

Week Here

... have always awed us, and in I'il Ab... fashion we have struggled along trying to do our bit to remain law abiding.

But when the very guardians of law overlook the law they have sworn to uphold, we become confused, disappointed, and driven to evoke the gods of editorial justice.

The campus honor courts have broken the law. The rulebook says that every two weeks, each of the courts shall make reports to The Daily Tar Heel.

So far, to the best of our knowledge, we have been handed no court reports. Yet, we hear mutterings about the Men's Council trying this case, and we sometimes overhear in Y-Court rumors of certain Women's Council cases.

Despise our admitted awe for the laws, we've always accepted the premise that for every valid law there's a reason. The reason for this law is simple: In order to have an effective court system, the juries of our campus peers must remind those they serve that justice works every week.

Surely, the honor courts have been so busy pursuing the just and fair—and still doing their academic duties—that they have overlooked this problem of communication. But now let them remember the boys in Lower Quad who know the courts only by hearsay and the girls in McIver who catch muddled rumors of campus justice.

It's time for the courts to obey the law they enforce. Our office awaits your reports—and so does the campus you were elected to serve.

Zut! Back From Billiards To Pool

On his latest visit to Graham Memorial's (?) room, the old cue artist, Charlie Peterson, threw the basement sphere of our favorite student union into an uproar of controversy and reform, or so we thought.

Seems Mr. Peterson despises to play in "pool" rooms, prefers to have them labeled, more sedately, "billiard" rooms.

With great fanfare and special advertisement, the GM management straightway announced their abandonment of the vulgar "pool;" they were switching to "billiards." We tacitly applauded, learning from old man Webster that billiards, deriving from the Old French word billart, really meant "staff" or "cue" and had some connection with the game as she is played. Pool, contrarily, comes from the unsophisticated French word, poute, or "bit." We could only guess that hens got embroiled with true billiards when live stakes were posted against the opponent's savoir-faire with the cue, and games were played for wings and drumsticks and even the whole bird.

But today: Zut! Here we go again; GM's billiard room has left the cosmopolitan instructions of Mr. Peterson high and dry. Once again, we are playing "pool" in the "pool" room.

Why? In Sir Winston Churchill's words, it is a mystery wrapped in an enigma.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Campus Wind: An Eternal Fashion-Maker

Fred Powledge

FROM THE DIRTY office window in Graham Memorial I can see the sun set every afternoon. It sets earlier every day.

Back in September and October, I could see students going downtown to supper around 5:30 or 6 p.m. The last rays of the sun would make the men and coeds stand out in high contrast; they would give faces and arms a ruddy, reddish look as students went to supper.

But now the sun has set when students go to supper. I can only see their cigarettes burning and hear coeds laughing as they walk from Graham Memorial, past Silent Sam, down to Franklin St. to eat.

AUTUMN IS HERE, and winter is technically more than a month away. But winter, as we in North Carolina's Piedmont know it, is here for good.

Winter here means the men in Lower Quad will stop studying one, sometimes two times each night to go over to the Monogram Club for coffee and doughnuts. They'll bring their coffee back, steaming in paper cups, to drink while they read magazines or start studying again.

In Fraternity Court, the men either get their coffee from their Fraternity house kitchens or go over to the Scuttlebutt. At the Scuttlebutt there's always a fellow and his date, and they are shivering after a long walk from somewhere.

The men in town, where I live, either make their own instant coffee in the bathroom or go to Harry's or the Dairy Bar and get a paper cupfull. The waiter always pushes the paper top down too far, and coffee runs over the top. The cup of coffee always tastes good, though, when you are back in the room where there's heat and four walls to keep out the wind.

THE WIND THESE DAYS reminds me of the wind that comes to the Piedmont in March and April. If you listen to the wind now, with your eyes closed, you'll hear it is the same wind that comes in March.

But the wind is different if you watch it.

