

FIRE ALARM ZONES IN CHAPEL HILL

Chapel Hill has been divided into fire alarm zones so that anybody who hears the siren can tell in what part of the village the fire is.

The two axis streets are Franklin (the main street) and Columbia (the street that runs down from the east campus gate by Strowd's garage). Zone 1 is west of Columbia and north of Franklin; Zone 2 east of Columbia and north of Franklin, Zone 3 east of Columbia and south of Franklin, and Zone 4 west of Columbia and south of Franklin.

Certain places in the village are numbered, and the siren at fire headquarters signals a number to tell the location of the fire. For example, if an alarm comes in for a fire near the Carolina Inn, the siren will give 4 blasts (for Zone 4) and then 1 blast, indicating 41. Or, if there is a fire near Hillsboro and North streets, the siren will give 2 blasts (for Zone 2) and then 7 blasts, indicating 27.

The numbered places are listed below. This list enables you to locate the fire: For example, if you hear the siren give 4 blasts and then 2, find 42 in the list and you will know that the fire is near the corner of Cameron avenue and Mallett street.

ZONE 1

West of Columbia, North of Franklin
 No. 12: Rosemary & Mitchell
 No. 13: Rosemary & Church
 No. 14: Franklin & Columbia
 No. 15: Pritchard & Carr
 No. 16: Church & McDade
 No. 17: Lindsay & Cotton

ZONE 2

East of Columbia, North of Franklin
 No. 21: Glenburnie & North
 No. 23: Franklin & Boundary
 No. 24: Pickard & Rosemary
 No. 26: Henderson & North
 No. 27: Hillsboro & North

ZONE 3

East of Columbia, South of Franklin
 No. 31: Old East Building
 No. 32: Senlac & Caldwell
 No. 34: Park Place
 No. 35: Gimghoul Section
 No. 36: Dormitory Quadrangle
 No. 37: Chemistry Building

ZONE 4

West of Columbia, South of Franklin
 No. 41: Cameron Avenue & Columbia
 No. 42: Cameron & Mallett
 No. 43: Franklin & Roberson
 No. 45: Cameron & Graham
 No. 46: McCauley & Ransom
 No. 47: Pittsboro & Vance

Strange Odyssey of Adventure and Hard Knocks Related by Debater

When E. H. Whitley, U. N. C. debater, gets up to talk an opponent down he has at his command not only his "book larnin" but also a vast knowledge of human nature which he procured during four months of hard knocks and raw worldly experiences some two years ago. The story of these four months is a strange tale as told by Whitley himself late one rainy afternoon in the Bull's Head Bookshop before a wide-eyed audience of four.

Herewith follows Whitley's own narrative of his Odyssey, abridged to some extent by the reporter:

In the spring of 1927 I and Carl D. Terry, a freshman friend of mine, planned to take a long trip during the summer. He wanted to go west and I wanted to go to France. We tossed up a coin. I lost. We went west. This was the morning of June 11. We had the Ford decked with pennants, and "Coast-to-Coast-on-Henry" painted on the sides.

We spent the first night in a negro Presbyterian church near Statesville. Carefully saving our money we spent the next night in a deserted farmhouse.

We crossed the Mississippi Valley during its third great flood. At Forest City we saw a crowd of refugee negroes living in a string of side-tracked box cars. Twenty-two negro babies had been born in this box car town, and many of them had been given such names as "Highwater" and "Refugee." We detoured two hundred miles to Little Rock.

Just before reaching Ellsworth, Kansas, we were caught in a hurricane which ditched the car, took the top off, and blew away a pair of our trousers with twenty dollars in the pocket.

It was here, absolutely penniless, that we sold the Ford for fifteen dollars.

Here we fell in with a fellow named Rose and proceeded through Cheyenne to Rawlins, where we were arrested as hoboes. The officer searched us, questioned us, and finally turned us loose. We walked and bummed to Green River, hiked thirty miles across a desert, drank all our water the first half-hour, and were tantalized during the rest of the day by mirages of clear springs which receded as we approached. At Kennerer, Rose and Terry quarreled, and Terry left us about dark, walking straight out along a desert road with the first settlement or crossroads sixty miles away. He had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, and he had no money. Thus did my initial companion leave me.

