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The Daily Tar Heel

88th year of editorial freedom

A legacy of idealism

When independent presidential candidate John Anderson speaks at noon today in the Pit, he will join in history a number of presidents, presidential hopefuls and political leaders who have seen in the University of North Carolina the essence of this country's highest ideas. In past years men of political stature have come here understanding that it is the University and the ideas it represents that make the United States a unique and great nation.

These are the virtues of American life: freedom, mobility, truth, the unrestricted debate of ideas and the right of every man to strive for his own goals without fear of discrimination.

In speeches on the Carolina campus, Woodrow Wilson in 1911 and Adlai Stevenson in between his two attempts at the presidency in 1952 and 1956 sought to spread the probity of these ideas. Their successes and failures surely encouraged other men to follow, to seek for Americans—all Americans—the best possible form of government. Perhaps no two men in the 20th century articulated these beliefs as well as Presidents Franklin D. Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy.

Roosevelt

University President Frank Porter Graham gave an eloquent speech in awarding Roosevelt an honorary doctorate of laws in December 1938. "Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the University welcomes you," Graham said, "not only as the leader of the people of America boldly questioning for a way out of economic depression but also as the leader of the people of the world valiantly hoping for a way forward from democratic retreat and international despair."

Roosevelt did not deliver a major policy speech, but he did stand by the liberal policies that characterized his presidency. "The future rests not on mere conservatism, mere smugness, mere fatalism, but on the affirmative action we take in America. We are not only the largest and most powerful democracy in the world, but many other democracies look to us for leadership that world democracy may survive."

Roosevelt was careful to address himself to his university audience, and he encouraged their idealism. "Because we live in an era of acceleration, we can no longer trust to the evolution of future decades to meet these new problems. They rise before us today and they must be met today."

"That is why the younger generation means so much in our current affairs. They are part of the picture in their 20s without having to wait until they have passed middle age."

"That is why I myself associate so greatly with the younger generation."

"That is why I am happy and proud to become an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, typifying as it does American liberal thought through American action."

Kennedy

John Kennedy visited Carolina Oct. 12, 1961, and spoke to 32,000 people at Kenan Stadium. He, like Roosevelt, articulated the value of progressive and fearless thought.

"It is a test of our ability," he said, "to be far-seeing and calm, as well as resolute, to keep an eye on both our dangers and our opportunities, and not be diverted by momentary gains or setbacks or pressures."

"North Carolina has long identified with enlightened and progressive leaders and people, and I can think of no more important reason for that reputation than this University...."

"And it is the long view of the educated citizen to which the graduates of this University can best contribute. We must distinguish the real from the illusory, the long range from temporary, the significant from the petty."

"But if we can be purposeful, if we can face up to our risks and live up to our word, if we can do our duty undeterred by fanatics or frenzy at home or abroad, then surely peace and freedom can prevail.... We shall neither be red nor dead, but alive and free! And worthy of the traditions and responsibilities of North Carolina and the United States of America."

The legacy

Anderson, with his appearance here today, can extol further for University students and America the nobility of these ideas. The world of today faces many of the same problems it did in 1938, when World War II loomed, and in 1961, as the Cold War reached its most intense period. Yet, even then, with severe economic problems and unrealized civil rights, these men articulated for young and old what America needed to become to withstand adversity at home and abroad.

Anderson, rightly, is respected for his idealism. By coming here, he should look for more than votes. He inherits a legacy; a legacy of strength, idealism and optimism. He will serve this campus and this country well if he expresses not only concern for the real problems of the present, but hope for the future.

The Bottom Line

Leapin' lizards

Presidential politics are pushing people to do all sorts of things these days. John Anderson will stand in the Pit today in the long tradition of prophets past. Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter will be off campaigning, probably sporting sombreros in some Hispanic sector of an urban community or eating mouthfuls of pasta, sampling Greek pastry, or doing whatever the Romans say they must do to get their votes.

But for residents of Lizard Lick, N.C., the race has already been run.

The people of that small Piedmont town held the first annual Lizard Lick Olympics this past Saturday. The feature race matched three lizards, appropriately named Anderson, Carter and Reagan. The lizards were supposed to slither down three separate tracks painted red, white and blue, but it didn't turn out exactly that way.

All three entrants hesitated at the gate. Then candidate Anderson put on a blinding burst of speed to take a commanding lead with a record first lap time.

But then Anderson, emulating the hare of "the hare and the tortoise" fame, slacked off and meandered across the lanes. The turn of events gave Mayor Charles Wood, who backed the Carter lizard, time to prod his candidate back into the race. All three trainers used long-handled cotton swabs to spur on their "candidates."

