

JEFF HIDAY, Editor

JOEL BROADWAY, Managing Editor  
MICHAEL TOOLE, Associate Editor  
MARK STINNEFORD, Associate Editor

KELLY SIMMONS, University Editor  
WAYNE THOMPSON, State and National Editor  
MELANIE WELLS, City Editor  
VANCE TREFETHEN, Business Editor  
STUART TONKINSON, News Editor

FRANK KENNEDY, Sports Editor  
JEFF GROVE, Arts Editor  
CINDY DUNLEVY, Features Editor  
JEFF NEUVILLE, Photography Editor

# The Daily Tar Heel

92nd year of editorial freedom

## The search begins

Trying to imagine the UNC system without Bill Friday is almost as tough as trying to imagine the Chapel Hill campus without the Old Well. But it's not just a matter of speculation anymore. Friday has announced he will retire as UNC president effective in July 1986.



In announcing his retirement, Friday displayed the same selflessness that's marked his nearly 28 years as head of the UNC system. It had been long believed that Friday would retire in 1985, honoring the tradition that top administrators step down at age 65. Despite his longing to spend more time with his family, Friday agreed to a request from the Board of Governors that he stay on until 1986. It was a noble gesture, but not a surprising one, considering that Friday hasn't had a decent vacation since he became president in 1956.

Philip G. Carson, chairman of the Board of Governors, said last week he hoped a committee would be formed within two months to begin the search for Friday's successor. Even so, Carson said, a new president may not be chosen until 1986. The search will appropriately be a long one. Friday is the only president the UNC system has ever had, and he's been in office longer than any

reigning public university president. As Friday noted in announcing his retirement, only the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of the private Notre Dame University, has served longer.

What should the Board of Governors look for in a successor? Board member Laurence A. Cobb suggested cloning Friday. Not a bad idea. Like Friday, the new president should have the extraordinary leadership and administrative skills to run a system that's grown to more than 100,000 students. But what may make finding a replacement particularly difficult is picking someone with the special human touch Friday has brought to the job. While building the system to a place of national esteem, Friday has always maintained the folksiness of the owner of a small-town general store. He always seems to have time for a student seeking quotes for a term paper or just dropping by to chat. And almost everybody knows the story of some lost visitor to town knocking on the door of a big house on Franklin Street to receive a royal welcome from Friday and his wife, Ida.

But the board should not let itself be lulled by Friday's success and forget the unfinished business that awaits the system. One of the major tasks remaining is to make UNC fully representative of the state at large. Despite progress achieved under the consent decree with the federal government, the schools in the system still often resemble black and white enclaves. It will take a special kind of diplomat and leader to maintain the special character of each of our schools while continuing to work for equitable representation of the races.

The new president must also be the No. 1 advocate of the system. Funds will likely become tougher to lobby for as the state and federal government push for increased belt-tightening and enrollment levels dip with the graduation of the baby-boom generation.

As for Bill Friday, we don't expect he'll drift away to a lonely rocking chair. Many are urging him to run for Senate in 1986. Friday isn't being specific about his plans, but, from what we know of the man, his long-awaited vacation may still be a ways off.

## Fraternities not just Joshin'

The second night of fraternity rush will be held this evening, as scheduled, from 7 to 10. This despite the simultaneous appearance, tonight at 8 in Carmichael Auditorium, of nationally known Christian speaker Josh McDowell.

Organizers of the event discovered the conflict about three weeks ago. Fully aware that rush parties, for which attendance is mandatory, would cut into McDowell's audience, they quickly set about the seemingly simple task of shifting tonight's rush to tomorrow night. The three days of formal rush ordinarily are Sunday, Monday and Wednesday.

What should have been simple, however, proved impossible. The Interfraternity Council met twice last week to address the issue, but each time failed to establish quorum. Where were the fraternity presidents?

Some stayed away on purpose, in an immature and cowardly display of dissatisfaction with the date change. They knew that had quorum been established, the measure would have passed easily. It didn't seem to matter to them that in failing to attend they obstructed the democratic process and stripped the majority of its deserved voice.

Now, we understand that in the U.S. Congress, and on occasion even in our own Campus Governing Council, there are times when representatives must use every political ploy at their disposal to block an action to which they are mightily opposed. This is called standing up for one's personal and moral convictions.

But what of the arguments last week against the relatively inconsequential

shift of formal rush? One fraternity vice president said that fraternities already had their invitations printed and that "they might not want to reprint." So what? Woe be unto the rushee or brother who is so uninformed as to not find out that rush has been moved. A change of such campus-wide significance would gain more-than-adequate publicization, either by word-of-mouth or otherwise.

Still sillier opposition — not even worth being called an argument — came from fraternity brothers who simply did not want to be pushed around, did not want to upset tradition.

None of this sounds particularly fraternal.

In the future, the IFC can hasten cooperation among its members — and at the same time diminish the specter of conspicuous political maneuvering — by altering its well-meaning rule requiring fraternity presidents to attend council meetings. The rule is laudable in that it eliminates the confusion in past years of fraternity representatives not being able to vote on issues until they had checked with their brotherhoods.

But what the IFC should allow for is the option of sending a proxy in place of the fraternity president. This would have helped last week when, whereas some of the presidents maliciously skipped the hastily called meetings, others missed out because of previous commitments.

In the mean time, there is very little reason for the fraternities to act so mulish. A little voluntary cooperation would have gone a long way in allowing as many students as possible to hear McDowell speak tonight.



## Nobody wins on 'The Debate is Right'

By WAYNE THOMPSON

In a suburban home Floyd and Wilma have settled into the familiar comfort of the family sofa. After a hard day of work on the beat for Floyd and a tough day in the classroom for Wilma, neither want to be bothered with knife-wielding criminals or pesky schoolbrats with paper airplanes. What could be more peaceful than their favorite program — "The Debate is Right" with host George Diab and Johnny Olson. We pick up the scene with contestants Ricky Republican and Donna Democrat eagerly awaiting the chance to bid on the showcase.

"Donna Democrat, this showcase could be yours . . . if the Debate is Right. And here's Johnny O. to tell you about it."

"That's right, Floyd, Donna could be going to . . . Nicaragua!"

Donna gasps. "Oh no!"

"Yes, you'll spend three star-filled nights in Nicaraguan jungles as an American-backed insurgent. With your new M-16 combat rifle, you'll wade through waist-deep mudholes and squirm like a caterpillar during an exciting firefight with Sandinista desperadoes. Then it's on to . . . El Salvador and the palatial estate of . . . Roberto D'Aubuisson, where you'll dine on steak and lobster by the pool as you're entertained by Menudo!"

Donna gasps again. "What about Frank Sinatra and 'Strangers In The Night'?"

"Johnny O.?"

"So sorry, George. Donna, after lunch we'll give you the keys . . . to this new bus!" (A large white 1950 school bus is revealed with a slide of a door and a wave of the arm from Tracy.)

"With 1950 North Carolina school-system whitewalls and styling, your new Segrebus comes complete with revolutionary one-way transmission and access. And the unique shape of this bus renders back seats obsolete. Forget all those worries about the bus stalling during federal holidays for slain civil rights leaders. You tell this bus where to go, Donna, and it'll tell you who can ride. And all this can be yours . . . if the Debate is Right!"

"Donna, you can either bid on the Jessecase or pass it to Ricky."

"I'll pass it to Ricky, George."

"All right, Donna. Johnny O., let's see the next showcase."

"George, Donna could be driving home in . . . a new car! (A huge black Cadillac is revealed

by a wave of Sarah's arm and a slide of a door. The license plate says "Made In The USA." The lovely model Wendy, sitting in the front seat, attempts to open the power window, but it jams. A studio hand rushes onstage and pries the door open to get Wendy out).

