

The Daily Tar Heel

The official newspaper of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill where it is published daily during the regular sessions of the University at the Colonial Press, Inc., except Mondays, examinations and vacation periods and during the official summer terms when published semi-weekly. Entered as second class matter at the Post-Office of Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price: \$8 per year, \$2 per quarter. Member of the Associated Press, which is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news and features herein. Opinions expressed by columnists are not necessarily those of this newspaper.

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NONPLUS

by Harry Snook

Athens is just a small town in Georgia, but it offered plenty of diverse entertainment for Carolina visitors over the weekend. Although people flooded the town from all over Georgia, Carolina students and supporters held the limelight in festivities.

Jostling for hotel rooms began about 8 o'clock Friday night. The local hotels were filled early, while late arrivals had to drive as far as the outskirts of Atlanta to find sack room.

Two things were especially noticeable to Carolinians. Whiskey flows freely in Georgia on game weekends and the University of Georgia campus is not nearly so beautiful as ours.

Many Tar Heels were attracted to the dance in the Georgia Student Union building. In addition to a spacious dance floor with over-hanging balconies and an outdoor patio, there was ample lounge room equipped with ping pong and billiard tables.

The Georgia Student Union operates on a budget of only \$6,400 dollars a year, compared with about \$20,000 for our Graham Memorial. But they must raise additional revenue by charging admission to the regular Friday and Saturday night dances. To judge by our talk with Student Union officials, they do not offer nearly so comprehensive a program of concerts and special events as our Student Union.

We learned that there were about 2,500 coeds out of a total of about 7,000 students at Georgia. It was a real sight to see about the same number of boys and girls on the dance floor.

The University of Georgia paper, "The Red and Black," is published once a week. Carolinians were proud to realize that our school, with about the same number of students as Georgia, puts out a daily that ranks among the best in the nation.

Athens does offer Georgia students some facilities which are not available in Chapel Hill. There is a bowling alley, pool halls, a skating rink and (something we don't miss in Chapel Hill) four houses of ill repute.

Private parties in the hotels were loud but not destructive. Carolina and Georgia people were mixing drinks from the same bottle and alternating cheers for the two schools.

There were odd notes on occasion. One girl on her way to a party down the hall of the Holman Hotel bumped into a man with nothing on but shoes, shorts and a drink. She gaily invited him to the party. But this Carolinian and two similarly clad companions had the grace to refuse.

During the pep rally, one party-goer kept himself busy cracking ice on the curb for his drinks.

Then there were the boys in blue jeans, with beautiful silver whiskey flasks in hip pockets.

Sanford Stadium itself does not compare with Kenan. The Georgia field had nice turf, night lights and a splendid hedge surrounding the playing field. But the stands and the scenery did not blend well. The temporary stands, where many of the Carolina supporters were seated, were constructed of thin, flimsy boards and the ironwork was rusting.

The loudspeaker system was especially poor, and announcements could hardly be heard on the north side of the stadium.

The fact that the Carolina students and supporters were too high and too far from the field prohibited the solid cheering support we exhibit in our own stadium. Nevertheless, the cheering squad worked hard and we made ourselves heard during the game.

The Georgia cheering squad included some first rate tumblers who performed in cadence with the cheers. And one Georgia tumbler tried to do hand-springs the entire length of the playing field at half time. He actually kept going for over fifty yards, which was quite a workout and well worth seeing.

By early Sunday morning, a lot of money had been spent, a vast amount of whiskey drunk, a great volume of cheering done, a terrific stint of partying accomplished, and a tense, disappointing game was history.

It was good to get back to Chapel Hill.



Tar Heel At Large

by Robert Ruark '35

We may have been a mite wrong about the rabbit ball, the inflated home run, the cheap-john fences and the other defects of major league one-o-cat—about which the writing boys have been moaning piteously.

I wrote this piece after the first two games of the Series, in which a lusty total of four whole runs had been compiled by both clubs in 19 innings, and in which all pitchers had gone the technical distance, if you forgive the yanking of Jim Konstanty for a pinch hitter after he allowed four measly hits in eight frames.

What we probably meant when we were weeping over the good old days of the leaden rocket—with a sidebar sniffs about the shine ball, the spitball, the emery ball and all the other pitcher's tricks—was that we aren't growing very much talent in the way of throwers these days, and are blaming it all on the defenseless missile.

