

Assumptions About Honor: They're Easy To Make Now

The students who have the most power at this university are, surprisingly, not the student legislators. They are the members of the three judicial organizations: The Men's Council, the Women's Council, and the Student Council. They, by simply nodding their approval, can remove students from the University. Their subordinate branches, such as the coeds' various house councils, can impose early curfew hours on women students. They can place students on probation. They can even take students to civil courts, as was witnessed at Hillsboro a few weeks ago when Carolina's cheating ring case came to a head.

The most latent thing about the judicial power is that it is wielded in secret. Unless facts and names escape the council meetings (and, of course, they do) by word of mouth, the names of offenders are never known to the rest of the University's student population.

For this reason, the councils should be careful in what they do and how they do it.

There's another good reason why the councils should keep on tip-toe. They stand always in the shadow of the administration.

If the administration feels there is too much cheating, stealing or lying, or notices that too many people are getting off too easily, it can instantaneously clamp down.

This was evidenced a year or so ago when the student courts gave two men light penalties for a inter-college crime.

The other college involved got not under the lace collar, called Chapel Hill and demanded stiffer punishments. So the administration (Dean of Student Affairs Fred Weaver, now on leave of absence) "appealed" the case to a faculty-administration council, which handed down the stiffer punishment.

Balloon: Just Don't Burst It

Public opinion, in the form of resolutions, petitions, manifestos, letters-to-the-editor and editorials, starts pouring in.

The administration, gauging public reaction, decides whether to carry out the policy or drop it. If the balloon proves popular, the administration takes the credit. If it bursts, the administration can deny it ever had any such thoughts.

This is probably what happened over Marshal Tito. Such a storm was raised by the public that Eisenhower and his advisors immediately dropped all plans for bringing the Communist here for talks.

This is bad. For one thing, the government sidesteps the responsibility of stepping forward with new policies. It makes a bunch of liars—and, almost as bad, a bunch of deniers—out of the highest administration officers.

It causes the government, and the executive branch of the government, to shirk one of its major duties: Leading the people of the United States into new policies, new decisions, new progressivism.

PRESENT SYSTEM 'SICK':

Adviser System Needs Revamping

Woody Sears

Our present adviser system is sick and seemingly ineffectual in many instances. Something should

be done about it, for at present it is unfair both to the instructors who serve as advisers and to the students. Granted, there are exceptions

to the rule, which now seems to be in chaos. Some of us have had very good luck with our advisers, but too many people are not so lucky. However, it

is never a matter of the adviser's intentional inefficiency, but always that the adviser had too much to do and too many people to advise and keep up with.

Quite often we hear of people who go into their adviser's office as complete strangers, though they've been there many times before. The poor adviser just can't remember all the people he has to handle. And if he can't remember names, it is reasonably safe to assume that he can't remember the individual problems of each of his charges. And certainly, to advise wisely and effectively, one must know the problems which his advisees face.

We hear, too, that no one really wants to be an adviser, and that isn't strange at all. Who would want to willingly subject himself to the administrative purgatory which every adviser faces at registration time?

The saddest tale of woe we hear comes from people who expect to graduate at a given date only to discover at the last minute that they can't graduate because they haven't taken a required course which should have been completed several years previously.

Actually, the student caught in this predicament is not entirely without blame, but a good adviser would have discovered that deficiency long before dreams of graduation came so near. In view of the added expenditure which the student must bear, this almost constitutes criminal negligence.

There are always many people who must suffer the ordeal of drop-add. There are lines, lines, and more lines. Quite often one must stand in line for several hours to get his adviser to sign a slip of paper so that the student can do exactly what he would have done anyway, and then he must stand in line for several hours more. The lines in Hanes are possibly a necessary evil, but lines fifty and sixty feet long to see one or two advisers are shining examples of administrative inefficiency.

It is, in the truest sense of the word, nonsense.

The idea that anyone could get any degree of real advice and solid counseling under those conditions is nonsense.

The idea that one man can, in the true sense of the word, counsel twenty to fifty men in one day is nonsense.

