



campus who remember the more or less regular appearances in would have received. this sheet of that eminent journalist's "Our Times" will also recall that he once said every columnist should apologize for instantiant of the should apologize for instantiant of the should be sho inflicting himself upon the daily readers or at least offer sufficient explanation for his appearance. e apologize forthwith and explain by saying that our purpose is to loiter about the Old Well eye the comings and goings of . . . The Great Triumvirate morality to the adjacent columns | Lloyd's at a quarter of seven. and the wit to those hearty souls who are already launching the University Honors good ship, Finjan. Ours will be a menial and unromantic task.

good bit on the jollier side than President Battle will be remem ly before school opened. We have history of the University. Easiobserved that there is nothing sadder than an editor with nothing to edit, and Pat was indeed mony to the love and devotion wallowing in the deepest of dol- its author bore the University. drums. But now that he has his toys back the wailing from the second floor of Graham Memorial has stopped. Here we can't as president of three colleresist the temptation to say that Texas, Carolina, and State. since the Buccaneer has changed pirating its jokes.

We have this one from Richmond P. Bond, revealing the secscholarly world came near to lane and thence to Virginia. losing a new doctor of philosophy when in examing a candi-Kidder Graham, who followed date the question was popounded Tale of a Tub." We had never tance of this in the scholarly world nor the mental brilliance required to arrive at a logical conclusion upon it. The American scholar, we remember reading somewhere in Emerson, is man thinking, and it is gratifying to learn to what depths our embryonic scholars are required to go. We are indeed surrounded by homines multarum literarum.

Horatio Alger's orphan boys had nothing on "de Lawd" Harrison. The aged actor spilling talk in the Playmakers theatre the other afternoon bore evi-

dence to the adage that truth is stranger than fiction. From newsboy, Pullman porter and bellhop, he has reached the summit of histrionic fame and still remains a genial, earthy old man without the slightest touch of temperament. He was treat-Those older members of the ed with more reverence by the crew than any actor of our color

> The best one he tells is his re gro when I've been one for sixtyfive years and you never have and never will be!"

Drippings: Oc Coffin and his is to loiter about the Old Well alwayshalfburned stogie Carl and observe with a very casual Thompson proceeded by his pipe . . Archibald Henderson with find time to peruse this column his trousers that have never over their morning coffee. We been introduced to his shoetops do not intend to "enliven moral-... Carl Snavely and his profesity with the wit and temper wit sorial dignity . . . Freshmen who with morality," for we leave the are allarms and legs in Pritchard-

Founders of School

Mention of the Finjan reminds in re-opening the institution afus that Pat Gaskins appears a ter the enforced closing in 1868. ve saw him in Greensboro short- bered as the author of the official

President Battle's successor, George Tayloe Winston, had the unusual record of having served colleges:

Edwin Anderson Alderman. its name we hope it will cease sixth president of the University, and one of the great orators and educators of the south, was heir to Winston. Alderman also held the distinction of havrets of the English department's ing been president of three inner sanctum. It seems the schools, for he later went to Tu-

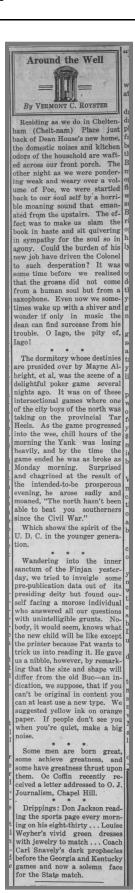
No less an orator was Edward as to whether Swift's work was called "A Tale of a Tub" or "The Call of a Tub" or "The president Dresident president, Dr. Graham's brilrealized before the true impor- 1918 by a fatal attack of influ-

> Graham's responsibilities fell to Marvin H. Stacy, who had been dean of the college of lib-eral arts for five years. Unfort unately, Stacy, whose wife is the present dean of women, did not live to be elected president. He, ike his predecessor, was stricken by the influenza epidemic.

Founder's Day, the commemo-











We want to pause this morning long enough to take off our hat to the new Finjan and eat any nasty words we may have said about the editor. The history of all collegiate publications is one of personalities, and particularly is a humorous magazine the reflection of its skipper. In our years we've seen comics come (and go) and to see a really clever publication of wit and humor without dirt gives us a quiet, peaceful feeling in our gastronomical re g i on s. Where are all the old ladies of the sewing circle now who used to sit and gasp when they heard that little Johnny was writing for "that Buccaneer"?

Cap'n George (the football team) is becoming quite an idol for the kiddies of Chapel Hill and Carboro. Wandering up the main drag the other day we spied George being best by two ladies, apparently school mam's, who were trying to get him to come over to the high school and talk to the boys. George was glancing furtively up and down the street as if afraid of being spied, all the while shrinking as close to the wall as he could get. But the more het ried to wiggle away the more they pushed after him, insisting that he come. It would mean so much to "the boys," they said. We passed on our way carrying the picture of a hacked face, but without learning who won. We are still wondering if the Tar Heels' Achilles has at last met his master. What price Glory?

What price Glory?

We dropped in on the Playmaker's opening spasm, R. U. R.,
Thursday night to pop out again
after a few minutes, but stayed
to marvel at Director Sam Selden's ingeniousness. The play
was one of these spectacle things
that required a lot off stage
noises of people and machinery,
and it was all handled very effectively. Upon nosing about
back stage we discovered that
the machinery effect had been
obtained with a small organ
playing one sustained note, and
that the sound of the mob of
robots in the distance was nothling more than the stage crew
and extras standing around saying. "Bottle, bottle, bottle . . ."
The racket in the epilogues that
sounded like the Chrysler building falling over was, however,
added impromptu by electrician
Hagood.
Personal nomination for the

added impromptu by electrician Hagood.

Personal nomination for the hall of fame: Ellen Deppe, who successfully held up Toreador Spann and twice kept the play from wobbling.

As one newspaper man to another, we delight in scooping the feature board. Our special town correspondent has been telling us about a unique bridge club which exists among the townswomen of the Hill. It seems that sometime ago they felt their game was being slowed up considerably by too much talking across the board (Imaginel), so the redoubtable ladies organized themselves a "silent bridge club," the idea being that while the game is in progress conversation is strictly taboo. We've tried to pull strings to see the plan in operation, but so far our most pathetic pleas have been in vain. We are told that the scheme works, but we can imagine what a strain it must be on some of the dowagers of the peaceful village.