Rose and I slept that night in a straw-floored fruit car, and next morning we got a job with a carnival. I earned a dollar by washing a car. We went into an athletic area where we were supposed to pull fake fights on the carnival's fighters, but Rose overcame the wrestler, and I licked the boxer for which we each got the offered prize of five dollars. I played my six on a gaming device and won six more. The seventeen dollars

lasted us to Portland, Oregon, where Rose left me.

Here I fell in with Howard Amundson, a U. of Montana freshman, who took me to his father's ranch near Miles City, where I stayed for a week and got a real taste of western cowboy life. Young Amundson and I then hoboed to Vancouver, B. C., came back to Seattle, and there got papers to sail on an Alaska bound steamer. We couldn't get a job on the boat, however, and as we sat on the dock we were arrested by two plainclothes men on the charge of murder. At the police station the officer read an exact description of myself, the person described as being wanted for the murder of a railroad police. They questioned and searched us closely. They asked us if we had ever hoboed on the trains, and we told that we had. For awhile it looked bad. But on me they found letters from home, and saw that all my clothes were marked with my initials. The questioned me much about the University, and finally turned us loose.

I and a fellow named Dean went from Seattle to Takoma, where we met a French-Indian named Gus, who induced us to hop the Portland Limited with him. We rode between two cars, and as we pulled into the Vancouver, Washington, station four policemen surrounded us and demanded our surrender. We had heard that the penalty for hoboeing trains was ninety days on the road, so we leaped off and made a desperate dash through the crowd of passengers. Two of us escaped in the dark and town dodging through the traffic. Gus had been caught. Dean and I, with the police at our heels ducked into a sidestreet and crawled under an old lumber shed, where we lay for a half-hour in stagnant water filled with tin cans and broken bottles. It was a terrible experience. Finally we sneaked out and started running across a long railroad bridge which spanned a big swamp on the way to Portland. We got tired, sat down, and heard a handcar coming, so we jumped off, waded through the swamp, truck a highway, and took a trolley car to Portland.

Here I pawned my high school senior ring for one dollar. With this dollar we got to San Francisco, having ten cents left when we arrived. We ate out of orchards along the route. Through an employment agency got a job sweeping out chimneys in Chinatown. During one morning we swept out eighteen chimneys at one dollar and a half per chimney. In one room of a Chinese apartment house we walked in on a Chinese woman, who started jabbering at us in a language that sounded like dishes breaking. The landlord quieted her, however, and we swept the chimney. We spent the night in the dens of the Chinatown underworld, where both of us took just one puff on an opium pipe. It tasted excellent.

We fooled around on the water front for several days until Dean got a job on a coastwise steamer. When

I had spent all my money I joined a National Guard unit which was just going to its summer camp. I had some real army experiences in that camp. When it broke up I set out for Mexico with a fellow named Herman Shiloff. We visited the dives of Tia Juana and saw the dancing girls who go down there to live when they fail to get a job in Hollywood. We started into Mexico, but it was election time, and people would run out, look mean, and ask us which candidate we were for. We soon came back out of Mexico.

We came through Arizona, California, Nevada, and Utah. At a town named Thistle we were arrested for vagrancy, but were soon released. Shiloff left me, and I came on east through Pueblo to Denver, where I worked about ten days in a garage. I wired home for fifteen dollars, got it, and came on through Kansas City and St. Louis to Chicago, where I got standing room at the Dempsey-Tunney fight; and I'm here to tell you that Tunney got a double count when he was down. It looked like a fake to me.

I came south through Vincennes and stopped with my uncle for a short time in Paris, Kentucky. I got a three hundred miles ride from Berea to Asheville, N. C., where I spent my first night back in North Carolina in a hotel. On my entire trip this was the only night I had spent in a hotel, and excepting the eighteen nights I had spent on the National Guard army cots, it was the seventh night I had slept on a bed. I carried an army pack, two shelter halves, and two army blankets, so I usually spent the night wherever I happened to be. During the trip I bummed rides on every kind of vehicle except an aeroplane.

The second night back in North Carolina I spent in a small inn at Spencer, the third night in a sawmill near Chocowinity, and the next morning I pulled into my home town of Pantego. I had been gone one hundred and fifteen days. I hadn't spent a single night in forced confinement. And had made the trip on working about one day out of seven. When I got home I had gained eighteen pounds, felt fine, had a better view of human nature, and had accumulated enough common sense not to try it again.