Donna gasps. "I want a Toyota."

"Johnny O.?"

"So sorry, George, but we'll fix the doors. Donna, you'll be the queen of the block and the envy of the office in your new Laborcoupe. With exciting new features such as door latches, AM stereo radio, windshield wipers and power windows — all made in America by \$24-an-hour auto workers — the Laborcoupe and its four-barrel carburetor will put power to spare under your foot. (In a quiet voice) Gasoline, repair bills, recall charges and new taxes not included."

"But that bomb gets only 16 miles-per-gallon. A Toyota gets nearly 40 miles-per-gallon and has reclining front seats and a laser disc car stereo besides!"

"Johnny O.?"

"So sorry, George. Donna you'll be driving the Laborcoupe to . . . Wilmington!"

"I love skiing in Vermont! Which lodge do I stay in?"

"Wellll, you may not be shushing down the slopes, Donna, but you will be driving the Laborcoupe to Wilmington, North Carolina!"

Donna looks out to the studio audience for support but they only return her puzzled glance.

"But wait, Donna, there's more. You'll spend three exciting days and nights in the luxurious Captain Seacrab motel, accompanying ABC White House correspondent Sam Donaldson on his toughest assignment yet — tracking down mystery man Mather Slaughter on the docks of Wilmington's port. Some say he's posing as a state employee. Some think he checks the state's ports for loose banana peels. Others say he's really Jimmy Hoffa in the guise of crane operator Tom Swank. You'll tell the story with Sam on Nightline!"

"Wow."

"Pretty exciting, Donna, isn't it! After three sun and fun-filled days in Wilmington, North Carolina's taxpayers will pick you up on the roof of the Captain Seacrab in . . . a state-of-the-art jet helicopter! This helicopter is equipped with a political compass and wind indicator to help you steer clear of storms of controversy. The helicopter's guidance system is so advanced it seems to defy physics. The craft lands on the left, on the right and squarely in the middle, all at the same time.

This jet helicopter, which is particularly economical for campaign hops, will take you, Donna, on a personal air tour of North Carolina and it's boomtown high-tech growth.

You'll see the gleaming spires of the Research Triangle Park. But, due to time demands, you won't get to tour the hallmark of North Carolina's industrial recruitment policy . . . Swain County.

"This Jimmycase could be yours, Donna. If the Debate is Right!"

"Thank you, Johnny O. Donna, what do you you bid?"

"I don't want to bid!"

"Back home, Floyd is reaching for the Miracle Whip to top off his ham sandwich. Wilma lets out a scream that causes Floyd to drop the jar and spatter the Miracle Whip all over the kitchen."

"Floyd, she doesn't want to bid on the Jimmycase. Now Ricky Republican says he doesn't want to bid on the Jessecase either, something about how he doesn't like the humidity in Nicaragua and that he never knew people who rode in shameful white buses. Floyd, Hurry! Now, George is sweating because Ricky Republican just asked for another showcase. He wants a Fordcase! Donna Democrat wants a Trumancase. Floyd, Floyd, where are you? You're going to miss everything!"

"With ham sandwich in hand, Floyd returns minutes later to the comfort of the family sofa."

"Boy that jar of Miracle Whip really made a mess when it broke. I guess it took me longer than I thought to clean it up. What did I miss?"

"The Debate is Right" is over, Floyd. They couldn't find another showcase so they ran Lorne Greene insurance commercials as fillers. George Diab looked like he was going to have a heart attack. Johnny O. took over and said they'd be back next week."

Floyd looks unconcerned as he stuffs half a sandwich in his mouth.

"Too bad they didn't cancel it. I hate that lousy show. From now on we're watching Matt Houston."

"You never told me you didn't like the Debate is Right, Floyd."

"Wilma . . . you never asked."

Wayne Thompson, a senior broadcast journalism major from Roanoke, Va., is state and national editor of The Daily Tar Heel and a charter member of the UNC Matt Houston Fan Club.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Much ado about nothing

To the editor: It is amazing the degree to which some people will carry an issue.

While drawing a comic strip is nothing new to me, an audience of such size and diversity as UNC definitely is. I thought the exposure would be good for me, for while I entertained, I would also learn about the procedures and pressures involved in producing a widely-read strip on a regular basis.

Unfortunately, everyone wants to jump the gun. I have been labeled, in so many words, a sexist, a debaser of women, and an underminer of the ERA. Last Thursday my strip was referred to as "a strip that demeans more than half the students at UNC." Surely one episode cannot speak for weeks or months to come.

Although intent is never so scrutinized as effect, my aim was

### 2,000 is 2,000

To the editor: I know this is a tired subject, but a few things need to be cleared up. This university should have a parking deck!

First of all, the parking deck, nor any other construction site, is chosen "haphazardly" as Paul Parker has implied. After being proposed by the UNC Planning Office, the plans and site are approved by the legislation, the finance committee, the faculty building and grounds committee, the Board of Trustees and probably even more groups. And to say that the Board of Trustees doesn't know what it is doing is utter foolishness. How can Paul Parker honestly say that when he himself is on the board?

As for campus beauty, I want a beautiful campus as much as the next person, but I also want a functional one. This university needed a new library and it needs a computer science building, but it also desperately needs a parking deck. Besides, the parking deck (being built on a parking lot surrounded by buildings and trees) would not effect the beauty of the campus as much as the traffic flow. Please note that the new Student Activity Center will create a huge change in the traffic flow. If this can be dealt with, I certainly think that the parking traffic, which will be present on a day to day basis, can also be adjusted. Adding an entrance on Manning Drive (maybe

merely to introduce the character, Bill Beagle, the setting, UNC, and a situation to which all, male or female, could relate. Be it offensive or not, both sexes must admit the incident portrayed is not a scarce one. I drew the surface; any attempts to probe the strip would entail entering the mind of either myself or the character, which is, needless to say, impossible as well as futile.

While many will find my response ignorable, I felt I should act to save readers that may be thinking of dropping my strip because of incensed students. I sincerely hope the minds at UNC are not so narrow that they will close up after a single provocation. I will continue to draw "The Man from Uncle" in the same manner as I had intended, and I feel the whole matter will rectify itself in due time, if tongues and pens are held long enough. Patience in this case shall be rewarded.

But for heaven's sake, folks, it's just a comic strip.

Bill Cokas Morrison

### Punt next time

To the editor: I'm writing to complain about how poorly written and researched your article was on NFL '84 in the Football 1984 section of The Daily Tar Heel ("Not the typical NFL predictions," Sept. 13). In the article Kimball Crossley was praising himself how he did such massive studying for these predictions that he submitted. After reading it, I began to realize how ignorant he really must be. First of all, it's already two weeks into the NFL season. If this article was published during the preseason, it might not have been so bad. As an example, I'll use the Kansas City Chiefs.

Crossley put the Chiefs in last place in their division — which could be true by the end of the season — but what he said about Coach Mackovic was ridiculous! He



I'm not a sexist. Really I'm not.

Beagle: don't judge him too quickly

said that he could not see how John Mackovic got to be an NFL coach after being a coach of the unfortunate Wake Forest Deacons. If he doesn't have the ability to coach, he sure is doing a damn good job of faking it. A record of 2-0 is not a bad start for a team that Crossley predicted to finish 5-11 at the end of the season.

Secondly, he based his decisions on such weak backings as coaches' names. I don't care if the Buffalo Bills have a coach named Kay or Chuck. Is that a logical basis for an opinion of a team? Would you rather have a sportswriter named Charles or one named Kimball? Get someone who knows what they're talking about!

David Mahaley Everett