

The Soldier-No-Vote Bill

Maybe you've got the guts to feel proud of yourself right now. Maybe you know the answer you are going to give to the American soldiers, sailors and marines overseas who are being disfranchised in the forthcoming November elections when they want to know why they are not allowed to vote for the officers who will be dictating the course of their country. Maybe you've already got a nice, convincing speech all planned out about how we are fighting this war to preserve democracy, to safeguard all the finer things in which we, under a democratic rule, believe and to which we cling. But it is all going to sound pretty empty when you stop to think about how the men who are fighting on all the battlefronts of this war will not even be allowed the right to vote for President of the United States.

It has a new name now—that bill Senators Scott and Lucas introduced as a compromise bill for the originally defeated Scott-Lucas bill for the Federal administration of absentee voting for members of our armed forces stationed overseas. After the way the joint committee from the House and Senate finished mutilating it, they are calling it the SOLDIER-NO-VOTE bill.

As the bill now stands, ready to be brought before Congress this week, seven to eight million soldiers who can vote even now will be deprived of their rights of casting a ballot. While our chosen representatives to our United States Congress are opening mouths wide and yapping about our glorious war effort on one side, they are refusing the right of voting to our soldiers on the other. From the original vote on the original Federal-vote bill in the House of Representatives, 92 per cent of the Republicans in the House openly admitted they would vote for no Federal ballot in any form under any circumstances. While we fight a war and send our soldiers over to every corner of the world, hard-boiled politics go on as usual.

Public opinion is still the most important factor in the working of a democracy. Several weeks ago, we put on a campaign to get you to write your congressman urging him to vote for the passage of a workable and practical soldier vote bill—in short, for the Federal administration of absentee ballots. But after our campaign was over, how many of you had written to your Congressmen? And how many of you had written your families and asked them to write their congressmen? Some of you did, yes. But the rest of you, the larger percentage of the students here at the University, what about you? It was too much trouble, wasn't it?

Well, maybe you were right. Maybe it was too much trouble, maybe it wasn't worth worrying about. Maybe one letter more or less wouldn't make any real difference. At any rate, we hope you've got your answer all ready. We'd like to know what your answer is, because when American soldiers who aren't allowed to cast their ballots come back and start asking us, we want to know what to tell them, too.

Politics as usual. And indifference can spell death to democracy.

You Pay the Bills, So--

In spite of consistent complaints from students during the past twelve months, in spite of campaigns carried on by the TAR HEEL, the University Administration has dogmatically failed to exert any effort toward the improvement of the still over-crowded eating situation in Chapel Hill. Any improvements in either the Graham Memorial Grill or the Carolina Inn Cafeteria, plugged in University publicity as "University run eating establishments," have come, not through action of our administration, but through the men and women who are hired as directors of these eating places.

Three of the four large coed dorms do not provide eating facilities for the residents of their dormitories. During the past few months some of the coeds have been cooking light meals, on the average of once a day, not in the compact modern little kitchenettes which they are not allowed to use, but down in the laundry rooms on each of the halls. But that has been stopped now. In the face of still high prices of eating, in face of the crowds who keep these places filled beyond capacities during mealtime, the "University" has seen fit to pass and enforce the following on all of the coed dormitories:

"Since the campus and town now offer adequate facilities to the students, the University thinks it wise to return to the rules governing food and drinks in rooms. Therefore, no cooking will be allowed in the dormitories. In the kitchenettes of women's dormitories tea, coffee, and chocolate can be prepared and consumed. Foods and drinks must not be kept in dormitory rooms. Coca Cola and milk may be brought into the building but must be drunk and the bottles left in the kitchenettes."

In addition, coeds are no longer allowed to keep food in their rooms, and housemothers have already begun to confiscate even such things as milk, bread and sandwich spreads from the rooms. And so it seems the University remains the one big business enterprise that completely ignores the wants of its best customers.

You are the customers. The men you pay to run the business are gathered together over in South building. And South building isn't too many steps from where you are right now.

