

The Daily Tar Heel

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A Religious Emphasis Life

Religious Emphasis Week begins today. It is ironically significant that this week has been chosen for the University's annual official recognition of man's need for God, since it immediately precedes a week when all of us may have to rely chiefly on prayer—and certainly on meditation!

Coming when it does, Religious Emphasis Week this year presents a situation more or less symbolic of our entire life. For anyone who thinks, it is quickly apparent that each year—each hour—brings us steadily closer to one final exam which we all must, in our own way, take into deadly serious consideration. For people who believe in God, Religious Emphasis Week should serve as a timely reminder that preparation for that last exam means emphasis on religion—not once a year, but constantly—in every thing we do, say or think.

This week is a challenge and an opportunity for all of us—no matter what our church or creed or attitude toward religion may be. For Christians, it is a fitting preface for the Christmas season; for all faiths, it will serve as a much-needed and proper guide for facing the New Year with courage and strength; and, for agnostics and atheists, it should stir them to a sober analysis of their somewhat ridiculous circumstances in a world which is rapidly taking the kick out of their fad with fear.

With the new year and winter, seeds of discontent and wanderlust may soon flower in men's minds. As Spring inevitably follows, spreading rich life once more over the earth, war may also bloom, (as it so often has in Spring) bringing wounds and death, not only to men, but to our very religious foundations and our social philosophies which permit them to stand.

Religious Emphasis Week is a vital opportunity to study these foundations and essentials of religion, and its relevance and application to contemporary society. The program is not designed to "convert" the campus—or even small portions of it. Religious Emphasis is being placed rather on the study and analysis of the part being played by the church in the world of 1949-50.

There will be speakers morning, evening and night representing Protestantism, Catholicism, and Judaism; but, principally, the emphasis will be not on a church, but the church, not a life, but the life. The Religious Emphasis Week Planning Committee has chosen men who are imminently qualified to discuss religion and human relations, and to guide us in our study of true morality.

The program includes addresses on labor, society, race-relations, and world government, indicating a theme of proper relationships between men and classes of men. As these topics are presented in the light of religious perspective, a proper relationship between man and God will be discussed. As we enter this week of study and "applied religion," our chief purpose must be to put into right relation those parts, faculties, and desires within ourselves which alone determine our thought and action in relation to God and man. If, inside, our personal motivations drift apart or interfere with one another, we cannot have the harmony and balance with which modern man—religious or no—must tackle his modern world.

Whether in our belief and practice we are Catholic, Protestant, or Jew, we realize that it is as individuals we approach God—individuals of strength, character, determination, and power: humble, faithful, and tractable before Him.

—Mike McDaniel

Tallulah Whata Woman!

By Bill Kellam

Tallulah Bankhead's principal foil in Friday evening's blasé horseplay in Durham's Carolina Theatre, Victor Prynne, remarks during the evening that he fails "to see what humor there is in incessant trivial flippancy." Stuff old Vic was the only person in the theatre who felt that way, though, because for three acts of Noel Coward at his best all the rest of us laughed till our cheeks ached at the sophisticated humor and antics of the inimitable Tallulah and her just-as-excellent partner, Donald Cook.

Noel is never cowardly in this sprightly satire as he pokes fun at everything from libertine-ism to true love and the sacredness of marriage. This stormy chronicle of a love that was just too big for only one attempt at marriage is also notable for its ever-popular single song, "One Day I'll Find You," which sounded good even while enduring a second-act rendition by Tallulah.

Tallulah was the magnetic personality who undoubtedly completely filled the theatre with spectators eager to see and hear this raucous living legend in the still quite alluring flesh. They weren't a bit disappointed, either.

The biggest surprise of the evening, however, was the impeccably urbane performance delivered by Mr. Cook, a veteran comic trouper whose past feats were quite unknown to us hinterlanders. Speaking, leering, evily belly-laughing, or pantomining his lines, Mr. Cook was equally as responsible for the evening's hilarity as was Tallulah.

There was never dull moment when these two exuberant irrepressibles were on the stage flipping quips, crockery, or themselves at each other with equal dexterity and humor. Of the other members of the small cast, Barbara Baxley, William Langford, and Therese Quadri, though far overshadowed by the two unshrinking principals, Miss Baxley proved herself a fine actress who is destined for greater things.

