

The Tar Heel

LEADING SOUTHERN COLLEGE TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER



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Candy, Chewing Gum, Dopes and Crackers

According to the recent statement of P. L. Burch, superintendent of buildings and grounds, all student vendors of cold drinks and candy in dormitories must give up their trade by February 15 unless some more sanitary and better regulated methods of selling can be devised.

We deplore the possible passing of such a convenient custom. If student stores are prohibited, how shall we obtain that late midnight feed that is always so necessary after a hard night's work? Of course the downtown stores still exist, but the way is long from the quad to town; and even the best of food is scarcely worth the walk.

The chief objections seem to be the lack of proper sanitary conditions, the absence of any system of inspection, and the persistent littering up of surrounding ground. All three of these objections could be overcome by regular inspection. Let each self-help student who desires to operate a store notify Mr. Burch of his intentions and even secure a license if that is necessary.

Then each store could be inspected at intervals by representatives of the buildings department. If any storekeeper breaks the rules laid down by the buildings department for sanitary reasons or allows his customers to litter up the environs of the building with empty bottles, papers, or fruit peelings, then let his license be taken from him and his store ordered closed.

Wouldn't this take care of the situation, Mr. Burch?

Mental Indigestion

"His tramontane desipience, conceived as it is in platonic nomenclature and esoteric terms, may be despicified with the sycophant."

This terrible succession of sounds was inflicted upon us the other day by one of the campus pseudo-intellectuals.

"Yeah, that's all true, but I asked you why you dislike Bill Jones." We answered.

The super-intellect insisted that he had just finished explaining why he detests Bill, but we rejoined that we couldn't see it that way. He grinned fatuously and began once more, with evident relish, to articulate a steady flow of polysyllabic phrases. We finally gathered that he didn't know exactly what he was saying, but that what he meant was that he considered Bill a fool. Bill may be a fool, but at any rate he is no polysyllabic-slissing moron.

A number of these lads with the high-tension vocabularies infest the University campus. They are evidently suffering from acute mental indigestion resulting from the big words they have swallowed and complicated by a touch of mental deficiency.

Ostentatious display of a large vocabulary, especially when the speaker does not know the meaning of the words himself is utterly disgusting.

—GLENN HOLDER.

The Phillistine

Contributed by Allan Metz

We've decided to give the Tar Heel a break and try our hand at another colyum. The first attempt was more or less abortive, we were told, altho according to our way of thinking it would have had O. O. McIntire, Arthur Brisbane, and Heywood Brown all coming around to get in line and find out when they might get an introduction. Oh, Well, if at first you don't succeed, write an Open Forum letter. Hmm, that last sounds like it had some of the elements of poetry in it. If we were writing for the Carolina Magazine, or even if we were a regular colyumist who knew his stuff (which we take it means how to fill up space in the least displeasing and most unobtrusive manner possible) we would have written it thus:

if
 at first
 you don't
 succeed
 write an Open
 Forum letter

thereby using up seven lines instead of two. That went so well we are encouraged to elaborate:

If at first you don't succeed,
 Write an Open Forum letter.
 Tell the students what they need,
 Show the chains they should un-

fetter:
 Monopolies at U. N. C.—
 German Club and Laundry fee,
 Grail and Bank of Chapel Hill,
 Book Exchange which drains the

till,
 Makes our pile of sheckels nil
 Takes our last remaining bill.
 Other gripes there are abundant,
 Write the Forum, fellow-student.

Graham Memorial old and rotten,
 Still unfinished—nay, forgotten;
 Muddy walks about the campus,
 More appropriate to the pampas;

Ice-cold Tin Can, gym antique,
 All because our co-eds meek (?)
 Didn't like town rooms at all;
 Now they have their Spencer Hall.

Man was always woman's tool
 Would he were not such a fool.
 Write on every subject, son,
 Saving one, the only one:

Do not to the world reveal
 Any fault in our Tar Heel.
 Now we wonder if that will get by
 the literary critic.

We feel that perhaps an explanation is due some of the members of this great family circle. This colyum is not named such for national or patriotic reasons. Nay, nay, gentle reader. We quote Senor Webster for the benefit of those poor unenlightened ones who took Eng. 1 in some other school and were not required by the faculty to give the

Book Ex. a break and buy a dictionary at a greatly reduced price: Phillistine—"A person, esp. one of the middle class, who rejects enlightenment or is indifferent to the higher intellectual interests." Confessions like this always move us to great burning tears. But our first duty is to our dear public, our dearest and severest critic.

We are under the impression that we are the only Phillistine on this great Hill of learning. We can even prove it. Last Saturday night, with the wrestling matches, the boxing meet, bridge games, the Carolina Theater, the Playmakers, informative and obliging bootleggers, and the G. C. Dances—with all these enlightening and higher intellectual interests, we sat in our room and wrestled with the typewriter and this colyum. Q. E. D., ain't it?

