

We Must Question The Fundamentals

We have had a good deal to say, this summer, about education, but our remarks thus far have been confined to a sectional level. We have attempted to point out what we consider to be some of the major ills of the educational process here at the University and in the secondary schools throughout the state. But whenever one delves into the abyss of education one is immediately struck by what appears to us to be a non-realization on the part of the people of this nation as to the contemporary responsibility and purpose of the educational system—new values, assumed by education in recent years, do not seem to be comprehended and understood.

A revolutionary change in education is critically needed, not only for our national security, but for the world leadership that lies ahead for us—leadership which we must assume, for there is no alternative. The **Wellsville (Ohio) Press** has summed it up with: "Today it is a question of 'take over the world responsibilities which are ours due to our power and wealth or go down to destruction and let the Russians take over.'"

Terming the approaching years as the "American Age," the **Wellsville Press** stresses the need for a revolutionary change in our educational system, our military system and our thinking in order to cope with the revolutionary change in which our country now finds itself.

"Most Americans, as an example, knew less than nothing about Korea or Iran before those countries became trouble spots. They had no idea," the **Press** continues, "why our State Department considered them important enough to risk world war number three to protect them. As a people we were like children in the realm of world politics. Geography is a lost art with us and so is world history. So do you wonder that some countries consider even our college graduates to be illiterate?"

"In order to assume our role in world leadership, American students must become experts in world affairs. The mention of the word, 'Estramadura' must immediately bring to mind, a province in Spain, Americans must become educated in the true, cosmopolitan sense of the word . . . their customs and their languages must be studied as our students now study their own country. We must develop a generation able to assume the responsibilities of world leadership."

The criterion of progress in America has

generally been evolutionary, and that to the good. We have seldom found the need for revolutionary action in our institutions. But today one is left to seriously question the element of time in relationship with evolution and national necessity. It would seem that changes must come quick and they must be somewhat dynamic.

Where it took the British a hundred years to develop an intelligence system, we must develop one in within the limits of a few years; where it took the Germans many generations to turn out first-class military leadership, we must do the same thing in the limits of one generation; we must produce a top-notch foreign service in a very short time, and, as the forerunner to all of this we must come to comprehend the nature of our role in the modern world, the world that can be the "American Age." It can also, quite easily, be the "Russian Age." We shall decide.

That we are presently incapable of world leadership is obvious to the most simple-minded person—that our educational processes are responsible for this rather unfortunate situation, is equally clear. A great examination of education in this country is of the utmost importance. We must question the practices of political royalism and sectionalism in the selection of candidates to the military academies. We must ask, what kind of academy system have we that once barred perhaps our greatest military genius, George C. Marshall? How many other potential military greats have never had the opportunity to go to West Point or Annapolis? Are our opponents in international conflict taking such chances?

What about a national scholarship program? Should we not open the doors of the nation's institutions to the talented child? What about the establishment of a foreign service school to train diplomats? Can any one name a better way to spend the profits from tideland oil—which belong to all the people—than to turn them into education? What about AMA? How long are we going to let this tight-knit trade union limit the number of doctors we can have?

Perhaps if we weren't so concerned about continuing 16th century fraternal organizations; cheering gladiators; establishing "quota systems" in the School of Education's graduate level in order to bar a few Negro students; perhaps if we weren't so concerned about this utter frivolity—this intellectual ping pongism—we would question the fundamentals.

Mity Sick -- Decided Betta Not Try Make It Into Town. I Sorta Sicknin'

Barron Mills

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The reporter scans the faces of a courtroom . . . the sailor visits a score of ports . . . Feeling the pulse of a people. Often they should have stayed at home . . .)

The doorchimes jangled repeatedly as though an experienced telegrapher were forefingering Morse. The resulting symphony irritated the Sailor because he was up to his elbows in suds—the soap variety—it being Monday morning and washday.

Bongbingbong.

"Hold your horses," the Sailor muttered to himself as he used his own forefinger as a scalpel to scrape the soap from his arms.

The Sailor's appearance was hardly fashionable for receiving guests. Perspiration on his forehead and chest resembled beads of raindrops on a tarpaulin. His torso was bare and the rest of his body, except for a pair of ragged white trousers which were neatly clipped thigh-length. His "wash-pants" he called them—sanforized, too.

Barefeet scuffling along the waxed hallway added a per-

cussion department to the doorchime symphony and the Sailor became more irritable by the beat.

The sun was at the back of the guest and his silhouette outlined a stooped little man in spectacles. It was not until he spoke that the Sailor realized that the visitor was a Negro.

"Pardon me mizsa," the Negro began, straightening his body as best his stooped shoulders permitted. He was dressed in old, but neatly repaired, clothing. A frayed felt hat shaded his eyes from the terrible sun. He wore a shiner wool suit, a bit rumpled but clean, a necktie which Esquire would never have recommended and a shirt that had seen many a wash kettle.

—Unless I've been away from Scotland county long enough for a new generation, the Sailor assured himself, Uncle wants a handout for his church.

