perspective

Thursday, January 29, 1976

Editor's notebook

The last month

With the first announcement of candidates for campus-wide office, the editor of the Daily Tar Heel begins to sense the immediacy of his or her impending departure from office. After a three or four week campaign in which all candidates toss angry lines at the DTH because they do not like unfavorable publicity and in which editorial candidates critically call attention to the shortcomings of the current editor, the editor leaves office with a numb sensation, a confused mix of sentimental remembrances, various feelings of incompleteness and recently hurt feelings.

The month of February is, in many ways, a lame duck month for the editor and for his student government counterpart, president of the student body. Attention is turned away from the incumbents and toward those who promise new tidings of great joy. The editor's final power rests in his or her power of endorsement, one of the final expressions of interest and extensions of influence left to the departing top dog of the campus daily.

But it is my intent not to be a lame duck, at least not until my successor is chosen and a few days of transition transpire as the new editorial administration shapes up. The final efforts at implementing the entirety of my campaign promises will be the dominant theme of this final month of my editorship. Whatever can be done in the remaining weeks will be done; things that may require more time will at least be acted upon to the point that the next editor, at his or her descretion, may pursue them.

Much of my campaign platform has either been implemented or, as in the case of narrowing the page by an inch, discarded as economic shifts have occurred. The day-to-day work of the paper has been enjoyable to share with this large, unwieldy and generous staff, but daily deadline pressures have left their toll on the ability of anyone to execute longer-range projects.

I began my editorship with two editorial posts designed to contribute to long-run progress. Both of these editors completed much preliminary work, but the graduation in December of one and the resignation in protest in November of the other have left this work unfinished. With daily editorials to write, innumerable (and, at times, insufferable) committee meetings and conferences to attend and daily executive operations to pursue, it is next to impossible for the editor to pursue longer range programs alone.

But I have decided to try, because some of these proposals make such good sense that I cannot let them slip into the realm of forgotten shibboleths convenient at election time and a

hindrance after election victory. Among the programs that I shall endeavor to implement between now and spring break, or bequeath to my successor, are:

A comprehensive readership survey. A preliminary draft of this survey has been ready since last semester. Power shortages have kept it from being redrafted and distributed. Cooperative overtures have been made by faculty members in the School of Business Administration and the School of Journalism about advice or aid in completing the survey. I shall attempt to tap whatever goodwill remains in these places in order to discover what readers think has been successful this year and what they think has not. That will, I hope, provide some guidance for the next editor.

Negotiation for administrationfaculty bulk subscription.

At several schools, including Penn State and Berkeley, the administration pays a lump sum to the student newspaper to provide a guaranteed number of papers each issue for faculty and staff. A survey of faculty and staff readership was completed last spring, and minor discussions with different administrative figures have taken place on this matter. In this last month, I shall take the idea, convert it into a lengthy position paper arguing for such a bulk subscription and push negotiation as far up the hierarchy as is required.

Investigation of a fee check-off

If students could check off whether some of their fees went to the DTH, this paper would be forced to be responsive to reader demands like any other newpaper on the market is forced to do. A check-off would also automatically divert funds to the DTH, rather than through the hands of student government officials who like to clench their fists, hard, whenever they feel money sliding through their fingers. Such a system would require action by appropriate student and administration agencies, but a report on the feasibility and desirability of the check-off would enable the next editor to pursue that system if it seems valuable.

Report on financial independence. Financial autonomy is a critical goal for a press that is to be free of external pressure. As promised last semester, I shall have ready in February an overview to financial independence to put before the UNC Media Board, the Campus Governing Council and the UNC Board of Trustees.

These major projects come at a time when election coverage, special series on race relations and women on campus and other news stories demand constant attention. But what can be done will be

It is going to be an awfully busy

Art Eisenstadt

Sanford heads the casualty list

Terry Sanford's sudden, but not totally unexpected, withdrawal as a Democratic presidential candidate is the first of what will probably be a series of individual departures from the race.

Most, like Sanford's, will ostensibly be voluntary. With 11 Democrats and two Republicans remaining as announced candidates, plus three or four other prominant politicians who have yet to explicitly say yes or no, it is obvious most of them will have to go-there can only be one

President at a time. Considering the large number of candidates remaining, and the large number of primaries and state caucuses yet to come, Sanford's withdrawal will not make the race very much easier to interpret, even in his home state of North Carolina, where five additional candidates have joined Jimmy Carter and George Wallace in the March 23 presidential primary.

Sanford, president of Duke University and a former North Carolina governor, had the dubious distinction of being one of the improbable longshots of the Democratic field. Speculation as to why he became the campaign's first casualty-recognition of his campaign's futility, possible health problems, a chance to avoid debt, an offer from the Carter forces-is rather meaningless at this point.

