

The Daily Tar Heel

93rd year of editorial freedom

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True to form

In keeping with its nature and its purpose, the University is obligated to inculcate a love

for academic pursuits and respect for the values of academic integrity upon which they rest. It is also obligated to protect the community from those who, for whatever reason, do not embody these values in their conduct. — The Instrument of Student Judicial Governance for the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

Yet the administrative office responsible for this code of ethics consistently grinds integrity underfoot.

The Division of Student Affairs, headed by Vice Chancellor Donald Boulton, has seen fit to operate within a closed system of ethics for far too long. Insulated from being answerable for statements, actions and decisions, the division has been able to dismiss the spirit of "academic integrity" from its dealings with student organizations.

The latest instance of the division's authoritative rewriting of ethics was revealed last Friday at a Campus Y Executive Board meeting. At the meeting, Associate Director of the Campus Y George Gamble made public the terms under which he had been allowed to remain in his position late last November.

Gamble says he was coerced into signing a letter of resignation dated May 15, 1986, in order to retain his position temporarily. The date Gamble cites comes as no surprise — by that time, of course, most students will have departed for the summer, leaving effective recourse behind.

Gamble was informed just before Fall

Editorialist's column

The desecration of Lee

This past weekend marked the first national observance of the birthday of civil rights leader Martin Luther King Jr. It also marked, with much less fanfare, the birthday of Civil War Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Lee's misfortune was to side with rebels who lost. The victors who wrote the histories would have consigned him to infamy. Yet however vehemently Northern statesman at the time may have branded him a traitor and a renegade, the truth is that Lee was bitterly torn between loyalties to nation and state, between pride in his uniform and a desire for peace.

"With all my devotion to the Union," Lee wrote, "and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home."

During the crucial days of April 1861, Lee was to write many times — to family members and those both north and south who would have commanded his service — "Save in defense of my native State, I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword."

Lee was the quintessential Southern gentleman, driven by considerations of honor and duty. Like George Washington before him, whom Lee greatly admired and sought to emulate, Lee found himself compelled to take arms against a government he had previously served. Honor kept the professional soldier from refusing to fight for either side, from remaining uncommitted. Duty required that the Virginian place the integrity of his state over that of his nation.

Those sublime qualities of Lee's troubled conscience were his hallmark, and they are his enduring legacy to the South. They caused one historian to call him "a gentleman to perfection, for his career sealed him as a martyr to the service of duty and humanity alone, and as the redeemer of the American nation."

It is therefore angering to witness the desecrations of his honor and sacrifice that are perpetrated by white supremacist groups who seek to enlist Lee's memory to their vile cause. This weekend, such groups rallied in North Carolina and elsewhere in the country,

Break that he would be dismissed by Campus Y Director Zenobia Hatcher-Wilson effective Jan. 6, 1986. Boulton approved the decision. Students voicing their support for Gamble soon found themselves focusing on a history of ethical corner-cutting exhibited by the Division of Student Affairs — in cases such as the mandatory meal plan and the Black Cultural Center.

Finally, on Nov. 25, Hatcher-Wilson appeared to concede to student wishes. A statement she released indicated that she and Gamble had reached a mutually acceptable agreement after a marathon meeting with Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs Edith Wiggins and Campus Y Advisory Board members George Lensing and Maria Young.

"Mr. Gamble will remain in his position beyond January 6, 1986," the ambiguously worded statement read. "An important condition of the change is our agreement not to discuss publicly (sic) the terms under which I am allowing Mr. Gamble to remain."

Today we know the details of the condition cited above — that Gamble should sign away his own position. And we must judge Hatcher-Wilson and the Division of Student Affairs upon our own terms. To quote from the *Instrument* again:

Even a narrow view of the educational process must concede that the activities of students as well as other members of the University community outside the classroom influence that process. The intellectual atmosphere of the campus is, in large measure, set by the tone of non-academic functions insofar as they foster self-development and maturity which derive from the responsible exercise of freedom.

combining a commemoration of Lee's birth with condemnation of the King holiday.

It is desecration when they link racist divisiveness to a man who thought secession the greatest calamity America could face, who called slavery "a moral evil" and who freed his slaves.

It is desecration when these men, with their automatic weapons and fascist salutes, preach violence, bigotry and hatred. They dishonor a reluctant warrior who refrained from joining the Confederate Army until war had broken out and Union forces were marching on Richmond, a man who wrote, "I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed."

