

The High Road

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood ... Sorry I could not have traveled both, begins a well-known poem by Robert Frost. Last week, the Eisenhower Administration came to such a fork, realizing both paths could not be traveled, and picked the right one.

Secretary of State Dulles, in one of his more courageous moods, asserted himself, with President Eisenhower's backing, as the chief of U. S. foreign policy and ruled out a blockade of Red China. And the President re-stressed his position against rash war, announced a policy of "competitive coexistence", a soothing lotion for the frayed nerves of the Allies.

The emphasis in Washington seems to be shifting to the viewpoint that total war, even total victory, will not establish the kind of living conditions the free nations want. Leaders in the government have apparently turned from trying to straddle two or three roads in foreign policy at the same time.

The new policy will call for new vigor and new patience. It will call for great new economic programs for the world. It will call for concentration on the one path we are now committed to tread.

Many Democratic leaders and some within Mr. Eisenhower's own party have long urged the adoption of a one-road foreign policy: President deserves credit for seeing the light.

There is reason to hope, in the Robert Frost phrase at the end of the same poem, that historians will be able to say, "That has made all the difference."

White Man's Justice In The Blue Ridges

Behind occasional U.S. grumblings about caste systems and moral darkness among many of the ancient and more aboriginal countries of the world may throb a guilty conscience arising from its treatment of the American Indians.

From Asheville comes the ironic tidings that Unto These Hills, a North Carolina outdoor drama describing the brutal treatment of the Cherokee nation at the sword of the white man, may play an indirect role in abridging the rights of the Indians again.

The tourist attraction of the outdoor drama has skyrocketed the value of many Indian lands held in reserve by the Department of the Interior. Now ultra laissez-faireist McKay, Secretary of the Interior, has given notice that the Federal government may get out of Indian affairs, leaving land that should be protected and reserved for Indian use for acquisition by the biggest cut-throat, Indian or white man. We suspect the white men will eventually get it.

The time is foreseeable when the Indians will be completely deprived of the land that rightfully belongs to them. Our shell of self-righteousness sustains big cracks when we try to mix proper international relations with unfair treatment of minority groups at home.

Intelligence By Frequency Modulation

Several thousand people listened to Estes Kefauver speak on the Atlantic Community night before last who were not in Memorial Hall. They heard the speech and the question and answer period at home over WUNC, the campus FM station.

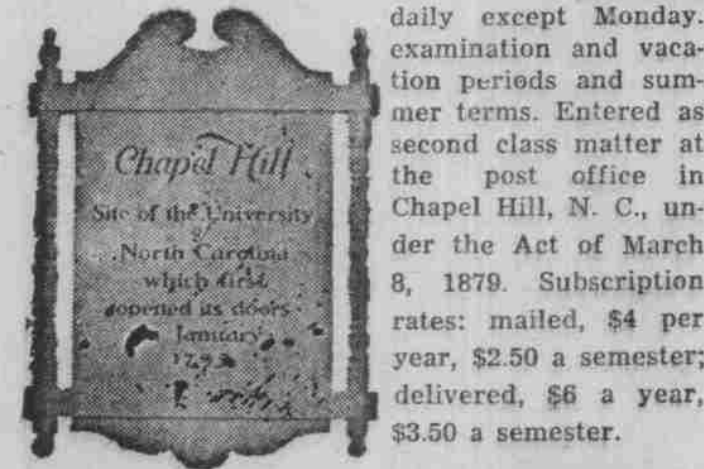
The Kefauver speech was just one in a continuing series of WUNC's services to the community. It broadcasts all notable speeches and concerts on the campus and offers a steady and consistently rich diet of scholarly discussions, interviews, musical programs and special events. It has kept high standards, to the delight of a faithful band of listeners.

WUNC is an FM station, which means it's not available on the radios of most students. But if your taste runs higher than the Arthur Godfrey "Sh' Boom" Saturday Night Hayride brand of radio listening, you're missing out on a source of constant enjoyment if you don't own an FM radio.

