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The Daily Tar Heel

87th year of editorial freedom

The awakening

With a sluggish stretch and a drawn-out, long-winded yawn, a sleeping giant rolled over, crawled out of bed and washed the 1970s out of his bleary eyes. He turned on the television, picked up his morning newspaper and cried out in alarm at what he saw. He realized he'd been sleeping too long.

The sleeping giant is our generation. In universities and colleges across the United States, the world has finally come home to a generation that grew up seemingly contented with the way things were. We are told that we no longer feel that way.

Listen carefully on the campuses now and you'll hear "We won't go!" again. Keep on listening and you'll hear other voices that say, "Yes, we will go!" One by one, the fence-sitters and the intentionally isolated are disappearing, jerked from their lethargy by the possibility that for the first time since Vietnam our leaders will ask us to cross an ocean to kill and be killed for something they tell us is vital for our country.

There is no bloc this time, though. Letters to the editor on this page in recent weeks have illustrated the feelings of a divided generation. Across the nation, the outpourings of opinion have shown that there no longer is a single voice. At Ohio State, at the University of Arizona, at Kent State and at this University, opinion polls and informal surveys show that students are split nearly down the middle. Student leaders invited to the White House last week said there are lively debates and other activities on campuses. As Congress begins its discussion of President Carter's proposal to revitalize the Selective Service System, the renewed interest on the campuses is likely to become even more evident.

The feelings about registration and the draft cut across the boundaries of sex and politics and class. For some students, the surge of nationalism that followed the Iran hostage crisis and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan has helped to erase the cynicism about our government bred by Vietnam and Watergate. But others are asking themselves what they would be fighting for; is it a buried black gold on which a big-business-controlled, corrupt Congress has kept us pathetically dependent, or is it really the right to our way of life?

There are answers to these questions that every one of our generation must face—but the answers probably are personal. Students' opinions indeed may meld into a consensus similar to that of the Vietnam era if there is a dramatic swing in world events or in the policy of this country. Regardless of the outcome, though, the apathy seems to have been shed along with the last tiresome decade. A generation has awakened, and our voices are being heard again. If any benefit has come of the events of the last three months, it is that awakening.

The fever's still ragin'

Something's wrong at Carolina, but for once, we're not going to recommend that something should be done about it.

Standing in line for basketball tickets, that hallowed tradition as much a part of the University as Carolina blue, seems to be a thing of the past. Ticket distribution officials reported earlier this week that even though tickets for the Duke game this weekend were distributed at 2 p.m. this past Sunday, students coming at (gasp!) 2:30 still got good seats. What's happening here? Has a cure for Carolina Fever finally been found?

After a tad of research, our worst fears were allayed. We found that there are several reasons that Carolina students no longer enjoy the drunken ritual of camping for several days on the sidewalk in front of the ticket office in Carmichael Auditorium.

One big reason for shorter lines, it seems, is the increase in the number of televised games. Many Carolina fans belong to the school of thought that says there's nothin' finer than sittin' down in front of the tube with a couple cold ones and lookin' at the Tar Heels. Proponents of this view may be right—it is indeed a treat to watch slow-motion instant replays of Al Wood and company flying down out of the sky with yet another thundering slam dunk.

Random distribution methods also seem to be responsible for easing the Carmichael crunch. For some reason, ticket seekers suddenly have realized that it theoretically is possible for the last student in line to get the best seat in the house.

We were reassured to learn that despite the absence of the traditional ticket lines, all student tickets are still claimed. Whew. For a second there, we thought we'd never get to hear that rousing, goose-bump-raising line: "There's no cure for Carolina Fever once the last ticket's gone."

The Bottom Line

Flipping out in England...

Bad news, pancake-race fans. This year's competition doesn't count.

The 31st annual International Pancake Race, which pits housewives from Olney, England, and Liberal, Kansas, in a race against the clock, had to be called because a television camera truck slowed down two English competitors. Housewives must negotiate a 415-yard S-shaped course at top speed, all the while flipping flapjacks in a skillet. Competition rules say each contestant must flip her pancake at least twice during the race.

But alas, the blasted TV truck had to muck things up—but at least it saved the Kansas crew from having to race. Because of the time-zone difference between Olney and Liberal, the racers in Liberal generally know in advance what times they have to beat. This year, though, they didn't even have a chance, and the series still stands 18-12 in their favor.

