

The Daily Tar Heel

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THE WASHINGTON SCENE

By George Dixon

(Copyright King Features, 1949)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10—One of the nicest women around our town has just written a very interesting book. I mean Grace Tully, Private Secretary to F.D.R., 1932-45.

The beloved Grace, in her work "F.D.R. My Boss", has a number of hilarious stories but the one that tickled me most concerned Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt, the strong-minded housekeeper at the White House.

"No system, however," writes Miss Tully, "was quite equal to the housekeeper's conviction that the proper diet should be 'plain foods, plainly prepared' and the President pretty much had to take it. . . .

"The most graphic disclosure of the Presidential attitude toward the 'plain foods' came in the late summer of 1944 when I was chatting with him and his daughter, Anna Boettiger.

"You know," The Boss suddenly remarked, "I really want to be elected to a fourth term."

"It was a provocative remark and sounded like a momentous pronouncement.

"I want to be elected to a fourth term," he repeated, "so I can fire Mrs. Nesbitt."

One particular outgrowth of the hullabaloo over Congressmen using Army transport planes has me deeply intrigued. This is the explanation offered by Rep. Wickersham, of Oklahoma, as to why he made two trips in an Army transport.

Rep. Wickersham declared that both trips were to Oklahoma City and both on official business for the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, of which he is a member.

I don't see how anyone could possibly question Mr. Wickersham's going to Oklahoma City on Marine and Fishery business.

As everyone surely knows, Oklahoma City contains practically nothing but mariners and fish. Mighty ocean-going vessels are seen tied up in the lobby of the Skirvin Hotel, built by Perle Mesta's pappy, and the North Canadian River billows with waves that sometimes rise to a furious height of half an inch.

Caterpillar Club Candidate



This 'n That

Return Of The Amberson

By Bill Buchan

My old, congenial, friend, Wilbur Amberson dropped around to my room in Sutton Heights the other night and as I saw him in the door, I knew he had problems on his mind, so I let him speak his piece.

"Buchan," he says, says Wilbur, "What the devil is the matter with you this year, you can't write any more, all you are is a common ordinary gossip. Son, you're in sad shape."

"But," I protested, "folks like to see their names in the paper. The more names, the more people read. You know that, old buddy."

"That ain't no excuse."

"But, Wilbur, most of the stuff I write isn't so, I make up 50 per cent of it and throw somebody's name in for kicks. Can't you realize that. People like the stuff. They protest, but they like to see their

names in print." "The heck they do". You're not writing anything but pure tripe. Now take last year," Wilbur said, "when I was in at least half of your columns, when you had something to campaign for, some fights to win. That was the time."

"That was in the old days, son," I answered, "this business this year is really going over. Why, my good buddy (I hope) Ted Leonard even mentioned me in the Legislature meeting Thursday night."

"Yeah, the Tri Delt is mentioning you too, but it ain't printable."

"I've only the best of intentions."

"Well, why don't you do something different for a change. Go back to your old business of writing solid columns about one thing or a certain group of people. Get away

from this ancient gossip business, son, you're not in high school anymore."

"But Wilbur, people like it." "Buchan, just how stupid can you be. Change over for two weeks, do anything, make up stories about your friends, if you have any. They'll enjoy it. Other people will like it. Then people won't be using their own interpretations to those corny paragraphs you write."

Amberson had had, as usual, a few beers, but I figured the guy was serious, and I always take suggestions (except ones instructing me to go to certain places) so I listened.

"All right, friend," I agreed, "for two weeks, I'll produce six solid subjects for columns, like the Tri Delt business last week. I'll use my imagination like Gus Travis, and then we'll see how they like it."

Don't ever do any corny, unfunny thing like the Tri Delt column, but try your luck. If people prefer it the other way, they'll tell you. If they like it this way, they will tell you. Just ask them."

You mean write a column about Ralph Bowden and his date out at Hogan's Lake Saturday afternoon, or about Bill McIver over at the Phi Delt House?"

Reckon so, though I don't know those characters. Use what weak brain you have, stupid, do something original. Folks will like it. You can do something, kid, if you want to, it just takes common sense."

"Why stay away from politics, except to boost future president Dorth Warriner. Make peace with Leonard, the Tri Delt, Russ Batchelor, those women you've been accusing of drinking suds alone. And most of all straighten up and fly right."

"Well, Wilbur, you've put me through many a column and provided more than enough copy, but if people don't like my switching to this 'single column story' stuff, I'm gonna switch back. And incidentally, there are folks who don't like you or your attitudes. So there."

