

Dry Rot At The Heart Of The Honor System

Like the Socratic ethic the Honor Code stands on the assumption that doing the right is a natural consequence of knowing the right. Recent reports from several quarters indicate a decay in the practice of honor on the campus which, if it continues, might be enough to throw that basic assumption into question.

The honor system problems which Dean Fred Weaver outlined in his speech to student government leaders just before the Thanksgiving recess were mostly mechanical problems, problems of enforcement, problems of judicial process. They have claimed the headlines, most of the current discussion, and have led to plans for an Honor System emphasis week.

But are mechanical problems really the most pressing problems right now? There are documentary reports of others which seem to us to go deeper toward the core of the matter.

They fall into at least three distinct areas:

1. The library: Library officials report that in the General College reading room, where dozens of books flow across the check-out desk every hour and it is all library help can do to keep them flowing, Honor System violators in alarming numbers are forging names, even entering fictitious names, to get books. Sometimes the books slip back into the library. Often they vanish without trace. Other traitors to the community of honor overtly steal books out of the hands of readers. In one instance, a reader who left the reading room for a short break returned to find his book gone and replaced by a note addressing him as a "sucker."

2. Dormitory telephone booths: One of the larger dorms came up some \$70 short on long-distance telephone calls last semester. Here the violators, by report, use an ingenious coin-on-a-string device to deceive the operators.

3. Honor System newspaper stands. Several state newspaper companies complain that they constantly check up short on coin receipts for newspapers. They threaten to discontinue service if the violations continue.

In these areas, we have unquestionable evidence of the decay. In others, the evidence is more nebulous, but in some cases backed by testimony. A geology professor, working through one of his students, purchased for \$5 a quiz he planned to give the next day.

We don't think we are wrong in seeing a general pattern in this potpourri of violations—a pattern showing that if there is decay, it is collective decay. The library is an open, public building. Telephone booths and newspaper stands are open, busy, public buildings. None of this is happening clandestinely, for scores of students—awake, we hope—mill by the sites of the violations every day; repeated acts could hardly be taking place, day after day, without being seen.

If these violations are occurring with collaboration and open conniving, the dry-rot at the heart of the system is too obvious and too crucial to ignore. Going unchecked, the black spots will spread and eventually bring us to the stage—if they haven't already—at which we must question the assumption upon which the system is founded. The worthwhile individuals who live under this community of honor supposedly follow its code because there is virtue in honor, not because they fear the reprisals which will follow an offense, and assuredly not because—as it was suggested in a quiz given to the incoming freshmen—they stand to lose out on grade curves.

The problem of evil has, in the eyes of many contemporary philosophers and theologians blown to smithereens the Socratic ethic we mentioned above. In the matter of the Honor System, we are faced, in a sense which vulgarity and embarrassment can't erase, with the same problem: Is a community of honor possible? Or is personal nature such that the system will break down in spite of all we can do to enforce it?

Nothing More Unpredictable Than WC Gals

Louis Kraar

NOTHING IS more unpredictable than a group of girls—except a group of girls turned loose on a campus newspaper.

I say this, not because I don't like girls (or girls running newspapers), but because the recent writings from our sister school in Greensboro are disturbing.

The Woman's College gals have a weekly newspaper, *The Carolinian*, and usually it has been lively, controversial, and independent. But this year, the girls have taken what seems to me the most remarkable position for any newspaper to take. It was set forth in a recent editorial.

"THE POSITION of *The Carolinian*," declared the WC paper, "in relation to the reporting and perpetuating and any 'situation' that exists on this campus between faculty and administration, and what official source would give such facts?"

"We will not have any part of that which is of no concern to students." (What could be of more concern to students than any so-called situation between faculty and administration?)

"Our responsibility to the students is that of reporting news in an accurate fashion...." (Also, I might add, to interpret that news, explain what it means—even news of a faculty-administration squabble.)

"When any information concerning the affairs of the Woman's College is released from official channels, or any other official sources for that matter, we will be the first to want to report this to our readers. Until that time we must be concerned with matters of substantial substance," concluded *The Carolinian*.

