

The Daily Tar Heel

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The official newspaper of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill where it is published daily at the Colonial Press, Inc., except Monday's examination and vacation periods and during the official summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office of Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed \$4.00 per year, \$1.50 per quarter; delivered \$6.00 per year and \$2.25 per quarter.

Consider your honor as a gentleman of more weight than an oath
 . . . Solon

The Sorry Coffee

The coffee at Lenoir is little short of an atrocity. Also at the Pine Room, the Monogram Club, the Carolina Inn, and the Y Court.

Why it this?

For a while we thought that sweepings, old dishwater, or discarded soap flakes were getting into the Joe at the University-owned coffee shops.

Not so. It seems they are simply using a new concoction—frozen coffee. This is in order to save money and time and effort. The authorities claim that this is even easier than the powdered brands, and furthermore, that it cuts down on lines waiting while urns are refilled.

It is our opinion that the lines are being cut down mostly because the caffeiends are going where they can get coffee that tastes like coffee, even if it costs a dime per cup.

The Silent Assembly

The 15th session of the North Carolina State Student Legislative Assembly closed up shop Saturday afternoon like the proverbial arab and stole silently away.

Nobody noticed. Which, to some lines of thought, may be just as well. The old timers remember the good gate and the excellent press of past years, and wondered why.

On reason will partially suffice. It had something to do with the kind of people college students are getting to be. Time has labelled us The Silent Generation, and the name looks as though it will stick. Certainly, the representatives of 24 colleges and Universities in this state meeting in Raleigh this weekend, had little to say.

There was no hot debate. There were no extreme left-wing measures passed. Probably the most liberal of the bills receiving the legislative nod was the UNC condemnation of Senator Joseph McCarthy.

Past years have seen such widely known measures as the Buddy Glenn Resolution (which made the assembly interracial), UNC's 1949 omnibus education bill, and the 1950 Atomic Energy bill.

If we are thinking these days, we are thinking right with our parents and our grandparents. The younger generation doesn't stir up comment, unless it has some younger ideas. Or maybe Time is right. Maybe we are just keeping quiet.

by Bill Pregnall

The Honorable Man

In two preceding articles the subject of the Honor Code and Campus Code have been discussed. The first was designed to show that our Honor System is not a substitute for a proctor system to stop cheating, but rather, a fundamental principle on which our way of living at Carolina is based. In the second article specific information was given as to what constitutes an offense against this unwritten law. Assuming that now the average student knows what is expected of him in a negative sense, exactly what must he do if he sees an infraction of the Honor System. If you were to interrogate the majority of students as to what they would do, the answer would be an almost unanimous, "I'd report him." If you'd further press your subject and ask him where would he report the violator, the percentage of correct answers would, in all probability, be far less than the percentage of blank expressions which would testify to the fact that, "I never thought about that!"

The procedure for reporting was adopted in a joint meeting of the Men's and Women's Councils with the Faculty Executive Committee in 1948 and is as follows. "A student observing a violation of honor or having reason to suspect such

a violation is obligated under the Honor System to see to it that the name of the student under suspicion and the circumstances involved are reported to the appropriate council. He may do this either himself or by reporting the information directly to the council. If at any time a member of the council cannot be reached, students may ask the instructor, the Dean of Men, or the Dean of Women to arrange a meeting with a member of the council."

There is no question that the honor system has been perverted in the minds of many students. They think back to childhood when to tattle was to break faith with the gang. These immature citizens of our community have not yet realized the differences between childhood tattling and adult responsibilities both to themselves and to their fellow man in a self-determining democratic society. In childhood tattling an external authority was involved (teacher or parents). At Carolina the authority is self-imposed. This internal authority is composed of students whom we elect to do our bidding. Thus, the situation is changed so that not reporting a violator is to break faith with the gang, and more important, with our own personal integrity.

Not Guilty

Belgrade, Nov. 1—(Delayed) As you stroll down Belgrade's wide Red Army Boulevard you begin to realize that this game of international power politics is more complicated than canasta, more puzzling than chess, and yet as simple as dominoes.

In 1947 American planes were shot down over Yugoslavia. The Iron Curtain dropped over the Balkans and the United States was bitterly denounced as a "savage warmonger seeking to enslave the free peoples of the communist world." American films, music, and cigarettes were purged as symbols of capitalistic aggression. In other words, we were a pack of sub-zero slave drivers living in a coca-cola culture which had contributed nothing to civilization except the T-formation and the bubonic plague.

For a while things were just peachy. Marshal Tito drank toasts to the glory of the Soviet Union as coal poured into Yugoslavia from Poland, wheat from the Ukraine, perfume from Bulgaria, and strict orders from Moscow.

Then one day in 1948 Tito grew tired of shouting "gesundheit" every time Stalin sneezed. He split with the Soviet and went into business for himself.

The people of Yugoslavia were proud of this bold defiance of the Kremlin, but pride isn't enough to fill stomachs and heat houses. Somebody had to play Santa Claus in a hurry and, as usual, this honor went to the U. S. A.