If you watch the yellow and red and brown leaves shake and sometimes fall when the wind blows these days, you'll be reminded that winter—real, bitter winter, with promises of snow and ice on the sidewalks and clouds of breath in the mornings—is really not yet here.

The wind and the leaves bring thoughts of the beauty of coeds, the shortness of life, of the grainy beauty of the campus' brick walks—of the comfort of a heated room, the quiet of a good book, the simplicity of a good, home-cooked meal.

The wind these days reminds you that before long the trees in the Arboretum and Battle Woods and Kenan Woods and even the old masters in McCorkle Place will soon be cold and naked.

STUDENTS FROM New Jersey will start wearing big, bulky coats that were made for cold weather, and those from Georgia will wear army combat jackets and overcoats. Foreign students, in America for their first winter, will buy American coats and will feel funny in them.

The first snow will come, and someone from Radio Station WCHL will call up Chancellor House, and Chancellor House will say that classes will be held, but students who can't make it won't be counted absent. And the students won't go to class.

And all winter the wind will blow.

But in March, or maybe as late as April, while students are holding campus elections and botanists are making plans for field trips, the wind will change.

The March wind will blow just like the Nov. 5 wind, but it will be different. It will promise warmer days, trips to the beach, coeds with less on, graduation for some, trips back home for others.

It will promise to everybody a greater, newer existence—another chance at living.

A Reporter In Dreamland With President Don Fowler

I WAS so exhausted after trying to find a campus parking spot yesterday that I went home and sacked out. And, as I slept, I dreamed what only a reporter can dream.

In my sleep, I was interviewing student body President Don Fowler. And President Fowler, smiling like the friendly fellow he is, answered every question fully and frankly. Unfortunately, it was only a dream. Anyway, the interview ran something like this:

QUESTION: President Fowler, just what is your greatest problem right now as student chief executive?

Answer: Well, I guess it's my girls. I never know who to date these days. And with this darn student auto problem hanging over me, I don't have much time to really think about my girls either.

Q. About this student auto problem, President Fowler. What sort of solution do you have in mind?

A. Frankly, I haven't the slightest idea. I talked to Dave, (Attorney General David Reid), and he told me that I'd better be careful on this thing or I might make some of the fraternity boys with cars mad at me. I'd hate to have those guys mad, too. You know how they are. Well, anyway, Dave told me the best thing to do would be to appoint a committee. So I did.

Q. Yes, I heard about the committee. What answer did they suggest for your biggest problem?

A. None at all.

Q. None at all? I thought I read about their suggestions in the student paper.

A. Oh, you're talking about the student auto problem. I was talking about my biggest problem—who to date. And the committee didn't even discuss it with me. But, you know, I met the cutest little Phi Phi the other night, and she...

Q. President Fowler, about this student auto problem. I read in The Daily Tar Heel that your committee wants to build an off-campus storage lot. What about that?

A. Hmm. Good idea. As a matter of fact, that sounds like the solution to me. Matter of fact, Dave...



PRESIDENT FOWLER... Oh, Dave

Reid told me to issue a statement saying it was the best way out. And I think he got around to writing it.

Q. Yes, President Fowler, it was in the paper. A. Good. You know, I never read the Tar Heel anymore. Nothing but slander about me.

Q. But slander is oral. You mean libel, don't you?

A. Oh, yes, I think that's what I mean. Seems to me Dave Reid said something about it the other day.

Q. Well, how about this storage lot? How do you propose to pay for it?

A. I'm glad you asked me that. I think perhaps we can persuade the University to pay for that. I promised in my campaign that I'd stop this irrational move to deprive students of the right to own cars.

Q. Well, how is the University going to afford a parking lot, when three men occupy most dorm rooms and it is generally broke?

A. I've thought of that. But, you know, those Trustees are rational men, and I think they'll help us.

Q. I have heard very definite reports that the trustees are going to take strong action this spring to regulate student autos. Have you considered possible self-regulation by students?

