

## Editorially Speaking

### WAR IS HELL, ETC....

"War is three things. It is a way of deciding great differences among people. That is the politician's war. It is a game of infinite complexity. That is the general's war. And it is a personal experience of weariness, hatred, terror, filth and occasional heroism and humor. That is the soldier's war."

This is from the introduction to "INVASION" Wertenbacher's story of the three weeks spent climbing up the beaches at Cherbourg, and I was reminded of that book on Wednesday night when I attended the first World War II Veterans' meeting at Carolina. I was reminded of it as I glanced around at the faces of the men gathered there and wondered what was behind the eyes of some of them that looked so old . . . old eyes in young faces, as they stolidly listened to the pro and con discussion concerning organization.

I was reminded of it when each man rose to his feet and repeated his name and division, for none of them mentioned rank and none of them mentioned whether they had seen service here or abroad. But they were all veterans, we knew, boys and men that had discarded their way of living to join the ranks with the others and follow the leader.

For a long time these men have followed a leader without question because it was war. For a long time they have taken orders, some of them may even have given some, but all of them have known restrictions and curtailment of freedom, and they seemed a little weary of it.

Some of them were married, some engaged, some were undergraduate and some graduate, some were privates and others were officers . . . and most of them had only been here a few weeks, and few of them had had any kind of orientation.

Nothing final was decided upon except that they might desire some kind of unity, but given a week to decide is not enough. Most of them were silent because they had not known what was to be proposed, but a few of the wiser ones put up their hands to stem the tide of ironclad appointments, and a week more of consideration is allowed.

We should like to propose the following:

**ORGANIZE** on a free basis, outline a probationary period of trial and error, get to know one another and find out which ones are fitted or interested to be leaders before you elect any one of them, and meanwhile choose one from among you as a leader . . . some one who has shared the "wearing of the uniform" since Pearl Harbor.

We do not believe that all you expect or want is a few parties or a few dates. You don't need a club for that. There's more than that at stake, and it vitally affects you and needs your adult approach.

Other universities throughout the country are beginning to notice the change precipitated by the entrance of the veteran into the undergraduate groups, and don't be deterred before you start. There are things which need to be done to adjust college to the returning veteran . . . many things he will have outgrown.

Now you present a new problem. Many of you are older than the usual undergraduate, but are subject to the same rules and regulations.

You are the first ones to come here and we are proud of you and eager for you to like it here, but we entreat you not to take your responsibility lightly . . . what you do now will bind the others that come later, and where there are 65 men now . . . there will be hundreds. . . .

### GOOD LUCK, DUNCAN...

This is the last issue of the TAR HEEL to be run off by Duncan St. Clair, veteran Carolina man of the Orange Printshop and mainstay of the TH staff for longer than most care to remember. It's not that Duncan is old in years, but he is UNC body and soul and his unflinching good taste, accuracy and good judgment have helped many TH editors through tough spots in the past. This editor for one is sorry to see him leave, but we expect to enjoy his good company at the Pines, which he has recently bought. Printshop's loss . . . and Chapel Hill's gain.

## Veterans: Here Are Some Answers To Your Queries On Mustering Out Pay

(Editor's Note: This AP release is reprinted here for some of you who missed it when it appeared in the regular dailies.)

Who gets mustering out pay? How much? Who doesn't get it? Who else can claim it?

Here are questions and answers on this gift from Uncle Sam to veterans of this war:

Q. Who gets it?

A. Generally—note the word—it goes to anyone honorably discharged from active service on or after Dec. 7, 1941. This includes the male and female personnel of Army, Navy, Marines and Coast Guard.

Q. What is the amount of mustering out pay?

A. There are three different kinds of pay:

Three hundred dollars—to anyone who has had 60 days or more of active service and has served outside the continental United States or in Alaska. It is given in three equal payments: \$100 at time of discharge, \$100 one month later, and \$100 one month after that.

Two hundred dollars—for person who has been in active service 60 days or more but has spent all of it within the continental United States. It is given in two equal payments: \$100 at time of discharge and \$100 one month later.

One hundred dollars: For a per-

son who has had less than 60 days active service. The full payment of \$100 is made at time of discharge.

Q. Do all persons who have been honorably discharged from the military service since Dec. 7, 1941, receive mustering out pay?

A. No. There are exceptions. Here are some of the main ones:

1. Anyone above the rank of captain in the Army or Marines or above the rank of lieutenant senior grade in the Navy gets no mustering out pay.

2. No mustering out pay goes to anyone who is discharged from active service on his own request to accept employment if he has not served outside the continental limits of the United States or in Alaska. But—anyone who has served overseas will get mustering out pay even though he is discharged at his own request.

