

The Daily Tar Heel

89th year of editorial freedom

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Who's the real winner?

By JOHN DRESCHER

In 1941 a North Carolina mountain boy from Hickory ran for *Daily Tar Heel* editor against a slick, fast-talking city boy from New Haven, Conn. It was a heated, vigorous campaign, notable because of the closeness of the election. In the end, after two re-counts, the home-state boy was declared the winner.

The victor went on to be editor and publisher of a small-town North Carolina newspaper. The loser, meanwhile, achieved nationwide prominence, and became one of UNC's most famous alumni.

The winner was Orville Campbell, now 61 years old, editor and publisher of *The Chapel Hill Newspaper*. The loser was Lou Harris, creator of the nationally known Harris poll and former columnist for *Newsweek* and *The Washington Post*.

It wasn't the first time, nor the last, that the loser of a UNC election went on to achieve a degree of success rarely matched by his fellow graduates. Are the painful lessons learned in losing an election an asset to a career? Or is it that students simply haven't always been a good judge of talent?

"Lou Harris was twice as smart as I was," said Orville Campbell, leaning back in a large chair in his comfort-

able Franklin Street office. "He was from Connecticut and he knew a lot about world affairs, about our involvement in the war and how it affected students. He would have made a good editor of *The Daily Tar Heel*."

He never got the chance. In one of the closest races in campus history, Campbell initially beat Harris by 10 votes out of the 2,500 that voted. Harris demanded a re-count, which showed that Campbell had only four more votes than Harris. Finally, a second re-count gave Campbell a 13 vote margin and the certification as victor. During the first re-count, Campbell smoked his first cigarette — and then two packs more. He hasn't smoked a total of two packs in the last 40 years.

It was that kind of a campaign, a campaign that, like many others, left its scars on both participants. "We were never friends or enemies," Campbell said. One of Campbell's employees recently confided that Harris didn't speak to Campbell for nearly 25 years after the election. In 1968, when Campbell was president of the North Carolina Press Association, he asked Harris if he would speak at one of the organization's meetings. Harris accepted. "Lou told the audience it took him 25 years to accept an invitation from me to do anything," Campbell said.

Harris had talked of a political career during his college days, but the *DTH* election convinced him otherwise. Harris was so absolutely positive he was the best candidate that he could not believe that anyone would not vote for him, Campbell said. Harris figured if he couldn't convince students he was better than Orville Campbell, he sure wasn't going to be able to convince voters in the real world of his capabilities.

Harris knew he was the better candidate — and Campbell basically agreed. "I was really out of my element when I was editor," Campbell said. "But a lot of people had encouraged me to run." If Campbell and Harris both say Harris was the best candidate, one wonders how Campbell managed to win the election. Indeed, if seven people had voted for Harris instead of Campbell, Harris would have won and perhaps politics, not *Newsweek*, would have claimed him.

Was it simply luck? "Luck is God in a scatterbrained and even amoral mood, with his sense of justice out of commission," said Lance Morrow. It seems, perhaps, that God's sense of justice was out of commission. But Campbell said it wasn't just luck that won him the campaign. He had a well-organized campaign, managed by THE Big Man on Campus, basketball All-American Gorgeous George Glamack. Glamack had just smashed numerous conference scoring records and was the most recognizable student on campus. It also didn't hurt Campbell that he was perceived as a good ole North Carolina boy and Harris as the carpetbagging Yankee.

Campbell, with his easy going manner and lucky smile, may have, quite simply, been a better campaigner. Politics is not an exact science and it's difficult to say what decides elections. While both Harris and Campbell were well-qualified, salesmanship is often the key to campaigning and Orville Campbell was a good salesman. As any former candidate knows, it's often not what you say, but how you say it. Orville Campbell may have said it better.



Lou Harris

The qualities that make a good campaigner, however, aren't always the same ones that make a winner effective once in office, especially in a race for editor of a publication. So why should students vote for the editor? "If Lou Harris and I had appeared before a publications committee to decide the editorship, it wouldn't even have been close," Campbell said. "He'd been elected hands down." Campbell still feels a campuswide vote is the best way to elect an editor. "Democracy substitutes election by the incompetent many for the appointment by the corrupt few," wrote George Bernard Shaw. Even with its drawbacks, Campbell feels an editorial candidate should be accountable to students.

That same year, in the student body presidential race a candidate named Truman Hobbs defeated Ferebee Taylor. Taylor went on to be chancellor at UNC, while Hobbs achieved relative obscurity. Certainly UNC campaign losers don't always outshine the winners. But for every Charles Kuralt who won the *DTH* editorship, there's a Lou Harris who lost. For those recent campus political victors, whose heads are perhaps a bit bloated with self-indulgence, that's something to think about.

John Drescher, a senior journalism and history major from Raleigh, is editor of *The Daily Tar Heel*.

Serving tradition

"This new venture is necessarily entered upon by the present board with no little trepidation, nevertheless with a determination to make a success which can only be done through the indulgence and assistance of our faculty and fellow students."

— *The Tar Heel*, Feb. 23, 1893

None of the six young men who produced that first issue of *The Tar Heel* 89 years ago could have dared to dream that their creation would be alive nearly a century later. But as the paper grows older, it paradoxically becomes younger too. While this week marks another anniversary for *The Daily Tar Heel*, it also marks the arrival of a new and younger staff, a staff eager to contribute to this newspaper's long tradition of serving the University community.

It is a tradition rich in quality and a tradition that should be served. In that first issue, one of the editors wrote, "Space will be assigned for the thorough discussion of all points pertaining to the advancement and growth of the University." The *DTH*'s objectives remain the same — to inform the community and discuss the issues that affect it. Any newspaper, including this one, has the obligation to question, to ask established institutions why, to challenge with facts and to offer new perspectives and solutions.

Much of the *DTH*'s long tradition of quality can be attributed to its fulfillment of its role as both the informer and the questioner. Wolfe, Kuralt, Wickler: these names are part of that tradition.

But there is danger in tradition too. There is a danger of becoming jaded by history, complacent with past successes, unable to question ourselves and those around us. The ghosts of the past can serve as inspiration but they will no longer produce *The Daily Tar Heel*. It is up to the present staff to challenge set ways of thinking here at the *DTH*, on campus and outside Chapel Hill. The ghosts before us were great because, when needed, they dared to be different. This paper would not be true to its history if it did not do the same.

The names on the above masthead are not the only thing that is different about it. The masthead itself has been restructured and includes a new position, Projects Editor. That change was made to bring the paper more in-depth stories on campus issues and organizations. There are other structural changes in the paper today and more that will arrive as the week passes. They are all intended to provide readers with more of the news and features they want.

Of course, much of the paper will remain the same, as it should. We believe the paper has been successful in the past year. Many thanks go to Jim Hummel and the previous staff for their help not only in the transition but also for their guidance and support in the past 12 months. As part of the family, they have served the tradition admirably and remain a source of inspiration for those of us touched by their knowledge and friendship.

On the paper's birthday in 1961, Editor Jonathan Yardley wrote a "Love Letter to a Newspaper." "You laugh at the ages and cry with mankind; with a crocodile tear you watch the passage of time and man, knowing that there is a kind of permanence in your blustering bravado that no man can achieve," wrote Yardley. "For all your rare delights we serve you. For all your pains we bless you. Live long and live well. Protest when you must, laugh when you will; praise when praise is due, damn when damnation is required. But never lose your grace, dignity, charm or, most of all, that mysterious appeal that holds those who make you what you are."

That mysterious appeal has attracted a new group committed to producing this newspaper. The torch has been passed and the new generation is anxious to serve as the generations before it have served. On this, the eve of the paper's birthday, we approach our venture in the same manner as the six young men who started the paper 89 years ago: with no little trepidation, nevertheless with a determination to succeed.



Orville Campbell

Freaks—a disappearing breed

By RANDY WALKER

I sure miss freaks.

You remember them from high school — the cigarette-smoking troublemakers who skipped class, threw stuff out bus windows, got high during lunch and generally caused headaches for the administration. Every school had them; at mine, we called them freaks.

In junior high, you were a jock, a freak, or a nobody. The highlight of my seventh grade year was the great rumble between the jocks and the freaks.

The leader of the freaks, an arm-booted rebel named Chip, threw a Twinkie at a jock during first lunch. This blow to Jock's honor could not be tolerated. "Meet us on the bus ramp at second lunch," challenged the jocks.

Minutes later, everybody was running to the bus ramp. While excited nobodies looked on, jocks and freaks tensed to fight, waiting for the second lunch bell.

The bell rang and a few bottles were thrown; later a couple freaks got suspended. Otherwise the rumble was a big fizzle for us nobodies who wanted to see a full-scale riot.

The center of freak life was the smoking area behind the school called the bullpen. The administration marked it off

with yellow lines. If you smoked a cigarette on the wrong side of the line, it was automatic detention.

Denim jackets and T-shirts were stylish in the bullpen. You were at the height of fashion if you had long hair, an army jacket, patched jeans and army boots. One hard-core freak named Mark seemingly had more patch than denim in his Levi's. Mark was a god in the hierarchy of the bullpen, not only for his jeans, but for supposedly having hitchhiked to 48 states.

You would often see freaks sitting on a bench in the bullpen, smoking Marlboro cigarettes and playing cheap acoustic guitars. If you could play "Stairway to Heaven" you had special status. Every self-respecting freak musician played it. In spring, groups of freaks collected on the grassy slope next to the school to play "Stairway to Heaven." They picked the introduction in out-of-tune unison, and when they got to the lead, they would all play that too. When it was over, they did it again.

That must have been pretty moving, but the ultimate freak experience was listening to "Stairway" on headphones while taking bong hits, preferably in a room with black light and Led Zeppelin posters. Zeppelin was the universal freak

band, the group's guitarist Jimmy Page every freak's hero.

As the jocks got older, they too discovered marijuana. Many jocks bought dope from freaks, who were old hands at the drug trade. As the business relationship developed into friendship, jock and freak started socializing and getting high together.

Another development helped blur the line between the two — the phenomenon of the athletic freak. Take the case of Clyde (not his real name).

In junior high, Clyde had been a classic freak; he got high all the time, failed all his classes and got called up to the office every morning. He was always getting suspended. The future did not look bright for young Clyde.

Then the coaches found out Clyde could play football. He played so well he made all-Metro. He was the team's star running back.

But Clyde could not play football if he was suspended or on academic probation. So it was arranged that the administration would overlook Clyde's little offenses, and teachers would find reasons to pass Clyde.

Freaks were always academic disasters. Some were "emotionally disturbed" and had "learning disabilities," to use the

educational jargon. Others were just plain stupid. Whatever the reason, many a freak was on the "five-year-plan," as we called it.

Bad behavior went hand-in-hand with academic foul-ups. Every morning Mr. Morris, an assistant principal, came on the public address system and said, "Will the following students please report to the office," and then he would read out a kind of Honor Roll of freaks.

My brother is a senior this year, and he says the old-style freaks have virtually disappeared. Discipline problems have all but vanished. Hardly anybody comes to school drunk anymore, or gets high in class like some of my classmates used to.

What happened to the freaks? Clyde, the football player, is in the state penitentiary for burglary. Mark, the hitchhiker, is in prison at the other end of the state. Some are driving buses, others are rebuilding transmissions or plastering walls. Many have gone to trade school and will be earning more money a lot sooner than their classmates still in college.

Randy Walker is a junior journalism major from Richmond, Va.

