

The Daily Tar Heel

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A New Editor and President

By the time this editorial appears in Wednesday's Daily Tar Heel, a new editor of the paper and president of the student body will have been elected. As this story is being written, there is not a single person in the DTH office who will hazard a guess as to who will be the victors in the Tuesday voting. Don VanNoppen and Chuck Hauser led in the primary voting last week, but John Sanders and Graham Jones were rated an excellent chance to pull in most of the votes cast for candidates who were eliminated from these two races last week. Fortunately, however, no one seems grievously upset over the outcome, because all the four men who were seeking the two top positions on campus yesterday are good candidates, experienced in student government and interested in increased benefit to the students they represent. The campus can be considered in capable hands no matter who is elected.

A lot of ill-feelings have been generated in the past few weeks preceding the two voting days. The 1950 political campaign started slowly, then broke wide open, and now seems to have settled down to a peaceful finish. It is fortunate indeed that the campaigning is closing on a friendly note, for the all-out cooperation of all the candidates for office—whether elected or defeated—is needed to carry on the necessary functions of student government and publications.

Bill Mackie, retiring president of the student body, has done an excellent job in his year term in office, and the DTH would like to take this opportunity to thank him for the work. He has made a good representative of the student body and his administration has been marked by accomplishments. His successor will have a big pair of shoes to fill. Bill Mackie deserves a pat on the back from the entire student body for doing a hard job well and at the same time receiving less than his rightful share of praise for the work.

About the Outdoor Pool

Around about this time every year, most Carolina students begin to think about weekend excursions down to the beach or a party out at Hogan's Lake. And some of those who don't have sleek convertibles to visit these fabulous places just get a hankering to get out in nature for a swim or sun bath. That brings to mind thoughts of the University's beautiful outdoor swimming pool in back of Woollen Gymnasium, which always looks like a great place to spend a sunny afternoon but which is never open.

Many students have already directed questions at the DTH as to why this pool is not opened sometime during the spring quarter. In the past the University has waited until summer school to open the pool. The answer, of course, is that it would not be advisable to open the pool early during spring, because swimming on a cold day probably would fill the infirmary in a day with students suffering from head colds, contracted while swimming.

However, it does seem that the pool could be opened for perhaps the last two or three weeks of school this quarter. Most Carolina students have never even had an opportunity to swim in it. And as long as students are going to head off to the beach on the weekends or go swimming at other nearby lakes, then the University might just as well open its outdoor pool.

Carolina's indoor pool is as nice as anyone could ask for. But when warm sunny days come around, most folks like to do their swimming out in the open air. So before too much more time elapses this quarter, let's have some consideration given to opening the outdoor pool.

Congratulations, Debate Council

Congratulations are in order to the Carolina Debate Council for the excellent job it has done this year. Debating, an activity on campus which has been suffering from an acute case of lack of publicity in recent years, nevertheless has continued to prosper at the University. The debate team this year has compiled an outstanding record in competition with debate clubs all over the nation. The local team ranks among the top ten debating teams in the country.

Dave Pittman has served as President of the Debate Council this year, and has done an excellent job. The entire debate team has reflected credit on the University, participating in debates from Boston to Miami, Fla., to Iowa. It has debated against some of the best teams in the nation.

Paul Roth, Bob Evans, Herb Mitchell, and Herschel Keener have been the top debaters for Carolina all year, and they deserve a lot of credit. It's no easy job to prepare a debate, and the team members have put in many hours of training. The team has also labored under the handicap of not having a full-time coach. The success of the debating team belongs to the students that have participated. They have been almost entirely "on their own" this year.

Any student on campus wishing to be on the debate team is welcome to try out for the squad. Tryout periods are held regularly each quarter and the next period will be announced in the DTH. The training one receives from debating will be beneficial for a life time. It is certainly unfortunate that more students are not taking advantage of the opportunity at hand to improve themselves in the all-important art of self-expression.

Pitching Horseshoes

by Billy Ross

We men of Manhattan are an undaunted and unhaunted lot—or at least think we are—and so ghost stories seldom stand a chance of a chance in this town. The other night, however, a real estate man buttonholed me coming out of "21" and told me a chiller about a deserted house in the Flushing section of Queens, and on the off-chance that you scalp can use a tingle or two, I'd like to pass it along.

