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# The Daily Tar Heel

88th year of editorial freedom

## Playing with numbers

Not far behind every argument these days lies a statistic—cold, clean and entirely convincing. Those who claim that blacks are making gains on campus can point to recent figures showing the percentage of blacks at UNC at an all-time high, 7.9 percent. Those who argue that blacks still have not made significant progress at Carolina can speak of the decrease in black admissions in the freshman class; blacks represented 11.8 percent of the 1979 class, but this year dropped to 11.4 percent.

Certainly, the fact that the black presence at this University is at an all-time high is an encouraging sign. In May 1978, the UNC Board of Governors set a goal of 6.8 percent black enrollment for the fall of 1980, and the actual figure of 7.9 percent indicates that the admissions office has exceeded those expectations. And the presence of blacks on campus has increased dramatically from the 2.3 percent who were here in 1970.

When the most recent figures were released Friday, Chancellor Christopher C. Fordham emphasized the need for a diversity of the student body. By this, he showed a willingness to increase the presence of blacks on this campus.

As indications of the University's commitment to enroll more blacks and further diversify the student body, he cited the newly created posts of a University Affirmative Action officer and a vice chancellor for University affairs who would be involved with minorities and the disadvantaged.

But those who maintain that the recent figures are not a glorious ray of optimism also have strong arguments in their favor. The new offices Fordham speaks so positively about will only be as effective as the people selected to fill them, and much depends on those selections. And despite the increased presence of blacks there remains a discouragingly low percentage of blacks who enroll after they are accepted, only 60.9 percent. Efforts by the Black Student Movement to recruit black high school students may contribute to a higher enrollment of blacks in the future, but this year's low percentage of blacks who enrolled after being accepted still cannot be explained adequately.

The increase in the percentage of blacks here from roughly 7 percent to 8 percent is indeed a positive sign at which people should not scoff. Yet the final percentage figure is still far too low in a state where a quarter of the population is black. There are signs that the situation for blacks on campus may be improving, and that is encouraging. But despite the slight increase in the percentage of blacks, their relatively small number at Carolina remains a fact in which we should take little pride.

## Unions in the South

The struggle between Southern industry and Northern unions has been a long and bitter one. While the recent settlement between the J. P. Stevens Co. and the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union has perhaps reduced the acrimony between the two groups, it does not solve their problems: a fair day's work for a fair wage and the right of the workers to make their own decision on the union question.

The J. P. Stevens Co. has a long history of neglecting its workers, who have suffered low wages and poor working conditions in the past. In recent years this situation had improved somewhat, but one of the major reasons for this improvement was the drive to unionize the company's workers that began in 1963. Apparently, the company's brain trust feared unionization more than it cherished the dollars it had withheld from the workers. In this case, the unions served a useful purpose. As long as union representatives keep in mind that they must be fair in the demands they make upon industry, both can profit from a unionized company.

But, in fact, unions in many cases are as guilty in their abuse of power and money as the owners and bosses they fight. In the South many workers do not accept the contention that unions exist solely for the good of the workers. As one worker said this summer, "I don't need to pay some guy \$20 a month to tell me I need more money."

In towns throughout North Carolina, the need for higher wages is evident. But many resent unions for valid reasons. Corruption is not peculiar to company presidents and boards. Union heads have been known to profit at the expense of the workers, too. Union organizers have been known to exert pressure in some unpleasant ways, such as physical threats and psychological manipulation. Companies have countered with their own propaganda. Often, it seems an old cliché fits nicely: a cure worse than the disease.

So while the 10 percent of the Stevens' employees who have voted for a union have reason to be glad—they are getting what they wanted—90 percent of the workers remain to be convinced. Their right to make their own decision should be respected as should their right to fair wages and decent working conditions. Unions are only a means to an end; they are not an end in themselves.

## The Bottom Line

Wormy idea

Troy Roberts eats worms—but only when his football team wins.

Roberts, a tackle on the Chester High School team in Chester, S.C., vowed to eat a live worm for each point his team outscores opponents by this season. But that promise was made at the end of last season, when the school managed only two victories.

This year the Chester Cyclones were placed in a lower conference, and have already won four of seven games. Recently, they clouted an opponent 48-7. Anyway you prepare them, that's a lot of worms for Roberts.

