

## Shake Hands With Simon Savapolsk

The sun sets early in December and it was going down, over behind the Methodist Church steeple, before we finished the mechanical business of arranging the words on this page yesterday and settled down to write about Christmas.

There was a somber red in the West and our thoughts of Christmas trees and presents got mixed up with thoughts about the setting sun and the one great sky that goes for all places and all people.

The sun we watched go down, someone, on some shore, saw rising. Since Christmas implies brotherhood and does not rule out such a thing as love, we direct your week-before-Christmas thoughts to him, a Pole, perhaps, or a Netherlander. Or a Russian or a Japanese. We are not sure of our solar timetable.

In years to come, as the range of our bombers increases, the range of our thoughts will have to increase to include the man. It will be necessary some day to make a choice: Whether it is best to kill him (and risk his killing us) or to shake his hand. The choice implicit in Christmas is not the one the world has made a precedent, for the most conspicuous activity of nations these days is the blowing of each other up.

E. B. White wasn't thinking of Christmas when he wrote these words eight years ago, but they apply:

"Whether we wish it or not, we may soon have to make a clear choice between the special nation to which we pledge our allegiance and the broad humanity of which we were born a part. We have a little time in which we can make the choice intelligently. Failing that, the choice will be made for us in the confusion of war, from which the world will emerge unified—the unity of total destruction.

"We must accept the curious burden of taking the entire globe to our bosoms. The special feeling of an Englishman for a stream in Devonshire or a lane in Kent will have to run parallel to his pride in Athens and his insane love of Jersey City. The special feeling on a Dutchman for a dike in Holland will have to extend onward and outward until it finds the Norris Dam and the terraces of Egypt. . . ."

And someone who watches the sun go down in Chapel Hill will have to see, not only the immediate beauty of the Western sky, but the immense proportion and essential unity of the whole world into which Christ was born.

Surely, if Christmas does not mean this, it has no meaning.

## The Daily Tar Heel

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## Carolina Front An Old Story About Nick & The KA's

Louis Kraar

THE SIX children tramped into the Delta Delta Delta sorority house just ahead of me. By the time I got inside, they were all sitting around the big green and white living room singing.

"What'll we do now?" one of the Tri Deltas asked her soror the song was by its sisters when

over.

"I've almost forgotten what we used to play when we were this age," another said.

"Oh, you'd better watch out. . . ." began the children, deciding that another song apparently was in order."

★

"WHAT DO you want Santa to bring you, a Hopalong Cassidy?" one of the girls asked the child nearest her.

"No, I want a Gene Autry." I asked someone what the difference was, but another group of kids roared into the room, and I couldn't hear the answer.

Someone lit a fire in the fireplace, next to which stood a white Christmas tree. The piles of coats filled chairs, and the children sat on the floor.

Soon Don Geiger came in with another herd of children, and within a few minutes three more groups arrive. The room began to fill up with Kappa Alpha fraternity men looking for their dates, Tri Deltas looking after the children, and children looking at the crackling fire and Christmas tree.

★

"WE'VE HAD this party with the Tri Deltas for as long as anyone can remember," Layton McCurdy, one of the KA's told me as I found a seat on the carpet. "Ho, ho, ho!" came a big voice from the other room at just that point. And Santa Claus came in. "Have ya'll been smart in school, children?" the fat man in the red suit asked.

The KA's and Tri Deltas laughed, probably thinking about all the quizzes that this week has brought.

The children began singing "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town," and someone told me the story of what happened to "Santa Claus" three years ago.

Santa for this annual party for underprivileged Negro children has always been Hargraves, the KA houseboy. Christmas before last, when the party was at the KA house, Hargraves began coming down the steps to meet the kids.

About half way down the steps, Santa (Hargraves) lost his trousers.

"Scuse Santa Claus, children," Hargraves said on that fateful day three years ago, and the KA's have been repeating it with a chuckle ever since.

★

THIS WAS Christmas in Chapel Hill for some children, a fraternity, and a sorority.

