

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tuesday, January 28, 1930

Doomsday For Memorial Hall

An undercurrent of doubt and anxiety was evident on the campus yesterday in discussions of the Memorial hall problem. Until a few days ago it had been generally conceded that the trustees would vote to demolish the tottering architectural grotesquerie and replace it with a more or less commodious auditorium. But on the eve of the meeting of the board of trustees, which will be held today in Raleigh, ominous reports were current that a considerable sentiment for remodeling the structure had developed among the trustees.

It must be admitted that the memories attached to Memorial hall by some of the alumni, the mellowed and affectionate regard they have developed for the monstrous structure through the softening influence of the years which have slipped away since they sat upon its hard wooden benches, should receive consideration by the trustees before the doom of the ancient auditorium is sealed. But a more careful ransacking of the files of memory by these same alumni will recall the utter unsuitability of the building for lectures, chapel exercises, entertainments, public function of all sorts; its gloomy interior and hideous exterior, the extreme discomfort of the seating facilities. Even within the undergraduate experience of a considerable portion of the alumni, Memorial hall could not accommodate mass meetings of the student body, and the number of students has increased enormously of late years.

It was the folly of a legislature whose members have long since been dead that was responsible for the construction of Memorial hall. The huge, misshapen structure has been for scores of years an ugly deformity upon the face of an otherwise beautiful campus. Rearring its monstrous bulk in the center of the campus, woefully out of harmony with the architectural grace of the other build-

ings, it appears even more gloomy and hideous by contrast with the comely outlines of the new structures to the south. Even the ebullient spirits of the average undergraduate are depressed after a few minutes spent in its cavernous interior. Sprawling like an illformed and grotesquely decorated beast within the shadows of the severe and stately South building and the graceful Phillips hall, Memorial hall is a sullen stain upon a bright and cheerful campus.

The most precious relics of the past connected with the auditorium are the tablets which adorn its walls in commemoration of the deeds of the University's distinguished sons. They could be removed easily and placed in a larger, more comfortable and cheery auditorium. In all probability the expense of remodeling Memorial hall would amount to a major portion of the cost of a handsome auditorium capable of seating 3,000 or more. If the present crumbling structure is remodeled, it necessarily would be abandoned as a place of University assemblage within a few years in favor of a larger auditorium. Surely the apprehensions expressed lest the trustees vote to rebuild Memorial hall must be unfounded. The University fathers are far too wise, too level headed and sane-minded to do other than recommend that the destruction of the mouldering structure be completed and that a new and handsome auditorium, worthy to take its place as the focal point of a beautiful campus, rise from its ruins. We unhesitatingly predict that the doom of Memorial hall will be solved today.

Modern Science Vs. Theistic Faith

The proposition that modern science tends to destroy theistic faith has been chosen for the topic of the annual Carolina-Emory debate. Although the battle between science and religion is an old one, the recent tendency on the part of educated church leaders to advance the argument that science and religion go hand in hand makes the proposition an interesting one at the present time.

The fact that Emory's church school, suggested the query warrants the assumption that the Emory debaters will adhere to this interpretation of the issue. The Carolina debaters, having the affirmative side of the controversy, will have an excellent opportunity to lay bare the whole science-religion dispute. The degree to which the Emory debaters refute the argument that science and religion are antagonistic and irreconcilable should be a fair indication of the validity of the new-fangled belief that science and religion go hand in hand, that they are complementary, and that one is the fulfillment of the other.

The war between science and religion is approximately as old as human civilization. Doubtless the theocratic Egyptians suppressed enterprising scientists of the day who would ascribe to the realm of nature phenomena which the priests declared to be the result of divine intervention. The bloodiest wars of history are those which have resulted from religious differences.

Although modern science and theistic faith are essentially different, there is really no conflict between the two realms of truth. Of course, there is a technical argument which would disagree on this point. With all due respect for religious censors, we are bound to conclude that they often censor, without any thought, opinions of scientists that have been reached after a lifetime of painstaking investigation.

There can be no reasonable doubt that the Bible is the greatest revelation of spiritual truth and principle that has yet come to the world. The great religious principles exemplified therein are not out of date, even though the scientific knowledge of the Biblical writers has been superseded.

The apparent conflict between science and theistic faith is due to the fact that they operate in different realms. These realms are, however, complementary rather than contradictory.

-J. C. W.

"What have you in the way of a drink?"
"Three policemen and a federal agent." - Bean Pot.

Readers' Opinions

THAT "SIMMONS vs. BAILEY" AFFAIR

Editor Daily Tar Heel:

Well, I have evidently started something, since my article has succeeded in making Mr. Williams pause a little in his mad whirl of word-slashing about every conceivable subject, in order to answer it. However, as I believe my gase to be just, I shall stay with it, for I still believe that every man has a right to his own opinion, even though he does come from Pennsylvania. And take notice, O Readers, Mr. Williams very kindly calls me Bombastic. What a joke! Especially considering its source. I can distinctly remember that Mr. Williams has been called down more than once for the same error (although I deny that I was guilty of it), and who can fail to remember those delightful words, 'Scrutinizing the underpinings of the daughters of Eve' which were written by our same Mr. Williams. Please remember that old proverb hereafter, Mr. Williams, "Those who live in glass-houses, should not attempt to throw stones."

