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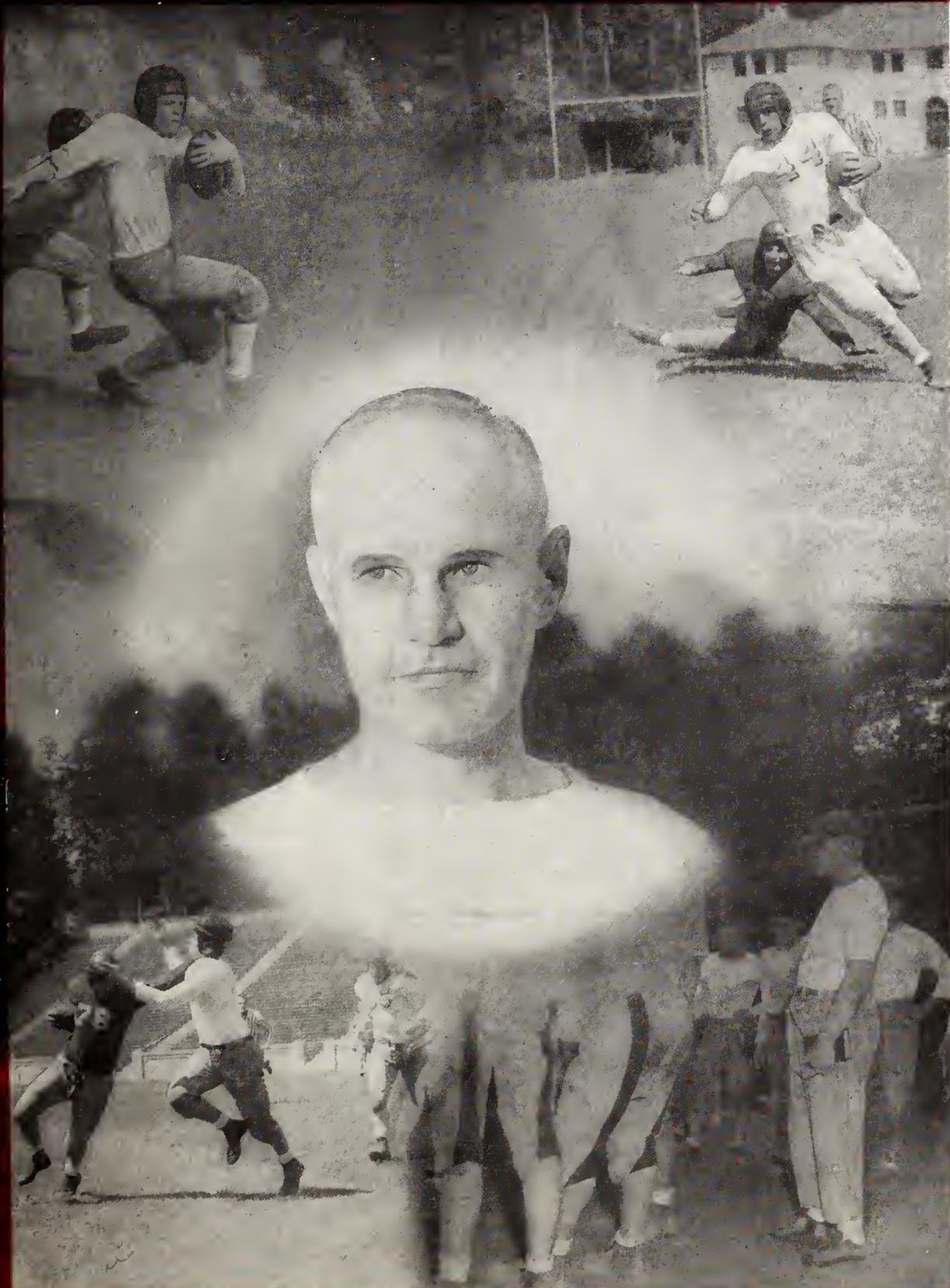




*THE CAROLINA*

# MAG

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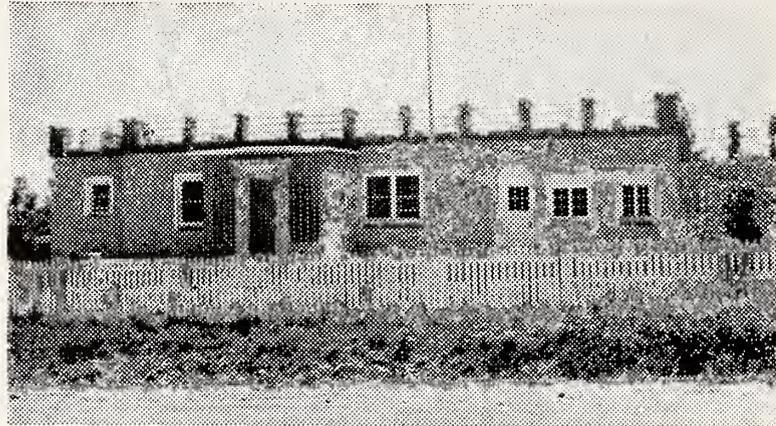
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 least, Richard W. Stoker

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## The Tom Wolfe Award by TOM WICKER



IN LATE winter of 1941, the manuscripts of Thomas Wolfe were placed on sale for the sum of \$5000. Heads were put together in Chapel Hill, and it was decided that there could be no finer resting place for the papers of the revered alumnus than right here in the North Carolina Room of the University of North Carolina Library. Wolfe had long been dead, and his last work, *You Can't Go Home Again*, had just recently been published. The dynamic author's popularity had never been so great and it was felt that this gesture would be a fitting memorial to his greatness.

Accordingly a campaign was set under way to raise money from the alumni to purchase these manuscripts, consisting of most of Wolfe's published and unpublished work. More than four hundred form letters were dispatched with special emphasis being laid on the classmates of the stormy, passionate man who died with so much of his work yet undone. Paul Greene, himself a classmate of Wolfe, served as Chairman of the committee directing the drive.

Although large contributions came in from several sources, among them Benjamin Cone, wealthy Greensboro man, and Jonathan Daniels, author, and lately secretary to President Roosevelt, both of whom had been personal friends of Tom Wolfe, and despite the many small donations that were sent, it soon became apparent that not enough money could be collected to carry out the purpose of the drive.

So, with the permission of the donors,

the money was diverted into other channels which were still directed toward a Wolfe memorial. This memorial finally took the form of an annual award, to be presented on Awards Night during Commencement Week, to the student at the University of North Carolina who contributes the outstanding piece of creative writing to the *Carolina Magazine* during the school year. The work is judged by a committee appointed by Paul Greene, and must be a creative effort, not an interview or a technical effort.

The first award was made in the spring of 1941 to James T. Cox, for his short story, *Snake Eyes*, which appeared in the January issue of the *Mag*. The following year, Cox again won the signal honor. It has never been presented since, due to the scarcity of worthy material, which is generally judged to be an outcropping of the wartime restrictions on Chapel Hill life.

This year, however, it will be again presented, if good material is again evident in the *Mag*. This is a challenge to the literary student. The award does not amount to much, as far as actual value is concerned. But there are few higher honors conferred by this school on one who wishes to become an author than the Thomas Wolfe Memorial Award. The Editor and Staff of this year's *Carolina Magazine* sincerely hope that this will serve as a stimulus to increased contributions to the *Mag*, and that every author will strive to the utmost to make his or her story worthy of this award.

And it is perhaps even a more fitting memorial to Tom Wolfe, that a campaign started so that his works might be preserved, should result in others taking up the pen where his hand laid it down.

I had a little dog. I called him August. August was fond of jumping to conclusions. Especially the cow's conclusion. One day he jumped at the mule's conclusion. The next day was the first of September.

## The Writers

Tar Heel Editor Bob Morrison did quite a bit of research to trace the EVOLUTION OF THE CAROLINA MAG as it appears in this issue. An interesting story, well told, it proved to be well worth the effort, in spite of the long dull hours he must have spent reading over old copies of the BUC-CANEER. Tom Wicker wrote the short story COPPER HARD appearing in this issue, literary Cops and Robbers, complete with SHIVS add up to reader interest and the humor of the dialog is balanced by shadows of fear. In case anyone reads beyond the title of PINUP NOTES, Roticee Dick Seaver did an excellent job of getting Terry Maverick's colorful personality down on paper.

The interesting sketch SMOKIE TAKES A FURLOUGH by Jack Shelton, was written for the Carolina MAG while Jack was still in India, he brought the manuscript back to the states when he came and delivered it in person to the MAG.

With the help of the Archaeology Department and four Benz-drine inhalers, Messrs. Ferguson and Lawley, late of Carolina, ground out THE BIRD THAT GAVE 'EM THE BIRD which should be a contender for the Tom Wolfe award.

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I had twelve bottles of whiskey in the cellar and my wife Told me to empty the contents of each bottle down the sink—or else.

I proceeded with the unpleasant task.

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass, which I drank.

I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I withdrew the cork from the third bottle and poured the whiskey down the sink, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it, and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork from the bottle, then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour.

When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the bottles, corks, glasses and sinks with the other, which were twenty-nine and as the house came by, I counted them again. I finally had all the houses and one bottle which I drank.

I'm not under the alcofluence of incohol, but thinkle peep I am, I'm not half so thunk as you might dthink. I fool so feelish—I don't know who is me, and the drunker I stand here the longer I get.



The old gray woman bent over the baby in the cradle. "Ooooh, you look so sweet, I could eat you," she ooooohed.

Baby: "The hell you could, you don't have any teeth."

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Cordially yours,  
Fred L. Kildow,  
Director.

The certificate is on exhibit in the MAG office . . . Come on up and see it, practically any time . . . Bring the editor a coke please, as long as you are coming this way anyhow . . . Ed.

# EVOLUTION of the CAROLINA MAG

by BOB MORRISON

*In words, as fashions, the same rule will  
hold;  
Alike fantastic if too new or old:  
Be not the first by whom the new are  
tried,  
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.*  
Pope.

Better than the public press, better than any popular periodical, the student magazine of a university brings together under one cover the widest cross-section of the literary trends of the past, present, and future of the language. With the staff undergoing a complete change almost every year, a student magazine has little opportunity to become static; its only continuity is the continuity of the sum total of logomachy. Youth is traditionally liberal and unrestricted; yet in a university youth is best exposed to the literary conservatism of the past. Youth at college age is still an unordered conglomerate of all the ideas of mankind, still unsettled, yet burning for expression.

A state university, in particular, draws its students from the greatest number of levels of society. Especially in recent years, the chief requisite for admission to a state university has been scholarship and desire to learn, rather than a place in a particular religion, occupation, or social level. Perhaps the chief restriction is geographical, yet even here the student magazine has an advantage over the ordinary periodical.

Material for the student magazine comes from the lectures of learned professors as well as from conversations with dormitory janitors. Students combine slang and vernacular with rare and technical derivatives from the classical languages.

Students do not write for their press in order to sell for profit as is the case in all commercial periodicals, but rather to express their own ideas for the benefit of their schoolmates. The scope of

writing knows no barrier other than the whims of a student editor who edits for only a year.

On the campus of the University of North Carolina a century ago, two student literary societies were supreme in student affairs. These two societies, known as the Philanthropic Society and the Dialectic Society, formed the student government, but their control extended far beyond the limits of student government today. For a long period, membership in one of the two societies was compulsory for every student. Except for one instance about 1838 when a rebel "Delphian" society was organized, the rule of the two societies was unquestioned. In 1844 the two societies formed a joint committee to edit a literary magazine as the official organ of the societies.

This first attempt was short-lived, but the two societies began again in 1852, and were successful, for Carolina has had a student magazine ever since, interrupted only when the university closed during the period of reconstruction following the War Between the States. Several decades ago the *Carolina Mag* claimed to be "the oldest college magazine in the nation," but this was based on the rather doubtful interpretation that the present magazine is merely a subsequent issue in direct line from 1852. Actually the name has been changed several times. Well up into the twentieth century, the name was "University Magazine." In all fairness, it seems that other institutions have a better claim to the oldest college magazine.

Many other magazines have sprung up on the campus while the *Carolina Mag* and its ancestors were being published. The *Tar Baby*, the *Fijan*, the *Carolina Buccaneer*, *Tar 'n' Feathers* and the *Catapult* are only a few of the many examples. Most of these were purely humorous in character; others were sponsored by a special campus group. The present *Carolina Mag* and

the publications from which it is in direct descent have been more lasting because they have been sponsored by the entire student body. Humor magazines are continually making their appearance, only to die out soon. The best known humorous magazine was the *Carolina Buccaneer*, which became so obscene that it was suspended by action of the student council.

The literary development of student magazines at the University of North Carolina has been a pulse of contemporary literature. The publication has evolved from the classical to the scientific and from the exalted to the direct. This may best be shown by an example:

In the November, 1852, issue of the *University Magazine* the following paragraph appeared in an editorial entitled "Our Magazine." "No sweet of life is without its bitter, and our majestic assumption of the chair editorial, proves the truth of the maxim." From the tone of the rest of the editorial, it is apparent that the editor is quite serious, and is making no attempt at irony. Such was the established mode of expression; today such language is the product or rather jocund pens.

The modern way of saying the same thing is typified by an editorial in the April 7, 1945, issue of the *Tar Heel*. "Come beat a typewriter before you beat your gums," declared the editor to the readers.

The student writers of the last century were certainly better versed in the classics than are those of today. The old *University Magazine* is overflowing with quotations, paraphrases, and allusions to the Bible, Homer, Greek and Roman mythology, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and all the great literature which has held a prominent place on the bookshelves of the world for the past centuries. Lengthy articles interpreting the great classical writers ap-

(Continued on page 18)

# POEMS by Vin Cassidy . . .

Here lies

Samson Stealth

For five full years in the damp  
dark ground,  
Samson's Soul has been lying  
around.

When he died, no one cried.  
They laughed and said it  
was the one good deed he  
had to his credit.

Now the flesh Sam had, which  
wasn't much,  
has long since ceased to exist as  
such,  
but his heart, black and hard  
as it ever has been,  
has refused to return  
to the dust again.

It lies encased in his bony breast,  
beating, beating refusing to rest,  
louder yet, and louder  
'till the villagers tell  
that they hear Sam pounding  
on the gates of Hell.

Oft fearful lest he be lost himself,  
has some good villager crossed  
himself,  
for Sam's soul will not rest  
and the nights shall be filled  
with it's wail of sorrow  
'til his heart is stilled.

SOMEDAY

And if  
God does ordain  
that I  
shall be slain  
in some far land  
and die,  
leaving all I planned  
undone,  
I only pray  
some other one  
will do the things  
I might have done—  
someday.

THE BANSHEE CRY

Hist! 'Tis the Banshee Cry chilling the  
goodland.

List to the Banshee Cry filling the  
woodland!

Some one dies when the Banshee cries!  
Beware!

I wonder Pat if you thought of that  
when you put on your hat and your  
coat,

for I could tell that you heard it well  
with the warning of hell in each note.  
If you knew why that the Banshee Cry  
seemed to suddenly lie unremote,  
you did not hark and so here in dark-  
ness this knife found its mark in your  
throat.

Although malign, yet THAT cry was  
mine;

it was I gave the sign ere I smote.  
THIS cry instead is from demon sped  
and your eyes though they're dead seem  
to gloat—

Hist! 'Tis the Banshee Cry chilling the  
goodland.

List to the Banshee Cry filling the  
Some one dies when the Banshee cries!  
woodland!

Beware!

FULL MOON

The moon is a changing Symbol—  
hung in the sky and still, it  
has not sounded now for years,  
but  
soon my dear, it will.

The moon is a rare old locket—  
too precious to be worn, only  
the Queen of Heaven, has  
ever had it on.

The moon is a poor man's penny—  
that God has changed to gold,  
out-  
shining other offerings a  
hundred thousand fold.

The moon is an angel's lantern—  
the moon is full and clear. The  
moon is a great many things.  
The  
moon is ours, my dear.



# The Bird That Give 'em the Bird . . .

by **TEX LAWLEY** and **FOXHOLE FERGUSON**  
(Late of Carolina)

One fine day while taking my weekly bath in the oil of a South American Sloth (holds down the D.T.'s) I chanced to come upon a genial looking character, rather odd but harmless, whose eyes gleamed when I remarked that my breakfast had consisted of two parboiled eggs. At first I thought he might be an Asiatic refugee from some Marine Division out of the Pacific, but such was not the case. However, I did decide that he would bear watching, and a most amazing story developed.

This offspring from a Nubian aristocrat, whose mother was half Swedish Aborigine and half prehistoric *Melanerpes Erythrocephalus* (Gollywompus) was none other than Dr. A. Andersen, PhD. PWA, WPA, and AWOL. While residing at his cell in the Smithsonian Institute, he received one day a parcel C. O. D. weighing approximately three tons which contained two volumes of hieroglyphics, two pickaxes, and one stone mattox with which to correct any grammatical errors. The senders of this small espistle were none other than my dear old friends, the High Lama of the Himalayas, and the Braak Bird who now holds the position of Grand Visor. The Braak Bird's ancestors had a peculiar habit of sitting on the highest peak of the Pyramids on the tomb of King Khu Fu which has resulted in a triangulation of certain portions of the species' anatomy. (Author's Note: These birds sometimes fly backwards for many miles, not caring "tuppence" for where they are going but having a peculiar curiosity to observe where they have been.)

Anyway, as the story goes, this mal-adjusted Nubian, namely Dr. A., mounted his Three Toed Emu, and dashed off to the wilds of the Gobi Desert with a Prayer Wheel in one hand, and a jackhammer in the other. Upon his arrival, by way of Mount Everest and Pike's Peak, he was greeted by the High Lama and all the lower Lamas (small fry) (not to be confused with Lower Llamas.—Ed. Note) not to forget our old friend the Braak Bird. In addition to his regular duties as Grand Visor, the Braak Bird is High Counselor of the Triangular Rearguard Society. The moral of this particular incident is never loaf on the Pyramids.

Dr. A.'s mission, according to the three ton letter that he received and contents thereof noted as of the 32nd instance, advised him that a hard-shelled, pyramidal Braak Bird Egg, had recently been discovered in one of the more remote niches of a Gobi sand dune. This egg, presumably, had been laid on the days of the Prehistoric *Strepsiceros* whose diet consisted mainly of Borgatel sandwiches. The reason for consuming Borgatel was that great pestilence reigned from the northern kingdom of the Gnu (who had Moo-Moo) to the southern monarchy of the Dodo Bird.

After Dr. A. had been properly greeted by the ceremony of washing the armpits with the residue of Yak's milk, they then went into council to consider the problem of breaking the triangular egg. (That was the problem all the time). The first Lama who held the floor gave a lengthy disserta-

tion on his method of splitting it. (The egg, not the floor) He said it would be quite simple with a heavy duty prayer wheel, two bilious green colored Yak hairs, and a chisel. Dr. A., being a practical man, discarded the idea of using the Yak hairs and heavy duty prayer wheel, but decided to consider the use of a chisel. (plus a couple of tons of dynamite) Thereupon, the Lama flew many coulombs into the air, wrapped his queue around his neck several times, and screamed off into the desert like a man possessed. (or better - dispossessed) The next Lama that rose to speak, pulling his many yards of burlap dressing gown behind him, said the only possible way to crack the egg of the Braak Bird was to employ a number three prayer wheel, two toe-nails from a Flat Billed Platypus, and a case of Mongolian Compound "X." Mr. A., still the practical one, discarded the idea of using a number three prayer wheel (medium size) and two toe-nails from a Flat Footed Platypus, but decided to keep in mind the Mongolian Compound "X" as he had heard amazing stories as to its potency.

Then the Grand Lama arose. The wisdom of this man had never been disputed by any of the destitute morons of the vast expanse in which they lived. Even the cross-eyed coolies of the Hong-Kong Blues variety said he had a lot on the ball. "We must gather all the Prayer Wheels from the entire Gobi Desert. Each week we will tax all the peons one pound of Yak butter, fifty Guseks, and the skin-bone of an illegitimate giraffe. Of course, you understand





that this taxation (without representation) is purely in the interest of science."

After all the Lamas had spoken, they returned to their prayer wheels which were spinning lustily by this time. Then, all eyes turned to Dr. A. and waited for him to speak. After several hours his mutterings became intelligible, and a revolutionary plan came into being.

"We will use no prayer wheels, no skin bones from an illegitimate giraffe, no toe-nails from a Flat Billed Platypus, and lastly, but not leastly—no damn bilious green Yak hairs." (considered quite potent by the natives.)

The Lamas were shocked beyond description, but Dr. A. had spoken. They then dispatched their coolies to gather the necessary gear specified by the scientist. Shortly (in about thirty seconds), they returned with fifty-seven assorted chisels, thirty-two cases of Mongolian Compound "X", eighty gallons of shaving lotion, and five cases of canned heat to set off the charge.

The time had arrived. The embryo of the egg quivered and shook beneath its prehistoric shell. Dr. A. and the Grand Lama were sober but were unable to account for a sizeable quantity of the shaving lotion. They smelled a rat, (desert rat) however, because all the lower Lamas had been intoxicated for weeks and didn't even show up for the ceremony.

All was in readiness. The transmitter (Station W.H.O.O.S.H. of the Mosquito Net-work) powered by a super prayer wheel and a Lama who didn't know the difference between Yak butter and Oleomargerine, flashed the news back to the inner sanctum of the Smithsonian Institute where all the inebriated anthropologists were engaged in voluntary manslaughter over who would get the third left hand vertebrae of the gorilla who produced the missing link.

It was about this time that a Korean worker nonchalantly walked up and inquired as to the whereabouts of the Braak Bird Egg. The demolition crew 'lowed as how this was where it 'twas, and a look of estacy encompassed the Korean's face. This lowly laborer, being an authority on the Braak Bird from the old school, reached gently up for the egg taking care not to set off the charge of Compound "X"—"X"-idently. Lovingly, he carressed the egg and took it into his arms with the utmost of tender care. Instantly the embryo knew that he had been saved from an untimely death by the hollible explosion that would have resulted. After this show of affection, a triangular crack appeared in the egg, and a brand new Braak Bird was born—a successor to the Grand Visor. Happiness reigned supreme over the entire Gobi Desert.

After noting the simplicity with which the egg had been cracked, the remaining Lamas hastily consumed the last case of shaving lotion and were last seen on their pogo sticks bounding over the foot-hills of the Himalayas. Dr. A., as the story grows, grabbed the first available prayer wheel in his right hand, mounted his Three-toed Emu with his left hand, and rode off into the night. It is said that to this day, he may

be seen on bright moonlight nights riding through the Gobi Desert in quest of another Braak Bird Egg.

The End



Once upon a time a co-ed on the way to class at an early hour of the morning when she happened to meet up with a wolf . . . Now get this straight, this story has nothing to do with little red wimple or whatever her name was . . . this wolf was neither big nor bad and he asked this co-ed to go downtown with him and have a beer, as the sun was over the yardarm (This was a Rotaceae wolf and he talked real salty). The co-ed said she was real sorry but she was already overcut in this particular class and he always called the roll and she just couldn't come . . . Not even for a nice cold beer all frosty and bubbly he interrogated; no not even for a nice cold beer all frosty, she reciprocated . . . Aw come on, no I can't aw come ON, I REELY can't, well allright . . . So she had the nice cold beer all frosty and the professor didn't even come to class that day . . . I wish I had a nice cold beer all frosty . . .

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# PLAYMAKERS ON BROADWAY

by IRBY TODD

photos: DENKER

Although many products of the famed Carolina Playmakers have attained success in the professional world, there is no more dynamic concentration of such former Carolina talent than is at present continuing to make "Dark of the Moon" a smash hit on Broadway at the Forty Sixth Street Theatre. The play, a musical legend of the North Carolina hill country by Howard Richardson and William Berney, is still packing 'em in after eight months of continuous performances. The three Carolina graduates who are contributing heavily to the success of the production are Millicent Hosch, Howard Richardson and Francis Goforth.

Miss Hosch, a native of Gainsville, Georgia, became an actress only shortly after laying aside her swaddling clothes. She was bitten by the acting bug while in grammar school and she has not been away from the grease paint since. From high school, she entered Brenau College, a girls' school, which is located in her home town. There she majored in speech, primarily, she says, "to get rid of that unmistakable Georgian drawl and accent." She hastily insists, however, that she is proud to be from the deep South; she will never get the "rebel" completely out of her. Still thrilling to the "on stage" call, she continued in her studies and was chosen as a member of the exclusive Cushman club, a dramatic group which taps promising and talented actresses. After two years, she left Brenau but not before being chosen as one of the most beautiful girls in the sophomore class.

Miss Hosch's next stop was Carolina. She subsequently joined the Playmaker group which was then under the guiding genius of the beloved "Proff" Koch. In a short time, Millie, as most of her friends call her, secured a leading role in "Watch on the Rhine" and also had prominent parts in many others of the

Playmaker productions. Her interest and versatility led her also into directing and set designing. There were definite indications that Millie was "going



places" when she received the faculty award for "the best all-around Playmaker of the year" at the close of her college career.

In addition to haunting the theatre constantly, Millie found time in which to become an accomplished photographer, especially of Carolina home football games, much to the pleasant distraction of the male contingents of both rooting sections. She also managed to take some girl dormitory boudoir shots which added sparkle and glamour to the yearbook. Her naturally soft, blond beauty made her a cinch for the yearbook beauty section and she was twice selected as a pin-up girl for the Carolina Mag.

Millie went to New York last October and almost immediately made her professional debut as "Edna Summey" in "Dark of the Moon." For the convenience of her work she assumed the stage name of Millicent Coleman. She is currently understudying the lead role and will probably take over that position if and when the show goes on tour.

Howard Richardson, co-author of the play, is one of the most promising playwrights along the Gay White Way today. "Dark of the Moon" is his first professionally produced drama but he has been wielding the pen since his early days at Carolina. Not only did he have several of his plays produced by the Playmakers here, but he also acted a leading role in "Androdes and the Lion," a full-length production.



Richardson received his A.B. in dramatic art at Carolina in 1938 and completed his M.A. two years later. In 1940, he went to Paris to study at Alliance Francaise from which he received a Diplome Superieue. Being awarded a Fellowship in dramatic art, he journeyed to the University of Iowa where he met William Berney, the other half of the currently successful team. While at Iowa, Richardson had three full-length plays produced, one of which was "Dark of the Moon" in collaboration with Berney.

Answering the Army's call, Richardson joined the pilot training program but was discharged shortly thereafter due to injuries sustained in a crash.

Richardson was born 27 years ago in

(Continued on page 21)

Complete on This Page

# Smokey Takes A Furlough . . .

by JACK SHELTON

Ever since the beginning of the present "Invasion" of India by GI Joe, the native bearer has been a source of wonder and amusement. A bearer, familiar sight among American troops in India, is a combination valet and maid who, for a few cents a day, relieves the enlisted men of the terrifying duties of keeping a barracks clean. For a few more cents, he also washes clothes, shines shoes, and otherwise helps make a perfectly lazy man out of a soldier. These domestic duties are only part of the value of an Indian Bearer, for he affords one of the few amusements readily available in this part of the world.

Our bearer's name is "Smokey." We've forgotten why we call him that, but there are no objections, since his real name is "Pabitra Mondol." Aside from his regular duties, Smokey spends most of his time learning GI ways. His indoctrination came along a little too quickly, for Smokey came to work one day and surprised us all with an ultimatum.

"Tomorrow—go away. Four days—one day go—one day come back—go six days—come back—go to ....." The town mentioned was only about forty miles away, and two days travel time seemed a little exorbitant. But remembering our own stretching of that wonderful institution, travel time, we were inclined to be most lenient.

"Ok, Smokey", we said (after calling a hurried meeting of the Bearer committee), "Have a nice time".

Arrangements were made to have Smokey's place taken by his brother (all bearers have three or four dozen brothers, conceived for just such situations), and off he trotted.

We struggled along for six days with Smokey's brother, who shall remain nameless, having been assigned a name a little on the unprintable side. On the morning of the seventh day, we were sitting on our palatial fox-hole lawn, when off in the distance we could see Smokey, a bundle in his hand, a broad grin on his face, trotting towards us. He gave us all a big hello, paused long enough to make certain we saw his semi-annual hair cut, and then proceeded to unpack. He pulled a leather utility bag out of his bundle (with talon zipper), and opening it with terrific haste, displayed two books. One was a primer

on the english alphabet, and the other an elementary reader in English. Our troubles had now begun.

"Sahib-bird, sahib-cow, sahib-house, sahib-A B C D E F Y," and so it goes all day. Smokey is learning English. Things have changed in our barracks. No longer does Smokey roam around picking up cigarette butts and trash. No longer does Smokey plead, "wash clothes, Sahib?". No longer does Smokey sweep the porch. Smokey is learning English.

Hour after hour Smokey sits on the porch and reads and mumbles to himself. Just try and sit down to read the latest magazine from home—just try it. Smokey edges up, sits down next to you (Smokey is very democratic that way), whips out his primer, and starts, "A B C D E F Y." Tiring of this now

elementary lesson, he fingers the magazine you are desperately trying to read and pointing to the pictures, says "Lady, Bird, American, Truck, Good, Bad" and go on. Not being content with dazzling us, Smokey invites a couple dozen of his brothers over, and reads to them.

It may seem like old times to the fathers in the barracks, reminding them of the good old days when their little angel pulled at their pants leg and said sweetly, "Daddy, what's this? Daddy what's that? Daddy, look bird." But to most of us gay young blades it's a little annoying to come home from work and find our wash still undone, and Smokey reading the dialogues of Plato to his brothers.

I don't think Smokey will get any more furloughs.



# Photo by Denker (of course)

## Pinup Notes by Dick Seaver



And, dear readers, if you will condescend awhile and turn your gaze from that "full page pic" you may be interested to learn some further facts about this month's glamour gal, Miss Terry Maverick.

Now a first term Junior at Carolina, Terry came to the Tar Heel campus from Penn Hall at Chambersburg, Pa., where she served the first two years of her college sentence. Here at UNC she is continuing to major in the field of Psychology, although she is still not sure in just what branch she is going to "psychologize."

Born in San Antonio, Texas, Terry lived for several years on the family ranch (The Sunshine Ranch, to be Pacific), but because of her father's position as Vice-President of the WPB, she has spent the past few years in old D. C. "Lita" has travelled widely in the United States, Canada and Mexico, and, after graduation she plans to futher satisfy this wonderlust by travelling abroad. We're not certain, but we thought we saw a far away look in her eyes as she stated that she *might*, after this "travelonging" had been quited, be ready to settle down. Line forms at the right, gentleman!

Terry is interested in a multitude of life's various extracurricular activities, but there a special few which top the list: Besides loving to play the piano, she can warble a mean soprano, or, to be, brief, she's a true lover of music; "Coming from the South," said Terry, "I love to cook and sew," and proof of this latter love became evident when we noted she found a group of boys who hailed from the Lone Star state and whose shirts were in dire need of a first



class button-sewing job. Terry thereupon took it upon herself to restore the loosened buttons firmly into position again, for, we learned that "In Texas men *never* lift a finger in domestic affairs." (Where does an alien register for a passport for this patrician paradise?) Rounding out her scope of activities, Lita admitted that she loved all types of sports, although she also confessed that hunting was high on her list of sports, and that wild turkey had provided some of the best material for her hunting excursions.

But, beyond any shadow of a doubt, Miss Maverick gave away her pet passion when we broached the subject of flying—She fairly glowed with enthusiasm as she talked about the possibility for the University providing the students with an opportunity to learn to fly under correct conditions. Terry, who has over fifty hours in the air, stated that the nearest field where students could receive training is twenty miles distant, while there is an ideal field within a mile of Chapel Hill which is at present available only to private owners. With the great post-war boom in aviation already under way, it is important that early instruction be free

from slipshod or careless methods. Without wishing to turn this into an editorial, Miss Maverick's suggestion that the University initiate some sort of training program is certainly worthy of consideration by everyone. . . .

Finally, Miss Terralita Fontaine Maverick would like to send out a simultaneous SOS and invitation to the citizens of Texas on the Carolina campus. The invitation is extended to all those Texans who might be interested in eating a bit of chow a la Lone Star style for a change, for Terry announced that she had plenty of Gebhardt's chile available, as well as having a supply of Jalapeños; "however" she added. "I'm sending out the SOS to anyone who can direct me to the nearest supply of Pinto beans." If anyone can supply that information, or, better yet, if anyone can supply the Pinto beans, Terry guarantees to cook as much chow as the sojourning Texas population here can down . . . . . My, my! All this and Pinto beans, too! . . . . .

## Pinup Story

Dick Seaver

*She's just five foot two,  
Though her eyes aren't blue,  
But they are, tis seen  
A shade towards green;  
She's a true brunette  
(Sure, the sweetest yet)  
From down Texas way,  
A señorita gay—*

*If it's pin-up gals  
That you're lookin' for,  
Then stop, my pals,  
You need search no more,  
For it now would seem  
That you've found you're dream  
In this full page pic  
Of Miss Maverick!*



## A MAG Sport Feature

## TAR HEELS ON HAND!

by IRWIN SMALLWOOD, U.S.N.R.



Summer's warm sunshine has vanished and brisk winds are beginning to swish around freely. This means King Football is taking over, and nowhere can it better be exemplified than here in Tar Heelia.

A new era is beginning in the sports world with peace now at hand and things livening up near the stage of that last peacetime session back in 1941 as ye old Carolina gridders plunge into their first season under their new-or should we say returning-director, one Carl Snavelly.

Since that fatal day in December of 1941, Carolina has had no less than five different coaches, of various calibre and style, but now for the first time since Coach Ray Wolfe left for the Navy we have someone to call our 'own'—that is a coach who is expected to be with us a little longer than temporarily. This 'Silver Fox' of football, Carl Snavelly, comes back to us from Cornell, where he has been since he left after the 1935 season at Carolina when the Tar Heels were Pasadena (Rose Bowl) bound only to be tripped by Duke, 25-0, in an upset that stirred the nation.

With Coach Snavelly comes the hopes of better days to come, days when you will see the Tar Heels in the win column, and days when you will see Kenan stadium jam-packed to witness Carolina and its arch rival Duke fight it out on even terms in the game of games in the 'Big Five.'

Coach Snavelly and his assistants

arrived on the scene to begin activities around July 1, and immediately things began to roll.

Coaches Russ Murphey and Max Reed, both of whom have been working with Snavelly for some time, were brought along, and after Chief Specialist Jim Gill was lost because of transfer from the Navy unit here, Charley Jamerson, on leave of absence from Memphis State Teacher's college, and Stretch Howell were added to the corps of aids to the coach. Too, Bob 'Peanut' was brought in to coach the Jayvee squad in September.

A general call was issued and the candidates were met in July, and after the situation was well surveyed, King Carl began to push the lads through summer drills. These practice sessions, right through the hottest part of the summer, lasted until the last week in August, when one week was taken off before the regular fall practices were started September 3. They have been hard at it ever since.

Only six lettermen were on hand for the newly acquired coaches at Carolina to work with, and the rest had to be rounded up from here and there and from the Navy and civilian enrollment already in school. Thus the problem rounded out into this, even back in the early days of July: A lot of untried material to look over and from which to build a ball club.

From that day back in July till this, coaches and players alike have been at the grind continually, and now they are in the midst of making their hard work pay off. At this stage of the game, two of the toughest games are over, but remaining are Tennessee, Wake Forest and Duke, all of whom are more than matches for the Tar Heels on paper.

No sure fire stars were in sight as the season got underway with Georgia Tech, but even then in that early stage, some of the lads were beginning to stand out.

In the backfield now there is Bill Voris, one of the six monogram men, who plays at fullback; Don Clayton, a returning GI who lettered here before going into the service, at tailback; Joe



Curtis and B. K. Grow, freshmen working at fullback and wingback respectively; Bob Oliphant and Bill Walker two Marines working in at the wing and blocking back posts; Bob Kennedy at wingback; Paul Rizzo at blocking back; and Tom Gorman, Bill Flamish, Johnnie Colones and Tom Colfer at tailback.

None of these lads have by any means sewed up a starting berth at this writing, nor has anyone else for that matter, but all are vieing for first string positions and seem likely to see plenty of action during the season.

The line promises to be one of the mainstay weapons of the Tar Heels this year, with several big youngsters working hard to offer a forward wall that will be hard to crack. As was the case in the backfield, none of the positions are by any means definite, but the field can be narrowed down to a couple of men in each spot. Leading men include: Chuck Ellison and Bill Pritchard, left end; Stah Marczyk and Frank Curran, left tackle; Ed Golding and Bill Wardle, left guard; Al Bernot and M. D. Sims, center; Ed Twohey and Del Leatherman, right guard; Ted Hazelwood, Leon Szafaryn and Red Collins, right tackle; and Max Cooke and Bob Cox, right end.

Of this group, Golding, Twohey, Leatherman and Collins lettered last year.

(Continued on page 21)

It is my first night on the force, see? The chief sends me out in a prowler wagon with Jennings, who is a very tough gent, and the pride of the Oak City Police Force. Jennings is silent and grunts when I make any conversation. I figure he has his mind on the beat and can't do the small talk.

It is a nice night, see, and I am thinking it is a hell of a note that a copper has to be looking for trouble when he could be enjoying himself with a babe out at Boyd's Lake. I sigh, and return to my job which consists of listening to

citizens of South Oak City so unhappy."

"Chum," says Jennings, "you are now spoken of as a member of the local dicks. I am not saying nothing. Let me point out, notwithstanding, that you are about to prove your status—hardware or no hardware."

Me feeling very uncomfortable at this.

We drive back up Bridges Street towards Ann's place, which ain't no gilded lily even on Sunday mornings, which I note by my watch it is by about a hour, and which certainly ain't

shrinking down in my seat. They merely move aside as we get out and dash in I see they ain't too friendly towards us, which don't do nothing to settle my stomach. But I followed Jennings in, and sure enough there is the object of our attentions.

He is standing over by the bar and is looking very tough. By the way he is swaying around and by the way his eyes is shining and glaring like two Roman candles, I see that he is not only lit but is hopped up to the gills too. Where these black boys dig up the stuff is not known, but they get it, and ain't too pleasant to interfere, so I always figured.

