

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue:

NEWS: JIM McADEN SPORTS: MARTIN HARMON

Publication Merger

The Publications Union board is considering the possibilities of merging the Carolina Magazine and the Carolina Buccaneer into one magazine, a publication which would resemble the New Yorker or Esquire in make-up.

Any such change of student publications must of course be sanctioned by a majority of the student body. Some sort of campus straw vote on the matter is being considered to measure prevalent attitude towards an amalgamation of the two magazines.

There is already controversy on the idea. The editors of the Carolina Magazine and the Buccaneer have expressed conflicting opinions, which appear in today's paper. It is well for the campus to carefully consider all angles of the proposed new magazine.

One of the most common rumors which favors the combination of the Magazine with the Buccaneer is that the former is read by a small minority of students and that the latter is read by a great majority. By combining, Carolina Magazine articles would also become widely read. Jesse Lewis, circulation manager of campus publications, however has estimated that 85 percent of the student body read the recent Carolina Magazine issues on Thomas Wolfe and the South. He said that student interest in the Magazine has doubled in the last three years. His estimate is based on the fact that the business office has been unable to find extra Magazine copies in the dormitories and fraternities. Students have frequently come to his office to secure additional copies, and to inquire about coming issues.

The fact that if the Carolina Magazine lost its individuality it would break its record as the oldest college publication might be important. It is more important to judge the Magazine's literary value and its contribution to the life of the University. It has had several of its articles this year reprinted in State and out-of-state publications. Mr. Lambert Davis, editor of the Virginia Quarterly Review, wrote editor Hudson, "I have always admired the Carolina Magazine as a thoroughly alive college publication, but 'Hugo Black's Albatross' gives the current number a national significance." The recent article on "Dropping The Labels" has aroused significant comment here on the campus, revealing a student interest in magazine content.

Another question to be raised is would the combining of the Buccaneer and the Carolina Magazine make the distinctive literary contributions of the two publications more or less effective. Mr. Pugh, of the Buccaneer, says that a direct combination of material written for the two separate magazines would be "silly." He also suggests, however, that a completely different sort of magazine with contents of a sophisticated nature as The New Yorker or Esquire would be good. Mr. Creedy, however, says that no contributors have been found on the campus who write material of that sort.

The "earthy" humor which the campus wants and gets from the Buccaneer combined with the literature which the Magazine devotes itself to, would likely mean the dilution of both. Special issues such as the one on Thomas Wolfe would be impossible. Likewise the style of the Buccaneer would be cramped by the more dignified style of the Magazine.

The student body at present has the right to refuse to pay the publication fee of either the Carolina Magazine or the Buccaneer. So far few indeed have done so. This seems to

LETTERS To The Editor

• CORRECTION To the Editor

Dear Sir:
It is a most unusual phenomena when a newspaper can slow down radio waves to 1/3600 of their speed. In short—page four of today's issue (Dec. 8) puts radio waves down at a speed of 186,000 miles per hour—the true speed is 186,000 miles per second. Some speed—eh what?

B. J. Willingham.

Editor's note: Phenomenon should be used rather than phenomena if Mr. Willingham is as scientific about grammar as the speed of radio waves.

The Editor Dear Sir:

I am glad to see that the Derry affair has been reopened as I do not feel that the campus as a whole realized the importance of it at the time of the original discussion.

If this were simply a matter of the insulting of a CPU speaker by a group of students, and the consequent devaluation of CPU invitations, the Student council's decision would have been highly commendable. The CPU, however, is only valuable in so far as it is symbiotic of the liberality for which this University is famous. We must never make the mistake of valuing the symbol above the thing symbolized. It is undeniable that the circulars which caused the disturbance last month were tactless, insulting to the speaker, and damaging to the CPU. However, when we have men on the campus who feel that they must express their opinions, it is not the business of the Student council to send them a questionnaire asking, "Are you a good writer? Will you word your opinions tactfully?" and, "Are your opinions such as might hurt our guests' feelings?" The duty of the council is to say, "This is a liberal university, we are primarily interested in preserving liberality. We would like, in addition, to preserve our reputation for chivalry. Nevertheless, as long as you stay short of libel, we are willing to risk our reputation of chivalry, or, if necessary, will even permit the degradation or destruction of the CPU to preserve your right to speak or write your mind, and would consider the

price very small indeed." The Student council's reconsideration of its former decision is long past due.

Sincerely,
LEO KARPELES.

• SHAKESPEARE JUSTIFIED To the Editor

Dear Sir:
I doubt that it is necessary for anyone to justify the inclusion of Shakespeare in sophomore English, the one literature course required of university students. Nor does it seem that the author of the letter "Why Shakespeare?" in Tuesday morning's TAR HEEL objects to Shakespeare per se. Rather, he wonders why the plays should be included in English 21, and his objection is that "The time is out of joint," as Shakespeare phrased it.

