

The Tar Heel

"The Leading Southern College Semi-Weekly Newspaper"

Member of N. C. Collegiate Press Association

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News leaked out that the laundry drivers threatened to strike. Dirty work at the laundry it would seem.

However, it should all come out in the wash.

In a paragraph you can say anything and get away with it, but editorials require that dainty touch. Zip! goes another paragraph.

Now that our fair village is about to install sidewalks, we expect to see roller skating become a popular afternoon sport.

Those who heard Madame Julia Claussen Wednesday night were delighted with her rare performance. She captivated her small audience as soon as she uttered her first note, and filled Memorial Hall with music if not with hearers.

Our weekly weather report. Fair, balmy weather in the north for the past few days as far as Washington. Heavy storms and cloudy weather due the latter part of the month centering in Atlanta. No wrecks are looked for, however.

These paragraphs are much easier to write than editorials. This is the formula: We sit before our mahogany desk in a semi-trance while we survey the campus and passers-by with thoughtful mien until an idea hits us. A few clicks of our trusty \$100 typewriter and we have a paragraph.

Today's mail brought us a letter from Postmaster Herndon requesting the Tar Heel to correct the statement in the last issue regarding failure of the post office to show proper courtesy to former President Woodrow Wilson. Before the Tar Heel went to press, a reporter was dispatched to ascertain if the post office flag had been lowered to half mast. Perhaps the reporter had unseeing eyes or the flag was of such small dimensions it escaped his notice, for he reported that the flag was not flying. Hence our biting comment. We are sorry for the misunderstanding.

THE NEW COLLEGE COMIC

A new comic in the offing to follow in the footsteps of the old Tar Baby and the Boll Weevil, but that will avoid the financial pitfalls that spelled ruin for these predecessors, is the announcement of a group of men interested in publication work. How the campus will receive this budding humorous magazine is uncertain; it may be a trifle sceptical of the infant as yet unnamed and unintroductory, and on the other hand, the campus may receive it with open arms as a welcome and permanent guest that will blot out the stigma left by the Tar Baby and the now decrepit Boll Weevil.

A humorous publication bearing the official sanction of the University is inevitable here, and the sooner it comes the better. The mind of the average University student turns to humorous rather than serious literary production. The Carolina Magazine has never firmly gripped the campus during its checkered career, because only a small proportion of the student body is interested in producing or supporting a magazine that aims to uphold high standard literary work. But a 'funny' magazine with clever cartoons, jokes, satire, subtle humor, jiggling rhymes that don't have to be interpreted—is always popular. Carolina students like all other college creatures would much rather laugh than think—and do so.

If the spark for high grade creative literature is lacking, an effort should be made to direct and develop the natural humorous talent into a college comic. A magazine of this kind, through its variety of content, offers a splendid opportunity for training in creative skill. Mr. C. A. Hibbard of the English department, has been running a series of articles in "College Humor" showing how the humorous magazine affords the best outlet for genuine student expression of all college magazines. The average college student isn't mature enough or sufficiently schooled in the arts for distinctive achievement in serious literary production. His volatile mind turns far more easily to light, whimsical matter, and in this respect the college man has made a distinct contribution to American literature. Mr. Hibbard cites a significant list of well known writers of today who served their apprenticeship as editors of humorous college magazines, and this rudimentary process laid an invaluable foundation for their work of wider scope later on.

The examples of the old Tar Baby and the renegade Boll Weevil have shown that Carolina can produce a college comic that will rate high among sister publications in the country. The Tar Baby especially was accepted widely as the South's leading comic and was quoted extensively by the best humorous publications. Poor business management killed its literary excellence, and it sank out of sight disgracefully. The Boll Weevil likewise gave promise of developing into a comic of high caliber until questionable business deals and fraudulent use of the University's name, brought upon it the full wrath of the University officials, and it became the outlawed insect that it is now.

The Publication Board in adopting a new comic have made sure against unstable financial handling. It should be remembered that the new publication will not become a member of the budget fee, until it has established itself as a successful publication, and this is to be decided upon by a student vote; that in no way will the finances of the Publications Union be affected by the new comic; that it will have the official sanction of the Publications Union Board, and will be composed solely of bona-fide students.

An alumnus of the University has generously offered his financial aid in giving the new comic a strong start. With this as a stimulus, plans are coming along nicely. The new editor, intending to get the first issue out by Easter, is urging all men who are interested in Carolina's third comic endeavor to make application. The Tar Heel endorses the new venture heartily as one that will fill a real need in creative work at Carolina, and that is sure to develop into a true reflection of Carolina wit. And best of all, the business management will be on solid ground, free from a crooked tinge. Otherwise it would not be allowed to exist.

"The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart."
The Bible says so. What does it mean?
Student Bible Class at the Chapel of the Cross next Sunday at 10 A. M.

THE WILDERNESS

BY J. OSLER BAILEY

The Bok Peace Plan has written its last will and testament and has undergone an apathetic demise, even before Mr. Bok, who was recently Americanized with vehemence, has been elected President. The patriots of Xyzkia and Aikzyx, in some unknown land beyond uncharted seas are this minute calling one another "boshes" and "Swinehunders" across the trenches; and within our own fair-spreading domain, Hiram Johnson and the Great Old Republican Party have beaten their plowshares into pitchforks and are swearing sanguine destruction. All is not yet placid upon our dizzy sphere. We submit that Mr. Bok's pet collection of intricate cogitations has run afoul of American stupidity and has been dashed to bits on that great bulwark of our nation. More to the dear public's liking to we cater. We have a plan that will salvage the world from iron-clad Mars and present it, beaming-cheeked, for agreeable ruminations at the shrine of a more pleasant lady, whom we shall personify as Lady Nicotine, a daughter of the Chesterfields. We shall elucidate.

