Suddenly, Jimmy Carter is on the move again. Emerging from the Oval Office, rejuvenated following the Lance Affair, he’s planning journies, launching programs and attacking his antagonists. But now, with October’s brisk breezes approaching, temperatures are not the only things going down. Despite a vigorous and highly visible routine, Carter is down significantly in the polls.

Tackling several problems simultaneously, Carter flew to New York City to address the United Nations and to confer with a host of world statesmen. There he announced, without explanation, that Washington and Moscow were within sight of a significant SALT agreement. Later, White House officials admitted that they foresaw no speedy agreement in response to Carter’s statement; however, it did put him on the U.N. record regarding his eagerness to eliminate the means of waging nuclear war.

The following day, Carter joined Ambassador Andrew Young in the signing of two internation human rights covenants, one concerning civil and political rights, the other economic, social and cultural rights.

During the second day of his New York trip, the Presidential motorcade drove through blocks of the devastated South Bronx. Twice the President left his car to walk through the rubble of gutted buildings. In good campaign style, Carter walked about one block, shaking hands with slum dwellers crowding corners and doorsteps.

Returning to Washington, Carter was just in time to see the Senate cogitate a bit further on an energy program and adding a few more problems to his already troubled Panama Canal treaty. Simultaneously, the Administration was showing its concern for war on a grand scale by requesting $245 million in development funds for a mobile missile system and stepping up research on a satellite killer to counter Soviet advances in that sphere.

Despite the problems confronting Carter, he continues his pace, planning to leave shortly on a three-day, five state jaunt. An enlargement of his South Bronx experience, he will begin the trip with a public forum attended by representatives of the Urban Poor of Detroit. From there, the itinerary leads to Iowa, Colorado, and Nebraska, where farmers are currently complaining about dwindling incomes. The trip’s finale will be an instant replay of old campaign days, the President planning to spend one night in the private home of a Des Moines farmer before returning to Washington.

One month later, Carter will take off on a trip including eight countries in eleven days. This will be quite a switch for the man who just one year ago described presidential globetrotting as “mostly a waste of time and money.”

Unfortunately for the President, it appears that Americans’ view of globetrotting has remained with Carter’s sentiment of a year ago. Last March, a Harris poll gave the President an impressive 75% rating on his ability to “inspire confidence.” By September, the rating had slipped to 50%.

A national NBC poll conducted in early October was still more disapproving. Only 46% of those questioned approved of his performance.

Addressing Democratic National Committee members in Washington, in October, Carter stated that he enjoyed the controversy surrounding his presidency, and even if he could not have his own way, “I’ll be back again next year.”

But his is not the final word. That lies with the country’s sentiment, reflected in the now plummeting polls, while Carter continues his worldwind approach to 1980.
Humphrey's Battle

Washington's ultimate insider bows in and out

The greatest gift of life is friendship and I have received it,” stated Hubert Humphrey, as the Senate chamber shook with a standing ovation and wave of intense emotion, welcoming back the heart of Washington politics for the past thirty years.

Thought by some never to return to the Capitol, Humphrey arrived with a buoyant splash, following major surgery which revealed pelvic cancer, inoperable and diagnosed as terminal. Just eleven weeks after that prognosis, Humphrey once again assumed his seat behind the desk he has occupied for twenty-one years, reaffirming his goals of restoring harmony to the Senate and trust in the government.

Cheeks sunken, body gaunt and fragile, Humphrey boarded AIR FORCE ONE as a guest of the man who extinguished his last hope for the White House. On board, Carter, in a singular gesture of honor, signed a bill naming Washington's new Health, Education and Welfare headquarters the Humbert Humphrey Building.

One-time adversaries forgotten, and hatchets, even the one sharpened by Carter's reference to Humphrey as a "has been," had been buried. "I want to help Carter. I like him; I have confidence in him," stated the Senator, a relationship the result of Carter's need for Washington's ultimate insider and Humphrey's valiantly silent battle with death.

In the old Senate Caucus room, in Washington, Senator Humphrey bowed out of the political spotlight by calling a press conference to announce that he would not undertake a fourth campaign for the Presidency. "I shall not seek it. I shall not compete for it. I shall not search for it. I shall not scramble for it," he stated.

Up, Up and...

a victory for labor

As strongly as the increasingly powerful business lobby may be, inflation proved the stronger influence with Labor's biggest victory this year, raising the minimum wage from the current $2.30 an hour to $3.35 by 1981, a 45% increase.

Currently, 3 million receive the minimum wage, the new hike increasing by .4% employers' wage bills for next year. Many believe the victory ironic, for those most involved in pressing for the measure, youth, blacks and women, will be most negatively affected due to the discouragement of some employers for hiring additional employees.
For how long can one fish before one’s tired of fishing ... or gardening, or puttering? The forever touted benefits of leisure time in the golden years after retirement have been falling for decades on deaf ears and silent tongues.

