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The Daily Tar Heel

85th year of editorial freedom

Succession: Governor needs more than one term

The question of gubernatorial succession in North Carolina is such a straightforward and clear-cut one that it's too bad the issue has been clouded by terms like "imperial governorship" and "machine politics." When voters come to Amendment 3 on their ballot Nov. 8 they should ask themselves one question: Do I want the right to reject or re-elect my governor after his four-year term has expired?

Opponents of the constitutional amendment would rather have voters believe gubernatorial succession is solely an invention of Gov. Jim Hunt which would allow him to further his political career. They portray the Hunt administration, some 10 months old, as some sort of Tammany Hall that wants a stranglehold on North Carolina politics. In short, opponents of Amendment 3 want voters to believe that a vote for gubernatorial succession is a vote for Jim Hunt in 1980.



Jim Hunt

The voters of North Carolina are not doing anything unusual if they vote for gubernatorial succession. Forty-three states and the federal government allow their chief executives to succeed themselves. Twenty-three states let their governors have unlimited terms. Lt. Gov. Jimmy Green is one of the opponents of succession. But in the 45 states where the lieutenant governor is elected statewide, only three — North Carolina, Kentucky and New Mexico — do not allow succession in that office.

The primary complaint against Amendment 3 is that Jim Hunt is included in it and thus could benefit from it. It is no secret that Hunt supports gubernatorial succession. But opponents apparently cannot look past Hunt and Hunt's political career and thus want to turn the Nov. 8 amendment into a referendum on Hunt's popularity in the state. But if their tunnel vision disappeared, opponents would see that the past five governors of North Carolina also support succession. Republican Jim Holshouser, in fact, helped organize the Committee for the Right to Reject or Re-Elect, a statewide campaign supporting succession.

Though North Carolina's chief executive and lieutenant governor do not have the right to succeed themselves, all other major officeholders in this state are allowed to run as many times as they wish. Superlative service from men such as Thad Eure, Jim Graham and Edwin Gill would not have been possible had they been limited to one four-year term.

Gubernatorial succession will put an end to lameduck governors who are helpless after two years in office. It will make the governor's office more responsible to the people of this state. We strongly urge that you vote for Amendment 3 on Nov. 8.

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Photocopy rights pose a dilemma

By JIM CANNON

Editor's Note: On Sept. 28, the Daily Tar Heel reported that James Cannon had threatened to jump off the third floor inside the Carolina Union, but was restrained by students and police. Cannon was quoted as saying, "They're going to throw me over the bannister... I'm going to kill myself... Holy Moses... I'm sick, I'm sick."

Mr. Cannon feels that the Daily Tar Heel's report was unfair and has requested that he be permitted to present his version of what occurred that evening.

After having a private talk with Adi K. Irani (personal secretary for 45 years to Meher Baba, a 20th century man-god now dead) in a house on Justice Street, I attended his third and final talk that evening in the Student Union after drinking a family-sized bottle of Robitussin DM cough syrup for the dextromethorphan hydrobromide ("a safe new non-narcotic cough suppressant") contained therein.

Adi K. Irani once more talked of money, sex, and drugs and solicited questions from the audience of about 50 persons.

I raised my hand and after being recognized questioned him in a loud voice (I was in the back of the room) about statements at the beginning of the Baba pamphlets which prohibit the reproduction of their contents without written consent. I said I wanted to photocopy things for my books.

Adi K. Irani seemed slightly shaken or confused by my questions but replied that I could go ahead and do what I wanted if I were willing to face the consequences. Well, that particular response bothered me, as I didn't know whether

he was referring to consequences from lawyers or from the Almighty.

I attempted to keep up the questioning, perhaps with some redundancy, much to the dismay of some members of the crowd. Adi himself seemed to want to pursue other subjects and concluded that I should simply show him what I wished to reproduce. A person sitting just in front of me turned around and, in a disgruntled and reproving voice, said, "Jim, he just wants you to show him."

