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The Daily Tar Heel

92nd year of editorial freedom

Where there's hope

Everybody likes the idea of peace talks. Sure, there's quibbling about how they often are insubstantial or politically motivated or incomprehensible or whatever. But when they take place, it's a bold soul who comes out against the whole idea of sitting down and discussing the problems and possible solutions.

We are encouraged by the absence of such souls in El Salvador, where earlier this week President Duarte met for the first time with leftist guerrillas. Although the negotiations didn't result in an agreement on a cease-fire, the talks show a commitment to peace and hope for the end of a civil war that has claimed 50,000 lives in five years.

Leaders of the Salvadoran government and rebel officials are still divided on major issues — so there will be no quick end to the fighting — but they agreed to form a joint commission that will meet next month to study ways to "humanize" the conflict.

While "humanizing" a conflict doesn't have quite the optimistic ring of "ending" a conflict, it's a good start, considering the size of the problems to be overcome, and reason to praise Duarte's initiative in calling for the talks.

As the talks showed, one major obstacle to be hurdled is the issue of rebel participation in elections. The rebels want to be able to vote, of course, but they want more. For them, elections and the division of government positions alone are not democracy. They want a guaranteed share of power in a new parliament that would include "all social and political forces."

Though Duarte believes the rebels should take their chances in next year's local elections, there is room for a bargain, and the talks Monday have greatly enhanced the chances for compromise.

Probably the most important consequence of the talks is the sheer optimism and expectations they have aroused. After the talks, Duarte told a cheering crowd he wasn't offering any miracles, "but Salvadoran people together can gain the miracle of their liberation and peace for all the Salvadoran people."

It's good to see that the once sinking feeling among the Salvadorans — that neither side was powerful enough to resolve the conflict militarily — is rising to a more hopeful, if not cheery, level. In El Salvador, at least, they're giving peace a chance.

Not just another Jessetorial

There we go again, you're saying. Well, while we share your sympathies, *someone* has to write these things, you know. But this one is special.

Today is Jesse's birthday. Perhaps you weren't fortunate enough to receive the six-page mailing from Jesse's wife, Dorothy (or, as we affectionately call her, Dot). But we'll share with you some of her plans for Jesse this evening.

"... Our three grandchildren, Jane, Nancy and Charles, along with our five grandchildren, will be coming to our home for a small, private celebration. (Our fifth grandchild, Katie, arrived on June 21.)

"Jesse will have a wonderful time. He always enjoys being with our children and grandchildren. Like you, our family means a lot to us.

"For a little while he can forget about the pressure of being a U.S. senator. He can relax, away from the pressures of Washington life."

Dot goes on to say that "Jesse's opponent has a political machine backing him worth millions of dollars. Its goal is simple. To destroy Jesse on Election Day." She closes her appeal urging all her readers to sign and return postage-paid birthday cards for Jesse,

adding that "Your check for as much as \$1,000, \$500, \$250 or \$100 would be a Godsend, and would assure a very happy birthday for Jesse."

Good ol' Dot. But let's go one further for our senior senator.

Let's make Oct. 18 a statewide holiday.

Schoolchildren could pause a moment for silent prayer. Twenty-one gun salutes could sound for our defense-minded statesman. And oh, yes, the government could close its doors another day.

Funding? Not to worry — it wouldn't cost North Carolinians a dime. Surely the Congressional Club could scare up some dollars on short notice. And what a celebration. Nelson Bunker Hunt could throw a barbecue on the state fairgrounds. Joseph Coors would be more than generous with beverages, to boot. And the Rev. Jerry Falwell could deliver an inspiring birthday message for us all. It would be a spectacle of Republican grandeur — big enough, certainly, to rival the University's (ahem!) 400th anniversary.

Dot, we're sure, would wholeheartedly embrace the idea. As she noted in closing, "Jesse has nowhere to turn but to dedicate Americans like yourself."

Let's get the ball rolling. Let's do it for little Katie.

The Bottom Line

Maybe the thieves were "Oz" freaks or just two guys who couldn't come up with the air fare to Kansas.