This one is standing there with that look in his blinkers, and he is holding a broken bottle in his left paw, with his right in his pocket, where it ain't too hard to guess that his shiv is at. I stop and look around at the bunch of darkies who is crowded into the darker corners of the joint. But Jennings don't even look around. I guess he is confident that I will protect him from the rest of the mob, which just proves that he is not so smart. He walks straight toward the hophead, who watches him with a shifty looking stare.

Then the colored boy jumps him. He is not so big as Jennings but he looks like he can handle his mitts, especially with a broken bottle in one and a sticker in the other, which he has now pulled out of his pocket. Jennings moves quickly on the balls of his No. 11's, and ducks the swipe of the bottle hand. He is not using his gun, but has his stick in his hand. He cracked it across Black Boy's wrist and shiv clatters to the floor. It is so quick that I almost miss it, but he brings his knee up into the coon and then cracks him across the jaw with the stick. The hophead drops to the floor like a hunk of sausage.

All this time I am doing nothing but wish I was somewhere else. The crowd is not moving but they are muttering, and I am uncomfortable when people talk about me, especially under circumstances which it is no pleasure to be in.

Jennings kicks the fallen coon. Then he proceeds to do a very thorough job of working him over with the stick. The first blow sounded like a watermelon what is hit with a rock. I don't see no need for this.

"Lay off!" I yelled, it being a wonder that I was finally able to open my mouth, "he is very out."

"Shut up, you lily-liver," yells Jennings back, "I will teach these bastards to run snow on my beat." He kicks the darkie again, which don't

*(Continued on page 20)*

## COPPER HARD

by THOMAS GRAY WICKER, U.S.N.R.

the gent in headquarters make with the calls, none of which is for us. I am very content with that, us being in a very tough section of Niggertown, and me not having no gun, which the chief says I got to be on the force two weeks to have. I have got my stick, which is very neat persuader with a lead tip, but which don't stack up with a shiv like the South Oak City boys carry.

We cruised down Bridges Street by the Star Fruit Company building, and I am getting very fed up with nothing being said in the way of small talk betwixt me and Jennings, me being very fond of small talk. I am about to say something when the gent down at headquarters makes with another call and it is for us.

There is a nigger up at Ann's Paradise Inn who has gone off his nut and is slugging people with booze bottles and making with a shiv, which is a razor in his case, the man down at headquarters tells us. Jennings turns the car around and heads for Ann's and I am thinking of many things, most of which is about the gun which the chief said I would not need, and which I am feeling lonely without. Jennings is looking very happy and I am not surprised when I remember that he is up for sergeant, sergeants being paid more and not having to drive cars around at night where there is likely to be people which are not happy to see said cars being driven.

"Jennings," I say, in my Humphrey Bogart voice, "you being the more experienced member of our duet, and me being temporarily embarrassed by the lack of hardware attached to my form, it is my idea that you should put the ice on this coon who is making the

healthy forawhite flatfoot without no armament when there is black boys with shivs around making like they are unhappy. I can see that Jennings is thinking, and that being an effort for him, I am not saying nothing, but merely looking hopeful that he will say that I guard the car while he ices the coon.

I sweat.

Jennings turns to me and says, "Chum, I will make the pinch. I am expecting no trouble from this black cloud. Shouldst he have a few cronies present, nevertheless, they would enjoy nothing no more than to eliminate my presence by violent means, which don't scare me none, but which might place the Force in an awkward position, due to my sterling qualities. You will guard my rear, see?"

Noting his rear, I feel that there is no chance of it being surrounded, and lay my plans according, namely to stay where no shivs is at if possible, meanwhile keeping an eye on Jennings's rear, which ain't easy to misplace, no ways.

We pull up in front of Ann's and all hell is busting loose. Furniture is flying everyways, women is yelling, and scared darkies is hanging around outside, with their eyeballs looking like fried eggs (fried at Joe's, which is where I wish I was at eating some of them.) I am not scared, see, but am merely keeping in mind that destruction is the bitter of valour.

Jennings has let fly with the foghorn when we are back down the street a ways and so they are not shocked to see us when we pile up to the curb, me

# FILLER

## Jokes

Mary had a little lamb  
With her it used to frolic.  
It licked her cheeks in play one day  
And died of painter's colic.



He: Do you neck?  
She: That's my business.  
He: Oh, a professional.



Prof: Have you finished making up  
your map?  
Coed: No, I can't find my compact.



Tri Del: Can I trust him?  
Sister: Why, he's so crooked the  
wool he pulls over your eyes is half  
cotton.



A customer walked into a butcher  
shop.  
"Give me some kiddleleys, please."  
"You mean kidneys, don't you?" asked  
the butcher.  
"That's what I said, diddle I?"

Joe: Did you know that I am go-  
ing to marry your sister?  
Moe: Yes, when did you find out?



Ginnie: Can you drive with one arm?  
Mickie: Sure.  
Ginnie: Have an apple.



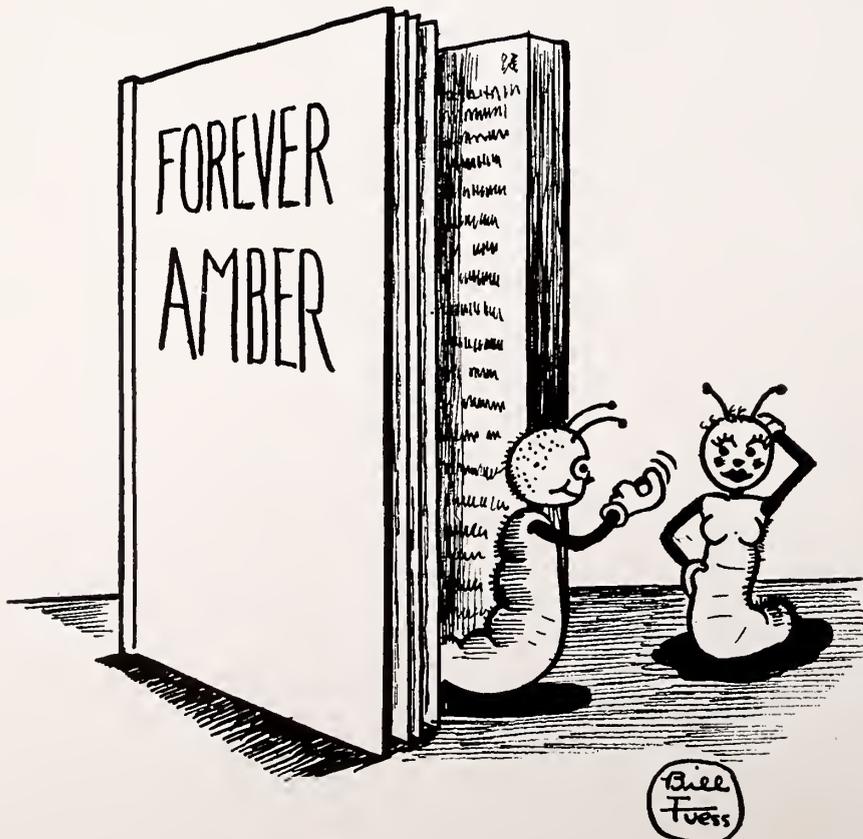
"I wish we'd get a few shipwrecked  
sailors washed ashore," said the cannibal,  
"what I need is a good dose of  
salts. . . ."



Freshman: Dad, is Rotterdam a bad  
word?  
Pa: Why, no son, why do you wanna  
know?  
Fresh: Well, sister ate all my candy  
and I hope it'll Rotterdam teeth out.



Prof: A fool can ask more questions  
than a wise man can answer.  
Frosh: That's why I flunked your  
test.



# TAR HEEL INSTITUTE ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS

The Tar Heel Institute of Public Affairs is a committee of The Tar Heel staff which is devoted to the stimulation of student interest in public affairs. THIPA will attempt to do this by assisting campus extra-curricular organizations get more and better publicity. It will not only present or co-sponsor forums, speakers to the campus on local, national, and international topics, but will also conduct polls and publish reports on these topics.

The Institute is not another student group in sense of being an organization or representing an attempt to duplicate functions adequately performed by existing discussion organizations. It is merely a coordinating staff to fill in the gap in the activity of other groups. However, the Institute will feel free to assume any activity which is not being discharged by any organization.

The existence of THIPA should serve as an inducement to the discussion organizations to keep their campus presentations on a high level. They will also be asked to join in the sponsorship of forums and speakers.

The Institute of Public Affairs will attempt to serve the student body to the limit of its resources in the field of current events. It requests the aid of all of the students in its work.

The End

"Lady," the small boy said, "if you'll give us a nickel my little brother will imitate a hen."

"What will he do," asked the lady, "cackle?"

"Naw," replied the boy, in disgust. "He wouldn't do a cheap imitation like that. He'll eat a woin."



Little Lucy had just returned from the children's party and had been called into the living room to be exhibited before the tea guests.

"Tell the ladies what mother's little darling did at the party," urged the proud mother.

"I frowed up," said little Lucy.



"You can't arrest me. I come from one of the best families in Virginia."

"That's okay, buddy. We ain't arresting you for breeding purposes."



"I'm sorry," said the girl at the ticket booth, "that two dollar bill is counterfeit."

"My God," the woman uttered. "I've been seduced."



"Give us a kiss."

"Who ya got with you?"



"Quite the contrary," said the man on shipboard when asked if he had dined.



It must be a terrible blow to a man to realize that his eyes are on their last legs.



People in glass houses might just as well answer their doorbell.



## PLANNING A TRIP?

Let us check your car.

The  
**Texaco Service Station**

DOES

Washing — Greasing  
Simonizing

**Stop By Any Time**

Corner of Franklin and Columbia

Prof: Now watch the black-board while I run through it once more.



"To hell with the expense, give the canary another seed. . . ."



His wife ran away with a boarder, but he claims it is only a rumor. . . .



The prof who comes early to class is very rare . . . in fact he is in a class by himself. . . .



"How did you break your leg?"  
Freshman: "I threw a cigarette into a manhole and stepped on it."



With graceful feet  
The maiden sweet  
Was tripping the light fantastic  
She suddenly tore for the dressing room door  
You never can trust elastic . . .



After a bloody crime . . . a great detective is called to the scene of the outrage. . . . "Heavens," he exclaims, "this is more serious than I thought . . . the window is broken on both sides. . . ."



"Goodness, George, this is not our baby, this is the wrong carriage. . . ."

"Shut up, this is a better carriage."

Some Girls are built like this  
Others are more like this.  
But they usually end up like this.

She: Getting real cold, isn't it?  
He: Winter draws on.  
She: Sir!

**Lewd Stories  
and  
Ugly Pictures**

Chem. Prof.: If you split Quartz into two halves what do you obtain.  
Dumb Stude: Pints.



FOR SALE: Good stomach pump. Formerly used by the Pika's. We don't need it any more—no more stomachs.



A man six feet eight inches tall applied for a job as a life guard. "Can you swim?" the applicant was asked. "No," he replied, "but I can wade to beat hell!"

Mother: Stanley, don't use such bad words.  
Stanley: Shakespeare used them.  
Ma: Well, don't play with him, then.



Slicker: Does your cow give milk?  
Farmer: Well, not exactly; you got to sorta take it away from her.



"What is the difference between a petting party and a good horse race?"  
"None, it's neck and neck either way."



1st Sailor: Is she modest?  
2nd Sailor: She is so modest that she won't even look at a battleship that's stripped for action.



Marine: Doc, do you remember when you cured me of rheumatism two years ago, and told me to avoid dampness?  
Doc: Yes, I do.  
Gyrene: Well, is it all right for me to take a bath yet?



Jack: Oh dearest, I'm only a tiny pebble in your life.  
Coed: Then why don't you become a little boulder?



New Coed: Are you the Bull of the Campus?  
Carolina Gentleman: That's me, baby!  
N. C.: Moo.

**NAVAL TERMS AND EXPLANATIONS**

"Take necessary action".....It's your headache now.  
"You will remember".....I have forgotten, so have you.  
"We should confer".....Send your yeomen over to see mine.  
"Forwarded".....Pigeon holed in a more ornate desk.  
"A growing body of Naval opinion".....Two Gold Braids have agreed.  
"Take immediate action".....Do SOMETHING in a hurry before we both catch hell.  
"For your information".....Let's forget it.  
"Your observations are desired".....You do the dirty work so I can write "forwarded."  
"Your department is negligent".....I have just been given hell.  
"You are to be commended".....There's a particularly dirty job for you in the next routing.  
"Naval tradition demands".....I have just been talking to an old chief.  
"Give this your immediate attention".....For God's sake, find those papers.  
"You will show him every courtesy".....His uncle is an Admiral

# The KAROLINA KOLLAPSIBLE KEG

# KONTAINER

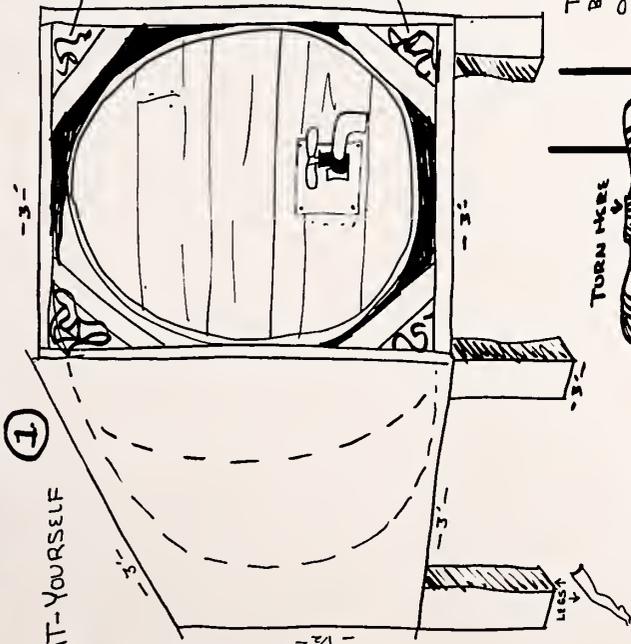
(AND KOOLER)

(AIN'T IT KUTE?)

1. A MAG MAKE-IT-YOURSELF FEATURE

OR POPULAR MAG-CHANIX (OUCH!)

Easily Constructed by the College FRESHMAN out of easy to find non-priinty MATERIALS



2.

INSULATION OR SOMETHING

SAME HERE



LET'S BEAT DOOR-

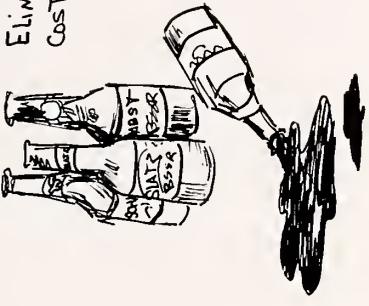


4.

A HANDSOME ADDITION TO ANY DORMITORY ROOM -

3.

ELIMINATES COSTLY WASTE



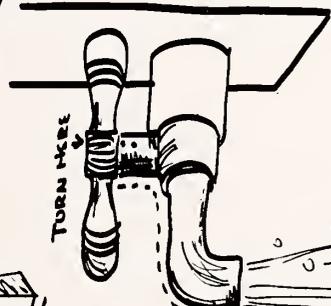
5.

EASY TO USE - VERY LITTLE PRACTICE REQUIRED TO GAIN A WORKING KNOWLEDGE OF THE HUNDY TAP.



SCALE

1 inch = (from just)



USE THE BACKS OF OLD TEXT BOOKS OR - USE NEW TEXT BOOKS -



USE BOTH WITH

## MAG

*(Continued from page 4)*

peared in almost every issue. The age of science was not yet upon these pioneers in college journalism, for they were prone to put style and sentiment above veracity.

However, it can well be said that these early writings of the Carolina students were of a variety which is not being excelled today. Much of their work is truly beautiful. The word order is complex; obviously the writers meant for their work to be studied and analyzed; their prime concern was not to convey concise facts quickly and easily. To those who desire to mediate upon journalism and supplement it with their own experience and imagination, these early magazines were dedicated. A collection of the best English class themes of today might approach these early magazines.

Great stress was put on morals. The editors nominated themselves as the guardians of human behavior, and designed their articles to give personal advice. The following passage from the September issue of the first volume (1852) is a good example:

"In every heart which beats with noble sentiments the letter of an absent friend finds a welcome. The voice of that friend stirs with silent eloquence the warm blood of the youthful breast—The tender words of an absent sister's love soothes every pain, and pleasure thrills through every vein. The anxious affectionate language of a far distant mother comes like a sacred spell to bind the heart to virtue.

"If then you wish to make all possible improvement, mental and moral, if you would secure a source of pleasure which will ever pour forth a refreshing stream, give particular attention to your letters. Do not hesitate to devote a part of your leisure hours to your female correspondents, and let not your sister's bosom ache with the thought that you have forgotten her. I will be responsible, if, having used proper care, you repent the result."

Humor, which has been so predominant in recent student magazines, was almost entirely lacking in the early issues of the nineteenth century. About the closest approach to humor in the early issues is well represented by the following extract from a letter, which was probably printed as a filler:

"DEAR JANE:—Well! now, isn't it too bad! Only think those naughty Chapel Hill boys have stolen and published some of our little notes, and with names in full, in their Magazine—

"MARY ANNOY"

After the reopening of the University, humor began to appear more frequently, but it seldom took the form of the boisterous, worldly anecdotes printed in the present *Carolina Mag.* The following appeared December, 1886:

"It is said that Vassar girls are so modest that they actually turn their heads when they pass a clothes-rope, even after the clothes have been pulled down. Girls are queer animals, to say the least. After several years of study, we confess we know very little about them. It is difficult to understand such creatures. You can't keep up with them. Some of them are like fleas: you can't put your hand on them."

In January, 1906, these two anecdotes appeared in an advertisement, evidently by will of the advertiser:

"This actress's success required  
No fine spun analyzing  
When the discerning saw her calves  
in air

They said: 'Her stock is rising.' "

"A young man told his girl the other night that if she didn't marry him he'd get a rope and hang himself right in front of her house. 'Oh, please don't do it, dear,' she said, 'you know father doesn't want you hanging around here.' "

The volume of poetry printed has declined. Today there is a belief among many people that poetry is a useless, feminine form of writing. Obviously this belief has had its effect upon the magazine. The bulk of the poetry today derives its attractiveness from its cadence and word effects. The earlier student poets were more insistent upon meter and finely developed rhyme schemes. The humorous poem seems to become more popular in the twentieth century.

The early issues showed a great interest in the publications of other schools. There was a criticism of the exchanges in each issue, but since most of Carolina students had probably not read the exchanges which were criticised, it is strange that so much space should have been devoted. The modern student magazine receives many exchanges in its office, but rarely comments upon them in print.

The editorial opinion expressed is always interesting in light of current opinion on the campus. Every student on the campus today who has joined in the almost universal objection to compulsory physical education will be interested in an editorial which appeared in the *Carolina Magazine* of March, 1923:

"We hereby wish to register an emphatic kick. We are aware of the fact that the University authorities have

many perplexing problems on their hands and that they are striving nobly to solve them, but the fact remains that one of the most vital problems on this campus is not being solved.

"We contend that the grievous faults of our present athletic system should be remedied. It is true that we turn out many fine championship teams. These teams win victories and the student body is jubilant. Yet all this does the average man little good as far as physical development is concerned.

"About 1500 of the students here do not get adequate exercise. The 'gym' is too small.

"We need mass athletics badly. We believe one of the most effective methods of accomplishing this is through physical exercise for the student body as a whole. At least, let's have something that will protect the health of all the students."

Such an editorial in light of current opinion might teach a lesson in the psychology of the student body.

The focus of the student magazine at Carolina has closely followed the focus of national thought as we have moved into an age of speed and complexity. The attempt is now to inform and amuse rapidly—not to encumber the reader with a maze of elaborate sentence structure. Today there is more emphasis on affairs of the time; with a greatly enlarged student body, it might be expected that the emphasis has also shifted to current affairs. There were many issues of the early magazine which could be re-printed today and be as up-to-date as they were when they were first published. Such will not be as true of today's issues a hundred years hence.

The vast store of literature included in the issues of the *Carolina Mag* and its predecessors provides an excellent study in the change of the language. They stand as visible evidence of what people of college age can accomplish under proper stimulus.

With the expectation of a greatly expanded university, the student magazine of the future may surpass that of today as today's surpasses those before it. The writers of the current magazine have one inspiration: Years from now, long after this generation has passed away, the scholars of the future will look to the files of today's college publications to learn something of the ideas and influences of the time. In college publications scholars may find one of their best sources of research into the language as it was used in many ways by many people.

The End

Hopeful Freshman: What would you do if a beautiful blonde ran up to you, put her arms around you, held you tight and kissed you?

Cynical Senior: Feel to see that my wallet was still there.



Airplanes aren't the only things that will perform better if given the right kind of oil.

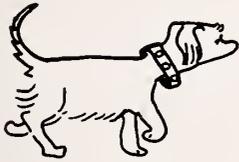


As they strolled thru the Arboretum, Sam felt exceptionally romantic. "Some moon, eh, honey?" he remarked.

"Yeah, Sam," she agreed. "Some moon."

He steered her toward part of the path where roses were blooming. "Some roses, eh, sugar?" he nudged.

"Yes, Sam," she admitted. "Some roses."



By this time the dew was already shining on the grass, and in his exuberance, Sam could not help remark: "Some dew, eh, honey?"

"Yeah, some do," she snapped. "But Ah don't. So be on yo' way."



Judge: Do you mean to tell me that you murdered this poor old woman for a paltry three dollars?

Killer: Well Judge, you know how it is. Three bucks here and three bucks there—it soon mounts up.



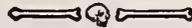
**LOVE**

First a guy gets stuck on a girl. Then he gets stuck with her. Then he's stuck.



Sam: Hey, Zeke, you got your shoes on wrong. The left one's on the right foot and the right one's on the left foot.

Zeke: Dam, I been wearing 'em that away for twenty year, and all the time I thought I was clubfooted.



Then there's always the one about the near sighted snake that eloped with a rope.

# DANZIGER'S



**"After the coffee,  
things aren't  
so bad . . ."**

**Don't**

**YOU**

**want to try it in**

# DANZIGER'S

**CONTINENTAL  
ATMOSPHERE?**

Hot, Iced or Frozen Viennese  
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And Don't Forget That  
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**Viennese and French  
Pastry!**

Dear Mr. Anthony,

Last night I was sitting on the sofa with my girl and she reached up and turned out the light. What should I do?

(Signed) Worried



Dear Worried,

If I were you I probably would have done the same thing and be just as damn worried.

Mr. Anthony.



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got**

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## COPPER HARD

(Continued from page 13)

even get a twitch out of the nig, but hurts me away over where I am standing.

"Goddam copper, goddam copper," a old colored woman mutters to herself, "jes' ain't human, coppers ain't. Jes' copper hard."

I look back at Jennings again, and there is a very queer look in his eyes, which is just like the look that coon had before he was hit, and I see that Jennings is enjoying himself very much. The coon of the floor is a bloody pulp now, which is giving him the benefit of the doubt. Jennings kicks him again.

I can feel it coming, as I am a gent who does not like to see people mashed, and which has a stomach which is very easy to turn I dash for the can and am very sick.

"Chief," I say, when we are back at headquarters, "I am not no lily-liver like I have been called, but I am turning in my badge."

The chief looks at me like I am loony, which I may be but which ain't none of his business, and says, "That is very foolish." He reached my badge back at me. "You must not think too much of one darky being iced, it being necessary in this trade to keep the coons in place. You do not want to throw away a very fine opportunity to become a tough copper because of a hopped up nigger, I should hope.

I looked at him. "I am not no machine," I say, "and I do not like to become a basher of people who are lying on the floor. I am now going over to Joe's and fill up on fried eggs and you may take that badge and pin it on the seat of your pants, where it will doubtless improve your appearance."

Too-shay, we say in Rooshia—as the Rooshians say.



## CAMOFLAGE . . . . Eve Knight

I have churned my butter, I have baked my bread  
Spread blankets neatly on my narrow bed.

I have starched my curtains I have scrubbed my floor  
Greeted neighbors gently, chatted at the door

Even smiled a little at some childish play

While my heart kept tryst with him a thousand miles away.

## EAGER BEAVER

A well done assignment  
Neat books in alignment  
(my pleasure)

Ignoring all lasses  
And loving my classes  
(Without measure)

I'm eager as hell  
My grades are all swell  
(Mama's treasure)

But I never have one damn bit of fun. . . .

—C.P.H.



A parrot was sitting in the salon of a luxurious steamer watching a magician do tricks. The magician served notice that he was now going to do a trick that was never before accomplished. He pulled up his sleeves and then proceeded to make a few fancy motions. Just at that moment, the ship's boiler blew up. Five minutes later as the parrot came to, floating about the ocean on a piece of driftwood, he muttered, "Damn clever, damn clever."

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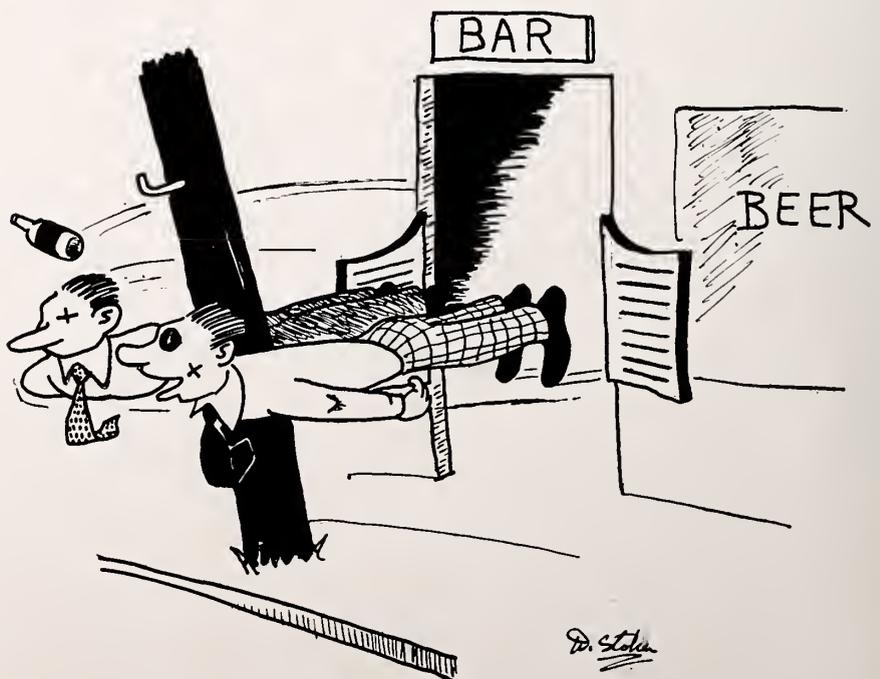
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Phi Kap: Did you hear what happened to the burglar that got caught in the Bumma Cig house?

Pika: Yeah, they pledged him.



"Bread and Butter!"



## BROADWAY

(Continued from page 8)

Black Mountain, North Carolina, which is in itself the proving grounds for many of the nation's actors and dramatists. It was a combination of his inherent attachment for the hills of his home state and his admiration for the late "Proff" Koch, who zealously worked to rejuvenate interest in the folk-lore of America, that fired Richardson's imagination and resulted in the plot of his play. The theme of the story is built around the familiar ballad, "Barbara Allen." Another of Richardson's plays which has its setting in the Southland, "South to the Morning," is scheduled to go into production soon. He and Berney have also completed a musical comedy which should reach the boards late this year.

It is interesting to note that Richardson and Berney are cousins by virtue of a common uncle, Thomas Dixon, whose "The Clansman," became the film, "The Birth of A Nation."

The third member of the trio, another Tar Heel born and bred, is Miss Frances Goforth of Kings Mountain, North Carolina. She early acquired an interest in dramatics and laid a solid foundation for her future work by majoring in speech at Brevard Junior College, Brevard, North Carolina. Her histrionic aspirations led her into many leading characterizations there and she so excelled that she was elected president of the Dramatic Club at Brevard. Not content with emoting alone, Miss Goforth sat about to playwrighting and several of her dramas were good enough for production.

Finding a natural outlet for her expression in the Playmakers, she joined that group at Carolina and took full advantage of the excellent opportunities afforded her here. Her first role at Carolina was in the famous Paul Green's "Johnny Johnson." After her debut, she turned her talents to writing, stage direction, and more acting. In 1940, she received her A.B. in dramatic art.

Summer stock in Maine was next for Frances. She realized that that work was invaluable to the embryonic actress and, in fact, many of the leading members of the theatrical world, including Miss Helen Hayes, are products of summer stock companies. Coincidentally, Howard Richardson was in Maine when Frances arrived and it seemed that Fate decreed that she should be in the original production of "Dark of the Moon." When the play moved to Broadway, she was cast as "Miss Metcalf" and it is significant that, at present, she is the only girl in her twenties on Broadway who is playing a middle-aged characterization.

Frances has not given up her playwrighting and hopes some day to have one of her own works in the lights along Broadway.

The cast and the play continue to receive excellent notices from the reviewers and George Jean Nathan, eminent dramatic critic writing in Esquire, called "Dark of the Moon" the "best new serious play of the year."



I shot an arrow into the air, it fell to earth I know not where . . .  
I lose more dam arrows that way.

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## TAR HEELS ON HAND!

(Continued from page 12)

That's the story of what has been encountered so far, and what is yet to be done; and what has been done to meet the situation can be summed up in one big word: WORK!

This year will be a tough one, agreed, for we are facing three of the major bowl contenders of last January 1 in addition to such power-plus elevens as Penn and Wake Forest. The Tar Heels opened college hostilities September 29 with Georgia Tech's Engineers, who won the Orange Bowl at Miami. After a tilt with Virginia Poly in Roanoke, Carolina journeyed to Franklin Field in Philadelphia to battle the potent Penn aggregation last Saturday, October 13.

The Snavelymen meet the Cherry Point Marines here this weekend, and after a week's layoff for exams, the UNC lads go to Knoxville to meet the Rose Bowl team of last year from the east—Tennessee—in what promises to be one of the toughest games of the season.

William and Mary is played in Norfolk the following weekend, November 10, and Wake Forest, one of the highest rated teams in this section, comes to Chapel Hill November 17.

Then comes the game of games, the annual Duke-Carolina battle royal, to be played in Duke stadium in Durham November 24. Duke lost a close decision to Alabama in the Sugar bowl last January. Win or lose up to this point, it will be one game Coach Snavelly and his footballers want. It is going to be hard, extremely hard, to win this year, but you can bet your bottom dollar that the Tar Heels will be giving all they have to come back to Chapel Hill victorious that November 24 night.

The season will be brought to a close here in Kenan stadium December 1 with the Carolina crew playing host to the Cavaliers of the University of Virginia.

The End



# BUMMING AND BOMBING

BY STAFFERS



BUMMERS



BOMBERS



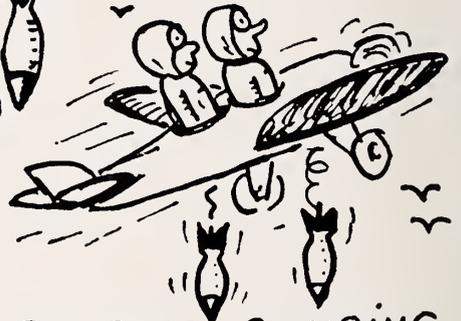
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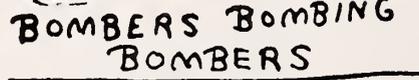
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BUMMERS BOMBING BUMMERS



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Well, you wouldn't have looked at her face anyhow!

## JOKES

"Are you a college man."  
 "No, a horse stepped on my hat."



He: Do you believe in free love?  
 She: Have I ever sent you a bill?



"Ah cain't come to work tomorrow. Mah little boy is sick."

"Why, Mandy, I thought you said you were an old maid."

"Ah is, but ah ain't one of dem fussy kind."



"Are you positive that the defendant was drunk," asked the judge.

"No doubt," growled the officer.

"Why are you certain."

"Well," replied the officer, "I saw him put a penny in the patrol box on Fourth Street and then look up at the clock on the Presbyterian Church and shout, 'Gosh, I've lost fourteen pounds!'"



During a sale in a department store last month one of the salesgirls told a buxom lady in front of her counter that there was a special reduction in the price of sachet.

"Sachet," said the lady, "just what is sachet?"

"Well," explained the girl, "it's a sort of a little bag of perfume you put in your chest and your drawers to make it smell good."

"I understand what you mean," said the lady, "but isn't it awfully uncomfortable?"

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SURETY

If you cannot see  
 Hold high your head—  
 For the best that is written  
 Can always be well said.

If you cannot hear  
 Hold high your head—  
 For that which is greatly spoken  
 It just as great when read.

If you cannot speak  
 Hold high your head—  
 For with a potent pen  
 Great masses have been led.

But of you look and listen  
 Uncritically  
 That which you find  
 Can't help to set you free.

If you talk  
 Yet do not say  
 For your jumbled thoughts  
 Innocents may pay.

Without appreciation  
 In senses and in speech  
 A man's a useless automaton—  
 Without a reach.

—Jerry Davidoff.

SUNSET-LIT LAKESIDE MUSINGS

The outgoing internal glowing warmth,  
 Such as in a burnished copper plate:  
 The magic magnificence of compassion  
 Is not for every living thing—  
 For some will never learn to sing  
 Their lives into valid use,  
 But bide abuse,  
 Await the grave,  
 And know not what it to save  
 An hour of each minute  
 For remembrance with song—  
 Not necessarily melodious,  
 For some songs are of the fog,  
 But musical, for in each chord's a symphony.  
 Compassion's not for all that's sad—  
 For that might be sympathy:  
 A formal note of regret  
 Slowly Signed, and then forgotten.  
 But for misery, such as young manhood's,  
 Which showers pleasure with each abuse,  
 I should think, if one is observing  
 One's introspection. . . .

—Jerry Davidoff.

OUR HILL IN AUTUMN

Mild autumn breezes:  
 Snowfall  
 Of gently toasted leaves  
 Fluttering  
 Flirting  
 Dancing to the ground:  
 Our hill in autumn.

Mid-autumn quiet:  
 Carpet  
 Crunching  
 Crackling  
 Breaking under foot:  
 Our hill in autumn.

Light autumn rainfall:  
 Footing  
 Of soft pulp-like leaves  
 Sponging  
 Splashing  
 Squashing beneath rubber clad  
 feet:  
 Our hill in autumn.

—Jerry Davidoff.

WHY WRITE HOME ??? SEND THE MAG

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# THE CAROLINA

# MAG

L. U. N. P.  
Period. Post.

DEC 10 1945

NOVEMBER 1945

FIFTEEN CENTS



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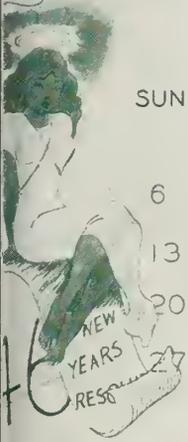
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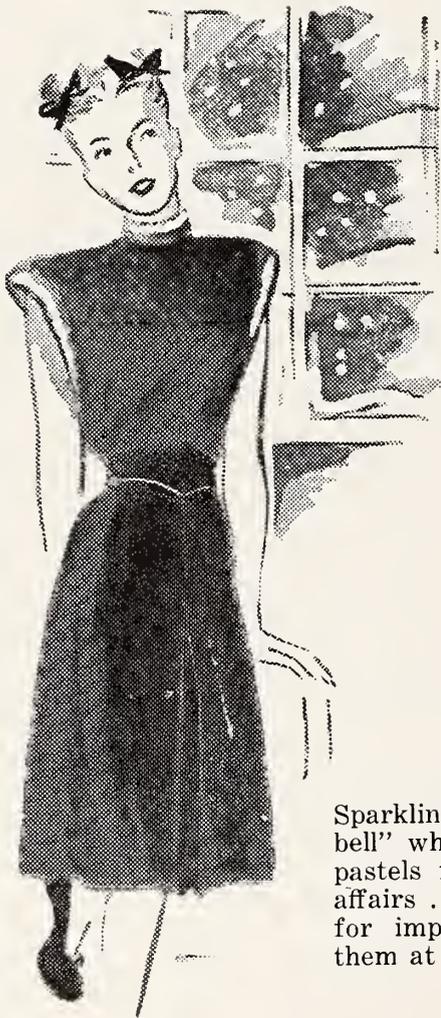
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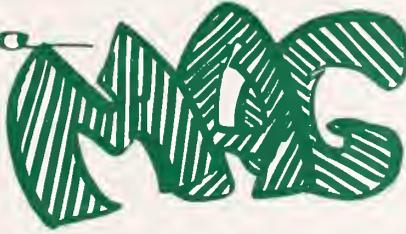
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The Navy wasn't here very long, but long enough to make a difference. They moved in, took over, went to work, and did the job; quietly and efficiently. Then with the war's end most of the Navy left the campus in a rush . . . this is just by way of saying thanks and goodbye to the Carolina Fleet.

# POEMS . . .

## STROLL

It is a few moments walk through the  
 Arboretum  
 Let us go at love's pace.  
 Time is a little thing one curls around  
 his fingers  
 Love knows no haste.

I've dreamed of you many and many a  
 night  
 Like a dream, you have no time.  
 You're always here, standing at my  
 side—  
 Odd that I am walking alone.  
 —Tom Corpening

## THERE WILL BE TIME

Let us walk then  
 Through the woods  
 Through the merry, merry woods  
 Where the birds are always singing  
 Far from death-knells always ringing.

You will talk then  
 In a whisper,  
 In the woods so quiet, so sinister,  
 Of love and pain, the joys of spring,  
 The stars of night,  
 And (in a silent breathless whisper)  
 Of the bonds that hold us tight.

We shall go on  
 Beneath the shade  
 You—a soft and shadowy maid  
 I—a dreamer with his dream  
 Drifting through the conscious stream.

We will stop  
 And sit and talk and live  
 In those clean green woods  
 Until one day death snatches us  
 And Time creeps up and catches us—  
 —Tom Corpening  
 August, 1945

## JO

The stars are more beautiful  
 The moon more fair  
 The Arboretum's a wonderful place  
 When you are there.

Others walk on these paths  
 Slowly, to and fro  
 Walk, and talk, and live and love  
 —There let us go.

And I will tell you wondrous tales  
 Of that and this  
 And all my promises will be sealed  
 With just one kiss.