So I shut up, sensing a growing anxiety around me, even though I was still far from satisfied with the responses to my particular dilemma; after all, I couldn't show him because the pamphlets were not in my possession and he was to be leaving the next day, perhaps to return to India where he lives.

After sitting still for 30 or so more minutes, and wanting to go uptown and boogie, I stood up to leave. But once more, I raised my hand and said, "Sir, you've put me in a strange position since the material I wish to reproduce is not in my possession."

"Just write me a letter, then," he replied.

"Well..." I was standing near the rear door of the room and was about to keep on talking when a member of the audience suddenly grabbed me tightly by my right arm and pulled me into the hall. He pushed me up against a wall where he preached at me violently about how selfish I was and how I purposely was trying to disrupt a beautiful thing and ruin it for others. Of course, I told him that was not true and wanted him to "let loose of me."

He was shortly joined by others who helped him prevent me from re-entering the room, and my anger increased quite rapidly to my boiling point.

Frustrated potential

Merit and racial quota standards cannot coexist

By J. M. BURRIS

It's 1977 and all the hoopla about one potential medical student is really quite affecting. I guess that all the hoopla is really about the frustrated potential of a medical student, because I don't think Allan Bakke is going to be able to go to the University of California at Davis Medical School after all.

In a society that usually ignores graduate and professional students ("Oh, we'll hear from old John after he's gotten his Ph.D."), it's hard to get used to all the fuss over one guy's not getting in. After all, we don't even know what he made on his MCAT's; nor do we know what his GPA was way back whenever it was he was an undergraduate. And that's the stuff I worried about when I was trying to get in graduate school.

But I'm here now and I'm not troubled to a great degree about Mr. Bakke. He's got his U.S. Army pension to fall back on more than likely, and I seriously doubt that he's tried applying to the University of Puerto Rico or any place like that (which is where several of my classmates assured themselves they could go if no one — and I mean no one — else would take them). But the problem of reverse discrimination is an acute one, and I think it deserves an analysis beyond the legal mangling it will receive from the justices on the U.S. Supreme Court — if and when they get around to a decision.

The problem has been muddled somewhat of late by Jon East's troublesome expose ("Allan Bakke too young to know Linda Brown," Oct. 12) of several incidents in which black persons have obviously — and rather brutally, I might add — been discriminated against. I surely sympathize with Messrs. Plessy and Grier and Miss Linda Brown, but I hardly think the insinuation that Allan Bakke cannot know discrimination fully since he has never known a type of violent discriminatory act — I hardly think this is sufficient to thwart Bakke's claim that some kind of reverse discrimination is involved. Bakke's

claim that he has been discriminated against because he is white can hardly be refuted, and I think that any black man will agree that discrimination in any form is wrong in whatever moral schema (either by popular or individual consent) is adhered to. But the fact that Bakke was discriminated against by the University of California at Davis people is not at question here. The problem manifests itself in a wholly different and somewhat anomalous — manner: Is the medical school's practice of holding 12 or 16 or however many positions for minorities unfair? Should those 12 or so spots go to whoever deserves them?

attended. Unfortunately, however, the classroom buildings and dormitories are not equipped with wheelchair ramps, and it would be virtually impossible for him to move about as freely as he could if those ramps were present. Of course, and I'm sure most of us would agree, the college should take the initiative to install the ramps not only for this young man but any other similarly handicapped person who might like to attend. All of this contingent upon the boy's meeting the academic or admission standards the college has accepted. Sure, the boy

the admissions officers at the school simply because the boy wanted the opportunity to go to school with those more fortunate and more intelligent than he.

Where do we make the distinction? This is just the point. A set of priorities must not only be established but accepted. And this set of priorities must, and of necessity will be, drawn from society's accepted values. And, eventually, that set of values will be perused and found either valid or invalid. The more pressing question is: Should society adhere to the merit standards it has set up or to a revised plan of merit wherein those accepted are screened first according to race? The first 60 or so students are not necessarily all white Anglo-Saxon Protestants, are they? I doubt it. What the Davis Medical School has done is accept both standards — the merit and racial quota standards — and tried to adhere to both simultaneously.

