

Deed Of Good Wishes

DAILY TAR HEEL
UNIV. OF NORTH CAROLINA
THIS WISH, made this 25th day of December, 1957, by The Daily Tar Heel and all its staff, of the University of North Carolina, parties of the first part, to their friends and associates of the same University, parties of the second part.

WITNESSETH

THAT said Daily Tar Heel and staff members in consideration of friendship and other tokens of esteem to them given by friends and associates, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, do wish and extend, to the parties of the second part, one year of good wishes, more particularly described as follows:

Beginning on December 25, 1957, on a day marked by joyful festivities and the celebration of the birth of Christ; thence through the remaining days of 1957, 6 days to January 1, 1958, the dawn of a new year and the day of

meaningful resolutions; thence, through the Winter and early days of spring, 96 days to Easter, the day celebrating the Resurrection and the day of the Parade of the Frocks; thence with Spring and Summer, 89 days to July 4, Independence Day; thence continuing with Summer and early Fall, 145 days to November 27, the day for giving thanks to God; thence with the waning days of 1958, 33 days to the day, 1 year from date of beginning, containing 365 days of hope and good cheer.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD one full year, 365 days, of health and happiness and blessings thereunto belonging, to the said friends and associates, parties of the second part.

And the said Daily Tar Heel and its staff members, have the right to wish to their friends and associates all the happiness and good cheer during this period of time; and that this period of time will begin with a VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS and a most JOYOUS NEW YEAR.

Douglas Eisele, Editor (SEAL)
Tar Heel Staff Members (SEAL)

Is There A Santa Claus?

(The following editorial appeared in the New York Sun on September 21, 1897).

We take pleasure in answering at once and prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of The Sun:

Dear Editor: I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says "If you see it in The Sun it's so." Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or

children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is no veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

Drive Carefully

In its last publication before the resumption of classes Friday, January 3, The Daily Tar Heel would remind students to drive cautiously and with consideration for others over the holidays.

There will be a heavy flow of traffic on the state's and nation's highways as you drive home to day; probably the traffic will be even greater when you begin the trip back to Chapel Hill after New Year's.

In upholding student argument for a one-day extension of the Christmas holidays we owe it to ourselves and to the administration to drive carefully on the highways. The dangers of travel, after all, played a key role in the administration's decision.

Our next newspaper will be published Saturday, January 4, and we'd rather not have any stories about student tragedy occurring during the Yuletide season. Do your part to make the holidays safe ones.

CAROLINA CARROUSEL

'Ivy League,' 'Collegiate' Are Different

By WHIT WHITFIELD

Many people are under the false impression that the words Ivy and Collegiate are synonymous. Nothing could be further from the truth, and we would like to show why.

Pleatless slacks with a narrow cut and a buckle in back, particularly khakis, are Ivy for a while. After they have been a worn a dozen or so without being washed or pressed, and after the buckle is broken or allowed to remain unbuckled, they become collegiate.

Three-button collared shirts, in stripes or prints, with a pleat in the back are Ivy. These usually sell for \$7 and up. Three-button collared skirts with no pleats are pseudo-Ivy or collegiate. These start at \$2.98 in most department stores.

Dirty bucks are collegiate; sneakers are Ivy.

Tasseled loafers in black or cordovan, plain-tipped, wing-tipped and cordovan loafers are Ivy. Black and brown loafers with stitches almost missing and almost sole-less are collegiate. Worn GI shoes are collegiate for veterans and ROTC students, back country for all others and in bad taste.

Woolen Gym socks and similar athletic socks are collegiate. Dark browns, blacks, and blues in cotton or wool are Ivy. Bright argyles and stripes (vertical or horizontal) are the birds.

Sweaters, both crew neck and the new three and four button cardigans, are Ivy. Crewnecks, size 36 on a forty inch chest, with sleeves rolled down, are collegiate.

Sports coats with three buttons (1957 vintage) are Ivy; with three buttons (1952 vintage) are collegiate.

Hats are Ivy for those who can wear them, collegiate for those who cannot.

London Fog and Alligator raincoats are Ivy. Plastic raincoats and Daily Tar Heels are collegiate. No raincoat is idiotic.

Black umbrellas are Ivy. They have finally shedded the social stigma which has been attached these many years, thank goodness. An umbrella belonging to your wife or mother may as well be considered collegiate, for this is the first step one takes before buying for himself.

