

The Daily Tar Heel

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Pitching Horseshoes

by Billy Rose

Among the pretty packages under the Broadway Christmas tree this year there were three I particularly fancied. . . .

One: "Lyrics," by Oscar Hammerstein II, the book which recently came bubbling out of the presses of Messrs. Simon and Schuster.

Oscar, as everyone who vocalizes in a tub knows, is the best song writer this country has hatched since Stephen Foster, and this is a collection of his best lyrics.

For good measure, the Squire of Bucks County has thrown in a 10,000-word essay on the principles and pratfalls of the rhyming racket and, for my six flats, his are the only words which make sense on the much-misunderstood subject of fitting words to music.

This Christmas goodie was especially welcome because in the course of each month dozens of baby lyricists write in and ask how to get their June-moonerics on the hit parade. Well, from now on, answering them is going to be a cinch: "Buy or steal a copy of the book by Mr. H."

Two: "The Bicycle Thief," an Italian movie now playing at the World Theatre on West 49th Street.

As everyone who has ever stuck a wad of gun under his seat knows, the one thing that makes the movie industry possible is the formula of the chase—cop chasing robber, pirate chasing treasure, or any jerky Joe chasing any standard will-o'-the-wisp.

No Hollywood studio, however, has ever dared film as chaste and chancy a chase as you'll see in this unadorned darling of a movie. No fireworks, no fake suspense, no hyped-up glamour—just a quietly desperate story of a quietly desperate man who sets out to find the stolen bicycle on which his job depends.

Three: Carol Channing in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Ever since this musical opened, the critics have been thumbing through their thesauri to describe the performance of the lady zany who is currently portraying Lorelei Lee, the crazy-like-a-fox gold digger who mince-stepped out of Anita Loo's typewriter back in the days of Volstead and vo-dee-o-do.

Gents with talcum around their temples are comparing this six-foot Betty Boop with Fanny Brice and Bea Lillie, and it's pretty generally agreed around hubert Alley that she's the most valuable hunk of stage merchandise since Mary Martin appeared in a Siberian snow scene and melted down both snow and audience with "My Heart Belongs to Daddy."

A few months ago, Miss Channing was working for intimate money in an intimate revue called "Lend An Ear."

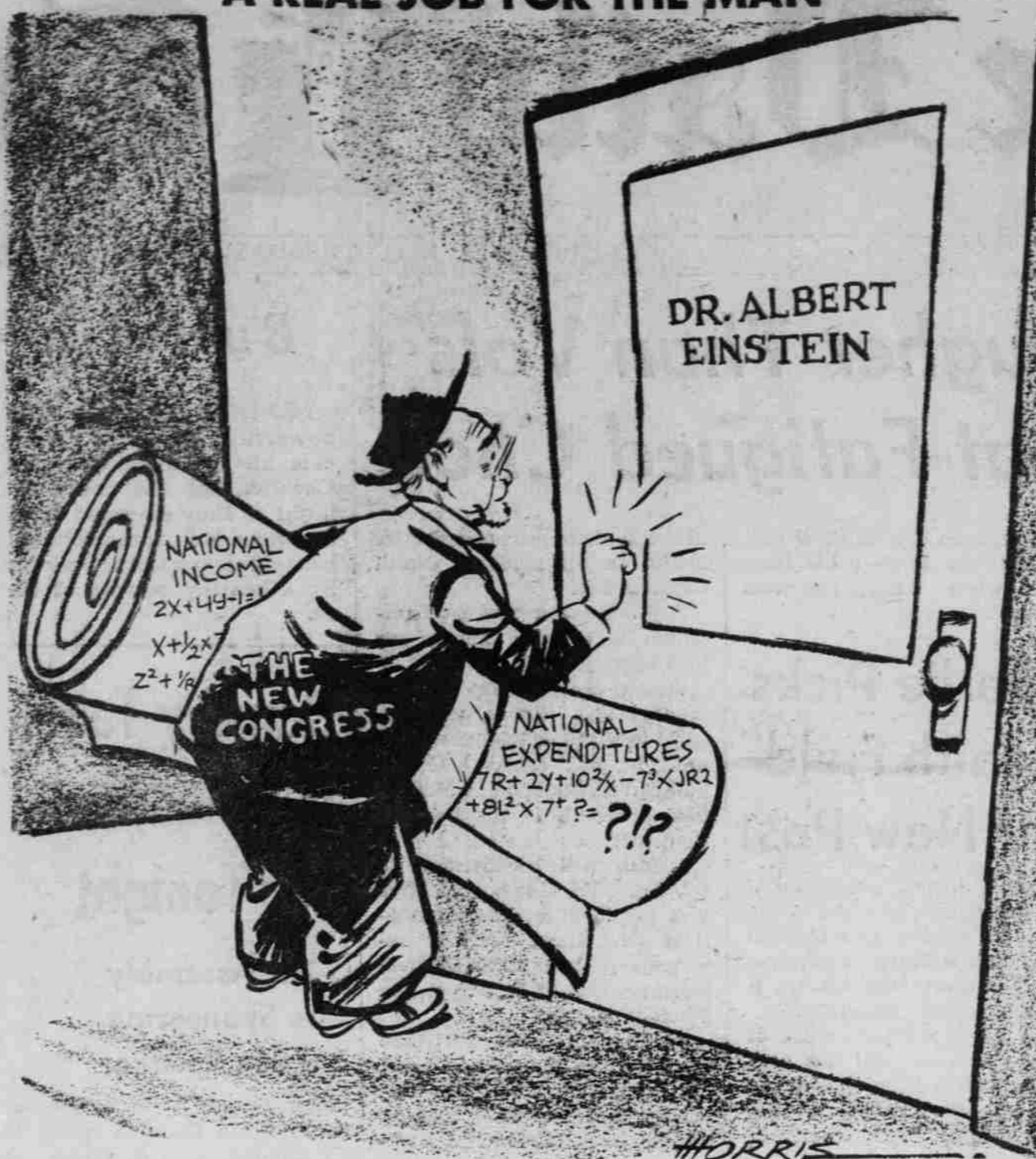
Today you could incorporate her for a million bucks, and day and date with the publication of this piece, her face is slated to appear on the cover of the Times Magazine—the big bow usually reserved for ambassadors and thieves.

