

# The Daily Tar Heel



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Tuesday, October 22, 1929

Faculty And Student

Well may we lament the rise of mass education and the consequent disappearance of personal contact between students and professors, for much has been sacrificed to efficiency and method. Well may we also welcome mass education, for it has done much to enlighten people in general.

With this introduction the writer hopes to embody in this editorial a discussion of the relation of faculty and student from the standpoint of the student's interests entirely.

After having heard his father talk about his college days (days when colleges were small), the average youth comes to college today with the expectation of broadening and educating himself through association with professors. Little does he realize that when he graduates four years from the date of his entrance not more than five or six professors will know his first name and even fewer will call him by it. In other words, he is utterly ignorant of the great barrier which separates faculty from students. And this aforesaid barrier is, in the last analysis, the evil of mass education in colleges and universities.

Over against this situation we may well consider the unbiased contention that a few minutes conversation with the average professor is worth a dozen of his lectures—immeasurably more useful and invariably more interesting. Yet the rank and file of our professors seldom take any time from playing golf, writing books, or working on research projects to talk with individual members of their classes. Seemingly, this is asking too much of them.

Yet we offer no well-defined remedy to the situation, for it is a personal matter which is, perhaps, beyond the realm of faculty legislation. After all, it may be a stimulus to individuality. The writer feels, however, that even that trait needs to be guided.

The truth of the matter is that personal relationships between faculty and students have gone the way of all big business. This fact we lament.

—J. C. W.

The clinging-vine type of girl is said to be scarce, but she is frequently seen winding her tendrils around the automobile driver.—Newark Advocate.

## The Second Conquest Of Annie Peck

Annie S. Peck is a name which, in North America, has been almost forgotten. Twenty-one years ago that name was as well known as Lindbergh's is today, for it was then that Annie Peck accomplished her epoch-making climb up Mount Huascarán in Peru, the highest point ever reached by an American in the Western Hemisphere.

But Miss Peck is by no means lost to the staleness of things accomplished. The north peak of Huascarán, "Cumbra Ana Peck," is evidence that she has the privilege, if anybody has, of continued existence on her dying reputation. There shall be none of this for her. Once more she feels the urge of adventure, and she has announced that at a very early date she is to make her tenth voyage to South America.

This time she will not attempt to scale again the highest peak. She will try something which, to her, is a new experience. It will be a conquest and it will be an upward journey; she is to explore the western and eastern coasts of South America by airplane, and she has never ridden in one before.

Annie Peck is now an old woman—old in years but young in spirit. Like Lindbergh, she is symbolic of youth, but of a different kind of youth. She is going to try something which is almost impossible for a woman of her years; yet, she is undaunted by warnings. Her spirit is the restless ever-achieving type. Hers is the spirit which college students must cultivate if they are to keep continually fresh, and if they are to make education count for more than mere social and economic prestige.

—B. M.

## Readers' Opinions

### PETER GREEN, AGAIN!

Editor Daily Tar Heel:

My roseate expectations have recently suffered a very severe setback. I have been accused of lifting my raucous voice, sneering at properties, and of being one half humbug and the other half hypocrisy. The slightest modicum of common sense would teach that I was making myself the subject of scorn and sarcasm over the entire campus. It is the natural corollary of such iconoclastic statements that I should apologize to the Student Body. The horrible consciousness has just dawned upon me that I am hardly presentable for polite society under the present conditions. I offer my humblest apologies to Mr. Hawkins, Miss Co-ed, and Mr. Aristotle, and their forgiveness for all these offenses is very penitently and humbly invoked.

Sincerely yours,  
PETER GREEN

### TAG FOOTBALL

Editor Daily Tar Heel:

Tag football is now in full swing on the campus. Every dormitory group has been issued footballs with which to practice in preparation for its regular scheduled games. But instead of practicing on the intramural fields which have been set aside for this purpose, the tendency for dormitory teams is to "choose up sides" and play just outside the dormitories—right in the middle of plots of extraordinarily beautiful grass. Much time, expense and effort have been spent on this campus of ours. And to have all their work erased by the trampling feet of crowds of unthinking students is a perfect shame. Our campus is a thing of beauty and it ranks with those of the most beautiful colleges in the country. Now the question is:

"Are we to continue this practice of playing tag on the campus grass?"

No, we are not. Too much is at stake. We will henceforth play or practice games on the intra-mural fields. And the grass surrounding the buildings on the campus will grow green and unhampered. The beauty of our campus will not be ruined.

### A STUDENT DEFENDS THE COUNTRY

Editor of the Tar Heel:

In Friday's Tar Heel Peter Green is referred to as a backwoods or, "If he isn't, then he has succeeded in acquiring a set of backwoods manners from a city environment."

The writer hates to appear curious but would like to know if there is some magic in a city environment which does not permit the breeding of such asinine individuals as Peter Green?

I am afraid that our friend, R. Hawkins, has confused his ideas of a backwoods environment with that of a cotton mill village.

I was born and reared in the country and I am very proud of that fact, yet in all my backwoods existence I have still to see the country boy who would make such a totally idiotic exhibition of himself such as advocated by Peter Green.

Respectfully,  
A COUNTRY BOY.

### Clipped

#### It Is Abominable

This is to say that we indorse unreservedly the remarks of the Daily News' sports editor about the abominable contraction of Tar Heels as a designation for the University of North Carolina football team into the indefensible and outrageous "Heels" and that we pledge whatever assistance we are able to render him in his campaign to wipe that absurd anomaly from the face of the earth.

In the day when the colleges and universities rejoice in the naming of their athletic teams with such monstrosities as Crimson Typhoons, Bounding Earthquakes and Golden Hail Storms, it has been a satisfaction to reflect that one team at least has a name with genuine meaning. Tar Heel connotes something. It has tradition, it has state significance, it is known all over the country.

