

# The Tar Heel

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE PUBLICATIONS UNION  
SERVING CIVILIAN AND MILITARY STUDENTS AT THE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA AT CHAPEL HILL

CHARLES WICKENBERG, USMCR Editor  
FRED FLAGLER Managing Editor  
J. PRESTON LEMLY Business Manager  
JIMMY WALLACE Circulation Manager

Published Tuesday and Saturday except during vacations, examinations and holidays.  
Deadlines Thursday and Sunday. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Member of ASC and Nat'l Adv. Service, Inc.

## THE CHRISTMAS STORY

ST. LUKE—Chapter 2

1. And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.
2. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)
3. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.
4. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, (because he was of the house and lineage of David).
5. To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.
6. And so it was, that while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.
7. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.
8. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.
9. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.
10. And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.
11. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.
12. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.
13. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,
14. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.
15. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.
16. And they came in haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.
17. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told to them concerning this child.
18. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.
19. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.
20. And the shepherds returned glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

## DON'T FORGET TO REMEMBER

Here is a reminder of the proclamation from South Building that was published in the Tar Heel two weeks ago: **BE BACK IN TIME FOR CLASSES THURSDAY MORNING!**

The authorities say that late trains, missed connections, etc., will not be accepted as excuses for being late. It was made clear that unauthorized absences would result in dismissal.

The difficulties that the holiday season presents in traveling are well known to Carolina students, many of whom cover long distances. Don't take a chance on being late.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

## A WORTHY CAUSE

At long last a movement has been started on this campus to secure adequate publicity space for announcements, solicitations, etc., of various student organizations. There remains only the cooperation of these organizations themselves to complete a project, the purpose of which is to construct a huge, public bulletin board at the Y court. Mr. Harry Comer of the Y has already drawn up the plans for a permanent bulletin board, complete with glass enclosed cases, large enough to furnish adequate space for posters, lost and found, pleas, etc. This board, after approval by Mr. Teague, representing Administration, will be constructed at the south end of Gerrard Hall facing the Y court—a conspicuous location. That is, it will be constructed, provided various organizations on campus see fit to contribute to the cost. The University budget will not allow for the \$60 or \$75 expense which will be incurred. This is a movement well worth the investment which organizations will have to make in order to see it through. One can hardly deny the need for such a bulletin board when, on entering the Y, he sees four posters, all of a different nature, plastered on an eighteen inch square by ONE tack. Here's hoping each organization will respond to solicitation generously.—B. C.

## SURPRISE PACKAGE

Did we hear anything about the administration wondering what to give the student body for Christmas . . . and they said more physical education . . . ten times a week, one hour in the morning and one hour in the afternoon?

Seriously though, we can think of no better present than for the buildings department to clean off the various earmarks of the artistic endeavors of "our friends from dear ole Duke."

Of course we realize that the job of cleaning the paint off some of the stone columns will be most difficult. Nevertheless it seems as if it could be done. We also know that there is an extreme shortage of help, but we also think that this obstacle could be overcome.



## Tar Heel Letterbox

Dear Editor,

In the December 16th issue of the Tar Heel, a letter to the editor implied that I wished the cadet audience attending "Skin of Our Teeth" to "go to hell!" This is not true. The remark quoted was merely an off-hand one which I myself had forgotten until I saw it in print.

I had hoped not to become involved in the issue of cadet conduct at the play, for I did not feel that it was my concern. But if my opinion is to be expressed, I should like to be correctly understood.

I enjoyed giving the play to every audience that attended its performance. I hope the audiences enjoyed it too, and I believe the cadets did. And so, as far as I'm concerned, there is no "issue."

Sincerely,

Kathleen Arnold.

P.S. "We're all human, who isn't?" —Sabina.

## LISTEN STUDENTS

By Jimmy Wallace



(Author's Note: This is the last issue of the Tar Heel before Christmas. For many students, this Christmas will be the last one to be spent at home for quite a while. For many others, this Christmas will be the first one to be spent away from home.