Random Shots

Way down east in Jacksonville, N. C., they've got a new managing editor for the Jacksonville News and Views, "the only paper in the world that gives a whoop about Onslow County." He's Bill Buchan, DTH columnist last quarter and author of This 'n That. Bill dropped by the Hill last week on his way to the new job. . . .

Money well-spent—that would be the March of Dimes benefit today. . . . Duke and Carolina's football players will turn cagers for the game to supply the entertainment.

A REAL JOB FOR THE MAN



Chollie's Follies Popoff On Jaroff

By Charlie Gibson

Anyone on campus who sights a pint-sized little man blushing whenever he is spoken to, smiling shyly, and bobbing his head like a stag at a high school prom will find it hard to believe that this is Serge Jaroff. Yet it is the music world's highly respected Serge Jaroff who will come here to direct the Original Don Cossacks and Dancers in a Memorial Hall concert tonight at 8 o'clock under the auspices of the Student Entertainment Committee.

"Variety" would probably title a character sketch of Serge Jaroff something like "Shy Shortie Sends Six-footers." Press releases to publicize their concerts all give six feet as the average height of the 26 booted-and-blossed Cossacks whom Jaroff will put through their celebrated song and dance routines here tonight. The minikin martinet himself, though, happens to be only four feet, ten and a half inches tall, without platform shoes.

These press releases have a lot more to say about Jaroff. If asked about his height, for

instance, he might make an answer that is somewhat incoherent, not because of tongue-tiedness, but because his English is not exactly Shakespeare. Although he memorized the United States Constitution and its amendments preparing for his citizenship in 1943, his shy disarming smile still fills in many gaps in his conversation.

That grin helped Jaroff over rough spots in his career, too. In the Dan River Valley where he was born in the town of Kostroma, Cossacks consider anything smaller than six feet "not much use." When his stunted growth puzzled, then embarrassed his family so that no one could decide whether he could bust branches or do any other real work, Jaroff just grinned and apprenticed himself to Kostroma's choirmaster. That was a long way and 40 years from New Jersey, a wife and a seven-year-old son named Alyosha, a small country house and a rowboat—"In case of flood," Jaroff says solemnly. First came the Syndal Musical Academy in Moscow and the patronage of Grand Duchess

Marie; then came World War I and a lieutenant's bars (here Jaroff's smile has been known to become a chuckle) in the Imperial machine-gun corps. Then there was the interment camp where around the evening campfires he met the hetmen he later drilled vocally into the inimitable Don Cossacks Chorus.

