

## Merry Christmas And . . .

At the close of 1951, the world moved into the upper Kinsey Era of the McCarthy Epoch of the Atomic Age.

In Korea, the stalemate war was turning into a stalemate peace, which was perhaps the more desirable situation, but the world was warned by both aggressors that if the other side did not concede, the war would continue.

American troops continued to slush through mud to death, and Chinese Communists were our born enemies. Meanwhile, Yugoslav Communists (along with British and Scandinavian socialists, Argentine and Spanish fascists, and the Roman Catholic Church) were our natural allies.

Elsewhere in the world, it was learned that there was still graft in Washington, this time involving mink coats; disastrous floods swept Kansas City, possibly similar to the floods that have swept Egypt, India, China, and the United States in eons past.

A neo-Nazi party reared its head in Bavaria, the government of Czechoslovakia underwent a purge, and both Washington and Moscow sang "Come-ona-my-house" to neutral Nehru.

Pakistan and India glared rusty harpoons at one another, as the U. N.'s Dr. Frank Graham failed to establish any understanding between the two. Nations all over the western half of the world satched at American dollars, while Americans were found to be the most efficient grabbers. Meantime, deficit spending brought the dollar to a value of about 32 cents.

In the farcial United Nations, silk-tied delegates haggled points of non-existent international law, giving their national propaganda machines something to write home about.

Joe Louis tried for a comeback, the Yankees won the World Series, and the University of North Carolina's football team went unnoticed for the second consecutive year. As the Christmas season neared, international loafers were busy on the slopes of the Alps and the Rocky Mountains. Olympics teams prepared for the world games, while dozens of swimmers plunged into both sides of the English Channel.

Sports in these United States were notable for their notoriety. Some 21 basketball players from six schools (including Kentucky, which fielded the greatest team in modern history) were thrown into jail for conspiracy. Some 90 members of the diminutive West Point football squad were dismissed for cheating. At William and Mary, alumni-harried university officials altered the high school and collegiate records of players, to keep them nominally in school.

In the world of education, the Southern part of the United States saw racial barriers broken for the first time in graduate and professional schools, as conservative administrations battled the changes at every step.

In re-education schools in Europe and the Far East, students learned that either the U.S.S.R. or the U.S. was the beneficiary of all mankind, depending on which side of which iron curtain they were studying.

A peace movement rose at England's Oxford, traditionally the seat of far-reaching intellectual movements. It was promptly branded communistic by many U. S. sources. The United World Federalists and the Moral Re-armaments program tried to convince the world that a third world war was unnecessary.

And both halves of the world continued to converge on the tiny nation of Korea, as a testing ground for their armies. General MacArthur urged the use of atomic weapons, and Russia said she had them too, so the United States fired General MacArthur.

In the world of letters, the United States recognized a new school of writing, classed generally as "Southern decadence," and the same country eagerly awaited the second Kinsey report, while loudly maintaining moral standards set in the 17th century.

Nobody could remember who won the Nobel prize, but everyone knew that one of the Southern decadents had decadently turned it down the year before.

The University of North Carolina's Daily Tar Heel published its last issue of the year on a remembered date, but the Japanese peace treaty had been signed during the year, and "remember Pearl Harbor day" editorials had gone out of vogue.

In the North Carolina hamlet of Chapel Hill, a commercialized Christmas blazed forth with such vigor that the traffic lights could not be seen, and the traditional red-suited Santa Claus took orders from Lopeful children in a hundred thousand Main Street stores all over America.

Girls still wanted dolls, but little boys had given up cowboy suits and trains for chemistry sets.

We wish the world an earnest and a merry Christmas.

And we hope it prays, in churches and synagogues, in temples, mosques, and on prayer mats, in cathedrals, caves, cellars and catacombs, for a happy new year.

## Not Guilty

by Barry Farber

Belgrade, Nov. 3—The women of Yugoslavia have so much equality it's positively frightening.

The new Yugoslav Constitution ensures "complete equality between men and women in all domains of social life." Mother Nature gave women so much power in the first place I don't see how the law can afford to give them any more—but just listen.

Suppose a Croatian couple decide they have a lot in common and choose to become united in holy deadlock. If the girl doesn't like her husband's name, or if she can't pronounce it, she's perfectly free to keep her own. The wife shares the same work, wages, responsibilities, and aggravation as her spouse.

Marrying for money is obsolete. All property belonging to the maiden before marriage remains strictly in her possession. Even if she owns all the bauxite in Bosnia the groom had better keep hustling for his own bread and salami or she can cut him off without a brass dinar.

