

The Tar Heel

LEADING SOUTHERN COLLEGE TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Published three times every week of the college year, and is the official newspaper 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 in the basement of Alumni Building.

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Tuesday, October 2, 1928

PARAGRAPHS

Anyhow, the Demon Deacons aren't such Demons after all!

65 to 0 ought to be a big enough score to break the back of any jinx—even a four-year-old one.

After hearing Cheer-leader Bill Chandler talk so much about the tight rope walker who was to perform at the pep meeting Friday night, we began to wonder just what sort of a rope walker a "tight" one would be.

Playmakers try-outs this week make us wonder just who will turn out to be "an enemy of the people."

With this new plan of having the freshmen gym classes going out for track events once a week, there ought to be some good material discovered for future varsity teams.

A Durham newspaper suggested that Al Smith speak in the Kenan Stadium here rather than in the small Raleigh Auditorium in order to accommodate the huge crowds. That is one attraction other than football which would fill up the stadium.

Mrs. Gerard offers a prize of 1,000 for the best paper on "Why Al Smith Should be Elected President." If all the political talk that comes up in one daily bull session could be boiled down into an essay it might be worth \$1,000—just to clear the atmosphere as it were!

UNDRESS PARADE

Mermorial Hall packed with students enthusiastically yelling and singing prior to an important football game is an inspiring sight—and sound. A huge bonfire, with its flames rearing dramatically and colorfully skyward, leaves behind it a memorable picture. Even a parade of zealous students across the campus to the steps of the Post Office may be taken only as a favorable indication of an active interest in the approaching athletic contest.

But when the participants in this parade, presumably most of them freshmen, consider it necessary to form a shirt-tail brigade and to roll trousers up above knees in order to evince their uncontrollable enthusiasm—why, then it all becomes very much less than a commendable display of Carolina spirit and very much more like some prep school tomfoolery.

Naturally there are no rules against such things. Nor is it likely that anything would even be said about it. But the fact remains that such childishness is hardly in line with the sentiment of a university. Objection is not raised particularly in defense of any code of etiquette or decorum. That is not essential. But what we do object to—and object a bit strenuously—is such a juvenile manner of conduct on the part of University students.

We pride ourselves on being a University of men in contrast to many institutions which are obviously only

prep schools of boys. Mature men, or even rapidly maturing men, are not expected to show their enthusiasms by shirt-tail parades from the Post Office to the Woman's Building.

FRATERNAL CUT THROATS

With fraternity rushing season rushing along to its inevitable conclusion, there approaches the annual period when the old, familiar, and despicable game of throat cutting will be practiced. Each year as the last day draws near and the end of the season is at hand, there comes to some fraternities the saddening realization that Pledge Day will bring more disappointment than pledges across the portals of their houses.

And too often with the knowledge that what they have to offer is not enough comes along the decision to low-rate what everyone else has to offer, when a fraternity commences to forsake the narration of its own personal virtues and substitutes the tale of vices of its rival, then the gentle art of throat cutting makes its appearance. No self-respecting and respectable fraternity tries to pledge its men by running down all other fraternities on the campus. Any fraternal group with merits worthy of a freshman's attention does not find it necessary to cut its rival's throat. And any group which does deem such tactics necessary is not worthy of the most insignificant freshman.

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes" wrote the Latin poet Virgil—"I fear the Greeks even bearing gifts." But let the freshman rushes entertain an even greater fear for those Greeks who offer as gifts only slighting remarks concerning their rivals.

NEW BLOOD

The fact that the editorial "we" of a college newspaper usually consists, in reality, of a single person is no legitimate reason for confining editorial expression to the opinions of one man. Realizing the necessity of a fresh stream of thought pouring into these editorial columns and at the same time the efficacy of giving the staff members of the Tar Heel an opportunity of venting their pent-up opinions on campus topics, we have decided to open these columns to the reporters from time to time.

The first of these contributions appears in today's Tar Heel under the title "Don't Blame the Prof." The initials "J. J." appended to the editorial represent the name of an enterprising and talented reporter whom we are glad to welcome into our editorial ranks.

DON'T BLAME THE PROF

The other day a fellow said, "that prof works me to death."

No man can work you to death—except yourself. No man can make you quit working—except yourself.

If a man flunks, nobody flunks him except himself. If he passes, it is he who passes. The prof doesn't flunk or pass him. If Dean Hibbard throws him out for busting too many courses, it's nobody's fault but his own. If he gets a Phi Beta key, it is by nobody's merit but his own.

Nobody gives you an A, and nobody gives you an F.

You make your own bed.

Henly drove the nail in thusly: "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul." Richard Hovey wrote very lovely poetry, and went many happy journeys with Bliss Carman, and no doubt stored up much wisdom; but a fool in his heart can see the falsity of Hovey's philosophy: "In the hand that life is dealing, it is not we nor the ways we choose, but the fall of the cards that's sealing." That sounds like the words of a man who has failed and wants to blame God for it.

You may go astray, but none, neither man nor woman, can lead you astray, even if you had a ring in your nose. There is no ring in your mind. We pray, "Lord, lead us not into temptation," not "Lord, lead us not astray."

There may be a warping of the mind, but there is no such thing as coercion of the mind. Coercion is only for physical bodies.

By J. J.

