

# The Daily Tar Heel

90th year of editorial freedom

JOHN DRESCHER, Editor

ANN PETERS, Managing Editor

KERRY DE ROCHI, Associate Editor  
RACHEL PERRY, University Editor  
ALAN CHAPPLE, City Editor  
JIM WRINN, State and National Editor  
LINDA ROBERTSON, Sports Editor

KEN MINGIS, Associate Editor  
ELAINE MCCLATCHEY, Protests Editor  
SUSAN HUDSON, Features Editor  
NISSAN RITTER, Arts Editor  
TERESA CURRY, Spotlight Editor

AL STEELE, Photography Editor

## Thrilling proposal

With sunny skies and a crowd of 18,000 people, Saturday's Chapel Thrill concert was clearly a success. Profits are estimated at between \$22,000 and \$25,000 for an event that has become tangible evidence of Student Government's efforts. The Chapel Thrill committee, charged with organizing the concert, has proved that students can take the initiative and successfully set up a major concert. But the question remains: Should Student Government sponsor the Chapel Thrill concert?

Last year's concert fell through before it had even begun, and two years ago a similar Chapel Thrill lost close to \$8,000. The 1982 concert's success was largely due to the hard work of the Chapel Thrill committee, chaired by Wes Wright. Because of early planning and advance ticket sales, the concert was already within \$1,000 of breaking even on Friday.

Despite the apparent success, problems have arisen largely due to the complex financing needed for the concert. Last week, for example, Chapel Thrill concert funds allocated earlier by the Campus Governing Council were frozen because of five late requisitions. And after the concert ended on Saturday, approximately \$50,000 was used to pay bills without approval of the Student Activities Fund Office, a violation of CGC treasury laws. In planning for last year's concert, squabbling by CGC members over band selection helped contribute to its failure.

Success of the concert now is largely dependent on whomever is appointed by the student body president to head the Chapel Thrill committee. But once appointed, the committee chairman still suffers from restraints imposed by existing CGC laws which prohibit Student Government from sponsoring social events. For Chapel Thrill, the CGC must make an exception to this restriction.

If students want an annual concert and Student Government is willing to risk the funds, then something needs to be done to reduce the chance of an unsuccessful concert. One way of doing this would be to create an entertainment committee similar to one at the University of Tennessee. There, a "Campus Entertainment Board," an organization similar to the Carolina Union's Concert Advisory Board, is responsible for all concerts. A major difference, however, is that UNC's board serves primarily as an advisory role. Much of the actual work of bringing concert acts to Chapel Hill is left to one full-time Union employee.

An independent board, incorporating the best of both the Union and Student Government organizations, would do much to reduce many of the problems facing the Chapel Thrill committee. The CGC could then set up specific treasury laws that would apply to all concerts, eliminating much of the confusion over funding and distribution of money. In addition, the board would provide a background for students interested in setting up concerts. Here they could learn what must be done to insure a successful concert, and students new to the process could get invaluable training.

If students are willing to use their money for Chapel Thrill concerts, then many of the risks involved should be eliminated. Setting up an independent concert board would be a major step in that direction.

## For summer

"Summer's here  
I'm for that  
I've got my rubber sandals  
Got my straw hat  
Drinking cold beer  
Man I'm glad that it's here."

— James Taylor  
from "Summer's Here"

Whew, it's finally here — almost. After exams (see schedule below) summer vacation finally will be here. Like a hard-working student, *The Daily Tar Heel* needs a break for the summer, and so this is our last issue until classes begin in the fall. For those of you who will be hanging around town this summer, either taking summer school classes or just cooling' out, make sure to read our weekly summer publication, *The Tar Heel*. It features the same vicious attacks on Student Government and the administration, and, of course, the same old liberal editorials. Look for it at newsstands everywhere.