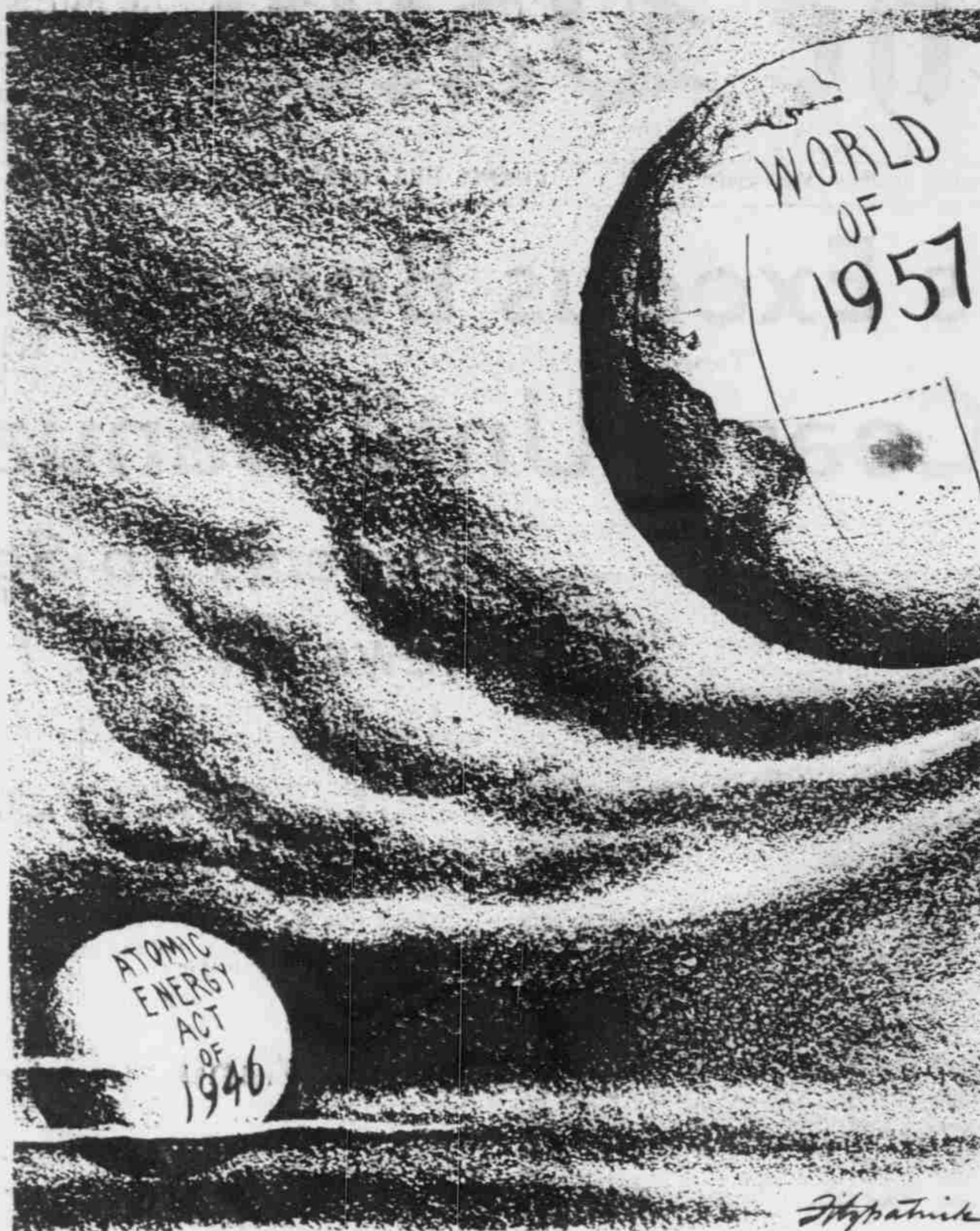
Topcoats and car coats are Ivy. Airforce, Army, and Navy jackets are collegiate.

Although we may be stretching the point, we consider eating three meals per as Ivy, and coffee for breakfast and a sandwich at Y-court as collegiate.

If we haven't proven our point, then it's just a well, because we didn't think it a very convincing argument to begin with.

From Earl Wilson's Column: "It was Eli Whitney (says Dave Garroway) who told his noisy neighbors, 'Keep your cotton pickin' hands off my gin.'"

