

Think About This . . .

In Paris a group of men sit talking and working. They are seeking a peace they will not find. Seeking a peace they will not find because they have learned nothing from two years. Seeking a peace they will not find because they have learned nothing from the thousands of years that go to make the history of our world.

It is not for us to say that they are not in earnest. We believe many of them are, but they cannot find peace as long as it is in relation to their own person—to their own country. We have been taught to look at the world in that light. The Americans have been taught that the things right for America are right for the world. The Russians have been taught that the things right for Russia are right for the world. We have been taught lies! All of us have been taught lies. We have believed that patriotism is right and all else wrong. To give a life for one's country is the greatest gift a man can give.

We read of the murder of an American with horror and are unmoved by the death of a Greek. The Russian is unmoved by the death of a Frenchman. The Englishman is unmoved by the death of an Italian. We have forgotten our world while thinking only of one country. We have forgotten your world, thinking only of one country. We have forgotten your world, my world, the Frenchman's world, the Russian's world—OUR World. It is to that world that we owe our all—not just to Russia, to France, to Germany, to Italy, or even the United States.

First of all we are citizens of the world. We must remember that! Tomorrow will be too late to remember it. We must—we have to remember today if the death of millions is not again to be in vain. What America, Russia, France, China—what any country wants is not important. What the world wants IS important. We can find no peace alone. The problem of the red man, the yellow man or the black man is as much my business—and as much your business as the problem of any man. We must know that now. The men in Paris must learn it before it is too late!

No man is an island, intire of it selfe; every man is a piece of the Continent, a part of the maine; if a Clod be washed away by the Sea, Europe is the lesse, as well as if a Promontorie were, as if a Manner of thy friends or of thine owne were; any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee.

—John Donne.

You Might Be Walking

Thursday night, two members of the local police force stopped a car which was vainly striving to turn around in the middle of Franklin street and made the driver, a student, change places with another student who was seated in the car.

There are but two reasons for such action being taken by the policeman. Either the driver of the vehicle didn't know how to drive, or he was inebriated. You can draw your own conclusions as to which reason is the more valid. We have already done so.

The scene, when it occurred, was a humorous one to all of those in the immediate vicinity who witnessed it. Yet, a few minutes of sober reflection impresses on one the fact that the situation could become anything but humorous.

Now, with an increase in the size of the student body, the increase in the number of automobiles will be more than proportionate. Many students have been waiting for the increased production of cars. In the future, all those who want cars will be able to get them, and some of the new students will bring theirs here with them.

We are not opposed to students having their cars on the campus. An automobile is a very handy thing to have around here and in some cases is an absolute necessity. But carelessness in the way the students handle their cars must cease if the increase in the number of vehicles on the campus is to meet with University sanction.

Many universities throughout the country prohibit the use of cars on the campus by students. A similar situation here is not beyond the realm of imagination. It can be prevented, however, by the students through the use of care and consideration.

Care in how, when, and where they drive. Consideration for the rights and lives of others. Chapel Hill is only a small town. Student drivers must adapt their driving to conform with the limitations necessitated by the great number of people here. By doing so, they will help themselves and others.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina Chapel Hill, where it is published daily, except Mondays, examination and vacation periods; during the official summer terms, it is published semi-weekly on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price: \$5.00 per college year.

COMPLETE LEASED WIRE SERVICE OF UNITED PRESS

The opinions expressed by the columnists are their own and not necessarily those of The Daily Tar Heel.

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What Do YOU Say?

By Sam Daniels

Today's Question

Do you think that coeds should be allowed to drink in fraternity houses?

The Answers

Yes, since coeds are going to drink anyway, fraternities afford a more favorable atmosphere and present more pleasing surroundings for a social drink than the usual clandestine invitation.—Alma Bullard, Ashboro.

No, not that I disapprove of social drinking, but I think that this would be an encouragement to those who don't drink otherwise or distasteful to those who disapprove of it. If a coed deems it her duty for social(?) standing to drink, I believe that she can find an opportunity elsewhere. I think that a better goal for the people of N. C. would be to have open bars.—Jacque Landfear, Hamlet.

Yes, I think that students should be able to cope with fraternity drinking. Accepted drinking would eliminate undercover drinking. Just because one person is drinking does not constitute a basis for others drinking.—Pat Hitz, Boynton Beach, Fla.

