

The Daily Tar Heel

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For This Issue:

"The open air of public discussion and communication is an indispensable condition of the birth of ideas and knowledge and of other growth into health and vigor."—John Dewey.

• CPU's Joe Martin

Joe Martin is in town today. Brains behind the militant, anti-war minority of Republican Congressmen, Martin is an efficient political leader. He has reputation and a record. The reputation shows well for the GOP, the record consistently anti-New Deal. Today, in our nation, a political Congressman must become a statesman—the times when a political marionette would be a first-rate representative have passed. Joe Martin has voted consistently against progressive measures. He has been reluctant to follow the President's course on the war. He has been accused of using the crisis as a political expedient. We expect Joe Martin to answer these charges in his speech here tonight. We mean to see him toe the mark and prove himself to be a statesman. The test and the proof lie with him.

• Politicians Should Be Leaders Also

Out of campaign promises and votes have come two things, meetings of many campus organizations and a lot of beside-the-point talk. The fees bill and the campus organization bill, the two sore spots of last year, were scrapped by our new campus officers. It seems it was impossible to administer them properly. Maybe so. But why has the fact that these two bills were designed to improve certain campus conditions been scrapped too? These bills were possible steps toward a certain end. Do our new officers then say also that the goals of last year's officers are undesirable too? If so, just what do our new officers think is desirable? So far this year we have not heard that they even think. One campus organization has been active this year—the Safety Council; and the head of it was appointed, not elected. Apparently students who are elected to offices think that once there their obligation has been fulfilled. Maybe they fail to see that positions of authority are means and not ends in themselves. But we're being unfair. You know our officers wouldn't have run for office in the first place if they didn't have some ideas for constructive changes. We, the students, will just have to wait a little longer until maybe something will come of the ideas. There is a lot of talk about how poorly the honor system is working. Last year's campaign promises certainly included one about a better campus. And yet we have not heard of a single officer of the student body who has a decent idea about making the honor system work better. What's wrong with all the class officers? These men could very easily interest themselves in matters other than getting their pictures in the paper on one class dance a year. Why can't each class president make it his business to see that his class understands and supports the honor system a hundred per cent. If it's possible, it can be done here. Many campus officers do not know whether or not certain aspects of student government are within their realm of power. If this year's officers can not or will not do anything else, someone could take it upon himself to draw up a constitution setting forth in one unit the entire structure of our student government, with complete lists of powers and specific delegations of responsibility. Then at least future officers who will intend to improve the campus a little will have one less hurdle to take; and besides, work on such a project would give the impression that this year's officers are active and wide awake. A constitution would also facilitate a more complete understanding of our student government for people who are interested, like freshmen. There are so many good things that could be done this year that there isn't room in the Tar Heel to print them all. Why don't some of you politicians prove that you're worth the faith expressed in you by your votes?