With the determination of the most embattled minorities, Americans over sixty-five (10% of the U.S. population), have begun to unite. Pressure groups such as the Gray Panthers and The National Council On Aging, represented by the political clout and shrewdness of Democrats Claude Pepper and Jacob Javits, have whisked a bill through the House, extending the mandatory retirement age from sixty-five to seventy in private industry and abolishes it entirely for federal workers.

Statistics show that those citizens affected remain in the thousands rather than millions, leaving the issue one of ethics rather than economics. Employees who will opt for continuation of their career beyond age sixty-five will be only about 20,000, 7% of the workers of that age and a mere two-tenths of one percent of the American population’s labor force.

Some senior citizen spokesmen express cynicism, regarding the House bill as a red herring, diverting attention from a bankrupt Social Security System, affecting substantially greater numbers than any extension of the mandatory age of retirement. Many fear a collective “Look what we’ve done for the elder American” chant will suffice for several legislative sessions, in place of the much needed move towards restoration of the Social Security System.

Sales of oranges were down, but growers said it wasn’t Anita’s fault. Instead, the singer-turned anti-gay crusader was having problems with other kinds of fruits ... banana cream pies in the face, for instance.

Since Bryant’s Dade County victory of repealing the ordinance banning discrimination against homosexuals in housing, employment and public accommodations, gay leaders have emerged to hang the citrus songstress high in effigy.

Though Bryant’s agent-husband Bob Green stated, “This is no fun,” the singer’s torment by gay rightests has produced a mixed bag of results. On the one hand there have been death threats, hostile demonstrators, hotel changes, alleged black listings among networks and occasional pies. On the other, hype’d sales of her eighth book, THE ANITA BRYANT STORY, have resulted from the furor and lagging ticket sales have picked up to standing room only.

Prophetic proponent of gay rights fear now that the radical center, having taken an ugly turn, has begun turning sympathizers off. Some believe that Bryant, herself hopes to cause a public backlash by providing a steady target for the nationwide anti-Anita campaign.

Despite this belief, gays have come clamoring from the closet with new confidence, looking back at Dade County as their Alamo. Meanwhile, Bryant keeps praying and singing, “There’s Nothing Like the Love Between a Woman and a Man,” and husband Green keeps wishing to “get back to leading a normal life,” an unlikely outcome if Anita keeps singing those songs.

Singer-evangelist Anita Bryant
My freshman year I had your basic dull public school prep roommate, so I sat around the room and drank and played backgammon. I did run into one good professor, Stauffer of all people, for a course called Mass Communication. It was a good time, and probably the only time I ever truly dug around in the library. Unfortunately, it was my freshman year and I haven’t been back there since.

I went to a mixer that first year, at orientation, where I stood for twenty minutes with half a warm beer, trying to figure out why everyone was there. My senior year I ran them, as Social Committee Chairman, and I still didn’t know why everyone was there.

The one thing I learned from Babson is that if you look like you know what you’re doing and you put on a big enough show, people will believe you... they believed me and that was a big mistake. I ran the Social Committee and I can’t figure out for the life of me why everybody thought I did a reasonable job. We produced one good concert, two concerts that were artistically excellent but nobody decided to go, assorted mixers, and the infamous Dickey Betts concert that was snowed out.

I liked Babson because it allowed for a reasonable amount of operating flexibility. It was great fun to play with massive amounts of money that wasn’t mine and for some reason have people believe I was competent enough to handle it.

The biggest complaint I have with this school is the “world in a microscope” syndrome. Everybody knows what the hell your doing all the time. I only had to tell four people I was engaged before people were falling out of trees to congratulate me.

Another good thing is that the school is finally getting away from its “save money approach.” They are starting to figure out that if you spend a little more now, in the long run it will cost you less. This means that they are finally getting around to buying some good parts that are necessary for the school to improve.

Many Babson graduates want to go in life and be successful in their careers so that they can make a lot of money and achieve the “American Dream.” I have a good degree of the “American Dream” right now. Two cars, one of them an exotic Italian sports car, a big stereo, a color television, and a wife-to-be. The only things I’m missing are the house and kids. So conceivably, ten years down the road, I can see myself puttering around the middle of one hundred acres in Arcadia, which is in central Florida, growing azaleas.

After four years at Babson, I seem to look at most things from a business point of view. I’m a marketing major, so when I watch television I pay more attention to the commercials because they’re more interesting than the programs.

