

# 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  
LAURA SEIFERT, News Editor

KEN MINGIS, Associate Editor  
ELAINE MCCLATCHY, Projects Editor  
SUSAN HUDSON, Features Editor  
LEAH TALLEY, Arts Editor  
TERESA CURRY, Weekend Editor  
AL STEELE, Photography Editor

## Pill packaging

Though seven people recently have died from consuming cyanide-laced Tylenol capsules, the death toll could have been higher. From the start the MacNeil Consumer Products Co., the maker of Tylenol, cooperated fully with authorities, and moved quickly to pull possibly contaminated bottles from store shelves. Now it's up to drug-producing companies and the federal government to work together to quickly develop stricter packaging regulations to ensure the safety of over-the-counter drugs.

To its credit, the MacNeil Co. has done much to show concern over the incident. In addition to offering a \$100,000 reward, MacNeil, which is a subsidiary of Johnson and Johnson Co., agreed to exchange all Tylenol capsules with tablets. It also ordered that those capsules be destroyed.

Though part of MacNeil's motivation is good public relations, the company's actions show it appears to have genuine concern for the consumer. Rather than attempting to squelch the story, or to explain away the murders as freak accidents, the company has no plans to put Tylenol capsules back on the market. Because Tylenol was the top-selling painkiller, the loss to MacNeil will be substantial — about \$50 million. To gain public confidence, though, other companies should join the MacNeil Co.'s efforts to develop tamper-resistant packaging for over-the-counter remedies.

Three methods have been proposed as possible solutions: enclosing all bottles of medicine in plastic "blister" seals, placing seals on bottle caps, or sealing the medication in its package.

Already a number of poisonings have occurred outside the Chicago area, the result of "copycat" killers. Last week, a woman's eyes were burned when the eye drops she was using had been replaced with acid. On Sunday, four bottles of Lavaris mouthwash in a Florida town also were found to have been refilled with acid.

Those incidents show that the government and the drug industry must act soon. Health and Human Services Secretary Richard Schweiker correctly said last week that the drug industry's stand on the packaging issue would play a major role in whether effective regulations will be developed.

The MacNeil Co. has done much to try to rebuild consumer confidence in its products. But until the entire drug industry develops guidelines to make over-the-counter drugs safer, that confidence will not be strong.

## STARK NAKED!

*I'm in love with a girl that I'm talking about;  
I'm in love with a girl I can't live without;  
I'm in love, but I sure picked a bad time to be in love . . .*

From "Bad Time"  
by Grand Funk, 1972

Prince Andrew's gone koo-koo. The 22-year-old is in love, but it hasn't been a many splendored thing. At least not since early last week, when he whisked his new girlfriend, movie star Kathleen "Koo" Stark, to the Mustique Island in the Caribbean. Stark, 25, is an actress who's career has spanned from a bit part in "Star Wars" to nude scenes and a gay shower in "The Awakening of Emily."

The trip has made headlines in all the London tabloids. It's made the BBC special reports.

But worst of all, it's made Mom mad. Randy Andy reportedly had to go home. It's a royal screw-up.

The two had tried to be discreet. They took Koo's mom along as chaperone. They traveled under the names Mr. and Mrs. Cambridge. They flew economy.

But nothing worked. Headlines in tabloids read, "QUEEN IN RAGE AT KOO" and "KOO! SHE'S STARKERS." In one report, Koo's cleaning woman said she had seen Andrew leaving the film star's flat on several mornings. "He always looked rather tired," she said.

Now there are new rumors: Andrew is actually in love with another of the female guests on the island. The film star was nothing more than a decoy. Perhaps the prince is afraid of getting cooties.

Freelance reporter Elizabeth Salomon, one of those guests on the island, is trying to sell the "real" story to the tabloid with the highest bid. According to Salomon, the prince spent the weekend trying to put live lobster's down the front of not only Koo's bathing suit, but also those of other female guests. "It was good clean fun," Salomon said.

Whatever the truth, when Randy Andy returns to military duty today, it won't be with any kudos. A movie star who takes it all off is just not the kind of girl you bring home to meet dear old mom — especially when mom is the queen of England.

## The Daily Tar Heel

Assistant Managing Editors: Alison Davis, Leila Dunbar and Karen Haywood

Assistant News Editor: Jeff Hiday

Editorial Assistants: Scott Bolejack, Lucy Hood and Chip Wilson

Contributions Editor: Gelareh Asayesh

News Desk: Greg Boston, Joel Broadway, Bob Kimpleton, Rita Kostecke, Karen Koutsky, Eugene Marx, Eric Nelson, Heidi Owen, Donna Pipes, Sharon Rawlins, Kelly Simmons, Kari Trumbull, Mickey Weaver, Margaret Wood and Maria Zablocki.

News: Cheryl Anderson, Hope Buffington, Stacia Clawson, Tom Conlon, John Conway, Taniara Davis, Ashley Dimmette, Charlie Ellmaker, Mary Evans, Bonnie Foust, Dean Fout, Bonnie Gardner, Steve Griffin, Jeff Hiday, Ivy Hillard, Lucy Holman, Charlotte Holmes, Bob Kimpleton, David Lamberth, Lisbeth Levine, Elizabeth Lucas, Christine Manuel, Alan Marks, Kyle Marshall, Shawn McIntosh, Mary McKee, Melissa Moore, Robert Montgomery, Joseph Olinick, Rosemary Osborn, Sharon Overton, Laurence Pollock, Pamela Pressley, Lisa Pullen, Scott Ralls, Sarah Raper, Cindi Ross, Nancy Rucker, Mike O'Reilly, Kelly Simmons, Susan Snipes, Mark Stinnerford, Susan Sullivan, Lynda Thompson, Evan Truelove, Scott Wharton, and Jim Yardley. Pam Duncan, assistant university editor and Lynn Earley, assistant state and national editor.

Sports: Jackie Blackburn and S.L. Price, assistant sports editors. Frank Abbott, R.L. Bynum, Richard Craver, John Dahl, Michael DeSisti, Jamie Francis, Paul Gardner, Brian Haney, Frank Kennedy, Keith Lee, Draggan Mihalovich, Kathy Norcross, Robyn Norwood, John Pietri, Lew Price, Kurt Rosenberg, Mike Schuur, Eddie Wooten and Tracy Young.

Features: Shelley Block, Karen Fisher, Cindy Haga, Belinda Rollins, Lynsley Rollins, John Rice, Debbi Sykes, Mike Truell, Rosemary Wagner, Randy Walker, Clinton Weaver, and Edith Wooten. Jane Calloway, assistant Weekend editor.

Arts: Jeff Grove and Frank Bruni, assistant arts editors; Ashley Blackwelder, Steve Carr, Jim Clardy, Todd Davis, Jennifer Dykes, Julian Karchmer, David McHugh, Jo Ellen Meekins, Karen Rosen, Marc Routh, David Schmidt and Gigi Sonner.

Graphic Arts: Matt Cooper, Nick Demos, Danny Harrell, Janice Murphy, Vince Steele, Suzanne Turner, Robin Williams and Denise Whalen artists; Thomas Carr, Stretch Ledford, Jeff Neuville, Zane Saunders, Scott Sharpe and John Williams photographers.

Business: Rejeanne V. Caron, business manager; Linda A. Cooper, secretary/receptionist; Lisa Morrell and Anne Sink, bookkeepers; Dawn Welch, circulation/distribution manager; Julie Jones and Angie Wolfe, classifieds.

Advertising: Paula Brewer, advertising manager; Mike Tabor, advertising coordinator; Dee Dee Butler, Harry Hayes, Keith Lee, Terry Lee, Kathy Mardirosian, Jeff McElhane, Doug Robinson and Deana Setzer, ad representatives.

Composition: Frank Porter Graham Composition Division, UNC-CH Printing Department. Printing: Hinton Press, Inc., of Mebane.

# Waiting for tickets no fun

By JOSEPH BERRYHILL

I didn't go to the State game this weekend.

I do not dislike UNC athletics, but I did not need to see pushing and shoving on the field — I saw enough of it waiting in line for tickets.

The game was an important one. N.C. State is our biggest rival. No matter how unevenly matched the teams are, you can expect excitement when they meet on the gridiron.

