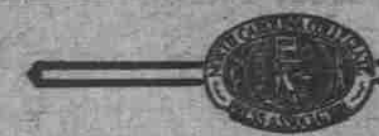


The Tar Heel



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Thursday, April 18, 1929

Student Government Or Faculty Supervision?

Dr. John Booker's famous, or more properly notorious, reform crusade against the present form of student government at the University of North Carolina secured some more publicity Tuesday night when another joint session of the Di and Phi approved his plan by a close vote. The Di senators themselves voted the plan down by a large majority, however. For which we tender them our heartiest congratulations. At last the Di men have redeemed themselves by exhibiting "hoss sense."

Although Dr. Booker's plan includes several praiseworthy ideas and his keen interest in undergraduate life is highly commendable, the plan as a whole is impractical.

The redeeming feature of the Booker plan is that it would do away to some extent with the faculty executive committee. This committee, headed at present by Dean D. D. Carroll of the Commerce School, has expelled in the past six months about three times as many men for cheating as has the student council. A faculty man has the option of bringing cheating charges against a student before the faculty executive committee or before the student council. Naturally the executive committee tries far more cheating cases than does the council. Does student government really exist when most of the major cases of infractions of the honor system are tried before a faculty committee?

Until the regime of Dean Carroll was initiated last fall, the executive committee was said to be as lenient as the student council. Since the new executive committee went into office last fall it has shipped about twelve men for cheating; during the same period the council has expelled only three for this offense.

Although Dr. Booker's plan is, we believe, doomed to failure if put into operation—we have no idea that it will be—it has accomplished a decided good in stimulating interest in student government here. If this interest may be brought to bear upon the faculty executive committee situation and result in curtailing its authority, a long stride will have been taken toward making the Carolina student government worthy of its reputation as one of the best in the country.

If the faculty committee must continue its jurisdiction over cheating

cases—and there is little prospect of its surrendering authority over these cases altogether—the accused student should be allowed to decide for himself whether he will be tried before the student council or the executive committee. Otherwise student government here will continue to be as it has been at times in the past—nothing more than an empty name.

High School Week

Students representing the majority of high schools throughout the state arrived on the campus yesterday to participate in the annual High School Week sponsored by the Extension Division of the University. Still others are arriving here today. The total is expected to aggregate 500.

High School Week is an annual affair, students participating in a Debate Contest, a track meet, and a tennis tournament.

The Y. M. C. A. is helping to supply rooms and meals for the visitors while they are here. Various other campus organizations have offered their services during the week. Friends of the visitors are providing entertainment for them during their stay.

It is probably during this week that these prospective college students are allowed their first real insight into the make-up of the University of North Carolina—it is probably their first sight at honest-to-goodness college life. The opinion of the University life which they take back with them will be based on the actions of the students here.

There is an excellent pattern for practically every member of the student body to cooperate in making their stay a pleasant one. Many of these visitors are probably planning to attend college next year. Whether they come to Carolina or not may depend on the impression of it which they receive during this week.

A Favorite Son Returns

Kay Kyser, the prodigal, returned to Chapel Hill the other day and, with his musical aggregation, proved to a much satisfied audience that Hal Kemp is not the only Carolina musician in the world. We say this knowing that Mr. Kyser has presented concerts of merit (at least to those who appreciate syncopation) here before, but with the feeling that his latest effort was so far above the average that he is due no little praise as a master of jazz.

To just what his success in New York and in phonograph recording can be attributed to, we are not competent to judge. Nevertheless, it is certain that he charmed his former fellow-students Monday and Tuesday evenings with his hilarious harmony and syncopated sounds. He played all kinds of jazz, from Ferdie Grofe's "Metropolis" and "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life" by Victor Herbert to "Alabama Stomp" and "Tiger Rag." This versatility, coupled with the personality of both leader and players, is establishing for him a place as a fair disciple of Berlin and Whiteman.

But Kyser is not the first, nor perhaps the last. Kemp was the pioneer and Kyser is following in his train with, it seems, almost equal success. And we have no doubt but that others will follow Kyser. It is none the less significant, however, that a North Carolina university furnishes New York with so many and so competent entertainers for a pleasure-seeking public.—B. C. M.

The Campus

By Joe Jones
Keeping Richard Halliburton up till midnight just to hear him talk, and cutting three classes next morning just to breakfast with him at ten-thirty is even more of an adventure than listening to the lecture he gave in Memorial Hall Monday night, adventurous though that was. Dick is the boy for a live conversation, and as a breakfast companion he is the last word. He knows that he has good tales to tell, having had so strange a career, so he obligingly does most of the talking, while we hearken with an attitude of appre-

ciation on every cocked ear—attitudinization of an ear being possible, if you will. It's not immodesty on Dick's part, it's simply unselfishness.