• Worth Sixty Seconds of Your Time

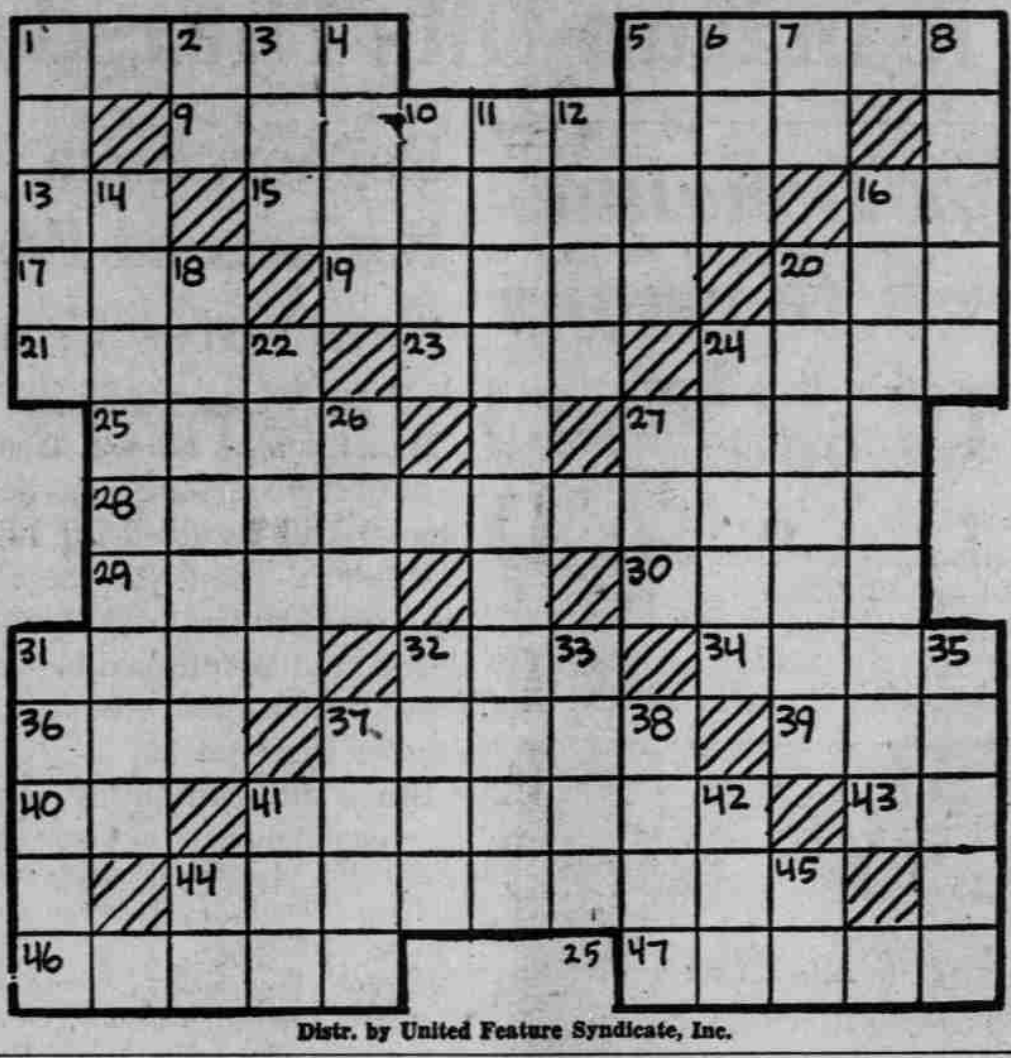
In 1930 one of Carolina's famous sons returned to the campus to speak at a pep rally. He was the late Judge W. J. Brogden. What he had to say so impressed the students and athletes of Chapel Hill that when a year later the Monogram Club was formed, his speech became the foundation of the club's code. What is printed below is a great contribution from a great alumnus. But it is also an expression of the sportsmanship which has been a part of all Carolina teams since then. **I BELIEVE IN THE UNIVERSITY**, her traditions, her standards of scholarship, her devotion to sound, clean manhood. **I BELIEVE IN THE TEAM**. It challenges my courage and tests my skill. It teaches me patience and self-control. It requires me to "take it on the chin" and get up with a smile, ready and eager for more. It does not tolerate wrangling or jealousies,

Crossword Puzzle

By LARS MORRIS

ACROSS
1—Famous violin maker
2—Large serpent
3—Took counsel
4—College degree
5—Approximate
6—One hundred one
7—Knock
8—Bags
9—Soak flax
10—Makes mistake
11—First shot in golf
12—Depend upon
13—Peruse
14—Narrow ribbon
15—Shows in pictures
16—Hole in ground
17—Inclined
18—Galliate
19—Fellow (slang)
20—Takes dinner
21—Larger
22—Note of scale
23—Not permitted
24—Movement of shoulders

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE
2—Current account (abbr.)
3—Biblical name
4—Taverna
5—Wager
6—Hypothetical force
7—Friendship
8—Stunt
9—Unusual
10—Dissolute person
11—Barrier
12—Heavenly
13—Church officer
14—Is sorry for
15—Healing substance
16—Prices
17—Owings
18—Label
19—Bottoms of feet
20—Heaven (French)
21—Executive negative
22—Shows by letters
23—Haul
24—Joins with thread
25—Antelope
26—Corded fabric
27—Chaldean city
28—Perform



Campus Keyboard

By The Staff

Two Carolina gentlemen, Sig Pearl and Harry Bernstein, had lunch together in one of the food emporiums on Main Street. Harry ordered a "swiss cheese on Rye," while Sig ordered a roast beef on white. When the waiter brought the sandwiches over to the table each of our hungry friends grasped at them madly. About half way through his sandwich Sig yelled, "Hey, I've got no roast beef in this one." The waiter was very polite and simply explained, "You've most like not come to the roast beef yet." Sig was skeptical, but continued with his sandwich. He finished it and still hadn't found any roast beef. He called the waiter over and said, "What's the idea. I didn't find any roast beef." The waiter smiled and replied, "Sir, you probably passed it."

We were talking to Olive Conescu about things and cotton stamps when a friend of Olive's whom we did not identify came up and gave us a definition of an actor.

DREAM WORLD "An actor," he said, "is a man who can walk over to the side of a stage, gaze into the wings full of other actors, dirt and dust, girls in scanty costumes, stage hands, dirty ropes, lighting equipment, and props and say 'My, what a beautiful view from this window.'" With this our unknown friend disappeared into the shadows.

A letter came to the office today addressed to the KEYBOARD column, but instead of it being fan mail as we had hoped, it turned out to be a letter of complaint. It was from a coed and she wrote, "It was all very well for you to print that cute little poem in the KEYBOARD about love, but you over looked one factor, the chaperone. I herewith enclose a poem that you should have included." The poem, we admit does present a very important side to the question, so with your permission it follows. "HERE'S TO THE CHAPERONE, MAY SHE LEARN FROM CUPID, JUST ENOUGH BLINDNESS, TO BE SWEETLY STUPID." We can say only, AMEN.

