

The Tar Heel

LEADING SOUTHERN COLLEGE TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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Thursday, November 8, 1928

PARAGRAPHS

The ones Solid South seems to be melting away—evidently the best of solids turn liquid under stress.

All of which reminds us that the "Happy Warrior" isn't happy any more.

With Hoover's relief record, maybe his election will at least bring us relief from the worries of campaigning.

The University of North Carolina still maintains its prized individuality—its straw vote was overwhelmingly for Smith while the trend of the nation was Hooverward.

At present we are trying to decide whether the "Danger" sign on the basement door of Alumni Building refers to the Tar Heel office or the Rifle Club.

A boxing bout is to be staged Friday night for the benefit of the band. If members of the band were to participate in the boxing, they wouldn't need any new uniforms—they could utilize newly acquired bumps, bruises, and cauliflower ears for the necessary decorations.

This "No Men Allowed" sign which we understand is to guard the sanctity of the gymnasium while our fair co-eds play basketball reminds us of the time when Spencer Building for Women was erected upon this campus at the expense of a new gymnasium for the boys. There's no keeping out the women!

Where Is Tag Football Supposed To Be Played

Athletic fields, according to our understanding of the University policy, are provided in order to offer the students a place for exhibiting their athletic proclivities. With the varsity field, the freshman field and the intramural field open to student play, there should be plenty of room.

The various grass plots about the campus have been planted for other purposes than to be trodden down and worn out by the hurrying feet of enthusiastic tag football players. Grass is to beautify the campus, not to provide soft spots for tackled men to fall upon. The spaces in the quadrangle and between the gym and the quad are especially worthy of pres-

ervation and yet at present are receiving destructive attention from thoughtless students.

Pleading for the continual beautification of the campus, the Tar Heel asks that the athletic fields be given a chance to demonstrate their uses and that the grass plots be relieved from their tag football duties.

The Tar Heel Has A Brand New Nurse

Growing in scope and in importance from year to year, the Tar Heel has struggled nobly along under the guidance of a different managing editor for each of the three weekly issues. This plan was good in that it provided training for ambitious journalists and gave three men instead of one a chance to show their originality in writing headlines. Its obvious fault lay in the lack of individual responsibility and the absence of unity in the different issues. No one man was responsible for the layout; each of the three tried to inject his own personality into the Tar Heel—often to the detriment of the paper.

But this system has passed and one full-time managing editor has assumed responsibility for the appearance of the Tar Heel. Now one man will devote his time to seeing that all the news of the campus is brought into the office and finds its way into the columns of the newspaper; he will read copy and write headlines for all three issues and will plan a uniform layout not varying wildly issue to issue. Not only is this step important in that it makes for an improved paper, but it is also paving the way for a daily Tar Heel, establishment of which—at some time in the near future—is inevitable.

It is with pleasure that the Tar Heel welcomes her new custodian, George Ehrhart, and introduces him to the reading public through these editorial columns.

About Boxing And A Boxing Bout

It isn't often that two distinct activities on the campus combine to help one another. When such a thing occurs, it is worthy of notice.

Attention was called in the Tar Heel recently to the need of the Band for uniforms. Quite unexpectedly, a wave of enthusiasm arose from nowhere, rolled down upon the Open Forum's waiting white space, and spent itself in an appeal to help fill the yawning coffers placed near the entrances of Kenan Stadium during the Tech game, so that the music makers might be helped along in their efforts to clothe themselves. Further, and to cap the climax, Johnny Booker rushed into print, and the deed was done.

Done, but not completed. Apparently the money necessary to complete the project was not obtained. Instead of giving up in despair, renewed efforts are being made. And here is where the cooperation which causes the Tar Heel to issue a laudatory salute comes in.

Captain Charley Brown of the Boxing Team announces a program of bouts in the Tin Can tomorrow night for the benefit of the Band—or rather their uniforms. The sluggers will do their stuff for the benefit of the tooters. Perhaps it is a brotherhood of puffed lips—we don't know. But any way you take it, it is a worthy effort. There is too much of the "devil-with-the-other-fellow" attitude among organizations and teams on the campus. It is a pleasure to see one lend a helping hand to another. The Tar Heel wishes the Band and the Boxers good luck in their joint project.—H. J. GALLAND.

Carolina Theatre To Entertain "F" Dorm

Continuing his policy of entertaining various groups on the campus, Manager E. C. Smith announces that D. Dormitory will be the guest of the theatre next week.

