

The Daily Tar Heel

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on the Carolina

FRONT

by Chuck Hauser

I am having a rather difficult time writing this column, as I am alternating between sitting down and standing up for each paragraph. When I stand up and type, my back hurts. When I sit down to type, a portion of my anatomy slightly lower does the hurting.

It's nothing to get alarmed about. I just went horseback riding over the weekend.

Don't laugh; it really wasn't my first experience on the back of man's almost-best friend. I first threw my chubby little legs over the back of a cow-pony at the tender age of seven, when my family was residing at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, back in the good old days when "cavalry" meant "cavalry" and not tanks.

I remember riding through the woods and trails around Fort Sam with an old sergeant who was my instructor and idol. My first mount and continual pal was a fine old brown grandfather of a horse named Slim who wouldn't hurt a fly if he wanted to. I strongly suspect the reason was that Slim had neither teeth nor the power to raise his back legs far enough to kick anybody.

I got along fine with my riding, until I was told that I had graduated out of Slim's class and would have to start riding a horse for a change and leave my four-legged friend for the use of other neophytes just learning the delicate art of straddling a one-ton hunk of horseflesh.

There were two horses I rode almost exclusively from that time on. One was a dirty white mare named Martha, and the other was a jet black piece of viciousness by the deceptive handle of Princess.

Martha was a horse's horse. She was big, probably the biggest animal I've ever climbed on. She was fairly well behaved, and we got along fine until one day she decided she wanted a little more exercise than I had planned on. She took off at a full gallop and scared the be-jesus out of me before I was rescued by a kind-hearted savior—my father—who cantered up on a beautiful brown gelding named Country Boy and slowed Martha down to a furious trot while I got control of my wits and grabbed the reins instead of the saddle horn.

Princess was a continual source of trouble, however. I only wish she were a female dog instead of a horse, and then I could call her by an appropriate name without seeming to be vulgar in print.

The dirtiest trick Princess ever pulled on me was deliberately running over a major who was in the center of a riding ring directing us in class formations one Saturday morning. I could see the collision coming, but Princess was amazingly taken with an acute attack of blindness. The major's back was to us when Princess crashed into his right shoulder. Such a stream of profanity the ears of little children have never been subjected to before or since.

But back to my weekend riding. I hadn't, until Saturday afternoon, been on a horse for several years. I never realized quite so vividly before how many muscles the sport requires.

My shoulders ache, my back aches, my backsides ache, and my legs ache.

I started off on a gentle plod named Lady. Lady was so much of a lady that she thought it beneath her dignity to do anything requiring more energy than a walk—a slow walk.

Fifteen minutes was all I could take of my lady friend. I switched to a black and brown gelding named Smoky, and enjoyed the rest of the afternoon. While Lady got offended if you indicated you liked to trot now and then instead of walk, Smoky got offended when you let him know that you preferred a trot from time to time to the canter which seemed to be the animal's specialty and favorite pastime.

A canter, in case you don't know, is almost worse on an out-of-training posterior than a trot is to a novice who hasn't yet learned to post.

But Smoky gave me a good ride for my money, and I plan on asking for him when I return for another riding session. But that won't be anytime real soon. I'm going to recuperate from my present bruises before I go counting any more.



Tar Heel At Large

by Robert Ruark, '35

The enforcement of a draft act is a thing of grimmness and heavy responsibility, and although we have had three cuts at it in the last half century, we have not done a very competent job. Too many cunningthumbed crooks have corrupted the broth; in my time, at least, whether you became a warrior seemed more a matter of luck than purpose.

We always seem to work at cross-purpose. Maybe this is the fault of bad organization and foolish public relations. In my memory I recall very little constancy in draft announcements, but I do remember awful heavy contradiction.

I remember from newspapers and magazines and short trips back home that the administration of the World War II draft always appeared to be fluxing. Seems like they made up a new set of rules each week. Certainly, in the postwar, Selective Service has run along in a disgracefully slipshod fashion, with some of the early candidates getting the old tap, and the other liable lads shunning the khaki because of spottily filled quotas and government indecision.

In the last few days we have seen differing statements from Gen. George Marshall and his assistant, Anna Rosenberg—three times. According to what I read, Gen. Marshall was first disrupted by Anna, regarding the harshness of enforcement of the momentary draft act, and then Anna came back around to backstop her boss. Point being that the boys and girls ought to get together.

