

Big-Time College Sports: An Educational Cancer?

Big-time college sports are a cancer at the heart of education. Long suspected as a serious disease, the ravages of intercollegiate athletics become a certainty when state funds are tabbed for specific use as grants-in-aid to athletes.

What really hurts is that it has happened to us. One-fourth of the profits from campus stores has been given to the Educational Foundation. The University officially has joined the alumni and "friends" who provide the cash to buy better teams.

Use of the term grant-in-aid rather than scholarship is significant. It is a plain admission that scholarship is not the criterion by which the awards will be made. Rules governing such awards clearly state that insofar as scholarship is concerned, only the requirement of "normal academic progress" must be met. Thus the dollar premium on athletic prowess is in the open at last.

We'll miss the student with the curious mind and puny frame who otherwise might have received the benefit of these state funds. It is not just education's loss, but North Carolina's.

The Carolina Paradox

The cleavage between educational objectives and the demands of big-time college sports goes far beyond this single issue. The University teaches the value of truth and justice, then close its eyes to the many illicit deals between alumni and players. Students are told in lectures that winning is not the only goal in life, and then they go to their stadium on Saturdays to see teams battle not for the game, but for the win. School spirit deteriorates when students realize that the "honor" and prestige of their school depend not on moral character and academic reputation, but on the wins accumulated by teams of subsidized specialists. Big-time sports problems cost administrators and faculty countless hours of time and energy that might be spent in worthier areas.

The players themselves cannot be held responsible for the situation. Rather they are the victims of it.

Stubborn efforts are still being made to bring the inherent evils of intercollegiate sports under control. But such efforts are destined to failure by the lack of jurisdiction of the regulatory agencies.

Dr. A. B. Moore, who is president of the NCAA and an ardent sports lover, sums up the situation neatly. He declares that college football should be abolished "root and branch" unless it is cleansed of "hyprocrisy, skulduggery and cheating." Then he goes on to say that a principal cause of these evils is alumni under-the-table assistance to players, which is beyond control. A concise argument for abolition, we would suggest, not of big-time football only, but other major college competition as well.

Points Of No Return

Not that we're opposed to big-time sports—but to educational institutions, especially our own, sponsoring them. As a million-dollar business having no connection with academic affairs, big-time sports are fine. Then there's no confusion of the win-at-any-cost philosophy on the playing field with educational ideals.

Those who argue for big-time sports make many claims of contribution. It's entertainment, they say. But is the immediate pleasure worth the long run cost? And the Tin Cup boys say big sports give the University rapport with the alumni—which was worth a piddling \$33,000 last year, or just enough to semi-professionalize three strings of pigskins.

It's often said that only through intercollegiate gate receipts could we enjoy the fine intramural program here at Carolina. We believe in the merit of physical education as well as mental, but not at the cost of moral character. Besides, we believe it within the realm of possibility to finance intramurals through the University budget.

Another argument for big-time sports is that the attendant prestige attracts students to this school. We would rather have fewer students who have come here because of our reputation for learning, rather than the many who come to cavort in a playboys' paradise.

The Way Out

In conclusion, we believe Carolina should withdraw from the big-dollar arena. This will, in one swoop, resolve all the problems of conflicting philosophies and practices in education and intercollegiate athletics.

Many will mistakenly blame the Administration, in the person of President Gray, for allowing the University to slither so far off base. The blame should be put where it belongs, on the Trustees. For the Administration is powerless without the concurrent wish of the Big Board.

Let the Trustees act now to return integrity to education in this state.

YOU Said It

Editor:

This is to register a public complaint about the checking service which is supposed to be in operation at the Y. On four occasions in the past few weeks I have been told by the lady who provides this service that because either there was no money at all available or that what money was there came in denominations larger than I was interested in, she was unable to cash my check.

It is possible that these occasions have been merely coincidental, but in the event that this is not true and that there have so inconvenienced, I would suggest that this service be discontinued and that students use the Bank of Chapel Hill instead, for in this way we would not rely on facilities which are apt to be unavailable. The alternative is to have more money in the till, along with a better selection of currency.

