

# The Daily Tar Heel

90th year of editorial freedom

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## Cookout

Beginning next semester, the University's plan to ban various cooking appliances from residence halls will go into effect. The goal is to reduce the chance of a fire in residence halls and to comply with recommendations made by the North Carolina Insurance Commission in May. While University administrators were correct to have moved quickly to develop a new cooking policy, they also should develop a policy that includes upgrading cooking facilities now used in residence halls.

Under the new policy, students will not be allowed to use high heat appliances, such as hot plates, in their rooms. If they are caught doing so, they will be fined and will face possible housing contract suspension. The reason for the University's haste in formulating the new policy is simple: It doesn't want to be held responsible by the insurance commission if a fire breaks out in a residence hall.

At first glance, the policy may look as if University administrators decided to restrict too much too soon. That isn't the case, however. Compared to other schools in the 16-member UNC system, most of which allow no cooking in residence halls, UNC students will still be given freedom to cook some meals in their rooms. If the University is to make its new policy work, however, students will have to be given some alternatives.

Residence hall kitchens, which each handle 100 residents, are not now equipped to handle the increased number of students that will be forced to use them next semester. That problem is further complicated by this year's closing of Chase Cafeteria for renovations.

Some of those students will be served by Chase Cafeteria when it reopens, but that is at least a year away. The immediate problem will be to improve kitchen facilities now provided students. One idea would be to install microwave ovens in each residence hall. Though they would not totally solve the problem, the ovens would be a great help, at a cost to the University of only \$280 each.

Funding for the ovens could come from a number of sources. For example, part of the money for the ovens could come from the fines collected from students caught cooking in their rooms. Funds for the ovens also could come from residence hall enhancement money. The new cooking policy is needed, but in order for it to be effective, the University will have to provide students another option to cooking in their rooms or waiting in line for dorm kitchen facilities.

## Chumps and champs

Some say it was Black Saturday for Carolina athletics. Not only did the UNC basketball team lose its opener to St. John's 78-74 in overtime, but the football team was humiliated 23-17 by Duke.

Those Blue Devils barely broke even this season with a mediocre 6-5 record, yet they totally dominated UNC in the second half. Now the Tar Heels will have to settle for a lousy 3-3 record in the ACC and the best they can finish is 7-4 overall. A 7-4 record for the once 4th-ranked Heels? How embarrassing.

"Even if we win the last three, if we are not playing well, we won't go to a bowl," Coach Dick Crum said Nov. 9.

Well, UNC is going to a bowl, the Sun Bowl, in glamorous El Paso, Texas. The only town worse than El Paso is Juarez, Mexico, which is right across the border.

There's always basketball, right? But UNC stands at 0-1 even before the season is underway. And most of the basketball players, like their counterparts in football, have been limping around for one reason or another.

But UNC's other defending national champions, the ones who don't make television appearances or have their pictures plastered on every piece of available paraphernalia, came through when the men didn't.

The UNC women's soccer team won its second national title in a row Sunday, defeating Central Florida in Orlando, Fla. Striker Stephanie Zeh even played with a broken foot. Furthermore, the team was able to come back after two big mid-season losses.

Those grumbling about UNC's basketball and football failures have missed the point: There is excellence in other sports at UNC, too. Dean Smith has one national title. Soccer coach Anson Dorrance and Co. now have two.

By the way, the UNC women's basketball team won as well, 114-50 over Appalachian State, and the volleyball team successfully defended its ACC title.

UNC has another national championship. This time, however, they won't close down Franklin Street.

- |                        |                           |                        |                              |
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| 5 Formerly, once       | 33 Recent: prof.          | 58 Hide away           | 27 Capri or Man              |
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|                        |                           |                        | 67 Official                  |

Yesterday's Puzzle Solved:

SEARCH JARS SKIN  
 AQUA OREL RIDE  
 GREEN NOVA EWER  
 ESTATE QUOTIDIAN  
 DUNKER  
 GLOD HIDE ABAS  
 AERONIC BODAPOP  
 LINDAS KETTLE  
 CANADIAN CASSELE  
 MIND ATAP VIRE  
 MICORTICE  
 JUNIOSSOLE RANJAH  
 WIND TULE ESTICE  
 VILIO NEON HELON  
 ASKS FRINS ESTES

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# THANKSGIVING

Your home is where the hearth is

By RANDY WALKER

Does anyone remember —  
— Freezers jammed with Breyer's strawberry ice cream and homemade frozen blueberry cream pie?  
— Steaming long baths on Sunday morning?  
— Midnight embers pulsing in your living room fireplace?