While Anderson wandered, and Carter gained, Reagan merely clung. Howard Doyle of Zebulon watched with dismay as his entry held tightly to the roof of the mesh-covered race track.

"He tended to put his feet in his mouth," Doyle said of his candidate's behavior. "I think (Mayor) Charles Wood might have gotten him drunk before the race."

Reagan eventually removed himself from the ceiling and shuffled his way determinedly to the finish line just ahead of Carter. His spurt was not, however, enough to catch the quick-witted Anderson. Having won in Lizard Lick, the independent will take his campaign to Chapel Hill today.

And that's the bottom line.

The trauma of attending dancing school

By CHARLES HERNDON

There is a conspiracy afoot, so to speak. It is insidious, it is widespread, and it is only after first-hand experience of the peril that I can say it may even threaten the very psyche of the nation. In fact, this menace has become so entrenched in the American lifestyle that it is exulted and embodied in such unlikely deities as John Travolta and the Village People.

No, it's not disco music. I can live with disco...barely. It is, quite simply, dancing. I cannot live with dancing. I hate dancing.

All right. Let's just say I have an intense dislike for the practice, something I hold akin to pulling the wings off flies. It is through my own experience—from toddlerhood to my ripe old age—that I can attest to the fact that dancing is, indeed, a conspiracy, and one directed primarily at those of the male species.

I point out with some pride that through it all I have survived, and not come down with dancing's hideous disease—a terminal case of "happy feet."

It all starts in your elementary-school years, of course, the same period of life that you have to eat all your asparagus because it is good for you. It is the same with dancing. Every Friday afternoon for about a year or so, my mother sweetly trundled me off to our local church-turned-dance-hall. She told me to have a good time as she threw me to the lions, which were—in this case multitudes of snotty little girls. They moved about the perimeter of the dance floor in coy little phalanxes, which the boys, dour and grudging, were supposed to infiltrate.

In my case, I was our family's sacrifice to the social world of Baltimore—the first-born male—to blaze a

trail for my younger sister, who would in later years use the legacy that I left in gaining membership in the "Dancing Class."

Such classes are usually overpopulated with young ladies and, thus are always searching for little boys to throw at the girls. The cover of a dancing "class" is cleverly used to reassure the boys, most of whom don't know the first thing about dancing, except on a basketball court.

Anyway, I fell for it, and arrived the first evening thinking I would learn how to dance in an ordered, secure manner, as far away from the girls as possible. Instead, I was thrust out onto the crowded floor with a threatening order from one of the matronly overseers to "Pick out a partner and dance, Mr. Herndon." I knew that whenever anyone called me "Mr. Herndon" at the age of 12, I was in trouble. I was petrified at that tender age, unready and unwilling to meet or talk to, much less dance, with a total stranger. And a girl yet! Like many of my comrades, I had a developed a life-long complex.

I had learned a basic fact: Girls love to dance; most guys wish they could, but don't like it anyway, unless they can.

Indeed, I wish I could dance. Many a summer night have I spent resignedly commiserating with a friend's parents while she went out with other friends to an uptown nightclub and shagged the night away. I was always left behind, an old codger at the age of 20, wishing her a good time, and reminding her not to stay out too late. It got to the point where she didn't ask me to go anymore; she realized that I might have a tough time choosing between her friendship and avoiding moving my feet in anything resembling a shuffle.

You have to give me credit for trying, though, for in my sophomore year here at UNC (I don't think I was psychologically ready my freshman year), I enrolled in the ever-popular social class. And I am proud to say that I didn't do badly either, although I am sure that if you asked any of the girls I danced with, they probably would have another opinion. But I was pleased, at least, for just keeping up and not falling on my face. Sir Edmund Hillary's climbing Mount Everest was no greater accomplishment than was my finishing social dance. I don't really know why I took the class—whimsy perhaps, or maybe some weird sort of masochism, or maybe just because it was there. But I did it.

And it didn't help a bit. I still stay at home while my friend is off with some immaculately-dressed Fred Astaire, mutually sweating the night away on some flashing dance floor. I still sit coolly and self-confidently away from the dancers when I am occasionally forced into one of those modern-day coliseums of emotion they call discos, where the clash of gladiator's swords and the roar of Rome's elite are replaced by the flashing of strobe lights and the throb of disco and beach music.

I may sit coolly and calmly, but if you listen closely, you may hear a nervous heartbeat and pleas to a merciful God to spare this one from having to dance.

What lies ahead? I don't know. I suppose I'll have to dance at least once at my wedding, but only because I respect tradition. However, I will personally make sure that my son will spend his Friday afternoons playing baseball or pulling the wings off flies.

