

# The Tar Heel

LEADING SOUTHERN COLLEGE TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER



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Tuesday, May 21, 1928

### PARAGRAPHS

At commencement exercises each outgoing senior will be presented with a Bible to accompany the sheepskin—a sort of antidote, we suppose.

But wouldn't it have been much better had these Bibles been presented at the beginning of the freshman year rather than at the end of the senior year? The course of senior lives might have been changed.

After watching dress rehearsals of "Whoops M'Dear" we were bound to admit that there is a place for co-eds on the campus after all. And also a place for Gene Erwin!

Next week brings the annual Awards Night. If all goes as usual, Memorial Hall should have no difficulty in accommodating the crowd—which ever consists only of those who expect awards!

### "ORATORY AND REMINISCENCES"

A feature of the Alumni Day program will be a "Reminiscence Symposium," presided over by Judge Francis D. Winston, class of '79. The reunion classes will occupy the platform in turn, and "oratory and reminiscences" will be the order of the day. Such a program should go far toward recapturing the spirit of former college days, and old grads will relive bygone university careers through recalling incidents and events of the past.

By bringing to light the pranks and controversies of yesterday, returning alumni may be brought into closer touch with the college life of today. By comparisons of college then and college now old grads may be brought to the realization that the fundamental changes have been few, and though Old South has been transformed into New South and the Kenan Memorial stadium stands now where only the forest stood before, still student life follows the same trends as of yore, still do issues arise, find some settlement, and then sink into the annals of the University.

And modern students, hearing stories of old-time midnight meetings about the Well, or hotly contested political struggles, of former student opinion and criticisms, may see that alumni of the preceding generation are not animals of strange species but Carolina men with the same memories, the same backgrounds, the same ideals, and the same love for Carolina that we now feel and will continue to feel as we, too, return in the future to alumni reunions where we, too, may hold meetings featured by "oratory and reminiscences."

### SPRINGTIME—PASTIME

Trees and flowers and bluebirds and laziness are not the sole harbingers of spring. One of the surest and most evident signs that spring is here in good truth is the musical sounding clink of horseshoes as they are pitched across every available empty backyard on the campus. Seemingly, in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—horseshoes!

These sunny afternoons when tennis, gym, and Sparrow's pool fail to beckon, inmates of fraternity houses and dormitories flock to the horseshoe court, field, links, floor, grounds, or whatever one may call that level space of terra firma over which equestrian boots may be tossed.

Today the annual Intramural Horseshoe Tournament gets under way and the race for the championship is on. That ancient and honorable outdoor sport has achieved recognition; the game of horseshoes has taken its rightful place in the category of intramural sports. All hail to the springtime horseshoers—and long and accurately may they pitch!

### THE CURTAIN CALL

(Dav Carol)

There is something of pathos in the exit of a senior.

Magazine covers will continue to depict the graduate as an arrogant youth aspiring to world conquest. And perhaps it is well that we who leave the shrines of learning this June should be accorded so much attention, even though it be jocular cartooning. For not many many years hence, few of us will receive more than a grim, two-inch obituary.

Then why have we spent these years in "preparation?" Have we lived in Chapel Hill in order that we might pose on magazine covers or die in obscure newspaper columns?

Some people say of certain fanciful things that they have "neither rhyme nor reason." They imply that life has both rhyme and reason. . . . Ask them, therefore, why you have come to college; for the writer has faintly heard only the rhyme of life; the reason he has not found.

But there need be no reason in the life of animals so base as men. They have a great actuating lust which will sustain them against the despair of self-analysis. They grow hungry, forget their beautiful thoughts, and turn to strife as a pastime, as a means of procuring meat for their bellies.