"People who don't like me are just stupid, like you, stupid. It was your roommate, Maynard, who persuaded me to come up and straighten you out."

"Okay," I says to Wilbur, I says, "your advice goes until folks tell me otherwise, but if they want me to switch back to what you call 'gossiping' I'm gonna do it."

With a look of success and the impossibility of such a request, Wilbur gathered up his 23 beer cans (full) and staggered back to the lower quad.

And we're off, as of now, on a new series until we hear differently.

Fraternity Exchanges

An old Carolina custom that seems to have been lost in the shuffle is that of exchange dinners between campus fraternities. Before the war it was common practice for a fraternity to send five of its members around to another house, and in return entertain five itself for dinner on some of the week nights.

Ed Joyner, editor of the Daily Tar Heel last year, advocated reviving the custom of exchange dinners, and for a while the custom enjoyed a brief rejuvenation. Now the idea unfortunately seems to have been forgotten. However, interfraternity squabbles and prejudices are just as prevalent today as before the war. The presidents of each chapter could considerably better the campus relations of their fraternity by reviving the policy of having exchange dinners with other fraternity men.

Campus Thievery

Journalism Department officials yesterday reported that a new Royal typewriter is missing from their offices in Bynum Hall, thereby adding another item to the growing list of articles stolen over the campus recently. The wave of thefts is showing no letup, and apparently the days when one could leave his door unlocked are at an end in Chapel Hill.

Within a period of little over a week, there have been six major thefts.

These robberies do not fit into any definite pattern, and perhaps none were executed by students. However, there is a strong probability that students did figure in some of them, for they generally are more familiar with the University and its laxities than an outsider would be.

The students have been hard hit in many cases by these thievery. But of even more consequence is the fact that if the thefts continue, the whole student body may lose many privileges. For example, it may be necessary in the future to close up Bynum Hall at night. Right now the building remains open, and students may go there in the evening and make use of the typewriters which the Journalism Department generously leaves out. Also it would not be advisable to keep Woollen Gymnasium open during the evenings if items continue to be found missing the following day.

Right off no solution seems to be available as to bringing a halt to the robberies. The Carolina Honor System seems to have no influence over the thieves, whoever they may be. Apparently the only solution is to lock one's door at night and not to leave money and other valuables in such accessible places. But in the case of Woollen Gym and Bynum Hall being robbed of articles, all we can do is hope that there are no recurrences. It would be most unfortunate if the students should have to be deprived of the use of these buildings at night just because of the acts of a thief.

Student Government Tripe And Trivia

By Bob Sturdivant

This is the first in a series of articles on campus life as seen from over our way. If the series should halt abruptly, you readers may draw your own conclusions, based on the coroners report, of course. The first of these is titled "Student Government at Carolina" or "The Heads, See How They Roll".

Firstly, let us look at the structure of the organization. It is based somewhat on the ideas advanced by Rousseau in his now famous essay, "La Fille Est Dans La Rue." This cannot be accepted as being entirely true, however, since the great master of French, or a French master as they are sometimes called, made no provision for a committee on the elimination of bugle blowing behind Spencer. As far as can be ascertained, however, this is the only instance of deviation from the master plan and can most probably be checked up to inexperience in the application of semantics on the part of some power mad student legislator.

It has been held by many eminent scholars that the aforementioned essay lends itself readily to misinterpretation through its clever use of the passive subjunctive. In fact, one of our more famous students of political science had this to say concerning the essay and its author: He should live so long already." But I digress. As for the operation of student government, we need to go no

farther than the Roman policy during the "let's go get those Sarmians" period. (Actually, this has little to do with government of any kind, but its a darn sight more interesting reading.) We see our active student leaders doing their bit all about us, especially while seated in the University cafe.

Student government is limited by the constituency represented by defeated aspirants in the race for spoils. Therefore, it goes without saying. The situation here on campus almost coincides the one which was prevalent in France during the eighteenth century. Concerning this, Voltaire was once heard to mumble "Ou est le crayon?" This cannot be accepted without reservation, however, since he had just been served a martini with onion.

And any student of classical literature will tell you that Voltaire simply deplored martinis with onions. In general one might say that student government is limited by the Curve Inn on the north, The Buccaneer on the west, Kenan Stadium on the south, and Pearl Harbor on the east. It has been rumored that some have ventured beyond but it is only hearsay.

So much for today, kiddies. And remember, next week we write on Little Miss Muffet sat on a Buffet, or Man, That's Real Eating.

