

No Editorial

This will do no good, because 95 per cent of those who read it are apathetic.

They don't give a damn.

There's no need to tell them that Carolina's last day of collection in the scrap campaign is here, that the pile is below its goal.

It's useless to demand that students think about the small duty they must perform to assure others of a gun or a plane or a ship.

It may be asking too much, preaching too much to insist that dormitories and fraternity houses make a final canvass of their premises.

Yet, the steel mills of the country are crying for metal. Only a two-week supply is between us and the shut-down of a dozen plants, the end of construction on vital war munitions.

So, there'll be no editorial on the scrap drive today.

There's been too much talk already—too much talk and little else.

Lidice and Grable

We saw Lidice and Betty Grable at the Carolina theater yesterday—incongruous irony. Before that we heard a voice warning us that if we wanted those shiny new automobiles in 1947, we would have to buy defense bonds now. Next, Lidice burned before our eyes, but the last wisps of smoke were dispelled completely by Carmen Miranda's songs and Betty Grable's beautiful legs. Certainly it was just a coincidence. "The Birth of a Nation" could have been playing that day.

Dean Taylor of the North Carolina College for Negroes said at a CPU meeting Sunday night that as far as he had observed the average soldier—either white or Negro—tended to be indifferent even apathetic, toward this war. This, he said, was understandable. We are not a nation trained for war. We cannot expect an intense glorification of war, or even a receptive attitude to come about overnight. Our mental set is one of peace, and no German Stuka or Hangman Heydrich has obliged us by releasing our emotional springs. It is true that we have not learned how to live in wartime. But maybe that is not our fault.

But we have been living in a democracy for some time now, and yet we don't know how to live in a democracy nor for a democracy.

On one hand we have sporadic outbursts of democracy; on the other, three lynchings in Mississippi. We parade our heroes down Wall street while Martin Dies looks around for another victim for his inquisition. It takes movie stars and thoughts of shiny new cars to promote the largest sales of war bonds. Spoon-fed pap and propaganda are substituted for vigorous public statements of war aims—and the average citizen accepts this veneer as reality.

After the war, will this nation be in the frame of mind to allow the Negro to consolidate his possible war-time gains? Will this nation be in the frame of mind to restore economically broken nations abroad when it means postponing some of our accustomed luxuries a little longer?

Democracy, like religion, is in danger of being preached too much, practised too little; sacrifice exploited too much, meaningful, too seldom.

Retreads

By Stuart McIver

I never believed in ghosts very often. That's why such stories as this are so disturbing. Harold Walton, schedule arranger, was registered earlier in the year for a math class in Murphey. When he got there, he was told that there had never been a math class since October 1. Consequently, he was to be heaved out of the University. He got it all cleared up to his own satisfaction but three questions still bother me.

If there is no math class in Murphey at that hour, how could the instructor know that Walton had not been there? If there is etc., how could Walton have attended it until October 1? And if etc., how could there be an instructor?

I want to know the answer to these questions, but would the ghost please write or phone. I'm sensitive about the presence of haunts in my room.

When he was notified that he had been cutting too much and that he had better get right around to the Dean's office to figure out which ear he had rather land on.

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The Daily Tar Heel

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FOR THIS ISSUE:

News: WALTER KLEIN Sports: BILL WOESTENDIEK

Report from the IRC

Independence of India Now One of War's Major Issues

By Paul Kattenburg

Land of diverse creeds, races, cultures, peoples, the India of today is the great enigma of the world. This immense Asiatic area, populated by 400 million, has been colonized and developed by the British. Fabulously rich, India always has been and probably will be for a long time to come, one of the world's most desired territories because of its resources and value, strategic, economic, and other.

The foremost idea in our minds today is whether the peoples of India should be freed from British rule and be let to govern themselves or whether such granting of independence to India now would not seriously endanger our pursuit of total war against the Axis by letting an unprotected territory open as a gate for the Japanese.

On one side of the fence, those who claim for Indian independence undoubtedly are justified when they pretend that no people in the world today should be crushed under any other people's heels and that independence for India today is just as legitimate as it was for U. S. in 1776 or will be for Holland once this war is won.

They claim that by granting India her independence she will realize the danger of the Jap threat and be in a better mood and have greater strength to defend herself. The life-long leaders of today's Indian people, Gandhi and Nairu have been asking for such independence for so long that the serious difficulties occasioned by the revolts in August of this year can only be considered as the climax of their long struggle.

On the other side of this complex and infinitely difficult question are those who claim that Indian independence now will be a serious blow to the United Nations' strategy because of this country's apparent unpreparedness to govern herself following modern standards. India, say these, is divided, uncertain, unfit yet for self-government. Hindus vs. Moslems, pacifists vs. non-pacifists, nationalists vs. pro-Britishers. India might be plunged into a civil war if left by herself now.