It is desecration when these men continue an immoral struggle, defying the spirit in which Lee surrendered his army and ended the Civil War: "It is the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or General Governments directed to that object."

The historian Charles Francis Adams admitted that during the war, he could imagine no better news than hearing that Lee had met the same fate as Stonewall Jackson. Yet Adams was later to write that the dignity with which Lee surrendered, and the peaceful cooperation he urged on his troops, kept violence and senseless bloodshed from continuing after Appomattox. "It is appalling," Adams wrote, "to reflect on what in all human probability would have resulted had the choice then been other than it was — had Lee's personality and character not intervened."

Each in his own way, both King and Lee were men committed to peaceful resolution, abhorrent of violence and destruction. We rightly honor King for his nobility and greatness of character. So, too, should we honor General Lee. Do not instead allow his legacy to be defamed by those who would be the enslavers of the new South.

— EDWIN FOUNTAIN

READER FORUM

Disabled seek equal chances

To the editors:

I am a physically disabled student presently attending this so-called fair and outstanding university. I also was a varsity athlete at this school, so my interest in sports at UNC is very high. Since I've become disabled due to a biking accident, I've become quite aware and also quite frustrated at times with the problems that the athletic facilities pose for our special population. While the general university has made quite an advance at making things accessible and easier for those who have trouble getting to classes and other areas of the university, I find that the athletic part of the university still lacks the consideration for those who need it.

When the new SAC was proposed and constructed, I said to myself, "Finally the problems for handicapped people who have trouble getting to seats to see one of Carolina's finest basketball games

would be solved!" In Carmichael there were no special areas for those in wheelchairs, except off the side or in the aisles. Vision was terrible. So I hoped that with \$33.8 million those problems would surely be solved. *Wrong!*

When I visited the SAC on Jan. 15, I found that the problems for the physically disabled were not solved. It seemed that they weren't even considered. You'd think with the kind of money invested in such a place that there would be more than adequate seating for everyone. Handicapped seating is located anywhere one can find a spot, behind the last row on the first level of the SAC. Not to sound unthankful, but this area would mean that whenever people stand up (and whoever heard of sitting for a long time during a Carolina game?) the view of the game would be greatly obstructed. Not only would our view be obstructed, but with 21,426

people moving all around, there would be all kinds of traffic tripping or knocking over our chairs — a potential hazard. How would you feel being constantly kicked or crowded? Now, I don't see why those involved with the designing of the SAC couldn't afford to designate an area for better viewing and sitting for those alumni and students who have often received the raw end of the deal much of their life.

I realized that construction was not yet done, but I noticed another problem. The SAC is situated at a far end of campus, so naturally I either drive or catch a bus to the games. Looking for a place to park, I found that there were no special places for those who need to park close.

Now that use of the building has started, and construction is pretty much complete, one may think that it's too late to solve these problems. However, I believe that by convert-

ing at least two of those nice, isolated press boxes into an area for the disabled would be inexpensive compared to construction of another area, and it would be beneficial to the growing population of physically disabled. I wish that those involved with designing and construction of the SAC would get in contact with me or anyone who is disabled so that proper needs can be met once and for all.

Some people seem to think that all that handicapped people do is complain, but if those who design such public places, such as the SAC where all kinds of people gather, would stop making things accessible to the barest minimum, this campus would be a better place. Not only would they make their lives easier, but they would improve the lives of others who don't have it so easy.

Dan Andrews
Chapel Hill

CAA — wake up, man!

To the editors:

I also want to express my dissatisfaction over the present ticket distribution policy. What prompted me to write this letter was seeing a line of students two Saturday's ago at 1:00 a.m. winding their way past Teague dorm. To me, this brings back visions of three years ago when I was a freshman, and ticket distribution was on a first come-first serve basis. This type of distribution led people to sometimes sleep out two or three days to get tickets. The CAA dealt with this problem by going to a random ticket distribution, and hence, camping out for tickets ended.

Now the problem is back again. For the Smith Center, all lower level tickets (approximately 3500) are distributed randomly, but the catch is they are distributed *first*. Once these tickets are gone, then the

upper level tickets are distributed in order of best to worst. If the people in the CAA had any foresight, they would have realized that this type of distribution would only invite students to begin camping out again. Students obviously want to sit in the lower level because these are the best seats available. The present distribution policy is ridiculous and most unfair to the student body as a whole. I propose that a change is needed, because the policy now in use only benefits those students who are willing to pay the price of camping out all night. UNC basketball games are for the whole student body to enjoy, and thus every student should have an equal opportunity to enjoy the best student tickets offered in the Smith Center.

