

Praise and Prestige

Beaten, but far from disgraced, Carolina's valiant Tar Heel Sugar Bowl gridders have returned to Chapel Hill. We want to take advantage of this, our first opportunity, to congratulate Coach Snavely, his assistants, the players who fought their hearts out in the face of numerous bad breaks, and everyone connected with our great Carolina football team.

Although Georgia's undefeated eleven came out on top in the final reckoning, it was a gallant Carolina team that garnered the highest praise from many of the country's leading sports-writers for the manner in which they outplayed the favored Bulldogs for a large part of the game. The Carolina spirit, an ever-present 12th man at every Tar Heel contest, asserted itself once again as it has done so often in the past. The Tar Heels had every student and alumnus scattered about this nation who, unfortunately, were unable to attend the game, following every play over a coast-to-coast broadcast—and everyone of them was, and is, righteously proud of the Carolina club.

Kay Kyser, famed bandleader and UNC alumnus, while good-naturedly paying off a bet on the game by pushing a football down Vine Street in Hollywood with his nose, made the remark that he would do the same thing anytime "for those Tar Heel boys the way they played down there today."

And his remarks echo the sentiments of all who were and are at Carolina. For a grand job that brought a great deal of added prestige to the University and the state, congratulations to a courageous band of coaches and players. You played a bang-up game and deserved to win. New Orleans and the nation's sports experts will not soon forget the "boys from Chapel Hill."

And Those Who Didn't Play

A lot of praise is also due those Tar Heels who weren't wearing football suits New Year's Day, but whose contributions toward making Carolina's first bowl venture a success in spite of defeat was noteworthy.

To the members of the various committees appointed for handling ticket distribution, housing, et cetera, to the Athletic council, to the cheerleaders, to the band, to the members of the student body who got to New Orleans in spite of cancelled flights, crowded rooming conditions, and a generous sprinkling of bad weather to cheer their team to what was almost a brilliant upset win goes much credit.

Embittered over officials' decisions that most press box sports experts labeled "wrong", the Tar Heel supporters conducted themselves notably throughout the Sugar Bowl festival and left a good opinion of the University in their wake.

To the boxing and debating teams and track athletes who also wore Carolina's colors and gave excellent performances goes another hand.

And to the Sugar Bowl Committee itself, which can well be proud over having supplied sports fans with the most exciting bowl game of the day, we also extend praise. Everyone was enthusiastic over the game, the events leading up to the football finale and the general atmosphere of cordiality that prevailed in spite of misty skies.

The only people we have left out are the officials and most of the country's sports pages seem to have summed up their officiating sufficiently. It is sad that the questionable decisions had to occur, but the Sugar Bowl jaunt must still be considered successful—a proud feather in Carolina's cap.

The constant interchange of those thousand little courtesies which imperceptibly sweeten life, has a happy effect upon the features, and spreads a mellow evening charm over the wrinkles of old age.—Washington Irving.

The Daily Tar Heel

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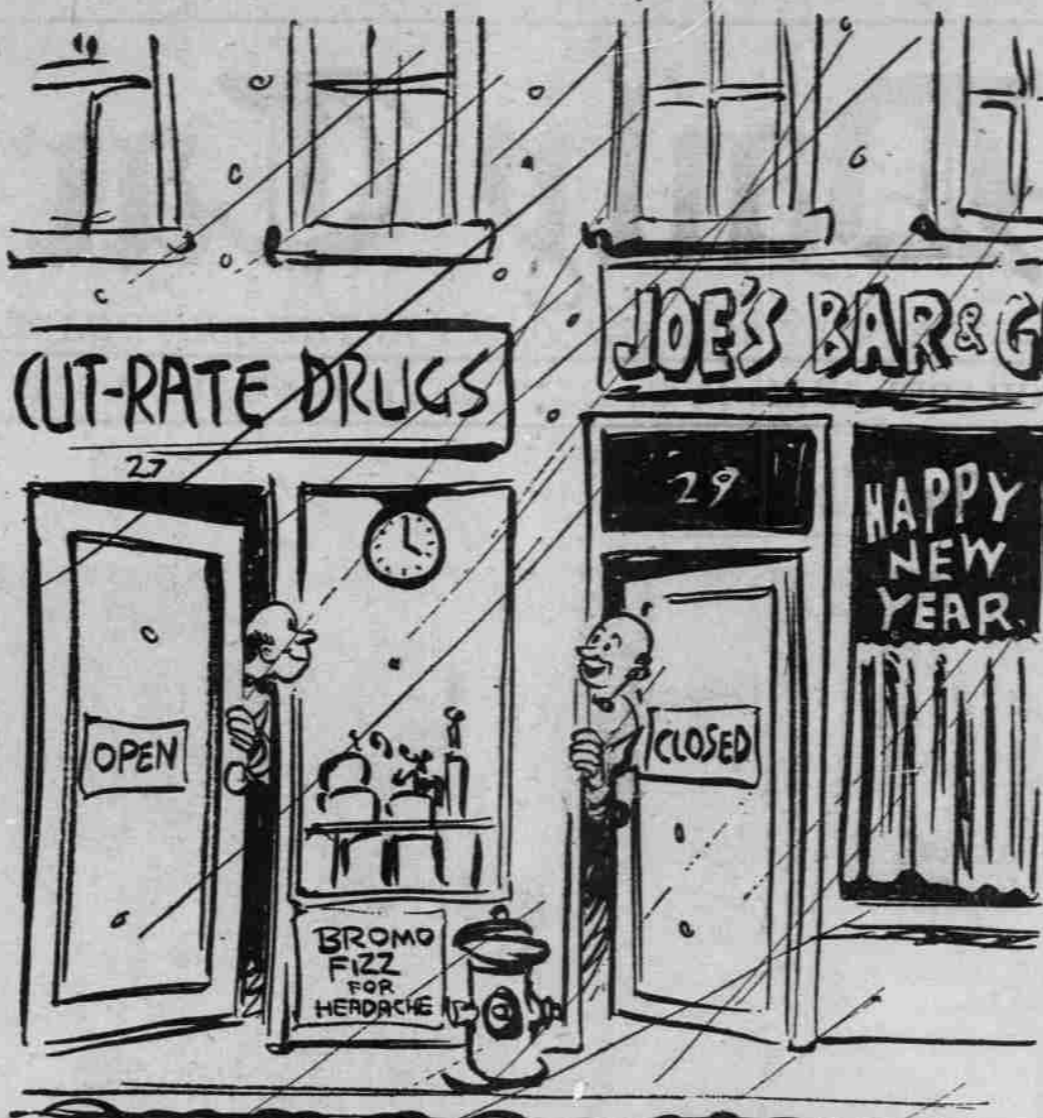
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FOR THIS ISSUE

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"How we doin'?"

Jeeps On Carolina Campus Vary in Color, Character

By Arnold Schulman

To ex-service men who have grown to love and live with the four-wheeled masterpiece known as the "jeep," nothing the tiny swish-buggy could do would come as a surprise. Yet, on the Carolina campus there are certain jeeps with character.

The sky-blue 'passion wagon' of Bill Corley's, for example not only can boast of having been on a dance floor, but also claims to be the only jeep in existence with an offspring. The offspring, a miniature jeep tacked to the hood of the car, is a female, Corley says, named 'Winkie, Jr.' When asked how a female can be a junior, Corley merely said, "What to hell. With Winkie anything can happen."

Other 'Freezemobiles'

Other campus 'freezemobiles' range in color from baby pink to mustard brown with every imaginable type of added attachments, plus several unimaginable ones. Cutlar Moore's jeep, for instance, comes equipped with what he calls "a radio controlled freezing unit." This unit, Moore insists, can automatically turn human blood to ice cubes in less than 15 minutes.

When asked if owning a jeep proves helpful in influencing coeds, the invariable answer was, "Are you kidding?"

No further probing could qualify the ambiguity of that answer, but campus authorities on 'woe-ology' claim that a free translation of "are you kidding" can mean "oh brother!" which should explain everything.