The Arboretum is a haunting place  
 Lingering like love's kiss  
 But of all the memories of Carolina  
 You cannot forget this.  
 —Tom Corpening



*"The boss smokes Sir Walter Raleigh."*

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# SHOULDER PATCHWORK . . .

by THELMA COHEN

The minute I saw the tall soldier getting out of the taxi I knew I'd have to do something and fast. The soldier was wearing the shoulder patch of the 369th Engineer's Division and I didn't know when I'd have another chance to add that patch to my collection. Collecting patches in our neighborhood has a set of rules. You can't buy them. You have to have them given to you by someone who's entitled to wear it.

But what could I do? If I waited, Harvey Masters might beat me to it and since his brother came back from overseas Harvey has almost as many insignia as I have. But I couldn't just go up to the soldier and say, "Mister—I mean Sergeant, how about tearing off that shoulder patch on accounta I collect them, and I don't have that one."

I caught him by the arm as he was about to enter the drugstore and invited him to the house for dinner. I knew Mom never minded having a serviceman to feed. He said, "That's mighty kind of you, sonny. This is a good welcome back to the States." We just lived a couple of blocks from town and in a few minutes we were home. I was glad to see that my sister Frances wasn't on the porch because I'd need her help and I had to talk to her first. I introduced George—that was his name—to my father and went looking for Frances. She was sitting in the swing in the backyard, reading. I don't think Frances is especially cute. Still she has been told that she looks like June Allyson the movie star. It doesn't make much difference to me, but I'm sure she's better looking than Harvey Masters' sister. I swallowed hard and then said kind of carelessly, "I-a-I invited a soldier to dinner. He's here now."

Frances said, "What do you want me to do? Send up a skyrocket?"

I could tell she wasn't in a very good mood and it wasn't going to be easy to get her to help me make George's sleeve bare. "Frances," I said, "This soldier belongs to the 369th Engineers. Nobody in the whole neighborhood has any insignia from the 369th. But I invited him to dinner and now I can't go asking him—he'll think that was the reason I invited him over." Frances just kept on reading her book. Meanwhile she practiced raising her left eyebrow. She was trying to look older than seventeen. "He's nice lookin'. It shouldn't be hard. And if you don't I'll embarrass you right in front of him. I can do it, too. Remember?"

Frances said o.k. she'd try and then Mom called us in to dinner.

When Frances met George she smiled so hard I figured she was sure putting on a good act. And George's eyes travelled from her head to her feet and then back up again. I guess he wasn't used to seeing American girls. At dinner we talked about George. He was on his way to a Rehabilitation Center. The other men in his outfit who were getting discharges were from the North. So I was sure if I was ever going to get that blue and yellow square it would have to be from George. The way Frances kept watching him I knew I'd have it, too. I gave Mom the shock of her life by offering to do the dishes when dinner was over. I wanted Frances to have a chance to be alone with George. After the last cup was put away I sat on the window-seat where I could hear every word that was spoken outside the window where the two of them were talking. Frances wasn't handling things like I would have. I mean she didn't get to the point right away, but that was all right as long as I got the patch some time. George kept saying stuff like, "Wasn't I lucky to be able to come to your house. Just think, I might have passed right through Perrine without meeting you." And Frances wasn't saying much of anything except maybe, "That's just the way I feel," or "Ooh, do you really mean that?" Then she sighed.

I figured I'd better put her on the track again so I moved to where she could see me and pointed to my arm. But she got mad when she saw me and said, "Oh, that darned kid brother of mine. Please, you infant, go away."

There was still some pie left over from supper. I went to the kitchen and cut myself a slice. Then I lay down on the floor next to the window where they couldn't see me, but I could still hear what was going on outside. This time there wasn't as much talking but there was a lot more sighing from both of them.

And then I heard what I'd been waiting for. "Frances," said George, and his voice was real low, "I want to see a lot more of you and just as soon as I'm through being processed I'm coming back here to Perrine." Frances didn't say anything. I guess she was smiling. She did less talking that night than all the time I've known her which is, of course, twelve years.

George said, "I want you to write to me. I don't have any pictures of me,

but I'd like to give you something to remember me by. Is there anything you want?"

When Frances said, "I won't need anything to remember" I thought I'd choke, but then she made me proud she was my sister. "Why, yes, George, there is something. Your shoulder patch. It's so unusual looking. I've never seen anything like it before and I know it'll remind me of you till you're able to come down to Perrine again."

George's voice was happy. He said, "We in the 369th are proud of this patch, Frances. It's seen a lot of action. I think it's a swell idea, your having it." Then there was a long time when I couldn't hear anything so I supposed that George was cutting it off his uniform.

I got on my knees and started to crawl out of the dining room when I saw the letter on the floor. It was addressed to George and must have fallen out of his pocket while he was reaching for some more of Mom's pies. I picked up the letter and decided it would be a good excuse for going outside and seeing if Frances was doing as good as it sounded.

When I got outside I saw that George had his arms around Frances and he was kissing my sister. The patch was still on his arm. I guess I shouldn't have, but I yelled, "Holy smoke, Frances, haven't you got that shoulder patch yet?"

They stopped kissing and looked at me. "What's the kid talking about?" asked George.

"My brother saves shoulder patches, George, and he's afraid you'll take yours with you when you go." Frances meant to take a dig at me, but she shovelled the dirt in her own face.

George looked as though somebody had kicked him in the stomach. Then he started shaking his finger at Frances and asking her was this the kind of gold-digger girl he'd been fighting for. She was trying to answer him back but wasn't doing so good. He said, "If the price for a shoulder patch is one kiss, how much will you pay for the Purple Heart and Presidential Citation? I have enough ribbons here to last all night."

All of a sudden I got an idea how to help out Frances' side of the argument. I waved the letter in her face and said, George is married. See? Mrs. George —"

(Continued on next page)

## Shoulder Patchwork . . . A MAG Short Feature

(Continued from page five)

Frances ran into the house and the fight was over. George looked at me, started to say something, and then went away without even going inside for his cap.

I went upstairs where Frances was sitting, trying hard not to cry. I tried to cheer her up. "After all," I said, "I was the one who lost out of the patch. If I don't mind why should you?" But she couldn't even take a joke. She sat up and started telling me a few things. I began to get the idea she'd like George if he wasn't wearing any insignia at all.

"But if he's married, that's that—hey, let me see that letter." I handed it to her. "You little dope. Mrs. George is his mother, he's a junior. He told me—" From the look in her eye I made up my mind to leave for my health.

She wouldn't be worth living around unless I found George and brought him back. I knew where to look, too; but first I filled my pockets with my whole collection that I had started before Pearl Harbor. Then I called up Harvey Masters and told him to meet me on the corner. And then Harvey and I went looking for the only military policeman stationed in Perrine. It wasn't hard to find him on a main street two blocks long. With him was George explaining why he didn't have his cap.

I tried a lot of ways to get George to come back to the house with me . . . his cap; Frances crying her eyes out; I apologized like crazy. George said he'd rather spend the night in the guardhouse and why should he believe me about Frances' wanting him to come back. So I had to play my ace in the hole. "George," I said, "This is Harvey Masters. Just to prove I mean what I'm saying, if you don't come home with me I'm willing to give him my entire collection. See?" I began emptying my pockets.

George was convinced. All of us went back home. While Frances was putting on some powder I checked up on the facts. It was George, Jr. The letter was from his mother. As soon as he saw Frances smiling at him he started to run toward her but then he stopped short and pulled off his shoulder patch. He threw it to me and said, "Beat it—I mean go take a walk." I showed the patch to Harvey Masters and he said, "Wait till you see what my brother's going to get for me."

But I'm not worried about Harvey's brother. George seems awfully interested in our family.

The End

# THE FRESHMAN

by BILL SESSIONS

There's a new face on the Carolina campus. It's that of the Freshman, style 1945. Since last July, over four hundred of these faces have been seen on the campus. Most of them have had the usual "green," bewildered look of a college freshman unable to fathom the deep mysteries of Carolina living. Many of these confused souls, after having waited in line for books, food, and almost everything essential, and having finally accustomed themselves to Carolina weather, have moaned dismally: "Home was never like this." This is typical and natural. It happens every year.

But this year, something new has been added. Some of the Freshmen have not seemed so uncertain or perplexed as is characteristic, but instead they seem to be confident of their ability and seem to possess a sense of maturity and responsibility not always present in freshmen. Why should it be different this year? one asks. The reason is that this class which has come in since July is the fifth postwar class in the University of North Carolina's history. For four years members of this class have known war, some even fighting in it. After each war America has fought, Carolina has had a postwar class; and often, as after the last war, when Green, Wolfe, and other great men have risen were in school. Thus, this class is the beginning of the post war generation.

There are approximately 150 veterans in the freshman class. Most of these veterans, having been out of touch with college life and some out of touch even with the United States for quite a while, have been surprised at things that happen on the campus. This is very natural. Men who have seen other men die and who, themselves, have come close to death are not likely to be as light-hearted as a boy just out of high school or a girl just from WC. Things such as death are not easily forgotten. Therefore, one can readily see the broad gap that distinguishes this class from the former ones.

Several of these veterans are living out in town in trailers with their families. Other unmarried veterans are living in dormitories or in "frat" houses. There are many ironic twists in the

freshman veteran's life. He may have served in France, Germany, South America, or the Philippines, yet this year he begins his foreign language, and often it's of the same country in which he served. He may have navigated the roughest bombing mission to Berlin, Tokyo, or Rome, or he may have piloted an LST in the South Pacific; but now he's taking Freshman Math. Boys who have seen the standards of living in North Africa, Italy, India, and China are now learning the reason why life there is as it is. In short, the veteran is learning about his experiences from the ideas of men who through the centuries have undergone similar experiences.

The other component of the class, the boy who only a short time ago was a high school or prep school graduate and who has just turned college man, is in somewhat of a way also unique. Ever since the European war began six years ago, he has heard, seen, and known war as never before. The effects of war reached more closely home in World War II than they had before. But nevertheless, now he's faced with the same old problems of college-new environment, new ideas, new ways of acting. His privileges at home, his privileges at high school or prep school, his privileges in the town where he lived are gone. He's on his own now.

Since July, this class, like the rest of the college, has been in transition from war to peace. It has become accustomed to the sight of uniforms, ROTC and V-12 and then recently to the removal of the Pre-Flight School. With the rest of the college, it has rejoiced in the lifting of many wartime restrictions. But evidences of peace-time Carolina have affected the freshman, too. He has participated in fraternity rushing, many dances, football games, pep rallies, and other such things. But one thing which he has had, come war or peace, is hard work.

Another fact unusual about this class is that it is the first class in almost four years which has a chance to graduate as a whole—the class of 1949. Freshmen for the first time since 1941 have a chance to become Sophomores, Juniors, and finally Seniors together. Because class organization is one of

# 1945



the most important traditions of college life, both the members of the class and many members of the Student Body are eager for its return.

So there you have it—the freshman, 1945. He is a mixture of everything. He is bewildered, he is confident, he is worldly-wise, he has never been away from home. In short, the society of this year's freshman class is as diverse and as complex as that of the world. It has all types—a country boy from Hogan's Mill, a sophisticate from New York, a scholar from Charlotte, a Cuban from Habana, an athlete from Whiteville, a Jew from Buffalo, a veteran just out of Walter Reed Hospital, and a high school graduate from Sanford.

This is the Freshman of 1945. He is a member of a class which testifies to the true spirit of democracy and to democracy in action. He is absorbing from Carolina something of the ideals of freedom, equality, and tolerance. He is absorbing the "Carolina Spirit," which in later life will give him the courage to become a better citizen of his state, his nation, and the world.

The End

A Swedish trackwalker was testifying in court as to his knowledge of a bad head-on collision.

"The night of the wreck you say you were walking toward Centerville Crossing and saw Number Three coming down the track behind you at sixty miles an hour?" a lawyer asked.

"Yah," said the Swede.

"And then in front of you, you saw Number Eight coming up the track at sixty miles an hour?"

"Yah."

"And what did you do then?"

"I got off the track."

"But then what did you do?"

"Well, I said to myself, dis bane one hell of a way to run a railroad."

—From Milton Berle's "Out of My Trunk" (Grayson Publishers).

—●—

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"I suppose you heard the one about the roof?"

"No, can't say I have."

"That's just as well. It's over your head."



The preacher came along and wrote upon the signboard:

"I pray for all."

The lawyer wrote underneath:

"I plead for all."

The doctor added:

"I prescribe for all."

The plain citizen wrote:

"I pay for all."



"Why are the medieval centuries called the 'dark ages'?"

"Because it was knight time."



"Hear the latest about Bill Bendix?"

"No, what now?"

"He bought a 'Louis-the-Fourteenth' bed, but it was too small for him; so he sent it back and asked for a Louis-the-Sixteenth!"

—From Milton Berle's *Out of My Trunk* (Grayson Publishers).



Mother: What took you so long to say good-night to that fellow?

Daughter: But, Mother, if a boy takes you to a movie, the least you can do is to kiss him good-night.

Mother: But I thought you went to El Morocco.

Daughter: Yes, Mother.

—From Milton Berle's "Out of My Trunk" (Grayson Publishers).

# AFTER THE EXPLOSION

VIEWS ON ATOMIC POWER

by JIMMY WALLACE

The noise of the explosions has died away. Editorials of the most timely nature have been written. Throughout the world, pledges have been made; pledges which speak of an era of peace and prosperity. It seems rather foolish, therefore, for one to begin to question and disagree when it is evident that Allied arms have triumphed over our enemies, and almost every week another country ratifies the San Francisco Charter. It seems foolish, but things are no longer as they seem to be.

It is unfortunate that the atomic bomb was used so near the end of the war; the war which spelled victory for the Allies. It is unfortunate because most of us have not yet fully appreciated the magnitude of the discovery of atomic power. The end of the war, then eclipsed, at least momentarily, the much more important event. The editorialists call this period in which man now lives the new era—the "atomic era." The editorialists wrote their editorials for a few days after the announcement of the bomb's use at Hiroshima. They lavished praise upon the scientists. And after having discussed the various material aspects of the discovery, most editorialists ended their pieces with a rather obvious and rather clichéd sentence to the effect that: "the bomb if used correctly can be a great boon to peace, but if it is misused it can be a great and terrible war weapon."

Thus was the atomic bomb treated.

It remains only to be said by way of introduction that: Allied arms accomplished wonders; American production stayed ahead of schedule; and this time the United States joined the League. There is no doubt this time about who won the war. But about who (if anyone) will win the peace, there is some question.

The United Nations Charter is bet-

ter than no peace organization at all. But it is not good enough. It was not good enough on the day that it was finished, and at the present time it is even worse. The charter, in short, is obsolete. The whole peace machinery is dependent ultimately upon the five permanent members of the Security Council. These five members, the United States, Great Britain, Russia, China, and France, comprised at the time the charter was drawn the vast majority of all the armed might on this planet. Thus the Charter is a gigantic power arrangement. But it is a strange power arrangement. It is a strange power arrangement because the veto of any one of these five members can prevent action by the other four. If, for instance, the United States were to invade Canada, and after discussion by the big five it vetoed any action proposed, then no action could be taken, that is, within the terms of the Charter. If the other countries wished to take action, they would first have to take the Charter and dump it into the nearest trash can. This country, although the aggressor in this hypothetical case, would be acting within the Charter (if an aggressor can so act). The others would be breaking the Charter if they took action over a veto. It can be seen that the situation is a bit backwards, since normally one would expect that the aggressor would be violating the terms of the peace plan, and those who punished the aggressor would be acting in accord with those terms.

The Charter is better than nothing simply because there is a possibility that all five permanent members of the Security Council will agree. Thus it is almost certain that this country would get the all-out aid of France, China, Russia, and Great Britain in case of an attack upon New Orleans by Brazil. These absurdities, of course, will not prevent war. Neither will any

document which makes it possible to draw such conclusions.

There are two other interesting facets of the Charter. One is the Trusteeship plan. The other is "The Backward Peoples." The Trusteeship plan makes it possible for the continued exploitation of some countries at the hands of others, and it is not difficult to determine who the exploiters will be. After the last war, the fad was that every country of any importance must have a mandate or two. The Trusteeship agreements are superior to the mandates in that they provide for exploitation by several of the victor nations simultaneously.

As far as the "Backward Peoples" are concerned, they may be dispensed with by saying that they are the peoples who have been kept back. The Charter overlooks many of these people. Africa is an example, and India is far from being an independent nation.

The Charter, then, will work as long as the five powers desire to keep peace, and when there is disagreement among them, so the Charterphiles say, there is going to be war anyhow, etc., etc.

It seemed so sad then, after the Charter had been so laboriously drafted, when the atomic bomb fell on Hiroshima. Because however barbarously the Charter might have kept the peace before, it was better than not keeping it at all. The advent of Atomic Bomb assured a few people that the Charter would not keep the peace. Unfortunately not enough people have been so assured. Many, who otherwise would feel that something is amiss have listened to and have believed the puny declarations that all is right with the world. Those people should take another look at the pictures of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Overnight, our way of reckoning the

*(Continued on next page)*

power of a nation has been changed. And overnight, the power arrangement of the Charter has been completely disrupted, because no longer are the Big Five necessarily the most powerful aggregation on Earth. It is now possible for a small country to whip the lot. A thousand Atomic Bombs, even with their present efficiency of one tenth of one per cent, could very easily remove a country from the map. And so our former concept of power vanishes. There is nothing in the Charter to prevent any country from doing research on Atomic Power. No commission, regardless of by whom it is appointed, can do anything to stop atomic experimentation under our present international set-up.

Thus America experiments on Atomic Power, and every other country does the same thing. To believe that we can keep the secret indefinitely is folly. Probably other countries already have it. Are we going to be weak enough to believe that whatever thug gets the power in his hands will refrain from using it because "it's too terrible?" If we fall for that line, then we deserve to be destroyed. But suppose Mexico begins to experiment, and say, for instance that they have a scientist who is very careless. How do we stop the experimentation? By sending a note from the State department? Hardly. At the present time, there is no method short of war. And we are faced with the anomaly that we go to war in order to prevent war.

Perhaps it is fortunate that the secret of Atomic Power has been discovered, although some feel that it is

unfortunate; that men will destroy himself. It is fortunate because at long last the peoples which inhabit this planet have to make a decision. At last it has become necessary for us to practice what we preach. We have a choice. The nations of the world can come together and form a United States of Earth, thereby bringing about a true world government with each nation having a relation to it similar to the relationship between the state and the Federal government in the United States; or, Man's material civilization will be destroyed in another war. The way to peace is obvious. A world federation will give us an organization, but even that will not protect us against revolutions and wacky physicists. The new peace organization must neither know nor respect a boundary line, because Atomic research can be carried on in many places. The weapon makers must be controlled everywhere, because as long as there are weapons, there will be those who will use them.

The problems are obvious. How could a world government exist when there is a strong nationalist feeling among all peoples? What about the races, the languages, the different customs? Yes, there is a multitude of problems. Some might say that such an organization is impossible now, that it will come after the next war, assuming that someone is left to organize it. But all these problems, these supposedly insurmountable difficulties pale to insignificance when observed in their true light. Perhaps all the questions can be put to naught by asking another question to those who wish to enter

their between-the-wars slumbers to wait for another rude awakening; one that will make Pearl Harbor look like a pea-shooting contest.

The question: Which is more important; your nationalist pride, your language, your customs, or the continued existence of man on Earth?

The answer: \_\_\_\_\_ (write your own ticket.)

The End

*A new student in the Law School Jimmy Wallace presents here his views on Atomic power, a very controversial subject, and one worthy of the attention of every student.*



"Gosh, you have a lovely figure."  
"Oh, let's not go all over that again."



In the old days, when a fellow told a girl a naughty story, she blushed at it. Nowadays, she memorizes it.

—From Milton Berle's "Out of My Trunk" (Grayson Publishers).



English Professor: I notice another error in your theme. There is no such thing as a "freshwoman."

Student: You never dated a Duke girl.



## A MAG Short Story

# THE WALK

by POLLY DeWITT

Skipping backward, the girl smiled at the grey eyed boy following her. Her hair flowed behind like a brown sheet caught in the wind.

The girl stopped suddenly and looked up. "What are you thinking about?" She wanted to know, and was young enough to believe she could find out by asking.

Girls had asked Birt that question before. He thought she was doing pretty well to be so young; so he said, "You."

She began walking in the red hardened ruts, slowly, placing one foot in front of the other, not looking at him any more.

Maybe she doesn't know what to say now, Birt thought. "I've been thinking about you a lot, Katie." That might help her along.

"That's funny."

"Funny?"

"I mean I've been thinking about you too."

"You have? What have you been thinking about me?" That was what Katie should have said somewhere.

"I was wondering why you didn't ever know your lessons."

"My gosh, Katie," exclaimed the boy, "I don't see—I guess you *like* to study!"

"I never study, Birt." Katie jumped a tall weed.

The boy caught Katie's hand and turned her around.

"Katie, look at me and say what you just said."

She looked into his grey eyes and repeated, "I never study, Birt. I just remember the things I discover when I read." Then she realized that he was holding her hand. Gently she pulled it free.

"You *like* to read?"

"Of course I like to read. You find out about things. I want to know about everything there is."

"Well I'd rather be doing something. Don't you get tired of sitting and staring at paper all the time?"

"Oh Birt, it's not paper, it's people living and having things happen to them. And you're right in there living with them."

"That's crazy, Katie."

"It's not reading a book, Birt. It's living a million different lives."

"Do you die with them too?"

"You don't know what I mean. You can't understand."

"I know I'm not go sit over in a cor-

ner reading a book all day when I can be out doing something real."

"What do you call doing something real, Birt?"

"Oh—playing football, going hunting, dancing, racing around in the car. Things like that."

"Do you call walking with me doing something real?"

Birt hesitated and wondered why. Any other time, "Walking with you is the realest thing I know of," would have come forth without any thought. He said, "I guess it is real. We're doing something. It's better than just reading about walking."

He had to smile at the girl skipping along like a child before him. She seemed to get so much pleasure from it. Everyone said she was different, that she couldn't have night dates until she was sixteen. That was several months away. She couldn't go riding in a car either. And nobody saw any point in walking around with a girl in the daytime. Nobody except Birt.

Katie sat in front of him in the Junior English class that he was taking over. He got to looking at her a lot. He liked the something that came into her eyes and spread all over her face when she smiled. He liked the way she said words. And most of all he liked the way she looked up, half amazed, half hurt, whenever anyone spoke sharply.

One day Katie was absent from class. The teacher left the room during the day, and Birt didn't return the spit balls that hit his desk. Something felt wrong inside. And he didn't know what.

The next day the desk in front of him was still vacant. Birt stayed after class to talk to the teacher. Casually she mentioned that Katie would be back the next day. Instantly he grinned and remembered that he had another class.

Katie knew the answers always, Birt almost never. He was afraid to ask her for a date, afraid the boys would laugh if he took her to walk in the afternoon.

That Friday she smiled when he fumbled over an answer, not laughing at him, but as if she understood, though he was sure she didn't.

When he went to bed that night, he remembered that he had asked Katie to go to walk with him Sunday afternoon. He wished he hadn't been so hasty. But it just happened before he realized it. She had looked surprised, said she would like to go, then turned around and didn't look at him for the rest of the period.

"Do you skip everywhere, Katie?"

"When I'm happy I do. It's happier than walking."

"Is it happier than reading?"

Katie stopped and frowned a little. "I guess it—I don't—"

"It's happier than reading about skipping, isn't it, Katie?"

"Birt—well, yes, skipping might be one thing that's better to do than read about. I guess maybe it is."

"Everything's better!"

"No, it isn't."

"How do you know? You don't do anything but read. You don't take time to find out whether you'd like the real stuff or not."

"I have, Birt, I have. I'd just rather read than to try to do things with a lot of stupid people who never even think about whether they want to do what they're doing or not!"

"Shall I leave you now, Miss Benton, or may I walk you home?"

"Oh Birt, I don't mean you. You're—you're not like—Birt, please don't think I meant you."

The grin came and she knew he was teasing.

The girls liked Birt. He dated a lot. But he spent most of his time at football practice or with a crowd of boys. He didn't resemble her ideal of young manhood. He sat behind her in English whispering remarks that sent the boys double in laughter. Whenever the teacher left the room, he started the eraser fights. Pulling her hair was one of his chief amusements.

Birt never studied his lesson, but for some reason the young teacher seldom punished him. At first that infuriated

(Continued on page twenty-four)



PATSY ANDREWS . . . . . Chapel Hill

. . . Photo by Denker

# LILY WHITE BLACK SHEEP

THE STORY OF THE UCP

by DOUG HUNT



Before you make up your mind that this is the story of the latest campus "lily-whiters" organization, let me tell you on good authority that it's not. I know, because I'm in it. It's the story of a rather ordinary bunch of guys and gals who just happen to think it's high time something was done about things as they are. Impartial critics looking at the UCP will find in it persons of all shades of campus political belief: its members come from both parties, from the independents in politics, and from those who have never officially mixed in campus politics before.

In a way, it's startling and a little amazing that so many people of so many varying political backgrounds got together in the way they did. But it *has* happened. And I'd like to tell you why.

When we issued our first statement, we said campus government was being hamstrung by the political set-up as it was. To cite the example that comes most readily to my mind, let me tell you what had gone on in the Student Legislature.

Last April, despite its apparent defeat at the polls, the Student Party won the speakership and a bare majority of the seats in the Legislature. As a result, following the custom of years past, a majority of the committee assignments were given to Student Party men. The Student Party held one party caucus in which is picked the men it wished to elect to the committee chairmanships. With one exception it elected the men it had picked, and it lost the other committee chairmanships by only one vote.

However, it held no more caucuses, and, since attendance in the Legislature is sometimes irregular, it was by no means certain that a majority of those present at any given session of the Legislature would be Student Party men.

The University Party held regular caucuses and instructed its men well.

And the party split showed up in every vote that was taken. There was a party split on every issue—even on matters of parliamentary procedure.

Party government works in most legislative bodies; our national congress operates by party government. But when there is no working majority, party government fails.

None of us knew it, but the necessity for the United Carolina Party—a party with its eyes on student government instead of student politics—became apparent on the night the Student Legislature chucked party government as an outworn method and decided that we could be united on principle even though we had different political origins.

The next few meetings of the Legislature demonstrated that when we worked together we could work well, showed that cooperation was the only thing which would enable us to serve the student body by making student government work.

That example, and the close cooperation with which the committee drafting the proposed campus constitution has operated convinced some of us that the only thing keeping us from working together in other areas of student government was the fact that we belonged to different parties.

We did not form the United Carolina Party lightly. Most of us believe that the way to get things done is to work within the existing set-up and reform it. It was when that proved to be well-nigh impossible that we struck out on our own.

The first statement was issued with the signatures of only a fraction of the persons who of right ought to have signed it. There were many omissions, and we know it. But the people who signed the first statement enjoy no privileged status. What we are trying to establish is a party organized with

better student government as its constant goal. And that means everyone is welcome who believes that better student government is *the* goal and that the means by which it is secured are just as important as the goal itself.

The UCP has the simplest of membership requirements. It has adopted a statement of principle to govern the group at all times. When a person signs it, he is automatically a member. Unless he is ejected by the party—a right any organization reserves to itself—he remains a member as long as he is a student.

If we had tried to get people of one political origin, we should have failed. If we had tried to get only coeds or men, we should have failed. If we had limited our membership to fraternity and sorority personnel or independents, we should have failed. We got together because we believe in common that unprincipled government is, of necessity, bad government.

We do not promise the campus any cure-alls. In fact, there won't even be much of an attempt if the student body isn't willing to give us a chance.

Some of the people in the UCP have political know-how, although most political observers on the campus don't think they act much like it. Most of us don't have it. That's too bad, if your only interest is politics. Our isn't. We're interested in having lots of members in the UCP because we're interested in seeing lots of people actively aware and actively participating in Carolina's student government.

It's taken one hundred and fifty years for this campus to acquire the degree of student government it now enjoys. When you take a hundred and fifty

(Continued on page twenty-two)

# HUMAH!

"Why did you leave your job last night?"

"Illness."

"What sort of illness?"

"My boss got sick of me."



Skunk: a pussycat with a secret weapon.



Two skeletons had been imprisoned in a dark, dank cellar for a hundred years. Finally one turned to another and grumbled, "If we had any guts, we'd get out of here."



Then there was the story about the girl who had water on the knee. She got rid of it by wearing pumps.



"You look broken up. What's the matter?"

"I wrote home for money for a study lamp."

"So what?"

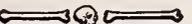
"They sent me a lamp."



A drunk got into a taxi and asked to be driven around the park five times. After the third time around, the drunk shouted to the driver, "Faster, I'm in a hurry."



Wolf: One who takes out a sweater girl and tries to pull the wool over her eyes.



"Of course I'm not married," said the coed. "I'm nobody's fool."

"Then," he said hopefully, "will you be mine?"



"Don't whistle at your work," said the annoyed prof.

"That's all right sir," the stude retorted, "I'm not working."

Prof: Who was Talleyrand?

Student: A fan dancer, and cut the baby talk.



Then there is the story about the lawyer who sat up all night trying to break a widow's will.



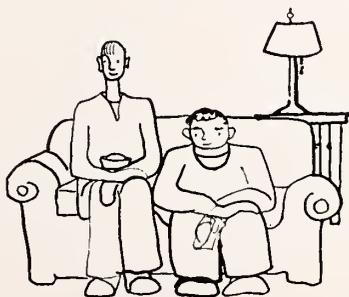
"Papa, did Edison really make the first talking machine?"

"No, my daughter. All Edison did was to invent one that could be shut off."



Co-ed: For goodness sakes use both hands.

Stude: I can't, I have to steer with one.



1.



2.



3.



4.

Prof: Illustrate the difference between verse and prose.

Bright Freshman: "There was a young lady named Leigh, Who waded out up to her ankle." That's prose. If she had gone out a little further, it's poetry.



## DEFINITION

A P.U. Board is any group of people who can see two meanings in a joke with only one.



Prof: What are the names of the bones in your hand, Mr. J.

Stude: Dice.



Frater: What was all that noise about?

Pledge: Brother Jones just fell down the stairs with a quart of whiskey.

Frater: Did he spill it?

Pledge: No, he kept his mouth shut.



Connie



# Why I Would Not Make The Navy My Career . . .

by IRBY TODD

*The views presented in this article are those of the author and not those of the Mag, the editor, the staff, any of the staff's families, or anybody but the author. . . . Incidentally he is getting out of the Navy!!*

C H

One of the main arguments that I have against making the Navy a career is that one can advance only so far, regardless of his ability. This is especially true in the enlisted ranks where, if a man is an exceedingly skilled craftsman, and if he maintains good conduct for twelve or sixteen years, he may rise to the position of chief petty officer. If a man is lucky enough to achieve this questionable goal, the chances are about a thousand to one against his rising any higher: in order to become commissioned in normal times a man must have at least a college education and is generally required to have graduated from Annapolis.

Even if a man should become a chief petty officer under the above-mentioned conditions, he will have trod a path fraught with more politics than one could encounter in the Tammany machine of New York State. When a man completes his recruit training, he is ordinarily shipped aboard a vessel and placed in the deck crew. His duties there entail scrubbing the deck, polishing the brass, washing pots and pans, and, in addition, he has the dubious pleasure of acting as "flunky" for his officers and enlisted superiors. If he is a hard worker and shows the proper deference to his superiors, and has a patronizing enough attitude, he may be assigned to a particular section for apprenticeship in some trade. There again he will buck the seniority of the older crewmen and will, for a great while, make coffee, sweep the deck, and carry tools for his experienced associates. He will find the keenest competition from other fellows who share his

common lot, and he will not only have to vie with them for the personal favor of his "bosses," but he will also have to compete with them academically in the examinations for the ratings in that division. If he has applied himself industriously and has gained the endorsement of his crew chief, he may make the highest mark on the test and thus find himself first on the waiting list for rates. If another man, who holds a rate in his division, is transferred, the first man on the waiting list will assume the duties of the transferee, being still at the bottom, however, of the rigid caste system of ratings which is religiously adhered to by all men in the service.

After a few years have passed, and he has continued to work hard, and has continued to know when to take the chief a hot cup of coffee (and when to laugh at the jokes the chief makes, too), he may take another examination for advancement. He is again confronted with the inevitable competition as of old and he will have to be the most skilled of politicians to wrangle the promotion.

Since it is natural for a young fellow to want to advance, and since it is imperative that he get along with his shipmate (especially with those of higher rates), he must become one of the "boys." On liberty, there will be drinking and other carousing which may conflict with his code of morals, but the desire for self-advancement and more fruitful work often prove too tempting for a good man to keep his modesty inviolate. At first he may find it difficult to stomach some of the activities of his companions, but after several years of joining them in the pursuit of a good time, he will wonder why he hadn't participated in those promiscuous pleasures before. It may be argued by some that they know men who have advanced without having to sacrifice their self-respect and pride,

but, by a close inspection, one will invariably discover some "angle," or some resorting to politics of a kind which led to their eventual advancement. That is an axiom or a rule and, like all rules, has its exceptions.

One day a man will want to get married and rear a family. As a Navy man he has had to consort with, for the most part, women of low caliber and breeding. Finally, he will decide that he has found the one (the chances are against his finding a true-blue faithful girl) and will proceed to take the big jump. With good luck he may find a house in a naval settlement and, with even more luck, he may be attached ashore for a maximum of two years. Then, he will be sent to sea for four years, getting into his home port spasmodically and very infrequently. He may have a child while he is out to sea and will miss all the endearing experiences of watching his son or daughter grow into (he hopes) a stalwart, upright citizen.

The outstanding objection that I have to a career in the Navy, though, is that one cannot ever sink his roots into a community or a city. It is my confirmed opinion that a man, before he leaves this brief life, should settle down in one place and take an active part in the social, political and economic affairs of his community: it is an inherent desire on the part of normal man to want a voice in the life that surrounds him.

The Navy offers a man a chance to learn a trade (a career man in the Navy could loaf through without acquiring one), a chance to see the world, good food, plenty of leave, and a few dollars for beer and cigarettes. I'll take my chance selling pencils on the street corner. When the day is finished I can still call my soul my own, and I will have to pay homage to no man.

The End . . .

by **BOB MORRISON**

EVOLVING ANTHROPO-  
INTROSPECTION

The hand of man has held the universe  
And placed in it a blessing or a curse—  
We know not which; but yet the mortal  
beast  
Has conquered all. His methods can at  
least  
Subdue all challenge to his mighty  
will;  
His form envelopes all the earth and  
still  
He moves forever onward to a goal  
Which somewhere down within the holy  
soul  
Of Time is hidden, to be someday found  
And then to finish with triumphant  
sound  
Of victory, the music of the spheres,  
To banish all these human aches and  
fears.

Yet stars are shining still above the  
earth,  
Which has not moved an inch for all the  
mirth  
Which has emitted from humanity  
Despite creation of complexity  
By some small ant which moves upon  
a ball  
Which if by chance or force would  
come to fall  
From out of time and space this very  
night  
Would not be missed if taken from the  
sight  
Of one who views creation all in all;  
No one beyond Orion could see earth's  
fall.  
This puny race exists but for a day,  
And then is gone—and worlds move on  
their way.

Yet wait! If life and universal things  
Move on forever on eternal strings,  
And man observes, records, and under-  
stands,  
Then worlds and skies are truly in his  
hands,  
Existing now by virtue of the mind  
Of man, who sees and thus may truly  
find  
A world of his creation! Great is man  
Whose mind has fathomed life and time  
and can  
Become the center of his self-made  
world.  
When planets, suns, and nebulae are  
hurled  
Through space and time (by man are  
also made),  
The universe is ours—and on parade!

HEAVEN HIGH

Last night . . . I felt the wind and rain  
upon my face;  
Cool . . . and clean . . . was nature's  
own embrace  
Falling from the place where Heaven's  
silver  
Stars are kept.  
The trees with their dull and dusty  
leaves  
Were suddenly swept . . . by the misty  
breeze  
And all that was gray . . . became glit-  
tering green.  
A feeling of peace filled my heart and  
soul  
That could never be put in a phrase;  
As that of the half remembered joys  
Belonging . . . to other days.

—M. J. H.

WITH THE DAWN

There comes a feeling of stillness  
That soothes the weariest mind,  
When the slipped feet of dawn  
Leave stars and night behind;  
She dons her cloak of light  
And steals across the sky,  
To brighten shadowed hearts  
To comfort . . . those who cry.

—M. J. H.

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# A FEW

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QUIET THOUGHTS

Thank God . . . for things that stale  
not!  
For sparkling waves . . . that lash  
upon  
The sun-swept shores;  
For the echoing rhythm of  
The fisherman's rusty oars;  
For the thrilling notes the wild birds  
fling;  
For the soft enchanting fragrance  
That belongs to Spring;  
For the touch of the wind . . . as it  
brushes by;  
For the smell of the earth  
After Heavens cry;  
And too . . . for the morning dew  
That awakens each napping flower;  
And last . . . for the stillness  
Of the Twilight Hour.

—M. J. H.

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# POEMS

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Waiting for you  
Is like holding my breath,  
Tiptoeing on highly polished floors,  
Reaching for a light switch in the dark,  
Dashing jay-style across Pennsylvania  
Avenue or Broadway,  
Eating strange or weird things in dim-  
ly-lighted back-street places,  
(Salome peppered with garlic and spice  
that burns and bites),  
Or scintillating champagne with bub-  
bles that rise and pop in flight,  
Like a single falling star; dots and  
dashes.  
Bursting clouds and summer storms fill  
my thoughts  
Of good times, stolen moments, heart-  
aches,  
When I'm standing here breathless—  
Waiting for you.

—Betty Anne Green  
Sunday, October 14

# NO BEER



"What does this mean?" demanded a patron at a restaurant. "There's a cockroach in the botton of my teacup."

"Listen, bud," snapped the waiter. "If you want you're fortune read, go see a Gypsy!"



"Doctor, if you operate now, can I be playing the violin in two weeks time?"

"I can't guarantee the violin; but the last patient on whom I performed this operation was playing the harp inside of two hours."



First: Whatcha looking for?

Second: My pocket book.

First: Where'd you loose it?

Second: Down the street.

First: Why ya looking for it here?

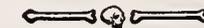
Second: More light.

First: Oh.



"That was some blonde I saw you out with last night. Where did you get her?"

