'Wow!' - Or Good Will Toward Men?

Modern Christmas has gained numerous stages, but we find one for 1955 that seems almost to have overshadowed "peace on earth, good will toward men". It goes: "Wow!"

That rather abbreviated sentiment we found recently in a newspaper column by economist Sylvia Porter; it referred to the fact that consumer buying will hit an unheard-of high this Yule season.

And this economic fact, right now at least, seems on the verge of edging out some of the other Christmas values we recall.

Actually, aside from the recorded blare of carols and colored lights, we find very little of the so-called season's spirit about us. Perhaps it will come.

But for the present, apparently, we must be content with flaming ice cream snowballs, free gift wrapping, a bright card or so that reminds us of friends, and some hopes that have become difficult to express because we have sloganized them into cliches.

We might, in other days, turn to the Holy Land, with hope that a return to the scene might renew the values of the season, but it, too, is restive, combustable these days. And the wise men among our statesmen, by the bare emergency of the matter, have to be concerned with border raids and angry Arabs and Jews, not Christmas meaning.

At home, there is restlessness, too. The President's smile and the smile of this materid prosperity we enjoy are beginning to crease with signs of wear. Surely, we've never had it so good. But somehow much of that which is "good" materially is not so good in other ways, ways of the heart.

In all, there is a growing lack of faith about us-lack of faith in the inherent good will of most men and in the inner peace which accompanies that good will.

The American picture this Christmas is not all drab and faithless though. Those policy-makers who granted to needy nations generous food supplies from the U.S. farm surplus, the philanthropy of a Ford, acceptance by the United Nations of 16 new members, and the basic faith that underlies even the most mouthed Christmas cliche remain

We have hope. And, although the economists avow that we've never had it so good, we're sure things will improve.

Modest Proposal-1955

FOR PREVENTING USED FOOTBALL COACHES FROM BEING A BURDEN TO THEIR SCHOOLS OR THE COUNTRY, AND FOR MAKING THEM BENEFICIAL TO THE PUBLIC.

It is a melancholy object to those who stroll, whether bodily or by flight of the mind, through the lands of higher education in this time that every corner must be littered with the ejected carcasses of big-time football coaches, the latter having been decapitated and thrown to waste due to excessive loss of games.

We think it will be agreed by gentlemen that some halt must come to this terrible wastage and that some fair, cheap, and easy method will be found to utilize those coaches we so dreadfully discard,

Now we have been assured by merchants and hucksters who deal in human carnage that the physical, that is to say, the chemical, elements of the human body - even of so mountainous and blubberous a proportion as the usual football coach - will bring across the counter no more than a few dollars currency. It is thus manifest that to seek recompense through sale of coaches for their chemical value is to seek tears from a bleached bone

We shall therefore humbly propose our own thoughts, which we hope will not be liable to the slightest objection.

We have been assured by knowing Marylanders of our equaintance that a fat, healthy football coach, in his prime of life and even after a losing season, is a most delicious, nour shing and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled, and we make no doubt that he will equally serve in a fricassee, or a ragout.

Now football coach, upon resigning himself to the late which will be the law of nature follow a losing season, can be auctioned off to the highest bid of the most affluent alumnus, the proceeds to be used to buy a still fatter coach, and to make gyms like the lowly Woollen more to the style of Chartres; with more, a sinking fund could be established by which a gilded diadem could be purchased for the head of the athletic director, who would be given a per annum grant from that same sinking fund and evermore addressed as "Rex."

Boiled, roasted, baked, or fricaseed coach will chiefly come to be in season about the month of December, just after the football season, when all coaches who do not win enough games are goaded to the block and beheaded. For royal feasts, the whole corpus will be appropriate, but for modest family gatherings the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little ground cash will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter. (With apologies to Jonathan Swift.)

Prejudice Just Plain

If you thought that the foibles and absurdities of a commercialized holiday had been fully exploited, you're wrong, Christmas has been caled Xmas, Merchantmas, and several other names, but as far as I know, no one has yet called it Glassmas, and all you need to do is look through the holiday issues of a few popular magazines, and you'll see what I mean.

The Glassblowers of America and The National Association of Boozemakers have put their heads together and come up with a whole selection of thrilling gifts for that hard-to mas list. As a matter of fact, tire family.



One Boozemaker must have had Mom in mind, for their sleek, tapered decanter will be a handsome addition to her dressing table. Think of it ladies! A whole fifth of your favorite jizz right in plain sight. Just scrape of the label, and tell your friends you buy your perfume wholesale. This beautiful decanter, when wrapped imaginatively, can be a real peach.

