

The Daily Tar Heel

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You pay \$6.90 every year for your Carolina publications. And \$1.35 of that amount will go next year for publishing either one new campus magazine or both Tar an' Feathers and the Carolina Mag. Into the hot-pot of combination versus the status quo, today we throw some cold figures which you will find printed in the editorial column.

across the desk ...

Things are really blooming boomingly this spring. Staff nominations, May Day, last minute nominations, campaign anagers, big doings in the legislature, membership drives by organizations to replace vacancies by hopeful seniors, and countless other attributes that make the Spring quarter a different quarter.

We came across a very interesting paragraph the other day in Aldous Huxley's *Point Counter Point* which we felt rather appropriate and somewhat food for thinking.

"But it's so silly, this political squabbling, so utterly silly. Bolsheviks and Fascists, Radicals and Conservatives, Communists and—what the devil are they all fighting about? I'll tell you. They're fighting to decide whether we shall go to hell by communist express or capitalistic racing motor car, by individualistic bus or collectivist tram running on the rails of state control. The destination is the same in any case. They're all of them bound for Hell, all headed for the same psychological impasse and social collapse that results from psychological collapse. The only point of difference is: How shall we get there? . . . The question for the man of sense is: Do we or do we not want to go to Hell? . . ."

Note to a LMOC who hasn't even been nominated for a campus office: You may have caught many a politician shoving blotters under dorm doors, but WE saw YOU snaking yourself through a dorm transom, and said transom wasn't in Everett, Lewis, Stacy, Graham, Aycock, Steele, Old East, Old West, BVP, Med or Carr. Nuff said.

We can only admire "Pooh" Lippincott for her column yesterday. It isn't every columnist who will say he hasn't anything to say when he hasn't and in such a pleasing, half-page manner. (Incidentally, we hope that the little fellow who's always slipping in at odd places, "Dick Brooke" isn't a fictitious character.)

Thank gosh for little things . . . the UP and the SP have released their final nominations for the year 1942. Now, we've only gotta put up with the mob they've nominated. There are hopes that they will all have had their pictures plastered in the Tar Heel before very long and that peace will reign supreme besides the throne of the May Queen.

The Watchful Six, have reported a very pungent plot to the local OSD. It seems that in the next black-out a vicious few are planning to awaken the Carolina student body by blowing up Venable. This two-purposed plot aims for the dual destruction of both our smugness about Chapel Hill and the Chem building. We must lend our entire support to any plan to blow sky-high the smugness of the University and, indeed, even if the guards posted by the Watchful Six will be able to catch the fellows TNT handed, the Honor Council promises to follow the old democratic dictum—the end justifies the means.

Did anybody ever ruminate on the difficulty of writing enough trash to fill a full column in the Tar Heel. We just don't feel up to it today and cannot see why in the heck we must fill a column that nobody reads anyway. In fact the only reason we've bared our inner soul here is because we sincerely believe that no one will ever read it, and a lotta print looks mighty good—sometimes. If there's a lotta print, no one reads it and so one doesn't have to write anything much. That, my friends, is the inner secret of Carolina columnists and the reason for their unprecedented popularity. Nobody reads their columns.

Some of us are looking most patriotic these days. Blue under the eyes, unduly red about the mouth, and a ghostly white about the jaws.

The editors have wished to announce that no dirty stuff will appear in this column. Across the Desk will be above board in all instances. All stabs will be overhanded. This is a necessary item in view of the Emergency Committee's request.

small fry ...

PRELUDE TO SPRING: Spring turns one's thoughts to many things, but Tennyson expressed it modestly by calling it love. Proof of his first famous, then trite lines may be gleaned from the telegram recently received by the oft-mentioned in this column Casanova—extraordinary and betrayer of the innocent hearts of fair ladies, Bill Brown. This missive of passion read: "Wrote you Monday. Have not heard from you yet. What's the matter, didn't last weekend mean anything to you?"

MARATHON: George Long, who is from Morganton, the home of Broad Oaks better known as the nut house, became entangled in a wager which brought him recognition by the U. S. army as the discoverer of "fluid walk." Greed for ten dollars led him to trudge 29 miles to Raleigh in nine hours. Returning on a stretcher, two days later he again walked after the fashion of the Bible because the soles of his feet were entirely covered with two large blisters.

PURE COIN: During one of journalism 55's frequent true-false quizzes on current events, Tom Adams was caught without his Tar Heel down. Resorting to the coin method, he flipped out a hundred on ten questions, but a neighbor's perfect score kept him from being the only student with a hundred. "Hey," he complained, confident that there had been some cheating goin' on, "this guy looked on my coin."