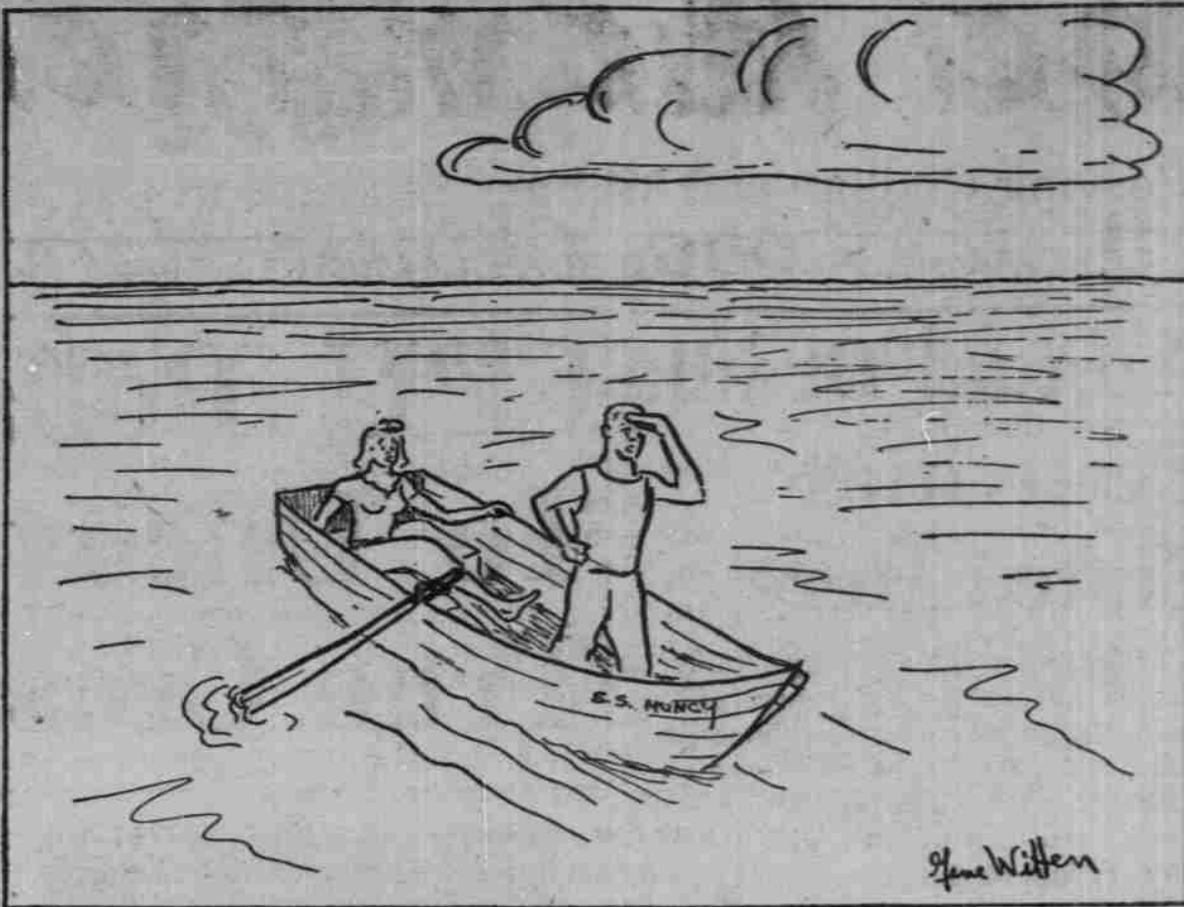
The Tar Heel

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"Now what was it, the Captain taught us to do next when a V-12er found himself in a situation like this?"

Portia Patter

by M. E. Richter

Adolph Hitler is a "pathological liar, a deadly egocentric, a histrionic poseur and a lover of disaster and destruction" . . . and "in the world of Normalcy a Nothing, in chaos a Titan—his extraordinary powers did not develop in supporting an edifice; they flowered when it came to giving it one last shove. Swimming in wreckage, climbing over ruins; that is his gift" and seldom has a man possessed these venal talents in a greater degree. This is the opinion of the best known biographer of Hitler, other than leading Nazi authorities.

Konrad Heiden has just published the most comprehensive biography of the German ruler, replete with an analysis of his character and activities from childhood through 1934. Chosen, oddly enough, the February book-of-the-month, "The Fuehrer" will become the most likely authority on Hitler even excluding "Mein Kampf," which so carefully eliminates from the record all facts which might decrease the esteem which the Fuehrer would like to receive.

Heiden, a German liberal, fled from Germany in 1940 only to be caught and imprisoned in a concentration camp for his outspoken disapproval of the Nazi party and its leaders. Upon his escape he went to London and then to California, where he completed this book in the quiet confines of the Hoover library. He devoted about twenty years to studying the man and his fellow criminals and although he has written two other books on related subjects, this one is the most exhaustive.

Tirelessly he brings forth details of Hitler's background, which included generations of illegitimacy and almost incestuous marriages; an unfair, unscrupulous father begets the same kind of son and the strange story of Hitler's work with the party is told here. How they brought forth techniques which would enable them to enslave by force, fraud and violence, first their own country and then the rest of Europe. There are transcripts of early speeches, eye-witness accounts of his early struggles to gain control of the party and the attention of the higher officials of the geo-political cliques. Court testimony of the unsuccessful first 'putsch' and some previously unknown records are brought here tracing slowly the rise of this Anti-Christ to power.

It is truly a terrible story, this of the uneducated, untrained painter of postcards and advertisements who spent his youth in flop houses, disdained honest labor and those who espoused it, hated mankind and avoided all but the merest contact with them, yet lived to reach a peak in infamy hitherto unknown.