...Chowing down in Kansas

Meanwhile, back in Liberal, 19-year-old David Williams scarfed up on top honors in the town's pancake-eating contest. The junior college student gobbled down 52 whole wheat cakes in one hour to take top honors in the preliminary to this year's ill-fated pancake race. Williams' closest competitor could manage only 43 cakes—not even close.

In running away with the top prize,

Williams munched out on five plates of 10 pancakes each. And just to grind his heel in the face of those who dared to challenge his gastronomic prowess, Williams jauntily sucked down two additional cakes. Just for good measure, the champ belched.

The eating contest is taken just as seriously as the skillet race, and the rules even prescribe a regulation size for the pancakes. All cakes used in official competition must be between 4 and 4 1/2 inches in diameter, and to ensure that each competitor is faced with the same amount of carbohydrates, standardized dippers are used to measure out the batter for each pancake.

Williams, a three-time winner of the contest, has developed a special technique for what appears to be his favorite sport. Before he starts to eat, he carefully prepares his competitive repast by pulverizing 10-cake stacks and fashioning them into chewy, air-free wads. The champ makes sure he has plenty of water on hand to help wash down the 10-cake morsels. He does not use syrup; as he wisely points out, syrup fills him up too quickly.

Williams may have won this year's competition hands down, but it just can't compare with his performance in 1976, when he was a strapping 15-year-old. Seventy-six cakes went down his gullet in regulation time.

And that, chow hounds, is the bottom line.

Running for office is painful and rewarding

By GEORGE SHADROUI

It was 4 a.m. and my 1968 Green Chevrolet Caprice, idling reluctantly at the curb of Franklin Street, whispered softly that it had not foreseen such an inappropriate end to such a mind-boggling day. I was standing between a car with a flashing blue light on its roof and my not-so-sagacious Chevy. The fact that I was trying to touch the end of my nose with a cold and numb index finger did seem to indicate an unfortunate turn of events. Only recently I had left the post-election party where numerous people drank numerous beers, congratulated winners, consoled losers and mostly kicked out the jams. The police officer who pulled my car was polite enough, explaining matter-of-factly that I had ignored a stop sign and the white lines dividing the lanes. "Yes, well there was this election and I just won and..." and somehow I sensed that he didn't care. And for some reason, I felt cold and alone.

Indeed, it is difficult to explain a spectacle such as student elections to students, much less to a Chapel Hill police officer. It begins in October for some, for others the preceding spring. And it includes months of planning, late night meetings, a lot of telephone calls and hours of agonizing platform writing and research, crescendoing into a confusing scenario of forums and door-to-door campaigning. And all of it culminates on election night. In the end, all of the experiences can be neatly categorized: some funny, some happy, some frustrating, some sad...

I push a brochure with my face on the cover under a door in Hinton James and the person on the other side pushes it back out. I walk by a poster of myself in Stacy and coming out of my mouth are the words

"Sha...Sha...Shadroui!" And underneath a little man is saying "gesundheit." Everywhere I walk, my poster is plastered on the walls. My eyes look down at me knowingly like Dr. T.J. Eckleburg's and as I walk through campus people stare at me. I learn to keep my eyes to the ground. I just want to put out a newspaper.

Without a doubt, the most fulfilling and perhaps the most frustrating experience of campaigning is going door-to-door. In a period of 2 1/2 weeks I must have met 3,000 students. This campus can become an endless sea of people late at night when door after door opens and face after face exhibits the same haunting who-the-hell-are-you stare. Then, other times, just when you feel as if one more door will destroy the last fiber of sanity, a friendly face says "Hello," or "Come in," and you endure. But their faces? And their names? And the smiles? In the end, I cannot remember and I feel cheap.

Someone once said that politics is but the art of deception. And I too played the game. I shaved every day. Those who know me said that was quite a feat. I learned diplomacy, though not as well as others. Every person and every group had ideas, criticisms and suggestions about the Tar Heel. I wanted to listen and learn, but sometimes I only wanted to go home, crawl into bed and forget it all.

In Alderman dorm, a campaign worker ties my brochure to the doors of every bathroom. In numerous rooms people I will never know put my picture on their walls. One suite starts a fan club. Some write personal ads to me. It is a first-rate ego trip that makes me laugh and scares me as well.

Imagine a small group of people stranded on an island. After two weeks they will have become friends, a tightly knit group who have shared a common experience. Then the boat comes and each person goes his own separate way. Such is the experience of the candidates and the small group of campaign workers who were always there giving moral support. We were

like the *Boys on the Bus*, going from forum to forum, from dorm to dorm, from frat house to sorority house, making the same speeches and answering the same questions, and after the show was over, looking at each other wearily, knowing each of us could make the other's speech and wanting to do it just because it would be different.

