

The Tar Heel

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DIPLOMAT BURCH

In a far corner of the Alumni cellar, a stream of students flock daily to pour out grievances and angry complaints about such important problems as lost keys, bum radiators, lazy janitors and expect immediate redemption of the wrongs inflicted upon them. How B. L. Burch, Superintendent of Buildings and his assistants, manage to give their irate callers a hearing day in and day out without losing their collective good natures is a mystery. They listen calmly and politely to each complaint, promise action, and then usher in the next guest. They never lose their equilibrium and are always diplomatic.

This annoying routine would tend to make a normal man sour on humanity in general and on college students in particular. But such is not the case with Messrs. Burch and the folly of disregard for property, getting less troublesome as time passes and that they are showing an increasing respect for University property. "With the abolishment of the damage fee several years ago," said Mr. Burch, "there has been a decided decrease in damage to University property. The boys are beginning to realize that injury to dormitories, broken windows, defacement of walls, etc., puts them to an inconvenience fully as much as the University. By making each man directly responsible for the damage incurred in his room, we have made them see clearly they always show a desire to When the rules are explained to them clearly they always show a desire to do their part to prevent needless damage."

This statement is an encouraging sign that an increasing respect for the appearance of dormitories is taking hold of Carolina students. During the fall quarter very few bills were issued to students for injuries done to rooms, and these bills were met promptly. Little credit or publicity has been thrown on Mr. Burch's office simply because he never sought it in the volume of his daily duties. His work, which is perhaps as important as any in the University machinery, is nothing startling; it is rather detailed and trying, but through it all Burch and his helpers

seem to derive a lot of fun and genuinely enjoy their contact with errant students.

HONOR SYSTEM

Sometime ago the Honor System was given a severe slap when a loud wall went up that the apple stands operated by self-help students were being robbed wholesale. An observant student saves the situation by swearing that just before the holidays he saw a mangy looking mule attached to the Chapel Hill express wagon helping himself liberally to the box of apples with no apparent tremor of conscience. In fact he appeared to be peeved that more apples weren't donated. So hereafter we can place the blame on four legged creatures.

PAST AND PRESENT

A few tears were shed by members of the old guard when the last remains of the Old Inn were demolished. They had tender memories of the old place that once was considered the last word in student quarters and felt much older when they saw Alwood's crew dragging the ruins away. The younger generation, however, can not see anything pathetic in the destruction of the old landmark. They were disappointed perhaps that they missed an opportunity for a good fire, but to them it means an ugly spot removed and visible signs of the realization of the Graham Memorial building. Anticipation is stronger than reminiscence.

CRIP COURSES

Every registration brings on the usual scramble by the non studious for "crip" courses. The catalogue is thumbed over, the advice of men who know the soft professors is sought, and courses are juggled about carelessly. How often one hears, "I've good two stiff courses, I've got to 'and a crip;" and they proceed to sign up for some vague course of no value or interest to them under a professor who is easy on assignments and generous in parcelling out gentlemen grades. Others aspiring for the Phi Beta Kappa key plan their schedule according to the best marks they can achieve and the men they have a strong "boot" on. These men cheapen the Phi Beta Kappa honor and cheat themselves by becoming

Ex-President Elliot of Harvard remarked one time that a large share of boys come to college to avoid an education. They superimpose "to get by" over "to learn," and seek to earn a certificate of something they don't possess. This is the type of college graduate that enables big business men and industrial kings to shoot holes in the worth of a college training.

"Crip" courses are gradually passing out at Carolina, although they are by no means extinct, and with their extinction a higher standard will be reached. When passing grades are given to work rather than mere class attendance, students will have no choice but those courses which will mean the most to them. Learning not loafing will then be the keyword.

DECEMBER LAW REVIEW

The December issue of the North Carolina Law Review appeared this week. The two principal articles, one by Chief Justice Walter Clark of North Carolina on "Magna Carta and Trial by Jury," and the other by Dr. W. W. Pierson Jr., of the University History Department, who takes up the query "Is There a Republican Form of Government?" A note on the "Par Clearance of Checks" was contributed by Professor C. T. Murchison of the School of Commerce. The rest of the material is written by the faculty and students of the Law School and consists mainly of discussions of various phases of North Carolina Law. In the editorial notes the one on "The Law Review" and that on "The Law School" are especially noteworthy. This issue also contains an appreciation of Lucius Polk McGehee, the late Dean of the Law School.



