

The Daily Tar Heel



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Saturday, October 18, 1930

PARAGRAPHS

"No one knows how far I have gone."—Albert Einstein. Furthermore, no one is going to try to find out.

This life might be exactly what we want, but one could consider before doing away with this one that we don't know anything about the next one.

Graduate students wouldn't find it difficult to have one idea of their own a day, if in their role of undergraduate they had tried cultivating an idea once a week.

Buddy Hackman Scores Again.

Buddy Hackman, better known as a football player than as President of the University of Tennessee student body, certainly scored for Tennessee in his telegram to the Editor of the Daily Tar Heel inviting our student body to be the guests of Tennessee for the game next Saturday.

The Tennessee halfback is undoubtedly one of the best backs in the South and we are inclined to think him one of the best student body presidents in this part of the country. He has impressed us as much by his telegram as he would by scoring many touchdowns against the Tar Heel team.

Such expressions from rival institutions do more to improve relations than any number of

federations or love feasts.

Carolina, doubtlessly, would welcome Tennessee here for the game and the athletic authorities have in the past admitted students of other institutions to Carolina games at a nominal charge.

The attendance of Tar Heels will be determined largely by the outcome of the Georgia game this afternoon. But we would like to see a good delegation from here out there next Saturday, and if we could extend the same invitation to Tennessee for next year's contest it would make the rivalry between the two teams keener but on a higher level than many rivalries.

The Aye's And No's Of The Campus

By George Wilson

A very cordial invitation from the president of the student body of the University of Tennessee has been received asking that Carolina students attending the game between the two institutions be the guests of Tennessee while in Knoxville. From all indications, Tennessee will be host on a large scale next Saturday.

The greater part of pledging is about over and freshmen are beginning to be put in their place with a bang, with a lots of bangs.

Remarked one sophomore, "We have tolerated a freshman's smoking bad cigars for over three weeks now, but we'll get to the bottom of the matter right away."

The show "Whoopee" was being discussed and the story about the mother skunk who said "Let us pray" was retold. A freshman disagreed with the interpretation and said: "Weren't they porcupines?"

Sometime we are going to take the whole day off to go down to the free weighing machines and get the statistics on the number weighing the machine. One machine, from the hours of eight in the morning until seven in the evening, had weighed 487 persons, and was still going strong.

A very bright young man received a quiz grade the other day and made a slight change in a famous quotation: "Where others have failed, I have failed also."

Everybody has been commenting on the best coffee in Chapel Hill. With the number of eating-palaces, this is a very broad statement. Nevertheless we know where the worst is made.

With rushing season over and only the freshman game, this week-end is the time to put in a lot of good, hard studying.

Dr. Bonn, the German economist, spoke on German problems Thursday night, but that did not keep the economics department from giving a number of quizzes Friday. Well, we do have a good alibi.

We turn to sweet and tender poetry, borrowing heavily upon a modern poet:

Hush, little freshman, don't you cry, You'll be a frat man by and by, When the paddles begin to sweep, You'll have reason then to weep.

Silver Tongue Quartet on Air

The Silver Tongue Quartet, four gifted Negro singers of Chapel Hill, will broadcast their spirituals from station WPTF, Raleigh, between 11:30 and 12 o'clock Sunday morning. The singers are Nathaniel Sellers, Thomas Booth, Lewis Booth, and Walter Hackney.

The Peter Steele Arsenal

By Louis Graves

Wilbur Daniel Steele, the celebrated short story writer, came home from the North Monday; and if by chance the Chapel Hill police paid a visit to his attic floor they would probably make a report justifying the headline, "Notorious Gangster Here from New York."

For here, where Edwin Greenlaw used to engage in the peaceful work of a scholar, is an array of the most murderous-looking weapons ever seen in the village—pistols and rifles and bolo knives and cutlasses and daggers. But they are not meant for slaughter, although they were used lustily for that purpose in times past.

The master of the house has nothing to do with these weapons. They are the property of his 12-year-old son, Peter Steele. The boy has been collecting them for three years, and now has 64 pieces. One of them, a sword, dates back to the reign of Louis XIV and, indeed, is said to have been used on a boar hunt by the Grand Monarch himself. King Louis would go out with his company of noblemen and lesser lights; these hangers-on would do the preliminary irksome job of rounding up the boar and wounding it to the point of death, and then the king would saunter upon the scene and despatch the beast with a thrust of the sword.

If Peter wanted to, he could get a good deal of money for his collection; but like all true collectors he spurns the idea of gold. All he is interested in is adding to his arsenal. He uses all his available pocket money for that purpose and frequently, when his own resources are low, makes a raid upon the parental purse.

