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Too Much Play And Too Little Work

It is admitted that all work and no play is bad. It is also admitted that all play and no work, or very little work, is worse.

Schools in North Carolina are completing their first state-supported ninth-month term. These are difficult days and trying times, and maximum results hardly are to be expected, but there are too many instances where advantages have been flouted, where half-cocked little wise guys glorify pert smartness rather than the basic principles. Indifference to lasting ideals in education is expanding until the text book is about to give up to the funny sheets and the movies as the basic medium of imparting information and learning.

No charge is directed against the individual pupil, the teacher, the official or the parent. Possibly the present generation is no worse than the one before it or other previous ones. But the outlook is not very encouraging, and unless the trend is checked the system is going to bog down under top heavy weight.

Despite an ever-expanding curriculum, the schools have not yet successfully tackled the problem of teaching youth the importance of preparing a basic foundation for future development. That truth is generally learned in later life, however. Some learn it when they enter college and find they can't keep up. Others learn it when they enter employment and find that their foundation is too weak to meet the test. Youth may play, romp, dance and sing, but nine hundred and ninety-nine will find that that isn't worth a cent when they are called upon to accept responsibilities in government, society, business or other fields of endeavor.

Discard the game schedule? No. Discard extra activities? No. But don't let them destroy the basic purpose for which millions of dollars are appropriated and spent—the securing of a basic education.

It is not to pass judgment on our youth, but to point out that there has been too much play and not enough work in our schools this year. Conditions demand that many of the drawbacks and shortcomings be overlooked. And in this day of easy money, the general public does not call for an exact accounting. However, unless the present trend is checked, tough sledding for the schools is to be expected when adverse conditions present themselves and the anti-social groups rise to point out that the advantages of the long term were ignored, and it's time for tax-spendng retrenchment.

Liberal Democracy And Free Enterprise

Charles J. Duke of the College of William and Mary was quoted recently as saying that the future of liberal democracy and free enterprise will depend entirely on the ability of the people to achieve a higher order of economic organization in terms of more jobs and higher national income.

There can be little valid argument against the plan, but it is disturbing to see how some cliques and clans while still shouting for the plan are busily engaged in trying to feather their own nests. The danger of the cartel system has been aired, but will some other evil present itself to plague the national and international economy? The college man places possibly the right interpretation on liberal democracy, but isn't it a well established fact that some see in liberal democracy the right to exploit the many for the benefit of the few? Free enterprise does not mean that a monopoly has the right to go forth destroying competition by foul and questionable means.

There are too many big men in the big places, including some at the head of the Army and Navy, trying to bag the surplus now held by the government for a few of the largest industrial giants. Big industry need not be placed on the chopping block, but little business must have a fair chance if liberal democracy and free enterprise are to exist.

About Face

During the last war, Italians marched into Trieste, and in due time Trieste became Italian, the deal having been executed with the blessings of the rest of the world. In World War II Marshal Tito occupied the town, and now Britain and the United States, the Britons especially, are greatly disturbed by the accomplished fact. Could it be that the Britons, their fingers smeared with oil and their palms itching for Balkan metals, are more interested in maintaining favorable concessions through a government they can control than they are in supporting movement toward an honest-to-goodness democratic government and a lasting peace?

It is just another about face, and in both instances the turn was in the wrong direction.

Youth About Recovered From Wounds Received On Saipan

Ned Cunningham Is Subject of Account In Medical Journal

Ned Was First Casualty in the Pacific To Be Treated By New Method

Pfc. Edward P. (Ned) Cunningham, Jr., Williamston young man, was critically wounded in the Saipan campaign. His case attracted unusual attention in the medical profession and was the subject of a story in a recent issue of "Hygieia," medical journal. The story and picture of the young man appear here by permission of the American Medical Association.

First is the story of Marine Pfc. Edward P. Cunningham, Jr., of Williamston and Smithfield, N. C., son of a man who runs a small tobacco drying plant, a staunch member of the First Presbyterian Church. This is the story of Cunningham and his pins, of the first full application in the South Pacific of the Castless method of treating fractures.

Cunningham and many like him have caused excitement in the hospital compound. They have been discussed in the nurse's quarters, in the doctor's huts, in the carpenter's barracks, in the galley and in the warehouse. "Dr. Sideman's pin-up boys," the staff calls the ward.