With Christmas at hand, a word to the wise should suffice.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday, examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter at 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 CHARLES KURALT
Managing Editor FRED POWLEDGE
Associate Editors LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER
Night Editor for this Issue Richard Thiels

Carolina Front

What To Buy Your Friends And Enemies

Louis Kraar

PINK-NOSED coeds' slipping along campus in the ice the other day reminded me that the gift-buying days are scarce for than good professors.

So with the Christmas carols of Kemp's Record Shop in one ear and the bank teller's announcement of my balance in the other, I set out to consider what to buy.

Sinking into one of the Graham Memorial lounge's deep chairs, I studied some of the slick magazines that are brimming with ads this time of year. And as a special service, this reporter is going to pass along to you some of the top suggestions for gifts.

For the outdoor type, you might give a pair of wool socks that are wired to give a mild electrical hot-foot. The socks sell for about \$20, and the heater is run from batteries. The fortunate wearer merely strings the wires up his legs to the batteries carried in one's pockets.

The socks with the built-in heater sound like a fine gift for a friend. And if you have an enemy who tramps about in the rain, giving him a pair of these socks may remove him from your life forever.

Now if you're feeling rich, try a new gift from France called The Drinking Bear. The 15-inch tall animal is coated in pony-skin and carries a cocktail glass in one hand and bottle in the other.

All you do is plug the little fellow into an AC outlet, pour him a drink, and he's off. He then gulps it down, pours himself another—from his own bottle—drinks it, and then has another, and so on until you cut his current off.

The only thing about the in-bibing bear (beside the \$150 price) is that he keeps drinking the same drink, a habit I wish some of my friends would cultivate. Apparently, the only purpose of the critter is to amuse and look good. And for \$150, I can think of other bar occupants who would meet the same requirements—plus some additional ones.

Perhaps those two gift suggestions will help you—that is, if you have \$20 and enemies or \$150 and no barmaid. If not, do what I did and send your friends greeting cards.

ONCE IN a physics class, the professor talked about something I believe he called 'sympathetic vibration.'

This phenomenon was supposed to occur when two objects were at the same frequency. Thus, when you play a piano and the vase on a nearby table rattles, you have sympathetic vibration.

Entering Memorial Hall to hear the Woody Herman band the other day, I chanced to remember the sympathetic vibration principle and, sure enough, it works even at jazz concerts.

