

The Daily Tar Heel

90th year of editorial freedom

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Who is your CGC rep?

The long-running saga of "As the Thrill Turns" (also titled, "All My Council Members") appears to have reached its conclusion. It indeed looks as if there will be a Chapel Thrill '83, that is, unless the Campus Governing Council steals the student funds, elopes with the bands and moves to Pine Valley or Port Charles. And to tell you the truth, it probably wouldn't surprise soap opera addicts, uh, we mean CGC observers, if the CGC did that or something equally flabbergasting.

Our characters started the lengthy, though not popular, drama late last November and have since provided their viewing audience with enough melodrama and poor representation to last a lifetime. See spring concert chairperson Ben Lee catch spring fever and have a passionate affair with the lovely Student Government Spring Concert. See the dastardly Finance Committee ruthlessly end the romance. See the Knight in Shining Armor, i.e. Student Body President Michael P. Vandenberg, come to the rescue of the poor maiden. See the student body rally to her cause. See the council members realize their insensitive, cold conduct and revive the lady. Oh, what drama.

In real-life terms, the handling of the 1983 Student Government Spring Concert has not been one of the CGC's shining moments. In probably its most important decision of the year, the council bungled every attempt to give some serious, honest debate to the issue in which their constituents were most interested. The spring concert was funded by the CGC only because of some nifty political footwork by the student body president.

To unravel the tragedy, it's necessary to go back to the fall semester. In late November, the Finance Committee adopted an I-don't-give-a-damn-about-you attitude toward their constituents and voted down funding a spring concert. "Even if every person in my district supported this, I couldn't vote for it because I don't think it's going to make money," said Finance Committee member Dan Bryson. And you thought they were called representatives. Chapel Thrill '82, by the way, made \$27,000.

Next, the CGC could not even discuss a bill asking the Finance Committee to reconsider its earlier decision because more than one-third of the CGC voted against any discussion. So the most important issue of the year went undiscussed by the campus organization that is supposed to discuss issues. The meaningful debate — including just plain ol' students — never occurred. And CGC members can't understand why their constituents get mad at them.

At this point the concert was revived by a petition calling for a referendum on the concert that would have overruled the CGC. Enough signatures were collected, but a funny thing happened on the way to the referendum. . . .

It never happened. Under threat of a referendum, the CGC Finance Committee caved in quickly, which tells one a little about the political fortitude of Finance Committee members. It also tells about their respect for their own constitution, which says nothing about cancelling referendums. If the full CGC voted for funding the concert (which also would give it more control over the concert's fate), the student referendum would be canceled by Vandenberg, even though he lacked the constitutional ability to do so.

The Comedy of Errors continued. The CGC voted the approval of funds and Vandenberg canceled the referendum. The latest twist on this strange but true tale is that CGC member Phil Painter may challenge Vandenberg's cancellation of the referendum.

It does appear, however, that there will be a spring concert. The lesson to be learned from all this (there's always a lesson to be learned in soap operas) concerns the competence of your elected CGC representative. For most of the year the CGC sits around and talks about issues that may not interest many students. But when the CGC does reach an important issue, like a spring concert, students suddenly realize the fate of their activities are left to a small group of students that may be out of touch with the desires of their constituents.

Do you feel your CGC representative represented your district well on the Chapel Thrill issue? Do you know who your CGC representative is? Now, election time, it is even more important to realize that the CGC will continue to function poorly and with disregard to its constituents until there is more student participation in the decision-making process.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Composition: Frank Porter Graham Composition Division, UNC-CH Printing Department.

Printing: Hinton Press, Inc., of Mebane.

CAMPUS ELECTIONS

Past student campaigns reflect national trends

By SCOTT BOLEJACK

It is generally accepted that the mood of a nation is best expressed by the results of its elections. Even at UNC, where students seldom fit any one mold, campus elections tend to reflect the trend of the nation as a whole.

From *Daily Tar Heel* editor to student body president to campus elections in general, University students have echoed the conservatism of the 1920s, the war fervor of the 1940s and the anti-Vietnam sentiment of the 1960s. But students have not always followed the trends and have often voted opposite the national mood.

