PAGE TWO

Freshmen Take Notice

This is an editorial for the freshmen. Nobody else needs to read it.

Next Tuesday you freshmen are going to vote on the matter of pictures in the Yackety-Yack. And the thing for you to do is to vote against having individual pictures. There are several pretty good reasons for such a move-

 If you have individual pictures of every member of your class in the Yackety-Yack, it will cost you \$1,297.50, which is a lot of coin. That means that \$1.65 cents from each of you for your own picture, plus \$60 bucks from the class treasury for pictures of your officers and some snapshots of freshmen leaning around here and there on the campus.

• If you have group pictures, it will cost you \$200 at the most, which is still plenty of jack, but it's not so bad as it might be. As a matter of fact, it's only about 20 cents each. And you will still get the pictures of your officers and the snapshots of guys and gals leaning round here and there.

 The group pictures are okay. It takes about three of them to get the whole class. What they do is line you up on the steps of Manning hall or some other place where they got pretty pillars, and then they print all your names underneath the picture in the annual. You can see your face about as plain as you'll want to in the group shot, and save yourself a goodly pile besides.

Those are the three essential reasons why it looks like you ought to vote for group pictures.

But there's another one in the background that you won't hear so much about. It's about metal-copper and zinc. These two metals are getting scarce; they need them to make guns and planes and such. But they also need them to make pictures. Without zinc and copper it is impossible to make the cuts that are used to print photographs.

So one of us got a letter from the Charlotte Engraving Company the other day. They're the lads that do the work for the Yackety-Yack. They say they can't guarantee anything. Even if you do vote to have a lot of group pictures and use a lot of space and metal, you may not be able to get them because Uncle Sam will put the snatch on the copper and zinc.

The metal you don't use for the Yackety-Yack pictures, which aren't really very important after all, can be used to make the things that soldiers need, or else it can be used to do essential government printing.

So there's three sides to the question, and they're all against individual pictures. In the first place, they cost too much money;

THE DAILY TAR HEEL

Lebanon

16-Pronoun

23—Frock 25—Threshold

28-Swindling

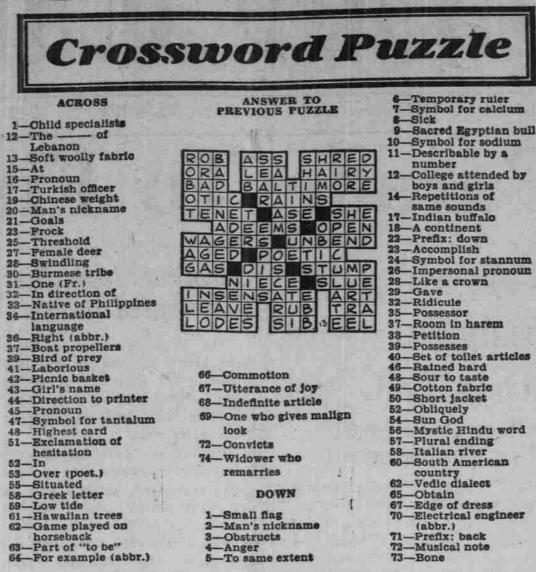
language

41-Laborious

-Pronoun

52-In

hesitation



22 49

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1942

H. Alger Series

Railey, Homespun Politician, Is One Of The 'Cause' Kids

By Richard Adler

Richard Bruno Railey, homespun lad from Margaretsville, N. C. is, at 20, a self-made man and self-styled politician.

Strictly one of the "cause" kids, Railey has gotten his knowledge of impoverished social conditions from a rough contact with the people, working with them in the cotton fields, tobacco warehouses, factories, and talking to them in town prattle places. His prime purpose is to do something specific in bettering living conditions for the Negro, coupled with lowering "anti-equality pressure" existent in the South.

This, Railey feels, can best be brought about in Politics.

Railey literally got his first taste of politics when at eight he licked envelopes for Judge Burgwyn then running for Lt. Governor of the State. Burgwyn's contact stimulated his interest in history and politics as the Judge questioned the boy on these topics and young Railey felt himself obligated to study these subjects from the books he could find.

