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The Daily Tar Heel

86th year of editorial freedom

Foggy mind breaks down: rambling ensues

Don Woodard's
Paradox Lost

Journal entry, Sunday, November 12:
 It is 4:30 a.m. and I have friends expecting a Son of Pledge Formal column.
 They will and will not get one. This is the record of my current state of mind (i.e. we're ramblin', folks).
 Somewhere between the moment I was squirted with fire extinguisher water from the Ranch House balcony and the vague recollection of sacrilegiously shagging (I? Shagging?) to The Beatles' "I Want You"—between the time I lost a cuff link and the point of realization that I was wearing sunglasses with my tuxedo, (I'm still not sure where they came from), I was a Pledge Formal Groupie. In short, I was young, foolish and happy—doo-wah, doo-wah.
 My head hurts.
 The dorm is unusually quiet. Bill and George have no doubt passed out in their room down the hall—victims of another weekend affair with two

cases of beer between them. Like myself, they are four-year men on the dorm-dwellers circuit. We have received no mark of distinction for our efforts—no varsity-letter jacket (with a little rat's head embroidered on the large "NC" that would grace out breast pockets); no trophies; no purple hearts.
 But we have endured the pains and pleasures of life in a residence hall and wear our scars well. We have intimately mixed with other dorms in hallways 90 feet long and six feet wide. We have braved the risk of broken exit signs and played hall hockey in the late hours of the night. We have endured impersonal slurs against each others' mother. And there have been poker games I would just as soon forget.
 I'd try to get some sleep now, but it is impossible to keep one foot on the floor when your bed is the top bunk. Instead, it is a time to sit at this typewriter and consider some regrets—both of the immediate past and the ones rooted deeply since my freshman year.
 First, I've learned a few lessons. Never trust a bartender who's mixing drinks with your liquor. Why should he care that your scotch and water is nine parts former to no parts later? And you

should never remove your jacket at a formal; those suspenders make you a sitting duck for would-be elastic snappers (you know who you are out there).
 And now I'm aware of the Great Regret. With commencement comes the end of an era—and the question becomes inevitable: Will four years in a dorm prevent me from being housebroken in the future?
 I have visions of supreme dilemma. It is 1995 and I am 38 years old. One morning I wake up in my two-bedroom apartment in Anytown, USA and find I am out of toothpaste. How could I do anything but take the next plane to Indianapolis—where my UNC roommate is now a prosperous lawyer for corn farmers—and use a dab of his Crest? One doesn't get out of these lifestyles overnight, you know.
 I have come across a calendar. Time is running out with only 26 more weeks until graduation. And when you're 28 years-old and the regional sales manager for Hudson Belk, you don't get invited to many pledge formal.

Don Woodard, a senior RTVMP major from Ft. Worth, Texas, is associate editor for the Daily Tar Heel.

Justice calls for rebates

While the controversy at Odum Village has spread into the parking lots, the flap over the steam the residents use (and pay for) in their apartments has—for the moment at least—subsided. And that is unfortunate.

The residents' concern was first aroused about two weeks ago, when a report was submitted to the Odum Village Board of Aldermen which charged that the residents had been consistently and badly overcharged for heat for a number of years. Estimates have varied somewhat, but it now seems clear that the Villagers have been paying around \$15 per month too much for the heat they use for as long as any of the current residents have been living in Odum, and probably for a lot longer.

The report was prepared by Odum resident Philip Williams, who said at the time, "We got the fair market price of utilities and then compared them to the University's prices. By all comparisons we are paying too much." According to a Duke Power representative, the University was then charging 20 percent more for its own steam heat than Duke Power would charge for its more expensive electric heat.

Reaction was, as these things go, relatively swift from the University. Within a week of Williams' revelations, wheels were set in motion in the department of housing and the physical plant. A.J. Altemueller, fiscal officer for the physical plant, said then "The formula we use (for heat cost allocation) isn't wrong; it just needs to be updated periodically." And according to Williams, the new updated formula will mean a rent reduction of between \$11 and \$14 for the residents.

What is unfortunate, though, about this resolution of the overcharging is that it isn't really much of a resolution. For the many people who have come and gone at Odum Village in the years since 1966-68, when the original formula for cost allocation was implemented, the new formula doesn't offer much comfort—or cash. And there are some people who might well have been overcharged some remarkable sums; the example of physics grad student James Brascher, who has lived at the Village for 75 months and paid, according to his own estimate, about \$1400 too much, is instructive, if extreme.

We can't be sure of the University's legal or financial situation in this case (although every indication from officials has been that the windfall was spent long ago). And we do appreciate the difficulties involved in granting a rebate to all the Odum Village residents past and present who have been victimized by the overcharging.