If you are like me, you come from a middle-class home, with middle-class parents, middle-class siblings and a middle-class dog. On Tuesday or Wednesday, you will blow off your last class and head for home with an empty stomach and a full laundry basket. How long have you been away? I have not been home since the summer. Come, let's celebrate Thanksgiving.

Wednesday. It already is dark when I pull into the driveway. Yellow light spills from the kitchen window; Mom is cooking dinner. A sting in the air tells me Dad has the fire going. As I walk to the door, a black shape with a jingling collar leaps out of darkness and licks my face. You still remember me.

Thursday: At my grandmother's house, aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, brothers and sisters gather for Thanksgiving dinner. We laugh, we smile. The same blood flows through our veins, we sit together once a year around a table piled with more cornbread, sweet potatoes, peas, squash, ham, turkey, gravy and apple pie than we can possibly eat. We are a lucky people.

Saturday. Back home again, I chop wood in the morning sun. The axe swings true in my hands. Clean air rushes into my lungs, my muscles glow, my skin tingles. I throw sticks for our Labrador retriever.

I love my dorm, but it just doesn't have a fireplace. I haul in wood, light the fire and care for it all day. After everyone has said good night, I curl up in front of the hearth to watch the last embers fade. Our dog breathes softly in the orange glow. Spirits of ancestors creep up within me.

in the kitchen. The luxury of a private room! But can you imagine a private bathroom, with thick carpet, soft heavy towels, and a bathtub? I run hot water until steam pours out, I dissolve into soap and water.

When I come out, a breakfast of pancakes, syrup, bacon, melted cheese, milk, orange juice and the front section of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* waits. I read the paper all morning, stretched out in front of the fire.

Hey God, hey man, I don't even know who you are or anything, I don't even know what I am myself, but hey man, I wanna say one thing: thanks a lot.

Hey, thousand-times-great grandfather, did you crouch beside coals in the night, with your dog at your side, warding off evil spirits? Your dog sleeps beside me, his feet move in a dream. Your fire warms my face. I feel you inside, watching the fire through my eyes, until the fire god flickers to ashes.

I pull myself up and say my dog's name. I put him downstairs, pull the curtains, lock the door and turn out the porch light. I fall asleep in my own bed, like three thousand nights before.

Sunday. I open my eyes and lie still in bed. What time is it? I hear muffled voices and the fan humming

Even now, as a hardened senior, I hate leaving this place. I say goodbye quickly and hit the road. I will eat with my comrades at Carr dorm tonight.

I don't know where I'll be next year, but this year has been going great. Everything has fallen into place. So I say: Hey God, hey man, I don't know what you are or who you are or anything, I don't even know what I am myself, but hey man, I wanna say one thing: thanks a lot.

Randy Walker, a senior journalism major from Richmond, Va., is a staff writer for The Daily Tar Heel.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

# UNC brass won't OK Chapel Thrill

To the editor: While Student Government plans for a Spring 1983 social event for the UNC student body are still in the preliminary stages, it seems appropriate to state the position of the Division of Student Affairs on such an event. The idea of an event held in the latter part of second semester to celebrate the coming of spring and the passing of another academic year is not in question.

Potentially, celebrations can have a positive appeal and can have a unifying effect for the campus. However, the spring event known as Chapel Thrill, as we have experienced it, can no longer be supported and approved by the Division of Student Affairs. This event has contributed to and has been responsible for a considerable amount of human suffering both at the time of the concert and for some persons for the rest of their lives. Additionally, this event can in no way be described as compatible with the goals and mission of this University.

Official reports from various departments within the University have documented the following: The majority of those who have attended Chapel Thrill were not from the University community and had little respect for the University. Persons who did attend the concert were permitted to bring alcoholic beverages and other drugs into the stadium in any quantity. The extensive abuse of alcohol and other drugs led to a high level of rowdy and destructive conduct and a large number of physical injuries and related illnesses.