Today Yankee tourists flood the sunshine resorts of Dal-

matia while American aid piles high on the docks of Rijeka. Slavic feet again beat out the rhythm of Duke Ellington, Laurel and Hardy again pitch pies at the local cinema, and Chesterfield, Philip Morris, and Lucky Strike, those round, firm, and fully packed ambassadors of the American way of life, once again blow mellow nicotine into Serbian lungs.

The Yugoslavs make no rationalizations or excuses for their sudden change of heart toward Uncle Sam. If you ask why Americans were expelled in '47 and embraced in '48 you'll get a simple answer. "Before our split with Russia the people of America were bloodthirsty demons with horns and tails who exploited workers, ate their children, and worshipped seaweed. After the split we realized that maybe you had your good points after all."

The attitude toward America today runs something like this. "You prefer capitalism, we prefer communism. So what? There's no reason why we can't inhabit the same planet without knocking heads."

Still reality must be faced. Soviet aggressors are massing along the borders. Many people in the West are reluctant to aid a communist nation. The defense program needs more time, the soldiers need better arms, the wheat fields need more rain. The Red Bear licks his chops in the east. The friendly eagle has his hands full in the west.

Yugoslavia is like an elephant dangling over a cliff with its tail tied to a daisy.

by Barry Farber

by Harry Snook

Nonplus

How now, Justice?

An old story illustrates how difficult justice can be. Back in the time when the gods and goddesses ruled the earth, it was decreed that any man guilty of lying would hang that day.

One bright morning an individual appeared, who claimed loudly that he would hang that day. If he did not, then he lied and must hang. But if he did hang, he was no liar and should not!

There is another popular story of how justice can find itself in a dilemma. It seems as though a student signed up for a course in court room technique. He agreed to pay for the course if he won his first case in court.

But when he finished his course, he went into another field and didn't practice law. He refused to pay on the basis that he had not won his first case yet.

So the wily instructor sued the student, thus forcing that young fellow into his first case.

Sad judge, the one that heard the case. If he ruled for the instructor, the student lost the case and, by agreement, didn't owe the instructor. If he judged for the student, then the student won the case but had to pay by the agreement!

Needless to say, the judge was nonplussed.

The Mount Palomar telescope can see a distance of one billion light years. That's about a billion times six trillion miles, or 6,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles!

Our solar system is part of a galaxy that's only about 120-thousand light years in diameter. There are an estimated 100-million galaxies within range of the Palomar Scope, most of which are brighter and larger than ours.

Now put a man in the eye of that concept!

by David Alexander

Reviews and Previews

Early in 1949, when most of the literary and cinematic world was dramatically impressed with a new version of "Hamlet" by Laurence Olivier a young actress, who seemed hopelessly doomed to 'flighty feminine' roles for the remainder of her career, carried away the highest honor in her profession for portraying a deaf mute.

Today, since this seems to be the right time of year for making predictions, I am convinced that she will repeat her success and become "the first lady of motion pictures".

Jane Wyman has in her eyes, her voice, and her every expression the tenderness which was called for in the role of Louise in "The Blue Veil". This film, which I feel is the finest of the season, is aimed at your heartstrings, and if you are inclined to weep, I advise you to bring a handkerchief along. This film was made for one group of people only—human beings, and if you aren't human, don't see it!

Louise Mason, a young war widow, loses her new-born child, seeks employment, and starts a long life of being 'mother' to other women's children. First employed by lovable Charles Laughton, Louise cares for his young son until Laughton remarries. From this situation she is taken into Agnes Morehead's home as governess to an elder boy. Each time she leaves a new child, the separation is harder for her, the big test comes when Audrey Totter leaves her young son in Louise's care, and doesn't return for some eight years. The boy grows up calling Louise

'mother', until the real mother returns with a new husband. Louise, when she learns that the mother plans to return, takes the boy away to another part of the country.

The ending I will not disclose, since therein lies the charm of the story. I will tell you that seeing "The Blue Veil" left me with a good feeling and with a somewhat more profound sense of appreciation for a 'true mother'.

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The Daily Tar Heel

Letters

Madame Editor:

The consensus these days is that things cost too much. Everyone yearns for the five-cent cigar, the nickle beer, the free lunch, and now you have asked for a five-cent Victory Bell in your editorial last Friday.

Here at the University we have a perverse situation. In one instance I think perhaps we could afford a greater expenditure.

In place of the present five-cent, certainly no more than two-bit, editor of the DTH we should have a least a dollar-one. By undergoing this extravagance, I think perhaps people would be more satisfied and forget about the expense.

Fauntleroy Leroy

The cast is one of the most distinguished ever assembled, and though Miss Morehead appears for only two scenes, she does her usual fine work. Joan Blondell sings a "bouncy" version of the old timer, "Daddy", which is currently making a come-back as a result of this film. Everett Sloan, Cyril Cusick, Don Taylor, Natalie Wood, are the others in the cast.

The film is a Wald-Krasna production for R. K. O., and plays the Saturday late show, with a regular run starting Sunday, at the Varsity Theater.