The same company has also provided a decanter for that grammar school boys of yours. Designed in the shape of a rocket ship, it makes a wonderful toy. One nip of the high-octane contents and Junior will blast off into the ionosphere, or at least out from under Mother's feet. Less progressive parents may wish to empty the bottle before giving it. You can always refill it with Tru-Ade.



For Dad, there's Haig & Haig's pinch bottle, which is no longer pinched. The Christmas b | le is shaped like a fat pumpkin, and it is shatterproofed with platinum plated chicken wire. No longer will Dad have to worry about lacerations if he falls into the empty swimming pool at the Country Club after that New Year's Eve dance. 86 proof princh with plattershoof pratinum prated wire



Next season, rumor has it that Vat 69 will have an interesting decanter. Probably in the shape of a vat. (Fooled you didn't I) And of course the Glassblowers have not forgotten the abstemious. There's always the girl friend who doesn't drink. If you can't give her a pinch or a peach, buy her a coke. You can buy them now in three sizes, the six, the ten, and the new twenty-four ounce bottle, better known as the regular, king size, and your-poor-kidneys.

Reader's Retort

Baptist Editorial Brings This Letter

When your editorial columns persistently interpret the South and Southerners to your readers from the N". Y." (latin) point of view, this reader can keep quiet with some difficulty, but when you set out to interpret the "Baptist" problem of Wake Forest College-that calls for a letter to the editor.

Baptist "believers" have a particular attachment to the doctrines of "priesthood of all believers," separation of church and state and absolute autonomy of the local congregation, or local church. The doctrine of the priesthood of all leads to the conclusion that all authority arises from the individual or from groups of individuals. The local church may join with other local churches in cooperative programs, but the local group never gives up any of its authority.

If the President of Wake Forest, a Baptist college, testified to the contrary as to dominant Baptist beliefs, then there is an explanation for wide spread concern other than over trivial athletic policies.

J. L. Bass

THE ROUNDABOUT PAPERS

Stampley Miffle's Xmas

J. A. C. Dunn

FOR STAMPLEY P. Miffle, of Fatback Junction, Ohio, Christmas was a routine. Just after every Thanksgiving he thought to himself, "Well, this year I really got to decorate the shop a little different," and



invariably he resorted to wreaths on the door and red and-white striped paper along the shelves; he sprayed "Merry X m a s" and New "Happy

Year" in imitashop-for person on your Christ- tion snow letters on the front windows, and wrapped the tools and kitchen utensils and handy home they have something for the en- knick-knacks in the display with gay ribbon. He sent out commercial cards to all his customers ("Season's Greetings From Miffle & Hassock Hardware") to remind them that lawnmowers could be bought even in the winter time and Pyrex was better than ever at Miffle & Hassock's

On Christmas eve Mr. Miffle and his wife and two daughters stood a five-foot Christmas tree in the living room window, trimmed it all evening with the same ornaments they had been using for 16 years (they even had a small light bulb in the shape of a parrot, which Mrs. Miffle's family had used when she was a girl, and which still worked; 27 years of Christmas use in that parrot bulb), and then admired it extravagently even though it looked just like last year's Christmas tree. Every year, when people gathered on God's Acre by the Congregational church to sing carols, Mr. Miffle noticed that all the children looked older; but he always talked about the same things-the cold, the likelihood of more snow, how pretty the street decorations looked, trivial family matters.

Mr. Miffle was bored with Christmas, though he could not bring himself to admit it.

* ONE PARTICULAR CHRISTMAS eve, after the tree had been trimmed and after Mrs. Miffle and the two girls had gone up to bed, Mr. Miffle stayed downstairs (as usual) to inscribe the last few present-labels, and to drink the glass of milk and eat the salami sandwich the girls always left by the fireplace for Santa Claus (year after year, without fail, they shrieked with delight to find the milk and the sandwich consumed on Christmas morning).

"Merry Xmas to Betsy," he wrote on the wrapping of a complete set of the Pogo books, "From Santa Claus." He leaned back on the sofa, bit into the sandwich, and swallowed some milk.

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Night Editor For This Issue ____ Fred Powledge

"I hope you'll leave some of that sandwich for me," said a voice from the far corner of the room. Mr. Miffle jumped, slopping a little milk on his trouser leg. "Who's there? "he said sharply.

A tall, rather thin man in a business suit with a kind face but worried eyes came across the room into the light. "How do you do, Stampley?" said the man with a smile, and sank into an armchair.

