

# UNC-Wake, Maryland-UVA Feature Tourney Openers

## State And Duke Co-Favorites In Title Meet In Coliseum

### Carolina Faces Toughest Slate Of Darkhorses; Battle With Deacons Tonight At 9:30 O'clock

Raleigh's Reynolds Coliseum, host to many a fine and exciting basketball tournament in past years, comes to life again this afternoon with the opening of the Atlantic Coast Conference championship deciding meet.

A representative of the National Athletic Association elimination preliminaries will also come out of this tourney. The team will play Villanova, March 8.

The ACC meet will get underway in excellent fashion. In the opening game today at 2 o'clock, Maryland takes on Virginia. Coach Bud Millikan's Terps rank as the No. 1 defensive unit in the conference, according to figures released by the loop's service bureau, and Virginia coach Bus Male's Cavaliers hold the position as the No. 1 offensive unit. Maryland's defensive average is 61.6 points per game over a 23-game schedule. Offensively the Cavaliers have a 91.2 average per game.

In the second game this afternoon Duke will face South Carolina at 4:00.

Tonight, it will be N. C. State vs. Clemson at 7:30 and two hours later North Carolina will face the Demon Deacons of Wake Forest for the third time this season. The Carolina-Wake Forest tilt will carry as much interest as the Maryland-Virginia game. Despite the fact that the Tar Heels twice defeated Wake during regular season play, UNC Coach Frank McGuire is not confident of a third win tonight. The Tar Heels will have to face Dick Hemric again.

N. C. State, having the advantage of playing on its home court, is the favorite to take the ACC crown. The defending champions, who finished first over the season's play, take on the No. 8 team in Clemson, a choice morsel which failed to gain a single victory. The Wolfpack also has a tournament bench. Coach Everett Case probably will not rely too heavily on his top men against the Tigers, but most likely will save them for the following games.

The Pack, however, even if it wins the tournament, won't be eligible for NCAA play because it is serving a sentence for violation of the Association's code of ethics.

Thus Duke figures to meet Villanova next week. The Blue Devils, who finished second over the season, also foresee a win in the first round over the Gamecocks. They have been picked to finish second behind State, which means they may get the NCAA bid.

Carolina probably has the toughest schedule of any darkhorse. Assuming the Tar Heels beat Wake Forest tonight, they must then face State and probably Duke to come out on top. UNC has defeated State once and lost once, and downed Duke once while dropping two to the Blue Devils. There are no breathers on the Carolina schedule.

## Coach Bunn Is Beginning 26th Year Here

By MARSHALL WALDMANE

The man who taught King George V of England how to throw a curve will launch his 26th year as head coach of the Tar Heel baseball team when the '55 campaign begins on March 24. The baseball career of Bunn Hearn has been long and colorful and covers a period of more than 40 years.

Last January, Coach Bunn Hearn journeyed up to New York City where he was given a citation which he modestly accepted. The National Association of College Baseball Coaches was holding its annual convention and the highlight of the conclave was the plaque awarded to "Coach Bunn." He was awarded this citation for "his development of young players for the past 25 years, his good sportsmanship, and his over-all donation to the sport of baseball."

If you've been out at Emerson Stadium watching the Tar Heels practice, you've probably seen Coach Bunn sitting in front of the home team dugout passing on words of wisdom to the young ball players just getting under way in the sport. Hearn has been around a long time and has a world of baseball knowledge which he tries to share with as many people as he possibly can. If any of the current Tar Heels could borrow just one year from the baseball life of Bunn Hearn, they would have enough stories to tell their grandchildren for years to come.

COACH BUNN is pretty good at telling stories. He might tell you about the time he pitched his first professional game with Wilson of the Eastern Carolina League. "Big Steam" was just a green kid about 19 when he toed the rubber and got set for his first pitch. His catcher was a fellow by the name of Louis Hobbs who is now a retired doctor living in Chapel Hill. Dr. Hobbs said, "Big Steam would really make my glove pop when he would come in with that blazer."