Playmakers

A Credit To Tar Heelia

By Bill Johnson

A few days back we were stopped in front of the Playmaker Theater by a rosey-cheeked youth who apparently hadn't kicked around ye olde campus long enough to rub the shine off his saddle shoes. "Where", he asked, "can I get a look at one of these Playmakers I've been hearing about? Been sitting here 30 minutes and haven't seen anything unusual about the people hanging around this place."

The best we could do on the spur of the moment was mutter something about "Maybe they aren't in season," turn our hat brim down, our collar up, and sneak in the side door for our playwrighting class.

But this naive member of the Class of '53 started us thinking, and now, after due deliberation and with malice aforethought, the conclusion has been reached that all this business of "he's-a-Playmaker-ha-ha" should be dispensed with once and for all and forgotten. Like an old Wilkie button, it just ain't funny no more.

A goodly portion of the old salts around the campus and not a few of the freshmen are laboring under the erroneous impression that the Playmakers are little more than a grand and glorious collection of nuts with theatrical tendencies. This idea popped up a number of years back and since that time the fires have been fanned at regular intervals by the always-present group of self-righteous fault-finders that invariably have a hand in such matters.

It's quite possible that the Playmakers do harbor one or two individuals of questionable

personality... what organization doesn't? Yet the Playmakers are ridiculed because the nature of their activities places them behind the public and in a position where popular approval or criticism is expected. Most of us are too quick to emphasize the bad qualities of a group and much too slow and hesitant when it comes to dealing out the orchids. Sure, it's only human... but that doesn't make it right.

Another natural reaction, and one that a little thinking now and then might prevent, is the inclination to find fault with individuals and groups who have the ability, the desire, and the backbone to engage in activities that we, as individuals, have often wanted to take a crack at, but from lack of initiative, opportunity, or talent, have never gotten around to.

The Carolina Playmakers put in their appearance on the campus in 1918 under the guidance of the late Professor Frederick H. Koch. "Proff," as he came to be known to his students and friends, believed in the folk drama and he believed in the Playmakers as the instrument by which a younger generation of theatrical aspirants could gain experience and at the same time bring about a deeper understanding of the forceful drama which is an integral part of life itself.

As testimony to "Proff's" vitality and the strength of his ideals, the Playmaker's record is one of accomplishment and ceaseless activity. Since 1918, the Playmakers have produced over 650 original one-act plays, more than 80 full-length plays, 50 professional one-act plays and over 35 out-door shows.

Over 4,000 students have joined the organization and from them have come many of the nation's celebrated writers and entertainers. Thomas Wolfe, Paul Green, Jonathan Daniels, Howard Richardson, Betty Smith, George Denny, Josephina Niggli and Noel Houston are just a few of the famous names to be found on the roster of past and present Playmakers.

On tours throughout the state and nation the Playmakers have gained a reputation that has greatly added to the growing acknowledgment that Chapel Hill and this University are one of the country's greatest cultural centers. More than 300,000 people have audenced Playmaker performances in Boston, St. Louis, Dallas, Texas; New York City, Washington, D. C. and dozens of other smaller cities.

Of the Playmakers' first performance in New York the reviewer of "Theater Magazine" wrote: "The rare characters and the homey qualities of these plays linger in one's memory long after some of the more sophisticated plays of Broadway have been forgotten. Each time we witness a program of the CAROLINA FOLK PLAYS, we feel for a moment that we, too, are just folks" along with those folks on the other side of the footlights, who transport us for a brief but happy period back to their hill country with its rich traditions, legends, and folklore."

Such is the character of the Carolina Playmakers, who rate, not our cynicism, but our honest appraisal; not our censure, but our praise.

DREW PEARSON ON THE WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON.—It's been a long time since the U. S. Navy hung the son of the U. S. Secretary of War, John C. Spencer, "at the yard-arm of the brig Somers for insubordination and attempted mutiny," but there's always been a certain amount of insubordination in the Navy not unlike that flaring in the headlines today.

There was the case when the admirals, through their mouthpiece, the Navy League, called their commander-in-chief Herbert Hoover "abysmally ignorant." There was the case of when the admirals, led by Hilary P. Jones, sabotaged Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson on 8-inch-gun cruisers. And there was the bitter attack on Stimson's war record, carried on sub rosa by the admirals.

There was also the leak of a secret naval document regarding dirigible bases by Adm. Joseph M. Reeves, not unlike the leak by Capt. Crommelin today. And there was the shameless way in which certain naval advisers to the Coolidge Naval Conference in 1927 conspired with William Baldwin Shearer, lobbyist for American Steel Manufacturers and Shipbuilders, to defeat the policies of their Commander-in-Chief, Mr. Coolidge.