"Who are you? What's the big idea of walking in here anyway-making yourself at home like that-and this is my sandwich. I think maybe you'd better go before I-Who are you, anyway?" Mr. Miffle asked again, beginning to get angry, as he recovered from his shock.

"I'm Santa Claus," said the man. "I'm just making



the rounds and checking up on my men. It's outside. cold Think we'll get more snow?" "Look, bud-

dy," said Mr. Miffle evenly, jabbing his finger at the man, "a joke's a joke,

but nobody's gonna come in here and tell me-hey!"

THE MAN had vanished, completely disappeared, right before Mr. Miffle's eyes.

"Nice tree you've got." The voice sounded suddently from the other side of the room. Mr. Miffle whirled and found the man admiring the decorated tree.

"How'd you get over. . . . "As I said," said the man calmly. "I'm Santa

Mr. Miffle shrugged his shoulders and flapped his hand, "O.K., so you're Santa Claus; so you come through the keyhole and you want a glass of milk; so you're magic. How about the red suit and the beard, or have they changed the act?"

"Yes, I'm afraid they did 'change the act' a few years ago," said the man wearily, and sat in the armchair again. "Christmas changed from an occasion to an institution. I had to incorporate to Reep up with the times. I've got a couple of thousand men on the payroll now, doing delivery all over the world. Mostly plainclothes men. I'm just fort of a personnel manager. Haven't worn a red suit, in years. Even the reindeer went out. We still keep Blitzen around the shop for a pet, but the others died of exhaustion. Most people are nice enough to keep on using them as a symbol, though."

"I don't believe a word of it,"Stampley scoffed. "It's all a joke." "No, no, it's quite true." the man picked up the

glass of milk. "It's easy to understand when you think that most people nowadays look on Christmas only as a time of year when business picks up. Even the word 'Christmas' is dying. 'Xmas,' they call it now. Takes less space. Saves printing costs. You've got to keep up with the times, Stampley. You're merchant, you know that." The man looked at his watch. "Oh dear, I've got to be going. The 64th district, out around the continental divide, is a bit unerstaffed this year. I just ought to slip out there and check up. Nice to meet you, Merry Christmas." He vanished again, leaving nothing but a small puddle of melting snow on the carpet.

Mr. Miffle sat for a few moments and stared, bewildered, at the puddle. Then he shook his head and started on the last label. "Merry-" He stopped. X-mas. Funny. X, Christ, his mark. he thought, and then wrote quickly, "Merry Christmas to Ginny From Santa Claus, Inc."

"Now let'em wonder about that," he chuckled as he reached for the milk glass. But the glass was dental Right Arm-and Left . empty; the sandwich was gone, too.

'Thanks, Pop, That's Just What I Needed!'



Night Beat

The Pudgy Guy Pays A Visit To The Pols

A pudgy, gayly clad fellow makes his way between two massive columns into a glistening brick building, trudges up a flight of stairs, and saunters into a long gray corridor.

Numerous offices lien the corridor, but he notes with a surprised look that no activity seems to be going on in them.

"Is this the headquarters for student thought and action, or is this a mausoleum?" he mutters under his whiskers.

He strolls down the corridor a few doors until he sees a glazed glass door with bold letters staring in his face. "Student Government," it proclaims.

"Ah, this sounds like an enthusiastic group," he chuckles. "Surely Yuletide has aroused a lively atmosphere here."

He rubs his little bay window, cracks the door, and peeps in. Two young fellows are sitting behind impressive looking desks (paid for by the student body) with their shining cordovans parked atop them.

One has an official-looking document in his hand and is brooding over it, los,t in concentration. The other is talking quietly over the telephone.

"Oh, I see it all now," this pudgy character says. "Things are accomplished here in an efficient, calm way." He puts a monstrous looking bag on the floor quietly (in accord with the general tone of the office), and tip-toes over to peer across the chap's shoulder who is writing, oblivious to the world.

"This must be a Constitution or dynamic bill," he whispers.

Then he looks at it more closely. It has a checkerboard appearance.

The lad, himself rather obese, suddenly becomes aware of the happy, little man.

"Do you know a four-letter word for U.N.C. Student government," he says. The chubby fellow's jaw drops, but he doesn't say the first four-leter word that comes to his mind. He just looks dazed and stares at a placard on the desk:

"General Attorney and Presi-

The plump, little bewhiskered fellow shrugs his plump, little un-whiskered shoulders and ex-

"Oh well, there's one in every crowd! But there's still hope.' He shifts his sparkling eyes across the room (all furnishings paid for by the student body), and halts his gaze on the other young chap who is chattering (quietly) into an executive-looking, black receiver (also paid for by the student body).

