

### The Big Time

Now that the Tournament of Roses is safely behind us, Duke has won the Orange Bowl title, the Ice Bowl and the Rice Bowl are over and the last toe has booted the last pigs in, it seems pertinent to bring up that explosive subject—big time football.

The name Robert Maynard Hutchins has become a malediction among football fans because of that educator's war against the big money game in colleges. Last year's editor of this newspaper was very nearly pilloried by indignant alumni who objected to his reiterated suggestions that Carolina retire from the business of football and get back to the game.

The end of this football season, however, has produced a new crop of critics, and they are neither college presidents nor college editors. They are coaches.

Carl Snavely who got the gate here after a few losing seasons, is still pointing out the advantages of little-time football. A recent Saturday Evening Post article by Bert LaBrucherie, former head coach at UCLA, skinned the hide off the alumni grandstand quarterbacks who contribute to the "prostitution" of the college game.

Who's next? Why, none other than Carolina's well-respected Coach Dick Jamerson. Jamerson may have had in mind the ugly efforts of some alumni to fire Coach Bar Day before his contract expired when he staid on WUNC the other day—

I would like for everyone to realize that athletics is not business—it is a contest between two groups of young men. When athletics becomes a business we are in trouble. Educational authorities agree that athletics is a justifiable part of the total experience of young men in college. As such, sports should be supported through regular channels just as any other phase of the curriculum.

All too often the support of college athletic programs is dependent upon gate receipts and alumni contributions. The results of such support for athletic programs are inevitable—demands for winning teams to draw more spectators to pay the bills for having a winning team—a never ending accumulation of headaches. . . .

College games should be played for the pleasures the players get from athletic competition and the pleasures the spectators may receive from watching skilled performers in action. . . .

One wishes such a speech might be made to the National Collegiate Athletic Association at its meeting later this month and that the NCAA, for once, might cease its platitudinous conversations and lend a serious ear.

### A Silence Of Age & Wisdom

Chapel Hill, while you were home for the holidays, everted back to its old owners—those whose roots in the town are firmer and deeper than those of any transient generation of students, can be. The town belonged for two weeks to the Houses and the Grumman and the Russells, to the empty, quiet Playmaker's Theatre, to the pigeons and squirrels on the Library lawn and to the shades of Joseph Caldwell, Horace Williams and Howard Odum.

The Chapel Hill Weekley's lead head line noted that you could find a parking place right on Franklin Street. It was the biggest news in town. The Rev. Charlie Jones preached two sermons to the kids, an English professor took his family for a walk in Battle Park. One lonely student, book in hand, strolled along past the law building thoughtfully kicking an acorn until it rolled into the gutter.

There was a silence foreign to the campus except for the hours when the students are asleep and for the days when they are gone—a silence of age, too full of wisdom for the tongue to utter it. . . .

### The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday, examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

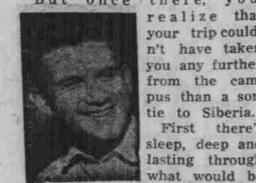
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### Carolina Front

## One Thing Missing From The World

Louis Kraar

IT'S NEVER a long way home from the Hill. But once there, you realize that your trip couldn't have taken you any further from the campus than a sortie to Siberia.



First there's sleep, deep and lasting through what would be class hours in the morning. It's a holiday, and the Carolina student is only a casual visitor to slumberland except during these vacation periods.

Then, you awake and begin to look around you. Chances are you'll see little more than television and people watching television. If you're smart, you'll head for your contemporaries and make like Saturday night at UNC for the two weeks.

Now, I'm no enemy to the world outside this sometimes quiet campus. But after all the talk you hear about college preparing you for life, what you find off campus is not exactly the life you prepared for. Let me illustrate.

"MOTHER, I'D better wear old clothes to my club meeting today," advised the 13-year-old at my house that first morning home. "I'm on the debate team and might get into a fight."

Before I could explain to my brother about the gentlemanly virtues of debating (as opposed to scrapping), he demanded to know whether the Senate should have censured McCarthy.

"My teacher told us to find the answer to that before we came back to school," he explained.

I told him my answer, hoping his teacher wasn't a McCarthy fan. If she is my brother has probably flunked by now. But that was a tough assignment.

Having survived my first mission in the outside world, I proceeded to the next holiday task—working the week before Christmas.