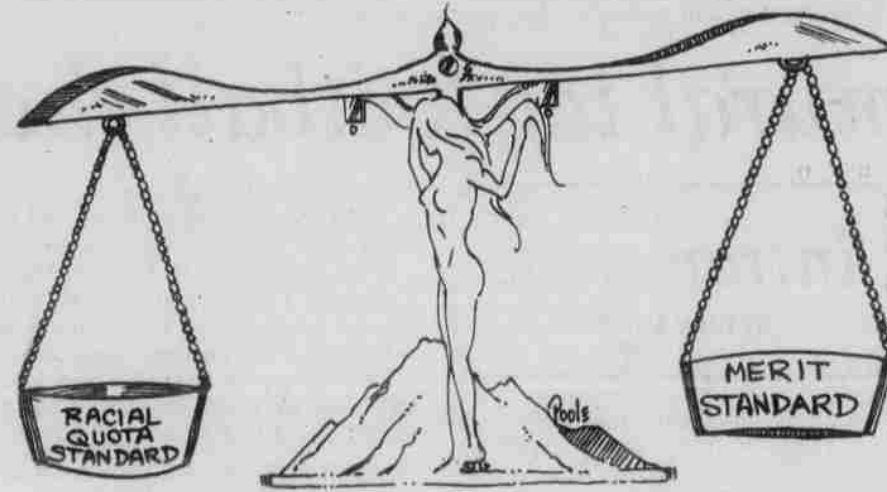
Can Oral Roberts University expel fat people? Can dummies be suspended from college for academic reasons? Should women be hired for executive positions to satisfy federal policies on equal opportunity? It's pretty tricky stuff, isn't it? What do we do?

The University of California at Davis cannot accept both standards: one's got to go. Allan Bakke thinks the meritorious should be victorious. Archibald Cox thinks differently. The Supreme Court probably won't tell us what it thinks. What is essential here, however, is that tired, worn, obsolete standards are investigated just as the new, vigorous solutions are. Is the merit system really a valid one in a dynamic, organic society? Is it fair to accept only those with the highest numbers; is that really being "objective"? Why do we search for the objective solution anyway when our society is a highly subjective one, one in which judgments are made every day — from academic grades to the best restaurants, from hiring professors to doctoral dissertations? Is the merit system really that good?

For something so selective as medical schools (let's not single out most other endeavors in academia or particular vocations, either), isn't there really enough information available to make silly test scores secondary? For instance, couldn't those scores be used as a more lenient yardstick for measuring the potential success of a student or career man? Perhaps those numbers could serve to weed out totally undesirable people, but make that first hurdle low enough to include the minorities (and I do not mean only racial or ethnic minorities); then by a more subjective process weed them out further, then further, until the number of most highly qualified matches the total enrollment figure. That way we'll have not only those who do well on standardized multiple-choice tests, but also some rather inventive, creative, hard-working, reliable, responsible, exciting, enthusiastic adults.

And I'll probably be kicked out of graduate school.

J. M. Burris is a second-year graduate student in English from Carrboro, N.C.



It seems to me that the entire education structure is at question here, the whole damned thing — he who gets the A's and the 1500 SAT and GRE scores, the 750 LSATs or whatever — all of this finally is being looked at more closely. And it's about time. Finally someone is asking — someone who might be able to do something about it — are the standards really the standards we should accept as the arbiters of success (that bitch goddess)? An example — one not too far from the problems of race — might be helpful:

A young man is involved in an automobile accident — one in which he clearly is not at fault — and loses the services of both his legs. He wants to attend a small college in Virginia, the same school his father and grandfather

could go to St. Andrews College or some other school specially equipped for physically handicapped students, but he thinks the small college in Virginia better suits his mental needs and potential. Wouldn't it have been a regressive step to a separate-but-equal doctrine to reject the young man's application on the grounds that the buildings were not so equipped? Of course it would be. But what if a perfectly normal physical specimen applied; one, however, who had a mental handicap. A young man who is, to put it more bluntly, stupid as far as his schoolwork is concerned. Yet, he wants the same opportunity smarter kids have. Isn't his lack of intelligence a more serious handicap than even the paraplegic's? I think so. But we would hardly accept his application if we were



Suicide threat not bonafide: a personal account of an evening's events

"You don't let loose of me and I will ruin your meeting," I screamed, and began shouting loudly for help. The first thing I knew they had me on the floor where I began screaming even louder and somewhat incoherently.

