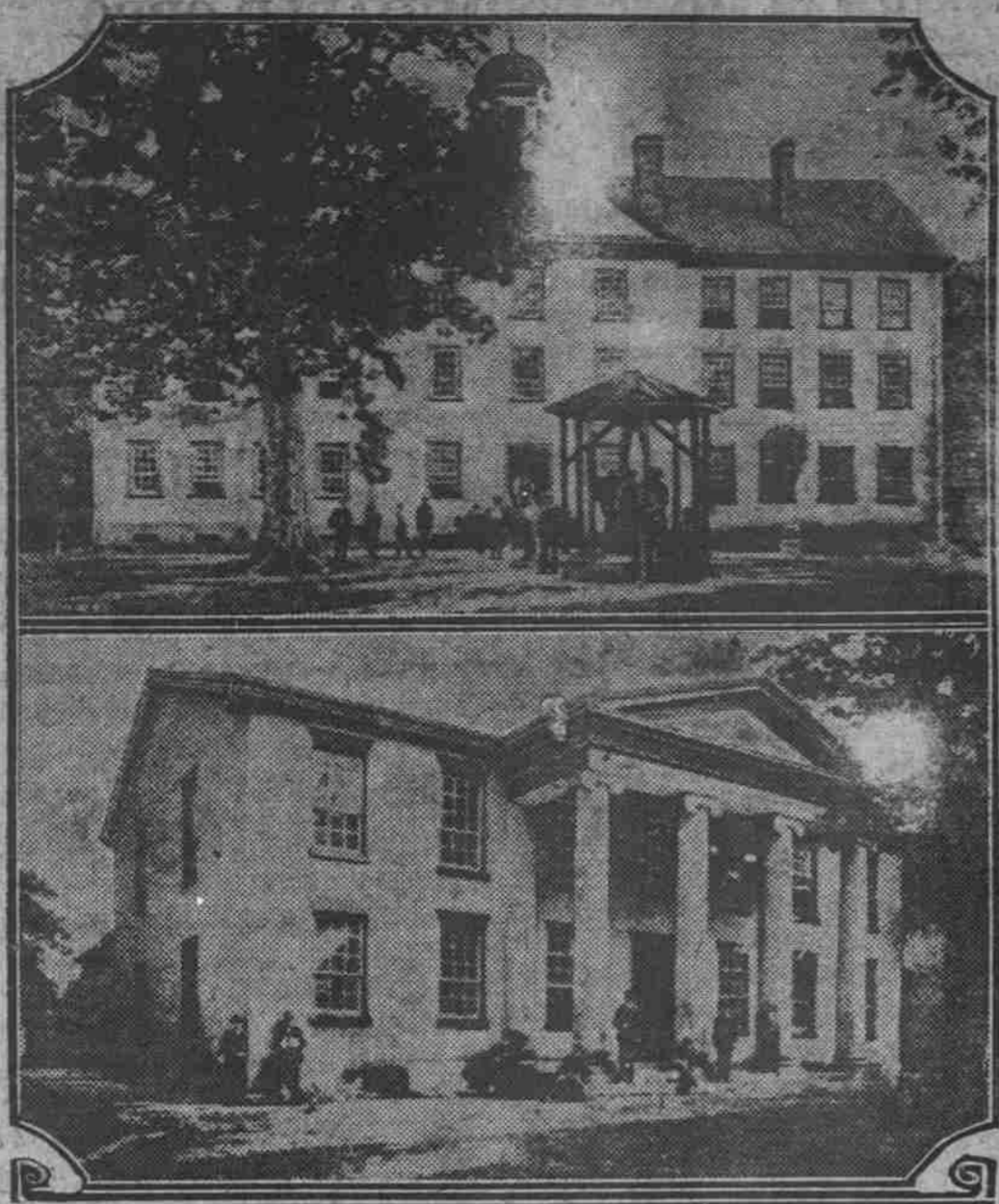


Old South and Gerrard Hall



Pictured above are the South Building (upper photo) and Gerrard Hall, two of the buildings in which University of North Carolina collegians of the fifties pulled off many of their pranks. On one occasion the students managed to hoist a cow to the belfry of the South Building, and, tying the animal's head to the bell, caused it to toll all night. The morning prayer services in Gerrard Hall were not infrequently interrupted by some similar prank.