But it was exactly the time element which put the three plays into English 21. The fall quarter this year is so much longer than the winter quarter that the sophomore English staff decided to use some of that time in the study of Shakespeare plays, experience having shown that the playwright was getting short shrift in the winter quarter during which Chaucer and Milton must also be essayed. Not two weeks were "detached" from English 21, but four; not four plays are to be studied, but three. For once, Shakespeare may come near having an adequate presentation to sophomores. Admittedly, the Shakespeare plays do not look toward the modern literature just studied in the *Quarto*; rather, they look forward to English 22. But if any student should choose to apply the Elizabethan yardstick to the modern drama in the *Quarto*, no harm would be done,—least of all to Shakespeare.

No course in modern literature can include all of the moderns. No textbook can be found that will bring all of them into a sophomore course. The *Quarto* does not pretend to do that. Its object is to give samplings of the various types of present day writing so that the student can approach his general reading intelligently. We realize that perhaps every student in English 21 finds some favorite modern author omitted; but we do not know how to include all of them. Your correspondent would like to study MacLeish and Auden and miss Shakespeare.

Sincerely yours,
Raymond Adams,
Chairman of Sophomore English.

Editors Clash Over Proposed Merger

(Continued from first page)
helped a God-chosen few who would have arisen without it anyway; the 'Buccaneer' has nothing to say.

SOMETHING should be done. In my opinion, a combination would be this something IF the joining were a pulling toward the center. Pull the Magazine down and the Buccaneer up; where they met would be a publication worth the fee. Reduce the respective extremes into a composite of universal student thought and it would meet with universal approval. The mythical average collegiate had his light sides and his serious; give him both.

Give the University a magazine of fifty pages, with adequate running expenses, and a good man at the head and the nation will look this way. I don't know where that man would come from, we haven't got him now. I don't know where contributions would be obtained for they are not in evidence at the moment. I don't know where the Publications Union board would find sufficient funds in its present scroogie attitude. But if the change were made and the opportunity offered, these questions would ultimately be answered.

I think it's worth the chance. I'm for it.
CARL PUGH, Editor
CAROLINA BUCCANEER.

(Continued from first page)
subtle and author squib.
The present editors have tried to improve the Magazine by introducing the idea of the special issue. The Thomas Wolfe issue is nationally known. The Southern Issue has received wide state publicity. Both were read, according to the statement of the circulation manager, by 85 per cent of the student body.

The Variety Issue, to be distributed this afternoon, shows that we have a large active staff of contributors who, in my opinion, can be depended on to continue the high quality of the past three issues of the Carolina Magazine. Three freshmen contribute to the Variety Issue. Combination would make the Special Issue idea impossible.

OLD PUBLICATION
And of course The Carolina Magazine is one of the oldest college publications in the country. It has received national recognition many times in its history and, because the University of North Carolina is one of the foremost universities in the country, it will again. The written expressions of the students of this University are regarded with respect—or at least consideration in the outside world—as witnessed by the long review the Southern Issue merited in the Greensboro Daily News.
But if you insist on filling the Magazine full of jokes and cartoons—which are excellent in their place—you will consciously destroy the spirit of a very fine and rapidly growing publication.

Do you think that the editors of The Carolina Magazine have, as a definite policy, the inclusion of material in the publication in which the campus is not interested. No, we'll print anything reasonably literate from the point of view of grammar and organization. We maintain that if there were New Yorker writers on the campus we would have had them writing for the Magazine long ago. But New Yorker writers apparently don't exist and since they don't exist such a sophisticated publication as proposed would inevitably fail.

JOHN CREEDY, Editor
THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE.

indicate that there is no great student desire to do away with either magazines as they are.
Final decision of the issue, however, does not lie with the PU Board whose powers do not extend beyond financing the publications. It must be the campus, either through a majority poll or through the student legislature, who decides.
—DeW. B.

BUC REVIEW

By Eston Everett Ericson

A spotted Buccaneer this time, at one extreme jokes raked up from the debris of Pompeii and Herculaneum, at the other fresh, original wit, wisecracks, and gurgling humor. One gets through the issue a knot-hole view of campus interests and concerns: the dragon professor (but only in Duke do they sport whiskers); the tyranny of examinations; the drunk, with special emphasis on the "dead drunk"; woman, the deadly species, preying upon helpless man. Old as Pompeii is the quip about sparrows ("I'm glad cows can't fly," ran the 1898 version), and the Yule Log one (under "boogie") is a version of the ancient one about the corpse being mistaken for an eight-day clock.

