

Winston-Salem Journal

The Cat On College Athletics

"If this isn't the silliest thing," the Office Cat said on a recent morning. "Just simply the silliest thing."

And what was the subject this time? a staff member asked.

The Cat turned back to a newspaper spread out beside her. "You poor, poor human beings," she said with a shake of her head. "You insist on doing everything the hardest way."

Please be specific, the staff member requested.

"You're not content with everybody trying to do the same thing at the same time and in the same place," she said. "Going to work, going home from work, eating, everything. You silly, silly people."

"Was she going to take off on that subject again?"

"What subject?" the Cat asked, wide-eyed and innocent.

Never mind, said the staff member. What had she started out to say?

"Just what I'm saying. That you human beings are the most dense creations in the universe. Now you're worrying about college athletics."

But that was an old story. Didn't she mean to say we were worrying about athletics again?

"Of course," she said, "and the solution is so simple, just so simple."

A large number of people, she was told, would be delighted to hear about it.

"Here, for instance," she said, turning back to the paper, "is Carl Snavely glorying in his new job. He's thankful to be coaching football at a small school which doesn't grade its success by the success of its football team. He used to be at Carolina, you know."

The staff member nodded.

"And here are the editors of The Daily Tar Heel, the Carolina student newspaper, advocating a program that is precisely the opposite of what should be done."

The opposite? asked her startled audience.

"Yes," she cried. "Just listen to this. They would abolish university grants-in-aid to athletes 'as such,' they say. They would abolish the Educational Foundation." The Cat looked sly. "Educational, they call it. But anyway, to continue—these editors would require athletes to make the same grades as students—that is, maintain a C average. They would cut out or reduce the price of admission to games. And they want the university to resume direct control of athletics. In other words, no more big-time football. Just small-time football. You ever hear anything more ridiculous, more outrageous?"

The staff member thought it was just possible that he had.

"Are those student editors Reds or something?" the Cat said, clawing the paper. "They want to destroy our traditions for us—our traditions? These so-called reforms—nonsense. Why require athletes to average anything on their studies? Why require them to go to class at all? Studies only take their time from sports!"

But why, the staff-member asked, were they at the university?

"You know," the Cat said slowly. "I've often wondered. But to get on—the Educational Foundation shouldn't be abolished; it should be enlarged. How else will the athletes be paid their salaries? And the university should increase its grants, so-called. And as for lower or eliminated admission prices—they ought to be higher, not lower. The more money, remember, the more athletes the school can buy."

"And I'd suggest this plan: Breed a strain of athletes, like race horses, beef cattle and Japanese wrestlers. This might take some years of selection, but the result would be worth it. Eventually you'd have a strain of big, fast men who'd make today's football team look like midget turtles. Of course they'd be rather stupid—even more stupid than you, Stupid—but they wouldn't be required to enroll in school at all. They'd just play their games and let the rest of the world go by. The school would turn the operation of a team over to a corporation like the corporations that run the professional football and baseball teams. There might even be a farm system, with Notre Dame and such owning strings of minor league teams. Even you can see, I am certain that the quality of the games would be vastly improved."

Perhaps, the staff member conceded. But what of the quality of education?

"Education?" shouted the Cat. "Education? What's that?"

Well, it's—it's—. The staff member found himself stammering.

"You see? You don't even know what it is. Then how can you worry about its quality? Young man, you're way behind the times. Everybody knows that football is more important than what you call education."

The staff member was silent.

"It's just so simple," the Cat said with sad tolerance. "Why hasn't somebody done it long ago? I trust you'll pass my ideas on to the proper authorities."

The staff member promised, and slunk out.

Free Enterprise

CPU Roundtable

Tonight at 8 o'clock in the Grail Room of Graham Memorial the CPU discusses "Free Enterprise or the Mixed Economy?"

The term "free enterprise" has little real meaning today. Free enterprise as it was in the beginning of four American capitalistic system is non-existent. The concept of rugged individualism—Horatio Alger "rags to riches"—meant something to the American living at the turn of the century. The Rockefellers, Carnegies, and Fords could still remember when their investments were numbered in less than six figures.

The nature of our economic problems are all too clear. Not since the exuberant years of an expanding frontier has American capitalism realized the human satisfactions originally expected of it. We have been continually prey to depression.

In good times, as in bad, the nation suffers plundering at the hands of monopolies. There has never been a time when the tag "poverty amidst abundance" did not accurately characterize wide areas of urban and rural America.

Those who advance the cause of the mixed economy feel that we must not only overcome our economic maladies; but must do so in a manner that furthers political democracy. The full dinner pail and free speech not one at the expense of the other.

The mixed economy may be defined most simply as a blend of capitalist, socialist and cooperative elements, with the government acting as the prime mover. There would be three co-existent economies: A publicly owned sector; a cooperative sector; and a free capitalistic sector. The government would coordinate the whole mechanism through the exercise of its spending and taxing powers.

