vernal
When trees do bud and bushes sprout,
When all is fair around-about—
And then there comes the *Yellow Journal*.

There politics so long forget
And touchy sores and wounds that hurt
Are opened wide to bits of dirt,
And truth is lost in gobs of rot.

But let it be, this sheet infernal,
And it will wear its weak self out
As sentiment puts it swift to rout—
The campus needs no *Yellow Journal*!

Daniels Fetes Writer

Mr. Claude G. Bowers, noted editorial writer on the New York Evening World, passed through here Friday, and a luncheon was given in his honor at the Carolina Inn by Josephus Daniels. Mr. Bowers comes from Indiana, and has attracted quite a bit of attention by his writings. Those who participated in the luncheon were mainly from the History Department, although Mr. Winston, Mr. Coffin, and others were there.

conventions, unlike the others, frequently marry off the most worthless boys and girls in North Carolina.

The world needs a press convention.

OPEN FORUM

FROSH NEED BETTER UNIFORMS

Editor of TAR HEEL:

It was a frequent thing for the audience, during the winter quarter, to give expressions of delight when it saw the neat uniforms of the Tar Heels. The same is true when our Varsity baseball team goes upon the field.

But what about the baseball uniforms of the Tar Babies? The general impression that the Freshman team gives this year when it takes the field is that of a crazy quilt. The uniforms that the team has to wear give evidence of having been salvaged from the scrap heap. Some of the players have no uniform at all except an improvised one of their own. Very few have suits to correspond to their teammates. Several of the individual players have shirts of one kind, trousers of another, and socks of still another. In fact, the whole team seems to be the unfortunate baby of a large family, and, consequently, must wear the clothes which have been passed from generation to generation.

Isn't it false economy to force the Freshman baseball team to wear such ridiculous uniforms when, at the same time, our Varsity teams are so elegantly dressed? The only hope that a high school athlete has, in the way of athletics, the first year at Carolina is on the Freshman teams; and, whether it is reasonable or not, a decent uniform has its attractions for them. If we desire better Freshman teams it is bad business to give prospective athletes the idea that the Tar Babies are indigent orphans.

(Signed) R. C. HARRIS.

Carroll Chosen Vice-President

(Continued from page one)

members would meet for their fall session in Raleigh as the guests of State College and Meredith College.

The delegates from the University of North Carolina were: representing the TAR HEEL, Judson Ashby, editor, David D. Carroll, associate editor, Fred Simon, business manager, and Bill Neal, business manager-elect; representing the *Yackety Yack*, Al Moore, editor and Kendrick Smith, business manager; representing the *Carolina Magazine*, Robbins K. Fowler, assistant editor and Young M. Smith, business manager-elect; representing the *Buccaneer*, Holt McPherson, business manager-elect, and William Anderson, editor.



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WHAT'S HAPPENING

TODAY

2:00 p. m.—Southern Tennis Tournament.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11

2:00 p. m.—Southern Tennis Tournament.

7:00 p. m.—Venable Hall. Moving pictures "Electricity in a Motor Car," "The Story of a V-Type Motor," "The Story of a Storage Battery."

THURSDAY, MAY 12

2:00 p. m.—Southern Tennis Tournament.

FRIDAY, MAY 13

4:00 p. m.—Emerson Field. Baseball with the University of Virginia.

7:30 p. m.—Murphey Hall 316. Meeting of the Journal Club of the Department of Romance Languages.

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Back from Convention

T. B. Livingston, John Ward, Jr., W. W. Vaughn, G. A. Patterson, and J. L. Cantwell, Jr., returned Sunday night from Greenville, S. C., where they had been to attend the national convention of Chi Tau fraternity. The convention closed with the annual ball at Hotel Poinsett on Friday night.

DR. R. R. CLARK DENTIST

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Telephone 385



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