Student Chapter of Taylor Society To Be Organized Here

At a recent call meeting of student representatives of the Engineering and the Commerce Schools, definite plans were made for the organization of a student chapter of the Taylor Society at the University.

The Society is an international organization for the promotion of the science and art of administration and management in business and industry; it is named in honor of Frederick W. Taylor, who first practiced the principles of scientific management.

The objects of the Society are, through research, discussion, publication and other appropriate means:

1. To secure—for the common benefit of the community, the worker, the manager and the employer—understanding and intelligent direction of the principles of administration and management which govern organized effort for accomplishing industrial and other social purposes.
2. To secure the gradual elimination of unnecessary effort and of unduly burdensome toll in the accomplishment of the work of the world.
3. To promote the scientific study and the teaching of the principles governing organized effort, and the mechanisms of their adaptations and applications under varying and changing conditions.
5. To inspire in laborer, manager and employer a constant adherence to the highest ethical conception of their individual and collective responsibility.

Professor G. T. Schwenning of the Commerce Department, who is a member of the national society, has been active in bringing about this opportunity for university students to obtain knowledge concerning scientific management in modern business. The student chapter of the Society here is the first to be formed in any Southern institution and the fourth of its kind in the nation. The other three student chapters are located at the University of Pennsylvania, Colgate University, and the University of Michigan.

The local chapter will hold its first meeting Tuesday, February 26 at 7:00 P. M. in 319 Phillips Hall. The purpose of this meeting is the final organization of the chapter, the enrollment of members, and the planning of programs for subsequent meetings. All students who are interested in becoming members are cordially invited to attend this meeting, according to Professor Schwenning.

PETER DROMGOOLE DIED IN DUEL WITH FELLOW STUDENT

(Continued from page one)

Prospect. However, their favorite rendezvous was at a little fern-bordered fountain among the woods of the valley below. Here on lichen-covered rocks which seemed just made for lovers' seats the two would loiter time away in the rosy mists of love's young dream. Thus did the days of Peter Dromgoole and his lovely sweetheart pass over in happiness.

Then the shadow fell. A rejected suitor of the maiden challenged Dromgoole to a duel, and the Virginian promptly accepted. Seconds were

chosen, a case of Derringers was obtained, and on a clear moonlit night the little party stole out to Piney Prospect for the grim business.

The distance was stepped off, and the duelists were posted. One of the seconds signalled with his handkerchief and gave the word. Two pistols flashed. Peter Dromgoole swayed, crumpled, fell heavily. His second, a fellow student, rushed up and took the fallen man in his arms. It was evident that Dromgoole was dying. The bullet had entered his breast, and blood was oozing from his lips and trickling down his chin and throat.

Through the blood he gasped a few words. He said, "It is terrible to die when life is young and hopes are new and bright. My dear mother! My sweetheart!" then he died.

They lifted him and bore him to the round-topped stone. Here the three held a little parley. One man went to Chapel Hill for pick and shovel. When he returned they buried Peter Dromgoole under the rock that was red with his warm blood. Concealing the traces of their work, the three students pledged themselves to lifelong secrecy concerning the deed, and returned to their dormitories. (Years later one of them told the story upon his deathbed.)

When the girl came to the trysting place next day and found blood upon the stone, but no lover, she was dismayed. When she learned that Dromgoole had mysteriously disappeared from the University grief and fear took possession of her.

She was never herself again; she grew silent and seemed to live in a trance. Each day she would go to the spring and wait; then she would come to the blood-stained trysting-rock and watch the road up which Dromgoole in the old sweet days had come so punctually to meet her. She could not know that he was there under the stone forever.

After a time she became too weak to go to the meeting places. All day she would sit at her window and wait for the dead boy to come. At last one evening she said, "I'll go to him—he's sad alone." And so the sweetheart of Peter Dromgoole died.

Here the story ends.

Dr. Kemp P. Battle in his "History of the University of North Carolina" says that when the rumor of the duel got abroad the woods about Chapel Hill were searched for the body, and that an uncle of Dromgoole came and spent a fortnight in investigation. Dr. Battle also writes that he found what was probably the spring beside which the anguished sweetheart waited, and that he intended "to keep it in good order, with a drinking cup on the margin, as a trysting place for the young men and maidens of the present and future for whom I wish a 'course of true-love' smoother far than hers."