The sixty or more men in the group will be welcomed at the theatre at the nine o'clock show Saturday night. They are requested to be there promptly with the Dormitory president.

The Literary Digest frankly caters to those who have telephones. People on party lines should enjoy a magazine that gives all sides of the story.—Martins Ferry Times.

Open Forum

The Dramatic Critic Is Criticized

To The Editor:

Dear Sir:

The worm has turned. It has been squirming for a long time, but it is Dr. John M. Booker we must thank for this sudden turn to the light. It is about time this campus let itself be heard from on the matter of criticism. It is about time we demanded a real literary and dramatic critic. For years we have tolerated people like Joe Mitchell, who by dint of strain have achieved the sophomoric, without the accompanying witty brilliance that makes an occasional sophomoric mind tolerable. As a matter of fact, we are interested in Joe Mitchell, the present so-called "critic," only because he impinges upon us, not through any merit of our own, but because Joseph Mitchell is forever saying "what he thinks," and for fear that we will not finish his article and find his name in the right hand corner, or because he is afraid we will not know it is Joe Mitchell speaking, we see Joseph Mitchell in large black type in the same breadth with the title. We do not particularly care about his personal stand, nor do we expect overdone applause, but from a dramatic critic, as Mr. Mitchell claims to be, we do demand an intelligent stand. Does he get his reputation from such an article as appeared Saturday morning? The Tar Heel directed us to *The Theatre* with the gentle reminder, that even though the Ipsen production was the affair of Friday evening, it must be in its proper place in accordance with metropolitan newspapers. Now we could make some very caustic remarks about football results found in the headlines instead of being kept on the sport page, but, no matter. Well, let us look at this article *The Theatre*. For two long columns, some eleven inches in one and some four in another Critic Mitchell tells us all about Henrik Ipsen, which information, may we remind Mr. Mitchell was on the program in much better literary form, and the same information in the hands of a dramatic critic of a "metropolitan newspaper," would have been run as pre-play publicity. It had nothing to do with the performance. Critic Mitchell's actual opinions are trite, shallow, and of little consequence. Compare them with Dr. Booker's letter. No unrestrained praise there, but an understanding of Ipsen, beautifully clear without any attached history of the playwright's successes and failures for some thirty years. With equal understanding Dr. Booker gives fair and intelligent appreciation of the cast, taking into account the difficulties under which they toiled, and the success with which they surmounted their difficulties. Does Critic Mitchell get his reputation of saying what he thinks from such worn out expressions as so and so "gave a fine performance"; so and so was "splendid"; someone else "managed a walk-on creditably"; and someone else "did not slide off the stage"; the settings were "brilliantly executed," when as a matter of fact, they were not brilliantly executed, but merely adequate? And what kind of English is this, "Ipsen can be acted perfectly all right on a lighted stage"? Is this a critic speaking? Indeed not, Mr. Editor. These are statements of the stereotyped youthful college journalist who, in this case, cannot even hide the fact that he wrote his article on the night of the dress rehearsal. No, we are on to Critic Mitchell. He is not a critic at all. Because we have shrugged our shoulders for so long and said, "Well, you cannot expect intelligent criticism from this campus," Mr. Mitchell's outbursts have gone unheeded, and he came to the conclusion that silence meant approval and sanction of his ability to say what he thought, and to voice the thoughts of the campus. A worthy reputation, this one of saying what you think, but is what Critic Mitchell thinks worth saying?

With best wishes for an interesting Forum in the next few issues, I am,  
 Most sincerely yours,  
 B. F. M. '28.

H. T. BROWNE.

true in a sport which requires brute strength as the primary requisite of its existence? Is there any other sport of lawful bodily contact which is not segregated into weight and size divisions? Boxing, wrestling, and football are the three sports requiring bodily contact. In both of the first two games the small man is not forced to vie with the larger man. There are weight divisions.

The time of action in a football game rarely exceeds seven minutes. There must be more than the game proper in order that people will sit for three or more hours for the purpose of watching seven minutes of action, largely composed of martyristic injuries. Therefore there must be some other element entering into the game. What does the crowd, the mob, come out to see? Surely not the few minutes of action. The crowd likes the music, to mingle among itself, the cheering, the color, to have its emotions aroused. Of these elements football is composed. Could not another game, a more skillful game, be substituted? Would the same crowd that turns out for a football game stay at home, seclusive, if a faster and more skillful game were substituted? No. The crowd likes to gather, to cheer, and to become emotional.