I definitely believe that there should be no restrictions on coeds drinking in fraternity houses. It would mean that undercover and excessive drinking would be eliminated. Restrictions on drinking only forces people to hide in basements and kitchens, etc. Most students now are veterans and much older now and they have, or should have, a higher standard of morals.—John Cordon, Louisville.

I say yes, as fraternity houses present the advantages of modified and regulated social drinking for the coed, and these advantages are seldom offered in the back alleys and the open range country. Our coeds are usually forced to gulp from a bottle and chase it with a cigarette. Only steel guts can handle that sort of thing too long and our coeds' tummies are not made that way. Faced with the fact that our coeds are going to drink anyway, the least we can do is to give them the best environment for doing so.—Angus McKellar, Rowland.

Yes, I do. The ban against drinking only forces those who are going to drink to go somewhere else or to do it on the sly. The real problem is overindulgence by a minority and the restrictions do not solve that problem. The coeds are not children and shouldn't be treated as such.—George Scholl, Charlotte.

Next week: Who do you think was the greatest American that ever lived?

Sound Track . . .

"Searching Wind" Found To Be Merely a Breeze

By Bob Finehout

Paramount's "The Searching Wind" never reaches gale-like proportions; for that matter it could hardly billow a girl's skirt in the fun house at Coney Island. Once in a while it scatters a few leaves, but unlike the capricious March wind, it doesn't have the sense of humor to scamper away with a man's fedora or blow the Monday wash off the line.

Lillian Hellman, who wrote the screenplay, contrives to make her wind huff and puff for the cause of democracy and occasionally she does succeed in rattling the shutters, but a light sleeper wouldn't even be disturbed.

Miss Hellman's idea is praiseworthy, namely to sound a note of warning to this generation not to bobble the ball like their fathers did and let fascism score a run. If the screenplay had stuck to this premise and not got itself bogged down in one of the most deplorable dull triangle plots ever, Miss Hellman might have sounded a clarion call the world would heed.

The producers cast Robert Young as the correspondent who eventually becomes a conservative career diplomat and who sees too late the threat of fascism in its incipient stages. "Mussolini is bringing law and order to Italy," he asserts in his lavish hotel room in Rome. A moment later two shots shatter the window pane. "Those were meant for your father," Young informs his fiancée.

In Rome, Correspondent Young gets a nasty whiff of Nazism when a bunch of Hitler's hoodlums pummel a Jew. "And to think that this could happen in the year 1928," Young's other girl friend, a newspaper woman, remarks as they sit down to order a couple of martinis. By this time Young, with amazing discernment, is

Room-Hunting Riot . . .

Lodging in Tent, Furnace Discovered by Columnist

By Tookie Hodgson

The other day, as I was calmly thumbing through the curve-packed pages of "Esquire," my thoughts wandered idly to the problem of obtaining a room for myself next fall.

Always a person of energy and directness, I decided to search for suitable living accommodations. In the space of a single minute, I had fastened on my roller skates and began to glide down the shaded thoroughfares of Chapel Hill.

My first stop was at McCooney Dormitory, a splendid new edifice situated in a quiet poison ivy grove near the edge of the campus.

As I entered room 606, which was the cubicle nearest the main entrance, I was pleasantly surprised at the congeniality prevailing there. The occupants of the six quadruple-decker bunks were joyously engaged in the popular game of "Sardines." All twenty-four inhabitants of the room had doused themselves with olive oil, and indeed with their packed bodies, green faces, and bulging eyes, resembled the lovely little fish.

I observed one note of discord, however. One of the roommates inadvertently pulled open a dresser drawer and crushed three of his colleagues against the opposite wall. Also, these gentlemen seemed to resent my offers of assistance, declaring that I should leave immediately as I was using up precious oxygen. Being an agreeable person, I responded with alacrity to their not too subtly worded suggestion.

My next stop was at the home of Mrs. Flumplump, a popular rooming house for students. When that gracious lady met me at the door, I explained to her my needs, and greatly to my surprise she replied that she had "just the thing."

Eagerly, I followed the Grande Dame of Chapel Hill to the rear of her house, and hung anxiously on her words.

"There she is, Mr. Hodgson, a fine new canvas pup-tent. Just the thing for you, I am sure."

"But, Mrs. Flumplump," I queried, "It will be cold this winter. I shall surely freeze to death in this tent!"

