

More Vandalism

And the vandalism continued last night. At 6:30 yesterday morning two workers strung up a banner for a presidential candidate. Less than two hours later it was burning. A candidate for editor of the DAILY TAR HEEL reported yesterday afternoon that almost all his posters had been ripped down the preceding night.

Neither these two instances or the burning of the two banners two nights ago—and there must be other instances too—prove that the victims' opponents were the offenders. We rather believe that it has been the self-appointed henchmen who aspire to become a cog in the machine of Frank Hague within the next two years. Their swift progress has almost qualified them already.

Apparently they are trying to kindle a fire among themselves that they could strike with a disinterested student body.

But that is beside the point. Crux is that wholesale violations of the campus code—perhaps the honor code—have occurred. Since that is the case, it becomes the duty of the Student Council to make an effort of uncovering the offenders.

Sitting here now, some five hours before tabulation time, we can hope only that the new officers elected will be better than the tactics which put many of them in.

Stet

And Now the Suckers Are Beginning to Leave School

Listen, sucker! Yeah, you Komisaruk; and you Levin; you too Long and Strowd and Colby and Railey. Most of you are ready to pull out, to drop those saddles for G. I., to cut spuds instead of classes. And now that you're going, try thinking back over the last few years, of the work you've done, of the pettiness you've seen, of the dirt you've hated, of the "tin gods" you've watched.

Brings back a lot, doesn't it? Brings back the squabbles in Sigma Nu's side room, and the tirades in the House that Britt Built; brings back the stench behind the campus' stateliest flowers; brings back prestige battles in the legislature; brings back the dance cut bill and the Carolina party and budget baloney and Civilian morale and Louis Harris and Dave Morrison and perfect week ends and fine profs like Zimmerman and Taylor and good buddies like Godfrey and Woodhouse and Parker.

Yeah, brings 'em all back. And taking inventory, what have you got?

You've known men like Frank Graham. You've learned a lot about living. You've had those profs and buddies and colleagues and week ends. You've observed the swirling intricacies of the campus; and you recognize them. You've done the jobs no one else would have. You've watched the big dogs take credit for your sweat. You've seen the other guy's picture in the DTH, and read his name in the streamers. You've been crossed. You've been minimized. You've been feared. You've been hated.

You've been suckers! Take you, Komisaruk. Remember those tedious, hellish errands you ran for Managing Editor Charlie Barrett? . . . and the hours you wasted covering brief notices? . . . and the times you didn't do your studies because you couldn't cover your beat until late? . . . and the long walks to the dorm at three ayem after a night-long vigil on the sports desk . . .

and the damnable feeling of nausea when you'd like to let the campus know, but . . . ? Sure, you remember. So you made friends and learned a trade, so you worked hard and deserved your reward. Here, take your bylines and experience, and beat it, sucker.

And you, Levin. All those things apply to you. And you've left with the same compensation. Are you sorry, Levin? Wouldn't you like to have that "one last article" to give the guys who have enjoyed you a little hell?

What about you, Long? What have you gotten from your bickering for the right, for your hours of working over legislation, for your nights of strain over class activities, for your sincerity, for your personal sacrifices? Yeah, that front-page picture last year, and your name on the legislature role. Handsome gift, huh?

Strowd and Colby, what's the answer? How about those months of research, and the toes you had to step on before your financial plans could go through, and the little jobs, the unknown jobs, the necessary jobs that you two have done and are doing? What's the payoff? What's it done for you, suckers?

And you, Railey. Why didn't you wise-up? You were lackey and do-all for four years. You were in-the-know. You took the guff. You poured sweat. And you got . . . CPU chairmanship and a little publicity . . . but what else?

You fellows aren't the only ones. There are others who have been stepped on, laughed

Weary Wisher

By Hayden Carruth and Sylvan Meyer

The Neo-spirifer is a brachiopoda, which phylum originated in Pre-Cambrian times and has existed up to the present time.

That is a statement shot through with implications.

Most people who must at one time or another take a sophomore light upon geology as the easiest way to squeeze through a University ruling that regiments your educational career. However, we would like to emphasize the fact that geology is an affair which no one should miss.

If you have ever heard anything more incongruous than Bud Rantz and Anne Lewis and Lib Stoney and Georgia Helen Webb spouting Latin polysyllables and talking glibly of belemnites, trilobites, lophophyllum profundum, etc., we would like to know what it is.

In the first place, there is something about being a geology lab instructor that evidently improves a man's wit. Perhaps it is because they are always looking at rocks and things and talking about history several hundred million years, but the young men who teach geology lab seem to be sort of a club of characters who decided to have a good time with befuddled people—and they evidently enjoy themselves.

If you have never seen Sam Arbes battling with a scratch on a piece of rock and deciding that it is a graptolite, you just ain't lived. We wouldn't miss that class for anything.

We haven't quite been able to decide the cause of this phenomena. The class meets at 9 in the morning which should be strike one at least. The quizzes aren't so bad and the prof is a patient fellow who puts up with a great deal more than he should. The department has an air of a suffering mother who loves her moronic children. It has a pleasant atmosphere. They are always showing movies and slides and things.

But learning the names and histories of 36 fossils turned out to be a new experience. We might think it was a waste of time if it wasn't so much fun up there in New East. Geology is a nice course—it is, as a matter of fact, lugubrious.

ROBINSON

(Continued from page two)

vice-presidency, Weldon Jordan was returned victor over Zan Harper for secretary, and Fred Tucker defeated Dean Winn in the treasurer race.

