

The Tar Heel

LEADING SOUTHERN COLLEGE TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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Thursday, October 25, 1928

PARAGRAPHS

This matter of clothing the band is really becoming serious. We just can't allow them to go around like a lot of male Lady Godivas.

And since dressing up seems to be the favorite topic of discussion, we should like to suggest that the poor little Cheerios be allowed to leave off their white pants in the winter time and substitute red flannels.

After reading the first issue of the Buccaneer, we conclude that all Dean Hibbard's attempts at reform were in vain. Editor Perry's pure and stainless spirit seems lost in an avalanche of smutty jokes.

All such famous lines as the bread line, the registration line, and even the football line are as nothing compared to the ticket line formed in the lobby of the Y before every game. Is it one of life's necessary evils or merely an evil?

Five well-known co-eds are reported to have been lost in the woods Sunday. Seems like afternoon walks are as dangerous as North Pole flights.

The straw vote to be held this week may not be the straw that breaks the camel's back, but it will undoubtedly be hard on the mule or the elephant.

If straws actually show which way the wind blows, the result of the straw ballot ought to prove the efficiency of political wind-bags.

WAITING FOR THAT GRAT

Few moments are more tense than those during which a class waits for a late professor. As the minutes drag on, watches are nervously snatched from pockets, anxiously gazed at, and replaced, to be pulled out again in thirty seconds.

Voices hum, a few hardy spirits begin to talk about leaving, and someone raises his voice and spouts in a manner reminiscent of the best soap-box radicals. Are we slaves, afraid to assert our rights? Are we to bow down before a few paltry marks, fearful of braving the possible displeasure of the instructor, or shall we rise and go hence?

Thus and thus goes the talk, until the belated instructor makes his smiling appearance, and the class subsides. A grat? Why, gentlemen, you are here to learn, are you not? You thirst for knowledge, and yet you cannot wait a few minutes for it.

And so on, for five minutes.

The majority of students are serious, anxious or willing to learn. But it cannot be denied that an unexpected holiday is a very pleasant surprise. Few courses are so exacting and crammed with material that a very occasional grat cannot be granted. There are instructors who save up their grats against the day when sickness will enforce absence. The wisdom of this system cannot be denied. But there are also professors who do not give grats because

they do not see why they should. Abolish grats, and do away with the pleasant element of surprise in some otherwise dull classes? Perish the thought! Let us have an occasional Roman holiday. They're good for the health.

FOR LESS THAN A MOVIE

When the Carolina Playmakers decided to sell season tickets, admitting the purchaser to six performances during the year, for the remarkably small sum of one dollar and a half, they issued a challenge to the interests of the student body. At an admission price of one dollar a performance there was some excuse for many students to forego the pleasure of "never-never coming back" Playmaker speeches. But now that the price has been cut down so low that it is less than a ticket to the Pick or the Carolina, we can figure out no legitimate reason why the seats of the Theater should not be filled to their capacity at every performance.

Entertainment is rapidly coming within the means of every student. The Entertainment Committee brought Paul Whiteman's orchestra to the campus at a cost of fifty cents or less to the students while seats for the same attraction sold for sixteen dollars in New York. Now come the Playmakers and offer tickets to all their year's performances for a ridiculously small amount. A good year's entertainment is within the reach of all. What is the response.

STRAWS IN THE WIND

Few students in the University are old enough to vote in the coming election. Since time alone can remedy that, the Tar Heel will not attempt to. Of those who have attained the magic age of twenty-one, however, many will refrain from exercising their ballot privilege on account of lack of interest. That attitude we do not favor.

Such actions as the holding of a straw ballot among the students may indeed seem to no purpose inasmuch as they cannot affect the actual outcome of the election. The principal point in favor of it is, we firmly believe, the arousing of interest in the political campaign being waged, the turning of student attention toward the policies of the respective parties, and the creation of a public sentiment as to the citizen's duty to vote.

Student balloting may be only straws in the wind; but when straws in the wind serve a definite purpose, we favor them.

CLIPPED

IT ISN'T THAT SORT OF A GAME

(News & Observer)

In this day of organization when a college cheer leader is almost as vital as a good quarterback, we cannot warm up to the suggestion that comes from the Pacific Coast Association of College Yell Leaders for reform in the way of more dignified college yelling.

We are not sure of this dignity. We somehow cannot quite see what dignity has to do with college yelling, and we are very sure that those who are looking for dignity within the enclosures of a stadium or football field will have to reform the essentials of football.

If the old grad cannot restrain himself within the confines of any dignity he might have wrapped around himself in the years between the diploma and the present when he sees his own "purple Hurricane" sweep a man's size "Golden Tornado" down the field for a touchdown, what can you expect of an undergraduate?

Besides, football isn't a game for the nonchalant.

