

# The Damn Tar Heel

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FAFI	Coed Editor
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MICKIE	What an Editor!
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## Editorially Speaking

### THE WASTE LAND

"To do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

For T. Stern Eliot  
Ceteris paribus

#### I. KEEP OFF THE GRASS

Polk Place is the cruellest place  
Mixing ively-covered granite  
With candy wrappers.  
Ante-Greeks in paint-smear'd shorts  
See a decaying tree  
Not the Davie Poplar.  
And we strolled down Franklin  
And past the Intimate  
For a cup of coffee in Danziger's  
Crisp the naive'te not the cynic  
Said I would not defy God—  
Nor Douglass Hunt. Push a pean-  
nut

Across the Y Court  
Or do a strip-tease on Franklin  
Street  
I hope you will save yourself  
The ignominy of both!

#### II. THE WORDS OF LANIER

The General Assembly shall pro-  
vide  
That the benefits of the Univer-  
sity  
As far as practicable . . .  
Ach! Mein Got! They are hollow  
men!  
The world is too much with them  
Late and soon. A student is a  
valuable  
Article—Lanier hath said it.  
Selah.

#### III. THE UNITED CAROLINA PARTY

Requires a two-thirds vote  
And Roberts can't be wrong  
What fools you mortals be  
You can't win an election  
On principles, but yes,  
A prejudicial attack  
On fraternities.

A party of individuals  
Voting their conscience  
And although we won't say so  
It's really wise, for truth  
Will triumph and so will we.

All right, you've heard your  
principles,  
Now let's get down and get some  
votes.  
There'll be a triple-headed mon-  
ster!

And talking  
And waiting  
And fighting  
And talking.  
And talking

And saying  
So it is  
With voting.

#### IV. THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

And we, like sheep, shall go  
astray  
As red as the Nile  
The voice of the people  
Is the voice of God.

#### V. THE UNIVERSITY PARTY

Pannill, Davis, Veasey,  
Are a good boy, for they  
Don't have principles.  
Brinkley, Adams, Hendren,  
Are a bad boy, for they  
Changed horses to become sheep.  
And they, like sheep, shall go  
astray.  
Ha! Ha! It ain't so funny Joe.  
Vote 'er straight, me lad  
S. G. just ain't no fad.  
Vote 'er straight, mama  
For the glory of Pi Pi Gamma!  
You can put up a ticket  
It ain't no racket  
But it takes guts  
Until it hu'ts  
To vote 'er straight, me lad.

Fill high the bowl with crossed  
squares  
The golden bowl is broken!  
Gold and iron are good  
To buy iron and gold  
But it's friendship, friendship  
Dear ole golden friendship.

#### VI. WHAT THE FOURTH ES-TATE SAID

The oldest hath borne plenty, we  
that are young  
Shall never see so much, or do so  
much  
Until the University returns to  
normalcy.  
The liberals are radical, the con-  
servatives  
Reactionary. Reaction is crim-  
inal, radicals  
Are not really radicals.

# "Puke-Eye" Swango in Interview Says in Own Words "Ah Has Me A Hell of A Time"

By Tookie Hodgson

Edelbert Swango is certainly a character. Yes, sir,—if there ever was a character on this campus, Edelbert Swango is it. Just ask those who move in the highest student political circles and they will tell you Swango is undoubtedly more of a character than any other character of all the characters who now grace the serene domain of the university. In short, Edelbert Swango is a real, true-to-life character.

Edelbert, or "Puke-eye", as he is more familiarly known, was born in the town of Howling Dog, N. C., just twenty years ago on the very night when his beloved father was shot and killed in a running battle with revenue agents. This incident profoundly effected young "Puke-eye's" life, and he has never once let the "Demon Rum" flow down the old gullet, for, as he says, "What has alcohol got that cocaine ain't."

After graduating from the state reform school with honors in whittling and skunk-trapping, "Puke-eye", possessed of a knowing desire for self-improvement, betook himself to our fair college in quest of further education. It is common knowledge that he has now admirably realized his noble ambition. His grades in Biological Night-Field Studies and wonderful work in the Arboretum have filled his

male classmates with envy. His intensive research into female physiology has brought him state-wide praise. Recently a coed, who served as "Puke-eye's" assistant, in one of his interesting experiments, remarked to a friend, "Hubba, hubba! I love that man!"

