

On The Ball

The congressional committee which investigated Lucille Ball set a fine precedent, but we're afraid it won't be followed.

When testimony by Miss Ball was released, the now-familiar pattern emerged. She had, many years ago, "gone wrong" politically at her grandpa's insistence. Everything is O. K. now, though, and Lucille Ball is a good American by any test, she said.

The newspapers went to work with the headlines. America's favorite family girl "was red" as the tabloids were wont to say.

Miss Ball's testimony was substantially that of other innocents. The publicity she got also came to other testifiers. But now the pattern changes. Led by Rep. Jackson of California, the committee shortly issued another statement. In it they completely exonerated the screen-TV star, going to some trouble to point out how trivial the evidence was.

We wish other Americans could be as fairly treated.

Winnie The Winner

The Honorable Winston S. Churchill, world citizen, who stays as far ahead of us in ideas as he does in years, has finally gotten the award which his contributions to life and literature seem to justify. Word came from Stockholm the other day that the venerated "Winnie" will get a Nobel Prize for Literature.

For Carolina students, the moral of the story of Winston Churchill is that he has exhibited persistence and flexibility.

Winston Churchill was not an exemplary student. At Sandhurst, while most of the young British scholars were concentrating on their Greek and Latin, Sir Winston Churchill was diligent in his study of English. So his Greek and Latin marks suffered; but who can deny that the Nobel Prize for his English is the best mark of all? Judging by this late fruition of early effort, we reason that Sir Winston had balanced perspective and used it. His eye was on other than superficial goals.

His Nobel Prize will be for literature, both in the form of books and speeches. He knew how his talents could serve best at what time.

Sir Winston, like all of us, has failed in some things and achieved high-perfection in others. His public career has been smeared by some fiascos, but powerful leadership through crises has offset them.

The striking thing about Sir Winston, we think, is that he has shown persistence in essentials and flexibility in non-essentials.

The Now

Time is of the essence, as the saying goes. It seems all too true that we spend too many today's recapturing the yesterdays and envisioning the tomorrows.

And it frequently happens that we bust buttons to "make time" just so we can be on time for the next stop in our daily affairs.

It could be fun just to forget time and enjoy the now.

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CREDO

Todd

We are paying a high toll for educational policy of educating not only those who wish to be educated, but forcing an education on those who have no desire for one. The price is mediocrity of both product and method.

It is almost mandatory that anyone who wishes to get ahead in the business world today have an education which includes an A. B. degree. The best jobs go to those who are "educated". And everyone wants to get ahead, so even those with no intellectual bent enter college if it is at all possible, and spend four years learning about things which couldn't interest them less. Or benefit them less, since they will rarely use those facts which found their way into their strained memories.

But it is not these people who pay for their education, at least not directly, although they have a share of the burden placed upon them. And it is not their fault. No one asked them if they wanted a college education. They knew, as everyone else knows, that the key that opens the door to financial success is an A. B. degree. So they go to college for four years, and provide the instructors with a burden that cannot be properly carried while giving adequate time and attention to the various students who need and use it to advantage.

This rat-race for education has been going on for some time now, and it has reached the point that some instructors have as many as fifty students in their classes (and the number of students who take some courses is pathetically laughable.) Fifty quizzes to grade and fifty papers to read every time one or the other is due. Would you like to see the professor? Make an appointment.

Another feature of the added enrollment is the additional administrative work thrown at those professors who can't find some way out of it, which I suspect most of them would like to do.

