

The Daily Tar Heel

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Your Religious Life

Man finds nature harmful to him in many of its aspects; from experience he realizes that certain situations will continually be presenting themselves which are unpleasant. He learns also from his experience that the quality of pleasant or unpleasant in many instances depends upon the attitude which he takes toward the sense discrimination itself.

Man the rational animal feels free to a considerable extent in that he is able to act upon inner compunction in any number of ways without serious conflict with the world in which he lives. To the extent that he is able to make inner and outer forces coincide, man is adjusted.

Leads One To More Deception. Now this kind of repression never actually solves anything and serves only to necessitate further deception in order that the previous one might be kept covered.

For when the time comes when deceptions outweigh the actual adjustments, all sorts of things begin to happen contrary to his wish and he finds within himself a mass of vague but turbulent forces that seem to aim themselves in all directions at once.

In short, the world goes mad because the deceptions of the human mind have sewed one lie too many, and the fabricated reality that could not stand the test of time has inevitably resulted in disillusionment and chaos.

Most of you who read this article will grant me the fact that many values which at one period in history may be taken as knowledge must inevitably become a part of the poetry of some later period. Today, what we call modern religion is merely poetry taken literally.

Leif Morgan

Letters To the Editor

Editor: I have been asked by the Town Men's Association to express in writing their opinions on the unfortunate parking problem here. Since the T. M. A. represents a large body of non-campus residents (many of whom need automobiles at U. N. C.) the organization feels that its suggestions should be heeded.

The solutions suggested by and approved by a vote of the T. M. A. are as follows:

- 1. That the space in front of Venable Hall be used for parking; it is already levelled, and a short road from the Raleigh Highway would cost a bare minimum; 2. That one-way traffic be enforced on Cameron Avenue (between the Lower Quadrangle and the Carolina Inn) and other nearby streets to be chosen at the discretion of the Safety Committee...

We hope that these suggestions will help solve our problem. We have spent a considerable amount of time establishing these suggestions, and we feel that the Student Body would sanction them.

TOWN MEN'S ASSOCIATION Ben James, Vice-President

This 'n That A Family Affair

By Bill Buchan

The Christmas programs given each year in Hill Hall by the Men's and Women's Glee Clubs are always gala, spirited affairs. An enormous, elaborately decorated tree, with multi-colored lights and ornaments, has been erected in the lobby over there by some of the more enterprising members of the two ensembles.

The opening number, "Rejoice in the Lord Always" by Henry Purcell was festive in spirit and featured a pleasing trio of soloists in the antiphonal passage: Mary-Kate Rellahan, Carl Perry and John Von Canon. Then followed Palestrina's arresting "Sicut Cervus," and an anthem which seemed entirely out of place: "Be Glad Then, America," by William Billings.

The Women's Glee Club, which numbered well over 100 voices last year for this program, has been reduced to less than 75 this year, due to graduation, conflicting schedules, and one thing or another. And for these reasons—lack of strength and the time needed to train new members—the group cannot be criticized too strongly if their three opening songs did not go well.

Four unrelated songs were sung adequately enough by the Men's Glee Club, which has not suffered any great personnel losses this season. The songs were an Ava Maria by Arcadelt, a Suabian folk song, arranged by Brahms; Ralph Vaughan Williams' romantic "Fain Would I Change That Note," and "Brothers, Sing On," by Edward Grieg.

After intermission, the songs took on a livelier air. The Women's Glee Club presented three old foreign carols and, with petite Jocelyn Rhyne as soloist, the men offered John Jacob Niles' arrangement of the Appalachian carol "I Wonder as I Wander."

Probably the best number on the printed program was a rhapsody on a Christmas carol by Mark Andrews, sung by the men. The organ accompaniment in this, as well as the other pieces, was competently played by David Brandt.

One of the University's most talented musicians, John Satterfield, contributed and "Alleluia" to the program, but it was not a very interesting or skillful composition for the listener. The work has nothing to build on, no variation, no sense of direction, and none of the imagination which Mr. Satterfield has displayed in some of his other pieces.

The program ended with an overly long Christmas cantata, which contained a hodge-podge of familiar hymns, connecting recitatives and an organ introduction to "O Come All Ye Faithful" which sounds like the end of the world.

For an encore, the Glee Clubs did their fam-

Bringing Along The Relatives



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In Hill Hall Wilbur's Vocation

By "Wink" Locklair

"I have discovered, at long last, my chosen profession," Wilbur Amberson, my erstwhile buddy told me one afternoon last week. "I looked the world over," he continued, "and I had to come to Franklin Street to find my calling."

"So?" I said. Being very busy reading Anthony and Cleopatra, I wasn't very interested in Wilbur or his chosen profession. "It was like this," he said, "here I am down at the bar of the Rathskellar the other night, just standing there and I jokingly say to Ted, I say, howabout me being bar tender."

"No," I said, "and furthermore..." "I didn't think so," Wilbur rushed on. "So finally, I'm pretty good at this beer business, but then Johnny (he's the bartender) says to go wash some mugs out. Now, I didn't count on that, especially when I'm learning a profession, 'cause I washed glasses for three years in the army and there isn't any need to teach me that."

"So, I finish washing the mugs and then I start waiting on customers. What a sensation, son, what a sensation. Me—already at work in my chosen profession. And the, boy can you imagine what..."

"None," I said because Anthony was losing the war with Caesar and I wasn't interested in Wilbur. Well, Johnny goes out and eats his supper and I have the entire bar to myself. Boy, I've got it made. Of course, son, people are making some wise cracks about me and how hard it is to get bartenders these days, but I'm still dishing it out."