But the stout lineman remains undaunted, claiming that worms are high in protein, and mighty tasty after a big win.

Teller II jackpot

When efficiency was needed (and humanity disregarded) banks everywhere opted for the automatic teller that offered 24-hour service. With these nasty little machines came digital

lights, beeping noises that sang to the tune of "If I were a Rich Man," and a knock for card-shredding at untimely moments.

Now, they may just be turning a new trick—providing the daily jackpot.

Phil and Julie Spickler, of Miami, Fla., may have hit the lucky draw when their automatic teller spit out five misprinted \$20 bills with an estimated value of \$1,000. The bills apparently skipped their third and final step in printing at the U.S. Bureau of Engraving, according to officials. They were missing the Federal Reserve Bank seal and serial numbers, which a personal banker might have noticed, but the machine glanced over.

Each bill could be worth between \$150 and \$200 to rare-bill collectors. The Spicklers are still trying to find out if they're "in the bricks" or simply possessors of \$100 in useless funny money. We certainly hope theirs is the former case, and promise to inspect our money at the Teller II carefully from now on.

And that's the bottom line

# Anderson headquarters staying in the race

By MELANIE SILL

WASHINGTON—It's not much of a lunch for a top coordinator for a national presidential campaign.

The coordinator has pushed aside half her limp hamburger, a few cold french fries and the watery remains of her soft drink, along with stacks of campaign literature, mailing lists and itineraries, to talk to the young man in front of her.

"You want to help John Anderson, you have to give a little time," she says, handing him several information sheets. Behind her, what's left of the Georgetown waterfront is barely visible through posters covering the plate-glass window of the Anderson national headquarters.

The cluttered room is packed with the trademarks of Anderson's campaign. A bicycle is parked in one corner. Photocopied announcements are Scotch-taped to posts, walls, desk fronts and windows. A broken photocopier, like every level surface in the place, is hidden under piles of T-shirts, buttons, posters, bumper stickers and campaign kits. Contribution boxes sit on almost every desk.

"Is he here for the phone bank?" one worker asks, then turns to the volunteer. "Can you help with the phone bank? Come over here."

Another worker holds up his hand and waves for quiet. "Yeah, go for as much as we can get. This thing's gonna run out of time soon," he says into a telephone.

"This thing" is the National Unity Campaign push to raise up to \$2.5 million in donations and loans to pay for a series of Anderson television spots. The Anderson camp hopes the ads will help make up for the independent's exclusion from the Carter-Reagan debate Oct. 28.

The phone bank was set up the first week of October to contact previous contributors. The strategy is simple but necessary: The Illinois congressman has been forced to ask his supporters to give the campaign the money that banks refused to risk loaning him.

Upstairs in the two-story headquarters, several workers are mapping out strategy over pizza and cola. Behind the closed door of the Anderson press room—also marked with a hand-lettered sign—media workers are stuffing envelopes and making calls, trying to get press coverage for their candidate.

Ralph Mongeluzo, phone bank director, sits on the edge of the long wooden table used by volunteers every night for the past several weeks. Yes, he has time for an interview. He remembers *The Daily Tar Heel* and Anderson's October appearance in Chapel Hill.



John Anderson campaigning on campus ...now fighting for 5 percent in polls

"That went national," he says, smiling quickly. The smile doesn't erase the circles under Mongeluzo's eyes, and his voice has an edge of weariness as he speaks. "We raised \$1 million in the first nine days," he says. "We want to get at least \$1 million more, maybe \$1.5 million by the 28th (of October). After that, the money won't do us much good."

Mongeluzo doesn't know how many people have volunteered to work, how many have donated or loaned money at the 8 percent interest Anderson is paying, how many people are out working for the candidate. He seems impatient with the questions, rattling off numbers mechanically and drumming his fingers on the table.

When the conversation moves to the 30-second and five-minute commercials created by media whiz David Garth for Anderson, though, Mongeluzo's interest picks up.

"People are going to want to watch those commercials over and over again," he says. "(Republican Ronald) Reagan's and (Democrat

President Jimmy) Carter's ads make you never want to see them again."

Anderson's plan now is to buy as much air time as he can and hope to convince the large bloc of undecided Americans to vote for him, Mongeluzo says.

"We're optimistic, but we're realistic," he says. "We've got a few good reasons behind our optimism."

Even Mongeluzo, though, can't wave aside the candidate's declining status in national popularity polls and Anderson's absence recently in media coverage of the presidential race.

"We pay attention to polls. You've got to. But we polled 12 percent in New Jersey (in a recent CBS-New York Times poll) without ever having campaigned there."

"The undecided bloc is larger than it was in 1972 or '76. There are so many people out there just waiting to be swayed," he says. "And the support Carter and Reagan have is so soft. It's not pro-Carter or pro-Reagan, it's anti-Reagan or anti-Carter. That kind of support is easy to take away."

The New Jersey poll showed that 26 percent of the state's voters were still undecided. A later poll in New York by the same service rated the undecided bloc in the state at 23 percent.

Frustration has hit the Anderson camp many times, Mongeluzo says. His voice is tinged with bitterness as he talks about the media and public response to Anderson's showing in his debate against Ronald Reagan. Though journalists and a panel of speech experts gave Anderson the edge in the debate, a public opinion poll several days later showed that the independent had lost ground while Reagan's rating had gone up several points.

"We were blocked out of the national media for the next three days. The next time we showed up, they were gloating about how we'd dropped."

"There's not much you can do when you're blocked out like that."

Mongeluzo looks at this watch. He's been in and out of headquarters since 8 a.m.

Mongeluzo doesn't say any more about what the Anderson people really are working for now. Even optimistic Anderson supporters realize that their candidate's chances of a victory are infinitesimal. The real fight now is to make sure Anderson polls at least 5 percent Nov. 4 so that he can get federal campaign funds to pay back loans and other debts.

"We're just going to run the commercials and hope that people will be convinced," Mongeluzo says.

Melanie Sill, a senior journalism major from Waipahu, Hawaii, is Weekender editor.

## Letters to the editor

# Whatever happened to Chancellor Sharp?

To the editor:

I attended Chancellor Christopher C. Fordham's installation Oct. 12 and found the inauguration of my former student and colleague to be a very moving experience. I thought the occasion reached its apogee with the chancellor's speech, articulate and forceful. Its nadir was the attempt to expunge former Chancellor Paul F. Sharp from the University collective memory, fortunately thwarted by Professor Daniel Pollitt. The following lines formed in my mind as I watched this extraordinary event unfold:

Was there ever a person named Chancellor Sharp? Is it Nineteen Eighty-Four? Was his record consigned to the "memory hole" And his picture dropped onto the floor?

The fact is that there was a Chancellor Sharp at Chapel Hill (1964-66). He found the job of chancellor as defined by the President to be unfulfilling and resigned to become president of Drake University (1966-71). He later became president of the University of Oklahoma (1971-78) and is currently president emeritus and a Regents professor there.

John B. Graham  
Alumni Distinguished Professor  
of Pathology

Women faculty

To the editor:

I would like to comment on your editorial, "Bendix affair," (*DTH*, Oct. 14), in light of the chancellor's report to the Faculty Council on the status of faculty women last Friday.

You report that 20 percent of the faculty is composed of women (in actual fact the number is 19.4 percent, 367/1887); however, I would like to point out that only 130 (assuming all full and associate professors are tenured) of 377 women faculty are tenured i.e. the



majority of women faculty (65 percent) are untenured.

The University is responsible for not only its hiring practices, but also its promotional and tenuring practices, since tenured women comprise only 6.9 percent (130/1887) of the total faculty. The critical issue with respect to your usage of the 20 percent figure is whether the 65 percent of women faculty, who are now untenured, will become permanent members of the faculty, or whether the "revolving door" will continue to revolve.

Judith B. Moody  
Assistant professor  
Department of Geology

"Huntscam"

To the editor:

We are living in a day of political corruption, and yet the average voter hasn't woken up to what's happening. Normally, when a person's pocketbook is squeezed, he wakes up. At the present time, the liberal politicians are stealing from the taxpayers at a wholesale rate. They have their hands in our pocketbooks and I, as one taxpayer, am fed up with them.

In our nation, we have recently been exposed to the dishonesty of Watergate and now Abscam.

In our state, we've had "Jamscam"

and now "Huntscam."

When will the people wake up to the truth behind the cover-up of the Hunt Administration on the CETA funds and now the cover-up of "Highway Bid Riggings."

