

## Editorially Speaking

### PIGSKIN PROSPECTS

This afternoon Coach Carl Snavely's Tar Heel gridders face their first collegiate test of the tough season ahead in the opener with powerful Georgia Tech; and these hard-working lads, who have been at the grind since July 1, deserve all the support we fans can give them.

We are facing one of the hardest schedules ever this year, and this alone is enough to demoralize the young, inexperienced Tar Heel eleven; but if they know that all Carolina is back of them, from the highest faculty member to the newest freshman, the UNC footballers will undoubtedly be more able to give us the wins on the gridiron we have wanted so long.

Coach Snavely, who returns to the Tar Heel country after an absence of nine years, is working with foresight. He not only is after as good a team as possible this year, but the "Silver Fox" of football also has next season and the next after that in mind. As the new head mentor said earlier in the summer, "Carolina is going to have good football, but you can't expect too much too soon."

However, the problem on hand now is that of defeating Georgia Tech this afternoon. It will be a tough encounter, one of the four toughest we have this year, for the Orange Bowl losers of last January 1 are rated by the experts as one of the best in the South. This bears out our first statement more and more. We must be out there today, giving our all to instill in the Tar Heel men of the gridiron the spirit necessary to cope with the Engineers from Atlanta way. How about it fans? Let's get off to a good start and plan to keep it up till the final whistle blows December 1.

This will be the fourteenth meeting of Carolina and Tech, and the Tar Heels will be after their fourth win, having lost eight of the fourteen and tied two. Oddly enough, two of the UNC triumphs over the Tech Golden Tornado came in 1934 and 1935 when King Carl Snavely was piloting the Tar Heels.

While we are on the subject of sports, we would like to take the opportunity to give credit to the Navy for the great assistance it has been during the wartime period just terminating. Having the service trainees on the campus has helped in many ways, but the aid rendered in the sports program is one of the biggest. The Pre-Flight school is just pulling out of Tar Heelia, and it seems fitting and proper to say these few words at this time.

First of all, the Navy has given materially, not wholly in donations, but through building and improvements that would have been impossible till years after the war. Probably the easiest to see of the material contributions of the Navy is the outdoor swimming pool, constructed back of Woollen gym soon after the Pre-Flight school came into being. Other lesser improvements have been made by the Navy while here, but we will not take time to go into all of them.

In addition to the things just mentioned, having the Pre-Flight school here has brought teams and athletes here and produced athletic contests probably never to be matched again. Such we speak of are teams like the baseball club of a couple of years ago on which men like Ted Williams and Johnny Pesky were the stars. Then there were the football teams, like the one last year, and the basketball teams. Many good performances on both the football field and the hardwood were turned in last year alone by All-American Otto Graham and Stan Koslowski, grid great of Holy Cross.

This in itself is a great contribution, but the placing of the V-12, Marine and Navy, and the NROTC on the campus supplied Carolina sports with personnel which would have been impossible to get had the servicemen not been around. We haven't time to enumerate all of the Navy men who have been outstanding for Carolina in athletics while in the training programs here, but the fact that 26 of the members of the football roster at the present time are in the Navy or Marines is enough in itself. Also, during the past basketball season, Jim Jordan, a NROTC, was selected on the second string All-American five. All the way through, from baseball, to boxing, wrestling, track, swimming and football, Navy and Marine men have been the backbone of the teams. And it is only right that we offer a vote of thanks to the Navy for its aid through the trying wartime years.—I. S.

### RUSHING MEMOIRS

By Sara Tillett

Coed rush week is no more, but still with us are its jaded ladies, mud-caked shoes, smokers' hacks, and run stockings, and we former rushees have a collection of choice tales to tell those proverbial grandchildren.

The Tri Deltas took us on a tour of Chapel Hill. Their Porthole was a smoke-filled room with a bevy of beer mugs; their arboretum was a bush and two pairs of feet. The Pi Phi's took off their halos long enough to give a can-can party—scantly covered dancers, hiccupping bartenders, and signs such as "Don't spit on the floor. Remember the Johnstown flood."

Although there was nothing novel about the idea of a perfume party, it was worth seeing two of them to take the Pi Phi interpretation of *Tigress* (redheaded Rusty Hancock with a cigaret holder), and the Chi Omega slant of *My Sin*.

There were some rare rush-week boners, too. Young innocence wanted to be an ATO and live in

their beautiful house. Hopeful was delighted when the Tri Delt's offered her mint julip; she nearly choked on the first swallow of that familiar lemon and saccarin. In a certain philosophy class a bewildered junior asked her neighbor, "Are you a rushee?"

"No," answered the equally bewildered neighbor, "I'm Scotch-Irish."

There is one among us who thought stray Greeks were hungry refugees, and another who believed they were exchange students. The height of rush-week serenity showed itself in the gray dawn of Sunday morning. Excited rushees dashed into Sybil Goerch's room with the usual howls of "Which one are you going to?"

"Why, I'm going to the Baptist church," replied the ever-calm Sybil.

