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# The Daily Tar Heel

88th year of editorial freedom

## A middle ground

During the Republican and Democratic conventions it became commonplace for commentators and columnists to remark matter-of-factly that party platforms were unimportant because presidential candidates ignored these political doctrines anyway. And that should surprise no one. If either Ronald Reagan or President Jimmy Carter allows himself to be trapped by his respective party platforms he runs a severe risk of alienating large segments of the electorate.

While the Republican platform is extreme in its conservatism, the Democratic platform is equally off-base in its perception of the mood of the American people. If the Republicans seem ridiculous, the Democrats demonstrate a similar irresponsibility.

In abandoning its support for the Equal Rights Amendment, the Republican Party clarified its position on state's rights. But by endorsing a constitutional amendment banning abortion, it muddled its stand on individual rights. As the party most vehemently opposed to government intervention, it is curious that the Republicans want to involve government in an intensely personal issue.

Massive tax cuts to stimulate the private sector of the economy also are being proposed by the Republicans. The tax plan may or may not be inflationary, depending on the economist you consult.

The energy and environmental policies advocated in the GOP platform clearly put this country's future in the hands of nuclear power and the oil czars. No, thanks.

Yet, the Democrats proved again that the party still gears itself to the 8 percent in this country who are unemployed rather than the 92 percent majority. No one wants to be labeled anti-poor and the Democrats seem content to rely on such sentiment for support of its economic platform, as Sen. Edward Kennedy's jobs program indicates.

But such philosophy offers no hope or relief to a middle class that sees increasing taxes eating away at their incomes and the dollar buying less. It's not surprising that more and more people are becoming disenchanted with elaborate programs that have yet to combat poverty and ignorance effectively.

By making support of ERA a condition for political funding in upcoming elections the Democrats have ignored the right of every candidate to his own opinion. The party is using money to force compliance, an action that seems to undermine the very principle of ERA.

Both parties foster a return to a stronger military, although the Democrats showed some dissatisfaction with this trend. But world circumstances make a responsive and strong military a necessity; inconsistency and insecurity do not make for effective foreign policy. And further reluctance on the part of this country to support its allies only will invite disaster. At the same time, the Democrats rightfully realized the importance of pursuing SALT II. The Republican mood is one of opposition to the SALT treaty, placing in jeopardy years of negotiations and thus risking a new nuclear arms race neither the Soviet Union nor the United States can afford.

Nonetheless, by November we have little doubt the platforms will be forgotten and that personalities, rhetoric and the ability of each candidate to move toward moderation may well determine who becomes president. It is somewhere in this middle ground that realistic solutions to this country's problems will be found.

## Construction in heaven

It's not unusual for freshmen to walk around campus with bewildered looks on their faces. After all, college is a bewildering experience. And Chapel Hill, referred to as the Southern Part of Heaven by those who catch Carolina Fever, provides enough variety and controversy to baffle any innocent and impressionable mind.

So it wasn't surprising that many freshmen, not to mention moms and dads, could be found shaking their heads last week and muttering incredulously, "This is the Southern Part of Heaven?" as they made their way through sand piles surrounding the Pit or picked their way through the mass of bricks that one senior called a plan to test the intelligence of freshmen—not unlike the maze and the white mice experiment).

In any case, after taking various detours around the endless construction now taking place, some freshmen (seniors too, for that matter) probably want to know what happened to the plush green lawns featured in the UNC catalog.

It all began some time ago when the University decided to build another gym in an effort to meet Title IX requirements. Then, former Chancellor N. Ferebee Taylor along with the Board of Governors and the Board of Trustees, agreed that a new library—we guess it'll have a catchy name like the N. Ferebee Taylor Library—was fundamental to reading, writing and arithmetic. Uh-huh, we said. But that wasn't enough.

Also in the works was the Union expansion, adjacent to the library construction. And in the meantime, what has become known as the war between the grass and brick men soon resulted in brick walls and paths covering what once was dirt and grass. Apparently convinced that grass was more trouble than it was worth, the University reached the aesthetic conclusion that covering the campus with red-brick decor was both desirable and stylish. But that wasn't enough either.

Air conditioning and water pipes had to be laid. The bricks had to be pulled up and the dirt spread. Those of you familiar with the Union also will discover soon, if you haven't already, that one of the doors leading to the snack bar has been removed as workers remodel the dining area.

