

Scotch Plaid

By DICK McGLOHON

Dear Liz,

How's the sweet little thing over at N. C. today? Everything is dead as hell here and has been getting worse for some time, with the exception, of course, to the recent invasion of a bunch of over-anxious high school flappers who got the greatest kick out of flirting and playing around with no small number of our first year campus necking artists who have not yet collected enough nerve to brave the co-ed shack along with the rest of Carolina's most fiery co-ed leeches. Since the high schoolers left, everything has drifted back-ward and nothing's happening.

Everybody admits that the ole campus needs a few sensational outbursts to wake things up around here. Why even the students go to sleep on classes, and when it gets to the point that co-eds can't even shake a wicked leg to Jack Wardlaw's eccentric music making such as he gave at the knock-down-and-drag-out affair over at the gym last Saturday night, things are arriving at a critical past. Some of the couples even stalled on the floor and had a devil of a time getting started again, but came along alright after due priming; then too, some just couldn't keep time and looked like staggering drunks.

There ain't been nothing new here in a coon's age but a little wrangling over Brother Booker's NEW plan for student government, and I don't think much will come of that for it might mean too much work for the new campus officers to get the thing functioning. You see the Di and Phi are about the only stimuli that the thing gets and not much is expected to happen. These two societies have been dead so long that the grave yard keeper met with much difficulty in finding the two weatherworn slabs for Brother Booker, who wanted to scrape off all the moss to find the epitaphs underneath.

The only thing new that has come across this duck's path is a new brand of cigarettes that the Carolina students have chosen as their official fag. They are made in New York and sold by one of the stokers downtown for University students exclusively, so says the manufacturer. Now as long as we have chosen this kind of tobacco, we must be patriotic and support the opinion of the student body, or else some other campus moralist may pike up with another sob story about the death bed of the dying Carolina spirit. I am sending you a pack of these cigarettes to try, Liz. Hope you like them.

The Buloo club got together the other day and thought they'd rouse a little interest, so they got to picking around here for neophytes, and I'll be damned if they didn't get Ed Hutchins and told him that he hadn't had enough of this horseplay for the last year and that he had to take the initiation over again. And it seems they tried to infringe on Ed's rights, especially after he has served the student body and done all he could to uplift the moral of the campus. Ed has had his fill, retired, and here comes the Buloo club insisting that he be a member for next year when Ed is going to spend next Christmas with John Allison and Walter Spearman in Paris. They even tried to make Ed the jackass of the club and head of the zebra brigade of which the agile Mr. Blumberg is the cheese.

You remember seeing Blumberg over at the Carolina-Va. game last year, don't you? Well, Petty Waddell didn't know exactly where to use him in the Cheero snake dance but Blumberg insisted that he take part. So Petty finally decided to let him head the snake so as to make it like a hideous, poisonous cobra. Since then Blumberg had received just oodles of recognition on the campus. Coach Collins even thinks that he will make the football team next year and may prove a mainstay in the mid-section.

Now it appears that last year's Buloo men got cold feet in bestowing these bids or else there was a mess of blacklisting going on. They failed to comply with the old custom of selecting a faculty advisor this year. It looks like the faculty is gaining prestige at this man's university, or else the Buloo bunch think the faculty a too insignificant lot to fool with. Nevertheless they didn't overlook our friend Crittenden and gave him a minor office such as the flower made or something like that.

Papa Hibbard hasn't been making much fuss over the niceties of the Buccaneer lately. Guess he thinks it's no use, so long as the present staff of heartless editors and business managers are primarily concerned with masthead publicity and P. U. Board checks. Or, perhaps, the Dean has come to the conclusion

Journal of Pharmacy Honors Charlotte Man

The April issue of the "Carolina Journal of Pharmacy," published by the North Carolina Pharmaceutical Association, is dedicated to Thomas Arthur Walker, prominent Charlotte druggist.

The dedicatory sketch, written by Prof. Grover Beard, editor of the publication and professor of pharmacy in the University, summarizes Mr. Walker's life and pays tribute to his long service in the field of pharmacy.

It especially praises him for his consistent emphasis on the purely drug phases of pharmacy in carrying on the affairs of the Walker Drug Company, which he organized in 1918.

Mr. Walker is now in his fiftieth year. He received his pharmacy degree at the University of Maryland in 1900, was prescriptionist for T. C. Smith of Asheville, helped organize and became president of the Tryon Drug Company, and in 1918 founded the store that now bears his name. He is a member of the North Carolina and the American Pharmaceutical Associations.

Di Senate to Discuss National Advertising

The Dialectic senate meets tonight for the purpose of discussing this resolution: "Resolved, That the Dialectic Senate go on record as stating that national advertising of today is a curse."

Due to the fact that the recent Carolina-Virginia Radio debate was on this same subject and in consideration of the present pertinence of the issue this discussion is expected to make the session tonight extremely interesting.

The committee on the Bingham debate will also make a report to the senate. This inter-society contest will be held at commencement.

CHAPEL HILL ARTIST THINKS SUCCESS DUE TO PERSPIRATION RATHER THAN TO INSPIRATION

(Continued from first page) old barn into a place of beauty is a story within itself. There is only one room, but it is a very large room. One enters through a wide Dutch door, the top part of which may be thrown open while the bottom is closed or vice versa.

If it happens to be a chilly day attention is probably directed first to a large fireplace and glowing logs. Built into the fireplace is an old-fashioned crane which supports a kettle of pre-Civil War days. One's thoughts turn to tea, and tea it will be if the hostess happens to be entertaining.