In the absence of reason, they follow a few phrase-makers whom they deem great men, and to whom they erect shafts of stone and marble. One of the agitators paints a colorful picture and shouts a single word, "patriotism"; forthwith a nation goes to war. A frock-coated word-master mounts a rostrum with sobs of "God," "virtue," and "sin"; a people goes chanting to church. A University scholar seizes upon a mere monosyllable, "truth," and weaves an eloquent delusion about it; a thousand sons and daughters are carted off to his institution. Symbols, symbols of a thing that never was. Yet, men fight wars, establish churches, and support schools because these things are incident to their worship of phrases.

And of all these words, two are the fountain-head of authority. Each phrase-maker stoutly maintains that his pet word is descended from one of these symbols, or perhaps from both. The royal pair are Duty and Love. Duty is said to be masculine, and love feminine; but the classification is ridiculous.

You are here to learn the meaning of these words: pray to God, which is one of the words, that you will use the rest properly.

## FIRST DANCE OF SUMMER JUNE 14

Announcement Made by H. F. Comer is of Interest to Summer Students

The first summer school dance will be held on June 14 in Bynum Gymnasium, according to an announcement made yesterday by H. F. Comer, chairman of the summer school social committee. This dance, being the first of the session, will be a "long dance," lasting two hours and a half. There will be no admission fee.

Dances will be held during both sessions of the summer school. An eight-piece orchestra has been hired for the session and will play for "short dances," lasting fifty-five minutes, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings immediately following supper. Every Saturday night and every Friday night preceding a Saturday on which there are no classes, there will be a "long dance." These dances are for the students of the summer school, their guests, and friends. The admission fee for the "long dances" will be fifty cents for the "short dance" twenty-five cents. All dances will be held in Bynum Gymnasium.

## Pen Points



By H. J. Galland

### The Band Played On

As per schedule, the band gave its concert on the campus Sunday afternoon. We attended, and so did seven of the ten town mutts, forty-eight of the fifty-one children of professors and townspeople, and thirty of the twenty-seven hundred students of the University. It was, incidentally, an enjoyable concert, and we're sorry there will be no more of them this season. So will the mutts, for there will be no more interesting musicians to investigate, nor music to provide the rhythm for ecstatic tail-chasing. And no more audiences for Mr. McCorkle to count with an anxious eye, wondering where these professed music-lovers disappear to when the music they demand is forthcoming.

### And Why Not?

The last issue of the favorite try-weakly headlines: "Wigue and Masquers Take on a Professional Air in Their Practice for Tropical Revue." Quite so, quite so, but the head-writer didn't tell the half of it. Frinstance, at one of the rehearsals a number of the young ladies in the cast were required to practice their stuff. One of them had been swimming in Sparrow's Pool, and did not have time to dress and catch the rehearsal on time. So she arrived at Memorial Hall in her bathing suit and did her turn, lending the proper tropical air to the revue. It is understood that future rehearsals will be closed to all those not actually in the production, and that no more bathing suits will be worn. So what's the use?

### Education A La Mode

Mr. Oscar J. Coffin, of (or we might have left the "of" out and just said "the") Department of Journalism of this University, in the course of an article on Mass Education in the Sunday Greensboro Daily News says: "Too much of the present-day teacher's work is done on the platform of the professional association in an effort to break into the news columns and too little in the class-room. The old idea of a university being constituted of a log with Mark Hopkins at one end and a boy at the other has given way to seven-score professors talking for publication on subjects which they have heard briefly mentioned over the radio whilst seven thousand boys are away from the campus bumming rides, track-meeting, baseballing, or glee-clubbing." And what's more, Mr. Coffin, some of the professors seem to have listened in for their radio information while there was a lot of static in the air.

### The Whimsical Aviator

Beautiful views of the University campus and buildings were taken recently from an airplane. All parts of the institution of (to quote outsiders, who don't know any better) learning were included except the Laundry and the Co-ed Shack, sometimes referred to in the public prints as Spencer Building. When the omission was pointed out to the airman, he is understood to have said that he was instructed to take pictures of the useful parts of the University only, not the turaries.

