

The Tar Heel

LEADING SOUTHERN COLLEGE TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER



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Tuesday, November 13, 1928

PARAGRAPHS

Among the famous epitaphs of the World let us add the chosen one of Miss Nell Battle Lewis: "She campaigned for Al Smith in 1928."

If every ardent Smith campaigner sees fit to choose this same epitaph, in a few decades we may find it necessary to establish Al Smith cemeteries where may lie in peace all those who fought the good fight—only to lose.

But now that it is all over, there are other things to be done. So let our friend Al retire to the country and raise chickens—that's the best way to reconcile the Methodist ministers, for who ever heard of a preacher refusing fried chicken?

The Red Cross puts on its annual drive. Might we suggest that some of the recent election bets be paid in the form of subscriptions to this worth while work?

The thieves who broke into two frat houses here on the Hill were brave chaps. Why just suppose they had been captured and bound hand and foot while some wily Greek pinned a pledge button on their coat lapels!

And anyhow, why should even an ignorant thief expect to find any thing of value in a fraternity house?

The Red Cross Stays At Home

For too many people the American Red Cross represents merely another one of those organizations which make an annual call for money to be spent in some distant place for some vague need. The definite work done by emissaries of the Red Cross is not known by the students who will be canvassed in the coming campus-wide drive.

Knowledge of how the twenty-five million dollars subscribed to the Red Cross during the past year was made to cover a multitude of needs would be a surprise to many. Among the divisions of work which carry first aid to an infinite number of sufferers are service to disabled veterans, disaster relief, public health nursing, nutrition, service to men of the regular army and navy, home hygiene and care of the sick, first aid and life saving, junior Red Cross and

foreign and insular activities.

However worthy this extensive relief work may be, it is difficult to impress upon the student just what it means. The new system adopted by the University branch of the Red Cross obviates this difficulty by securing the major portion of the money raised in the drive for local use on the campus. A University branch of the Red Cross has been organized, separate from the Chapel Hill chapter. All students and faculty members will make their contributions directly to this branch. Only fifty cents out of each subscription will be forwarded to national headquarters for national use. All the rest will be kept in Chapel Hill for use on the campus. This means that fifty cents out of a dollar subscription, four dollars and a half out of a five dollar subscription, or twenty-four dollars and a half out of a twenty-five dollar subscription will be utilized for campus needs.

This campus Red Cross fund will be administered by a University board consisting of Grady Leonard, Odell Sapp, and Miss Mela Royall. These three representatives of the University will act upon any cases of student or faculty need which may be alleviated by the local Red Cross fund.

The campaign which starts tonight may not be ignored on the ground of its being foreign to student interests. The Red Cross money will remain on the campus, be attended to by University students and be used for student purposes.

A Browsing Spot For Student Readers

Among the delightful spots of the campus is a small room on the second floor of Murphey Building wherein is housed the Bull's Head Bookshop. The bookish atmosphere which prevails there is a pleasing blend of old books and new books, of fiction and fact, of prose and poetry. Situated in the midst of classrooms, it escapes their taint while creating a charm all its own.

And the best thing about it is that the welcome is not limited to book buyers but is extended to those who wish to come in, look about, and settle down for an afternoon's reading. Money makes the bull go as well as the proverbial mare, so no doubt buyers are essential to assure the continuation of the shop. The proprietor, however, declines to limit his clientele to those who can afford to purchase. He declares that the browser is ever welcome.

An afternoon or a free morning hour is well spent in the Bull's Head. We heartily recommend that those who are not yet acquainted with this spot find their way there and discover the treat awaiting them.

"Pass the Butter, Please"

Not long ago the Tar Heel printed an editorial pointing out the value of college friendships. There was the usual reaction on the campus. Those who read it shook their heads safely and said, "Yep, that's right!" and promptly forgot it. The rest didn't read it.

Nevertheless, college friendships are most important. Perhaps nowhere are friends more easy to meet and make than at mealtime. There are numerous boarding-houses on the campus which serve a large part of the student body. Boys meet there three times a day, every day. Yet few take the trouble to converse with their neighbors beyond the formal "Pass the butter, please" unless their neighbors are fraternity brothers or were known outside the boarding-house.

It is very little trouble and it adds to the pleasure of the meal to talk to the fellow next to you and the one across the way. Contacts made in this manner generally lead to more intimate friendships. Carolina, we have been told again and again, is the most democratic school in the South. An extension of that spirit to boarding-houses as well as other places would not be amiss.—H. J. G.