But all is not work with Edelbert Swango, better known as "Puke-eye." Play is an important factor in this campus character's college life. Almost any night you can see him down by Graham Memorial good-naturedly heaving bricks at his chums or occasionally tossing a lighted stick of dynamite in the main lounge, much to the amusement of the bystanders loitering around the place.

Sometimes, when in a particularly jovial mood, "puke-eye" will sneak up behind an unsuspecting coed, and pour a quart or so of sulphuric acid down her neck. This stunt always gets a good laugh from the crowd, and strengthen "Puke-eye's" status as a character.

Edelbert Swango, better known as "Puke-eye", cuts quite a figure politically and socially, as well as academically.

He has been elected to seven straight terms in the Student Dissipator's Forum (which meets at Harry's every night), he has been president of the University Hop-heads on two successive occasions, and he has

served with honor in the office of editor of the college humor magazine, "Filthy Fun".

In the social sense, good old "Puke-eye" is definitely of the "barefoot haut mode," which is the highest circle one may aspire to in this genteel madhouse of pedagogy.

He is also president of the unique Kappa Beta Phi fraternity; he is a prime motivator in the planning of those fascinating soirees called "blanket parties", and last but not least he is the president of the Stripper Dancing Club, an interesting organization which holds three orgies a year in the Washington Duke Hotel's Gypsy Rose Lee Room. Thus, every-one can plainly see how full is our campus character's social life. Or to put it in Edelbert Swango's, better known as "Puke-eye", own words, "Ah has me a hell of a time!"

Our hero, when queried by this interviewer as to his future ambitions, told me he only "Wished Ah could be like that great South'n orator, E. Beauregard Claghorn, Senator Claghorn, that is!" When asked who, in his opinion, were the other outstanding men in the country today, "Puke-eye" replied, "Dick Tracy, Senator Bilbo, and Dave Clarke."

Swango gives his favorite literature as the Nudist Monthly, and his favorite sport is (DE) is also many other people's favorite sport!

Thus we have Edelbert Swango, more familiarly known as "Puke-eye". Certainly he is a good example of a "character". Surely there could be no more typical character than he, and no doubt there are not many people more beloved by their

See "PUKE-EYE" page 4.

# THE CPU ROUNDTABLE

By Jerry Lightfoot Davidoff

In 1898 there were 1,786,206 bushmen on the island of Pingo Pango. Of these 628,407 were devout Baptist, following the training given them by Rev. L. Stanforde Potatoeat who had been a missionary on Pingo Pango for forty years. And 1,003 more were Holy Rollers after having witnessed the Ringling Brothers Circus in 1895. The rest were ardent cannibals, still faithful to the lore of their forefathers, which means, of course, carnivorous.

The natives of Pingo Pango have formed an active Inter-faith Council to seek a logical end to their common problems of belief, and to aid in foreign missionary work. This progressive group worked steadily for thirty years to end discrimination against vegetarians.

The chief industries on this verdant island were the making of hand carved button-holes for straight-jackets, cartons for used W. J. Bryan campaign buttons and drill presses for the Keiser plant at Willow Run. Until last year the island lived in tranquil peace, it's murder rate decreasing to less than 96 per thousand and it's birth rate rising steadily to almost 4 per thousand per year. Since Pingo Pangoians live long lives the relatively low birth rate, compared to, say, Greenland, is of little importance.

In 1943 a labor organizer named R. Lee Cattleyard arrived and began to arouse the workers in the three plants. This was not difficult to do since all the workers were low on cigarettes and their wives had been away for six months at a meeting of the combined UDC-DAR chapter on the nearby island of Statusquonia. With offers of cartons of Melichrino cigarettes Cattleyard denounced the bosses. However, one Willie Doorstepp, Jr., of the Active Teamsters Organization

nearly broke up the plot by stating bluntly that "whether you're rich or you're poor, it's good to have money." This started the natives thinking, which meant that they were no longer mentally decadent. One particular scholar of the period states in this way: "Do suppose that you are walking through the Arboretum with a girl and she says 'Buy me a shot of Private Stock.' It means she is thirsty, or I don't know what. Without money you are frustrated. This proves that the Aboretum is a good place to get rid of all frustrations, or I don't know what." However, this scholar was not there, and his research is incidental to his works on the sugar beet industry in Bosnia which were published by the UNC Press last year.