Rush week ended Sunday. Soon after the infirmary announced plans to go Greek—diamond shaped toast, crescent shaped butter, and arrows instead of knives.



Shown above are the sponsors for the German Club's fall formals to be held tonight in Woollen Gymnasium, climaxing the festivities for the Carolina-Georgia Tech football game. From left to right the sponsors are Linda Williams, UNC, with Charlie LaMotte, President; Ann Geoghan, UNC, with Guy Andrews, Secretary; Tish Andrews, UNC, with Boots Walker, Treasurer; Annice Mitchell, WCUNC, with Weyman Patrick, Sigma Chi; Ann Markin, Duke, with Alex Veasey, Alpha Tau Omega; Margorie Cole, UNC, with Dick Johnson, Beta Theta Pi; May Taylor, Wilmington, with Bob Crawford, Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Natalie Harrison, UNC, with Tom Campbell, Sigma Nu; Beazy Russell, UNC, with Collins Brown, Zeta Psi; Becky Ballentine, with Jack McPhaul, Delta Kappa Epsilon; and Mary Stuart Snider, UNC, with George Sturm, Kappa Sigma. Not shown is Carolyn Warren, UNC, with Tom Abell, Kappa Alpha.

### Letters To The Editor

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We would like to remind the writers of these letters that the opinions expressed in the Tar Heel's columns are those of the columnist and not necessarily those of the paper. Also we would like to refer them to the editorial, "Thanks, Navy" in the September 22 issue of the Tar Heel.)

25 September 1945

Mr. Morty Seif,  
Via Editor, Tar Heel.

For the last week the attitude of the Tar Heel has been "The Navy is leaving at last, Hurrah!" To the group remaining this attitude seems incongruous with the contributions made to the Carolina campus by the Navy during its stay.

With reference to the social life at Carolina it should be remembered that the Navy-sponsored dances were enjoyed by all. I have no doubt at all that even as you took your backhand slap at the Navy, you planned to attend the coming Tri-Ad dance. In addition, I should like to point to the Navy men who kept Freddy Johnson's band going, and to those Navy men who have done so much for the campus fraternities.

There is also the matter of the Navy men who have formed the backbone of the Carolina athletic teams. Even with the return of former Carolina men and with the importing of new civilian talent the Navy still scores the points. The Gorman-Ellison touchdown against Camp Lee is as good an example as any. All-American Jim Jordan's outstanding basketball performance should be remembered on the Carolina campus for years.

The Tar Heel should be the last to welcome the departure of the Navy. For some time its offices have been well filled with Navy and Marine writers.

It seems useless to point out the outdoor swimming pool which was enjoyed by civilians as well as Navy personnel. The Pre-Flight Hospital, now the University's "New Infirmary" falls in the same category.

Your complaints of lonely nights might be construed as an admission of your inability to get along with the coeds. Perhaps the reason is your lack of manners and gratitude. It could be that a course in the same taken under the Navy would help a little, Mr. Seif. You might give it a try Morty, and if it doesn't work, why T. S., Mr. Seif. (That is of course, T. S. with the proper definition!)

Submitted for publication,

NROTC Cadets:

William John Lee,  
Jack D. Stutz,  
Jim Ackley,  
Bill O'Donnell,  
Jos. P. O'Boyle,  
Thomas D. Vollmer.

25 September 1945.

Dear Mr. Editor:

In reference to the article in the September 25 edition of the "Tar Heel" by one Morty Seif, I think that a few pertinent remarks are in order. Hardly ever in the "Tar Heel" does the editor permit such infamous misrepresentation and unjust bull-wash to appear, especially on the editorial page where the space is supposedly limited to things of some slight import. I suggest that you incorporate a fifth page in your "Tar Heel" for such trash—and then leave it out when the paper is delivered.

Our fanciful young Morty, who seems to delight in handing out literary black-eyes at random, evidently puts as little thought as possible behind the meaning of what he is writing. The whole tenor of his article suggests that his exuberance over the disbandment of the Pre-Flight School is due solely to the possibility that at long last he can get a date with a girl! (This theme is sketchily camouflaged under the usual noble words about "reconversion" and "pre-war days" at Carolina.) Dear Morty's inferiority complex, coupled with an evident tint of jealousy, must have caused him to gnaw his fingernails constantly as he waited out the war at Carolina.

If our young pseudo-editorialist had even the most infinitesimal idea of values and even the worst possible observing eye, he would never have remotely considered making such a fool of himself. His observing eye can be classified as "blind" by his sterling remark that the Pre-Flight cadets have spent "vacations" and "pre-war days" at Carolina. Dear Morty's inferiority complex, coupled with an evident tint of jealousy, must have caused him to gnaw his fingernails constantly as he waited out the war at Carolina.

The Tar Heel should be the last to welcome the departure of the Navy. For some time its offices have been well filled with Navy and Marine writers.

It seems useless to point out the outdoor swimming pool which was enjoyed by civilians as well as Navy personnel. The Pre-Flight Hospital, now the University's "New Infirmary" falls in the same category.

