

The Daily Tar Heel

82nd Year of Editorial Freedom

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Careful voting needed in 1975 teaching awards

During the next two weeks students will have their second annual opportunity to use their \$8,500 prod to encourage better teaching at the university. Now that the balloting has been democratically opened to all the students, and the awards committee proved courageous enough last year to approve some professionally unpopular recipients, this spring's annual teaching awards ceremony could well be a potent student weapon for academic reform.

As students, we are, quite frankly, lucky to have the Amoco and the Salgo Foundations' money to use for our own purposes. But we must be careful to coordinate our efforts so that not a penny is wasted. To this end,

• all students should pick up ballots at the YMCA, the Union, Chase Cafeteria, the South Building information desk, and the House and the Health Services libraries,

• vote for their eight most challenging and stimulating professors, not the easiest, funniest, or most personally likable of the teachers they have had at UNC,

• make sure that the ballot contains several specific and accurate observations supporting your choice, and that none of the teachers has already won the award in the last five years, thus automatically disqualifying him,

• get together with friends to make sure they are also supporting a qualified and deserving academic ticket, and

• at the end of the ballot, include the three worst teachers you have had at UNC so that we may discourage inferior teaching as well as encourage the good.

This "election" could well be more important for your future happiness at UNC than any student government election, and students should vote accordingly. The teaching awards should not just be a popularity contest, but rather a direct and concerted student effort to improve all the teaching at Carolina.

Too often students have abused their responsibility in the past and the awards have sometimes been more a 'kiss of death' than an achievement. Last year four of the eight recipients were not rehired, one had died, and another had already received the award once before. This year students should carefully choose their most enlightening teachers and fight for their retention.

The teaching awards are one of the student body's only ways to challenge the "publish or perish" mentality which has recently taken even stronger hold in the departments at UNC. We must make Rank and Tenure committees realize how important teaching skills really are to students by making plain our wishes. However we vote, our faculty choices will be very revealing, but hopefully they will only show our good judgment, common sense and intelligence, not our most selfish interests.

Barbara Ruzansky

Northern tradition vs. Southern fun

Dear Uncle,

Thanks for your hospitality. Your home is just lovely and Franklin Street, an unusual conglomeration of crazy

everything. What I'm trying to say is... Well Uncle, I'm not really sure. I had hoped my visit to Chapel Hill would make decision-making easier. However, I fear my visit added only confusion to my existing inability to structure future plans.

The South? Well maybe. But New England? Gosh, you know how I love that place. Old New England, homey little towns. Countryside, bright sunny green in summer. Dark hard earth in fall with a toughness and dignity that makes me weep. And the snow-covered cities at twilight mixed with red, green and white lights makes fairyland and fantasy come alive.

Uncle, if you don't mind my honesty, you yourself would never have left

Maine if it hadn't been for Aunt Matilda — the way she dragged you down South so she could accept that professorship.

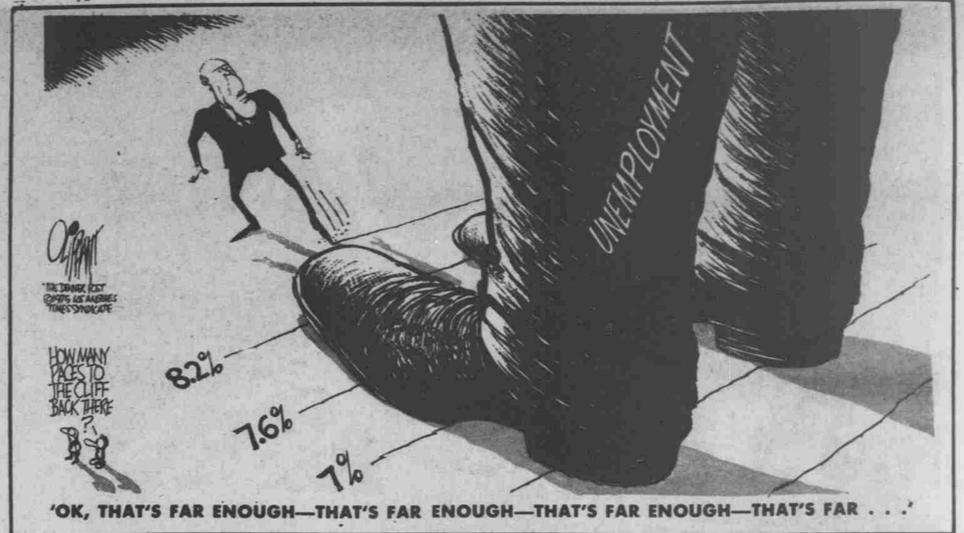
The New England coast! Every summer morning those dear fishermen bring to shore the smells and tastes from sea. And how proudly I watch my townspeople gather along the wobbly, splintered piers in Connecticut. The harbortown fills with anticipated hunger as the baskets of ice await the purchase of shrimp, lobster, flounder and blues. New England clam chowder so creamy-white and thick. Cherry stones on the half shell, chewy and cold.