E. L. Gates Jr.

("The lady," i.e., Mrs. Mary Maultsby, says she was unable to cash some checks for a while because the person who does the running to the bank became ill. The runner is now back in service, according to Mrs. Maultsby, and she can handle anything short of a Brink's haul.—Ed.)

Editor:

To Robert Pace's letter in The Daily Tar Heel of November 4, I give a hearty "amen." In the midst of such a time of doubting and unbelieving I am thrilled to see one brave soul dare to restate who Jesus Christ is.

Robert Pullman

Editor:

To Mr. Pace: Our class won the Bi-ble . . .

Pebbley Ernest Barrow

Editor:

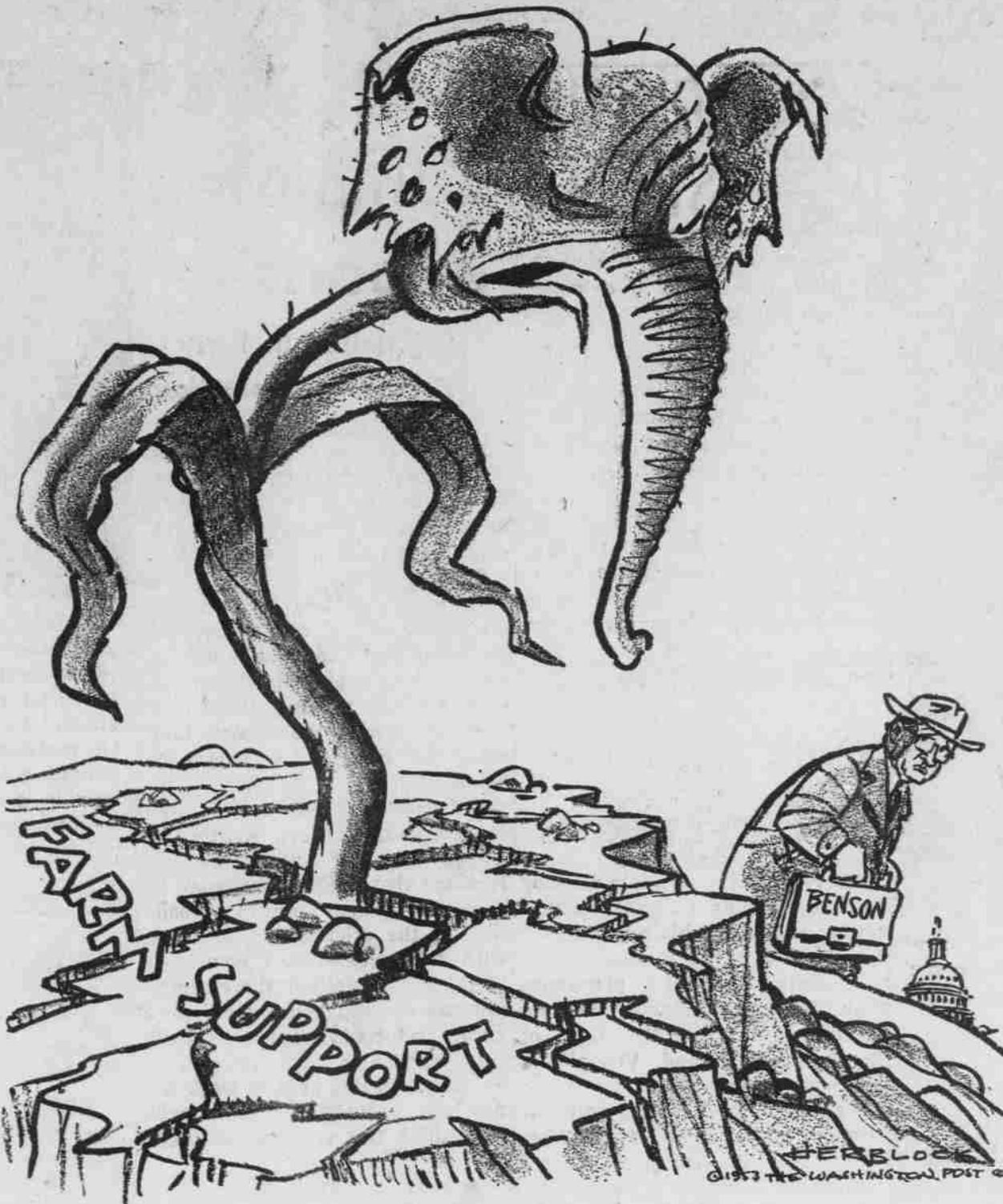
What right has the University to give away my money? The profit from campus stores should be used for the benefit of the entire student body. This basic principle is even recognized by the armed forces. P.X. profits go into company funds to be used by the group from which the profit is made. In a like manner this \$40,000 fund could be given to the dormitory funds or to Graham Memorial.