If you're heading out of town for the summer, whether for a fast-living, exciting time in New York, Washington or Myrtle Beach, or just back home to Fuquay-Varina, Lizard Lick or Advance, have a good one. If you're graduating (yeech!) we hope you've enjoyed reading the *DTH* as much as we've enjoyed serving you.

We'll be back in August, but for now, summer's here, and we're for that.

### DOONESBURY



by Garry Trudeau

EXAM SCHEDULE	
All 10 a.m. classes on MWF	Mon., May 3; 9 a.m.
All 2 p.m. classes on TTH	Mon., May 3; 2 p.m.
All 5 p.m. classes on MWF;	Tues., May 4; 9 a.m.
*Math 22, 30, 31, 32; *Busi 72	Tues., May 4; 2 p.m.
All 9:30 a.m. classes on TTH	Wed., May 5; 9 a.m.
All 8 a.m. classes on TTH	Wed., May 5; 2 p.m.
All 8 a.m. classes on MWF	Thur., May 6; 9 a.m.
All 9 a.m. classes on MWF	Thur., May 6; 2 p.m.
All 3:30 p.m. classes on TTH;	Fri., May 7; 9 a.m.
*Ling 30	Fri., May 7; 2 p.m.
All 11 a.m. classes on MWF	Sat., May 8; 9 a.m.
All 1 p.m. classes on MWF	Sat., May 8; 2 p.m.
All Fren, Germ, Ital, Port,	Mon., May 10; 9 a.m.
Span 1, 2, 3, 4; Rus 1, 2; *Educ 41	Mon., May 10; 2 p.m.
All 2 p.m. classes on MWF	Tues., May 11; 9 a.m.
All 11 a.m. classes on TTH	Tues., May 11; 2 p.m.
All noon classes on MWF; *Chem 170L, 171L	Wed., May 12; 9 a.m.
All 4 p.m. classes on MWF; *Chem 41L, 42L, *Busi 24, and all classes not otherwise provided for in this schedule	Wed., May 12; 2 p.m.
All 12:30 p.m. classes on TTH	
All 3 p.m. classes on MWF	
All 5 p.m. classes on TTH	

In case of a conflict, the regularly scheduled exam will take precedence over the common exam. Common exams are indicated by an asterisk.

# Vietnam more than a memory

By BEVERLY SHEPARD

Vietnam, 1970.  
For Harvey V. Montford, 32, of Jacksonville, memories of Vietnam are as numerous and diverse as the thousands of American GIs who fought there. "Vietnam was pure hell," Montford said. "Every day you could smell death in the air, wondering are you going to be the one next?"  
You can't run from death. You can't hide. So, you do anything you can to forget it's coming.  
"You had to drink, smoke grass or sniff scag (cocaine) to stay in Vietnam," Montford said.  
Montford's first year in Vietnam was 1970. He spent that year on the front line as a member of the Army's Company D/84th Engineers. Even now, he is able to recall his first air raid.

"The first time was the baddest time because we weren't used to it," Montford said. "(It was) scary. We lost three and 19 of us got hurt."  
"You can't trust nobody," Montford said of survival in Vietnam. "A VC (VietCong) would put a bomb on a 3- or 4-year-old girl and walk the girl up to a bunch of GIs. They didn't care. Life don't mean nothing to them."

But Montford eventually had to trust someone. "The Vietnamese were helpful and I made friends," he said. "That's why I'm alive today."

Eighteen-year-old Dau Thi Nguyen was one such friend. Long, as she is nicknamed, is now Montford's wife and the mother of their three children—Lang Thi, 8, Dau Thi, 4, and eight-week-old Harvey Van Montford II.

Eleven years ago, Long saved Montford's life by warning him against going on a convoy destined for a series of underground mines set by the VietCong.

"If you can get by, do anything, just don't go on that convoy," Montford found himself saying. "(So), I played sick. I couldn't tell the rest of the company. They'd have wanted to know how I got the information."