Perhaps he is a pin-up boy today, Cunningham says and smiles. He certainly wasn't thinking of pin-ups the day his unit started up a precipice to get at some Japs who stood between the Marines and Garapan, Saipan's capital. Just as they neared the top, the Japs loosed their snipers on the Marines. One got Cunningham.

It was late afternoon. The jungle around them was still full of snipers. He would have to sweat it out there; he couldn't be taken back. For a splint, his buddies tied his carbine to his leg. A corpsman arrived, dressed the wound, gave him morphine, and covered him with twigs to hide him. When it got dark, his buddies dug a foxhole, and one of them stayed with him, whispered reassurance during the night, and when Cunningham stirred, held the canteen to his lips. It began to rain just as the water ran out, and his buddy covered him with a poncho. Cunningham drank from the puddles that formed on the raincape.

Next morning he was taken back on a litter, after being given plasma

Undergoing Treatment for Wounds



Critically wounded in the fight for Saipan, Ned Cunningham, Williamston native, is pictured

as he received treatment. The young man, now stationed at Camp Lejeune, is virtually recovered.

and more morphine. His next memory is of awakening aboard the Solace, when they put a cast on his leg. Then more sleep.

X-rays of Cunningham showed that a bullet had gone through his thigh bone, shattering the shaft and leaving six pieces of bone embedded there. The limb was shortened four inches. Here, certainly, was a man who would limp.

This was July 11. On July 13, Lieut. Comdr. Sidney Sideman, USNR, in civilian life a Chicago bone specialist, took the cast off Cunningham and "pinned" him. Here is how Dr. Sideman describes the castless method, the use of pins: "Instead of pulling the limb for weeks to get it in place and putting a cast on to hold it—we pin it and pull it at the same time, then put the patient to bed, and let nature do the healing."

Bob Hope, the comedian, passing through the ward on his South Pacific tour, found in his spontaneous resource of wit another way to say it: "Instead of the man on the trapeze," Hope said, "the trapeze is on the man."

Lieut. Comdr. Sideman inserted five stainless steel pins into Cunningham's thigh bone, three above the fracture and two below. They were connected outside the skin by metal rods and put in a complicated vise called an "anatomic splint." The pins in Cunningham's legs were secured to this machine, and in it

his leg was manipulated until the bones were back into their normal length and position. That was the "pulling" which might have taken weeks with the familiar pulleys and bars above his bed. The fracture was set. X-rays proved that the right pieces in Cunningham's thigh bone were in the right places. Now to hold them there until they formed what doctors call a solid union. To do this, the doctor simply put clamps on the pins and to them attached the connecting rods. Thus the fracture is held secure.

During the past month Cunningham has needed only routine post-operative care; sedatives and good nursing. Nature is doing her work. The bones are growing together. Cunningham, Lieut. Comdr. Sideman now says, probably will walk without a limp.

There were upward of a hundred men with fractures aboard the Solace, men whose bones—shattered by land mines, mortar and rifle fire—looked, under X-ray, like the broken and twisted girders of a

FOOT MISERY

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bomb-devastated building. Twenty-one were "pinned." Not one of these Marines has had an amputation, an arm or a leg cut off. Not one should suffer any shortening of his limbs. Lieut. Comdr. Sideman is frank to admit that infection at the point the pin is inserted was a danger in the use of this technique. Yet, not one pin has been removed from these men for that reason. The answer: penicillin.

The heat and humidity of the South Pacific make almost anything seem better than a cast. One thing is the sheer discomfort it causes the patient. Another is that the cast would have to be changed frequently out here; that calls for extensive time and skilled hands. In a few weeks Cunningham will be up. He can use his hip, foot and ankle joints now, a thing he couldn't do if he was in a cast. Some of his buddies with less serious fractures are already up, taking the cheerful South Pacific sun, lounging under the coconut trees.

It would be false, however, to say that these men are well. The pins will be kept in the men until there is a solid union of the bones. When this union will take place is nature's secret—certainly, it is a matter of weeks, not days. They are happy, nevertheless, because their worst fear has been quieted, the fear of losing an arm or a leg. "He's a healer, not a cutter," a Marine said. "I'd let him work on me any old time."

CARD OF THANKS

We would like to thank all our friends and relatives for the kindness shown us during the recent illness and death of our wife, daughter and sister, and for the beautiful floral offering. May God bless each and every one.

CARL GARRETT and FAMILY, BROTHER AND SISTER.

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