

# The Tar Heel



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Offices in the basement of Alumni Building.

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Tuesday, May 7, 1929

Chapel Hill's two-legged cat is receiving quite a bit of publicity. Wonder why the Chapel Hill police force doesn't get a little space now and then?

An unusually large number of University students are wearing clean socks this morning. Yesterday afternoon a solicitor for a farm paper came to town with an automobile load of "factory seconds" socks, ten pairs of which he proceeded to "give away" with each dollar subscription to a farm paper. His entire stock was exhausted in a few minutes.

Students in the section of Old West next to Cameron Avenue barricaded two starlings in their holes under the eaves of the building early yesterday morning. Grady Leonard removed the obstructions over the hole with the end of a long pole while English Bagby and Mr. Burch directed his operations. Moral strength, psychological reasoning, and business acumen—small wonder that the starlings were speedily released.

Reports emanating from Raleigh have it that liquor sales in the capitol city have fallen off on account of the large amount of watered liquor on the market. Chapel Hill bootleggers should give ample consideration to these reports.

### The Speaker Who Failed to Speak

According to the program for the sixth annual dramatic festival, sent out just two days before the festival began, Hatcher Hughes and Kenneth Macgowan were to speak to the delegates. A number of drama enthusiasts from all over the state attended the festival with the expectation of hearing the two celebrities.

But something happened—the same thing that happened at the festival last year. A wire from Mr. Macgowan was received Friday morning (the morning on which he was to make his talk.) Mr. Macgowan was sorry that he would be unable to attend. Furthermore, the elusive Mr. Hughes failed to show up. Those attending the festival were disappointed and unconvinced when the "speaking pussions" failed to arrive.

This old gag of the disappearing speakers is getting rather nonotous. In addition to the failure of Mr.

Hughes to make his appearance as per schedule last year, many of the notables advertised to appear at the Regional Conference found at the last moment that they could not be here. It probably isn't entirely the fault of Freddie Koch and his gang that the dramatic festival delegates were disappointed, but this sort of thing has happened too often before. Lincoln declared that "You can fool all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

It stands to reason that some of the people will not permit themselves to be fooled next year. Two years in succession is twice too much. It probably wouldn't be a bad idea for the Dramatic Association officials to hogtie the speakers for the festival next year and personally escort them to the Hill.

### The Mechanical Age

A mechanical device known as the "business brain" which will simultaneously do the work of a cash register, bookkeeping and adding machines and, from another part of the building, make a complete record of the sale at the time it is made, has recently been invented and will soon make its bow in American industry, thus advancing the nation another notch in this age of mechanism, kid gloves and tuxedos.

John Ruskin was right. Machines and the increasingly scientific trend of minds are rapidly lessening our appreciation of simplicity and beauty which convention has decreed shall go hand in hand. Wheels whirr, deafening us with a noise of pandemonium; smoke stifles and obscures our vision; exhaust of engines makes us wrinkle our noses and turn aside with extreme disgust. Speed, speed, speed! The nation is heading full-steam toward the attainment of a mechanical universe, sacrificing simplicity, sacrificing beauty, sacrificing the intellect.

Well, where are we going? Where have we set our ultimate goal? Teaching is becoming mechanical. When the perfection of machines to do instructing in our colleges and schools has been completed, there will be but little use for it; for then we will have no need for our intellect. Machines will think for us, transact our business, perhaps even make love for us. Ay, there's the rub! We have gone too far when we allow ourselves to be forced off the porch steps and replaced by mechanism. Machines will force us out of employment—build our homes, bring up our children, even write our editorials. Yet, all this is progress!

JOHN MEBANE.

### The Freshman Problem

Among the many pressing problems now facing the University of North Carolina none is more eminent than "What to do about the Freshman." Owing to the fact that they are working with material which in great part denies any hope of the finished product, this and other American Universities are progressively becoming inadequate.

Yet despite agitation from all sides the problem seems almost entirely incapable of any satisfactory solution. How can this well nigh universal ambition of going to college be wisely restricted? This is the question which needs to be answered. Educational authorities everywhere say that American colleges are too large. Be this as it may, the tragedy of the matter is that they involve a cost per student which is in excess of tuition charges. In Freshman classes much of this is squandered on unfit human subjects. This is the evil which is demanding the attention of administrative officials of the University of North Carolina at present.

Annually at this season of the year some forty percent of the Freshman class come to realize that they were never meant for college men—that they have left a life which they never should have left. We feel that such an elimination program seriously cripples the University and places a damper on its usefulness.

In the last analysis, the fault lies with the Freshman. He comes to Chapel Hill from every section of the country bent on a college education—but vaguely so. Why does he come to college? Oftentimes, because of the desires of his parents.

In this age of wholesale education the state of North Carolina is spending enormous sums of money in an attempt to educate many who are not educatable. This is where the theory of "Education for all" falls down.

We believe that no system other than that of a more rigid selection of each in-coming Freshman class is economically sound. The present practice of making the Freshman year an elimination year is clearly an instrument of great waste—a waste which seemingly knows no end.

—J. C. W.

### IN THE WAKE OF NEWS

by J. E. Dungan

Duke Students Are Acquitted On Charge of Damaging Autos—It appears that the Durham police are attempting to uphold the rights of motorists against the Devils. We have yet to run over a Duke man, but we'll sue the University if any of them damage our car in such an exigency.

A meeting has been called by our erst-while politico-professorial economist for the discussion of the Booker Plan. It is assumed that the campus has not had time enough to become disgusted with the plan and will be given another chance. In this connection the Phi Assembly is considering a change in name after having discussed the plan for the fourth time. Friends of that group have offered: The Society for the Perpetual Endorsement of the Booker Plan. Another suggestion is, The Society for the Elimination of Opposition to the Booker Plan. So much for the Booker plan. We'll Book it for the week, at least.