On-stage all Jaroff's shyness disappears, and he becomes the mighty atom of the concert hall with precision control on the Cossack throats. His style of directing is unique. With his back to the audience he does not seem to be conducting at all. No Stokowkian displays of flailing arms and flying hair but just his hands held close to his chest, fingers pointing, palms turning up and down, the lift of an eyebrow, a frown or a smile—these get trigger response from the disciplined choristers, anything from a whisper to a crashing crescendo.

He holds this rigid rein and pulls his rank only at rehearsals and concerts.

Carolina Seen Panthers Belong In Zoos

By Bill Kellam

Local proponents of communism had another prop-oganda kicked out from under them last week when Mayor Lanier declared that Ku Klux Klanners are definitely persona non grata in this urb and that he will do everything in his power to make certain that these overgrown juveniles are legally banned from Chapel Hill.

So, thanks to our jolly burgomaster, Klan mastermind Tommy Panther "ain't" gonna git his chance to unshearth his his putrid claws here. The state-wide reaction to attempts by this totalitarian group to infiltrate North Carolina has been most heartening. Almost every city which has been threatened with the establishment of Klaverns has enacted legislation outlawing, in one way or another, these proponents of racial discrimination, persecution, and intolerance.

According to Panther, the Klan now stands for the furtherance and protection of law and order. He has insisted to the press that his boys oppose violence and the taking of the law into their own hands—may be these use tongs. He says they are interested in obtaining only "nice" people as members. His statements should with such flowery, full blown generalities. So just what purpose, or excuse, the avowed white suprem-

ists have for existence is quite vague, and questionable.

All is not serene within the ranks of these champions of freedom. The group has apparently split into two factions, one (Panther's) representing the old-line Klan with headquarters in Atlanta; the other headed by T. L. Hamilton of Leesville, S. C. A wheel in the Panther faction recently called Hamilton a "traitor." Shades of the Moscow trials and Chicago gangster warfare! Will we be having Klanal, rhymes of banal, bloody purges and gang warfare? Will there be more St. Valentine's Day massacres?

Panther didn't roar much, so he didn't appear so ridiculous as did Hamilton, the Grand Dragon who spouted flames at Kerr Scott in an interview last month with a Durham reporter. He accused our favorite governor of "leaning to the Communists and Negroes." Our leader may have committed many sins, but if he's ever leaned in any direction but his favorite one—forward. . . .

It's also interesting to note that Hamilton remarked, as did Huhman Talmadge in his speech here last month, that the national government is forcing policies on the people which will lead to a police state. This columnist feels that a so-called "police state" is a pretty good thing

to have around when dragons and their dragnettes start run-around loose and telling people what constitutes Americansim and what doesn't.

One of the greatest appeals of communism to people who've never had any actual contact with Russian democracy is the Kremlin's mouth pieces' claim that communism offers racial equality. Uneducated citizens of Far Eastern nations (where ideologies now of the East and West are fighting it out) fall for this malarkey, especially when they hear of racial discrimination in the United States. Since this nation now personifies to them the ideal Western life, this isn't so good.

Truman has tried counteract this propaganda attack with his Fair Deal Program. Yet white supremacists, such as the Klan, go their bigoted way to undo whatever good that honest Harry has accomplished, or striven to accomplish.

Every ban on the Klan is a boost for Mr. Truman's democratic program and a slap in the face of communist wind bags. Mayor Lanier deserves a hearty cheer for his gratifyingly out-spoken stand for freedom! Panther, go back to your jungle. This is civilization, or about as near an approximation of it as the 20th century can attain.

DREW PEARSON ON The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON. — Herbert Hoover's statement that the American Navy should be used to protect far-distant Formosa must have brought a wide smile from his old Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson. For when Stimson served in the Hoover Cabinet, he waged a valiant but losing fight inside that cabinet to take firm measures against Japanese aggression when the Jap lords first landed in Manchuria.

Stimson wanted to cooperate with the League of Nations and with other countries in nipping what he quite clearly saw was the beginning of future war.

But Hoover fussed, fumed, vacillated and finally said no. At one time Stimson wanted to send the American Fleet not even as far as Formosa, or to Chinese waters, but simply on a cruise in the mid-Pacific as a gesture of American strength. Again Hoover said no.

Hoover would not even permit his Secretary of State to keep American Council-General Prentiss Gilbert as an observer to the League of Nations in Geneva. Stimson had instructed Gilbert to sit in on the League conferences dealing with Manchurian aggression, but Hoover, worried over isolationists in the Republican National Committee, finally yanked Gilbert out.