"I don't know. Just opened my bill-fold and there she was."



Then there is the story about the little Hollywood mosquito who finally passed his screen test.



Two cannibals were strolling along fifth avenue. "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?" asked the first.

"That was no lady," his friend assured him. "That was my dinner."



A man ordered steak in a diner. He couldn't even make a dent in it with his knife and hollered: "Hey, this is horse-meat."

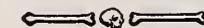
"Sure, it's horse meat," said the waiter. "Everybody is eating horse meat nowadays."

"That may be," said the taxi driver. "But the next time you serve it, why don't you take the harness off?"



English Prof: Can you tell me anything about the great writers of the 17th century?

Student: Yes. Every one of them are dead, sir.



# WE DID IT BEFORE AND . . .

by EDISON B. ALLEN

## A MAG Sport Feature

The rain was cold that dreary, dank Saturday of a decade ago this month, but far colder for North Carolina adherents in Duke's massive, packed concrete horseshoe was the chill of a 25-0 defeat, plastered upon probably the greatest of all Tar Heel football teams. Lost somewhere in a muddy morass before 42,000 onlookers were rosy hopes for an unbeaten season and a bowl invitation, exploded the chance for national greatness for Carl Snavely's second Blue and White eleven. It was a stunning and stupefying trouncing, given to a team of proved brilliance and seven straight wins by an inspired Blue Devil club that previously had barely climbed above the level of mediocrity.

Time has clicked off ten years since that dark November 16. Carl Snavely has departed and has returned. Now again he takes a team, although not a great team, to Duke stadium. This time it's Duke who has bowl hopes, who will be favored. And so you can scarcely blame the saturnine, gray-thatched Tar Heel mentor for dreaming a little, dreaming perhaps of a reparation from fate for what happened a dead decade ago.

If such a thing should occur it would not be unprecedented in a rivalry that has been as unpredictable as it has been bitterly fought. Since Trinity and Carolina first collided in 1888, the traditional battle has taken its place at the top of the ladder of Southern grid feuds of the Hatfield-McCoy stripe. The scoreboard at present reads all even. But to coin a cliché, anything can happen and always does.

Such a game was 1935. Powered by greats Don Jackson and Harry Montgomery, not to mention Dick Buck and sophomore Andy Bershak up front, Carolina had stopped Wake Forest, Tennessee, Maryland, Davidson, Georgia Tech, N. C. State and V. M. I. without loss. Davidson and Wake had put up the best battles and they each had been submerged, 14-0. On the other hand, Wallace Wade's Dukes had suffered early-season one-touchdown losses to Georgia Tech and Auburn and thereafter were not considered a power with which particularly to reckon, least of all by the bowl-bound Tar Heels, who were making people forget the scintillating club of 1929.

And so it was that Carolina came into the game as a natural and heavy



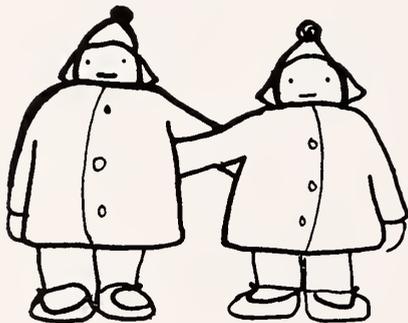
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# WE DID IT BEFORE AND . . .

*(Continued from preceding page)*

favorite. There was confidence to burn, confidence that wasn't dampened by Coach Snavelly's admonition: "Our folks are entirely too optimistic. I would be extremely satisfied if we beat Duke by a very small number of points." There were a few dissenters to the general opinion, among them Announcer Ted Husing and an astrological prognosticator named Zodiac who picked Duke because "it was in the stars." But few had any doubts the Tar Heels would come through.

Came November 16, an overcast sky and a slow, chilling rain. The first quarter was scoreless, but the Tar Heel fans were patient. They became jubilant when the Blue and White, after a 51-yard gallop by Jackson, drove to the Duke 15 to open the second quarter. Duke held, however, and when Babe Daniels missed a field goal attempt for UNC, Carolina's only real chance to win had come and gone. Thereafter the Dukes took over and a 47-yard sprint on a reverse by Jules Ward gave them



a 6-0 halftime lead, which was made safe by superhuman punting feats by the future All-American "Ace" Parker.

Despite the downpour Carolina took to the air as the last half began and soon their fate was sealed for good. A dangerous pass by Jackson deep in his own territory was intercepted by Duke's 150-pound center, Hennemier, whose return set up things for Alexander to bull across for a second Devil touchdown. Gardner's conversion made it 13-0.

The proverbial back-breaking straw came in the infant moments of the final chukker. Again the Tar Heels rolled to the 15, but then Duke's Alexander plucked a pass from the air for Duke's fourth interception and breezed a heartbreaking 90 yards for a third score. Parker himself, ere the last gun sounded, slipped through for 30 yards and yet another six-pointer, and the

Tar Heels slogged off the field a team crushed both physically and mentally.

Needless to say, the licking was not easy to take. There was much criticism of, among other things, Carolina's quarterbacking. Snavelly silenced that by calling Harry Montgomery "the greatest field general I ever coached." Duke had won, definitely and cleanly, and it was a little unfortunate that the game's post-mortems were clouded by indignant charges from some quarters that Duke had scouted Carolina with the use of motion pictures. That procedure, a recognized part of present-day football, then was looked upon as somewhat below board.

At any rate the score stood and despite the fact that they mauled Virginia, 61-0, the following week, the Tar Heels were in Chapel Hill on January 1. Denied them was even the consolation of a state championship, and some were inclined to say that they, after all, were not so great. Which was a cruel mistake. Carolina of 1935 was great. Their defeat was simply one of the unexplainable paradoxes that make the Duke-Carolina rivalry what it is.

Many a football has been kicked since that gray day. Carolina's grid fortunes have soared, dropped and now may be soaring again. Duke's have skyrocketed. But November 23, 1945, is another day and Lady Luck could well be changing the object of her snaggle-toothed smile.

The End



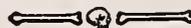
An Atlanta merchant put up a display of new evening dresses in his window with this sign: "These dresses are like fences. They protect the property but do not obstruct the view."



Two old hens were chatting. "Just look at that deer making a fool of herself for two bucks," said one. The other sighed, "I could use a little doe myself."



"Of course as soon as I realized that the game was crooked, I got out of it." "How much?"

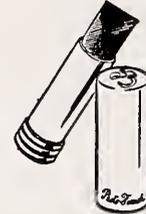


Freshman: May I kiss you?  
Co-ed: Jeepers! Another amateur!

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Albert Einstein once gave what he considered the best mathematical for success in life. "If a is success in life, I should say that a xyz, x being hard work and y being play."

"And what is z?" inquired his interviewer.

"That," answered the great scientist, "is keeping your mouth shut."



Traveling man: Uncle Remus, can you change a ten dollar bill?"

Uncle Remus: No, suh; but Ah sut-tinly thanks yo' fo' de compliment.

# Arrowhead of Autumn . . .

BETTY ANNE GREEN

*"October turned my maple's leaves to gold;  
The most are going now; here and there one lingers:  
Soon these will slip from out the twig's weak hold,  
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers."*

—T. B. Aldrich.

October's yellow foliage makes a special invocation to Autumn in Chapel Hill each year. Where city streets are crowded and people rush from subway to work, from night club to concert and to home again on a neat block or to some corner of the U. S. A., there is not time enough to appreciate the glory of season that surrounds humanity everywhere. Here in Chapel Hill it should be quite different. There is a sweet calm about October's sunshine; there is a lingering memory of summer's honeysuckle spiced now with the aroma of purple oak leaves; there is a hush that seems to arch the birchen bough; and even the chimes from the old bell tower seem to remind us that once again 'tis Autumn.

Loveliest of her beauties is a road, made a path at autumntime by the yellow carpet of maple leaves. Across this road every day walk almost every one of the students and faculty members of Carolina. Some rush toward the library, others dash to Bingham, still others amble on their way tossing merry cries here and there to friends by the old well. Farther down, there is a maze of woodland hollows among the grassy mould of an Arboretum that Carolinians love. (The road is Cameron avenue whose namesake dates back to Paul Cameron of the 1860s when he was the largest slave owner in North Carolina, and one of the largest in the South.)

When old school buddies come back

## DANZIGER'S



**"After the coffee,  
things aren't  
so bad . . ."**

**Don't**

**YOU**

**want to try it in**

## DANZIGER'S

**CONTINENTAL  
ATMOSPHERE?**

**Hot, Iced or Frozen Viennese  
Coffee Is ALWAYS A Treat.**

**And Don't Forget That  
DELICIOUS**

**Viennese and French  
Pastry!**



to assure each other that "auld acquaintances are not forgot," they almost always come back at autumntime. They drop by the old fraternity house and stop in to see their favorite professor who somehow was the only one who could appreciate their sense of humor. And then, they take a long walk down a favorite road to a favorite spot at Carolina. Old Cameron carries them back beneath the gold of elms and maple wood, and a light October wind brushes the cobwebs of time from anxious minds and brings them back once more to "hail the brightest star of all."

Any of the old fellows will tell us, young Americans, "these are the days," unstained with judgment and with tears. They say, "take heed while you are here lest you miss the setting. So much of what you take for granted is not an accident of nature but a work of art." That's the way anybody feels when he looks down old Cameron in its maple-studded setting. And this miser of time seems to whisper over young and carevoid heads:

"Soon these will slip from out the twig's weak hold," leaving just a memory.

The End



# PERMANENT PEACE or CONTINUOUS WARS

by RALPH GLENN

Marching to death on the battlefields of the past three centuries, the masses have died with the hymns of the fatherland on their lips to enhance the glory and power of their country, satisfy the desire of the commercial bourgeoisie for more markets and raw materials, and civilize and "Christianize" the backward peoples. Despite a repulsion against killing and dying, the peoples of the world have continually thrown themselves behind their country's war effort in times of crisis and the act seems to give a mass relief from an accumulated frustration produced by the boredom of tranquil existence. War and death for the nation state has received justification from many philosophers—with whom everyone says he disagrees but whose ideas are dominant during every war.

The philosophies of war and nationalism have not gone unchallenged. Throughout this period of nationalistic strife, a small but growing body of "idealists" spoke out against the brutalities of wars and the nationalistic fetishes which precipitated conflicts. They refused to submit to the invocation of the deity and Christian philosophy on the side of imperialism and nationalism. They interpreted the meaning of Christianity as a guide to peace through the subordination of petty national interests. They believe that God wants his children to strive for peace and understanding and recourse to war to settle disputes as a rejection of religious principles. Yet everything has been sacrificed during war and the "voices in the wilderness" working for peace has been met with either fly by night lip service or utter indifference.

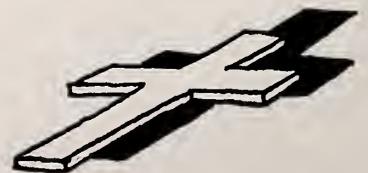
It has been pointed out that in the absence of order and government between nations international anarchy breeds wars is the natural state of affairs. Unimpressed by the logic of the internationalist arguments, the nations have recoiled in horror when asked to give some of their power to a superior authority. They prefer to give the flower of each generation as a sacrifice to Mars instead of relinquishing some of their precious sovereignty.

After World War I, there was an attempt to set up an organization to do away with war forever. It was a very significant expression of a feeling that wars could be prevented only by collective action for the common good. Most nations joined the League, the United States, supposedly the most "peace-loving" of all nations, didn't. It was inaugurated with great hope for success, but the nations began to use it as a front for power interests and cringed at the thought of collective action to stop wars. It died in almost obscure agony when the surge of nationalism which preceeded World War II revealed its impotence. It was trampled on by the *status quo* powers in their rush to make belated preparation to meet on the field of battle the revisionist powers who took time out to verbally spit on the League.

Now in the fall of 1945 what is in store for the world. The horror of a second global conflict has frightened the nations of the world into erecting, as yet on paper, another international organization. Its creation at San Francisco was greeted with almost universal acclaim. The United States led the way in ratifying the document and joining the organization. It is superior to the old League of Nations because more provision is made for force to back up its decisions.

Everything was fine with the hope in view of a sustained process of growth by this organization until the atomic bomb made its appearance. Its destructive power was staggering. Big, flowery phrases were batted around to cover up the mental confusion. It was beginning to dawn slowly on mankind that he had created a creature he did not know how to control. The United States had its secret since Allied scientists had used its industrial facilities in its production.

We were told that the secret could



Speculation on the possibilities of peace or war for the future of the world is very interesting. One must of necessity approach this subject with a great deal of humility for two reasons. First, there are so many diverse views on the subject and secondly, you are dealing with human behavior which although it generally follows a certain set pattern occasionally has very surprising variations.

The facts in the case are generally known to all students who have taken their social science and history courses seriously. With the exception of two periods, the history of Man is a series of wars with intervals of peace between the wars. During its height of power the Roman Empire produced a period of relative stability throughout the civilized world with only border skirmishes against invading barbarians interrupting the peace of civilization. During the Middle Ages the Catholic Church used its "spiritual influence" to produce the other period of comparative peace.

With the rise of the nation-state system and western "civilization" the world returned to its previous state of anarchy and humanity returned to its sport of mutual self-destruction under more effective organization and improved instruments of murder, the products of the technological progress of the industrial revolution. Each nation has taken up arms when its interests have been violated firm in the belief that its cause is just and righteous.

not be kept long by reputable scientists. Many people urged its internationalization in a world government with powers to regulate its manufacture. Despite warnings that it would make the United States the most hated nation in the world, President Truman, during one of his fishing trips, let the world in on the fact that the United States was going to keep the secret. He declared it was a product of "American" technology and could not be successfully duplicated in the foreseeable future. The "voices" rose to point out the error, but the populace eager to be satisfied with the fruits of peace did nothing. Congress is struggling to get through a bill to create a national control agency—the legislative machinery is creaking under the demand of something approaching efficiency.

Whether the United Nations Organization develops into an effective instrument of international cooperation or the impotent instrument of the "Great Powers" remains to be seen. There is one point we would like to have you consider. The United Nations Organization is predicated on national sovereignty. The condition that produces war remains and is flourishing. The root of the problem remains. The logical result of a refusal to cope with the situation is too ghastly to imagine, or is it. The atomic bomb relieves thousands of their cares quickly and painlessly. We want peace but what will we give for it.

The End



IN THE ARBORETUM

She: You remind me of Don Juan.  
 He: But he is dead, you know.  
 She: Yeah, I know.



Ever hear the story about the American soldier in Java? He met a cute little Javanese girl who couldn't understand a word of American—but he couldn't understand a word of Javanese, either. Finally, he got an idea. He unbuttoned his shirt, pulled it back, and displayed an American Flag tattooed on his chest. "You see?" he pointed out. "Americano!" . . .

A light of understanding came into the girl's eyes, and she proceeded to unbutton her blouse, bare her chest, and exclaim: "Javanese!"

—From Milton Berle's "Out of My Trunk" (Grayson Publishers).

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"I must be getting absent-minded—forgot my Wheaties this morning."

## The Story of the UCP

(Continued from page twelve)

years to get something, you don't throw it away lightly. That's why we're concerned.

From time to time the UCP will publicly announce the campus issues on which it is working. By the time you read this article, some of those announcements will have been made. Not only do we plan to tell you what we stand for, but we intend to tell you how we're getting along in the fight to achieve it. You will have heard of those reports, too, by the time you read this.

Lots of people don't think we mean business. That's why we have to prove ourselves to the campus. But let us assure you that we *do* mean to tackle these problems harder than any group of students ever tackled them before. And we're not afraid to have you look at the record, to have you pin up these promises and measure them against what we accomplish.

In no case do we have anything to lose: we made up our minds to that before we broke all the rules of politics. But we believe that if we accomplish what we have set out to do, student government has much to gain.

# JOKES

Joe: Doc, I need your help bad, I swallowed a quarter about six months ago and I want you to get it.

Doc: Why didn't you come to me at once?

Joe: Well, I didn't need the money at the time.



Hunter: What happened to your father . . . the old man you used to rent to us to hunt birds? He was better than any dog I ever saw.

Boy: We hated to do it, but Pa got to runnin' rabbits and we had to shoot him.



Knock, Knock.

St. Peter: Who's there?

Voice outside the gates: It is I.

St. Peter: Go to hell. We have enough English teachers in here now.

A man does drink and he is drunk  
A beast doth stink . . . he is a  
skunk

A birdie flies and he is flown  
A baby grows and he is grown  
The big shots rate and they drink  
rum

The coeds date and they are . . .  
but look at their high scholas-  
tic rating, Oswald!



She's only a moonshiner's  
daughter but I love her still. . .



One sultry evening a drunk, leaning against a crowded bar, saw a little dog march up to the rail and ask for a beer with Worcestershire sauce. After the dog had taken his drink and left, the pop-eyed drunk staggered up to the bartender and asked in an amazed tone: "Did you see what that little dog did?"

"That's nothing," replied the Bartender. "Lots of our customers take their beer with Worcestershire sauce."

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She: What were you doing after the accident?

He: Scraping up an acquaintance.



From off his sled our Santa left  
And everything looked fine except  
That rabbits gamboled on the green  
And laid eggs with a brilliant sheen  
Our Santa blushed with down-cast mein  
And muttered, hell, I overslept.



"Ah, Dearest, say the words that will make you mine," pleaded the Hollywood lover.

"One million dollars," said she.



Holding a boy's hand used to be an offense; now it's a defense.



"Where have you been keeping yourself, beautiful?"

"What makes you think I've been keeping myself?"



Once there were two little worms. One was naughty, and impudent and the other was polite and good. The first was lazy and improvident and always stayed in bed late. The other was always up early and about his business.

The early bird got the early worm, and a fisherman with a flashlight got the night crawler.

The moral, students, is this: You can't win.



## THE WALK

(Continued from page ten)

Katie. But when she turned around to show her disapproval, he would wink and grin as if they shared a big secret. It was a nice grin. The only nice thing about him, she told herself. And now she had told him that he wasn't like the people who didn't think about things. Something must be wrong with her.

"Here we are at the end of your muddy road, Katie. I suppose you want to walk through the cemetery?"

"Of course, that's why I took this way. It's so beautiful. I like to walk out here by myself."

"To a graveyard?"

"Yes, Birt, haven't you ever come out here?"

The boy looked at the wrought iron archway and said, "Not much, except at night."

"At night? I'd like it then too, I guess. But, well, you don't even like it in the daytime. What do you do? Scare people?"

"Katie, Katie, where have you been?" Birt put his arms around the girl and laughed into her hair. Quietly she opened his arms and walked out.

"Is it that funny? Can't you tell me?"

"I can show you better, Katie. Come over here." He guided her behind the archway.

"Birt, let's don't—"

"Look at me, Katie." With long browned fingers he lifted her chin. He bent his head a little. She just stood there, her back to the iron trellis, looking up at him, half amazed, half hurt.

"Why do you come out here, Katie? There's nothing here but dead people and tombstones."

Still looking up at him she replied, "Birt, it's like the books here, well, anyway the poems. Look." He opened his fingers and she turned her chin away. "It's all so old. The moss is growing all over the ground and up the tombstones, and vines are running over the iron benches. And see those tall owers smothering the old pump. And the funeral shed is about to fall down. It smells so old—"

"Katie, everyone's dead here. You said you liked to live with the people who were doing something. Do you like old weeds and rotting sheds better than real people, Katie? Is that what it says in the books?"

"Oh no, Birt. You don't see. It is like reading. I go and sit on the graves and read what's written on the tombstones and make up stories about the people. All kinds of exciting things happen in



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Main at Church  
DURHAM

family squares. And then when I come to one buried all by itself—"

"Katie, you're all mixed up. You don't know what you're saying. They're dead, Katie. Please don't get to where you'd rather sit on a tombstone and pretend than—than to go to parties and dance and—"

"And come out here at night and kiss boys?" She tried to move. He put an arm against the trellis on either side of her.

"Wait, Katie."

"Go and laugh. I don't care. I knew I shouldn't have brought you out here. I shouldn't ever bring anyone. You

don't know. You can't see it the way I do. And you're trying to make me stop seeing it too."

"No, Katie."

"Yes, you are. I can't tell you, Birt. I can't say it. It's the way the sun shines through that tall cedar tree and makes shaky patterns on John Ester's grave. The way the green growing things hug those cold stones. It's the way all the trees smell together. And the quietness Birt, it makes me feel like I'm living inside a poem."

The boy kicked at something, looked down and realized he was pushing up a clump of velvety moss. He stooped to pat it back into place.

"I hate you, Birt."

"I don't hate you."

"I hate you more than anything on this earth."

"I still don't hate you."

"Why?"

"Oh—I guess maybe I like the way you fight for things."

"You mean this? I'll always like it. I'll never change my mind."

"I like you, Katie, and I won't change my mind either."

"You're crazy!"

"Maybe." He winked at Katie and grinned.

"Birt, I guess I don't really hate you."

"Smile, Katie." She did, looking up.

"I'm not going to change, Birt."

"O. K."

"Not ever."

Again he lifted her chin. Not yet he thought, and smiled. Katie smiled back.

"The sun's going down. If I don't get you in soon, your grandmother won't let me walk you to the cemetery next Sunday."

Katie saw the sun red on the Johnson weeds by the pump. Birt saw it gold on the ivy. They turned and started down the muddy road together.

### DESOLATION

A quavering whisper of wind in the chimney,

A sibilant rustle of leaves on the hearth,

A lone swallow crying above the ruin'd chimney,

And darkness slow gathering over the earth.

The soft, creeping fingers of vines in the valley,

The sweet purple heather wild toss'd on the height,

And o'er the torn cities of man in the valley,

The storm-tattered, desolate pennons of night.

—Eve Knight

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# CAROLINA MAGAZINE



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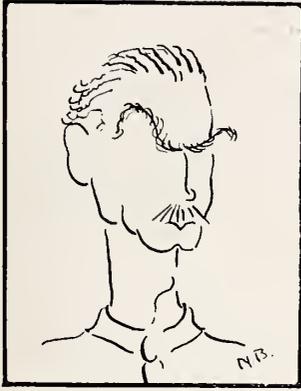
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## Phillips Russell

If you have writing talent, and it is budding like a seed inside of you, you don't want to expose it to the frost of the professional standards at once. Along with fair criticism you need encouragement. A young plant and a young talent require a warm first reception in order to grow and send down the solid roots which must stand much subsequent coldness and disappointment. Disappointments and cold receptions are inevitable for even the most talented of writers, and they are sure to come. If they come too soon, before the writer has gained any faith in himself and in his talent, they will kill ambition with overwhelming doubts and let the talent rot, uncultivated and lifeless.

On this campus we have a cultivator and nurterer of young literary talent. His reputation has grown with each class that has matured under his direction. Charles Phillips Russell is his name. He advises his pupils to learn the tools of their profession, words, grammar, and syntax. Then he encourages them to acquire skill in the use of these tools by experimenting in the creative art of writing. His hints and suggestions are many and helpful to the alert and to the earnest. Those who want to write are given sufficient encouragement to continue, and they gain faith in their ability by reading their own work to a live sympathetic audience—the class. Mr. Russell understands the incomparable feeling of accomplishment that a writer feels when he knows that a creation he has worked out with his own hands and with his own mind is being recognized by others. Standards of criticism progress with the self experience of the class, and the quality of the writing improves. The invisible sense of literary taste becomes keener, and new

# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

The University of North Carolina Periodical of Campus Life

STANLEY COLBERT, Editor

MARGARET CARMICHAEL, Business Mgr.

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talent is prepared to stand on its own merits.

The success of Mr. Russell's method of instruction has been made patent to his students even within the short period of the actual instruction. The U. N. C. students of creative writing have consistently placed among the winners of the annual contests sponsored by Harper's Magazine.

Mr. Noel Houston, a former student of Russell's, will testify that the rewards do not end there.

Southern literature now, and, we believe firmly, in the future will be heavily indebted to Mr. Phillips Russell of Chapel Hill. That much Southern literary talent has lived and grown instead of remaining forever self-doubtful and buried, thanks to you, sir.

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## Our Cover

A man gets out of bed promptly as the alarm sounds. He opens the closet door and examines with a critical eye the row of neatly-pressed suits, slacks and sport coats. After making his selection he spends a few more minutes looking for just the right tie, shirt and shoes. He strolls up to the Y for a communal cup of coffee with just the right people. As the ten o'clock bell sounds he gathers up his leather briefcase and *Time* magazine and saunters on to class. At one o'clock, on the afternoon the movie changes, he buys a box of popcorn, pays his 36 or 24 cents and finds a seat with just the right people. Later he can be found in a booth at Harry's or Jeff's having a beer with his politics.

BMOC's do it that way, but not Fred Flagler.

At eighteen of eight he finally drags himself out of bed with a mournful, "Oh, my aching back." He puts on the first thing he sees, has breakfast with a few of his late-rising KA brothers, and goes back upstairs for his shoes as the eight o'clock bell is ringing. As often as not he makes it to class. At one-thirty he unlocks the door of the Yackety Yack office in Graham Memorial and settles down for six to ten hours of work.

That's Fred Flagler—editor of the Yackety Yack, hard-working member of Kappa Alpha, *Tar Heel* reporter, Grail member, president of the Publications Union Board and occasional contributor to the *Carolina Mag*.

He doesn't look much like a BMOC; he doesn't have time. He's too busy trying to get the Yack out with a small and inexperienced staff. He just doesn't fit into the role of BMOC because, unlike most of them, he works.

If you ask him where he's from, he'll say High Point, but actually he lives in the Yack office. His desk is a litter of assorted pictures, magazines, manuscript papers, old Yacks and milk bottles. Over the desk there is a hangman's noose with the sign "Reserved for Editorial Staff." A string of paper dolls is pasted on the wall. There he slouches across the typewriter and stabs at the keyboard through puffs of smoke from a cigarette dangling from his mouth. Every two minutes he is interrupted to answer a question or pick up the telephone. If he leaves the office to go to a PU Board meeting, the printshop, the post office or South building, questions and people collect until he gets back. Loiterers around

(Continued on page 23)

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x



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for folks who  
least expect them**

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**February 14th**

**Ledbetter-Pickard**

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x



They say he's the meanest pledge-master in town.



## Music Maker

By CHARLIE SPIVAK

Your columnist has asked for a brief respite from his column-writing activities for one day and since I was sitting at the typewriter in the editorial office of the *Daily Tar Heel* at the moment, we (editorial "we") were duly elected to substitute. "Choose your own subject," he yelled as he dashed out of the office. "I've got to meet my date."

Well, since I must start somewhere, I suppose I should begin by answering the questions which are most frequently asked me in our travels. In that category falls one question which invariably puts me really on the spot, namely: "Who are your favorite trumpet players?" There are hundreds of really fine trumpet men playing in various bands today. Some of them are famous but some excellent men, whom I have heard, are still unknown. Their fame will come at some time in the future. At the risk of sticking my neck out, I would like to name a very few really fine trumpet players who for their musical achievements rate high with me. Among my contemporaries I salute, in alphabetical order, Louis Armstrong, Bunny Berigan and Harry James. I also want to mention here that one of the greatest musical thrills I have ever had was listening to the fine trumpeting of the late Bix Beiderbeck.

Another question that I am constantly asked is worded something like this: "In your varied types of engagements, which do you prefer playing—colleges, dance-halls, hotels, theaters or what?" In answer I want to say that we get real pleasure out of playing to any audience which receives our efforts enthusiastically.

## Lessons in Love

(a refresher course)



**Stag-line strategy**—Stags don't pick wallflowers who look too eager. So relax! Munch on a yummy LIFE SAVER. Then—when 'tall-dark-and-halfback' asks you to 'swing it,' you (and he) will be glad your breath is sweet!



## This issue . . . . .

Guest-editing the next three issues of the Mag is Stan Colbert, journalism major from Washington, D. C. An experienced campus newspaperman—he was associate editor of the *Tar Heel*, on the literary staff of the Mag, and doing write-ups for the Yackety Yack—Colbert joins three of his former fraternity brothers of Tau Epsilon Phi in taking the Mag reins.



If you like the photography in this issue, the reason is that it all had the personal touch of Joe Al Denker. An ROTC, Denker expects to be discharged soon, and perhaps take his lens to Gotham. Not satisfied with painting by camera, Denker also dabbles in drawing by brush and pencil, as the pic shows. We wonder who took this picture of him?



"—If Winter Come . . . . ."

---

## CAROLINA PARADE

---

It was the University party again, but not without competition. There was a total reorganization in campus politics, with the appearance of a new party, more idealistic perhaps than the UP, but with more machine politics than the UP ever dreamed of using. It was the United-Carolina Party. Anyone could join, and anyone could vote in party nominations. This looked good to some close organizations, who immediately proceeded to stuff the nomination convention with backers—the result was that their candidates got the nomination.

Woodhouse, Brinkley, Hendren, Adams—all switched to the UCP. Fulton, the Phi Gams, the TEPs, and some independents in controversy with the UCP went University party. The whole set-up was a third candidate's dream, and politico A. B. Smith took advantage

by putting up on an independent platform Marine Bill Walker for president. With the assistance of Roy Thompson, some coeds, and most of the Marine detachment, Walker took second place in the run-off election, but it was UP candidate ex-GI Charlie Vance who ran off with top honors and the questionably coveted seat of student body prexy. And to quote a Tar Heel columnist, "the wheels still roll on."

### PUBLICATIONS

The staff moved quietly, and the only heard noise was that of a pencil or two, and the quick flipping of pages. The 1946 Yackety Yack was in the progress of being realized.

Fred Flagler, assisted by Mary Hill Gaston in more ways than one, and an able and enthusiastic staff were moving methodically in the direction of a

'better than ever Yack.' Flagler, with his beat-up rain hat (see cover) at a jaunty angle was unorthodox in his procedure. He was more than the ringmaster of a circus. He seemed to fill in the show whenever and wherever necessary. Difficulties were ironed out smoothly and rapidly. Pictures were assigned and promptly taken. Copy was handed in and sent off to be set. And the campus now sits back and waits to see the fruits of their votes and the results of a hard-working, little credited staff.

### TAR HEEL

Soon expecting to return to a daily paper, the Tar Heel is not without internal and external problems. There seems to be something wrong when many top-flight campus journalists refuse to work on the paper, despite the

# CAROLINA PARADE

likeability of its' managing editor Westy Fenhagen. Perhaps the lack of experienced men can be traced to editor Bob Morrison's tactics of raising a man to a top position regardless of his experience on the Tar Heel. The present masthead of the paper bears out the fact that now, more than ever before, there are enough editors of various and sundry occupations to warrant an ashtray editor to clean ashtrays; a spittoon editor for staff members from western North Carolina, and perhaps even a traffic editor so that the path from the editorial office to the news office is clear at all times.

There has been a definite change in the make-up, contents and editorial policy of the Tar Heel in the last few months. On the whole, the change is for the better, however the Tar Heel still has to establish an editorial policy that is tangible, a sense of news value, and closer relationship with the students.

## STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Withstanding the fact that orientation of new men was trying to the patience of all, the student government organizations on campus are functioning as more than an honorary group. With most of their work done, the council is still plugging a sounder and closer knit campus. The legislature, now that the Campus Constitution is unfortunately a thing of the past, has tended only slightly to get away from individual party ties, and become a working organization. Neither one of these groups has made headlines in the past month or so, and with elections around the corner, we fear that a sudden spurt of political energy will cause some agitation in both organs of government.

## GRAHAM MEMORIAL

Graham Memorial combines the best features of Grand Central station and the Athenium Club. It has the former's inelusiveness of people and activity, with the dignity and general restraint of the latter.

Though Graham Memorial (as it is affectionately nicknamed by its inhabitants) has served as everything from a nightclub to a political convention hall, from a Supreme Court to a concert hall, from a tonsorial establishment to a winter arboretum, from etc.'s to ad infinitums, very few souls have tempted the decorum of portentous presidents and solemn oak paneling with barroom antics.

Graham Memorial has many exclusive features, however. It has the only radio in Chapel Hill which can get WQXR (a small New York station which plays good music throughout the day and every day), an almost inexhaustible supply of bridge facilities which confronts an inexhaustible demand, Miss Martha Rice, one of the few directors of any institution in any place who is the competing arena for beauty and shrewdness and not last, or least a set of the interesting characters on the Hill from mellow professors, fervent politicians, intellectual giants, Jelly-Roll Mortons, actresses seeking audiences, dazed Romeo's with (and occasionally without) cynical Juliets, etc.'s ad infinitum.

However there is one etc. that needs more than a mention: that is the campus' equivalent for the allnight poker games of reporters and the everlasting, self-perpetuating domino games at the country store. Of course we mean the bridge game (they all seem the same). With approximately ten people in the

world bridge has assumed a predominant place in their lives, superceding food, water and perhaps sex. Nine of these people live in Graham Memorial. (We have been informed by special communique that the tenth one is flying here from Hindustan on the next plane.) So that is Graham Memorial: mad and majestic.

## GREEKS

Fraternities are on their feet again, but the chances of them being hit and hit hard are not too remote. Bars are supposedly out, coeds are not allowed to eat at the houses, and the administration shadow is spreading over the fraternity situation.

Controversy is spreading about rushing; the Chi Phis want their house back; and the Greeks in general seemed disturbed about the whole set-up between administration and fraternities.

## ROOMS

Where?



“. . . . Can Spring Be Far Behind?”



## Only The Hills

By Thomas Wicker

"Goin' towards Charlotte, bud?"

"Sure, son, hop in."

The big truck roared into gear, and I settled back beside the burly driver. It was a hot summer morning, and the wind blowing in the truck window felt good.

"I ain't goin' all the way, bud, just to Monroe. Reckon that'll help you some, though."

"Every little bit helps," I answered, cheerfully, though disappointed at the remark. I had a lot of miles to cover that day.

"What you headed to Charlotte for?" the driver asked. He was lighting a cigar, and performed a minor miracle with the wheel as we passed another huge truck.

I breathed a little easier and answered, "Oh, I'm headed further than that. You see, I'm just before being drafted, and I'm taking a thumbing trip for a little vacation. Thought I'd head up into the mountains."

"Drafted, eh? Hard luck, kid." He skidded the truck past a bus, two wheels

on the shoulder. "They tried to draft me once. But they don't pull none of that crap on me. The boss knew a coupla guys on the board, and they didn't make no trouble." He slid the cigar to the other side of his mouth, and spat out the window.

"I don't reckon it'll be so bad," I answered, shortly.

"Yeah?" He looked contemptuous. "Listen, bub, don't be no sucker. The goddam army ain't no place to be. The navy neither. In fact, the way I got it figured, we got no business bein' in this war in the first place. What the hell—nobody's gonna invade us."

I didn't know how to answer so I just sat there. The big truck screamed around a sharp curve and rolled onto a straight stretch of road. The country stretched off flat and green every where you looked. There was a plowed field far off to the left and I could see how gray it looked compared to the pastures beside the road. The white ribbon of highway shimmered in the morning sun. A long way ahead, it

looked like there was water on it, but I knew it was just reflected light.

"But the goddam politicians," he spat out the window again, "They don't know beans from birdseed. They got us into this war. And you know who's behind *them*?" He stared at me as if I was supposed to know. But before I could answer he went on, "The damned Big Businessmen. They're the ones. They got us into it." He sighed, heavily, as if the weight of his truck was on his shoulders. "And then what do they expect?" Again he looked as if I was supposed to know. "Then they expect poor bastards like you an' me to get us out of it."

"Mebbe so," I said, "But—"

"I tell you, bud," he interrupted, "I ain't fightin' no politicians and rich bitch's war for 'em. No sir! not this old boy. They don't pull none o' that crap on *me*." He spat out the window, and chucked the cigar away. "These wartime cigars," he complained, "not worth the paper they're made of."

(Continued on page 18)

# Stillbirth

Complete on This Page  
by  
Charles Johnson

We stopped pushing the ambulance. John dropped down on the running board and struck a match in the darkness. He held the bright yellow flame very close to his tired unshaved face and lit a cigarette.

"Care for one, Harry?" he asked.

"No thanks. We'd better keep trying."

"We're not doing any good."

A groan emerged from the rear of the vehicle. Her excited Italian husband climbed out of the door.

"The bambino! She has the bambino! You understand? She has the bambino now!"

John looked at me.

"God damn!" he said.

I opened the hood and looked at the motor one more time. I couldn't figure it out. John looked over my shoulder.

"Got any ideas?"

"It's got me snowed."

The woman screamed out loud, and we heard her voice cutting through the cold night.

"God damn," John said.

We were parked beside an olive grove, but the village and the hospital were at least three miles further on.

"Do you know anything about having a baby, John?"

"Not a damn thing."

"We've got to do something to help her. We can't just stand here."

"Let's try pushing it again. If we can get over this hill, it may catch on the down grade. How about the eyetie? He could help us push."

"Let him stay in there with his wife. He may know something about helping her."

We pushed, and I could feel the sweat rolling wet and sticky down my back underneath my khaki shirt and woolen battle jacket. John's face looked strained and tired. My arms grew numb with fatigue, but the woman's screams were more effective than a horse whip. We pushed. After we reached the summit

the vehicle began to roll slowly of its own momentum. We jumped inside the cab, and I gripped the wheel in my hands. I threw the motor into second gear and kept my foot on the clutch, letting the vehicle gain momentum. Then I let up on the clutch; the gear caught; there was a jerk; I pressed the accelerator. At first nothing happened. Then there was a faint sputtering. I coaxed the gas pedal with my foot, and at last the motor came to life and began to grind in its strong second gear.

"Good show," John said.

We sped through the night, our inflated rubber tires bumping over the rough war torn pavement. Driving without lights, we could see the outlines of the village taking shape in the night. There was a hill, and clinging to the side of the hill was the village of Castiglione. We rolled under an ancient stone arch in the village wall, and I stopped the vehicle but kept the motor turning.

I pounded on the wooden door of a plaster house. An old man looked out of a window on the floor above.

"Dove es l'hospedale civile?" I shouted.

"Sinistra. Sinistra. Es finito. Tutti finito. Tedeschi."

We rolled around the corner to the left, and I could see the red cross flag hanging from the second floor of a square stone building. The woman was screaming constantly now, and there was hardly an intermission between her wild shrieks. I looked back. She was lying on a stretcher which was slung from the roof of the ambulance by straps. Her husband was slumped on the bench beside the stretcher, his head in his hands, weeping.

"Okay. We're here!" Johnny shouted at him.

The Italian looked up, and, under Johnny's direction, helped unslung the stretcher and lift the woman out into the night.

I climbed out from under the steering wheel and mounted three dirty marble steps to the hospital entrance. I turned the iron knob and walked into the hall. It was empty.

"Is anybody here? Dove es el doctor?"

A tall dignified Italian with a long narrow face and grey hair answered my call. When I started questioning him in Italian he interrupted me.

"Please speak English, sir."

"We have a woman who is about to have a baby in the ambulance outside."

"I am sorry, sir. I am the mayor of this town. The hospital has been

moved to the other side of town. We were given orders by your people to evacuate this place for a military hospital."

"Can you take me there?"

"Yes."

"Hurry, signor mayor, if you please."

Johnny climbed into the back with the Italian woman and her husband. The mayor sat in the front seat next to me, and we ground away down a dark narrow cobblestone alley between two rows of medieval stone buildings. The town was deathly quiet except for the sound of our Dodge motor and the unearthly shrieks of the woman. When we stopped, the mayor helped us carry the stretcher inside. On the stone floor beside a black iron stove were seven Italian civilians wrapped up in dirty blankets. The mayor talked to someone.

"Put her there," he said at last.

We placed the woman near the warmth of the stove. Several of the bodies wrapped in the blankets began to moan and whimper at the disturbance.

"You may go now. Thank you very much." The mayor said to us.

"Multi gracias," the Italian husband said in a tired voice.

The woman had stopped screaming, and the silence was suddenly ominous. The person at the receiving table walked over to where she was lying. He stooped and examined her.

"Morte?" asked the mayor.

The attendant nodded his chin up and down, and the husband dropped his head into his hands.

On the way back to our post John and I were quiet.

"That was worse than carrying wounded, wasn't it, Harry?"

"A hell of a lot worse."

"Why in the hell wouldn't they take her at the military hospital this afternoon?"

"I don't guess they are supposed to do that."

"Hell. We're not supposed to carry them in our ambulances, Harry, but you can't just let them die."

"The world's gone crazy, Johnny. It's just gone crazy. We are the only sane people in this mess. We've got to do the best we can."

"It's disheartening. Things like tonight."

On the left was a bright yellow stream of tracer bullets shooting up into the dark night sky.

"Ack-ack," Johnny pointed.

"Yeah."

And we rolled over the road through the darkness towards the front again.



## Forever Arboretum



The Marines say that she's "long, lean and lanky—" and so they nicknamed Pat Hackett — CALEDONIA! Lovely Pat hails from Miami, and attended Florida State College for Women before coming to Carolina. She majors in sociology, and wants to teach history. The green-eyed miss doesn't drink or smoke (honest!), and is 19 years old. But we know that you want—and here they are:

### STATISTICS:

height: 5' 10"  
 weight: 134 lbs.  
 hips: 35½ inches  
 waist: 25 inches  
 bust: 36½ inches  
 hair: blond  
 eyes: blue-green  
 address: 212 Smith Dorm

Go to it, lads!

They saw her come from the arboretum—not once but many times—and they began to wonder. Strange, too, was the fact that she emerged from the dark denseness of the campus garden at a very late hour, long after the respectable students had retired. She would come slowly along the path, pause a moment in the dim glow of a street lamp, shake out her ruffled hair, and amble off in the direction of McIver.

At first, little was thought of her nocturnal ventures but repeated reports drove home the hint that all was not right. People began to talk—whispered talk, that hung tense and strained. Rumors began to circulate, innocently at first, then engulfing the campus as a storm descends on a village, causing unrest and anxiety among the administration.

Co-eds shunned her and frowned openly upon the manner which she attracted a ring of male admirers in front of South Building. They became visibly nauseated at the prominent athletes that fell all over themselves in the effort to open the door for her at Lenoir, and they could hardly pass without noticing the out-in-the-open petting she received.

To the co-eds of Carolina, this loose talk came as no surprise and hardly revealed anything they did not already know. Yet, although most preferred to pass up public gossiping parties, a few girls were often seen secretly confiding in each other behind their paper cups at the "Y"—and it was not hard to guess what it was all about. In the evenings, they made up for lost time and, clad in violent-colored pajamas, gathered in one particular room to talk all at once over the exchange of daily hearsay.

The male populous of the campus accepted her as a part of the institution and it was not an uncommon sight to see any one of them walking to and from classes with her. She was to them a part of a man's world, something fascinating and beautiful. To them, there was really nothing wrong with her and, though few knew her background, the more experienced upheld her as the daughter of a very outstanding family. That was before they associated her with Dan.

Dan's entry into the picture seemed to complicate matters for many; to others, it only served as an expected confirmation. Though quiet and conservative in his ways, Dan was a familiar figure about the university and to some it was quite a shock to have his name linked with her. Dan, however, appeared un-

by

BOB BANNERMAN

## Adventure, Lust . . . All These Were Hers

shaken over the whole affair and went calmly about his daily business.

The faculty preferred to overlook the incident but many professors were known to bar her from their classrooms. She, nevertheless, continued to haunt their buildings and, although they confronted her with a cold and contemptuous attitude, she refused to be vexed by their haughtiness and continued to stroll the campus in her same prim and dignified manner.

Then she did not come around any longer. This seemed to bother people as much as seeing her and it was not long before people were talking of her absence. It was then that the editor of *The Tar Heel* awoke from his drunk and noisily demanded action. Ledinmyer, the best student reporter in the business, was called before the desk.

"Find her!" the chief screamed. "Find her and bring back a story!"

So without waiting to don his horn-rimmed glasses, Ledinmyer, the best student reporter in the business, dashed madly from the office. It took no super-sleuth to know where to go and an hour later found him combing the shrubbery of the arboretum. It was there that he found her, lying quite still in the bushes, panting contentedly.

Ledinmyer will not deny the fact that his face turned scarlet at the sight he saw. It matters little, though, since today he is a campus hero. Yes, his story hit the front page and created a sensation. You see, it was Ledinmyer, the best student reporter in the business, that discovered she was the mother of five little cocker spaniel puppies.

Then there is the one about the three Chinese sisters who never got married: Tu Yung Tu—Tu Dum Tu—and No Yen Tu.

She's only a moonshiner's daughter but I love her still.

Knees are a luxury. If you don't think so, just try to get ahold of one.

# Three Loves and Magnolias

By Charles Johnson

*The Author of Stillbirth Shows His Versatility in This Story of Romance and Memories*

**M**ORE than the scent of magnolias and the warm lush atmosphere, it was the stillness that had always been the essence of the campus. She could stop on the pathway beneath one of the trees and be completely at peace, unaware of the passage of time. This was a lull in her furious life, a respite from the wild aimless activity of New York. It was more than that. It was a rebirth of feelings she had almost feared dead—killed by the excitement of the past fifteen years.

"Hello Cecelia." A quiet voice she recognized.

She didn't want to stir, didn't want to have this quiet suspension of thought interrupted by reality, however gentle. She glided to the surface of consciousness with a grace that surprised her, an ease she seldom experienced these days.

She turned and smiled then extended her hand with a charm acquired since she had last seen him.

"How are you, Franklin?"

"Well, but I could hardly believe my eyes—seeing you standing there. It is good to see you, though."

She laughed, "I was just becalmed here, hardly breathing, not even thinking, letting fifteen years ferment into feeling."

"Feel drunk?"

She laughed again, "Not really. I suppose there wasn't as much there as I thought there might be. It hardly seemed more than an intermission between acts—and here we are again."

"Yes," he said.

"But where are you going? Still loaded with books. You look dignified in horn rims, handsome too. Let me walk with you."

She put her hand through his arm, and they walked together down the pathway across the tree crowded campus.

"You knew I was married?" he said.

"No. Honestly, I've just lost touch completely. Where are you living?"

"Remember where Kenan's Lane faded into the path up Sunset Hill off the West Campus?"

"As good as anything."

"Well there's a quiet little road there

now, Sunset Lane. I have a bungalow set back in the woods. That's where I was going. We have the habit of tea in the afternoon. Margaret's English. I met her in Italy when I was there, then I spent some time at her home in Kent—very nice people."

"Happy, Franklin?"

"Very."

"I'm so glad."

"It's a pleasant life being an English professor. My chair was endowed last year."

"I can imagine. I'm really envious, Franklin."

"I've envied you often enough."

"Really, Franklin?"

"Yes. When I was struggling along

as a graduate instructor I thought of tossing it in plenty of times and taking on the great big city single handed like you did."

She laughed, and they walked along arm in arm. The years flowed backward.

\* \* \*

Arm in arm down this campus path in the springtime. It had a peculiar rhythm about it, a steady rhythm that seemed to approach an exciting tempo only to swing back to a standstill and the smell of magnolias. She was a girl who wanted to fall in love and couldn't. He was a quiet student of the liberal arts, studying for his bachelor's degree—that was ironic she thought. When



he kissed it was moonlight and tenderness, no sex orgy, but she had thought it best to object. She always did object, but she didn't expect him to be abashed. She hoped that he would brush her objections aside and kiss her again, a little harder. Not Franklin. He was sheepish and apologetic. She had to laugh at him finally, and he was thoroughly frustrated. She couldn't stand it and at last had to snoot him for Tug Hargreaves. Franklin wasn't even bitter, and she had to despise him for that.

\* \* \*

"No, Tug, you're wrong. Franklin's not really a dope."

"Cecelia, I'm willing to admit he can play good football, excellent runner, but he even does that gently. I can't figure the guy out. He drinks, but even when we get him pied he doesn't want to break anything."

"Does that make him a dope?"

"Somehow it does, Cecelia. I think you feel the same way I do. Here's why."

"Don't, Tug!"

"Don't try to stop me, because you

can't. I know a pretty girl when I see one, and a pretty girl like you does something to me."

Tug was a thrill for a month maybe. Then he was tiresome, a big pawing kid who tried to pass for a sophisticated lover. It grew comic, but she tolerated him mainly because she could only think of Franklin to compare him with. She left him one night in the magnolia garden where he had taken her with the single purpose in mind of seducing her. It was too crude for words. He had bolstered himself with several stiff drinks before he had called for her, and his breath was smelly. She had slapped him hard, and he had quickly angered, told her to find her own way home and everything. She had cried a little, then just stood smelling the magnolias and feeling that time had paused to give her a few moments of repose. Franklin had found her there. He was on his way back to his dormitory from an evening at the library.

"Is that you, Cecelia?"

"Hello, Franklin," and she had cried a little more, knowing that he was dis-

tressed and more than a little embarrassed by her tears. A perfect gentleman, Frank'lin. She took his arm, and they walked arm in arm across the campus. A peculiar rhythm, the hint of excitement then the steady slackening of the tempo until it faded and merged with her feelings into the timeless scent of magnolias.

\* \* \*

Poor Tug had come to apologize, but she didn't exactly forgive him, told him that she preferred to be seen with gentlemen in the future. She made Franklin take her to places where she was sure Tug would see them. Soon Tug got angry again and told her she could have her damn little gentleman, that he was through caring. She didn't believe him and taunted him further with Franklin until she discovered that Tug actually didn't care any more. Franklin, she decided, was impossible.

During the winter when she met Anthony Scholz she made herself plain to Franklin with all the cruel feminine insults she could deal so politely. Poor Franklin had almost apologized for liv-

*(Continued on page 21)*

## Confessions Of A Viennese Coffee Drinker

by *Anatole Volkov*

As I slowly sipped at my third Viennese coffee for the night, I knew that my long fight against the insidious effects of this beverage had ended in failure. With horror I realized that I was being rapidly carried down that same coffee soaked path that had claimed so many others. These confessions are written with the hope that you may be saved from a similar fate and escape the bestiality to which I have descended.

Before I became a coffee fiend I was a student deeply immersed in the study of mathematics and physics. My friends (physicists and mathematicians) considered me well balanced (for a physicist), dull, and intensely intellectual. There was little doubt in their minds that I would be a well known Physicist (with a name like Anatole Borisovich Volkov how could I fail?) but how could they know what fate had in store. One day while in quest of the answer to a physical problem concerning the mean molecular speed of a coffee solution, I entered a local coffee den by name of D\*\*\*\*\*'s.

As I entered I tried to avoid the fogged coffee drugged eyes of the more dissolute habitués as they followed my deliberate and scientific movements. Then—I suddenly felt drawn irresist-

ably to a kindred soul. An intense slavic voice called "Ahnyatohle." Peering through the smoke-laden atmosphere I was able to make out the sultry coffeated form of a local actress of no ill repute. It was Vahlia F. the sweet and charming little girl with an I.Q. of 190 that I had known in "Little Russia" in Brooklyn.

My first feeling was one of intense horror to think that coffee could do such a thing to an I.Q. of 190. It was evident from the ravaged lines on her face that Vahlia had put up a valiant fight on her road downwards. Then scientific objectivity vanished with appalling speed and I vowed that I would devote all of my time to the salvation of Vahlia.

Enough of my scientific spirit remained, however, to realize that I must be full prepared to fight the insidious lure of Viennese Coffee and to salvage the remnants of Vahlia's I.Q. Therefore, I quickly glanced at the collected works of Freud, Jung, Mach, and T. S. Eliot. After psychoanalysing all my friends I felt, notwithstanding the fact that I left two suicides and three drooling idiots as a result of my experiment, that I was completely qualified for my psychic crusade.

With trusty hatchet in hand (I had also read a book on prohibition) I re-

turned to D\*\*\*\*\*'s where I found the situation little changed—though probably the collective I.Q.'s of the group had gone down several more points. Finding Vahlia I sat down and in my very best slavic accent I began my analyze. Unfortunately I was too late. Vahlia stared at me dully (so I thought at the time) with a slight palpitation in her throat. My iron nerve began to waver—Slavic interaction was having a wrecking effect. I steeled myself and returned to my dissertation on Freud's basic chapter entitled "The Psychological and Semi-Physical Effects On the Nervous Behaviour of All Individuals With I.Q. of 150 or Over Doses of Viennese Coffee (Freud was Viennese and as can be imagined this chapter represents one of the most astute studies in psychology).

I looked at Vahlia who was now sitting very close—so closely that I could feel the warmth of her body. I was beginning to lose all touch with what I was saying. Freud, no longer made any sense—I only knew that there were two Slavs in rappaport. I stopped talking and gazed deeply into Vahlia's eyes—then our lips touched!!!

An electric thrill coursed through my body. So that was how Viennese Coffee tasted.

I became a V. C. Fiend.

# The MAG Previews Sound and Fury



Sasser has them all enthralled with his music, except Brad McCuen, whose interest seems to have wandered a little.

The tryouts of any dramatic organization for the future show can be usually determined by the ability sometimes makes itself known. These tryouts have been going on now for several years, clicking with audiences for several years. In 1940 that Sound and Fury was featured by an interested group of students who enjoyed the musical parodies and cantatas. In the past even a dozen S & F successes have earned credit already. This year two musical reviews and the best of them will be added to such past history as "Standing Room Only" and "Eyes on the Prize" others. For the next year the musical must be held for the year. It can be held anywhere. Here flock the curious to see their scanties, their waists with their tap shoes on the waxed floor. In the picture Dinah Shore, Betty Simmons—all of them smiling and hoping to get the moguls who produce the strings will cover them.



Coline Smith seems to have picked up the wrong script, 'cause no one's laughing except Brad again.



Pokey Alexander, S and F prexy, talking to the audience while Barbara and Penny swing a mean round of music.

# Fury Tryouts

tion is when the success or failure of  
 rmined. It is the time when latent  
 wn. The Sound and Fury tryouts  
 years and their shows have been  
 years. It was back in the winter  
 s formed by a small but inter-  
 enjoyed putting on musical sa-  
 us life. There are almost an  
 l productions to the club's  
 two new productions—one  
 her a musical comedy will  
 is as "One More Spring,"  
 "Bagdad Daddy" and  
 productions, tryouts  
 various parts. They  
 e, and usually are.  
 acious beauties in  
 ambitious hoofers  
 oes beating out  
 pr, and the fu-  
 res and Ginny  
 niling tooth-  
 g that the  
 o pull the  
 ill dis-  
 hem.



A little impromptu soft-shoe by Patty and Trudy, while Penny and Barbara are resting. Hmmmm . . . . .



over the chorus line with Patty Harry,  
ankle.



Brad and Ginny take off on a buck and wing and—whoa! What's THAT in the foreground?

# Life In Another World

By Westy Fenhagen

## Some recollections of the author in the American Field Service

Christmas Day, 1944, is all over now and although one of the strangest Christmas days I've ever spent, it was rather pleasant. Christmas Eve, three of the boys came up from the Advanced Dressing Station to my Scottish Fusilier's Regimental Aid Post and we all had a wonderful party. We had stacks of food from gift packages on hand and an ample supply of the marvelous Orvietto Sole. We heard carols over our little portable wireless, most of them in German, and in addition, we had our gramophone and records going full blast. This was the first time that the Fusiliers had had our boys with them at Christmas time and I think the RAP staff consisting of the doc, medical orderlies, and stretcher bearers were pleased but somewhat flabbergasted by the carryings on of "those crazy Americans." The best Christmas present I got was seeing the expression on the faces of those tommies as they ate things like marshmallows, canned shrimp, olives, and pineapple juice, items which they hadn't seen, much less eaten since the war began. Just before midnight an enemy casualty came in so I saw the Christmas is not in traditional going to church style but by evacuating the wounded German to the nearest dressing station.

Christmas Day itself turned out to be the kind of day one always associates with it, clear, cold, with the ground covered with several feet of crisp snow. During the morning we wrapped candy bars, life savers, and chewing gum in bright little packages and distributed them amongst the thirty-odd Italian children huddling in the home-made air raid shelter near the RAP. Life in a war-torn country like Italy is particularly hard on the civilians of that country and I guess the little children bear the brunt of the misery. And the squeals that came from those kids as they gazed upon a big ten-cent almond Hershey made you wonder if they had a care in the world. A good many of them had no family left to take care of them and were just left to the mercy of the military. As a matter of fact, during the static front we had every winter, we treated more Italian civilians than we did soldiers, not because of any priority they got but simply because they streamed into

the aid post all day long with all manner of ailments ranging from boils to diphtheria.

Strangely enough, Christmas was the busiest day we've had during this "do." We launched several attacks during the day and the resultant stonking from the Jerry guns caused a good many casualties. Several South African engineers went up on a mine just down the road which was a bit of bad luck. I had to make about seven runs back during the course of the day, so I didn't get my turkey dinner until pretty late that night. The jar of cranberry sauce I had gotten from home made quite a difference in the taste. Ted, my section leader, and the major of the ADS had been drinking most of the day so when they arrived up at the RAP to visit us, the major's batman had to assist each of them in turn into our close quarters. They arrived at a very inopportune moment because the doc was working on a serious case so the party makers had to be ushered right out again.

\* \* \*

This was Easter Sunday, 1945. The day is over now and darkness has settled down over this broad, flat, grassy meadow near Livorno where our entire ambulance car company has been laagered for almost a week now. There was no way to distinguish today from any of the past six except that for me it marked just over two years since I left the states in April, 1943. It was the second day out on the huge hospital ship "Atlantis" two years ago that our unit spent quite a gay Easter Day. Things were all so new and strange then that we had little reason to be anything but excited and happy or homesick perhaps. But today there was little reason to be anything but "browned off" as the Tommies put it. The war drags on to its inevitable conclusion but here we sit in a big field waiting to sail God knows when for God knows where. Mac and I both passed up our two-year leave of thirty days to go along with the company on this move but I'm afraid we're both beginning to regret our hasty decision.

The Easter service that I managed to get to this afternoon couldn't have been more disappointing. The gay Easter hymns I like so much sounded

like funeral dirges and the combination of trucks on the dusty road and planes overhead made it impossible to hear a word that the earnest little Church of England chaplain was saying. It was anything but joyful and therefore fell quite flat for me. Today of all days circumstances have lowered me into the depths of gloom.

There are eight of us here whose principal means of whiling away the evening hours is to throw what we glamorously call "salad parties." Actually, more time is spent in the preparations for our party than at the party itself but we don't mind that because most of the amusement seems to come from preparing ourselves exotic dishes, dishes that under any normal circumstances we wouldn't dream of forcing down our throats.

The first requirement for our salad party is the dinner table and this usually quite simple, merely a matter of setting one of our stretchers, stock equipment in our trade, on top of a group of petrol cans. Spread a reasonably clean blanket on top of the stretcher and you have a fine table that even a Vanderbilt wouldn't hesitate to spread his legs under. Our mobile pantry contains all the necessary items for setting the table. We have found that a normal size beer bottle, cracked neatly halfway up, provides an admirable dinner goblet. There are usually so many bottles of various shapes and sizes lying about and all suitable for cracking that we don't hesitate after a toast has been made to crash our beakers down on the nearest rock in traditional style.

Crested silverware is a bit difficult to come across these days, Italy being what it is, so generally we have to be satisfied with the plain old army variety but even that is given a special little rub and polish for the occasion. Even extra large size handkerchiefs, if they are white, can be folded into reasonable facsimiles of table linen. Dishes often present a more difficult problem but unless the party happens to be a particularly large one, we generally have enough of the white kitchen variety to go around. Sometimes we have to eat our little feasts on a community basis, two to a plate, but gen-

*(Continued on page 16)*



Always catering to Joe Denker's whims, we present to you the evolution of the Carolina Coed, with Alice Flory, a Dramatic Art major, doing the posing. Upper left, is the freshman—innocent, naive, etc. Lower left is the bustling sophomore who is trying to master the gentle art of smoking, coking, and poking at the same time. Upper right, is the sophisticated junior, but apparently wearing the same sweater and skirt as the soph. Don't we have our little clothing problems, though? And now we come to the senior, who apparently 'vants to be alone and probably is! Thanks Joe and Alice.

## ANOTHER WORLD

(Continued from page 14)

erally if our guests are of the proletariat, we require them to bring their own dishes. Almost never have we been reduced to the state where we had to eat out of mess tins. That, we decided, would merely bring our salad parties down to a level with an ordinary chow line and our whole purpose in creating this little festive board in order to forget chow lines for several hours would be soundly defeated.

Unfortunately we have been unable to buy suitable candlesticks for months now and although we don't feel quite right about it, we simply melt a little wax on our table cloth and let the candles stand in that way. The only thing we have to be constantly on the lookout for are those guests who, joining into the spirit of the occasion, feel they must light their cigarettes or cigars, as the case may be, from our candles and reach out to pick one up. The results of this action, innocent as it may seem, have proved catastrophic on one party in the past and whenever we see the same situation rising again, we act as one to proffer a match or a lighter. On that one catastrophic occasion, the unsuspecting guest grabbed for the candle and the candle being stuck fast brought the table cloth with it. Chinaware, goblets, silverware and most important of all, the food, went flying in all directions but that wasn't all. The candle, very root of all the trouble, came in contact with one of the legs of the table, a full petrol tin and the resulting explosion made us think we were being bombed and indeed we felt as if a booby trap had gone off right in our midst. Others in camp, unaware that we had been holding a little party, rushed for cover in the nearest slit trench and couldn't be persuaded for some little while that the boys in Section 8 were just having another one of their little salad parties.

Anyway, while we've been preparing the festive board so carefully, the culinary department has been hard at work. As one might guess from the title given to our parties, salads form the *pièce de résistance* every time. Basis for the salads is lettuce which is generally very abundant in Italy and not without a certain flavor lacking in our own A&P variety. Possibly the flavor is due to the fact that we always obtain our lettuce from only the finest vegetable patches in the vicinity of camp. The dressing that comes forth from one of these kitchen conferences is usually such a strange mixture that I couldn't possibly analyze it without the aid of a lab expert but it can't be

denied that it has an original tang all its own. I am told that olive oil, lemon juice, tomato catsup and water are four of the basic elements but you'd have to buy out the chef's contract to make sure.

Salads, however, are far from the only dish we produce. Of course, being seasoned travelers in Italy, we find that spaghetti is a very appropriate dish and, moreover, easy to fix, so often that is on the menu. Our biggest surprise for newcomers to our circle is steamed snails. Gruesome as they may sound, they really have quite a delicious flavor if you can just forget for a moment that you are eating snails. We have considerable trouble persuading some of our guests that we are serious on the subject of eating and enjoying snails but after several return visits, they begin to learn. If snails are not available, our chef may whip up something from a can of cheese or salmon or perhaps concoct a fabulous Hungarian goulash from all the loose cans of assorted vegetables he can find lying around. There was a time back in North Africa when we could occasionally buy some choice cuts of camel steaks which when either fried, broiled or ground up into "camelburgers" were the envy of the whole community. But naturally there is nothing even resembling faintly a piece of fresh meat in Italy and if there were you'd know there was something wrong with it. Once in a while, there may happen to be a windfall of packages from home containing things like canned chicken, lobster, *pâté de foie gras*, or even caviar and if we all feel sufficiently public-spirited, a salad party is started almost before all the wrappings are off the packages. Usually, however, most of our boxes from home come around Christmas time when the cold, snow, and rain preclude any chances for a party out under the stars. So generally the items included on our bill of fare come from the land itself.

The refreshments we serve range all the way from cheap red wine of which there is an unlimited supply in Italy all the way up to Orvieto Sole which I'm told by wine experts, Italian of course, rates high among all the wines of the world. At one time we were the only troops in Orvieto, a beautiful walled town famous for its cathedral and its wines, and before the Allied Military Government had had a chance to arrive on the scene and set up a new scale of prices, we had paid a visit to the local vineyards and brought back several cases of the precious Sole which the proprietor seemed only too willing to present to those "americanos." That stock lasted us for at least six salad parties before we had to go back to the

old standby, *vino rossa*. A fine chance for a real party came on that rare occasion when our "weekly" liquor ration came through about every six weeks from NAAFI, the British Army's equivalent to PX. For a flat rate of two dollars, we could have our choice of any one bottle from among bulging shelves of Haig & Haig, Canadian Club, Johnny Walker, Black & White, and White Horse, just to mention a few. Boys who don't drink aren't foolish enough just to turn down their bottle and some of the prices those bottles bring in the open market would certainly merit an OPA investigation. And it's not very often that you find anyone giving an "open house" to drink his liquor. Drinks are on a strictly give and take basis. Of course, when we throw a party, we aren't quite this mercenary about it but at the same time we don't leave any doubts in anybody's mind about whose bottles are being consumed for the occasion.

These salad parties are a lot of fun when there's time to hold them but a convenient opportunity seldom came up more than once a month if you were on the job. The only time we were able to convene with any regularity was during a long convoy from Marseilles to Holland when we were transferred from the Italy command. We would drive from dawn until dusk with a stopover of one hour for what the convoy commander called "lunch." Your lunch, as far as he was concerned, consisted of anything you could find along the road where you had stopped because nothing but tins of "bully beef," known more commonly as corn beef, were provided. The average American may find corn beef fairly appetizing the first few times he tries it, but if he had to face it twice a day, day in and day out, month after month, he would feel a bit differently. The subject of corned beef is a bad one to get started on because you could wear yourself out berating the man who first thought of canning it but suffice it to say that we looked elsewhere for our nourishment on these convoy stops. Eggs of every description were probably the most popular luncheon dish and could be prepared in a jiffy on a primus stove, an item which hardly a man who had been overseas in the field for more than a month failed to number among his most prized possessions. The moment the cars stopped was the signal for the petrol cans to be dragged out, the table set up, tablecloth spread, glasses and silverware set in their proper places. All these fancy additions to our existence made us feel we were living in a civilized world, even if the actions going on around us didn't bear out these feelings.

# An Hour Of Dawn . . .

By E. S. Lyne, Jr.

A symphony of nature;  
A prelude of death.  
A breeze in the excited palms;  
A moon, a splinter in the sky.  
A beach, dull grey in the moonlight;  
A reef, white with its breaking surf:  
A beach.

Moving shadows on the sea;  
Moving shadows, like moving thoughts.

Transports on the sea;  
And on the transports?  
Yesterday were the voices of men,  
Hoarse voices;  
Coarse voices;

All singing:  
    Onward Christian Soldiers,  
    Marching as to war.,  
The voice of the chaplain, the "Skypilot":  
    Some will live; some will die. This is the way of war.  
    You will, by nature, be afraid, for you are men.  
    Yet you have naught to fear.  
    Those who live have the future to live.  
    Those who die will live again in another world.  
    There are those who have gone before.  
    Think of them and the price they paid.

Voices of men in prayer:

Hoarse;  
Coarse:  
    Our Father, who art in Heaven,  
    Hallowed be Thy name.

Hands in prayer:  
Old; young;  
Rough; red calloused:  
The well kept hands of the artist;  
Of the surgeon, healer of the physically sick,  
Mender of the wounded.  
Hands united in a common effort against a mutual foe.  
    Amen.

Then they rise to leave.  
Soon they will be in battle,  
But for one cherished instant they are the men who are  
    leaving  
Saint Paul's,  
Or  
The Community Church.  
Men of our land.  
Behind are their homes;  
Behind are the memories that are so difficult to remember.  
Ahead are the shadows of the jungle . . . . .  
Dangerous shadows.

Flashing lights at sea:  
Flashing lights,  
Like so many fireflies in a forest,  
Almost absorbed by the vastness there.  
Then the roar of cannon.

The assault:  
The staccato chatter of machine guns  
As men storm ashore to meet the opposition.  
The shrill scream of shrapnel;  
The blasphemous whine of a ricochet:  
The heavy sighs of artillery shells.  
Machine guns, their cadence counting death.  
The momentary gleam of a bayonet,  
Its blade wet with the blood of its enemy.  
And mortars;  
Maiming, blinding, killing.

Musketry;  
Irregular; commanding.  
Silence.  
A chain of men steadily moves forward.  
A fascinating burst of fire:  
Silence.  
The nerve-shattering "crack" of a sniper's rifle . . . . .  
Silence.

Sporadic bursts of fire,  
And flame-throwers are used against the enemy.  
The line of men is thinner as it relentlessly moves on.  
Bodies floating aimlessly to the whim of the surf,  
Their eyes staring.  
Bodies, arms raised stiffly to ward off something that they  
    could only sense.  
Bodies, lying bloated and horribly disfigured where they  
    fell.  
Man destroys man.

The wounded, with a wondering look about them;  
A wonderful look,  
As though trying to grasp some elusive memory.  
The pitiful wails of children;  
Innocent, yet found guilty.

The cause:  
Will it be remembered,  
Or is it to be forgotten, recalled only on occasion by the  
    historian?  
The sea will dispose of its dead,  
As will the land.  
Crosses, where crosses are, will rot away.  
The earth will grow new grass  
Where it has been stripped by fire and shell.  
But these men are dead.

(End)

## ONLY THE HILLS

(Continued from page 6)

I didn't say anything. I didn't agree with him, but he made me wonder. "What the hell," I thought, "does everybody feel like that?" I knew they didn't, but Jesus, my Greetings would be waiting when I got back.

We crossed the Pee Dee River. It was low and the brown rocks were poking inquiring fingers above the muddy water. There were a few skiffs pulled against the shore, and I made out a guy sitting under a tree, polefishing. "That's the life," I thought. "Izaak Walton! A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou!"

The drone of the engine was steady and it lulled me toward sleep. The driver kept on talking, but I was scarcely listening, now. My head was drooping lower and lower, but I caught a few phrases—

"—damned wartime tires—not worth a—the Army don't need all that rubber—now if MacArthur hadda—but not that craphead, he hadda go an'—an' Congress don't know—from a hole in the ground—an' the stinkin' Japs—an' if we didn't ship all the gas—the goddam British—I coulda told—

"Wake up, kid! This is the enda the line." I sat up and looked around. We were in Monroe. I opened the door and started to pile out.

"Thanks a million, doc," I said.

"Oh, that's okay, bud. Glad to help out. Don't let 'em hand you too much bull in the Army. It ain't worth it—"

"Good luck!" I said, and he wished me the same. I never saw a thumber and a driver part yet that they didn't exchange "Good lucks."

I hadn't put much stock into what he'd been running on about, but I felt bad after listening to him. I'd been low for a good while, now, and that's why I was taking this trip. I didn't mind going to the Army, but, Christ, a guy hates to feel like he's a sucker.

### II

It was early afternoon, and I was standing on the outskirts of Charlotte, thumbing up Highway 74 toward the Blue Ridge. It was a broad highway, four lanes into Gastonia, and the cars were flying by at good speed. It was really hot now, and the sun glancing off the white concrete of the road made my eyes hurt.

The cars whizzed by and it didn't look like there was much chance of one stopping. I kept sticking my thumb up, and finally a big Buick with two well-dressed men in it pulled up. One of the men jerked his thumb at the back seat and I piled in. The car pulled off smoothly and swung into high speed.

The four lanes of the highway were

filled with cars going to and from Charlotte. The road was lined with billboards and posters advertising all sorts of things. There wasn't much country you could see because of them.

We were flying up a long hill now, and there was a curve at the top. The two men were discussing some long-winded business project and paid no attention to me at all. We rounded the curve and a small A-model Ford was pulling out into the road.

There was plenty of room for us to stop and slow down. We couldn't go cut into one of the other lanes because of the heavy traffic from both directions. Instead of stepping down on the brakes, the big man at the wheel swore loudly and blew his strident horn.

The little A-model stopped abruptly. The big man swore again, and stepped down hard on the brakes. The tires screeched; the car swerved dangerously to the left in front of an oncoming car; the driver wrenched the wheel and we were back in our lane almost on top of the Ford. We were slowed down now, and the driver tried to turn out on the shoulder. He almost made it, but our front left fender crashed into the rear left fender of the Ford. The impact of the big car jammed the little car around and the two vehicles stopped almost parallel to each other.

The two men in the front seat jumped out immediately, the driver cursing mightily. I stuck my head out the window, and there was an old Negro getting out of the Ford, gray and shaken with fright.

"Goddammit, what's the idea of pulling right out in front of us?" the white man yelled. "I oughta have the law on you!"

"B-b-but, suh, I-I thought there wuz plenty room," the old darkie quavered. "If you had been goin' a mite slower, suh—"

"Are you trying to blame this on me? Why, I ought to make you pay for the whole thing! I couldn't possibly have stopped."

"N-n-nossuh, but you car wan't goin' so fast, you—"

"Goddammit, niggah, I told you it was your fault! If you don't watch out, I'll teach you to wreck white folks' cars. I oughta make you pay for this, but I'll let it pass. Now, get goin'—" He took a menacing step toward the old colored man.

"Yessuh, yessuh, I'se goin', right now. Very sorry, suh, very sorry. I'se goin'—"

He made haste to get in his old car, and drove away, as quickly as the A-model would move.

The two men got back into the damaged Buick, spluttering angrily. The one who had remained silent during the argument now was talking heatedly.

"These niggers better watch their step. I tell you, J. J., they're getting cut of hand. Why, did you hear that black ape stand there and talk back to a white man? We should have—"

They hadn't asked me for my opinion and I didn't offer it, because it looked to me as if the whole thing could have been avoided if the big man at the wheel had braked instead of blowing the horn. I felt slightly guilty at the thought. I hated to side with a coon against a white man, but it sure didn't look like that nigger's fault to me.

"If we don't show 'em their place, soon, By God!" the man at the wheel was saying, "They'll be tryin' all sorts of things. Why, there was one at the plant the other day that wanted me to pay him white man's wages! By God, the day I pay a nigger what a white man's worth, I want somebody to kick me—"

"What the hell," I was thinking, "what kind of talk is this? White man's wages? Why shouldn't a nigger get what he's worth? Jesus, is that the way things work—"

We were clipping along again, now. There weren't so many sign posts now and you could see more of the countryside. There was a long hill on the right and the pines were thick on it. But I didn't think much about it. I kept seeing that nigger in the old A-model, and wondering if he got white man's wages. What a way to win a war—

### III

We got into Asheville late that afternoon. The two men let me out uptown and it was about six o'clock. I decided to catch a sandwich and a short beer for supper. Funds were low so I headed for a back street. I found a dive and went in.

There were a lot of people in the place, and it smelled like beer and hot-dogs. A juke-box was blaring in the back, but you could hardly hear it over the hum of conversation and the yells of people calling to one another.

"Two beers, Sam—"

"So I says to Mabel, I says—"

"Come on and have one or two with me—"

"This soup is lousy—"

"So what the hell? Eisenhower knows what—"

A buxom waitress slopped up to my table and stuck a fly-stained menu in front of me. "What'll it be, bub?" she asked, not looking at me.

I shoved the menu aside. "Cheese sandwich and Schlitz," I answered shortly. "Make it quick."

"Take your time, Mac, there's a war on," she answered sourly. She sniffed her nose, and moved off, slowly.

I looked around, again. It was a pretty sorry dive. The row of men

along the counter looked like a set of tough eggs. Most of them were drinking beer; a few were eating cheap lunches. The booths were filled with men and women. The tables were lined with beer bottles and the place reeked of sour alcohol.

A dishevelled, middle-aged man dropped heavily into the seat across from me. From his breath and his manner, I could tell he was cooked to the lid.

"Whassa matter, bud?" he mouthed, "Why you ain't in the uniform? Like those poor guys—" he pointed at the soldiers and sailors scattered through the joint. They were the toughest looking individuals in the place and had more beer bottles lined up in front of them. "Whassa matter? You 4-F, too?"

"Naw," I grinned at the drunk, "I'm just about in, now. Gettin' my orders any day—may already be in."

He looked at me with solemn, owlish eyes. "Have a beer," he said. "On me."

"No, thanks, I got a beer and sandwich comin'."

"That's tough, kid." He regarded me solemnly. "You'll be lucky to live through it."

"What? The Army?"

"Naw, that sandwich you ordered. I've et here before." He tipped up his beer bottle and regarded it with a fond look. "Great stuff, great stuff. Nothing like Schlitz."

He was drinking Budweiser, but I didn't say anything.

The waitress came shambling back with my sandwich and a bottle of Schlitz. She stopped by the table and started to set the stuff down. My companion looked at her, and slyly pinched her rear.

She straightened up slowly, and looked at him, tough-like. "You do that again and I'll knock your goddam block off."

He screeched with laughter. "Just thought I'd feel you out, Baby." He seemed to find this terrifically funny, and howled in glee.

"It's no use, you old has-been. Go back to your beer!" She slopped off to another booth.