A Prohibition By-Product

(New York Times)

Champions of prohibition have every reason to be encouraged by its working in this town. From Jan. 1 to Sept. 1, 518 persons died of alcoholism. When a man's dead, his evil desire for drink is cured. Prohibition has been enforced against him supremely. Its notable successes on the East Side must be gratifying. Thirty-three deaths in two days, eleven deaths in one day, from wood alcohol, make a creditable record.

It was for the poor especially that the benefits of prohibition were designed. They are getting them; rather swiftly in one region of late. This geographical inequality will be remedied. One of Commissioner Doran's janitors of virtue predicts that in time "the lid will be shut down so tight that they will be dropping down all over the city instead of just along the waterfront." New York is to have complete instead of sporadic enforcement.

OPEN FORUM

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, DOC

To the Editor

Dear Sir:

We've just got to put some clothes on the band. Can't have the band tooting around looking like a "Stetson D" window only not so new. It ought to look like our band. And to do that, it should have a uniform. Everything that represents us has a uniform except our band. Even the Faculty has a uniform when it's all dressed up representing the University; the best rags that some of us sport, too. And look at the Cheerios, shining with a more than oriental splendor.

Just to show what a difference a uniform makes, I recall the time I first saw our Cross Countries. I thought they'd left their breeches at home. "No," said a kind friend; "those are part of their uniform." I felt relieved at once. Queer taste. But all right; my mistake. See what a difference even the name "uniform" makes.

I want to see our band, dressed within an inch of its life. Maybe that inch would keep it within bounds, too. Yes, Sir—dressed and perfumed if that'll help. Clothes make the man; and clothes make the band. Just you let our band feel once that it looks like somebody, and it'll toot longer and louder than the Republican Party. We'll all have to move into the next county. But we'll have a band that is a band.

Put some money into the hands of our Campus Best Dressers, and tell 'em to assemble the rags. We've got 'em. There are those in our midst who could rig up a uniform loud enough to drown the band out. Sure, they'd increase its volume. All we need's the money. Clothe the poor orphan. Think what he does for us; think... Well, never mind, let's clothe him anyway.

Very truly yours,
JOHN M. BOOKER.

TWO FRESHMEN SPEAK

In Tuesday's issue of the Tar Heel there were several criticisms of the Freshman Cheerios. When one seriously considers this play, he realizes that it is unfair, ridiculous, and totally unsatisfactory. In the first place, consider the Freshman's point of view. Many of them are bitterly opposed to the plan, and, in some cases, cannot even enjoy the game because of it. Even though they have this attitude, they are forced to comply with the rule if they wish to see the game; consequently, there are numbers of Freshmen who, however anxious they may be to see the game, stay away because they are under this obligation. There are absolutely no exceptions. It matters not what his situation may be, no Freshman can enter the gates without his white pants, blue coat, and Freshman ticket. His best girl, his family, or any number of his friends may be at the game, yet he cannot accompany them, nor can he even sit with them inside the stadium.

The Freshmen, although they should not do so, pay exactly the same price for their tickets that the upperclassmen pay. Furthermore, unless they accidentally happened to have a pair, they were compelled to purchase a pair of "white britches." This caused the Freshmen to have to pay about two times as much as they should to see the games, and, at the same time, adhere to a plan which they bitterly opposed. Does this seem just to any fair-minded person? Surely it does not.

W. E. CONNALLY, JR.
S. B. WINSTEAD.

THE CHEERLEADER SPEAKS

The Athletic Association and I wish to straighten out a misunderstanding that has arisen among some members of the Student Body concerning the Freshmen cheering section.

Last year it was found that the small group of Cheerios that attended the Davidson and Virginia football games were entirely inadequate and out of place in the huge Kenan Stadium. Therefore Grady Pritchard, Dean Bradshaw and I worked out a plan to organize the Freshman Class into a cheering section which would be a credit to Carolina and the new stadium and, incidentally, to improve the yelling. This plan was presented to the class, voted upon and approved by them. But the idea was not to take them unawares and slip something over on them, for it was not to be compulsory that a freshman be an active member of the section. And in case a freshman wished to be with his family or his girl during a game he was at perfect liberty to exchange his card for a seat in any other part of the stadium.

When the class registered they were given the best seating section in the stadium, the one at the fifty yard line. During the week preceding the Wake Forest game they had numerous enthusiastic cheering meetings and were well pleased with the whole idea. No complaint was made by the freshmen or any one else concerning the system until the issue of last Tuesday's Tar Heel.

I am sorry that a misunderstanding has been caused, but I am glad that I have the opportunity to clear it up through the columns of the Open Forum. Certainly there could be no point in compulsory cheering, that would be defeating its whole idea and purpose. I would rather see the whole business abolished than to obtain team support by such forced patriotism.

I believe, though, that the members of the Freshman Class have enjoyed the active part that they have taken in the University's cheering; and of course, every one will admit that they have done excellent work. I hope their interest and fine co-operation will continue.