And the stories he does tell over the teacups! And the opinions he gives! Things too trivial, too personal, too this, or too that for a lecture, but veritable spiced and crisped flakes of table-talk. There's the story of the cane he took to N.C.C.W. with him last year, the most highly prized of his cane collection. When Dick had finished his lecture a thousand or so ferocious young girls rushed him for autographs. The adventurer was appalled; he fought his way backstage to escape through a side entrance—and sped off without his cherished staff! The request he wired for it next day was in vain. The girls had seized it, had cut it up bit by bit into forty pieces so that it might be equally divided among the forty conspirators, and it is said that the chips, framed and labeled, today adorn the walls of certain N. C. C. W. dormitory rooms. All Dick ever got was a red and white candy cane, which came via parcel post bearing the card: "With love, from the N.C.C.W. girls."

However, Dick says he has played pranks as well as been the victim of them at various girls' schools. 'Twas at one of New York's exclusive finishing schools that he broke the even tenor of a matron's way, and just over a little matter of potatoes and gravy. The girls at whose table he was to be seated for dinner had pleaded: "Mr. Halliburton, please help us have a little fun with Miss Smith who sits at the head of our table. She thinks it simply outrageous for us to make a nice round pond of gravy in the top of our mashed potatoes. It's her pet aversion, and just for fun won't you..." "I get you," said Mr. Halliburton, "you can just bet I will!" So when the mashed potatoes came around Mr. Halliburton took a great plateful, when the gravy came round he took a great ladleful, and when he made a beautiful gravy lake on the top of the potato plateau a little cheer went round the table. Miss Smith looked extremely put out, to say the least. "Miss Smith glowers and keeps silent when we make gravy lakes now," wrote the girls to Mr. Halliburton some weeks later.

At a well-known Boston girls' school, one of the "Miss Ward's School" type, the girls plotted against the gallant Richard. Instructing him in the usages of their dining hall they explained that it was the custom for any male guest dining there to ask the blessing just before the hall was seated. When the girls filed in for lunch and deployed behind their chairs with bowed, silent heads the male guest's neighbor whispered, "Now, Mr. Halliburton." Dick had proclaimed scarce half of his improvised blessing when he was rudely interrupted by a ripple of laughter from the girls, and this stern admonition from the head of the table, "Young man, we are having silent grace, if you please."

Speaking of colleges in general Mr. Halliburton mentioned pep meetings, intense school rivalry, and ridiculous initiation rites as being among the outworn, dying, backward, senseless things in our schools. Speaking of marriage Mr. Halliburton said that the girl he'd marry would have to be very attractive, that he couldn't take such a wife along on his arduous trips, but that if he left her at home he would worry about what she might be doing while he was away, so that he thought it best to stay single. "What would you do," he said.

No Debate Class Meeting Tonight

The secretary of the Debate Council announces that the debate class will not meet tonight. Due to the fact that the entire membership of the class attended the Carolina-Virginia try-out Monday night attendance of that meeting will be substituted for the regular meeting of the class. One week from tonight the work of the class will consist of listening to the Carolina-Virginia debate which will be broadcast from Richmond by station WRVA at seven thirty o'clock. The class will resume its regular meetings on Thursday night, May 2.

What's Happening

THURSDAY, APRIL 18
10:00 a. m. High School Week Begins. Inter-scholastic Tennis Tournament.
7:00 p. m. High School Debates in fourteen halls over the campus.
FRIDAY, APRIL 19
10:00 a. m. & 2:00 p. m. Emerson Field. Inter-scholastic Track Meet.
8:00 p. m. Memorial Hall. Final High-School Debate.
SATURDAY, APRIL 20
4:00 p. m. Emerson Field. Baseball.—V. M. I.

THE THEATRE

J. E. DUNGAN

Richard Halliburton, lecturer, on the Student Entertainment Program. Memorial Hall, Monday night.

Halliburton got off to a fifteen minute late start in the telling of his Marathon race from the ancient battle field, nineteen miles from the market place of Athens, but he spoke with such enthusiasm and charm that everyone forgot the fact that he had commenced late. He finally ended the course of the race in a brilliant manner.

Halliburton delineated how his father had literally reared him on the stories of old Greek mythology, and how he had fostered in him the burning desire to see and know the geography of classical Greece. He told of his competing in cross-country races at Princeton, and his decision at that time to run the Marathon.

The most outstanding feature of Halliburton's lectures is his unequalled ability as a raconteur, and his extraordinary use of sustained suspense. In addition to these qualities he possesses the faculty of reducing the stately and the dignified to absurdities, and of injecting a certain amount of modesty into his stories, which whether or not we accept it as sincere, has the strange effect of relieving us.