I do have my own ideas for the way basketball tickets should be

distributed, but I feel that putting my suggestions down in *The Daily Tar Heel* will do no good. If anyone from the CAA is interested in my suggestions, they can contact me. Just remember that all students are equal on this campus and thus should be treated that way. Just because some UNC students can't get their Friday and Saturday nights to camping out for tickets does not mean the rest of us, who cannot do this, should be penalized by receiving worse tickets.

P.S. An afterthought: I feel that UNC athletes receiving preferential treatment concerning basketball ticket distribution is 100 percent garbage. When an athlete begins to receive preferential treatment over the "average" UNC student (in this case, the rest of the student body) then something is very, very wrong

in the way that the Administration views the importance of athletics at this University. By doing this, the Administration is saying that the UNC athletes contribute more to the University than a non-athletic student and thus should receive something a little "extra." (i.e. Not only getting their tickets before the official distribution, but automatically receiving lower level seats.) When in essence, everyone should have equal access and equal opportunity to all student tickets in the Smith Center. To you, Chancellor Fordham, I address this issue. I, and probably a great majority of the other 20,000 "low lifes" who are non-athletic students are curious as to how you justify this present policy. Care to enlighten us?

Tommy White
Chapel Hill

Labs have reel quirks

To the editors:

During my first semester at school, I have become aware of one of the most frustrating things in Blue Haven: foreign language labs. Everyone who has graduated from UNC has taken foreign language, yet little attention has been given to this department. I never thought there could be so many problems in obtaining, playing and listening to a simple cassette.

The first problem is that during the "peak" hours students are using all of the French and Spanish tapes. The lack of available tapes means that you will have to wait 30 minutes or more if you get to the lab room at the tail end of a rush.

Once you obtain the proper tape, you need to find a functioning cassette player. Most of the machines play tapes, but the headphones slide down your face. Sometimes the volume is permanently set on high, even if the dial indicates low. Also, these machines are bolted into the center of each desk, leaving little space for you to write in your

lab manual. These details can be particularly irritating if you're going to stay for the whole 45 minutes.

Another problem is deciding whether or not to use the record button. If you don't push the record button, you can listen to the person who was there before you, and usually this person was just as bored as you are. You can hear his various tapping noises, heavy breathing or little tunes popping up between the dialogues. Once I heard a complete rendition of "We Are the World," and several people had joined in! If you do use the record button, you will inevitably hear your own breathing, and any words you repeat will be echoed loudly back into your ears.

If these labs are going to remain a requirement of all undergraduates, the foreign language department needs to make some improvements.

Ann Bunge
Granville Towers



On Cupid, on Comet . . . nevermind

By HELENE CALISTA COOPER

Everybody's talking comet, it seems. Non-astronomically inclined people who couldn't tell the difference between the North Star and North Campus are suddenly wandering around outside at night, heads up, pointing to whatever-it-is that's up there, and screaming, "Comet!"

On a bumpy plane ride last month, the woman beside me actually had the nerve to ask the stewardess if we might be able to see Halley's comet. Nevermind the fact that it was broad daylight, and snowing to boot. Nevermind the fact that visibility, as far as I could tell, was about an inch out the window. Nevermind the fact that non-Catholic, experienced-flyer, brave, heart-of-steel me had started to chant the Hail Mary for all I was worth. No, forget all that. The woman wants to know if we'll see Halley's comet. I wanted to say, "You better hope you see land, woman." But I didn't. It would have interrupted my chant, and at that point, I wasn't taking any chances.

My foolhardy plane companion is only one example of how comet-mania has spread with a speed usually reserved only for social diseases. Dan Rather talks about it. *Time* magazine writes about it. There are comet-books, comet-toys and comet-candy. Give it a few more weeks, and we'll probably have trendy, expensive comet-clothes.

The comet is coming. Big deal. Just another reason for all the nut cases out there to act batty. Nothing but commercial exploitation. So some

English guy had nothing better to do than to think about comets. So he predicted that this one would come back every 76 years. If I did nothing more with my life than hang around looking at the sky, I bet I could come up with something neat, too. