

The Tar Heel

LEADING SOUTHERN COLLEGE TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER



Published tri-weekly during the college year, except one issue Thanksgiving, the last two weeks of December (holiday period) and the last two weeks of March (examination period and spring holidays).

The official newspaper of the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Subscription price, \$2.00 local and \$3.00 out of town, for the college year.

Offices in the basement of Alumni Building.

GLENN P. HOLDER Editor
GEORGE EHRHART Mgr. Ed
MARION ALEXANDER Bus. Mgr.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT
Harry Galland Assistant Editor
Glenn Holder Assistant Editor
John Mebane Assistant Editor
Will Yarborough Sports Editor

Reporters
Holmes Davis J. E. Dungan
Sherman Shore D. L. Wood
W. C. Dunn Dick McGlohon
J. P. Jones George Dannenbaum
C. B. McKethan E. F. Yarborough
J. C. Williams B. W. Whitton
E. H. Denning J. D. McNairy
J. E. Huffman J. P. Huskins
J. C. Eagles Henry Anderson

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT
Executive Staff
B. M. Parker Asst. Bus. Mgr.
Leonard Lewis Adv. Mgr.
Sidney Brick Asst. Adv. Mgr.
H. N. Patterson Collection Mgr.
T. R. Karkner Asst. Col. Mgr.
Gradon Pendergraft Circulation Mgr.
Ben Aycock Subscription Mgr.

Advertising Staff
Harry Latta H. Merrell
H. Jameson J. Schulman
Jim Harris J. G. deR. Hamilton, Jr.
Tom Badger W. G. Boger

Tuesday, April 9, 1929

TAR HEEL TOPICS

Because we don't like the word paragraphs, with its contorted form, pair of gripics; because we always did like to be a-changing things; in other words, for no good reason at all, we have re-named this column TAR HEEL TOPICS. So be it!

"Students Will Pick Their Own Entertainment" headlines our mustached managing editor. A darn fine chance for a good leg show to secure a booking.

No one will deny that the new Senior president, Red Green, is a colorful character.

An umpire was killed last week while riding in a bus with the Cornell University baseball team. He should have known better.

Love is a disease, declares a French scientist. Better put some more beds in the infirmary, Doc Ab.

Two of the campus politicians carried a banjo and a guitar to the co-ed shack Thursday, entertained the fair ones with dulcet strains, and then transported them to the polls to vote for "the right man." To what depths of iniquity these politicians stoop!

The Tar Heel Limited Pulls Out

Saturday the Spearman heaved a prodigious sigh of relief, wiped the sweat from his bald brow, and threw a handful of sand upon his smoking typewriter.

"Here you are, my boy," he chortled, grinning with demoniacal glee. "I'd give you the office keys, but all the locks are busted. The TAR HEEL's yours—and may God have mercy upon your soul!"

In this manner did the South's so-called premier collegiate tri-weekly change hands. And it is with a full sense of the task ahead that we take over the battered contraption known as the TAR HEEL editor's desk.

the dictate of our personal knowledge and inclinations. Whatever else our editorials may be, they will convey our honest and candid opinions. It is doubtful indeed that much of our time and space will be devoted to proselytizing.

Thus begins another long run of the TAR HEEL limited. We have cut off the air, opened the throttle, and pulled her out of the division station. Next fall she is to become a daily expression. With the help of our capable crew, composed of Alexander, Ehrhart, Galland, Mebane and many another stalwart typewriter pounder, we hope to bring her to the end of this journey in fine style.

Shades of Carrie Nation and W. J. Bryan!

You can't buy cigarettes or a Coca-Cola in Chapel Hill during church hours Sunday mornings and evenings. But the devotee of Luckies may secure his favorite substitute for a sweet at Sutton's during these hours, free gratis for nothing; and they'll sell you a dope anywhere in town if you permit them to put a little cherry syrup into it, thus adding the dignity of the title "cherry dope" to the concoction.

Probably the village fathers presupposed that church attendance here would be stimulated by the passage of "Blue Laws." If the modern collegian is prevented from lighting a fag or drinking a dope he will turn his attention to consideration of the higher concerns of the spiritual man! Maybe; but our experience is that tremendously more than prohibition of the sale of dopes and fags during a few hours each Sunday is necessary if collegiate morals are to be improved.

No, we aren't getting all hot and bothered about the Chapel Hill blue laws, as a John Held flapper would express it. Indeed, the anti-cigarette ordinance appeals strongly to our Scotch instincts, since it has given rise to the distribution of free smokes.

All ordinances of the so-called blue law variety seem to us inane, however, and the Chapel Hill ordinances are so utterly inane that the term asinine describes them quite adequately. Laws or ordinances can hardly make a collegian any less a sinner. Indeed, most collegians, like newspaper men, are lost anyway: so what's the use?

The Student Body Corpse Shows Some Life

With an unexpectedly high total of 1250 votes, last Thursday's election conclusively demonstrated that interest in politics and outside activities here is not in the corpse-like condition pictured by the calamity howlers.

After twenty-one of the thirty-three student offices had been automatically filled the preceding Friday when but one candidate was nominated for each of the places, past-mortem was held over outside activities here by the local pessimists. Their doleful lamentations were silenced by the size of Thursday's vote.

Last year when all but five or six offices were warmly contested in the general elections, the total vote was in the neighborhood of fourteen hundred. At the time the enrollment was two or three hundred more than at present. In comparison the vote in this year's election, considering the large number of uncontested offices, was exceptionally large. The most liberal of the pre-election estimates placed the vote at not more than a thousand.

Yep, there is a lot of life in that student activities corpse yet. Carolina men are not so lazy and disinterested as superficial appearances would seem to indicate.

Mrs. Hulda Wills Weds R. R. Benson

A wedding of much interest was solemnized here last night when Mrs. Hulda Wills and R. R. Benson, both of Chapel Hill, were united in marriage in a quiet ceremony performed in the home of the bride.

The ceremony was informal and was witnessed only by members of the brides' family and a few close friends. Rev. C. Excell Rozzelle, of the University Methodist Church, officiated.

The Theatre

By J. E. DUNGAN
The Twenty-third Bill of Original Plays presented at the Carolina Playmaker Theatre, Friday and Saturday nights, April 5 and 6. Produced by Hubert Heffner.

The Playmakers brought out a new bill of "one-acts" last Friday and Saturday nights. Comparatively speaking, it was not as good as any of their other bills shown so far this year. The performances held your attention, but the Playmaker *elan vital* of other times was lacking. This year (critics always say it) has been a poor one for the local theatre, and not being well enough acquainted with the cause we merely aim at pointing out that the result could be far better. From the point of view of subject matter the plays would have been well chosen had, however, they been better plays.

To say that *The Lie* is the worst play that the Carolina Playmakers have produced this year is altogether too mild. Thirty good minutes were wasted on a patient characteristically Playmaker audience during which time puppet characters creaked on their hinges back and forth across the stage. Miss O'Connell had an opportunity to do some excellent characterization when she wrote the play but instead she gave us an exasperatingly slow and tedious play with the bare suggestion of a plot.

The motive compelling Reverend Blanton to lie seemed rather weak, but perhaps that was due to the acting, which wasn't altogether so smooth. If "the play's the thing" then we lost some good time seeing *The Lie*.

THE LIE

By Wilkenson O'Connell

The Reverend Mr. David
Blanton.....Howard Bailey
Alexander Blanton.....Lawrence Miller
Captain James
Wrenn.....Whitner Bissell
Captain James
Hindle.....Peter Henderson
Mistress Rachel
Blanton.....Elizabeth Farrar
Lieut. Mix.....C. M. Edson
Sergt. Smellers.....Marvin Hunter

SCENE: David Blanton's home in Guilford county, North Carolina.

TIME: The fifth year of the War for Independence.

Our friend, Howard Bailey, he of the Little Theatre voice, was either miscast or failed in his interpretation, as his piety and sincerity were not at all convincing. Mr. Bailey has a remarkable voice, but we have a faint suspicion that he rather rests upon that plane, because his characterizations are inevitably the same. There is the same pitch to his voice, the same expression of his eyes, and when he acts with his face you always remember Dr. Emanuel, or Charlie, or some other of the numerous characters that he has played. It appears that the Playmakers impose upon Mr. Bailey by including him in everyone of their bills, squeezing him in whether or not he fits. The actor is there in Mr. Bailey but it doesn't always come out.

Miss Farrar is an excellent actress, and last week-end she took an insipid role and together with that estimable amateur, Peter Henderson, pumped, by dint of good acting, some semblance of life into the puppets of *The Lie*. Henderson, himself, was perfect.

Whitner Bissell, capital in vacillating characterizations, did well, however, in his role as the Continental Captain. Bissell is careful of his diction and makes the best of every part, however meager.

Marvin Hunter, a new Playmaker, enacted the part of Captain Hindle's today with excellent finish, while Lawrence Miller and C. M. Edson as Alexander Blanton and Lieutenant Mix filled in well.

On the acting in the play as a whole, the various hand to hand struggles that occur throughout the piece remind one of a baby playing "pat-a-cake."

Elizabeth Farrar's setting for the play was the best set used for the

Student Bureaus To Aid Collegians

Professional Guidance and Employment Bureaus Established at University of Florida.

Gainesville, Fla.—Students at the University of Florida are to profit by professional guidance and employment bureaus established by the university president, Dr. John J. Tigert, former national commissioner of education.

Dr. Tigert says many students drift from one course to another, seeking easy subjects, rather than trying to fit themselves for useful careers. He believes a service of professional guidance will aid the student during

bill, although the solitary new chair glared out at the audience from all the old ones.

BLACK WATER

By Loretto Carroll Bailey

Kizzie.....Loretto Carroll Bailey
Kate.....Nettina Strobach
Katherine.....Lois Warden
Carl Rogers.....George Ehrhart
Danny.....Lawrence Thompson

SCENE: The living room of the Matthews home in a mill section of Winston-Salem, North Carolina.
TIME: Three years following Katherine's marriage to Carl Rogers.

