

On Kerr Scott

Kerr Scott is dead now a week, and the students of this University mourn his loss with the special sorrow of a favored friend. He was the champion of the unbossed spirit and the forgotten cause, the great rump of fine feathers and of mental cobwebs. Our generation has it better for his having lived, and we are heavy losers in his untimely passing. Politicians—governors, senators, sheriffs, secretaries of this and that, presidents and kings—come and go; and in these times of militant mediocrities, their comings and goings are briefly noted, their defeats sadden largely their hangers-on and their families, and their families, and contributions are as enduring as their campaign viewings-with-alarm.

Not so Kerr Scott. Even in this early moment, his petty failings fade, and the stature of his good works dwarfs his critics. He dared to think fresh and to breathe free, and of his courage came great things: roads and schools for his people, hope and leadership for by-passed humanity in his state, Frank Graham for the United States Senate. In an era that exalts the conformist even as it bewails conformity, it was the miracle of Kerr Scott that he did the unexpected and the unprecedented—he deviated and revolted, and he got away with it.

To some, Kerr Scott's uniqueness was rampant opportunism cleverly disguised; but then punctures of complacency are rarely beloved among the complacent. And it opportunist he was, from his "opportunism" during a brief governorship he gave North Carolina her greatest challenges, her greatest senator, and her greatest push forward in half a century. He lit lights on the farms and in the minds of the people of his state and of his contempt for the pompous and the smug came an inspiration to independence that infected thousands of lesser people to bolder deeds and higher goals.

This improbable and refreshing man is of that tiny band of human beings who are more sorely missed the week after their death than the day after, who will be even more sorely missed a year after than a week after, and whose legacy endures and grows and triumphs despite defeats and beyond death.

Wanted: Pavement

Tonight, the Student Legislature will have to deal with a resolution concerning paving a sidewalk area from Woollen Gymnasium to the walkway to Lenoir Hall.

The Legislature ought to pass this resolution, since the processes of paving the areas which need paving are slow. The Legislature's resolution might do something to speed the process up in this particular case.

The specific area in question is traversed during the week by freshman and sophomore men, and freshman through sophomore women, as well as the residents of the dorm area of Winston, Alexander, and Conner.

Muddy shoes, bad falls, general discomfort have been the result of the present lack of paving. It is hoped that this situation will not exist long.

The Open Meeting

It is amazing what freshman women will be called in open sessions. Last night they were likened to unwashed puppy dogs by the former chairman of the Women's Residence Council. Somehow this definition does not square with the responsible individuals that the women who have come here as freshmen have proved themselves to be.

The meeting was further interesting by virtue of the fact that the majority of the rules and from angles previously not mentioned. Some of the opposition was voiced on the grounds of impracticality, as well as the grounds of student responsibility, individual freedom, and the unhealthy effects that these rules may have.

The Council should take these rules into consideration again seriously in the light of the responsible opinions expressed at the open meetings.

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Anything Goes

Peter B. Young

This column will offer no unique dietary suggestions to our lovely UNC coeds. But since Jonathan Yardley, in his recent bid for some sort of journalistic immortality has described the birth pang of his dog, it might not be amiss for this writer to discuss a similar episode in the life of Alley (Cat) Young.

Our story begins, properly enough, with Ralph B. Young, a tres gay tomcat who entered our lives in Baton Rouge about three years ago. The Big Ralph Man drank chocolate milk and vodka over the rocks, ate pizza and garlic pickles, and went to sleep every night on top of the hi-fi set while the band played "Lullaby of Birdland." I mean this cat was the hippest.

There was only one thing wrong. Every time I suggested to Ralph that perhaps it was time for him to think about girls, he would reply, "No, man, girls don't make it," and he would then go outside to dig fire flies. Fire flies, in contrast with girls, made it big, and Ralph used to go out of his furry little skull as he watched them buzz around the yard.

Well, you can imagine my surprise when I opened the door one morning and there was Ralph, sitting on the steps with the most pathetic, scrawny excuse for a cat that I have ever seen sitting next to him. "What's the bit, Ralph?" I asked.