Your complaints of lonely nights might be construed as an admission of your inability to get along with the coeds. Perhaps the reason is your lack of manners and gratitude. It could be that a course in the same taken under the Navy would help a little, Mr. Seif. You might give it a try Morty, and if it doesn't work, why T. S., Mr. Seif. (That is of course, T. S. with the proper definition!)

Submitted for publication,

NROTC Cadets:

William John Lee,  
Jack D. Stutz,  
Jim Ackley,  
Bill O'Donnell,  
Jos. P. O'Boyle,  
Thomas D. Vollmer.

See LETTERS, page 3.



### Cogs in the Wheel

By Allan Pannill

On and on without pause the road gives way to the elements of time and man.

To an innocent bystander it seems that:

Patience and perseverance definitely! With the distribution of last Saturday's Tar Heel that third step was tended to!! Many thanks from the grateful users.

Our Carolina gridironers proved their stuff in their game with Camp Lee last week. Congrats, men, and well done.

The Scuttlebutt has gone far in every respect since Dunc St. Clair took over. A good guy that deserves every break in the world. Good luck, Dunc.

The coeds in Owen Hall, the latest chicken roost, will be spared the bright lights and bare sights of the west side of Whitehead. Headquarters has ordered either full attire or drawn shades by the heretofore immodest occupants!

Last column's remark about Senor Miranda referring to dogs as stinkers was all wrong. This hasty columnist has since found out that any dog is a friend of the Senor's, and he was merely inquiring as to the dog's odor, with no offense intended. My most humble apologies to you, sir, and hereafter I promise to pay better attention to what you say.

Many of us have condemned the wrong men when we cuss the buzz-happy pilots that part our hair so

often. It seems that they are encouraged to scrape the Pre-Flight roof-tops to keep the local Fly-flys interested! My, my, what a way to stimulate a guy!

#### Midnight musings:

I wonder if we're allowed to smoke on the second floor of the library now or whether the librarian has been asleep for the past week. Sounds good!!

Was nice to find out that that Army gun, recently removed, is to be replaced by a five incher. Hmm, getting up in the world!

Gid Gilliam sure got his action in a hurry. All those ribbons go well with a grand guy. Congrats, many thanks, and good luck, fella.

It seems that this illustrious sheet had better start checking on its stories before printing them. Confused news never makes good reading. Bob, how about a few in-the-know proof readers?

I wonder who it is on this campus that I'm supposed to be jealous of.

Never did get a chance to thank that fella for the return of my Grail key. Whoever he is, I do thank him, not only for its return, but also for upholding a tradition of Carolina.

That last Marine party seems to have been a lulu. Lotsa people, lotsa refreshments, and lotsa animals!

Must remember to get the brass band down to the bus station when Sir Wallace returns. Wouldn't

See COGS, page 3.

## The Tar Heel

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE PUBLICATIONS UNION SERVING CIVILIAN AND MILITARY STUDENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA AT CHAPEL HILL

ROBERT MORRISON

*Editor*

PAT KELLY

*Assistant Editor*

HOWARD MERRY

*Managing Editor*

JACK LACKEY

*News Editor*

JACK SHELTON

*Copy Editor*

IRWIN SMALLWOOD

*Sports Editor*

CARROLL POPLIN

*Sports Editor*

BETTIE GAITHER

*Business Manager*

HARRISON TENNEY

*Circulation Manager*

#### News Staff:

Jane Bauseen, Jean Blane, Sibyl Goerch, Augusta Pharr, Elizabeth Pickney, Francis Craig, Marty Taylor, Nancy Hoffman, Tom Corpening, Jo Pugh, Dot Churchill, Frances H. Ferrier, Janet Johnston, Fay Maples, Thelma Cohen, Roy Thompson, Mary Hill Gaston, Dorothy Landvoigt, Fred Clapp, Betty Washburn, Al Lowenstein, Albert Huffsticker, Barbara Spain, Gloria Robbins, Jane MacCalman, Arnold Dolin, Jean Bill Kornegay, Emily Chappell, Bill Sessions, Richard L. Koral, Carolyn Rich, Lindy Behrens.

#### Business Staff:

Billy Selig, Charles Bennett, Ann Thornton, Mary Pierce Johnson, Natalie Selig, Suzanne Barclay, Alma Young, Mary Louise Martin.

#### Circulation Staff:

Tom Corpening, Eugene Ryon.

Phones: Editor, F-3141; Managing Editor and Associate Editor, F-3146; Sports Editor, 9800. Business and Circulation Managers, 8641.

Published Tuesday and Saturday except during vacations and examinations. Staff meets every Sunday and Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock. Any student desiring staff positions should attend a staff meeting. Deadlines: Sunday and Thursday.

Editorials are written or approved by the Editor and reflect the official opinion of the Tar Heel. Columns and letters may be submitted by anyone; the Editor reserves the right to edit the copy, but it does not necessarily reflect the opinion of the Tar Heel.

Editorial, business, and circulation offices on the second floor of Graham Memorial Presses in the Orange Printshop on Rosemary Street.

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.