

The Daily Tar Heel



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BUSINESS

Harlan Jameson, John Manning, Al Olmstead, Jack Hammer, Bernard Solomon, John Barrow, Tommy Thomas, John Cooper, John Simms.

Saturday, September 20, 1930

Greene Condenses The Honor Code

Both old and new men here hear much concerning the "honor system." Student government lectures are given in the fall to incoming freshmen. Periodically, someone writes that the "honor system" is a failure or a glorious success. Editorially the Daily Tar Heel has its say-so and sometimes class periods are devoted to discussions of honor.

We detest the word "system" when applied to honor. It denotes a racket of some kind. And the great American game is trying to "beat the racket." One doesn't attempt to beat honor. It is entirely too personal a matter for one to treat as something to beat.

Here we have a definite code of honor. Students accept that code when they enroll here just as they accept other conditions. Otherwise they are not wanted.

The most condensed and possibly the best definition of Carolina's code of honor was given by President Greene yesterday morning when welcoming the student body he said: "In order to understand and uphold the honor system you men must rely upon those qualities within you which are the highest and noblest type. In following your high and noble qualities you will have no trouble in maintaining the proper individual conduct and helping us to preserve and perfect our honor system."

We do not think that it is necessary to add to those two sentences. They contain all the Daily Tar Heel has to say at this time about Carolina's code of honor.

New Magazine For The South

The Agora, "the magazine of the South," made its initial appearance this month. Its editorial board, headed by Richard A. Chace, includes a number of the best-known and most capable authors that the University campus has known in the last four years. Its advisory board is made up of no less personages than Paul Green, Addison Hibbard, Gertrude Wilson Coffin, and Margaret Vale.

Its patrons, those who have contributed to the support of the new venture, are equally as prominent in the cultural activities of the State and South as the editorial board is on the campus. Furthermore, The Agora lists as its contributing editors—whose number it hopes to enlarge—students from other universities

and colleges. With the assistance and the contributions of these last-named, the publication, which is intended, incidentally, to offer to the young writers of the entire South "a field for their earlier development," hopes to make its scope truly South-wide.

Thus The Agora, appears well equipped for its undertaking. It has or will get, the best of the student talent in the South and an advisory board which might be improved only with difficulty.

The first issue promises much for The Agora. It is a worthy objective that Editor Chace states there: "... we intend that the material chosen will give our readers food for reflection and delight, hoping not only to stimulate the pen to write and the mind to enjoy." And even in the first issue may be found a near attainment to this standard. The material which appears therein is both entertaining and instructive.

If its editors and authors will but answer the "challenge to the New South" given by Addison Hibbard in this issue, The Agora can be, as it aspires "a representative estimate of the young South."

-E. C. D., Jr.

Pen Points



The junior J. G. Hamilton is wanted at the office of the Daily Tar Heel. It was he who, with that charm and assurance that only a Baron Munchhausen or the editor of True Story magazine could possess, originated the story that J. Elwyn Dungan, managing editor of this newspaper, had been obtained by slick methods and a tremendous salary by the Kansas City Star, a paper with over a million circulation. The story, of course, was unfounded. What he should have said is that Dungan, with the heavy weight and responsibility of his present position, merely purchased a Ford in Rochester, New York.

† † †

It is hoped that more people will note, favorably, upon the fact that an eight page issue of the Tar Heel was "on the street" by Friday, the first day of school. But it is more to be hoped that the readers will remark that in spite of the temptations that so beset the editors, they courageously and manfully refused to print a story about "Freshman Week." No sad sighs for good old Freshman Weeks nor any playful comments about the ignorance of the neophytes. It shows intelligence may be one of the tools of issuing a paper, after all.

† † †

Ray Farris is in town, just trying to be helpful along political lines. Being strictly non-partisan ourselves, we wonder just how much value there will be to the Democratic party in having Ray hang around here. The thinking students who are eligible to vote, need not be told, except by scientific explanations, as to who or why to vote. The lethargic voters are rarely vitalized by a drummer-up of votes. And the only other class of students, viewed from this angle, are the dumb ones, and they're faithful, ardent Democrats, anyway—so, what's the use Ray?