We appreciate even more, however, the difficulties involved for the victims themselves—especially since they are not, as a rule, the kind of people who can afford to be overcharged for things as basic as heat. Our sense of justice tells us the University should make every effort to grant the Villagers a quick and fair rebate.

Honorable intentions

A couple of weeks ago, a two-column advertisement appeared on the pages of this newspaper. The advertiser wasn't hawking a sale at a local clothing store, nor was the item a testament to the fabulous food and spectacular service at an area restaurant. It didn't carry a slogan or graphic logo. In fact, the tone of the ad was so solemn, so subdued, that many readers may have mistaken it for a portion of the daily news copy.

Honor Court cases, though, lend themselves to such treatment. Fanfare is somehow inappropriate when the talk turns to cheating, to plagiarizing, to suspension.

Last year, after several semesters of debate and study of the Honor Code and its role at UNC, it was agreed that changes in both the code and the application of its principles were needed. The "rat clause"—the phrase that required a student to report any and all violations of the code which he or she observed—was eliminated in tacit admission of its ineffectiveness. Suspension was instituted as the normative sanction for honor code convictions in an effort to put a little more muscle behind honor's cause. And constant publicity was ordered to foster a more ready awareness of the code and its implications for every student.

Thus the advertisement, which posted the most current cases—and their charges—before the Honor Court. According to a report released by the Office of Student Affairs some two weeks ago, 13 cases were tried during the month of September, eight of which resulted in guilty verdicts from the court. Although they are still subject to appeal, fully seven of those convictions carry penalties of suspension, a fact that highlights the tougher posture the University community is beginning to take in the face of abridgements of honor.

The elimination of the "rat clause" and the establishment of suspension as the standard penalty have already been hailed as wise moves in the best interest of the code and the campus. More of the kind of open discussion of the state of honor on this campus we have noted recently and a greater awareness of the doings of the Honor Court can only make things that much better.

Americans, 'Joe Blow,' not yet ready to accept soccer along with apple pie, hot dogs, football

By BILL FIELDS

The dust has settled and the chalk lines have faded on Fetzer Field yet another soccer season. It's a good time to look at the state of soccer.

Where does this sport of agility, quickness and fast action fit in the sporting world today?

That question will draw vehement responses from both sides.

Some people think soccer is the next best thing to a 4.0. Other people would rather watch Podunk U. beat Western Hartford 72-0 in football than see a 5-4 soccer match.

But even the most avid football fan and soccer hater must admit that soccer is on the move—somewhere.

It's on the move, indeed, and maybe even the fans in the upper deck of Podunk Stadium can notice it. Most people think it's on the way up.

Soccer is a game of the world. In South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, Central America—all over the globe—soccer has long been what's happening.

And now it's making its way to the United States.

Slowly, for certain, because of that majority of the population which does not wish to see a throw-in instead of a TD pass, a corner kick instead of a field goal.

I used to think that way—well almost. Watching 90 minutes of soccer seemed a very un-fun, laborious task. When I was assigned to cover soccer this fall, I had my doubts. But what the heck, learn something new. Why not soccer?

Covering soccer I learned:

1) It is truly an interesting sport, even if it's hard to understand at times (don't ask me the difference now between a direct penalty kick and an indirect one; I'd probably get 'em mixed up).

2) It takes talent, and is not a sport of wimps. Players are not 6-foot-five, 250 pounds, but the nature of the sport does not demand that players fill up a telephone booth. I would, though, place my bets on the soccer team in a foot race to the training table.

3) Soccer players have to be quick, agile and able to use their feet better than their hands. It may sound easy, but try it sometime. I tried it in my first intramural soccer game. I'm up and around now, but I still feel a bruise or two I received when the old feet just wouldn't do what I wanted them to.

Soccer definitely is those three things. I could have gone on, but I'm not quite ready to turn in a Kenan Stadium seat for a front-row seat on Fetzer Field forever.

What isn't soccer?

It isn't football, or basketball or baseball—the three American sports which capture the biggest hunk of attention from the American sports fans.

Wanda Guthrie
 David Chance

Not sad

To the editor:
 I am writing in response to Martha Waggoner's article ("For ERA supporter: sadness," DTH, Oct. 31) because I am an ERA supporter and I'm not sad. I'm not tired of talking about the ERA. I feel that in working for the passage of the amendment I am doing something beneficial for my country and its people. I'm afraid I cannot claim many other patriotic acts quite as obvious. How about you?

I would also like to take this opportunity to comment on one argument against the ERA: Congress, at this very moment, already has the power to draft female U.S. citizens, if the draft is ever reinstated. Never would both parents be drafted together; children will always be left with a parent. Only physically capable women would be sent into combat zones; of course, pregnant women are exempt. Israel is one country that has been drafting women and maintaining that much a stronger armed forces for it.

