

The Daily Tar Heel

91st year of editorial freedom

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Coming home to Tar Heel state

By JOHN HINTON

When my car died along Interstate 77 in Ohio during a deadly snowstorm, I knew it was over.

I had withstood seven months of Northeast Ohio. The country boy from Raleigh was coming home to stay.

In May, I left UNC with a journalism degree to work in Cleveland as an intern at *The Plain Dealer*. The many facets of big city journalism awaited me, and I was eager to learn them. Cleveland is a typical fast-paced northern city with traffic jams, air pollution, union battles, high taxes and ethnic foods. During my three months there, the natives suffered through what they called a hot summer. The temperatures hovered in the low 90s.

Most people didn't have air conditioners in their homes or cars, and they cooked in the heat. I couldn't understand what all the fuss was about. I asked my co-workers, "Why are y'all panicking over 90-degree heat? Down in Raleigh, they're living with temperatures near 100 degrees daily with high humidity." My words didn't seem to comfort them.

Every social problem seems to be increased tenfold in the homeland of the Browns. I was greeted daily with street crime, overcrowded hospitals and prisons, teenage mothers, an aggressive police force, bickering politicians and the dismal Indians who again failed to muster a winning season.

I could not drive the streets without dodging the many potholes in the thoroughfare. I was homesick and depressed in a dirty but affluent city. My new friends provided comfort to me, but it was not enough. I missed the smell of Southern cooking, country twang and the Hunt and Helms politics.

In August, I hit the road and moved to Akron. I had landed my first full-time job as a reporter at the *Beacon Journal*. I was excited. After hoppedscotching from desk to desk at three other newspapers, I finally had my own place in the newsroom. But this was also a source of despair. From a nearby window, I saw another filthy but rich place known as the Rubber Capital of the World. Five tire companies including Goodyear have headquarters in Akron.

My excitement waned quickly. I just didn't have any loyalty to the Great Lakes Region, one of the largest industrial areas of the country. I was a persistent critic of the Ohio athletic teams — the Browns, Cavaliers, Indians and Buckeyes. These outfits didn't have the flare of the ACC powerhouses.

Then came the cold. The snow, sub-zero temperatures

and wind chills arrived in mid-November. My colleagues were accustomed to this frigid weather. They laughed at me. Now, I was suffering. My bills and complaints increased. My salary was now directed toward rustproofing and snow tires for my car and winter clothes for me.

It was then that I decided that I would be home by Christmas.

However, I began to second-guess myself. How will this move affect my career? What will my new friends say about my exodus? Do I really need the money?

Then came Dec. 23, 1983, the day I will never forget. I was driving to the Cleveland airport. My 1980 Pinto drifted silently off the road, its carburetor shot, its navigator stranded 25 miles from safety.

I was in deadly trouble. The coldest start of winter in 50 years had gripped the nation. Bone-chilling cold and squalls engulfed my body as I began walking toward Cleveland.

My Christmas vacation was quickly becoming a nightmare. The trucks and cars zoomed by, depositing snow and slush on me. I felt the sting of frostbite in my ears and feet. I said to myself, "What a hell of a Christmas present for my mom — a frozen son!"

After I slammed down an emergency phone that failed

to work, a fellow in a white car stopped and yelled, "Hey, you need a ride?"

I was saved. I jumped into his car and immediately thanked him. He told me he was on his way to see his mother, who was dying of leukemia in a Cleveland hospital.

"I have accepted the fact that she is about to die," he said. "I just want you to remember to give someone a ride the next time you see him in trouble on the road." He was a young man in his 20s with a thick brown mustache. He said he was from Bowling Green, Ky., and had a job in the area. I can't remember his name.

He took me to the airport, where I boarded a jet flying to Raleigh. I made it to my west Raleigh home, where I spent Christmas with my family. Upon returning to Akron, I handed in my resignation. I had had enough.

I will probably return to Akron and Cleveland to visit my friends there. But that will be during the few warm months the area enjoys. Meanwhile, I can't wait for the Carolina springtime.

John Hinton is a 1983 UNC graduate and former staff writer for *The Daily Tar Heel*.

Helping Hearts

In centuries past, almost every death certificate cited heart failure as the cause of death. True enough, there wasn't an individual in question whose heart had not ceased to beat. Today, however, much more is known about the human heart and about when its malfunction is the root, not the consequence, of health problems. Yet another chapter in the study of heart disease, its origin and its prevention was written last week when a 10-year, nationwide federal study, largely coordinated by the UNC School of Public Health, provided what seems to be the first conclusive evidence that a lowering of the level of fatty cholesterol in human blood decreases the risks of heart attack and coronary disease.