3. Only those members of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps (WAAC) who were honorably discharged on account of disability are entitled to the payments. The WAAC, not part of the Army, was the forerunner of the Women's Army Corps (WAC) which became

## The Tar Heel

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

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Published Tuesday and Saturday except during vacations, examinations and holidays. Deadlines Thursday and Sunday. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Member of ASC and Nat'l Adv. Service, Inc.

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Yes, I know . . . but it looks different now.

## Letters To The Editor

### Overseas Letter Writer

By Jack Potter

Last January I sent a V-Mail to your office, requesting that if it was not too inconvenient for you, to please send me some back copies of the DAILY TAR HEEL, so that I could see how things were going at Dear Old Chapel Hill. Either you did not receive the letter, or you forgot it in the rush of events. No doubt this year there is a new editor, and a new editorial policy, so I thought I would try again, with, I sincerely hope, better results.

I spent two years at Chapel Hill prior to the "Lucky day" when I was drafted into the service. Those were the days of Paul Severin, Jim Lallanne, Holly Smith, Randy Mebane—ah yes, Randy, "Bagdad Daddy" and "One More Spring." Since I came overseas in November of last year I have spent much time reminiscing, and much of that reminiscence has to do with the happy days I spent at UNC. As a result I found myself wondering what has been happening since I left. The best way I know of to get a touch of the old spirit, would be to get some of the copies of the TAR HEEL, especially some of the issues that are coming out at the beginning of the school year.

So again I repeat, if you should find time, I would deeply appreciate it if you would send me at least a few copies so I could spend a happy hour or two, of which we have few, in going over the school news. That will have to do me until I am able to return in person to visit the place where I spent so many happy hours.

By the way, how is Harry? I neglected many hours of study to absorb the beery atmosphere that Harry specializes in. Haven't we all?

Jack Potter

part of the Army September 30, 1943.

So women—except those honorably discharged for disability—who were in the WAAC but did not remain to serve in the WAC are not entitled to mustering out pay.

Q. Between Dec. 7, 1941, and Feb. 4, 1944, when mustering out pay became law, 1,300,000 persons were discharged from military services. Are they entitled to mustering out pay?

A. Yes, if they met the conditions which entitle any veteran of this war to the payment.

Q. If they haven't applied for pay-

### Sights in India

By Pete Parker

This letter from the former Dean of Men, (Roland) "Pete" Parker, was received by a student and he was kind enough to let us publish excerpts from it. Old friends of "Pete" will be glad to know where he is and what he is doing.

APO No. 465  
New York, N. Y.

Dear \_\_\_\_\_

I am permitted to state that I am in Calcutta, India. Today, I have seen:

An American negro riding with a Chinese in a rickshaw pulled by an Indian coolie.

A bearer carrying a solid block of ice on his head.

Two lovely Indian girls in exquisite saris.

A twelve year old mother lugging her naked child down the street.

A cow walking calmly down the teeming sidewalk of the second largest city of the British Empire.

An age-old blind beggar.

Six coolies sleeping calmly in the middle of the sidewalk.

Two American aviators on their way from China to the States.

A very fat English woman.

I have had dinner with two Canadian fliers.

Had to refuse a loan to one of Merrill's Marauders.

Ridden in an elevator with a Chinese just after I learned the elevator boy was a Mohammedan.

The third passenger was an RAF Captain.

Seen the beginning of the Mohammedan New Year.

Seen an American officer hug a very dark Indian girl.

Nor was it a rare day . . . to other realities of lovely Chapel Hill—more than salutations.

Pete Parker

ment, how would they go about getting it?

A. By applying to the branch of the force in which they served.

Q. Suppose a veteran was discharged after Dec. 7 and, after leaving the service, died before receiving any portion or the full amount of mustering out pay. Would that veteran's survivors be able to claim his—or her—mustering out pay?

A. Yes, if the veteran was entitled to it under the conditions outlined above.

Q. Is mustering out pay tax free?

A. Yes. And it is not subject to the claims of a creditor.

## Columns and Comment

All signed articles, editorials, columns and letters are opinions of the writers and do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the TAR HEEL.

### Just Looking Around

By Marian Gurney

Wednesday afternoon there was a football game on the lawn in front of Graham Memorial. There were more beautiful things on the lawn than you can shake a stick at. For one thing, the kids who were playing, papers and shoe-shine boxes on the sidelines, were having themselves a whale of a good time. In one of the huddles I saw dark and light heads conferring earnestly together while one kid tossed the ball to his small teammate in a bit of time-out passing practice. The spectators, V-12's, passing co-eds, townspeople, lined up on the walk and across the way on the wall, were having themselves a time too. The V-12's had bunched themselves into a cheering section that yelled in happy confusion any time there was a good game or a good tackle made by either team, by any member of either team. I listened hard—I didn't hear a malicious crack made—if there were any, they were definitely opposed to the temper of a good-natured crowd.

