

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tuesday, November 8, 1932

Dirge

On this day the people of our nation go to the polls. In the heart of the common man there is hope, on his lips a protest. He has been wronged and today is the day of vindication.

To whom will he turn for relief, to whom will he look for retribution, upon whom will he vent his vengeance? Whom will he choose for his champion?

The candidates for the crown have made their final appeals to the electoral mob. Roosevelt: "These unhappy times call for the building of plans that put their faith once more in the Forgotten Man at the bottom of the economic pyramid."

Hoover: "I ask to be kept in office for the country's sake, not my own."

Thomas: "It's not Washington but Wall Street that's ruined us. It's the breakdown of the capitalist system."

The captains of industry and the kings of politics are for a day reduced to the ranks and dethroned. The forces of democracy have mobilized and are clamoring for leadership.

At sundown the nation will hold its breath. And tomorrow the people will acclaim a new savior. In a week all signs of the democratic frenzy of today will have disappeared; the mob will be dispersed. The common cause of democracy will soon be forgotten.

The ordinary man will return to his machine or to his plow. The extraordinary man will sit down again, in reach of his push-button.

Every four years, 1928, 1932, 1936, the people of our nation go to the polls.—E.C.D.

The Eve

One of the distinguishing marks of intelligence is without doubt the liberal-minded viewpoint. In order to understand—in order to know—man must liberate himself as much as possible from stifling, customary habits of thought. The tolerant

person, the true liberal, learns because he allows himself to see all points of view. He becomes better able to differentiate the shallow from the erudite, the interpretive from the factual; he becomes better able to resist meaningless catch-phrases and insidious propaganda—in short he becomes a freer man. In the examination of social and economic problems and the political issues arising therefrom, it is mandatory—if we are to arrive at points nearer the truth—that we consider these problems and issues in the tolerant spirit and in the light of all rules of fair play.

It has always been customary in the history of American politics for the rival parties to adopt characteristic high-pressure antagonism, dogmatic assertiveness and ostentatious "laying-of-cards-on-the-table." The continual practice of this sort of campaign, with all its weird "fuzziness," reminiscent of barbaric incantation and sideshow eloquence, has had its natural effect upon the small but powerful "thinking minority." An utter disgust for politics in general is a growing force among the electorate. And it is here—we must bear in mind—that danger lies. The incredible stupidity and shortsightedness of most of our public servants is undoubtedly the major cause for the opprobrious stigma attached to the whole political arena. But after all is it any wonder that the situation has come to such a pass? There are few if any efficacious attempts to train men and women for positions of public administration. Money-making is the primary consideration; public office is a mere sideline, a means of "cutting a figure" in the eyes of the humble crowd.

It is not that politicians are less honest than the average run of business men; they are just a little less informed, a little less fitted for their task.

Here it is that one of the fundamental considerations of our modern educational system lies. But even this is only one phase of the greater necessity of a conscious, willful plan for economic co-ordination and social betterment. To the few of the multitude of office-seekers in this November election who possess the social consciousness to see this fundamental need, and who possess the courage and will to advocate it—we unhesitatingly say: Here's a man!—V.J.L.

SPEAKING the CAMPUS MIND

"Underhanded Inconsistency"

When a few employees of the library displayed their zeal for a certain political party, a notice was posted demanding "that University employees do their appointed work and not confuse University working time and working places with non-University business such as partisan-political, propagandist, or private-commercial enterprises."

With this official policy so forcefully and so recently proclaimed, it was startling to see the head-waiter of the University dining hall, Saturday, amidst the turmoil created by the hundred or more "guests" from all parts of the state, distributing the official publication of another organization of young political enthusiasts.

Is this action in accord with the non-partisan policy of the University, or is it an example of the underhanded methods resorted to by some campus politicians?—W.C.

Chile has had five governments in four months. Sounds more like a merry-go-round than a revolution.—Winston-Salem Journal.

OUR TIMES

By Don Shoemaker

Young America At the Polls

By this hour Wednesday the country will know to a high degree of certainty, the name of the thirty-first president of the United States. Thousands will be dissatisfied either way. Equally will thousands be little interested. Unfortunately for the cause of those who advocate the crying need for leadership in the ranks of Youth, the latter category claims many young Americans in its division.