Dickens once wrote "A Christmas Carol." I'm not that good, but as I look out upon this great mass of apparent freedom which is supposed to be Carolina, I must confess that I have some misgivings, and that I see some very positive manifestations that all is not well; so maybe "A Christmas Carol" is in order. A Scrooge is not limited to the foggy thoroughfares of Londontown. We have many Scrooges here.)

Four Scrooges sat around a table and contentedly played solitaire. Scrooge number one was dealing the cards, and the other three Scrooges were peeping under the cards that were already down on the table. Each Scrooge kept repeating, "Bah, humbug" at 30-second intervals. A petite secretary, weighing about 330 pounds poked her nose in the door and said, "Student John Smith is here." Scrooge number one asked Scrooge number two to find out where the four of clubs was, then raised his head in annoyance, saying "why do these students continue to annoy me? Send him in Hortense." Scrooge number three said "Bah, humbug," scooped the cards up and threw them into the spittoon.

John Smith entered, his pale face jerking spasmodically. He was a sufferer from congenital epilepsy. Scrooge number four said, "guilty. Throw him out." The other three Scrooges said in unison: "Bah, humbug. Student Smith, you should know better. There is a war on. Our fizical deterioration pogrom is essential to winning the war. You have been absent from formation too many times, and today, you were not in your Esperanto class. You are a disgrace to this instistewshun. Scram. Heil Hitler. Bah, humbug." John Smith departed.

The Scrooges went back to their Solitaire; number one playing, and the other three looking for cards

needed to win the game.

A Christmas Angel, attired in the clothing of a buccaneer, silently entered the room. The solitaire game continued. "Well, boys," the Angel said, "it's about time that you found out a few things. You are about to be taken on a little tour." The Buccaneer gathered all the Scrooges in his arms and sailed out the window. A moment later, they were hovering over a vast building made of red brick and surrounded by playing fields. Little students were dashing around on the ground. It was raining and snowing. The four Scrooges were cold. Each one said "Bah, humbug." The Angel said, "now gentlemen, how would you like to be down there. You look like you need some exercise."

Then the Angel took the Scrooges to a large office where a lady was recording grades. "See," said the Angel, "those students get no credit for all that exertion. It's not that they disapprove of your pogrom, but they think that they are getting gypped. If you don't watch out, they are going to leave this place one of these days and go to a neighboring center of learning. Maybe they won't like that, but they probably figure that they have a better chance of expressing themselves there."

The four Scrooges said, "Bah, humbug" in unison.

Two days later, the card table was bare. The office was nice and warm, with a bit of sunlight coming in through the grimy windows. A student committee sat around the table, reviewing the case of John Smith. Where were the Scrooges? All of them had died the day before. Scrooge number one was shot by his English teacher when he arrived from fizz ed 15 minutes late. Scrooge number two was drowned in the swimming pool as his instructor made him swim across it for the 14th time. Scrooge number three got lost in a locker room and was never found. Scrooge number four died of heart failure after his fifth trip around the track—he had been late to his fizz ed class.

The Angel chuckled and headed towards the cemetery to pay his respects. Maybe Christmas would be merry after all.



## WITHOUT RIME

By Gloria Caplan

To those who indulged in a bit of lavish jubilation at the progressive congress returned to Capitol Hill to steer us through the narrows, the President's slate of state department appointments is like castor oil after ice cream.

The appointment of Stettinius is beyond the point where popular objections can do anything but mangle in the distance with the melee of explosions in the Far East. Now that it has been confirmed, we can but muse over his charm—and bewail his lack of brilliance, color, wit, or staunch conviction, which would make him a planet in the international diplomatic heavens. Former vice-president of General Motors, later board chairman of U. S. Steel, everyone is agreed on his affability, which seems his sole asset—surely insufficient to meet the dilemmas cluttering the world scene even at this instant.

His first interview with the press last week was a tepid display of indecision and floundering—in sharp contrast with the dash and firmness of purpose for which we had hoped. We ask only a concrete policy that we may know whether we are sending men to kill Germans and Japs or to uproot fascism. We ask for a State Department that can recognize brush mustache and brown shirt or in exquisitely tailored pin stripe.