APROPOS LA POLITIQUE: Here we have the typical Carolina student, Stradivarius Axley, who lives in BVP and goes to Graham Memorial to vote. As he strolls out of the dorm to exercise, and it is exercise, his franchise, he is met at the door by four men in convertibles who pleasantly ask to take him to the polls. Being a proletariat and a future member of the CIO, he elects to walk. Whistling, he reaches the Confederate soldier unharmed, but there he is met with a swarm of politicians who deluge him with literature. He is lucky for the propaganda is printed upon mere paper and is light.

Accompanied by the din of a score of oily voices, he begins to receive heavy literature, cardboard and glossy paper, as he approaches the polls. Someone strikes a match and he has to run for his life. When he finally reaches the polls he is exhausted from the burden of priority paper and collapses in front of the box. A party leader marks his ballot for him. He is carried away on a stretcher.

THOUGHT TO CARRY YOU THROUGH THE WEEKEND: A pinch of salt is greatly improved by adding a glass of beer.

COEDUCATION: Judge Hobbs, of the commerce school, has a strict regulation against smoking in his class. "When you fellows fill the room with smoke," he says coyly, "then I can't see the coeds."

it happens here ...

- 2:30—Carolina Dramatic Association program for the afternoon begins.
- 3:30—Band concert over Mutual Broadcasting System.
- 7:30—Carolina Dramatic Association program for the evening begins.
- 9:30—Dr. Graham presents the awards to the Carolina Dramatic Association.

Cornwell to Handle Phys Ed Applications

Application blanks for the appointment of instructors in physical education at the US Naval Academy have been received by Dr. O. K. Cornwell and can be obtained at his office in Woolen gym.

Students interested in applying for these instructorships may secure information on the general qualifications and conditions from Dr. Cornwell's office. Sheets of qualifications are also posted on the bulletin boards in South building and the YMCA.

Philosophy Seminar To Discuss Dewey

A Philosophy seminar, conducted by Mr. I. W. Browning of the Philosophy department, will meet Monday night at 8 o'clock at 611 East Franklin Street. The subject will be "Dewey's Substitute for Natural Law."

Combination Has More Cartoons, Photos, Eight Less Pages Than Separate Publications

GRINDSTONE—By Bucky Harward

Here are the cold figures on the issue of establishing one campus magazine to take the place of Tar an' Feathers and the Carolina Mag.

These budget estimates are not hidebound. They are just as stable as next year's enrollment and the state of next year's business, nothing which could be more elastic. There are two facts certain. First, the income estimates, if anything, are optimistic. Second, if income should fall below the estimates on which the prognostications below are based, then all three publications—the Combination magazine and Tar an' Feathers and the Carolina Mag—will all be affected proportionately.

Look over these figures and facts, then study them closely. An effort has been made to translate the figures concretely, to show what they will mean in number of pages and amounts of engraving.

When Editor Henry Moll put out his Baby-Esquire last week, he was trying to show that the best elements of both the humor magazine and the former literary magazine could be combined successfully in one publication. Whether he was successful or not was for you to decide. Editor Moll, however, in desiring to prove feasibility of combination, combined one and one-half times more material which would be possible next year, gave the campus a magazine which was too costly even as a combination publication for next year. Printing and engraving costs of the experimental Baby-Esquire, when multiplied by eight issues, would lose \$1,735 next year for the Publications Union. A complete Baby-Esquire as it stands now, would be out of the question.

But there is a bright side for proponents and students for one campus magazine. A combination publication, somewhat less expensive, can be printed. It would contain 36 pages instead of Baby-Esquire's 48. It could spend \$200 per issue on engraving. That is enough to furnish the same amount of photography that appeared in the "College Aviation" Mag of last May, Moll's first attempt at a campus magazine. That is also enough to furnish the number of pictures in Baby-Esquire, minus the number of cuts in the introductory fictitious advertising section and two of the full page photographs.

The makeup, on which in Baby-Esquire Moll did a professional and lavish job, would not be so complex or give the Orange Printshop workers so many migraine headaches. The editor and his staff on the new combination magazine would receive a total of \$35 a month. Probably split would be \$15 for the editor (mag editors now re-

ceive \$20) and \$10 for an art-humor editor, \$5 for a literary editor and \$5 for a managing editor. This would take the place of the two \$20 editor's salaries that are paid now. The business manager would probably earn about \$250 a year.

The new combination Magazine would cost a total of \$6,166, would leave \$198 to take care of unforeseen expenses and to counteract our optimism on income.

Alternative, of course, would be two separate magazines reduced in size and costs from their present appearance.

Tar an' Feathers will have 20 pages instead of the present 24. It could spend \$80 per issue on engraving instead of the current allotment of \$125—which would mean about two-thirds as much engraving as has appeared this year. The editor would receive \$20 a month, the business manager about \$200 a year. Tar an' Feathers would cost a total of \$3,598 next year, lose \$17 which would have to be made up by shaving minor expenses.