There seems to be nothing unduly sinister about the stuffings of a baseball when a guy with skill is serving it hot and accurate. Young Master Rob Roberts caused the great DiMaggio to pop, burp and dribble four times before Joe finally got thirsty for his evening beer and smacked one testily into the tiers. Mr. Konstanty, the day before, pitched well enough to win any ordinary game from anybody, including Walter Johnson, and certainly the Messrs. Raschi and Reynolds need not so sorry notes for their combined activity of permitting one run between them in two games.

It turns out that you may lead a baseball with purest caoutchouc and it will go practically no place at all if the dealer is being perverse about hitting the opposition's bats. Insofar as bloody activity by the sluggers is concerned, the first

two contests in this global joust were roughly as exciting as a game of solitaire with no money riding on the outcome.

One of the reasons for the 19-18 routs that have distinguished the last few years of baseball is a kind of socialization of the game, a concept of sport in which any number may play. The chronic reliever becomes the hero—the regular who swings against port and starboard pitching is the rarity.

Waite Hoyt, the boy wonder of the ancient majors, was telling me once that an old-time pitcher who failed to finish used to cry and curse and go home to knock his old lady about, from sheer disgrace. A regular who was yanked for a substitute hitter plotted ways and means to murder the manager. This built a certain pride of individual performance.

Truth being that we have coddled our athletes as we have pampered our other citizens, to where they felt less of a burning necessity to fulfill their appointed chores than in the rugged days of the ironman. There is no good reason, as Roberts, Reynolds, Konstanty and Raschi vividly demonstrated, why a capable professional cannot work competently for nine innings without tossing nervous backward glances toward the bullpen. Konstanty, the chronic reliever, even went so far as to betray the socialist state by tossing a four hitter against the Yanks in his first start since 1946. This proves something fairly significant in behalf of free enterprise.

But you cannot say conclusively that any active inflationary jinns, afrites, or other devils lurk within the core of what we used to call the old apple. To get it out of the park you got to hit it, and this a good pitcher can curtail for most of a long and dreary day.

Rolling Stones

by Don Maynard

From our memory book: The talk heard about campus last summer so strong as to reach all the way to New York, that Dr. Roy K. Marshall was thought to be entertaining a proposal to leave the University and the Planetarium.

A more recent memory is that of a conversation held between two people. The main topic was that perhaps it might be a good idea if Carolina ceased playing football with Duke, N. C. State and perhaps Wake Forest, and branch out to greener pastures, say, for instance, the University of California, Michigan or Ohio State. Only talk, but these days talk is no longer cheap, not even over the telephone.

We understand that the idea might be past the embryo stage. Wonder what our football schedule will be next fall?

Seeing Bill Buchan's column in The Daily Tar Heel the other day, and reading of his latest bosom buddy Beatrice, brought back a memory of the death of Buchan's closest friend and most hard-headed companion, Junior.

During our three years here at Chapel Hill, we have heard a lot of shaggy dog tales, and seen a lot more tradition in action, but nothing lingers in our mind as strongly as the activities of Junior.

Junior, as most of the old guard still remain-

ing at the University will recollect, was a life size plaster of paris bust of Buchan, painted, of all colors, bronze.

Along with another even more legendary character who existed in the mind of "Buck"—Wilbur Amberson—the three, Buck, Junior and Wilbur romped through one ridiculously hilarious escapade after another. So vivid were the adventures Buck wrote about that Wilbur soon became a real person to the readers of "This 'n That."

Will we ever forget the column Buck began with "I saw Wilbur sitting by the edge of Hogan's, tossing empty beer cans into the lake." But Buchan lost Wilbur when he left the University; at least, Wilbur doesn't hang around as often as he did, and Junior met with an extremely untimely death last year in an auto wreck. We wrote the obituary, mentioning that Junior was completely destroyed—except for his left ear, now a treasured possession of Buchan's.

So we wish Buck the happiest of adventures with his newly-found companion, Beatrice.

As an anticlimax: the vandalism incidents of the past few weeks may be brought more into the open soon with the uncovering of the identity of one of the responsible persons. We know no more about the discovery than the fact that he is a Durham lad.

The Editor's Mailbox

Sixth Sorority Not The Answer

Editor:

I quote from an editorial in last Thursday's Daily Tar Heel: "It does seem that something should be done to make the advantages of sorority life, if such they be, available to more girls." And again, "The obvious answer would be to permit another sorority to come on the Carolina campus." To many of the 60 per cent of women students who are non-sorority that is not the answer at all.