I can't leave this Uncle, the place I love; my home where people and land are solid and secure. Smiles are cold yet eyes, warm.

Can I leave my snowmen with carrot mouths and raisin eyes; my forts of ice, my mittens and sleigh? Can I leave the white smooth laws and the all-but-white slushy roads? Those bitter winters which freeze my fingers and turn my thighs into red numbness?

Then the anticipation of spring. All winter I dream of the mountain laurel that will soon surround my home. The smell is lovelier than mother's finest perfume. I sit by the window and wait for our robins to return North.

Late March blizzard, the snowfall finale, spreads new inches on ton of old.



Jim Buie

No-fault insurance needed

John Roper was exhausted. He had been driving a tractor-lawnmower through acre after acre of grassland with the temperature exceeding 100 degrees most of the afternoon. When the time finally came to quit for the day, he wrapped a towel around his neck, hopped into the sturdy old Chevy and headed straight for the local swimming hole.

As he approached a narrow curve leading to a bridge, John took one hand off the wheel to roll down his window. The power of the ventilation caught him unexpectedly and blew the towel into his face, blinding his vision of the road. The car veered left off the bridge and into the water. John escaped with

minor cuts and bruises but the car was a total loss.

To compound his guilt and horror, John could not collect anything from insurance. The standard automobile insurance covers only innocent victims of another driver's carelessness. The family had not been able to afford much accident insurance. John's father had been incapacitated several years earlier by a stroke and was still receiving expensive but necessary treatment. The Ropers were left to grin and bear their financial loss.

Unfortunately, their case is not atypical. With today's automobile "liability" insurance, a person actually purchases coverage for the person with whom he has an automobile accident. If he wants to recover compensation for his won injuries, his insurance company must hire a lawyer and prove in court that the other driver was the sole cause of the accident. If the lawyer is successful, the policy holder recovers from the other driver's insurance company. If, however, he is slightly at fault — "contributing negligence" in legal jargon — he can legally collect nothing.

Senator Frank Moss of Utah estimates that if an insurance purchaser himself is injured in an accident there is less than a 50-50 chance he will be able to recover losses from liability insurance carried by someone else. Nationally, as many as 20 per cent of drivers in some places carry no insurance whatever and have no attachable assets. (North Carolina law states that all car owners must purchase liability insurance.) Also, a person might be injured in a single car accident, as in John Roper's case, and it does no good to sue the tree.

Time Magazine reported recently that one fourth of all automobile victims

never collect a dime. Each year 100 million Americans pay more than \$16 billion in automobile insurance premiums and receive only \$8 million in benefits for injury and loss, according to a Department of Transportation study — about 15 per cent of their total economic loss of \$5.1 billion a year. This is clearly an outrageous injustice.

Where does the rest of the money go? To insurance administrators and trial lawyers, the latter grossing \$1.5 billion annually alone.

Under the present system there is usually more than a year delay in payment from the insurance company for those relatively few individuals who do collect. By then, of course, you may have gone into debt or sold prized possessions or have been forced to settle with a grasping insurance adjuster for an amount less than what you deserve. If you are not willing to settle for less than loss, the crowded court dockets and insurance "processing" will gripe you enough to give you second thoughts about your stubbornness.

After more than five years of debate, hearings and studies, it appears that the Congress is finally going to do something about the unacceptable automobile insurance system that Americans are up against. The Senate passed a reasonably good no-fault bill last year and the two houses are expected to work out their differences within the coming months, provided that citizen concern is constant.

The 94th Congress should act expeditiously in passing a national no-fault bill that will, in the very least, prevent people like the Ropers from suffering undue hardship.

Jim Buie is a junior journalism major from Wagram, N.C.

Letters to the editors

Old West Dorm needs loading zone

To the editors:

This is a formal expression of objection by the residents of Old West Residence Hall to a recent policy enacted by the University via the campus police. This policy is the strengthening of enforcement of the driving on sidewalk rule for the sidewalks directly adjacent to Old West. Old West is situated in an area that is near no parking lots or other possible unloading zones and therefore in the past residents have pulled their cars up on sidewalks for brief unloading. In the past week posts have been implanted blocking access to sidewalks and for those going around the posts, \$10 fines have been given.

