

The Daily Tar Heel

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Praise for Lenoir

Provide a person with a good thing long enough and he will eventually demand something better. Angels, for all we know, may now be demanding jet propulsion. Supply man with loaves and fishes for any length of time, and he will begin to hint for Worcestershire sauce.

Conveniently located in the middle of our campus, within a five-minute gallop from any classroom, is one of the finest eating establishments of its kind in the State. It feeds thousands daily at a nominal cost to the diner, and it provides a good variety of substantial food.

However, for weeks just before the holidays it was the target and whipping-boy for every one who couldn't find a better Kigmy.

They looked up the financial records, they sought out mouse tracks in the sauerkraut barrel and they even inferred that the management was drumming up trade for the local laundry because it expects the student workers to wear clean clothes. In fact, there is hardly a thing about the place that hasn't been attacked.

In spite of all this, however, it would be difficult to find a healthier-looking, better-fed student body.

Now there must be hidden reason for all this crying, since anyone who would scrutinize the kitchens of the town restaurants or almost any restaurants would find, we're sure, quite as many roaches, mouse tracks, and economic injustices as they claim exist in Lenoir Hall.

After years of research, (devoted mostly to eating in the place) there is, in our opinion, one fact chiefly responsible for all this screaming. Man does not like to stand in line for anything, (except money) and most of all he dislikes to line up for his food.

While he stands there shifting from foot to foot, from hip to hip with his stomach growling for attention, and a dozen or so Johnny-Come-Latelies crowding in line in front of him, all manner of hell-fire and damnation erupts in his mind, and he'll even denounce the music which he can't hear for the competition afforded by the soup-slurpers.

There are not enough hours in the day to supply table-water service to all these thousands and still allow them time to attend classes. The solution to the problems of these ivory-chopping groaners, we feel, lies in keeping a cool head during this critical waiting period. Conquer this and you whip your problem.

-Bill Heitman

We Quit!

By Robert B. Tucker

The saga of our lives, and our ego begins, invariably, with the usual blessed event. The stork arrives and we are flung into this vale of tears and mocking laughter, unasked, and by either accident or design. The doctor, with no compassion and with a total lack of consideration for our inability to strike back, whangs the hell out of our rosy bottom; and in doing so, pounds the first rivet into the infernal machine that is eventually to destroy our ego and ourselves.

So we grow up and attain grammar school. Our parents rave at us; our teachers rave and rant at us; policemen yell at us; and, the little boy across the street trounces the living Jesus out of us for no apparent reason. Our carefully built egotism begins to sag a bit at the seams and we reach the final murky depths of despair when the shining blonde in the second row throws our valentine in the waste-basket. We are unwanted, unworthy, and unimportant—but, we struggle on.

We reach high school. More teachers; more rantings; more raving. The beautiful brunette in the second row throws us over for a very obnoxious football player. We discover that devilish hold-over from the inquisition—the mirror. And with it, ten thousand blemishes, and a cow-lick that the United Nations themselves couldn't settle. We miffily puff at our first cigar and become violently ill

behind the garage. Our parents not only hate us, they don't understand us. We droop a little more each day as the little devil with the blunt axe takes another swing at the foundations of our egotism. We laboriously attain college age and are admitted to the bewildering ivory-clad halls of one of the country's institutions of higher learning. Then we definitely discover that stupidity is not the exclusive possession of our enemies and lost girl friends. We shrink into back rows in class, dreading the inevitable quest for information from the finch professor, and silently hating the bright boys in the first row. The beautiful redhead in the second row deserts us for a fraternity man with a Cadillac, and we sink another notch. Then certain terrible facts overheard in dormitories, restrooms and classrooms, begin to sink into our already-dull minds. "The human body is 90% water." "According to the atomic theory, now an accepted fact, any terrestrial object is 90% space." "Your size, shape and general appearance are determined by genes, which are inherited." "The solar system is 100,000 light years from edge to edge; roughly, 7 septillion miles." (Man is 5 feet, 10 inches tall.) To hell with it. We quit.

Pitching Horseshoes

by Billy Rose

Ordinarily, knowing what editors expect of me, I don't devote much space in this column to stories of faith, devotion and other such unhelp subjects. However, I bumped into a yarn the other night that did nice things to my spine, and here 'tis, even though it's as corny as a chorus of "Hearts and Flowers."

Some years ago, a dancer named Jean Armstrong (note to Ed.—that's her square monicker and she's given me permission to use it) came down with a ruptured appendix, and by the time they got her to the hospital, peritonitis had set in and the doctors didn't give her much chance. The following day, the nurse handed her a string of rosary beads. "A little girl tried to get in to see you this morning," she said. "Her name was Sylvia, and she said her mother was a friend of yours. When I told her you couldn't be disturbed, she asked me to give you this. It has a St. Christopher medal on it, and the kid thought it might bring you luck."