(Again, I ask, what could be of more "substantial substance" than a "situation" between faculty and administration, and what official source would give such facts?)

Perhaps some day the WC editors will learn that news has to be dug out no matter where it exists, and that any happening on a campus is of interest to students.

Maybe the WC gals are still suffering from shock after last fall's publication of that male nude in Corradi, the WC literary mag.

ALMOST AS unpredictable as girls and girls on newspapers are campus humor mags, particularly our own *Tarnation*.

Operating on the assumption (a correct one, too) that campus humor magazine cartoonists "have not been conditioned to the restrictions and the taboos of the mass circulation magazine or newspaper," Bantam Books has published a collection of 130 cartoons by campus humorists.

The one below is from *Tarnation* and pretty funny, I think.

NO LIMITS

A young Smithfield matron wanted her new maid to be pleased with her position. "You'll have an easy time of it here," she said, "since we have no children to annoy you."

"Oh, I like children," said the maid. "Don't go restricting yourself on my account." —Smithfield Herald.



GOP (Needing An Egghead Badly) Must Do Something Intelligent Or Throw In The '56 Towel

Gerald Johnson
The New Republic

THE IMPORTANCE to the eggheads of Adlai Stevenson's formal announcement of his candidacy is not the certainty that he will win, for there is no such certainty; it is, rather, the certainty that the opposition can't whip him without doing something intelligent. It is the firm faith of the eggheads that if intelligence is forced into the campaign the public will get something out of it, no matter who wins the election.

The grave danger of 1956 was the danger that the election would be decided on some such issue as "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." That danger is still present, but it is appreciably reduced with Stevenson in the race. Even in 1952, when 10 million sentimentalists who had never voted before and probably never will vote again, rushed to the polls to vote, not for a man, but for Five Stars on a shoulder-strap, Stevenson injected into the campaign so much discussion of genuine issues that he held the entire Democratic vote. It must not be forgotten that the 27 million ballots cast for Stevenson

were more than had ever before been cast for any man, Democrat or Republican, except Franklin D. Roosevelt; and even he topped Stevenson's vote only once out of his four campaigns.

FIVE STARS

Against anything less than the Five Stars the Democratic campaign of 1952 would have been successful. As it was, the Republican Party barely scraped through, for a few of the 10 million sentimentalists bothered to vote for its Congressional candidates, and as soon as the Five Stars disappeared the party lost Congress. Against Nixon, Dixon and Yates, the campaign of 1952 would have been a massacre; so Republican hopes rest either upon the defeat of Stevenson in the Democratic convention, or the discovery of a better candidate than any now in sight.

There is, indeed, an Aztec element in the party aspiring to introduce the rite of human sacrifice into American politics by persuading a man known to have a coronary occlusion to run for President. But this grisly project is likely to run into an insurmountable obstacle in the honor of a soldier. In 1944 as he was preparing to land on the Normandy beaches, Dwight D. Eisenhower would have considered it disgraceful to intrust command of an army corps to a General with a bad heart; it is hard to believe that the same man in 1956 will countenance turning over the country to a commander who can't pass the army physical tests.

A HARDING OUT

So if the Democrats nominate Stevenson, as they seem likely to do, the Republicans will have to meet him with a candidate who has something like the Egghead's tremendous vote-getting power, or let the election go by default. This automatically rules out the more stupid as a candidate. It is useless to put up a Harding in this kind of race. But if the Republicans are compelled to name an intelligent man, then no matter what the outcome the prospect for the country will not be utterly hopeless.

Even if the party sophists should succeed in blinding Eisenhower's eyes to the duty of a soldier, there will remain the problem of selecting the other half of the ticket which in that case would mean the other half of the Presidency. The country

still shudders at the narrowness of its escape from Nixon. If the American voters are to be asked to accept Eisenhower as a half-time President, the other half must be selected with great care, for one reason because the other half must do most of the battling against the Democratic candidate. If that candidate is Stevenson, then no 22-calibre candidate can be considered as the secondary President.