If these two cover-ups by Jim Hunt don't amount to a "Huntscam" then my sense of morality is all warped. When common criminals can steal from the taxpayers and get off with short sentences and fines, then it's time for the voters to wake up and realize who is paying for the cover-up—I say it's a Huntscam.

J.C.D. Bailey  
Rocky Mount

# Into isolation at the Rocky Butte jail

By MURPHY EVANS

Murmurs and the Rolling Stones, iron bars and thick cement walls. Screams run back and forth in the disciplinary section of the Rocky Butte Jail. Fighters, fags, madmen, a jailer and me like an open zipper in jeans, jacket, and my Nike jogging shoes.

I had called the jail's superintendent and convinced him to allow a college student a day inside a correctional institution. I was working with a sheriff's office, and I told him I wanted to see every side of criminal justice. But actually social deviance fascinated me, and the hands of a murderer and eyes of a rapist are what drew me toward the Rocky Butte Jail, where I spent a day with the social outcasts of a prison community.

Two men in faded prison uniforms were walking the length of a narrow corridor which separated individual cells from the wall of crossing bars. This was their exercise for the afternoon: 30 minutes of sliding feet along a cement floor. Thirty minutes and then back in their little cubes with pull-down bunks and dog-eared paperback. Two men then two more, and as the day passed I saw a procession of inmates. Meanwhile, the jailer sat scratching the crotch of his khaki pants and reading Peter Benchley's new novel.

After sitting much of the afternoon and watching the shadows spread across the prison floor, I left my engrossed companion and walked along the wall of bars, curious about the string of cells and rattling mouths I'd heard all day. I left the jailer with Peter

Benchley and visited the incarcerated.

The first cell was barren. It was a perfect cube—no bunks, no toilet, not even a light bulb. Only an inmate on the floor, scattered paper cups, walls and empty space. The man lay perfectly still with his cups about him and he talked.

"...see what I done was good. They couldn't catch me. He said there won't no right, and I laughed and kept on going..."

He continued talking and facing the wall. He spoke about a dog in the road and how he went up to the dog and kicked him "like this." His leg jerked and kicked over one of the cups, and urine flowed out over the cell floor, so I walked on.

Two cells down was a boy in his early 20s. His arms were tangled in the bars of the cell door, and as I approached he spoke to me.

"When's the doctor coming, I need the doctor, man, where is he? I'm breaking up, I never been this long and I never been in here and I'm falling apart."

In the next few cells were inmates reading by the yellow light or just lying down itching, picking at themselves, and listening to the section's radio. Some would turn their heads and watch me as I walked by, but most were too tired. They didn't have much to say and neither did I.

In the last cell was Paula Hernandez. That's Paul plus an s, for he had been taking estrogen shots since age 14, and now at 29 he stood wrapped up in a bedsheet that revealed small breasts and shapely hips. His eyes were beautiful and when he saw me he smiled, pulled back his long hair and tilted his head.

"I suppose you've come to stare at me like everyone

else. Is that why they put me up here so you can walk by and take a look and later tell friends that you have seen a Paula Hernandez? Well then here, look at me."

He laughed and began to unwind the bed-sheet. "Look and tell me what's wrong with me. You should know. You came here to find out, didn't you?" I turned away. "Won't you look now and tell me what you see? Not now? Come back later then and tell me, or better come in here and visit. I'll be here if you come back."

She was laughing as I shuffled back to the guard area. I went unnoticed past the cells and took my seat, and gradually her laughing quieted, and I watched the jailer read and pull at his khakis.

When it was time to go, the jailer unlocked the door of the section to let me out. I walked down some stairs and, passing other sections, came to a second door where a jailer on the other side waited. We walked to the back entrance, where 20 inmates, who were returning from trial, stood naked in single-file. One by one they walked to a guard, and he checked them for diseases and concealed weapons. I didn't stare but walked on. The jailer led me to the exit, unlocked the door and set me out, and he grinned and waved and said goodbye.

I got into my car and drove back toward the apartment. That night I saw a movie or maybe drank some wine and read a bit. I'm not sure exactly, but I do remember going to bed early and getting some rest and having a nice relaxing evening.

Murphy Evans is a sophomore history major from Laurinburg.