Again, he tipped the bottle. This time he drained it. "Great stuff, great stuff." He watched me slowly eating the sandwich. I ate it from necessity only. God knows, I'd never eat it from choice. "So you're goina Army, huh?" He grunted. "I almost went, oncet. But the goddam doctorsh—you know what the goddam doctorsh told me?" He stared at me with the same owlish look.

"What?"

"Tolme I wan't goodnough for the goddamArmy—"

"Tough."

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"Not goodnough. Me! Why, I can lick any man in this hole."

"Sure, sure—"

"You don' b'lieve me—listen, kid—the goddam doctorsh don' know nothin'—the Army don' know nothin'—what the hell—I'm better man than mosta them pansy doctorsh—"

I let him rave on.

"Locka this place, kid—ever see sucha buncha damfools—whatta they care 'bouta war—looka them throw the beer down they mangy gullets—they don' givea damn—it's a bitch, kid." He grabbed my bottle and threw down a good drink. "It's a bitch." He wiped his mouth with his sleeve and looked at me.

"Yeah," I said, "Yeah, it is."

"Thasright, kid, you tel'em—you know. Say, kid, d'I tel' you what goddam doctorsh tolme—"

"Yeah," wearily, "Yeah, you told me all about it."

## IV

I wanted to get on that night, so I left Asheville as soon as I could and headed out toward the Great Smokies Park. It was getting dark and rides weren't so plentiful in this part of the country. Finally, about eight o'clock, I got a ride into Sylva. The guy driving was really checking out, and we pulled into the little town about nine fifteen.

There wasn't much traffic on the road, so I decided to spend the night

there. I walked around and looked at the place. The County Courthouse was located there. It was on a very high hill right in the middle of town, with a long flight of steps leading from the street up to it. I slowly climbed the steps toward the building that seemed to hover over the mountain town and as I ascended, the yellow moon came out and hung a glow over the hill and the courthouse, and cascaded on the sleepy looking village. I stood there a long time just looking. Far away, up in the high mountains, I could see the headlights of cars winding up the hills, like lightning-bugs flashing their lanterns. The dark bulk of the mountains themselves loomed high into the moonlight sky. It was a peaceful scene, and I drew long breaths of the dewy air.

I walked back down the long stairway and began to wonder where I would sleep that night. I looked along the main thoroughfare and there seemed to be only one hotel. I went and engaged a room for the night. I looked at my watch, and it was still early. The porch of the hotel was inviting, so I wandered out and dropped wearily into a cane bottom chair.

There was a girl sitting about two chairs away, the only other occupant of the porch. I could tell she was older than I was. The moonlight showed her to be pretty cute, too. She had her legs crossed, and I thought they looked pretty good from where I sat. I moved over and sat beside her.

She smiled as I sat down, and I saw she wasn't as good-looking as one would think from a distance. She was older than I had thought, and had a rubbed-out look about her. Her hair was a bit stringy, too. But her legs still looked good, and I saw that she had a body to match.

"Mind if we talk?" I said.

"Not at all. I was just wishing someone would come along." She smiled again, and I hitched my chair a little nearer.

"Uh—it's a nice night, isn't it?" I scounded foolish in the moonlight. The streets were dark and deserted by now,

*(Continued on page 20)*



"He says his name is Partch!"

and only the occasional headlights of a car probed the darkness.

"You bet." I started, for her hand had clasped mine, and entwined my fingers. I looked back at her hard face, and caught on, quick. I squeezed back on her hand.

We sat there for a minute, and I was wondering what the next move would be. Suddenly, she let go of my hand, and stood up. She moved over to a porch swing that was back in the shadows. She sat and looked over her shoulder at me.

"What are you waitin' for?" I thought, and followed her.

I sat down in the swing, and allowed my arm to fall along the back of it. She didn't move away from it.

"What are you doing in Sylva?" she asked.

"Oh, just raisin' a little hell before the Army gets me. I'm expecting my orders when I get back home."

"Where's home?"

"Charlotte." I lied quickly. I slid my arm down around her shoulders and she still didn't resist. "Do you live here?"

"Yeah, in the hotel. My husband's in the Army, and I'm staying up here in the mountains till he gets back."

I was startled. In the Army, eh? I started to take my arm from around her shoulders, but just as I did, I looked down and got a glimpse of that body again. I swallowed hard. What the hell . . .

"You must get kinda lonely, I reckon."

"Sometimes."

"Work anywhere?"

"Hell, no!" Her vehemence startled me. "Why should I work. I get a fat check from the government every month."

"I reckon that's so." I pulled her a little tighter and she looked up at me. I bent down to kiss her, but she pulled her head away.

"You must think I'm awful easy, bud."

"Not so easy. Just right."

"You think?"

"I think—" I kissed her, quickly,

and then slow and easy. Finally, I came up for air.

"Gee—you're not so rough as some guys, are you?"

"Some guys?"

"My husband, I mean—"

"Let's forget him."

For answer she pulled my head toward her, and we kissed again. I held her tightly and whispered in her ear, "How about it—"

She didn't answer for a minute. Finally, "What's your room number?" she whispered. I felt guilty, and I wondered if it was too late to catch a ride out of town. She was hard and impersonal; it would mean nothing to her, nothing to me. I kept hearing her say, "My husband's in the Army—"

What the hell. I'd soon be in the Army, too—

"It's 216."

## V

It was cooler the next morning. I checked out of the hotel early and hit the road for Cherokee. I felt like hell.

I caught a quick ride with a driver going up to Newfound Gap, and settled down in the back seat. The scenery was beautiful, but I wasn't looking at it. I kept thinking what a fourteen carat heel I was, and about that guy in the Army, sending a check home every month. I was lower than I had been on the whole trip.

This trip hadn't done what I'd expected it to do . . . I'd never been around much, and I wanted to get out and see the country, some, before they clapped me in the khaki. I figured a guy ought to know something about his own territory before he went traipsing off into other people's.

I tried to forget how sorry I felt, and looked at the scenery. Away up in front, the Smokies bulged on the horizon, with the haziness that gave them their name surrounding the higher peaks. Far off and to the right, there were other mountains. I didn't know their names. We were traveling in fairly low country now. The road stretched straight for some way ahead; I could see it winding up the hills in front, a white gash against the green

of the foliage. The sun was bright and cheery, not hot. I began to feel a little better. Country will do that for you.

The driver was taking it slow, and after we went through Cherokee, and hit the Park, there were no signs, no billboards, no nothing to mar the still beauty of the land and the hills.

And all of a sudden, we came around a curve, and the country fell away from us in long rolling sweeps, and we were gazing upon a land that God made. Far below us, a small cabin nestled at the foot of a steep incline. It couldn't be lived in, for nobody lived in the Park. I supposed it was just there for looks, and I agreed with those who had left it. A green valley stretched from it, and the hills rose again beyond the forests.

We stopped at Newfound Gap about dinner-time. I got out of the car and walked off by myself, away from the tourist look-out, up into the woods that surrounded the hill. I gazed away at the country, and suddenly, I knew why I had come—

This country was the land that I lived in and it was the life that I loved. I had never thought at all about why I was going to fight in a war, why that war should be, what it was about. I never saw any sense in getting dew-eyed about such things. I left the reasons to the politicians and the bigshots. The only thing that had ever bothered me was the question: Is it worth it? Like I said, a guy hates to feel like a sucker.

I saw a boy and a girl walking a little way below me, hand in hand. I wondered what this meant to them. Probably, a romantic setting, a land that just made you want to watch in silence. It was more than that to me. It was the answer to my question.

Hell, yes, a country, a land, a place, anywhere, like this was worth fighting for—no matter what the reason.

I thought back to the things that had happened to me since I left home yesterday morning. A burly, blustering truck driver, blathering off his own

*(Continued on page 22)*

# PRESCRIPTIONS

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## THREE LOVES AND MAGNOLIAS

(Continued from page 11)

ing, so sincerely that it infuriated her. She laughed outright in his face, and he left her.

Anthony Scholz was a fascinating man of twenty-six, a graduate student of psychology, at the university to write his Doctor's thesis. She was his for the asking, and he asked her.

They moved to New York that June to live. It was a thrilling life—theatre, millions of people, a husband who had just sold a novel. Still she had never really cared for Greenwich Village where they stayed. She had been ready for anything, and Tony had said it was the only place in New York to live. She had gone Bohemian with him and enjoyed for a while the sudden release of long bred inhibitions—the artist's freedom, Tony called it. She tried her hand at painting and took it seriously. Then Ted was born, and she was immensely happy until he died of diphtheria, an infant of three months. After that she never cared, or pretended to care, for the spirit of the village where life breathed so heavy beneath low ceilings in rooms filled with tobacco smoke, dim lights, and liquor. She tired of those men who enjoyed the sensation of living an unhealthy life. These men played soft music and lived in cellars where they kept their excuse for being alive—an unfinished novel, a self-termed potential masterpiece of painting, sheafs of music which some day were to become a symphony. Tony remained enthusiastic and met with them nightly in cafes to discuss life, its hidden deeper meaning. He never wrote any more, just talked about writing.

Cecelia knew of two adventurous and intellectual young women (too broad minded for Georgia). And there was one middle-aged divorcee from Iowa who was determined not to waste her entire life on "Main Street." These women were often present at the meetings, and it was clear they weren't averse to sleeping with the promising young artists. Tony raved about the brilliant, so misunderstood, poet-philosopher Atworthy.

"Atworthy's great. His verse, by the way, if it were published would make him the poet of the century."

"Then why doesn't he publish it?" she asked.

Tony looked at her with real pity and replied gently, "For that very reason. He knows it will make him famous, and for that very reason he

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## DANZIGER'S

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chocolate and some pastries  
next Saturday night?  
•

won't allow it to be published until after his death."

Cecelia bore all of this grimly, trying not to be suspicious of Tony but knowing that she couldn't fool herself. He hardly paid any attention to her any more. They were almost without funds. Still she didn't leave him until she discovered with shame the new object of his affection.

She met Ronald St. George just off Washington Square one evening after dark. He was a delicate youth and was very drunk. He was proud of something and wanted to tell Cecelia about it. She didn't want to talk to him, but he fell in stride with her.

"See what your husband gave me," he said.

She looked stupefied at the jewelled bracelet he wore on his thin left wrist.

She couldn't go back to her father's home at the university. She was too proud. Determined to make her own way, she saw her husband's first publisher. He was kind to those who really knew him, and he gave her a position in the firm.

The publishing business seemed wholesome after the perverted life she had left behind her. Her natural charm stood by her well, and she rose quickly in the business. When she left her first employer, he had no hard feelings.

"It's the only way you get ahead in this business. The best of luck to you."

New York became a real place to her. A hard and tricky game they played here, but she was determined to learn to play it with the best of them—and beat the best of them. You had to be hard, she decided.

She was hard when she heard about Tony's suicide and wasn't a bit ashamed that she didn't shed a tear. As for wearing black—that would be a laugh.

It was exciting for a while. She learned to give and take the double-cross with skill and calm, learned to laugh about it, until one day she felt very tired. She stopped to think what she had beaten and could think of nothing. Whom had she beaten? Herself, perhaps. It was a sudden melancholia that gripped her and wouldn't let her go. Doctor Garson insisted that she get away for awhile.

The quiet university village didn't even occur to her, strangely enough. A letter from her father took her back. He thought he was dying, had given up teaching Greek, and was living on his pension from the Rand endowment. He wanted to see her. She came.

It was to be a brief intermission, but . . . .

\* \* \*

Franklin's bungalow was very attractive, simple and in good taste. Margaret, his wife, was a lovely girl of twenty-four soon to be a mother.

Cecelia was tortured for a moment by a grief filled memory, but then she smiled. Franklin—a father, at thirty-five a professor with an endowed chair, and still a gentleman. She would stay and keep house for her father and pretend that it was Franklin.

She was still young. Perhaps the rhythm might someday change, but not now. It was a rhythm not without charm, an exciting rise like a thousand violins, the tempo increases only to slacken and fade with her memories and feelings into the timeless scent of the magnolias.

The End

# JOKES

Spouse: "What time is it?"

Louse: "I can't tell. There's two hands on this watch and I don't know which to believe."

—Cornell Widow.



"Why the toothbrush in your lapel?"

"It's my class pin . . . I go to Colgate."

—The Log.



And then there is the dumb stenographer who didn't mail the circular letters because she couldn't find any round envelopes.

—The Boulder.



Rushee: "Who is your close-mouthed brother over there?"

Frat Man: "He's not close-mouthed, he's waiting for the house boy to come back with the spittoon."



"Is your girl spoiled?"

"No, it's just the perfume she's wearing."



Tear down the front steps, father, I've found a bigger stoop.



"It's not just the work I enjoy," said the taxi driver, "it's the people I run into."



Shirley: "John ate something that made him very sick."

Julia: "Croquette?"

S: "Not yet, but he is very sick."

# ONLY THE HILLS

(Continued from page 20)

peculiar brand of nonsense, bitter at everyone who had gone further than he, not willing to listen to anyone. A bloated, pompous, rich man, the wine of the manufacturer in his blood, the Great American Success, the bullying, browbeating threatener of an old and harmless Negro, an old darkie who only wanted what he earned. A shabby, beaten, old drunk, a philosopher and souse, a nobody who saw the futility in the people. A hardened woman who lived off a fat government check, and gave herself to the first asker, and read a husband's grimy letters with a disdainful sneer. A boy who took what she offered and turned a deaf ear to conscience, and went to a shabby tryst in a country hotel.

I thought of it all, and knew that everything I had seen, everything I had done, all the people I had met, had shaped and pointed out the question that was in my mind. Everything asked, "Is it worth it?" and only the hills had answered.

"Hey, son," the man who had picked me up called out, "You ready to go?"

I looked at the hills again and then I walked toward the car.

"Yeah," I answered, "Yeah, I'm ready to go—"

A Scotchman was leaving on a business trip and he called back as he went out the door, "Good-bye all, and dinna forget to take little Donald's glasses off when he isn't looking at anything."

—Cornell Widow.



"Are you the woman who saved my little boy from drowning?"

"Yes."

"Well, where the hell's his cap?"



"Will you please give me a dime, sir, I'm deaf and dumb."

"Deaf and dumb?"

"Oh, fudge, I mean I'm blind. It's me twin brudder who's deaf and dumb and we look so much alike that I get us all mixed up."

—Punch Bowl.

# HUMOR

Prof: "Are you doing anything this evening Miss Clonk?"

Co-ed (hopefully): "No, not a thing."

Prof: "Well, then try to be on time for class tomorrow."



Funeral Director: "How old are you?"

Gramps: "I'll be ninety-eight next month."

F. D.: "Heh, heh, hardly worth going home, is it?"

—Jester.



"Who was that ladle I saw you eating with last night?"

"That was no ladle, that was my knife."



"Got some updock on your collar."

"What's updock?"

"Whaddeya trying to do, imitate Bugs Bunny?"



Duke Student: "Do you like it here?"

2nd Duke Stude: "Yes."

1st Ditto: "You must have one helluva home life."



Prof: "I will not start today's lecture until the room settles down."

Rotacee: "Why don't you go home and sleep it off, sir?"



"I didn't raise my daughter to be fiddled with," said the cat as she rescued her offspring from the violin factory.

"Well," said the hula dancer as she started for the stage, "I think I'll put the motion before the house."



She: "What were you doing after the accident?"

He: "Scraping up an acquaintance."



Hunter: "What happened to your father, the old man you used to rent to us to hunt birds? He was better than any dog I ever saw."

Boy: "We hated to do it, but Pa got to runnin' rabbits and we had to shoot him."



Lady: "I want to see some gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please."

Clerk: "White kid?"

Lady: "Sir!"

—Voodoo.



A man does drink and he is drunk  
A beast doth stink . . . he is a skunk

A birdie flies and he is flown  
A baby grows and he is grown  
The big shots rate and they drink rum

The coeds date and they are . . .  
but look at their high scholastic rating, Oswald!



Passenger: "Do boats sink often?"

Captain: "No, only once."

From off his sled our Santa Lept  
And everything looked fine, except

That rabbits gamboled on the green  
And laid eggs with a brilliant sheen

Our Santa blushed with downcast mien  
And muttered, hell, I overslept.

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Joe: "Doc, I need your help bad. I swallowed a quarter about six months ago and I want you to get it."

Doc: "Why didn't you come to me at once?"

Joe: "Well, I didn't need the money at the time."

## OUR COVER

(Continued from page 2)

Graham Memorial probably wonder who the busy fellow with the hair, the big book and the ruler is. If he's wearing a hunted expression and a corduroy coat—tearing up and down the halls from the coke machine in the basement to his unofficial office in the Grail room by way of the darkroom, the TH office and photo service—that's Flagler.

He's the first editor of the Yackety Yack to take on the job without previous experience with yearbooks. He had edited his high school paper, worked on the High Point *Enterprise* and had simultaneously held down the managing editor's job and the editor's job on the *Tar Heel* in the fall of 1944. Last spring when campus politicians were looking for a man to edit the '46 Book, Flagler's name was mentioned. His lack of experience was a handicap, but his general publications know-how convinced student voters that he was the man for the job. As soon as the votes were counted he started organizing his staff. Conferences in Charlotte with printers and engravers began immediately. Recognizing his own inexperience, he set out to learn from the men who knew. He listened as they warned him of the problems ahead. Then layouts were drawn up, the dummy was submitted and approved and deadlines were agreed upon. Since that time he has lived with the Yack. He eats with copy for the Book propped up beside his plate. He sleeps only when someone reminds him that it is necessary. When a staff member lets him down, he starts filing, typing or making appointments for Denker, Colepaugh or Bambalis. Somehow through the turmoil and confusion everything seems to work out all right, and members of his staff will tell you that he's an ideal boss.



And then there was the freshman who poured the milk down the rim of his glass while he was home.

To quote one of the more popular songs of the day, "it's been a long, long time" since the Mag has seen you. We of the staff realize that even more than you do. To say that the fault for this is entirely ours would be an understatement; and yet it would not be entirely true. For a magazine such as ours and yours, cannot exist where politics turn the pages, nor can it exist where inexperienced hands or the lack of any hands at all are entrusted with this heritage.

Putting out this issue has been a skeleton staff of three or four people. Without them we would have been lost, and it is only fair that they appear for their share of credit. Mike Beam was invaluable as an advisor, Charlie Johnson's patience and skill were a necessity, Dick Stern's caustic comments were at times unbearable, but well-taken.

The next issue of the Mag, we hope will find four times as many names receiving credit.

We consider the Magazine as an outlet for the creative abilities of the campus. We of the present so-called "regime" pride ourselves on the fact that we accept contributions only from students. Names or political affiliations are not a matter for us to bother with when we consider contributions. We consider only quality. We have tried in every way this issue to give you quality in every corner of the magazine. We think that you will agree with us that the photography is excellent, and that the stories printed are of college caliber. We ask no laurel wreaths if you like this issue. All that we want is to be able to serve the students best—and we can only accomplish this by receiving more contributions than we have to date. It isn't too much to ask, for it is a necessity in the case of this, your Carolina Magazine.

## EACH YOUNG HEART

Each blade is a new life; fresh, dew fresh, it rises green,  
 slim green: a spear to charge on life to come.  
 Each day the sky, breeze fresh, is a new sky.  
 Each leaf is a new leaf: full young.  
 Each day is a new day: dew fresh at dawn, cloud fresh at  
 dusk.  
 Each rain is a clean rain: no drop's a tear, but a promise.  
 Each joy is a fresh joy, washed free of cold days mold.  
 Each face is a smile—a smile of sure new days.  
 Each sound is a word, a poem word.  
 Each heart is a free thought, clear, spring young, it cares  
 no more for care.  
 Each heart has a new love, fresh, dew fresh, it rises now.  
 —Jerry Davidoff.

## SONNETS TO A. M. D.

Bright lady of these slender strands of rhyme,  
 I cannot marble you with princely tombs,  
 Or frame your beauty with rich drawing rooms,  
 I give you one gift only—THAT IS TIME,  
 For I will celebrate you in your prime,  
 Hold your beauty crystallized while dooms  
 Of age dissolve your lines, and when death looms,  
 Shadowy, in your bright sun, his theft, this crime  
 I will avert. You will not disappear  
 From worldly sight, but live forever in this song,  
 Vibrant, lovely, just as now you lie.  
 We will have conquered Pluto's realm of fear,  
 We shall have written X across his wrong.  
 Death you will not know till lovers die.

When I ask your love I do not mean  
 That you should love my works. I can bear  
 Only love complete: not eyes, nor hair,  
 Nor limbs, nor any part; nor for an unseen  
 Soul or an imagined heart. Serene,  
 Eternal love is all for all. The heir  
 Of body love or mind is rank despair  
 Which reigns embittered over love's desmesne.

So if you choose to love me here are ways:  
 The saintly passion's self-consuming fire,  
 The love which stringed young Orpheus lyre,  
 All these merit our individual praise.

But they are merely fantasy for me,  
 Till you compound them with reality.

## DIURNAL REFLECTION

You cannot write: heat and twisted junctions  
 Do not make for perfect journeys cross the continent of  
 things,  
 And if excuse decides that cramped compunctions  
 Are the cause, remember Daedalus' wings  
 Brought safety. And so, be not afraid  
 To scorn the solar triumph. That passion's fit  
 For different strength than yours, some strayed  
 Star breaking rudely from predicted orbit  
 Perhaps, but not you. You were built  
 For softer things. The Alpine snows  
 Will wait their Hannibal. They won't wilt  
 If you decline seduction. Soft now, doze  
 The sunswept day. A fresh chance  
 Breathes again tomorrow. It's life's romance.

## FROM AN ELIOT APOSTATE

You are no Messiah, nor were you meant to be  
 An angel, suckling at the rim  
 The sweeter caressed air.  
 But mongrel martyr  
 Are you, nuzzling the broken carpals with your broken  
 caution.  
 Why, or why did you dissolve  
 Into the river's fond paternity,  
 When with one more breath and one more lunge  
 You might have found the sea.  
 Messiah to Messiahs to Messiah.  
 Oh, rivulet, delight the countryside.  
 —Dick Stern.



For

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# CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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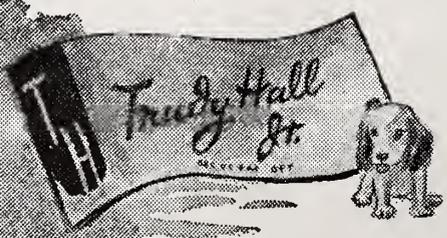
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# CAROLINA MAGAZINE

The University of North Carolina Periodical of Campus Life

## Editors:

..... Bob Levin  
..... Fred Jacobson

## Staff

**EDITORIAL:** Westy Fenhagen, Lee Levin, Bill Lyman, Norman Silver, Elaine Patton, John Campbell.

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**BUSINESS:** Margaret Carmichael, Mgr.; Don Shields.

**CIRCULATION:** Bill Selig, Cliff Hemingway.

**ART:** Winky Andrews, Clyde Stallings, Bill Fuess.

**PHOTOGRAPHY:** Joe Al Denker, Bob Colepaugh, John Bambalis.

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## The Issue of This Issue

The State of the Mag is bordering on secession from the Publications Union. This issue and April's, will mark the end of a hectic term which saw the Tar Heel make the swing to normalcy, and the Yack materialize its once potent daydreams. But still the Mag flounders. A combination of hard luck and the unexpected has half-nelsoned a publication that only three years ago won the Nation's coveted Pacemaker award. Poor political launching can count it out.

Sorely needed cuts came back late at Christmas and an issue was lost. Sickness hit Editor Hendren at a bad time and another issue was lost. The reins were temporarily given to Colbert who published one issue before leaving—and more time was lost. All this was hard luck, a tough break, a rough time—call it anything you want; it still doesn't mould 24 pages of copy and snap into hi-test quality.

Disordered deadlines preclude chances of signing national and local advertising with the result that a stronger financial injection may need to be administered. Advertising agencies sour when Christmas ads come out in February, local merchants don't like to be let down. Students ride an issue—kill it when it's still an angel. Each editor must use reams of ballyhoo to build up sagging interest. Monthly changes make it impossible for a concrete filing system to be organized to expedite handling of makeup, for advance copy to be assigned, for a staff to plan ahead

for a better issue. Good ideas calling for initiative and work, are lost in every shuffle. Each new staff puts out its present issue, all the while drafting its next, which is to be "the one." It's next never comes.

The campus complains and the editors complain. Staff members are hard to recruit—frown upon editors who are 'new to the office.' Attractive makeup and hi-quality content surrenders to tedious copyreading by the tired few. Student business managers are rarely seen—have to be begged for progress reports—claim that we "can't depend on the Mag to come out." Circulation staff members follow each other in quick succession—each excusing his resignation with "responsibility is too much."

And still the campus demands a good Mag, never realizing the backstage maneuvering that goes on from month to month. Never realizing that the Student Legislature has the power to call for a new election when terms are left unfilled. It is doubtful if the Legislature knows of the morass into which the Mag has sunk. It is doubtful if they could materialize an election without months of panderous chicanery. Publications have deadlines and deadlines call for fast, speedy action—more akin to the PU Board and not the Legislature.

But all this is past, finished. April's elections will turn a new leaf. Start from scratch—look to a new era. The Sesquicentennial is over, a great enrollment is expected, new buildings in the offing, more professors, a wider range of courses—Carolina's moon is waxing. It has taken the Mag long enough to recover from War. It too must grab a share of the new era. The campus must see the Mag again in the running for top awards and not running from over-due telephone bills, irate advertisers, and petulant contributors.

At election time the campus must judge the worth of a publication slate; demand to have journalistic qualities outlined rather than camouflaged. Multi-memberships and keys on a chain don't need to be published. It takes a knowledge of type licé, and of ems, points, and overset to edit a Mag. Its

editor does not have to "belong"—just two requisites: Does he know how to put out a magazine and will he give his time?

The financial end of the Mag, and its brother publications, are hawkishly watched by J. M. Lear. Figures count with him. He doesn't check on the editorial content—that is left to the campus. There is only one way that power politics can be checkmated and quality improved. Ask for a candidate's experience in journalism to be listed: Has he ever worked on student publications, on any publication, did he write, do art work, run copy, or draw ads? Can he promise a monthly balance sheet, in magazine form, so the campus can follow his progress?

My typewriter says:

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their Magazine—and not their party.—BOB LEVIN, Editor.



Guest Editors: Bob Levin and Fred Jacobson.

The Carolina  
**Buccaneer**



**WANTED**

Staff of Lewd Men to  
Publish *Buccaneer*.

APPLY FOR FUNDS  
TO PU BOARD

*Keeper of the Koin*



**FOR RENT**

This fashionable two-seater country home with Southern exposure and central heating, and upholstered sitting room.

Apply: Playmakers

**Calendar**  
By Bob Levin

A sad fact that oppresses us mildly when we think of it is that the arts wilt in time of reconversion. You can say what you want to about the arts, but they don't thrive in a period of action.

These reflections are the result of a cry of pain which went up for my wife a day ago when she discovered that her 1947 calendar collection is likely to be cut at least 50 percent in quality and quantity. She had hoped to make our room a sort of Louvre this year among calendar cognoscenti and is now pretty badly upset by it.

My wife is not a specialist; she likes representative specimens of each school. The calendar art I appreciate the most shows hunters shooting great big grizzly bears, but our wife's taste ranges from nudes, of attractive but faintly improbable construction, all the way to a locomotive charging around Horse-shoe Curve.

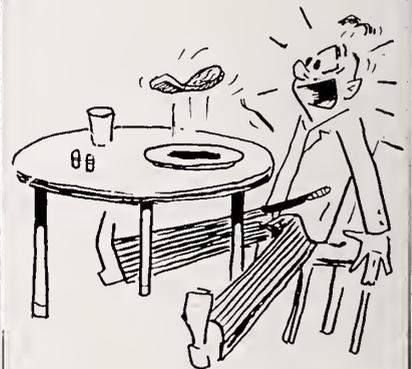
She would just as soon hang the beer distributor's picture of golden-haired twins and their faithful shepherd dog next to the neighborhood mortician's offering of a party dining merrily in a wine cellar. On our walls you will find full-rigged sailing ships, Lock Lomond at twilight, kittens sleeping under sheets and a bird's-eye view of the main floor of the Little Gem Pipefitting Works.

If I would allow her, she would hang them in our sitting room, but I am a Philistine and draw the line. She has pleaded with me to admit at least Dawn Over the No. 1 Plant of the Sludgely Grommet Company or a picture of a lady in black, airy lace in a telephone booth but I turned her down.

The days of big calendar jobs are shot. Priorities for reconversion has sent my wife into the dumps. The mid-winter art season when we travelled from room to room reviewing the latest selections is ruined. When we found a grizzly bear hunter—they are getting scarce, by the way, in these degenerate times—our whole day brightened. And we are always fond of practically any kind of sunset; the things modern calendar ink can do with a subject like that are astonishing. We've never seen a real sunset that could rival them.

We are afraid indeed that people will grow so discouraged with the short crop, that they will get to a point where they get the date from the Tar Heel. It's a rather dreary business getting it from the Tar Heel rather than a poster showing three beautiful women with red telephone lines ending nowhere.

**YOU HAVEN'T  
Masticated Until  
You've Tried Our  
STEAKS**



**Daves Dive In**

Located

Two Miles South  
Of The 30 Yard Line

Unescorted Women  
Are Our Specialty

## Sloppy Shoppy

Home of high-priced, low-quality women's apparel presents today's style leader.



Says Betty Greve, Mag pinup, when asked about her Spring wardrobe. "Why, I think that Sloppy Shoppy is just about topsy for we Dopesy's."

Coeds—Load up with our lightweight Dromedary Camel sweaters — the campus rage.

**WE CASH CHECKS**

## First Date By Jerry Davidoff

A rush of air followed the subway down the tracks. It drew the cold from Central Park down the steps and made it push against Sally and Joe.

Joe felt the draught and his arm itched to go around Sally's waist. Should he? He wondered. It was his first date with her. His first dance, too. Would holding hands with her be considered forward?

As he pushed the swinging exit door open for her he felt an urge to hold her arm. He held back. No, one couldn't. It was getting awfully personal.

They walked up Central Park West for four blocks to her apartment house. At each intersection he held her arm until they were across.

The doorman roused himself from the bench when they rang. His livery was crumpled, Joe noted, but he looked quite awake and even a bit bored. "Good evening, Miss Lowery," he said dryly. He led them to the elevator.

Sally lived on the 32nd floor, and all the way up Joe wondered how you kissed a girl goodnight. It was so simple in the movies. The lovers dashed into each other's arms, kissed long and hard, and said goodnight in hoarse, low voices. But he wasn't in love with Sally. He'd even been a bit bored with her during the dance. He'd danced a little bit close with her at the dance, but that went naturally. When she'd poked him with her knee he'd relaxed his grip.

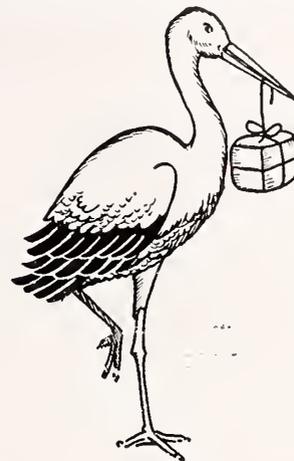
The elevator slowed to a halt. Sally got out, and Joe followed her mechanically. The door closed and they were alone.

"I had a lovely time, Joe," she said. "It was awfully sweet of you to bring me the gardenias. I never had so much fun at a dance before, and I've been to two of them."

"I enjoyed it loads," he said. He was thinking that he'd act better when he went to his second dance. He'd go to lots more dances. But what should he do now? She was fumbling for her key. Should he grab her and say something passionate? She had opened the door, and was standing against it, saying "Goodnight, Joe. Thanks so very much. I'll see you in class Monday morning." The door shut. He stood alone.

Mechanically he pressed the elevator button. The door opened immediately. The elevator man had been waiting.

Joe's voice came from his stomach, caught in his throat and stayed there. "Down," he said.

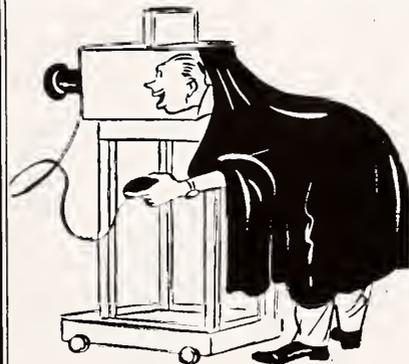


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Will Snap You  
Sure As Shootin'*

**We Guarantee  
Our Dark Rooms**

# CAROLINA PARADE

## More Millions?

Carolina's capital stock skyrocketed when alumnus-philanthropist John Morehead rubbed the magic lamp and showered a million dollar planetarium and memorial art gallery on the campus. Loud and long were the howls from those who feared another white elephant and they asked the donor to come down to earth. A long silent physics department was suddenly thrust in the spotlight and are now silently shaping plans for another great first.



Bookies changed the odds on the Ackland trust case, lowered local chances of winning the hotly contested \$1,300,000 which is hiding in limbo. To be used in the construction of an art gallery, the fund has hit the news-front in spurts. Narrowed down between Rollins College, Florida, and Carolina, the legal fight left Duke and Ackland relatives by the wayside in the race for first money.

Trust executives have already visited Rollins on a tour of "inspection for worthiness" and are swinging North for a University visit this Spring. With Morehead's million in our pocket, and Carolina Counsel Max Gardner now busy with his new Washington post, the gilded angel may pass us over and put the cross on our Southern rivals. We may well lose the Ackland plum if the Morehead fruit cake is found to have filled us.

## Welfare Workers

Out of the Black Mountains it came, bringing an alluvial layer of liberal-progressivism to Carolina. Gathering momentum daily, it snowballed into the first and only youth division of the Southern Conference of Human Welfare. In the waning days before Christmas, the organization hastily laid plans for the acid test—their campus debut. Lights burned late as Dynamomen blue-

printed the battle plan—Christmas presents for children of the deadlocked Erwin Mill workers.

All out, campus-wide advertising ran headlong into the all powerful blockade of student lethargicism, was woozied, but gathered enough momentum to fissure the wall on its second try. Student nickels soon jangled the pot but a lesson was learned. Durham was connotated only by Blue Devils and not strikebound families. The acid burned, searing the group into action—bring labor to the Hill.

Management and labor were invited to a Hill Hall open forum. Campus leaders and faculty chieftains spoke in Durham. Student cooperation had seen its shadow and offered help. The fissure in campus response was widened.

Soap bubble plans for the future include work on suffrage, classes for those who don't cast the ballot. Constitutional coaching by the few for the many and then have the many teach their kind. Campus oldies—wait tongue in check—for the bubble to burst.

## Growing Pains

Storm clouds blew in over South Building as enrollment figures climbed off the chart and towards the ceiling. Students complained of over-crowding,

little closet space, long walks to classes—yet still enrollments were okayed. April's totals will be in the 5,000 bracket with service men grabbing the biggest percentage.

Promises to secure houses have been fulfilled but construction has yet to start. Trailers could be used but can't be found. Vets lucky enough to get bandbox space in Whitehead and Alexander won't trade for gold. Mass education is fine but the troops won't live in tents.

In the cloudy "sometime soon" can be seen five new dorms and a long-overdue lowering of local rents. With the Navy gone, the latter is a certainty, for meager Government allowances can't stand present hi-jacking.

Administrative leaders must give serious thought to post-war Spring fever. Departmental heads cry for living space and the money for bricks and mortar is flowing freely. Blueprints are drawn, space is marked off—only an OK is needed. The library is brimming over with wooden boxes of packed books—could use a wing, funds for the Koch Memorial Theatre are almost up there—will consolidate the players under one roof, Graham Memorial wants more room for activities—is starting their own drive, strong campaigning is underfoot for paved walks—ran afoul of tradition, Greek sisters wish for a sorority row—will have to work alone for at least two years, and everyone wants more dining halls.

## Pot o' Gold?

It was time again. The money-bag men—rear marching for two dozen years—had hit the wall. They were trapped. Niggardly, they clutched the drawstring of their 32 million dollar surplus sack. Obstinate they promised to grant increases for faculty members. Professors, mouth-watering for return of the 1929 salary cut, have only to pray to the four winds and the Advisory Budget Commission for action. With living costs up 30% and taxes doubled, they could take home the same hackneyed, Raleigh resolution that "we hope the Board will draw up a favorable salary schedule in the future."

The sore spot had festered and trustees were told that money talks—soon an exodus of our teaching staff would pull stakes and answer its call. Critics



# CAROLINA PARADE

of the parsimonious policy wanted to know why public health, welfare, highway, and correctional institute departments have consistently lagged behind when Carolina salaries were cut and stayed ahead in periods of restoration.

They clamored to know why the Commissioners of Labor and Agriculture were raised when University Press Dynamo Couch was let go. They ask where is Bradshaw, Paul Green, Zimmerman? The Keepers of the Coin rebutted with "our 2.6% War Bonus—have you forgotten?" Professors sardonically countered, "Where is the 15% increase you promised?" and sent out their other suit to the cleaners.

## State of a Campus

Reeking strongly of black-laced shaplies, Sound and Fury scared campus wolves with the best Petty girl reproductions since Esky went legal. Sparked by coed-conscious directors the hell was poppin' show worked hard for an early March curtain. Getting off to a mo'asses start, the directors mushed in right before exams after time tables got the boogie beat.

Staunch followers of pre-war Furious productions, saw this show as a warm-up to the big Spring review which would



do well to hit the campus come May Frolictime. Backstage well-wishers are happy to see the breath of Hutton, Mebane and Avera breathed into the almost-dead corpse. State of a Nation was the state of a campus as it hesitantly crawled out of its wartime hibernation and the campus was glad.

## Politico Pete

The tempets pot of politics bubbled and boiled, threatened to blow its top as the Mag went to press. Party leaders have changed reins like a hot potato and the voters have given up. Campus needs go crying for attention but the



"few" worry about the balance of power.

Hardly reminiscent of the days of bands and free cigars, this year's hand shakers have burrowed deep into back-ground shadows. Rumors float of a third party to be built along old SP chassis lines with an eye to the Vets. The concrete is hardening slowly but the 1500 soldier-sailors have yet to mar it with their footprints.