The dancer wasn't a Catholic, but she was touched by the present anyhow. And six weeks later, thanks to faith or the new sulfa drugs, she was out of the hospital.

From then on, she kept the rosary in her make-up-box, but a couple of years later, after a succession of cheap variety houses and even cheaper hotels, the beads no longer seemed very important. And one day, when one of the girls in her vaudeville unit asked about the St. Christopher medal, Jean said, "It's nothing at all. Just a piece of old junk. I don't know why I keep on carrying it."

That Sunday, when the troupe checked into a Baltimore hotel, Jean put the make-up case on top of her valise and signed the register, but when she reached for her luggage the case was gone. She notified the desk and, when that didn't produce results, reported the loss to the police. But when the unit pulled out of Baltimore on Saturday night, neither case nor beads had been found.

In Pittsburgh the next week, the show got bad notices and folded, and as if that weren't enough, the manager skipped with the salaries. A few days later, down to her last three bucks, Jean considered herself plenty lucky when a local agent offered her a job in a Miami nightclub. She was given a ticket—car 16, berth No. 1—on the 7:22 out of Pittsburgh.

At 7 o'clock the dancer left the hotel, but a couple of blocks from the depot she noticed something on the sidewalk and picked it up. It was a string of rosary beads and, attached to it, a medallion of St. Christopher. Jean didn't know then, and she doesn't know now, whether it was the same rosary. She did know, however, that it looked exactly like the one the little girl had sent her, except for one thing—the chain had been broken. As she continued onto the station, she got to thinking of the beads—how sick she had been when she first got them, and how her troupe had been stranded when she had referred to the medallion as a piece of old junk. And suddenly it seemed important to get the chain fixed.

Up the street there was a combination hock shop-jewelry store and, forgetting the 7:22, she walked in. The jeweler worked as fast as he could, but when he handed the rosary back to her the clock said 7:30, and the dancer knew she was out of a job again. With less than a dollar in her purse, she went back to the hotel, and a few minutes later the phone rang. It was the stage manager of "The Student Prince" which, for the umpteenth time, was playing the Nixon Theatre. "Heard your troupe was stranded, he said. "One of our dancers is getting married tomorrow, and if you want to fill in for a few weeks."

And now for as corny a finish as ever found its way into a so-called hep column. When Jean picked up a newspaper the next morning, she saw that the 7:22 out of Pittsburgh had been sidetracked by a freight car. It wasn't much of a wreck—nobody had been hurt because the two berths which were bashed in happened to be empty.

Putting It On The Record



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Chollie's Follies

Happy News Year!

By Charlie Gibson

Ah-ha, 1950! Now that holiday survivors are feeling about as half-dead as this century, here are a few suggested New Year's resolutions for some of the famous and some of the infamous folk about campus.

Resolved by Hans Freidstat: As always, to make any letters to the DTH as amusing that no one can't tell whether his remarks are really Karl's or Groucho's.

Resolved by Julia McHenry, Barbara McIntyer, and Mary Angelyn McNease: To stay lively and lovely enough to drive all the boys to Scotch.

Resolved by Sam B. Jolly, Miss Notre Dame Smith, Frank Giarffe, Betsy Ross, and Johnny Walker: Not to commit justifiable homicide on the next person to make a pun on their names.

Resolved by all those who are Universalfle: To make these dates on the calendar for the winter quarter.

Resolved by a few more South Building domos: To follow one popular exec's precedent of keeping all his secretaries healthy and happy by ordering them to—Now do not get worried, Mrs. Lanier—take two half-hour breaks a day to escape the

office for snacking and socializing.

Resolved by the Law School: To congratulate their Dean Henry Brandis who announced a special occasion last quarter with the following blackboard notice (so clever that it merits printing even this late): "The class in Taxation I will not meet today due to the fact that it cannot compete with the arrival of:

Henry Parker Brandis III
Weight: 6½ lbs.
Tax Exemption: Federal—\$600; State—\$150."

Resolved by the Chapel Hill Transit Company: To keep their new buses running on a schedule that can be calculated by us non-Einsteinian intellectuals, but to speed up the timing so that drivers will not have to stretch every thirty-minute trip into a ten-mile-an-hour sight seeing tour of cynic Carrboro.

Resolved by Tarnation: To skip the following two jokes when plagiarizing for the next big issue. . . No. 1, overheard at one of the hometown-Carolina Club's Christmas dance—"Isn't that girl over there ugly in that ultra low-cut dress?" "Not as far as I can see!" . . . No. 2, "Do you know my daughter May?" "No,

I didn't but thanks for the tip."