FEELING ABOUT as out of place as a zoot suit at a Germans dance, I found myself selling clothes.

All I learned at Carolina about clothes is to wear a dark suit, a striped tie. Shoes, I learned, should be dirty during the week, but clean on weekends.

Remembering this Carolina background to being well-dressed, I tried it in the clothes-selling world—and it didn't work.

Women shoppers don't want rep ties; they want pink creations with black backgrounds—neckwear that you'd guess undertakers would wear to a convention.

After a week of shoving shirts across a glass counter, appeasing cantankerous lady customers, telling everybody that everything looks good, you even begin to wonder about Christmas.

Perhaps it's all a conspiracy among merchants, you begin to think by store closing time Christmas eve. Then you ride home, past the cardboard nativity scenes, the recorded music coming from stores, the Santa Clauses, and you wonder where today's wise men are.

RIDING BACK to school, you're sorry it's all over. The sleep was good. So was making like Saturday night for two weeks.

And as the Bell Tower takes shape over the top of the car window, you realize there's nothing wrong with the outside world. Commercialism isn't ruining Christmas any more than it ever has. And your brother is probably learning something on that tough-guy debate squad.

No, you say to yourself, the world outside this little one is not shot to hell. It's just not Chapel Hill.

### 'Yaa — We've Got More Security Than You Have'



## Bankers, Band-Aids, Beer

E. B. White  
In The New Yorker

A few memorable things happened in 1954. A man named Edwards, a radio commentator, was dropped by the American Federation of Labor on the grounds that he was weighting his stuff on the side of labor. Two famous persons turned up dead in 1954 who weren't dead at all—Ernest Hemingway and the Pope. Hemingway had the satisfaction of reading his obituary notices in the papers, and the Pope, after being gravely ill, had the satisfaction of watching an issue of Life perform a hasty flip-flop because of the return of his vital force.

In England a woman named Mrs. Gillian Crowfoot placed radioactive bracelets on the tails of moles, in 1954, and followed their progress underground by the use of a Geiger counter on the end of a fishing rod. She was studying moles, it turned out. A firm dedicated to increasing the effectiveness of direct-mail advertising perfected a device called Tear-Edge. It takes a piece of ordinary printed matter and lacerates the edges to give them an irregular, jagged appearance, so the recipient will think it has just been torn out of a magazine.

We recommend this Tear-Edge technique to the advertising fraternity when they come to send out their next invitation to the

annual Honesty-in-Advertising convention. It ought to be a good attention getter.

Subversion took a new turn in 1954 when it became clear that anybody who advocated things that Representative Carroll Reece doesn't believe in is subversive. Global ideas of all sorts subvert, it would appear. Radioactivity advanced a step in 1954. Government scientists produced some atomic fertilizer. It cost twenty-five thousand dollars a ton to make. We never heard how much they managed to make, but we went ahead and bought a ton of the regular barn manure, at a considerable saving. We have the receipted bill, and the manure has been spread.

Nineteen-fifty-four was a year of high wind. Never have so many people wasted so much time on a man who wasn't worth the paper he got written about on. That is what raised the wind probably.

The most interesting message we received in 1954 was from Jackson & Perkins, world's largest (and most secretive) rose growers. They sent us a postcard in code. The giveaway was the letter "g." When decoded, the message read: "The bulbs will be shipped early in the fall at the proper time for planting." They were, too. But we had to leave by plane on an emergency mission just before the bulbs arrived, and we never got round to

sending a code message back to the growers. Spring, in our opinion, will come anyway.

In 1954 the intellect became accepted in some circles as a sign of disloyalty. This was perhaps the most significant development of the year.

Nineteen-fifty-four was one of the biggest years the Supreme Court ever had, with the segregation decision. The decision will reverberate and will jar the country far into 1955, 1956, 1957, and other years. But at any rate the matter has been decided and, thank God, correctly decided.

One of the reasons for our thinking the Court was correct is that we went into a drug store the other day and bought some Band-Aid—"flesh color." And we saw quite clearly that the term "white race" is a misnomer. If you want to see whether the Supreme Court decision is any good or not, we advise you to go into a drugstore and ask for a package of flesh-colored bandages to blend with your so-called white skin. It's quite a revealing experience and well worth the small cost.

