

# The Tar Heel

LEADING SOUTHERN COLLEGE TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER



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Thursday, October 11, 1928

## PARAGRAPHS

The reluctance with which seniors and juniors are making appointments to have their Yackety Yack pictures taken reminds us of the quasi-modesty of some of our visiting notables.

Tomorrow being Founder's Day, we are trying to decide whether it celebrates the anniversary of the estimable Davie's finding Davie Poplar or some legendary Mr. East finding the cornerstone of the first building.

And while speaking of politics it might be well to mention that a new use has been discovered for Al Smith lapel buttons—they are now being used to pin together the sheets of themes, essays and law papers!

It really is most obliging of Paul Whiteman to come down South tomorrow just to help us celebrate the founding of the University. Perhaps such felicitous sentiment on his part results from the possibility of his being an "Unknown Alumnus" of this Alma Mater.

This Hoover-Smith controversy extends even to the youngest. We heard yesterday that the grammar grades in the Chapel Hill School, organized into Smith and Hoover Clubs, staged a free-for-all fight, in which the fourth grade Hooverites licked the fifth grade Smithites. My, but they start young!

## WHAT WILL HE SAY?

After hearing an infinite number of occasional speeches—some for Founder's Day and some for similar events, our editorial optimism has become sadly diminished as to the likelihood of a really worthwhile address. Mediocrity has been the outstanding characteristic of most speeches delivered in Memorial Hall during the past few years. Excellence has been the exception.

However, with the bit of hope still left to us we are looking forward to hearing Robert Lathan, editor of the Asheville Citizen speak tomorrow morning. He comes to this University with the reputation preceding him of being an able speaker and an eloquent editor, with the added recommendation of a Pulitzer award for the best editorial of the year.

From Lathan we hope to receive an address which will go far toward compensating for previous lack and which will fitly grace the importance of the occasion.

## MUSICAL RECOGNITION

In recognition of a wide reputation and high merit, the Glee Club of the University of North Carolina has been cabled an invitation to participate in the Anglo-American Conference of Musicians to be held in England next year.

Simultaneously comes an invitation to the University Band to play for the Al Smith reception in Raleigh. No comparisons are to be made or inferred as to the relative importance of these two invitations. The significant fact is that the musical organi-

zations are possessed of a reputation which rebounds to the credit of the organizations themselves and to the University which they represent.

Glee Club concerts given here on the campus have never succeeded in attracting a respectable sized crowd of students—unless indeed the concert happened to be free. Band concerts, too, share the misfortune of small attendance. The main stigma attached to them seems to be the fact that they are home talent—and home talent is not always appreciated. When acknowledgment of the real worth of these musical groups is made by such invitations as the present ones, it is to be hoped that the campus, too, will be somewhat impressed by the recognition granted its home talent by authorities in their respective fields.

When will the campus follow the lead of others and admit the abilities of its own organizations?

## TIME THIEF

It is a very old saying, but it is none the less true because of its antiquity. As soon as we quote it, you will probably stop reading this editorial, because you will have a guilty conscience, like most of the rest of us. We'll go right ahead, though, and we hope you will—"Procrastination is the thief of time."

It is more than a thief. It is an all-around wrecker, most times. You put off studying for the quiz until you have finished the bull session, and before you know it your studying time is gone. That exam next day is wrecked.

You will put off making your appointment with the Yackety Yack photographer, and before you know it December first with its deadline for photographs will have arrived, and your picture will not appear in the annual. It takes just as much time to do things now as it does then. Better do 'em now.—H. G.

## OPEN FORUM

### A PLEA

The following may be considered as a plea, a demand or as an urge. No matter what the reader may please himself to term it though let us all hope mightily that it will reach the ear of our cherished Freshman Class or better the guilty ones therein.

As in all Freshman Classes there are always those who try to carry their "High School Habits" into college. This can best be termed a handicap because it gives the First Year man another wall to batter against, another problem to solve.

The Freshman who happens to sit on a class and attempts to be a "Shining Light" as he might have been when he was "Head Man" in his home-town high school brings the gaze of his angered classmates and the barely tolerant glances of his instructors down upon him.

So "Beginners" don't make yourself unpopular from the first by taking the time of the class the instructor, and your own (if you have any) to ask foolish and insignificant questions. Rather if you have nothing to say, don't be rude because you can display at least "good manners" by keeping your mouth shut. Also for your own good and others connected with you try and realize that you are being sent here primarily to get the shell cracked (so to speak) and a little culture poured in, if that is possible.

An early oiling of the professor or doctor (as the oilers patronizingly call them) instead of the books leads to a "proverbial" hot-box at mid-term.

### AN UPPERCLASSMAN

#### Saluda in An Hour

(Spartanburg Herald)

"Well, I ran down the mountain from Saluda in an hour flat," was the remark of one who did it yesterday morning, following the "valley road," which the North Carolina state highway authorities have thrown open to traffic, though it is not yet free from some of the marks of the flood and there is still a bit of a detour between Melrose and Saluda. However, it is a great improvement over the Howard Gap detour and is, of course, the beginning of the use of North Carolina's splendid highway into Western North Carolina. It is going to mean much to this city and to this section. The distance from Saluda over the present route is 39 miles and will be somewhat reduced when the remainder of the paving is being used.