We are on what might be called a crusade. This is the problem. In the days of the gold rush every miner

It Happens Here

1:30—Valkyries will meet in the GA room, Graham Memorial.
1:30—The Public Speaking group of the Freshmen Friendship Council will meet in the YMCA.
2:00-6:00—Tryouts for men singers in Memorial hall for Sound and Fury.
7:30—Pep meeting in Memorial hall.
8:30—Representative Martin will speak in Memorial hall.
9:00—Waltz time in Graham Memorial. Dance for everybody.
10:30—Dean Carroll will address commerce graduates in 103 Bingham.

would have to beat it back to a government records office when he found gold and after the claim was staked out and recorded no one could trespass. Not so the Carolina gentleman, he finds an attractive coed, even if it's not gold, and he takes her out in front of the "Y" at 10:30 to have a chat about anything or maybe make a date, but does he get the chance? No he doesn't, because there are ten or twenty trespassers (wolves to you) standing around smiling sweetly. Our suggestion is that we make Mr. Evans in South building the claim receiver and that after a girl has been claimed it would be a student government offense to wolf at the 10:30 break.

We found wee Jack Dube crying in the TAR HEEL office yesterday and it seemed no one could get him to tell what was bothering him. When he finally stopped crying he just pointed to a box that lay on the editor's desk. We looked in the box and found a note with something wrapped in tissue paper under it. The note read, "You can use this in big doses in your column." We unwrapped the tissue paper and found a cake of soap.

THANK YOU

or alibis. It expects me to be fit in body and mind. In truth, it is a man's game, built solely for courageous, clean, and intelligent men. **I BELIEVE IN VICTORY**. The score board is an incident. Victory is in the heart. It is born in hard, clean fight. It is the consciousness that I have done my best. **I WILL FIGHT FOR THE UNIVERSITY'S GLORY** until the last sound of the whistle.

Signifying Nothing

By Harley Moore

Today we shall talk about something very unfunny, something a little too true to be laughed at. There stands in the world a majestic fruit tree, a symbol of an institution which we have long thought to be eternal, but which may now be rotting and dying before our eyes. Botanically this tree may function a little strangely, but like most fruit trees it has a sound trunk, many branches, numerous roots and leaves. It generally bears a crop of fruit which is the envy of most fruit trees. Sadly, this tree now seems to be covered a little too plentifully with fungi, and with wounds inflicted by termites. The termites are actively harming the tree, creating vast damage to the fruit's value and to the once sound trunk and branches. The fungi just sit idly by, doing nothing to aid the tree, parasitic, drawing the lifeblood, contributing nothing in return.

The quality of the fruit depends upon the purity of the sap, and when this sap has been polluted by the fungi and injured by the termites, both the fruit and the tree suffer, and become of little value.



Friday's Child
By Marion Lippincott
(Editor's note—This is one of the most beautiful things I've ever read in my life. I want to share it with you all. Address all fan mail to Max Schulman, Minnesota Daily.)

To explain this allegory, we need but glance at Carolina's Honor Code. The university stands tall and majestic, its departments spreading out in the sun, bearing the fruits of knowledge. Its roots of honesty, truthfulness, and fairplay clutch with firm fingers into the solid soil of tradition. Thru all the tree courses the Honor Code, a powerful sap, carrying from the roots a strength to enrich the fruit. But what of this sap when it is attacked by destructive termites, side-tracked by parasitic fungi. It loses its quality, becomes weak and impotent, and the fruit consequently deteriorates, as will the tree itself in time.

Letters To The Editor

To The Editor:
At this moment we are in the midst of Freshmen Elections. The great majority of students look with contempt at the office of President of the Freshman Class. Perhaps the holders of this office, in the past have merited this censure; of that I have no knowledge. I do know, however, that a situation exists that is a discredit to this University, and especially to the Student Government of the University. Freshmen look upon this election as a farce and something to laugh about. Upper classmen call the Freshmen offices the political graveyard of the Campus. This opinion has been fostered in part by the attitude of the Tar Heel. If the Tar Heel and other responsible upper class organizations cooperated, this condition could be remedied. These offices should be the cradle of Student Government, rather than the graveyard of amateur politicians. We of the Freshman class are entitled to an equal break in Student Government. WHY CAN'T THE TAR HEEL HELP US GET IT? Sincerely, McKibben Lane, '45

Dear Mr. Lane:
The attitude of the Tar Heel in regard to freshman elections was
See **LETTERS TO EDITOR**, page 4.

Tom, Dick and Harry: We will now do a number for you. (They do an acrobatic tap dance).
Mamie: That's the most beautiful thing I ever saw in my life.
Jack: (The cloud above his head turns to gold.) I must go now. Good-bye. (Exit)
CURTAIN

Dartmouth College's Thayer school of civil engineering was established in, 1870 by Gen. Sylvanus Thayer, Dartmouth graduate of 1807.

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