A. I have considered it, but you know darn well if we start taking cars away from freshmen, the next thing will be beanies and hazing. And I don't want that.

Q. Who said anything about limiting freshmen cars? I was just wondering about some sort of limitation?

A. No, we just can't have beanies and hazing again. I won't stand for it. I told Dave Reid to make that clear to Dean Weaver too.

Q. Well, President Fowler, how about this plan to get cheaper tickets for dates to football games?

A. Football games? Dates? Oh, yes, I'm dating the cutest girl from McIver to the Notre Dame game. I was a little short of cash, so I went and asked Chuck Erickson down at the Gym what to do. He said he'd put tickets for one game on sale and see how they did. Then, the very next day, that old Daily Tar Heel ruined it all with an editorial.

Q. What editorial?

A. How should I know? I never read the paper. But I just know Mr. Erickson was really mad, and he was not too happy about the cheaper tickets.

Q. Do you have any idea what that editorial said?

A. Oh, Dave, Dave—Dave Reid, will you please write me a statement for this reporter? I've got a date in about an hour and must get home and shave. —L.K.

Reader's Retort: The Di Senate, Shirts & Tact

Senator Answers

It seems to me that the editors of The Daily Tar Heel have committed the same crime that they accused the Dialectic Senate of—speaking without knowing what they were talking about. Had they had interest enough to attend the debate concerning the DTH, instead of only reading the incomplete news story of one of their own reporters, they could not have arrived at such conclusions as they did.

The Di Senate debate was based on two points: First, the editors of the DTH have not attended to their nominal duties of insuring good delivery, printing all the news instead of only the news that they preferred, and getting all the facts before printing any news articles.

The second and more important point is the question of the newspaper's reflecting student opinion. Surely no newspaper is expected to be just a loudspeaker for student opinion on every problem concerning the students. But the DTH is in a peculiar position in that it does not have to depend on popular approval in order to exist.

The students have no choice in the question of supporting the DTH; they help pay for its existence through their student fees. Therefore, it behoves the paper to be some sort of occasional reflection of student opinion, (and typical student opinion is not such a difficult thing to ascertain, as the Editors would have us believe). If the editors are incapable of fathoming student opinion, then they are incapable of being editors.

In addition, the DTH goes out to subscribers throughout the state and country, (including the Board of Trustees), as being the spokesman for student opinion. Out of Chapel Hill, the DTH is considered the mouthpiece of student opinion, and it should therefore certainly be the duty of the DTH not to reflect the ideas of the editors, but the ideas of a more representative body of students.

The Dialectic Senate lays no claims to being representative of student opinion, and indeed it is not. But the Senate justly feels that the student newspaper should not be controlled by "that potentially dangerous element," the vociferous minority, which now controls the DTH.

I think that it is significant that the Di Senate considered most of the complaints against the capabilities and lack of altruistic motives of the editors rather than against the freedom and integrity of the newspaper itself.

Stephen A. Moss

'Stuffed Shirt'

Reference is made to The Daily Tar Heel, November 3; article by Louis Graves of the Chapel Hill Weekly, entitled "Something For Grown People To Decide."

In his article concerning the restriction of student automobiles, Mr. Graves stresses his belief that the students of this university are not capable of making sound decisions on matters of... he also criticizes our administration for allowing the students to have a hand in their own government. When I read the article the first time, I thought that it had been originally intended for the comic page, and was printed as an editorial by mistake.

I read it again and came to the conclusion that our editors had uncovered another "stuffed shirt." I wonder if Mr. Graves, if asked, could give a reasonably sound definition of democracy.

Charlie Young

Tact & Common Decency

If the Daily Tar Heel editors tried for the remainder of the school year I don't think they could come up with two editorials which show less tact and common decency than the ones entitled, "Our Elders Show Lack Of Faith" and "Duke in Nurse's Arms."