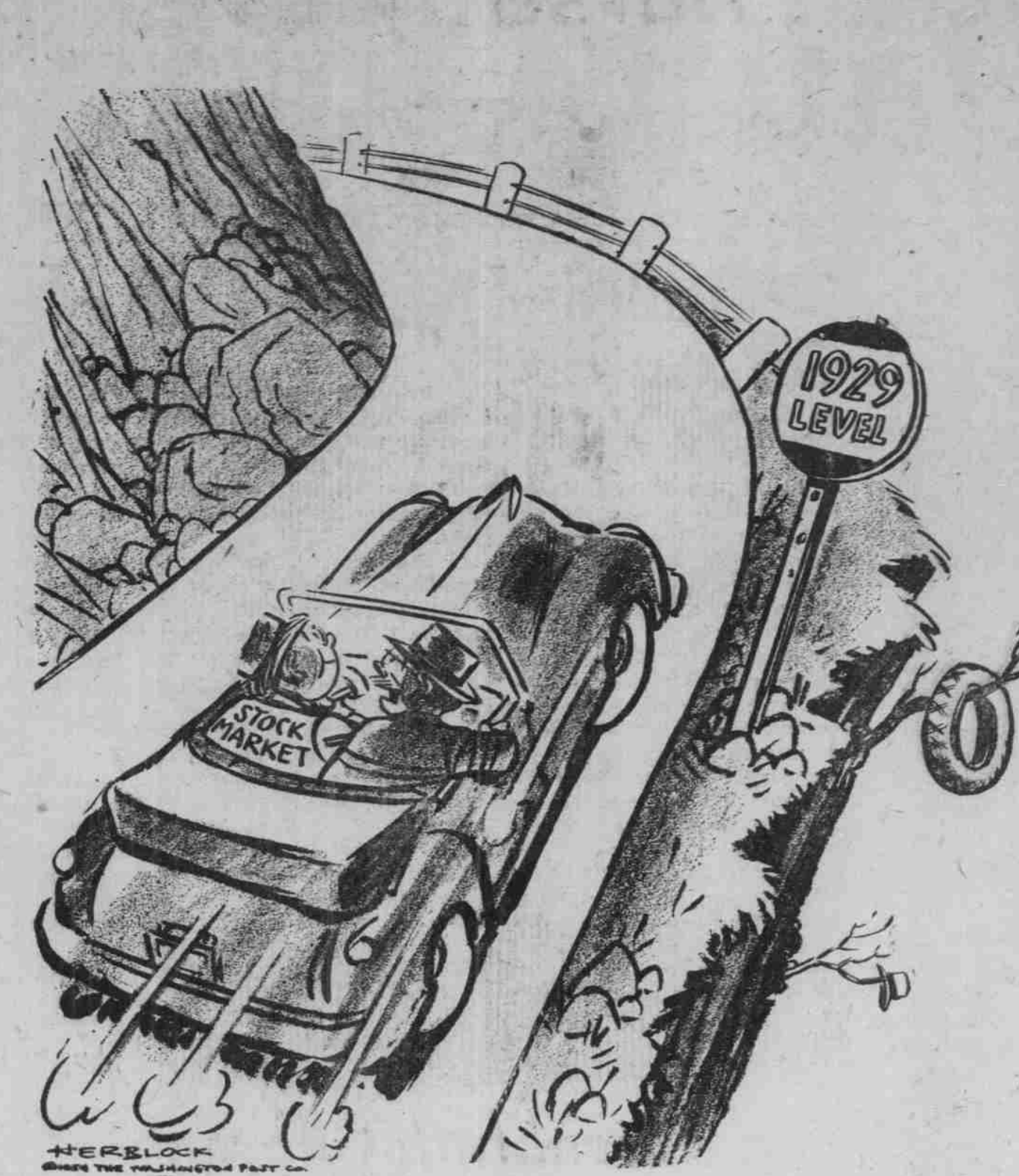
Up on the stage maestro Herman and company were vibrating with "Apple Honey." And down in the audience, particularly on the front row, the heads and feet of student listeners were moving right along with the band.

Remembering another part of that physics course (and I wasn't a very ardent student of the science), I headed for the balcony to get a better view—to check my results, as they say in Phillips Hall.

From the balcony the pattern of shaking heads and feet was even clearer, proving that even in Phillips Hall labs you can learn something.

MY THANKS TO the editor of Cobb Dorm's paper for the article parodying this reporter's TV column on popular songs and TV. Imitation is still the highest form of flattery, you know.

'You Sure This Road Is Safe Now?'



The 3 Big Cabinet Battles

WASHINGTON—Ever since the election, when it became apparent that Oregon's bushy-browed Sen. Wayne Morse would cast the deciding vote in the Senate, both Republican and Democratic leaders have been super-sweet to the independent Senator they used to cold-shoulder.

For example, Vice President Richard Nixon sidled up to Morse the other day and grabbed his hand. "Wayne, I want to congratulate you on the high calibre campaign you conducted," boomed the Vice President, referring to the past election campaign.

"Dick," retorted Morse evenly, "I wish I could say the same for you."

Dulles' Footwork
It was while Humphrey was in Rio De Janeiro fighting Battle No. 3 that he just about lost Battle No. 1. This is with John Foster Dulles, Secretary of Defense Wilson and Foreign Operations Administrator Harold Stassen over a Marshall Plan to Asia.

"Dulles," who was supposed to go to the Rio Conference, decided not to go, appointed Humphrey as chief U. S. delegate though not for the purpose of working behind Humphrey's back. While Humphrey was gone, however, he did get busy with some fast footwork which lined up part of the cabinet for the Asiatic Marshall Plan.

Meeting three times with Eisenhower, Dulles got his okay. Charley Wilson also concurred, provided the Marshall Plan went hand in hand with a bigger Army-Navy-Air Force. Eisenhower agreed.

Dulles then called a secret meeting of newsmen at a downtown hotel and leaked the idea that current American economic policies with Asia were not good; that to remedy this Eisenhower had agreed to back his aid plan even if it meant unbalancing the budget.

