

The Daily Tar Heel

90th year of editorial freedom

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Red scare

No one can pull the wool over Sen. Jeremiah Denton's eyes. No siree. When 11 organizations recently launched a nationwide campaign to name Oct. 10 "National Peace Day," it must have been a communist plot. For sure.

At least Denton thought so. Two weeks ago — with a flair that would have made Joseph McCarthy proud — Denton took the Senate floor, claiming "Peaceday 1982" was the "sucker deal we're all falling for." The Alabama senator clearly saw red.

The sponsor of the peace day was Peace Links, an organization that has boasted members such as former first lady Rosalynn Carter and Sharon Rockefeller, wife of West Virginia Gov. John D. Rockefeller IV. But Denton contends Peace Links is tied to Soviet-controlled organizations. "The amendment is not innocent, but will give aid and comfort to the enemies of this country," he said.

Denton overstepped his bounds. Several senators' wives were linked to Peace Links, and they didn't like what Denton had to say. One senator then denounced Denton's actions as examples of the "demons that rattle through the minds" of some Senate members. One said Denton was "confused." Still another added, "I say to the senator from Alabama, shame on you."

In fact, only two senators supported Denton's statements: North Carolina senators Jesse Helms and John East. Surprise. Apparently the duo felt that serving as a Vietnam prisoner of war for seven years, as Denton did, exempts one from criticism. Helms spoke of the brutal tortures Denton had to endure at the hands of the heathen communists. East was appalled that senators would want to taint Denton with criticism. "I do not know of any man in this chamber that I revere more than Jeremiah Denton, who spent seven years in a communist prison camp and held firm," East said.

Denton's Vietnam experience proves he's demonstrated his patriotism in a way few people have. And he may know more about communist-controlled terrorism than the rest of the Senate members. But there's no evidence that "Peaceday 1982" was a communist-controlled "sucker deal." Denton's own proven patriotism does not give him the right to question the patriotism and intelligence of his fellow Senate members.

Battle of the buns

Hold the pickles, hold the lettuce, all this rhetoric does upset us. The war of words about who makes the best hamburgers continued last week as the big three fast-food chains took their battle of the buns to court. At stake is a final decision on which is better: McDonald's, Burger King or Wendy's.

It's a whopper of a controversy. Burger King touched off the taste-bud war when it began running TV commercials claiming it made bigger, better-tasting hamburgers than the leading competitor, McDonald's. Burger King burgers, the ads claimed, were 20 percent bigger and were grilled, not fried. The McFight was on.

After Burger King refused to turn over the results of an "independent" taste test showing its burgers to be No. 1, McDonald's sued. A federal judge ordered Burger King to turn over the information, but allowed the commercials to begin anyway. Then the grease really started to fly.

Not to be out-taste-tested, third-place Wendy's challenged its competitors to a nation-wide burger tasting test. When that challenge elicited no palatable response, Wendy's filed suit against Burger King, too.

Amid charges and countercharges, the decision on who's the best burger-maker will now be left up to a handful of federal court judges. There's only one problem with that: The judges know so little about fast-food burgers. Have you ever seen a federal judge have a McFit and take off for a McDonald's burger and fries?

Burger King tried to have it its own way by running the controversial ads, but that only resulted in a court battle. The real decision should be made by the very people who eat the things: college students. No one else knows which is best: a Whopper, a Double from Wendy's or a McFeast. But any self-respecting college student who's learned to manage a budget could tell you in a minute that the best burger comes from Wendy's. They're made the old-fashioned way, big and juicy.

Come on guys, we deserve a break today. Take the burger battle out of court and put it on the table, where it belongs. That way, no one will get burned. There ain't no reason to do anything else.

The Daily Tar Heel

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'We were in an accident...'

By KEN MINGIS

"Ken, can you come by here and pick us up? We're at Wake County Medical Center. We were in a little accident today."

I was at home in Raleigh, getting ready to go running, when the phone rang. It was 9 p.m. Wednesday, the first day of Fall Break. Four friends of mine, all UNC students on their way to Florida, had been in a car wreck an hour after leaving Chapel Hill. Two of the guys were thrown around the car; the other two were hurt more seriously. The car, a new Toyota, was totaled.

"I never saw what happened. I looked down at the speedometer for a second, and when I looked up, there was this green thing right in front of me."

U.S. 70 East is a wide, four-lane stretch of road running between Raleigh and the Atlantic coast. A grassy median separates the eastbound and westbound lanes. Michael, Randy, Mark and Dave (not their real names) left Chapel Hill about 2:30 Wednesday afternoon. Michael was driving. Randy was beside him; Mark and Dave were in the back seat. Michael's 1982 Toyota Celica had less than 5,000 miles on it.

"We were incredibly lucky. Just outside of Chapel Hill, Michael told us to hook up our seatbelts. It was like God said something to him. Can you imagine God saying anything through Michael?"

The car rambled easily down the highway, its speedometer needle stuck at 60 mph. East of Raleigh, U.S. 70 rolled into rural North Carolina, cutting across dried cornfields and rows of cotton. Just across the Johnson County line, the Toyota climbed a small hill, then dropped down the other side toward the town of Clayton.

Nobody in the car saw the green pick-up truck up ahead. Michael saw the accident coming a split-second before the two vehicles hit — he didn't get a chance to hit the brakes. There were skid marks only where the

Nobody in the car saw the green pick-up truck up ahead. Michael saw the accident coming a split-second before the two vehicles hit — he didn't get a chance to hit the brakes.

car spun across both eastbound lanes. Seconds later, it stopped in the median, resting at a crazy angle and facing back toward the direction from which it had come. The left front of the car was crushed back to the dash; the hood was rolled back to the windshield. It was 3:30 p.m.

"I don't even remember the impact. I just remember getting out of the car and having to drag Mark out of the back seat. And I yelled at Randy to get Dave out. I was afraid it was going to catch fire."

Michael and Randy had several cuts and bruises, mainly on their legs. Dave, who had been sitting on the right side of the back seat, lay on the ground moaning, "Oh my God, Oh my God." Beside him stood Mark, his eyes slightly glazed, blood pouring from his mouth. The driver of the truck, which was owned by N.C. State University, seemed to be all right, but his vehicle was also a total loss. Michael was charged with reckless driving.

About five or six minutes ticked off before the first ambulance from Clayton popped over the hill and came barreling toward the wreck. At first, the paramedics thought Dave had a ruptured spleen. He and Mark, who had almost bitten off his tongue, were loaded on an ambulance. It took off for Wake Medical Center in Raleigh, 20 miles away. Randy and Michael followed in a second ambulance. A tow truck pulled what was left of the Toyota to a nearby garage.

"They kept telling us that the seatbelts saved our lives. Three people told me that: the paramedics, the nurse and the doctors."

On the way to the hospital, I wondered how they would look — my friends who had been in a wreck. Bloody? Pale? The last time I had seen them had been at school.

After a battery of X-rays at the hospital, doctors decided that Michael and Randy were all right. Mark's tongue was stitched up and a nurse stuck a bandage on his cut chin. Dave, the most seriously injured, was sent from X-ray to more tests. The others waited, trying to figure out what to do.

"It kept getting worse. First, they told us Mark had cut his tongue. Then they said it was a bad cut. Then they told us he had almost severed it. It was the same with Dave. At first they said he had just bruised himself. Then they wanted to run more tests. Then they took him to exploratory surgery."

By now, several hours had passed since the wreck. Dave's parents had been called and his father was on his way to the hospital. Michael's parents made plans to come to Chapel Hill the next day. Mark's parents were out of town; Randy called me to pick them up.

On the way to the hospital, I wondered how they would look — my friends who had been in a wreck. Bloody? Pale? The last time I had seen them had been at school. And how was Dave? Was it bad? A thousand questions.

About 11:30 p.m., the doctor who had operated on Dave walked into the waiting room. The seatbelt Dave had been wearing had bruised his colon and injured his intestine, but he would be okay within a week or so.

Mark and Randy, still wearing blood spattered clothes, sat half-watching a television when I walked in. They looked numb. As soon as we got the thumbs-up sign on Dave, we left for Chapel Hill. There was nothing else we could do.

