

*Merely Meandering*  
by  
John Mebane

Below we give as accurately as possible a reproduction of some excerpts from a bundle of letters which we found in the attic of one of the houses in the neighborhood. If anyone recognizes them as theirs, please see the editor of this column. A thirty cents fee will be charged for the bundle. These love lines were picked at random (no, that's not a neighboring village). Try them yourself.

1. I'll tell you that you're the only boy I've ever let kiss me.
2. I haven't had those pictures developed yet—
3. Honest, don't you think it's dirty of a boy to string a girl?
4. I've been thinking about the time I kissed you and perhaps I shouldn't have done it.
5. Have you fallen for any of the co-eds yet? Please don't because I'm afraid they'll lead you astray.
6. I've neglected to write you, but I have often thought of you rather guiltily.
7. I love you just the same—because I know you're not as bad as you talk.
8. I don't care about your being in love with me or anything like that. I just want you to like me.
9. I really would like to see you. You know it's been nearly a whole week.
10. The mail man just passed and he asked where that letter was that I used to get so often.
11. I mean it when I say I love you even if you don't mean it when you tell me that.
12. I have put off writing to you for so long that I am staying home from Sunday School just to write you.
13. Do you remember the first night I was with you? You know the time that the moon was a "tilted silver cup" (it was even if you didn't agree with me)? You'll have to forgive me for being reminiscent, but tonight is just the kind of a night to make one feel that way.
14. The reason that I haven't written you is that I didn't think it made any difference to you.
15. Honest, I want to see you, but I made a date two weeks ago, and you can see the position I'm in.
16. Some day I'm going to write you and say something that is worth reading.
17. Don't think I care, but you're the biggest liar I've ever heard. I'm glad I quit while quitting was good. How you can tell two girls the same thing is more than I can understand.
18. I suppose you could be nice if you wanted to, but the trouble is that you do not seem to wish to.
19. You must have some school to have changed you from a Little Lord Fauntleroy into a roaring lion!

All of which goes to prove that most girls need to take a course in English grammar.

From the statements above it seems as it must be a lot of fun to be in love.

But it seems as if marriage is the worst way of taking a joke.

In these days it seems as if girls put out as good a "line" as boys.

Which reminds us that our wash-woman puts out the heaviest line of anyone we know.

We've heard a lot about these self-pronouncing dictionaries. Of course, we didn't think that there was much to them or anything like that. But anyway, we went over to the Book Exchange the other day and bought one. Now it's been on our desk three hours and hasn't said a word yet.

For some time we have listened to those erotic followers of the Muse who, in moments of enamored revelry, have voiced rather emphatically the statement that "love makes the world go round". Lovesick youths, we have observed, are in the habit of composing poetical phrases (*Tar Heel* Columnist, take notice!) which, much to our consternation, we must listen to. Perhaps the originator of this statement imbibed too freely in the wine of love and must have appeared quite tottering and whirling before his unsteady gaze.

Now is the time to send the Tar Heel Home.

**MAGAZINE'S NEW COVER BECOMING; STORIES LENGTHY**

**Current Issue of Campus Literary Organ Is Well-Balanced; Pasture Is Missing.**

By JOHN MEBANE

The current issue of the *Carolina Magazine* appeared on the campus in a new cover. The cover is good. In fact, it is the best, to our knowledge, that has appeared on the *Magazine* for a good many years. The publication is indebted for its becoming garment to the designing powers of Editor John Marshall.

Balance of prose and verse in this number is better than was that of last issue. The stories, however, are rather long. The absence of *The Pasture* with its usual poignant cleverness and wit makes the reviewer feel as if "maybe he's missing something." *The Pasture* was one of the features of the previous issue. The frontispiece poem, *To an Autumnal Cloud*, by Harry de Meaux Mechem, a first-time contributor to *Carolina's* literary organ, does the first-timer credit. The author builds up with delicate grace a very pretty picture, then tears it down and sets up in its place a thing of grotesque beauty.

After reading Joseph Mitchell's *Tobacco Market*, we conclude that, perhaps, after all, we shall stick to our business of reviewing and not become a tobacco farmer. The first page of his article convinces us, that tender-hearted as we are, we could not bear to raise tobacco and get drunk and beat our wife and "young 'uns" for making noise. And besides, we don't choose to "work like hell" and then not make enough money to pay taxes and the fertilizer bill. Mr. Mitchell is all realism; there is no romance in his article. The dialect is good, and the bally-hoo of the barkers is portrayed to perfection. Mr. Mitchell's tobacco farmers evidently have never learned the grace of "cussing"; in fact, they do it most awkwardly. The author, however, does an excellent piece of work in picturing realistically the tobacco market.