As an example of this last, Halliburton told his large audience Monday night how he became literally filled with Greek spirits and the glad tidings of the salvation of Athens from the Persian Army, and rushed in upon a dinner party being tendered the King and Queen of Greece by Halliburton's traveling companion, to exclaim, "Shivilization Has Been Shaved."

The second adventure which Halliburton related to his audience which can be described in no other terms than the worn-out adjective, enthralled, was the old story of Troy, the discovery of Achilles on the island of Ceiras, and of his subsequent death, and the fall of the city; and the new story of the modern Rupert Brooke, greatest poet of the twentieth century, who sailed to Greece during the World War as a member of a modern Argonaut sent to fight on the Grecian peninsula for British interests by the British government. Halliburton visited Brooke's grave at the summit of the beautiful Bassor Cliff on the island of Sciras.

The story of how Leander "put to sea for his Hero" and how scholars down through the ages had doubted the possibility of this extraordinary feat was the basis for Halliburton's picture of his own attempt in 1927 which ended successfully even though humorously, and which was the second successful swim recorded since the time of Leander, Lord Byron's trial in 1818 being the first success.

The fact that nineteen Americans, one of them a newspaper reporter (for whom it seems Halliburton fosters no particular high regard—worse luck to him) swam the Hellespont the following year after his own successful attempt, caused that gentle man to consider swimming the alligator and shark infested waters of the Panama Canal. This picture of his daring the dangers of the tropic waters of the Panama was the very best of the four he drew. He spoke of having to pay thirty-six cents to the government after the officials had weighed his tonnage, his length, girth and beam, of employing a sharp-shooter to guard him while he was making the trip, and of the valuable aid in warding off some hungry sharks, a pink parasol brought him on the last leg of his fifty mile swim.

We particularly liked his program "of no morals, no uplift, and no message." On the whole the lecture was entertaining, originally delivered, and was charmingly above a man, who is no doubt complacent in his own smugness.

Enthusiastic Multitude of High School Students Invades Campus

(Continued from page one)
Rankin as secretary. H. H. Williams, Dr. J. F. Royster, N. W. Walker, D. D. Carroll, and L. R. Wilson will act as judges.

There are 59 schools represented and each school is sending four debaters. The 236 debaters, of which there are 124 boys and 112 girls, will be taken care of by the University and townspeople of Chapel Hill. The county clubs will look after housing the boys in the University dormitories, while the girls will be taken care of in Chapel Hill homes.

Late entries have boosted the total participation in Friday's track meet to 15 schools, several of which are sending teams of as many as 20 men, according to Mr. E. R. Rankin, secretary of the High School Athletic Association, who will be in charge of the affair.

Clara Bow's Latest At Carolina Today

One of the finest programs of moving pictures ever shown in Chapel Hill is being presented during this week, according to Manager E. C. Smith of the Carolina Theatre. An unusually fine picture is booked for every day, each starring a screen personality well known and liked.

Monday "Weary River" was shown, a picture which is playing in New York at the present time at a \$2 top. Tuesday, H. B. Warner in "The Naughty Duchess," was shown, and Colleen Moore in "Why Be Good" was billed yesterday. Clara Bow in "The Wild Party," her latest and hottest, will be presented today. Friday Milton Sills in "Love and the Devil," and Saturday Sue Carol in "Girls Gone Wild" will be the feature.

Clipped

COMPULSORY CHAPEL

The question of whether attendance at chapel in colleges and universities should be compulsory is again up for discussion. In "the good old days" we hear about at Chapel Hill students were required to be in chapel for prayers at sunrise, or was it 7 o'clock?—and there was no rigid inspection as to whether they wore collars or their ties were properly adjusted. Lately the morning prayers at college have been held at a more civilized hour, some coming after breakfast, and some at 11 o'clock so as to enable all to come without inconvenience. The modern later hour is undoubtedly an improvement, and provides not only for morning prayer and song, but for a coming together of all collegians once a day, something valuable as the attendance at colleges grows to such numbers as to make acquaintanceship and fellowship more difficult.

In some colleges the modern spirit, or the backsliding spirit rather, has done away with the daily coming together for prayer and praise. Some colleges have tried the plan of making attendance optional with varying results. Yale tried it, and now is in the throes of what to do. Rev. Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, of the Yale Corporation, says that the optional religious service is a failure with such slender attendance that there should be a return to the requirement of attendance.

Professor Weigle, dean of the Divinity School, praised the spirit of devotion which is present in the present optional attendance and said that

the compulsory scheme did not make religious worship a natural expression of the life of the university. Prof. William Lyon Phelps says he was heartily in accord with the views of Dr. Coffin regarding compulsory chapel for its educational value. "But I do not believe that its re-establishment is possible," he added.