"What's the matter, man," he replied. "Don't you dig distortion?" "Certainly, man," I said. "But this is like too much." "That's the whole bit," he said "I dig her because she's so weird." Her??? She!!!!

So we welcomed Alley (Cat) Young into the family, and two weeks later The Big Ralph Man went to tomcat heaven when, typically, he walked across a highway without even looking for the whizzing cars. We buried him in the back yard of Ken Yoss, one of the South's leading astronomers. Yoss's last report was that Ralph had gone into orbit successfully.

We now jump ahead several more weeks to the time when it became obvious that Alley (Cat) Young was in a family way. (Actually, she was in everybody's way.) Carefully, we nursed her through this trying period. She was not allowed to move any furniture, and we added special supplementary vitamins to her cat food. After all, the litter was undoubtedly Ralph's, and we could not afford to take chances.

Several more weeks went by. One night, when I was rolling out some pizza pie for certain select members of the LSU history department, I noticed that The Old Alley Cat had lumbered into her box in the kitchen and was doing some rolling of her own. Right before my amazed eyes the first kitten dropped. I dashed into the living room to announce the epic event.

T. Harry Williams, the distinguished Civil War historian, asked, "Is that kitten brave, bold, courageous, honest, sincere and true?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "He is all of that."

"Good," said Williams, slipping a hefty screw driver. "Name him after me."

We did. Thus did T. (Horrible) Harry B. Young enter this vale of tears.

Three more kittens followed The T. Horrible One, and my superb pizza was a little late that night. Naturally, since these kittens were fathered by Ralph B. Young we had no trouble in placing them in suitable foster homes. We kept T. (Horrible) Harry, and of course The Old Alley Cat, who spends most of her time these days lying on a heating pad in our bedroom. And T. (Horrible) Harry, profiting from his father's early demise, is probably the most cowardly tomcat who ever lived. He rarely leaves the yard.

And what is the point of this strange little tale? The point, dear friends, is this: Jonathan Yardley was basically RIGHT. The birth of his puppies WAS a miraculous event, fully worthy of extended coverage in this, or any other, paper. The birth of anything—puppy, kitten, flower, baby—is the ultimate miracle before which all words fail. This is what Yardley (whom I do not know) was trying to communicate. This is what drove him to his colossal gaffe. But his heart was in the right place. And let's not have any nasty comments about the road to you-know-where being paved with good intentions.

"Sharp, Isn't It?"



Education: Problem Of Liberty

Louis M. Hacker

The Russians understand this. C. P. Snow, writing in 1956, pointed out (using the figures for 1954) that whereas the United States and Britain were turning out more pure scientists, in terms of population, than Russia was, Russia was educating more applied scientists than the United States and the whole of Western Europe together. In 1954, the United States was graduating 22,500 applied scientists, Great Britain 5,800 and Russia 60,000 in its technical universities and 70,000 in its technical colleges. Nor is this all. In Russia, one-fifth of university-trained scientists go back to teach in technical colleges and secondary schools, so that the number of qualified science teachers in the

USSR in 1954 was over 250,000, as compared with less than 50,000 in the United States and 20,000 in Great Britain. This sort of thing we should worry about, rather than the Communist ideology itself.

This, then, is what I mean when I have said, in another connection, that a university must always keep its doors open to all qualified students at all times. The survival of learning and of our society depends upon the acceptance of this obligation. Freedom of knowledge means freedom for scholars and scientists; but it also means free access to them for every qualified student regardless of age, previous conditions of education, and whether or not he has a degree intention.

Whether a student's purpose in formal training (on a full or part-time basis, during the day or during the night, in regular term or during the summer) or the advancement of his self-interest and tastes, or for occupational improvement, the university should receive him. In order to meet all the complex needs of our world and make possible the education the men and women with all sorts of adult responsibilities, universities should be available day and night and 365 days in the year, at the same time that they continue to explore—through every form of communication, including television and correspondence courses—the means for the extension of educational services.

Partisanship And Propaganda

Partisanship is something we have all grown up with. I am for my school, I am for my family, my country, my religion, Come hell or high water, I am for my party, my product, my service. (What I am saying is that I am for me.)

