

The Daily Tar Heel

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Pitching Horseshoes

by Billy Rose

Recently, as my less heavily-lidded readers may remember, I wrote a column about dogs that could add and subtract, and another about horses that could figure out cube roots.

Well, as any subtracting dog or cube-rooting horse will tell you, a man who turns out three pieces a week has to come up with 156 notions every twelve months—and that, you'll admit, is a heap of notions in any one year, be it calendar, fiscal, leap or given. Where, I'm often asked, do they all come from?

The answer, friends and hecklers, is — from darned near everywhere. Some of the yarns are whittled from the dusty lumber a-mouldering in the back alleys of my head; some from the loquacious louts who gather to eat the life-giving pastrami at Lindy's; some are inspired by my capercous kinsmen who still frequent the coffeehouses of the East Side, and some, I am pleased to relate, even come from my ever-lovin' and ever-writin' readers — long may their Parker 51's flourish.

For instance, up in Toronto there's a young housewife with the unlikely name of Lucinda Lamont who occasionally mails in a suggestion for a column. The stuff she submits, as a rule, is short on construction and climax, but every now and then it contains an interesting character or situation and, as any member of the by-line brigade will tell you, those are handy things to have around when there's a deadline breathing down your neck.

A couple of weeks before Christmas, I checked back and found that three of my columns during the year had bounced off springboards furnished by Mrs. Lamont. It was only fittin' and propoganda, I thought, to make some gesture of appreciation, so I put pen to checkbook and sent the little lady a negotiable note.

A few days later, my check came back with the following letter of explanation:

"I hope you won't think I'm ungrateful, but I'm returning your Christmas present. Frankly, when I sent you those column suggestions I was after something that means a lot more to me than money. Let me explain.

"Three years ago during a shopping trip of New York, I attended a performance at the Metropolitan Opera House and got a schoolgirlish crush on one of the baritones. For some reason, he struck me as the most glamorous man I had ever seen, and ever since I've had a tremendous desire to meet him.

"Around that time, your column started to appear in The Toronto Globe and Mail and knowing you were in show business, I started to send you stories in the hope I might ingratiate myself with you and, with your help, get to meet my baritone. And please don't misunderstand—I'm married, and very happily, to a fellow I've known since high school.

"However, I can't get the singer out of my head, and even though I know it's crazy I won't be content until I meet him and spend an evening with him. So if you want to give me something to dream about the rest of my life, please see if you can fly to New York any evening you say.

"Or am I making myself ridiculous?"

A postscript contained the name of the gent with the dulcet tonsils.

Naturally, the situation tickled me, and so I got in touch with the baritone and read him the letter. He turned out to be a very understanding young man, and after some fast correspondence between Sixth Avenue and Toronto a dinner appointment was arranged at the "21" club.

Now, this would be a much better story if Lucinda had been a wild-orbed pixie who squealed when she met her idol, or a femme fatale who swept him of his publicized pins. Truth is, however, that when the captain led her to the table where Eleanor, the singer and I were waiting, it was apparent at once that Mrs. Lamont was a normal, pleasant woman, and that her

RIGHT OFF THE TOP OF THE DECK



The Washington Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON.—One of the most interesting points developed during the 4-hour closed-door grilling of Secretary of State Acheson by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was raised by scholarly Senator Elbert Thomas of Utah, the former Mormon missionary. He contended that Formosa never should have been given to Chiang Kai-hek in the first place.

"The great error was made at the Cairo Conference," said Senator Thomas, a former missionary to Japan. "If that had not been done, Formosa could have been saved as Japanese territory. An immoral act at Cairo brings us to our dilemma today."

Senator Thomas reminded Secretary Acheson that Formosa was ceded to Japan in a treaty with China in 1895. "This was disregarded by the Big Four at when the statement said Japan had 'stolen' Formosa," he added sadly. "Winston Churchill might just as well have said the British 'stole' Hong Kong. All the allies did at Cairo was turn Formosa from one colonial power to another without regard for the desire for self rule stirring all Asia."

Impressed, Sen. Arthur Vandenberg asked Secretary Acheson: "Has the State Department

crush on the opera star was nothing to be concerned about.

We gabbed about this and that for a spell, and about 9 my wife and I excused ourselves and went off to catch a movie. And when we returned two hours later, the International Friendship Society was still holding forth.

I don't know how Lucinda is at making up stories," said the baritone, "but she's certainly a first-rate conversationalist."

And that was the only time during the evening that the lady from Toronto blushed.

Half an hour later, the party broke up—the opera star going off to his wife in Great Neck, and our visitor to her house and hubby in Canada. As we were chaffing Mrs. Lamont to the airport to catch the midnight plane, she turned to me, wagged her eyelashes ecstatically and sighed.

