

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill...

Editor: DICK JENNETTE; Business Manager: C. B. MENDENHALL; Managing Editor: CHUCK HAUSER; Sports Editor: BILLY CARMICHAEL, III

Congratulations, Phi Betes

While there are many who maintain that the principal benefits derived from college life result from merely living in a college environment...

Their accomplishment is praise-worthy indeed, but Phi Beta Kappa is actually within the reach of many more than the 58 students who succeeded in attaining this high honor.

The politician who spends all his time in the Y-Court instead of the library, the socially-suave individual who excels as a card player...

Examinations are approaching now. To the freshman we'll say you can pass them without too much difficulty by studying six hours before each quiz.

There will be no quizzes given this week. Use the time wisely in preparation for examinations.

Getting the Christmas Spirit

With the ever-increasing commercialization of Christmas by ambitious businessmen it is a refreshing change to step into the Morehead Planetarium and hear the story of Christmas narrated in the soft, dramatic words of Dr. Roy Marshall.

Christmas comes but once a year, so the merchants try to make the most of it. For that matter so does winter come once a year and it appears that the two will soon be of equal length.

We believe it would be a fine thing if everyone within travelling distance of Chapel Hill would take time off sometime during the Christmas season to visit the planetarium and see the special Christmas program prepared by Dr. Marshall and his assistants.

Sitting in the planetarium and looking at the magnificent reproduction of the skies as they appeared nearly 2000 years ago and listening to the "heavenly choir" apparently singing from the skies it is difficult to feel anything but humility and the insignificance of the mere individual.

Credit to the South

State College can be justly proud of its latest addition, the new Reynolds Coliseum. It is a credit not only to State College, but to the whole state of North Carolina—and indirectly to the entire South.

The basketball team of State College, of course, stands to benefit most from the new 12,000 seat structure. And justly so we would say. The athletic facilities at Carolina are considerably better than those of its brother institution in Raleigh.

The Daily Tar Heel considers the new coliseum a definite asset to this state. It won't be long before Carolina will be needing one too.

Letters To the Editor 'Of Vital Concern'

Congratulations to the Daily Tar Heel, whose editorial of December 3 touches a matter of vital concern to the intelligent people of our time and to those who are trying to find purpose and goal in the swirling smog of education.

It's a splendid idea, this movement toward developing well-rounded, thinking persons by exposing them to the various aspects of man's cultural development. Such a person is truly able to make a more valid decision when he chooses his major, and has in his background the means of relating his particular fields to the best interests of all men.

But something is missing at Carolina. The essence of it is contained in typical remarks such as I'll be glad to get out of General College so I can begin learning something. Seniors, and even graduates students, are heard to make interestingly similar statements such as I've quit trying to get an education—I must have that degree.

Why are so many General College courses incompatible with the idea of developing broad understanding and appreciation of the ways and problems of man? Why are foreign languages courses, which facilitate memory rather than thinking, required in the General College?

The one General College course that has the potential of helping students synthesize the various fields of science, art, business and religion is relegated to instructors rather than the finest professional teaching skills available; this Social Science course covers too much ground in too little time for the mastication and digestion of the general ideas alone, much less the odd-and-assorted dates and names to be assimilated.

Small wonder that the student finds it difficult to keep faith in his studies when he must rely on the urging of others rather than on his own conviction that his goal is worthwhile and that his course of action is the best one.

Perhaps the University feels that the worthwhile student will see the light, so to speak, and determine his way without help; if so, there are many potentially worthwhile students who will never have the opportunity to develop into thinking, believing, working citizens; these, constituting the voting majority in our democracy, will go through life under the burden of trying to find richer values with only cold facts and unorganized spirit.

As a student who must extract the good from the morass offered me as the best education available and as a person who was so fortunate as to begin thinking before coming to the University, I wonder whether Education will correct its course—or if it will try civilization's life before a jury of educational automatons.

Henry Edmond Jones

Choo Choo's Shoes

On a visit to the Naval Academy at Annapolis last summer we particularly enjoyed seeing the bronze-coated shoes of former athletes. These were displayed in glass cases lining the walls of the entrance hall to the Gymnasium. There were cards beside each pair of shoes saying to whom they belonged, his class, and his particular call to athletic fame.

