

The Daily Tar Heel

In its seventieth year of editorial freedom, unhampered by restrictions from either the University administration or the student body.

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'Extraordinary-Status' And Political Interference

Prior to the rioting, perhaps somewhere in the middle of Governor Barnett's series of visits to the "Ole Miss" campus, the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools has been vitally concerned with the state of affairs at the University of Mississippi.

Their primary concern was not with the segregation policies of said educational institution, but rather with the nature of, if any, political interference in the administration of the University.

The Association apparently had just cause to be concerned. On numerous occasions events transpired on the University campus which led the nation to believe that Ross Barnett was indeed THE University Administration. He had the power to personally reject Meredith, and apparently to determine what actions the University would undertake in the event of Meredith's admission. The board of trustees of the University even went so far as to designate Governor Barnett as momentary-director-of-admissions.

However, the Association was not limiting its interests to mere political interference with administrative policies. In the words of one SACS delegate, who was to vote on the commission's forthcoming proposals, "Our primary concern is the over-all stability of the institutions of higher learning in Mississippi. We are deeply concerned with the current attitudes and actions of the university students, as well as the state officials."

There has also been mention of pressures brought to bear on faculty members, and published reports that certain state legislators are attempting to have some professors fired.

Certainly, action that might have been taken against "Ole Miss" as an act of vengeance or as threat to other universities who might soon face similar problems would have been out of line. Any decision that was to have been made was going to be based strictly on fact, and was going to reflect a sincere concern for the "stability of the institutions of higher learning in Mississippi."

We were led to believe, at least

to hypothesize, that the Association apparently had some evidence which would indicate that Governor Barnett and his cronies had in fact tampered with the administration of one of those "institutions of higher learning."

Prior to the hearing, Dr. William H. McEniry, Dean of Stetson University, and President of SACS, had issued statements noting the seriousness of the situation, and the drastic results that would follow a possible loss of accreditation for "Ole Miss." Supposing that this was not mere "rocket-rattling," we inferred that he was truly upset over Barnett's interference, and that he was upset because of known political involvement.

But McEniry was not the only member of the executive committee of the Association to speak prior to the hearings. Dr. Gordon Sweet of Atlanta, executive secretary of the association's commission on colleges, had indicated that the association would be willing to accept assurances from Governor Ross (the "Hoss," as he is affectionately known by the "Ole Miss" students) Barnett himself that politics was not involved in the administration of the University.

This was, to say the least, disconcerting to many of us who had come to believe that Governor Barnett might just occasionally "overlook" some facts about the Meredith situation.

Sweet's statement that, "I think we would not question a governor's word," certainly is the proper approach in most dealings with elected public officials, but this case with Ross the Hoss seemed to be just a bit sticky, and quite a bit out of the ordinary realm of normal elected public officials.

Well, apparently the Southern Association for Schools and Colleges based their decision on a statement from Barnett. The placing of six Mississippi State colleges on "extraordinary-status" falls into a category of the absurd which must apparently be reserved for a state that would elect a "Hoss" as governor in the first place.

Evidently something out of the ordinary went on during the Meredith crisis, for the SACS did not see fit to dismiss charges of interference. But that something must not have violated a code of conduct established for "institutions of higher learning in Mississippi." Why bother with a ridiculous label of "extraordinary-status?"

When the president of the executive committee of the Association was asked to define the phrase, he said, "Extraordinary-status means status out of the ordinary." Now that's certainly clever, and it means absolutely nothing.

In fact, it is about as clever as was the action that made Governor Barnett momentary-director-of-admissions at "Ole Miss." The only difference in the two is that Governor Barnett's appointment by the board of trustees meant something. It meant that there was political interference in the administration of the University of Mississippi. Wasn't that what the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges sought to avoid? (CW)

"Well, To Start With, Of Course You Know He's A Nut"



Letters To The Editors

AAU Backed, Editor Hit

AAU President; 'Facts Wrong'

the courtesy of printing this statement in its entirety in your newspaper in as conspicuous a place as you can run your editorial.

—Louis J. Fisher
President, AAU
High Point, N. C.

To the Editors,

It used to be that every time things got dull around a newspaper office somebody would suggest the game of "Let's blast the A.A.U.". Recently, however, the swing has been the other way because the general public is becoming educated to the program of the A.A.U. — and the writers are beginning to see the light.

I was just beginning to get used to factual writing when someone sent me a clipping of an editorial which appeared in THE DAILY TAR HEEL entitled "NCAA-AAU Confusion" and signed by (CW). Confusion was attributed to the wrong parties.

First. The NCAA does not train and turn out "the great majority of Olympic-bound athletes", but on the contrary supplied about 22% of the American athletes in the past two Olympic Games.

Second: There is no "revolt within the ranks of amateur athletes in many sports". There has been pressure brought by certain individuals who are interested only in their own personal gain, but the athletes as a whole are standing up for the A.A.U.

Third: Your statement that the "latest A.A.U. stand (is) that no individual who attends college on an athletic scholarship is an amateur — and therefore is not eligible for international amateur competition" is a complete untruth. The A.A.U. has taken no such ridiculous stand.

At a meeting of the International Amateur Athletic Federation this fall at Belgrade, Yugoslavia, a resolution was introduced requesting the A.A.U. to investigate athletic scholarships in the United States in order to determine whether such scholarships were given mainly for the furtherance of the athlete's academic education or solely for the college to get the benefit of the athlete's athletic ability. This resolution was passed unanimously with the United States' representative (the A.A.U.) abstaining its votes. Because of the resolution it is incumbent upon the A.A.U. to investigate these scholarships and report back to the IAAF, but each will be considered upon its own merit, and if the colleges are clean they will have no worries.

This one thing can be a prize plum for writers whose only wish is to be sensational, because it lends itself so easily to distortion. Athletic scholarships are so important in the educational program and so close to my heart that the distortion of the facts disturbs me more than all the belittling descriptions used in the editorial.

I would appreciate it if you would afford me, as an alumnus of the University of North Carolina and not as the president of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States,

executions by mistake will go on as long as capital punishment will go on, because this risk is inherent in its nature. We realize medically that a vast number of murderers are mentally sick, and an equal number are victims of circumstance who can be reclaimed for human society. The substitution of the life sentence for the death penalty exposes the peaceful citizen to no greater risk than that of being killed by lightning, and less than the risk of being a passive accomplice in the execution of an innocent or a mentally deranged person.

'Have Mercy On Your Soul'

To Co-editor Clotfelter,

I'm not very good at letter-writing but I surely would like to state that I think you have a warped sense of values.

Thanksgiving is not meant for a way to express your indignation at the injustices you feel that you suffer at the hands of the University of North Carolina. It is a time at which we are supposed to give thanks for the things that really count. I'm sure you have SOMETHING to be thankful for. Perhaps you might give thanks to Almighty God for the fact that you are able to receive an education, that you have more opportunities than millions do, that you are able to force your opinions on people through the medium of a "newspaper."

I am simply unable to find words for the contempt I feel for you and your using one of the most important and meaningful times of the year as a tool for your narrow-mindedness.

God have mercy on your soul.

—Worth M. Helms

Baptists Shirked Responsibility

To the Editors,

I have been greatly disheartened by the decision of the State Baptist Convention to table the proposal to go on record supporting the abolishment of capital punishment until next year. How much longer can organized religion "table" issues that are of vital concern to the Church? Perhaps my Baptist brethren might learn from Catherine the Great of Russia who issued in 1767 her famous "Instruction" which abolished capital punishment and declared that, "It is moderation which rules a people and not excess of severity."

The moral responsibility for capital punishment is society's responsibility and hence the church's who is ostensibly society's moral leader. Despite man's resistance to change, lack of imagination and resistance to reason and fact, the truth is that the public is beginning to realize that it no longer needs the executioner's protection; that the deliberate taking of a life by the State is unjustifiable on religious or philosophical or scientific grounds; that

Peter Range

India Beset By Poverty, Misery

(Editor's Note: Mr. Range is a former UNC student, now studying abroad. This is the first in a series of articles on India.)

DHARWAR, INDIA — This vast land of 440,000,000 inhabitants makes such multifarious impressions upon the Western visitor, new ones being added daily, that he hardly knows where to begin in relating it all to his fellows in the charmed Occident.

The contrasts are so striking and numerous, from the eating and dressing habits of India to her basic mentality (the European and American ways of life now seem almost one and the same, after experiencing the East), and yet certain strains of common ideas and customs are to be traced in Indian and Western life.

Immediately upon arrival in Bombay after a 72-day, six thousand mile trek from Europe my senses were assailed by more impressions than they could digest in the short two days there. The teeming masses are always about when one is in the city, shouting, selling, spitting, eating, sleeping, moving in all directions at once. Long lines of poor, dark-skinned, white-clad Indian men pass their days in the boiling sun on some curbstone, evidencing the high unemployment prevalent in the cities. The scrawny, undernourished "coolies" (common word attributed to all manual laborers in India, from rice pullers to street cleaners) who push old loads barefooted through the streets on their crude handcarts, as well as the red-clad (wearing a red turban instead of a red cap, as in the U. S.) train porters who tote your hundred-pound trunk on their heads for six cents, spend many hours sleeping on the cement, so scarce are their jobs.

Nevertheless one sees businesses of every kind in operation. Along one street will be ten textile shops, vending India's best product in their small, open-front edifices, where everyone sits on the floor on cushions and the customer may well be brought a cup of tea while he waits. Between two shops there often hangs a big box, firmly attached to the building wall. Opened up, this box houses tiny shelves full of everything from combs to cigarettes and incense; on a bare ledge projecting from the box's bottom sits the proprietor, peddling his cheap wares all day long to the passers-by, never growing tired of squatting on his wet square foot of board, for he knows nothing else. Like as not he will join the thousands who stretch out on Bombay's sidewalks every night (pedestrians respectfully remain out in the street) for their night's sleep—they have nothing else.