Yet in the very home of the Tar Heel, at the university itself and in the student newspaper which carries at its masthead the name of The Daily Tar Heel, the reader is slapped in the face with a headline, "Roosevelt Visits Campus; Likes Heel Football Team," and again "Notables to Attend Heels-Georgia Game" and once more, "Heels, Florida and Clemson Top Southern Teams." If the Tar Heels themselves permit and encourage this abomination, what can they expect of headline writers elsewhere?

Oh, we know the difficulties of headline writing and the necessity of holding a head in a definite space. But where has the art of the headline gone that the problem cannot be met?

We were for the Tar Heels when they faced a once great and perhaps a still great foe in Atlanta, and we'll be for them when they meet the conquerors of Yale this week. But the Heels arouse no patriotic fervor in these North Carolina breasts.

If this be conservatism, let the sports writers make the most of it. Only let them understand now that a coat of tar and the heel of a boot is our policy for those who do not know that a North Carolinian is a Tar Heel and nothing less.—Greensboro Daily News.



For the last time, we swore to ourselves. For the last time; never again. It started this way: someone flattered us by mentioning the fact that we had a good poem in our column last issue. "Hilariously funny" to be precise. Well, that was the beginning of it all. Being quite naive, and consequently, susceptible to flattery and compliment, it went to our head. Well, up in front of Swain hall, we walked out into the middle of the street and quite forgot what we were in the street for. Then suddenly, into the midst of our inquiring musings, broke a dozen or so shouts of "Look!", and we stood still. Fortunately, the car just passed over the tips of our toes. We prayed our thanks, resolving never, never again to write a poem which might induce someone to tell us that it was good. And if anyone dares . . .

Well, there is no need to make threats. And if you will keep reading, you will see the needlessness of them.

For those who, at various times in their lives, have been disappointed in love-affairs—that is, affairs with the efflorescent aspect—we suggest that they have printed and framed several of the following masterpieces. Over the desk or the bed is a good place to hang them:

"To mortals what a dreadful scourge is love." (Euripides, Medea).

"... perhaps all early love affairs ought to be strangled or drowned, like so many blind kittens. . ." (Thackeray, Pendennis).

"Shall I, wasting in despair, Die because a woman's fair? Or make pale my cheeks with care,

'Cause another's rosy are? Be she fairer than the day Or the flow'ry meads in May, If she be not so to me

What care I how fair she be?" (George Wither, Shall I, Wasting in Despair).

"Too red, too red the roses were, Too black the ivy on the tree— Dear, at the trembling of your hair All my despair comes back to me. . ."

(Stephane Mallarme, Song Without Words).

"Pourquoi renouer l'amour-ette? C'est-y bien la peine d'aimer?" (Why knot again our broken love? Is the sorrow of love worth while?)

(Paul Fort).

"Parting is all we know of heaven, And all we need of hell."

(Emily Dickinson, Parting).

That's enough. Help yourself, and paste the credit line below the frame. Then look up at them occasionally with a sad and melancholy gaze . . . and sigh (puffingly).

Below, for your perusal, we present two parodies. To the first ten persons turning in the correct list of poets imitated, the columnist will offer a

### TO HORTENSE

Hortense, thy beauty is to me Like sweet perfume in alleyways,

That one can smell but cannot see; Through all the dreary dismal days

It floats before my gaze. Lo, on yon dreamy balustrade How delicate I see thee stand

A bag of peanuts in thy hand! As if intent on escapade In foreign strand.

### PROFS ARE KIND

Do not weep, maiden, for profs are kind. Because one once drew zeros on your theme

And cussed you generously, Do not weep. Profs are kind.

Hoarse, booming voices of the brotherhood, Little souls that thirst for light, These men were born to rave and curse.

The unexplained glory clings around them,

Great is the teaching-god, and his domain— A room where a score of wretches nurse.

The President's home on Franklin street was built in 1907 at a cost of \$15,000.



Tobacco's at its best . . . in a pipe

MEN'S preference for a man's smoke—the pipe—is plenty positive. But do you know why? We'll tell you.

First, pipe tobacco's different—for instance, Edgeworth. Second, tobacco smolders as it should in a pipe. And third, these mean you get more satisfaction—greater relish of the good old savory burley, soothing fullness of rich smoke.

There's even a fourth reason: you like good company. The pipe-smoking brotherhood is that.

Tobacco's at its best in a pipe. It gets a chance to be itself there—to loosen up as it comes to life, to expand and take in air and glow. Only the choicest leaves get that chance, moreover, for pipes tell the truth about tobacco. Choice leaves, choice blends, and mighty careful handling. Edgeworth comes up through eleven distinct processes before we're willing to pass it on to you.

If you keep on missing all this, that's your fault—for we're waiting to send you your first pipefuls of Edgeworth. See the coupon? Fill it out, get a good pipe and the postman will bring you a neat little glad-to-meet-you packet of good old Edgeworth.

Edgeworth is a careful blend of good tobaccos—selected especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor never change. Buy it anywhere—"Ready Rubbed" and "Plug Slice"—15¢ pocket package to pound humidior tin.

## EDGEWORTH

LARUS & BRO. CO., Richmond, Va. I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a good pipe. Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_ Town and State \_\_\_\_\_ Now let the Edgeworth come! v

"Customed to Don or Customed to Measure"

Conclusive

Consider the many hours you spend in your clothes and how much of your ease and comfort and satisfaction and pride depends upon making the right selection—and you can come to only one conclusion—LANGROCK FINE CLOTHES.

Pritchard-Patterson Incorporated "University Outfitters"