In 1954 the Appellate Division ruled that advocating world peace is not a commercial enterprise. This was in the case of Harry Purvis—the man who put the world-government sign on his building, quoting Albert Einstein, the thinker.

In 1954 we added a terrace to our house, which we didn't need, and made one friend, which we did.

In 1954 we bought a television set, and turned it on, and there stood Howard K. Smith on the Cape of Good Hope, his hair tossing in the winds from two oceans. We will have to serap the set unless we can get "Pie's Is the Beer for Me" out of our head, where it whirls incessantly—a symptom, we are told, of mental fatigue. We tried drinking some beer of another brand, to see if that would rid us of the head noises, but it failed, and we are too stubborn to try Pie's.

In 1954 everybody's mind was somewhere else. The instance we remember best of somebody's mind being somewhere else was going into a bank to buy a savings bond. The man who waited on us was not thinking about money and banking at all. He was sitting there, he said, thinking about how the light shines at night from a hilltop tower on his college campus. He told us the light could be seen in a village thirteen miles away. He seemed a very happy banker, in a state of beatitude, well housed against the cold of the streets, well insulated against darkness of all sorts. Nineteen-fifty-four was an ideal year for the mind to wander in, and in which to hold fast to a beam of light.

## Memo To The Alumni

The Asheville Citizen

Season oughtn't to get by without a brief word to you about this year's lettermen—Greek letters, that is.

Chapel Hill chapter of national honorary scholastic fraternity, Phi Beta Kappa, has initiated 47 students for fall academic season.

Phi Beta Kappa is what you earn for starring in academic grove, place that's occupied week days, or between football games, by some undergraduates. It's tops in conference.

University's PBK rosters shows 41 of 47 are North Carolinians. Our high schools evidently sending up good material, real fast native talent able to snare German irregular verbs in open field and run with them.

Five of lettermen from Chapel Hill. (You never know when a flashy chemistry major may pop up in own backyard, tough and conditioned, briefed on all fundamentals.) Raleigh alumni apparently busy, too, sent over a pair of fast, shifty seatbacks for school of commerce. Remember how daddy of one of them turned back William & Mary in '24 in close debate (W. & M. fum-

bled the rebuttal in last second of play) on independence for Philippines. Next Saturday night at library they ought to be ready to go all the way.

Can't help returning to subject of native talent before closing. Four platoons, almost. Makes recruiting out-of-state easier. Cuts down scholarships from Educational Foundation (or is it Football Foundation?) and makes for well-rounded squad. Well aware that classroom work is only incidental to a university, but suggests results justify renewing Coach Bob House's contract for '55. He had a good season.

And next year—oh boy! Look out, Johns Hopkins!

## To Ernest

Punch  
Now, as I hear away the most desired of literary palms, I pouch the dough and televise my hail and my farewell to arms. Wealth in the afternoon is fine, and better is immortality. So never send to know for whom the Nobel tolls — This time it tolls for me.

## Mud Pies Patted Together In The Path Of A Big Flood

Joseph Alsop

PNOMPENH, Cambodia. — Something of the seriousness of the dangers that now lie ahead in Asia was suggested by a little incident in which this reporter was quite accidentally involved.

It began with an early morning appointment with the Prime Minister of this charming little country of Cambodia, which is the remnant of the great Khmer empire that built Angkor Wat. The Khmer empire was destroyed some 600 years ago by the invading Siamese, who were fleeing in their turn from the expanding Chinese. South Asian history has an interesting continuity.

His Excellency Penn Nouth, is a tall, intelligent, quiet man, who is Prime Minister of Cambodia because he is considerably tougher than most of his easy going countrymen. He made a lucid analysis of Cambodia's situation and policy.

The country's loyalty to King Norodom Sihanouk and to Buddhism; the hatred of the mass of Cambodians for the Vietnamese who lead the Communist Viet Minh; the relative contentment of the people because of the plenty that reigns in this rich, underpopulated land; the dependence of Cambodia on American aid for its own military defense—these were the chief points stressed. Cambodia, said the Prime Minister, intended to resist the Communist Viet Minh with all its power; and since Cambodia's geographical position makes it a shield for Thailand, this was an important statement.

At the close of the interview, however, the Prime Minister turned the tables on the reporter, asking what principle developments he foresaw in Asia in the next year.

There was only one possible answer. The situation in southern Indo-China plainly forecast the loss of that vital area to the Communists, and quite possibly before the Vietnamese elections. In addition the Chinese Communists were plainly preparing an attack on the offshore islands of Formosa, which the United States had refused to guarantee. Therefore a Communist military victory over Chiang Kai-shek, which would be an even greater propaganda victory, must also be anticipated.

The effect of these rather obvious statements on the Prime Minister appeared to be electric. He detained the reporter. He said he had believed that when Gen. Lawton Collins was sent to Saigon, it meant that the United States was determined to hold southern Indo-China against Communist pressure. He asked how Cambodia, "this little country," could be expected to retain its independence if southern Indo-China, which encloses Cambodia on two sides, should fall into Communist hands.

He also remarked that a Chinese Communist victory on Formosa's offshore islands, even although militarily unimportant, would lead many people to question the value of American support; and it was only absolute confidence in the firmness of American support that could give Cambodia the courage to resist the heavy Communist pressures to which Cambodia is already exposed.

In the late afternoon, at the close of an intervening meeting of the cabinet, the reporter saw the acting Foreign Minister. He declared that the cabinet agenda had been set aside for a discussion of the terrible news about southern Indo-China and the offshore islands. And he went considerably further in his pessimism about the future than Prime Minister Penn Nouth.

If this is the kind of reaction that is produced by a simple unvarnished statement of future probabilities that are accepted by every serious observer in Asia, what then will be the reaction to the actual, un concealable, shattering events themselves?

That is the principle problem that now confronts our bastion builders. Bastion building is a favorite new American activity in Asia. It is going on in Thailand. It is going on in Japan, which President Eisenhower has formally declared a bastion despite the recent signs to the contrary. And the able American ambassador to Cambodia, Robert McClintock, would like, quite rightly, to make Cambodia another bastion, to protect the even bigger bastion in Thailand.

Theoretically, the thing can be done. All that Penn Nouth said about his country and his people is true. Prior to the signature of the Geneva accord, when the Viet Minh were trying to get a firm base in Cambodia, the Royal Cambodian Army even gave a sound thrashing to three invading Viet Minh battalions.

Superficially, then, this should be an excellent chance of making the great river of Mekong, which is Cambodia's main border with Indo-China, into the stopping line of the Communist advance in Asia. Even historically, it seems logical, for the Mekong is the ancient dividing line between Chinese cultural influence which predominated in Indo-China, and Indian cultural influence which gave the original stimulus to the civilizations of Cambodia, Thailand and Burma.

Inspired by contemplation of the magnificence of Angkor Wat, that eighth wonder of the world, India's Prime Minister Nehru even told Ho Chi Minh that India would look very much askance on an attempt on Cambodia. But all the bastions will still turn out to be mere mud pies recklessly patted together in the path of a flood, if American policy in Asia does not soon become infinitely firmer and less fraudulent than it is today.

Although Congress is the only agency of government with power to set its own rate of pay, it has always been notably reluctant to pay itself well. This modesty in dealing with itself has, employees of other branches of the government complain, kept the whole level of Federal salaries low.

In 1946 Congress voted a \$2,500 tax-free expense fund in addition to members' regular \$12,500 salary. The tax-free provision failed to sit well with taxpayers and in 1953 Congress withdrew it. Now members of both houses receive \$15,000, all of it taxable.

This may appear to be substantial in rural or small town America. Yet Washington remains one of the nation's most expensive cities, and running for office is becoming progressively more costly. Especially if he has growing children, a member's salary does not go very far.

Some of the better-known members, especially Senators, eke out additional income by writing or lecturing but these methods are by no means open to all. At times the means have run from the dubious to the outright illegal.

The judiciary also can make out a strong case for both salary increases and more money for general administrative expense. Federal judicial salaries have not been raised in nine years, a period in which living costs have gone up sharply. District judges now receive \$15,000 and appeals court judges \$17,500. Lawyers point out that a man sufficiently able to serve on the Federal bench could make much more practicing law. They fear that low salaries for judges will dim the ambitions of the ablest men to serve and that the quality of Federal justice will be lowered.

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## Congress May Take A Look At Its Own Empty Pockets

Doris Fleeson

WASHINGTON—With pay raises in prospect in 1955 for a million Federal workers and the Army and with dignified but nevertheless urgings in this respect arising from the judiciary, Congress may get up enough nerve to get into the act with a raise of its own.

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## Alsops & Fleeson

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