When a Belgrade bobbysoxer spots a guy she'd like to know better she doesn't have to smile, sit, simmer, and sob. She merely calls him up and makes a date. She'd better be on time. There's plenty other babes in the Balkans.

At the dance she's liable to see a handsome Slovene and break on him. In the midnight cafe she pays for half the cake and cognac. When Serbian sweethearts stroll down the avenue the girls generally walk on the street side nearest the curb—unless there's danger of land mines, in which case they walk in front.

Females have infiltrated all the industries and professions. They pull teeth, drive streetcars, perform surgery, spotweld, design buildings, and stack sandbags along the Hungarian border.

Yesterday I was taken to a construction gang near Belgrade and introduced to a hefty brunette with muscles like Primo Carnera. They told me she was a "shock worker" and "peoples' hero" because she could operate a pneumatic jack hammer faster than any other woman this side of Hertzegovina. When she heard I was an American she grinned and gave me a resounding slap on the spine which neatly separated my sacro from my iliac. She then picked up her jack hammer and turned her attentions toward building a bigger and better Yugoslavia.

Incidentally, these Yugoslav women are the most underrated in the world. The "mademoiselles" and "senoritas" may have the best publicity agents but stick to the Slavs for sheer incandescent beauty and faultless femininity. These concrete Cleopatras can lay railroad track all day long, then hop in front of a mirror and inside of ten minutes radiate enough sex appeal to shatter a glass eye at fifty paces.

Never let anybody tell you Yugoslavia is weak in natural resources.

# 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.

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When about to commit a base deed respect thyself, though there is no witness . . . Ausonius.

## Riff . . . by Joe Raff

When I first came to this University back in September, I discovered that it was the correct thing for a Carolina gentleman to sit down from time to time and write a burning letter to the editor. It was evident that this action was proper as seen from the great stacks of letters to the editor. Of course, since everyone does it, it must be correct.

Letters to the editor are necessary and an all-important factor in student expression, but when the authors of such literary gems neglect the very means by which they gained expression, they are undermining their own cause.

Every day sees some new philosopher casting his paste pearls of wisdom before the newspaper set. He is constantly criticizing the editor, the columnists and the quality of the paper in general. What this publicity-minded vanity fairy has forgotten is the fact that his letter was published by a person far more noble than the author. It must take quite a strong character to take and make public, insults thrown at her by unappreciative imbeciles.

If any of these lettermen would take the time to walk into the DTH office some after-

noon and see the staff of volunteer workers who could be spending their time and money in some local drugstore instead of meeting a very elusive deadline, perhaps then, they would reconsider what they have phrased with infantile satire and "deathless prose."

If the defensive statement is that the editor is receiving a salary, then the reply is that that salary does not include payment by scurrilous remarks from frustrated thinkers.

Instead of finding fault with the newspaper, why, don't some folks praise it. We are lucky to have a daily paper here at the University. Most universities have weeklies. No news is ever new and seldom is the quality any better than that of the DTH . . . The Daily Tar Heel runs on limited funds and it is not a professional sheet. It is mainly run by amateurs who have never had any experience in putting out a daily paper.

I guess dissatisfaction always runs high when people have not devoted time to thinking. The staff of The Daily Tar Heel seldom if ever receives cheers like the volunteer (?) members of the football team. Perhaps we should wear helmets to deflect the painful puns.

by Walt Dear

## Over The Hill

A Mrs. W. H. Few of Durham is the Republican National committee-woman from this area. We wonder if her name had anything to do with the job and the number of GOP'ers around these parts.

Now that freshmen have been fully orientated, it's time to take a look at the way they learned something about the University. Last year freshmen sat in Memorial Hall listening to faculty and student leaders sound off on academic matters, student government, etc. This year the orientation program was changed, or at least the latter part. Freshmen went to class two times a week and got a personalized kind of get-acquainted instruction. The program, which was recently concluded, lasted five weeks. Ken Barton, orientation chairman, said the new plan served the purpose a whole lot better than the mass freshman assemblies conducted last

fall.

Fall Quarter is almost over. Yet the fall quarter is the longest of all; the winter one is the shortest. As far as holidays go we're lucky, in some ways. Some schools, e.g. Virginia, get Thanksgiving Day off and that's all. Of course, most everybody takes off for the weekend anyway but recently, the Virginia administration cracked down on this and told students to stay Friday and Saturday or else. Immediately, the Student Council, the leading governing body of students there, protested. Looks like they'll all go home anyway.

For Thanksgiving holidays, we have a long weekend. But that goes for Easter too. The problem of getting enough days in a quarter is one that continually bothers the faculty committee on schedules (one student sits on that committee). As obtained by the national university association, a quarter must have at least 50 days in it.