Mrs. Bailey plans to make a long play out of the cycle of plays she is writing. It started way back when Loretto Carroll was in high school at which time she wrote a play called *The Deserter* around the same set of characters. She has, however, destroyed *The Deserter*, and what puzzles us now is whether *Black Water* is the bicycle or the tricycle of the group.

Job's Kinfolks is better than *Black Water*, and *Black Water* was the best of the three plays given on the Twenty-third bill. Mrs. Bailey has a knack for writing masterful dialogue, that strikes deep into the hearts of her audience. *Black Water* is unbalanced however. Kizzie, enacted by the author herself, is the one outstanding character in the script, despite the fact that the plot makes the story Katherine's. I do not know whether this is Mrs. Bailey's fault or not, but if the play goes north next fall it should be re-written, unless its author is prepared to be disappointed.

Lois Warden is a splendid actress, and it is enough to say that she acted up to her standard in *Black Water*. Nettina Strobach has interpreted the part of the world-weary mother in the two Bailey plays with finish.

George Ehrhart's part was small, but there has never been a better characterization of a selfish, clumsy mill hand to take the front right of the Playmaker stage.

COMPANION-MATE MAGGIE

By Helen Dortch

Maggie Pollock.....Helen Dortch
Ira.....Walter Spearman
Kate.....Penelope Alexander
Wilbur Johnson.....Thomas Badger
Leonidas Norwood.....John Wessel

SCENE: A farm near Goldsboro.
TIME: The present.

Companion-Mate Maggie lacks the punch that the end play of any good bill should have. The dialogue is fair, and the plot rotten. The situation around which this play was built is entirely too thin. Nevertheless, on account of some capable acting on the part of Misses Alexander and Dortch the play was made quite interesting. The Playmakers shouldn't produce it again, though.

Miss Dortch wrote the play, but Miss Alexander ran away with the honors in the acting department, not that Miss Dortch wasn't good, because she was. Miss Alexander did the finest bit of acting of the entire bill and she was on the stage for less than six minutes.

Thomas (Tom) Badger was "some gemmen" in his white gloves and his derby. This was Badger's first Playmaker appearance and it was a good one.

Then there was Walter Spearman cast as the father of the show girl. He was hiding behind some Playmaker whiskers and a peculiar muddy make up, but we knew it was Spearman. These Phi Beta Kappa Tar Heel editors just simply can't hide behind negro make-up and speech.

John Wessel the other actor in the play was cast as the true love of the "artist".

The colored make-up with the single exception of Miss Alexander's was of a very strange shade. We have never seen any colored boys or gals around "these hyah parts with none sich."

The numbers played by the University Faculty Orchestra provided a very definite relief from the groans of the borrowed phonograph used occasionally by the Playmakers.

his first year in school, and that fewer students will skip from one college to another, to cause economic waste to the universities and to the students themselves.

pay either all or part of their college expenses from part time jobs.

Glee Club Rehearsal

There will be a very important rehearsal of the Glee Club this afternoon at 5 o'clock in the lecture room of Person Hall, Mr. Troxell, guest director of the club will conduct the rehearsal. Numbers to be sung on the forthcoming tour will be practiced, and a full attendance of regular members is necessary.

Influenza has brought out more relief suggestions than any other recent malady.

No man ever had any luck making love to a woman who was conscious of looking her worst.

NOTE BOOK LOST

LOST—Geology Note Book by Reece and Watson. Please return to T. G. Croom, Sigma Epsilon House.

Support the college newspaper by advertising in the TAR HEEL.

PICKWICK THEATRE
MONDAY, APRIL 15, 8 P.M.
KAY KYSER
AND HIS
VICTOR RECORDING ORCHESTRA
Seats on Sale April 15

The Pines is the favorite rendezvous for Club Gatherings, Bridge Luncheons and Fraternity get-togethers. We solicit this kind of patronage, feeling certain that everyone will be highly pleased. Mrs. Vickers has the happy faculty for assisting in the preparation for such functions and will cheerfully render her assistance to make such gatherings a huge success. For those associations and organizations which like to have dancing as a feature of their program we offer our dance floor. For a simple luncheon or a banquet, The Pines solves the problem.
THE PINES TEA ROOM
Chapel Hill Boulevard — 4 Miles from Chapel Hill

NOTICE!

Seniors---Faculty

GRADUATE STUDENTS

Place Orders NOW

for

Caps and Gowns

for

Commencement

Book Exchange

Copy N-6 Job 5948 4 in. x 7 in. College Publications

Like the difference between a rifle and a sling-shot

In the physics lab. they call it a higher coefficient of elasticity . . . On the tennis court they say that steel is faster than gut.

Drive a ball with a Dayton Steel Racquet, and on an average it will get there a full step quicker. Its extra springiness gives you the jump on speedier players.

Tennis players everywhere are changing to the Dayton Steel Racquet because it's made for the modern game—a faster, harder game than the class of '20 ever dreamed of.

Perfect balance—more speed—accuracy of a rifle. They're in the Dayton Steel Racquet.

You're the player—and you're the judge. But don't let another day go by without taking a look at the world's fastest tennis racquet. Dayton Steel Racquet Co., Dayton, Ohio.

DAYTON STEEL RACQUET