

The Tar Heel

LEADING SOUTHERN COLLEGE TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER



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Tuesday, May 8, 1928

THE YELLOW JOURNAL

Rumor hath it that the Yellow Journal, annual dispenser of choice scandal, will soon make its appearance. We do not know the exact date of issue nor do we have any inkling of what specific gossip will form the contents—but we have no reason to believe that the 1928 edition will be radically different from those of past years. The whole Yellow Journal idea we denounce as the sinister offspring of malicious parents.

The greatest objection we have to the Journal is its anonymity. True, the names of contributors and editors have appeared in the mast-head; but the gulf between group responsibility and individual responsibility is wide—and these authors know it. It is one thing for a writer to stick his name up in a corner of the sheet and say, "I helped put this paper out, but I wouldn't like the person I wrote about to know it"; it is quite a different thing to sign a particular bit of scandal and say, "I wrote this and don't give a damn who knows it." We have an idea there wouldn't be any Yellow Journal if each contributor had to affix his own signature to each of his little brainstorms.

The tactics of the Journal are viciously unsportsmanlike. Cynical intelligentsia mask behind an anonymous yellow cloak to take malignant thrusts at hapless students and faculty members. Jealousy, envy and spite are hidden in subtle phrases of cleverness. Attacks are made which the writers would never venture openly.

The Ku Klux Klan has nothing on the Journal. Klansmen screen themselves with white sheets and make bodily assaults; these writers dye the sheets yellow and make those little deft turns with the verbal dagger which are often more agonizing than the lash of a whip. To the Klansman the matter is at least a serious business; the yellow-journalist gives a hideous laugh as his victims writhe in mental torture.

We are surprised that University authorities have allowed this scurvey-sheet to remain in existence, that they have allowed the sale to be made each year in the stands of Emerson Field, that they have by silence given tacit approval to its publication. Any movement to exterminate this vermin of slander we will herald as a milestone in University progress.

Freedom of speech should not be confused as a justification for the Yellow Journal. License is not liberty—but in this instance scandal bordering on libel.

The open forum of the Tar Heel is the most effective method of righting campus wrongs through print,

if the Journal has an uncontrollable crusading spirit.

The name Yellow Journal is well chosen.

J. R. B., Jr.

OPEN FORUM

CROSS ROADS

Editor of TAR HEEL:

The School of Religion at Chapel Hill has reached a crucial point in its development. Its future depends largely on being officially recognized by the University. Under the existing status it is extremely difficult to finance the project. It has been necessary to appeal to the people of the state for financial aid, and to them it appears as an experiment. But we at Chapel Hill know that it is not an experiment. Through the school year a schedule of the courses given by the School of Religion has been run in the TAR HEEL at different times, and a large number of students have taken courses. (During the winter quarter seventy people were registered in the School of Religion.)

If the University of North Carolina were to officially recognize this institution by granting credit for work there, it would mean much to the School of Religion because an appeal to every alumnus of Carolina would have a very real effect. He would feel that he was making a donation to a part of his alma mater. Then, too, many more students would be able to take the courses offered. As it is, the schedules of most students are completely filled, and they have no spare time for taking extra courses for which no credit is given.

Those who have been associated with the School of Religion for the past two years know that the values it has created have been of a positive nature, and they would like to see something done about the matter in order that its fullest potentialities might be realized.

J. W. W.

AGREES WITH DEAN HIBBARD

Editor of TAR HEEL:

I notice that most of the replies to Dean Hibbard's criticism of the *Buccaneer* defend the publication on the ground that, as a student organ, it reflects student sentiment, and that it caters to the taste of the students on the university campus. I doubt if Dean Hibbard would grant these premises, and I'm sure he would feel his regret more poignantly should he be convinced that they are true.

A moment's reflection will show that both of these arguments, far from offsetting or answering the dean's criticisms, make them the more pertinent. If the *Buccaneer* reflects student sentiment here (a supposition which I do not believe is founded on fact), the more is it to be regretted that there is such an organ to advertise such sentiment to the world; if it furnishes amusement to the students (which is probably true—since the animal which is in all of us is more or less prone to be amused at clever expressions of animalism), we can only deplore the fact that the students seek amusement at the expense of their aesthetic sensibilities. So, granted that it reflects student sentiment, and that it amuses students on the campus of this institution, these two matters argue against rather than for it.