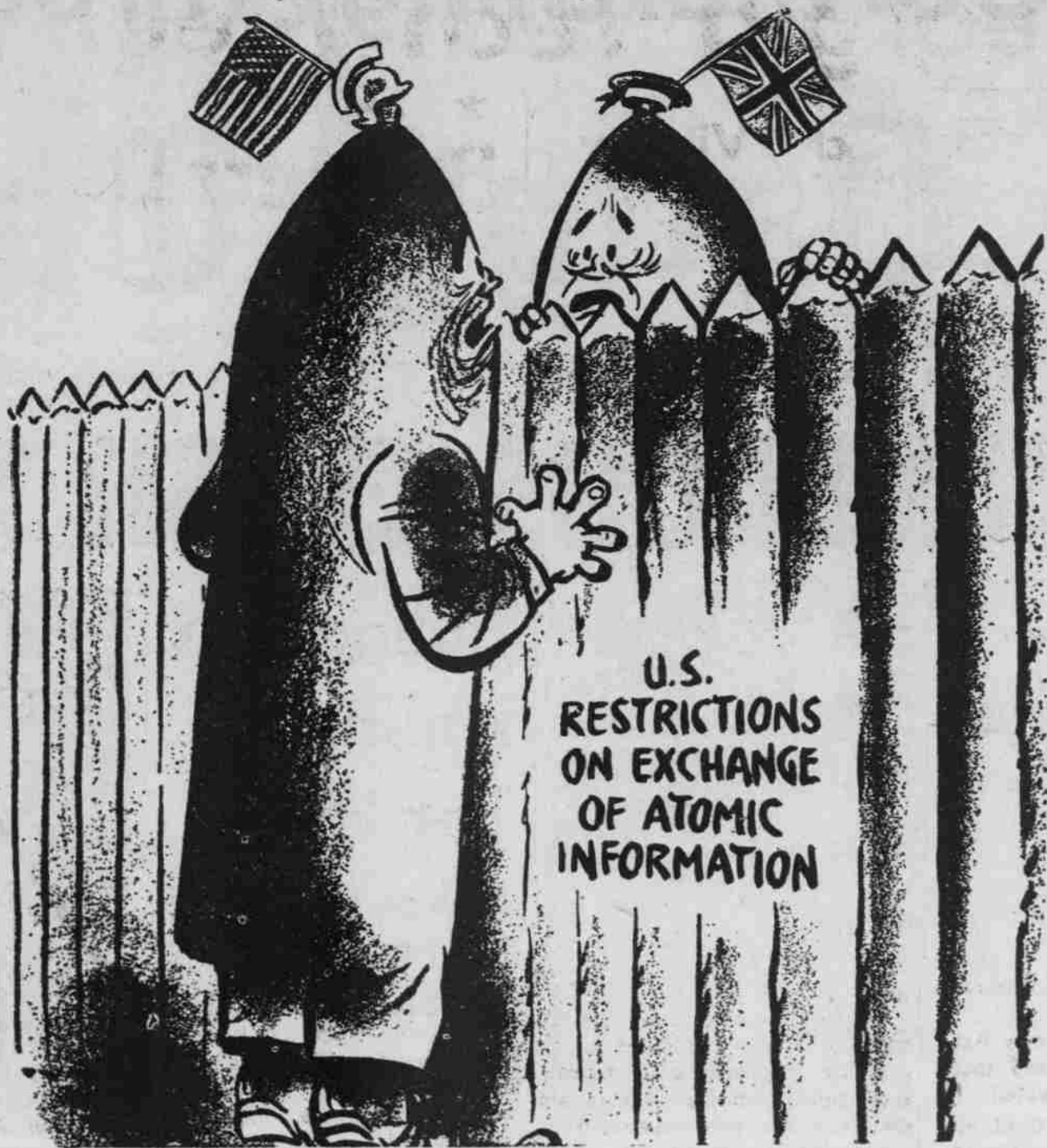
To get back to these Joe Colleges. Some of them are quite smart. A few of them are quite dumb. Most of them are neither, but piddle along in the extremely average road, study a little and get their gentlemanly "C" averages, and through no fault of their own except a desire to have some of the better things of life, take up the very valuable time of professors and others, whose pursuits on campus would, under propitious circumstances, be utilized more fully in terms of the nation's manpower resources, which are not unlimited, to say the least.

And it is the policy of the University of North Carolina with practices such as free trips to the Morehead Planetarium and the Blue-White game, to induce more people than ever before to come here to school.

The price will be more mediocrity than before, and it is a price that a nation desperately in need of individuals of great personal ability cannot afford to pay.

Nothing in life is more wonderful than faith — the one great moving force which we can neither weigh in the balance nor test in the crucible.—Sir William Osler.

'Maybe We Can Get Together Sometime'



Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

KANSAS CITY—Cattlemen all over the south and west are raw and bleeding these days from a drought which no man could prevent and from cascading prices which they think a certain man in Washington might have slowed up.

On top of all this, salt has been rubbed in their wounds by one of the most notorious floutings of the cattle-smuggling laws in the history of the nation, plus the failure of the Eisenhower Administration to do anything about it.

Adding to it all is the fact that Ike's host in New Orleans, attorney John Minor Wisdom, power in Republican politics, is a man defending the cattle smuggler.