### We Should Worry

Heywood Brown, well known columnist of the New York World, was bonced by that paper for printing material the editors didn't approve of, and promptly received a job from the New York Telegram in the same capacity. Well, if the editor of this here sheet takes a notion to fire us, we can count on a job with the Charlotte Observer, writing advertisements for the Playmakers, to be inserted in that paper when the boys and girls come around on their annual tour. Or we can always take a crack at our favorite job—tester in a mattress factory.

### Suppose He Didn't

Editor Andy Anderson, First Mate and Bos'n of the *Buccaneer*, let loose an epoch-making statement in the *Tar Heel*. The next and last issue of the clinic this year, said Andy, will be good—in fact it will be the best so far. It seems to us we've heard that statement once or twice before, but as long as we hear it, everything is gonna be O. K. What, though, would happen if the *Buccaneer* should come out without its Editor's optimistic forecasting? We tremble to think of it. If, by any chance, such a thing should happen, we should like to be notified, and if we can get out of the house without waking our grandchildren, we'll ring the bell in Old South, and run up a flag on Graham Memorial if it is ready for use.

## OPEN FORUM

### FOR LECTURES AND MUSIC

Editor of the TAR HEEL:

Dave Carroll, although absent from the campus, gave us a rather potent editorial in Saturday's issue of the *Tar Heel* concerning the lack of lectures, music, and good plays on the campus. We take issue with Dave in only one phase of his letter. It would be practically impossible for the University to bring plays, or good ones, to the campus. But the University can bring good music and good lecturers.

That is, it would appear that the University of North Carolina could give the students the above two things if other institutions can. We have had very little of music and lectures on the campus this year and some of these performances have gone almost totally unattended. Evidently there is something wrong.

Perhaps the lectures did not appeal to the students as would John Erskine, Struthers Burt and a few others who have either visited the Hill or come close by. Students will listen to and enjoy people and music they know something about. They are hardly interested in things and people who are not interesting or about whom or what they know nothing. Why can't the University make a conscious attempt to bring a few men to the campus who will interest the students?

I believe that very few students would object to a small fee levied

each quarter to assist in paying the expenses of men who are interesting and who would interest the students. The University could levy this fee if they chose. Didn't they undertake to collect the dues from delinquent members of one of the literary societies on the campus? And wasn't the sword of Damocles in the shape of receiving no credit for work taken held over the members of this society if the dues were not paid through the University which was acting as collecting agent?

Then why can't the University levy a few cents fee on the students for lectures and music? Is the University losing its far-famed liberalism and much-praised culture for the sake of playing the part of a modern Janus?

If the University can collect dues from a society that does no earthly good so far as the campus in general is concerned, why can't it take the interests of all the students to heart and give them a little pleasure coupled with information that might be gleaned from intelligent lecturers and good musicians?

Perhaps if the proper people were approached in the proper attitude, something would be done toward getting a few good lecturers and musicians here—and perhaps nothing would be done. My guess is that the University would rather see the two societies wrangle over the Golden

Fleece, companionate marriage, the preservation of aged trees on the creek banks, or some other such nonsense than go to a little trouble and attempt to give the students at least something with which they can remember their college days, something from which they might derive some benefit. God knows, a student's life is dull enough and after listening to a bunch of dried-up professors for half a day, any student would appreciate anything that was refreshing.

If the faculty or the University wants to side-step its responsibility, then it must be put to a student vote. Well, put it to anything so long as the students on this campus will be able to enjoy a few privileges as students in some other colleges do. Just because some of the officials in the University would rather sit back and smoke a corn-cob pipe or chew a straw is no sign or reason that some of the students wish to do the same.

If the University cannot arrange for more and better lecturers, then I suggest they give their money to a high and noble cause—something like an endowment fund for the protection of blind mice in Sampa if mice live there. The money might do more good and at least the mice would appreciate it.

Andy Anderson.

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