'Most Wonderful Since Sex'

Married couples, untroubled with dates and pickups, find the jeep "the most wonderful invention since sex." Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jones (no relation to John Paul) contend that jeeps are much cheaper to operate than "sensible" cars and, by far, harder to wreck. The only disadvantage they can see is that "the jeep is definitely a summertime car."

There is no limit to the amount of people that can crowd into the mid-gel blockbusters. Steve Davis claims that as many as 23 have ridden comfortably in his roadmite. Other jeep owners settled for a smaller number. For the Navy game, however, the average number of passengers in each jeep was 15.

To people who only see them the jeep may seem like a baby freak, but to proud owners there doesn't seem to be anything unusual about them. Bill Corley summarized the situation when further quizzed on his. "My jeep?" he asked. "Oh, she's just one of the girls at the Pi Phi house."

MIND-CHANGING EXPENSIVE

Chicago (UP)—It cost Steve Horozinski \$15 to change his mind about who robbed him of \$240. At a detective line-up identified a suspect as the man who took the money. When he appeared before Judge Charles S. Dougherty he wasn't so sure. The case was dismissed and Horozinski was fined \$15 for wasting the court's time.

3-FOOT SNAKE INTRUDES

Chicago (UP)—F. A. Swett, grocer, reached up to a shelf, felt something strange, and called police. Chief George Mason killed the "thing." It was a three-foot boa constrictor which probably arrived in a banana shipment.

Letters To The Editor

Financial Frustration

A sense of financial frustration and mental despair prompts me to write this item. This condition of mind has been brought about by my unfortunate position of having to earn my own school expenses and by my sensitivity to the seemingly unjust increases in prices.

I have upon my study desks a number of bound notebooks which have accumulated over a period of a little more than a year. Two of these, purchased from the local five and dime when I first came here, are 140 page books which cost 15 cents plus tax. The next group are in two sizes, both advanced in price, 30 cents for 120 pages and 50 cents for 200 pages plus tax. These same books soon advanced to 35 and 55 cents respectively plus tax.

Now upon my return to school in the new year 1947, the Book-Ex has a new series of notebooks priced as follows: 152 pages at 60 cents and 200 pages at 75 cents again plus tax. Thus the price per page of notebook space has increased from about 1.1 cents to about 4.0 cents. This seems unreasonable in these times of inflation.

Even Ledbetter-Pickard has 200 page books for 55 cents plus tax (I have just bought several there.) It would certainly be gratifying if the vendors of school supplies would try to purchase their goods so that minimum selling prices might prevail on the campus.

J. PAUL WILLIAMS

A Quiet Christmas...

"Well, did you have a big Christmas? they ask me. "Yeah," I said, "I spent mine right here in Chapel Hill." Chapel Hill? Gee, that's too bad you didn't get home.

But was it? No, to tell you the truth, those of us who stayed here over the holidays really enjoyed it. Just think, men, one could walk into a barber shop and choose one's own barber for a change. No waiting in line, and the barbers had time to talk and give a first rate haircut.

The Sunday night movie wasn't crowded either. We enjoyed the movie, especially since we could pick a seat away from a popcorn cruncher. And there were no catcalls when the lovers clinched.

The restaurants were back to normal. The waiters had time to take an order. No one breathed over our soup as they waited for a table. Just think of that! And beer—everybody had beer. That was really a surprise.

There was no line waiting for packages at the postoffice. The weather was good the whole vacation.

All in all, it was a pleasure to see a quiet, untroubled Chapel Hill again. Best wishes for the New Year.

Washington Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

JOE MARTIN HAD CHANCE TO RUN FOR PRESIDENT BUT CHOSE TO BE SPEAKER; MARTIN VOTED FOR ROOSEVELT'S NEW DEAL; HAS CHANCE TO CLEAN UP CONGRESS

Ed. Note—Drew Pearson today awards the brass ring, good for one free ride on the Washington Merry-Go-Round, to Joseph W. Martin, new Speaker of the House of Representatives.)