Resolved by us DTH columnists: Somehow to find someone else who deserves as much praise for continuous good work as Bill Friday. . . To give the printers kredit for all misspelled words. . . To continue to keep Bett Dixon's secret about her coming out of the movie "My Friend Irma" laughing so hard at the dumb heroine's walking into a manhole that she herself stepped off the curb smack-dab into a knee-deep mudhole. . . To easily manage to awkwardly split enough infinitives to often get disparagingly mentioned in English classes.

Thank you at least, Fred Coker, for reading this far into all the left-overs of columns that yours unruly was merciful enough not to write last quarter. You asked for it!

January 16—Playmakers present Margaret Webster's production of "Twelfth Night" and "Othello." . . January 31—February 2—Carolina Forum presents Eleanor Roosevelt as the Weil Lecturer. . . Last week in January or first week in February—first Campus Chest drive. . . February 10-12—YM and YWCA's mid-winter Montreat Retreat.

DREW PEARSON ON THE WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON. — Holtest problem facing Congressional leaders as they got back to Washington was how to prevent another Parnell Thomas kickback scandal.

This will be a major topic at a secret meeting of the House Republican steering committee early next week. House GOP Leader Joe Martin will tell his lieutenants that house Republicans must immediately rid their payrolls of any nonworking employees who draw salaries from the taxpayers.

Also, he will do some blunt talking about members who bring disgrace upon themselves and their party by accepting kickbacks. Martin himself has set an excellent example in keeping his payroll honest. Since coming to Congress he has never had a relative or a nonworking employee in his office, and last year he refused to hire an extra \$3,000-a-year clerk authorized by Congress, on the ground that the extra clerk wasn't needed.

Speaker Sam Rayburn and Majority Leader John McCormack also will privately warn House Democrats who have been chiseling on the taxpayers to clean up their payrolls pronto.

Photoing the Russians

The Russians have their own way of keeping an eye on American officials in Moscow. Some time ago, Maj. Gen. John W. O'Daniel, U. S. military attache in Moscow, was watching a gala military parade which included a flight by the Red Army's latest planes. He was anxious to know more about these planes, so leaning halfway out of his office window, he took a series of pictures.

What General O'Daniel didn't know, however, was that across the street Russian cameramen caught him in the act. And the newsreels they took of him taking pictures of Russian planes are to be featured in Soviet theatres as an illustration of so-called American espionage.

Note—Recent U. S. "Spy" trails have shown that the FBI has used the same tactics in watching the Soviet embassy on 16th street—namely, placing cameras in a building just across the street.

Congressional Prediction

Privately, leaders agree that the second session of the 81st Congress will set no records for productivity or progressive legislation. It will be a cautious session, with both parties playing politics up to the hilt and striving to keep their skirts clean for the November election.

There will be a lot of shouting about civil rights—with an eye on November—but nothing enacted into law except, possibly, the anti-poll tax bill. This has already passed the House and needs only Senate approval.

The Fair Employment Practices Bill, hottest of the

civil-rights measures, also will pass the House, but Senate foes are prepared to filibuster it to death. Thus, Northern Democrats can boast in the next campaign that they were able to get this hot potato through one House of Congress, while Southern Democrats can boast about killing it in the other.

The Republicans are strictly in the middle on this one and can be counted on to outtell the Democrats in the losing fight for civil-rights legislation. However, they are not willing to revise cloture to back up their yells. Here's the outlook on other major issues:

FEDERAL AID TO EDUCATION—Already passed by the Senate, this hot potato will be revamped in the House to meet Catholic objections. One concession will be an amendment providing bus transportation for parochial as well as public school students.

TAXES—The House will pass legislation increasing, either corporate income taxes, or taxing profits, but Senator George of Georgia and other business-minded colleagues will put up a stiff battle against this in the Senate.

TAFT-HARTLEY REPEAL—Not a chance, despite White House demands for action. Congressional Democrats want to save this one for an election issue to use against Republicans. Senate and House Republican leaders will do some shadow-boxing for the newspapers, but that's all.

THE BRANNAN FARM PLAN—No chance. Republicans are almost solidly against it and the Democrats are badly split. Meanwhile farm incomes continue to skid.

FOREIGN AID—Some form of President Truman's Aid-for-Backward-Nations (or point 4) Program will pass, but look for a backward shift to isolationism on Marshall Plan spending. With income-tax boost sidetracked and excise taxes repealed, Congress will have to look elsewhere for money to balance the budget and the likeliest spot will be the European aid program. It will be cut a billion.

OLEO TAX REPEAL—Will pass, though modified to provide that colored oleo sold in hotels and restaurants must be so labeled.