The scandal involves the smuggling of \$1,000,000 worth of prize cattle from Mexico into Louisiana last May. The man arrested for the smuggling is Alphe A. Broussard of Lafayette, La., who, despite a ban by the Mexican Government, purchased 65 head of Charolais cattle, originally bred in France, and smuggled them across the Rio Grand near El Paso.

From this point the cattle were trucked in a criss-cross route across Texas to Southern Louisiana, then by truck 200 miles to Tensas Parish in Northern Louisiana.

The anger of Southwest cattlemen over the smuggled herd is caused first by the fact that they came from a hoof-and-mouth disease part of Mexico; second, by the fact that not a single step has been taken to punish the offenders.

Though most of Mexico was taken off the hoof-and-mouth

disease infected list in 1952, one area still is quarantined—Pueblo. The Charolais cattle came from Pueblo. Not only did the Mexican government refuse to permit their export, but no attempt was made to get permission from American authorities.

As a result, protests have poured in on the Agriculture Department from cattlemen and state veterinarians as far away as New Jersey, pointing out that millions of dollars have been spent slaughtering American cattle herds in the past when they become infected with hoof-and-mouth disease; also that a revolution threatened in Mexico when the United States demanded the slaughter of Mexico's infected herds, even though U. S. taxpayers paid millions to Mexico to compensate for the slaughter.

However, nothing has happened. A. A. Broussard, owner of the herd, was arrested June 4 and released on \$2,000 bond. Since then no move has been made to prosecute him.

Reason may be that Broussard was smart enough to retain his attorney Ike's best friend in Louisiana, John Minor Wisdom. One of the ablest and most charming attorneys in the south, Wisdom swung the Louisiana delegation to Ike at the Chicago convention and, since the election, was given the job of building the Republican Party in Louisiana.

One of the first things Wisdom did was appoint his friend, Theodore Lyons, as collector of customs in Orleans. Mr. Lyons took the oath of office July 6, just after Broussard was arrested for cattle smuggling. It is commissioner Lyons' duty to help prosecute any violation of the smuggling laws.

Shortly thereafter, Mr. Wisdom appointed his friend, T. Fitzhugh Wilson, as U. S. Attorney in

Shreveport. This is the district where the smuggled cattle are now peacefully grazing, unaware that they have stirred up such a furor in the cattleman's world. It is also the district where Broussard would be prosecuted. But no move for prosecution has been made by Wisdom's friend, N. S. Attorney Wilson.

Naturally, a lot of cattlemen throughout the Southwest are asking why.

More light can now be shed on the reasons for the president's recent case of "intestinal flu."

Actually it wasn't intestinal flu so much as concern over the bungling statements on the Hydrogen Bomb that got Ike's insides twisted up in knots. The president was simply furious over the way his cabinet colleagues turned Operation Candor into Operation Confusion. The result was a case of cramps, brought on in turn by nerves.

The president had relaxed the strict discipline on Atomic-Hydrogen news in hope of enlightening the public. Instead, his subordinates came out with a rash of conflicting reports which only confused the public more. Nothing, according to White House insiders, has caused Ike to be more upset.

He was so rankled that he lectured the National Security Council like a Dutch Uncle. The stunned policy makers sat meekly and listened like chastened children. In the end, he ordered everyone to keep his mouth shut on Atomic matters unless statements are cleared by Chairman Lewis Strauss of the Atomic Energy Commission.

By the end of the week, the president had worked himself into such a stew that he came down with stomach cramps. It isn't the first time that nervous strain has had a similar effect.

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

"The horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others. . ." Hippotitis; circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was hoofing through a Greek Dictionary in Dr. Suskin's office at Murphey Hall when I saw him.

"I'm going to Athens to see the game," he chattered. "Now, shaddup, Roger. I gotta learn the Greek words for 'rare mare.'"

But this Athens wasn't in Greece, it was in Georgia!

"Huh?" The Horse's eyes clicked like huge eight-balls. "You mean where Joe Stalin was born? Wait'll the Trustees hear this!"

No, no. Not Georgia, USSR, either. Georgia, U.S.A. "Ohhhhhhh." The Horse ohhhhhed, "the biggest state in the union, you mean? Or is it in the union?"

I seem to recall some sort of argument about that, a while back.

Texas was the largest state in the union.

