

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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December 2, 1962 Tel. 942-2356 Vol. LXX, No. 57

No Time Like Present For Evil And Sin

For those who think our student generation is hopelessly immoral and lost to all things good and true; for those who think there are not even a few young people who are upright and right-thinking, the following incident should be of some interest.

Last Sunday night, returning to Chapel Hill after the Thanksgiving holidays, we were listening to the radio about 10 p.m. In changing from station to station we stuck on the voice of a bellowing young man who sounded struck with the fear of God and so we listened. He was talking about how the earth had been cleansed of all evil several times before (the Flood, etc.) and how there was no time like the present for such goings-on, and all that.

Then he got down to specifics. He said youth was immoral; we went along with that peaceably enough. He said there was no hope; and that sounded reasonable. But then—a sparkle of joy came into his voice.

"Down in Asheville, N. C. a group of young students at Lee Edwards High School are proving that not all of their generation is in-

terested in wordly pleasures," he said. A local theater had constantly showed "lewd and degenerate films. And this group of students organized to protest against these films. The youth spoke where their parents were too timid."

And another case—in Greensboro the board of education banned all high school social clubs. "At several of the parties and wild affairs sponsored by these social clubs," the radio man said, "there had been drinking and several boys were seen drunk. In the girls' clubs it is known that sexual immorality was encouraged."

The inspiring lesson went on for several more minutes and then ended, in a panicked crescendo, "Our generation must be saved from the destruction and judgment that is surely coming to us soon." (An exact quote.)

No one who heard the radio program has been able to sleep soundly since, knowing of the perverse evils which are encompassing our generation. We know it's true—because the radio speaker was Billy Graham, on his nationwide "Hour of Decision." And Billy is never wrong. (JC)

Dear Barry . . .

Barry Goldwater
U.S. Senate
Washington, D. C.
(Home of Deficit Spending)
Dear Honorable Senator:

We, meek souls that we are, always have thought you to be a major political personage, above the more petty snipings of American politics.

Alas. Recent events have proven us mistaken.

Not too long ago a writer for the Colorado Daily, a most humble college newspaper, saw fit to call you a number of fairly silly names, such as "murderer." When we first heard of this, we thought to ourselves, "Surely Sen. Goldwater will ignore this silly attack."

Instead, you wrote a letter to the Univ. of Colorado president demanding he fire the editor—and in subsequent weeks, you parlayed the silly little article into a major national news story. The fired was subsequently fired—thank goodness—and your name is safe from the danger of being internationally disgraced by the Colorado Daily.

We were sad over your being concerned over such matters, but

we figured, "Sen. Goldwater is a prominent man, he must be very careful about what people say about him—particularly what the politically influential Colorado Daily says about him." But then something else happened.

A writer for the Daily Illini at the Univ. of Illinois wrote an article questioning your claim to be the most American of Americans. With just wrath you immediately wrote a letter demanding the Illinois editor be fired—unfortunately Illinois has not acted promptly on your demand, but we are sure they will come around to reason.

Now, we hope, you will turn your mighty attentions to other college publications—perhaps demanding the dismissal of every college editor who criticizes your most honorable policies and personage. For the good of the Nation, these influential collegiates must not be left on the loose—they must be removed from the public sector where they have obstructed the path of the mighty Arizona Senator.

Perhaps, when you are done with the college sector, you might investigate some of these incendiary high school newspapers. There are some pretty radical thoughts coming out of these teenagers these days . . .

Sincerely,
Your friendly
Daily Tar Heel (JC)

Ignorance

It had momentarily appeared that things were under control in Mississippi. That is to say, the students weren't rioting, Barnett wasn't on campus, and matters were being placed in the hands of respected judicial officials. Mississippi seemed to be functioning in a manner not too removed from accepted standards.

But then a grand jury, in a swell county called Lafayette, chose to uphold the "ole miss" tradition, and under the leadership of a W. M. O'Barr demonstrated to the world that a great deal of ignorance still holds forth in that amazing state. (CW)

Roof Of The World



Peter Range

Indian Conditions: Very Bad

(Eds. Note: Mr. Range is a former UNC student, now studying abroad. This is the second in a series of articles to be sent from India.)

DHARWAR, INDIA — A little girl steps into the train car. About ten years old, dressed in filthy rags, her hair hanging in caked, dirty strands around her neck, the child is emaciated and thin, her face lifeless and hard. She drags her little sister of half as many years with her to the middle of the commuter train first-class coach and begins singing in a mournful, harsh, high voice. Every now and then she pushes the tiny sister down onto her knees and face in a salaam to the onlookers. Through three train stops she sings, gazing about in the air, her expression never changing its dull and dying nature. Occasionally the younger child picks up the chant in her tiny, not-yet-harsh voice, rending the heart of the unconditioned watcher of this spectacle. Then the two go slowly to each passenger, extending a hungry hand, then tapping the forehead quickly in the traditional beggar's plea, murmuring "baba" and "naye paise" in the appeal for alms. At most every fifth passenger drops one to ten paise into their hands (equivalent to less than 2c).