Although only 19 Hearn had a good curve ball to go with his blazer and before his first year of professional ball was over, he found himself in the uniform of the St. Louis Cardinals who had purchased his contract from Wilson. His new catcher was a guy named Roger Bresnahan who is considered today to be one of the greatest catchers of all time.

Miller Huggins played second base for the Redbirds and helped quite a bit in giving Hearn a very respectable earned run average for the remainder of that 1910 season.

After two seasons with the Cardinals, Big Steam was sent down to Springfield of the Three-Eye League for some seasoning. It was at Springfield that Coach



COACH BUNN HEARN  
"Big Steam" Sounds Off

Bunn learned that he was as good a hitter as he was a pitcher. In one game, he clouted three home runs, two of them coming in one inning. This was Hearn's greatest day at the plate and he'll probably remember it for a long time.

DURING THE next season, while playing with Toronto in the International League, Hearn pitched 20 consecutive scoreless innings against Jersey City. This was one of Hearn's best pitched games but as Bunn puts it, "Jersey City used two pitchers against me and we didn't score a run either. I had to settle for a tie."

At this time, Hearn didn't know that he would be pitching for John McGraw's New York Giants the next season. He thought that baseball had been good to him because few ball players ever get a chance to play in the big leagues and he, at the age of 22, already had two years of major league ball behind him.

Before the 1913 season was over however, Hearn reported to McGraw at the Polo Grounds, home of the Giants. McGraw used Hearn sparingly for the remainder of the season but planned big things for the little lefthander during the 1914 season.

THE 1914 GIANT pitching staff had a couple of other pretty fair country pitchers beside Big Steam. Christy Mathewson and Rube Marquard were the Big Two of the Giant staff. The infield had Fred Merkle at first, Larry Doyle at second, Art Fletcher at shortstop and Tully Schaeffer at third. Chief Meyer did the catching and Hearn did quite a bit of pitching along side of Mathewson and Marquard.

During the off season, before the '14 season began, Hearn joined the Giants and White Sox world touring party. He pitched in just about every country in the world but the highlight of the trip was when the two clubs played an exhibition in England for King George V. Hearn was introduced to the monarch and promptly got into a discussion about pitching. It was then that Big Steam showed the King the proper way to throw a curve ball.

1914 was Bunn Hearn's last year

in the big leagues but his career had hardly begun. The little southpaw returned to the minor leagues and played ball until 1931 when he decided to hang up his spikes.

HEARN HAD COACHED at Carolina during the 1917 and 1918 seasons as a fill-in, but in '32, he accepted the position of head baseball coach and has been here ever since. Hearn was quite at home at Carolina because he was born and raised in Chapel Hill. He attended Mississippi A. & M. and Elon College before launching his career in baseball. Now he returned to Chapel Hill to put the finishing touches on his career in the sport he loves so much.

During his 25 years as head coach, he has sent about 15 Tar Heels to the major leagues and countless more into the minors. Some of the boys he sent to the majors were George Stirrweiss, Yankees; Lou Riggs, Giants; Burgess Whitehead, Giants and Pirates; Clyde King, Dodgers; Nate Andrews, Cubs; Johnny Peacock, Red Sox; Tommy Irwin, Cleveland; Tom Tuberville, Athletics and Johnny Humphries, Cleveland.

Hearn piloted the Tar Heels to Southern Conference championships in 1933-34-40-41 and 42. In addition to these titles, the Tar Heels have taken the Ration League crowns in 1943, '45 and '48 as well as the Southern Conference title in 1948.

COACH WALTER Rabb has been Hearn's right hand man during the past several seasons and since the latter's health has not been too good, has been the main director and teacher of the Tar Heels.

George Stirrweiss was in the Tar Heel locker room during yesterday's practice session. He is currently managing Binghamton in the Yankee chain and stopped off while passing through to Ocala, Florida to join a staff of instructors at a baseball school. Stirrweiss said, "I've played under a lot of managers during my day, fellows like Billy Meyer, Casey Stengel, Bucky Harris and a lot more in the same calibre. These fellows play the game just like Bunn. They hold the respect of

By Al Capp

## Miles Gregory, UNC Hopeful, In Mat Meet

Six schools have entered individuals in the first Atlantic Coast Conference wrestling tournament to be held in Woollen Gym tomorrow and Saturday. The schools are UNC, Duke, State, Wake Forest, Maryland, and Virginia. No team championship of the conference will be awarded as previously reported. The tournament, the first of its kind to be scheduled, is merely to determine individual champions in the various weight classes.