In 1928, when Americans were still doing the Charleston and the sun had not yet set on Wall Street, students weren't concerned with issues and cared more about mud surrounding the polling sites than they did about electing an editor.

In fact, for perhaps the first time in University history, the candidate for *DTH* editor ran unopposed. Walter Spearman, who was later to become a journalism professor at the University, encountered no opposition in his bid for editor and succeeded to the position without ever having his name placed on a ballot.

The general complacency of the student body often was reflected in the campus election as a whole. In 1932, before the full effects of the Great Depression were realized, 26 out of 29 elected positions were filled without opposition.

As America moved from the Great Depression to World War II, UNC students got caught up in the war fervor that was sweeping across America. A naval training program was brought to the University and many students enlisted.

As students headed overseas, campus organizations saw their numbers dwindle drastically and special elections were called to replenish the ranks. Quipped one student a few years later, "Back then it seemed as if we were having elections every three months."

One such special election saw the University break the long-standing tradition of "males only" in campus politics. Twenty years before women started burning their bras and 30 years before the Equal Rights Amendment became an issue, a woman by the name of Katherine Hill was elected editor of the war-mandated weekly *Tar Heel*.

Another woman, by the name of Glen Harden, triumphed in the conservative 1950s when she was elected *DTH* editor. Harden, to make sure everyone knew she was a woman, changed the letters format from "To the editor" to "Madam editor."

The victories of Hill and Harden may seem unusual given the conservative tone of the '40s and '50s, but what is just as unusual is the fact that the turbulent and more liberal '60s produced neither a female nor a black editor.

It was not until the Nixon years of the early 1970s that another woman was elected editor of the *DTH*. Susan Miller overcame stiff competition from her male counterpart to become only the University's third female editor.

The conservative atmosphere of the 1950s may have suffered a mild setback with Harden's election as editor, but the campus, as well as the nation, felt the effects of the disease that was McCarthyism.

In 1955, Charles Kuralt, presently of CBS News, was editor of the *DTH*. At the time, the paper was under investigation by the Student Legislature on charges that its circulation was mismanaged and that its liberal editorial voice was not representative of the University community.

One legislative member even went so far as to say that the *DTH* was "a second *Daily Worker*," a prominent communist publication. Kuralt denied the charges, received support from several administrators and eventually the legislative member withdrew his remarks.

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The office of student body president, like that of the *DTH* editor, often has followed national trends, but has, on occasion, strayed from the norm.

In the 1932 election, when 26 candidates were unopposed, the office of student body president experienced one of its most hotly contested races ever. Haywood Weeks, an independent candidate edged out All-Campus Party hopeful Hamilton Hobgood 789 to 751 in what one

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Abortion letter — hardly 'a modest proposal'

To the editor:

I am extremely revolted by Phillip K. Parkerson's letter, "A modest proposal?" (*DTH*, Jan. 20). I am, however, more revolted by Parkerson's tactics than by his highly graphic language. Parkerson is obviously a disciple of the Congressional Club school of truth distortion. By sarcastically arguing for abortion, in this sick, disgusting way, Parkerson seeks to brand all of us who are pro-choice as being blood-thirsty murderers who can't wait to knock our girlfriends up so they can have an abortion.

The crux of the abortion issue is at what arbitrary point one defines the start of life. Parkerson completely ignores this, but this

is no surprise since he obviously is not concerned about the real issue, but only with winning over more converts to his cause with his emotional rantings. I am not a doctor, but I believe the fetus is not alive until it could survive outside the womb without artificial aid. Again, I am not a doctor, but I doubt this point is reached in the first three months.

I am fortunate in that I have good, loving parents who planned for me, wanted me, raised me and eventually sent me to college.

I do know that I would rather not have been born than to be born to parents who didn't want me. There are a lot of people out there who have sex, yet neglect to use

birth control. Do you want people irresponsible enough not to take these precautions raising children? I don't.