"Winston's Life of Johnson Is Still Going Fine—Dr. Branson is latest fall Cost night's sleep but says it's worth it." The question is: Should it be taken before or after meals, and before shaking well?

In line with his program of extending the work of the University, Dr. Archibald Henderson, personal friend of Dr. Einstein, and George Bernard Shaw, and intine of the New York Theatre Guild is off on another of his speaking engagements, this time for the latter organization. The present mathematical problem the learned professor is solving is: How many miles make a University a better institution.

The Open Forum plead last week for a University That Will Make Men. We take our stand here, once and for all, for a University That Will Make Men who Will Make Money, and a College That Will Make Women Who Won't Spend It.

Piper Green Discovers Superior Smoke—The Edgeworth Tobacco Company says. Further: "I have used one small box of your extra High Grade Plug Slice Tobacco, and as I have had twenty-seven years of experience as a tobacco user, I find your tobacco to be superior to all others—P. F. Green."

We don't claim this as a Scotch joke, but we can not fail to point out that remembering the Pied Piper of Hamelin and frequent high powered publicity testimonials that Piper Green appears suspiciously like a Paid Piper.

"Won't He Be Ticked When He Sees His Suit After You've Sent It to Us for Cleaning! The bright clear sheen of newness!" So saith a local cleaner. Goody, Goody! Can't you just see that shine of old suits newly cleaned by —

The readers of Hearst papers are under the spell of another of Adele Garrison's mighty, stupendous, and thrilling serials, entitled originally enough "Love's Awakening." This is the crisis of last Friday's installment—"I nudged Lillian and spoke out of the side of my mouth in the inaudible way she had taught me when we were in the secret service. "Pinch me if I'm saying anything of which you disapprove," she said. "Common sense told me however, that I had no basis for this belief in the behavior of the man now looking at my friend with dog-like pleading eyes."

That is fine writing. Any one who can write like that is bound to stir the population to do finer things. That is realism, also. You can just hear "him" barking, and what is more this little gem is moving. If you all have

the same emotions I have at this very minute you would like to pinch Lillian until she was black and blue.

The Birmingham Age-Herald broadcasting the activities of their local constabulary says "UNKNOWN NEGRO SOUGHT AS SLAYER." This business of finding unknown negroes is some task, but we send our best wishes to the Chief of Florian Slappey's metropolis.

The New York World reports as of May 1, this little human interest story—"A marble bust of Calvin Coolidge with the top of the right ear missing and a long black smudge across one cheek, made its appearance today in the Senate Corridor in the niche made for the twenty-ninth president of the United States. The ear was quickly repaired, but the smudge is yet to be washed off." Darned if this Oil Scandal refuses to stay not prossed.

Herman Oelrichs, New York man about town, offered this past week by means of the Gotham press to give three prizes, one of \$100 and two of \$50 each, in an effort to secure a suitable farewell address to be used by persons condemned to be hung for drinking liquor, when that time comes.

If Mr. Oelrichs wishes to be perfectly parliamentary about the matter, a good formula would be the following: "Mr. Governor, I move IN THE WAKE OF NEWS — 2 that the present meeting be adjourned sine die.

Booze and Love—two subjects good for half a hundred galleys of type any day cropped out in full glory on the west coast this past week.

The San Francisco Examiner carried this story with a date line of April 26—"Gold-n, Colorado—Jack Colbaugh, student of the Colorado School of Mines, was expelled today by his father, M. F. Colbaugh, president of the institution.

"President Colbaugh explained his action as being a step toward the enforcement of the laws of the nation and in cooperation with the mining engineer President of the United States, Herbert Hoover."

All of the great minds of the country are bent on the solution of the problems confronting the Great and Holy cause. A very excellent idea would be to expell fifty millions of our population and ship them down to Mexico where they could drink in peace during the revolutions. The Holy Half of our anomalous state could then meet in solemn convention and vote that Mexico be legislated out of existence. That would settle the matter.

Alice Elinor, the sugar merchant in the galaxy of scintillating Hearst minds, discusses the value of a man's love via The Seattle Post Intelligence. "It all started when Judge Holcomb, of the local divorce court, fixed the price of the affections of Arthur D. Stevens at exactly one round dollar!

"Now several women in Seattle are willing to take issue with the Judge. "No money could compensate a woman for a man's love," says Helen Crowe Snelling, "if she had it! However if another woman could get it, it would be worth exactly nothing to me." Nothing second-handed for this lady. (Our own comment.)

Now let's see what Mrs. Hazel Sargent, beautiful saleswoman has to say. "When you really think about it fifty cents is way too high."

Margaret Mullins, slender, dark-eyed beauty with the William Hodge Company playing Straight Through the Door at a local theatre here this week is, too young to be cynical—she is only nineteen—but she also thinks a dollar too high.

"A man's affections cost an actress too much to be worth a single cent." And thus gentlemen we learn from Mrs. Snelling, Mrs. Sargent and Miss Mullins, each in her girlish way, that our love isn't worth the price of a two-bit haircut. I, for one, intend to spend that money on haircuts.

### Former Playmaker Visiting Friends

Shepherd Strudwick, former Playmaker star, who has been playing on Broadway for the past season, has been in Chapel Hill for several days visiting friends. Strudwick played the lead in "Yellow Jacket" produced by Charles Coburn; he also had a minor part in "Falstaff" staged by the same producer.

During his stay here Strudwick

took many parts in the folk plays produced by the Playmakers. Last year he had the lead in "The Tempest." He also played a big part in the revival of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." He was a member of Golden Fleece, prominent in literary work, and a Phi Beta Kappa member.

This summer he will go to Surrey, Maine to play in a stock company there.

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