Hugh Cowan and Miles Gregory will carry the UNC banner. These two grapplers, who did a good job throughout the season while the Tar Heels were dropping nine meets and winning one, were consistent winners.

their players and have a great knowledge of the game.

"Bunn learned from John McGraw and I, like a lot of others, learned from Bunn Hearn. I hope to be a major league manager some day and put into practice all of the tricks I learned from Coach Bunn during my three years at Carolina. He is a good sound teacher, a good handler of men and a credit to the University. Bunn Hearn is a real man."

## Hemric, Shavlik And Wilkinson Make Second Team All-America

NEW YORK, March 2 (AP)—Tom Gola of La Salle's defending NCAA champions, Robin Freeman of Ohio State, Bill Russell of San Francisco, Dick Ricketts of Duquesne and Darrell Floyd of Furman were named today to the 1955 Associated Press All-America basketball team.

Gola, regarded as the best present day collegiate player, dominated the voting by 323 sportswriters and broadcasters. On the basis of five points for a first team vote and two for a second team vote, Gola polled 1,488 points. He received 294 firsts and nine seconds.

Freeman, who injured his ankle and did not play the last month, nevertheless was a strong second with 955 points. Russell followed with 748, Ricketts with 725 and Floyd with 585.

Don Schlundt of Indiana, who made the 1954 first team, missed out this year. He polled 577 points to top the second team. Rounding out the second quintet were Dick Hemric of Wake Forest, Si Green of Duquesne, Dick Garmaker of Minnesota and Ron Shavlik of North Carolina State.

Tom Heinsohn of Holy Cross, Buzz Wilkinson of Virginia, Bob Burrow of Kentucky, Dick Boush

ka of St. Louis and Maurice Stokes of St. Francis (Pa.) were picked as a third team.

Honorable mention included Walter (Corky) Devlin, George Washington (116); Rod Hundley, West Virginia (115); Warren Mills, Richmond (100); Joe Holup, George Washington (74).

### GOLF CANDIDATES

Qualifying rounds for both varsity and freshman golf candidates will be held at Finley Golf Course next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Golfers should contact Ed Kenney at the course and indicate their intention of qualifying.

### Fighting Is Fierce

### In ACC Point Race

GREENSBORO, March 2 (AP)—Virginia's Buzz Wilkinson, Clemson's Bill Yarborough and Wake Forest's Dick Hemric are once more one-two-three in the Atlantic Coast Conference individual scoring race, but the annual ACC tourney beginning today, at Raleigh will settle a see-saw race between Yarborough and Hemric for second place.



### THE CARE AND FEEDING OF BOOKS

You busy college people—you with your classes and your studying and your social activities and your three-legged races—it is no wonder that you have so little time for reading. I mean reading for the pure pleasure of it, not to cram for exams. It is a sad omission, and my heart goes out to you. I do, however, take comfort from the fact that the graduation season approaches. Many of you will soon leave the hurly-burly of college for the tranquility of the outside world. Oh, you'll love it on the outside! It is a quiet life, a gracious and contemplative life, a life of ease and relaxation, of plenty of time to enjoy the treasures of literature.

It is with you in mind that I sit now in my cane-bottomed rocker and close my kindly gray eyes and smoke a mellow Philip Morris cigarette and remember books that made me laugh and books that made me cry and, remembering, laugh and cry again. It is, I say, with you in mind that I sit thus and rock thus and close my kindly gray eyes thus and smoke a Philip Morris thus and laugh and cry thus, for I wish to recommend these lovely and affecting books to you so that you too may someday sit in your cane-bottomed rockers and close your kindly gray eyes and smoke a mellow Philip Morris and remember books that made you laugh and books that made you cry and, remembering, laugh and cry again.