All of this has caused that impressionable freshman to ask, "Hey, what happened to the Southern Part of Heaven?"

Unfortunately, we have no answer. University officials maintain it is all necessary, part of some magnificent plan that years from now will allow the University community to point proudly to its new gym, its newest library, its improved Union and so on. Those of us forced to watch it all take shape will have to chalk it off to progress or fate. Or poor planning.

In any case, young freshmen, welcome to the Southern Part of Heaven. And while you might find the clamor of cranes and drills disturbing, there is cause for optimism. One junior suggested they fill the Pit with water, drop another ton or two of sand and call it "Heaven's own beach."

Hinton James residents can swim there to get away from the construction of a new coliseum to be located near the dorm. But we doubt even this will be enough. It never is.

## Political rookie Cobey plays it straight

By BRAD KUTROW

As Bill Cobey pours himself a glass of water, he gives one an idea of the stress of a campaign for statewide office.

"I have to stay away from any kind of caffeine or stimulant because this campaign is so stimulating," he explained. Cobey, a Republican, resigned as UNC's athletic director to run for lieutenant governor against Democratic incumbent Jimmy Green. He is campaigning across the state full-time these days, but frankly admits that he's running behind.

"I'm certainly not ahead at this point—Mr. Green is ahead, but I'm certain he hasn't gotten 50 percent of the vote," Cobey said during a weekend break from the campaign. Sitting on the back porch of his Chapel Hill home, Cobey outlined his strategy for the 11 weeks remaining until Election Day and the reasons for his candidacy.

Cobey has never before run for public office, and is not generally known outside athletics. However, he says former UNC athletic director Homer Rice first encouraged his involvement in politics, and that experience in sports administration would prove valuable to a lieutenant governor.

"It was Homer Rice, who was my former boss, who said I had to run for political office because he felt my leadership was needed there more than in athletics."

Still, the transition from University administrator to politician hasn't been made overnight. Cobey is a political rookie, and even with the backing of the extremely effective Congressional Club political action committee he has had to pick up a few things on his own.

"First, I've been learning how to use my time as productively as possible, and going around the state meeting the party faithful and Democrats who want to work for me." These trips, Cobey



Former athletic director Bill Cobey ...running for lieutenant governor

added, bring in campaign contributions but also increase the electorate's awareness of the campaign.

"You just hope that all the seeds I've sown will reap a harvest—of not only name recognition but positive name recognition as we move toward November."

Once people are aware that Jimmy Green is not running unopposed, Cobey hopes to win broad support with a

platform of conservative platitudes: less government, lower taxes, economic growth. Moreover, he believes voters will choose him over Green because his positions on those issues are clearly stated—even if they disagree.

"Polls show that Jesse Helms is the most popular political figure in the state. That's not because there are a lot of Jesse Helms clones out there, and in fact many of the people who support him

and vote for him really detest his stands on some issues. But at least they know where he stands," Cobey said.

He contends that he would be a better, more responsive leader than Green, and even suggests fewer conflicts might arise between the lieutenant governor and Jim Hunt, who is likely to be re-elected. And those conflicts that did arise, Cobey said, would be substantive, unlike the political squabbles that Hunt and Green have gotten into. "I think that the people of this state are the beneficiaries of disagreement," Cobey said. "Conflict can result in satisfactory resolution of issues."

Issues aside, Cobey admits that he has little control of one factor critical to his chance in the elections: the support won by Ronald Reagan. "I can't visualize winning unless he wins the state," Cobey said.

"That's not bad news, because every poll I've seen says he has a substantial lead in the state, and I think it'll widen."

Nevertheless, Cobey says he doesn't want to link his campaign with Reagan or Helms or any particular group. Although Cobey is religious and attends the fundamentalist Chapel Hill Bible Church, he has lost the endorsement of some fundamentalist ministers. "I am not responsible to any special interest group," Cobey said. "If that means that I can't win, so be it. I can't compromise my principles."

Cobey is an unsophisticated politician, still mulling over ideas from Congressman Phillip Crane's tracts and economist Milton Friedman's TV show. But he is also refreshingly honest and sincere, with a commitment to conservative values. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that votes are cast more often according to party affiliation than the relative merits of the men involved.

Brad Kutrow, a senior political science major from Wilmington, is associate editor for The Daily Tar Heel.

## Freshman camp

By WILLIAM DURHAM

We've all heard of *deja vu*. Well, it happened to me the other day, and it wasn't pretty.

