

THE TAR HEEL.

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THE GEOLOGY CLASS GO TO THE PILOT MOUNTAIN.

"*Ein Time!*" That's what it was. Fourteen zealous wielders of the hammer boarded the train for Greensboro last Friday afternoon, carrying with them Professors Alderman and Holmes. Class-room work is at times monotonous, especially during spring weather. There is need of a change, some need of applying theories and making individual investigation. This our Faculty recognized, this we afterwards realized—but to go on. The party on reaching Greensboro repaired to Hotel McAdoo, where special rates were given them and where, as heretofore, they were cleverly treated. Supper was partaken of "largely," and the geologists betook themselves to that place of places in North Carolina, the Normal and Industrial School. As had been previously announced, Professor Alderman delivered in the Chapel an instructive and entertaining lecture, and having concluded, introduced the 'Varsity rock-hunters in a manner which, to those individuals, appeared exceedingly appropriate and perceptive. A reception followed, or was following, when a bell sounded afar off amongst the the cobwebbed gables of the main building and caused the Hillians to wrap up their conversation, seize their bearings and turn their cumbrous pedal appendages hotelwards. During the night heart-rending shrieks proceeded from No. 10, and those running in saw the terrified inmates engaged in a desperate encounter with a couple of Silurian Resurrections. These vicious monsters had in the dead of night, rejuvenated by the warmth of the sleepers, disengaged themselves from huge deposits of stratified bedticking and come forth seeking whom they might devour. With the assistance of the newcomers our contingent triumphed over the evil ones, and after carefully dissecting their antiquated cadavers for "souvenyours" cast the remnants through the key hole—*Requiescat in pace.*

Morning came, and with it eleven cars bound for the Pilot mountain. Hastily girding up their waists and burnishing their arms the hammer-bearers fell in behind the snorting Pegasus, sallied

through a window into the realms of Normal School bonnets and lunch boxes, and after a ride, concerning which the tongue of man faileth to articulate, reached what a rustic visitor "lowed was the biggest pile o' mess he ever see"—a unique but altogether striking characterization for Monsieur Pilot. Here the party took sundry and divers vehicles for the foot of the mountain, disembarked and held a caucus as to further procedure. Some wended their way to the flower-beds to botanize, others toward the sandstone crest higher up, and some aweary with well doing took their ease around the little spring beside the path. To those who succeeded in climbing the pinnacle was presented a magnificent view of the surrounding basin. Rivers seemed tiny branches in the distance, yea even a grove of monarch oaks resembled a cabbage patch, and a negro sleeping on a fence down the valley was taken for a coon. It was warm. The clouds took the hint and kindly showered a baptism upon the sight-seers seated aloft. No one was injured, on the contrary several were refreshed, the dust being laid—*Tempus fugit*—and the descent was accomplished, the collected specimens packed in boxes, wagons and ox-carts and brought to the train. Hunger began to remind the geologists that the lunch boxes had been lost, and a mighty wail went up; but, thanks to a clear sky, a Shanghai was espied stalking over the landscape. His doom was sealed, and he soon perched upon a biscuit built for two. Mount Airy and the granite quarries were soon reached and the tired workers chased up to the Renfro Inn to rest a bit. Mr. W. A. Byran, the genial proprietor, received them with kindly hospitality and extended the use of pavilion and bowling-alley, refusing any recompense whatsoever.

Pop goes the weasel, the whistle blows, and again Pegasus whiffs the air toward Greensborostation; a crowd of humans stand up or sit on the ragged edge of nothing and car accommodations are highly "out of sight"—a coal-box here, a stick of wood there, and a few fragments of kindling-wood serve to rest the weary. Thus it was; it was not else; would that it had been. Pegasus halts; we pull a handful of cinders out of each ear, shake our paper collars and salute *terra firma*. Soon after—

"The wheel was broken at the cistern, The pitcher at the fountain, and the teacup at the pump."