Mr. Cook's sparkling (an overworked but apt cliché) performance is even more impressive considering the fact that he's been living privately for the theatre public for over 100 weeks. One could never meet a more likeable cad. Perhaps his and Tula's now-immortal session at risque play on the couch accounts for his enthusiasm. For whose ardor wouldn't be continually aroused at the prospect of cavorting about and upon a divan with luscious Tallulah.

At times Tallulah seemed a bit bored but perhaps the audience's enthusiasm was infectious for she seemed to be enjoying herself most of the time. Her skillfully expressive horse laugh, dead pan humor, and the complete anguish which keeping quiet for two caused her, linger in one's amused memory long after the play is over.

Yep, it was a "Tallu."

LET'S NOT US GET STUCK UP!



CPU Roundtable Panama Politics

By Charlie Scales

A report from Panama last week indicated that Panamanian presidents — if the recent rate of turnover is sustained — may soon be as plentiful as Mexican generals. Instability is, of course, a tradition in Latin American politics, but the comic aspects of presidential pratfalls are modified in the United States by fear for the security of our interests in Latin America in general and the Panama Canal in particular. Our fear, however, doesn't make a great deal of difference to Panama and her sister republics.

This callous attitude has its bases in a number of historical and economic incidents to which Latin America has usually reacted with more honesty than grace. We have been immodestly honest ourselves, but our bluntness objectivity has been expressed most often in the frank admission that we were taking someone to the cleaners rather than being taken.

The present mixture of callousness and fear is one that is likely to remain intact as long as we ignore Latin America — except when our immediate interests are involved—and concentrate our efforts on a Europe that if not dead is at least senile. That our economic transfusions to Europe will prove to be futile is a matter of harrowing fact. Only a miracle can save her, whereas common sense can save the Western Hemisphere.

Certainly, Latin America has shortcomings: iron chancellors, "clerical fascism," an-

nual revolutions, prohibitive tariffs, head hunters, and terrific floods that raise the price of coffee here at home. Yet she has much in common with us and still wants — despite our shyer tactics — to strengthen her ties with us. Besides that, she's loaded with raw materials.

The integration of the economic and political set-up of the Western Hemisphere would be a safeguard against communism more formidable than the death of Joseph Stalin or the defection of Andrei Vishinsky. The Western Hemisphere—Latin America, the United States, Canada, our Territories, and out-lying islands — is potentially capable of a self-sufficiency unknown in modern complex civilizations. If this potential is achieved we need not fear communism or any other delusion of grandeur.

Sunday night at 8 o'clock in the Roland Parker Lounge of the Graham Memorial the CAROLINA POLITICAL UNION will discuss Latin American affairs. Anyone interested in this topic is invited to attend and take part in the discussion.

Random Shots

Mythical, All-this or that football teams are for the birds. Catch this glaring inconsistency in the United Press. Charlie Justice was placed on the UP's second string All-American backfield, indicating that there are at least four backs better than him. Then the UP comes out with a poll to pick the nation's most valuable player or player of the year. In this poll, Choo Choo came in fifth, but there were only THREE backs ahead of him, making him the fourth best back in the country (by the UP). Why then wasn't he on the UP All-American backfield. We always thought there were four men in a backfield. So many hard feelings and complaints are manifested each year when these teams are released that it might not be a bad idea to abolish them all. They really don't mean a thing.

Banks Talley apparently is making a strong bid for the campus "wheel of the year" title. This week he was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives of the State Student Legislature, and the week before he was elected president of Chi Psi fraternity. He currently is serving as Co-ordinator of the Yackety Yack and plays an active role in the Dialectic Senate and on the Student Entertainment committee. Finally he is a member of the Interfraternity Council. Talley formerly was chairman of the Campus Party.

Movie Review Adam's Rib

By Anies Daye

Those of you who laughed and howled at "My Friend Irma" and "I Was A Male War Bride" have another treat in store for you when Mr. Smith's popcorn emporium shows "Adam's Rib."

From top to bottom, from the minute the camera focuses on Judy Holiday to the fade-out, involving Spencer Tracy and Kathryn Hepburn, there is one riotous sequence after another, bordering at times on slapstick and with the dialogue somewhat on the risqué side, but with subtlety and sophistication.

There are some slow spots, to be sure, but they are enjoyable when one considers the good performances by all concerned. Tracy and Miss Hepburn make an excellent team. The film introduces Judy Holiday, known for her stage performance in "Born Yesterday," and then there is David Wayne, who comes to the screen from the Broadway success, "Mr. Roberts." This picture will definitely establish these two as bright new stars on the Hollywood firmament.