More than one thousand million packages of chewing gum were manufactured in the United States last year.

Open Forum

B. F. M. '28 AGAIN

To the Editor:
Dear Sir:

My letter seems to have elicited comment and more personalities, not to say recriminations. I was anxious to avoid the latter in order to keep the issues clear. This is a common fallacy and unforgivable, but not conducive to rational discussion. Any seeming personalities on my part were aimed at the unwonted intrusion on the part of Mr. Mitchell. I repeat that I, and a few others, are not interested in Mr. Mitchell.

That Mr. Mitchell follows the style of metropolitan reviewers is of little moment. The conditions here are somewhat different. No metropolitan reviewer sits on a play for a week; he writes for a living; and he writes for the theatre page because the relative value of a play and its production in a city is smaller than it is here. In a city a review has also a definite economic significance. These facts seem to me to demand a more careful appreciation of the production on the part of the campus critic, a more leisurely discussion, and a more thorough suppression of the ego of the critic. A month of hard work and artistic endeavor should not be dismissed so casually. The critic may praise or condemn as he will, but must substantiate his general statements intelligently and in some detail.

To ask me to write a better review than Mitchell's is as puerile as to ask Mitchell to play the Ibsen lead. Both may have been improved, but each must stand for what he has done and accept the possibility of criticism whether it be good criticism or bad, fair or prejudiced. I think Mitchell's criticism is prejudiced in favor of the reviewer, and bad to the point of weakness in its sketchy phrases and condemnations.

That the Playmaker staff was pleased with the review, denotes several things: that reviews were formally very bad; that the staff despairs of a good review; that they accept gratefully the few crumbs Public Opinion throws to them. This is the more serious aspect of the affair, the sufficiency of the second-rate.

A last touch—personal to Mr. Bailey—Advise your friend to append Professor Green's numerical Intelligence Quotient to his name so that in the future, he will not be mistaken for the ordinary youthful realist.

Most sincerely yours,
B. F. M. '28

HE SEED IT TOO

Editor of the Tar Heel.

Dear Sir:

I seen in the Open Forum columns of the Tar Heel Thursday an article signed by B. F. M. '28 raisin sand about Mr. Joseph Mitchell and dramatic and literary critics on the campus in general. I was sure glad I wasn't Mr. Mitchell because I would have probably got all befuddled and fire mad if anybody said such wretched things about me the way they did about him.

Well, I've read Mr. Mitchell's dramatic criticisms and articles for the past two or three years and I thank God he doesn't use as long sentences as Mr. B. F. M. '28. Why honest he writes them by the yard! And he goes galloping off in one sentence about football stories being placed on the front page instead of on the sport page when probably he doesn't no that the important football stories are always put on the front page.

And come to think of it the writer puts his hole article with the exception of the last sentence in one paragraph. Which makes it awful tiresome to read. But I guess the split-in up of the thing into parakraphs wouldn't help it much.

The author of the letter said some mighty nice things about Mr. Booker which are all true. But I usually try to get a boot on a professor by using a shoe horn.

Well, I ain't said much and I guess I couldn't hope to compete in brilliance of literary style with Mr. B. F. M. '28 and I know I couldn't write as ambiguous a sentence as he does even if I tried. But before I stop I would like to ask Mr. B. F. M. '28 how he expects to take over Mr. Mitchell's job without signing his name so as we'll know who he is?

Yours infernally,
Jim Slogan.

AS TO FOOTBALL

Editor of The Tar Heel

Dear Mr. Editor:

I note with a great deal of interest what Mr. H. T. Browne had to say regarding the modern game of football in the last issue of this paper. As an ardent admirer of the game, I feel it is my duty to defend it as much as possible from slurs

cast by Wisacres whose knowledge of the English language far surpasses any sign of mental intelligence they might possess.

To begin with, although every sentence Mr. Browne has written contained unity, coherence, and emphasis, they were so completely ridiculous as to provoke not just gentle mirth, but plain, unadulterated laughter. For instance, he made the statement that football is the only game in which a man weighing two hundred pounds or more has a chance to make the team in his first year of competition. Thus he implies that a large size is necessary to make a good football player. If I understand correctly this is the first year that Pete Wyrick or Bob Blackwood have been eligible for varsity competition, and they certainly lack weighing two hundred pounds by a good margin. Then too, more generally speaking, you will find such men as Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, William T. Tilden, and a host of others, all big men, and stars in their respective sports. Look at the men who enter for field events in the track and field meets, there you will find beef and brawn leading the field.