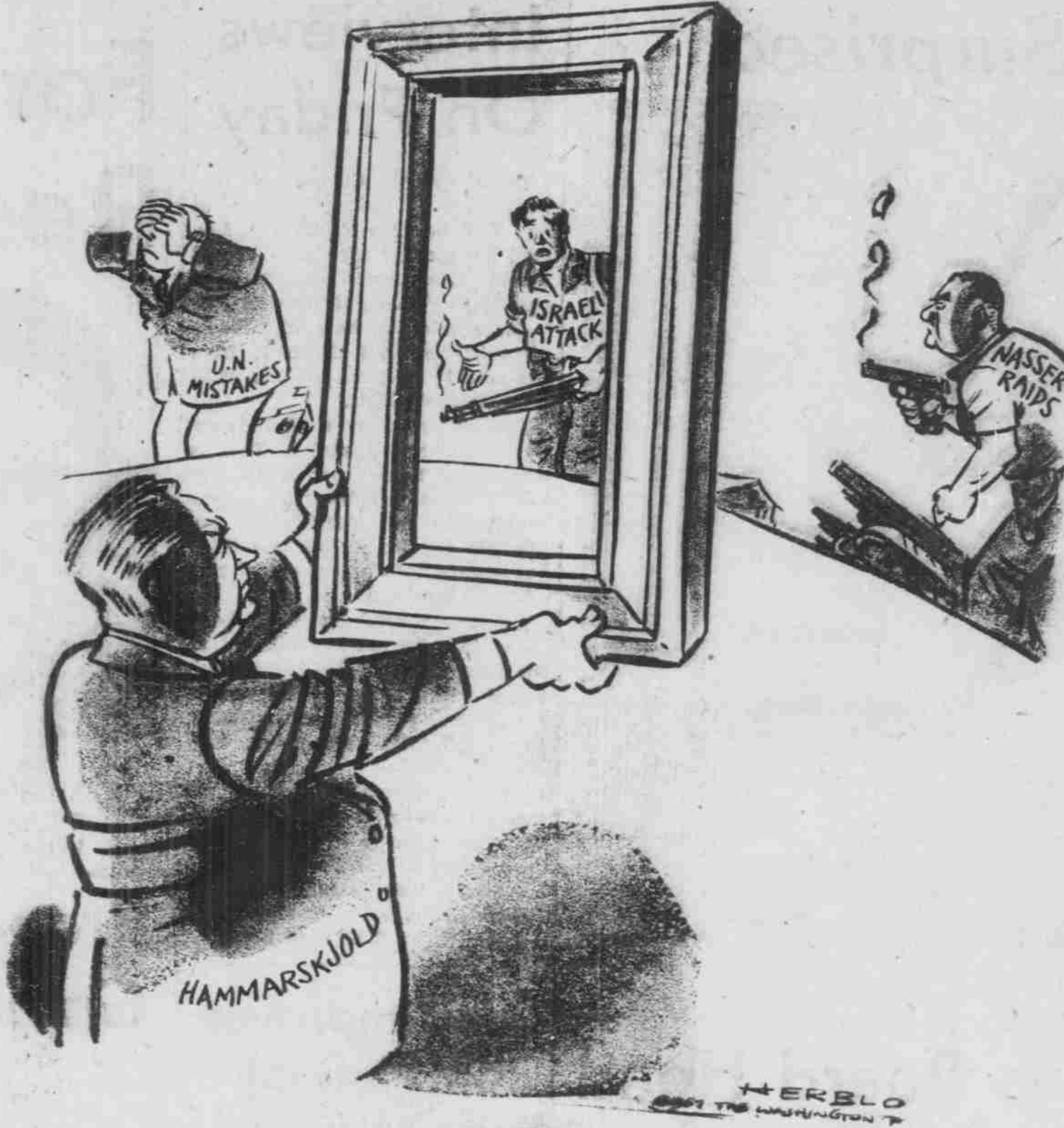
And the idea of completely cluttering the main building, the campus nerve-center, with long lines of people is nonsense.

The need is evident. We need more advisers to handle the load. No one adviser should have more than twenty men. No one man should be expected to meet the demands upon our advisers under the present system.

With smaller groups of advisees, the advisers could get to know their men and their individual problems. They could afford to spend more time with each man, and prevent last minute messes.

The need is evident, and everyone is aware of it. How long will it be before some action is taken?

★ ★ ★
"Are You Sure You're Getting The Whole Picture Here?"



CAROLEIDOSCOPE:

Notre Dame Condemns Baby Doll

Frank Crowther

I hate to rehash old stew, but my temperature is rising and my doctor told me to relax.

When the Manchester Guardian's film critic came out with a statement which went under the assumption that Baby Doll—in the picture of the same name—had been seduced and that the entire picture had been built around the seduction, I was perturbed, especially since I hold the Guardian in high esteem.

Now I pick up a copy of the Notre Dame Scholastic, edited by Charles McKendrick, and read through an editorial by said editor concerning Baby Doll. Well, if I ever read a narrow-minded piece of writing, that would certainly rank with the best.

McKendrick said, "The story revolves around her (Baby Doll) husband's struggle with a cotton ginning syndicate, and the seduction of Baby Doll by the manager of the syndicate."

The editor went on to say that... he had not seen the film; it had been secreted into South

Bend with no advance publicity so that "pastors did not have opportunity to warn their congregations;" attendance by a Notre Dame student could give rise to scandal among the South Bend residents who might see him there; and Francis Cardinal Spellman had banned the film under "pain of mortal sin."

He concluded by urging all students to pass up the show, or, for those "whose moral fiber is too weak to resist, please leave your Notre Dame jacket in the closet."

On page 16 of the same publication, under the section labeled "At The Movies," and at the very bottom was the following piece:

AVON (name of theater) Baby Doll. (C) THIS MEANS CONDEMNED. Actually this picture isn't worth seeing anyhow, so stay away.