The titles run in lower case. This will shock Professor Hudson's brigade of word-smiths; one is unable to say whether it reflects the influence of J. G. Evans' "basic economics" or of E. W. Cummings' poetry. The cover is a gem, playing to man's permanent interest—the she-man—and his passing one, Christmas. In temporary sit-down strike Sandy reclines on his belly, surrounded by flitting Eleanor Holms, one perched comfortably on his ample, saintly derrière. If he talks in his sleep, Old Kriss is probably saying, "O, Death, where is thy sting?" A hermaphrodite Sandy follows on page one, in front the genuine but from his pack is suspended a pair of full-fashioned hose with the usual contents. Most of the drawings are real fun: the callipygian fair on page 17, the dumbell professor on page 12, whose chimpanzee helpers suggest the slavish and servile laboratory assistants that persist perennially, and that fascinating creature, the floozie—a ragout of ant-eater, jeep, and James Thurberman—that stalking through the pages at intervals, makes one wonder if that drink was really ginger ale.

One would suspect Pundit Pugh of writing his fantasy (by way of editorial) during the more pleasant phase of a hangover, were he not known the campus over as a cold-water man and a model of conscious rectitude. Even so, one will not soon forget the kitten or the desirable world in which seven from nine is five. The much hoped-for "Contact Bridge," which once gave rise to the "Finjan," appears in prophylactic guise by way of an authentic Chinese translation. No doubt this will lead to a heavy enrollment in Miss Wang's Chinese class. The King David story (Psalm Me a Love Psalm) is founded on psound psychology, but if Mr. Hobson will look up First Kings, Chapter 1, he will discover that David's case of "frigid knee" (see Thurber and White, "Is Sex Necessary?") applies only to David's old age, and that his diverting little sketch is lacking in what one of us English dons would call the element of probability. Bill Stauber's story on Christmas dinner is a knockout, for who has not had his hair full of his girl's relatives, even though the nightmare did not end in his complete damnation by a baby niece? The matrimonial catalogue this reviewer is not able to comprehend, being no local Cholly Knickerbocker, but let us trust it affords the people concerned their little flit across the stage.

One wonders about the sober articles: Coach Wolf's football selections, negro music, fashions, and phonograph records. This is going a little too utilitarian, like that long unreadable stuff that clutters up the "New Yorker." Of course, the Coach's article does not come in for this dig, but neither does it classify as humor. If it does, why not an article by Professor E. Carrington Smith (the 1:30 class, you know) on the ten great pictures of the year?

Too much space for photos, this respondent opine, and yet his fading, senile eye was immediately attracted to the dazzling one in the dirndl in the upper left, who, it would seem, should have had all four of the headings—beauty, individualism, personality, and sex appeal (this a purely vicarious judgment, to be sure). Voit Gilmore's "pitcher" is rather too dark and makes the CPU prex appear rather like Mr. Humphrey Bogart than like the bland, blonde man of affairs he is.

Now the verse. T. E.'s romance of Reba and the Amoeba would have been improved by a knowledge of German and the consequent avoiding of a "cockney rhyme." There's a cracking good one in the spirit of Lewis Carroll. Most of these short poems are pleasantly and blasphemously misogynous, even though this blasé attitude may be but a cover for the sentimental mush-pot ready to boil over at any time by way of a "church-wedding." The silhouettes beneath, depicting every conceivable

type of female chassis, darkly suggest a peeping-tom, or is it the effect of the Sears Roebuck catalogue?

And last, the much-mooted point, the dirty jokes. Surely the editor is joking when he italicizes, "O. K. When we're kicked out you'll be sorry." The skull-and-bones paragraph fences are appropriate, for some of the wheezes are at least nonagenarians. As for the rest, they are dirty as a window is dirty, one cannot (at least this reviewer) see through them. Still others are vacuous "double entendre"—such as stark-stock and violet-violate, in approved Groucho Marx or Joe P. ner fashion. Once a faculty father complained at having to pay for the "Buc," only to have his little daughter debauched by it. Well, so far as this issue is concerned, he can continue calling the little girl "Edeleweiss."

If this writer were the PU board, he'd turn the boys loose. The Anthony Comstocks of the state will rave anyway—one of them a few years ago came down here and made a filth collection from our reserve-list shelves. The young fellow who tonight is his regaling his dormitory fellows with the story of the traveling man and the senescent spinster is in line of direct descent from old Chaucer. One can even let his imagination run wild and think of a certain historical figure, the most human that ever lived, saying to his dozen pals, "Here, boys, is one I heard in Metheny the other day. Mary, that mischievous wench, told it, to the dismay of Martha, but Lazarus, bless his heart, almost fell off his chair laughing." At least, there is that tradition about Abraham Lincoln.

On the other hand, "youse guys" should learn that there are many swell jokes and gags that have no connection with the ideas implied in the nine forbidden monosyllables. The Limeys who come here from England to debate us pull ten gags to our one, but they are in the tradition of Charles Lamb, not in that of the vaudeville clown. That does not mean going highbrow. But it does mean that the best humor is intellectual and that one's wit must be sharp as a razor's edge. Toward that achievement and ideal this reviewer hopes the Buccaneer will strive.

BIRTHDAYS TODAY

(Please call by the ticket office of the Carolina theater for a complimentary pass.)

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M. A. Roberts
E. W. Stacy
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