"Now here's a fair-haired lad who has some momentous project underway for student government!! Here's a popular-looking guy who's probably saturated with Christmas spirit!" He stops his ranting and raving long enough to carry his chubby frame across the room. He listens to the conversation in nervous anticipation.

"As soon as I slap a veto on this bill passed during hard times in '32, I'll jump into an executive-looking suit and meet you at the Goody Shop in 15 min-

The plump, gay, little fellow is still plump and little but; that's it. He pushes his chin up with his knee, breathes a long sigh, and tip-toes out of the office. He passes a chipper, gray haired lady, (also paid for by the student body), saunters back down the hall, down the stairs, (carpeting paid for by you-knowwho), out the door and out of

Then from the distance comes

"On Dancer, on Prancer, on docile Don-er!"

Better luck next year, little pudgy fellow!

The Eye
The Ho

THE HORSE was plodding to on when I saw him, Santa Claus in the breeze. I wondered where it was only fair to warn him to incriminate him!

"I grew 'em, Cuz," The Horse

I disdained the implication ing a long-eared jackass. I'd hear story that had to do with My recent presentation of Stephen "A Child Was Born," at the Fain Chapel Hill.

"Lemme tell it," The Horse by me? Harry Davis, of Dramatic the part of St. Joseph in the tion, noted with sympathic some youngsters were lurking the actors and actresses perfere for the first performance To garding Little Innocents being at this time of the year, Mr. Davis, and also, who knew but that some stage-struck tots might grow up maker productions?

"It was only when it came and don his St. Josephian beard me onstage cue that he observed to children were missing. It develop had a project of some Christma own, that which called for a Santa well, if it was a sort of mixed a in the Lord's House-the art fall Richmond P. Bond terms The li takes rank alongside such worth as Stealing Texts From The Library the Christmas Spirit!

And was Horsie ready with Chris "I wish for Coach George Barri started it off, "a fast and permine employers more loyal and more those he is now leaving."

the alumni, it had to be this way. The Woollen Moneybags-

"And there you have it all, "The sadly. "It is stupid to not give a in which to develop his team; an to hire adequate coaches to assist h Tom Tatum got at Moo Park assistants? Ho-ho, and ho-ho! An he had twenty-two assistants, he'l better linemen than Coach George turned out here at UNC. I bet me signs here, will not sign for any It takes a coach a year or two to se into operation; and it takes four yes the full use out of any Frosh he la attracted."

"Well, now, how about Baskethan George and Coach McGuire take the same year?

"We are speaking of coaches m The Horse shrugged. "Unless again higher than kites, and they were lo on the ocean bottom, Coach Frank who takes rank with Merlin, and a passel of hard-running Houdin of Wishes-many happy returns Day and the thrill, Coach McGa

Yes? And?

"A sparkling new typewriter and cellence for the work of Freshmi the DTH's new Sports Editor, on with his wishing. "I squawked Wayne wrote when he was new 0 never saw a Frosh with more of P it takes to make himself a topdo

Next?

"Cheers for The Carolina Playmi courage, not to mention their skill ! boards a plece as arty and as Blood Wedding. A function of co to not alone dare other than sure hits, it is as well to treat with a now and again, the corn-beef-and of our audiences - palates that a ed and ossofied by the pulp-pape screens of the nation. Ondine and are marks of courageous leaders rule the dramatic waves; but it casionally, to waive the dramatic or no."

Goody-goody! Any more?

"Wishes to Radio, Television and for more of the excellent work. off, "that has us on NBC's nation" every Thursday night at 8:30. This feather in our reputational caps. ostrich feather! Nice going Earl W The Poor Man's Paul Green-a The Rich Man's George Brenhold

More?

"The start of a fitting Briddish to Rhodes Scholar-Editor Ed (Yo-Horse went on with his list. ruins for Dr. J. Penrose (Tiger Ch. his Archaeology classes . . . not to of metalpolish for his sandwich Bete Key; bigger and better book Borden of General College Reserve more coffeeish coffee-substitute to the Y-Court; a few Latin scholars

who know that Zezar is not spell Well, daggone if The Horse had self clear out of space!

"And to all you-all Tar Heels, old 2 and hurrah, tall, thin, short, fat, fall gummed-a Merry Christmas, a RA . . . and Godspeed you back: but tal highways! One dead Tar Heel is live Dooks; but don't you go prove