"Anybody get drunk on you?" "Naw. Some guys sit and sit for hours but they don't drink too much. 'Course I couldn't see out among the tables cause Eddy and Charlie were waiting out there, but they weren't any drunks at the bar. If there had been, I would have thrown them out."

"Oh. That's what I thought you said." "Yessirree, Bub, I've finally found my chosen profession. You don't work on Sundays, and when you do work on weekdays, you only work from two in the afternoon until two in the morning, 12 hours."

"Yeah," I said, as Wilbur started towards the door. "Where are you going now?"

"I think I'll go down and practice a while. Terrific job, terrific..."

"Nope," I said because Anthony was losing the war with Caesar and I wasn't interested in Wilbur.

This same program will be repeated at 8:30 this evening in Hill Hall. It is well worth hearing.

Washington

Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON.—Here is a contrast between what two groups of Americans have done to influence their country's standing abroad. One is the Junior Chamber of Commerce in Texas. The other is the half-inebriated Senate Appropriations Subcommittee traveling through Spain.

First, the antics of the Senators. The subcommittee, headed by Sen. Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, traveled in a special Air Force plane, including six crew members, two stenographers, three clerks, three wives and a doctor—Dr. William E. Lovelace of Albuquerque—to look after the health of New Mexico's Senator Dennis Chavez.

"They call this a junket," carefully explained Senator Thomas to newsmen, but that's a misnomer. The country's spending seven billions of the taxpayers' money, and the taxpayer is entitled to know how the money is being spent. That's what we're looking after."

But the Senator glossed over the fact that the U. S. A. is spending not one cent of money in Spain. "One of the Senators had a relative in Spain he wanted us to meet," Thomas explained, presumably referring to Senator Chavez.

Arriving in Madrid at 3:30 P. M. Saturday, the committee was received by Foreign Minister Martin Artajo, then attended a reception at the American Embassy, then drove the next day to Toledo, attended a fiesta witnessed the training maneuvers of some young bulls for a bullfight and saw a gypsy "Flamenca" dance.

This column is not interested in whether a public official drinks or doesn't drink. We have no great concern even if he gets blotto—as long as it's in private. But when a group of U. S. Senators spend the taxpayers' money on an official mission where they represent the United States Government, then they have an obligation to keep sober—at least in public.

The United States has great prestige in Spain. Americans are considered sober, hard-working people. Therefore, it does not help us as a nation when a group of Senators act as if they were on a week-end binge.

Senators Maybank of South Carolina and Robertson of Virginia were abstemious. But in varying degrees, their colleagues were not.

As the festivities wore on at Toledo, the Spanish hosts tried hard to get food into their friend, Senator Chavez of New Mexico, who kept mumbling:

"I'm a Catholic, a Spaniard and a Yankee gentleman, and I don't give a—who knows it."

Finally, Senator Thomas, whom the Spaniard press referred to as "Cotton" Thomas, corralled most of his committee plus the Spaniard hosts around a table as if he were presiding over his Senate Agriculture Committee back in Washington, and tried to hold a hearing. But everybody wanted to talked at once. Finally, the Senator from Oklahoma concluded:

I move that the Foreign Minister convey this information to this young man, the Ambassador. He pointed to Charge D'Affaires Paul Culbertson, who is not an Ambassador, due to the fact that the U. N., in a very important debate, has voted against Ambassadors to Spain. "He," continued Thomas, "will then convey it to the State Department which always keeps the Senate well-informed."

In other words, if the Senators were going to get their report from the State Department anyway, they might just as well have saved the taxpayers' money and stayed at home.

Finally, one American asked Senator Thye of Minnesota:

"Why did you come here at all? It's obvious that you can't see anything during this brief week-end."

"Well," replied Thye, who at home is a serious, hard-working Senator. "We have a Military Attache here. And we have a Naval Attache here. And we have consulates. And it's our duty to see that they are properly representing the United States."

"But you arrived on a Saturday afternoon when these offices aren't open," remonstrated the American, "and you leave Monday morning before they open."

You've seen a fiesta, you've had a siesta, and you've danced a flamenca," added an American lady, "but what have you seen of Spain?"

Undaunted, the Senators flew to Paris in their vast fund of week-end knowledge about Spain, they announced that Dictator Franco should receive an American loan of \$100,000,000.

Note—Maybe the Swedes were wise in not rolling out the red carpet for the Thomas Committee.

In contrast, here is what the Junior Chamber of Commerce is doing in Texas:

The Jaycees' program is called "Universal Understanding," and since they have no Air Force airplane and can't use the taxpayers' money to tour Europe, their plans are not so ambitious as the Senators', though probably more effective.

What they are doing is forming contracts by mail with groups of young men in Europe in order to exchange letters and get better acquainted. The Jaycees of Amarillo, Texas, for instance, are writing to young men in Salzburg, Austria, which is about a two-hour drive from the Iron Curtain.

In Salzburg, Austria youth at first formed the Austrian-American youth bridge in order to learn more about the U. S. A. later wanted to set up a Junior Chamber of Commerce of their own. Next year the Amarillo Jaycees are sending a Texan to Austria so they can all get better acquainted.

This unspectacular, people-to-people friendship by a lot of American groups all over the country is doing more to plant a solid foundation for peace than all the junketing Senators combined. Eventually, and if practiced widely enough, it may build a more solid understanding than the Marshall Plan.

Crossword Puzzle

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Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

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