The UNC School of Public Health's departments of biostatistics, epidemiology and nutrition were involved in the planning and supervision of the \$150 million study, which involved some 3,800 men and 12 medical centers and showed that for each 1 percent fall in cholesterol levels participants were able to reduce the rate of coronary disease by 2 percent. The UNC team also aided in the analysis of the study's results.

As O. Dale Williams, UNC director of the Central Patient Registry and Coordinating Center and a principal investigator for the study, said Thursday, the results represent the "first hard, solid, unambiguous demonstration" of the link between cholesterol and heart disease. But that is not all the results mark. Heart attack and coronary disease, although not quite as lethal as the villainous "heart failure," still rob their share of human lives. The results of the 10-year Coronary Primary Prevention Trial, designed to find out whether a drug that alters cholesterol levels can decrease heart ailments, provided both an informed warning and a beacon of hope for those who do, or may, suffer from diseases of the heart.

That UNC played an integral role in this landmark research should be a point of great pride for students at the University and a testimony to the national prominence of UNC. The study itself represents an important triumph for this country's medical community. Until now, the phobia surrounding cholesterol — which in recent years has often escalated into a kind of dietary religion among many health nuts — could be discounted by many as speculative and hyperbolic. Now the fear concerning high cholesterol levels has both scientific evidence backing it and a prescription drug that seems to lower cholesterol levels alleviating it. Whether those prone to heart attack and coronary disease will take notice, however, remains to be seen. Just ask the surgeon general about cigarette sales these days.

A royal day

The American tradition is to honor its citizens who have dedicated their lives to their country and its people. The highest honor afforded such men and women is proclaiming a national holiday in their name. Last fall, despite intense criticism from the political and ideological right, namely Sen. Jesse Helms, Congress fulfilled a dream of millions of black and white Americans: Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday became a national holiday.

Though the new law does not take effect until 1986, yesterday's 55th anniversary of King's birthday signalled a new hope as America and Americans struggle to end the old racial barriers that have divided our country for so long. King was the protagonist under whom millions of black and white progressives congregated to push for equality and civil rights for blacks. Though an assassin cut short King's mission, its memory continues to be a vanguard for the future, a time when black and white Americans can discard prejudice and extend their understanding and compassion across racial and cultural lines.



Yolanda King

In recognition of King's birthday and the new national holiday, UNC students, faculty and administrators hosted King's daughter, Yolanda King, at a reception last night. King delivered a speech before the reception, an address at times reminiscent of her father's amazing rhetorical powers. And her message was clear: Although the anniversary is a time for remembering King, it should serve more as a catalyst for continuing change, not as a time to revel in past accomplishments. "The time in which we find ourselves calls not for merriment, but movement," she said. "The dream is still only a dream."

Perhaps one day we'll prove that wrong.

The Daily Tar Heel

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The dangerous game

By STEVEN EPSTEIN

A battalion of pawns, lined up precisely, shone brightly as they guarded the "prestigious" back row. The table was of a marvelous brown porcelain, surely the work of a skilled Chinese craftsman. The small room was silent, a flickering candle the only source of light.

The first player, devoid of coat and tie

and usual smile, sat studying his vast army of black men.

Gazing intently, his opponent nonchalantly moved a white pawn forward. "It's your move, Ron," he said in a husky, somewhat malicious voice.

Deep in thought, the black player raised his hand to move; he stopped. Closing his eyes, thoughts of submission entered his mind. "Appeasement?" he thought. "Never." Swiftly he moved a pawn of his own and his face brightened at the sight

of his opponent's grimace.

On it went. Several times one or the other rose to pace his side of the room, nervously. Both were thinking the same thing: "Let's stop this now, before it gets out of hand." However, not a word was said after the initial confrontation. As much as both wanted to speak, it was too late. There was no turning back.

The two continually monitored the depletion of their forces; each made sure the casualties were just as great on the opposing side.

Now standing idly around the perimeter of the game board were the once brilliant pieces — the imposing bishops, the gallant knights, the sturdy castles; they had lost all luster by now. They appeared to be looking on with abhorrence, unpatriotically hoping for the defeat of their own king.

Finally, there were but four pieces remaining. By this time, the two players had unbuttoned their shirts, as sweat poured down their arms and chests.

The white player's hand trembled violently as he positioned his queen into a seemingly invulnerable position. Clearing his throat, he announced in a rasping, but almost inaudible voice, "Check."

The black player, puzzled, looked at the nearly barren playing board, and relieved his king of the terminal threat.

Once again, his opponent moved his queen into "check." Again, he countered.

On and on they went. Then, the white player, plagued by fatigue, stumbled. The black player valiantly attacked, declaring "check" on his worthy adversary. This time, his opponent, on the defensive, successfully countered. Again black pursued. Again white countered.