At nine he developed his first social theory. Cotton picking brought only 40 cents per 100 pounds and although he knew little of labor categories and delineations, at the end of the day his tired back told him it was hard labor. Contrasting this to the pile of shiny nickels shining brought in, he realized that something was wrong somewhere.

At 12 he worked in a basket mill making baskets by hand. **Only Legal Violation**

Every few months the "State Man" (Child Labor Inspector) would visit the factory to see if there were any laborers under the 14 year old age limit. Railey would run out of the mill and hide in a cotton patch until the man had gone away. "It was an immoral thing to do, but I needed the money," he said.

In his high school senior year he edited the first school paper. Throughout the four years he never missed a court session.

Comes to Chapel Hill

Three years ago he arrived at the "hill" with three dollars in his pocket. At once he landed a job at the Bus Station and has been working there 30 hours per week ever since.

His first activity was membership in the Phi. From there, the Debating Squad and Council, organizer of Student Civilian Defense, Student Council (in Summer School), Cheerio Club and Young Democratic Club. For three years he has been active in Student Party politics. Last year after being defeated by Steve Peck for the Vice-Presidency of the Student body, he was awarded the Bingham Medal-highest award in debating.

His biggest thrill came when he was selected for membership in the Carolina Political Union. His greatest honor, when he was elected Chairman last spring.



in the second place, the metal is scarce and needed for vital national war production; and in the third place, there's pretty good odds you might not be able to get the individual pictures anyway.

Think it over a bit. Don't brush it off in a hurry, and cast your vote accordingly.

In Dubious Battle by Jack Dube

I disagree with the squirrel. I admit that there's a lot of truth to what he says, but there's a lot of disadvantages in his set-up too. Can he have the pleasure of beating Dook Saturday? Can he date Jeannie Afflick or Joan Hill? Hell, no! and besides, we don't believe that's a real Harris Tweed Jacket.

Predilections: Hitler will not drop in for fall Germans. . . . The tennis team will have a fairly good season.

Sexcuse Us: We hear tales about a coed about whom the old gag applies in a new light-"she isn't going to die, she's going to engage away." . . . Rumor has it that the new civilian travel curtailment was really brought about by a Carolina coed lobby to solve the problem of imports for the dances. . . . Boots Thompson walking blithely thru the downpour on Tuesday sans raincoat and singing. . . . Sadie Hawkins Day passed practically unobserved in these particular hills, but we guess the gals felt that the draft boards were giving them too much competition. . . . Marion "Frinky" Frink says that a girl's best friend is her mutter. . . .

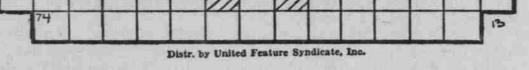
Hillites: Kat Hill says she knew Larry Goldrich was a northerner because he danced as though he had snowshoes on. . . . and the poor guy who says he lives between heaven and hell . . . between the Baptist Church and the Beta House. . . . And John Temple told us about the prof who had a lot of boys from one fraternity in his class. One night they invited him to dinner. Beets were part of the menu and the prof was somewhat taken aback when one of the more-highly considered students murmured unconsciously "pass me a stack of those reds." . . .

Kemnants . . .

Probably one of the most unusual features of this unusual year is the speed with which class budgets passed. It isn't hard to remember the day when the band was called on to call out the voters-and at that it was a lengthy process.

Rumor-mongers have it that the IRC has something up its sleeve. IRC members are dropping gentle hints about this mysterious something.

Speculators seem to believe that the possibility of not having an annual this year are small. Possibilities range from a possible recognizable Yackety Yack to none at all. Probabilities indicate that Carolina students will see an annual with less engraving, fewer pages, and no color pictures. C'est la guerre!



A DTH Review November Mag Reviewed; **Even Hamilton Will Like It**

By Charles Howe

The November issue of the Carolina Magazine will get a good reception.