Leaving the more orderly, prosperous island called Ballard Estate, with its large shipping companies, the seaman's home, and the oil companies, we pass through the shade of the cool trees gracing the front of the central post office and soon find ourselves among the ever-moving multitudes again. All along the sidewalks ambitious tradesmen spread their blankets and pile them high with sweaters, shirts, plastic wares, ball point pens, and an endless variety of other goods. Their varied, rapid-fire cries split the ears of the crowds pouring from huge Victoria Terminus, where Bombay's commuter trains arrive loaded to the very roofs with passengers.

Around another corner are a long line of booths in which typewriter-armed men are sitting, prepared to write letters for illiterates (80% of India does not read or write) or fill out deeds and other legal papers. They work until late at night, each placing a candle above his machine and setting an incense stick to burn, creating an eerie effect on the passer-by. In this part of town you must expect a tap on the shoulder and—"Sir, you want money... seven rupees I give you for dollar... what about it?" where the black market operates in many forms, trying to sell smuggled goods and money, especially to sailors and foreigners (official rate: 4.75 rupees per U. S. dollar).

A few blocks further brings one into Bombay's pretty area, a long mall of cricket fields, surrounded by government, university, and commercial buildings in the resplendent Victorian style of sixty years ago, all vestiges of the British colonial period. Even today this English sport as well as others such as racing and dog-showing are practiced almost daily by those very few who can afford it.

A magnificent, long, but ill-repaired dual lane boulevard called "Marine Drive" sweeps in a slow arc around Bombay's unavailing, beached northern bay, leading us into the "Hanging Gardens" and "Breach Candy" sections, the wealthy residential areas of India's fastest-growing city. On a visit to a

family in one of the newest, most-modern apartment houses (there is no room for private houses in Bombay would expect in a wealthy Washington suite, including a majestic view of the harbor (enchantingly lighted at night) and curving coastline—such a standard of living is so rare as to be almost non-existent in this country).

Huddled in tall apartment houses surrounding a battery of exclusive swimming pools called "Breach Candy" is Bombay's European community (a subtle term for "the white people"). Including Westerners from Americans to Russians, the Europeans pass most of their idler hours within the confines of "Breach Candy's" walls, bathing in the sun, eating Western snacks, swimming in one of the three pools lined by an immaculate, verdant lawn. In an effort to create a haven from the filth and general primitiveness which characterizes a large portion of India, "Breach Candy" was set up exclusively for the Europeans; they have momentarily pacified democratization movements by ruling that Indians could be brought in twice a month as guests of season ticket-holders. My general impression of the Europeans I saw and spoke with in "Breach Candy" is a poor one—they seemingly consider themselves immeasurably superior to the Indians, many maintaining that the "natives" are uneducable. Especially among the British, most of whom are connected with shipping or import firms, I sense that they still fancy themselves colonialist, viewing it as the Indians' bad luck to have taken away their "great white man's burdens" and become independent.

Although one becomes immunized with time, the unforgettable fact is that Indian cities are filthy. Most serious is the amount of both animal and human waste matter littering the streets. As animals are used in huge number (mostly oxen) for the transportation of goods, it is inevitable that the streets be filthy. Only the well-to-do areas can finance a cleaning campaign. The presence of this contamination along with indiscriminate spitting creates a haven for the disease-spreading flies. Sewage problems are great and all drinking water must be boiled for twenty-five minutes before use, only a strong-willed, steel-stomached American can visit the vegetable or, worse-still, meat market—I won't attempt here a description of the sight and smell of it.

Making it easier for the forces of insanitation and diseases are the facts that for the masses the place where you live is on the ground and the most natural footwear is your own tough skin. A spare moment is never spent standing, the coolie who meets a friend squats where he is for a while; whole families are seen sprawled on the bespattered floor of the train station, countless children and brass pots among them. In their own huts, of course, there is no furniture.

A trip into the suburbs by local train or bus takes us past perhaps the most distressing manifestation of India's abject poverty — the shack villages. Built of cardboard, pieces of scrap metal, reeds, and other pieces of wood and rock to hold them together, each shack may be eight feet by eight feet and house a family of four to ten members. Literally squatting in their own squalor, these villages appear on any one-to-two-acre pieces of ground left vacant, are provided with a single faucet, and are lined with narrow, muddy alleyways. Here the children run naked (even baby boys, however, wear a symbolic leather cord about their stomachs) and insanitation runs rampant.

I have come to learn, surprisingly enough, that most Indians are scrupulously clean in their personal habits, especially regarding washing their bodies, which they do with religious zeal (for many Hindus, it carries religious overtones). In every pond or muddy well one sees the coolies washing away; lack of soap and hot water, of course, much reduces the effects of this constant washing. In middle- and upper-class families, one or two showers per day is the norm.

There are beautiful and admirable sides of India and her people, to be sure (later articles). But the overriding facts of the poverty, misery, and insanitation which plagues India's masses should never be let out of sight. Fortunately she can show a number of brilliant intellects and dedicated individuals among her somewhat inefficient and even corrupt political and economic leaders, whose efforts to reverse the tide of misery against the staggering odds are admirable. Tragically, many of the hard-won economic gains since independence (1947) are rapidly being canceled out by the costly Chinese invasion.

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