Mr. Williams attacks my article because I confess that much of my knowledge comes from reading. Well where does Mr. Williams get his? I honestly consider that articles in reputable magazines written by men who know what they are talking about to be of more value than the sentiments contained in violent speeches uttered by partial party men, which are very evidently the sources of Mr. Williams' knowledge.

Now let us see what Mr. Williams himself calls the very heart of the issue. "Was his (Sen. Simmons') stand in keeping with the stand of North Carolina Democrats?" Well, Mr. Williams, although you very emphatically say no, evidently it was as you know as well as I know that the Republicans were not of themselves numerous enough to carry this state for Hoover in the glorious victory of November 1928. And yet this state did go for Hoover, if I am not greatly mistaken. Then again Mr. Williams attacks my knowledge of the whole affair, because I am not a native North Carolinian. Well, Mr. Williams, I was in this state during the election period and was able to observe as well as you did Senator Simmons' actions during it.

He also says that since I come from Pennsylvania, my opinions regarding North Carolina politics carry very little weight. Well, I am sure that I thank Mr. Williams for his fine opinion of me, but nevertheless, I still believe that every man has the right to his own opinion, which I believe I said somewhere before! And I would rather by far stick to my opinion of the North Carolinian voters than to Mr. Williams' opinion of them. I believe them, on the whole, to be accentuated by a true spirit of democracy, a fact that they demonstrated in the last election by voting for a man not of their political faith. I believe that they will be able to see Senator Simmons' side in the question and not to judge him too harshly for it. Mr. Williams on the other hand sees them as narrow-minded revengeful bigots, and actually seems to glory in it. He says they (the Old Line Democrats) are going to "get" Senator Simmons for his "treachery," and are willing to try anybody in preference to Senator Simmons. Well, if that isn't stupid bigotry, I never heard of any. However, I do not believe such a charge against the voters of this (Continued on last page)

Mercy Meandering



john mebane

Cy Edson, humorist par excellence, editor of the Buccaneer, and temporary fixture at the University of North Carolina, has, at last, made le grand coup of his academic career: he has had a sandwich named after him! We extend our congratulations to Cy, and trust that all of his friends will visit the Carolina Grill and try a Cy Edson sandwich. They're delicious (especially toasted).

Our alarm clock went off the other night at three A. M. After throwing it out of the window we couldn't go back to sleep. Disquietude crept upon us. Memories surged about us. Memory of the first night at college as a freshman—of going to bed at eight o'clock to keep from being recruited in a pajama parade.

Of standing in line at Memorial hall on registration day and asking Dean Bradshaw if he had registered.

Of taking two friends and a victrola to the stone seat at Gimghoul Castle at two o'clock at night and of playing Moonlight Sonata and Debussy's Clair de Lune.

Of walking to Durham one afternoon in the rain to hear Carl Sandburg, the poet, at the Duke auditorium.

Of throwing peanuts at the back of Ed Hudgin's head and yelling "air" in the Pickwick theatre.

Of reading my first novel by H. G. Wells and immediately writing a fantastic composition called "On the Wings of the Storm," and of trying a persuade Mr. Jones that someday I would be a great writer.

Of standing half-dressed in the middle of Franklin Street to watch the Pickard hotel burn and ducking eggs being thrown from the second floor of a nearby house.

Of being awakened at one o'clock in the morning by strange sounds downstairs, and upon descending, finding Glenn Holder in a dressing gown doing an interpretive dance to the music of Afternoon of a Faun.

Of eating hunks of dry rye bread before an open fire and of placing vague anathemas upon all women.

Of walking about five miles out of Chapel Hill with a friend on a rainy night and of agreeing with him that the world was all right after all.

Of sitting up in bed all one night throwing shoes and books at an unusually audacious mouse in the wastebasket.

Of first meeting Mrs. James Boyd at a summer camp and of blushing fiercely when she designated our lake as "that little mud-hole at bottom of the hill."

Of drifting down the Cape Fear river in a red canoe and of giggling frogs until five o'clock in the morning.

Of watching the sunset across the Cape Fear and of trying to record my impression in a diary.

Of walking one night eight miles from my home and of sleeping in an untilled field under a huge oak tree and of being awakened in the middle of the night by a whip-poor-will overhead.

Of writing columns in which I aired banalities concerning women and of swelling with pride at my deceitfulness when my comments were taken literally.

Of reading Open Forum letters in which I was designated as "moronic, ungentlemanly, insipid, and uncultured."

Of lamenting all day Monday because I didn't have anything to say in my column Tuesday.

Bridge And Dancing Feature U. D. C. Party

The U. D. C. Benefit, given last Saturday at the Carolina Inn, was declared by Mrs. John Anderson of the arrangements committee to be the most successful community affair of recent months. The ballroom of the Inn, given for the occasion by the manager, Mrs. Martin, and the adjoining lounges were used for the performances.

Billy Arthur, midget University student, known in entertainment circles as "one yard of fun," was the headliner of the afternoon show at the benefit. He spoke from the stage in the ballroom which was bedecked with Confederate flags.

Following a series of bridge games in the evening, attended by a large group of faculty and townspeople, the Playmakers entertained with a skit, "The Playmakers on the Air," which in turn was followed by a showing of winter and spring models by the Residence Shop. For the dance that followed the style show the services of Stringfellow's orchestra were given. A large group of students came in later for the dancing, during which punch and sandwiches were served.

TO THE PARENTS OF CHAPEL HILL

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