A couple of thieves made off Tuesday with the slippers used by Judy Garland in the 1939 movie classic "The Wizard of Oz." The owner of the San Francisco novelty store where the shoes were kept suggested sinister forces were behind the robbery.

"They must have been on the wicked witch's side," said Ted Smith, owner of Humpty Dumpty and Sons. Smith told police that two men forced him to take the red sequined shoes from a locked cabinet and put them in a cardboard box. Smith bought the shoes ten years ago from a person who worked in the wardrobe department of MGM Studios. He declined to say how much he paid for them, but he estimated their current value at \$20,000.

We're placing no stock in reports the slippers were stolen by the Tar Heel football team in a desperate attempt to regain the magic of its victory over the University of Kansas. We doubt many of the players could fit into the size 6 pumps. Still, after road defeats against Clemson and Wake Forest over the past two weeks, the team could not be faulted for thinking "there's no place like home."

Awareness is no fault

There's self-awareness, gay awareness, crime awareness, political awareness and

good old-fashioned awareness awareness, but who ever heard of earthquake awareness? Californians, you say? Nope. Too busy with the self-awareness bit. It's the people of Paragould, Arkansas and they're having a festival to make sure all the folks around town are "earthquake aware."

Why are the people of Paragould paranoid about earthquakes of all things? They didn't film the movie "Earthquake" in L.A. for nothing, you know. Earthquake Fests and Us Fests belong in California, that's all there is to it. Right?

Wrong.

Any town that's had an earthquake, and Paragould has had a whopper, can have an Earthquake Fest. Believe it or not, the USA's worst quake ever was centered right near Paragould on the New Madrid fault. It happened in 1812 and the shock waves were felt as far away as Washington, D.C.

Promoters of the Fest say the Shake, Rattle and Roll dance will be the highlight, but there's gonna be concerts, a parade, a carnival and a catfish dinner as well. They say they are going to sell "earthquake hard hats" and "quake shakes" to attract some visitors. Boy, that'll do it for sure. Nothing brings 'em in like the chance to wear a hard hat and contemplate death and destruction.

In case the people get too giddy after the catfish and the dance and everything, there'll be some scientists to tell them that another major earthquake in the area is likely before the end of the century.

Not to crack on quakes or anything, but that shocking news should shake 'em up. And that's the bottom line.