## Driver's Seat

More uncertain than ever is the important Tar Heel editorship. Pre-war newspaperman and present Mag editor Bob Levin has been given the nod but is leaving in June. Night editor Jack Lackey won't talk about his plans—is thought to be headstrong, could still learn. Eddie Allen, chubby associate editor, is mentioned but pleads homework—young but capable. Columnist Pannill is the dark horse. Rarely seen in publication's offices, he would be lost in the job. Present Editor Morrison will do an encore if asked "by my friends." South Building wants an older man. Bright light in the dark question is Yack Editor Flagler who will be a Senior next year and could well handle the job. Nominating committees will have a hard choice to make.

## Tar Heelia, Serious

Under the eagle eyes of King Lear and the PU Board, the Daily was put back into Tar Heel for 48 trial issues. Long accustomed to a plethora of time and a scarcity of news, the daily dip was a cold water plunge to its editors. It took more than water wings to keep afloat until reporters found their beats and night editors learned the ropes. The metamorphosis was slow but a



daily comic strip, cross-word puzzle, and UP news flashes swung the deal. The staff knew it was safe on dry ground when sleepy-eyed readers looked for "the damn Tar Heel."

The Daily is getting its sea legs in a crucial moment. April's elections will find a canny watchdog riding herd over its campus sheep. A strong daily will stamp the worth of candidates, goad winners into action, headline failure to keep promises by which men are elected. The press can wield far reaching power over the politically ignorant. The question is—who will run the press?

## . . . and Humorous

WILL the person who took by mistake, light gabardine man's coat with a "Men's Shop of Richmond, Va." label out of ladies' lounge in Woolen Gym Friday night, please call 6261. . . — *Ad run in the Daily Tar Heel for a week.*

We hate to be personal, but what in the hell was it doing in the ladies' lounge?

After the basketball season, what next for Dillon? A little statistics might bring to light: there are almost a thousand coeds on campus.—*From Daily Tar Heel, 27 Feb.*

One of those free-love advocates, eh?

BLAME FOR TAR HEEL  
CIRCULATION RESTS  
ON PU BOARD ALONE  
—*Headline in Daily Tar Heel, 9 Feb.*  
So there!



wife after the first week he married her wouldn't be afraid of little girls, would he now?"

He turned around and ran out of the house. There was a roar in his head like waves pounding on the surf, each successive wave threatening to bear down—sucking him under. He felt the relentless tread of the woman who was his wife lumbering after him. The blood pounding in his ears, he had to escape his imagined pursuer. Children passed him on their way to school. They looked at him, open-eyed in curiosity. Gradually his pace slackened, his heart returned to its normal beat, the noise subsided in his head. The sun made him warm, and he thought of the children, the little girls. When they curled up in his lap, he could feed them candy, twine the fine strands of their hair around his fingers. But all the time, even when he was happiest, there was the house waiting for him full of shadows—and her. He was afraid of her. He always locked his door at night. When he heard her heavy steps outside the door, and the hand rattling the knob, his heart would beat rapidly, the noise started again in his head. She wanted to kill him, he knew that. She wanted to smother him by getting on top of him. He wouldn't be able to breathe while that massive body bore down on him. Later he would dream about it sometimes, and wake up with a silent scream aching in his throat. Little girls were light. He could pick them up in his arms; they weighed so little. They liked him and not his candy, although he always had candy to be sure they would sit in his lap. He kept on walking past the houses in the right part of the town until he came to the colored section where the box-like freshly painted white houses changed to the discolored, peeling shanties and homes of the niggers. He arrived finally at the edge of the town, where a large house loomed out at him. He walked into the yard, moist clods of dirt clinging to his shoes. Mrs. Tom Conover was hanging clothes out from the kitchen window. She looked

Padding down the stairs softly, the old man fingered a loose thread holding a button on his coat. When he reached the bottom step he looked up, his hands thrashing about silently like the wings of a trapped bird. Then satisfied he saw nothing, his eyes focused on the door ahead.

"So you're going out again?" came a voice hurling the words at him from the head of the stairs.

"Come here," it commanded. She was standing on the stairs, her blue robe open, and the long tear in her night-gown exposing her sagging breasts. He walked back to the foot of the stairs, his heart pounding against his ribs.

"Why don't you go out and stay out?"

"Why?" his tongue thickened and he swallowed helplessly.

"Why—hah! The man who has been living off his wife for twenty years asks why." She came down the stairs, majestically sweeping past him into

the parlor. He followed her broad back. She let up the blinds viciously.

"It's a good thing my father died, or we wouldn't even have his pension to live on," she said, facing him squarely. The morning light emphasized the bitter droop of her thin lips, the tight lines drawing down to her chin. He watched the mouth open again, fascinated by the red gap of gums and small discolored teeth. A pleasurable

thrill of repulsion went down his spine.

"What a man you are," the mouth said. "Going out in the park to feed the pigeons, I suppose." Then slyly, "You don't hang around the little girls do you, dear?"

His eyes gave away his terror.

"A man who hasn't bedded with his

## SO THEY WOULDN'T KNOW

A Short Story by Nancy Davis  
Illustration by Winky Andrews

at the shabby old man with pitying kindness in her dark eyes.

"How are you today, Mr. Fleming?"

He looked gratefully up at the colored woman. There was a quality belonging to the doctor's wife that soothed him. The smoothness of mahogany skin,

*(Continued on page 18)*

# AMERICAN HOMECOMING

By Morton Seif

This white slip of paper which I hold in my hand means that the war is over for me. The Army of the United States is sending me home, to try to forget the shell screaming overhead, the tongueless cry of agony, and the sickening fear that the next moment may be the last one in the world, for when a man dies, the world dies too, since it exists only in the mind of each of us. The taxpayers will have one less soldier for whom they must provide khaki, K-rations, and quinine, and the War Department will strike serial number AB123456 off its lists as "honorably discharged."

Soon a battleship will pass this way and I shall go aboard, climb to the bridge, and show the gold-braid my clearance papers—the scrawled signatures which declare that I have served my purpose in the Army. Then I shall stand under the long snouts of the big guns at twilight and watch the islands slide into the slate-colored sky.

Days later, when I see the coastline of America softly top the horizon, I shall think of home and of the people I once knew who will presently come up to me and say, "Hello, Joe. How are you?" And I'll want to say "Rot-ten," but all I'll answer is "Fine, thanks." Then they'll say "Where've you been, Joe?," and I'll get ready to let loose with the thin, flat geography book that's kept with the old report cards and faded photographs—"Tarawa, Saipan, Eniwetok, Iwo Jima"—but all that they'll hear is "Oh, here, there, and everywhere. I've been around."

Then there'll be the run down the gangplank, which bridges the nothingness between the sea and America. When my feet touch the ground, I'm not going to fall to my knees and kiss the soil. Instead, I'll stand erect, my feet embedded firmly, feeling the earth. Then I'll bend down slowly, scoop up a handful of dirt, or if there is none, some pebbles or even dirty used customs tickets and cigarette wrappers, and stuff that, together with the dust, into my pocket. I'm going to feel just as important and historical as the Pilgrims landing at Plymouth Rock. Standing there silently, I'll forget all about the waving handkerchiefs and the brass bands and make a vow, a little promise between the land and

me. Long years later and half a land away, a toddling child will make a mud-cake out of that dirt, and the sun will surrender its joy to a cloud. For my son, if I am lucky enough to have one, will come across the dirt in the pocket in the old uniform some rainy day and play with it, and when I think back to the time I wore that uniform. . . . I don't like to think of how I shall feel even now.

The train will be sleek and sail along shiny rails. It will pound and pulse and send hissing steam into the air. Little boys will stand in awe before its might and old men will dream of the buffalo days and the Pony Express, their faces pleasantly burned by the wind set up by the speed of the passing train. The train will halt, and I shall ascend into its dark cushioned recesses. Then the iron being will flex its muscles, give forth a parting wail which is the loneliest sound on earth, and begin to move. I shall sit at a window, rediscovering America, gazing at the skyscrapers and the washing on the lines in the forgotten-by-time backyards. Gradually, the hours will change the asphalt streets to green carpets, the buildings will come fewer and far between, and dusk will shoot the sky through with grey motes of light.

I'll lie on my back in an upper berth staring into the stars, for my train will have a skylight and my canopy will be the heavens. I shall remain awake there for hours, making plans for a future in which I shall always feel lucky to be alive. I'll think of all the people I have not known, all the places I have not been, all the books I have not read and all the music I have not heard, all the little things I have not seen and touched and done, and thank God with all my heart for more time. All the while I shall be thinking of working, playing, eating and drinking, sleeping, loving—and suddenly I shall realize that I and all the others who come back must do more than ever before to make up for those who are now lying still and cold in the mud, the surf, the sand, and the sea. So crossing through the wheatlands of the Dakota prairies in the fifth decade of the twentieth century, I shall think of the

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## Peace at Meredith?

By BOB LEVIN

We are thinking of the problem facing Meredith College in Raleigh, an advanced female seminary recently bequeathed \$25,000 to instruct the coeds in good taste and politeness. The college has declared officially that it is prepared to teach the subject. It will, shortly, begin informing its young ladies that beer bottles are seldom tossed about at formal dinners and otherwise instructing them in the ways of the *haut monde*.

But it seems to us that there is a catch in the will. The testator requires that Good Taste 53, or whatever it will be called, be taught by "an authority on the subject." There is likely to be kicking and clawing and no little bad language used before the point is settled at Meredith.

On the rare occasions that the matter has come up in our company we seldom find any two individuals in close agreement. One, for example, will contend that a guest who shoots the waiter for forgetting the salad fork is guilty of no more than an amusing eccentricity. Another will hold that he should, especially in the presence of the fairer sex, confine himself to tripping the offender, asking, "Hey, lousy, where's the rest of me tools?"

The question of unescorted ladies walking on their hands in public, the use of chewing tobacco by debutantes, the wearing of sleeve garters outside the home circle and the introduction of extra aces into a game of Flinch are likewise open to debate. All of this is because outlooks shift. Once, old gaffers have told us, that it was wrong for a woman to smoke in restaurants or wear lip stick lest men begin twirling moustaches at them. Today, good form demands little more than taking off your high heeled shoes before climbing on the bar.

Meredith cannot afford to put up with nonsense, however. The instructor who assumes the chair in Good Taste 53 must be prepared to deliver the answers right from the feed bag for else generations of girls are going to grow up with distorted notions of how to address a bishop or who gets into the patrol wagon first.

To keep the course from being too narrow, it would have to be someone who grew up in an anthracite town, had a few years at Brenau, took a semester or two at a midwestern college and worked in a basket factory between times. She ought to be a member of the 45th ward, the Amalgamated Bowling and Book Club, the WCTU, and at least three speakeasies.

Well they won't find her. She is the impossible she. It's rather a shame the will didn't call for a hockey coach.

# A FRIEND IN DEED . . .

By Jimmy Wallace

## THE RECORD

NAME: Roland Brice Parker

BORN: February 10, 1902

HOME: Farmville, North Carolina

SCHOOL: Farmville High School, Davidson College; A.B. '26. Dean of Students at Darlington School for Boys, Rome, Ga.; Coach of Tennis Team of same; Carolina Graduate School, '32, '33 studying history; teaching fellow; University of Wisconsin, one summer. Dean of Students at Darlington School in Rome, Ga., again from '33 to '40.

Back to Carolina in 1940 as a Social Science instructor and Freshman adviser. Dean of Men at U.N.C. from 1942 until May 1944.

Overseas as Assistant Field Director in the American Red Cross, and later as Field Director from July '44 until November '45 in the China-Burma-India theater.

Back to U.N.C., January '46. Now an appraiser in the Veterans' Guidance Office in Peabody Hall.

Such is the record; a group of words which gives the statistics and none of the description. This story is about "Pete" Parker. It's about the things that don't appear in the record.

To most people, the war seemed far away in 1940. It was still Europe's war, and people stopped up their ears so that they would not hear the screams of the dying. They shut their eyes so that they would not see the pictures of the mutilated. They shut their hearts and their minds so that the United States would remain "neutral."

The freshman class at Chapel Hill had 900 students that year. Many of them enrolled in Roland Parker's Social Science class. Many went into it with their minds made up about lots of things—especially the war. A few months later, they weren't so sure. There was a large map-stand in the corner of the room, and Parker used it repeatedly. There was a map of the world, and a map of Europe. Many of the students began to realize for the first time that the Atlantic Ocean was not as wide as the isolationists depicted it. Pete Parker had once sold maps. When he started to teach, he used them to convince the students that all the countries they read about were parts of the same planet.

There were numerous self-help students on the campus in 1940 and 1941. The war boom had not come, and prosperity had not completely rounded the corner. Once a week, Pete (a nickname which followed Parker from Darlington) and a small group of self-help students had supper in the University Cafe; a steak supper. Each week was a special occasion. The steaks were bigger than they are now, and they cost less. One steak; an extravagance indulged in by

a group of self-help students who were working their way through school.

Pete Parker's office in 313 South Building was the busiest of them all. Students filed in and out constantly. Some went to have a "bull session" with their adviser. Others went in the hope that their financial troubles could be solved. Some wanted to know Parker's opinion on fraternities, on which book to read for Social Science, on enlisting in the Army. They were the questions every adviser was being asked every day. But the answers which Pete Parker gave were different. He could give the answers about fraternities, because he was acquainted with fraternities. He helped solve financial difficulties oftentimes by loaning needed money. They were long-term loans. Once he loaned a boy \$15 payable in 1956—in Shanghai, China.

It was only natural that the students would like Pete Parker. He liked the students. He knew more students by their first names than did the most versatile campus politician. He knew their home towns, their friends there. Thus it was that when Parker offered advice on student affairs it was generally taken. Not by just one group or political party, but by all the students. There was only one thing that bitter political enemies could agree upon, and that was their respect for Pete.

The war came on schedule, and many students left the campus to join in the fighting. A University which had gone to war unofficially a few months before, took on new and greater responsibilities. The student body responded with increased academic activity and a curtailment of social life. The great test came on the night of February 26, 1942.



The scene was Gerrard Hall. The Student Legislature was considering a bill to limit drastically the expenditures for campus dances. After two and one-half hours of fiery debate, the bill passed and the proponents of a "country club" University retired to their holes for the duration. The War College was formed and Pete Parker became Dean of Men, a post he was to retain through two hectic years.

Students were quick to react to the realities which the war had thrust upon them. The strain upon student government, they knew, would be great. Many were being drafted. Other leaders were joining reserves. The prospect for the continuation of the student council, the legislature, the publications, became very dreary. Many students in responsible positions were ready to throw in the towel. They wanted to "freeze" student government. There immediately arose an "anti-freeze" movement. Pete Parker was instrumental in convincing many students that to put student government in cold storage would be to do it irreparable harm. The pro and con of the "freezing" of student government continued for over two years, but the government remained quite fluid.

As Dean of Men, Pete had to attend meetings of many committees, make reports to the Administration, act as liaison officer between the Administration and the student body. The job of Dean of Men was not an easy one, but perhaps the hardest part of the job was not between South Building and the students. The hardest thing of all was the writing of letters to parents, telling them that their sons had been suspended from school by the student council for some infraction of the honor code. Such letters were not easy to write.

Air mail letters from overseas were a familiar sight on Pete's desk. Boys

(Continued on page 22)

# DO YOU SWEAR?

By Jack Shelton

"He's a spy."

"A spy? Like Mata Hari?"

"O.K., Mike, forget it. Forget I even mentioned it. You go ahead and rot in this fouled up hospital for the rest of your life. But not me. I'm getting out of this place, yeah and the army too. I'm getting out if I have to kill a dozen second looies to do it." Mike's smile disappeared as he grabbed his angry friend by the arm.

"Gee, Eddie, I was only kidding. But cripes, a spy. They went out of fashion years ago."

"Maybe, Mike, maybe. Just the same we've got one right in this ward."

"In this ward? I don't get it. What the hell is a spy doing here in the NP ward?"

"Can't you see it, Mike? A neuro-psychiatric ward is just the place to catch guys bucking to get out of the army. Look, the major sneaks in a spy and makes believe he's just another GI patient like the rest of us. He hangs around the ward, see, and reports everything we say and do back to the major."

"Why that no good slimy dog. You know, Eddie, I always thought there was something phony about that Zolkov guy. Always trying to get us to go to chow or the Red Cross Club or somewhere. He's been trying to trick us that's what. Sure, I see it now. He gets us going to the movies and around crowds and when we don't blow up or act nervous, he tells the major we're o.k. and back to duty we go. Why that low down son of a— spy. Zolkov! Sure I thought there was something funny there."

"Shhh, take it easy Mike. You want him to hear us."

"Don't worry, the louse is sleeping. Yeah sleeping, didn't you notice that the nurse didn't even make him get up for breakfast like the rest of us. Damn, I was a dope for not spotting that long ago."

"O.K., Mike, we were both dopes. Dopes for thinking the army would give us an even break after nearly three years overseas. Sure they sent us back to the states, big deal. Sweat it out month after month and when you can't take it any longer, they put a fancy name on your record, neurosis, and ship you back on a stretcher. Neurosis, huh. Boy, they ain't seen no neurosis till they see me a while. I'll show them what neurosis is. I'll show 'em. I'll show those bastards. I'll show 'em. Neurosis, huh. I'll show 'em." Eddie's voice trailed off and as he buried his head in the pillow on his bed, the quick jerky sobs pierced the whitewashed quiet of the ward. Mike got up and walked away. He knew better than to stay with Eddie when these things happened. He didn't like anyone around when he cried. And he cried lots. There wasn't anything special about crying in an NP ward. It was like a fracture in a surgical ward or malaria in a medical ward. Just part of the atmosphere. It blended in with the thermometers and the white-capped nurses and the rows of neat beds.

Eddie walked out to the porch and sat down. Through the open door he could see Zolkov getting up and dressing. He thought how he had never hated anyone before, not even the German soldiers he fought, as much as he hated this short little refugee. How the hell did he get into the U. S. Army? Probably used to be a Nazi. Sure spoke like one. He thought back on the things Zolkov had said since Mike and he were admitted to the ward that day. The times he tried to get them to go to the movies or the Red Cross Club. It all fit. All fit. Mike was sure right. He was a spy. He was taking down every word, every little thing Mike and he said. How much

they ate and how they gabbed about getting out of the army. Christ, I hope he didn't hear me talk about getting out. The major will never put me up for discharge if he knows I want one. Jeez, I hope it's still o.k. I hope it's o.k. Eddie's none too peaceful thoughts were interrupted when Zolkov stepped out to the porch.

## II

"Going to chow, Eddie?" Eddie spun around, then caught hold of himself and smiled all too sweetly.

"No thanks, Zolkov, don't feel hungry. I can't eat very much anyhow. Can't keep it down long."

"Aw, come on, Eddie. You have to eat something to keep going, you know. Come on, let's go." Eddie slapped his hand down hard on the arm of the chair.

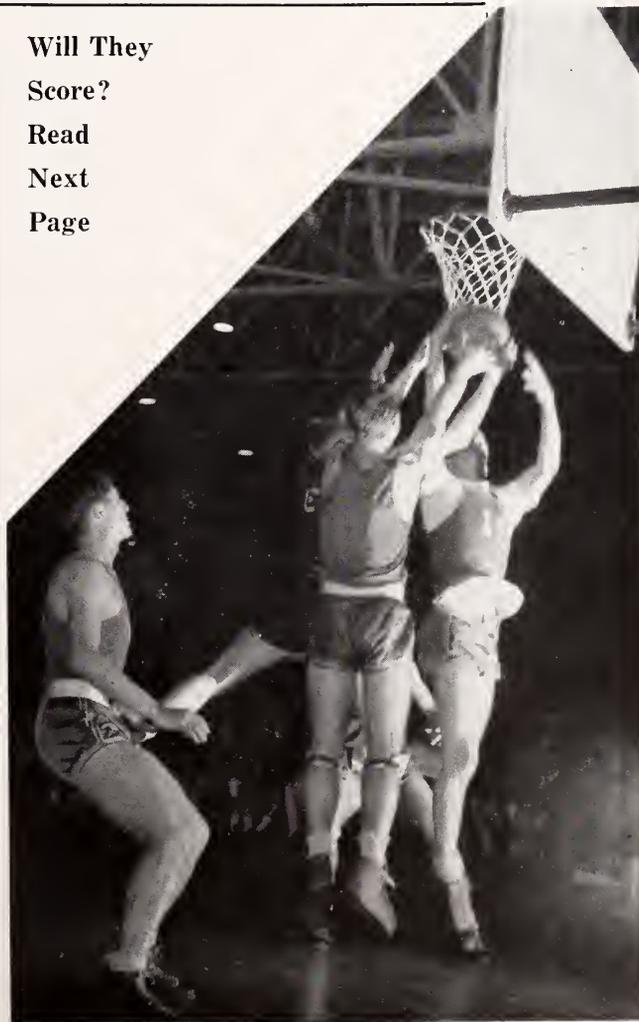
"I'm not hungry. Don't you understand English, kraut? Leave me alone." Zolkov shrugged his little shoulders and walked out. Eddie smiled to himself. Take that back to the major. Tell him how I lose my temper at the least little thing. Tell him how I'm all washed up for the army. Eddie was pleased with the way he handled Zolkov. He went back into the ward. Mike looked up from his bed.

"Zolkov gone to chow, yet?"

"Yeah, the spy is gone. But don't worry, he'll be back in a minute to see if we sneaked out to get a sandwich at the

*(Continued on page 18)*

Will They  
Score?  
Read  
Next  
Page



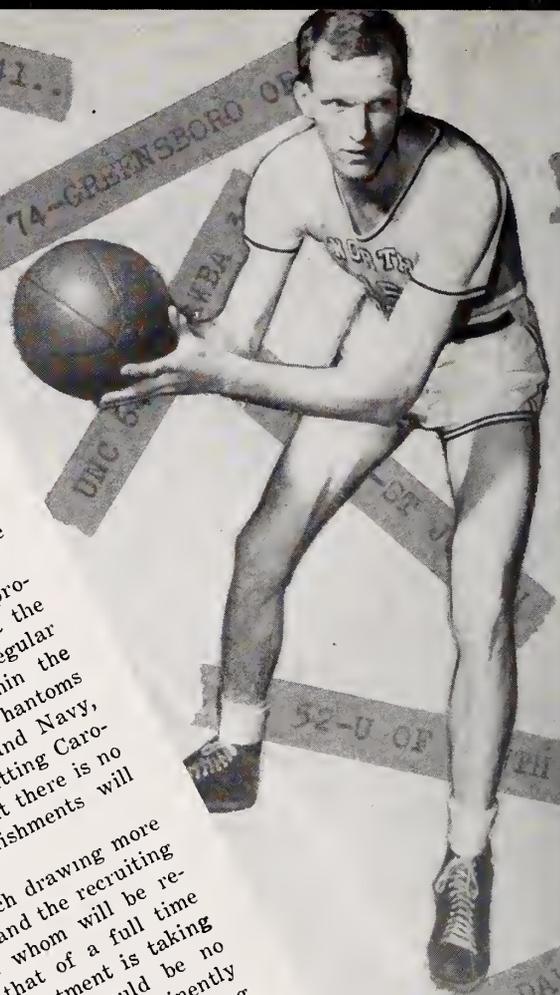
# OIL FOR UNC'S SPORTS MACHINE AND WATCH HER ROLL

Up the long ladder of sports ascendancy North Carolina athletic representatives have climbed steadily in recent years, pausing momentarily during the war years to maintain their balance, but standing today on the brink of a great new era.

At a moment when Carolina's student enrollment is greater than ever before in history, big-time sports competition for Tar Heel teams has definitely arrived and the next several years may easily see our fame spread far and wide not only in the South but throughout the nation. Carolina teams have long been famed for their fighting spirit even when there was a dearth of top-flight material on hand but the combination of spirit and quality in the next several years should give the University the same high athletic rating as it holds academically.

The national ranking of our fine basketball outfit has improved for itself this season is only a sample of 29 regular season contests, not all of them fortunately within the sphere of the Southern Conference, the White Phantoms made two notable conquests. Wins over NYU and Navy, both on the losers' court has helped no end in putting Carolina in the forefront of national basketball. But there is no reason to believe that our athletic accomplishments will not transcend the realms of basketball.

The presence of a big-name football coach drawing more pay than the president of the University and the recruiting of outstanding players, one or more of whom will be backed by an influential group of alumni. A school with as fine an athletic plant and as enterprising a director of athletics as ours must not falter at the gate to athletic prominence. Take a bold step onwards and upwards. A glance at next fall's football schedule should give one a good idea of the trend of events. The Universities of Miami and Florida openly announced that they were in the market for fine gridiron outfits, Tennessee has long been one of the nation's finest teams, and Navy needs no buildup. The unmistakable sign is that Carolina is moving into fast company. To keep pace with fast company in the sports world you have to be equipped. It takes men and money to keep us going. So go get 'em Carolina.



UNC 63-VPI 44  
UNC 43-NYU 41  
UNC 74-GREENSBORO 08  
UNC 63-DAV  
UNC 64  
UNC 65-CATAWBA 32  
UNC 65-STATE 44  
UNC 61-WAKE FOREST 37  
UNC 65-SOUTH CAROLINA 32  
UNC 46-LITTLE ROCK 60  
UNC 70-WAKE FOREST 47  
UNC 56  
UNC 55-CAMP LEE 40  
UNC 33-MA  
UNC 63-DAV  
UNC 63-GREENSBORO 08  
UNC 65-...



Don Anderson, Bob Paxton, Jim Jordan, John Dillon

On a November Monday afternoon in 1944 an unknown man in Southern conference basketball circles met with one letterman and a somewhat large group of eager aspirants for positions on the Tar Heel cage roster.

Since that date this unknown man—Coach (Naval Lieutenant) Ben Carnevale—and the major remains of this first group—Jim Jordan, Bob Paxton, Johnny Dillon, Don Anderson—have gone a long way, a long way toward putting the University of North Carolina atop the basketball world.

From the first group have emerged stars, all-American and all-Southern, and along the way new cogs and stars have been picked up to give the White Phantoms the top-flight quint they sport today, on the eve of the annual National conference at this writing.

To the four Tar Heels, veterans of the first insignificant meeting, such names as Bones McKinney, already a star in his own realm of Tar Heelia, Jim White, Red Hughes, Jim Hayworth, Taylor Thorne and Roger Scholbe, have been added. White, Thorne and Hayworth were all GIs returning to Carolina to pick up where they left off.

Today, with the Phants looking to the Garden, results of two seasons on paper look even more impressive that ver-

bally. In two regular seasons, a total of 2,987 points have gone through the basket, almost as many as were scored in three previous years. The all-time season total was broken in 1945, and again just this year, when 1,647 points were scored in 29 games.

Last year the accomplishments included 22 wins and six losses, the Southern conference title and the No. 9 rating among the nation's college basketball teams.

This year, the 1945 record has already been equaled in one way or another. The Tar Heels hold the only win of the season over New York University's National leading Violets, and they were the first to hand undefeated Navy a setback. The season record including the tourney reads 27 wins and four losses, bringing the two-season total—including the 1945 SC playoffs—to 49 victories as against ten defeats.

Big time basketball now resides at Carolina, resides in Tar Heelia like it never has before, and the prospects of its reaching even higher goals are excellent. Six thousand people were crowded into Woollen gym for the first time, and Duke's gym held 8,800 for a

Duke-Carolina game and an all-Southern gate record.

Even though the Tar Heels, piloted by their young naval lieutenant, lost the conference crown, they have received a bid to the N.C.A.A. tournament in New York the last of March, and here the Phantoms will have their big chance to further themselves in the eyes of the National critics. The Carolina cage lads have done a lot for the game in North Carolina since George Glamack, and they deserve all the praise, and more too, that the student body can muster.

The White Phantoms are studded with individual stars, but they play with teamwork not very often found when more than one outstanding player is on hand.

Any one of four or five men are capable of getting way up in the points. For instance, in the game with NYU during Christmas, it was Dillon with 21 points who led the way. But two days later in Philadelphia against St. Joseph, Dillon was overguarded and Bob Paxton broke through and paced the fireworks with 16. Then there is Jim Jordan. Jordan, high man last year and

# 1946 BASKETBALL

Recounted by Irwin Smallwood

Previous page: Top: McKinney. Left: Dillon. Right: Coaches Mullis and Carnevale.



SPORTS  
FEBRUARY 10, 1946

Figure Skaters Win  
Titles Here; Page 2

First Basketball Defeat

MIDDIES HAVE  
CHANCE, BUT  
BOW BY 51-49

Score Tied Nine Times As  
Tars Drop From Un-  
beaten Ranks.



ALPHA BANDA FIGHTER BANT—Bob Paxton, North Carolina forward, is having no trouble taking the ball up the basketball after an unsuccessful Navy shot. Jim Perkins (center) is ready to go out of a double, while Jack Carroll, the 10, C. W. Madison, No. 4, and Terry Nelson, No. 1, are disappointed on this play. The Tar Heels learned Navy's streak of eight straight.

By ERNEST R. BARKER.  
The first basketball game of the season between the two teams was a hard-fought affair, with the Tar Heels leading 19-16 at the end of the first half. The game was tied nine times, but the Tar Heels finally broke the tie in the fourth quarter, winning 51-49.

Navy scored 14 points in the first half, but the Tar Heels answered with 17. The game was tied 19-19 at the end of the first half. The Tar Heels led 24-21 at the end of the second half. The game was tied 34-34 at the end of the third quarter. The Tar Heels won 51-49 in the fourth quarter.

THE NEW YORK SUN (FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1945)  
**Violets' Cage String Snapped**  
North Carolina Knocks Off New York's Last Unbeaten Team—Brigham Young Wins.  
The metropolitan district today was without a major basketball game, but New York University's Violets, whose undefeated record stood at 23-0, were still in the net at Madison Square Garden today. The game was a hard-fought affair, with the Tar Heels leading 19-16 at the end of the first half. The game was tied nine times, but the Tar Heels finally broke the tie in the fourth quarter, winning 51-49.

of the Tar Heel basketball squad, three men hold the spotlight—Coach Carnevale, of course, Pete Mullis, assistant coach, and Doc White, the trainer.

Carnevale, who starred at NYU in 1935-36-37, came to Carolina as athletic officer of the Naval V-12 unit, and the smiling cage man was kept to coach the Phantoms on the side. A whale of a job the former pupil of Howard Cann has done, too, for his Tar Heel quint has accomplished more than any other North Carolina team in history.

The White Phantom coach, who can outshoot any man on the team, was freshman coach at NYU in 1939 and coached high school ball for two years at Cranford, N. J., before entering the Navy in 1942. He also performed with the Jersey City Reds, a professional team, while coaching at Cranford.

Mullis, who needs no introduction around Chapel Hill, is a Carolina man from a way back, and the little former Phant himself has given invaluable help to Carnevale in building the great combine of the past two years. Mullis was instrumental to a 16-point extent as Carolina defeated NYU the last time in 1938 here in Woollen gym, and an odd fact is that Carnevale was in that game too, a forward for NYU. Carnevale came through with 15 markers, but his team just couldn't get by the hot Tar Heels.

Training a basketball team is a thankless job indeed, but Doc White likes it, and strangely enough he is about the best friend of the team members. White has been trainer at Carolina since the 30's, and he is along to care for every ache and pain of the Phantoms.

You have read of the Tar Heel accomplishments, and of the men who have made it possible, and only one remaining fact is left to emphasize—that fact that Carolina fans are blessed with the best team in history at Carolina, unless it was the undefeated (23-0) team in 1924. The Phantoms have averaged 57 points in 29 season games, and unless things take a turn for the bad, the Tar Heels should be headed toward a National tournament by this reading.

As the Mag went to press, word was received that the Phants would meet New York University in the NCAA tournament to be held in Madison Square Garden on March 21—tomorrow for most of the Mag readers. The staff wishes the team all the luck in the world and hopes for an encore over NYU on Thursday night. A great team—with its great coaches—deserves a great victory. Never before have we had such a wonderful opportunity to reap national glory for the school. A victory in the tournament would place Carolina right where she deserves to be—ON THE TOP.



Top to bottom: Jordan, Paxton, Dillon, Anderson, Thorne.

# A PLANNED SOCIETY?

By Dick Stern

The present series of crippling strikes which are erupting in the country are not just temporary dissatisfactions with specific differences. They are the manifestation of the incompatibility of our economic structure with our technological developments. This brief article will attempt to point out the basic anomalies of the structure, and to suggest a workable and, I hope, preferable substitute.

Why do men work? Three explanations have been given; 1) the profit motive 2) the need of employment 3) the production and distribution of goods and services. Only the last explanation seems satisfactory. 1) Obviously profits are not going to do anybody any good unless there is something to spend them on. 2) Working for the sake of working is obviously absurd. By definition, work (as opposed to play) is energy expended in the interest of satisfying future, not immediate needs. A man goes to business in order to get money with which to buy food and other sops to his anticipatory needs. So we see that men work, and the economic structure is set up so that as many goods and services as are necessary shall be produced and distributed as quickly and equitably as possible.

It is clear that no society on earth has accomplished this aim. First let us see why, and then let us see if this aim can be achieved. In the first place, we see that labor has erred in thinking that full employment is the goal of economic activity. Technical improvements are opposed by labor on the grounds that they create unemployment, or at least an inordinate amount of frictional unemployment. Management on the other hand sees that if it puts every new invention to immediate use, better and more durable goods will be produced which will leave them business-less. If a shirt which could be worn for twenty years was produced (even for \$1000 per shirt) presently the shirt manufacturers would have to close their plants.

In 1929, something like this happened. Though a great part of the population was underconsuming, management was making enormous profits. They had satiated their needs fairly quickly, as usual, and still had a great deal of money. If they had put this surplus into technical improvements, the above situation might have occurred in a few decades. So they speculated in the market. The result was inevitable.

Let us look at another aspect of the picture. In 1929, we mentioned the fact that there was a tremendous amount of underconsumption, underconsumption in the basic necessities of human existence. Yet there were more yachts built, and more beauty parlors frequented than at any time in American history. The answer may come that whatever ye sow so shall ye reap. But in the America of 1929 (and even more in the America of 1945) this statement was one of what Judge Arnold calls the myths of capitalism. (Can anyone honestly say that a young gentleman by the name of Henry was put at the head of one of the world's biggest corporations because he was extremely intelligent, superbly charming, superlatively courageous and wonderfully shrewd, or should it be more accurate to say that this man gained his position because he had a grandfather named Ford?)

This is not an exception. It applies to many of us who go to school not because we're brighter or better than the next fellow, but because we didn't have to go out and help support a destitute family at 14 years of youth. Shall we point to Andrew Carnegie and Abraham Lincoln now? Think of the year—and then glance at Dun and Bradstreets.

So we have seen that there is a maldistribution of goods, a maldistribution that is largely on the whims, not of merit but of a "cast system." Now let us see that there is a malproduction of goods.

Our economists (the few that still hold this point of view at any rate) proudly claim that our present system is a good one on the whole, because the motive is profit and profit comes only to those who produce goods which are demanded. Therefore when people want bread, they buy it, and its manufacture is continued. When taste changes and people find, for instance that they do not desire herringbone garments, herringbone garments are no longer produced. (It is irrelevant here that manufacturers control taste to a great extent by means of advertising.)

But our economists have overlooked the fact that demand can only be heard if it is a moneyed demand. I want (and I'll demand from now till doomsday) a custom-made Lincoln. There is only

(Continued on page 17)



This month's featurette is a Southern beauty who kicked her baby covers off some 21 years ago in New Orleans. She lays no special claim to fame except a sparkling mop of beautiful blond hair, a thoroughbred pair of hazel eyes, and 5'5" of sunlamp suntan so she can be "all ready for the summer."

A Junior here, the little known campus queen attended Washington Seminary and Stephens College before coming east to Carolina. She's a sociology major in her spare time with big plans for recreational work after graduation.

When asked what her plans would be if some dark shadow was to cross her path after graduation, she laughed and said, "Why, I'd just plan some more plans."

We couldn't find a thing she didn't like except the idea of our asking her weight which is 120—all of which looks fine on her in sports clothes — her favorites. When not dancing, she can be found at the Tri Delta house, and as a broad hint—likes swimming for this summer and you can make it football in the fall.

For further information call F-3041 and ask for Betty Greve.

## SCOOP

Winner of next Mag's glamour boy contest.



Tri Delta's Entry



# EXTRA LIBRIS

## MOVIE SCENE

We were at the movies in Durham one Saturday night recently and, being late, had to sit in the very last row of the theater. We noticed a couple in front of us who acted very obviously in love, and did not in the least mind doing some pretty heavy necking in the theater. We are used to this sort of thing, so we paid no attention to the woosers but became engrossed in the cinema itself.

About half way through the show, however, we noticed the couple reluctantly breaking up as the girl started to leave. Her parting remark has cured us of any vestige of romanticism: "Well, it's been fun. Hope we meet again sometime."—B. L.

### (WE STOLE IT AND WE'RE GLAD)

The man was of middle age, but powerfully built and of a healthy complexion. He was trying to enlist in the Marines, and was giving an honest account of himself.

"I'm a nudist, Sergeant," he said, "and the father of eleven children."

"Nudist, hell!" rasped the irate officer. "You just never had time to dress."

### MEN ONLY READ THIS!

Out of the ninety thousand women there will be eighty-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-four who will read this. The other six will be blind.

Dear Jack, I just read that students who don't smoke make better grades than those who do. Your Dad.

Dear Dad, I have thought about that. But truthfully, I had rather make a B and have the enjoyment; in fact, I had rather smoke and drink and make a C. Furthermore, I had rather smoke and drink and neck and make a D. Love, Jack.

Dear Jack, I'll break your neck if you flunk anything. Love, Dad.



Whew! These new uplifts really do the trick.

Little Audrey was sailing with her father when she saw a group of islands. "What islands are those, daddy?" she asked. "The Virgin Islands," he replied. And then Little Audrey just laughed and laughed. 'Cause she knew the Marines had landed.

## It's A Lucky MAG That Knows It's Own Editors

### DIME SERMON

We are really not such heathens, for we were personally attending church one Sunday when this one happened.