Looking back over the last three decades, the Navy has battled much more vigorously against its Republican Commanders-in-chief than against the Democrats, under Franklin D. Roosevelt, a former Assistant Naval Secretary, there was almost nothing the Navy wanted that it could not get.

Even regarding uniforms FDR bowed to the admirals, because of the scarcity of textiles during the war, his secretary of the Navy, the late Frank Knox, had banned a new blue-gray summer uniform. Whereupon, Fleet Commander Admiral Ernie King walked into the White House and reversed Knox in five minutes.

One reason the admirals are so irate today, of course, is that their inside drag with the White House is no more. Not only was Harry Truman, an Artillery Captain during World War I, but his very close friend, Maj. Gen. Harry Vaughan, is interested in the Army, not the Navy.

Reading a book written 17 years ago, I came across this paragraph: "Leaks are among the admirals most effective means of propagandizing. When a White House decision has gone against them, when the State Department is carrying on a negotiation which the admirals oppose, when they fail to get their full appropriation, then the safest and best strategy is to leak."

"They do this to the press or to a discreet member of Congress. Both channels are effective. A furor is stirred up. The President or the State Department is pictured as stripping the country branch of its defense and baring it to the bosom to the enemy — and after all the furor has subsided, the admirals usually find themselves on top."

That statement, written by this columnist in 1932 in the book "More Merry-Go-Round," is equally true today. It is true regarding the Captain Crommelin leaks; and it is true regarding the leaks to Congressman Van Zandt, the Naval Reserve officer who so grossly libeled Secretary of Air Symington under the safety of Congressional immunity.

The public has largely forgotten it, but twice the Navy has been given complete and lengthy hearings by Congress, and each time Congress ruled against the Navy. Following which the admirals refused to accept the Congressional decision.

In 1946-47 Congress held protracted hearings regarding unification of the armed forces. The Navy was vigorously opposed. One of the admirals testifying against unification at that time was Adm. Gerald F. Bogan, who, apparently forgetting his own testimony, wrote a letter, recently leaked to the press, in which he complained that the Navy never had a hearing.

However, after months of hearings and listening to any one who wanted to testify, Congress voted for unification. In a civilian form of government, it is the Congress, not the Navy, which is supposed to have the final word.

Again last winter further hearings were held on unification. Again Congress listened patiently to the admirals, but again Congress voted against them, tightened unification.

Admirals Bogan, Radford and Denfeld now complain that morale in the Navy is low. That is true.

However, during the 1946-47 hearings Congressmen proposed that Naval officers have the right to transfer to the Air Force or any branch of the Army with equal pay and rank, or with even greater pay and rank — if justified. This provision was inserted because it was foreseen that battleships and surface vessels now easy targets for atomic bombs, would be put out of commission and there should be some place for Naval officers to go.

The situation was considered similar to that in the Army when cavalry and horse-drawn artillery became outmoded. Cavalrymen and any other officer in an outmoded branch of service were permitted to transfer to the expanding air forces, sometimes with a promotion. But when Congress proposed that Naval officers be allowed to transfer to the Army or Air Force, the admirals opposed.

That is the real reason why morale is low in the Navy. The inescapable fact is that the battleship is woefully out of date, and the Navy would even like to lay up the Missouri — If President Truman would consent. Thus Naval officers have no other branch of the service to which they can transfer.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

- Cover
- Street urchin
- Fashion
- Employ
- Tibetan monk
- Particulate
- Evergreen tree
- Telephone girls
- Goddesses of destiny
- Bird's home
- Polynesian yams
- Danger
- Land measure
- Bugle call
- Silkworm
- Crowds
- Seaweed
- Topaz humbirds
- Piece out
- Hitcher
- Copper coin
- Closed car
- Brain passage
- Belgian city
- Chariot
- Dive e food
- Intensifying sound
- Wrath
- Send covering
- Promiss
- Leafy vegetable
- Strong wind
- American university

DOWN

- Wristband
- Continent
- Troubled
- Shades
- Knock
- Wagon of illumination
- Uncoined
- Dull fish
- American Indian
- June bug
- Five squares
- Perpetrator
- Proceeding
- Packet
- Turn
- Periscope
- Series of names
- City in Iowa
- Pure
- Exist
- Fairy
- Top cards
- Physical region
- Soop
- One-half
- Particulate
- Bird of prey
- Ground
- Shred
- Age
- Yellow ochre
- Nocturnal bird

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

59. Cluster of wool fibers

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