Another palliating note that was sounded in one or two of the answers was that the number which Dean Hibbard chose for criticism was an exchange number and that it was merely a reflection of student opinion in other colleges. It is quite obvious that this is no defense, in that the editorial staff was not forced to cull out just the type of jokes that it did—Mr. Mebane stated that he had publications from approximately fifty well-known colleges throughout the country; and surely he had a variety of types of humor to choose from. Quite patently, he chose those jokes which he thought would go best here at North Carolina.

It occurs to me that the argument should be based on the intrinsic value of the publication: its aesthetic value rather than its popularity (I know that I should be considered old-fashioned, and to be poohpoohed at, should I suggest a moral standard). We come to universities to be elevated. Does the *Buccaneer*, as it has been run lately, elevate? Our parents spend their hard-earned money to have us learn worth-while things. Does the *Buccaneer* serve that end—would our parents, who certainly wish for us every possible wholesome amusement, condone the sentiment and caliber of the publication? I hear the answer: *Bus we've got to have some diversion!* Surely. But isn't it possible for us to get wholesome, robust diversion without compromising those standards of living and thinking that wiser heads

than ours have set up and labored so unceasingly for?

I should like to add that I'm quite sure Dean Hibbard wrote as he did with the entire interest of the students at heart. His long and efficient service and sympathy for the students does not warrant any impeachment. If those who argue for the *Buccaneer* and its type of sentiment can show to our open-minded, broad-minded dean that the organ fulfills a plausible need on the campus, I know that he would pocket his personal feelings and be all for it.

So, Mr. Editor, if you can, encourage contributors to the Open Forum who champion the *Buccaneer* to put forth logical arguments to support causes and effects, as well as the product. Let them show, not that our taste is so depraved that it needs a splatter of vulgarity to satisfy it, not that Mr. Anderson is just going out of the editorship of the *Buccaneer* and should not be criticized when he cannot vindicate himself, not that we are so lacking in originality at fun-making that we have to rely on risqué cuttings from other comic publications to supply us with humor; but let them show, if they can, that our comic magazine invigorates rather than hinders us in our efforts to fit ourselves for those missions in life that we come to college to prepare ourselves for. Unless they can do these things, Dean Hibbard will not be answered, and the publication will continue to stand indicted by common sense and common decency.

John W. Harris, Jr.

ARTS STUDENT

Editor of TAR HEEL:

This is a sequel to "Nature's Mistake," which appeared in the Thursday issue.

(By an Engineering Student)

One of the most comical comics of human existence!

One of the really lamentable decrees of fate!

And Nature is laughing up her sleeve at the Arts Student all the time!

Four years of play and ease with credits for doing nothing; four years in a state of freedom, and, alas in a state of perplexity as to what everything is all about; four years of Heaven with years of dancing, drink, co-eds, and song as a reward! The Arts student's exuberance of knowledge is overwhelming! A graduation from suits of the latest cut and style into shabby and cheaper ones, with a degree in the use of a flask, and a career, perhaps, in a stuffy office building! The Arts student then sings: "How I long for the life of an Engineer!" tra la.

And a character truly marked is the Arts student. That is, if he has his own car, and a private bootlegger. He isn't at all like the New Ford. It at last, appeared to fulfill all expectations, but the lowly Arts student will never do anything but live a life of ease and comfort—all of course, depending whether his father will support him the rest of his life. True he knows London Bridge has never fallen, although the little children sing that it is; he knows that Lindbergh discovered Europe, and that Luther was the first and greatest Pope of the Roman Catholic church.

The Arts student even cares about his style of dress. Careful dictates of the Emporiums of the Village call for the wearing of a whole suit on classes to make a good impression on the profs. Save the sweaters for sport wear. His best friends are the co-eds, and the boys who are because he has IT. This last consists of wine, women, and song.

He will be violating a precious tradition if he appears (for some reason or other) without that flask, not hanging at a rakish angle from his pocket in his rear extremities, but nevertheless hidden deep in the pocket. In fact he will be considered ill-bred and slow if he attends a reception, dance, dinner, or a bridge game without his flask of some bootlegger's fiery liquid, because an Arts student must be ready all the time for anything.

If you ask him his name, he pulls out his flask and takes a drink first; if you ask him his name, he takes a drink; if you ask him where he is going, he takes a drink and says Durham; if you ask him what in the hell he lives for, he takes a drink and says he doesn't know what the co-eds would do without him.