You can oversimplify anything, of course, but the drafting of men is actually a pretty simple procedure. You fix an age limit. You fix a standard of health. You fix various classifications of service. Then you cast a noose around the necks of the people who fit those categories and put

them to work where they can do the most good.

All this conversation about the immunity of athletes with technical ailments which qualify them for deferment was, is, will be ridiculous. Anybody who can play professional football, box in a prize ring, or perform on a baseball diamond is healthy enough to be a soldier. The old business about punctured eardrums and sagging arches is so much hogwash. There should be a rule of thumb on professional athletes: If they are healthy enough to earn a living as athletes they are healthy enough to go to war in some capacity, if only that of KP or cigarette sipper in the barracks yards.

This applies to actors and other "special" cases. Mickey Rooney, for instance, ducked that draft a long, long time, as did many another of his guild. Rooney never helped my morale a nickel's worth in the last war, by remaining out for most of the action. The late Carole Landis, yes, but Rooney, no. A ham can swab a mess kit as well as the next boy, police a barracks, or answer a phone or hustle a hunk of paperwork.

In the name of heaven, let us finally, in this mess, set out some inflexible rules and regulations on who goes and who stays. Let us play a few less games with pull and politics, and deal on even shake for the draft bait. It is an insult to be shot in the tail while an equal plays professional football—degrading to die while some facemaker plays the entertainment circuit or some scrivener like me batters on to a juicy Washington writing job.

The draft is the great destroyer of civil liberty, as death is the great leveller, and let us try to parcel out both draft, and its basic implication, death, on a basis of pure equality.

On The Soap Box

by Bob Selig

I have stuck my foot in hot water and have scalded it. Some people have misunderstood what I said about "tin soldiers." Some didn't realize that when a thing is said in a joking manner it is not entirely serious. They have accepted the literal face meaning of the words which were set down on the printed page and not the implications.

The results were many. I have received numerous outraged complaints and even one crank telephone call, apparently from a mental defective.

I do wish to apologize to any ROTC trainees who regarded the column the other day as a personal insult to them or their organization. It was not meant to be, and I'm sorry if it appeared so. It was merely an expression of resentment toward that noisy minority which seems to feel that belonging to ROTC is much more than a wartime expediency. Toward those relatively few who feel that extreme patriotism is involved in marching around on a college campus.

Toward those who feel that the act of attending a class in military science is an act of heroism. Toward those who adopt a truculent, holier-than-thou attitude about the whole thing. It is a resentment which I'm sure would be shared by those brave men who are bleeding to death in the slaughterhouse known as Korea. It is a resentment which I hope is shared by most of the ROTC themselves.

I would respectfully suggest that most of those who have joined ROTC have not done so entirely out of altruism or patriotism. That they were influenced in part by a desire to prolong their stay in college, to delay active service, to achieve a profitable commission, or a combination of all three.

I said the other day that I sympathized with all these motives, and I meant it. I am only unsympathetic if a trainee pretends that they don't exist. Of course, I do not say that someone who has been influenced to join for these reasons is unpatriotic or that these things preclude sincerity or patriotism.

I do respectfully suggest that a man motivated solely by altruism and patriotic motives would not have joined ROTC. That he would have rushed out to join the Army, Navy, Air Force, or Marines and would have attempted to see active duty as soon as possible. I do maintain that our greatest military lacking is in manpower and that the zealous patriot would have done his small bit to relieve this.

And I would also maintain that we need troops as soon as possible and that the two, three or four years which are taken up by ROTC are not helping this urgent need. To me, the men who went and joined the active branches of the armed forces, who hurried to get into the actual fighting are the real heroes.

The Editor's Mailbox

Insult Added To Injury

Editor:
Bob Selig's ridiculous article in Friday morning's Daily Tar Heel has undoubtedly aroused a great deal of resentment among the members of the ROTC, as well as the student body.

It certainly is a shame that Mr. Selig, whose room happens to be situated at the hub of the campus, must be disturbed in the morning by the martial music accompanying the raising of the American Flag.

If Mr. Selig desires peace and quiet, he should transport himself to some spot like the Chapel Hill golf course, where the tweeting of the birds will soothe his shattered nerves.

I feel that the raising of the Flag accompanied by appropriate music is an inspiring experience to behold. Surely, there are many men in other parts of the world who would give almost anything to see and hear such an experience. Not Mr. Selig—he doesn't want his sleep disturbed.