A case against decadent showering

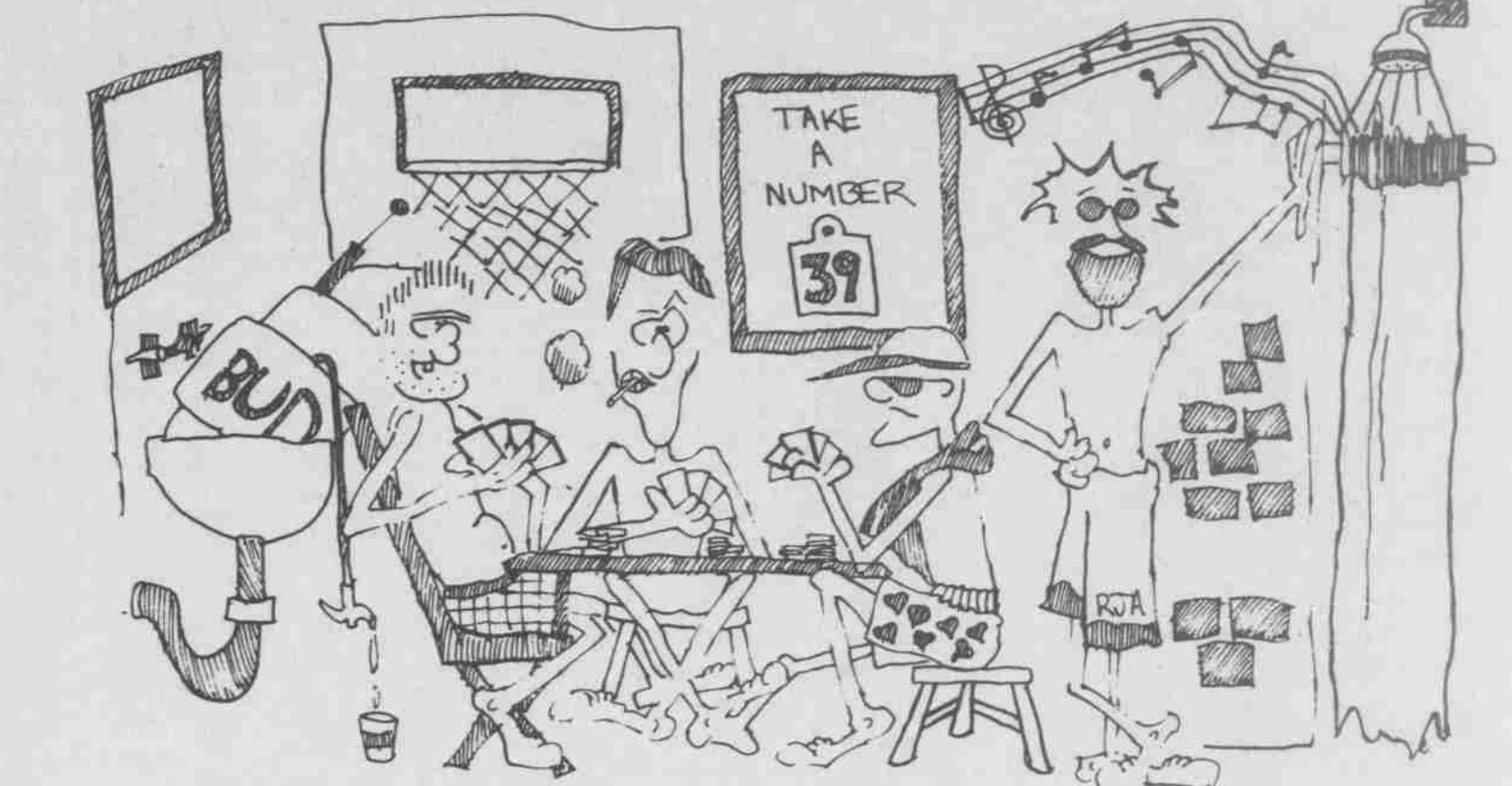
By JOHN SYKES

Recently, I heard that the third floor showers of Lewis dormitory are going to be repaired. As a concerned resident, I implore you on behalf of the other 104 residents — Please don't! During the past week, we have undergone a change for, I think, the better. This common crisis has touched our lives in a way I can hardly describe. We no longer rely sinfully on the showers on the third floor. Instead, we have been compelled to share the remaining six showers on the second floor among us. To change this situation, you condemn us to a university life full of unnecessary luxuries.

When the water was first turned off to the third floor showers, I too joined in the chorus of protest and disgust. But now I realize what great benefits we Lewis residents have gained. Now I know what kind of shampoo we use and my knowledge concerning the variety of towels has doubled.

While waiting in those long early morning lines, the barriers of communication have suddenly been lifted. We have been given an automatic topic of conversation. Together on this common ground, we experience a feeling of kinship that never before existed. Those meaningless faces that we only grunted a salutation to in the morning now become individuals as we ask the eternal question: "Where has all our water gone?"

This unifying crisis has taught us patience, understanding, and concern for our neighbor. We no longer monopolize the showers in long hot forays into the world of cleanliness.



We have been forced to think of those who are waiting in the cold hall and cut down the length of our own showers. Our daily habits have also changed. We no longer wake up ten minutes before our first class, grab a shower, and dash off. We are forced to rise early and join the ranks of the desperate in hopes of a shower. Once we have attained our desire, we are left with extra time to prepare for our classes of the day. Why even Benjamin Franklin observed the benefits of such a system: "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

There are some that argue against the continued closing of the showers. These soft individuals fail to realize the great importance of our crisis experience. We have learned

not only to share, but we have also learned the true meaning of sacrifice. When we pass the Prell now, we pass it not to someone who we know just by their face, but we pass it to someone who shares in the situation and understands. Our dormitory has become a forerunner in the conservation effort. We can now think with pride, during the brief period we possess a shower, what concerned citizens we are.