There is something about an absent person's shoes that brings him vividly before you. In fact a number of smart firms have commercialized on this, so that it is not at all unusual to see a pair of children's bronzed shoes being used as book-ends or desk ornaments in homes, and in business or professional offices.

The picture of Charlie Justice in today's DAILY TAR HEEL leads me to suggest that we ask the Athletic Association to bronze the shoes he wore on his last run in Kenan Stadium. These might then be placed in a glass display case in the Gymnasium or the Monogram Club. We'd not only be proud of them now, but in years to come—when Charlie would probably be baby-sitting for Ronnie's grandchildren. Even then we'd look at those shoes, and the great Choo-Choo would flash gayly across our memory as he flew down the long stretches of Kenan in those memorable days of '46-49.

Yes, let's keep these shoes of Charlie's as a perpetual memory of a boy whom we wish to always remember.

Jim Guthrie

Carolina Spirit

A week ago the Human Relations committee of the YWCA sent letters to all the dorms asking for contributions to help them in giving a Christmas party to some underprivileged children of Damascus school.

I was very pleased to hear this and called on the men in Nash Hall to donate to this cause. I want everyone on the campus to know that the men of Nash Hall donated more than three times the amount asked for. They all gave willingly and graciously with a true spirit of Christmas.

Let me add; no matter how poor living conditions or how badly Nash Hall is located I am proud of the men who live here and proud to say that I am one of them.

Anthony J. Gascardi

THE TOO-OLD OAKEN BUCKET



In Print

Christmas Spirits!

By "Wink" Locklair

At this time of the year it is not unusual to see advertised in magazines and newspapers all kinds of eccentric and revolutionary gift suggestions for Christmas shoppers. However, we ran across an advertisement in The New York Times the other day which not only struck us as a singularly novel creation, but we were even more surprised to find such a six-column display in that good, grey journal.

According to the Times' ad, Cassell's Liquors and Wines, Incorporated, at 213 West 125th St., are accepting memberships in the Liquor of the Month Club. "A great new idea in gift-giving. Liquor delivered monthly throughout the year!" shouts the ad.

And it continues in equally eloquent vein: "If you seek something new and different in a Christmas gift, this is it! There has never before been a Liquor of the Month Club. Now you can give your friends, business associates, and customers the gift they'll appreciate more than anything else—a membership in this unique club!

"Make them remember you several times a year instead of just at Christmas. Month after month your name will be the subject of conversation as your gift of a famous brand of liquor or wine arrives with your card—always appropriate, always welcome!

"Choose from the seven different plans. For as little as \$18.50 you can enroll your friends in the three-month plan. Remember—all liquors are price fixed. You pay no more by buying from the 'Liquor of the Month Club'—except for nominal packaging charges. Simply send us your gift list and tell us where and when to ship. We'll do the rest."

The \$18.50 plan isn't a very exciting deal. They'll send you a bottle of Ballantine Scotch in December, I. W. Harper Bourbon in February and Piper Heidsieck Champagne in

Random Shots

Seen On Campus: Student unconcernedly and innocently walks under big oak tree in the middle of the campus in front of the confederate statue. He ducks as an unidentified, good-sized object whizzes past his ear and smashes on the brick wall at his feet. The student looks down and sees the shattered remains of a small section of a rotten limb lying at his feet. He looks up and sees a husky squirrel, an evil grin on its fizzly face, gazing at him maliciously from a knot hole with a "Shucks, I missed" expression.

Washington Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson WASHINGTON—Two men with bristling eyebrows glowered, snorted and shouted at each other last week when the miners' Welfare Fund trustees met behind closed doors. They were John L. Lewis and Charles Dawson, ex-federal judge of Louisville, Ky., representing the operators.

In the middle sat Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, neutral trustee. Calling the meeting to order, Lewis announced: "The people present today are Trustees Bridges, Trustees Lewis and Interior Dawson."

Then Dawson tried to present his credentials, and Bridges moved to accept them. But Lewis rapped the table and called the roll. He spat out a surly "no" Bridges voted "yes."