At the risk of boring someone—are we right in presupposing that anyone is reading this?—we wish to wax enthusiastic. This really happens almost as seldom as Tar Heels are delivered out on Gimghoul Road, so give ear. There have been gobs and buckets of slush written about colleges and college students. Usually they are searching articles and analyses and piercing exposes of that strange animal the collich student. He is inhibited or inverted or introspective or introverted or some other word beginning with i or one of the other twenty-five. We've found one writer who leaves all the words beginning with i out of his descriptions, and yet manages to write the most interesting and accurate articles on colleges we ever read by the medium of that other great family journal which it is the lowest of the low to read—the Saturday Evening Post. (More than two million seven hundred and fifty thousand weekly.—Adv.) Take a look at Kenneth L. Roberts' articles on the Universities of Illinois, Cornell, and Harvard, in the Jan. 12, Feb. 2, and Feb. 9 issues, and see how the other half of the world is living. I hope the Curtis Publishing Company rewards us according to our due for all this free advertising.

Anyway, that will be all today, class.

Rambling Reflections

By Glenn Holder

Valentine Day in the Ancient Style

Today many fair maids of Meredith and N.C.C.W. are making merry over gaudy heart-shaped boxes of candy and lace-trimmed, splendidly lithographed Valentines. A like number of Carolina youths are treading the paths of the University campus with airy steps and empty pockets, their faces expressive of blissful realization of love's duty fulfilled.

I'm broke, as usual, but far from blissful. Wish there wasn't any Valentine day, and then I'd be three bucks better off. Girls cost too much, anyhow.

Yesterday afternoon I was sitting at a table in the library; just sitting there, thinking regretfully of my vanished three dollars and wondering why they have such things as Valentine Day. The idea occurred to me that I might find out what it is all about.

This is the composite of what I discovered in the reference books:

It was the practice in ancient Rome during a great part of the month of February to celebrate Lupercalia, which were feasts in honor of Pan and Juno. During these feasts, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of the young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the young men as chance directed. The Roman shiek in this way attached unto himself a girlfriend, who was his for a year.

The early Christian parsons wished to put a halt to all the heathen superstitions. They couldn't stop the Lupercalia flapper lottery, however, as the Roman collegians were too fond of thus entering into a sort of companionate marriage on a one-year trial basis. Therefore the preachers named the lottery day for St. Valentine. This old gent was a priest of Rome who had the bad luck to run afoul of Claudius II. King Claud was in a bad humor at the time, and he had the saintly person beaten almost to death with clubs. Then, with his own hands, Claud cut the parson's head off. All this happened on February 14, in the year 270, A.D.

And that's why my three bucks is in the category of the late lamented. An Old Grad Comes Back

The other night I was ambling along the path which leads diagonally across the campus from Old West to Frat Row when a very skinny, very middle-aged gentleman stopped me and inquired the way to the Carolina Inn. He looked into my intelligent face, saw that I was to be trusted, and decided to take me into his confidence.

"Young man, I'm lost," he confided in a tragic voice. I was a junior here in 1908. I caught the erysipelas, and my father came up here and carried me back home on a stretcher. I'm a paint salesman now, and this is the first time that I have been here since 1908. Now everything's changed, and I can't even find my way to Mary Ann Smith Building, my old dorm."

His voice sounded as though he were going to break into sobs. I don't like to have anyone weeping on my shoulder, not even my girl, and so I hastened to escort him to the old Smith Building, now metamorphosed into the pseudo-Oxfordian Graduate Club. When I left him he was bitterly lamenting the fact that they had changed his old room all about.

I sauntered on my way, musing. Twenty years from now, when I will probably be very middle-aged, very skinny, or maybe very fat, and extremely bald, I wonder whether I will come back and find everything on the campus altered. Suppose I can't even find my way about, and have only the ruins of the still unfinished Graham Memorial to bring back memories of the good old days of '29 and '30?

A Real Philanthropist

I was standing in line at the Auditorium in Raleigh one evening early in December, waiting to buy a "peanut gallery" ticket for the Fritz Kreisler concert, when a man tapped me on the arm. He was well-dressed, but there was nothing in the least unusual about his appearance.

"You're the fellow I'm going to give a ticket to," he said. He thrust a pink pasteboard into my hand, and before I could utter a word he had vanished into the crowd. The ticket was for one of the best and highest-priced seats in the house.

In a few moments I saw him coming back. I knew there was some catch to it!

"Have you a friend with you?" he smilingly inquired.

"Sure, I'm his friend," Dick McGlohon, one of my companions yelled. Like a flash the ticket changed hands, and the stranger again silently melted into the crowd. The two tickets were

for adjoining seats.

Dick and I rubbed elbows with the plutocrats in the orchestra seats that night, and cast haughty glances at our fellow University inmates, perched far up in the gallery under the rafters.

Moss Will Teach Religious Courses

Rev. W. D. Moss will teach a course in religion on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 P. M. in the School of Religion rooms in the Methodist church. The subject of this course will be "The Story of Religion," and

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 I am sitting alone in my room tonight,
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 pipe;
 I smoke and dream, and dream until
 I get a plot, and get a thrill.
 I am in the writing game, you see;
 And the pipe-dreams softly bring to me
 Scenes of carnage where the red blood
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 And soon am wrapped in a magic cloak;
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 ished pain,
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classes will be for one hour twice a week. There will be no expense, and no outside preparation is required. Classes will begin tonight, and the public is cordially invited to attend.

Paris has a cemetery on an island, in the Seine where pet animals are buried.

Five sophomores hold regular berths on both the boxing and wrestling teams at the University of North Carolina, and both teams are undefeated in early season meets. Possible Southern Conference champions in both sports, these youngsters may carry on for two seasons to come.

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