The film is helped by a brilliant screenplay by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin. The story wavers oddly between the comic and the serious. Do we men want equality? The picture may not answer the question completely, but it certainly gives the subject a tumble that'll have you alternately laughing and thinking.

The story is as original as it is funny. Judy surprises her husband with Jean Hagen and shoots and wounds him. Assistant District Attorney Tracy is assigned to the case, which he considers open and shut. Then his lawyer wife takes up the cudgels in the name of women's equality and the fun starts, first in the court room and then at home.

Tracy here proves that he is one of the screen's top comedians. Miss Hepburn as his wife gives her role real enthusiasm. Miss Holiday steals scene after scene. When she is asked how she felt after shooting her husband, she answers: "Hungry."

The direction is by George Cukor, a veteran of movie hits. He has played heavily on situation comedy and here again there are some rough spots, but they are handled with good taste and with such excellent humor that few should object. Cole Porter provides the film with the music for "Farewell, Amanda," the only song in the picture.

DREW PEARSON ON The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON. — Christmas in America will have a special significance this year for a little more than 116,000 people who will be celebrating it here for the first time.

They are the displaced persons who have come to the United States since January 1, plus several other happy thousands who will arrive here in time to observe the Yuletide feast.

Unfortunately, many more will "miss the boat" because of Sen. Pat McCarran's one-man blockade of legislation raising our quota of D.P.'s to 339,000. However, the beefy Nevada, whose resemblance to Santa Claus ends with his girth, won't be able to deny those greatest of American gifts, freedom of opportunity and worship, to the thousands who have come in despite his personal blockade.

These homeless fugitives from totalitarianism are of all faiths — Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. They even include a sprinkling of Mohammedans fleeing from Communist regimes in Albania, Romania and Bulgaria. The great majority, of course, are family remnants of Nazi persecution.

The most striking effect of the displaced-persons program has been the way America has taken them to its heart. Typical, perhaps, is the case of Dr. Archie Skemp of La Crosse, Wis., who turned over several run-down farms to 40 D.P.'s and found that his neglected lands blossomed into model farms.

Both American labor and American capital have helped to welcome these new visitors. In New Jersey the manufacturers Association has been sponsoring a "get-acquainted" program for D.P. residents, featuring a weekly broadcast on which the newcomers are invited to tell why they like America, as compared with their nightmarish existence abroad during and since the war. And in Portland, Ore., local 99 of the Musicians' Union invited all D.P.'s in that area to attend the first concert of the Portland Symphony Orchestra.

These are a few of many examples of American hospitality proving that Senator McCarran's isolationist bias isn't shared by the overwhelming majority of his countrymen.

It isn't often that a U. S. Congressman can interview one of the world's foremost dictators in his own language. But that was what Minnesota's young Congressman John Blatnik did the other day when he paid a call on Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia.

During the war, Major Blatnik, whose family came from Slovenia, three times parachuted behind the Nazi lines

in Yugoslavia, and led other American troops in cooperation with Tito's Partisans. So, visiting in Yugoslavia recently, Blatnik called on Tito, asked him questions about his feud with Stalin and his friendship for the United States.

"We have had our differences with your country and England and other Western Powers," Tito told the Minnesota Congressman. "But never have our people deprecated what little effort and sacrifice we made to help win the war—as have the Russians, who should know better!"

During the interview Tito himself started asking some questions, seemed especially anxious to know what the American people thought of his country. Blatnik explained that Americans had a high regard for Yugoslavia's fighting spirit, but that this warm feeling had dropped to zero when the Yugoslavs shot down an American transport.

Tito offered no apology, though he admitted the Yugoslav pilot had been "hasty," and could have forced the transport down without shooting it. Otherwise, he explained, the pilot had simply been following orders which are ordered to shoot to kill any trespasser who won't halt.

Tito claimed he had sent several notes of protest to the State Department, warning the United States not to fly military transports over his country. No hostility was intended toward America, he explained, but Yugoslavia was "jealously guarding her sovereignty and independence."

This was a phrase the Yugoslav dictator repeated several times. He pointed out that he had been consistent by also resisting Russian interference.

When Blatnik tried to get an explanation of the rift between Russia and Yugoslavia, Tito talked in the clouds. His explanation can be boiled down to one statement: "Russia has a misconception of the relationship of the big socialist countries to the small socialist countries."