Damon—
"What are you doing, Pythias—writing her another letter?"
Pythias—
"No—not this time. Something more to the point, as one would say. I'm writing the Pater to send me a dozen Eldorado pencils. They are all sold out down at the store."

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THE WILDERNESS

BY J. OSLER BAILEY

The First Windstorm

A part of the Wilderness, through which strange breezes have whistled throughout the fall, has been cut down, has withered, died, and become Desert. And we, harried Denizens of the Desert cry Wot Ho! and so extend greetings to the dear people. Sola, sola, oh ha ho, sola.

With this highly original beginning we now consider that we are risen, if you please, phoenix-like, and hence all ready to raise sand. But unlike that dear old bird we have no idea of sticking around for fifty decades nor do we expect any of the sand raised to attain immortality. However deserted the Desert, however voiceless the Shriek, whatever the shortage of caravan and cargo, there is no time of the year when, we born apathetic, would walk a mile for a camel even though he possessed three humps. So we shall consider this arid bit of territory simply a sort of mondescript tomb for odds and ends and things in general and you may take it or let it alone. If you find any little King Tuts lying around, well and good, if you don't why Tut-Tut! (Trade wind of Egypt—slightly shop-worn.)

The winds of the Desert, creatures of sand and sun, will be different than those breezes of the Wilderness, erudite and sun-starved jungles. They will be variable and, unless we oversleep or get sand in our eyes, constant. The Shriek Himself and his man Wednesday, assisted by a few scattered pyramids and a somewhat moth-eaten Ephinx (necessary accoutrements of a self-respecting desert), will round up the foreign winds and generate the native winds. Trade winds and tramp winds, warm winds and wet winds, sea-going winds and mama-love-papa winds—all will blow. They may sink into innocuous zephyrs or rise, perchance, into conservative gales. Winds are unruly. But those winds from our own personal wind bag—children of our alleged intellect, we refuse to guarantee. We hope they will be as reliable as you never can tell.

Since this is so, it is only fair that we should promulgate a few random statements by way of preparation and perhaps warning—a sort of code of conception.

In the first place we aren't sentimental, worth a darn. If you expect us to shed any salt tears over the passing of Percy, the peanut peddler, and so on or periodically so, fairs are aesthetic or eulogistic fit over this or that, go stick your head in the wilderness. We shall not do such things—except when we feel like it.

Our grammar and rhetoric are terrible. We pay little attention to rules of sense and syntax. We frequently drop into vernacular—we may even have a dual personality, whatever that is. We have a disgusting habit of irreparably tangling our metaphors and similes. We switch from editorial to egotistical with absolute impunity. And we have also a perfectly appalling failing for frequent appositions and parenthetical insertions and for asinine, adjectival, often allegorical, alliterations.

We have nothing at all against the Co-eds. They do quite well, we think, and the greater part of them are worth-while additions to the campus, either aesthetically or intellectually, with a very, very occasional combination of the two qualities in one ethereal creature. This does not mean, however, that that we will occupy any more space, if nearly as much, in these diggings than wein und gesang.

We hasten to assure that we are not in love, not in any sense of the well-known word. This may be an indication of the absence from this column in future of dear little lyrics entitled "To Lizzie," or "To—," that elongated female who has had more poetry and near-poetry written about her than any other woman on earth. It certainly is not an indication that we expect any leap year proposal.

In consequence, possibly, of the above, we are not on very good terms with our Muse, one or more of which every columnist is regularly supposed to own. The arms of Morpheus are far sweeter to us than the pipes of Pan. (We told you above it would happen.) We mean to say that most of our so-called efforts will appear in catch-penny prose. However, it may sooner or later become just as easy to get lost in the trackless wastes of the Desert as it has been to get lost in the trackless wastes of the Wilderness. When this happens we shall bid you too-tle oo.