The Arts student flies to a woman (and even the co-eds) like the homer pigeon flies home. But you can always tell when he has found the girl of his dreams—this usually happens either in the Spring, or the Summer, or the Fall or the Winter for an infinite number of times—because he goes gleefully forth to the co-ed Shack, laden with dainty morsels and presents for his loved one. He tries to hold her attention (but usually holds her) by playing a uke and singing in perfect accord with the agonized cats "Pal of my Dreams." That in every season but Spring. In this

season, he spends his spare time (and that's all he has) in the Aboretum composing poems and sonnets of love to his "ladye faire." In the Spring a young man's fancy

The Arts students give several magnificent social blowouts each year. They are all dizzy affairs, what with most of the boys not sober (a more polite way of speaking), plenty of stags and not enough girls to go around. They seem to enjoy it, but the engineer expresses contempt at such a foolish spectacle and prefers to wait for the "Engineer's Ball."

J. R.

Pen Points

By H. J. Galland

Harrassed editors are being summarily bounced from numerous institutions of learning throughout the country. So far, we have remained free and pure. There are signs of strife in the offing, however, which cause us to break out into the following paraphrase, which might be entitled *The Columnist's Laments*

You may speak of co-eds dear While you're editor up here, Let the column ring with comment on the Senate; You may talk of games and such For it doesn't matter much, But lay off Graham Memorial—they're agin it.

Now when you write the paper, Every departmental paper Is all right for you to mention of you're careful; But don't mention so-and-so Nor consign him to you know, Or you will surely get a heated earful.

The Battle of The Century

Harvard and Yale are opposing each other in the first intellectual intercollegiate contest of its kind ever held. A picked team of ten men from each college will do the fighting. When the opposing teams line up for the first period, according to the plan of the contest in the New York papers, the judges will toss up between them three or four groups of questions dealing with general phases of different periods of English Literature, with a time allowance of twenty minutes to each group. Runners must touch all bases.

In the second period a dozen titles of books or names of characters of fiction will be kicked off. Each player will select five or six of these and write about each for four minutes, being careful the pass is really lateral.

For the third period the gladiators will struggle with passages of prose or verse, the style of which they are to analyze. The huddle system is barred. Both teams have stated that they will fight until the last ruled line is passed. The weather is clear, the track fast, and a good slugging match is assured the spectators, if any.

The Dear Little Boidies

Perseverance is an excellent virtue. He who perseveres shall conquer the world and enjoy the fruits of his labor—or so they tell us. But it can, like all good things, be overdone. All unknowing, the persevering one may be sealing his own doom. There is, for instance, the Whipoorwill which roosts not far from the room in which we take what might laughingly be called our rest. Now that there bird perseveres. All night long it persists in whistling its mournful call. And some dark night we're going to ring its persevering neck.

Dean Hibbard Again

Another suggestion emanates from the office of the Dean, which, as they say, gives us to think. The amalgamation of the *Buccaneer*, *Magazine*, and *Tar Heel* into a daily paper combining the best features of each strikes us as a most sensible idea. Few students on the campus know what is going on in the world, since outside newspapers are not generally read. The addition on an A. P. wire and a selection of the most noteworthy news events would be very welcome. The *Buccaneer* is admittedly amusing, but also admittedly serves no useful purpose. The *Magazine* can easily be turned into a literary supplement of the *Tar Heel*, and there you are. There is a general feeling of apathy and disinterestness on the campus in regard to the publications. We wonder how many would subscribe if the payment of the Publications Fee was made voluntary. Here is a good way to rejuvenate and improve the campus literary organs. A vote of thanks is hereby offered to Dean Hibbard for another piece of constructive criticism.

Here's How

Listen, femmes and meine herren, to words of wisdom. Add, hombies y co-eds, to your knowledge. Give ear, ladies and gents, to the way it's done. The game is to see which of us can throw more bouquets at the other in

the least possible time, and with the most complete absence or wastage of verbiage. For our text-book we take the Thursday issue of the favorite tri-weekly. Therein we find two photographs appearing on the front page. The handsome gentlemen, say the captions, are Bill Neal and Judson Ashby, retiring Business manager and Editor-in-Chief of the *Tar Heel*. But look a little further. What do we see at the bottom, children? Ah; there is our little lesson in the proper manner of throwing bouquets. The last sentence under Bill Neal's picture reads, "He has been an excellent business manager, says Jud Ashby." The last sentence under Jud Ashby's picture reads, "He has been an excellent

editor, says Bill Neal."

It's Over

By this time the Golden Fleece has done its tapping, and the excitement is over until the next time. The few who were tapped are exultantly happy, and they have good cause to be. The many who were not tapped but expected to be need not be down-hearted. At least some of them consider themselves fleeced.

R. R. CLARK
Dentist

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