

The Daily Tar Heel



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Saturday, October 12, 1929

Tar Heel Topics

Well, we see where we'll have to start saving up for the trip to Pasadena to watch the Tar Heels win the national championship.

Yesterday morning Shorty Branch was heralded as "a second Stumpy Thomason," but this morning Stumpy might be adequately described as "a second Shorty Branch."

Will some obliging gent tell us the name and address of the company which manufactures the yo-yo? We want to send them a bill for all the publicity their product has been receiving in the *Daily Tar Heel* recently.

"Go ahead Carolina; win all you can now. It'll be that much more for us on December 9." Such was the message of brotherly love expressed in a telegram received from several Duke students by the radio station at Raleigh and broadcast during the Tech game yesterday afternoon. We always suspected that there were numerous psychopathic (Probably psychopathic would be the more appropriate adjective) cases at Duke.

We Toss A Few Bouquets

Perhaps never before in the history of the University has the student body been so enthused as it is today over the brilliant victory at Atlanta. Roseate dreams of a national championship are uppermost in the minds of every Carolina man.

The Tar Heels rose to heroic heights as they submerged the Golden Tornado, claimant of the national title last year. It was no easy task; every Carolina player on the field did his part in marvelous fashion. Yesterday's victory represents the culmination of two, even three years of heart-breaking effort on the part of many of the players. To them especially the nation-wide acclaim that they are receiving comes as a well-deserved reward.

Much of the credit for Carolina's excellent showing belongs to Coaches Collins and Cerney. For more than three years they have been the targets for caustic criticism; bitter disappointment has been theirs game after game as they watched their charges go down in defeat. This fall the system which they installed here four years ago has borne fruit. The Tar Heels have reached the highest pinnacle attained by a North Carolina football team since the game was in its infancy, and Collins and Cerney are chiefly responsible.

Bouquet tossing and bestowing of laurel wreaths are in order, and we nominate the entire Carolina team, together with the coaching staff, as recipients.

Chapel Hill "Goes Modern"

Four years ago we considered Chapel Hill the most attractive village that we had ever seen. There was none of the garish newness, the blatant "best little town in the country" atmosphere about the place; it was delightful in its tranquility, in the absence of the obnoxious civic "booster" with his hypocritical heartiness and his painfully obvious mediocrity. Even the unpaved sidewalks and the ramshackle old business buildings had an elusive sort of charm.

Since we first came here the beauty of the University campus has been greatly enhanced, but the village itself has lost much of its unostentatious charm. In a few brief years the place has been completely transformed; it has grown from a quiet, scholarly little village into a briskly sophisticated college town. In the process it has gained little and lost much. The Chapel Hill of today has an assumed smartness, a hard glitter that oftentimes becomes tawdry. Although traces of the old village still remain, in the form of several time-honored buildings, they shamefacedly retire into the shadows of the shining new structures that have arisen. Smart street lights, a stop signal, paved sidewalks and many other modern "improvements" proclaim that Chapel Hill is now a town.

Doubtless the Chapel Hill of today is more progressive, more business-like than the village that it replaced, but it has become cheap and commonplace, similar to thousands of other small American towns. The metamorphosis of Chapel Hill was inevitable, perhaps, but it is none the less to be regretted. North Carolina gained just another town and lost its most picturesque and charming village when Chapel Hill "went modern."

Mexico Shocks The World

An AP dispatch under recent date from Mexico City tells of the adoption of a new penal code in Mexico which suppresses the jury system and abolishes the death penalty. The act was promulgated by President Gil under the powers granted him by Congress. Trial by bodies of alienists and other experts will replace a jury trial. Special committees will be created to take charge of convicts upon the completion of their imprisonment so as to fit them to resume their places in society. Fines will be imposed according to the income of the person affected.

Abolition of the jury system and trial by experts and alienists has long been discussed by people interested in criminology but no country has seen fit so far to experiment with a new system; perhaps the bonds of tradition and prejudice are too strong to be broken easily. Theoretically trial by experts should prove the most effective method of dealing with criminals. Whether it will work or not will depend largely upon the personnel appointed to handle it and upon the moral support given by the public. Whether such a radical departure can be given a fair trial in Mexico is controversial at least.

That such a seemingly backward and chaotic nation as Mexico should take such a forward and progressive step in handling criminals is surprising. The other nations of the world will watch with keen interest the working out of this proposal, some with apprehension lest it should work, and some with a sympathetic spirit of co-operation. Whatever the outcome may be, it is indeed a "noble experiment."—J. D. M.