Washington.—When Joseph William Martin Jr. was 21 years old he faced a three-way decision between a career of politics, newspapering or professional baseball. He had been star shortstop on the North Attleboro semi-pro team, and had begun a career on the North Attleboro Chronicle. In the end, however, he chose politics. When this decision was announced to his father, the elder Martin advised: "You'll be better off Joe, if you stick to newspapering. Politics is dirty business." Joe Martin, however, spurned parental advice, stuck to politics and today becomes the first Republican Speaker of the House of Representatives since the same seat ever since.

In two Presidential elections, Martin played important backstage roles. One was in the Landon campaign, whom he helped nominate—but could not elect. The other was in the Wilkie campaign, when Martin tried to weld together conflicting wings of the Republican party as National Chairman.

In 1940, shortly before Wilkie was nominated, several friends urged Martin to run for President himself, and one wealthy Pittsburgh backer offered to put \$85,000 behind him.

"There are no strings attached to this," Martin was told. "My friends and I just think you are the best White House timber in the field."

"I have no ambitions in that direction," Martin replied. "I am perfectly satisfied to remain in the House. My one ambition is to be Speaker."

FRIENDLY ENEMIES
 Four years ago, that ambition was almost fulfilled. Rolling up an unexpected vote in the 1942 off-year election, it looked for a moment as if the GOP would control the House of Representatives. In the end, the Democrats won out by a few votes, however, and when it came time to swear in the Speaker, Joe went into the office of Sam Rayburn to escort him to the Speaker's rostrum.

"Sam," said Joe, "I've got bad news for you. I hope you can hold up under the shock. You've been re-elected Speaker."

Actually, Sam Rayburn and Joe Martin have a lot in common. Both are bachelors, both are good friends, both have somewhat the same middle-of-the-road, square-shooter point of view.

Like most bachelors, also, the new Speaker is very fond of children and keeps trinkets in his office to give to friends for their youngsters.

Homeward-bound one Christmas vacation, Martin phoned his office from Washington's Union Station and asked his secretary, Jim Milne, to hurry over with a package he had left in his desk.

"I can't go without it and my train leaves in 20 minutes," he explained.

Milne rushed the package to the train just in time.

"Say, what's in this, anyhow?" he asked. "Sure must be important I haven't seen you so agitated about anything since the election."

"It's very important," said the Speaker-elect. "It's a doll for my little grandniece."

MARTIN'S BIG OPPORTUNITY

Back in the days when Martin was 21 and his father advised him not to go into politics because "politics is dirty business," Joe replied:

"That's why I'm getting into it, dad. It needs to be cleaned up and you can't do that by holding your nose and standing on the sidelines."

Crossword Puzzle

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

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

COST MEADOW
RAILED ANDIRON
EVIL AND MERE
GEOLOGY SPORE
AR SAG SAL YD
GNU TRAPPER
ESNE ELL DASS
ELASTIC MAT
HI ESS CAA NR
EDAMS BERMUDA
LENE EOS BRAD
MANNERS SLAGS
SATERS DELE

- DOWN**
- 1—Garden flower
 - 2—Blame
 - 3—Man from "The Hub"
 - 4—Utter harsh cry
 - 5—Be sick
 - 6—Poise
 - 7—Scattering
 - 8—Trampled
 - 9—Large roofing slate
 - 10—Small fish
 - 11—Through
 - 12—Absolute rulers
 - 13—Pronoun
 - 14—Turf
 - 15—Man from Reykjavik
 - 16—Mongrel
 - 17—Bitter vetch
 - 18—Shortest distance
 - 19—Nerve: oomh form
 - 20—Resort
 - 21—Write
 - 22—Drunk
 - 23—Talk indistinctly
 - 24—Upon
 - 25—Sound
 - 26—Trapped
 - 27—City entered by Trojan horse
 - 28—Form of "have"
 - 29—Play a part
 - 30—Owners of Constitution Hall
 - 31—A number
 - 32—Flightless bird

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