Montford stayed behind as the rest of the company went on the convoy. Just as Long had warned, the ground mines exploded in their tracks. Some were injured and others—like a young GI in the company only three weeks—were killed.

March, one year later. The bombs of the VietCong lit up the night's skyline. It was during that air raid that a piece of scrap metal hit a human target—firmly lodging itself into Montford's spine.

That injury would prevent him from returning to the front line. Still others, like Thomas, a friend of Montford's from Philadelphia, never returned to the front line.

"When the chopper got ready to come down, it exploded three (ground) mines," Montford said. "Thomas was going to the chopper. And (then) we got live fire and he got killed."



Montford paused. "He had spent 18 months over there. He had three days to go (before going) home."

Only a GI who actually had been in Vietnam could understand the constant fear Montford said.

Today, Montford said he did not watch movies about the Vietnam war because they are not realistic portrayals. In particular, he criticized "The Boys in Company C," in which a group of soldiers used a soccer game as a trade-off for the chance to be sent home.

"We didn't play games for war to get sent home," Montford said. "The only way you got sent home was you got hurt real bad." He paused. "Or you were dead."

From the top shelf of a closet Montford pulled down a shoebox of pictures—pictures that seemed to contradict the death and destruction of the front lines. They were pictures of Vietnamese girls wearing American mini dresses, GIs sipping Budweiser in bars and shirtless soldiers jiving in Vietnam's 130-degree weather.

Still there were other pictures that Montford could not bring home. Some, that had made indelible impressions in his mind. "The (pictures) I had of dead VCs, I couldn't bring them," Montford said. "Customs took them."

"The South Vietnamese used to cut a pole and run it up through (a corpse's) back, pull it up through the neck and hang it up by the road until it rot. That's one small you'll never forget."

Perhaps the greatest ironies American soldiers fell

victim to were those that dealt with the mind. "I loved my job and how I was carrying it out," Montford said of his stay in Vietnam. Montford worked in the mess hall after his injury and later as a security guard.

What Montford hated, however, was that the war should be the reason for his being there.

Like many other GIs, Montford has asked, "What were we there for? That's those people's country and we (Americans) should have left it alone to start with."

Vietnam was only the first of many battles Montford would have yet to fight. These battles included the decision that he, as a black soldier, made in bringing a light-complexioned Vietnamese wife home to a conservative small town in the early 70s, having three children to die at birth or shortly after and finally, having to live with the stigma of being a Vietnam vet.

"When you come back, people look down on you like you did something wrong," Montford said. "Everybody looks down on a Vietnam vet like he's trash."

However, one thing is certain, Montford said. He'd never go to war again.

"I'd run to Canada like the rest and get amnesty," Montford said. "If they draft when (my son) grows up, I'll break his arm to keep him from going."

Beverly Shepard is a senior journalism major from Jacksonville.

# RA job has ups and downs

By KEN MINGIS

You have to be a little crazy to be a resident assistant in a residence hall, but that's OK. It's the only way you can keep your sanity.

Most residents in Everett dorm, where I'm an RA, will tell you I'm a bit off-the-wall — they're right. What they don't know is what it's like for me, how I feel about telling people to shut up, or turn down the music, or when I even do this job anyway. Being an RA can be one of the biggest pains any student can undertake at UNC, but it is also one of the most important.

During the year, I've spent a lot of time wondering whether it was all worth it, whether I made a difference. I'd like to think I did, but when a good part of the job is telling people to be quiet, I'm not so sure.

The thing about being an RA is as much personal as it is public. You learn a lot about yourself. Patience — you've got to have it — if you don't you're in trouble. I've gotten tired of people complaining about the way things are in the dorm, but part of my job is to try and explain why: why we have alarm doors that are locked each night at 7 p.m.; why someone has to turn down their stereo at 3 a.m. because people can't sleep; and why the front door is locked every night so residents should take their key.

