

Don't Vote

Don't vote.
If you don't give a damn what happens to you, nobody will. See if we care.
But just to show you why you ought to make it your business to vote, here's a few reasons:

Yesterday the campus was supposed to vote on some amendments to the Legislature setup. Of the few that did go to the polls less knew what they were voting for.

This was not the fault of the Legislature. Mimeographed copies of the measures were at the polls. The DAILY TAR HEEL has carried many more articles than the story deserved just so that you would understand what the score was—pass the amendments, support student government; ignore them, ignore student government.

You didn't read them. You, who should be, probably aren't reading this. No matter.

When some totalitarian takes the food from your mouth, buries your thoughts in your head with a hatchet, carries your children away to shoot at other children, don't come to us.

We told you so.

Campus Congress

Student Legislature Grew Fast, Strong, Important

By Jimmy Wallace

After experimentation with student government for 145 years, fierce debate for and against self-rule of the students, early in the spring of 1938 the Student Legislature was born.

Conceived and controlled by the students, the Legislature opened up a new vista of student government possibilities and gave new life to the none-too-strong campus governing body, the Student Council.

As originally formed, the Legislature was automatically headed by the vice-president of the student body. First speaker was Bill Hendrix, second was Jack Fairley. For them the Legislature was a parliamentary plaything. Inefficient and ineffective, it threatened to fail at the start.

Student leaders saw the number of ex officio members grow, saw dawdling class officers show their incompetence in the Legislature as well as the class organizations, set out to do something about the matter. Strong Men

A new and powerful constitution providing for the election of a speaker to serve in that capacity alone was put before the student body. The constitution passed, and Bill Cochran, University law student, became the first full-time speaker.

The still wobbly Legislature had a problem thrust in its lap that year. It had to cut its teeth on the very bitter teething-ring of abolition of the Buceaneer. Abolition passed. Tar an' Feathers began. The legislature began to function.

Last fall came Terry Sanford to the speaker's platform. Also a law student, Sanford led the fight for student fees to be controlled entirely by students until he left for the FBI. This battle continued under the leadership of Ferebee Taylor, was partly won by last spring.

As the situation now stands, the Legislature, under a compromise agreement, has a modified control over a portion of the student fees. This means that it can allot sums of money for operational expenses to campus organizations such as the

CPU, IRC, and the Carolina Work shop.

Critical Victory
Greatest battle the budding organization had to wage was the dance cut bill. At that time campus dances entailed an expenditure of approximately \$3500. The proposed bill would cut it to \$1500. When the Legislature met, a surprise motion cut dance expenditures to \$700 plus \$150 for concessions. Campus discussion, if it had been enlivened before the bill, now exploded in a mass of pros and cons. Despite heavy opposition, the Legislature's decision held and the youngest campus governmental organization chalked up another score.

Here and Now
This year the Legislature, headed by W. J. Smith of Charlotte, runs up against problems bigger than ever before. Assuming responsibility in a University at war, the group has the recreation problem, housing shortage, and war time social changes to cope with.

In order to keep up with a fast decentralizing student body and to keep in step with the changing status of campus affairs, the Legislature must revise a portion of its constitution. The revision will consist of three principal parts:

- The measure to change the number of representatives means that all students, either in town or dormitories, will have a voice in student government. This will help combat the scattering of the students.

- In proposing an amendment requiring a 25 per cent vote of the student body sufficient to ratify an amendment, the Legislature lays the ground for quick adaptation of the constitution if some critical issue came up.

- By allowing students to veto a Legislature bill with only the majority of a 25 per cent student vote, the Legislature puts itself in a position where it must stay on its toes and be acquainted with every issue.

All these changes will be necessary in a wartime student government.

The Daily Tar Heel

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FOR THIS ISSUE: News: BOB LEVIN Sports: WESTY FENHAGEN

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS
1—Measure of land
5—Painting in general
8—Extinct birds
12—Reclined
13—Visualize
14—Large bird
15—Islands in Caribbean
17—Desire eagerly
19—Bumps into
20—Made sound like sheep
21—Part of motor
23—Small bird
24—Father
26—Carouse
28—Lease
31—High mountain
32—Military embarkment
35—Female deer
36—Quantity of paper
38—Fort
40—Pronoun
41—Out of quickly
43—Claw
45—Things to urdle milk
46—Long-visored caps
51—Foreigners
52—Genus of herbs
53—Layer
54—Cause of Cleopatra's death
56—Part of fork