We shall, as college "men" approach this problem of cosmic harmony in a fittingly philosophic manner. Civilization, after all, is summed up admirably on a Chesterfield cigarette advertisement. To become placid, as "peace" would indicate, it must satisfy. Everything man has invented, from his wife to his tobacco, his moustache to his religion, is an attempt to satisfy himself. n'est-ce pas? The clash comes when Angelina devours Aunt Jemima's cake, so to speak. Economics, and all that tomfoolery, have nothing to do with it. So let us satisfy everybody, and the lions shall lie down with the lambs, say "aw, vevoir" to one another, and go to sleep.

Imprimis, man's first concern, his vanity, must be satisfied. In our "Chesterfield" Peace Plan—Haan't the name a much more euphonic sound than Bok?—our first article strives to promote universal pacification by making it an international custom that the ruler of every country shall wear as voluminous a moustache as possible. That will appeal to his vanity, and his nation's just pride. The prime reason America entered the war was that our President did not wear a fur-lined upper lip. Wilhelm, in his more complacent vanity reasoned that any specimen not masculine enough to show his gender by his trappings was no match for a man with accoutrements so magnificent as his own. So long as Roosevelt strained the Presidential soup, Kaiser Bill kept a most respectful distance.

Now, there must be some form of competition between the armies. Bloodshed is quite horrid, and not at all essential. We submit the Pickwick methods, which are eminently satisfying. Such methods are much more stinging, but lack the horribly obliterative qualities of modern warfare. Our National Army shall be duly supplied with slingshots, goggles, headgear, and peanuts. If our brave Sammies are overcome by hostile forces, they shall eat the peanuts. The dire onslaught of the enemy will be overcome; defeated—perhaps devastated is the word! Such a process will not only save our government the price of Chlorine, but will immeasurably enrich our Southern planters.

The teeth of the League of Nations have been declared false. Let us be barefaced about it. We shall abolish the League and establish an international Home for Obsolescent Statesmen. It will accomplish the same purpose.

If a statesman with an overgrowth of vanity on his lip shall become fractious, his tonsils shall be removed. If they have gone for a previous offense, his appendix shall follow them. As a last resort, his moustache shall be clipped.

National anthems shall be abolished, and music shall be substituted. It is much more satisfying, and does not breed vanity. We suggest, "Yes, We have no Bananas," as a suitable international hymn, including the Scandinavian, "If 'bananas' is not considered a polite theme for public concerts in open daylight, the words 'standing army' shall be substituted. The bananas refrain, however, seems to satisfy the popular vacuum in even an international sense.

The Ku Klux Klan shall be abolished, and the Society of Sunbeams shall be allowed to proselyte the world.

There is overmuch suspicion between nations. That vile and insidious weapon, the Espionage System, shall be forever abolished, and an Honor System substituted in its place. The marvelous manner in which such a system operates on the Carolina campus, if known to the world, will secure its immediate adoption by humanity from London-Town to far Cathay. If one nation shall violate another, for an example, if Germany shall take an apple from America's box without dropping in the customary 50 billion Marks, the President of Germany shall be under obligations to memorize two pages of the Congressional Record for each offence.

Esperanto shall be scrapped, and the international code which recently proved so effective between our doughboys and the chic Parisiennes—namely, a series of easily learned sighs, grunts, wags and ogles,—shall be universally adopted. The useless teaching of French and German shall be prohibited in American schools. Brutality to the above-mentioned languages, by American youth, is perhaps one of the chief causes of international disgruntlement.

These articles shall be submitted to the American people, thru' the TAR HEEL, to the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Associations in session assembled, and to the Freshman class, in Chapel assembled.

We wish to state in closing that we have no ulterior motive in submitting our peace plan to the Great American People. Mr. Bok refused us his prize money, for political reasons, but we are sure that our National bulwark, as mentioned in our first paragraph, will vindicate our judgment. May our Plan bring Peace, and may Mars forever be "condemned, my dear, only condemned." Zeus "bless us every one"

The High Point Club met last Thursday night at the Y. Besides the ordinary run of business the members were delighted with an elaborate and delicious course of hot pups. Dopes were used as chasers.

ELISHA MITCHELL SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

Program of 270th Meeting
Tuesday, February 12, 7:30
P. M. Phillips Hall.
Dr. A. W. Hobbs—Formulas from Date.
Dr. J. F. Dashiell—Race Differences in Temperature.

Professor George L. Clark will arrive Saturday to teach during the spring term of the Law School. Mr. Clark is at present on leave of absence from the University of Cincinnati, where he will return next fall. His subjects while here will be Real Property and Trusts.

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The ivy won't save any of us

THE ivy of tradition is a slender support. A man or a team or a college that clings to it, harking back to the glories of yesterday, is likely to be outstripped by some young but sturdy rival.

That is a sermon we have taken home to ourselves.

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