"Oh no, you won't!" answered Madame Flumplump, "I'm furnishing a can of Sterno every month, and as for bathing, there is a lovely bird bath three blocks away. Not only that, but I'm furnishing a kerosene lamp and a bottle of corn whiskey with this lovely tent. And just think all I'm asking is \$1500 a month, which includes lawn-mower service for the tent floor, and the gold mining fights to the **WHOLE BACK YARD!** Now, isn't that a bargain?"

"Y-e-es, Mrs. Flumplump," I replied thoughtfully. "But first, I

should like to look around a bit more." And suiting the action to the word, I swished on down the street.

My next stop was at the sumptuous abode of Prof. Martin Huppelwuppel. This popular pedagogue was at that time sitting on the front lawn playing with toy soldiers, but when I told him the purpose of my visit, he leaped to his feet and addressed me.

"Aha! Mr. Hodgson, I was just re-enacting the 'Battle of Bunker Hill.' Tomorrow, I shall borrow my good wife's corset, and re-enact the 'Battle of the Bulge,' but enough of small talk! Come with me, I think I have just what you need," and without further ado, the Professor led me down a flight of stairs to his cellar.

"Well, here it is!" announced my host.

"Where, sir?" I said. "I do not see any room here, only a few thousand empty whiskey bottles and a counterfeiting press!"

"It's in the furnace, old fellow!" gaily answered the Professor.

"The furnace!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, the furnace!" said Huppelwuppel. "Think of it! A place that's always warm, day and night! No sirree! Your feet will never get cold if you sleep in there! And I'm throwing in an asbestos sleeping bag in the bargain. And just think, I'm only charging \$150 a month! That's because I usually don't rent rooms to students, but of course, in these trying times we must all sacrifice!"

"You aren't kidding!" I glumly replied, forking over the money and acclimatizing myself for my new quarters by applying lighted matches to my ears.

Letters To The Editor

Distressed

Dear Bill:

My copy of Saturday's *Daily Tar Heel* arrived today, and as usual, I enjoyed reading the news of the place I like very much. But I was somewhat distressed when I turned to the editorial page and read your article, "Talking Nonsense," and also the letter written by Mr. Leo Nance, which were criticizing recent action of the Dialectic Senate in its discussion of possible elimination of some of the regular monthly pay which is now being sent to the veterans who are enrolled under the G. I. Bill of Rights and also the discussion of the possible raising of qualifications to be levied upon those eligible for educational benefits from the Veterans' Administration.

Since I am not attending school during the summer, I was unable to be at that discussion, but I shall stand up forever on the right of the Di, or any other organization, to discuss whatever it chooses whenever it chooses. There has been some other criticism in the past concerning the

Crossword Puzzle

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

ACROSS

- 1—Put on, as play
- 6—Canada's favorite trees
- 12—Yielded
- 13—Officer's furrough
- 14—Butted into
- 16—East Indian sailor
- 17—Friend (fr.)
- 18—At no time
- 20—Small fish
- 21—Elf in Persia
- 22—Make an offer
- 24—Part of "to be"
- 25—Upright
- 27—It holds money
- 28—The past

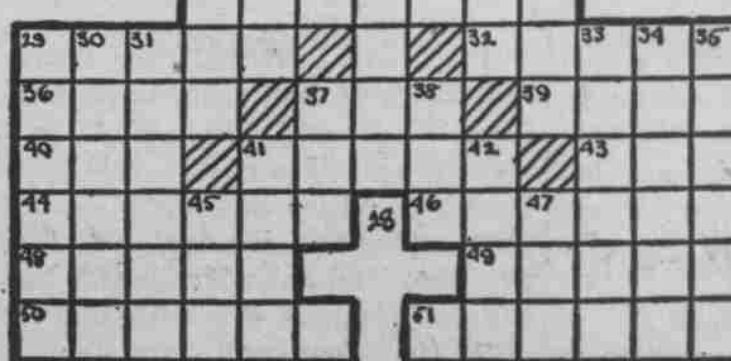
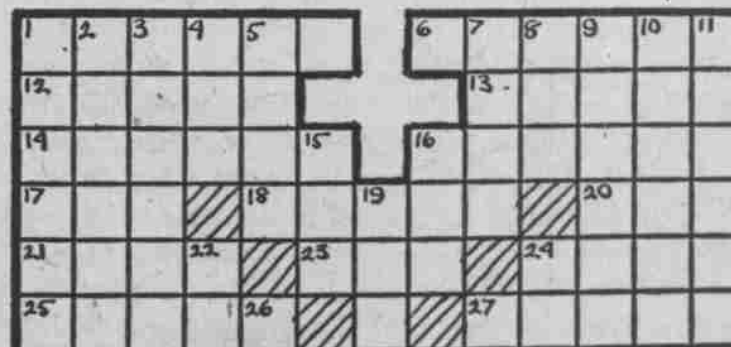
DOWN