On the night of the big snow three winters ago, a doctor in Queens answered his doorbell and found a smallish man in a faded mackinaw standing on the stoop.

"My wife is very sick," he said. "I hate to ask you to come out on a night like this, but it's only a few blocks."

The doctor followed him to a large house near the intersection of Vine Street and Broadway, and when the man unlocked the door the physician could see by the glare of an unshaded droplight that the lower floor was empty except for a few kitchen chairs and a length of carpet.

"This is no place for a sick woman," he said. "You ought to have some heat in the house."

The man led him up a creaky set of stairs to the second floor, and in the front room an emaciated woman was lying in an old four-poster bed. She kept coughing into a blood-flecked handkerchief, and though the doctor went through the motions of an examination he knew at once it was an advanced case of tuberculosis.

"I can give her something to relieve the congestion," he told her husband, "but she'll have to be moved to a hospital first thing in the morning."

He wrote out a prescription. "I'll get it filled right away," said the man, and showed the doctor to the door.

Next morning, wondering how the woman was getting along, the physician stopped by the wooden house, but there was no answer when he rang the bell. Moreover, there were no tracks in the snow to indicate that an ambulance or any other vehicle had pulled up in front of the place.

Puzzled, he went to the office of a real estate agent on the next street and asked if he could get information about the residents of the house.

"That's a funny sort of question," said the agent. "There aren't any residents and there aren't likely to be any. The house hasn't been occupied for 15 years, and though it's always been on my list, nobody's ever wanted it."

"Do you think squatters might be living in it on account of the housing shortage?" asked the doctor.

"Could be, but I doubt it," said the agent. "There's been a lot of queer talk about that house and the last family that moved in during the depression could only stand it for a few weeks. The husband and wife slept in the front room on the second floor, and to hear them tell it they were kept awake night after night by the sound of a woman coughing. It finally got so bad they packed and left."

"I know it sounds absurd," said the doctor, "but I examined a sick woman there last night, and if you've got a key I'll walk over with you and prove it."

When they got to the house, it took the agent quite a while to get the rusty lock open, and when they entered there wasn't a stick of furniture in sight. "I could have sworn I saw chairs and a carpet down here last night," said the doctor.

"Maybe you've got this house mixed up with another one," the agent suggested.

"I still think it's the same place. Let's look upstairs."

On the second floor they went into the front room. It was also empty, that is, except for a piece of paper on the window sill—the prescription the doctor had written the night before.



Legend Order Of The Grail

The Order of the Holy Grail bases its way of life and its ritual upon the legend of the Chalice or Cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper. This Cup is the Grail, and it is said to have come into the possession of Joseph of Arimathea, the man who according to the Gospels buried Christ, and who caught in the Grail some of the precious blood of the Savior.

Legend has it that this Joseph was persecuted and fled Palestine, and that miraculously preserved by the power of the Grail, he eventually made his way to Eng-

land, where he constructed the first English Christian Church at Glastonbury.

From this point, the Grail became a mystical symbol of the knightly way of life; and another legend tells that nearly five hundred years later, three of King Arthur's knights actually saw the holy relic after a long pilgrimage: Sir Galahad, the most perfect knight, Sir Percival, and Sir Bors. The search these knights of antiquity led for the Grail is symbolized today through the Order of the Grail by the men selected each year to become Knights. Both in King Arthur's

time and this, to discover the Grail and to become one of its guardians is the ambition of good and valiant men.

Founded thus in Arthurian legend, the theme of the Grail is carried out in its physical aspects by the furnishings of the Grail Room in Graham Memorial, where the symbolic Chalice is kept, and where generations of Grail members have met around the huge Round Table. The plaques on either wall list the members of the Order since its founding in 1920, and the decorations and paintings carry out the Arthurian theme.

The Grail Room was given to the Order as a meeting place when Graham Memorial was completed in the Depression days of the early 1930's, on the condition that the Grail furnish it and allow other campus organizations to use it—a condition willingly met as a service to Carolina.

Frankly Speaking

Weather Of The State

By Frank Allston, Jr.

It's spring again and all over the campus there are the usual signs of the season.