DASHING COLLEGIAN OF 75 YEARS AGO MUCH WILDER THAN BROTHERS OF TODAY

(Continued from page one)

and buy his wares. The story goes that a group of students pooled their money and selected two of their number to go for the brandy. These boys walked the four miles over a miry road in freezing weather and brought in the prize. One of them who was

later a distinguished governor burst into the room where the gang was waiting and triumphantly shouted, "Boys, we've got it," at the same time accidentally striking the jug on the floor and flooding the room with its contents.

Professors Burned in Effigy

Instead of writing their grievances in open forum letters as they do today, students then gave vent to their more ebullient emotions by mob-spirit demonstrations in public. Burning unpopular professors in effigy seems to have been a common occurrence, according to excerpts taken from a letter of a former Carolina student and other records. It is well to remember that the 50 students referred to comprised about one-eighth of the entire student body, which in 1858 numbered slightly over 400.

"Some of the students," wrote this enthusiastic sophomore to his parents in eastern North Carolina, "not long since burnt Charles Mitchell, son of Professor Elisha Mitchell, famous scientist and chemist, in effigy as they did Hedrick. Charles Mitchell as you know, teaches chemistry here, and they say that he told the faculty where the boys met to get drunk and spree. However, he says that it is false. The students, or about 50 of them, burnt him in effigy as a token of their envy toward him."

Benjamin Sherwood Hedrick, professor of chemistry here in 1856, startled the public by declaring himself a Free-soiler and supporter of Fremont. Students as well as people throughout the state became rebellious over the stand that Hedrick took in the matter, and the students went so far as to burn him in effigy in front of South building while the bell was funnally tolled.

Riots Were Common

Riots were common on the Hill. "One riot," according to Battle, "occurred in which five students were engaged, showing a roughness of manner not paralleled now. Becoming angry for some reason with William Barbee, the ex-steward, who had been recently in the legislature, they proceeded one Sunday night to rock his house, crashing in the window panes and even the sashes. Barbee swore out a warrant against the leader and the others were summoned as witnesses. The leader and one other were dismissed for twice throwing bricks into the room of a Tutor."

Apparently anti-bellum collegians of the late fifties got a great kick out

of hazing, but one must remember that in the old days there were not as many outside attractions for the students as now. Hazing of today has lost its former glamor and color, but hazing then was a grave problem and gave much difficulty.

Hazing Flourished Then

Methods of hazing ranged from blacking the faces of unfortunate victims down to compulsory singing and declamations. "Snipe hunting" was in vogue in the old days and many a freshman was left out in the dark holding a 'bag for snipe to be chased in. It was known that freshmen on several occasions were stripped, and blacking, probably soot or shoe polish, was rubbed all over their bodies.

Among the most forms of hazing was one introduced by an Indian student. It was known as "broncho hazing" and was dangerous indeed. The freshman, probably tied and blindfolded, was mounted on the back of a bull yearling which was tied by a thirty-foot rope to a tree. Then the bullock was whipped and chased until he reached the end of the rope and tumbled over with his rider.

Stories of such devilish pranks were, no doubt, told with glee among the students and probably afforded many a night's entertainment for the attentive flapper of '58. But, besides these tales there were sombre stories, stories that involved fighting, shooting and killing.

One student was shot and killed by a negro during a race riot which took place here. A drunken white man asked two students to help him get home. On the way they passed a house in which a group of negroes had gathered for a carousal, and it seems that the drunken white man persisted in going in the house for more liquor. "The negroes," says Battle, "thought that he was an emissary of the students and threw stones

at him. He retreated and stones were thrown at the students, who thought this a disgrace. They repaired to their dormitories, roused a few friends, and besieged the house where the frolic was going on. The negroes fired from the windows and killed one student, Freeze, with a bullet through the breast. Another received a bullet through the clothing. The tragedy was all the more sad because Freeze was only a child."

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Judges

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C. Knox Massey, Vice-President, Hoyt, Martin & Massey, Inc., Advertising Agency.

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