A new airplane tested in Berlin is said to make vertical ascents and descents, and also to remain suspended in mid-air. Ultimately there will be evolved a perfect pedestrian able to do this too.—Punch.

We'll bet our old friend Gen. Smedley D. Butler smiled in his sardonic way when he saw in the paper about that official order to clean up Philadelphia absolutely within 24 hours.—Ohio State Journal.

This being one of those queer campaigns, maybe we ought to have turnstiles or something along the party lines to figure the traffic to and fro.—Detroit News.

Speaking of animal co-operation, there are the stork and the wolf.—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

Advertise in the TAR HEEL.

Merely Meandering

by
john mebane

We bet most of the spectators at Saturday's game were Scotch.

We are glad that it rained Saturday night; it affords us an opportunity to say that the campus was "all wet" after the Wake Forest game.

And if it had not rained, someone might have impugned us for our observation.

There was no excuse for Carolina beating the Deacons so bad; it ruined our chance of winning a perfectly good tie from Stetson "D".

Headline in Saturday's Tar Heel: "ASHEMORE SEEKS IVORY FOR TEAM."

Well, we wish him luck and hope he catches enough elephants to supply the whole squad.

Recently a South Carolina newspaper having referred through misprint in an editorial to a Confederate soldier as a "battle-scarred veteran" and having received from him most emphatic objections to the same, reprinted the article the next day replacing the cause of the old soldier's displeasure with the phrase, "battle-scarred veteran."

The only difference between a co-ed seated in a chair studying and an owl seated on the limb of a tree reflecting is the serious expression on the owl's face.

Now we suppose we will have to stay indoors for a couple of days until the co-eds realize that we were just fooling.

Really though, we like co-eds because they are stupidiously (pardon us, we mean "stupendously") entertaining. They ask so many dumb questions on class that it keeps us in a perpetual state of good humor.

Honest it does.

And we even venture to say that the co-eds at Chapel Hill are nicer than those of any other state university in North Carolina.

Well, we go from worse to verse. Forgive us if we take time out to give vent to our emotional feeling and offer you a bit of poetry.

I asked you for dates—you said no.
I offered you rings—you rejected.
I thought you were awfully slow,
But still, that's all I expected.

I was not discouraged a bit,
I worried until you gave in.
I thought I had made quite a hit
With my eyes and my dimpled chin.

I sat in your house and reflected,
You told me to go, still I tarried,
But your husband came in unexpected,
Why didn't you say you were married!

Of course, you understand that this didn't really happen to us. We just made it up for fun.

There ain't nobody to love me
There ain't nobody to care,
There ain't nobody to kiss me,
Nobody to finger my hair.

And I want to go way away
Far off from this world of sin
Out to the home of the jabberwock
And the haunts of Gunga Din.

I want to go out to the west
Where the sparrows flitter and flit,
Out where the men are men
And the women are glad of it!

Note to linotype operator: If this stuff doesn't fill out a column, add some more rot to it. It will not be any less digestible than some of the junk already printed.

FRESHMEN FORM FRIENDSHIP GROUP

Clarence Phoenix, of Greensboro, Is Elected President of Council.

Last Friday night at a banquet meeting held at the Methodist Church the Freshman Friendship Council was organized and officers for the coming year were elected. Those chosen to lead the group this year are: Clarence Phoenix, of Greensboro, president; Glen Much, vice president; Orion Gumption, secretary; and J. L. Dungan, treasurer. Mr. Robert B. House, executive secretary of the University, was the principal speaker of the evening.

The Freshman Friendship Council which is formed every fall, is a group of ex-Hi Y members and others interested in Y. M. C. A. activities who meet weekly for the purpose of creating a better feeling of friendship among the members of the Freshman

class. At the meeting Friday there were more than fifty present and of these over forty were ex-Hi Y men.

In the talk Mr. House said that one comes to the University to develop himself along three lines: the spiritual, the physical, and the intellectual, but chiefly in the intellectual. In view of this one should consider the serious side of the University life as well as the social and enjoyable. However, he did not advise those present to become bookworms, for that would limit the development to one side.

"Don't let anything cheat you out of your birthright in mental training," he urged. There are at the University men who are leaders in their lines of work and to let anything keep one from knowing these men and working with them is to let those things cheat him out of a part of his birthright, said Mr. House.

After the election of officers which followed Mr. House's talk, the meeting adjourned to meet again next Monday night at the "Y" at 7 o'clock.

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What's Happening

TODAY

4:30 p. m.—Spencer Hall. Meeting of American Association of University Women. Business meeting and reception to new members.
4:30 and 7:30 p. m.—The Play-

makers Theatre. Tryouts for "An Enemy of the People."

7:30 p. m.—New West and New East. Dialectic Senate and Philanthropic Assembly.

7:30 p. m.—Graduate Lounge (Smith Building).
Meeting of the Philological Club.

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Twenty-Five in Years-\$25.00 in Prizes

This week Gooch's Cafe is twenty-five years old—just sufficiently aged to know what it's all about.

Back in 1903 Gooch's was a seven seater—but big enough to be the center about which the student body radiated. As the number of students increased, so did the number of seats in Gooch's. Today Gooch's remains a center of student life.

\$25.00 In Prizes

During this week we are going to give away \$25.00 worth of meal ticket books. Everyone has a chance to cop a prize. For details ask the cashier today. The quicker the better.