Girls have at least discovered a cure for the run in the stockings. They are going without.—Boston Transcript.

Middle-men, asserts agriculturists, are a burden on farmers—and so are middle-men and muddle-men.—Wall Street Journal.

## Hash and Mothballs

By Joe Jones

Well, the freshmen did it all right, so we feel constrained to give 'em a cheer: Fifteen frosh on a sophomore's chest, Yackety yack, and a bottle of Gonich!

But don't get swell-headed, freshmen, and if you're a little stiff from the fight don't go near the med building because little stiffs are the easiest to handle.

More about the little fellows: Now it came to pass in the year of 1928—but it didn't pass, it flunked every darn course.

It also came to this office last night and wanted to raise Cain with the circulation department because its Tar Heel was being delivered only three times per week.

Honest, though, the Tar Heel almost missed getting out this morning. One of the freshmen reporters took the assignment hook and the dead-line to go fishing with, and didn't bring them back till almost midnight.

That same reporter was squelched yesterday, however, when he asked Coach Collins if his hand was hurt. "Naw," said the coach, "that bandage is to keep me from sucking my thumb."

We hear that the sophomores and the grown-ups of Spencer Hall have been mixing it up a bit recently, too.

Co-ed Mary says that Sophomore Bill used to set her up to a shoe-shine once in a while, but that now he doesn't even do that, since they cost a dime.

Bill says that it would be mighty nice to go to heaven and hang around with all the "Y" officers, but that he hates to think of spending eternity without any pretty girls.

Mary says she heard the Devil is a gentleman, at least.

Yes, Mary, we already know you are pretty.

The editor declares that henceforth this paper will be absolutely clean and wholesome. With a little cream and sugar it may be eaten for breakfast.

But it would be just as good as muffets, or cruffets, or crunchies, or crispies, or flakies, or brannies, or wheaties, or ricies, or cornies, or oat-sies, or pine bork, or peanut shells, or sawdust, or excelsior, anyway.

Which reminds us of the man who worked in a Durham pastry shop till his hair fell out, and that's the first time we ever heard of a piebald man.

But that's rather far fetched, as the Western Union boy said when he delivered a telegram in Hope Valley.

That guy next door is singing, "It ain't gonna rain no more." Yes, that's right, two negatives make a positive.

Speaking of singing, here's the way most of us feel about it: I'm a Tar Heel born, I'm a Tar Heel bred, And when I die It'll be another darn good man dead.

Here's the way the other per cent feel:

I'm a Yankee born, I'm a Yankee bred, But it's nicer to die In a Tar Heel bed.

The baby cried when the cow went dry, Bud cried when the gas tank went dry, Sis cried when the bottle went dry, ma cried when the cistern went dry, but dad suicided when the whole darn state went dry.

And are you crying too, gentle reader? Well, well, that's strange. But there, there, dry your tears on the four masterpieces of American wit and humour which follow.

Prof: "Has anybody studied the lesson?"

Class: "What lesson?"

Bootblack: "Have a shine, mister?"

Stud: "Not in public, might get shipped."

"Dear," said the aged butterfly to his wife, "remember when we were worms together."

"We roll our own," said the tumble-bugs.

At a meeting of women in Asheville opposed to Al Smith "one of the speakers dramatically tore a blank piece of paper into many shreds and pieces: 'If you elect Smith, ladies, that is what you do to the constitution', she exclaimed in an outburst of eloquence." Gosh, we thought the constitution was a tougher baby than that.—Greensboro News.

## ITALIAN MOVIES IN AMERICA

(New York Times)

American film companies' plans have received several hard jolts in the past few months. The antagonism of leading French and German cinema makers displayed immediately after the conclusion of Mr. Hay's peace trip in June, the calm report of the Indian Cinematograph Committee against encouraging American pictures in July, and the whirl of the talkies here last month have been followed now by an ominous pronouncement from Italy.

Mussolini sees in movies and talkies as useful a tool as has ever come within reach. Like the film industry in other European countries, the Italian has languished while Hollywood has grown fat. The American export product has been highly satisfactory to the populace, but its taste is now to be reformed. Italian pictures will draw upon the best talent on the directorial and technical side in France, Germany and England sufficiently to supply at least one week of every month with native-made films. Italian banks will see that money is not lacking, and Mussolini will see that the Fascist regime comes in for a share of glory.

American films will not be accepted for Italian showing except under the strictest arrangements. Reciprocity is the watchword. If our producers will take Italian pictures, they will take ours. This undoubtedly looks like a fair exchange to the Duce, but managers of movie houses are going to have trouble getting people to come when a purely Fascist feature is in the bill.