A recent experiment by one of our University professors revealed that students in his classes who favored a certain statement of international importance tended to believe that the majority of the population also favored it Likewise,

those students who disfavored the statement tended to believe that most were in his camp. In fact, one student was so bold as to predict that no one held an opinion contrary to his.

In the history of mankind, we find at certain times Protestantism pitted against Roman Catholicism, republicanism versus a monarchical form of government, realism taking sides against romanticism. In our modern American, perhaps, if we discount the partisan-

ship in advertising goods and services, the partisanship involved in politics stands out most prominently. Thus, the Democrats against the Republicans is an "old joke" as the Egyptian Ambassador Fawzi would say.

Last week, Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks received "blasts" from Democrats in Congress and from Democratic-supported newspaper editorials. These came as a result of his attack on the generally in the Democratic camp,

View & Preview

Anthony Wolff

The major league baseball season is now about one week old. By this time, every major sportswriter has forecasted the outcome of the season, the World Series, and the various other categories of competition.

It is not surprising that the overwhelming choice for the American League pennant is the New York Yankees. These same Yankees are usually favored to win the Series as well, and various Yankee stars will undoubtedly walk away with more than one team's share of the individual honors.

Nor will it surprise those who follow the game to learn that the Yankees have won twenty-three pennants and seventeen World Series since the turn of the century.

At this early stage of the current season, the Yankees are already in first place; and although any certain conclusions drawn from this fact would indeed be premature, it is as safe a bet as any that the Yankees will occupy that position for most of the season, and will be there after the final game has been played.

Should the Yankees accomplish this feat, or even look fairly secure in first place later in the season, there will probably be a strong revival of the old battle cry—"Break up the Yankees."

It seems that a certain very articulate portion of the baseball world, made up for the most part of other teams and their followers, objects to the Yankees' predominance. These partisans feel, perhaps, that there is something definitely un-Christian and un-American in the Yankee record.

This may very well be true. In a nation which is supposed to foster competition and and at least some semblance of equality, the Yankee's habit of winning is not quite kosher. The public gives pragmatic sanction to monopolistic practices in heavy industry; but the baseball industry which many Americans ingenuously regard as a real sport, is supposed to retain the all-American character of its sandlot version.

The anti-Yankee movement seems to have little effect on the state of things, however, and the Yankees continue in their usual manner.

It should be emphasized that this is not altogether a damnable condition. In a world where nothing is certain, and in which Fate and the omnipotent God have been emasculated into Luck and the Law of averages, it is comforting still to be reasonably certain of at least one thing besides death and taxes—the New York Yankees. Long may they reign. Amen.



tainly quite probably that such a thing could happen and we might be very naive in supposing that it is not happening at this very moment.

The important aspect of this whole issue of partisanship in American politics is that all too often it goes to such an extreme that it is reduced to absurdity. It becomes mere propaganda.

Not too long ago I over heard a young voter telling the chief of police of a Western North Carolina community that after he gets through listening to the propaganda blurted out by each political party, he begins to wonder whether either one is worth bothering to support. The chief replied, "Well, no one believes what they say any way."

If most Americans can thus recognize propaganda in political issues then, perhaps, things aren't so bad. What is bad is that the very reason for the existence of such political nonsense is typical of much in American behavior. Partisanship as such extends beyond its worth as a check and balance system, of getting across the truth, or of instituting the best idea or method. It comes to the point of insulting our very intelligence. It also comes to the point where one camp cannot make a mistake without bearing a cross of guilt for having done so. It becomes a crime against humanity to have made a mistake. This crime as such is treasonous in nature. This whole attitude in partisanship denies the very knowledge that man is irrational at the same time as he is rational. I deny his ability to be wrong as well as to be right, to be irresponsible as to be responsible. (This, of course, does not justify that man can continue to be negative in his behavior. Man utilizes learning and correction in his responses.) So, what does the guilty camp do in response? Whether deliberately or through rationalization it hides its mistakes and declares all the more vehemently its rightness or righteousness.