UP took the presidency, vice-presidency of the Athletic association and the cheerleader post. Lou Hayworth beat Dub Johnson for the top post, 1340 to 601. The vice-presidency went to Ray Jordan over Jim Kelly, 1120 to 711. The UP's Buddy Crone was elected cheerleader by a 381 majority, 1188 to 807, over LeRoy Little.

at, damned. And, like all of your kind, they won't get wise to themselves.

I guess it's because Universities can't run without men like you. I guess it's because students can't work and study and argue and learn and build without strength like yours. I guess it's because democracies can't live without sacrifices and sweat and sense.

I guess you're all right. Good luck, suckers!

Unofficial General Campus Office Tabulations

Name	YMCA	Coeds	Med.	G. M.	Inn	Total
PRESIDENT OF STUDENT BODY						
Robinson	222	216	135	290	252	1455
Palmer	217	143	105	112	177	754
VICE PRESIDENT OF STUDENT BODY						
Alspaugh	262	175	150	180	624	1391
Newsome	176	178	78	120	141	693
SECRETARY-TREASURER OF STUDENT BODY						
Peele	169	171	90	126	558	1114
Davis	246	175	130	165	199	915
EDITOR OF TAR HEEL						
Damtoft	249	235	132	168	563	1347
Wallace	175	98	87	112	162	634
EDITOR OF CAROLINA MAGAZINE						
Cranford	299	200	221	189	507	1416
Beam	124	136	89	98	212	659
EDITOR OF YACKETY-YACK						
Bishopric	262	254	143	157	239	1055
Zollicoffer	163	85	77	109	262	696
PRESIDENT OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION						
Hayworth	260	152	150	195	583	1340
Johnson	144	165	64	74	154	601
VICE PRESIDENT OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION						
R. Jordan	219	175	121	167	538	1220
Kelly	192	135	91	104	189	711
SENIOR REPRESENTATIVE TO PU BOARD						
Smith	155	170	83	111	415	934
Hill	192	167	97	92	244	792
PRESIDENT OF YMCA						
Adams	198	171	114	97	364	944
Ellis	160	133	182	144	249	868
VICE PRESIDENT OF YMCA						
Lackey	179	139	102	89	390	899
Daniels	146	113	76	104	183	622
SECRETARY OF YMCA						
W. Jordan	190	170	102	112	360	934
Harper	148	102	79	112	208	648
TREASURER OF YMCA						
Tucker	194	128	112	120	364	918
Winn	133	132	72	98	231	666
CHEERLEADER						
Crone	201	173	125	155	534	1188
Little	220	162	83	125	217	807

Letters, Telegrams Published In Mag Candidate Controversy

Yesterday the DAILY TAR HEEL printed a student council report on alleged false testimonials used by Carolina Magazine editorship candidate H. C. Cranford as campaign material for yesterday's general elections. The DTH also published a letter from Dean R. B. Parker which he wrote after phoning Sherman Billingsley, manager of the Stork Club in New York, from whom along with cartoonist Al Capp and comedian Al Jolson, Cranford claims he has received bona fide testimonials.

Since then, other calls have been made to New York by Dean Parker and other telegrams have been received by Cranford. Some of these were posted on a bulletin board in front of the YMCA yesterday and the DTH is reproducing all the important letters and telegrams that have been sent in connection with the case.

Letters which were posted in the YMCA prior to and yesterday.

Feb. 2nd, 1943

The Stork Club, New York, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Cranford,
A relative of mine who is a student at the University of North Carolina brought to my attention the fact that you are running for the Editorship of the Carolina Magazine.

Thru you I would like to make an appeal to the students, that they cast one unanimous ballot in your favor. Knowing you as I do, I am certain that your assiduous application to the Carolina Magazine will make this the greatest college paper in the country.

I feel certain that if all the boys at the University knew you as I do, they will vote for you.

Very Sincerely,
Sherman Billingsley
(Manager of the Stork Club)

Feb. 3, 1943

Al Jolson
New York, N. Y.
Mr. Leo Winters

Chapel Hill, N. C.
Dear Leo,
Please do something for me. My friend, H. C. Cranford, who is a swell fellow and a bright lad, is running for Editor of the Carolina Magazine. Please ask as many students as you can reach to vote for him.

I would have made a personal appearance to entertain the boys and plead for Cranford, however, my many engagements prevent me.

Will call you on the phone to be sure you boost my good friend H. C. Cranford for Editor of the Carolina Magazine.

Sincerely,
Al Jolson

Letter sent by Dean Parker to Bob Spence, chairman of the elections committee on Tuesday after he had first phoned Billingsley.

Dear Mr. Spence,
"In response to your request, I telephoned Mr. Sherman Billingsley, manager of the Stork Club in New York, in re-

gard to the question of his endorsement of one of the candidates for the editorship of the Carolina Magazine. Mr. Billingsley told me that he had never heard of either of the candidates, and had never endorsed either of them.

He stated that he had checked through his files with great care, and that he had no reason to believe that any letter endorsing a candidate at the University of North Carolina had gone out over his signature.

He added that any such purported letter of endorsement of a candidate for the editorship of the Carolina Magazine could only be a forgery.

Sincerely yours,
Roland B. Parker
Dean of Men

Student Council report after Mike Beam and his campaign manager, Buddy Persky, had claimed the letters were forged and the Council had met to consider the case Wednesday See MAGAZINE, page 4

The Daily Tar Heel

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