Stassen, who was already sold on the idea, quickly called newsmen to a similar confidential luncheon. Charley Wilson did likewise.

So when Humphrey got back from Rio it was too late. He could have had a personal showdown with Ike and threatened his resignation, but Humphrey doesn't believe in operating that way.

This means that the defense Department, instead of cutting back on spending, will ask Congress for \$2,000,000,000 more. It also means that Dulles and Stassen will launch a giant development program in Asia which may last up to 20 years.

As a result, business in the Christian man, not only in his own faith but in all faiths: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

Reaction Piece

Carolina Forum And Assorted Dichotomies

David Mundy

Which, being translated into understandable English, means that you just can't win.

First, the Forum. For anyone, especially its chairman, to any longer maintain that it is a non-partisan organization is ludicrous. Existence of bias in its presentations, presentations financed by all the students, must be determined by the nature of the speakers presented.

Thus far we have had one Democratic state governor, one actual socialist, and one left-wing Democratic senator who owes his success to espousing one political philosophy at home and another in the North. And tomorrow night the Forum presents a Democrat who is so far out in the left political field that even the Democrats hesitate to give him a nomination.

No Forum prejudice toward the "liberal" cause, or, more exactly, the statist cause? Considering the presentations thus far this year, it is difficult to see anything in them but a calculated program of presenting only left-wing speakers. True, the Forum may be making a bipartisan selection, but the two partisan groups thus far are the actual Socialists and the statist Democrats.

Judgment of Forum bias has to be made on the basis of the speakers presented, not upon the basis of the people who received form letters inviting them to speak. Elimination of Jonathan Daniels from the selection set-up would be one step toward a "just and fair" Carolina Forum.

And now, those dichotomies. (I had to use the dictionary too.) When the Secretary of State fired an employee (Davies) for disagreeing with policies outside official channels and being so generally wrong in the past, Democrats screamed such catch phrases as "thought control," "suppression of differing opinions," "conformity of thought," and the ever popular "fascism!"

When a senator who represents the people of California dared venture that we should engage in a critical re-appraisal of our foreign policy, the Democrats came up with more neat little phrases. This time it was about a "hopelessly divided foreign policy."

Whenever our foreign policy scores an undeniable success, Democrats point out that it isn't due to any changes wrought, or wreaked, by the Republicans. On such occasions they say that the Republicans have really changed nothing; the Republicans are merely continuing the foreign policies of the Truman-Acheson era. Yet, in countless speeches this fall, many, many Democrat tears were shed over the frightful things that were happening to the nation because of a "headless, aimless, totally unsuccessful foreign policy."

Under Truman, several electric power contracts were negotiated with private companies, contracts which make Dixon-Yates look like a gift to the government. The Truman contracts were even on a cost-plus basis, guaranteeing the companies a profit above whatever they might spend. The Dixon-Yates group is guaranteed nothing, except that they can make, at the most, but half the return on investment that a company would expect in private business.

A "super give-away," to use their own current terms, drew absolutely no criticism from Democrats when they were in office themselves. Now a power contract more advantageous to the government is a "mackerel in the moonlight; it both shines and stinks."

Excerpts from Hist. 71 notes: "Many of the young men had served in the West during the war (1812), and saw what a good land it was. . . The fertility of the old South was on the decline."

Carriers of: Greensboro Daily News, Durham Morning Herald, Charlotte Observer, Charlotte News, Winston Salem Journal and Sentinel.