He has also said that the time of action in a football game rarely exceeds seven minutes. Has he never seen a game? I think that most people who have seen games will support me in saying that the entire affair is replete with action, and thrills, and surely he knows that there are sixty full minutes playing time in a game.

He has called the game slow, and says that brawn, and strength alone are the sole requisites that make a good player. It is certainly a reflection upon his good sense to say this. I do not see how any man could be dumb enough to call a game played by men who are filled with the exuberance of youth, coached and tutored until they have reached a point where team work, and coordination are nigh perfect, a game that calls so evidently for clearness of thought and agility in action, as only fit for brutes or beasts to engage in.

He has said that the English game of soccer could be substituted for football. Please tell me how a game that is so limited by rules and regulations as to be played entirely without the use of one's hands could ever have as strong an appeal to one's finer senses, as one that calls so clearly for cunning and brain work. Pray, where could deceptive or scientific methods be used in such a game as soccer? Would the thrills caused by a brilliant run or a beautifully executed pass be present? Never. Football is the one supreme game. Soccer is only a variation of the game of Rugby, and from that game football, as we play it, has evolved.

Let me say in conclusion that many of the foremost men of our great state and country were football players when the game was much rougher than it is now. I have no doubt but that they glory in the game as they played it, and I believe that all of them would say they derived a large amount of good from it.

Respectfully,
ROBERT B. CHETTY.

DR. URBAN HOLMES GIVES READING

The chemistry department is sponsoring a free movie Wednesday evening at seven o'clock in Venable Hall. This is the third of a series that will be shown every Wednesday evening throughout the quarter for the benefit of all science students.

These pictures show in detail the steps of manufacturing or development of certain commodities. They trace the products from the raw materials to the finished product and explain every minor and major detail of the development.

The program this week consists of two movies. "Oxygen—The Wonder Worker" and "Coffee" are the two that will be shown. The former is a four reel picture and the latter is a one reel picture. The public is cordially invited to attend these movies for their personal benefit of seeing how commodities are produced.

Greensboro College Picks Beauty Queen

Miss Eleanor Edwards, of Kinston, North Carolina, was chosen Beauty of Greensboro College in an election last week of the superlatives from the student body of G. C. The final selection of the superlative types was held last Saturday after preliminary balloting on Friday night.

Those students who were chosen for the honor of having their pictures in the feature section of this year's annual to represent the various types are: Miss Eleanor Edwards, of Kinston, was chosen Beauty; Miss Frances Felmet, of Asheville, as Versatility; Miss Faye Hunt, of Sanford, as Sportsmanship; Miss Clara Stroud, of Liberty, as Efficiency; Miss Mildred Cross, of Sanford, as

Popularity; Miss Gertrude Clay, of Winston-Salem, as Talent; Miss Ethel Herring, of Norfolk, as Intelligence; Miss Doris Gillette, of Rochester, N. Y., as Originality. From this selection only Misses Mildred Cross and Gertrude Clay were chosen from without the senior class; they are members of the junior class.

A New York man contemplating suicide changed his mind when he found 25 cents in the street. Would it be fair to refer to that as help from an unexpected quarter?—*Southern Lumberman.*

Senator Curtis is strong for restricted immigration. And in view of what the Mayflower immigration did to the senator's ancestors, one can't blame him.—*San Diego Union.*

DR. J. P. JONES
Dentist
Over Welcome-In
Cafeteria
PHONE 5761

Local Smoker Learns Bitter Lesson Abroad

New York, March 13, 1928

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va. Gentlemen:

I have used Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco for the past twenty-five years. Two years ago I took my trusty briar along on a trip abroad, intending to revel in the delights of the famous mixtures in London. I confess that I did not carry along with me any of the little blue tins of Edgeworth. But the joke was on me. I went back to Edgeworth, only this time I had to pay 45c for a 15c tin of Edgeworth!

Incidentally, on a trip through England and later through Ireland, I was surprised to find the wide distribution and ready sale of Edgeworth in Great Britain. A frequent and familiar sign in Dublin, Cork and other cities in Ireland was a white steamer announcing a new shipment of Edgeworth. To make such a conquest in the home of smoking tobacco must be very gratifying to your house.

Sincerely,
J. B. Kelly

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