The trend towards government regulation of our economy has been growing since the administration of Teddy Roosevelt. It reached its highwater mark during the great depression of the thirties. We should all become familiar with the position of the mixed economists. They well may be the New Dealers 20 years hence.—Dave Reid.

TNT And Christmas

Lily N. Wilson

There just isn't anything like the Christmas spirit.

Some people have it all year, but even Scrooge melts at Yuletide. Santa Claus, a good Saint in himself, has been commercialized to the point where we are afraid to bring him to church. If we do, we run the risk of thinking the whole Christmas story is just a myth, too.

It is not only a time for strengthening the ties of family affection, of renewed adoration at the Manger, of a thawing out of hard hearts, of remembering the poor and needy. It would never be Christmas without the carols, the holly wreath, even the presents. What would childhood



Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — Though the Bermuda Conference was called partly because of the accidental fact that Winston Churchill insisted on a Big Four meeting with Malenkov and because Bermuda was a semi-substitute, actually this accident came at just the right time.



PEARSON opportunity to patch up the old alliance.

Here are some illustrations of how the Russians were playing the game of divide and rule:

1. Moscow proposed a nonaggression pact between Russia and France. Why join the United European Army and tolerate the danger of German rearmament? the Kremlin has argued. Why not sign a nonaggression pact with Russia, thereby completely removing the danger of war? This has a lot of appeal in Paris, first, because the Communist Party is powerful in France; second, because the United European Army is, of course, aimed at blocking a Red army invasion.

2. Ambassador Bohlen has cabled the State Department that

we without a Christmas stocking? The point is this: We have got to go beyond a once-or-twice a year type of Christianity. If we don't, we will never get anywhere. It is hypocritical to sing of "Peace on earth, good will to men" and then turn back to the manufacture of high explosives. It just isn't done, not in a truly Christian society.

the Kremlin has been adroitly wooing the British. The other day Premier Malenkov made the unprecedented move of asking British Ambassador Sir William Hayter to come to the Kremlin for an impromptu visit. Malenkov gave the ambassador only 30 minutes notice so he didn't have time to cable his government for instructions.

However, at the Kremlin, the two had a friendly chat, at which Malenkov turned on all his charm, told Hayter that Britain could lead the world if it didn't persist in tying itself to the apron strings of the United States.

The ambassador reported back to London that Malenkov was a man his government could do business with; that he was sure Churchill would be welcomed royally if he goes to Moscow alone.

Simultaneously, Lady Hayter as invited to tea by Mrs. Molotov, wife of the deputy premier. This is almost unheard of in the Russian capital, but was new evidence of how the Russians are playing the policy of trying to divide and rule.

These are some of the things Churchill, Eisenhower and Laniel are trying to counteract by personal conversations. For there is nothing like personal, across-the-table, face-to-face contact to improve diplomatic relations.

The French delegation at Bermuda is not a happy one. Premier Laniel is scarcely talking to his foreign minister, Georges Bidault. Laniel and Bidault are rival candidates for president of France in the elections scheduled for Dec. 17. And each is afraid the other is going to steal the publicity spotlight at Bermuda just before the balloting begins. Premier Laniel, however, seems to have the inside track.

John Foster Dulles' blast at Joe McCarthy and Eisenhower's subsequent support are the tip-off that Dulles has decided that from now on he will stand up and fight every time the Senator from Wisconsin attacks the State Department and American foreign policy. Dulles has bent over backward in the past trying to get along with McCarthy and the so-called "neanderthal" wing of the Republican Party.

In an effort to appease McCarthy, he even went so far as to appoint Scott McLeod, an aide to Senator Bridges but even closer to McCarthy, as his top security officer. But every time he yielded, Dulles found it only encouraged McCarthy to attack the State Department harder.

As a result, he is now fed up, has told his friends that he intends to be a fair and decent Secretary of State even if it means a fight with McCarthy or anyone else who unfairly criticizes Eisenhower's policies.

It was a fighting mad Secretary of State President Eisenhower found waiting for him in Washington when he flew back from Augusta after Thanksgiving. In his hand, Dulles held the statement blasting McCarthy which he later gave to the press.

Ike was a little surprised at first. Down in Augusta he hadn't paid too much attention to the McCarthy broadcast. In the first place, he didn't listen to it over the radio, and the first edition of the New York papers which reached him next morning didn't carry the story, while he didn't read the local Georgia papers.

Most surprising, however, no one in the White House in Washington bothered to send him the text of what McCarthy said. So he was totally unprepared for the rage of his Secretary of State.

Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

"The Horse sees imperfectly, minimizing some things, magnifying others . . ." Hippocrates, circa 500 B.C.)