That the money is to be used for scholarships can be justified. The training of exceptional students is of benefit to the entire school. That my Coke money should be used for ATHLETIC scholarships seems to be gross mismanagement. The Faculty Scholarship Committee should be made to justify its decision to turn over \$10,000 to the subcommittee on Athletic Grants-in-Aid.

Allen H. Zelon

(It was not the Faculty Scholarship Committee but Chancellor House who made the decision. The Daily Tar Heel story was inaccurate in stating it was the former.—Ed.)

'You Sure About This Soil Conservation Program?'



Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — A week-in-and-week-out scrutiny of what's happening at the White House inevitably focuses the spotlight on Maj. Gen. Wilton B. Persons as the most important man not only in the President's life but in influencing the major policies of the Eisenhower administration.

It is the genial and affable General Persons who knows just where the President likes his pencils put on his desk, just what he wants to eat, what he wants to read, together with every presidential whim and fancy.

General Persons knows, for instance, not to bring bad news to the President. He lets a civilian, such as White House counsel Bernard Shanley, deliver the bad news. Persons follows later to cheer him up. Or he may let Shanley delay the President 30 minutes from his trip out to Burning Tree Golf Club in order to get a decision on the Taft-Hartley Act, and these disagreeable decisions are why Shanley has partly worn out his welcome with some members of the White House.

It is because General Persons is so close to Ike that he has such influence on national policy. Every President, no matter how experienced, is something of a prisoner. He has to depend on the men around him. The minute he enters the White

House he can no longer stroll out to a corner newsstand to buy a paper. He has to read what his staff puts before him; he takes the phone calls they put through to him, reads the mail they sort out for him. The men around him mold his decisions far more than the public realizes. This was true of Truman. It is equally, if not more, true of a president with limited experience in civilian government.

It was General Persons, a lifelong friend of Ike's, who acted as his buffer at SHAPE in Paris, who handled Army lobbying on

Capitol Hill for years, and who deftly and naturally settled down closest to Ike as the chief though unrecognized pilot of general White House drift.

History will also show that it was General Persons who sold the new president on the most tragic mistake of all — postponing his legislative program until January.

Every astute new president jams as much as possible of his program through Congress during the first 90 days of his honeymoon. He acts fast before the bloom can wear off.

'33 Crop

Ken Pruitt

It's too bad you had to be born in the middle of the depression. Things were a lot better a few years before. But you did get to see a swell fight, nothing like that little fiasco we had in 1917. Lots of folks in my generation were worried about the world coming to an end then and there, but now if God throws fire and brimstone at you, you can throw it right back.

I know it's tough this year with the draft board breathing down your neck, but Army life isn't so bad — free room and board, medical and traveling expenses, free clothes. Besides look how much better your standard of living is now. Statistics show that more people killed in action have college educations than ever before.

Another thing, folks live longer these days. Chances are you'll see 70. Just think what those extra years can mean—carefree hours at the "home", all day checker games, a jet propelled wheel chair.

The government has improved, too. When I was in school they didn't pay any attention to important things like a professor's political views or what clubs people belonged to 20 years before.

I'll admit that you young folks don't quite measure up to my generation's standards, but we left the world in pretty good shape for you so I wouldn't worry.



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 going sidewise down South Columbia when I saw him. His two pals, the Giraffe and the Frog, were emulating his mode of ambulation with more or less success.

I wondered what gave? "For too long the world has gone forward and backward," The Horse stated dogmatically. "It is time someone set the pace in another direction."

