

The Tar Heel

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The Buccaneer's first adventure was well received by the campus in general, judging by the way in which the copies were snapped up. "Buc" is a nice little fellow, with a good sense of humor and a gentlemanly bearing for a pirate.

The cover surprised us. We were expecting to see a savage, scowling pirate with a knife between his teeth and blood on his shirt, but instead we saw a demure maiden sitting on a hillside, surrounded by gentle little bunnies.

Washington has nothing on us with a prominent townsman between several fires and Chief of Police Featherstone waiting investigation by our righteous aldermen. In fact Daugherty's exit from Washington was not half as dramatic as Carl Wiegand's from Chapel Hill.

In a recent debate trial, a candidate decided to go out for the debate at three in the afternoon, wrote his speech by five o'clock, and won out over nine contestants at ten o'clock that night. Perhaps he's a genius; he might have paid the judges; the other candidates might have been dumb. But there are no geniuses in Chapel Hill, and we are sure the judges are honest.

The Flappers Club of Raleigh in a letter to Pete Siewers denounced the college girl among other things, because she doesn't use enough rouge. C'est rive. My ignorant little Flappers, if the college girl spread any more paint on her features she wouldn't be able to smile. You'll have to base your prejudice on something else.

When you pack your suit case preparatory to going home for the holidays, don't forget your text books. And on your arrival, don't unpack until father is near by.

The dope was issued that Carolina had a weak hitting team. Then Bryson's swatters clouted the ball to all corners of Emerson field in the game with the Durham Bulls. Oak Ridge was given an easy victory by the dopsters over the Freshman, and the latter beat the prep school boys in a fast game. In view of the above statistics, we now arise to predict that Trinity will wallop us Saturday.

UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA

The University orchestra has been doing excellent work this year under the direction of Mr. Hard, and have been slighted in the columns of the Tar Heel and other University publications, while athletics, the Play-makers and other organizations and have been enjoying the spotlight. That their work is appreciated, however, by men in sympathy with artistic work, is shown in the following extract from a letter by Professor J. F. Dashiell of the Psychology Department:

I think a word of appreciation is due the University Orchestra and its Director, Mr. Hard, for the work they have been doing, as evidenced by the recital last Sunday. To untrained auditors, at least, their work seemed fully up to the standard of university organizations of the kind. This was evidenced, not only in their maintaining some rather difficult tempi, as for instance in the first and last numbers, but also in the tonal quality shown (with the possible exception of two instruments). They are well trained in ensemble work. Finally Mr. Hard arranged the program with intelligence, offering numbers of definite musical value but also of direct appeal. And the number by the soloist, Mrs. Lawrence, formed one of the peaks of the performance. It ought to be better known than it appears to be that we have here an organization that can give us at least some introductory lessons in the appreciation of that highest of all forms of music—the orchestral.

CAROLINA COMIC MAKES ITS BOW TO THE WORLD

First Issue of the New Comic Marks a Great Improvement Over Its Forerunners

LARGE NUMBER OF CUTS

By Elton Vest
 We found two sources of satisfaction in the initial appearance of "The Carolina Buccaneer," the University's own college comic and latest offspring of the Publications Union: We were tremendously elated because Carolina had at last put forth a comic magazine that is entirely her own, and we are immensely pleased that the first issue should go so far beyond our expectations—and we had expected great things of Hartsell's piratical crew.

The cover, drawn by Anthony Martin, Jr., the art editor, is worthy to adorn the cover of any college comic. It is very expressive of the Easter season, and the finish it displays denotes careful work. It seems that many folks were expecting to see a pirate on the cover this issue typifying all the characteristics of the gentlemen who used to roam the Spanish Main. However, we predict that these folks will not be disappointed when they see this cover.

The many cuts interspersed throughout the pages testify to the activity of the art department and to the interest taken by the contributors. It is difficult to specify whose work is the most commendable, for there were many varied types of drawings. Fred Wright surpasses the others in the amount of work done, and all his drawings are good. His spread sheet can be called one of the features of the issue. It is very well done and certainly portrays the interesting side of Easter dances. Alex. Crowell's contributions to the comic shows finish and originality. The number and quality of his contributions is evidence that he spent a great amount of time on them. Crutchfield's cartoons show diligent study of his theme and they have a professional touch. His technique is original, and his work shows application to details. Johnson has some good cuts in this issue, and there is one drawing by Starr. Although their work is good, we don't believe it quite up to the standard set by the others.

The masthead on the editorial page and the thumb sketches illustrating "The Prince of Wails" are from the pen of Andy McCarty. The masthead is one of the most finished contributions to the magazine, and the thumb sketches are exceptionally good. The literary department easily kept pace with the artists. We noticed that there is very little exchange material—another instance of the magazine's originality. The jokes, as a whole are very good. G. C. Jr., and T. P. have made good bids for regular places on the editorial staff. All their work is of good quality. "Aunt Tabitha's Cellar"

(Continued on Page 3)

THE DESERT

BY

THE SHRIEK

In welcoming the West Virginia debaters last week Dr. Bernard, in true British style, extended the keys of the city to them. In view of the climatic conditions current at the time it would have been much more appropriate had he extended the use of the community rowboat.