Like Hargraves' now-legendary "Scuse Santa Claus, children," doing something for others seems part of what we call Christmas. The kids at this party, one of many this week here in Chapel Hill, probably won't have much more Christmas.

The fraternity and sorority members at this party, like the rest of us, will have much more. They'll have something that couldn't be obtained any other way than with Santa Claus and children who might not have had a Santa.

# Santa Enters Chapel Hill (Abetted By Horace & Bill)

Ed Yoder

SCENE: The void. In the misty distance stands the Golden Gate. St. Peter is seen reclining against a cloud pillow. In the foreground is a pink cloud. William Richardson Davie and Horace Williams are seated on the cloud. From time to time, they take handfuls of snowflakes out of red and green baskets and toss them over their shoulders.

Williams: (as he pats his pet goat) What time is it, Bill?

Davie: (With a yawn) Getting on toward midnight, Horace. I really don't like this job. It's a boring way to spend Christmas Eve.

Williams: Well, St. Nick's got to get around down there among the mortals to night. What would he do without snow?

Davie: (Brushing a cobweb from his Revolutionary War uniform) I guess you're right Horace. You usually are, in fact. Say, pass me another basket of snowflakes. I'm almost out. —And watch out, old goatie's eating another basketful.

Williams: (shooing a goat out of the way and almost stepping on his pet chicken.) Shoo! Here you go, Bill. (Hands another basket of snowflakes to Williams.)

(Out of the swirling nebulae comes a merry but distant and disturbed voice.)

W-I-I-I—ams! D-a—vie!

Davie: Why that's St. Nick now—and calling us.

Williams: Sure enough, it's Santa all

see Donder's nose glimmering over there towards Jupiter. Here Santa! Here we are! right. I can hear his sleigh-bells and I can

(In a few seconds Santa's sleigh rises out of the distance and comes to rest on the pink cloud. Santa shakes the snow out of his white beard.)

Santa: Boy! You're really pouring it on thick and fast. Sleigh's never had such smooth going before.

Williams: Glad to hear that, Nick. How're things going?

Santa: That's what I wanted to see you about. I'm fine. But do you know what? I couldn't get into Chapel Hill tonight.

What? Couldn't get into Chapel Hill?

Santa: That's what I said. This is the way it happened: I had just taken off from the Duke campus (where, incidentally, I left many a stockyful of switches) and was headed up the Durham highway on the way into Chapel Hill. The snow was coming down all right and the sleigh was gliding along when all of a sudden I found a blockade in the road. A whole mob of students were standing on the road; I stopped the reindeer and got out.

"You can't go into Chapel Hill, old man," they told me.

"Why?" I asked.

"It's obvious," they said. "You can't enter because you have a red suit on—and furthermore your lead reindeer's got a nose that gets pinky by the minute."

"But I don't understand," I protested. "I don't see what red suits have to do with it. I'm the spirit of Christmas. I'm Santa Claus!"

The minute I said that they all laughed, sounding like a chorus of your goats, Horace.

"We don't believe in Santa Claus any more," they said. "As a matter of fact, we've all studied geology and zoology and if you ask us, most of these myths are the grossest kind of rubbish."

Well, Horace, I don't need to tell you and Bill that this made my big bulbous nose light up higher than Donder's.

Williams: Nick, this is outrageous.

Santa: The irony of it was that I had all sorts of presents for the students in my bag. I'm sure Chancellor House will be disgusted if I don't get into Chapel Hill. I have a new car for him; I hear his got banged up when Hazel came through Chapel Hill. I know South Building will be a sea of tears if I don't get in; I've got a new harmonica for the Chancellor, too. For Dean Weaver I've got a new leatherbound copy of the Cantos of Ezra Pound and a new set of golf clubs for President Gray. What can I do?

Davie: Don't worry Nick. We'll work it all out. I'm disappointed, though, that Chapel Hill has fallen into the snare of this anti-path to anything that's red. It's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard of. Why, we ought to send Tom Jefferson down there tonight to preach a sermon. But he and Alexander Hamilton have been having a running debate for these many years and even Christmas Eve doesn't stop that. What can we do, Horace?