† † †

After all, there's just as much joy in telling what you did during the summer as it was in actually doing it. Which serves as an introductory statement to one of the funniest stories, if

true, told in any of the bull-sessions held last night. One of the several North Carolina students who went to Europe this summer was in Paris for three days just before embarking on the boat-train which would carry him to Cherbourg, and thence on to the steamer to home. There is a statement recorded in some very ancient document that the key to a man's character may be had if you find out what he does in Paris the first night he is there.

The student in question would, we now, prefer not have his character read from his Parisian activities for they were, from the very start, nothing but a round of drinks. In short, after three days of Paris, he could no longer stay up. He was lifted on the train at Paris, carried off at Cherbourg, and literally poured on the transatlantic boat. And for three days he continued drinking and remaining in the comatose state in his cabin. With the fourth day at sea, a tremendous storm came up and for two days there was nothing but the pounding and breaking of tremendous waves to be heard. All the deck chairs were broken, parts of the ship carried away, life-boats smashed, and the boat looked in quite a bad way. All this served to sober up the Tar Heel to a certain degree, and he managed to crawl up stairs to the promenade deck only to see this terrible state of affairs—chairs broken, window panes shattered, lamps swinging idly with no attachments, etc. Mournfully, yet with a note of panic to be seen, the Carolina student proceeded to the purser (he's sort of the secretary-treasurer of the ship) and told him, "I know I must have been mighty drunk the past few nights to do all that damage, but if you'll tell me what the bill is, I'll pay it."

-F. J. M.

NEW YORK TIMES LAUDS N. C. BOOK

Hobbs' "North Carolina: Economic and Social" Used as Textbook Here Commended.

Although S. H. Hobbs, Jr., has been using his book, North Carolina: Economic and Social as a textbook in his classes all summer, The New York Times Book Review first printed a review of the book two weeks ago on September 7th. It is of interest not only for its criticism on the book, but also for its comment on the University.

The University of North Carolina is unique in its possession of a department of rural, or home-State, social economics which was founded fifteen years ago by Professor E. C. Branson, an enthusiast in the conviction that thoroughgoing knowledge of one's own State is an essential of competent citizenship. The author of this book has been associated with him in the faculty of this department ever since it was organized and for the greater part of that time has taught a course bearing the same ground as this volume. The wide interest in it is indicated by the fact that he has given it to students in residence, by correspondence and through extension classes. And he notes in his preface that a similar course is to be included hereafter in the public school curriculum of the State. It is an interesting educational movement, and the rapidity with which it has made its way in North Carolina illustrates the vigorous influence which can be exerted by a state university when it seeks to meet a real need of the community.

Professor Hobbs' book stands out among books dealing with localities because of its author's frankness, his desire to set forth the exact truth and his deter-

mination not to admit into his text rhetorical patches or patriotic outbursts. His many years of research into the social and economic conditions of his home state have given him comprehensive knowledge of them, and his purpose in this book is to set it all down with scientific accuracy and impartial statement, whether creditable or otherwise. He writes of the State's physical resources—land, soils, water power, minerals, climate, forests, resorts, fishing, hunting—of its agriculture, population, industry, education, public health and welfare work, State and county government, wealth, transportation, farm tenancy, typography, social and economic characteristics of its several regions. A wealth of classified and tabulated statistics and of maps and charts makes a solid foundation for the work. But much lucid, humanized and illuminating text describes and discusses the social and economic conditions which they outline.

McINTOSH FINDS HUGE STONE FACE

C. E. McIntosh of the University's school of education saw something on his recent vacation trip to the mountains. Many things, but something in particular. He tells about it in the following communication:

"My brother, J. W. McIntosh of Lenoir, invited me to bring my family to his camp at Edgemont for a wee's vacation, and also sent down to Lincoln county for my mother and father. We bathing of Wilson's creek for afternoon several of the party took a stroll up Rainbow Trail, into the heart of Pisgah Forest. The trail is a government road, having been blasted from the who is in charge of the government's reservation there.

"As we walked along a cliff near Edgemont, I saw on the side of one of the large rocks as fine a likeness of a soldier as Gutzon Borglum will ever carve on Stone Mountain. Knowing that I had taken nothing calculated to stimulate the imagination, I asked the other members of the party to look around them and see if they could find anything remarkable. Each one present found the 'man in stone' in a few moments, and all marvelled that a likeness so perfect could result from a mere accidental blast of dynamite.