"Pardon me mizsa," the wrinkled-lip lips began afresh "I was on my way to town and I felt sorta sicknin'. I reckon I hardly ben well to'lately. I was wonderin' if I could put di letter in yo mailbox, so I won't

have to walk alla way into town to de post-office." And he motioned toward the country-style mailbox on the hem of the driveway. The same gnarled forefinger which agitated the doorchimes was extended and three pennies shone brightly in his palm when he completed his gesture.

The conversation from the humble, wrinkled little man was totally unexpected and the Sailor could only reply:

"Sure, sure. Go right ahead. The mailman will pick up your letter."

"Thank you, thank you mizsa. You're mity kind, mity kind."

And he turned with a lift of his hat and shuffled toward the mailbox.

The Sailor suddenly came to life and padded down the hallway to retrieve a shirt and the carkeys.

It was a sportshirt which slipped neatly over his head and partially blotted the perspiration. Still bare-legged and footnaked, he dashed down the hallway once again and approached the visitor as he turned to head for home.

"Say," the Sailor yelled. "You

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Football So Poorly Drawn, Shown In 'Saturday's Hero'

By Stanley Woodward

(Former Sports Editor of the New York Herald Tribune, War Correspondent and Author of "Sports Page.")

It is an accepted fact that no great football team ever was assembled by accident. A successful campaign on the gridiron demands a group of boys who rise above the general standard of the students in physique, speed, savagery and mental toughness, if not in brain power. Plans must be laid three or four years in advance to raise a football team from the ruck to a place among the leaders. A large group of athletes must be introduced, which involves a scouting plan that is frequently nation-wide. A coaching system must be installed capable of turning the assembled material into a team.

live on X-Way road?"

"Yessa, I lives just behind the store down the road a ways."

"Well, hop in the car over there and let me carry you home. I don't have anything else to do and that sun is mighty hot."

"Wellsa, I appreciates that amitey lot, yessa a mitey lot, but I wouldn't put you to no bother."

"It's no bother, come on. It'll take only a minute."

"Wellsa to tell the truf now, I hadn't planned to go rite home. I gotto go by the store and get me some groceries."

"I can take you by the store then," the Sailor countered.

"Too much bother, nosa I appreciates it a terribly lot but I wouldn't put you to no bother."

The old Negro had met the Sailor's every effort with a new reason and he realized that he would never get the visitor to accept a ride. However, he made one final try. "Now listen here, Uncle. Let me ride you to the store. It will take only a minute."

"Wellsa, to tell you the truf mizsa, I couldn't riteley accept. You see I've been a mity sick man and I was just going into town to see de doctor. Ya see I had a heart strike and that makes a man mity sick. And dey can't give me no medicine for my sideache because da sey my heart ain't in no conditsun—medicine hard on a heart. Wellsa I was walkin' along into town and my own sista passed me in a big ole car. People is gittin' mity biggety these days, yessa mity biggety. She looked my way, but kept rite on agoing. Yessa people is agettin' mity biggety these days."

"I felt mity sick, and decided betta not try to make it on into town. I sorta weak."

"Well, let me ride you on to the store," I interjected.

"Nosa, nosa. Dat would neber do. I cudn't accept yo ride. People is agettin' mity biggety these days. Yessa mity biggety."

And he turned and shuffled toward the store in the boiling sun, his shoes grating a shuffling symphony as the cars whizzed by.

Ways and means must be devised for maintenance of the football players while they are attending college. A proper schedule must be booked and, to render the whole thing fool-proof, there should be some liaison between the promoters of the football team and the faculty so that academic casualties may be avoided.

It is a strange thing that the picture of intercollegiate football has been so poorly drawn in literature and on the stage and screen. Traditionally football has been associated with heroics and there has been practically nothing which has indicated its true character to the American public.

The most accurately drawn story in modern literature was Millard Lampell's "The Hero," which was published in book form. Now comes a motion picture based on the book which strips all the bathos and malarkey from the great autumnal sport and reveals it as it is, as a hard-boiled business involving such things as academic cheating, under-cover payments and general demoralization.

Columbia Pictures call this movie "Saturday's Hero," recognizing in the re-titling that the true heroes of the era execute bombing raids and bayonet charges rather than end runs. In producing the picture, Sidney Buchman has exercised an unprecedented restraint in presentation of the subject matter. When Steve Novak (John Derek), the great halfback and principal executor and victim of a collegiate plan of conquest, gets his come-uppance; it doesn't happen on the end of a 100-yard dash for the winning touchdown. He gets it like most football players do—in the rugged exchange of jolts which few spectators ever see. For Novak the end is disillusionment, withdrawal from college and return to the Jersey mill town from which he came. All is not gloom, however, for he has a new determination to gain education without glamor. Incidentally, the hermose and rather expensive dollie (Donna Reed) wires that she is arriving by plane.

This picture will be released at the start of the football season and should be a revealing companion-piece to the big games which will be played all over the country in October and November. It has been seen by numerous coaches, athletic directors, players and sports writers in private screenings and no one yet has found anything seriously wrong with it technically, though some of the more sanctified college attaches decry the baldness of its delineation.

In preparing the picture, a tremendous job of research was done. The cognoscenti who have seen it have occasionally been horrified by its accuracy. As for the football action, it is the best ever put on the screen. The blocks and tackles are jarring.