Mark and Randy were still in semi-shock. In the 75-degree, humid night, both complained of being cold. To keep them warm, we turned the car heater on full-blast, rolled up the windows and slipped back into Chapel Hill. They had been gone less than 10 hours. When they got out of the car, all three moved like old men, rising slowly to their feet. Mark leaned heavily on me walking to the apartment. When we got inside, he wrote:

"Did you know that my lower lip was ripped from my lower gum? Many stitches. Also, my tongue was almost completely cut off. Wow!"

He took a pain pill and went to bed, making sucking sounds as he breathed. Randy collapsed in a pile under the covers, his teeth chattering. But Michael was restless and couldn't sleep. He talked about the acci-

dent, as if talking could make it all go away.

The next morning, Michael and I went to Franklin Street to pick up a few magazines for Dave. Michael picked up where the conversation had stopped at 1 a.m.

"I don't think I got 10 minutes of sleep last night. I kept hearing Mark sucking in air. After I went to bed, I cried for an hour."

The wreck had unnerved Randy, too. On the way back to the hospital to see Dave, he said he also had trouble getting to sleep. Mark decided to stay at the

apartment, but on our way out, he asked us to pick up some food: lime Jell-O and Gerber baby food. It was all he could eat.

"Right after I went to bed, I was having really strange thoughts. You've heard of the saying, that if a tree falls in a forest and nobody's there to hear it, does it make a sound? Last night I was thinking, if I die here in this bedroom, and no one's around, does that mean I'm not really dead?"

At Wake Memorial Hospital, Dave was half-sitting up in the bed. He drifted awake, then slid back into sleep. A tube was rammed down his throat to collect stomach fluids, while another dripped Ringer's lactate solution into his arm. Every once in a while, he would jump, and yell, from the pain. A pillow straddled his abdomen.

There's nothing scarier than seeing a friend lying in one of those sterile, white hospital beds. There's little you can really do for them. We stood there watching Dave, waiting, almost expecting something to happen, ready to jump if it did. We glanced at each other, turned back to Dave, spoke with his father, watched, and after a few minutes, left. Michael and Randy had to get their luggage out of the half-Toyota that remained from the wreck. Neither could remember how it really looked.

The Toyota sat in the back of the garage where it had been dropped by the tow truck. The front end was crumpled completely, but the interior was surprisingly intact, considering the crash. Blood drops, now dried to a rust-brown color, spotted the back seat and the door. Cassette tapes, keys, flip-flops, shoes and clothes were scattered over the black-carpeted floor. In the front floorboard, next to the gas pedal, lay Dave's glasses.

The garage owner walked up to Michael. "Were any of you boys driving?"

"I was."
"You sure were lucky on that one."
Michael slowly bent down to pick up a tape.
"Yeah."

Michael and Randy are back at UNC. Mark is supposed to have his stitches taken out today or tomorrow. And Dave is stuck in a hospital in Raleigh. He should be out sometime this week.

Michael's Toyota still sits in the dirt behind a garage on U.S. 70, stripped of the personal belongings that made it Michael's. At the site of the wreck, two median markers are bent over, almost touching the grass. Swirled around the median are tire tracks.

Ken Mingis, a senior journalism and political science major from Raleigh, is associate editor of The Daily Tar Heel.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Democrats lack political spine

To the editor:

Two recent expressions of opinion, an editorial titled "Helms on Hold" (DTH, Sept. 27) and Harry Kaplan's letter "Make Opinion Count" (DTH, Sept. 29) deserve a reply. Both incorrectly stated modern issues and the Republican response to them.

In the editorial, the DTH wrongly claimed that Sen. Jesse Helms, R-N.C., used dirty tricks and deliberately delayed abortion and prayer legislation until the end of the legislative term. This simply is not true. Helms and other pro-life and pro-prayer senators have tried to bring those important issues before Congress all year long. The delay was caused, not by Helms, but by the Democratic leadership in the House and the spineless majority leader of the Senate. There is no justification to blame Helms for the delay.

I also disagree with the use of the term "government-imposed morality" used in the editorial. That is semantic nonsense. One Helms proposal would merely return to the states the power they enjoyed for two hundred years to regulate abortion. Abortion, like all civil rights issues, does have its moral aspect, but the government imposition occurred nine years ago when seven arrogant old men created a new "right" out of thin air and contradicted the will of 50 elected state legislatures. Abortion legislation is no more an imposition of morality than the 14th amendment.

The prayer bill would merely have eliminated the ridiculous cases where federal judges have decreed an end to Christmas carols and voluntary prayer on school property. One wonders why Sen. Helms, who has the support of 75 percent of the American people on this issue, is seen as imposing while the little dictators of the federal judiciary are not.

As for Kaplan's letter asking us to vote for the Democrats, one need only carry a few of his points to their logical end.

High interest rates do smother business. That is why we should thank God we now have a Republican president. In less than two years Reagan has managed to bring Jimmy Carter's record interest rates down to 13 percent. Surely we don't want to return to Carter's historic rates.

Kaplan is correct in saying that Democrats have no predetermined political beliefs. The fact is that the Democratic party stands for nothing in particular beyond taxes, regulations and criticism of the current administration.

Kaplan says that, as a Democrat, he is concerned about personal freedom. Very well, what about the freedom to use sac-

CHARNE OR LAET-LE?

OF THE

BELOW GROUND, LIKE THE VIETNAM JOB?



'NEVER MIND THE WAR POWERS RESOLUTION, MY BOY — IF WE GET STUCK OUT THERE, CONGRESS WILL BUILD YOU A NICE MONUMENT.'

charne or laet-le? What about the freedom not to use airbags in one's automobile? What about the freedom not to join a union if one so chooses? What about the freedom to choose the educational environment of one's children? What about the freedom to spend one's wages as one sees fit?

Kaplan seems to think that aborting babies and purchasing exploitive pornography are the only freedoms worthy of government protection. The Democratic Party is far from libertarian. Its real concern seems not to be personal freedom, but a desire to see the mystically powerful pronouncements of the federal judiciary receive their proper adoration. They are quite willing to impose busing and end school prayer regardless of public outcry. Only the opinions of the god-like men on the high court matter to them. (The one woman on the court is a judicial conservative.)

There is room for debate within the Republican Party. Leaders like Helms, Sen. Mark Hatfield, R-Ore. and Sen. Barry Goldwater, R-Ariz., often take different approaches to problems. Unlike the Democrats, however, the Republicans have a definite philosophy and program for our country. This is not rigid orthodoxy, but political maturity. The Democrats, who stand for nothing, have no such maturity and as the experience with their leader, Jimmy Carter, illustrates,

they cannot govern in a consistent and competent fashion. Students should vote, not for the rudderless and negative Democrats, but for the party of hope, the Republicans.

Ray Warren Durham

Parking investigation

To the editor:

If you've had your car towed on a football Saturday, you may be interested to know that Student Government is conducting a thorough investigation of the problem. It is unfortunate that students' cars have been towed without prior notification and that students have been greatly inconvenienced.

The questions that we are examining include: Why were students not notified on the day of the towing? Why were spaces granted to the Athletic Department without student comment? Should students be refunded any costs they have incurred as a result of the towing?

If you have had your car towed from any lot on a football Saturday this year we want to know. Please contact me in

the Student Government Office, Suite C of the Carolina Union or call 962-5201.

Terry Bowman, Chairman
Student Government Parking & Transportation Committee

Kennedy's character

To the editor:

Richard Batchelder's letter, "In defense of Kennedy," (DTH, Sept. 30) is an amazing example of selective perception. Richard wants us to "look at the issues" and not be influenced by so-called "defamatory tactics" so we can elect a "much improved legislative body."

Let's look at a very relevant fact. Ted Kennedy was expelled from Harvard for cheating. If someone is going to be dishonest at the college level, should the voters expect any miraculous change in his character at the national level? I think our political institutions have suffered from enough lack of confidence already without dishonoring our nation further by the re-election of a proven cheat and liar such as Ted Kennedy.

However, if Ted Kennedy is a good example of a person who will improve our legislative body, let's elect others of kind. Vote for Richard Nixon.

Avery Abernethy
Chapel Hill