## Editorial - Comszent - Bulletin

## That third term again!

With the national political campaign really swinging into the home stretch, radio listeners and newspaper readers are having a difficult time trying to find anything but reports of speeches and orations,

President Roosevel's obvious mastery of oratory, plus a few cold figures and some quotations taken from the Congressional Record have given him a good hammer with which to ring the bell.

On the other hand, Wendell Willkie's business leadership and confidenceproducing personality, pumped up to balloon-like proportions by republican publicists have kept him in the running. . . yeah, he's really formidable.

The two campaign platforms are so much alike that the parties could exchange them with little tronble. Campaign promises are abundant. Both groups are going to help the farmer, the business man, the laborer. Both promise to work for peace, for hemisphere defense. Both promise to build up the army and navy. Yes, according to each party, this country will be the strongest, the most efficient the world will have seen since the dawn of history. So the first thing we think ought to be done is to pencil ont the prom ises, the propaganda, the speltbinding . . . and look at the record. If it is a good one, let its producers remain in office. If, all in all, it has been harmful, vote them out

And so we look at the record; Roosevelt administration's which consists of many things previously untried in this country, but which had been sorely needed for many years. Whether the republican administrations overlooked them or didn't want to institute changes is a question of debate among republicans. Perhaps, in all sincerity, they thought some of the changes that
should have been wrought were the wrong changes to make. Now, after almost eight years of democratic administration, the republicans eccept and are willing to continte social security, unemployment compensation, minimum wages, C.C.C., and other features of the new deal. The main republican cry was "wasteful and needless expenditure," but as the campaign progresses, that cry becomes weaker and weaker. The G.O.P. realizes perhaps that when new things are tried they cannot work perfectly, but must undergo a sifting process which will show which features are good and which are bad.

So the republican ery has centered around the third term issue, broadening into a huge and strenuous campaign which warns us that a third term means dictatorship, that a continuance of the democratic administration means war, that a third term meaus abolition of democracy and freedom in the United States,

The whole argument is founded on the premise that the administration plans to entrench itself, through semi fascist methods, at the head of the government for generations to come. The premise goes deeper than that. It is based on the mind reading ability of the republican campaign managers. Against their word is the word of the president and his campaigners, who swear up and down that their's is nothing but a campaign to keep that party in office which knows best how to run things, which has experienced the problems and carried the burden of solving them these cight years.

Who to believe? Well, personally, we never have believed in mediums and mind-readers. That the president wilfully and wantonly plans to sicze all powers, that the democratic party asks return to power only to be in a position to perpetuate itself through forceful and unconstitutional means seems to be an alarmist's assertion and one in which we can hardly concur.

Scrap Irony
——By Chris Petersen CONCERTO FOR TYPEWRITER Seated last night at the typewriter, I was weary and ill at ease. And the quick brown fox and the lazy dog raced and chased and jumped over each other after they had about-faced, And with maddening regularity, fell down on the noisy keys.
And legions and legions of good men. And corporal's squads and plattoons of them, and companies and regiments and divisions and brigades, marched over three reams of paper to get to the aid of
their party. But none of them ever came to the aid of me. In my travail over what I was doing then, damn I can't remember when. On. I know not what I was but I struck one note on that typewriter, like the sound of a great chin falling on the keyboard of any typewriter.
Clashing, mashing, dashing keys, Setting down thore things I please. Hop a space, skip a space, verily a hopscotch for when it comes to
typewriting, I am not topnoteh. typewriting, I hunt and I bump and peck white letter until I think my existence is for the worst, certainly not for the better
Yet I am glad, you see, that the typewriter is not me. For I would dislike very much to sit around all day and just slowly pound my self away.



DICKINSON
The School of Indh duan Instroct
AIL. Businvess steajects DICKINSON SECRETARIAL


me
 University af Minnesota radio of Ilinois college of medicine may
station, are being rebroadcast by produce a means to combat severe station, are being rebroadcast by prosuce a means
ten stations in Minnesota and the
gas pains that follow surgical opDakotas.
erations.

## Official Daily News Bulletin





## CLASSIFIED ‥ 10e Per Line ...

 aifan mom miv MEBR. TMPEWRITER CO.


Botiled wnder wuthorig of The Coos-Cola Co. by


Here is truly the newest thing in coats for this season-the new spun rayon pile fabric Leisure Coat. It's tailored in the smart shirt cost style. It's Stain Resistant - Perspiration Resistant and Water Repellent. You have your choice of Green, Camel or Luggage color. Sizes 36 to 44.

FIRST FLOOR.
Ben Sinco dS Sons.