The U. S. produced 29,428,000 pounds of hops in 1926.

The Campus



By Joe Jones

To anyone in search of a pleasant and convenient forest trail down which to walk these fine autumn days I should like to recommend the path leading into the woods directly back of Kenan stadium field house. Its ready accessibility from the campus and the great natural beauty of the region it traverses combine to make it peculiarly attractive to students who would get themselves into the woods for an hour or so of a sunny afternoon.

The timbered valley leading from the stadium to Meeting of the Waters, and on to Morgan's Creek, is one of the fairest localities near Chapel Hill. Down its length flows a brook, and alongside the brook there twists and winds the path of which I have just written. It leads over roots and around lichened rocks, but is well beaten and easy to follow. It is overshadowed by tulip trees, beeches, oaks, and hickories, whose yellow and pale green foliage transmutes the October sunlight into dappled gold. A wind sighs through the tops of these trees, but down below is stillness.

On the smooth, gray trunks of the ancient beeches are carved hundreds of initials, both of students present and students gone before, while one lofty tulip tree is possessed of the most complete set of sapsucker pits I have ever seen. The entire bole is girdled by ring upon ring of the tiny holes, perfectly drilled and in flawless alignment. I wonder why the sapsuckers find *le vin* of this tree more refreshing than any other in the woods.

The path is bordered by shrubs and lowly plants; such as sassafras, redbud, crimson-berried dogwood, and alder; Solomon's seal, bloodroot, ferns, and mosses. There are a few stragglers of purple asters, but most autumn blossoms don't flourish in deep shade. Of course innumerable birds may be seen, chiefly of such sorts as chewinks, warblers, thrushes, wrens, jays, woodpeckers and cardinals.

Not far down the valley one comes upon Meeting of the Waters, where the two streams, Rockspring and Chapel branch, tumble into each other and bicker away together. Here is a profusion of bowlders scattered about in such a manner that the waters trickle between them with a pleasant sound. The top of the largest is so broad that two may climb up and sit comfortably side by side.

To get back to Chapel Hill without retracing your steps follow the path from here downstream a short distance till an alder thicket is reached. Then, walking uphill to the left, you'll run right into an open field, at present full of cowpea vines. On the other side of this patch is the Country Club road which will lead you directly back to Chapel Hill. The entire trip outlined in the above paragraphs may be walked in less than an hour.

However, anyone preferring a longer walk will find pleasure in going to Laurel Hill. To reach there one may start out the Raleigh pike, turn right at the bottom of the hill into the dirt road, follow that to Morgan's creek, and continue up the right bank in a fairly well defined path which leads to Laurel Hill in a few minutes.

Of all the beautiful places lying about Chapel Hill this is

one of the finest. The stream swings in a great curve to the northwest so that the broad sandy beach on the inner bank of the horseshoe is bathed in sunlight all afternoon. Here is an irresistible invitation to lie in warm, dry sand. Back of the beach is the forest of tall trees, before it the creek sings a merry note, while straight up from the thither shore rise the greenery festooned cliffs that are Laurel Hill. Far from any habitation, shut in from the winds on both sides, and with sunlight pouring from above, this strand has a distinct air of peace and solitude. It is indeed a place for the linking of beauty and long thoughts.

There are a great many other lovely spots in these Orange woods, and much pleasure may be had in seeking them out. I am glad that this university is set in the midst of a wilderness, a wilderness traversed by alluring footpaths leading away to such delightful spots as Meeting of the Waters, Laurel Hill, Vale of Ione, Flirtation Knoll, Glen Lee, Anemone Spring, and Trysting Poplar.

They say that President Kemp Plummer Battle in surcease of his arduous University tasks used to walk these paths and keep them cleared. Some of them have grown faint since then, some are lost, but until the last student gets an automobile I think there will be someone lingering down the dim trails on warm Sunday afternoons in remembrance of him "who knew and loved these woods as no one else."

Readers' Opinions

To B. B. R.

Editor of the Tar Heel:
Anent the Philistine: may we refer you to our foot note number 1: to *synthesize* in Webster's *Collegiate*; and to numerous scholarly articles in the learned journals treating the technique of mythological synthesis.