PRETTY PROBLEM

It is a pretty problem that the Republican Elder Statesmen are facing, and it is small wonder that they are doing all they can to delay Eisenhower's withdrawal until they have reached some kind of solution. They know that intelligence alone will give them even a fighting chance; and they know that to introduce intelligence into the party councils may disrupt the organization as disastrously as that dynamite bomb disrupted the airplane near Denver.

They dared not take the risk in the Eighty-third Congress, establishing the record on which when the party should have been to run in 1956. Instead, they let the McCarthyites disgust the country so completely that the party lost Congress, and with it lost the opportunity to make a record. Perhaps that error would not have been fatal if destiny had not intervened to deprive them of their one great asset, Eisenhower. But destiny did intervene.

NO CHOICE

So now they have no choice. The alternatives are to do something intelligent or to throw in the towel. It is a bitter choice for men long accustomed to relying on luck and muddling through, but as of the moment there is no apparent way out. Of course Stevenson might be run over by a truck, or break his neck diving after a tennis ball, but you can't figure on such long chances in politics. Certainly the public will not. The public is cheerfully sure that now the Republicans will have to show some sense, like it or not.

HIGHWAY MISSILE

He who travels over 60 miles an hour is not driving his car—he's aiming it.—Dallas Morning News.

Just Plain Prejudice

Throw Away The Thesaurus; Use Cliches

Dave Pardington

Listen all ye goodly sects assembled! Mount the benches, scale the walls, and flee to the hill tops! For I the mighty jumbo am about to draw your attention to the facts of life as promulgated in *Pardington's Bible of Familiar Quotations, Corrupted and Ramified*.

Ye tortured English major, throw away your Thesaurus! Why be original, Comfort yourselves in cliches. Do you not know that "There is nothing new under the sun?" The difference between the so-called original and the quotation user is merely the fact that one man knows where he has gotten his ideas, and the other one has forgotten! Do not listen to the heretical sayings of E. E. Cummings, and be sure to write his name with capital letters. He and his kind are the authors of such statements as, "Knowledge is a polite word for dead, but unburied imagination." Never read authors, read the handbooks prepared by scholars, read only choice quotations. Above all, stay away from the distorting influence of contexts. Trust yourselves, you can corrupt your own!

There are quotations for every occasion, and every familiar quotation is respected, is revered, is sanctified. On one occasion you can say, "Look before you leap," on another, "He who hesitates is lost." As Tom Lehrer says in the song, the secret of success in one word is, "Plagiarize!"

Reader's Retort

More Veterans' News, Please

Editors:

It is my humble understanding which leads me to believe that the *Daily Tar Heel* is a newspaper published to give information and news to the students about items which pertain to their daily lives. Where can I sign for the course, you have apparently taken, which will teach me that four (4) articles in the Wednesday edition directly pertain to the students' lives on this campus? I refer to these four articles: New National Review From Buckley, etc., Political Speech of The Month, How British Explain Football, and Pre-Dental Convention Set Here. Does the latter need so much space when it only refers to Delta Epsilon Delta fraternity and the Whitehead Medical Society? I have all due respect to both of these organizations and their functions. If I am wrong and these four do directly pertain to student body, why give all that space to them and not print the full content of the letter, on an increase in the G. I. Bill, from the Veterans' Committee in the Wednesday edition?

You completely rewrote the Veterans' letter and if anyone can tell me the full meaning of your rewrite, I will humbly apologize for this letter. What good does the list of Senators and Representatives from North Carolina do when you left out the explanation we gave in the letter to you? The entirety of our letter would have taken little space away from the above mentioned four articles or you could have left out your "details were unknown, but will be announced later." Beat Dook pep rally item.

The majority of veterans here receive only the G. I. Bill to support themselves and their families. The proposed increase would mean \$35.00 to \$45.00 increase each month per veteran. I do not have to list the social and economic advantages this increase could bring each veteran. Yet, your rewrite has not explained to the veterans and students what the proposed bill would do for them. You have a duty to the student body (veterans included) to present detailed facts and news in regard to them.

The full publication and explanation of our article could possibly mean more to the 1500 veterans here than anything you could print in the *Daily Tar Heel*.