Williams: I'll get the Chancellor on the interstellar phone right now. (Picks up phone slightly dented from gnawings by his

goat) Shoo! Hello. Long distance, give me Chancellor House right away; Christmas priority. Hello, hello, Bob. Yes, fine. Listen: Santa's having trouble getting into Chapel Hill. Yes, yes, and he was going to bring you a new car and a new harmonica. Wouldnt le? Santa in because of his red suit. Ridiculous? Yes, that's what I told him. What? I suspected that! Thanks, Bob. I'll tell him. Thanks Merry Christmas to you, too. (Hangs up telephone.)

Davie and Santa: (in unison) What about it?

Williams: I'm so mad I could toot Gabriel's horn. Do you know what? Those were n't Carolina students. They had come over from Duke. I suspected as much. The Chancellor's sending a detail headed by Ray Jefferies out to drive them away.

Davie and Santa: (in unison) What about pel Hill hasn't changed so much after all.

Santa: Well, I'm much obliged to you, Morace and Bill. I knew I could count on old Chapel Hillians. Right now I've got to go in a big hurry to make Chapel Hill by midnight. (Into the sleigh) Up Comet, up Cupid, up Dunder and Blitzen!

Williams and Davie: (calling after him) Merry Christmas, Nick.

(Out of the swirling nebulae comes a distant cry.)

Merry Christmas to all, to all a good night!

Williams: (Settling down again on the pink cloud) Fine old man, that Nick. Pass me another basket of snowflakes, Bill.

## Christmas Time Is Love, Inc.

YOU Said It

## Alma Mater, Soccer, Choo-Choo I Go Pogo

Editor:

It doesn't matter that Christmas seems awfully commercialized in these modern times; it only seems that way. You can't commercialize a human being and we don't know a single person this Christmas who feels commercialized. A peasant carving a wooden doll before his fireplace isn't different from the Wall Street broker selecting a Cadillac for his wife. They're both trying, in their stumbling way, to tell somebody that they like them.

It's legal every day in the year to tell others you like them, but our relations with noters are so institutionalized in this world that we need another like Christmas to make it easy for us—even if we are so uncertain about it that we pick one of the shortest days of the year in which to do it. A former grade-school teacher of ours, now an old lady of imperishable quality, sent us a Christmas card today.

She isn't uneasy about saying it.

The card read: "Love alone diminishes not, but shines with its own light; makes an end of discord, softens the fires of hate, restores peace in the world, brings together the Sundered, redresses wrong, aids all and injures none; and who so invokes its aid will find peace and safety and have no fear of future ill."

No need to point out that Christmas is, nearing and we shall all be exchanging gifts shortly. I have a lot of friends and I would like to give them a largess to them. My material means are small, but I can give them nearly four years. You are a classmate of mine and I think the idea would be particularly valued by you. We are seniors now and when we talk to freshmen we often tell them how it was when we were the greenhorns. Let's take a minute to reflect upon those years.

Remember when we first came to this rain-washed campus we were herded into Memorial Hall? We did not know the name of it during orientation, but during those first days we did a great deal of listening.

Perhaps some of the best listening we ever did or ever will do was to Dean Fred Weaver. He spoke to us about our University and then and there we slowly began to take possession. He advised us and told us the meaning of Alma Mater—nourishing mother. . . .

Once we managed to live through rushing we still had to live through that intellectual limbo known familiarly as "Hygiene." My hands frankly are just as dirty (not to mention my mind, on occasion). At that same time we joined the liniment brigade and fulfilled endless hours of fundamentals—that freshman plague. Many of us took as many fundamentals as they could dish out, but by George we learned to play soccer.

I'll never forget the remorse we felt for missing by a year two hallowed names on the Carolina campus. Both Charlie "Choo-Choo" Justice and Dr. Frank Graham were a living part of the past. . . .