Almost all of the individuals who were treated at the various aid stations were suffering from the effects of alcohol abuse, and many of these persons were difficult to treat because of their hostile and combative behavior. Of a more serious nature, as a result of Chapel Thrill, one student sustained very serious injuries after falling from an upper deck in Kenan Stadium, and another student suffered permanent visual impairment.

The excessive use of alcohol also led to fighting, the throwing of full beer cans and bottles and a higher than normal DUI ar-

rest rate following the concert. The concert also contributed to the misuse of alcohol by underage teenagers in the Chapel Hill community and surrounding areas.

While there was considerable damage to and loss of property, both University and personal, as a result of the concert, it is insignificant compared to the long-term physical and emotional disabilities sustained during and following Chapel Thrill. The negative manner in which such an event reflects on The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill also is of great concern.

An activity like Chapel Thrill puts a burden on our campus and local law enforcement and medical facilities. When the majority of the resources of these agencies are diverted into Chapel Thrill, it severely

jeopardizes the welfare of the rest of the University and Chapel Hill community.

All of these problems and concerns have reached such a magnitude that the staff of the Division of Student Affairs feels that it can no longer support a spring activity that will be a repeat of what this campus has experienced over the last three years. It isn't enough to say that profits made from a Chapel Thrill will go to charity. The support of a charity should not be made at the expense of a life or the physical and emotional well-being of our students.

The Division of Student Affairs, however, is open to consider proposals for a spring celebration which will affirm life and is consistent with the goals and mission of The University of North Carolina

at Chapel Hill.

Donald A. Boulton  
Vice Chancellor and Dean  
Division of Student Affairs

## Days, not years

To the editor:

I would just like to say that the football strike only seemed like it lasted 57 years, as The Associated Press reported in the story "End to lengthy strike in sight" (*DTH*, Nov. 17). I certainly hope that the *DTH* will once again start proofreading their work. On the other hand, it could fill the void when Doonesbury leaves. Anyway, keep up the mediocre work.

Jay Dominick  
Chapel Hill



YOUR WIFE IS READY. LAST WEEK YOU INADVERTENTLY PROMISED TO GO WITH HER TO THE CIVIC PRESERVATION SOCIETY LECTURE. THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN THE WOMEN'S CLUB AUDITORIUM. WHY, HERE SHE COMES NOW...

## That damn car

By MIKE SHARSKY

I keep a can of oil in my car, just in case. In case of what, you ask? In case my dad looks at me solemnly and says, "Do you have enough oil, son?" the next time I'm about to leave my driveway back home. In my experience, however, a can of spinach is probably as useful. Cars are infinitely complex; the chance that a can of oil will solve any given problem is beyond computation. We all carry little toy tools in our cars, and this gives an illusion of readiness.

The grim truth is that no matter what you lug around in your car, you have almost no hope of on-the-spot repair. After all, you already keep an eye on the oil and water and gas and tires. But what happens when your car dies on the highway? You leap out and check the oil and water and gas and tires again. Naturally, they're fine.

I know the amateur mechanics out there will sneer and say, "I could get my car going again. If you'd just learn something about cars you wouldn't be so helpless." That's fine, if your trunk is packed with expensive tools and someone gives you a lift to a parts shop. But not even Junior Johnson can build a new fuel pump from a can of oil when his car croaks in the middle of nowhere.

Most student cars are of particular interest. Many things can fail that don't prevent transportation. They tend to be permanent because we're too poor to fix them right away, and with a little time we forget a mere inconvenience. Take the cigarette lighter. I have a high-strung friend, the kind who slams doors by instinct. Once, years ago, he jammed a cigarette between his lips and mashed the lighter into its socket.

Some problems are more inconvenient, but still too expensive to justify repair. For instance, my car has a wire-grid rear window defroster. This device developed an interesting short: the defroster only works in warm weather. Cold shrinks something in the wiring and the defroster fails. So out I must go with scraper and rag, until summer rolls around and the defroster thaws out. Cute.

My gauges are a lot of fun, too. The gas needle registers what it damn well pleases, except when it's near empty. It's reliable from one-eighth of a tank down, just good enough so I'll never run out of gas, so there's no reason to spend hundreds on a new gauge. When the problem began, I would glance at the gauge and see, say, less than half a tank. Being a wise motorist, I'd pull off

the highway and step confidently to the self-service pump. In goes the nozzle. Three seconds later, I've filled the tank with 49 cents of regular.