The Yale News said on the subject: The falling off of the undergraduate attendance has been the most obvious effect of the adoption of voluntary attendance. In place of an overflowing chapel there now remains only a handful of worshippers in Battell Chapel each day. But in contrast to the indifferent rebellious attitude there is now the devout and reverent feeling which is for the best. Again, three years seem hardly a fair trial.

Let us be removed from the day when the tendency to use chapel services for ulterior disciplinary measures reaches New Haven. Any attempt to keep undergraduates in New Haven for a week-end should take its basis on something else than religion. —Raleigh News and Observer.

Henderson Talks About Einstein

(Continued from page one)

Pherson traced his life and discoveries from the time when he was in charge of quarantine inspections at Yokohama to the time of his death on the Gold Coast on May 21, 1928. Dr. Maquchi did research work of much importance in regard to syphilis, rabies, and yellow fever, and finally died from the last disease while trying to determine whether the yellow fever of Africa was different from that of South America. When he was slowly dying from the disease, Dr. Maquchi directed work in which his own blood was injected into the blood of animals upon which he was working in an effort to solve the problem upon which he was working. "Hideyo Maquchi was, then, one of the scientific martyrs who are giving their lives that we may live without the pestilence represented by yellow fever," Mr. McPherson declared.

After the two papers of the evening had been delivered, Dr. Prouty, Dr. George, and Dr. Stuhlman were appointed by the chair as a nominating committee to draw up a list of nominees to be voted on as officers of the society for the coming school year. The elections are to be held at the next meeting of the society, which will be the last one of the year.

Bologna, Italy, has been shaken by an earthquake. Boloney, U.S.A., is due a shaking up by a special session of Congress.

FACULTY GOLFERS OPEN FIRE UPON

HIBBARD, LAWSON AND GRAHAM ARE GUILTY

DUET OF INNOCENT FEMALE KODAKERS

By MARY HUNTER

For some time I have been wanting to try a shot with my kodak at the Chapel Hill golf course. Thinking that the occasion of the "tournament" might be a good one for supplying a human foreground for such pictures, I went out Saturday afternoon about four o'clock when the contest should have had time to get along on its way.

With no clubs but a Brownie 2A and a companion—for support in case I got squeamish about crossing the "sacred precincts" without real cause—I slowly and carefully circled the course, beginning at the westmost end, where I took one or two pictures of some young man who was practicing among the thin trees there.

Presently we (not editorially, but plurally speaking) came out, as it were by stealth, from the woods on the top of the hill to the south and approached some earnest looking, unsuspecting competitors preparing to drive from that magnificent knoll on the far east. These dignified persons proved to be Dean Hibbard and a partner, Dr. Lawson, Mr. Little and Parson Moss, all bent upon the game. We risked a negative on that group and then crossed the prow of the hill and sat down—imagine it, at such a time—in the shade of a convenient clump of small pines, to draw breath for further walking. Pretty soon, however, we were startled from our covert by more earnest golfers emerging from the foot of that terraced hill toward the pines. He hurried into the open down the hill hoping to be out of the way. To our great embarrassment about the time we thought we were taking our skirted figures out of the way, Mr. Gwynn waved a deprecatory hand toward the south and shouted: "Better edge over there. The man on top of the hill is going to shoot." My companion jumped. So did I—mentally; for to us both, bred near the eastern coast,

"shoot" inevitably means first of all a gun. We looked up—far up—and saw two more or less patient golfers obviously waiting for us to be gone. We went.

But more trouble was just ahead. Frank Graham—whom I did not recognize because of his flop hat—cheerily shouted to know if we wanted to play golf. "No," I shouted, "kodak." He and his companion then climbed to yet another (to us till then) unobserved vantage point and made it plain that they too were waiting to shoot. We looked desperately around but saw no escape. My companion (whom I would mention by name had she not solemnly forbid me to do so) took to the woods—literally—the woods in this case being a fringe of pines on the southeast slope of the club house hill. To no avail did I storm at her to "get out of the path" of the prospective drive. I didn't know where it would be either, but I conjectured it would take the direction in which Mr. Graham was facing. It did—and a 200-yard one at that; it dropped the ball about a foot from the forest refuge's head. She shrieked (and I confess, with shame, I laughed). I was outside the pines, so I pointed dramatically toward the thicket to indicate the whereabouts of that "lost ball." "Stick up a stick," I heard a second shout from the driver. Thinking this was the least possible return we could make for having been a nuisance on the field, we complied.

Then we went away, making haste to scramble up the rocky, steep path which leads from the club house, hoping against hope that no one would aim at us again until we got out of reach. I know now how it feels to be under fire!

But it was a great adventure and I have the kodak pictures—not yet developed. I hope they will be good pictures and will not fail to show how serious a dignified man can look following a small ball around.