There was organized on campus in 1941 a group that had no membership quotas, no rushing procedures that resulted in unhappiness for some. The Independents then as now extended membership to all the girls who were interested. The organization has in subsequent years, made a conscientious attempt to make available to all the women on campus the "advantages of sorority life, if such they be," offering a wide variety of activities based on the interests of the women in the group, offering group spirit and the strength of organized action.

The venerable glory and prestige of sororities have declined in recent years. The poll taken last spring indicated only a small number of girls who would wish to be sorority members and are not. Some girls want Chi Omega, some desire Alpha Gamma, and others prefer independence, see reason in the apparent paradox, "Individuality through organization." I offer the Carolina Independent Coeds organization as evidence that sorority number six is not necessarily the obvious answer.

"PJ" Warren

Reader Against Beer-Wine Ads

Editor:

I'm not anti-advertising, although I do think we have too much, in the newspapers, on the radio, and everywhere else. I don't say leave ads out of The Daily Tar Heel but I do say "why" put in beer and wine ads?

Everyone in Chapel Hill knows that there is plenty of beer and wine available. Why so many reminders in The Daily Tar Heel? Those who drink don't need them and those who do not drink do not want them.

Robert Pace

(The Daily Tar Heel would cost Reader Pace exactly twice as much as it does now if it did not carry advertising. And as long as advertising copy remains within the bounds of good taste, we will not discriminate against any particular type of advertising or advertiser.—Ed.)

Newspaper Is 'Laughing Stock'

Editor:

Even on college papers, where bad manners are sometimes passed off as overenthusiasm, the article in Saturday's Daily Tar Heel by a person named Hauser has reached a new low in college journalism.

I regret that the paper printed such an article. It shows a lack of a fair mind and is a reflection on all students and persons who believe in fair play and sportsmanship.

Such items as this is the reason that the Daily Tar Heel is rapidly becoming the laughing stock of all college publications and also why any professional newspaper editor will not accept work on the paper as actual journalism experience.

It is unfortunate that more intelligent people do not direct the policies of the Daily Tar Heel. It is rapidly becoming a disgrace to a great university.

Edward Person

(For Reader Person's information, Daily Tar Heel Co-Editor Chuck Hauser spent three full days in Athens during the 1949 Georgia game weekend and observed student attitudes and reaction there first hand. At that time, many of the Georgia students personally expressed apologies for the actions of their fellow students to Mr. Hauser and other Carolina visitors. The Daily Tar Heel believes in reporting the truth, regardless of how unpleasant it may be. As to the rating of this newspaper among other college publications, we are considered one of the leaders in the college daily field and rank in the top five of American college dailies.—Ed.)

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- HORIZONTAL**
1. operatic solo
 5. land-measure
 8. poker stake
 12. compassion
 15. knock gently
 16. Russian rulers
 17. worthless bit
 18. since
 19. prophet
 20. therefore
 22. note in scale
 23. bounds
 25. comprehend
 27. wearies
 28. pity
 29. saying
 30. cuckoo
 31. Tennysonian character
 32. cushion
 33. singing voice
 34. grow old
 35. feline
 36. clique
 37. box
 38. food fish
 40. father
 42. mystic ejaculation
 43. slender
 44. Hebrew month
 46. artificial language
 48. carry away, as property
 50. wing
 51. great fire
 54. board ship
 55. ship channel
 56. lyric poems
 3. mischievous spirit
 4. exist
 5. donkeys
 6. back
 7. wander
 8. near
 9. one of the Cyclades
 10. tumultuous flows
 11. grafted (her.)
 13. details
 14. piece of property
 19. germ
 21. upon
 24. Indians of Algonkian stock
 25. sword
 26. dinner course
 27. beverage
 28. small rug
 30. bombycid moths
 32. equivalence
 33. short-eared mastiff (her.)
 35. Asiatic ruminant
 36. Asiatic country
 38. river in Italy
 39. article of apparel
 40. size of type
 41. commotions
 43. Roman garment
 44. plant of lily family
 45. interdicts
 47. single unit
 49. letter
 50. assistance
 52. note in scale
 53. toward

Answer to yesterday's puzzle.

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M	O	R	E	L	S	O	L	R	A	W	
C	A	P	T	A	I	N	E	S	T		
A	R	R	A	S	E	N	E	O	B	O	E
L	I	O	N	A	N	A	C	I	A	N	
F	L	A	T	K	E	N	O				

Average time of solution: 23 minutes. Distributed by King Features Syndicate

GO FORWARD IN LEGISLATURE RIDE WITH BILL CARR—U. P.