A few minutes later a woman bearing the same lifeless eyes and hardened features plys through the car begging, her naked baby on her hip, her small son salaaming on the dirty floor at the passengers' feet. And in the course of the thirty-minute train ride from suburban Bombay into the city's center a passing parade of half-naked, scrawny, bearded beggars beseeches the more fortunate for a few naye paise.

In the commercial center of Bombay a shabbily-dressed man is lying on the sidewalk, rolling about a little, moaning as though in pain — suddenly he begins pulling his long hair and his limbs jerk, as though in convulsions. Nothing is strange about the sight, the passers-by take no more notice than to avoid stepping on the fellow. In this case, one could see that he was probably faking the whole act—alms-begging can be a good business, hence the false show. Had the beggar actually died, however, no one would have done anything. Only when a policeman had finally arrived, would the corpse have been removed.

The trains through the country stop very frequently. At every station many small, cheerless children window, their doleful eyes pitifully pleading for a few pennies. A blind man or an amputee fumbles his way into the coach and squats on the floor at your feet. He opens a gally-patterned wooden box, revealing a stringed instrument with a small, piano-like keyboard. For fifteen minutes he deftly picks out the high,

mysterious rhythms of Indian music, attracting those in the third-class carriage. His meager hand receives more than that of the beggar who simply asks for unearned alms. Despite railroad rules forbidding the practice, beggars board all trains, ride a few stations with one, take another one back, going back and forth several times per day without purchasing a ticket. Only occasionally can an official bring himself to throwing them out.

Passing out of the train station a beturbaned and bearded old fellow tugs at your sleeve, asking: "You want a fortune-teller, sir?" Without awaiting an answer he proceeds to discourse on some family trouble you have been having or a supposed trip you are to be taking shortly; if not stopped or deserted right away these phonies feel they have every right to exact a fee from the listener.

Even in the small town, such as Dharwar, where we are the only foreigners among 75,000 Indians, beggary runs rampant. Along almost every other street some gaunt, ghost of a body lies in the dust with his beggar's bowl before him. Haggard women, almost invariably carrying small babies, hover around the stopped buses, pleading for help in their misery. Bent old men go from shop to shop, holding out their bowls to owners and customers alike. Some more energetic beggars sit in the market place, performing antics and chants in praise of the gods and of mankind.

Among most Indians, especially those of the very low and middle classes, there is a good deal of sympathy for beggars, and they try to give them a few pennies now and again. Thus the beggars, who are generally outcasts, unwed mothers, or physically disabled persons, can usually make from \$25 to \$75 per day, or the same of an Indian construction worker.

This continued sympathy and alms-giving simply frustrates the government's intention to eradicate beggary. The amount of money indiscriminately handed out by the public each year could be much better used if channeled through a single government agency to provide for the underprivileged of the society. The beggars, however, like begging better and refuse to enter those quarters which the government has provided for them in some cities.

And it marches on. The most pitiful sight is that of the readfully deformed man, whose bent legs come across his back to touch the ground by his shoulders, lying in the dirt outside his little mud hut on the edge of town. Even out here in the University quarters, beggars arrive. Two holy men, decorously decked with cheap, heavy jewelry and colorful turbans, stand chanting at the door until dismissed with a

coin. An ageless, gray, gossamer-like man sits down on the porch with a low, round basket before him. He removes the top and, really and truly, a "charmed" cobra raises its swollen head straight into the air as if out of an ancient fairytale, and gazes sleepily at his awed audience. India's problems are many and great. Indeed the direst ones lie not on the North East Frontier, but deep within India's own, undisputed boundaries.

Letters To The Editors

Editorials: Pro And 'Ech'

DTH Discussion 'Deep, Revealing'

To the Editors,

Recent letters to the editor give me the impression that the editorial column is under attack. I would thus like to offer some defense.

This year I have been very much impressed with the fact that controversial, timely, and even heated discussions have been appearing both in the editorial column and in the Letters to the Editors. For a long time I have been concerned with the apathy of college students, including my own. The very revealing and deep discussions on current issues which take place between editors and students, and between students, via the DTH, makes me very proud of this university society.

In regard to extreme statements that are sometimes made (if indeed they are extreme), there seems to be no shortage of ready retorts and criticisms. The DTH thus seems to be a valid proving ground for any such extreme idea in true Hegelian fashion.

Also the recent topic of Academic Freedom has some relevance in this present issue.