One need only to take a walk along one of the many campus paths to notice the beauty of the campus and appreciate fully the meaning of Chapel Hill's name, "The Garden Spot of the South." The flowers are blooming in every section of the campus, in the Arboretum, in the areas between class room buildings, outside dormitory windows, in fact, in just about every spot where there is room enough.

The young ladies of the campus have come out with their gaily-colored spring dresses, the men are in shirt sleeves and some of the pros are hardly distinguishable without their suits and formal ties.

The dogwoods are, perhaps, the most beautiful sight on the campus at the present time. As this is being written, we can look out of our second-story window in Graham Memorial and see the path running up campus in front of Alumni Building. Both sides of this walk are lined with dogwoods and, over-hanging the walk, present a beautiful picture to those strolling along this path.

Of course, the most obvious sign of spring around the campus has been the over abundance of politics and politicians the last two weeks. But, we don't have to worry about that any longer. All we have to do is sit back and read the results. Another sure sign that spring is here is the baseball action which we find almost daily in Emerson Stadium. Then, too, we have only to venture to Woollen Gymnasium to find that usually busy sports arena almost deserted. Outside, however, we find the intramural fields packed with softball games.

From reports reaching "the

Hill," the weather all over the state is the same. Balmey, spring days have the whole state basking in sunshine from Manteo to Murphy. Reports have the temperature hanging in the seventies and eighties most of the time.

The beaches have been jammed-packed for the last three weekends as the early birds have been down to get their fill of the fresh ocean air and wet scalps for the first time since early September.

There's only one hitch to all this talk about the beautiful spring weather which we have had for the last few weeks. The weather man, in his daily report, yesterday predicted that a cool air mass would push in some rain for today. Who knows?

But despite the rain which we may either have as you read this or not, one thing remains clear. It is spring. And we still have our flowers, dogwoods, attractive young damsels in pretty spring dresses and we still have the "Garden Spot of the South."

Random Shots

Banks Talley, newly-elected secretary-treasurer of the student-body, was quoted recently as saying he intended to "hack it out," as he referred to alleged "graft" in the publications field. Yesterday Banks was seen "hacking it out" planting shrubbery in back of the Chi Psi house. Chuck Hauser is wondering how in the world he ever was endorsed by the Student Party for the Publications Board. Seems the SP slammed Hauser publicly, nominated Bill Kellam to run against him for editor then endorsed Graham Jones in the runoff against Hauser when Kellam was eliminated. Inconsistent, what? eh?

DREW PEARSON ON THE WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON — Five years ago today, Harry Truman stood uneasily in the Cabinet room of the White House taking the oath as President of the United States. He was a humble man, imploring the Lord for guidance and the American people for help.

A lot has changed since then. The wars then raging on two continents are officially ended, though they continue unofficially without loss of life. Then men who saw Harry Truman take the oath and who helped him during those first trying days are largely gone now. Bob Hannegan, who put his friend in the White House almost with his own bare hands, is dead, saddened by the fact that the President had turned his back.

Three Secretaries of State have also come and gone—Ed Stettinius, now dead; Jimmy Byrnes, now bitter; and George Marshall, now retired.

Many of the President's close friends in the Senate have disappeared from his table, and the coterie surrounding Truman has grown smaller and smaller. The palace guard is as tight as a drum.

It will be for history to evaluate the wisdom of Truman's policies and the efficacy with which they were carried out. It is too early to judge them now. But one factor now moulding the results which historians later must evaluate is the White House circle and its jealousy toward the outside world.

This zeal to knock off any man who even remotely resembles a rival to the President is the most important fact in the political life of the nation today.

It has been responsible for alienation of one of the strongest members of the Truman cabinet, former Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson, now Senator from New Mexico. And it is causing friction between the President and the Vice President today.

Those who do not know the little band of zealots around Truman would scarcely believe it, but they have convinced themselves and him that Alben Barkley at the age of 72 is a candidate for President. Furthermore, they have cooked up a tortured theory that Barkley took a young bride in order to demonstrate to the world that he was hale, hearty and able to run. They also suspect that Barkley's many speaking en-

agements are to build him up for 1952.

The broad-gauged Barkley, though well aware of this coolness, has chosen to ignore it. On the surface, his relations with the White House remain the same. But the old cordiality, the personal warmth between him and Truman is no more.