Nobody paid any money to see the game. Nobody was betting. There

wasn't a coach or a band in sight. There wasn't an ambulance parked anywhere around—nobody got carried off the field. But the so called "spirit" was riding high; it was sand-lot football—played by kids for the fun of playing, watched by big kids for the fun of watching. What if the score was fifty-eight to sixty-three? (I got that from the captain of one of the teams, an old friend of mine known to his paper customers as "Sar-face.") The teams were evenly matched and a good time was had by all.

I reckon it's no good mourning the passing of fun-football in favor of money-football; what the whole nation's doing can't be stopped by one column—or one school either. But it was good, damn good, to catch a glimpse of the real thing for a change.

And it was damned good to watch Carolina show something of the progress and liberalism that should be Carolina's contribution to the problems of the south.

## It Happens Here

By Bill Crisp

Five years ago when a student got really perturbed over anything on this campus, he said, "Hell, I'm going down to Joe's and buy me a quart of gin and get sloppy drunk." Nowadays the story is different. A typical statement under present conditions might be, "Heck, I'm going down to the Varsity and buy me a milkshake and get stinkin' full."

There are those who lament this degeneration to milkshake drinking. They feel that the lack of ready liquor actually subtracts from the quality of this school. The more desperate ones have been observed buying eighteen dozen rumcakes from Mrs. Danziger and resorting to a sausage grinder to drain the precious contents. The five and ten cent store downtown reports a 300% increase in the sale of hair tonic and aftershave lotion. Indeed, that "aftershave fragrance" you smell on some coeds these days does not mean they are shaving (their faces). It merely indicates the scarcity of ration coupons.

But back to this milkshake drinking. What's wrong with it? The women say it makes them fat; the

men say that it doesn't sufficiently intoxicate them. How shall we compromise this situation?

As usual, the columnist comes forth with the ingenious solution: Crisp's Compound. (Any intentional association of this product with one Lydia Pinkham will be prosecuted according to law.)

Crisp's Compound is at present going through the red tape of the patent office, but the inventor, working toward the reconciliation of alcoholic desires with beverage scarcities, very humanely discloses the makeup of this potent drink. One quart of it contains the following ingredients: one half-pint of sweet, grade "A" (?) milk; one half-pint of Lilac aftershave lotion; one-fourth pint of hair tonic; one-fourth pint of caffeine; and one-half pint of water and Alka-Seltzer well mixed. The versatility of this compound cannot be denied. It is a cure-all.

It can serve the following needs: mild intoxication, milk for the baby, lotion for after-shaving, grease for the hair, drug to keep med students awake, and relief for a hangover. What else could you ask for?



## SEA BREEZE

By Ronald May, AS, USNR

I've been digging around in the archives a bit lately and came across some dope on how the uniform of the enlisted man in the United States Navy reached its present form.

In the first place, as most sailors know, when our Navy decided to make uniforms uniform, it used the British tar's suit as a model. The American Navy had no official uniform until 1841, when the Navy Department decided to get systematic in that matter and copied the British uniform with its piping on the large collar, its black tie, its thirteen buttons and its bell-bottomed trousers.

It is generally accepted that the three white stripes on the collar are to commemorate the three great victories of Nelson, at Copenhagen, at the Nile, and at Trafalgar. The black neckerchief is supposed to have been first worn as a sign of mourning for the death of Nelson, although another school of thought maintains that the British sailor back in the 18th and early 19th centuries always wore an old dirty-black rag around his neck to wipe his hands and mop his brow with and to keep the sweat from running down his neck. It is doubtful whether the real truth will ever be known.

Those famous thirteen buttons were used in the British naval service even before we had one, and hence can not represent the thirteen original states, as is sometimes

stated, but are probably the solution of a tailoring problem.

The bell-bottomed trousers that many sailors still wear because they think it improves their appearance, was originally worn as a practical measure. The British sailors first used them because they were likely to go on liberty in the same suit they worked in and the large bottom allowed them to roll the pant-legs up while they swabbed the deck, thus keeping them clean.

But the jumper we borrowed from the English in 1841 was not an item of old-standing in their sea-bags. At the end of the 18th century it was more common for them to wear a short jacket over a vest and shirt. The vests were usually red, but often yellow striped or spotted with other bright colors. The shirt often was a striped one of blue or red stripes alternating with white ones, or sometimes blue polkadotted or solid red.

Our naval uniform has been largely the same for about a hundred years. In fact, the new slate-gray enlisted man's uniform worn by shore patrol in some cities represents the greatest change in all that time. The color is said to have been selected by Admiral Ernest King himself, who chose it because it is attractive, easier to keep clean than whites, and of a low visibility at sea. Officers and chief petty officers have been wearing the new slate-gray for over a year.