Around the Well

By VERMONT C. ROYSTER

Those older members of the campus who remember the more or less regular appearances in this sheet of that eminent journalist's "Our Times" will also recall that he once said every columnist should apologize for inflicting himself upon the daily readers or at least offer sufficient explanation for his appearance. We apologize forthwith and explain by saying that our purpose is to offer a glimpse of the Old Well and observe with a very casual eye the comings and goings of the campus, jettisoning down all the while the little bits that may prove of interest to those who find time to peruse this column over their morning coffee. We do not intend to "enliven morality with wit and temper wit with morality," for we leave the morality to the adjacent columns and the wit to those hearty souls who are already launching the good ship, Finnian. Ours will be a mental and aur conferences.

Mention of the Finjan reminds us that Pat Gaskins appears a good hit on the jollier side than we saw him in Greensboro shorty before school opened. We have observed that there is nothing sadder than an editor with nothing to edit, and Pat was indeed wallowing in the deepest of doleful drums. But now that he has his boys back the waiting from the second floor of Graham Memorial has stopped. Here we can't resist the temptation to say that since the Buccaneer has changed its name we hope it will cease pirating its jokes.

We have this one from Richmond P. Bond, revealing the secrets of the English department's inner sanctum. It seems the scholarly world came near to losing a new doctor of philosophy when in examining a candidate the question was poposed as to whether Swift's work was called "A Tale of a Tub" or "The Tale of a Tub." We had never realized before the true importance of this in the scholarly world nor the mental brillance required to arrive at a logical conclussion 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" Harriett. The aged actor spilling talk in the Playmakers theater the other afternoon bore evi-
Around the Well

By VIRGINIA C. ROVERET

Residing as we do in Chellenham (Chelsham) Place just back of Davis House's new home, the domestic noises and kitchen odors of the household are wafted across our front porch. The other night as we were pondering weak and weary over a volume of Poe, we were startled back to our soul's self by a horrible moaning sound that emanated from the upstairs. The effect was to make us slam the book in haste and sit quivering in sympathy for the soul as in agony. Could the burden of his new job have driven the Colonel to such desperation? It was some time before we realized that the groans did not come from a human soul but from a saxophone. Even now we sometimes wake up with a shiver and wonder if only in music the dear can find surcease from his trouble. O lago, the pity of it, lago!

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The dormitory whose destinies are presided over by Myrtle Albright, et al., was the scene of a delightful poker game several nights ago. It was on of these interesting games where one of the city boys of the north was taking on the provincial Tar Heels. As the game progressed into the wee, chill hours of the morning the Yank was losing heavily, and by the time the game ended he was as broke as Monday morning. Surprised and chagrined at the result of the intended-to-be prosperous evening, he arose sadly and moaned. "The north hasn't been able to beat you southerners since the Civil War."

Which shows the spirit of the U. D. C. in the younger generation.

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Wandering into the inner sanctum of the Fugasa yesterday, we tried to investigate some pre-publication data out of its presiding deity but found ourselves facing a morose individual who answered all our questions with unintelligible grunts. Nobody, it would seem, knows what the new child will be like except the printer because Pat wants to trick us into reading it. He gave us a nibble, however, by remarking that the size and shape will differ from the old Rico—an indication, we suppose, that if you can't be original in content you can at least use a new type. We suggested yellow ink on orange paper. If people don't see you when you're quiet, make a big noise.

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Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Or Coffin recently received a letter addressed to O. J. Journalism, Chapel Hill.

Driglupan: Don Jackson reading the sports page every morning on his sight-harity. Louise Weyher's vivid green dress with jewelry to match. Coach Carl Shandy's dark spectacles before the Georgia and Kentucky games and now a solemn face for the State match.
Around the Well

By Vermont C. Botts

We want to pause this morn

ing long enough to take off our

hat to the new Finn-jen and say

nasty words we may have

said about the editor. The

history of all collegiate publica-

tions is one of personalities, and par-

cularly is a humorous mag-

azine the reflection of its slip-

per. In our years we've seen

come and go and to see a really clever publication of wit

and humor without dirt given

as a quiet, peaceful feeling in

our gastronomic region.

Where are all the old ladies

of the spelling circle now who

used to sit and gasp when they

heard that little Johnny was writing

for "that Crimson"?

Cap'n George (the football

man) is becoming quite an idol

for the kiddies of Chapel Hill

and Carters. Wandering up

the trail drag the other day we

spied George being bent by true

heirs, apparently school man's,

who were trying to get him to

come over to the high school

and talk to the boys. George was

planning generously and down

the street as if afraid of being

tried, all the while shrugging

even close to the wall as he could get.

But the more he tried to wriggle

away the more they pushed after

him, insisting that he come. It

would mean as much to "the boys," they said. We passed on

our way carrying the picture of a

half-baked fox, but without hating

who won. We are still won-

dering if the Tar Heel's Articles

has at last met his maker. What

prize glory?

We dropped in at the Play-

maker's evening spasm, B. U. R.

Thursday night to pop out again

after a few minutes, but stayed

to marvel at Director Sam Smol-

ter's buffetishments. The play

gave one of these spectacles things

that required a lot of stag-

eness of people and machinery,

and it was all handled very

effectively. Upon rising 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 mid of

robots in the distance was

nothing more than the stage crew

and extras standing around say-

ing, "Bottle, bottle, bottle . . .

The racket in the dialogue that

sounded like the Chrysler build-

ing falling over was, however,

added impromptu by electricians

failing.

Personal nomination for the

ball of fame: Eileen Degen, who

succeeded in holding up Taradale

ihans and twice kept the play

from wobbling.

As one newspaper man to

other, we delight in scooping

the feature board. Our special

town correspondent has been

telling us about a unique bridge club

which exists among the lower-

women of the Hill. It seems that

sometimes they felt that

game was being played up con-

siderably to too much, lacking

across the board. (Imagine!), as

the rebuildable ladies organized

themselves a "silent bridge club.

"the idea being that while the

game is in progress conversa-

tion is strictly taboo. We've

tried in pull settings to see the

plan in operation, but so far our

most petty plans have hung in

vain. We are told that the

scheme works, but we can

imagine what a strain it must be

some of the dwellers of that

peaceful village.