We realize the importance of enforcing stated rules but also realize the bind we are placed in for loading and unloading (groceries, belongings at end of year, etc.). To relieve this bind we ask that the University establish an unloading zone near Old West, possibly on the driveway between Gerrard and Memorial Halls. We feel that it is necessary for prompt and decisive action on the part of the campus police concerning this area of possible future conflict.

Tommy Humphries
and 59 residents of Old West

Homemaking is full-time career

To the editors:

In her Wednesday DTH column, Laura Toler indicated that modern technology has rendered homemaking a relatively simple and brief task, consequently making it a secondary and non-fulfilling concern. My experience has been rather that effective homemaking is almost always a full-time career. It should be undertaken only by those women and men who realize that much time for creative and thoughtful effort is required to produce the pleasant, as well as

interesting, home atmosphere requisite for development of profitable family relationships and persons prepared for extrafamilial encounters.

Consequently, I conjecture that when homemakers "cannot respect themselves solely for the work they perform in the home" and society succeeds in convincing them that theirs is a second-rate career, then soon we shall find ourselves surrounded by more and more unhappy persons having not benefited from or learned the indispensable nature of committed love. When that happens, perhaps children maintained in day care centers, neglected husbands and wives, and parents pursuing prestigious goals will be convinced (possibly too late to profit from it) that "self-fulfillment" involves far more than jobs, talents and money.

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The Daily Tar Heel

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John Coffey

The Moscow bluejean connection

In Pendleton overcoat and without a hat, looking very un-Russian, I spent my last morning in Moscow browsing among her seedier streets and alleys where heavy people in heavy coats busied themselves shopping, and walking quickly. At a street corner an unsmiling woman sold ice cream for 20 Kopecks. I bought one and waited to cross the street when I was tapped on the shoulder.

"American?" A young Russian about my age stood close behind me, his back against the wind. "You are from America?"

"Yes, er...da." The light turned red and I crossed the street. He followed and waited for the crowd to pass. "You maybe interested in gold icons and old coins?" A black marketer, a petty swindler or perhaps an undercover agent of the grim KGB, waiting to ambush a semi-innocent tourist. Even so this siren sang my tune.

"Coins you day?" (I have a passion for old coins.)

"And gold icons!" Icons were out of the question. They would either be cheap fakes or expensive imitations, and besides there would be problems at the border. But coins were small and eminently smuggleable.

"And what do you want in exchange?" a dumb question.

"You have maybe Levis?" Of course. We arranged to meet that afternoon before an abandoned church; he with the coins, I with the bluejeans.

I arrived at the church with a shopping bag. The street was busy. Coolly I passed the minutes playing tourist, fiddling with my camera in front of that church. It was an ancient ruin of ornately carved stone and shattered windows. Grass and twisted bushes grew atop the broken bell tower. As I focused the lens, a familiar tap on the shoulder. My business associate stood nervously behind me.

"You have the jeans?" "Yes," and I held up the shopping bag.

A bearded shopkeeper with cloth and window cleaner stared at us nastily from his doorstep. "We cannot talk here. Please follow me, please."

He led me into the courtyard of an old palace which had been converted into crumbling apartments. Children were playing on a tireswing. I had begun to snow. We went through a cellar door and down some steps, along a dim, earthy corridor with a single bare light bulb swinging in the window drafts. Through another door we stopped on the landing of a dark stairwell. There we bargained.

I pulled out my barter. Starchy-new American Levis a la J. C. Penny.

"Do you have the coins?" But then someone sneezed behind one of the doors. My friend turned to me and whispered:

"Please, please talk soft. It will be very bad if we are heard, Coins? Yes, I have them," and he rummaged through his coat pockets and produced a handful of tarnished silver and copper coins. "A ruble of King

Nikolai the Second, and a Aleksandre half ruble, and here a Kopec of Queen Anna..."

A door opened above and the stairs began to creak. My friend quickly and very calmly pocketed the coins and commenced small talking as an old woman hobbled down the steps with a battered bucket and waddled slowly to the basement door. The door closed and we resumed negotiations. As we haggled over the number of coins he would trade for my Levis, the basement door slowly inched open. "Please put the coins in your pocket, please," and he again chatted in Russian and laughed and I laughed too, for appearances. The old woman, her pail filled with coal, climbed back up the stair and her door shut softly.

By now we were cold and impatiently settled the deal — 50 dollars worth of old coins for a pair of bluejeans. After shaking hands we departed by a different street and caught myself more than once looking over my shoulder. But there was no one. The street was deserted, except for an old babushka, wrapped in a heavy wool shawl. She hunched over her apron filled with sand and every few steps would toss a handful onto the icy pavement. I passed her cautiously, but she was too absorbed in her work to even notice me, or the illegal jingle in my pocket.

John Coffey is a junior history/art history major from Raleigh. He was a member of the UNC Russian tour during semester break.