

The Daily Tar Heel

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A. A.'s Advice

Try Alderman, For Example

By Adelaide Addle
Dear Miss Addle:

I am a senior commerce major, but that's not the problem. This is the problem.

I am engaged to two girls at once. This is a problem because one of them lives in Tampa, Florida, and the other lives in Womelsdorf, Pennsylvania, which is near Knauertown; and they both have invited me to visit them over vacation. I love them both, but there is a law against bigamy.

The one in Womelsdorf owns a steel mill, and is worth roughly seven million, is beautiful, and well-brought-up. Money doesn't concern me, though I have no immediate job prospects. The Tampa girl is beautiful, has brains, and is a divine dancer, and Florida has a wonderful climate. But climate means nothing to me, though I do get sinus.

Needless to say, I am perplexed. Should I take a cabana, or a steel mill?

Signed: Commercial

Dear Commercial:

I'm glad that neither money nor climate influence you, for you must be objective. Both girls sound delightful. Since the Tampa girl has no money, and you have no job, think twice, for you can't dance through life. Steel mills around Womelsdorf, near Knauertown, have their disadvantages too.

In either case someone will get hurt. Therefore, I suggest you look nearer home. Young ladies in North Carolina are very nice, and I hear that there are several in Alderman dorm who are looking for men.

Dear Miss Adelaide:

Last week I asked you how I could overcome my shyness and propose to my girl. You told me to sweep her into my arms and be master of the situation and then say, "My love," but something went wrong.

We were in the Arboretum, when I tried. I am 5ft. 7in. and weigh 130lbs, and she is 5ft. 9in. and weighs 140 lbs. The sweep was a slow drag. I stammered and she thought I said, "Don't shove you gorilla." I now have a black eye. How can I win her?

Signed: Bashful Bean

Dear Bashful Bean:

Chivalry is not dead. Get a guitar and propose in song; or, of course if you can't sing or play a guitar this has certain disadvantages. In that case, fall on bended knee, recite Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," and when the wind blows strong, propose.

Alumni Series

Distinguished Son of a Beloved Tar Heel

By "Wink" Locklair

Last week in Washington, members of the North Carolina delegation in the House of Representatives, dusted off the welcome mat for Jonathan Daniels, former DTH editor, now editor of the Raleigh News and Observer, who had come to the capital for his first visit as their new Democratic national committeeman.

However politics, like journalism, is not a new field for Mr. Daniels. The son of a famed and beloved civic leader—the late Josephus Daniels—his paper was one of the few which supported Harry Truman last year with more than luke-warm enthusiasm.

Mr. Daniels edited the Tar Heel during 1921-22, one year after Thomas Wolfe was graduated from Carolina. Paul Green, play-wright, and Legette Blythe, novelist, newspaperman and semi-playwright, were also listing the literary waters with an experimental toe here in the early 20s.

In 1938, Mr. Daniels wrote "A Southerner Discovers the South," a book which won the famous Mayflower cup award as the North Carolina "book of the year." This marked the



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Washington Scene

Jefferson-Jackson Sidelights

By George Dixon

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Ran into former Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard at the \$100-a-blue-plate Jefferson-Jackson dinner. Out of politeness I asked if Mrs. Wickard was with him.

"No," he replied, sadly. "Mrs. Wickard doesn't have \$100."

Each year I become increasingly baffled by that Jefferson-Jackson thing. Why would anyone pay \$100 to get a punch in the nose?

The President kept taking pokes at the "special interests" just as he did a year ago. And, once again, the representatives of special interest applauded as if he were talking about someone else.

If you don't think the vested interests were heavily represented, where do you think they dug up the \$100-a-dish customers? You ain't paid \$100 for a \$2 snack yourself lately, have you?

I don't see how the President could have failed to detect the irony in it. But he played it straight—and so did the patrons. It's a strange game, mates.

It made me wonder, sort of, whether the President realizes the campaign is over. The stuff he gave out smacked of straight vote-getting material.

The Midases present must

have squirmed until they got cricks in the back. But they continued to smile sickly even next day when the Republican criticism got going.

The G. O. P. had a lot of stuff to play with. The President, it contended, had hit out too wildly without any specific direction to his blows.

Former Assistant Attorney General Roy St. Lewis summed up some of the opposition feeling next day at lunch with John L. Lewis. The Mine Workers boss asked Mr. St. Lewis what he thought of the speech.

"I think the President overreached himself in punching at the vested interests," replied Mr. St. Lewis. "There are quite a few voters in this country who still have vests."

The day after the \$100 dinner I was listening to a S. O. B. (Sweet Old Ballad) when my social secretary, Mrs. Tabitha Talcott Pratt came waiting in. She asked what I was looking so glum about and I said I was bemoaning the fact that I hadn't been able to afford a bottle of champagne to crack over Perle Mesta.

"She made her maiden speech before the Jefferson-Jacksons," I explained. "Naturally this called for a rare vintage to be dashed over her brow but I was a little short of champagne money."

"I heard about that maiden speech," cut in my senior nav-

al aide, Machinists Mate Michaelangelo Rembrandt Kelly. Where did Perle hire the maiden?"

I informed him this was merely a figure of speech and that it was quite a la mode for a matron to make a maiden speech. Mr. Kelly muttered that they didn't do things that way when he was a kid.

Mrs. Pratt asked if her dear friend, Perle, had delivered a good address.

"It must have been," I said. "People paid \$100 a Democrat to hear it. That's more than it costs to hear a seal play 'My Country 'Tis of Thee' on the horns."

Mr. Clarence W. (Slats) Rafferty, the retired safecracker, said he understood Mrs. Mesta had to speak in competition with President Truman and asked how that came about.