A World Left Behind



(Herblock Is on Vacation)

Copyright 1957 The Pulitzer Publishing Co. St. Louis Post-Dispatch

ERIC THE RED

'Good Will Toward Men' - Or Is It Just Toward Friends?

By HARRY KIRSCHNER

We have all been taught to have a warm place in our hearts for Christmas. Most of us struggle through each yuletide season year after year trying to maintain that glow. As children we not only maintained a warm spot, we kept a raging inferno in our hearts for Christmas, our love of the holiday having been what it was. When else but on Christmas did Santa drop down to earth and give us all presents and goodies? We did not argue the point; we knew which side our bread was buttered on.

But as we grew older we learned some of the hard facts of life. One of the most important being that however much we should enjoy toys, it was socially unacceptable to play with them after one passed his twenty-first birthday. When this fact finally overcame all the intellectual resistance that we could muster and was accepted as unchangeable law some of the joy of Christmas left us, and the image dimmed.

We tried to assuage this loss with the belief that Christmas is the time of good will toward men. If we had felt particularly optimistic we could also have believed it was the time of peace on earth. Our effort was successful for a time. We chanted annually, good will toward men, good will toward men, and harked back to the days when we sat on whomesoever's knee and listened to the telling of the poem, THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS. It is a charming poem about Santa Claus

and all the toys that we used to love overtly.

This Christmas the chants seem to ring somewhat hollow. The TV announcer looks out at us seriously and says, "It is now the yuletide season, the time of good will toward men. Remember, there are only five shopping days left until Christmas." He then turns to the next page of his script and announces, "And now for the news. President Eisenhower met at Paris again today with other NATO members to discuss the problem of Russian arms superiority. It was stated at the meeting that if the west does not start a stepped-up rocket program Russia will be able to conquer us instead of us conquering them." And so on.

Our old concept of good will toward men has died. We have another one now which runs: good will toward men who live in countries we like, and a curse on those in countries we fear. And so, this Christmas Eve we will gather together, chant the new thought over a few times, and go home to bed with a new NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS poem turning over in our minds. It goes something like this:

Twas the night before Christmas And heck and damnation, Not a consumer was buying In the whole goldurned nation. Dulles was hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that by morning he wouldn't be there. The people were nestled all snug in their beds While delusions of grandeur danced in their heads,

And Ike in his palace, and I in my shack,

Had just settled down for a long winter's nap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,

Tripped over the night pot and fell with a crash.

The soot on the crest of the new fallen snow

Gave the dullness of coal fields to objects below.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a miniature missile drawn by men in great fear

With a little old driver so neat and so quick,

I knew in a moment it must be a trick.

More rapid than lightning to shelter I flew,

Yanked open the door and from sight I withdrew.

Now I say to you from inside my room bomb tight,

Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night.

SLIGHTLY OFF

The team had just lost an important game and the coach was explaining it to the sports reporters:

"I used an unbalanced line—and the backfield wasn't very smart, either."

N. C. Education

Christmas Day Time For World To Unite

By DAVIS YOUNG

December 25, 1957. What will this day mean to you and yours? Will it be just another Xmas gathering at the house with the opening of presents and an exchange of gifts? Will it be a commercial and mercenary and selfish day?

These may seem to you unimportant questions that don't concern you directly. After all, you say, "isn't Christmas a day that we get away from it all and forget the problems of daily life in a complex civilization full of Sputniks and Eisenhowers and Arkansas?"

If you are unrealistic, then the answer is "yes." Maybe you want to get away from the immediate past. However, if you are realistic, then you realized you can't escape what has happened to the world recently and you are willing to face the difficult challenges and barriers of the near future.

For if you are really realistic and hopeful, you will see in Christmas Day something more than a cash register victory for the local merchants.

Possibly you will see in part an answer to some of the questions facing us today. Although we as a nation are involved in what is being termed a fatal arms race, and we as a nation are years behind our counterparts in missile production, and we as a nation condone actions such as have taken place recently in Arkansas, the answer in the immediate sense does not lie with us as a nation.

Instead, it lies with you the individual. Before we can get the country squared away, we have to get ourselves as individuals squared away. This is where Christmas Day, 1957, really ties in.

On the 25th of this month, it is important to take stock of your "state or union." It is important no matter who you are, be you pessimist, optimist, introvert, extrovert, boy, girl, man, woman, black, white, American or Russian.