We do not attempt here to solve those questions of burning actuality and highest importance, but only to indicate them and the extent of their influence upon society, not only

during the war but also for after the victory.

The Agent General of India, Sir Girja Bajpai, is coming to the campus today to talk on India. In his presence, students may clarify their minds on some of these extremely vital questions and problems. What they need above all to tackle the problems is factual knowledge, more and more. That we may acquire by the facts of Bajpai's speech and so the means of intelligently discussing India and her place in the world.

- Do the British rule India as exploiters?
- Did they develop India sufficiently?
- How far has India been industrialized?
- How far have the Indian people been educated?
- What are some of Gandhi's basic philosophical concepts?
- Why do the Moslems fight Hindus?
- The questions come without an end. At the speech tonight many of these may be answered.

By Mail . . . Evolve Negro Crisis . . .

To the Editor: I have read with interest the columns in the DAILY TAR HEEL concerning the Negro problem. However, I believe that the columnists have omitted some very important considerations.

The CPU columnists have asserted that an intelligent and logical approach is very necessary in dealing with the Negro question. More than this will be needed. Prejudice is a combination of emotion and intelligence, and while we are quite aware of what is the logical and correct thing to do, we often take another course.

The Negro problem requires tact, diplomacy, and a thorough knowledge of human nature. If the Negro issue is brought to a head now—or at any other time—it will bring down much unpleasantness on the head of the Negro. The crisis may have been brought about by well meaning Whites, but it is the Negro who will have to take the fury.

The lynching of three Negroes in Mississippi in the past week bear out a trend toward a crisis. This must be avoided at all costs. The solution to the Negro problem lies in a slow evolution which will break down the walls of prejudice and give the Negro an equality of opportunity.

I do not oppose discussion of any problem. I believe that the discussion of the Negro problem will show the immensities and difficulties of the situation in America and point the way toward a more perfect democracy.

A Student.

Pharmacy Students . . .

Dear Students, It was with a great deal of pleasure that I received notice you had voted to be levied one dollar per quarter each and thereby for the first time in the history of the University officially make the Pharmacy School a part of the Student Entertainment Series and more of a functioning unit here at the University.

Some of you have asked questions regarding your status not only with the Student Entertainment Committee but also with the Student Social Committee recently formed for the better entertainment of Carolina students. It is this last point I would like to clear up in your minds.

You, as a part of this University, are a very definite and welcome part of the activities which the Social Committee sponsors. As you know everything we sponsor is free and open to the campus. For these various forms of recreation and entertainment one does not have to present a passbook or any other form of ticket.

Next quarter when your fees are paid, you will be given passbooks to cover those entertainments sponsored by Dr. Harland's committee, but until that time and for all time you are cordially invited to every function of the Social Committee.

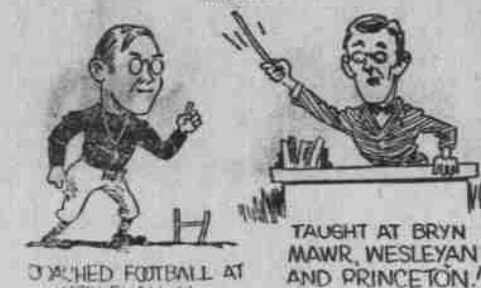
Sincerely,
Hobart McKeeyer

ing and significance of various rosettes worn by committeemen. Excellent opportunity to study the why and whereof of figures. Gate crashing. This course is required for graduation. Lectures, readings, and reports. . . Professors Schenly, Johnny Walker, Calvert.

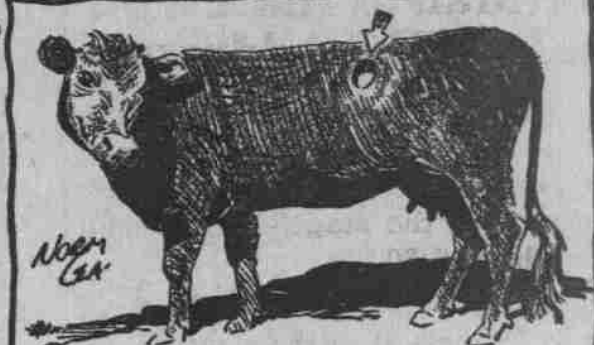


WOODROW WILSON

WAS THE MOST COLLEGIATE OF ALL OF OUR U.S. PRESIDENTS. HE ATTENDED FOUR (DAVIDSON, PRINCETON, VIRGINIA, AND JOHNS HOPKINS). BECAME PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON; WAS OFFERED THE PRESIDENCY OF SEVEN OTHER UNIVERSITIES; RECEIVED 21 HONORARY DEGREES—MORE THAN DID ANY OTHER PRESIDENT ON A PURELY ACADEMIC BASIS.