- 29—Musicians watch its motion
- 32—State in Arabia
- 36—Swear
- 37—Limb
- 38—Part in play
- 40—Flowed
- 41—More bashful
- 43—Mr. Schwellenbach
- 44—Musical studies
- 46—Original
- 48—Hindu scarf
- 49—Wing section of airplane
- 50—Drifts
- 51—Small trees with fluttering leaves

SALADS REBATE
 ENAMEL GRASSES
 IN THE PAT AS
 NEAR PITAL ORA
 EARS POI PREY
 SLATES RULERS
 IF SO
 STILTS SEWERS
 PURE HOT SLOW
 ORT BOHEA FOE
 RE CAR MERN MA
 TENURE REAMER
 SNARES SABERS

DOWN

- 1—Often done with violin bow
- 2—Wagon driver
- 3—Applaud
- 4—Precious stone
- 5—First garden
- 7—Winged
- 8—Foot-like part
- 9—Finer in design
- 10—Dodges
- 11—Calm
- 15—Newcomer to society
- 16—Guided
- 19—What we won
- 22—Fluid in Greek gods' veins
- 24—Purchaser
- 26—Money
- 27—Probe
- 28—Merchant
- 30—Divine sign to Hindu
- 31—Time in office
- 33—City in Illinois noted for plows
- 34—Football team
- 35—Stairway posts
- 37—Exclamations of relief
- 38—Soldiers
- 41—Start of plant
- 43—Hits
- 45—"Thieve's hideout"
- 47—Open keg



Dist. by United Features Syndicate, Inc.

Keeping Tabs

. . . With Randy

The butter shortage doesn't bother me a bit. The way Jeanne Kay makes the toast out at our house, we just slap some unguentine on it, and let it go at that.

Nomination for People I Can't Stand: The self-assured, smug smarty that does crossword puzzles with a pen.

Here's the latest poop on the flicks we'll be seein' in the near future at the local pop-corn factory:

EASY TO WED—with an Johnson and Esther Williams. I was wondering what MGM would do with their prize toothy ex-chorus boy now that they've run out of heroic first lieutenants, for him to play. I suppose this is the answer, because Van dances, Van sings, Van romances, Van stinks!!!

NIGHT IN CASABLANCA — with the Marx Brothers. For my moola, these lads are always good entertainment. This one is a take-off on all the spy stories that were featured during the late international unpleasantness. I think you'll like it.

NIGHT AND DAY — with Cary Grant and Alexis Smith. There's really no reason to have made this picture, except for the fact that MGM made a picture on the life of George Gershwin. So natchally Warner's hafta follow suit. Result: this fabricated life of Cole Porter, complete with top hat, cane, white tie, tails, tunes and a beautiful body that answers to the name of Smith.

CENTENNIAL SUMMER — with Cornell Wilde. Need I say more? Oh well, Mama always told me that the summer was a good thing to sleep through.

ANTHONY & CLEOPATRA — with Claude Rains and Vivian Leigh. What can I say after the ad-writers have told us to "see the pleasure barges where the wine flowed like water, see the revelry of the lush court of the Romans, see the most seductive beauty that ever lived, see the most expensive picture ever made." I reckon we'll hafta see it.

POME

Columns are written by fools like me But only poets write poetry.

They say that blondes have sweeter dispositions than brunettes. Well, ya can't prove it by me. My girl has been both . . . and I haven't been able to notice the difference.

Dialectic Senate, but it seems that those who yell the loudest are the ones who know the least about the organization.

The main purpose of the Di is to promote interest in public speaking and debatable subjects and to help develop the oratorical talents which remain hidden in many students there at the University today. It also gives its members a chance to learn some parliamentary procedure by actual experience with the same. The reason the organization considers a highly controversial subject occasionally which seems like "nonsense" to some of our outside friends is because that such a subject stirs the emotions of those individuals and makes them more than ever want to get up and get those things "off their chests." By this procedure they "forget themselves" and find out that they can actually express themselves in public; this leads, in most cases, to a sincere desire to go on and conquer the handicap which they once thought was unbeatable.

Very truly yours,
 DON SHROPSHIRE