Dawson also clamored to vote, but Lewis cut him off.

This same routine was repeated over every question that came up. Each time Dawson demanded to vote, and each time Lewis refused to recognize him.

Lewis called him a "rank outsider," present only by "sufferance." Dawson shouted back his right to be heard. Finally the meeting adjourned. Nothing was accomplished, except that the two bushy-browed trustees were still spluttering at each other.

Illegal Air Treaties

It was buried in the financial sections of the big city newspapers, but one of the most important court decision affecting the treaty-making power of the State Department was handed down last week. As a result our relations with Canada are in a dither.

U. S. Judge Jim Procter and Alan Goldsborough were the two judges who had the courage to challenge the right of the State Department to negotiate executive agreements with another country without ratification by the Senate.

To date the State Department has negotiated 38 air treaties without paying any attention to the Constitution of the United States which requires treaties with foreign countries to be ratified by a two-thirds Senate vote.

Now, for the first time, the courts have called a stop. While the court decree did not actually pass on the merits of the issue, and actually passed the question on to the supreme court, nevertheless Canada is already up in arms.

What brought the issue to a climax was when Colonial Air Lines, a small company with a phenomenal 19-year record without a fatality, got tired of being kicked around.

The State Department had given Canada a route parallel to Colonial's, from Montreal to New York, while simultaneously denying Colonial the right to fly to Washington.

So Colonial challenged the State Department's power to negotiate a treaty without Senate ratification. In retaliation, Canada is now so irate that it has served Colonial with notice to show cause why it should not be closed down on the Montreal route after December 12.

What the issue partly boils down to is that the big air lines are able to hire top cabinet-level lobbyists to protect their interests when State Department executive agreements are being written.

American airlines, for instance, retains as its attorney, the Son-in-law of Secretary of State Acheson; while Pan American, long retained Louis Johnson, now Secretary of National Defense. The little companies, able to afford no such lobbying luxury, have to fall back on the constitution of the United States.

'Sockless' Jim Folsom

It has never been told before how "Kissin' Jim"—Alabama's fabulous Governor James E. Folsom—almost became known as "Sockless Jim." Except for the delicate intercession of a thoughtful Mobile publisher, the Alabama Chief Executive might still be living down a front-page reputation as the "barefoot governor with shoes on."

The trouble was that Jim's feet were so big he couldn't find a pair of socks to fit. He solved the problem simply by going without socks and wearing his Charlie Chaplin brogans over well-scrubbed but naked feet.

This went against the grain with R. B. Chandler, publisher of the Mobile Press-Register, who suspected that the eyes of the nation would be cast on the governor's big, undraped feet.

So with the dignity of Alabama at stake, Chandler dictated a formal letter to the Governor just before his inauguration. Chandler observed, in effect, that he didn't mind Big Jim sticking his foot in his mouth occasionally if he didn't stick both feet in the public eye. He pointed out that the Governor's feet—sans socks, would be exposed to news cameras at the inauguration and might make bigger news than the ceremony itself. Finally, to save the state from embarrassment, Chandler offered to scare up some socks for the Governor.

Big Jim cheerfully accepted the offer, and Chandler sent out a frantic plea to the Cotton Mills. He warned that a "Sockless Governor" in the heart of the cotton belt would be bad publicity for the industry, might even start a fad among the younger generation who would imitate the Governor and also go without socks.

A cotton mill in Northern Alabama immediately responded. It made up a batch of oversized socks that would fit the Governor of Alabama, and Big Jim wears them to this day.

Neglected Children

While the American public has responded to many worthy drives to make our people healthier and happier citizens, the Government—and particularly Congress—has been blind to a disgraceful social problem—the lack of public school facilities for feeble-minded children.

While we have been making great strides in the scientific development of the atom—chiefly for war purposes—we are still in the dark ages relative to caring for close to a million mentally retarded children.

Note—Every state-operated training school for the feeble-minded has a long waiting list. Two states, Nevada and Mississippi, do not even have a training school for this purpose. Arizona is building one.

Crossword Puzzle

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down.

Solution of the crossword puzzle.

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

Solution of yesterday's puzzle with numbered answers.