So a few friends and I got in line to wait for tickets at 3 p.m. last Monday. We were right in front of the north entrance to Carmichael Auditorium. Absurd, passers-by told us. But that was OK, we would have card-section seats for the game. In addition, we planned to have fun.

There were eight of us in the group. We still had to go to classes, but we figured by splitting up time in line we could accomplish that and maybe even get some studying done.

The first night was fun. It didn't rain except for one 20-minute drizzle and everyone was well-behaved. It wasn't even that hard to study if you were near a streetlight or had a flashlight.

But the second night it got worse. Some

of it was fatigue, I guess. It's not easy to sleep in a broken lawn chair in the 55-degree October evening.

But by the time the second night rolled around I was too tired to have fun, and when the Winston dorm resident kept playing the children's record "The Wonderful Thing About Tiggers," I really got irked.

People were louder Tuesday night, and the threat of rain hung over us all. Nearly everyone had some sort of shelter ready to sleep under.

People were drinking more on Tuesday as well. "Friends" who had not waited the day before showed up to drink beer and get a good seat for the game. I went to the Undergrad for an hour or so to get a little studying done, but I came back before midnight. Rumor had it that the athletic department would issue tokens or numbers to those in line at midnight. Ridiculous, I thought, but I made sure to be there.

No tokens were handed out. I wish they had been.

After midnight, things got tense. It seemed like half the line was drunk now. And it was cold. And loud. But we had only one more night to wait.

A scream ran through the line as some pranksters in a car rode by and sprayed water on all those waiting. Real funny, I thought. Where were the campus police? They had been patrolling all night.

At 1:30 a.m., cars, about one every 20 minutes, started riding by, honking their horns. I figured that would get old or that the police would stop it, but it continued all night. Some people screamed obscenities at us as they drove by. So some of us in line fought back. A car went by honking its horn, and the guys behind us in line threw a bucket of ice at them. I didn't think they'd ride by again.

But another car came honking by. It got the ice treatment too, and its window was open. The car stopped. Three guys got out. "Who did it?" one of them asked. "Be a man." I wanted to tell them to shut the hell up and to stick that horn somewhere. But I didn't — they were big.

At least no one had the opportunity to come by and spray water at us again — it was raining now, and everyone was already wet. We took shelter as best we could.

A few uneasy hours of sleep later it was 5 a.m., and things were buzzing. Almost everyone was awake and people began leaving their spots to stand in line. The "line" was now muddled, but still stretched back as far as I could see. I was glad to be near the front.

A light came on inside Carmichael. People pressed forward. Another light, more movement. It was still raining, and I was waiting to get poked in the eye with an umbrella. Only a couple more hours.

Finally, a door opened. At least, I think it did, because everyone moved forward at the sound of a big yell. The attack had begun.

The line stopped. They must have shut the doors. Five minutes passed. Another scream and people pushed forward again. The line was tight now — I was hot and uncomfortable, and I could not move. After another big push, I was crammed in to a larger number of people on the Carmichael steps. A veritable sardine.

There were at least a dozen glass doors up ahead in front of me, but I couldn't see any of them open. People kept pushing. Visions of The Who concert in Cincinnati passed through my mind. Is a ticket worth all of this?

My backpack got torn off my shoulder. I had to pass it to a friend ahead of me in line. I hoped I would see it again. I looked toward the front of the line and one member of my group was 10 feet ahead, arguing with someone. I was waiting for a fight.

I held my girlfriend's hand tightly, mostly because I was scared for both of us. I finally got close to the open door. And then I heard another big yell and I looked behind me to see all of the doors open and all those people behind me rushing in. I turned around and ran in, only to realize I was at the end of the line. What did I wait for? I could have walked up five minutes before and been right there in line.

Our group went to a section in Carmichael to sit. A lot of people were complaining. I thought of the possibility of waiting that much longer to get the ticket.

I went back and sat down in disgust. I was tired, wet, and last. So my girlfriend and I decided to leave. We didn't know if it was the right thing to do; our friends assured us that we would still get good seats. It didn't matter. I just wanted to sleep.

We left Carmichael in time to catch a couple of hours sleep before class. Our friends got tickets in section 24 (roughly equivalent to 13), row K. At least I had some time to study on Saturday.