The Eye Of The Horse

(The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others . . . Hippopotis, circa 500 B. C.)
THE HORSE was stationed outside Graham Memorial, when I saw him.
"Outside The Daily Tar Heel office," The Horse corrected me, "which, as you know, is inside Graham Memorial. One must be precise, Roger me lad!"
Well, what was he waiting for?
"Oh, about ten minutes," he chattered. (I hate him when he chatters!) "Do you mean, for whom am I waiting, or whom, and for why?"
That would do. So?
"I gotta let Chollie Kuralt, Editor of the DHU, know what mixed response my remarks about Churlism met with," The Horse explained. "Chollie and I are simply ga-ga over good newspapering."
There were those who maintained that The Horse—never mind Kuralt!—was ga-ga at anything, and no holds barred.
"You been talking with that Orangeman, O'Connell," The Horse shrugged. "A spalpeen who embraces the Obelisk of Drogheda. It's July First at Fourth, for the likes of him."
Oh. That dirge about Boyne Waters again, it, now. I made bold to ask Himself Hawse. (Figures are catching things, like Shaw's women . . . Bernard that is . . . not O'Pshaw.)
"Leave us leave Irish fighting to the Irish," The Horse snapped. "O'Connell and I are engaged to renew hospitalities next Fall when the Fighting Irish visit us in Kenan Stadium. It is none of your business, at all, at all, Roger. Overcome by his grief at our loss to the, ugh, Dooks, O'Connell held more than a handkerchief to his mouth. . . and this angered me, it is understood!"
How was that? He was merely toasting our warriors!
"Well, I had had the poteen held to my mouth when Bobby-boy got the idea," The Horse explained with a whisk of his hoof close, too close, to me. "We have our order placed for a twospout jug o' poteen, come Irish Day next year. But about the response to my call for Journalism instead of Churlism—some said I was against Freedom of the Press."
Well, I could see that. He was proposing censorship, wasn't he?
"I proposed the only type censorship that has a place in a free land," The Horse said, "and one that we must have if we are to stay free: self-censorship. The newspapers should police themselves. Me, I'd make up my necessary — if such there be — reportings of sordidness and nausea on a separate sheet or four-page section from the balance of the paper, so that those who didn't care for nicker-bale filth could simply discard same (after a quick look) and take home a clean, uncontaminated newspaper, or receive same breakfast-time without cringing from the children."
That was another thing. Didn't The Horse get any beefs about that?
"Och, aye," The Horse acknowledged. "I am a Romantic, it is said. I do not wish the childlier to face loife, 'tis charged, no less."
Cut the brogue. So?
"My idea is, every newspaper should have a man, or a colleen, with taste, discrimination, and this one should con the paper, masterhead to Z-obit, with a mind to blue-pencil anything distasteful," The Horse argued. "I think Kuralt will agree, being smart."
Being anxious to get rid of The Horse, he meant! But, weren't editors for just that purpose — to exercise judgment, restraint, good taste?
If they are, the publishers are missing the boat." The Horse saw it. "Mhurlism, it is, we are fed half the time."
So, once more?
"I offer myself as Taste Editor," The Horse said with his usual unbecoming immodesty. "The first in history! Well? What do you say, will I do?"
I didn't say a word. I didn't have to. Mr. Wump, the low-level-vision, Frog, said it for me.
"Wump!"

Southerner's Shoes

The Greensboro Daily News

You can kid Southerners about almost anything, but not about shoes. We are sensitive about our feet. The citizenry of Hickory is described as "miffed" at some remarks made by Mrs. Hilda Widner Yoder to a Broadway columnist. Mrs. Yoder is a native of Catawba County but is now a resident of New York City and the originator of the Yoder Reading Improvement Center in that city's fashionable East Side.

She is quoted as telling Columnist Earl Wilson that she is "a barefoot hillbilly from Hickory, N. C.," and remarking to him on the occasion of a visit home. "When I went to the Catawba celebration I didn't know whether to show up with my shoes on or off."

The people of Hickory and Catawba want the world to know that they are not hillbillies and that they "do wear shoes when they leave their home grounds."

Madame Frances Perkins irked us some years ago by casting doubt on our shoelessness and Mrs. Yoder did it. . . But why should it rile us?

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
Our idea—and we think we can prove it—is that the men who made the best footprints on those sands didn't wear shoes. A shoe is hardly the criterion of a civilized man. Take David, Solomon, Pericles, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Caesar, Aasha Guatama, Buddha, Mohammed, St. Francis of Assisi, Gandhi and so on; they didn't wear shoes—sandals, maybe that they could scuff off at a moment's notice, but not shoes. On the other hand Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin were confirmed shoe wearers, but you would hardly call them civilized. We wear shoes down South because pavements are hot in summer and cold in winter. But there's no sense in our equating shoes with culture or bare feet with barbarians.