CHANEY STUDIES ROLE IN DETAIL

Spends Days in Hospital Learning What to Do to Act Paralyzed.

Lon Chaney put in two days in a Los Angeles hospital to study for his strangest screen role, that of "Dead Legs Flint," in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "West of Zanzibar," which comes Monday to the Carolina Theatre. In order properly to play the paralyzed "white voodoo" he located a paralysis patient and studied him in detail.

One of the grim tragedies of the production is that Chaney becomes permanently paralyzed from the waist down in a fight he has with a handsome stranger who stole the love of his wife. His wife dies and leaves him an infant girl whom he supposes the child of his rival, and consequently hates. He tracks his enemy to the African jungles, kills him and is about to cause the horrible death of the girl when he learns her true identity. In order to save her he sacrifices his own life.

Lionel Barrymore, Mary Nolan, Warner Baxter, Jane Daly and others of note are in the cast. Tod Browning directed.

Attend Inauguration

Dr. Harry Woodburn Chase and Marvon Saunders were among the members of the University staff that attended the inauguration of Governor O. Max Gardner in Raleigh yesterday.

Full Program Announced For Press Institute

(Continued from page one)
 Chase of the University.

Thursday morning will be given over to an important business meeting of the North Carolina Press Association, opening at 9 o'clock.

Thursday afternoon's session will open at 2 o'clock with an address by Major Wade H. Phillips, director of the Department of Conservation and Development, whose subject will be "A Conservation Policy for North Carolina." He will be followed by a round table discussion. W. E. Page, President of the R. W. Page Newspaper Corporation, will speak on "Newspaper Consolidation and Valuation," and Cleveland Baber, of the Asheville Citizen, will speak on "Mechanics and Typography."

There will be an old-fashioned bar-

becue and entertainment at the Chapel Hill Country Club at 6 o'clock. At 8 o'clock Geo. O. Leonard, Director of Media and Research for the Campbell Ewald Advertising Company of Detroit, will speak on "Agency Relationship," followed by D. Hiden Ramsey of the Asheville Times, who will speak on "Business Management."

The concluding session Friday morning will have on the program John B. Harris, of the Albemarle Press, who will speak on "Cultivation of the Circulation Field"; H. G. Connor, Jr., Wilson attorney, who will speak on "The North Carolina Press in Its Public Relationship"; and J. Roy Parker, editor of the Hertford County Herald, who will speak on "Special Editions and Tie-ups."

All sessions of the Institute will be held in Gerrard Hall.

New Library Will Be the Most Impressive Structure on Campus

(Continued from page one)

modern. In point of beauty it surpasses every building on the campus. In point of convenience it is the result of expert planning and construction. Another item which has been carefully considered in the erection of the structure is comfort. A ventilating system keeps the stack rooms at the correct temperature and humidity for correct book storage at all times. In short, the entire arrangement is the result of long and zealous study on the part of the Librarian and his assistants together with hearty co-operation on the part of architects and consulting architects.

Each of the three floors is to be used for a particular purpose in order that confusion and noise may be reduced to a minimum. The first floor will be used chiefly for reserved readings assigned by the different departments, especially those assigned to Freshman and Sophomore classes.

The second floor will be given over largely to advanced study and reference. Provision will be made for seating at least 400 students on this floor doing reference work. This arrangement tends to separate students who are interested in one thing from those who are interested in something of an entirely different nature.

Many look forward to the completion of the building with unusual

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zealousness because there is a plan on foot to begin building up at once a North Carolina-Southern collection. Achievement in this field cannot fail to turn the eyes of the entire nation on the University of North Carolina just as the University of California, through the Bancroft collection, and the University of Michigan, through the Clements collection, have gained national fame. The provision of such a magnificent building can be counted upon to stimulate the giving of collections.

The site of the structure on the South side of the campus, closing up the quadrangle of which South Building makes the opposite end and Steele, Saunders, and Murphey one side. Plans for the future development of that part of the campus call for a set of buildings which will form the other

side and thereby complete the quadrangle figure. The site of the new library is 844 feet south of South Building and at the southern end of the campus, about 140 feet from the South road. The building faces north.


The building was designed by Atwood and Nash, Inc., University architects and engineers, with the firm of McKim, Mead, and White, of New York, as consulting architects. T. C. Thompson and Brothers are the contractors.

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