Selig, however, was not content with insulting the efforts of the drum and bugle corp. He added insult to injury by inferring that the ROTC is composed of men whose only reason for joining is to keep out of the service. Perhaps Mr. Selig would have known better if he had been in Chapel Hill before this past September. Let this serve to inform him that ROTC has existed on this campus long before him or the Korean war.

It is difficult to see the purpose of inserting such trivia in The Daily Tar Heel. The entire article concerned an event that lasted only a few minutes.

Jack Cohen

Something To Chew On

Editor:
Bob Selig, in his column Friday morning, referred to the AROTC students as "the campus tin soldiers." I would like for Mr. Selig to understand that we are not tin soldiers and do not appreciate being called such. Someday he might have to eat those words along with a few of his teeth.

I suggest, that if he doesn't like the way we raise the flag, for him to slip out of his warm bed some morning at 7 o'clock and raise it himself.

Don Williams

'Of Thee I Sing'

by Tom Kerr

Some 3,500 local playgoers turned out last weekend to see what the Carolina Playmakers could do with Gershwin's Pulitzer-Prize-winning musical, *Of Thee I Sing*. And they were not disappointed, for a laugh a minute, the lively music, and an arresting pageant of bold colors made of this three-hour production breathtaking theater and hearty entertainment.

Chief credit for this terrific success goes to the directors, Bill MacIlwain and Hank Beebe. That these two young men were able to assemble and train over eighty-five students and townspeople for this gala production was in itself a feat. But that they should produce such a heart-warming success should command the admiration of everyone.

Passing out the appropriate bouquets to this huge cast would be an endless task. But particular mention must be given to those principals who turned in more than capable performances. The romantic leads were handled by talented and versatile Anne Martin and Chapel Hill's popular tenor, Lanier Davis. Philip Bernanke played the comic lead with a rare gift for creating a genuinely humorous character. In support Jim Gintner, John Shearin, Phil Kennedy, and Bob Thomas gave performances which were highly creditable in a college production. Mr. Thomas deserves particular note for his dynamic portrayal of President Wintergreen's right-hand man.

Larry Pearce, for two years one of the campus' leading comedians, has at last found himself a fellow funnyman in Hansford Rowe. With Mr. Pearce's constant mugging, and Mr. Rowe's bright-faced underplaying the pair make an unbeatable comedy team.

But it is to the chorus that the real kudos belong. This group of talented singers and dancers backed up the show with resounding song and some clever dance routines.

Irene Smart did the costuming, and with the use of bold primary colors she created on the stage a captivating pageant of startling contrasts.

The show, of 1931 vintage, was dated in places. There were allusions which brought back memories to the old folks and left the students wondering. But the liveliness of Gershwin's music, the constant corn, and the rapid pacing of the production overcame this drawback with ease, giving the warmly receptive audience a night's hilarious fun and the Playmakers another feather in their cap.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS
1. Place in a compact mass
6. Stupid person
8. Point of land jutting out into water
12. Expect
13. Composed of
14. ... of
16. ... er
17. ... er
19. ... title
20. ... respect
21. Fiber made of cellulose
23. Tear
25. Rodent
26. Front of a ship
28. Carry; dial
32. Entry in an account
34. Peck
35. Used
37. Surround
39. Talk noisily; slung
41. Crazy
42. Downy surface
44. Foreign length
46. Measure of length
49. Public vehicle
51. Thin, rectangular board
53. Pertaining to the Western Hemisphere
56. Secure
57. Long cigar
58. Antonian
59. Large shrub

PAC PINES ALP
EMU ANODE LEA
TATTLED READY
LAIR PEAR
STAR TRANSMIT
TESTA AWAY RO
INS GRIND LAW
NO PIED ENATE
GREATEST ITER
VIAL RACE
START COVERED
POD ELOPE ALI
AWE SOBER LAG

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle
1. Endure
2. Works
3. Abandoning
4. Amalgam
5. Division of a play
6. Fashion or manner
7. Smudge
8. Stupid person
9. Dry
10. In centavo
11. Paradox
12. Terror
13. Wood
14. How the head
15. Animal's foot
16. Greek boy
17. Route
18. Peck
19. Thankful
20. Finish
21. Brown boys
22. Prohibit
23. Implied
24. Yarn
25. Slew
26. Billard stroke
27. Enclosed
28. Persian poet
29. Sandy tract by the sea
30. Player to complete motion
31. Vein
32. Optical glass
33. Female ruff
34. Negative vote

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