## A WAVE OF SNOBBERY

(Asheville Citizen)

"The real issue in the campaign is tolerance," declares Edward Mead Earle, professor of history at Columbia University, in an article in the Nation. "This may not be altogether obvious to the resident of New York City. But to a New Yorker transplanted perforce into an up-state community it becomes of prime significance. I am not speaking alone of religious toleration—although Protestant pulpits are booming with denunciations of a candidate who happens to be a Catholic, whereas Catholic priests are silent lest their words be taken as orders direct from the Pope! I am speaking of a kind of tolerance which is free from snobbery—which is not afraid of brown derbies, a nasal twang or an obtrusive wife.

"There has suddenly sprung up a new qualification for office in the United States—that the president must be a college graduate! As a professor in a great American university, this strikes me as the choicest sort of nonsense—Al Smith's education is no more than a college diploma."

## Lucky Seven!!

tion in dealing with men and women is much more to be valued than the sort of book knowledge (or lack of it) which one acquires in our best country-club colleges with their ranking football teams and high social prestige. If Smith is submerged in a wave of bigotry and snobbery, none can foresee the consequences to freedom of thought and habit in America."

Snobbery is a direct and astonishing denial of every section of the code of Americanism. It is the attitude of the bootlicker and of the artist in sham and pretense. Let its exponents and practitioners exercise the balance of power in this country, and we shall be in parlous shape.

If the farmer had as many customers as he has friends all his troubles would be ended.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

## Lucky Seven?

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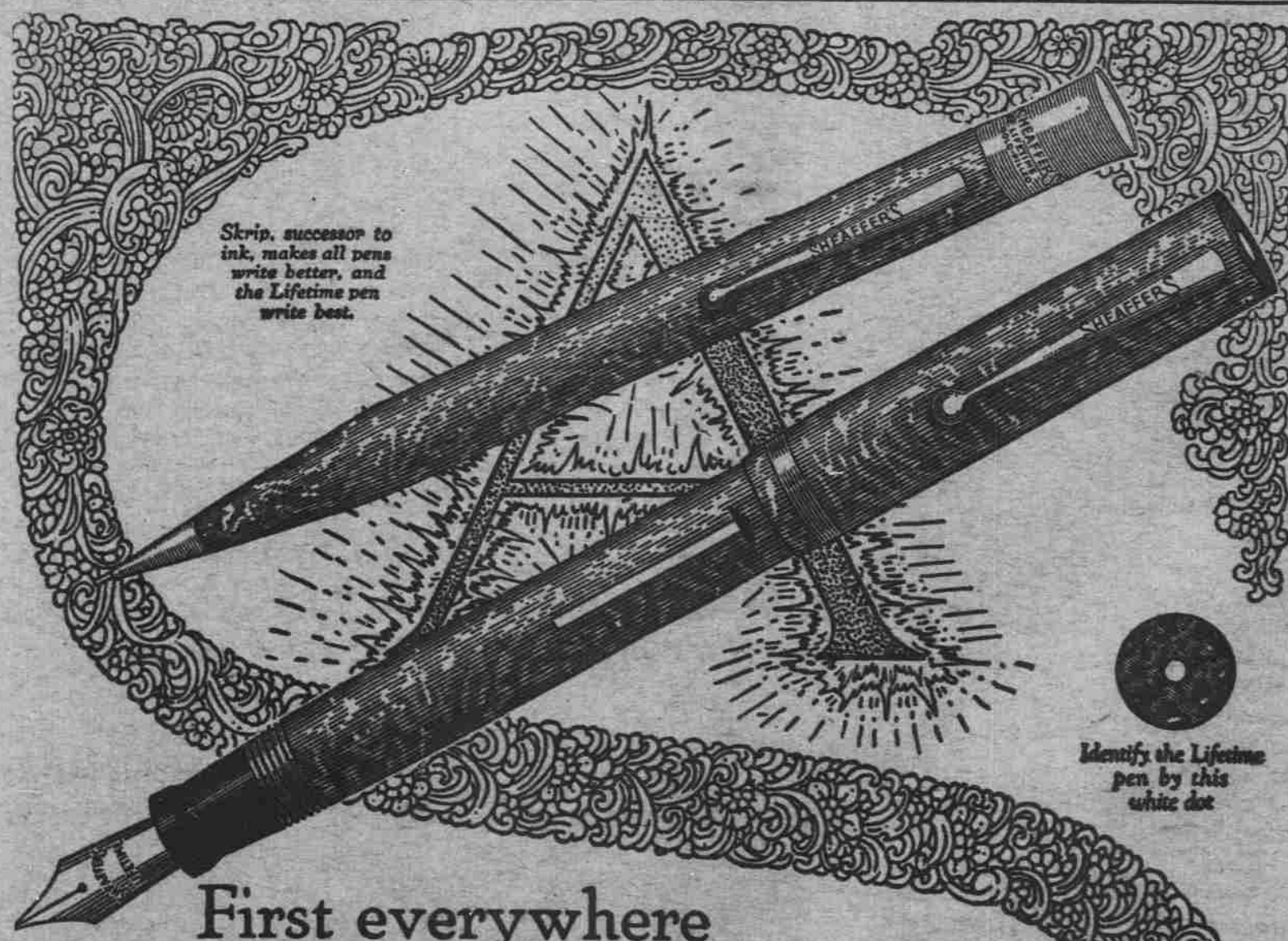
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