One day my speedometer became erratic. I looked and noted my speed was 60 miles per hour. Moments later, I found the needle resting comfortably at zero. Aghast, I clutched the wheel and locked my right foot, certain I was now doing 80 or 90. This was no inconvenience. This was a damn nuisance. Whenever the needle decided to pop up I ignored it and took clues from the environment. Soon I became quite adept at the shrubbery-per-hour method.

Not satisfied with testing my nerve, the car tried a psychological ploy: the muffler broke. The question the car put to me was, "how long can you stand complete embarrassment?" This kind of failure works by telling everyone within a mile of your car that something is terribly, horribly wrong and you haven't yet fixed it. The car cries out your guilt in a tremendously annoying and yet pathetic way.

Stopped at a light, the car idled asthmatically: chuh-chuh-chuh-chuh-FFFFFFFFSSSSSS-chuh-chuh-chuh-chuh. Cars were behind and around me and it seemed as if hundreds of pedestrians milled at every corner.

The light changed to green. I nudged the accelerator. The car shuddered forward: whumwhumwhumwhum. Forced to speed up, I gritted my teeth and gave her gas. The car let out a roar that rocked me to the bone: FAM-FAMFAMFAMFAMFAMFAM! I had the undivided attention of every living creature in my path. Sweat gathered on my brow. FAMFAMFAMFAMFAMFAM! A hundred yards ahead I saw a cat flatten to the ground and vanish, tail hugely puffed. Someone leaned out a window and grimaced. A group of school children pointed and jeered. Stopped at the next light, I debated just getting out and walking away. Too late. FAMFAM-FAMFAMFAMFAMFAM!

I fixed the muffler. The car had learned, however, that spectacular effects were my weak point so one day, on a curvy hill in a downpour, my windshield wiper flew off. On the upstroke, it simply vanished. Meanwhile, the arm continued to sweep insanely: SCREE-SCREE, SCREE-SCREE, SCREE-SCREE. With the odd calm detachment that grips me in moments of sudden crisis, I noticed the tip of the arm was very gradually engraving a beautifully symmetrical semicircle in the glass. SCREE-SCREE! The road was a drowned blur. I pulled over until the rain stopped.

I fixed that too, dammit. But the car saved its knock-out punch for later. On a highway through Fayetteville, it blew a hose.

I mean, it really blew a hose. One minute I was humming along; the next, wisps of steam were floating through the car, and when I checked the temperature, the needle was half an inch above H and straining for more. By the time I pulled over, it was too late. Water would not save me now — the car had blown the head gasket.

That's the bossman, the big guy, the gasket-in-chief. It keeps the engine from committing suicide by shriveling up in its own heat. With a blown head gasket, the car will consume gallons of water in minutes, and should you be so foolish as to approach a speed faster than a baby's first steps, the engine will crack and melt to slag. And with every foot you drive the engine is straining, clattering, gurgling. The noise of a cooling system turning itself to high pressure steam is indescribable.

The steam must go somewhere. Actually, because the gasket is blown, it goes everywhere. The engine is full of vapor and what doesn't shoot out the exhaust, puffs from under the hood. My car looked exactly like a big purple box, full of boiling water, on wheels. Lurching down the road to a gas station, the car went wuffwuffwuffwuff and belched white clouds from its rear. I created a fog. What someone must have thought, driving suddenly into pea-soup on a sunny day and hearing that mournful clatter ahead, I can't say.

I wonder what's next. There are plenty of possible problems left — the window that goes down and never comes up, the transmission that only goes in reverse, the turn signal that must be blinked manually, and a host of groans, whistles, rattles and screams. With its dramatic history, however, I think the car's finale will be like Oliver Wendell Holmes' wonderful one-hoss shay, the little carriage that at the end of a hundred years did not wear out, but fell apart all at once.

Some day, as I scramble to work, I'll get in the car, slam the door, and just like in the cartoons, the tires will burst, the doors will crash to the ground, the fenders will drop off, the hood and trunk will pop up and with a weary sigh the engine will collapse in a litter of cams and shafts.

Mike Sharsky is a senior English major from Greensboro.