Heiden carefully traces the growth
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WELL

By Bill Howard and Fred Loeffler

Well, for ten days now we have had among us some 350 new arrivals to the Carolina campus, a vast majority of whom have never before attended college. By this time the newcomers have thrashed out most of their academic problems and are settled in that respect for the coming term. An item which remains decidedly unsettled, and one which has been sadly neglected is that of orientation for the new students. In fact, not much has been done along this line since V-12 came to this campus last July. The Navy and the administration have done their part but the student body officers have done very little. With a sketchy introduction to Carolina, the neophytes have become Tar Heels. We have noticed the feeling, as in the past, that the new men do not feel themselves a part of this university as they rightly should. More effort is needed to plan for the moments when these men will not be in the classroom; moments when these men should experience the social side of college life. The responsibility lies not only with the student body officers but with the student body as a whole. What has become of the dance committees? When was the last dance at a co-ed dorm? When was the last open house at one of these dorms? Let's get to work and make these men feel at home. A good many of them have seen action where the action was the thickest. They rate more than they have received from the Tar Heels to date.

Despite the fact that this is another war picture, this yarn should provide you with some of the best filmfare in many a moon. Simple plot combined with the fine acting of Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne go together to make one of the season's best offerings. However, like last Friday's offering, has a bum ending. Seems that MGM just couldn't keep the western flavor out of it.

We are starting a society for the protection of short people which we are going to call the Loyal Order of Gnomes. Applications will be accepted at the TAR HEEL office. Incidentally, we are willing to investigate all complaints about things around here. If you have one, let us know and we will see what we can do for you.

Some day in the not so far distant future, Allied forces will land along the western shores of Europe to stay there until the cancer of fascist barbarism is removed. The Avera-Fitz-Simons production, "Twilight Zone," gives some insight into the lives of those who will have built the foundation for the invasion. There is much food for thought in this play and the paramount message is well conceived, we feel. We also feel that a great general truth was struck when Charles, the factory chemist, was informed that he did not know what was going on outside of his test tubes. From a generally favorable audience reaction, we found some who thought the dialogue too slow. We don't believe, considering the highly pertinent nature of the subject, that the play dragged too much. It appears to us that either Paul Corde or the Nazis got into action enough to save the play from a tiring effect. The portrayal of Dr. Fraubert was good, but the good doctor might have warned Lt. Dreiser about the second step from the bottom on his trip to the cellar. It was a lulu! We would award the best acting honors to Josephine Sharkey and Lt. Paul Hawk and a slice of Smithfield to Carrington Cross.

Recommended Reading: "Tarawa, The Story of a Battle" by Robert Sherrod. The sensation felt while reading the author's account is hard to describe. The book should set you to thinking as it did us. Told in vivid terms, the story tells of the sacrifices made by American fighting men in order that this nation might live in peace.

Friday, a picture comes to the Carolina that we want to recommend very highly, "A Guy Named Joe."

INCREDIBLE WORLD

By Wayne Kernodle

It's not the war that mixes me up. It's people. A few nights ago I was around to see a fellow in one of the dormitories and we got busy on some sort of idea and time fugited. Also it began to rain outside. There was an empty mattress on a lower bunk and he offered it to me for the night. Being Southern, lazy, and very exhausted I accepted the invitation. Pulling my overcoat around me I flopped on the naked mattress and went into a shivering slumber. Around three o'clock the cold air found a vital spot and twisted me into wakefulness. There was a man in the room—a stranger to me. Oh it was alright—no violation of the house council or anything like that since it was a men's dormitory. But it did seem a little incredible to me that he should be lying in the middle of the floor in blue dotted pajamas. Having gone to Carolina in the good ole days I knew my duty toward people who ended up sleeping on the floor. But this was different. Upon turning on the light I saw that there was a sign on the sleeper's back. It read: "Do Not Disturb. We are Sleeping." I looked around for the other one, but he was missing. Far be it from me to go against the instructions. But I did the humane thing by covering him up with my coat and getting into his bed.

The next morning I woke up to the beautiful strains of a before-breakfast argument. The fellow who slept

on the floor was arguing with the fellow who had offered me the lower bunk. It seems that floor-sleeper had gotten into an argument with his roommate about how soldiers slept on the ground and felt much better than when they slept in beds. To settle the argument he had bet his roommate that he could sleep all night on the floor without any cover and feel just as chipper the next morning as the other fellow who slept in a bed and with cover. Now the guy wouldn't pay off the five dollars because of the overcoat. It was very apparent that the blue dotted pajama wearer felt chipper—it was also apparent that his roommate thought he was dealing in lies about not getting the coat himself. I was responsible so I paid the five dollars, collected my coat and got the hell out. Moral: Never put a coat over a man you find sleeping on the bed room floor—he may be winning a bet.

It's funny what habit will do. Last Sunday I went to church. Just as I arrived on the scene the ushers started passing around those velvet lined plates to the cheerful givers—so I stood at the entrance and watched the expressions on people's faces as they contributed. Nothing unusual happened until the plate was passed to a wild eyed fellow on the outside edge of the back row who was obviously tasting religion for the first time in many a year. When it came his turn to make the plate a little fuller he deposited a quarter. The usher received it without regard and started toward the rear of the church. As he moved away the
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