Personally I am very much against war and the draft, but I would not rather see my brother sent off to fight than my sister; my father than my mother; my son than my daughter.

The United States needs the Equal Rights Amendment. I think we all do.

Barbara Olasov
 948 Morrison

letters Clemson's enthusiasm praised

To the editor:
 Upon recently visiting South Carolina for the Clemson-UNC game, we were particularly impressed with the amount of school spirit shown by the Clemson students and alumni. We were warned of our entrance into Tiger Territory by enormous orange paws, and immediately we saw the fans—there wasn't a single person there that wasn't colored in orange, some in complete orange suits and hats, others with Tiger paws painted on their faces and bright orange buttons on their clothes. Indeed, at the game there were no empty seats, and what a display the fans put on when the Clemson team arrived, with a mass of orange balloons rising to the sky. And although UNC led much of the game, Clemson supporters were always cheering something we stop doing the minute we're behind. We were really impressed that day, and only wish that other teams could come to UNC and be as impressed with our supporters. Let's let people know what Carolina fever really means!



Student Legal Services

Bicycles and rules of the road

Editor's Note: This advice is prepared by Student Legal Services, which maintains an office in Suite A of the Carolina Union. UNC students have prepaid for this service and may obtain advice at no additional charge.

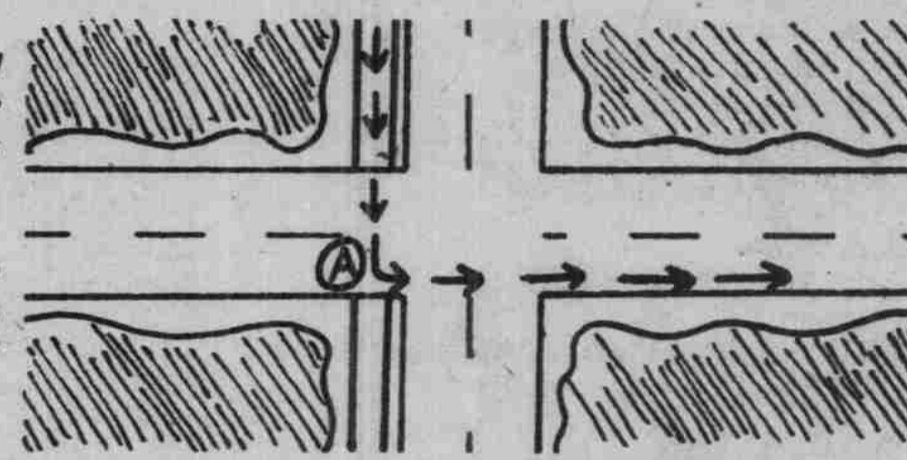
The Town of Chapel Hill has recently enacted a bicycle ordinance. Generally, all state and town traffic regulations apply to bicycles, since they are considered vehicles under state law.

Under the Chapel Hill Bicycle Ordinance, cyclists are required to ride in single file, keep to the right except when passing and obey all traffic control signs and signals.

The town has begun construction of bikeways, and certain rules must be observed. When passing a pedestrian on the bikeway, the biker must give an audible warning. Before entering the bikeway, the rider must yield the right of way to all approaching bicycles or pedestrians. Further, the cyclist must ride only in the designated direction of travel. Bicycles are prohibited on the sidewalk on either side of Franklin Street and Rosemary Street from Henderson to Columbia Streets. Bicycles are permitted on other sidewalks, but the rider must not exceed seven m.p.h., must yield to pedestrians and must give an audible warning before passing a pedestrian.

When a bicycle enters a roadway, it must yield to all approaching vehicles. If there is a bikeway, the cyclist cannot ride on the street except when the bikeway does not run his way, or when traveling southward on Airport Road between Estes Drive and Airport Drive.

At intersections cyclists using bikelanes or paths have



Keep to the right of the highway

the right of way over vehicles making turning movements from parallel lanes of the roadway. To make a left turn from a bikeway, observe all traffic signals and proceed to Point A (see diagram). Wait for the green light, or a break in the traffic if there is no signal, and proceed with the flow of traffic.

When riding at night, a bicycle must have a headlight visible from 300 feet and a red light or reflector visible from 200 feet.

Finally, all bicycles owned by persons living in Chapel Hill must be registered. This can be done at the Police Department or Fire Station.

- Advice for the day:
- 1) Bicycle riders must obey all traffic laws.
 - 2) Remember that the most treacherous place for bicycles is intersections.
 - 3) Be sure to yield right of way to pedestrians.



Soccer balls are finding their way into more American nets