People say a lot of vicious things about those who run for office. Some of what they say is true. But a lot of it doesn't contain even a thread of truth. We are students who want a job, badly enough to take all of the abuse, withstand all of the shady politics and bare our failings to a suspecting public. We learn grass roots politics. Some love it. I merely tried to keep it all in perspective.

Whatever else, a campaign is worth the friendships that are made. Every candidate discovers friends he otherwise would never have met. A long time ago, a student who had run for editor told me I would find out who my real friends were. He was right, and I discovered that my venture into politics would cause many of my friends to view my excursion with cynicism and regret. Relationships are in a constant state of flux, and that night at the party, when hundreds of people were grabbing me and hugging me and telling me how happy they were, a friend touched me on the arm and said, "You see all of these people. They love you tonight. But a lot of them will hate you in three weeks." So I smiled at this friend and sipped the beer in my hand, unaware of the police officer waiting on Franklin Street, just content to take it all in and accept it for what it was—a dream world that never lasts. By the end of the night, I felt like the Indians of old, who feared that photographers stole a part of their soul each time they snapped a picture. I began to feel as if I were losing a part of my soul to every person I touched.

George Shadroui, a junior journalism and history major from Salisbury, is editor-elect of The Daily Tar Heel.

Letters to the editor

Conservation has received a bum rap

To the editor:

The next time *The Daily Tar Heel* sends a reporter to cover an event, it should make sure she or he knows something about the event being covered. The reporter who wrote about the Carolina Symposium debate on nuclear power, "Debate held on nuclear feasibility," (*DTH*, Feb. 19), obviously did not. Not only was the article incomprehensible in several spots, but it managed to miss the key point of the discussion.

Dick Munson and Thomas Elleman did not agree that nuclear power plants belonged only in industrialized countries. Elleman said that they agreed; Munson obviously didn't think that they belonged anywhere except where the cost of shutting them down would be economically catastrophic. What they did agree upon, and what the reporter missed entirely, was that conservation is going to be the cheapest, most effective, quickest and most efficient means by which America's energy crisis will be eased.

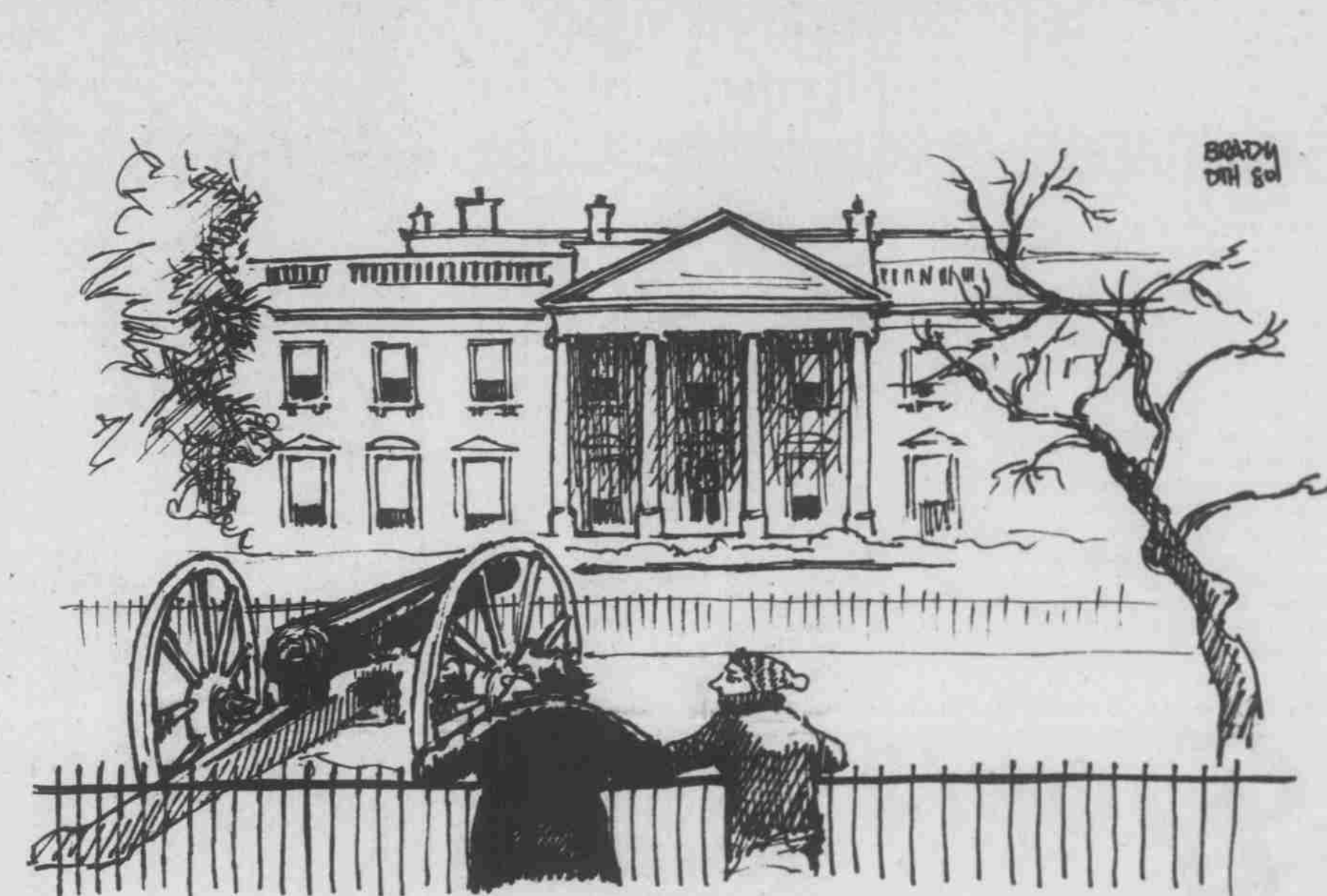
It is hard to see how the reporter managed to miss this. Both Munson and Elleman spoke at length on the subject. They even used the same descriptions. What they said bears repeating. Conservation has received a bum rap. Most people think of President Carter sitting in his white sweater shivering before the television camera when they think of it. This vision isn't just dated; it's dangerous.