I had driven out to visit the Campus's Y's freshman camp with a couple of bona fide student leaders. From the moment we turned off the highway into Camp New Hope, I was nauseous and trembling. I broke out into a cold sweat. As we approached the rustic clubhouse I began to stagger. Waves of shivering racked my body. As I sat down and looked out over the crowd of happy, upturned freshman faces, my thoughts turned to that magic summer two years ago when I, too, was but another eager face in the crowd....

Ah, the joys of camp. I had thought in August of 1978 upon arriving in sweltering heat at the site of freshman camp. Ambles through the woods, leisurely games of volleyball, all far from the hectic pressures of campus life.

Wrong. Every waking hour was crammed full of cheering, running around, cheering, sweating and cheering.

Most of the experience has been blotted from my mind, like any other trauma, but one "activity" has recurred in nightmares for two years.

I remember that it was a glorious day, 97 degrees at 8:30. The sun sparkled through the trees as we lined up on display as if at a detention camp. Our counselors were smiling in front of us, but that meant nothing. They were always smiling. They smiled in their sleep.

"All right, now we're going to divide you into groups for some more fun activities," shouted one, a female, tanned, slender and smiling.

This resulted in the campers being separated into seven or eight groups, and each group being assigned an animal noise. Then we were told to practice our noises, to see which group could be the loudest. There were lions, sheep, horses, dogs, cows and others. I was a cow. Moo.

## Stone tenure fight tests rules

By JAMES ALEXANDER JR.

Dr. Sonja Stone's 18-month struggle to gain tenure here at the University ended early last month. The University's Board of Trustees and the university system's Board of Governors approved a recommendation by a faculty committee that she be tenured.

For the University, the decision helps ease racial tensions that have mounted throughout the tedious case. But for Stone, and other faculty members, it represents a successful challenge of tenure rules and procedures. It also denotes the rights of tenure-seeking professors.

"My case tested the tenure regulations and clarified the role of the appellate in the tenure appeal," Stone said from her Columbus, Ohio, office, where she is participating in a postdoctoral research fellowship at Ohio State University.

"It certainly shouldn't take as long (for others) since the procedures have been clarified," she says.

"Prior to my case, it wasn't clear." She says hers was the first case under the 1976 tenure regulations that dealt with appeals.

Her troubles began nearly two years ago, in the fall of 1978, when the Faculty Hearings Committee upheld a tenure denial decision by Samuel R. Williamson, dean of the College of Arts and Sciences. The committee said it found no evidence of racial, sexual or personal elements in Williamson's decision, which also was supported by Provost J. Charles Morrow.

But it was an appeal to the Board of Governors that saved Stone, after she

was told by then-Chancellor N. Ferebee Taylor that she had no more appeal alternatives available under University tenure policy.

The Board of Governors said Taylor had misinterpreted the University's tenure policy, and Stone was entitled to further appeals to the Board of Trustees.

So, in response to one of Stone's later appeals, the Board of Trustees set up a three-person panel to study the Faculty Hearings Committee's findings. And, when that panel concluded that there was reasonable doubt to the objectivity of the faculty committee, a new six-member committee was ordered to be formed.

That committee, headed by history Professor George Taylor, began re-hearing Stone's case Dec. 17.

And, says Stone, "It was then we realized that the case had taken a turn for the better."

There were a couple of positive things about the case; Stone was tenured and the University's tenure policy was checked. But, there were also two unglamorous things about the outcome.

First of all, the University offered little (if any) official publicity about granting Stone her tenure. Word of the decision was pretty much swallowed up during the summer, probably to keep an in-house defeat under wraps. Secondly,

both the Board of Trustees and the Board of Governors voted incorrectly in the case. The Board of Trustees voted through the mail and the Board of Governors balloted in a close session. Both violated N.C. open-meetings laws.

But, Stone says she will make no bones about the way her case was handled, although she realizes that the Univer-

sity smothered her victory and that the voting process was wrong.

"The outcome, at this point, is probably the most significant thing," Stone says. "I wasn't even aware of the open-meetings violations."

Meanwhile, Stone says there were other important factors in the decision going her way, besides the committee reappointments made in December.

"My record and the fact that I was evaluated by people in black studies was probably a big factor in the decision," she says. "Bringing in outside specialists who could evaluate my work objectively was a factor...."