"At a distance of 50 or 75 benignant American general. The drooping mustache, shaggy eye-brows, piercing eyes, and officer's hat are all perfect. As one approaches the rock on which the figure appears, the mouth becomes less attractive, until it finally gives the impression of extreme anger. The figure remains visible, however, within some six or eight feet of the stony face.

"The face appears to be something like two feet in diameter and is not more than seven feet from the ground. Yes, it is there and any of you who chance by may take a look at my discovery entirely without charge."

A magistrate remarked last week that marriage means the end of a man's troubles. He didn't say which end.—The Humorist.

Dr. J. P. Jones, Dentist, TELEPHONES, Office 5761 - Residence 5716, Office Over Cavalier Cafeteria.

A New Boarding Place

Eat With MRS. TROTTMAN, Good home-cooked meals, \$18.50 and \$22.50 Per Month, STUDENT MANAGEMENT, 157 East Rosemary St.

Former Carolina Man Is Now Tree Surgeon

By Louis Graves

When I heard a few weeks ago that Thomas W. Brown, a former student here, known on the campus as Tom Brown, had become a wandering tree surgeon, I wrote to him and asked him to tell something about what he was doing.

"When I quit college and said I was going to be a tree surgeon," he writes, "my friends shook their heads sadly and intimated that I was ruining my life.

"I did not say much about what I was going to do because I hardly knew what it was all about myself. However, I boarded the train one night in the summer of '28 and the next night I found myself in Kent, Ohio, ready to begin the training required before I was sent into the field to work as a tree surgeon. Previous to this trip to Ohio, I had been outside of N. C. only once, and that was on a trip to Atlanta.

"I have now been doctoring trees 2 1-2 years. In checking up on a map I find that I have been in 23 states and up into Ontario, Canada. I have worked in Detroit, Newport, R. I., Niagara Falls, N. Y., St. Louis, a dozen central Illinois towns, including Springfield, Danville and Peoria Davenport, Ia., Birmingham and northern Alabama, and last but not least, Westchester county and New York City. While I was in Alabama we were caught in a flood and were cut off from the rest of the world for nearly two weeks.

"Last winter I was called in to our headquarters to attend the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery. This school is the only one of its kind in the world and is run by the Davey Tree Expert Co. for their employees.

"The thing that has impressed me most is the friendly manner in which people have accepted me everywhere I have been. It

seems that almost everyone loves trees and flowers and even the grouchiest individual will open up and smile if you get him out and show him that you know some thing about nature.

"I like my work. I like to be out in the open with the birds and flowers and trees. Our work brings us into close contact with the highest, most refined class of people and takes us into the most exclusive of estates.

"Most people know in a more or less general way, I suppose, what tree surgeons do. Few people realize the knowledge and skill and care that is necessary to treat and care for a tree properly. It requires much training and much concentration and practice for the student really to become a tree expert.

"If all my plans work out I hope to get a short vacation late in the fall and run down to Chapel Hill for a few days at home before I receive my orders for the winter season."

THREE SPEAKERS OPEN UNIVERSITY AT CONVOCATION

(Continued from page one) should be a place where we may "develop excellence without snobbery, democracy without vulgarity."

In his concluding remarks, Mr. Graham devoted a few minutes to the problem of mastering the mind and the body, of learning to live "a mastered life. . . . Your life here is to be the fruitage and the flower of what's in you. . . . It's your life, your University, and your opportunity. No American pioneer ever faced an adventure more thrilling than that which calls to you from this University, along the frontiers of your unmastered life and the frontiers of our yet unmastered civilization. May your hearts be stout as you face the trail towards the great tomorrow," Mr. Graham concluded.

This and the other talks were addressed to the new men.

THE BETSY ANN SHOP, Featuring Dresses Shown in the New York Fall Openings

The Waffle Shop, ASKS FOR A TRIAL, "If Our Food Isn't Delicious—Tear Up The Check"

ZANE GREY'S, Greatest Romance of the Southwest, illustration of a cowboy on a horse.

"LAST OF THE DUANES" with George O'Brien, Ride in the saddle with Buck Duane. Experience the feelings of a hunted man—the adventures of a daring outlaw—the emotions of a lover with romance just beyond his reach. With a price on his head—a notch on his gun—he boldly rode into town to square his debt with the law and woo the girl of his dreams. OTHER FEATURES: Mack Sennett Comedy—"Average Husbands"—and Audio Review. Monday—Nancy Carroll, Buddy Rogers in 'Follow Thru'