I constantly debate with myself about when I should try to be kind, calm and understanding or simply tell one of my residents to take a hike. Many times I have lain in bed at 3 a.m. trying to decide whether to unlock the front door and let someone in, or teach them a lesson by pretending to be asleep. Sometimes I pretend to be asleep.

Another problem is noise. It's 11 p.m. on a Friday and someone's stereo is blaring away. Do I feel like ignoring it, and saying, "Well I'll let it go for a little while." Or do I feel like going by the rules, threatening people with an incident report so they'll be quiet. (I've done both at different times.) The same thing goes for people who come in drunk and loud — which happens a lot. The way I look at it, I'm not here to regulate everybody's behavior; I'm an RA to help make sure people respect each other.

Early in the year, I found myself watching my actions. Like it or not, residents watch you, and they enjoy seeing their RA mess up once in a while. I will never forget the first time I came back from too much partying on Franklin Street. Someone had seen me staggering up the walk (and the bushes) and told the whole dorm that "Mingis is trashed." I turned five shades of red with embarrassment when I opened the door and saw in front of me about 30 guys, laughing and applauding. Somebody even got pictures. All I could think at the time was "Oh my God, oh my God...."

Being an RA isn't always telling people to be quiet or being made fun of. Last semester, strung out on Sudafed and coffee, I was working on a term paper when someone rushed into my room. They told me someone had collapsed in the lobby. I rushed out and found her having a mild seizure. After checking her pulse and breathing, I called the rescue squad and sent someone for the Area Director and my co-RA on third floor. I was scared the whole time. We took care of her until the paramedics came, but needless to say I was a nervous wreck.

One of the better parts of being an RA is the strange things you see. Everett is probably a little more unusual than most dorms but then again, I'm biased. For example, the dorm T-shirts are adorned with the phrase ROGAH. It means the Royal Order of the Gaping A-Holes. No comment. Working on a paper Tuesday night I heard what sounded like singing at 1:30 a.m. Sighing to myself, I went off down the hall to investigate. Five or six guys were standing in front of the television singing the national anthem as the network went off the air. And they say I'm crazy.

Another enjoyable thing about this job I discovered in December. The third floor RA, Jeff, organized a Christmas party for underprivileged kids. Each resident in the dorm was assigned a child to buy gifts for. Santa Claus of course, was a big hit, as were the several members of the basketball team who showed up. The

most important thing though was that the dorm was together — the little kids loved it, and so did the big ones. Sweet.

Those moments made it seem worthwhile this year. But again, there's always a nagging doubt. Last month, all RAs were evaluated. It's a chance for residents to comment on our duties and our performance. One morning I woke up and found an evaluation that had been slid under my door during the night. It read, "Ken Mingis loves his job and it shows. He puts being an RA over everything else...." My head was in the clouds all day. But then came the one that said "Ken Mingis is never in his room. I have never used this RA for anything...." It was one of the few critical ones I got back and it made me mad — not because of the negative comments, but because this guy never came to me, never told me how he felt. I don't know who he is. That's part of the job, too.

Different RAs have different styles. Some go right by the book. I don't. The way I look at it, my goal is not to see how many reports I can write up; it's to keep loud people quiet, stop roommates from hating each other and help my residents survive this place called UNC. It's a pain and it's not always fun.

So what about next year?  
I'll be patrolling the halls as an RA in Mangum.

Ken Mingis is associate editor of *The Daily Tar Heel* and will miss Everett next year.

# Catch a star at Chapel Thrill

By KAREN ROSEN

You have a backstage pass for Chapel Thrill. You know that John Oates has already arrived at the stadium. So how do you get an interview with him when Carolina Union workers and the concert promoter's flunkies are doing everything in their power to keep you away?

You just ask him.  
Oates was standing on the Kenan Field House balcony, sizing up the crowd. I was standing below the balcony with *Daily Tar Heel* photographer Scott Sharpe, and shamelessly gaping at Oates. A kid who had sneaked into the concert asked me if I had any ideas how to get Oates' autograph. Inspiration struck.