"There were two Jefferson-Jackson dinners," I said. "So many suckers were dying to kick in a hundred slugs, now that the Prez looks more permanent, that they couldn't all be gotten in one room. So they had one dinner at the Statler where Mr. Truman made his major speech and another at the Mayflower where Perle orated."

Miss Reid wanted to know which I thought was better. "I figure it for a draw," I said. "The President spoke with more authority, but Perle presented the more impressive figure."

Machinists Mate Kelly said there certainly had been a lot of excitement around the capital lately.

"There's been all sorts of things to make life interesting," he added. "Like the President calling a name which I used to get my mouth washed out with soap and water when I said it—and the big fight over Taft-Hartley—and—but I gotta go now."

I asked him where he had to go in such a hurry, and he said:

"I gotta beat it over to the White House and give another medal to General Vaughan."

Referring to a member of our craft who has just fallen off the wagon, Homer Joseph Dodge commented: "He's tapering on."

Furious and forensic Senator William Langer, of North Dakota, was striding up and down the Senate chamber the other day, delivering a tirade against the S. foreign policy committee which he passed a colonial resolution on.

Senator Langer, of North Dakota, the great and dignified globalist. He gave Van's desk an extra hard whack—causing a 10-inch split in the wood. Langer frequently goes against the grain.

Write Away

T.V.A. Trip Planned

Editor:

May I use your "Write Away" column for an unusual purpose? The Cosmopolitan club are making arrangements for a group of their members to visit the TVA installations at Knoxville at the beginning of the spring quarter. It is hoped to leave Chapel Hill on Thursday, March 31, and return on Sunday, April 3. In inserting this letter in your column I hope that those members of the club who were not present at the meeting when the trip was arranged, and who wish to go, may be able to get in touch with me before it is too late.

Secondly, we have a problem in finding transportation. It occurred to me that some of your readers who own automobiles might like to join in the trip and thus do a service to the foreign students on the campus, none of whom possess any form of mechanical propulsion. By going in cars and pooling expenses, we hope we shall be able to keep down the cost of the trip to a reasonable minimum.

I would be glad if any interested car-owners would contact me at 105 B dormitory (phone F-403), or at any of our 4 o'clock Sunday meetings in the Horace Williams lounge in Graham memorial.

S. K. Lawry

Same Disorganized Polemics

Editor:

Having profited greatly by the chastisement which Mr. Freistadt administered to me earlier this week, I approached Mr. Bill Robertson's latest opus with fear and trembling. I was all set to find in it the sincerity, the logic, the high intellectual tone which Mr. Freistadt had led me to expect in the public utterances of his cotagonists. I added no gratuitous "noes," and I gave it more than a cursory glance: I was more than ready to argue with what he said, not with what I would like him to have said.

Frankly, I didn't find much that I would like him to have said. I found the same frenzied and disorganized polemics that I had found before. Except for his statement that Cardinal Mindszenty seemed to be himself physically (and who can say exactly what that might have meant?), Mr. Robertson did not give one really relevant fact about the Mindszenty case. What he did give us was a long string of rhetorical questions (not out-and-out statements, be it noted) about the Cardinal's behavior, all designed to give the impression that they referred to crimes which were common knowledge.

This is the very attitude which always arouses a feeling of rebellion in me whenever I read Bill Robertson's columns or his more recent efforts—the bland assumption that every pronouncement made by Moscow or one of its satellites is the divinely-given truth. I myself have read things in defense of the Cardinal—that he opposed the Nazis and their anti-Semitism, that he sheltered the Jews during the Nazi occupation, that the Nazis imprisoned him for these activities. Of these claims Mr. Robertson had not a word to say, even though they were widely disseminated. He did not even deign to observe that the commercial press seemed to approve of the Cardinal's alleged opposition to the Nazis and his help to the Jews. I fail to see how anything like this could lead to "serious debates between students equally searching for the truth." And as for all that business about having "full respect for one another's sincerity," I get the impression that Mr. Robertson must consider his opponents (not to mention his readers) more simple-minded than sincere.

So in the end, all of Mr. Freistadt's excellent advice came to naught. Well, not entirely, I must admit, for I have taken a vow—I will never again misquote Bill Robertson, even knowingly. In return for this, I hope Mr. Freistadt will not accuse me any more of quoting Engels, even unknowingly. If he will look around a bit, he will find that there were philosophers before Engels as well as brave men before Agamemnon.

Sincerely,

James S. Patey

P. S. I have stocked up on salt in order to have a few grains around in case Mr. Freistadt should persist in being so generous with his advice.

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
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HORIZONTAL

- search
- uncertainly
- embarrass
- suppressed
- straightened
- lassoing
- giggle
- baking chamber
- take nourishment
- location
- lair
- compound ether
- thing, in law
- German town
- pressers
- anecdotes
- petition
- expel
- cozy retreats
- to the right
- did nothing
- cooking utensil
- endure
- went swiftly
- authentic

VERTICAL

- coverings for hands
- matures
- god of war
- writing implement
- rims
- beats
- high priest
- holds session
- undivided
- see-saw
- eat away
- apparel
- mountain aborigine
- boredom
- telegram
- auditory organ
- boon
- accost
- eyes
- animals
- seed
- intagments
- note in Guido's scale
- goblin
- journeyed around
- spirited horse
- center upon
- Biblical weed
- Russian ruler
- spread for drying
- silkworm

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.

CLAD	ELLA	LOW
OILY	SEAL	AVA
DELY	SATIATED	
OPDEST	TENS	
SEC	INTENT	
ELAPSE	RAILED	
ESTOP	IRENE	
DEEPER	OLEATE	
PLEASE	RULER	
HAUL	PATRON	RED
INSECURE	SILLO	
ETE	ATON	SNAP
DIS	MEND	AGES

Average time of solution: 22 minutes.
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