The first thing he showed me, when we mounted to the attic Monday evening, was a tiny object which he described as a messenger pistol of 1820. It had a secret trigger, and in the butt was a compartment to hold the message from the prime minister or the ambassador or the general-in-chief.

Then there was a French flintlock pistol of 1760; and a Moorish pistol with an elaborately carved butt; and two East Indian daggers; and a Turkish blunderbuss pistol of 1790; and the pistol of a captured Cuban brigand; and a bolo knife from the Philippines, which was used for chopping wood as well as heads and necks; and a Siamese bandit's sword in a wooden scabbard bounded about with cord. And there were rifles—a Mauser, an Enfield, an Albini-Tersen from Belgium—and old muskets of the days when the load of powder and shot was pushed in from the muzzle. And many other pieces, the nature of which I can't remember.

Peter knows the story of each one. The thought occurred to me, as he reeled off all the data, that he had probably learned more history from these arms than he would learn at school in several years. His zeal in collecting them has guided his fancy back through the centuries and through the far-off lands of the world. It must make history vivid to have a dagger with which one of the wives of Suleiman stole along a palace corridor to make way with a too comely rival, or a cutlass used by a buccaneer on the Spanish Main.

"When did you start this collecting, and why?" I asked Peter. And I learned that his hobby used to be collecting stamps. But by the time he had reached the age of nine that was too tame. On Nantucket Island in the summer of 1927 he got a job as assistant in a curio shop, and this was when he made his

farewell to stamps and took to arms. His grandmother started him off on his collection by buying an old pistol for him. Since then he has received gifts from his parents' friends coming back from their travels and from stage people who had to have ancient weapons for use in historical plays, and he has made some lucky finds in junk shops.

His eyes glitter when he displays his guns and pistols and swords, and as he waves them this way and that he gives you the impression that he might like to make a few experiments in mayhem right on the spot. You begin to grow alarmed and presently suggest that perhaps it is time to go downstairs where the rest of the folks are discussing art and literature in the living room. But Peter is not, after all, so very fierce. He lapses easily into civilized occupations. After we descend from the attic I am informed that this young warrior is taking piano lessons from Mrs. Fred McCall.

Internationally Noted Organist To Play Here

(Continued from first page)

sense of rhythm." Eugene Stimson, in the Chicago Daily Journal, declares: "A clear and careful ear, excellent technical co-ordination and a tasteful choice of registration as the instrument in Orchestra Hall seems to permit, gave Mr. Eigenschenk's performance unusually impressive character and distinction."

Several criticisms as favorable as the ones in the leading Chicago papers appeared immediately after Mr. Eigenschenk appeared as organist with the Chicago Solo Orchestra at the premier performance of "Weaver of Tales," written by the conductor, Eric Delamarter. This same rendition was given at Wanamaker's in Philadelphia at the invitation of the National Association of Organists Convention of 1926, and elicited favorable criticisms by the foremost judges of organ performance.

At present, the artist is in the midst of an extensive tour of the South, and plans to be in this section some time before the concerts in Chapel Hill. While here he will be entertained by Professor Nelson O. Kennedy, of the University faculty, who is a very close friend of Mr. Eigenschenk's.

BONN DISCUSSES GERMAN POLITICS

(Continued from page one)

in the midst of a great world crisis. The peace of Versailles brought about a great change in German politics. It saddled the country with a great indemnity, growing numbers of unemployed, and opened it to foreign influence. (On paper it seemed that Germany had full sovereignty, but in practice it was dictated to by foreign powers.) Besides this foreign soldiers were still in German territory, in fact it was not until four months ago that the last foreign soldier left Germany. Meanwhile Germany had to make good the havoc of war. A period of dreadful in-

Today FIFI DORSAY in "THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS" CAROLINA THEATRE

flation came on, wrecking the fortunes of many, and putting the financial burden on the people. To help stabilize the economic order it was suggested that industries be brought under the government control, but according to the Versailles treaty any government property is liable for reparation. Then began the struggle to get a franchise, which both the economic and political orders would agree upon."

Contrasting Germany with other European countries Dr. Bonn said that the English love liberty, the French equality, but that the Germans have a stronger passion, that of loving order. Following the lecture there were several questions asked by members of the audience. One

of these was on the possibility of the return of the Kaiser. Dr. Bonn said that Wilhelm II was not foolish, and that he wouldn't dare to try it unless there was a rising in state of German affairs.

A Cake Sale on the 31st

Circle No. 3 of the Methodist church will have a cake sale at the M store Friday morning, October 31. Anybody who wants a special kind of cake may arrange to get it by telephoning Mrs. J. E. Lear, 5091.

Dr. J. G. deR Hamilton and President Graham are to be in New York next week in the interest of the Southern Historical Collection and on other matters.

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