—Thomas A. Moore

Edits Provide Humor, Satire

To the Editors,

Concerning the N. C. Magazine— who needs this supplement when we at Carolina are fed the "real thing" daily in your editorials? Honestly, fellows, you under-estimate yourselves. The loss of the "high quality humor and satire" you bemoan drips stickily from the hasty pens of "—The Editors" with nearly every editorial effort. Pray sirs, do not dilute such masterworks of "humor

Wade Wellman

Class Equality Caused Democracy's Failure

(Editor's Note: This is the third and final part of Mr. Wellman's series on "The Quintessence of Fascism.")

Having dealt with authority as the offspring of duty, we may come to the offspring of authority, which constitutes the third main principle of Fascism: that of law.

Law may be basically defined as the protection of private rights from group molestation, or of community rights from the menace of an irresponsible individual or minority; and its need develops from the hostility of a man's social environment and his own reciprocal hostility to the community. Authority must enforce duty, and law is the means of enforcement. And law must originate from the governing body and not from the general population — for the mass of people, if trusted to direct the making of their own laws, simply bog down in a welter of conflicting aims, the plutocrats seeking to hold all their amassed privileges, the poor seeking to become plutocrats. Lawmaking should be entrusted to a body of legislators who know in full the needs of the people they represent, and can decide exactly what is necessary for the welfare of their constituents. And this brings us to the main practical failure of democratic government — the fallacy of district representation.

Of all the errors of modern democracy, none is so regrettable or so tragically wasteful as this practice of choosing legislators to represent geographical localities. In American democracy a Congressman numbers among his constituents farmers, plumbers, carpenters, factory employees, business tycoons, bankers, and even college professors. How can he possibly be expected to keep all their varied needs before him? His task becomes a hopeless job of simply doing anything and everything to be re-elected. Since the interests of his district are not clearly defined, the best

that he can do is look to his own interests, and at once the distinction between his interests and the welfare of his district becomes apparent. He relies on opinion polls, conflicting mail from voters, and sometimes on pure guesswork, and often votes against his conscience to please a powerful interest. Thus, instead of statesmen thinking of the needs of the group, we have politicians thinking of their own needs in the absence of a sharply de-

lined group. And, since our system of district representation makes it impossible for members of any professional group to send a representative of their occupation to Congress, we have, instead, lobbyists, who attempt to advance the different blocs by bribery and other means. This is the worst of all the faults of working democracy, and it has created the painful situation in which the public mind invariably connects politics with unscrupulous dealing and takes "politician" to be a synonym for "dirty crook."

The Fascist state remedies this by means of a parliament in which the members represent, not geographical areas, but trades and professions. In this system the representative knows exactly what unit he is responsible for and does not waste his energy in conciliating a heterogeneous mass of workers and aristocrats who have nothing in common except the latitude and longitude of the map. Furthermore, instead of a President who can be pushed around and overruled, thwarted and harassed by a Congressional majority of two-thirds, the Fascist state appoints a strong and authoritative leader whose will is not subject to the whims of another branch of government. Thus the Fascist state removes another headache so common to democracy — the depressing spectacle of a government crippled by conflicting views in Congress and the White House. If disagreements arise within the Fascist government, the ruler can assert his authority and effect his own wishes. In our system disagreements have been known to tie up the Congressional machinery in filibusters, an impossibility under Fascism.

Briefly put, democracy has failed because it insists that society should be organized on a basis of equality, without visible classes. Fascism realizes that classes are a necessary consequence of the differing abilities and interests of men; that men have evil impulses and must be restrained; and that realism must come before sentimentalism. During World War II the western plutocrats allied themselves with Communism to defeat the aspirations of Mussolini (which Hitler distorted and exaggerated for his purposes). But the new Europe now taking form may perhaps revive these ideals, which still retain a firm hold on the rationalism of western man.

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Of course, the best laugh yet was your Dirty Dick Nixon rib-tickler. That gem is hanging from my wall to this day. I still chuckle over the way you set us up for that one — stating straight faced, and with great innocence, that you always intend to editorialize only issues "vital" to U.N.C., and then (clever you!) hitting us with that "Pray for Brown" punch line. I'll never forget that one. Never.

I'll quiver for a long while yet over your latest, the follow-up to that eye moistening obituary for the N. C. Magazine. Did you really intend to "feel out" student opinion with an obituary? Truly amusing! Keep up the "good work."

—Dave Fox

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The Daily Tar Heel is published daily except Monday, examination periods and vacations. It is entered as second-class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., pursuant with the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.00 per semester, \$6 per year.

The Daily Tar Heel is a subscriber to the United Press International and utilizes the services of the News Bureau of the University of North Carolina.

Published by the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.