Yes; but wasn't the net gain, or loss, the same? For example, one hundred feet along South Columbia sidewise, or forward, or backward, was still one hundred feet?

"Are still one hundred feet," The Horse corrected. "Dr. Ullman would not care for your plural nouns and your singular verbs. Additionally, we prefer *exempli gratia* to *for example*. It is not academic to have people know exactly what you are talking about."

We were glad he had brought that up. What was he talking about the night of the Tennessee game in the Deke House?

"Brother, I was a-listenin'," The Horse said. "It was Revelations night, or something. There was this here now Brer Deke who was apparently an expert on Religions, and he lay on a sofa on his back and opined most resolutely on any number of Religions, none of which, it transpired on cagy inquiry, he belonged to."

Wasn't this sort of silly? "Don't be naive, Roger," The Horse snorted, bucking into the Scuttlebutt for their current version of coffee. "Don't you know you can be most vocal on subjects wherein you are most uninformed? There is little limit to flights of fancy where knowledge impedeth not. I recall a case in point when I was in the Haytation Section, Signal Corps, and some four hundred pilots were treated to a gratuitous lecture on Flight Safety Regulations by a paddlefoot."

A which? "A paddlefoot," The Horse reiterated. "That is a sort of Service enigma which is a non-flying flying officer. A kiwi, if you will. A bird with no wings. This bureau of misinformation laid an egg which stated that it was advisable at all times to face the aircraft in the direction of the prevailing wind when attempting a take-off. Incidentally, it was the sole recognized fact we were provided with for the rest of his two-hour talk. It goes to illustrate what a fine line of demarcation there is between sense and nonsense."

More, please? The Horse emptied the coffee into the waste-bin and munched the paper cup. "Ideologies and ideologies have a habit of becoming confoosed," The Horse expounded. "The thinking of idiots—idiologies—when stated loud and clear can be most convincing. This is especially true in this modern world where we are possessed of two major types of humans, so-called: the stereotype, and the hysteriotype. Have you ever considered what the history of America—del Norte, I mean—might have been if Benjamin Franklin had gone to Hah-vahd, Thomas Paine to Oxford, and George Washington to William & Mary?"

Was this original with The Horse?

"Swiped it clean outa Doc King's class," The Horse unblushingly admitted. "There ain't anything Original worth talking about but Sin, and censorship forbids that." "We wondered if The Horse had any idea how many people who were unfortunate enough to read him understood him, or no?" "Irrelevant, immaterial, and out-of-bounds," The Horse stated, ordering a Dixie Cup straight this time. "Where would James Joyce be if English departments understood him? Up in the attic with McGuffey's Reader. Heck, Joyce didn't even understand himself, which is perhaps the best can be said of him."

Yes; but why did they make transcriptions of him on records to play to the classes, in the most erudite universities?

"Saves the prof's voice," The Horse shrugged, "and gives some folks the impression that balderdash like Finigan's Wake spoken in a brogue is literature. If there's one thing I'm suspicious of, it is a mystic, and if there are two things I am suspicious of, it is an Irish mystic. They should stick with their shillelaghs. Much more practical for opening closed minds, I say."

What a stupid question? "The Horse horse-laughed. "Don't you know that a cynic is last year's Democrat? Me, I'm next year's Democrat. Gonna win, that is."

That's what he thought! "Let's take a vote," The Horse suggested. "Mr. Neckley? Mr. Wump? Which party will win next year?"

Mr. Neckley was staring meditatively into the Faculty Slum Area while Mr. Wump was squatting offensively near The Horse. Mr. Wump inhaled swellingly, but before he could even say "Wump!" The Horse had him under hoof and out of sight. Mr. Neckley wagged his puppy-dog's tail noncommittally.

"No dissenting voice," The Horse ruled, "so the motion is carried. I am a stickler for the Democratic principles."

He raised his hoof from Mr. Wump and I was relieved to see the sponge-rubber Frog reassume his more or less orthodox shape. "Wump," Mr. Wump said.

All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others. — George Orwell

An American will tinker with anything he can put his hands on. But how rarely can he be persuaded to tinker with an abstract idea. — Leland Stowe