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WINDOW COW

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA ONCE OWNED A COW WITH A WINDOW IN HER SIDE! VETERINARY STUDENTS STUDIED FOOD DIGESTION THROUGH THE OPENING.

The Weary Wisher

By Hayden Carruth and Sylvan Meyer

Some things come and some things go—but one thing hangs on forever: sex.

We didn't say love. We didn't say romance. You know what we said.

It will supplant someday the yo-yo as the fad to sweep America with the impetus of a hurricane. It has already caught on in several localities, and right now there is a campaign promoting its practice in this area.

Don't misunderstand us. We mean nothing immoral, impractical or back alley by this discussion. We mean only to explain to our readers, innocent folk that they are, the inexorable struggle now in progress in Orange county and the outlying parishes between sex and no sex.

A long time ago there was no sex in Chapel Hill at all. Later on there was a little. But very little. When the first movie came to Durham, so did many of our students. They lingered in Durham for a while—waiting for another movie.

Then the first movie came to Chapel Hill. Then the second movie. Then the first E. Carrington Smith movie. Then the Pick movies. Then came "Harvest."

That was a great day. A line blocks long formed on Franklin St. Sex had struck. Students were lured into the movie. They thought it was terrific. They concurred in the opinion that sex might replace baseball, or even maybe "The Fight Against Infantile Paralysis" as a topic for freshman term papers.

So far that has not happened. We have had influence against sex. The Buccaneer took up the torch. It was fueled on acetylene. It was hot. As a matter of fact, it reached kindling point and in the spring of 1939 was burned up. The editor was burned up. The campus cooled. Soon it became chilly. Sex was at an ebb. The stimulus was gone.

Then came the State of North Carolina. Regardless of any talk to the contrary, primary evidence notwithstanding, sex again came into its own. Sex thrives on rumor. Rumor thrives on sex. It was a great day. Students came to Chapel Hill from miles around expecting the school to live up to its rumors. They were disappointed.

But not for long. Soon Tar an' Feathers took up the torch. It was fueled on natural gas. Soon the deposit ran out. Things began to happen on Tar an' Feathers. It was sabotaged. But it had already sabotaged the student body. Most everybody was happy. Sex was gone. Its ghoulish spectre haunted no more our ivory tower of virtue.

Then in rapid succession three things happened—startling in their speed, devastating in their effect.

1. Grable came to the new Carolina theater. Its screaming orange walls glowed brilliantly. Grable sat down beside Payne—made a quick decision, swiveled gracefully and with subtle expression, plopped

across his knees, her face uplifted. This was noblesse oblige. This was the gesture supreme. Payne did the expected thing. She got the hell kissed out of her. What did Grable and the Hays office expect besides this.

2. Another cataclysmic occurrence had something to do again with a matter we had suspected was history. Sex mounted again. The coeds had to start coming in again at 1 o'clock rather than 2 on Saturday mornings. This was sex's most diabolic camouflage. This was a coup de coeur without equal. It was great. This manifestation of sex is a whizzer. Everybody was delighted. The demon was down, defeated, through.

But they were wrong. Sex, a catalytic agent anyway, is highly effective under conditions of pseudo-morality. People got fooled.

3. The greatest warrior for justice in the world, the American press, got into the fight. The Carolina magazine at last had driven the monster from our backyard—from our backyard right into our living rooms. Sex was ready to shout "kamerad" and throw in his chips.

Then the great day came. Junior-Seniors were moved up, the Carolina advertised an over-sexed old maid, the PU Board sliced the Mag budget.

The ghoul has returned. Be careful. Watch yourself. He will appear when least anticipated.

Don't say we didn't warn you. —S.M.

On the Hour . . .

- 10:30—YWCA worship service in each of the coed dormitories.
- 5:30—Coed senate meets in Gerrard hall.
- 8:30—Sir Girja Bajpai speaks in Memorial hall.
- 8:30—Student legislature meets in Phi hall.

Pillows - Banners Pennants Ledbetter-Pickard

"Helz-Dun-Popped"

playing at the CAROLINA THEATRE in Durham on Friday, Oct. 30 at 8:30 P. M. followed by a dance at the Washington-Duke Hotel

Tickets may be bought in Chapel Hill from Lieut. Gillespie of the Pre-Flight School For \$1.00, \$2.00 and \$2.50



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