Peter Gray is still clamoring for things in *Fetish*. This time she wants shoes. And she seems to want them for all occasions. She says she wants "your shoes" and "my shoes." If there is anything we delight in doing, it is pleasing a lady. But a reviewer couldn't go around the campus barefooted—it wouldn't be dignified.

M. B. M. writes an epitaph. That seems to be the ambition of the younger poets. This time it is an *Epitaph for a Wise Virgin*. Four lines is a generous allotment of space for it.

*Sonnet to a Demented Author* is a poem by the reviewer.

It seems as if the country is destined to behold another Edgar Allan Poe in the guise of J. J. Slade, Jr. *The Man in the Black Cloak* is a mystery story. And a cracking good one, too. This story approaches the professional and is the best thing in the issue of the *Magazine*. The piece is well-constructed, and nearly all of the sentences are good. Interest does not flag a moment during the entire story. We read it and then had to take a dose of bromidia before going

to bed. Buck MacKellar puts down some sentences to shorten an afternoon in November. We have the length of November afternoons to blame for this. The first collection of sentences isn't bad. The author has a delightfully peculiar way of describing things. The second collection is slightly pornographic and not so well done as the first. The third and last sentences gives us an embarrassing suspicion that we will delay taking the last drink until some other time.

H. T. McCone writes a poem, *Inarticulate*. It isn't bad. In fact, it isn't half-bad. It is merely unfortunate that it is a poem. But judging it by the rather indefinite standards of modern poetry, Mr. McCone seems to be a clever juggler of words.

Leslie Gordon O'Pry, too, writes a poem. His is a *Resolution*. It must be a worthy one, for we recollect that nearly every poet during the last twenty years has made a similar one. Lewis Alexander, a successful negro poet, submits *Memory*, a poem. Mr. Alexander has done much better work than this. For the past two years Lewis Alexander has assembled the *Negro Issue* of the *Magazine*. Jack Brooks writes four lines on *Religion*.

The book bazar contains six reviews. C. B. Wood reviews *The Bishop's Wife* by Robert Nathan; Joseph Mitchell reviews *Jack Kelso* by Edgar Lee Masters; W. W. Anderson does *A Couple of Quick Ones* by Eric Hatch; Glenn Holder reviews *Day of Fortune* by Norman Matson; J. D. McNairy does *The Children* by Edith Wharton; and Dick McGlohon reviews *Hilltop in the Rain* by James Saxon Childers.

**Local Racketmen Are Defeated By Virginia**

Carolina's tennis team received a serious set-back last Wednesday afternoon in Charlottesville at the hands of the Virginia team, winning but three out of the eight matches played. This was the first intercollegiate meet of the season for the local racket wielders.

The Old Dominion charges took four out of the six of the singles events, but they split on honors in the doubles, each winning one match.

Summary of singles:  
Smith, Virginia, defeated Shapiro, Carolina, 6-1, 6-2; Yoemans, Carolina, defeated Johns, Virginia, 6-1, 2-6, 6-4; Whitehead, Virginia, defeated Scott, Carolina, 6-1, 6-4; Morecroft, Virginia, defeated Merritt, Carolina, 6-4, 3-6, 6-2; Norwood, Carolina, defeated Taylor, Virginia, 6-3, 12-14, 6-2; and Beasley, Virginia, defeated Lassiter, Carolina, 6-3, 3-6, 7-5.

Summary of doubles:  
Smith and Whitehead, Virginia, defeated Scott and Shapiro, Carolina, 6-3, 10-8; and Yoemans and Merritt, Carolina, defeated Johns and Morecroft, Virginia, 6-4, 6-3.

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**At the Carolina**

Although Mary Pickford has at last succumbed to the barber's shears, one little film actress whom many people think looks enough like the famous Mary to be her own sister, still refuses to bob her hair.

Nancy Drexel is the name of this young lady and she will be seen at the Carolina theatre in Fox films "Prep and Pep," opposite David Rollins. "I think long hair is a great asset to a girl, if she is seeking a career in pictures," says Nancy. "With

long tresses one can do the hair in so many different styles and a wig is seldom ever becoming. Then, when a girl wears a wig on the screen it always spoils the illusion for her fans. Of course, if I ever am cast in a role where I simply must have bobbed hair, I will take a trip to the barber.

Send the TAR HEEL home

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**THIS IS THE WHY AND HOW OF IT**

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