In our college career we lived through an election year and campus politics went hell-bent into the campaigns. None of us could cast a vote for Ike or Adlai, but one ballot was x'ed by each of us. "I go Pogo" and so do you and so did the entire campus. I look at the campus politics today and I still go Pogo.

In our day we got everything from a hurricane to a pool table. We have noted the unsung devotees of the university win chess meets and debate tournaments. We have gone from quarter to semester system, leisurely weekends to Saturday classes and now we have another semester ahead of us. For adopted sons, our mother has nourished us well. In our our years we have become brothers of a sport and to you and my classmates I want to wish a very pleasant holiday season. It's been wonderful being a part of the 1955 graduating class. Joe Raff



## The Eye Of The Horse

# A Couplet From The Mantelpiece At Spero's

The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others. . . . Hip parotis, circa 500 B. C.

THE HORSE was busily nailing up four can-can length stockings on Spero's Bar, when I saw him.

"It's the only mantelpiece I can rest my elbow on," he said defensively, when I expressed my amazement. "So what?"

No, no, it was the four stockings I questioned.

"Well, gee, I have four hooves, ain't I?" The Horse argued. "I play no favorites That's me. Let Santa treat hoof and hoof alike when he fills the stockings."

I thought if The Horse stayed leaning his elbow on Spero's Mantelpiece long enough, more than just the stockings would be full.

"I never saw a merry party gathered about a pumphandle yet." The Horse shrugged, and Christmas is a time to make merry."

Also, it was a time for wishing, no. . . . For wishing Merry Christmases and Happy New Years, for wishing folks got what they wanted.

I absently say, *Gesundheit*. You wanna hear my original Christmas Pome?"

I would rather hear what The Horse wished for people, first.

"Well," The Horse, welding four extra lengths of can-can hosiery to the already king-size stockings he had nailed to Spero's Mantelpiece, "I wish Coach O'Barclay more power to his good right arm. . . and for his team, into the bargain."

That was nice. What else?

"I wish Dramatic Arts the most dramatic and artistic Semester ahead, ever, and I wish Playmakers will play around with the idea of even bigger and better shows than *Three For To-Night*."

And. . . bigger and better prices, huh. . . ?

"Well," The Horse chattered (I hate him when he chatters!) "we are trying to be delicate Broadway, are we not, even to \$4.46 seats clearly indicated from the rear, so we could stare in wonder at collegiate faculties and stooges who can scare up the price for such stratospheric sitting down!"

Okay, next?

"For all the great and good Departments of our great and good University, I wish all the easy things in life." The Horse tossed off another wish. "And if they feel a like easiness assailing them when it comes time to make up the Final Quizzes, it will not held against them."

Good, and good. And for Departments other than the good ones?

Impressively with piano-keyboard dentures flashing menacingly. "We have naught but good Departments, and sterling teachers! Er. . . at Christmas time, anyway."

Was this all?

"Nope." The Horse noped. "Especially to our new and hardworking Television set-up, I wish them the best in everything. . . and would that the inept experts, who spend their busybody time criticising TV, could be tagged with the burden of whipping up programs (activating them, and sending them out on our Consolidated TV Network—Channel Four, beginning January 4, 1955—so that the haried experts could then sit and haw-haw at the inept experts. But they wouldn't laugh, these our unsung heroes: for they are profoundly educated men, and well do they know the truth of what Poor Richard said in his *Almanack* for the year 1756: *Love your enemies, for they tell you your faults.*"

Yeah? Well, who was it said: *Blessed be those who go about in circles, for they shall become Big Wheels?*

"Sounds like Poor Richard." The Horse hoped. "Or was it Shakespeare? Those two guys said most everything, it seems to me."

And Confucius, don't forget!

"Roger!" The Horse reproved me sepulchrdally. "Do you not know Confucius was a Red? Do you not know all Chinese are Reds, retroactively, just as are all Rooshians and their aiders and abettors?"

Watch out! American Naval Hero John Paul Jones had helped Empress of All The