All of this goes to prove, suggests Richard Strewn, a noted metaphysical economist who dis-gards all theories which seem logical to any one but himself, that T. S. Eliot's theory of wages, combined with the molecular theory of ethics, would settle the world's problems. Mr. Strewn also has a visceral theory which has even less to do with the topic.

At any rate, socialism, the atomic bomb, labor-management disputes and the closed shoppe argument fit into the picture some way.

What happened was that seven Chancellors of great American Universities went in, played mouth organs and bass trombones for the workers, and by the time CPU got around to discussing the problem it was settled.

The meeting adjourned to Danziger's where James "Maple-leaf Rag" Valence gave a lecture to a disinterested audience on sheep manure fertilizer and its relationship to world government.

Next week the CPU will dis-gust the "White Slave Trade in

## Now Beer This

# Mongolian Missionary Mumbles

A. B. Smith, popular, vivacious, campus personality, was born in a manger in southern Mongolia in the year 1929. Many of the natives of that area had a tendency to worship young Abie for many years because a star was seen to shine brightly over the spot where he lay in his swaddling clothes. His father was One Low Smith. Records are not quite clear on who his mother was. The oft heard rumor that he is the illegitimate son of Mrs. H. M. Stacy has not however, a bit of truth to it. Mrs. Stacy was living with a rubber planter in Chile when our hero first saw the light of day.

When Smith reached the age of thirteen he realized his true calling—he was intended to go forth in the world and preach the doctrine of temperance!! Accordingly he left his little home in Mongolia and came to Chapel Hill to do missionary work among the alcoholics.

You may find young, handsome, colorful, gracious, trustworthy, loyal, helpful, brave, clean and reverent, A. B. Smith any night, atop his soapbox, with brass band surrounding him, preaching to the wayward throng in front of Jeff's Soda Parlor.

One pig: "Have you heard from your husband lately?"

Other pig: "Yes, I got a litter from him yesterday."

A Holy Roller: A person who does his celebrating and church-going at the same time.

## Report to the Campus

# Recent Revelations of the Cosmic Manifestations

By George Sternjeon

The most recent regurgitation of the campus drama disorganization emerged in the repulsive form of an opus symbolically tagged Yes, the Begonias; Recent Revelations of the Cosmic Manifestations. Hormone Wsmith, Lucifer's collaborator on this abortion, has the singular merit of being the worst playwright that has ever been the misfortune of this humble reviewer to review. Mr. Wsmith (recently changed from Psmith according to Morganton's records) has managed to collect a thousand or two of the ugliest syllables in the language's repertoire and weave them into the most revolting, mangled, incoherent, and lewd sentences that have ever caused a blush on virginal cheekbones.

From the first line "Sweating car-pals" to the last, "Perspiring Begonias" a dull neon appearance spread over the panting audience, until in the third act climax, when Rubba Hockit fell naked into Lucius's arms, a fire started in the audience until it died for want of air.

Darkest Africa", especially in regard to its effect on the problem of military conscription in Bolivia. Greenback Crumbly, the CPU Chairman, will present a three sided factual report, and Senator Beriberi Pellagra, of South Carolina, chairman of the Senate's Committee investigating the IPU (International Pimps Union) will be the Union's guest. . .

The director, Losterh Jelled-fen has, it is rumored disappeared peculiarly so has Rubba and the Hop Scotch Bar Fund—and after this disaster it is not difficult to see why. It is not enough that the sound effects of the battle scene arrived during the funeral, that the prompter came out to slug the actors on missed cues or that the actors chose to see who would play their scenes first and then decided to play them simultaneously, but when a construction company started to erect a tomb for Knave Shark while Rubba was having her sextuplets we cannot but remark that the timing and taste of reproduction could have been improved.

The acting, as a pleasant contrast, was only lousy. Occasionally it became intelligent to the Lithuanian student on my left, but as he melted at the first comprehensible line I do not know whether the entire performance was performed in this most original tongue. But Rubba Hockit, though but one word (Anglo-Saxon in origin I believe) issued from her gorgeous lips gave one of the most feeling and significant performances in the modern theatre—she ran the gamut from A to A. Lucius Pensnorter simply stunk. The rest of the performers were not quite up to this standard.

Though this was one of the most distinguished performances the carolina campus has seen for years only six ladies, five nuns and someone named Kickerd from the modern outhouse opposite the well, fainted.