Bill Johnson

Goettingen Land

Drama At Friedland Explodes 'Unemotional' Germans' Myth

The Germans are an emotional nation. Not in what can be called the "propaganda" sense of the word, but in the sense that they take time to dress in waterproof logic and well-spread propaganda who created the caricature many populated by hard, calculating, and closely-cropped Prussian heads with a mote in his eye.

There were Bismarck's "blood and iron" days of Wilhelm I when Germany was in the World War of Wilhelm II. Germans, least of all Wilhelm, wanted which there was a quick emotional... it began; the 20's of the Weimar Republic, prosperity, albeit inflation, enough to flourish literary and otherwise movements in all directions; the Kaiser era from 1933 to 1945, a long emotional... turing three-hour speeches, parades... with a fervor to match anything... sades.

It has taken Germany ten years under the rubble and to attain a... able to emotional indulgences of... exhibited in such ways as the attack... "Old Man," Chancellor Adenauer, the... ment leader in Europe, excluding... in East Europe, Spain and Portugal... has an actual minority of the popula... seemingly permanent division of... the flight of millions from commun... ninety thousand soldiers in Soviet... charged with emotional potential... when conditions forbade a mass relea... tential.

But that time has come. Fortuna... rectly capitalize on it; the causes... uation are too easily laid at their... remnants of the Nazis are so few... their political voice is exceeded by... Witnesses.

That time was ushered in a few... pealing of the Freedom Bell of Fried... slyly south of Goettingen. Friedlan... disembarkation point for PW's return... Soviet Union; few go to relatives in... zone; most cross the border of the... lic at Herleshausen and proceed by... Friedland. All of the 9626 promised... should be in their homeland before the... month.

Until then, Friedland is packed with... joining, sobbing, tens-of-thousands... awaiting, or hoping, for the return... whom in most cases they will meet... There are long lines of half-rejoicing... ing people, holding little signs asking... tion about long-lost loved ones.

The conception of Germans being... is impossible to one who has this month... land; The Federal President, Dr. Theob... cellor Blucher, assorted cabinet mem... testant bishop, a cardinal, all standing... beribboned platform, all crying into... or robes. Dozens of Wehrmacht general... led the world's best fighting forces, th... of those armies who have also seen... Soviet prisons, join the bishop or Ch... Lord's Prayer, sing the Deutschland... small police band, shed their tears... or fifteen years go home to their fam... still have families.

The reaction to the newsreels of Pro... ther on the audience of an "art theater"... rile audience waiting for "Buster De... Buster Crabbe," is the same: Hand... out of pockets, there is a murmur of... tuated only by the blowing of noses... as I, head for the nearest exit in order... what they can of a stiff upper lip.

For this once, fortunately, politia... not being made of the German's emotion... Even the rabid anti-communists are... by the situation to take the political... freely offered them.

Aloof Author

Two weeks ago we requested a... from the Board of Trustees stating... segregation. We do not believe our... unreasonable or presumptuous. But... that board members consciously avail... ence of anything resembling a pressure... prefer to be guided in their decisions... sciences. We, from our humble vantag... low The Authority, acknowledge the... having a university governed by an... group of policy-makers.

Student and faculty opinion, howev... than a pressure group. The basis of... teachers and students; certainly their... ion should not be disregarded.

The Board of Trustees refused to... controversy. We must read between... tract the essence of their segregation... Duke Chronicle

Tell Us More About This'



HEART STOPPED 20 MINUTES A young woman whose heart stopped beating for more than 20 minutes while undergoing an operation here for injuries received in an automobile accident returned to life after her husband had been informed by at-

tending physicians that she was dead. Dr. Wayne H. Stockdale, Smithfield surgeon, termed the miracle the "Master's work upstairs" and reported Mrs. Marjorie Barbour Raynor, 30, of Four Oaks, should make a complete recovery, barring complications. Mrs. Raynor was critically injured in a three-car collision Friday at 12:30 p.m. on Highway 301 one-half mile south of Four Oaks. —Herman D. Lawson in Smithfield Herald.