Blatnik also asked about the threat of a Russian invasion. Tito replied: "We are not expecting it, but we are not discounting it." However, this was not the attitude of the Yugoslav on the street, who believes war with Russia is inevitable.

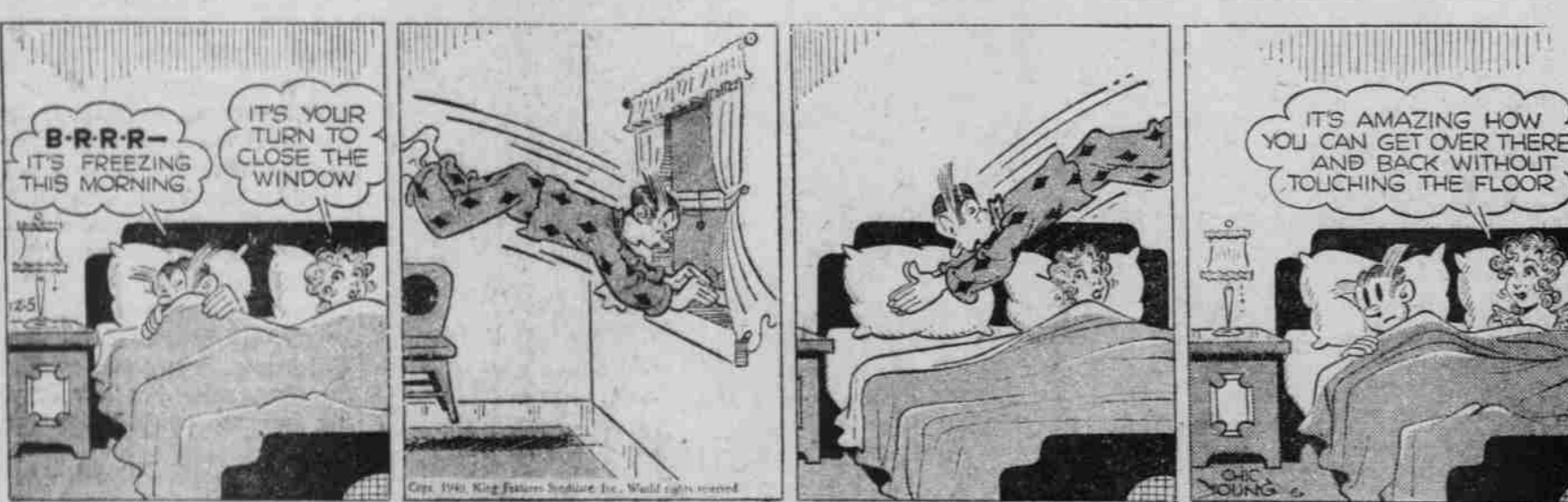
The interview lasted one hour. As the Congressman from Minnesota left, he invited, "I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in Washington sometime."

Tito smiled and replied: "Who knows? These days may be anything will happen."

By Chic Young

Blondie

By Milton Caniff
Steve Canyon



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Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS
- Part of a program
 - Jumpier
 - American
 - Liquor
 - Bazooka bass
 - New comb.
 - Javanese
 - Loafers
 - Back of the foot
 - Drunkards
 - Sheep
 - Sufficient
 - Three-toed sloths
 - Complement of a bolt
 - Melancholy
 - Bring into existence
 - Moving
 - Penicillin
 - Final of a shire
 - Living in solitude
 - Lower part of the face
 - Kind of pigeon
 - Card game
 - Talked back
 - Black metal
 - High music
 - Early stringed instrument
 - Eternity
 - Exclamation
 - Delize
 - Matter: law
 - City in Maine

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33
34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55
56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66

- DOWN
- On the side away from the wind
 - Set free
 - Annex
 - Rough and blunt
 - Exclamation
 - Feminine name
 - Take the initiative
 - Atreus
 - Present
 - Throw lightly
 - Often times
 - Simplicious slang
 - External
 - Come on the stage
 - Impaled but not expressed
 - East Indian tree
 - Asser
 - One who insists on something unimportant
 - Unit of electrical resistance
 - Cluster of word fibers
 - Local representative
 - Football play
 - British bird
 - Finished
 - Danish word
 - Crustacean
 - Circle of light
 - To the inside
 - Medicinal plant
 - Large weights
 - Epoch
 - Congregat water
 - Buddhist monk