The Carolina Mag would be cut from its current 32 to 24 pages. Makeup would be simplified just as in the combination. Engraving would drop from the present allowance of \$80 per issue to about \$50, permitting the use of less than two-thirds the cuts as appeared in any issue previous to Christmas, since which time Moll has gone both below and above the \$80 mark. (Last year's completely-literary Mag spent \$40 an issue for drawings.) The editor would receive the current \$20 a month, the business manager about \$200 a year. Total cost of the magazine would be \$3,624 a year, leaving a reserve of \$18.

Here are two more brief comparisons that provide a thread through the labyrinth of figures. If both magazines are kept, together they will contain eight more pages than the combination mag. Cost per page of the combination throughout the year would be 91 cents more per page, than that per page if both publications were retained. Explanation lies in the fact that the combination will be able to spend \$1,600 for engraving, over a third more than the humor and literary magazines together.

There are the figures. Take your choice. One campus magazine—a Baby-Esquire of 36 pages instead of the 48, but a publication with more engraving than either publication at present is able to afford or both would be able to afford next year. Or instead the second choice—two magazines, one humor and one literary, both totaling eight more pages than the combination, but having less engravings.

HAPPIER DAYS AHEAD? ...

"Confessions of a Forty Acres Ex-Politician" is an unusual article. It is amazing because it is a frank expose of the workings of a campus political machine written by an ex-politician. Appearing in the Daily Texan, it is written by a former editor of that newspaper.

When we read this article, we got some satisfaction from it because we realized that the Carolina campus isn't the only campus in the nation harboring a thoroughly organized political machine, a political machine that has sometimes advanced men for office who are totally unqualified or has advanced qualified men who are content to rest on their laurels after the office has been won and let its management run to seed.

This editor went on to relate how one politician had spent the four years of his campus life in "preening" himself for one election, "preening" himself by going on a four year handshaking cam-

aign. It is needless to mention that there has been obvious "preening" on this campus.

When we look at what the political world holds in store for us for the next nine months, we are a little encouraged. We believe the war has brought some good to the Carolina campus in that it has made political leaders realize that conditions created by the war will require able students to run student government.

The rest of the nation has looked amazed at the state of politics in Georgia where graft and ignorance are the rule rather than the exception in government.

Carolina government has rapidly been approaching the "Little Georgia" state. But as we have said before we believe it is on the upward swing. We hope we are right in this belief and that nominees will realize that the future of student government depends on their realization of the responsibilities of the offices they seek.



WAR NEEDS MONEY!
It will cost money to defeat our enemy aggressors. Your Government calls on you to help now.
Buy Defense Bonds or Stamps today. Make every pay day Bond Day by participating in the Payroll Savings Plan.
Bonds cost \$18.75 and up. Stamps are 10¢, 25¢ and up.
The help of every individual is needed.
Do your part by buying your share every pay day.

gyre and gimble ...

by hayden carruth and harley moore

RECIPE MESSIPY

Excerpt from the Herald Tribune:

Berry Sauce
1 cup crushed berries
powdered sugar
juice of 1 orange
1 cup sour cream whipped
Mix berries, sugar if desired, and fruit juice and chill thoroughly. Just before serving, fold in the sour cream. Approximate yield: 2 cups sauce.
This fish cocktail is a novelty that will have to be tried to be believed! Don't ask how the lime juice cooks the fish, because we don't know. But it does. And the flavor is delicate and delicious.
And so you know—

Fried Chicken
The Herald T. does loudly shout That miracles are here; For, if they know what they're about, Such funny stuff as sauerkraut Will make a bouncing, tender trout Though disbelievers sneer.

So if you find you've oft decried The war and price's rising tide, If deep within you have a side Which only can be satisfied By mountain trout in butter fried And served with tartar sauce beside, And if you find you've never tried The Tribune's latest dish, We beg that you will now decide To let the nation be your guide And go where others have complied; For where before you merely sighed Or with some other angler vied, Today your trouble's rectified Because a Tribune writer's spied A recipe that true and tried For lovely ersatz fish.

Just take a pound of Grade A cheese, Mix with bark from apple trees, Asparagus and cherry tarts, And toads and frogs and lettuce hearts; Stir in a quart of boiling beer And chill until this time next year.

Thus you yourself, without expense Or diabolic instruments Can fashion any sort of dish To satisfy your palate's wish.

And here's a startling revelation Which we can seize with much elation:— If Tribunes can create this dream By merely mixing fruit and cream, There's cause for joy throughout the nation For no one needs to fear the ration.

We merely mix some glue and flour And stir determined for an hour, Place the dough above the fire And soon we'll have a rubber tire.



Send the DAILY TAR HEEL home