Babson is a small business community and its size enables an individual to basically do whatever they want to do with their education. If you want to become an entrepreneur there are opportunities to do so. And there are plenty of chances to get involved in non-academic activities.

The worst thing about Babson is also its best things- the size. There is a tradeoff here because the small community is an excellent academic environment, but the social environment is strained because it seems everyone knows what your doing all the time, which leaves little room for privacy. Also, there is a lack of space in certain facilities such as the library and gymnasium.

Babson is a good business school and in comparison to others, you probably get one of the better practical educations here. I do not feel deprived of any of the learning resources that many large universities boast of.

As I leave Babson I see a unity and cohesiveness among the students that wasn’t as strong as when I first arrived. The students are a lot more together now. Academically, Babson will probably become a lot more intense as the school raises its standards for acceptance and graduation.

When I came to Babson there were no women’s sports program until some girls and I in the dorm decided we wanted to start the first women’s basketball team at Babson. I was the only one on that team who had played in high school, so as you can imagine it was a pretty poor team, but now we are quite respectable. Sophomore year we started the volleyball team on which I played for two years. Also that year we formed Babson’s first sorority, Sigma Kappa, and I was an officer in that from the start. I also joined a fraternity, Theta Chi, as one of their charter little sisters.

I think it was great coming here four years ago as a woman because there existed an opportunity to be one of Babson’s first. We didn’t have an example to follow... we set the example.
impressions

When I came to Babson I was barely seventeen years old and a bit of an idealist. I learned an awful lot in four years, but it may not be the kind of lessons Babson hopes its students take away. I have come to realize the games people play with each other and the kind of politics that go on in the real world. I knew very little about them when I entered here, and I know an awful lot about them now.

The best thing about Babson is that it offers a practical education. When I was considering what college I wanted to attend, the top priority I placed on my decision was that I wanted to be qualified to do something when I was graduated. There are just so many college graduates, and so many people looking for jobs today, that the only people who are going to have any opportunity at all are those who can say to prospective employers, "These are my talents, and I can fit into your organization." I didn't feel I could do that if I got a degree in English or History. Babson's undergraduate students are able to go out into the job market and say, "I'm worth listening to, I'm worth your time."

Babson's worst point is the loss of perspective that so many people suffer here. Part of this is because we are isolated on a beautiful campus, a real ivory tower existence, and you can forget about the real world if you want to. People here begin to believe that what they are involved in is of such overwhelming importance, when they think taken objectively, it really isn't. Students are particularly at fault in this regard. Many know so little of what goes on outside of Babson. Administrators are also to blame when certain seemingly trivial issues require much attention and debate. The $10,000 bookstore question was a perfect example.

I do like the fact that at Babson the professors, and not graduate assistants, teach us. Also the classes are small enough so that we get to know the professors, and they get to know the students. This creates an opportunity to tailor your education to your own needs.

I am satisfied with my education here because it will allow me to do the things that I want to do with my future. Next year I will be going to graduate school in the field of communications and I'd like to think that when I complete my Masters degree I'll be able to get a job in media management. I feel confident that Babson has been a major part of my preparation.

When I came to Babson, I wanted to be an accounting major, and I'm graduating to work for a big eight accounting firm. I did exactly what I wanted to do, and I never changed my mind.

Many of the things that I like about Babson are a result of this dorm (Publishers). It is small, about forty guys, and it had quite a reputation when I got here ... and I'm sure it still does. Freshman year we didn't know what the hell was going on. When we came here people told us we could get away with whatever we wanted to, so we went crazy. It was the first time we were out of the grasp of our parents so we thought we could go wild, and we got into a lot of trouble with the school administration. But it brought us all together, and as a result we were very tight. I think this dorm is rather unique in that sense and there was no way I would have ever moved out of Publishers.

Freshman year I went home every weekend to hang around with my high school friends. By my sophomore year things began to change. I became more interested in school, and I got to know the people at Babson a lot better. This year I went home once a semester, and the funny thing about it is I live only a half hour away. I still have many friends at home, but my best friends are here at Babson.

One of the things I disliked about this school is its size. If you did something the night before you were going to be embarrassed about it, it was brutal the next morning walking down the ramp at Trim as all eyes are on you. I'm sure at a big school like UMass you'd walk in and nobody would even know. It's a lot like a high school, you do something and within twenty four hours everyone knows about it, because everyone knows you.

I think Babson is a very good school, but it would surprise me, judging by the amount of work I've done in the past four years, to find that Babson is THE top undergraduate management school in the country. Though the school has improved, it is unfortunate that everything is geared towards being the top management school, causing a lack of emphasis on other majors such as Accounting and Finance. This bothers me, not because I'm an accounting major, but because this should be a good business school, not just a management school.