"Hey John," I yelled up at him. "I'm from the school paper. Mind if I come up and talk to you for a minute?"  
He said, "Come on up," or some such thing, and we were off toward the other side of the field house. "Can I come, too?" asked the kid. "Sure."

As Oates met us at the door, we got a dirty look from the Union staffer stationed there — the one who had earlier run us off.

Oates was friendly in a reserved sort of way. He wasn't going to volunteer any information, so I had to try to pry it out of him. I looked him in the eye — I'm 5 feet 5 inches tall so draw your own conclusions — and spit out some questions. Most of his answers were along the lines of "It looks like a great day." A typical exchange went like this:

"You've produced your last two albums yourselves. How's that working out?"  
"It seems to be working well."  
"How's that, can you give an example?"  
"We have a lot more success now."  
"People simply like what we do. We came into sync

with the times and the times came into sync with us."

As we talked, Scott was furiously taking pictures, and the guard at the door was just plain furious. Oates made me nervous by watching me scribble onto the notepad as if he really thought he could read my illegible handwriting.

I closed the interview, figuring that Daryl Hall would be arriving soon in his limo and might be more quotable. Scott and I planted ourselves below the balcony again, and watched Oates film the crowd with a movie camera.

A few Joan Jett clones in black jumpsuits and unruly black hair were wandering around outside the locker room, but the genuine Joan wasn't hard to pick out. She was still wearing her red sneakers.

Joan looks like someone who would beat up a reporter who asked stupid questions, or at the very least sic the Blackhearts after me. She had me fooled. Joan is a personable, casual woman who was explaining to someone that she hadn't been measured since she was about 13. She's one of the few people shorter than Oates.

Joan's manager said "no pictures" since she wasn't dressed right. What about a head shot? He offered us a promotion picture, explaining that they had had trouble with photographers selling old pictures of Joan, and especially a certain picture in *Playboy* of Joan Jett in a bathtub. But it wasn't Joan. "Her mother cried," the manager said.

Joan lets him handle all the dirty work in refusing the pictures.

"I'm still on automatic pilot," Joan said as we chatted. Her voice is deep, but not as coarse as you might expect. Her Northern accent contributes to her tough persona. Her makeup was definitely caked on. That's to hide a complexion that wouldn't qualify her for Cheryl Tieg's Cover Girl job, and also to combat the bright light.

"The crowd was — wonderful," she said, using a word that started with "f."

"Everybody's out in the sun. They have beer, I don't. I drink Gatorade. The athletes'll love to hear that." Hoarse laugh.

"The biggest concert we ever headlined had 27,000 people," she said. "It was on Long Island, where we're like the Beatles."

What would be the best thing anyone could say about a Joan Jett concert?

"Let me tell you what we try and do. We try to get the audience involved by having them sing. If they say, 'I went to see Joan Jett and the Blackhearts and they were, you know, good,' that's a normal statement. I want them to say, 'I was involved.' It's hard to do in a situation like this where the kids are so far away."

Joan is lucky the kids weren't any closer, given the question she asked me. "I was curious about the beer cans," she said. "They were landing about 50 feet away from the stage and I was wondering if they didn't like us." I assured her that wasn't the case. "Oh, then they were just grooving." It still didn't seem to set too well with her, but she said, "I guess I'd be doing the same thing."

"Was this concert free?" she asked.

"Are you kidding?"

"Why waste money if you're not going to come and have fun?"

Then my groupie instincts took over. "I'm a fan as well as a reporter," I said, handing her my pad and pen.

"What's your name? Oh yeah, you told me."

She signed, "To Karen, Lots of Love, Joan Jett," with a star next to her name. She's a performer who appreciates her fans.

Karen Rosen, a junior journalism and economics major from Auburn, Ala., is a staff writer for *The Daily Tar Heel*.