T.D. Champion
Chapel Hill

Men and abortion

To the editor:

On Thursday, Jan. 20, 1983, you published a letter from Phillip Parkerson that, although sarcastic, was anti-abortion. It puzzles me that men seem to be so upset by abortion and men are the leaders of the anti-abortion movement. I wonder if these

men are men who always use birth control when having sex — or do they expect the woman to take the responsibility? There is no 100 percent effective method of birth control (other than abstinence) so I wonder if these men who are so outraged by abortion support public policies to help women who have unplanned pregnancies — policies that would provide government support for child care, increased welfare payments, parental counseling, paid maternity benefits, etc.? The record of Sen. Jesse Helms shows very little support for these kinds of policies. What about you, Parkerson?

Dayna F. Deck
School of Public Health
Durham

Attack of the Vulgar Lead Pipes

Beans, beans, the Musical Fruit
The more you eat, the more you poot.

— Elementary school rhyme

Nobody can accuse me of hating food. I can do massive barbeque hits, I can get into a little Hector's action as well as the next man. But no matter how awesome the pizza, no matter how whopping the Whopper, no meal will ever be as much fun as lunch in elementary school.

How slowly the clock crawled as lunchtime approached! Like convicts, we awaited liberation; like convicts, we marched single-file to the cafeteria. Every man received identical servings. We sat at long tables in the happy comradeship of prisoners granted 25 minutes of freedom.

Food jokes dominated conversation — "Oh no, dog steaks again!" — but actually the food was pretty edible. We loved the hot dogs and square pizza, the spaghetti and thick, soft bread. Cakes and sweet rolls brought 20 cents on the open market. And who could forget those wonderful, half-cooked, saltless, ketchup-free french fries? We were conditioned to love those fries.

So much for the good stuff. Anything green we called Vomit Food. Green beans earned the name Vulgar Lead Pipes, I guess because somebody thought they looked like little lead pipes. Tossed salad became Vulgar Mess. Peas (balls) and diced carrots (squares) were known as Vulgar Balls and Squares. Peas alone were called, you guessed it, Vulgar Balls.

You had to like Vulgar Balls and Squares.

We never knew if the stuff was as bad as we imagined, because nobody ate it except for a few weirdos from totalitarian families. Word passed down the table: "Look, Timmy's eating his Vulgar Lead Pipes!" We urged him on: "Sick! Foul! Perverted!" People piled their Vulgar Lead Pipes onto Timmy's plate, forming a stinking green mountain. I think Timmy ate it just to gross everybody out.

MULTIPLE CHOICE

By RANDY WALKER

Every day they dumped Vomit Food onto our plates, and every day we dumped it in the trash. The government made them do it, I guess.

Less offensive but equally inedible were the rock-like Fudgies, which were either fudge squares or chunks of fried turf. Eating Fudgies was like eating asphalt. Another common dessert was the Peanut Chew. They should have called it Dog Chew; humans didn't have the teeth to handle it.

On a typical day, after slurping our spaghetti and gnawing our Fudgies, we were left with 15 minutes to stare at the remaining food. For creative young minds, the temptation often was too much.

Now, it was an unwritten law that if you played with

your food, the teacher could make you eat it. Nevertheless, some budding chemists could not resist mixing their Baked Beans and Cole Slaw to bring out the true disgusting flavor. For texture, you could toss in a little ground-up Peanut Chew. A dash, or more likely a handful, of pepper rounded out the recipe.

You poured the result into a plastic bag. The obvious next step was to throw it. Here you had to calculate the teacher's reaction — some teachers really would make you eat it. This prospect caused onlookers to urge on the experimenter. I never had to eat it myself, but I remember watching in glee as a colleague of mine was forced to swallow the fruit of his labor.

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Atmosphere. Some places have it, others don't. My elementary school cafeteria had atmosphere. The Pine Room doesn't, Spanky's doesn't, Slug's doesn't touch it. Tables for two, waitresses, menus, checks — what are they? I want to stand in line, pay a quarter and a dime, and eat with my pals until the teacher calls time.

How low I have fallen in recent years! Not only do I eat Vomit Food, I actually like it. I eat Vulgar Mess, Cole Slaw, Vulgar Balls and Squares, even the Musical Fruit.

But there's still one vegetable I don't like. I avoid it in favor of other types. Though I ought to eat it, and I probably need it, Timmy —

— do you still want my Vulgar Lead Pipes?

Randy Walker, a senior journalism major from Richmond, Va., is a staff writer for The Daily Tar Heel.



Student voters go to the polls in mid '40s