By not fixing the showers, we save the University time and money that could be used in other ways such as painting the Old Well and feeding the squirrel population on campus. Our small loss is a small sacrifice to the University that we attend. Someday we may even find fame in our situation. Our dorm may one day have a resident entered in the

annals of the Guinness Book of World Records for the quickest shower ever. What a small price to pay for such a great honor. How can we ever thank you at the Maintenance Department?

I hope that your office will reconsider its decision. We residents have learned a valuable lesson of sacrifice. University life is not filled with ease, and we should not be given the luxury of showers on the same floor on which we live. We have learned to overcome our dependence on this luxury by your wise decision to cut off the water to our showers. The endurance and strength of the pioneer spirit is renewed.

John Sykes is a freshman English major from Rocky Mount.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A sculpture doesn't make a good meal, but . . .

To the editor:

You can't nibble on a painting. And you can't hug a sculpture on a cold January night. Music doesn't seem to help me keep my house clean. And going to a play has yet to make me rich and famous. So

what good is art? (You answer that for yourself.) Whatever you believe, you must admit that an awful lot of people have spent an awful lot of time and effort expressing themselves in writing, painting, putting pink skirts around islands, etc. Some people have starved and

suffered and torn their hair out and chopped their ears off. How about us? No need to go to such extremes, but . . .

As a liberal arts university, we need to recognize and promote the arts. I would much rather see a large piece of sculpture focusing attention

on the spirit of the University than a lot of plaques noting the physical structure (graceful though they be) of individual buildings. Let's not label, let's create.

James Rolett
Chapel Hill

Block with no corners

To the editor:

We were so thrilled when our group got block seats for a football game. Imagine our surprise, however, when we discovered what we really had were "row seats." My idea of sitting in a block is not having the group stretched from one end of a section to another, with an aisle splitting us in half. We thoroughly enjoyed waving to each other, because any type of conversation was impossible. My question is this: Why do we have row seats instead

of block seats this year?

Also, in one instance this year, the ticket office gave some students seven tickets instead of the five they requested; in another instance they have given a block representative 10 tickets instead of the 19 she requested; and, in yet a third case, a block representative with 27 athletic passes was given 30 tickets. I feel more caution should be exercised during ticket distribution.

Candace C. Walker
Morrison

Doonesbury



Letters policy

Letters to the editor and editorial columns should be typed on a 60-character line and should be triple-spaced. Because of the overwhelming response on some issues, we are unable to print all the letters we receive. So, to save yourself some trouble, please contact the editorial page staff in advance if you expect your letter to be more than 2½ typed pages long.

Deadline for letters and columns is 2 p.m. on the working day before publica-

tion, and contributions should be placed in the green box outside the offices of The Daily Tar Heel in the Student Union.

Because of space limitations, we cannot run organizational announcements as letters to the editor. The daily Campus Calendar, compiled by the Carolina Student Fund on the third floor of South Building, is the appropriate forum for announcements from student groups.

Was Virginia Dare the first UNC student?

To the editor:

In reference to the article "A Carolina Tradition, University Day to celebrate UNC's 400th anniversary" (DTH, Oct. 11), you goofed in the headline, of all places, and

then did it again within the article, we assume for consistency's sake. 400th anniversary! Next you'll be telling us that Michael Jordan broke his contract with the Chicago Bulls to finish his senior year at Carolina.

Or, you'll be telling us that they're revamping Wilson Library into a female dormitory.

Scott Hanson
James Nobles
Chapel Hill

P.S. In the article directly below it, you said that Jim Hunt would be here to celebrate the 191st birthday of the University. Where do you stand, DTH? You can't have it both ways.

A contradiction

To the editor:

Your sports coverage is inconsistent. On Monday of last week, the DTH ran a column chastising students for ignoring women's teams, including national champions, while treating the football and basketball teams with adulation ("A sad song for UNC's women athletes," Oct. 8). The next day's DTH included a feature on crew — men's crew ("Crew paddles on; not just a Northern sport," Oct. 9). The men's crew deserves to be covered. So does the women's crew. As you stated in your article, the men expect a successful year. This year ought to be our strongest in recent years, too. The men hope to win a race this year; we hope to repeat our wins of the last two years. In light of your column Monday, why did you ignore half the rowers at UNC?

Nancy West
UNC Women's Crew