Sitting and rocking, my limpid brown eyes closed in reverie, a plume of white smoke curling lazily upward from my excellent Philip Morris cigarette, I remember a lovely and affecting book called *Blood on the Grits* by that most talented young Southerner, Richard Membrane Haw. It is a tender and poignant story of a sensitive Alabama boy who passes safely through puberty only to be devoured by boll weevils. . . . A lovely and affecting book.

I puff my splendid Philip Morris cigarette and close my dancing blue eyes and recall another book, a thrilling true adventure, lovely and affecting, called *I Climbed Everest the Hard Way* by Cliff Sherpa. Mr. Sherpa, as everyone knows, was the first man to reach the peak of Mt. Everest by tunneling from below. In his book he gives a lovely and affecting account of his trip, which was not as easy as it sounds, you may be sure.

I light another merry Philip Morris cigarette and close my lambent hazel eyes and recollect another book—*Life on the Farm* by Dick Woolly. This is a short book—only 55 words—and rather a dull one. It would not be worth mentioning here were it not for the fact that the author is a sheep.

I exhale a cloud of snowy white smoke from my beaming Philip Morris cigarette and shut my laughing green eyes and think of the vast, vast array of historical novels that have given me pleasure.

There is *Blood on the Visor* by Richard Membrane Haw (he who wrote the lovely and affecting *Blood on the Grits*). There is *Cold Steel and Hot Flashes* by Emmaline Prentiss Moulting. There is *The Black Shield of Sigafos* by Wruth Wright. There is *Four Quarts in a Gallon* by William Makepeace Jambrath. There are many, many others, all lovely, all affecting.

But sitting here, drawing on my matchless Philip Morris cigarette, my saucy amber eyes closed tightly, I am thinking that the loveliest, most affecting of all historical novels is May Fuster's classic, *I Was a Serf for the F.B.I.* Mrs. Fuster, justly famed for her rich historical tapestries, has outdone herself in this tempestuous romance of Angela Bodice, fiery daughter of an entailed fief, who after a great struggle rises to the lofty position of head-lineman to the Emperor of Bosnia and then throws it all away to lead the downtrodden peasants in a revolt against the mackerel tax. She later becomes Ferdinand Magellan.

But the list of fine books is endless, as you will soon discover who are about to leave the turmoil of the campus and enter into the serene world outside, where a man has time to read and rock and close his rakish taupe eyes and smoke good Philip Morris cigarettes.

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The makers of Philip Morris, who bring you this column, tell you that in our book, PHILIP MORRIS is the mildest, tastiest cigarette anybody ever made.

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**LIL' ABNER**

THERE ARE FEW HORRORS ON AMERICAN HIGHWAYS AS SOUL-FREEZING AS ANY CAREFUL MOTHER DRIVING HER PRECIOUS CHILDREN.

SIT BACK, DEARS—OR YOU MIGHT FALL—

**POGO**

SHE DOESN'T MEAN TO GO 90 MILES AN HOUR—BUT TO SEE IF EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT IN THE BACK SEAT, SHE HAS TO PROP HERSELF UP ON THE GAS PEDAL.

THAT'S NICE!! YOU'RE SAFE, NOW!!

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SUCH A BLUE EYED AN' CHUCKLIN' LITTLE TREASURE—THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, YOU FANCY MY SIDE OF THE FAMILY.

I DON'T FAVOR NO BIRDS ON NO SIDE.

**POGO**

YOU IS THE SPIT AN' IMOGENE OF GRANPA PUDDLEWHEEL—THE BIGGEST BOAT-TAILED GRACKLE WEST OF FARGO AN' NORTH OF FORT MUDGE—COOCHIE COO?

NO! NEVER TOUCH THE STUFF.

WHAT YOU NEED IS SOME HOME COOKIN'—OH MY LAND, WAIT'LL YOU TASTE A MOUTHFUL OF GRIBBS OR A COUPLE GRASS HOPPERS, OH, MY COOKIN' MAKES EVERYBODY GREEN WITH ENVY, SON.

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