While we felicitate you on our essential Oneness in Yo-Yo, we beg to point out that in the really and truly world of vital statistics and geometrical propositions, we are in fact two separate and distinct human beings; or at least we try to be.

For the sake of our genealogy we have placed at the delivery desk in the library a copy (unmarked, in accordance with the best library etiquette) of the apparently not-so-well-known-as-it-might-be, but-never-the-less-immortal, Gilbert and Sullivan light opera, *The Mikado*.

Secure in our confidence of your utter tractability, and delighted with the prospect of your sharing with us the Real Meaning of the Eternal Principle and Essential Oneness of Being, we are, Dear Sir, your

most Humble and Obedient Servants
Ko Ko and NANKI POO.

For Nanki Poo and Ko Ko Editor of the Tar Heel:

The flowers that bloom in the spring, etc., have nothing to do with this case—for you've got to take under your wings, gentlemen, a caricature of a case. And never mind the liberties we've taken with the text, for we have the express permission of the "apparently-not-so-well-known-as-they-might-be" authors of the opera which may have given rise to the great god Yo-Yo.

The point of it is that the Yo-Yoer is an enemy of society, in that the spectacle of the non-chalant and skilled wielder of the Hendersonian torque causes otherwise innocent bystanders to step in and try the simple trick themselves. The rest can be found in the murder archives

of Edward Pearson.
I have, sirs, a little list, and as for the Yo-Yoers, I have them well they never will be missed. *all* on my list, and I know darned So, Ko Ko and Nanki Poo, run along and play with your tops. For I like these disciples of Yo-Yo (I can't get the hang of the thing either) less than your honored selves, and I am, after all,
THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER.

NORMAN HAPGOOD NOW IN EUROPE

Norman Hapgood, writer on literary, civic and educational subjects, whose new book "Why Janet Should Read Shakespeare" has just been published by The Century Co., is now in Europe for a period of years on a "family educational tour." Believing that, as the world draws closer together, it is of special importance that children be educated in modern languages and knowledge of other countries, he is sending two of his children to a French school for a year and to a German school for the year following. He himself, with Mrs. Hapgood, is going to visit Palestine and Athens, the two most interesting places, in his opinion, in their contribution to world culture. He is also going to travel slowly through the Mediterranean countries and try to find out why almost all of them seem to prefer dictatorships. He will make a special study of the Swedish system of liquor control, and he also wants to find out how the World War is presented to school children in the various countries of Europe.

Dr. E. C. Branson in Improved Condition

Dr. Eugene C. Branson, head of the department of rural social economics of the University and one of the country's leading authorities on rural problems, who has been ill at his home here with influenza and pneumonia, was reported as resting well and being improved last night. Dr. Branson was taken ill two weeks ago, influenza settling in his lungs, and pneumonia developing. He still has a rather high temperature, but his physicians regard his condition as favorable.

NORTH CAROLINA CRUSHES GEORGIA TECH; SCORE 18-7

(Continued from page one)
ity. It was Carolina's day from every angle.

Carolina outgained Tech 223 yards to 186. It completed half of its 16 passes, and outgamed Tech throughout.

In the Carolina line Lipscomb, Farris, Hudson, and Adkins did great work. They were in there on every play and time after time threw Tech men for losses. Back of that line Nash, Branch, and Magner did great work.

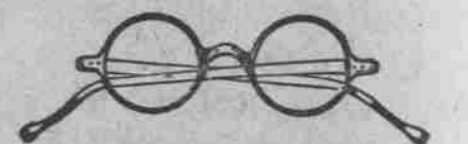
Mizell, Thomason and Westbrook did the big work for Tech.

Many Tourists Make First Sound Debut

Tourists from Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, Illinois, Ohio and Texas, with probably representatives from nearly every other state in the union, all unconsciously have played in their first talking picture.

Sound scenes for Paramount's "Woman Trap" were successfully made in downtown Los Angeles on one of the busiest streets in the west. The scenes, photographed and sound recorded on South Broadway during the noon hour period, are a part of "Woman Trap," all-talking feature at the Carolina theatre today.

To photograph the scenes unknown to the thousands of people on the sidewalks, Director William Wellman had his cameras and microphones hidden in a packing case, mounted on a store delivery truck and pulled by two attendants, wearing the caps and uniforms of porters. Small wires, wound on reels, connected the camouflaged camera truck with the sound recording wagon that was parked at the curb. The sound truck had every outward appearance of being a moving van and attracted no attention.



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