"Mr. Rose," she said, "this has been the most wonderful evening in my life. I'll never, never forget it. Thank you so much."

"Are you going to send any more column material?" I asked.

"I doubt it," she said. "That is, unless I happen to get stuck on another baritone. . . ."

And that, dear readers, is the yarn behind three of my yarns. Four, counting this one.

said anything since Cairo that the question of Formosa would be saved until the Japanese Peace Treaty?"

Acheson shook his head. Vandenberg helped him answer the question by observing: "I don't think we anticipated at Cairo the problems lying ahead in the Far East."

Acheson was not at the State Department's helm during the Cairo Conference, so perhaps he did not know the background of why Formosa went to Chiang Kai-Shek. If he had, he might have told the Senators about an even greater dilemma than facing President Roosevelt. For here is what happened at one of the most history-making conferences of the war.

The Cairo Conference got off to a bad start when neither Winston Churchill nor Roosevelt went to the airport to meet the Generalissimo. He was met instead by General Joe Stilwell, whom he did not like. Later, FDR went round to Chiang's hotel to pacify him, but the Generalissimo started the negotiations in a sour mood.

Roosevelt tried to cheer him up by outlining plans for building the Burma Road and pushing the campaign against the Japs from India. But this brought no enthusiasm whatsoever from Churchill, who flatly stated that Indian troops would not fight for the reconquest of Burma and proposed a campaign to recapture British Singapore instead.

This made Chiang even sourer. So Roosevelt tried to patch things up by suggesting that Hong Kong be turned back to China by the British, then the Chinese would make it a free port at which all the world could trade.

But Churchill hit the ceiling. And it was at this point that he first got off his famous statement that he had not been made Prime Minister for the purpose of liquidating His Majesty's empire.

At one point Chiang Kai-Shek was so irate that he threatened to walk out of the Conference. Finally Roosevelt persuaded him to stay, but after renegeing on Hong Kong and the Burma Road, it would have killed the Conference to have held out on Formosa. So this island, once taken from China by Japan, was formally and officially given back to China under the Cairo Agreement.

This background, however, was not explained to the Senators at their closed-door session. But one significant question asked by young, hard-hitting Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., of Massachusetts, was: "What

would be the price we would have to pay for aiding Chiang on Formosa today?"

Secretary Acheson picked his words carefully.

"We would lose the friendship of the masses in India, Pakistan and the Indonesian Republic," he said. "I believe that friendship is more valuable to us than the island of Formosa."

Despite lack of support from Vandenberg and Lodge, the "firing squad" of Senate Republicans busily hammered the Secretary of State on differences between him and the joint Chiefs of Staff over Formosa. The firing squad consisted of Wisconsin's jovial Alexander Wiley, who collects Senate jokes as a hobby; the spry ex-Princeton Professor, Alexander Smith of New Jersey; and dour Bourke Hickenlooper of Iowa.

After Acheson had spent an hour and a half patiently outlining the strategic values of Formosa, Senator Smith said tartly: "You and I have an entirely different view of events in China. I insist that we hear from the joint Chiefs of Staff and the Secretary of Defense."

"What would be the effect if the Communists would occupy Formosa?" asked Hickenlooper belligerently.

"It would not be any advantage of us," answered Acheson, mildly. "His understatement brought smiles even from Hickenlooper."

Pointing to a huge map covering almost one end of the room, Secretary Acheson was like a teacher at a blackboard. He outlined a "strategic defense line" based on Japan in the north and the Philippines to the south.

"I am not a military authority," he added, "but, as you see, Formosa is west of this line and has thus only limited strategic value."

After the session broke up and the scores of waiting reporters thronged in, Senator Lodge went out of his way to reveal there was no split in the bipartisan foreign policy. "Secretary Acheson made an excellent presentation," he said.

Texas' Tom Connally, colorful Committee Chairman, was not so diplomatic. Asked if there had been an "agreement" with the three GOP dissenters, he drawled: "You can't agree with a bad odor."

Rough-and-ready Sam Gompers, founder of the American Federation of Labor, wouldn't have recognized the Labor leaders who turned out for his 100th birthday anniversary the other evening. They were decked out in evening clothes and paid \$12.50 a plate for their dinner.

Pick of the Pics About 'Malaya'

By Anies Daye

When one takes a look at the billboards along Franklin Street and sees the names of James Stewart, Spencer Tracy, Lionel Barrymore, John Hodiak, and others, such a star-studded cast in a movie with an intriguing title should denote sure-fire entertainment, but "Malaya" turns out to be just an average film.