There was talk of getting the cops. Soon they arrived and brutally handcuffed me behind my back, broke a few buttons from my shirt, removed my belt and strapped it tightly around my ankles; after all, by that time I was almost violent and not just angry, but furious. I began acting obscenely, and even threatened to kill my friend Jim, who was observing the nightmarish proceedings.

"So I shut up, sensing a growing anxiety around me, even though I was still far from satisfied..."

Then I was being dragged down the hall with the handcuffs biting into my wrists. I threatened to kill myself (as if I could in such a predicament). "Go ahead and kill yourself," said one policeman smartly. I threatened to vomit. "Go ahead" was the sarcastic reply as one cop held his hands cupped under my mouth, but he moved them before I was actually able to cough up a small puddle of blood.

I was handled roughly down the stairs, out a door and into a waiting police car or rescue van, I don't even know which, and hauled to the hospital still screaming, mostly from the pain from the handcuffs.

At the hospital, they laid me down on a bed with my ankles still strapped and the handcuffs eating at my wrists. They even strapped me to the bed and I laid like that for a long time while a

doctor tried to find out what was happening. He finally had a policeman remove the handcuffs. He did so clumsily and it took him a long time. Eventually, I was allowed to sit up and try to explain what had occurred.

After listening to me and reading some "reports," a shrink mentioned the possibility of my going to John Umstead Mental Hospital. I had been there before (see Books Three and Four of my journals) and did not relish the idea. "Oh c'mon Doc, listen," I said, "I've been there before. One time I sorta freaked out on drugs but was okay and parking my car on Franklin Street after visiting this place. When the cops took me

over there because some doctor here said I was a case of "toxic psychosis" or some shit like that, and I spent almost a week over there without seeing any doctors and finally escaped. That place ain't for me."

"Yes, I know," he replied. "I was that doctor." "Well gee whiz, why don't we just forget the whole thing and let me go home? I've got to work on a lady's roof tomorrow. I wouldn't even be here except for some of those stupid cops out there."

"Well that's part of the problem; they're still out there. You see, you've gotten me in some sort of a dilemma..."

I've got him in a dilemma? I can't believe it. "Look," I said, "I'll be real quiet and just sneak on out of here; you won't have to worry about a thing."

"Well, actually, it's no longer in my hands, but in the hands of a magistrate. We'll find out what's going to happen in a few minutes, but if you do have to go to Butner..."

"Oh c'mon now," I said. "If you do have to go, I suggest you go peacefully." "Oh I'll do that but shucks."

"Go peacefully and they may let you come home real quick."

"Bullshit." "After a while, a couple of the sheriff's boys-in-brown arrived and we took the ride to Butner talking quietly and smoking cigarettes. I was ushered to the admitting room, where they contacted the young on-duty female foreigner shrink who, without seeing me or talking to me, said she would "accept" me.

A great big fellow took me down to Ward 101 — see Books Three and Four for gruesome details — and locked me in. A few hours later, the shrink woke me up to ask me a few questions and to touch a few places on my body. Then I went back to sleep.

That was Tuesday and here it is Friday with the same old shit going on as before except this time I've closed my eyes to my surrounding and am waiting patiently to return to Chapel Hill to finish the lady's roof and to see friends and to live normally.

"JAI BABAI," which means victory to Baba. But as for some of the so-called Baba lovers, I wouldn't care if they lost a few games.

Friday afternoon — finally. After talking to a shrink for a few minutes, I'm being dismissed to go home. "JAI CANNON!"