Figure out where you are going and what you want to do. Then, when you have done this, do not deviate from the path you have selected. Figure out what kind of world you want to live in, and then do your best to make it this kind of place.

On the 25th of this month think of the true meaning of Christmas Day. Pray for your family and friends and your world. And pray for your Christian brothers, be they Negroes or whites; be they in Moscow or New York.

On this day, Christians the world over are united in some way. Too bad Christmas doesn't come every day for just this reason.

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Excuses On Honor

I would like to comment on a recent letter in The Daily Tar Heel which pointed out that the loss of personal belongings shelved while eating in a local cafeteria may indicate a weakness in our Honor System which would contraindicate an extension of the Honor System to absence excuses. Any loss of property is regrettable and the situation should be remedied by the proper authority and the persons involved.

First, the doors of the local cafeteria are open to the general public; even though it may be primarily intended for students, it is used by faculty, students, University and cafeteria employees, visiting relatives of students, friends of the University, and, no doubt, to some extent by townspeople. Granted that the majority of the clientele is students, it does not follow that all thefts (or even any, some or most) are student thefts and therefore violations of the Honor System.

Second, trust of one's fellow men may be essential in a productive satisfying life, and necessary to orderly life in a complex society. In a more practical sense, we buy automobile insurance but we take the wheel trusting that the other drivers will stop at the signal lights and stop signs. This is not to disparage banks, laws, insurance, which are all necessary, but to question the choice, from all possible attitudes, of the callous attitude of distrust and suspicion.

I am reminded of the bartender who solved the proverbial problem of that kind of enterprise by painting on the wall in large gilt letters the motto which appears on all U. S. coin. At the side of the motto, in smaller, more business-like letters, he painted "—all others pay cash."

I would suggest that all students who trust themselves and their fellow students, and who believe in the University of North Carolina both as a University and as a training ground for our citizenry, endorse the extension of the Honor System to absence excuses.

DAVID S. BALL

'On Fanaticism'

No one will deny that our generation is experiencing one of the most turbulent and crucial eras of all mankind. We may even ask each other at times if "fellow man" and "human value" are not things of the past, ideas which were pertinent to some long forgotten group in the far off days of old. We look around and so often see men demonstrating their inhumanity to other men; we see personal ambitions warping men's minds; we see so many human beings devoid of kindness, consideration and compassion for their fellow men—we see this and may ask "just what does the 20th century man live by?"

George Santayana, writing "On Fanaticism" in The New Republic in 1915, had some advice which we all may well heed:

"Nothing will repay a man for becoming inhuman. The aim of life is some way of living, as flexible and gentle as human nature; so that ambition may stoop to kindness, and philosophy to candor and humor. Neither prosperity nor empire nor heaven can be worth winning at the price of a virulent temper, bloody hands, an anguished spirit, and a vain hatred of the rest of the world."

L'IL ABNER



by Al Capp

POGO



by Walt Kelly

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Sunday, Monday and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year \$3.50 a semester.

- Editor — DOUG EISELE
- Associate Editor — FRANK CROWTHER
- Managing Editor — ALYS VOORHEES
- News Editor — PAUL RULE
- Asst. News Editor — ANN FRYE
- Sports Editor — BILL KING
- Asst. Sports Editor — DAVE WIBLE
- Business Manager — JOHN WHITAKER
- Advertising Manager — FRED KATZIN
- Librarian — GLENDA FOWLER
- Feature Editor — MARY M. MASON
- Subscription Mgr. — AVERY THOMAS
- PHOTOGRAPHERS — Norman Kantor, Buddy Spoon.
- EDIT STAFF — Whit Whitfield, Nancy Hill, Gary Nichols, Curtis Gans, Al Walker, Harry Kirschner, Gail Godwin.
- NEWS STAFF — Davis Young, Ann Frye, Dale Whitfield, Mary Moore Mason, Stanford Fisher, Edith MacKinnon, Pringle Pipkin, Mary Leggett Browning, Ruth Whitley, Sarah Adams, Marion Hays, Parker Maddry.
- Business Staff — WALKER BLANTON, JOHN MINTER, LEWIS RUSH.
- Wire Editor — PAUL RULE
- SPORTS STAFF — Rusty Hammond, Elliott Cooper, Mac Mahaffy, Carl Keller, Jim Purks.
- Night Editor — GRAHAM SNYDER