Even Harvey Hamilton should like

Meyer and Carruth, wiser to the ways of magazine editting than they were a month ago, have taken the so-called "combination" and welded it neatly into a well-coordinated unit. The scales have been tared between the Serious and the Comic with the addition of more light material, and at the same time almost all tendencies towards "longhairism" have vanished. Several new authors are in print for the first time, a welcome change after the cliques of past years when the same contributors appeared month after month. Fiction

The fiction is rather heavy for general campus consumption, but there is not too much of it, and what there is is good. Nancy Smith's "Conversation" is best. It is the story of a poor woman who wants to practice birth control and at the same time be a good Catholic. She takes her problem to her Father-Confessor, who is shaken out of his complacency by realizing the difficulty of making his religion and hard practicality meet. Very well written. "Conversation" will make the reader pause to ponder its philisophical connotations. "Hack's Money", by Jack Kurtz, and Ralph Jackson's "All I Want to Save" are wellwritten short stories of modern human problems.

Non-Fiction

The non-fiction material is well diversified and in general interesting. Ernie Frankel presents individual analyses and criticisms of South Building moguls in "Behind Those Shining Faces." Frankel is right as far as he goes but tends to be too mild in his criticism. The article is wellwritten, well-organized.

Joe Leslie's sketch of the Kappa Sigs' venerable house boy is warm, amuzing. "Mr. Mile High," by Mike Beam, is fairly good, although the author could well have spent a little more time building up his effect. The checkered career of the English department's Taylor and his views on Shakespeare are told by Stuart Kahn in "Pigs vs. Shakespeare." Humor

riere. This is far away and the best the Mag has to offer in the laughprovoking line. Bud Kaplan's screwballish story of spies in a railroad car is fairly humorous, while those who enjoy plain, unadulterated corn will get a kick out of Ben McKinnon's "A look at New York" and "Dogs vs. Cats" (McKinnon-Branch), a satire in which Carolina coeds and gentlemen are cast as species of the feline and canine genii.

"Dangerous Dan McFoo", modeled after the famous McGrew epic with the setting transplanted from the Yukon to Harry's Delicatessen, is an amusing and well-done bit of poetry by H. C. Cranford. "Extra Libris" continues to draw laughs, and all but the most astute seniors will enjoy Piney Woods Pete's missive to his brother Dallas. David Hanig's "First Case," extremely well-written, has a surprise ending that makes it worth reading.

Henry Moll's spread on the physical fitness program of the naval cadets is typical of his excellent cartoons, but most of the others are ragged. Ken Gammage's "Juke Box Types" are rare, but suffer somewhat due to smudgy engraving. Poetry

The serious poetry is excellent. T. Weiss' contributions may seem slightly long-hair to some readers, but the majority will like them. Dick Adler and Kai Heiberg-Jergensen contribute the rest.

Features. Editorial

it.

Swing addicts will find the best of the recent record crop listed in "Light Brown and Bue," while wartime fashions are featured in Marion Frink's advice "To the Coeds." Ann Seeley's book review and choice quotations clipped from leading periodicals are other worth-while features. The Meyer-Carruth editorial states nicely the problem facing student government, but nothing not generally known to the campus is included and no solution other than that "we must act with foresight and surety" is advanced.

The make-up shows a big improve-

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The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Carolina Publications Union of the Univer-sity of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where it is printed daily except Mondays, and the Thanksgiving, Christmas and Spring Holidays. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price, 3.00 for the college year.

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FOR THIS ISSUE: Sports: BILL WOESTENDIEK

The humor is also diversified, to say the least. Art Golby is really funny in his tale of "Alvin Argentine. Crazy Boy," a lad who could bound 18 stories high on his latex der-

ment over that of the October issue. Although rather drab and monotonous ni spots, it is always well balanced and for the most part stimulating.

Mr. Average Reader will like this Mag. He will find just about anything he wants in it-anything from slapstick humor to good poetry, from Doris Clark to Soviet artillery, from Billy Carmichael to Alvin Argentine. Even Harvey Hamilton should like