To quiet Dam Dum at the outset, we ain't even supposed to be humorous—just desert-like. If we are ever funny 'twill be simply the "fortuitous juxtaposition" of incongruous desert breezes, since we have never had an original thought and possess no wit at all, not even raw.

But at any rate we hope we have—we haven't decided yet—but we hope we have a sense of humor. And we don't mind criticism, so shriek if you want to.

And now, having made our initial bow—

We were about to say "our debut"—sounds a bit high-toned, you know—but only yesterday we heard an inmate of an English 1 class define the word, which he called 'daybo' as, "a party that a girl gives to select a feller," using 'feller' in the good old rural sense.

So, having made our initial bow, we feel vastly relieved.
Here endeth the first blow.

GEOLOGY CLUB MEETS

The Geology Club held a very interesting meeting in the New East building last Thursday night. Frank Swartz read a good paper reviewing Spur's "Ore Magna." In it he discussed various theories which have been advanced in an effort to explain ore deposits during the three periods of geological history; namely, the historic, the speculative, and the scientific periods. He wound up by talking on the latest theory which has been advanced, the Magmatic Differentiation theory, which was recently advanced by a leading geologist of this country.

The next meeting of the Geology Club will be held on January 24 at 7:00 P. M., in New East building. Mr. Gerald MacCarthy will read an original paper on "The Formation of Laccolith," and also a resume of laboratory experiments done by him.

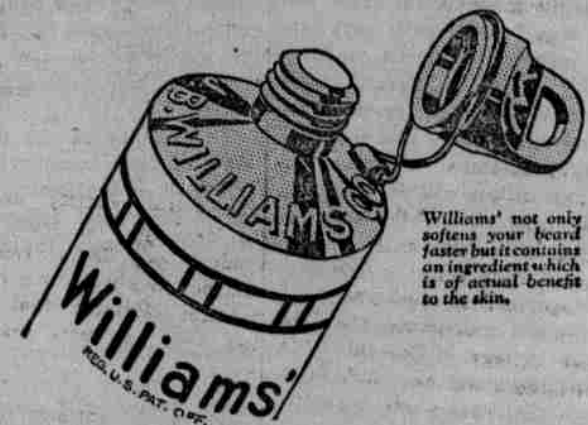
The Library of Elon College is the receiver of a gift of 219 volumes of historical works by Chief Justice Walter Clark. The books are a gift of the Justice, himself. Besides the gift of this set Judge Clark announces that he has still others which he plans to present to the Elon Library soon.

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Miss Nellie Graves of Carthage was initiated into the Chi Omega Sorority Monday night. Miss Graves is doing Post-graduate work in the department of Education here.



\$250 in Prizes

This is the new Hinged Cap on Williams' Shaving Cream. Williams' is the only shaving cream having this convenience feature. We want you to tell us how the cap appeals to you. So we make this offer:

For the best sentence of ten words or less on the value of the Williams' Hinged Cap, we offer the following prizes: 1st prize \$100; 2nd prize \$50; two 3rd prizes, \$25 each; two 4th prizes, \$10 each; six 5th prizes, \$5 each. Any undergraduate or graduate student is eligible. If two or more persons submit identical slogans deemed worthy of prizes, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each. Contest closes at midnight March 14, 1924. Winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible. Submit any number of slogans but write on one side of paper only, putting name, address, college and class at top of each sheet. Address letters to Contest Editor, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.



To all forwards who are playing center

"THE little fellow hasn't got the reach. Why don't they put him at forward where he belongs?" You have heard comment like that about some mis-positioned player.

Just look out they don't talk that way about you—not in athletics but in your field of work after college.

The world is full of doctors who should have been lawyers, and lawyers who should have been writers—men who can't do their best work because they haven't got the reach.

You still can avoid their haphazard choice of a career. Some earnest thinking on the subject, "What do I really want to do in life?" will help you decide right.

That's a real problem. Get all the advice you can—from the faculty, from alumni, from men in business. If you find you have made a false start, change now and save yourself a lot of grief—for once you graduate into a profession, the chances are you'll stay in it.

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