It is not known, even by Truman's intimates, whether he intends to run in 1952. But it is definitely known that the palace guard is itching to have him run. Apparently the lush life of Key West and the White House is something they hate to contemplate losing.

This was why one year ago, the White House was anxious to have Paul Hoffman bow out as EC Administrator. He was becoming too popular, was feared as a Republican candidate. Today he is not considered so popular and is being urged to stay on. This was also why a weak Democratic candidate was left in the race against Senator Taft in Ohio. For Taft would be an easier presidential candidate to defeat than Eisenhower; but he would have no chance of the nomination if defeated in Ohio.

Jealousy is carried to such extremes that ex-White House Counselor Clark Clifford recently cancelled an engagement his wife had made with the Clinton Anderson family to go to the Cherry Blossom festival together. The Anderson and Clifford daughters had once been Cherry Blossom queens, but Clifford feared it would put him in wrong at the White House to be seen with the ex-Secretary of Agriculture, who committed the grave sin of being willing to run for Vice-President.

The most important result of this White House jealousy is in the field of foreign affairs, where Dean Acheson recalls all too vividly what happened to Jimmy Byrnes when he tried to conduct foreign policy without constantly consulting the White House.

In fact, it was Acheson who had to straighten things out between Truman and Byrnes when Jimmy made the mistake of announcing from London that he would make a broadcast to the American people. Truman hit the ceiling. He wanted no foreign policy statements except his own made to the American people.

All during the Byrnes regime, General Vaughan kept needling his chief. "People are talking about the Byrnes policy," he would say. "They ought to be talking about the Truman policy."

So only a few weeks after Byrnes' error in announcing a broadcast to the American people a Presidential cable went to General Marshall asking him to get ready to become Secretary of State.

That is why Acheson's hands have been partially tied in defending himself from Senator McCarthy. He could have made a masterful presentation of the facts regarding other Presidents who withheld files from Congress, from George Washington to William Howard Taft. And he could have made a brilliant, clarifying statement regarding the loyalty review boards and how they were staffed with Republicans. But he didn't.

Instead, Mr. Truman issued abrupt statements at Key West, ignoring the clarifying background arguments which would have materially helped the public understand the Truman-Acheson position.

A President is only as powerful as his public support. Congress knows this and begins to rebel the minute presidential popularity weakens. Today Truman's popularity has weakened—thanks largely to the band of jealous zealots around him in the White House.

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48	49						50			
51							52			
53							54			
55							56			

HORIZONTAL

- dandy
- diplomacy
- wrangle
- wine vessel
- oil: comb.
- Great Lake
- legislators
- mother of Cas-tor and Pollux
- allowance
- for waste
- folding frames for pictures
- savors
- not well
- attracting
- bitter vetch
- expire
- wards off
- moon goddess
- thing in law
- mischievous spirit
- knobs
- abstract
- being concept
- stationed
- landed property
- serf

VERTICAL

- firm
- Hebrew
- measure
- window section
- small child
- plants of lily family
- walking stick
- replied quickly
- over again
- Tennysonian character
- macaw
- commands
- school of art
- painter
- gypsy
- painter
- firm
- Hebrew
- measure
- window section
- small child
- plants of lily family
- waxlike ointment
- pitchers
- vend
- acted as head
- assist
- the Turmeric
- rose-essence
- ancient Jewish ascetic
- painter
- narrow streak
- dregs
- peel
- baking chamber
- abated
- polluted
- mineral veins
- patella
- lukewarm
- stitches
- asterisk
- Roman emperor
- variety of cheese
- public vehicle
- cuckoo
- room in harem

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.

T	A	M	P	A	S	E	E	T	A	B
A	R	I	E	L	T	A	R	E	R	E
M	A	N	N	A	R	R	A	N	G	E
A	N	N	A	L	S	P	O	U	T	E
M	A	R	Y	V	I	S	O	R	E	S
E	V	E	R	E	N	T	E	D		
T	A	T	T	E	R	E	A	S	T	E
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B	O	R	E	R	N	T	R	I	P	
A	R	I	E	S	A	S	T	E	R	
D	I	S	S	E	N	T	A	L	O	N
G	E	E	W	E	E	F	A	R	E	S
E	L	S	S	O	D	T	E	S	T	S

Average time of solution: 26 minutes.
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