And, she adds, "There were white professors on campus whose records were comparable to mine, and they were already tenured."

Some of those same professors supported her, says Stone.

"I had a great deal of support from a number of quarters on that campus (UNC)...more than you would anticipate."

"I discovered a number of friends who were supporters, both black and white."

Stone says there are a lot of college professors in the country who are in the same predicament she was.

"It's happening to blacks and women all over the country," she says.

"In some cases, they are getting large settlements. But I didn't want that, I was more interested in the principle."

What may help other professors (woman and minority) gain their tenure, Stone says, is that the courts now are "treating them (universities) like employers."

"I would hope that is a result of the

## New students crawl, learn how to 'moo'

The next thing I remember, we were being led out to a huge field, the scarred turf evidence of earlier ordeals. I was surrounded by a mob of campers, all entranced with the notion of making animal noises.

But the worst was yet to come.

Once in the middle of the field, we were surrounded by the counselors, who still were grinning impishly. Was there something cruel in their smiles? Looking back through the years, it seems so.

"Now wander around until you're all mixed up," thundered a lithe blonde. "Ready? Now DOWN ON YOUR HANDS AND KNEES."

What? I wasn't sure that I had heard her correctly, but, trained by then to do everything the masters ordered, no matter how bizarre, I instantly complied.

"The object of this exercise," snapped one tall, slender Hitler-youth type, "is to close your eyes and, making your animal noise, wander around on your hands and knees and find the other members of your group. The first team to finish wins." He was wearing a T-shirt emblazoned with "Every woman loves a fascist."

When the whistle blew I immediately stood up, walked to the ring of counselors, and asked to go to the bathroom. Smiling, they told me that I could leave once the activity was over. Seeing a grim determination in their smiling eyes, a resolve that I would have a good time if it burst my bladder, I rejoined the circus.

Meanwhile, my compatriots were milling about on hands and knees, making feeble bleating noises, or mooring noises, or horse noises. Mooing noises? I scampered over to the nearest moo. Its owner was slowly crawling about with a humbly happy smile on its face, mooing contentedly. It could have been chewing its cud.

"Pssst. Are you a cow?"

"Why I surely am. But isn't it against the rules to talk?"

Suddenly a counselor grabbed the neck of my T-shirt. I was being slowly throttled, and out of the corner of my eye I could see the knotted sinews of a forearm.

"Now you-all know that's cheating," cooed a soft, feminine voice. "Let's not have any more of that." She flung me back to the turf.

When I was sure she had gone, I said, "Listen. You stay here and moo. Do not move under any circumstances. Do you understand?"

"Moooooo."

Keeping my eyes squinted, so as to appear closed, I circled the horde of writhing bodies. I had to dodge several counselors who were roaming in search of people with their eyes open.

Noticing a pair of cows together near the center of the melee, I quickly sprinted in to get them. Then I led them back to my original cow. Soon all the cows were rounded up.

The counselors, however, grim smiles plastered to their faces, projected guilt and unsportsmanlike behavior on the cows for sidestepping the rules. I felt deeply ashamed.

I looked up at the sun, sweat and grass and dirt coating my body. Spontaneously, the counselors began another cheer, and the campers, like trained seals, joined in. I felt faint.

The rest of the weekend is a blur of sun and shagging, cheers and water balloons. I don't remember much of what happened, but I do know that when I finally reached the sanctuary of my dorm room, I didn't come out for two weeks.

So if you're a low-key type, who doesn't thrive on leaping and cavorting at football games, who gags at the prospect of shagging, do not despair. It may take two or three months, but the day will come when you will be able to hear the Tar Heel fight song without retching. Be patient.

William Durham, a junior English major, is editorial assistant for The Daily Tar Heel.



Sonja Stone

attention, tenure decisions, especially for women and minorities, will be looked at closer," Stone says.

Stone may have won a major battle with the University, but the fight doesn't seem to be over. She indicates that she will fight to gain an associate professorship in the Afro-American Studies curriculum, of which she was once chairman. She was offered only an assistant professorship.

Her nine-month fellowship ends March 1, and she will return to the University's faculty in the fall of 1981.

Stone doesn't expect any ill feelings when she returns to teach next fall, but if there are, she said, "You don't have to be in love with people to get the job done."

"I'm willing to lay aside any feelings 'o get a job done...."

James Alexander, Jr., a senior journalism major from Concord, is assistant Weekender editor for The Daily Tar Heel.