OTHER ISSUES—The important national science foundation bill, to coordinate and expand scientific research, will at long last become law. However, the crystal ball for the second session of the 81st Congress holds little hope for public power and health insurance enthusiasts. Neither the Columbia Valley nor the Missouri Valley "TVA bills" stand a chance of enactment. The federal health insurance bill, savagely fought by the American Medical Association, is in the same boat.

Drew Pearson Special

Inside Debate On Formosa

Here is the inside story of what happened at the all-important White House conference last week called to discuss the crisis in the Far East. President Truman himself presided over the meeting and seemed just as anxious as the military to do something about the strategic island of Formosa.

The meeting began with a presentation by the Chief of Staff, Gen. Omar Bradley, and Undersecretary of Defense Steve Early. They pointed out that General MacArthur had urgently cabled Washington on the subject of Formosa and recommended the use of both U. S. troops and naval vessels to block an invasion of Formosa by the Chinese Reds. It was further recommended that a large amount of money be immediately made available to the Chiang Kai-Shek group to speed the protection of Formosa.

Bradley read a memo from MacArthur in which he expressed the opinion that the United States should take title to Formosa and protect it with American troops from Japan. MacArthur justified this on the ground that there has been no Japanese peace treaty as yet; therefore, Formosa technically could still be kept in American occupation duty so

can hands as part of its occupation duty toward Japan. Secretary of State Acheson sat calm and relaxed through this discussion which seemed to impress President Truman.

Acheson Argues

When the other side had finished, however, Acheson opened up with a few blunt facts. He pointed out that Formosa was not like Greece, where the Truman doctrine had been successful in suppressing Communism. He read detailed reports showing that Formosa was a tiny, overpacked island, full of dissident elements, and that, while Japan had mistreated the Formosan people for more than 30 years, the Formosans hated the Chinese even more.

For, when the Chinese reoccupied Formosa in 1945, they instituted a reign of terror worse than anything ever seen in Germany. Acheson said he thought it would be most unwise for the United States to dispatch men into a chaotic situation where a trojan-horse revolt at any time could end the last drop of Chinese resistance.

Acheson also opposed sending military staff support to China and condemned the idea of an American military man to run China's defenses. He pointed out that Roosevelt had tried to do this, that Ambassador Hurley

had recommended it, and that General Stilwell had attempted it. But it had failed even when the Chinese nationalists still had the mainland. He asked, therefore, how it was possible to defend China now when there was very little left to defend.

Acheson informed the security council that Britain would recognize China in about a week, and that Britain also would support Red China for a seat on the security council of the United Nations. Once the Chinese secured U. N. recognition, Acheson warned, they will have every right to bring the United States before the council on charges of aggression—if we occupy Formosa.

It's a question of just how important the island of Formosa is to us, Acheson said, in effect, and whether it is important enough to send an army for its defense. He added: "I don't think so."

Were Hawaii in jeopardy, the situation would be different, he said.

Acheson also pointed out that the Chinese Communists may decide not to attack the island after they get the rest of China consolidated, particularly if they are aware that they will face stubborn resistance, reinforced by military advice and some supplies from the United States.

Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS
- 1. Pommes
 - 4. Soft food
 - 7. Coast
 - 12. Beverage
 - 13. Sick
 - 14. Town in Maine
 - 15. Short sleep
 - 16. Worked out carefully
 - 18. Oil of roses
 - 20. Hub of a wheel
 - 21. Equal
 - 22. Existed
 - 23. Mineral spring
 - 26. Source of ore
 - 27. Tardier
 - 28. Pad
 - 29. Sober

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

CARAT	TWO	BAT
OPERA	NIA	ERI
REBEL	ENRAGED	
OAKUM	SPATE	
THUS	NOD	ONES
AIN	ERRAND	
PEDDLE	MIASMA	
	RASCAL	TED
PATE	TOG	SEND
ALIAS	VESTAL	
STARTLE	HAMES	
TAR	EUR	ARECA
ERA	MET	STRUT

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

- 4. Doek
- 5. Everything
- 6. Snoothing
- 7. Scoop-d
- 8. Let
- 9. Early English
- 10. Rodeo
- 11. Uncle Scotch
- 12. Seal impression
- 13. Seal coverings
- 14. Moisture
- 15. Having stamina
- 16. Favorite
- 17. Unnecessary
- 18. Sun-iried
- 19. Summit
- 20. Arablan
- 21. garment
- 22. Plant
- 23. Law-making
- 24. Old piece
- 25. of cloth
- 26. Book of fiction
- 29. Vision seen
- 31. In sleep
- 32. Toward shelter
- 41. Male deer
- 42. Artificial
- 43. language
- 44. Egg drink
- 45. Addition to a building
- 46. Horse