When Tracy and Stewart tell Roland Winters, plantation owner, their wild-eyed scheme to move rubber out of Malaya, he says, "This sounds like the stories I hear on the radio." It's an understatement.

Manchester Boddy, publisher of the Los Angeles Daily News, wrote the original story upon which the film is based. He has Stewart, newspaper reporter and adventurer-at-large, returning from the Far East with a plan to buy or steal sorely-needed rubber right in Malaya and right under the eyes and guns of the Japanese invader. Washington determines to support the harum-scarum plan through intervention of Lionel Barrymore, Stewart's former publisher.

Tracy, in the jug at Alcatraz, is necessary to the scheme. For gold and freedom, he goes along. Dealing the cards from above and below the deck to all comers is Sydney Greenstreet known as "The Dutchman." He furnishes the lowdown on hidden stockpiles and their owners. The love interest for Tracy comes in the person of Valentina Cortese, chanteuse in Greenstreet's Malayan saloon and when Tracy dumps her in the river, it is to the advantage of the picture that she is never seen again.

Tracy and Stewart get 150,000 tons of the stuff out in two shipments with the aid of American cargo vessels under Navy protection, but it is the third batch which causes the trouble, and the gun-play here would have done more justice action-wise in a good Saturday western.

When the picture opens in Los Angeles, some snappy dialogue takes place between Stewart and John Hodiak, and it looks as if we're off to a great adventure. But once we reach Malaya, the dialogue in Frank Fenton's screenplay is often ponderous and strictly

dime-novel. Detail is too conveniently contrived. The conversation of the hush-hush project is batted about openly; the Japanese are made to appear very stupid, and the Americans, very heroic.

It can be said in more ways than one that James Stewart and Spencer Tracy really got fouled up in "Malaya", for what transpires in the picture is just a little too unbelievable, and this has taken the credibility out of the performances of the principals. Richard Thorpe's direction is good, but the story has the characters reflecting a kind of artificiality that characterizes the whole film.

Random Shots

There has been so much digging going on down at the intersection of Raleigh Road and Cameron Avenue, campus wise guys are suggesting that perhaps the residents of the Lower quad are constructing a tunnel over to the girls dormitories a bit farther down the road. . . . University officials say its just a pipe line, however.

Billy Carmichael III, dean of publications around here for a long time, is back in town after a couple of quick trips to the Cotton Bowl and Senior Bowl. . . . Bill, who graduated last quarter, is planning to enter the advertising business soon.

Assistant Dean Bill Friday and his aid Dr. Claiborne Jones were well-pleased with the reaction they received from a meeting of fraternity presidents last week to consider the drinking problem. . . . The meeting wasn't called because of any incident at Carolina but rather because of a number of tragedies and episodes which have occurred over the nation recently as a result of drinking. . . . Everyone agreed that there is less drinking at the Hill these days particularly when contrasted to the past few years. These meetings will be continued to include such subjects as scholarship and Greek week.

Congratulations go to Chuck Hauser on his election to the chairmanship of the Publications Board. . . . The job is one of the most important on campus.

CROSSWORD - - - By Eugene Sbeffer

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48							49			50	
51							52			53	

HORIZONTAL

1. affirm
2. weak plant
3. mount by ladder
4. elementary book
5. antelope
6. fear
7. supersede
8. purplish red
9. noisy
10. part of chin
11. animal wild in U.S.
12. rent
13. attempt
14. moor
15. sense
16. infatuation
17. worthy of divine honors
18. Hindu's symbols
19. end of shoot
20. breastbone
21. land held in mind
22. optical effect
23. farinaceous meal
24. sharp sound
25. in a trice
26. covered
27. cologne
28. river-duck
29. move in a circle
30. S. E. Luzon
31. savage

VERTICAL

1. barren
2. weak plant
3. mount by ladder
4. elementary book
5. antelope
6. fear
7. supersede
8. purplish red
9. noisy
10. part of chin
11. animal wild in U.S.
12. rent
13. attempt
14. moor
15. sense
16. infatuation
17. worthy of divine honors
18. Hindu's symbols
19. end of shoot
20. breastbone
21. land held in mind
22. optical effect
23. farinaceous meal
24. sharp sound
25. in a trice
26. covered
27. cologne
28. river-duck
29. move in a circle
30. S. E. Luzon
31. savage

Answer to Saturday's puzzle.

PADS LAC A&E D
ADIT ELC ERSE
ROSE VENERATE
ASTERS TRADED
APE MEAT
CONSIDER EAST
ARC SIDED LEE
RED REDACTED
EVES LEI
GARLIC BRATEN
IMITATOR SURE
LIMA OPE SPNA
ADES RAW SEER

Average time of solution: 27 minutes.
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