

**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 loiter about the Old Well and observe with a very casual eye the comings and goings of the campus, jotting 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 the 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, Finjan. Ours will be a menial and unromantic task.

Mention of the Finjan reminds us that Pat Gaskins appears a good bit on the jollier side than we saw him in Greensboro shortly 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 dol-drum. But now that he has his toys back the wailing 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 popounded 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 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 treated with more reverence by the crew than any actor of our color would have received.

The best one he tells is his reply to Marc Connelly's objection to his interpretation of "de Lawd." Said Mr. Harrison, "Stop telling me how to be a Negro when I've been one for sixty-five years and you never have and never will be!"

Drippings: Oc Coffin and his always halfburned stogie . . . Carl Thompson preceded by his pipe . . . The Great Triumvirate of ex-presidents, Albright, Weeks, and Barnes—three peas in a pod . . . Archibald Henderson with his trousers that have never been introduced to his shoetops . . . Carl Snavely and his professional dignity . . . Freshmen who are allarmsandlegs in Pritchard-Lloyd's at a quarter of seven.

**University Honors Founders of School**

(Continued from page one)

in re-opening the institution after the enforced closing in 1868. President Battle will be remembered as the author of the official history of the University. Easily the most valuable book concerning the school, it is fit testimony to the love and devotion its author bore the University.

President Battle's successor, George Tayloe Winston, had the unusual record of having served as president of three colleges: Texas, Carolina, and State.

Edwin Anderson Alderman, 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 having been president of three schools, for he later went to Tulane and thence to Virginia.

No less an orator was Edward Kidder Graham, who followed Alderman to the presidency in 1914. Cousin of the present president, Dr. Graham's brilliant career was cut short in 1918 by a fatal attack of influenza.

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

Founder's Day, the commemo-

**The Young**

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DURHAM

Durham's Shopping Cen

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Residing as we do in Cheltenham (Chelt-nam) Place just back of Dean 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 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 so 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 dean can find surcease from his trouble. O Iago, the pity of, Iago!

The dormitory whose destinies are presided over by Mayne Albright, et al, was the scene of a delightful poker game several nights ago. It was on of these intersectional 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.

Wandering into the inner sanctum of the Finjan yesterday, we tried to inveigle some pre-publication data out of its presiding deity but found ourself 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 Buc—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.

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

Drippings: Don Jackson reading the sports page every morning on his eight-thirty... Louise Weyher's vivid green dresses with jewelry to match... Coach Carl Snavely's dark prophecies before the Georgia and Kentucky games and now a solemn face for the State match.

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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 regions. 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 beset 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 he tried 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?

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 nothing 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 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 (Imagine!), 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.