Once you have adjusted yourself to your new environment you are invited to inspect the place. You glance at the walls. There you see the likenesses of many people you know. Some are done in charcoal sketches, some in pastel, and some in oil. One that instantly catches your eye is an oil portrait of young Edward Kidder Graham, son of the late president of the University. Then there are likenesses of Archibald Henderson, Paul Green, Collier Cobb, W. D. Toy, and other members of the University faculty.

One of the most faithful paintings is the artist's mother, Mrs. Julia Graves. Then there is a remarkable portrait of Miss Emily Pemberton, pretty daughter of Mrs. Clarence Pemberton, of Durham. It is done in green and gold and portrays what Mrs. Graves regards as the typical modern girl. She expects to exhibit this portrait in Charlotte next week at the meeting of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Graves is art chairman of the federa-

that, after all, boys will be boys and girls must have their fun where they can find it.

But, if the Dean doesn't make another attack soon, Brother Coker will get ashamed etaoishrd cmfwmbf will get ahead of him, for the grass is growing fast and the absent minded student is not a thing of the past, which, I bet, Brother Coker will gladly testify. But as long as Brother Coker won't be here this summer to teach the charming females, it may be that he is not interested in how the grass will look to the new arrivals. However, special care is being taken of the arboretum, and it wouldn't be a surprise if Uncle Harry decrees that large searchlights be placed overhead so that the summer school gals may have artificial moonlight when it's cloudy. You see, Dean Walker is expecting a record summer school with over 2,657, and more facilities are needed.

But that's alright, Liz, I've still got the remnants of your name sake. We'll just whoopee up and down this man's University campus, regardless. We don't care whether there's a moon or not.

With love,
Mack

tion.

Devotes Most Time to Portraits For some time after Mrs. Graves came back to Chapel Hill she devoted much of her time to sketching scenes and people of the village, but lately she has concentrated on charcoal and oil portraits.

The studio has many windows, and they are built in high up, much nearer these windows you view much of the beautiful scenery for which Chapel Hill is noted at this time of the year. Through one your gaze falls on handsome oaks and elms, crepe myrtle, and a large windmill not far away. Through a southern exposure you are greeted by fruit trees in full bloom, and through still another you are most impressed by tall pines.

Strictly speaking, the studio has no skylight, but into the northern side of the structure there has been built a very large window that serves the same purpose. It has a depth that reaches almost from the floor to the ceiling and the panes are very large. It provides all the light that is needed.

Odd Pieces of Statuary

Pieces of odd statuary are scattered here and there on shelves about the studio. They compose a collection that Mrs. Graves has been making for some years.

Over in one corner there is a small kitchenette, where a real meal may be prepared when entertaining is in order. In another corner of the large room is a small closet where things may be put out of the way. In this closet there are steps that are supposed to lead into the attic, but the opening is so small that Tom Thumb is probably the only man who could enter.

Built-in seats near the open fireplace and well cushioned chairs and lounges are parts of the picture of comfort that the interior of the place presents.

"My Bohemianism is only skin deep, so I made the studio like that," Mrs. Graves explains. She has not changed the exterior of the barn a bit other than to have it painted green.

Family Closely Identified with U.N.C.

Mrs. Graves comes of a family that has long been closely identified with the University. Her father, Ralph H. Graves, was a professor of mathematics in the University, and her grandfather was also a member of the faculty. Her mother, with whom she lives, whose maiden name was Julia Hooper, was the daughter of deBernie Hooper, a professor of Greek in the University, and her mother's grandfather was also a professor here. She is a direct descendant of William Hooper, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. She has three brothers, Colonel Ernest Graves, United States Army, retired, who recently was appointed by President Hoover to the Mississippi River Commission; Ralph H. Graves, head of the syndicate department of Doubleday, Doran, the publishers; and Louis Graves, editor of the well known Chapel Hill Weekly. In private life Mrs. Graves is Mrs. Mary Graves Rees. She has an eight-year old son, Pembroke, a handsome, brown-eyed chap of clear-cut features and the broad forehead that is so characteristic of the Graves family.

Studied in Northern Cities

Mrs. Graves got her apprenticeship in art in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Her mother had moved to New York after the death of Professor Graves. Miss Mary studied at the Maryland Institute in Baltimore, at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia and under masters in New York. She was the pupil of the late William Chase, a great portrait painter and teacher, and of Henry McCarter, regarded by many as the father of American illustration. She also spent a summer visiting European galleries.

During the World War, while she was still in New York, she illustrated a number of war posters and drew sketches for newspapers and magazine covers that were considered among the best. An illustration depicting "Slackers" that appeared on the front cover of the magazine section of the New York World attracted comment that was especially favorable. She also illustrated for the New York Evening Post, The New York Tribune, The Southern Magazine, The Ruralist, Country Life, and other publications.

Awarded Several Prizes

Three years ago the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs awarded her the prize for the best work of a North Carolina artist for that year. The following year the Southern States Art League selected her portrait studies of Archibald Henderson and Paul Green to go on a traveling exhibit showing the works of representative Southern artists. Last year the Kenilworth Art Galleries in Asheville awarded Mrs. Graves a silver cup for one of the best oil portraits presented at the exhibition. It was the portrait of her mother. Recently she was asked to write for the University Extension Division a booklet embracing a course on Southern artists.

Just now Mrs. Graves is engaged in

an effort to organize a society of North Carolina professional artists, which organization would be allied with the State Art Society. As art chairman she will be in charge of the exhibition of the work of North Carolina artists at the meeting next week of the state Federation of Women's Clubs. Last year at High Point the exhibit attracted much favorable comment.

attempt it until the academic form is well mastered. The trouble now, she believes, is that too many artists attempt originality before they become masters of technique.

A tuft of silvery hair in his sleek and well groomed head is the latest capper of the Berlin dandy.

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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS