

Random Thrusts

By



Alas, Alas!

Many students have been heard to lament the fact that Lee Kennett and Taylor Bledsoe were hung in effigy last week—but more students have been heard to lament the fact that the hanging was done *only* in effigy and not in reality!

E. E. K.

For Harmony's Sake

Dave Carroll's appearance at the Di Senate dressed in pajamas and carrying an alarm clock must have been terribly shocking to the ancient portraits upon the wall. In due respect to the memory of the Di's famous departed, Dave might at least have worn the old-fashioned night shirt and carried the traditional alarm clock of the past—a lively crowing rooster!

The Year in Revue

(Being a somewhat distorted review of the year's events—sponsored by neither the Di Senate nor Kyke Kyser.)

Place: Carolina Campus.
Time: 1926-27.

There being no curtain to rise, Dave Carroll walks calmly in, dressed in lovely pink and blue pajamas decorated with tin alarm clocks. Looking about for material to build a Driftwood Fire, he seizes a Golden Fleece and is ready to light it; but K. O. Warren and Frazier Glenn rush in and rescue the fleece.

However, Julian Starr and Robbins Fowler stalk nobly up and offer copies of the *Faux* and *Slaves*, both of which seem to make excellent fuel. Editor Charles Albert Pettigru Moore enters and attempts to add senior write-ups to the fire, but he is frustrated in his mad efforts by Red Wood, ardent champion of the Senior class.

Sid Chappell enters, followed by 13 ghost-like figures who dance slowly about the fire while Sid advances to front of stage and says: "Gentle-l-l-mun, I wish to warn you . . ." Here he is rudely interrupted by Kyke Kyser, who rushes in with President Chase and the Cheerios, all of whom dance madly about the fire.

At length Dave Carroll clears the stage, leaving only the fire and a soapbox upon which is written "Clean Politics." Immediately Taylor Bledsoe, Walter Kelley, Charley Price, and Moulton Avery slip suspiciously in and begin to harangue the audience in true political fashion.

This scene slowly fades away as a solemn procession advances across the campus—William R. Kenan bearing a new stadium upon his shoulders, Captains Gus McPherson and "Hat" Hatley carrying the state championships in track and baseball respectively, Paul Green with the Pulitzer Prize in one hand and a copy of *In Abraham's Bosom* in the other, Harry Comer and Bobby Wilkins bearing between them the Human Relations Institute. This procession is met by Andy Anderson, in some curious green garb, who shouts: "Wuxtra! Wuxtra! Buy the *Yellow Journal* and read all the latest scandal!"

As a grand ensemble all the aforementioned gentlemen file back upon the stage, followed by members of the Dialectic Senate.

With an insane shout of glee Dave Carroll throws a stick of Dynamite into the Driftwood Fire, and all the noble campus leaders ascend to higher regions—for the time being—while nearby Gerrard Hall resounds with the patriotic oratorical outbursts of Fred Parker, Ratty Ransom, and F. B. Aycock!

How Did It Happen?

Ex-editor Madry declares that he found a live, green-and-white snake in his room Sunday night. He must either be a victim of revenge for one of his former paragraphs or else—well, why do men usually see green-and-white snakes during the weekend?

The Last Thrust

This is the last
Of the columnist's job;
Farewell to the past
With nary a sob!

If anyone's felt
A random thrust
And considered it dealt
In manner unjust,

The spearman is sad,
For all that he's done
Was attempting to add
To the campus's fun!

This farewell is made
In terrible verse,
But if you had to do it
It might have been worse!

Can Mr. Mellon Make Working Rule as to Obscene Books?

That level-headed gentleman, Secretary of the Treasurer Mellon, is just now pondering a decision which ought to serve to clarify the moral haze in which the country generally has been placed by the excitements in New York and Boston over smutty plays and indecent books.

It seems that there is a section of the tariff act which forbids the importation of "obscene printed matter." Under that authority the New York customs authorities recently undertook to impound a shipment from abroad of two such venerable classics as *The Arabian Nights* and *Boccaccio's Decameron*. It further appears that heretofore the authorities at every port have been a law to themselves as to what was "obscene" and what was sufficiently pure to be admitted to these shores. Mr. Mellon is to decide, not only as to the *Nights* and the *Tales*, but also will set up some sort of guiding principle to apply to all ports.

In one manner of speaking both of these books are "obscene." Both contain passages of a candor and particularly which probably would bring a blush to the cheek of the most sophisticated flapper. Yet in both cases these faults—if we could call them that—are matters of modern taste, as opposed to the manners and customs prevailing when the honest books themselves were written. Are we then to say that two of the greatest literary sources are to be banned because of a change in the styles of euphemisms? Imagine *Rebelais* being barred from importation or from the mails because of the gusty laughter with which he carries his wisdom.