It was 6:30 a.m. before the two realized that another day might be necessary.

Both men, quaking at the knees and twitching nervously, made their way to the window to view the sunrise.

The sun, however, did not come up this morning; nor did it midday, nor evening. Curious, the leaders of the two world powers abandoned their contest and ventured outside guided by the nearly extinguished candle. They witnessed body piled upon bloody body — skin shredded, limbs scattered, bones broken, heads crushed and eviscerated corpses lying, gruesome, on the ground.

Vomiting inelegantly, the two wise leaders were startled by a blinding light in the now-brownish-blue sky. It approached them quickly. They were sure it was an ICBM headed directly for where they were standing. Tearfully, the two kneeled down, grasped each other's hand and cried out, "Good Lord, let us have peace." Then, the missile landed — not far from them; but there was no explosion; it was a dud.

Steven Epstein is a sophomore political science major from Oceanside, N.Y.



I STILL THINK HAVING ANDROPOV HERE AT THE PARADE IS GOOD FOR MORALE...

Labels would signify the offensive

By WAYNE THOMPSON

U.S. District Judge L. Clure Morton in Nashville, Tenn., may have found a way to stop car theft, speeding, shoplifting — maybe even rudeness — with his unique sentence of Henry Lee McDonald, 34, of Jamestown, Tenn.

McDonald received a suspended sentence — three years probation — for receiving and concealing a stolen car. But he didn't get away from the law that easily, a fact made plain by a sign, 5 feet by 4 feet, which now sticks realtor-style in his front yard, just a few feet away from busy Highway 127 in Fentress County, Tenn. The black sign proclaims in 4-inch white capital letters: "HENRY LEE MCDONALD BOUGHT A STOLEN CAR. HE IS A THIEF."

Cruel and unusual punishment? Not according to Judge Morton, who also ordered McDonald to display the sign for 30 days. A U.S. probation officer will check the yard twice a week to make sure that McDonald doesn't uproot the advertisement of his crime.

Judge Morton may have stumbled here upon the cure-all for bad behavior. Just look at what the ramifications would be on the highway. Nobody likes a

bad driver — the little old lady who goes 35 mph on Interstate 85, the guy who screeches down the on-ramp, but slams on the brakes when you slow down to let him in, the overworked father in the station wagon who motions for you to pass and then speeds up because the kids start screaming for a sundae at McDonald's.

Road Hazard Behind The Wheel."

Since the disgraced motorist might try to circumvent the law with a trip to Avis, authorities would provide rental car companies with temporary, removable signs, which could be put on when Mr. or Ms. Road Hazard comes to call.

Labels could also work with speeders. County

Imagine working at Belk's and seeing someone come in with an "I'm A Shoplifter" sign dangling from around his neck.

A page out of Morton's book would solve the problem of the bad driver for good. Upon contact of a bad driver, the good driver would call a toll-free number and register the license tags. A proper law enforcement agency would keep a list of these reports and make note of all the professional bad drivers out there. Five reports per week might be a good number to shoot for here.

A squad car would then visit these people and affix to the side of every car in their garage, driveway or in the yard on cinder blocks a white sticker, 2 feet by 4 feet, with black letters, reading: "Beware: N.C.

Mounties, Bears and Smokies nationwide rely on radar guns now that can't tell the difference between one of us good drivers and one of them bad drivers. But make an "I Speed" sticker accompany a ticket and watch all that change. The only drawback here is that speeders might stop driving — a move that would put Lee Iacocca on welfare and a number of towns on the road to Myrtle Beach, S.C., out of business.

What a job labels could do on shoplifters. Imagine working at Belk's and seeing someone come in with an "I'm A Shoplifter" sign dangling from around his neck. Would you let that person go unnoticed into the dressing room with 10 garments?

But perhaps the best application of labels would be to rude people. *Webster's New World Dictionary* describes a rude person as "barbarous, primitive, unskillful." Rude people pull out in front of you and laugh when your car goes off the road and over the bank. Rude people get the last tickets to the Police concert and then turn around and tell you, snickering, that they got the last tickets when you waited in line for 10 hours. Rude people would be reported just like bad drivers. Perennial rudeness would be rewarded with an "I'm Rude" sticker, displayed on the offender's garment, regardless of season or weather conditions. It wouldn't be safe for the Rudies to walk the streets.

Some might say this labeling stuff is worthless. But I ask you: Would you seriously consider marriage with a woman wearing an "I've dumped five fiancés" sign?

Wayne Thompson, a senior journalism major from Roanoke, Va., is a staff writer for *The Daily Tar Heel*.