Joseph Berryhill, a junior journalism and economics major from Charlotte, is a staff writer for The Daily Tar Heel.



Some students waited for up to three nights to get tickets to the NCSU game ... when the doors opened, the people pushed and shoved together as others broke in line

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### 'Go back to the farm'

Dear Technician editor:  
You dummies! You must be from State! As a zoology major from UNC-CH, I easily distinguished that the cow on the front page of this past Friday's edition is a male and not a "she." Go back to the farm!

Chuck James  
315 Graham

From personal experience, there is nothing more aggravating than having to pick up after supposedly adult people: my sympathy for the folks at the head of the line is diminished by the lack of thoughtful behavior they showed.

So pick up after yourselves, folks, recycle what can be recycled and keep things neat: you'll earn more respect that way.

Daniel F. Read  
Chapel Hill

### Ticket tangle

To the editor:  
Throughout the years the University has been recognized as tops in many areas. However, on Oct. 13, 1982, the University failed to meet its usual high standards.

Although the ticket distribution here has not been outstanding, this time it was worse than usual. First of all, they failed to organize a single-file line. Instead, the students were allowed to spread out into one big chaotic group. Second, there was no control over students breaking in front of others who had come earlier. Next, they opened only one door. Do you know how hard it is trying to fit hundreds of people into one side of a double door? Who in their right mind would allow this? Finally, they did open a second door which only added to the problem of late-comers unjustly obtaining better positions in line.

Being avid Carolina fans, we arrived at noon Monday, Oct. 11, to assure good seats for the Carolina-State game. Due to the inadequate ticket distribution system, we were unfairly treated. Like others, we gave up a lot of our valuable time only to receive tickets for sections 13 and 24. Is this fair? Out of curiosity we inquired to those sitting near us inside of Carmichael when they had arrived in line. Most had arrived at least 24 hours later than we. There must be a better way.

We would like to encourage that measures be taken in future distributions so that this unfairness will not occur again.

Sheryl Hudspeth  
Chapel Hill  
(and five others)

### Little sympathy

To the editor:  
I read with some interest the various complaints and editorializing about waiting in line for football tickets and being deprived by mob violence of the advantage supposedly secured thereby. Leaving aside the merits of waiting two days for tickets to a football game, I must confess that my sympathy for the folks who waited in line for tickets is somewhat limited.

As I rode past Carmichael on my way to class on Wednesday morning, I counted about seven University employees clearing away a litter of empty cans, discarded plastic, papers and other trash. As much as I was amazed by the devotion of these fans to Tar Heel football, I was equally amazed by their inconsiderate, swinish behavior.

As they have pointed out to the line-crashers, life is a cooperative venture and people ought to respect others if they expect things to proceed smoothly. Might I point out to the line-sitters that they should show equal respect to the University staff, passers-by and the world around

### Coverage adequate

To the editor:  
It is with pleasure that I respond to Sidney Mallenbaum's question in his letter "Tell us about it" (DTH, Oct. 12).

Mallenbaum cannot understand why *The Daily Tar Heel* does not cover more national or even international news stories. As he wrote, "Much is happening in the world today (outside of UNC-CH, North Carolina and even the United States). Why not tell us about it?"

The obvious answer to this question is that there are many things happening right here in the UNC community that need coverage. When I read the DTH in the mornings, I look to it as a source of information regarding the campus; information that affects me, that I can relate to. I can

read in-depth coverage of international affairs in any one of the big-city newspapers that are sold right in front of the Carolina Union.

Mallenbaum provides the key when he writes, "A campus paper has a major responsibility to the school community which it serves." This is exactly true. Where else but in the DTH can students find detailed coverage of the new Student Activities Center ("Activities Center to offer more than 'just a basketball stadium'" DTH, Oct. 12), a daily calendar of campus events, informative editorials on University policies and a forum for the exchange of student opinion?

I encourage the staff of the DTH to maintain its excellent coverage of University-related events. I encourage Mallenbaum to obtain a subscription to the *Greensboro Daily News*, as I have. It is a good source of information regarding international events.