What is "obscenity," anyway, except a matter of intent? Can intent be detected? Any fair and intelligent reader knows that it can. An author with a smoking-car complex can, and should be, barred from printing press, mails, and everywhere else; a writer who has something to say, who is struggling honestly toward the truth, should be as free as the air. And nobody, except, possibly, an illiterate customs official or postal censor can have any real doubt as to the class to which he belongs.—*Raleigh Times*.

Miss Katherine Norman of Durham was a guest at the Woman's Building Sunday.

OPEN FORUM

Editor of TAR HEEL:

Having never owned a motorcycle, it is quite possible that I am unacquainted with all of the joys to be obtained therefrom, but even so, there is one thing beyond my powers of comprehension: the pleasure to be derived from racing the motor to the accompaniment of rapid, deafening explosions from the exhaust. Now there is some chap who is the proud possessor of one of these motorcycles, who on the slightest provocation proceeds to race its motor while parked just back of Battle, Vance, and Pettigrew dormitories, to the utter distraction of any one who might possibly be occupied with one of the less important matters of life, i. e., studying, sleeping, conversing, or attempting to think. I humbly suggest that he get far off into the wilderness many leagues from the horribly offended auditory organs of his less obtuse fellow students and race the aforementioned machine for as many ears as may suit his fancy.

By careful selection it is probable that such a place could be found that would be entirely free from game, so that this individual would not spoil anyone's hunting grounds and even, according to one theory, make no noise whatsoever inasmuch as there would be no ears to respond.

I would suggest further that he obtain a copy of Schopenhauer's "Essays in Pessimism" and carefully peruse on the essay concerning "Noise."

J. V. B.

Sigma Delta-'G' Horseshoe Finals

The final round of the intramural horseshoe tournament between Sigma Delta, the winner of the fraternity tournament and "G" Dormitory, the winner of the dormitory meet, will be played off some time this week on the courts immediately behind the Law Building. Sigma Delta has an unusually strong team which has been displaying rare form in all of their matches and they are doped to win the championship of the campus. The work of Dave Thomas and Ed Marshall has been particularly good. "G" however has one good man in James, and they may upset the dope and emerge victorious.

PARKER HEADS DI FOR NEXT FALL; CARROLL IS FIRED

(Continued from page one)

In what might be called something of a farewell address Senator Kennett called the hall's attention to the old records of the Di which can be found in the North Carolina room in the main library.

The President severely reprimanded the clerk, Senator Shohan, and ordered his wrists slapped for his failure to send out cards announcing the meeting.

After a few closing remarks from President Glenn, upon the motion of Senator Glenn he was given a rising vote of thanks for his efficient services to the Di. There being no further business the Senate adjourned until next fall quarter.

A DIFFERENCE IN CANDLEPOWER

(From the Chapel Hill Weekly)

The newspapers last week announced honors to two members of the University of North Carolina faculty. Henry Van Peters Wilson was elected to the National Academy of Sciences, and Paul Green received the Pulitzer prize for the best American play of the year.

It is of the nature of things that a prize-winning play should receive far wider attention than comes to the achievements of a scientist, and it is likely that a hundred persons read of Mr. Green's triumph for every one who read of the distinction conferred upon Mr. Wilson. Although few can write a good play, many, after it is written, can understand and enjoy it. But, outside the limited brotherhood of science, men are hardly more able to comprehend the finished work of a master of zoology than they are to imitate his performance. He toils in his laboratory for years, practicing what to most of us is a mysterious black magic. Now and then he publishes a book or a mono-

graph of which the mass of humanity hears never a word but which may establish him, in the centers of learning throughout the world, as a scientist of the first rank.

Consider, for example, the activities of these two men here in Chapel Hill. Paul Green has been writing plays. Produced here and elsewhere by the Carolina Playmakers, they have received the praises they well deserved. He has won prizes in theatre contests, and two or three volumes of his plays have been published. His successes have been celebrated in the public prints, and his friends have rejoiced in the acclaim that has come to him. During the same period, and before, Mr. Wilson has been toiling away in his laboratory—here from September to June, in Beaufort or the West Indies or somewhere else in the summer time. Almost nobody—and when we say this we mean almost nobody in what is called the "general public"—heard anything of what he was doing. Yet his investigations dealt with the most fundamental aspects of the origin of physical life.

It is needless to say that we are not drawing any comparison in worthiness between the achievements of our two fellow

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"VENUS OF VENICE"

Lupino Lane in "The Naughty Boy"
Life Cartoon—"Peaceful City"
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FRIDAY, MAY 27

Richard Dix, Jack Renault, Mary Brian and Harry Gribbon in

"KNOCKOUT REILLY"

Felix in Barn Yarns

Comedy—"Steamer Day"

ADMISSION 30c

citizens. They are both sincere and modest gentlemen whom the community is proud to possess, each a tireless and highly capable worker in his own field. What we are discussing for the moment is merely the difference in candlepower between the spotlight that plays upon a dramatist and that which plays upon the denizen of a laboratory.



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