"Lissen, don't tell me," The Horse waved a derisive hoof. "I heard that Georgia had two governors for a time. Boy, it must be the biggest state!" He sucked on a hoof thoughtfully and crossed his eyes to glare at a fly which had crash-landed on his muzzle.

"Two governors, they had to have, didn't they, it was so big?"

I wondered why he didn't blow the fly off his nose? Maybe it was a horse-fly, heh heh?

"Things will be Hummin enough in Georgia without I should start this pest going, too," The Horse nickered. "And speaking of Talmadge, do you know is he related to Norma Talmadge, the old-time movie queen?"

I didn't think they spelled it the same way. "From what I hear of Hummin, I don't think he spells, period," The Horse mused. "He just has spells."

Was this way the way to speak of the chief executive of a friendly and hospitable state? Was it? Weren't we busy apologizing for enough without The Horse chattering, nickering and neighing thusly?

The Horse nodded soberly. "Yeah, Roger. Yeah, we are. Lessee . . . three years ago we apologized because there wasn't no Justice; two years ago we apologized for the team; last year we apologized King Carl Snavelly clear out of his job; an' this year we are apologizing for the Tar Heel rooters chanting, 'The referee's got no daaaddd!' Yeah, that was rude, because like Jake Wade pointed out, it was the wrong guy. But how come all this apologizing, all of a sudden?"

Our School of Anthr-Apology was one of the best.

"Stop grabbing my lines!" The Horse snapped. "But let's wait and see how hospitable these guys are before we apologize. They are real friendly, though, and forgiving. Don't they call Atlanta's swankiest park for ol' Unconditional Surrender?" Shhhhh! Not the same Grant, old boy; but Grant Park is beautiful.

"Yeah," The Horse snorted, "but they carry patriotism too far, those Jawa's. Brother, what they do to bourbon! Mix it with Coca-Cola just because it was invented there."

"Concocted" would be better, for a drink.

How about, "The referee's got six toooooooes!" "Anything would be better," The Horse nodded. "What does this concocted taste like? And how is the food in Jawa'?"

Chitterlings, black-eyed peas, turnip greens, grits. The Horse turned a vivid green, faded to a pastel ptomaine, and shuddered violently. "You mean they got Lenoir Hall eateries down there, too? At least, however, they are not barbarians. They do not eat horse-meat. But Roger, don't you think we ought to work something out for our rooters so they won't have to be apologized again? Something perlitte, like 'The referee's got two heaaaaads!'" He considered a moment. Or is that a sort of double-overstatement? How about, "The referee's got six toooooooes!"

Why rub it in just because the poor guy had six toes? If he got too nasty, they might not give him hospice, at Athens.

"That," The Horse murmured, "is the least of my worries. Say, they call themselves The Yales of the South, don't they, at Athens, not Greece but Georgia. not U. S. S. R., but U. S. A.? At the rate we're going, apologizing for even living, almost, we'll be the Hah-vads' of the South. But don't sell us short, sub, a Johnny Reb can lick nine Yanks. Any day!"

How come the Yanks burned Atlanta up while Scarlett O'Hara was burning Clark Gable up, if one Reb could whip nine Yanks?

"Unfortunately," The Horse sighed, "there wuz ten Yanks there. But speaking of Irish Scarlett O'Hara, I see where it was another Irishman invented, or concocted, Georgia. Yeah, a character named General O'Glethorpe, I see it was."

I hope The Horse sees our chances better than he does O'Glethorpe!

YOU Said It

Cheers For The Cheerleader

EDITOR This is an open letter to Les Jenkins and a reply to his letter, Loud & Clear, which appeared in Sunday's The Daily Tar Heel.

Perhaps, if you had the true Carolina Spirit and were cheering along with Jim Fountain, you wouldn't need that "break for your ears." We think that he and his crew are tops in spirit!

You asked for "pep yells." Remember that a yell is as peppy as the students behind it. Have you ever seen or heard a better yell than Saturday's answer to Jim across the field? And another thing: How many years has it been since the Carolina students remained after a game still cheering their team?

Our cheerleaders are not trying to put on a "dramatic" show; they are there to put spirit behind the team. We think they're doing it!

Jess Carroway, Betty Jane Harris, Kathy Widman, Jane Kelly, Jane Sox, Landy Lewis, Carolyn White, Sara Usher, Bunky Overholt.