BILL CHANDLER

A Needed Law (Durham Herald)

The Raleigh Times is starting early in a renewal of its insistence that the next General Assembly pass a law requiring applicants for marriage licenses to give public notice of intention to marry for some specified time, probably two weeks, before getting the license. There has for several past legislatures been an effort to interest the lawmakers in legislation of that nature, but so far not sufficient support has been secured to pass a law requiring the giving of notice before securing marriage license. But the sentiment favorable to such a law is growing, and it is not much further until it becomes a law.

Too many young people absolutely ignorant of the seriousness of matrimony are getting married. They, on the impulse of a sudden infatuation, frequently nerved up with a few shots of bootleg whiskey, decide to get married, and then comes the repentance.

Mr. Hoover declares that a change of government at this time could bring only distress and disaster, and that loud "Amen!" chorus from the picneter is altogether sincere.—Greensboro News.

The Hoboe

By Hoboe

THE HOBOE

There has been, it seems to me, a most annoying superfluity of "copy" in the columns of the Tar Heel that has been confined within these sanctified borders that give the very dignified name of column to very ordinary writing. The Tar Heel has had too many columns; Not that our Carolina columns have been badly written, or inane in their observations; we have sat in gaping admiration at the feet of those most excellent writers whose keen perception has given birth to that devastating eloquence that ably and aptly supplements the editorials of the editor-in-chief. But the whole idea of a column is dank futility. What earthly purpose or justification is there for a column?

But here is a * * * * * jewel among those that already adorn the shining crown of our very adequate tri-weekly. The lustre of this gem, or its irritating brilliance, will not be long prolonged but will vanish as quickly and as completely as do those rare thoughts that make for genius. It is from this fleeting quality that comes the name at the head of the page.

Now quickly to my message before we and I start our vagrant way along the distant paths of truth. The hobo has been hailed into court, tried and sentenced. It is here my intention to file an appeal. Our Mr. Williams has rightly and earnestly besought us to make for that right well known El Dorado, generally designated as the Truth. Make it, he says, a passion rather than a policy. Honesty is success; make all the world of human activity bow before it. Therefore don't bum rides, for that of itself makes you either a beggar or a thief, and with the habits of either you cannot make your way in this world of righteous men.

I have never liked the epithet of thief, nor much more that of beggar and must ever essay to clear myself

I cannot for the life of me see the thievery in riding by permission in another man's car, or of bumming a match from him. There is beggary in both actions if one must be an ex-

aggerated principalist. But the donor of the match or the ride receives from such an action no great inconvenience or loss, to the contrary it is quite conceivable that he may derive some pleasure from a generous act. I am not flattering when I say that the great majority of our undergraduates are quite capable of making a ride to Durham or Charlotte the more enjoyable by their presence. In the strictest sense accepting favors is beggary, a sin indubitably. But the fruits of the college bumming institution are so far from bad that I am led to conclude that a little more sin is desirable rather than a stricter adherence to an inflexible law of sterile righteousness.

I cannot for the life of me make Truth a passion. All the other passions of my make-up have for the most part caused me nothing but embarrassment, and I cannot see that Truth could be affected in a manner so very different. Do not interpret me to deny the truth. In most cases I have found it a most estimate expediency, but making it, for no reason whatsoever my passion seems entirely too Hebraic to my convivial nature. One must be practical in a business world where cleverness is more valuable than a static philosophy of Truth.

STRAIGHTENING OUT ITEM ABOUT FURNITURE

(High Point Enterprise)

The Charlotte Observer, ready at all times to magnify the productivity of the state, through an error of an editorial writer or by typographical blunder, writes down the furniture industry woefully. The Observer says that North Carolina furniture factories "made over \$6,000,000 worth of furniture a year."

The Observer was quoting from a survey but we are confident it was misquotation. For the Charlotte editor's information, we direct attention to the recent official figures published by the state showing that the furniture factories paid in wages to employes more than double the six million last year.

According to those figures, the state's furniture production in 1927 was \$53,000,000 and manufacture added to the value of the raw material more than \$25,000,000. The Observer must know that High Point factories could not meet the \$100,000 a week furniture workers' payroll on a production of \$6,000,000 for this town alone.



"DIGA"



THAT'S the telephone "Hello" in Madrid. In London, it's "Are you there?" But in many foreign countries, Americans find a universal language in the telephone salutations. It's good old "Hello"—a subtle tribute to the fact that the telephone is an American invention.

And so it is with elevator service. Even though they say "Diga" in Spain, the architects of the magnificent new Madrid Telephone Building unhesitatingly said "Otis" because Spain demanded the last word in elevators. You will find in Madrid the same type of Signal Control Elevators that are now installed in those monumental telephone buildings in America, in New York, Cleveland, St. Louis and San Francisco.

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