The Secretary declined comment on all major controversies, but went so far as to say there has been no change in the U. S. government's pol-

icy toward the Polish government-in-exile, although Churchill has committed himself to support of the Soviet wishes in Poland. Further, he insisted that there is no basic conflict between the U. S. and Great Britain over treatment of Italy, although British thumbs down on Count Sforza, a proved liberal, in the new government is a slap at the progressive elements there.

Asked whether British Labor Minister Bevin's statement to the effect that Roosevelt had at Quebec approved a British Russian agreement in which Rumania would fall within Russia's sphere of influence, and Greece within Britain's, Stettinius was non committal, leading news men to assume his indirect affirmation.

If Stettinius is not dynamic, he is at least not dangerous. As much cannot be said for the proposed Dunn, Holmes and Clayton all three of whom are decidedly reactionary. Dunn, for instance, has become distinguished for his ardent support of Franco; Holmes for his statement: "Those Russian S. O. B.'s have asked to send observers to the Italian front!"; and Clayton cotton magazine, for the intense hatred with which all small cotton men hold him.

It will be an ill wind that blows these men into the arena at a time like this. If the present congress, on its way out, tosses this sort of state department into the international game, we can just visualize what havoc the other powers and a new congress will play with it.

## TAR and FEATHERS

Charles Frank Benbow, president of the student body, has organized a Campus Cabinet. The group conducted its first meeting last Friday night. The purpose of the cabinet is to organize a study of various constitutions both on this campus and at other college and secondary schools with the ultimate goal of a written understanding of student rights around Chapel Hill. This may or may not be a fine idea. Time will tell just how much the organization can and will do.

At the same time, Speaker of the Legislature Doug Hunt, has appointed a committee which is tentative in nature, to study the campus system and arrange for a clearer delegation of powers for the various groups on the campus. The Legislature, as defined in a student government publication, has unlimited powers with exceptions which may be brought about by a student body vote.

Now the point of this little story is that Carolina now has two organizations, the Campus Cabinet, headed by Benbow, and the investigation group which is under the indirect supervision of Doug Hunt. Which organization will hold the upper hand in student government. That also remains to be seen, but it seems to us that the Campus Cabinet is taking steps along the same lines that the Legislature proposes to take.

This past summer President Ben-

bow planned such a cabinet, but the plans just didn't materialize. That's well and good also, but it seems sort of peculiar that this Campus Cabinet should spring up at the same time the Legislature started work on the same deal. It has been suggested that Benbow and his council are afraid that they might not have enough on the ball when the Legislature comes snooping around so they decided they had best do something about it. Of course such a suggestion is most hard to believe or is it? We shall see come the first of the year.

The business of studying various constitutions and the idea of formulating some written conception of student rights is fine, but this condition may arise. The Legislature will draw up an account of student rights which may or may not comply with the findings of the student-council-supervised Campus Cabinet. Such a condition would add greatly to the misery of things around here.

It might not be a bad idea for the two "big chesses" to get together and streamline student government. . . . Organize a concise brief on student government and cut out some of the red tape, misunderstanding, and general hit and miss operation of the so called student government system.

It is much easier to write about such matters so maybe it would be still a better idea to cut out the words and start a little action. . . .

## Reading The Exchanges

With Jerry Davidoff

Even Australia has heard about the troubles of the University of Texas! "A Brisbane, Australia, newspaper carried a story with a three column head, "Texas Students Strike To Get Job Back For Their President." Attributed to the Telegraph Special, the article described the students' march on the capitol in an attempt to get the return of Dr. Rainey."

Many students at Auburn University yelled for an hour system in quizzes. At most schools using this system, the profs have the honor and the tudents have the system.—George Washington Hatchet.

At a Naval training center a pharmacist's mate was preparing to fingerprint a recruit.

"Wash your hands," he instructed. "Both of them?" queried the sailor to be.

The pharmacist's mate hesitated. "No," he said grimly, "just one. I want to see how you do it."—The Plainsman.

Then there was the chorus girl who put the motion before the house.

The wonderful love of a beautiful maid,  
The love of a staunch young man,  
The love of a baby unafraid,  
Have existed since life began.  
But the greatest love—the love of loves—

Even greater than that of a mother,  
Is the passionate, tender, infinite love  
Of one drunken bum for another.