David A. Zubl  
223 Connor

### Questions for Cobey

To the editor:  
Your prominent, front-page article on candidate Bill Cobey, ("Cobey emphasizes experience as businessman administrator"

DTH, Oct. 12), iterated admirably his campaign promises and his assaults upon candidate Ike Andrews. Aside from citing Cobey's claim that only 17 percent of his total funds come from political action committees and aside from mentioning the services that Helms' Congressional Club is providing without charge, however, the article did not discuss the controversy surrounding the issue of Cobey's funding.

Is it true that an overwhelming percentage of the Cobey's campaign funding comes from outside the 4th District? Is the average donation to the Cobey campaign larger than the average gift to Andrews, which would indicate a narrower but more affluent base for Cobey than his massive funding may imply? How many hefty \$500 to \$1,000 individual donations has Cobey accepted from reactionary fat cats determined to buy themselves another seat in Congress? What have political action committees done to put Cobey in contact with Texan and Southern Californian millionaires in the first place?

A DTH article dealing with these questions and receiving prominence commensurate with your play of Cobey's claims is in order.

Keith Bradsher  
628 Morrison

# Ban all landfills

By CHIP WILSON

The conflict over the dumping of PCB-tainted soil in Warren County has reached its expected conclusion. Soil from 210 miles of North Carolina roadides was transferred to the 20-acre dumpsite more quickly than predicted, despite the series of 15-minute delays caused by protesters lying in the streets.

Barring a victory in the lawsuit Warren County residents filed in federal court, the PCBs will stay buried in Afton. But that doesn't mean the battle was lost completely. Instead, the protesters launched a new war that will be fought on many other fronts.

The next skirmish already is being fought in Anson County, another poor and predominantly black region. This involves a proposal by Chem-Security Corp. to build a dumpsite for waste produced by the micro-electronics industry that Gov. Jim Hunt has been so eager to bring in.

There lies the real dilemma. The state wants the employment benefits big industry could bring, while it shirks the responsibility of dealing with its toxic by-products. Unwilling to pursue permanent solutions, the problem is dumped on someone else.

This is done by building landfills. Instead of seeking out more permanent attempts at on-site detoxification or incineration, state officials would rather hide the problem. Put it away and let someone else deal with it. Even the protesters in Afton shared that mindset by asking why the state didn't send the contaminated soil to an EPA-approved site in Alabama.

Bernard Greenburg, former dean of the UNC School of Public Health, put that attitude into perspective last week at a forum sponsored by Student Government and the Institute for Environmental Studies. "Don't let the people of Alabama have constitutional rights?" Greenburg asked his audience of about 20 people. "We always want to put it one someone else."

Some community always will end up dissatisfied, regardless of where wastes go. But the bigger question lingers over the

necessity of moving the wastes to begin with. Why the hurry? Was there something to hide?

No study has proved definitely that landfills won't leak. Officials explain the benefits of five-foot clay buffer zones and two-inch plastic linings, but they ignore the long shelf life of toxic chemicals. The PCBs will remain in the Afton dumpsite for at least 500 years before losing their potency. That fact alone should expose the short-sightedness of landfills. State officials ignore the potential of erosion, burrowing animals and weather. It doesn't seem totally implausible for three inches of plastic to melt after 182,500 days of the sun's heat.

The legacy of Love Canal shows the ultimate disaster a leaky landfill could provoke. One sincerely hopes it won't take a mass evacuation of hundreds of Afton residents to demonstrate the state's folly. Such a disaster probably won't occur in Warren County because the PCBs comprise only 1 percent of the dirt removed in the state's cleanup of the roadsides.

But that won't necessarily be the case in Anson County — or in the six other counties for which landfills have been proposed for wastes of higher toxicity. The Warren County residents secured a victory of sorts in Hunt's promise of never dumping anything else there. Other counties not benefitting from civil rights leaders lying in their highways might not be as fortunate.

The General Assembly should pass a moratorium on construction of new landfills. This would be a bold move and would require repeal of another law that requires state environmental regulations to be no more stringent than those of the federal government.

A landfill ban would force the state to reject the inadequate solution of hiding toxic chemicals instead of exploring new methods of detoxifying industrial waste. This could discourage some firms from locating in North Carolina, but at least the state won't be taking the easy way out.

Chip Wilson, a senior journalism and political science major from Gastonia, is an editorial assistant for The Daily Tar Heel.