The most important legacy of the Sanford campaign is the serious thinking it forces one to do about the remaining 1976 contenders and the electoral process.

Sanford's withdrawal speech at his press conference Jan. 23 will probably be eerily similar to the future, inevitable withdrawals of Milton Shapp, Sargent Shriver and Robert Byrd. Even such medium-chance candidates as Birch Bayh, Mo Udall and Lloyd Bentsen will probably not survive until July 18, when the Democratic convention will begin in New York.

As individual campaigns begin resembling the final weeks of the World Football League, our best hope will be to find one or two reasonably qualified candidates among

national champion.

presidential political system that only one Democrat currently on the primary road-Jimmy Carter-is believed to have a serious shot at the nomination.

The primary system exacerbates itself. As the number and perceived importance of small individual primaries increased, so did the number of candidates who apparently believed they could make at least one reasonable showing somewhere. This, in turn, only made the whole process even more convoluted.

The opportunity for distortion is such a system-30 primaries, cumbersome caucusing in the remaining states-is great. A caucus between Carter and Shapp in Florida, a primary between Wallace and Sanford in North Carolina, has not more meaning in determining who should be the nation's next President than a jayvee basketball game between UNC and Atlantic Christian College does in determining the

A national primary would be a better idea. but would be extraordinarily unwieldy. And

It is an unhappy commentary on the also somewhat risky-the presidential nominations are vastly more important than other offices and should depend on more

than a one-shot showing. Perhaps a staggered series of regional primaries would be the ideal compromise. These would be small enough not to be prohibitive, yet large enough to be

Terry Sanford was not a particularly outstanding candidate for President, although we could have done much worse. To the extent that the current electoral process weeded Sanford out, we cannot say it is wholly ineffective.

But until we can be reasonably confident that the system will enhance, the candidacy of an individual a majority of Americans believe is qualified to be President we can only hope that our luck will hold out this

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letters

Out of the closets and into the showers

delightfully amusing article concerning homosexuality in the Jan. 15 DTH. The manner in which he reversed the questions so as to put heterosexuality on the spot was really imaginative.

The event that brought this article to mind occurred minutes ago at Woollen Gym. I had just participated in a victorious intramural basketball campaign, and I was all ready to reward myself with a leisurely, invigorating shower. As I began to soap up, I couldn't help but notice the gay, I mean guy under the adjacent shower. He was absent-mindedly rubbing soap on his hair while he contemplated my genitals. After several seconds of gazing at me, he apparently became bored and began to study someone else. I decided to try and forget the whole thing and continued to bathe. This shower was going to serve as my daily bath, so I was careful to scrub every inch of my body. Then I soaped up my hair and washed and rinsed it thoroughly. Being somewhat slow in the shower by nature, I suppose I spent some 15 minutes in performing the entire ritual. When I had rinsed all the soap from my hair and eyes, I looked up to see Mr. Eyeballs aiming his gazing-drooling act in my direction. Thoroughly amused yet somewhat disgusted, I shook my head and smiled sarcastically at the gay, uh guy, and went back into the dressing room to dry and dress. I mentioned the unusual incident to the fellow next to me, who was preparing to enter the shower room.

All the excitement sort of petered out for the next few minutes as I toweled off and began to dress. I dressed leisurely and reached for my shirt. All this labor must have taken about 10 minutes, due to the difficulty of drying off in the steamy room. Before I could pull my shirt on, the fellow I'd chatted with came back into view and began loudly exclaiming that Old Ogle-Eyes was still at work, or rather at play, I guess, in the shower. He seemed to be less amused and much more disgusted and enraged over the matter than I had been.

Anyway, I pulled my shirt on, grabbed my jacket, turned in my basket and combed my hair. I was ready to go but curiosity got the best of me. I walked by the shower room and sure enough, the spectator was still there, lathering his hair for at least the third time (he'd done it twice while I was showering) and giving everybody the once-twice-thriceand-even-more-over.

With a five-minute walk to the dorm ahead of me, I had time to think about the scene which I had just observed. Suddenly, the hilarity of the whole thing struck me. Here are gays, excuse me, here are guys such as Tom Carr telling me how perfectly normal and even rational homosexuality is and I'm expected to swallow all this garbage after seeing some gay spending his afternoon playing Peeking Poof in the showers. I ask you, Tom; how can homosexuals be taken seriously when their perverted interests exhibit themselves in such ludicrous actions?

Wait a minute, revelation is upon me! Sure, why not be sexually attracted to those of one's own sex. Certainly it's not abnormal; after all, some people do have gay

I read with interest Tom Carr's desires. But why stop here? Why not strive for total liberation? I think cats are simply gorgeous, especially the really furry varities.

> Jeff Collins 817 Morrison

Abdicating her duties

To the editor: Re: Resignation of Speaker Pro Tempore

Laura Dickerson. The January 28 DTH reported the above mentioned resignation. Ms. Dickerson gives as her reason for resigning the fact that, "They (the CGC) haven't done anything all year but spout off." Granted, but having witnessed several CGC sessions at which Ms. Dickerson sometimes took the chair, I sometimes wonder who is part of the solution and who is part of the problem. Under her guidance the CGC was often allowed to get out of hand and certain members often had their say when others would have been gaveled for the same length of time and tone of voice. In at least one instance she made the proper ruling for the wrong reason (i.e., ruling that a motion failed because there was a tie vote when that type of motion required a 2/3 vote), which I fear is indicative of an inexcusable ignorance of parliamentary procedure for any president pro tempore. If Ms. Dickerson would "show (her)self as someone of intelligence", she would not allow, if I may use her "nicely coined phrase," the "petty politicos" to run the show, either by exploiting a lack of grounding in procedure

or by giving one side some ammunition by deciding a point arbitrarily. The most effective way for the chair to minimize the "petty politicos" ability to have those opportunities is to have a thorough grounding in parliamentary procedure and to have the fortitude to use it evenhandedly.

> Roger N. Kirkman P.O. Box 735

That basketball mystique

I spent the past two years at a Massachusetts women's college and would like to share two of my impressions.

As you might expect, winters were fingertingling cold. Secondly, and even more obvious, we did not have a nationally ranked men's basketball squad.

For a junior year sort-of-abroad, I decided to try the University of North Carolina. The two drawbacks mentioned above seemed hopelessly out of place in this Southern spot. Not only are the winters milder, but even if they weren't, we would have our basketball team and the golden aura it produces to keep our body thermostats on "high." (If you've ever felt the heat and intensity of Carmichael at game time, you probably wonder how the world can be experiencing an energy crisis.)

Hmmm, exactly what is this elusive quality, this basketball mystique, that makes me and many others pray we'll cross paths with Kupchak, Davis, or Kuester as we trot over to Carroll for class? What brand of hysteria prompts seemingly normal souls to call in their bawdy "squeeze the Terps" fight songs to the local radio station? Why are we all so unified in that hothouse of an

auditorium that we'll embrace even our

worst enemy if a Ford basket gives us the halftime lead?

I feel that all of these phenomena are supported by my own empirical research on various Tar Heel specimens. What, though, is at the root of such irrational symptoms?

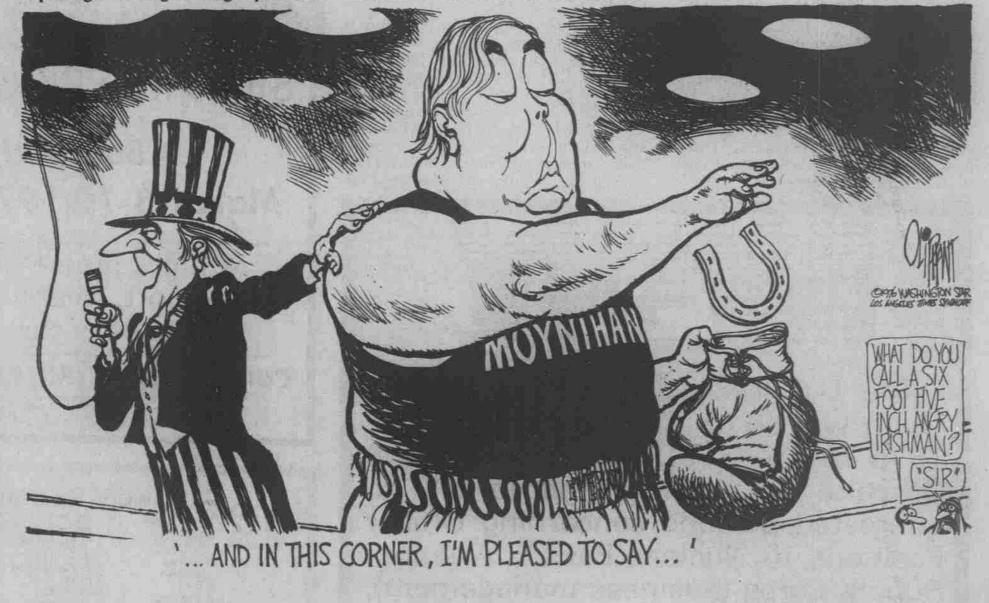
You could argue that it is pride in the state of North Carolina, but a fair proportion of our men in uniform aren't even homegrown? (Michigan? Maryland? New York?). What is it that makes such a team as synonymous with North Carolina as Cape Hatteras or Sam Ervin?

A couple of hypotheses. We like to win, and basketball comes on the heels of football season. We like to have a good time, and the only other big attraction afforded by January is Robert E. Lee's birthday. Even that holiday, sadly, has passed us by. It fell on the 19th.

These theories for roundball mania seem to mask the truth: a lot of us feel as though we would give an arm and a leg for Coach Smith and his band of shooting stars. We respect the players and the coach for their exemplary attitudes and abilities. They are good sports and, through their play, they give us some great sports to get keyed up

In coming to this school, I suppose I've traded frosty academics in the hills for fiery athletics from the Heels (although academics thrive here, also). I've found it difficult to get a handle on this foggy but very tangible basketball mystique, but I like it and plan to be around next year when we win our third straight ACC title. (I may even phone in a "beat Clemson" jingle, given the chance.)

> Melanie Modlin 104 Parker



The Baily Tar Heel

83rd Year of Editorial Freedom

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Bill Sitton

Filming the Great Boston Molasses flood

Being a little tired of the drudgery of law school, I have begun contemplating easier ways to seek my fame and fortune. My original plan was to launch a campaign to abbreviate the name of our state from North Carolina to simply Carolina. The result would be obvious. South Carolina would automatically be condemned to an obsequious position of servitude in much the same way that West Virginia now basks in the shadow of our northern neighbor. Unfortunately, that idea just hasn't caught

My second plan, though, is bound to succeed. I am writing the script for a new disaster movie. Now, I know what you are probably thinking: how can he do that? Every catastrophe in the history of mankind since the Red Sea engulfed Pharoah's army has been memorialized at one time or another.

Wrong. There is still one disaster yet to be filmed. and best of all, it is a true story: The Great Molasses Flood of Boston.

It was a cold, gusty afternoon in Boston on January 15, 1919. Folks were mostly indoors, venturing out only for the most necessary of errands. Not too many people heard the dull, muffled roar inside the Purity Distilling Company, a roar immediately followed by the explosion of a huge molasses

The tank gave way under the enormous pressure of 2.3 million gallons of molasses, and what happened rivals believability.

The result of the explosion was a 15 foot tidal wave of molasses enveloping everything in its path as it swept through the distillery and out into the city streets. The buoyancy effect of the "lava" was so great that every building in the immediate vicinity was ripped from its foundation and carried considerable distances from its original location.

In places where the wave of molasses struck a retaining wall on the opposite side of the street, the sticky mass splashed as high as thirty feet in the air, felling small trees and covering others with a thin coat of syrup.

Moving in an opposite direction, a second wave of molasses, carrying a section of the broken tank in its wake, crashed through a Boston firehouse, killing three firemen playing cards on the second floor and throwing a fourth out the window into the harbor. The other half of the tank crashed into the Boston Elevated Railway on Commercial Street, destroying three spans.

A train has passed over the railway just moments before the explosion.

The greatest loss of life occurred in a four story building was rent from its the molasses, splitting the tank apart at its foundation and was carried over 50 yards by the syrupy flood.

When the final count was taken, 21 people were killed by the flood and over 40 were injured. Property damage included dozens of houses buried in the tide. Fourteen wooden buildings from one to four stories in height were destroyed. Contents of over 20 other buildings were a total loss.

It took the fire department, together with the local military company, a week to wash the molasses into the harbor. All the cellars in the neighborhood had to be pumped out, the thick molasses being first thinned by

With World War I having ended only two months before, initial suspicion as the cause of the disaster was focused upon foreign powers. Harry Dolan, attorney for the Purity Distilling Company said, "It is possible the tank may have been broken by enemies of the United States, who knew that we were engaged during the war in the manufacture of alcohol, which was used in

the making of munitions."

A subsequent scientific investigation revealed, however, that the explosion was municipal office building a block away. The simply the result of the immense weight of

> Well, there you have it. A true, documented story of a great American disaster. If anyone doubts its authencity, check a copy of The New York Times, Jan. 16, 1919. I haven't quite decided on how to capture this extraordinary event on film. One possibility might involve casting Paul Newman and Robert Redford in the starring roles. They could be two con men hawking syrup on the sidewalk after the flood, with George Kennedy as the irate fire chief in charge of clean-up operations.

At any event, Bostonians still remember that terrible tragedy which struck their city so unexpectedly that awful day. To commemorate those unfortunate souls who lost their lives, plans are now being finalized to erect a huge concrete pancake as a fitting monument to their memory.

Bill Sitton is a first year law student from