Letters to the editor

Spring concert may not be particularly thrilling

To the editor:
Chapel Thrill? I'm not, and I'm sure I speak for many others who were more than just a little disappointed by the announced lineup for the campus springtime "semi-tradition". The quality/quantity of musical acts being presented on campus is approaching an all-time

low. What has happened to name acts appearing in the intimate, acoustically designed confines of Memorial Hall? Surely a soft rocker like James Taylor would be much better suited for a show (or shows) there than in the cavern a.k.a. "toilet bowl" known as Carmichael Auditorium.

It seems that someone's musical priorities are out of kilter somewhere. Hall & Oates have a reputation as notoriously poor live performers who are much better on disc courtesy of the marvels of modern recording technique. It is not surprising that they were "enticed" to perform. Practice makes

perfect, but why should any of us pay for it?

What's going on? If chart action is the Chapel Thrill Committee's criterion for selection, there are numerous other bands on the current charts that have made more significant contributions to modern popular music than any announced band. If finance is a problem, what happened to last year's unused funds, student fees, etc.?

Check *The Daily Tar Heel* for April 30, 1971. Consider the announced scenario for the upcoming weekend:

Friday—In Concert—Chuck Berry, Spirit, Cowboy
Saturday—Muddy Waters, J. Geils Band, Alex Taylor and The Allman Brothers
Sunday—Tom Rush
It was called Jubilee.
That was a REAL celebration of spring!

Scott Wells
Chapel Hill

More Thrills

To the editor:
My stereo is cranked with the sounds of Sting and the Police in a desperate attempt to put the sad news out of my head. If you haven't heard, brace yourself. For a concert billed as the big bash of the year, we have booked well known wimps, Hall and Oates, and a group that averages three words per song, Kool and the Gang.
May Jimmy Hendricks and Jim Croce have mercy on our souls. No, I'm not a hell-bent acid rocker, but I do

believe in quality and what we basically have in these two bands are second-rate sounds suitable for warm-up acts, not headliners.

It's amazing that a bar in Raleigh can book groups like the Atlanta Rhythm Section and Southside Johnny; classier acts than we can get for a stadium concert.

I hear the committee spent eight months trying to get Hall and Oates. Nice work people, I guess we should be glad you didn't take four months. We probably would have ended up with Lawrence Welk.

Oh, I'll probably go to the concert. I guess it's worth the money to throw frisbees, look at bikini-clad beauties and hopefully listen to some good music in between acts. My sympathies to all seniors. Sorry your last semester has to end on such sour notes.

Matthew Davis
Chapel Hill

Boy-Howdy

To the editor:
Jeepers! Daryl Hall, John Oates and Kool & The Gang—BOY-HOWDY, Kenan Stadium will be the hottest spot in the Southeast come April 24. Wow! I can't believe it. I have all of their albums. They're "on every top chart around" or is that on top of every chart around.

I'm sure all of you students out there are on as tight a budget as I am, but I'm positive you can dig up that measly \$8 ticket price somewhere. Hell, I'm canceling my order for the new '82 edition of the Ronco Armenian Peanut Thruster and Ginsu Knives just so I can buy two tickets (one for my mother). I'll get my \$19.95 back just in time to camp out for tickets to the big jam.

Listen everybody, you just can't miss this concert (unless, of course, you have something important on your schedule like washing the dog, changing the oil in your electric toothbrush or something). But seriously, when was the last time anyone has ever had the dynamic combination of groups we've got this year? Now don't get too excited, but I've heard a rumor through Tigerbeat that the third big name rock-n-roll band may be the Partridge Family or (GASP!) Slim Whitman.

"Buzz" Ratcliffe
"Skip" McSpadden
"Biff" Beres
& the ATO Rock-N-Rollers

The Daily Tar Heel welcomes letters to the editor and contributions of columns to the editorial pages. All contributions should be typed, triple spaced on a 60-space line and are subject to editing.

Column writers should include their majors, and hometowns; each letter should include the writer's name, address and phone number. Unsigned letters will not be printed.