We cannot help but speculate as to what the high school debaters and athletes thought of all that very charming Mud, through which faint glimpses of Chapel Hill itself might be discerned. However altruistic we may be it remains that in large part the "raison d'être" of this hischool week-end at this place in which it did rain copiously. Were we not accipitated to it, that is to say, had we been a hischooler, last week, it's a cinch we would cogitate twice before electing four years in which we should habitually wallow through that unspeakable muck which marked the entrance to Gerrard and the Y. Should not something be done about it? I ask you.

Several times we felt an almost overwhelming desire to fling ourself into it and loll and bask to heart's content and refreshed—at once with the and refreshed—at one with the world. We have never known lovelier mud. Whoopee, Pollyanna!

We were rather struck with a simile used by one of said hischoolers in the course of his speech. "My opponent's argument," he said, "reminds me of my grandmother's hoopskirt—it covers the subject fully, but touches nothing."

We take a peculiar and unique pleasure in extending our individual welcome to the lusty infant Buccaneer, may it never be the bunk! The first issue does most becomingly, think we. We wish especially to commend the editorial spread, Aunt Tabitha's Cellar, and Bob Felton's poem entitled "It." In cover, cartooning, and all-round quality the magazine is at once superior to any previous effort of like nature on this campus.

The only feature that hawks us is the melodorous antiquity of several of the gags; the only thing that puzzles us is the exact meaning of the small CB between the gags. Does it represent Corned Beef, C. B. Bishop, Canned Bull, C. B. Colton, C. B. Yarley, or Cedar Bird?

We asked Wednesday to write something for this issue but the poor naïf fellow is terribly peeved. He swears that he is misunderstood, that nobody loves him, and that he will never write another word. We have hopes of resuscitating his interest in existence but you never can tell. It has been hard lines with him recently. None of us really appreciates what he is trying to do.

Well, guys, I've got the spring fever, too.

Student's Column

Editor of the Tar Heel,

Dear Sir,
 The spirit of toleration on this campus is beautiful to behold. It is contagious. Scarcely now I view the things that once did rile me so. I am filled with peace and understanding. That I have been inoculated doth appear in this:

A student in Vance throws his excess garbage from the third floor. As I pass by unexpectedly, I smile at my former vexation, and muse over our chivalrous custom of letting a lady walk nearest the wall, a concession which arose in the dark ages, before the invention of sewers.

An upper-classman coming out of French class, breaks out his pipe and nonchalantly streaks a match along the white wall of the corridor. It is a beautiful streak for future generations to gaze at, but it proves a "dud." I hasten over with another match. This having served as an introduction, we stroll down the hall arm in arm, discussing campus improvements.

And yes, I have learned to love those delightful wrecker posts in the middle of the sidewalks—those gentle, cast-iron shin-teasers, especially those that shun the brazen arelight. Vainly did I struggle one night, after a slight altercation, to pull one out by the roots. Now I lovingly caress each one in passing and softly murmur: "O little wrecker-post, don't you cry; You'll bust a leg or two bye and bye." Ah, you modest little defenders of side-walk sanctity, figurative mile-posts on the road to Dr. Abernethy's Hotel—may University visitors who break their necks on you speak nought but good of the Ground Super.

O. W.

MURPHEY CLUB MEETS

The Archibald D. Murphy Club met Tuesday night at 7:30 in Peabody Building, room No. 5.

Miss Sink read a paper on "Current Educational Topics." In it she clearly shows how the past generations were taught, and how ineffective their methods were; she took geography as an illustration. Miss Hunter came next on the program with a very interesting talk on "Illiteracy." She confined herself to Denmark and told how Denmark had risen from the lowest educational condition to the highest in the world. They have no compulsory law; any one above eighteen may go to these People's High Schools, provided they can do the work. The illiteracy of Denmark is but .2 of 1 per cent.

Miss Whitley read a paper on "Modern Books." This dealt chiefly with the modern educational books. Questions were asked at the conclusion of each report, and the discussions were very helpful and interesting.

The Club voted to have a picnic

sometime after the holidays, and President Briggs appointed Miss Graves, Miss Whitley, Mr. Burgess and Mr. Matthews as a committee to make the necessary arrangements. The Club will elect its new officers at that meeting also.

A. I. E. E. MEETING
 The regular meeting of the A. I. E. E. held in Phillips Hall on Thursday, April 10, was featured by a very interesting talk by Professor Nacter of the Electrical Engineering Department on the "Transmission of Power in New York City."

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