Why not give the veterans a break and print a few lines that give an explanation of the bill before Congress? Why not do the job the students pay you for?

Co-Chairman of Vets. Comm.
DARWIN L. BELL

Roundabout Papers

I Wouldn't Break For Dear Old Miss

NOW THAT fall has left the trees, and the campus squirrels collecting nuts and other forms of treasure to be picturesque, the set in; now that Thanksgiving has been given and the turkey, first shot with gravity, then then hashed, and the remnants of the cat because the turkey is enough to growl at; Army and Navy have locked halberds militarily at one another; now, up, that we are where we are, I should like this opportunity to talk about one think of.



FIRST, LET us fling a jaundiced eye at the erable Miss Dove. I saw "Good Morning" while I was at home, and emerged from with a sort of retchy feeling in the stomach. After what I had read to her she must be sitting on a plum, nibbling the plaster off the walls. I read her book, but the first thing I read it says after seeing the movie "wasn't that way in the book." Really or not she was "that way in the book" should never have been that way in the book.

Miss Dove in the movie is nothing more than an intolerable prig, and why a thousand should turn out to a man at the front steps of the hospital while she prunes a tumor or two off Jennifer Jones a mystery. As far as I can see, Miss Dove is a grammar school teacher at a point where they will even break out and see her when she is ill, behave as would assure her, if she were included in the next purge list.

I once had a third grade teacher of Medusa and a heart of the best steel who succeeded in teaching me the fact that my mentality was equipped to successfully divide 13 by 7. I ever smiled it was because someone apart with a pair of sugar-tongs. It sounded like the legal wording in a tract. Her personality was so colorful invisible.

Miss Dove was very much like her, it's all right for a lady to turn pale in her old age—my grandmother can drive to a stammering jelly even when she is off. But girls of 20 just don't do it. Dove did at the age of 20. Girls of 20 as if they lay awake all night contemplating the syntax the sentence they are in the daytime.

The result of all this is that the sight of Jennifer Jones. One is not a Dove be a small town teacher who is enjoying the reverence of all. One Jennifer Jones try and age 40 years. It doesn't work. My sympathy to Jennifer Jones in her hour of bereavement. Her royalties make up for the sad her book unhorsed by Hollywood.

I HEARD a comment on the student recently which, while the student is interested in it, may well pick up of those less directly connected with crew of child wonders. This remark of middle-aged gentleman with an inquisitive good education.

"I think it's absolutely appalling," palled, "that those people up there are permitted to learn how to ration before they're 21! Those are the one day going to be running the here they are saying in their meetings have worded their campaign platform way that they can worm out of anything used if the need arises. Why doesn't them to shut up and be governed for months, and see how they like that!"

This is quite a telling reaction to the generation. I wonder how the student would like it if they were suddenly hit and stop behaving like God's little White House. I admit that this newspaper ally as if it were the biggest brass shield of the fourth estate; and some myself up to my full journalistic height four and look snootily down on what Joseph Pulitzer or Ernie Pyle would below me. But I "went home" reeling of people who read this column observed, and let someone else do the for a while. It was quite pleasant, constructive. Perhaps I should have done it.

WHILE I am on the subject of hot rock it is to handle, too, may I say as the presidential election is concerned. I wish someone would write a resume of the background and intentions of the candidate and explain the whole thing. I know anything about Mr. Stevenson. I ran last time and lost and that he was gone to a good school. I don't know what Estes Kefauver except that if you see T's every so often, and that if you place to hang your coonskin cap. Estes is a fair to middling hook. Estes has a thick-rimmed smile, if you know him. About Mr. Harriman I know nothing, that he's a Governor.

Of course I admit quite freely that I am forcing my tiny mind to concentrate on paper for more than seven seconds, and that as far as I am concerned the living would be increased 20 per cent. I don't know what the effect of politics a federal offense, like carrying a gun across a state line. But I intend to vote in this coming election. It might be interesting to know what the next four years?

And how about the Republicans? They got bored with the whole business and decided to rest for the next four years?

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'No, Mr. Lawson, None Of Our Marriage Courses Have Labs'