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE
SPADE SERVE
STAIRS SEATS
TONIGHTS
PASSAGE
ASSESSMENTS
STOOD TIME SCULD
TALK IDEAL URGES
OLEIN ANT HENNA
NE AID T MOT SW
S ATTIREMENTS R
BLAST TEE TIGER
OGES * SYNOD

DOWN
1—Moslem teacher
2—Walking stick
3—Horseman
4—Newspaper executive
6—Dolt
7—Musical note
9—Left out
10—Seal with wax
11—Wood
16—Acid compound
18—Part of tennis match
20—Military commission
22—Completed
24—Perfect golf score
25—Malt beverage
27—The Swan Girl
29—Immediately
30—Pipe joint
33—Large wicker basket
34—Fabrics
37—Diggers
39—Marked with spots
42—Inscribe
44—Water wheel
45—Price
46—Lamb's pen name
47—Despotic ruler
49—Religious women
50—Widgeon
53—Mimic
55—Thus

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12				13			14			
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51					52					
53				54	55		56			
57				58		59				

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Needed - Clear War Aims

By Howard Ennis

Major drawback to the United Nations today is that too many people are not sure what we are fighting for. Outside of the Atlantic Charter with its vague generalization, what does the cause of the United Nations hold for the people of China, of India, of Russia, for the common people of every country? With no positive plan of our own, we united only in a negative alliance against Germany and Japan. Without concrete aims, we may win this war, never the battle to avoid another.

Germany has a very specific plan of what she will do if she can knock out Russia. She knows exactly how she will organize Europe's industry, agriculture, and slave labor to serve her wishes. We are fighting to liberate Europe from the yoke of Nazi tyranny, and in that sense we are United Nations.

But what plan do we have for re-organizing Europe after the war? What plan for forming a real League of Nations? What plan for an effective international police force that will be used unhesitatingly to back up the League's decisions? What plan have we for insuring freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, freedom from want, and freedom from fear to all the people of the world?

Such planning now would obstruct the war effort, many assert. Obstruct? On the contrary. Would a man fight better with a vague hope of improvement, or with a certainty of specific improvements once his side has won the victory?

If he knew that he and his family would have economic security, that his sons would not have to fight another war twenty years hence.

Surely a person fights best when he knows specifically for what he's fighting. Then he is eager and anxious to end the war so he can turn his energies into the constructive execution of the plan he has already mapped out.

There is another reason for making our war aims more specific. As D. Hiden Ramsey pointed out in his University Day speech, we won the last war but lost the peace because we had not prepared to make a peace on the basis of the ideals for which we had fought the war. Once the war was won, the necessity of those democratic ideals for all peoples vanished, and we strove instead for a senseless return to "normalcy" and isolation.

If we cannot clearly state our war aims now, while we are united by the force of necessity, what chance will we have to make a better world after the war is over, and the tendency to disillusionment, cynicism, and opportunistic materialism sets in?

Suppose, on the other hand, that millions of young men marched

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U. S. Treasury Dept.

away to this war, knowing that victory meant the automatic operation of plans for reconstruction, economic security, and future world peace. Who, after the war, would blatantly suggest that we discard those plans and ideals for which thousands of boys died.

But what plans can be formulated that everyone will agree to? A number of concrete war aims have already been proposed which should gain overwhelming approval. Those aims will be presented in future articles for inspection.

All we have to do is to make up our minds that we really are fighting for the things we say we're fighting for, and begin now to show the world that we mean what we say.

This much is certain: When war aims say maybe; when war aims say perhaps; when war aims say we don't know, they cease to say anything.

We need to begin now to make a clear, unequivocal statement of what we are fighting for, dying for.

On the Hour . . .

- 3:30—YY business staff meets, 204 Graham Memorial.
- 5:30—Coed Senate meets, Gerrard hall.
- 7:30—Intertown council meets, Dean Roland Parker's office.

—FOR VICTORY BUY BONDS—

Stet

Campus Leaders Not Guilty Of Columnist's Accusations

By Ernie Frankel

The "Weary Wisher" had his say yesterday; he dipped into the disgusting brew of inefficiency, and laded it out—damning the administration that cooked it and the campus leaders who kept it warm. It was a well-written, frank column that Carruth signed his name to; but it was lacking in one essential—TRUTH.

Yes, Carolina is in a helluva situation. Students are beginning to feel the first sense of not belonging, of living "away" from the University. They walked in several weeks ago and stumbled over red tape spun by administrative blindness. They looked for rooms that Roy Armstrong had said would be here. They ate meals in drugstores and cafes where prices and cockroaches were equally intolerable.

So, give 'em hell, Carruth; tell the student officers that they haven't thought about the decentralization problem. Inform Bert Bennett and Steve Peck and Sam Gambill that they haven't done anything to change the situation. Point at the PU board for closing its dollar-marked eyelids. Challenge "Reverend" Smith for heading an unconscious legislature.

It's so damn easy to criticize, publicize, venomize. It's so simple to foam at the typewriter. But where's the research, Carruth? Where's the TRUTH?

You're right. There's been too much dawdling in South building, too much disregard of reality and tomorrow. Today many of those mistakes are being corrected; the others are too vivid in red ink to change.

But . . . Why attack the Student council? Long before the average student had put his bathing suit in moth balls, the council and its Student Planning board was quite aware of the problem, held long meetings discussing the same bawling infant

that Carruth gave birth to yesterday morning. Investigations were conducted; representatives of every phase of campus activity were questioned; recommendations went out to the administration. Somewhere beneath a pile of correspondence on any desk in South building, that report and those requests are buried. Perhaps the Council and its planning board were asleep, but, if so, they somnambulated into remarkable conclusion. Examination of those recommendations, Carruth, will show that if they had been accepted, if they had been acted upon, the stinking mess we're going to have to wade through would have been swept up.

And . . . Why sneer at the PU board?

To adjust decentralization, to draw students closer to the University, the board authorized a tri-weekly Tar Heel for summer school, is making plans today to increase scope of publications, is managing its finances so as to assure the maintenance of past standards for the duration.

So W. J. Smith and the legislature are unaware. . . .

The docket of that student group is crowded right now with legislation which is aimed at checking decentralization. Committees have been at work on these bills since school began; and they should be law soon. Accuse the boys of pettiness, of taking themselves too seriously; but don't word-lynch them for apathy.

Carruth, you're right about the fumbling, the inefficiency, the boondoggling and backsliding on the part of many administrators. You're right about the problem, its threat, its meaning.

But here's that one essential a too weary wisher forgot, the TRUTH: For a change, most of the boys who won the Spring elections are on the ball.

The Weary Wisher

By Hayden Carruth and Sylvan Meyer

Perhaps our best friend on the campus these hectic days is the grey squirrel in the Harris tweed jacket. He agrees with us most of the time. But yesterday we had a comradely disagreement.

He stopped us in the drizzle. He seemed most comfortable.

"Heard you went to the big city," he said grinning.

"Sure did. Feel like hell, now, too." I said. "Got greetings for ya."

"Zat right? Who is it?"

"Your cousin in Central Park said he wanted to know how the rebel members of the clan were getting along. He said why the hell didn't you answer his underground message."

"I notice you are avoiding with care any mention of the gridiron classic. Your story was lousy, too. Somebody tossed an old Tar Heel my way."

"Sorry about the story. The game was sorta disappointing. We shoulda played a little better."

"My cousin will be very nasty about it."

"Do you want to hear about my trip or don't you?"

"Shoot."

"People in New York are characters. All of them—characters. We talked to a doorman at a dime-a-dance-joint. He got a cigarette from us. We talked to a cop. He was very tough. We talked to a lot of people. They all wanted a drink. So we went and drank some for them."

"So that's the reason for the shape of your story."

"We saw four of the most gorgeous women in the world and two million of the ugliest. Also a couple of the squirrels up there were all right. At any rate they were better than the women."

"They always are," said the squirrel, burrowing his claws on the lapel of his tweed packet.

"The big town was very dark. But we had an awful big time. We drove through Harlem waving a Confederate flag. But now that we're back everyone wants to know how we got the gas, the time, and the money."

"Well, skwirl," I said, "what do you think of New York?"

"I'm gettin' to that. I don't like it. You have to move too fast. There are too many people and far too many squirrels for the amount of nuts. The ground in Central Park grows lousy acorns and the tall buildings on Central Park West cut off the afternoon sun. The town is o. k. to visit but I wouldn't like to live there."

"But squirrel," I said. "Don't wrinkle your button nose at me. How about the good music at Nick's, the atmosphere of the village, the steaks at Gallagher's. . . the food up there is fine. The likker is well mixed. We had a great time. We missed six classes. It was a great weekend. Especially that steak."

"Nuts," said the squirrel.

Drug Store Rules In 1854

"Store will be opened promptly at 6 a.m. and remain open until 9 p.m. the year 'round. Store must not be opened on the Sabbath day unless absolutely necessary and then only for a few minutes."

"Any employee who is in the habit of smoking Spanish cigars, getting shaved at a barber shop, going to dances and other places of amusement, will most surely give his employer reason to suspect his integrity and all around honesty."

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