THE HORSE was belaboring the noncommittal Giraffe with a drumming of his rear hooves against Mr. Neckley's empenage, near the Scuttlebutt. The campus Scuttlebutt, not Mr. Neckley's.

I wondered what Mr. Neckley had done? "He's done nothing," The Horse snapped, leaving off his power-kicks for the nonce. "I'm trying to get him to speak, that's all."

"Wump!" said Mr. Wump. "There's an election rule that no candidate for Legislature, nor any of his supporters, may campaign nearer than 50 feet to a polling-place; as the Scuttlebutt, for example, which is one of the two polling-places for Town District Number 3. Gerrard Hall is the other one."

Thanks for the geography, and I hoped he had permission of the Governor of The Territory of Carboro to use that copyrighted term, Geography?

"Aw, he only invented the North and South Poles and has the contract to supply the line for Parallels and Meridians! He doesn't own the Earth, really; he just apologizes for its shape and condition. What was I saying?"

Nothing of import.

"Ah, yes—rather than import a goon squad to see nobody cheated on the 50-foot rule, I figured out that Mr. Neckley could stand 50 feet away from the voting place and still closely supervise what was going on, see?"

A capital idea. "Oh, I'm for Labor, too," The Horse shrugged. "The SP boys named me, too; not just the UP."

But, then, why boot Neckley so savagely?

"Well, I got the further idea that while he was keeping everything clean at the polling-box, he might say a word or 200 about voting for me. But I can't even get the noncommittal brute to say a word."

What did he want him to say?

"Well, a guy or a doll is endorsed for office by a party, they get one vote, yeah? I want Neckley to remind the voters that with The Horse endorsed by both parties, he rates two votes per each voter."

That would be crooked!

"We'll straighten it out later," The Horse said. "We'll lay it between two planks of the SP Platform, or maybe the UP's, and iron it out."

What, for example, were some of the SP's ideas? "Well, take the one where they want a TV set in each dormitory, to come out of the Publications Board surplus."

Did The Horse like this plank?

"It will act to end discrimination," The Horse said. "You take this clothing stealing that has been going on, for instance. The smartest thieves are working the Frat Houses exclusively, and all but ignoring the poor dorms. Why? They see the TV aerials, figure they are rich, and jump the place. The dorms feel slighted, see?"

Not quite. But, what else?

"They want quiz-files in the Library, as well as in the Frats. This I accept as reasonable. Not that the questions help much, since they change the answers every year. But it does lend the victim of the quizzes a feeling of security to see what dolts went before him and managed to survive."

But a false sense of security, no?

"Most security is false," The Horse shrugged. "You take Social Security, now: For years, I been trying to borrow money from a hard-boiled banker, and for years he has been saying, 'Wait a minute, now waaaaadaminit! What security have you to offer? Well, I was ready for him this last time, I flashed my Social Security card, representing a couple hours I worked for the fantastic emolument of forty-fi' cents per hour."

And he had lent The Horse nothing?

"He lent me his Number Nine to assist my departure," The Horse growled. "I was misinformed, durn it. You know what?" he continued, his eight-balls of eyes crossed in concern. "This isn't the first time I been misinformed. That durned ol' R. Neill Arcaro!"

Had the editor of The Daily Tar Heel given The Horse some misinformation?

"Nope," The Horse admitted blushing. "But he's a handy guy to blame things on. I feel bad about this, because it concerns our Chancellor Bob House and the foofaraw about there being no Football Caravan for the Virginia game. Little did I know Chancellor Bob or his office reads your trashy stuff, Roger, me lad, or I would have checked more closely before I watted the blame so specifically at his office in South Building. In my book, Chancellor Bob is UNC; and South Building being such a nice target for brickbats of any and all manner I didn't think this one of mine would score a hit. And it didn't . . . with Chancellor Bob's office."

The Horse should be ashamed!

"Not necessarily," he shrugged. "Because most of the good things around here, I give him credit for, too, it being he is UNC, to me. You know what? I'd rather hear him play his harmonica than anything except Irish bagpipes!"

What about Scot bagpipes?

"Too windy," The Horse stated, "and I like the pungent, tangy smell of burnt peat-moss that follows Irish potato-whisky bagpipers, better than the reek of Scot Scotch."

I had heard the Scots were so tight they didn't give a scent?

"Not if you smartly stand to the windward of them, they don't," The Horse allowed. "Roger, you should go out for Football: lately, both you and Pork-pie Hat Barclay seem contented to produce one pun a game."

What the team did was punt.

"We must have been watchin' two different games," The Horse saw it. "What I saw was not punting. What say, Neckley, old chap?"

Neckley as noncommittally silent.

"Let's ask Ed Tenney," The Horse suggested.

"Wump!" said Mr. Wump.