To bed; and away early next morning for Chapel Hill. "University!" calls the brakeman, and we get off—to find no car, no carriage, no cart, no nothing, and a minority of that, to bear us away over the hills and dales of rocky Orange to Sunday dinner. Twelve miles! He who has tears sheds them swiftly as he begins to tally cross-ties and feel the perspiration beading on his alabaster forehead. Professor Holmes's carriage picks us up half way home and we go on our way rejoicing. A pleasanter trip could scarcely have been experienced, and unqualified thanks are due Misses Kirkland and Bryant of the Normal, with Professor Holmes as well, for the pains given and kindness shown to the U. N. C. men. Much beneficial experience was gained, and we feel assured that Professor Cobb will find some of the results set forth in his next examination papers. Those who went were Messrs. Steele, Borden, Robertson, W. R., Graham, W. A., Atkinson, Lee, T. B., Andrews, A. B., Sawyer, Weaver, Bryant, Mattocks, Craige, J. R., Toms and Rollins.

OUR TEAM.

When this issue shall appear one of our Virginia games will have been played, and the real strength of the two nines compared.

Ours is the best team we have ever had, and it has improved wonderfully in practice. Virginia has been beaten by us when we had not so good a nine and they a better; so we feel that we are warranted in being sure of victory.

Only ten men will be carried. This will be the batting order: Robertson, W., cf.; Oldham, c.; Lanier, 3b. and p.; Gregory, 2b.; Honeycutt, 1b.; Kenan, rf.; Stanley, ss.; Graham, lf.; Stephens, p. and 3b. Robertson, R., will be the tenth man. Lanier and Stephens will alternate places. Stephens will pitch in the games with Virginia at Lynchburg, Richmond College at Richmond, and LaFayette at Chapel Hill; Lanier will pitch in the games with Virginia at Charlottesville, and LaFayette at Greensboro. Oldham has recovered from the injury to his hand and will occupy his position. Stephens is in fine form and will keep the boasted Virginia batters guessing; and the renowned Smith will come out of the "North Carolina game" with his batting average lowered.

BASE-BALL GAME.

On Wednesday, May 9, 1894, at Athletic Park, Chapel Hill, N. C., Lafayette College, of Pennsylvania, against University of North Carolina. Admission fifty cents.

ELISHA MITCHELL SOCIETY.

The last regular meeting of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society met in the lecture-room of the Laboratory last Tuesday evening. The meeting was very interesting and lively, and there were far less of the students present than there should have been. Some of the papers were very fine indeed.

Mr. Baskerville read a paper on the methods of separating Zirconium and comparing it to that of Titanium.

Prof. Holmes was sick, and could not read his article.

Mr. White read a paper on "Glaciation," touching the relation between the glaciers and the astronomical position of the earth. He also told the Society about his work upon the paleotrochist, which he is attempting to prove a fossil instead of a concretion. Prof. Cobb said that it has been proven that the eozaon is a concretion, and if Mr. White succeeds, he will show the paleotrochist to be the oldest representative of the animal kingdom in the world.

Mr. McFadyen had a paper on the "Triassic Deposition and subsequent Deformation," discussing the Dan and Deep river regions.

Mr. Harris had two papers, but the one on the analysis of the Florida bean was of more interest to those of us who have lately suffered from the delicious odor of this peculiar vegetable. The odor comes from the kernel and is not a part of the bean itself, but is formed by the action of water, or in case of chewing, from the saliva of the mouth.

Mr. Kenan read a paper, telling of his attempt to form double chlorides of the alkalis.

Dr. Venable told about his work upon the atomic weight of Zirconium.

Prof. Cobb told a snake story. We will not tax our readers' power of credulity by relating it, although Prof. Cobb gave a very good witness to the truth of it.

Princeton is to send a party in charge of Professor Scott into Dakota, Wyoming and the far West for the purpose of collecting vertebrate fossils.