It is the love for blood that elevates the game of football above other sports. Is it called manly because more blood is shed, more bones broken? Is it a reversion to barbarism when the crowd cries for blood to "Kill 'em"?

Many better games could be substituted for football if all of the elements of emotional excitement were present. In England over 110,000 enjoy soccer games. Rarely does an American crowd of such a size see a football game. Is it because the English are more highly educated in the lines of sportmanship and skill that they appreciate a more skillful and less bloody game? No, they merely did not have a few college leaders, who decided that football was the most masculine sport, to set the pace for the future generations. Until football changes and depends more on the requirement of skill and less on the requisite of an excess of weight and bodily contact, the game is not worthy to be qualified as a major sport.

Therefore my suggestion is that a faster, better, and more skillful game be introduced in the place of football, the sluggish.

CLIPPED

U. N. C. LEADING AGAIN

*The Technician*

Once more North Carolina's technical school has to give way to its older and more illustrious sister institution, the University of North Carolina. At this time when student government here is so much under fire behind the closed doors of campus organizations of recognized qualifications, it is considered appropriate to mention the editorial utterances of the University's Alumni Review.

The October (1928) number of that publication, carrying a picture of the Kenan Memorial Stadium within the front cover, has this to say of the plan now in vogue at North Carolina: "It is a rather significant distinction for University student government that the tradition is so well-rooted that the men students of summer school can carry on the self-government ideals of the regular sessions. Carolina student government has been a tradition for college generations. That tradition has long been in the process of building, and numerous student generations have played large roles in the process."

The Carolina publication mentions an editorial in the alumni magazine of Oregon Agricultural College, recording opinions from the speech of the newly named president of the University of Idaho, Dr. J. F. Kelly. The western magazine editorially spoke:

"Each school has peculiar conditions. 'But,' he added, 'the ideal has been attained at such places as the University of Virginia and the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. . . . And, so far as I am aware, neither of these institutions has a single written rule. . . . That is a real system. They have real honor there!'"

That is wherein Carolina again leads State. The student body may take these citations for what they think them worth. We just mention them as a reminder that perhaps Carolina boys have some reason to feel higher up than we. Whether the situation remains the same is up to the State College student body.

Now is the time to subscribe to the TAR HEEL.

Mendenhall Broadcasts

Alex Mendenhall and his Tar Heel Boys has been engaged by the University Extension Division to broadcast over Station WPTF, Raleigh, at the regular University hour program Monday afternoon from 5 to 6 o'clock, it was announced yesterday by Morgan F. Vining, Director of Lectures, University Extension Division.

Mr. Vining says that efforts are being made to have all musical organizations on the Hill appear on a University hour program sometime during the year. Jack Wardlaw and his orchestra broadcasted on October 29. The Carolina Buccaneers, under the direction of Mickey Block, have been engaged for early December, the exact date has not been announced as yet.

"The Desert Song" at The City Auditorium

Schwab and Mandel's "The Desert Song," which comes to the City Auditorium, Durham on Thursday night November 15th is heralded as one of the really big things of the year. Reports from New York, London, Chicago and Detroit, where it has had long engagements, speak glowingly of its grandeur.

Everything that can possibly enter into the composition of a brilliant operetta has been given to "The Desert Song" by brilliant men of the theatre. Its music is by Sigmund Romberg, who charmed so many with his score of "Blossom Time," "May-time" and "The Student Prince." Its book is the combined work of Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein and Frank Mandel, authors of "Rose Marie," "Sunny," "No, No, Nanette" and other Broadway successes.

"The Desert Song" is a modern operetta, set in Morocco during an uprising of the Riffs. With the North African desert and mountains for a background, the librettists have peopled their story with French soldiers and native warriors, ladies from Paris, Spain and the harems of the native chieftains.

A chorus of approximately 100 voices will be heard in the ensembles provided by Romberg, including a large male chorus which is said to vie with the masculine voices heard in this composer's recent success, "The Student Prince."

The company's symphony orchestra will be under the direction of Hans Koch.

Final Date for Annual Pictures Has Been Made

The final date for the taking of pictures of Juniors, Seniors, fraternity pledges and members to go in the Yackety Yack is December 10, and no individual pictures will be taken after that time. Those who have not already had their pictures taken are advised to do so immediately. Appointments may be made at Sutton's Drug Store any time during the day. Fifty cents is to be paid at the Appointment Desk and one dollar to the photographer at the time the picture is taken.

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SATURDAY  
 Milton Sills in "THE CRASH"



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