Today, however, the Ex-President, who contributed more than any one man to undoing Stimson's farsighted war-prevention policy, now says the American fleet should be used in Chinese waters when it is too late.

Secretary of Air Stuart Symington, who spent Christmas 1948 in Berlin with the pilots and mechanics of the Air Lift, decided to spend the recent Christmas with the Air Force boys in the most dismal part of the world—Alaska. Before leaving, he asked Lt. Gen. Nathan F. Twining, the commanding officer, what he could bring that would please the Air Force most, and the answer came back:

"Bring an entertainer." So Symington called Bob Hope. This was three days before Christmas, and Bob Hope hesitated.

"I don't like to leave my kids," he said.

"Bring 'em along," countered Symington.

"Well, let me ask the wife," said Hope. In the end, the Hope family went. Hastily, he got together a piano player, a cowboy singer, a dancer, and with his wife to help him, the impromptu Hope entourage flew to Alaska, staged seven performers in two days, visited every post where American troops were stationed and brought them more joy than any other event of the winter.

Hope rehearsed his act on the airplane en route, but it didn't

sound like it. One crack that made a hit with the G. I.'s was "Bing Crosby would have come too, but at the last minute he fell off his wallet."

"Yes, there's nothing Bing wouldn't do for me," continued Hope. "And there's nothing I wouldn't do for him. Yes, we spend all our time doing nothing for each other."

Note—rated one of the most unselfish entertainers in the U. S. A. Bob Hope visited Washington about a year ago, spent all his time cheering up Veterans Hospitals.

It hasn't garnered many headlines, but one of the most important probes on Capitol Hill has been the monopoly investigation conducted by Congressman "Manny" Celler, Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee.

Handicapped for lack of funds, and despite terrific pressure from certain lobbyists, Celler has shown, among other things, how the big insurance companies now dominate the money market, have largely taken the place of Wall street in loaning money to business.

FDR set up the securities and Exchange Commission to protect the public regarding stock and bond issues. But today, many big business firms don't have to worry about SEC registration. They get their money from the insurance companies. As a result of his probe, Congressman Celler will propose legislation at this session putting teeth in the anti-trust act.

"Today," says Celler, "General Electric is involved in 16 different anti-trust suits. Why? Because the penalties sentences are never imposed. That's why the anti-trust act is a joke. But at this Congress we plan to put jail sentences into the act."

Three recent white house visitors found Harry Truman, the President, concerned about the nation's housing shortage; and Harry Truman, the father, worried over Daughter Margaret's singing.

Both subjects brought considerable feeling into Truman's voice as he chatted with Senator Burnet Maybank of South Carolina, Senator John Sparkman of Alabama and Congressman Brent Spence of Kentucky, the big three on housing legislation.

Sparkman put in a plug for his bill to authorize long-term loans and low interest rates for middle-income housing.

"This is the last bill we need to make a well-rounded housing program," Sparkman observed. The President heartily agreed, added that rent control should also be renewed. He suggested holding off until April, then making a last-minute study before extending rent control.

"I am convinced in my own mind," he stressed, "that rent control is absolutely necessary."

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS: 1. Long standing; 2. Rims; 3. High mountain dwelling; 4. Flax product; 5. Haste; 6. Inspect; 7. Make suitable; 8. Repair; 9. Catch sight of; 10. Cheer; 11. Matured; 12. Head; 13. Sign; 14. Old musical note; 15. Tropical bird; 16. Large stream.

DOWN: 17. Vigor; 18. Palm trees; 19. Preceding nights; 20. Festival; 21. Kind of cloth; 22. Wearies with dullness; 23. Things; 24. Asiatic country; 25. Hurdled; 26. New England state; 27. Regret; 28. Large hunting dog; 29. Fish eggs; 30. Up to the present; 31. Countries; 32. Female sheep; 33. Poem; 34. Loose; 35. Playwright; 36. Hard rock; 37. Famous singer; 38. City; 39. Curatives; 40. Kind of fish; 41. Simitar; 42. Part of the mouth; 43. Careless; 44. Simple; 45. Stain; 46. Lateral boundaries; 47. Gaiters; 48. Craze; 49. Eastern Army; 50. Quoth the raven; 51. The rick; 52. Matrons; 53. Best homes; 54. Resurrection; 55. Froth; 56. Anger; 57. Feathered animals; 58. Snive to go; 59. Attempt; 60. Street; 61. Moving truck; 62. Absent; 63. If moving; 64. Note of the scale.