Charles Herndon, a junior journalism major from Baltimore, Md., is a staff writer for The Daily Tar Heel.

letters to the editor

Minor party candidates left off mock ballot

To the editor:

The mock election held by the UNC Elections Board and Student Government was terribly biased. Three candidates for president on the North Carolina ballot, two for governor, two for U.S. Senate and one for lieutenant governor were not included on the ballot.

When I consulted Elections Board Chairman Gregg James as to why these candidates were omitted, he said that the purpose of the mock election was not to see how the candidates would fare but to inform students of the coming election and to encourage voter registration. In fact, this mock election has misinformed students. If Student Government wishes to increase the awareness of candidates they should include all of the candidates.

James also told me that the election was limited to Democrats, Republicans and Anderson to make it more fair to the candidates from smaller parties. Is it fair to the voters that from a field of six presidential candidates they have only three to choose from? At present, the Libertarian candidate for president, Ed Clark, is on the ballot in all 50 states and the District of Columbia. The Libertarian Party is the first third party in American history to achieve this status.

I believe that in the future Student Government and the Elections Board should make all options available so that voters can make good, well-informed decisions.

Susan G. Ratchford
Chapel Hill

Hadley Callaway
Old West

Bust coverage

To the editor:

Friday's DTH included a letter ("Bust story," Sept. 26.) chastising the editors for irresponsibly publicizing the names of students involved in a recent drug bust. I support The Daily Tar Heel's actions in the matter.

First, public awareness of law enforcement efforts is essential to maintain the effectiveness of the laws themselves. Part of the risk of law-breaking is the possibility of public humiliation; for some persons, this risk is a greater deterrent than the fines eventually levied.

Second, justice requires that arrests, indictments, trials and sentencing should be public rituals. Taken to an extreme, secretive law proceedings smack of midnight abductions—the public conscience of a well-informed populace is an effective rein on judicial systems gone awry.

To the editor:

I have been reading with interest the DTH coverage of the Southern Bell rate hike proposals. If Southern Bell claims it needs the money for the labor costs of a flip (excuse me, turn) of a switch, how can it explain why it issues only 1978 phone directories? I have yet to see a more recent issue on campus. I received the 1978 edition when my phone was installed recently. Can Southern Bell respond?

Bill McNairy
220 Finely Golf Course Road

Editor's Note: A Southern Bell spokesman said the company ran out of 1980 directories the week that UNC classes began this semester. They distributed 1978 directories instead, and now have some 1980 directories available. The 1981 directories will be out in November, the spokesman said.



THE Daily Crossword by Frank R. Jackson

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|--------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| ACROSS | 29 Censurable carryings-on | 52 Oldtime Venetian magistrate | 24 Type of gin cloth |
| 1 Metropolitan star | 33 Booboo | 53 Naughty wood | 26 Aromatic |
| 5 Ancient chariot | 34 Variety | 56 Garden loam | 27 Storm Fr. |
| 10 Support | 35 Back talk | 57 Dessert | 28 Knight wear |
| 14 False conception | 36 Songbird from Down Under | 60 Manlike | 29 Repaired shoes |
| 15 Calculus | 40 Time past | 61 Brilliance | 30 "— read of any book" |
| 18 Opera | 41 Appear | 62 Metal | 31 Volume of records |
| 17 Breakfast treat | 42 Different | 63 "Toots" | 32 Skirmishes |
| 19 X marks it | 43 Sent in a new direction | 64 Deadly contests | 34 Slumber |
| 20 Met | 44 Part of the foot | 65 Is in debt | 37 Barred by law |
| 21 Boutique | 46 Chemical compounds | DOWN | 38 Adherent of Islam |
| 22 Fur-bearing swimmers | 47 Telegram unit | 1 Decreases | 39 Diminutive suffix |
| 24 Ladder rung | 48 Odious | 2 Brainstorm | 44 Stable attendant: var. |
| 25 "I drew my snicker —" | 49 Part of the foot | 3 Electrical unit | 45 Shoshonean |
| 26 Certain transport | | 4 Clerical garment | 46 Racing crews |
| | | 5 TV Rolle | 48 Concerning the voice |
| | | 6 Small veranda | 49 Doctrines |
| | | 7 Bather's need | 50 A Webster |
| | | 8 Navy man: abbr. | 51 Grain place |
| | | 9 Cause to explode | 52 River valley |
| | | 10 Fastened with adhesive | 53 Knock |
| | | 11 Ready for picking | 54 Qualified |
| | | 12 Aroma | 55 Pages gently |
| | | 13 Stroke | 56 Oldtime French coin |
| | | 16 To the rear | 59 |
| | | 23 Sawbuck | |