First, let me add that Elia Kazan, who directed the picture, said that Baby Doll was not seduced. Also, I saw the film, enjoyed it thoroughly (mostly the realistic photography and the

acting of Karl Malden), and was not given the impression that Baby Doll was seduced. It seemed more that Baby Doll was suddenly ready to become a woman, and had her possession crazed husband taken away for arson, and her potential—and only potential—lover leave her with promises of his return. In other words, she was left in the lurch when the picture ended.

This boy McKendrick is certainly one of the brainwashed: he took the ball from his Cardinal in New York and played the game.

I think he should have left his pure, untouchable chapel and gone to see the film... but, he has his right to opinion, and it is a Catholic school.

But does he have the right to assert an opinion formed under a false premise? And who is so thin-skinned to believe that seeing a motion picture which has a realistic and slightly exaggerated script will be a mortal sin? How do they know the picture "isn't worth seeing anyhow?"

★
L'il Abner



Pogo



★
By A. Capp

★
By Walt Kelly



VOICE FROM COBB:

Gridders's Dorm May Be Noisy

Graham Snyder

Daily Tar Heel reporter Snyder lived in Cobb dormitory last semester. Below he offers his views on the decision to room the football squad in that building.

At the beginning of the next academic year, it has been announced, the entire football team will be gradually moved into Cobb Dormitory and will live in adjoining rooms on one floor.

Change makes news and this announcement is interesting and noteworthy. And yet there appear slight contradictions and a few shades of puzzlement in it.

For the announcement states that the reason for the gradual move is motivated by a seeking for "rest, peace and quiet—hard to get in most dormitory setups."

In its strictest sense, "rest, peace and quiet" are not to be found in any dormitory setup, where large numbers are involved. Noise is produced by the proximity and the number of people in a closed area. Noise is a pain and is erased only by separation of the noise-making elements.

On a college campus ideal separation for peace and quiet is impossible. Therefore dormitories are constructed with the idea in mind that if they are built and placed at an adequate distance from each other, most of the resulting noise will be fed to empty air.

But then there is Cobb and a different situation. Cobb is a large dorm—the largest on campus. Its four floors, shaped like a giant "H," house 468 students, give or take a few.

Infused with a freedom-loving joy, these students are vigorous, strong-voiced; they are prone, at times, to give prodigious vent to their youthful joys.

Their interests are diverse; they range, among other things, from the playing of hi-fi phonographs to the exploding of firecrackers in bathrooms to the mutual enjoyment of a resonant conversation which bounds and rebounds between the inside walls of that giant H.

Life around Cobb is touched with poetic moments. One can hear—unless one tries to shut it out—wooly minstrels baying at the moon as they cling to the dorm streetlight on Saturday nights.

For a few students the tedium of continuous hours of study can impair a hearty moral and mood. Tension of such a malady is relieved by the bright rattle-roll of drink bottles skittering down the receptive marble floors which line the dorm.

The brief interims of quiet silence between the periods of continual noise—their briefly elches them—are markedly heard in the lightning pause, after the din is rudely interrupted by a soft-mellow, but firm demand for quiet.

Now here a plaguing question arises. These members of the football squad: will they find quietude housed in this massive dorm, or will they—irritated and perplexed by 400-odd other voices—turn and only increase the volume of noise?

I think that the latter result will be the case. Cobb is represented by a few football players who live in it. What total effect these few have on the dorm as a whole would be hard to describe.

True enough, Cobb is in a good location, advantageous to the football team: the dorm is between the Monogram Club and the Woolen Gymnasium.

But if it is this singular peace and ideal location that is sought as a final objective, a more permanent solution to the problem could be found by ripping down one section of the adjoining tennis courts and building a small, private dormitory for the football team.

This latter possibility suggests a statement. The move of the football team will, in all probability, be favorable to that body. Collection in a group and constant living together will not produce disagreeable commotion among them, but for the students living in the same dorm with them, it will probably be, at times, pure anathema.

It would seem, therefore, that Cobb dorm is not a facility which can be exploited to the full benefit of the football squad. A smaller dorm in the same general area would provide a more feasible answer to the problem of providing peace and quiet.

In the case of Cobb, the combination of a football team and a much larger student element can only aggravate the clamor and the sound already existing.

OTHER NEWSPAPERS SAY:

History Behind Inevitable Tip

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

What is a tip? When Sam Johnson frequented a coffee house in Fleet Street two centuries ago it was "To Insure Promptitude," and these words were printed round a bowl on the table, their initials eventually coming together in a word to designate the gratuities left there.

To the Journeymen Barbers International Union of America in 1896 a tip was "humiliating and degrading." To a New York State Industrial Commissioner in the present decade it was "unworthy of labor in the twentieth century." To the Netherlands Federation of Hotel, Restaurant and Cafe Organizations a tip (fooi) should be a service charge (bedieningsgeld) and it was so ordained six years ago.

Now to the Union Helvetia of Switzerland, an organization of hotel employes following the Dutch example, a tip is 15 per cent added to the bill if the guest enjoys the hospitality one or two nights, 12 per cent if he enjoys the large, economy-size three-nights-and-upward stay.

And so what began as a gift to insure promptitude becomes a service charge to insure payment. Aha there, Sam Johnson, old lexicographer!

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