Investigations on many university campuses reveal that a surprising slight number of students have taken advantage of the absentee voting privileges. On the University campus, where more than a thousand are said to be of voting age, an unofficial canvass of notary public offices revealed that hardly a comparative handful of students has complied with poll requirements. The majority of those who desired to exercise their prerogative were out-of-state students. Obviously, youth's journey to a place in the political scheme of things must start with its influence at the polls. Until the vote of Young America becomes sought after as a factor in swinging one candidate our desire for Youth Movements cannot be realized.

Vandals

Disappearances of public figures prominent in the affairs of government and politics seem almost unconceivable to the average citizen. That men of power and prestige can drop out of the public eye as if engulfed by an earthquake is hardly imaginable, yet greater disappearances occur every day that hardly attract such universal interest.

One Hallowe'en night in a little town in the middle-west, four huge telephone cable spools, twelve or so feet in diameter, vanished into thin air. No human strength could have lifted them onto trucks; no commotion of mechanical apparatus was heard in the neighborhood at the time, yet the impossible occurred. Perhaps the greatest steal of all time, though, was reported by the Rumanian government recently.

An entire railroad running from Cluj, Transylvania, to Jacobeni, Rumania, completely disappeared. The vandals did not stop at tracks and switches but got away with ties, spikes, rolling stock and signal systems. Nor has any of the missing material ever been found!

The Ink Well

By Nelson Robbins

An Attempt to Even Up the Series With Some Rhapsodies in Sky-Blue Pink

Now, You Chase Me for a Little While, Robert
Who is it gets the columnists told

In forthright speech with accents bold,
And leaves a flavour of punk and mould?
Autopsy Bob Berryman!

Little Lord Fauntleroy of the TAR HEEL staff!
His cute remarks makes his elders laugh.

Staunch Boy Scout with badge and staff—
Berryman! Berryman!

He rests his elbows on ma's washstand
And writes a colymn with his own little hand!

Who would have thought it?
Strike up the band
For Berryman! Berryman!

Has he a reader with soul so dead
That to himself he has not said:
"That guy has a solid ivory head!"

Berryman! Berryman!"

Take my wife, my clothes, my job—
Take my home, my watch and fob!

But leave my simple, unaffected Bob!

Berryman! My Berryman!

Come, little Bob, and blow your horn—
There are other sheep that need to be shorn—

Many college men drink a lot of corn!
Berryman! Oh, Berryman!

All ages have these unique men.
Johnson had "Bossy" to ply the pen—

Prince Henry had his Falstaff—
so, then,

We want Berryman!

Just a Bit of Nothin, Miss Harbour

Dear little Edith, sweet as a rose—
Why she thinks she can write,
Her God above only knows!
Perhaps, she fell on her head one night.

Her prose is boresome enough,
Ye Gods!

With Latin phrases and words high-flown,
But her "poemry" exceeds it by rods and rods—
It's almost fully as rotten as my own!

She seems to travel around in disguise

To hide from us her eccentric fame—
Has mortal e'er seen her with his own eyes?

All that we know is her name.

But her colyum, at least, to me implies

One too nice to soil her frock and her mind
By playing at making these little mud pies

With columnists and others of the kind.

So, don't you think, dear little girl,
You'd better be running ahead
And get your hair all put up in curl,

And have mother to put you to bed?

By the Way, Mayne, That Grade On Geology was an "E"—
Sensitive About It. Too

And, then, there is that bird,
(Continued on last page)



THE FALL OF TICONDEROGA
"Nature in the Raw"—as portrayed by F. C. Yohn...inspired by that horror-filled dawn when the bloodthirsty savages fell on Ethan Allan's gallant "Green Mountain Boys" of Fort Ticonderoga fame. "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"—and raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes.

No raw tobaccos in Luckies —that's why they're so mild



WE buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world—but that does not explain why folks everywhere regard Lucky Strike as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"—so these fine tobaccos, after proper

aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that Lucky Strike purifying process, described by the words—"It's toasted". That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that Luckies are such mild cigarettes.

"It's toasted"
That package of mild Luckies