The Daily Tar Heel

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A Return to Religion

A university is a center of diversity, of competing influences flying away from each other, and of conflicts. Its citizens are the products of such widely varied backgrounds that it is often difficult to understand how they can live together in any semblance of harmony and order. Here at Chapel Hill, there is such a wide range of interests and major fields that it would probably be a futile task to attempt to count them. It isn't hard to understand this situation, in 1950, in a civilization which has produced some six hundred divisions of the Christian church alone, countless millions of possible studies in science, unlimited possibilities in commerce, engineering, civil service, medicine, law, etc., ad infinitum.

The question which must arise from this condition is one which cries for something whereby this jig-saw puzzle ne plus ultra may be unified. Out of all the answers which might be given, only one will stand the test of validity: a common goal. Each of us, no matter what our individual charateristics are, is here at U.N.C. for the purpose of training ourselves for our chosen profession; and, no matter what those professions, their means and their ends, all have a common goal: security and happiness-peace of mind.

Considering the confusion implicit in modern society, the threat of war, Communism, religious totalitarianism, etc., it should be obvious that neither education nor (certainly) material success will give us that goal. It is the force of education, though miserably warped, which has produced the principal terrors with which we are confronted. Our most cherished hopes and desires can so easily be frustrated and/or obliviated, that one wonders at times if it is worthwhile to plan even a meal-much less a vocation.

Faced with this dilemma, we are slowly returning out of fear-and fear alone-to the one thing which a world of Einsteins could not have created nor cannot control: the one thing which gives us that peace and security: the one thing in which there is possble unity: God. For almost a half-century, Theology has been to most people a completely and fortunately dead study. Even the word itself has been taboo for so long that, as it returns to a position of respectability, it is called by such names as Christian Philosophy and Religion, and a point is made of the supposed fact that the two are not the same. But whatever the study is called, the important and encouraging truth is that man is attempting to rediscover God.

This is the only encouraging thing which we have to brighten the otherwise totally dismal scene which encompasses our planet as it crosses another half-century mark.

However, we have a problem (when it comes to a unified effort to search out truth and God) in the aforementioned church dis-unity. Therefore, it is apparent that the re- to me than money. Let me exsponsibility of sponsoring the return to religion will-after all-fall upon the shoulders of education. But, this time, education will be offering something totally different from what it has been accustomed to doling out. In Theology we have the hub and center of the wheel which can unite all the various spokes into one concerted conquest: the conquest of our individual and collective approaches to religion. And, since the Supreme Court has rendered recently what must be the most inordinately assinine decision in the whole history of law, (the prohibition of the teaching of religion in the public schools because it is a violation of our American principle of the separation of church and state) the teaching of Theology-or religion-must be the task of colleges and

Since it is obvious that not every one can or does attend some school of higher learning, that means that the renaissance which must come if we are to save our world is our responsibility-yours and mine, students in college. The challenge is ours, too, to work for a united Christian front, which-by the very fact of its existence-will defeat the arms and men of Kremlinkommunism, or the lethargy of the church itself. We have an unparelleled opportunity to do something for ourselves, and for all mankind, for the atmosphere of Theological rediscovery and conversion is perfect for creative thinking. And creative thinking is not only what our schools of higher education attempt to teach us, it is the only hope for our civilization. Today, Christianity needs a restatement of principles and a fresh Theology with which to arm itself for the coming struggle. This is our job, for it must not be delayed longer.

One of the largest branches of the Protestant Church is conducting a campaign to raise funds for Christian higher education, and it is the vitally important duty of its members to see that the drive is a success. Here at Carolina, we have a recently established department of Religion which is steadily growing and increasing in importance and influence. The more intelligent ideas voiced in this editorial must be attributed to Maurice A. Kidder's class in Christian Ethics and Modern Problems-Religion 31) Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago has said that we need a metaphysics, a philosophy which will stand against the forces of Communism on the one hand and organized false Christianity on the other; we have an opportunity to take the lead in the pursuit of such a study.

The University of North Carolina has often been called a hot-bed of radicalism. We have a great opportunity to live up to that name, for Christianity is-as it always has beenthe most radical doctrine on earth. We might take as our motto Paul's inspiring challenge: "Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that you many prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." -MIKE McDANIEL

Pitching Horseshoes

Billy Rose Recently, as my less heavy-

lidded readers may remember, 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 varns are whittled from the dusty lumber a-mouldering in the back alleys of my head; some from the loquacious louis who gather to eat the life-giving pastrami at Lindy's; some are inspired by my caperous kinsmen who still frequent the coffeehouses of the East Side, and some, I am pleased to relate, even come from my ever-lovin' and everwritin' 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 propaganda, I thought, to make some gesture of appreciation, so I put pen to checkbook and sent the little lady a negotiable nose-

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

"Three years ago during a shopping trip ot New York, I attended a performnace 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't get me a date with him. I can fly to New York any evening

"Or am I making myself ridiculous?

A postscript contained the name of the gent with the dul-

Naturally, the situation tickled me, and so I got in touch with the baritone and read him the letter. He turned out to be 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 closeddoor 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.

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 dilem-

Senator Thomas reminded Scretary 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

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 chauffeuring 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

"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 would be the price we would the question of Formosa would be saved until the Japanese on Formosa today?" Peace Treaty?"

Acheson shook his head. words carefully. 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 then 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 Kia-Shek was so irate that he threatened to walk out of the Conference. Finally Roosevelt persuaded him to stay, but after reneging 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 \$12.50 a plate for their dinner.

have to pay for aiding Chiang

Secretary Acheson picked his

"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 Fomosa." 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 Phillippines to

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

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,"

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

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 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 Cortesa, 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 dies and episodes which have protection, but it is the third occurred over the nation rebatch which causes the trouble, cently as a result of drinking and the gun-play here would . . . Everyone agreed that there have done more justice action- is less drinking at the Hill these wise in a good Saturday west-

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 not 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.

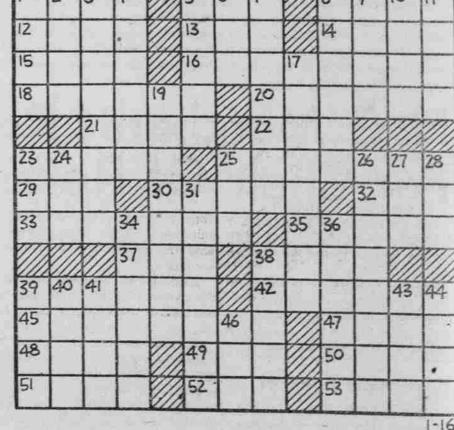
Billy Carmichael III, dean of publications around here for a long time, is back in town after a couple of quick trips to the Cotton Bowl and Senior Bow . . . Bill, who graduated last quarter, is planning to enter the advertising business soon.

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 in cident at Carolina but rathe because of a number of trage

days particularly when contrast ed 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 cam-

CROSSWORD - - - By Eugene Sheffer



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Distributed by King Features Syndicate

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