The term "conservation" has been redefined in recent years. It now means "energy efficiency," not income curtailment. When the latest studies talk about conservation, they don't mean having people sit shivering in houses held to 55 degrees. They're talking about having people sit comfortably in an adequately insulated house that doesn't waste most of its energy spewing heat into the great outdoors.

Both Elleman and Munson mentioned the fact that conservation has worked and is working. The reason is simple. Energy is now expensive enough that people can't afford to waste it. Rationing by price is painful, but it works better than bumper stickers, and redistributive tax policies like the windfall profits tax can help ease the pain.

The reason that conservation isn't moving faster is because the lines of communication are clogged. People don't know how good an alternative it is. They don't know that insulation is now cheaper than oil. They don't know how to exploit this new energy resource. And since they're only familiar with its old definition, its name scares them.

The Munson-Elleman debate could have helped clear away some of the fog. That two men of such differing viewpoints could agree so strongly on one



HIS IS THE SECOND WINDOW FROM THE LEFT, TED, WHY?

subject was news. The reporter might have thought so, but it was. Prior knowledge can help a reporter know what really is news, and thus can help a reader understand what is going on in the world. If the reporter is confused, in the end, the reader will be too.

It doesn't take much effort to acquire this knowledge. The question of energy policy may be the most important one our society has to face today. If what is news is to be covered as news, then a reporter should at least understand the terms of argument.

Tony Seideman

12-Y Kingswood Apartments

Life and liberty

To the editor:

I am responding to the letter in Monday's paper supporting not only registration, but the entire Selective Service System. "Registration necessary," (*DTH*, Feb. 18). In it, Neil Henis raises a number of points which sound very noble and virtuous. Underlying his entire argument, however, is the assumption that the rights which are ours simply because we are human (life and liberty, to mention two) must take a backseat to the pursuit of oil. I happen to disagree.

Henis says, "If people don't want to risk their lives for oil, then it seems only fair that they should not use that oil to run their cars or heat their homes." No one is denying a person the right to risk his life for something, even oil, but to force others to risk their own lives or to take another life is, if nothing else, immoral. Later he argues that if people "are unwilling to do their part, they should not reap the rewards of living in this society." Please do not misunderstand me. I do support our country and recognize that a responsible citizen owes it certain things, but one's life and individual freedom do not fall into this category. No nation gives life and none has the right to take it.

Certain things transcend oil, the price of gold and other material possessions. Life and personal liberty are high on the list. The protection of these truly are in the best interest of our country.

Bill Hight

1530 Granville West

Draft ensures rights

To the editor:

I am quite appalled that a group of people who call themselves "libertarians" would feel that the military registration "borders on slavery." After all, what is a

"libertarian" but an advocate of freedom for all? Elizabeth Ann Ratchford's letter, "Military registration borders on slavery," (*DTH*, Feb. 19), claims this doctrine as the bottom line of her argument, saying that the military draft denies U.S. citizens their "fundamental rights to live their lives according to their own choice and judgment." Quite the contrary, the military draft can and will ensure these fundamental rights of U.S. citizens.

The first libertarians were our forefathers, the British Americans. They were not too busy living their fat, choosy lives to fight for the independence of this country. Thus were born our freedom and even sacred "fundamental rights." The right of individuals in this country "to exercise sole dominion over their own lives and to live in whatever manner they choose" comes from the United States government, specifically stated in the Bill of Rights of our U.S. Constitution. These rights which the Libertarian Party calls "fundamental" are quite simply a gift from our American forefathers.

If a draft actually takes place it will be because an emergency situation or power is threatening the American way of life, which to me is worth fighting for.

Elizabeth Ann Echols
42 Cedar Court

The truth about that college over in Durham

By ELLIOTT WARNOCK

I am not sure exactly when I heard the word "Duke" for the first time.

It might have been in Sunday school, when a teacher told me to love all people, even my enemies, and even those people from... (dramatic pause to emphasize the intensity of this burden)... Duke.

It is much more probable that I first heard of Duke on a cold night at the end of the 1957 basketball season. I am referring to *The Night of The Season*, when Carolina endured too many overtime to count and brought home the NCAA title. That night is the earliest clear memory of my childhood. People were throwing chairs from second story windows to provide fuel for fires on Franklin Street, and they were screaming something marvelous about Carolina being No. 1 and something horrible about Duke.

It took me many years to discover Duke was not spelled D-O-O-K, and it was years later when I was informed that Duke was the name of a man who tried to buy Princeton but settled for a college in Durham called Trinity. The discovery that colleges could be privately owned and sold astounded me. My opinion of Harvard and Yale dropped dramatically, while my admiration of Princeton's perceptive good taste rose.

Things that were told about Duke were only slightly above atrocities, not quite the sort of propaganda spoken of enemies in war. I was never told Duke people ate their dead, but I was informed, among other things of a certain air of false superiority pervading the Duke campus. Dookies have a very hard time accepting the fact that everyone is not convinced of their natural grace, good looks and charm.

Duke is not an easy thing to love. Of course, it can be hard to like a Princeton clone placed in downtown Durham, even if Terry Sanford is its president. The place just flat-out depresses me. It always rains when I go there, and I get really depressed thinking about somebody going to all that trouble to install sandstone steps around the campus to give the impression Duke is an ancient institution.

Dookies are not all that easy to love, either. My first memory of Duke folks (though they hardly merit that homey title) was at a game in Kenan Stadium. I had crawled under the fence to sneak a look at Those People From Durham and was amazed at the spectacle. Tens of thousands of people had jammed into Kenan, wanting nothing better than a chance to shut up all those insulting Duke mouths.

No doubt my memory of that game is a montage of several games from the 1960s, for it doesn't seem possible for so many things to happen in one afternoon. I remember some Duke students holding bloody lamb chops and bones (they had stolen Ramses the Ram

before the game); the Blue Devil—a man wearing blue long-johns and sporting papier-mache horns—tangling with the Carolina cheerleaders; and some Dookies trying to steal the victory bell and tear down the goal posts before the end of the game.

More lovable people have never visited the Carolina campus.

Things have improved only slightly between Carolina and Duke since those days, and I dare say that's only because we've had more trouble with N. C. State and Wake Forest during the past few years. There might be fewer fist fights at Duke-Carolina games now, but Dookies still want to beat Carolina more than anyone else.

And the upturned noses at Duke have yet to find the horizontal plane. When I tell my (former) friends who go to Duke that Carolina is ranked in academics ahead of their school, they perform a ritual of scoffing, outrage and questioning my sources. (They just hate it if you have proof.) No state university, they insist, can be as good as Duke—even if Carolina is the oldest.

Arguments over relative academics always end at a draw, so Dookies fall back on athletics as a comfort. It is not a safe place of refuge for Duke. For every 7-0 half of basketball they remember, I have memories of Dudley Bradley's slam dunks. But I don't like to taunt Dookies; taunting always has a way of returning to haunt one.

Elliott Warnock, a senior journalism major from Chapel Hill, is staff columnist for Weekender.