We were sitting in the next to last row, near one of our more bashful classmates, when the collection plate came to our section. At that stage the plate was well-filled with money. No sooner had our bashful friend gotten hold of it than he inadvertently turned the whole thing upside down. In the deathly silence of the church, the rolling coins sounded like a tinkling bedlam. Completely flustered, he grabbed madly at the coins and bills scattered abroad—holding up the service some minutes. The congregation sat tense and embarrassed, but maintained stoic nonchalance. Finally the money seemed to be all collected, and the plate was duly passed to the waiting usher. Everybody breathed thankfully.

Hardly had our friend gasped a sigh of relief and tried to sink into oblivion, when he discovered a stray dime in the seat. Now this particular student is an extremely conscientious fellow. His guilt at possessing some money that rightfully belonged to the Lord, so to speak, knew no bounds and haunted him for the rest of the service.

After the benediction had been pronounced, he sought to correct his error, and went up to the minister, who was shaking hands with his parishioners.

"It certainly was a wonderful sermon," our beaming friend said, and he slipped the dime into the pastor's hand.

—Bill Lyman



"Oh, Fred, I bet you say that to all the girls!"

## SOCIETY

(Continued from page 14)

one trouble—I can't pay for one, and I don't know anybody kind enough to give me one. But there are examples much more stark than this. There is a great percentage of people in this country whose nutritional standards are below the health minimum. Yet there are people in this country who have so much available money (money which breeds itself in practically geometrical progressions) that they have to search for needs which their superfluous money can satisfy. So we have the enormous amount of Veblen's "conspicuous consumption" (which is a rather fancy term for keeping ahead of the Joneses—or criminal waste).

This is something which needs correction. The answer is, of course an intelligently planned society, not a Russian or a Brooks Farm brand, but one which will combine the practical virtues which have been characteristic of America with the necessary idealism which has, at least in the beginning been characteristic of the other endeavors. This will not be as difficult as it sounds, or (to annoy the so-called "anti-perfectionists") as it should be.

A survey has been given by a group of statisticians and economists whose purpose was to find out the real productive capacity of the U. S. without reference to any economic system. To summarize the most important results of their survey, we find that first of all the economic system was, at its peak, working at an 81% capacity, and during a typical depression year, it was "working" at a less than 50% capacity. If the full potential had been reached during these years, the slums of the world could have disappeared and Mr. Hoover's "two cars in every garage" could have been a reality. But the most important, and for these men, looking for different data, an identical discovery, was that you could plan the economy of the country accounting for its wants. They had accidentally done so. For instance, this National Survey of Potential Product Capacity found that in 1929 1,550,000 dwellings were vitally needed. The structural steel that could have provided for these buildings was being used in constructing skyscrapers most of which were half-empty, the remaining half being filled up by concerns moving from less satisfactory skyscrapers. So our astute economists simply transferred (in their heads of course) the structural steel that was being used for the skyscrapers to the dwelling places. The rest was just as easy. It is fairly easy (as concerns demonstrate every year) to esti-

mate a population's needs. With a planned economy even more flexibility would be obtained, so that if, for example, we produced too many automobiles one year and too few cameras, then the next year we would simply produce less automobiles and more cameras.

Now, we have seen how a planned economy will distribute the goods and services as efficiently and as equitably as possible (we might have mentioned the platitude that all basic needs will be provided for first). Now what about Dr. Hayek's thesis that with a planned economy our liberties mysteriously disappear. To refute the "vague generalities" (as Charles Beard refers to Hayek's arguments) of *The Road to Serfdom* we shall borrow largely from Barbara Wooten's excellent book, *Freedom Under Planning*.

In the first place, we have a lot of planning now, planning which is more subtle than the O.P.A.'s etc., and which definitely restricts our freedom, but, and here's the crux of the matter, gives us another and a preferable freedom in return. You and I are not given the freedom to drive our automobiles. on the left side of the street. This restriction of our liberty gives pedestrians an inversely proportionate freedom, namely, the freedom from fear when crossing the street. Other freedoms we would like to surrender in return for freedoms of this type. Raikes Slinkard suggested this one: a veteran in Chapel Hill has the freedom to rent a house (assuming there was one left). However since the government only pays this veteran \$90 per month, and the house rents for \$60, Mr. Slinkard has assured us that the veteran would gladly forego the first freedom, if he could have in its place the means to rent the house.

So with our planned society. While surrendering some further measures of our economic freedom and losing no measure of our personal or civic freedoms (the society will not decree that you must eat jello instead of ice cream, or that elections will cease) we gain a myriad of freedoms concomitant with the satisfaction of our needs and the augmentation of our leisure time.

It is as simple as that. Our planned society will be the means of achieving time to do what we want in; it will not keep us constantly struggling in the turmoil of "more and more." Call it communistic, fascist, Balinese, or democratic if you will. The name is unimportant. False principles (in fact most principles) are seldom a workable substitute for starvation.

Let us prepare to be better off. It isn't as bad as it sounds.

## HOMECOMING

(Continued from page 7)

dreaming death-kissed American youth and the gold and the singing will go out of the day.

I shall get off the train in the early misty morning when the comforting odors of pancakes and coffee, printer's ink, leather and oil are strongest, when the wheels are beginning to turn, and the kids in school are pledging allegiance to the flag and singing brave words. I'm going to walk through the streets of the town until I come to my house. I'll stop on the sidewalk and look at it when I get there—the green fence which has turned drab since I painted it three years ago, the middle numeral of the "190" on the top step still missing, the "9" outlined in dust. I'll open the gate, and when I slam it shut the lock still won't catch right. Up on the roof I'll catch a glimpse of the old battered football, stuck in a corner of the chimney from which I could never get it down.

I'll open the door silently, close it behind me, and tiptoe through the hall and the dining room, wondering what I should say and how to say it and whether she'll cry. Standing in the entrance to the kitchen, I shall feel my heart running away with me. She'll be at the stove, her back to me, humming a melody.

"Hiya Mom."

"Hello son." And she'll turn around gently and look at me as if she knew all the time that I was coming back. And the words I've been wondering about—they will be there sure and strong in both our hearts, forever unsaid.

—●—

## PHI BETE SPREE

We have seen a lot of people drunk in our day, but never thought there was anything particularly intellectual about it. We discovered our error, however, in an advanced English course we took. The amazing revelation was pointed out to us by our professor when he was lecturing on the Latin "ose" suffix. It seems that the five stages of drunkenness are:

- Verbose (talkative)
- Jocose (playful)
- Bellicose (belligerent)
- Lachrymose (tearful)
- Comatose (out)

This represents a nice, clean drunk, of course, for there was no mention of "regurgitose."—B. L.

## DO YOU SWEAR?

*(Continued from page 9)*

PX. Oh, oh, what'd I tell you. Here comes our boy now." Zolkov walked up to his bed and looked around.

"Boy, you sure didn't miss anything, fellas. I took one look at the chow they had and decide dto skip a meal. Guess I'll read some of these 1927 magazines the grateful civilians send us."

Mike and Eddie exchanged knowing glances. The nurse stuck her head just inside the door and bellowed.

"Sgt. Zolkov, the major wants you to stay in your bed till he sends for you. You're getting some shots."

"Shots, shots. I've had all my shots, nurse. What the hell's this one for?"

The nurse ignored Zolkov's question, as only army nurses can and withdrew. Zolkov kept screaming to no one in particular.

"Shots, damn it. I know what he's going to give me. Truth serum. The stuff that makes you talk. You know, 'do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?' Only it ain't a bible this time. It's a needle and they shoot you with it. And you don't have to answer, yes. Cause you tell the truth whether you want to or not. They can't make me take that stuff. Damn it. I won't. God damn it. I won't."

"Boy, the major is sure doing this up brown, isn't he? This guy is better than Spencer Tracy."

"Sure, Eddie, they think they're pretty clever. Guess the major figures we'd get suspicious if Zolkov went into his office to give a re-

port. So they rig up the truth serum room next door with that dictaphone next to the cot in there. And then Zolkov spills.

Zolkov was still babbling and sobbign when the major, nurse, and ward-boy came in to get him. He called them all shades of pigs and refused to go. The major sat down on the edge of the bed and whispered to him for a little while. Then Zolkov got up, still sobbing, and left with his entourage.

"Didn't take long to change his mind, huh Mike?" They laughed.

"Let's go play some gin, Eddie." The cards were brought out. The game dragged on interrupted only by anxious looks towards the hallway. After a while they heard the shuffling of feet just outside the door. It was the nurse and ward-boy carrying the unconscious Zolkov. They put him on his bed and fixed the covers around him. The nurse made some inane remark about the weight of bodies and the two of them left. Zolkov stirred and started to come to. He grinned and babbled as if he were drunk.

"I told em. Told em everything. I couldn't stop talking. Christ, that stuff sure makes you talk. I didn't want to tell em. I didn't want to talk about it." The tears were streaming down his face. "The Nazis. I hate them. They tore her clothes off. I'll kill them. I've got to go back and kill more Nazis. I've got to. Send me back. Please. They tore her clothes off. Oh God, I've got to go back and kill more of em. I've got to. Send me back. Please send me back." Zolkov's voice grew to a scream. The nurse came in half-running and quickly shot a sedative into his arm. Eddie looked at Mike. He was crying.

## SO THEY WOULDN'T KNOW

*(Continued from page 6)*

the fullness of lips, the drawing softness of a voice that years in a northern college had not erased, all combined to ease him. Around her sometimes he longed to bury his head in her large, comfortable bosom, the way he had seen her children do.

"Why don't you come in the house awhile? Tom isn't having any patients now." A faint current of resentment ran through her words.

"Thank you. I'd be glad to," he answered her formally. He had hoped she would ask him, and although she invariably did, he always feared that the next time the invitation would be denied him. He went around the house and up the porch steps. Mrs. Conover held the door open for him, and little Lee, their oldest child, ran toward the old man, putting her tiny arms around his legs. He stooped down to take her in his arms hungrily, but was stopped by the mother's arm on his shoulder.

"Go upstairs, Lee," she said.

Hurt, he looked at Tom's wife reproachfully. Avoiding his eyes, she took his hand in hers, and led him to the library, which Tom had converted for his patients' use. He was bent over a book on his desk, leafing through the pages absently.

"Tom," the woman said, "Mr. Fleming dropped over to see us. I'll get some coffee, and let you talk." She left the room noiselessly, Tom looking at the old man over his glasses. Like his wife the negro inspired confidence in David Fleming. While the woman induced in him a sense of peace, her husband offered understanding. By his wife's sly remarks, and the general air of disapproval in the small southern town, David Fleming sometimes experienced a flash of insight that the world he lived in was not a good one. But the doctor did not censure him. Maybe it was because his skin was black, he understood things other people didn't.

"Sit down, Mr. Fleming," the negro invited. "We live on coffee in this house," he added smiling.

David sat down. An empty tobacco pouch with the doctor's name on it, the letters brightly gilted, caught his eyes. His hands automatically strayed toward the pouch, he pulled the string back and forth, opening and closing the pouch.

"It's early for you to be out, isn't it?" the doctor asked.

"I wanted to talk a walk," David replied. It was the unused voice of an old man, the syllables soft and blurred,



barely audible. Once started, it was as if he couldn't stop. "The sun was hurting my eyes in bed, so I had to get up. Besides I like it, when there isn't anyone out on the streets except myself. I like walking alone and thinking. It's nice." He looked at the doctor for reassurance.

"Yes, I know," Tom Conover nodded his head in agreement. "We all like to be alone some of the time." His wife entered the room carrying a tray from which hot curls of smoke came up from coffee cups. David was sitting near the desk and as the woman put the coffee on the desk for the doctor and himself, he absently put the tobacco pouch in his pocket.

An hour later David left the house, his stomach warm from the coffee. He headed toward the park. He would sit there and let the sun beat down on him; perhaps Lorelei would pass by at lunchtime. His face, set toward the park, was the face of a prematurely old man, in which only the eyes were alive in the greyish decay of molding flesh. The hairless lids quivered and blotted out the image of passers-by.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Tom, what are we going to do about Mr. Fleming?" Violet Conover asked her husband. He shrugged his shoulders, his eyes growing bitter behind his glasses.

"I don't know," he said. "God knows I've tried." In the carriage of the negro woman as she left the room, carrying the tray back to the kitchen, there was a resignation as old as her race.

"Come back when you're finished, Vi, I want to talk to you," the doctor said. He bent over his book once more, read the same line three times, then gave up impatiently, throwing it aside. On the wall opposite him there was a certificate stating in ornate, black letters, that Tom Conover (negro) was a graduate of Oberlin College. Looking at it, he beat his fist on the desk. It was so much a futile gesture, that realizing its futility, he almost smiled at himself.

"What's wrong, Tom?" soft hands touched his forehead lightly, the cool fingertips worked on his skin in small circles over and over again.

"Vi?" he asked, not turning around.

"Who else," she answered chuckling softly.

He looked up at his wife steadily, and the words rushed out, "Vi, I'm afraid we will have to leave Lindsay, go up North."

"Is it that bad?" she asked calmly.

"Worse." The doctor got up, and wandered to the window, his back turned to the room. "It's Lindsay's son and Mrs. Fleming.

"We don't have to be kind to that poor old man. I certainly don't have to ask him in. I just feel sorry for him. He seems to have no one else to go to; besides, I feel indebted to him. You should too. He did help put you through school, you know, when no one else would here. And even though you've paid him back, there's still a certain obligation," Violet explained hurriedly.

"You know it isn't that." Tom turned about abruptly. "Mrs. Fleming doesn't mind where he goes to, even if it's a nigger's place, as long as he keeps out of her way, and doesn't do anything to smudge the idea she has of her standing in town."

"Why don't you say it?" Vi asked. "It all goes back to your asking her to send her husband to an institution for his own."

"Of course." He sat down again, impatiently rapping the desk with his hand. "I did what any other doctor would do in similar circumstances. I feel sorry for him. Who wouldn't? With that wife he has, it's no wonder he's the sort of man he is. But a degenerate is a danger to the whole community, and in a sense, to himself, when he's allowed to do what he pleases."

"It isn't as bad as that, surely." His wife looked troubled.

"I notice you don't allow Lee near him."

"Why is it, Tom, that things have to turn out this way, as if they were planned in advance by some god. We could have stayed up North, and you could have practiced in New York somewhere. But both of us for some crazy reason, felt we were needed down here." Tears filled her eyes. "And look, it's like a cardboard house, tottering gradually at first, then collapsing into bits right before our eyes."

"Old Mrs. Fleming is just the beginning of it." Tom paused. "Do you want me to go on?"

"Yes."

"You know during the day, especially in the afternoon, a few patients wander in from Shantytown, colored people. But—," his lips tightened, "after dark there's been Lindsay's son among others who've come. If they want treatment, on hearing that I'm a good doctor they don't want to be seen. And those who don't care only want one thing. Dope. Lindsay's son among them."

"I saw him come in that time," Vi commented. "A horribly pale boy."

"He ought to be. He started in high school, been at it ever since."

"What did he say, when you refused him—Tom, why didn't you tell me all this before?" she asked.

## Varsity

### Co-eds

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"Oh, I don't know." He made an attempt to smile. "Didn't want to worry you, I suppose."

"What did he say?" his wife insisted.

"That he was going to ruin my practice, drive me out of town, spread rumors. And also that he had help from another quarter."

"Mrs. Fleming?" Violet asked.

"Of course, and her women friends."

"Well, nothing has happened yet. You might be worrying about nothing," she reassured him doubtfully.

"No, nothing has happened yet." He glanced at his desk quizzically. "Except Mr. Fleming has paid me the honor of walking off with my tobacco pouch."

"Compared to the rest, I would say, that's a very little problem. He'll probably come back, and return it, when he sees that he took it by mistake. The old man isn't a thief, whatever else he is," she leaned over and kissed him lightly. "Lee's probably in mischief now, and Jed's due home from school for lunch."

"Don't worry, honey," her words lingered in the air after she left the room. The doctor smiled ironically, 'Don't worry,' he thought. Then across his face swept the fleeting expression of resignation expressed by his wife a little while ago.

\* \* \* \* \*

The door bell rang sharply in the Fleming home. Mrs. Fleming hurried down the hall, looked out into the vestibule, behind the dusty curtains, and opened the door quickly.

"Why, hello," grudgingly she greeted the women facing her.

"We thought we'd stop on our way downtown," Mrs. Harvey answered the questioning note in the woman's voice.

"Yes, it's so near noon, you know, all the stores will probably be awfully crowded now," Mrs. Fenwick fluttered, turning to the staunch woman beside her for support.

"Come in, won't you. I was just preparing some cold cuts for lunch," Mrs. Fleming's face broke out in an affable smile of welcome, her eyes lost in the fat wads of flesh that moved up as she smiled.

"We'd love to, wouldn't we, Martha?"

Mrs. Fenwick answered. The two ladies proceeded Mrs. Fleming into the parlor. The sunlight harshly bared the worn spots on the sofa and plush chairs, the dust covering the Victorian furniture. They looked around curiously, before they sat down, Mrs. Harvey's eyes beady in an attempt to ferret out something that would provide fodder for gossip.

"Where is David?" Mrs. Fenwick

asked sweetly. Upon a frown from Mrs. Harvey she quickly looked down at her purse.

Mrs. Fleming heaved herself on the sofa, wheezing in the effort.

"When a man and woman have been married as long as we have, the wife stops asking questions," she snapped back.

Mrs. Harvey waded hurriedly into the breach. "That's true. One no longer cares. I think—," she turned to Mrs. Fenwick, "I think dear Polly was wondering whether David has wandered over to that terrible nigger Conover's place."

"Yes," said Mrs. Fenwick, looking at Mary Fleming, "I really don't think you should allow him."

Mrs. Fleming shrugged her massive shoulders, "Why should they do anything to David? They probably like some white treating 'em as equals."

"You don't understand," Mrs. Fenwick trilled. "He sells dope, you know."

Cutting her short, and anxious to have her share of the glory, Mrs. Harvey added, "Straight from the Lindsays we heard it. Of course," she amended, "It's nothing entirely new. We've heard it before, but to come from the Lindsays themselves; that's a different matter."

"That's what happens when you give niggers an education. Once you raise them above the status of a servant, you can expect anything," said Mrs. Fenwick heatedly.

"You mean, he's been giving dope to that Lindsay boy," Mary Fleming aroused herself enough to state.

"Of course. And," Mrs. Harvey halted for effect, "he may try the same thing on David."

"Sure, he wanted to put him in an institution, didn't he?" announced Mrs. Fenwick triumphantly. She stopped abruptly after looking at the face of the woman sitting on the sofa. Like storm clouds brooding before they break, deep, disapproving lines dug themselves into Mary Fleming's forehead. "I think I told all of you my reply to that nigger."

"Yes," they nodded their heads in agreement, their eyes shining brightly like hawks before the prey.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lounging in a chair, his feet on the table, Larry Lindsay swallowed the last of his beer and belched.

"Good-looking chick, over there, don't you think?" Bob Farrel nodded his head in the direction of the bar.

"Get a couple more bottles of beer, will you Mike," he addressed a tall, lanky young fellow also sitting at the table.

Piqued at being ignored, Farrel re-

peated louder, "Good-looking chick—"

"Oh, for God's sake, shut up," Larry banged his glass on the table.

"What's the matter with you? You've been on edge the last week or two," asked Farrel.

"None of your God-damned business," was the terse answer.

"Okay, if that's the way you feel," Farrel shrugged his shoulders.

"Here's your beer," Mike put the bottles on the table. "You two owe me thirty-two cents."

"What's the name of that babe over there?" Farrel asked, pointing to the girl talking now to the manager.

"Ruth Collins. She puts out, according to Fischer and the fellows. Neat chassis, don't you think?" he idly commented.

"Not bad."

"Can't you fellows talk about anything except dames all the time?" Larry asked impatiently.

Mike looked at him dispassionately. "You better get another shot, boy. You're going to pieces."

"You're telling me. Just being around Lindsay gets on my nerves," Farrel added.

His eyelide drooping, Larry said nothing. Sketched lightly on his face were fine, thin lines of peevishness and an unutterable weariness. He poured out a glass of beer silently.

"I thought you said Conover was in the business," Mike inquired.

"Yeah, you said the nigger would give it to you anytime you wanted it. How about it?" added Farrel.

"He's run out of the stuff," stated Larry, his voice tired, the words seeming to be dragged out of him.

"My old man told me the people in town are going to run him out," said Farrel to the world at large.

"They better not, or Larry will really fall to pieces," laughed Mike.

Slamming the glass on the table, in an excess of irritation, Larry scraped his chair back and left.

"What do you think of that? I think he's sick," Farrel said, looking at the retreating back with wonder.

Mike gulped some beer. "Who cares?"

\* \* \* \* \*

He had been sitting on the bench for a long time. Lorelei had not come by this way for lunch. He would have to wait now until 3:00. He wondered what time it was. His stomach was growling from hunger, and he decided to take a chance, go downtown and buy a sandwich and some candy for Lorelei. She would be disappointed if he hadn't any when she came from school. In his mind he had a picture of her little

face squeezing up in disappointment. Unconsciously, he hurried.

He went into the diner, sat down, and waited for the girl to come around.

"What will it be today, Mr. Fleming?" the waitress asked indifferently, her pad and pencil ready. "Beef stew is pretty good," she remarked.

"All right. And a cup of coffee too," the old man hastened to agree.

"How about some apple pie? Freshly-baked, huh?" she asked brightly, turning a juicy smile on him.

"Yes—apple pie," he said, looking straight ahead of him.

He ate slowly, chewing on each morsel with care, occasionally looking out of the window. If anyone looked back at him, he would quickly turn his eyes back to the plate. It was 2:00. He heard the chimes of the bell tower. A whole hour left. After he finished he wandered out and went into a nearby candy shop.

"Five cents worth of caramels," he told the clerk behind the counter.

"Yes, sir. Anything else?"

"No—no, that's all." He reached down into his pocket carefully and extracted a quarter. He handed it to the clerk and walked out of the store rapidly.

"Hey, mister! Your change. Hey!" yelled the boy. He shrugged his shoulders; the old man was out of sight. 'Not my fault,' he thought. He put the money in his pocket. 'Don't see why the boss should get it.'

Mr. Fleming took his time, once he was off Main Street. He thought of Lorelei, and giving her the candy, taking her up on his lap. Maybe the two of them could go for a walk today. It was beautiful outside. He could see his little sweetheart skipping lightly, holding onto his hand.

He sat on the bench again, waiting silently. Way ahead he saw the small figure of a child running down the path, her blonde curls flying in the wind, her tiny feet barely touching the ground. She stopped when she saw him.

"Hello, Mr. Fleming."

"Hello, my little sweetheart. Get on daddy's lap," he pleaded.

"Do you have any candy?" the tiny questioner faced him accusingly.

"Daddy always has candy," the old man replied.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Tom, wake up," Violet Conover's voice was a lonely whimper in the stillness of the night. She shook her husband. "Tom, please. People are pounding on the door. White people."

Shaking his head to get the sleep out of his eyes, Tom looked at his wife. He yawned.

"Tom, there are men pounding on

the door. They're calling out your name. Oh, God." She put her arms around his neck, and held his head tightly to her breast. "I'm frightened," she murmured like a child.

Tearing her arms away, the man quickly got out of bed, went to the window and looked out. His wife ran to him. "I'm afraid, Tom. What are they going to do to you?" She clung to him.

"Listen, honey, whatever it is, I have to face it. Now let me go." The negro walked to the closet, quickly put on trousers and a coat, and avoiding his wife's clinging arms, rushed down the stairs.

A little boy, his eyes still half closed in sleep ran out to his mother at the foot of the stairs.

"Mother, what is it?" he whispered, tugging at her sleeve. "What is it? Who's making all the noise?"

"Sh-h," she commanded him. She watched her husband go to the door.

As soon as the door was opened, men fell in. They grabbed Tom, who, putting up a futile struggle, was carried out.

The woman, standing there, heard the shouts, as they took him out of the house. One voice louder than the rest yelled out, "Here he is, boys."

"Mother, what is it?" the boy asked, still tugging persistently at his mother's sleeve.

She sat down slowly on the stair, and took her son in her arms. "I don't know." Then, suddenly, her control snapping, a sob twisted her body. "God-damn them," she said. "Goddamn them."

\* \* \* \* \*

Outside the jail, the air was torn by shrieks.

"Lynch the nigger."

"Hanging's too good for him."

"Come on, what are we waiting for."

Inside the jail, a negro sat on the cot, his head sunk in his arms. Once or twice he raised his head up, his face contorted into a grimace of hate, beads of sweat like the premature kiss of death on his brow.

"Don't let anyone in," Sheriff Harper counselled his deputy.

"I think they'll give up and go home after awhile," was the answer.

"Sure, they aren't going to stand out there all night," a man said, standing in the far corner of the office.

"I wish I could be sure of that," the sheriff muttered.

"Wouldn't both me if they did. What a sight that kid's body was," the deputy called Mack spoke up.

"Little Lorelei Wilson. Her mother and father will never get over it. Their only kid, too," Hughes said. Then, after a pause, "Would never've known it was the nigger if he hadn't left that evidence there. His name shining out there in the dark, as clear as could be. You couldn't miss it a mile. Old man Lindsay was even crying for blood."

"Wonder what time he did it. Must've been early in the evening. The body was pretty cold." Hughes voice dropped in a lower register. "God, that poor kid. If I could only get the picture of her lying on the ground out of my mind. In the reeking, back yard in Shantytown, too."

"Got her to go along with him by feeding her those peppermint sticks in his tobacco pouch," Mack added, looking up quickly as he heard the voices of the crowd get louder.

"Feed the bastard to the mob, I say," Hughes muttered under his breath.

The sheriff stopped his pacing up and



"And, then, we'll send them to Carolina."

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down the room. "He's going to have a fair trial like anyone else, or as fair a trial as any nigger can get down here. That's what I'm here for," he replied evenly, in answer to the low rumbling of the mob outside, and the questioning looks of his men. He smiled grimly, "He won't get acquitted, that's certain, no matter how smart a lawyer he gets. The jury will be set against him from the start."

Tom Conover, as he sat in his cell, did not let himself hope. They had not broken in yet, and since they hadn't in the heat of agitation, it wasn't likely they would now. Even if they dispersed

and went home, he knew that he would never get acquitted for a crime he hadn't committed. He would never be able to prove that the old man had visited him in the morning. It had been too early. Who else besides his wife had seen him? Who else besides his wife would say they saw him? It would be his word against the town's, and they would never convict one of their own. But he knew. He knew. What good was his knowing? Who could he turn to? The mob outside, the growling mob wanting his blood. No, there was no one. As cold and dank as the cell was, it was no colder than the grave.

\* \* \* \* \*

In a house hidden by shadows, concealed behind closed blinds, and locked doors, an old man sat gibbering on his bed, saliva running down from the corners of his mouth, his eyes naked with terror.

"If you ever go out of this house again, I'll tell them who did it," softly, menacingly, the woman faced her husband. "I'll tell them all."

The End.

### PETE PARKER

(Continued from page 8)

who had left Carolina and joined the Army, or Navy, wrote to him, tried to keep in touch with what was going on at the Hill. Sometimes the letters contained money which he had loaned many months before.

But all the battles were not won. The last, and perhaps the greatest, was lost. The Navy established a V-12 school here in July, 1943. The Federal Law prevented the University from charging student government and publication fees. The student council and the legislature until this time were all-civilian organizations, were faced with a problem of citizenship. The Publications Union constitution provided that only those people who paid fees were members of the Publications Union and therefore were entitled to vote. Also, the Captain of the Naval Unit here had final jurisdiction in matters regarding the separation of Navy men from Carolina. Therefore the student council became only an advisory board relative to Navy men, whereas it retained final jurisdiction over civilians. Despite objections, however, Navy men were incorporated into the council and all Navy men voted in the campus elections. This was allowed despite a poll which showed the students to be opposed 3 to 1. Student government suffered when it refused to heed the wishes of the majority. And the majority was with Parker.

In May, 1944, Pete obtained a leave of absence from his position as Dean of

## Danziger's



"After the coffee,  
things aren't  
so bad . . ."

Don't  
YOU

want to try it in

## Danziger's

CONTINENTAL  
ATMOSPHERE?

Hot, Iced or Frozen Viennese  
Coffee Is ALWAYS A Treat.  
And Don't Forget That  
DELICIOUS

Viennese and French  
Pastry!

Men, and joined the American Red Cross. He served in the China-Burma-India theater until November, 1945.

And now he has an office in the basement of Peabody where he is doing valuable work in the Veterans Guidance Bureau. He has the advantage over most advisers to veterans, because he knows what the real problems are. He was standing by while the men went through Hell. He helped them when they came back. And now he is here, still helping others solve their problems.

There are a lot of the kids who went to the Darlington School for Boys in Rome, Georgia, now on the campus.

# ATHLETES LEARN AS YOU EARN



## AT DOOK UNIVERSITY

APPLICANTS  
MUST HAVE  
PASSED  
FIRST  
GRADE



HIGHEST  
PRICES  
PAID

They aren't exactly kids any longer. Many of them have lived two or three life-times in the past five years. When they were kids down in Georgia they dedicated their year-book to Pete Parker. And even after he came to Carolina, they dedicated it to him again. When Pete left Carolina in 1944, the students dedicated the Yackety Yack to him. It read: "Because he is the symbol of the highest devotion and friendship, because he is human as well as efficient, Pete Parker holds the respect, admiration, and love of the Carolina Student Body."

The significant thing is that Pete has come back.

### RELATIVITY

They can call us conservatives,  
And status-quo preservatives.  
You can cuss the administration  
For excessive reservation.  
But brother, our liberal tradition is no fluke.  
If you don't believe me — just visit  
"Dook."

—By BOB GURNEY

A guy was sitting next to a blonde  
in a bar. He watched her toss down  
about ten double shots. His curiosity  
being piqued, he inquired, "How much  
does it take to make you dizzy?"

"Five dollars and the name's Daisy."

Sometimes a heel that is high tries to  
dance with a set of high heels.

### GRAHAM MEMORIAL

Grouped around the table in earnest  
discussion  
Of international dispute—British and  
Russian  
Let us move closer and see what they're  
saying  
Oops! Beg your pardon—it's bridge—  
they're playing

—By BOB GURNEY

Some women are such bargain hunters  
that they often marry a cheap man.

## BEETHOVEN

Who flung not rage about the lion concept,  
Nor fawned to kick the sycophantic prince  
Who wanted stronger crown than gold: symbol  
That would reign in any place, and wear  
Time's swift abrasion as an added glow.

No! saved the power of the boot  
And called it Waldstein (serves as well as Moonlight).  
No excuse too small to warm the earth  
And heat the blood. Calculated fire  
Neither scorned by Jove or Beethoven.

Who found the salon had far less to give  
Than lonely moments filled with dim sonatas  
Of the stars to orchestrate. Cracked  
The isolation of the heavens, watched  
The floods descend in slow magnificence.

Who twisted meaning from the twisted men:  
Did not ignore the low events which pushed  
Him into filthy cellars, flung his head  
Against his hands, and crowded truth between.  
He found much in the cellars and the guns.

For art was not incestuous conception  
Of his inner womb, but slow abstract  
Of worldly interaction, exotic product  
From the life experiment, (and this  
From one who ate his fellow's bone).

So after half a century he found  
A sea to wash the shores of all the men;  
But he could now, no longer swim; he did  
Not turn around, but in the motion still  
He raised to shake a fist at God, and drowned.  
—Richard G. Stern

## INCIDENT

The bomber stuck to the sky like a burr to the earth—  
Lingering intrusion caparisoned in modality—  
Drone of motors, glint of sun on steel,  
Immobile in space and fixed on the retina of time  
For the instant at which the forked bloodstreams converge.  
No swoop to break the spell—but the bottom eye of the  
ship winks  
And a tear drop rolls down the sky's pocked cheek.  
Encased chemicals under a silk parasol,  
Falling stealthily, rape the innocent sky.  
Discernment sees a flak-rimmed Manet  
And kill-joys see the shape of sudden death.  
Into a baby carriage (occupant ascertained), it delicately  
falls,  
Into the white folds of the bedding it nestles  
While people say the usual things—  
"Sacre bleu" . . . . . "madre nuestra" . . . . . "holy cow!"  
"Well I'll be hog-tied, a three-point landing,"—  
And pray through their knees, their lips laboring with fear.  
An idiot laughs, an old man leers at the fate of Oedipus,  
And a mezzo-soprano who sings Brunnhilde every ten years  
Revels in her Big Moment and hits high C  
As reality explodes into Walpurgis.  
—Morton Seif

## LANDSCAPE

What artist here erupted  
His small soul  
To change the deadly white  
To laughing mountains  
And a hopeful lake;  
Wrenched love  
Out of unreciprocal air  
And let it stand forever  
Splitting the dullness  
With a sweet attempt.  
—Dick Stern

## CAROLINA'S NEEDS

In spite of the financial drought the omnipotent influence of universities appears to be without limits in the face of time. Universities, birthplace of modern progress, have striven continually to perfect and improve the way of all mankind. Especially in the immediate past universities have offered significant progress. Transportation, for example, limited to the horse and rowboat at first gained extended range at higher speeds with the invention of the steam engine at the University of Edinburgh. Then the automobile appeared as the ultimate in transportation. Now flying has become a thriving reality. In all fields of science the progress of transportation has been paralleled with the aid of universities and university-trained men. At every turn new ideas confronted man. Realizing his ignorance man searched to improve his humble knowledge.

As a result universities experienced a steady increase in enrollment. Today with the government's help more men flock to college than ever before. The veterans, in particular, have realized the value of their opportunity. To them war has proved already that education offers the safest and easiest road to success.

In the future more and more people will seek better education. To meet the demand new universities must be built and organized. Crowding today's institution would only lead to centralized education which can be no better than despotism. Consequently, Carolina must not expand beyond the present needs of the veterans. Expansion would mean stereotyped education, moreover increased enrollment would necessitate an Army system of subordination. Teachers would instruct their courses in conformity with regulations of a superior and the rules of a schedule much stricter than those of today. Under those circumstances instructors would lose their individuality causing wasteful indifference either side of the desk. In short, expansion would convert the University into a mass production factory assembling educated human beings instead of building 'Tar Heels born and bred.'

Putting all idealism aside Carolina must strive for certain definite and fundamental goals. Primarily the school needs more stable financial support. Since the dollar is king of America's economy, the success of the University can only be measured in monetary values. If the citizens of the State could awake to the University's importance to the welfare of State and nation, perhaps they would become more generous in their approbations.

In any case Carolina must rebuild its teaching staff first, make improvements and additions to its physical plant second. Before any ideas of expansion beyond those necessary for the veterans become prevalent, the perfection of our present plant must be considered.



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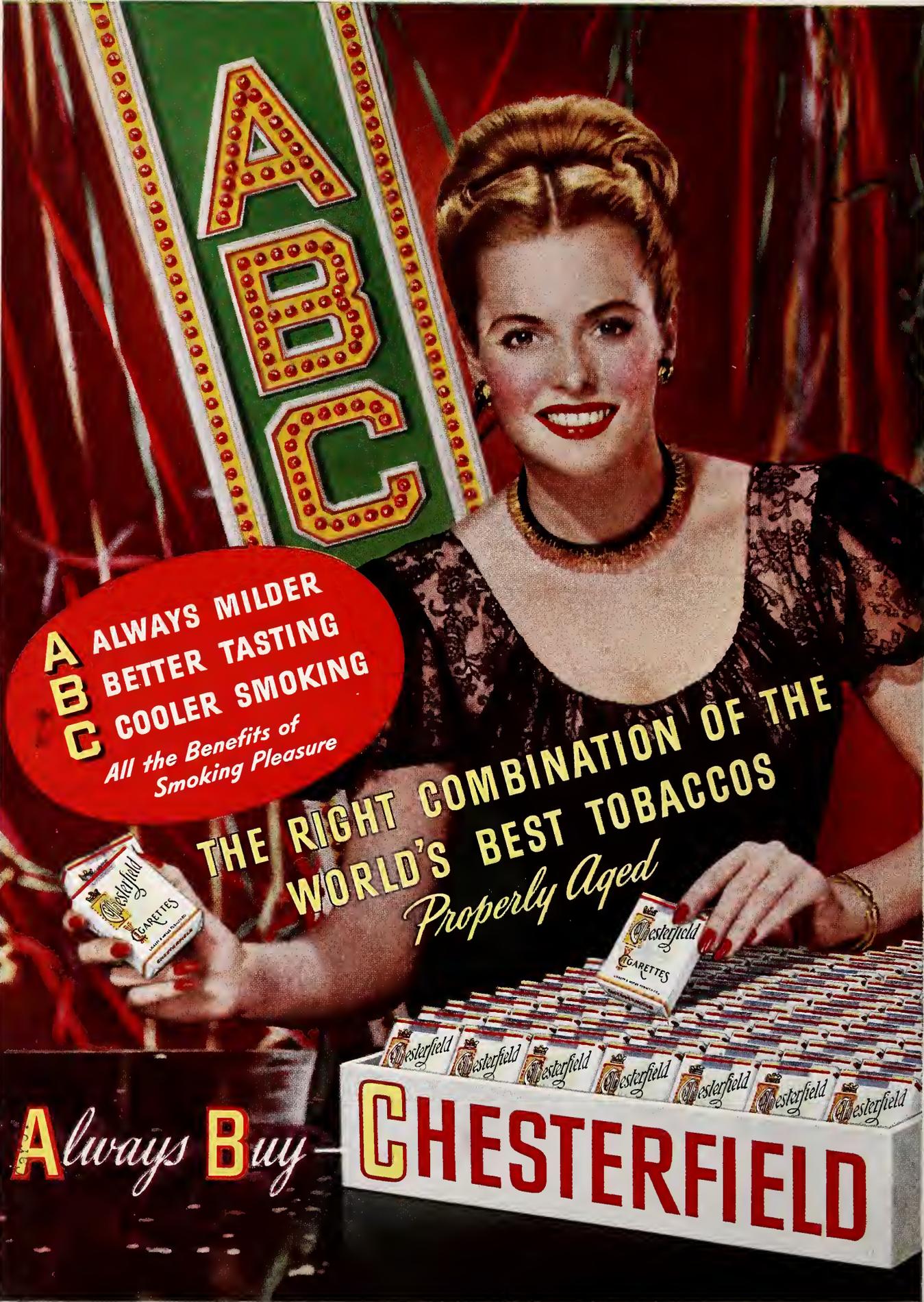
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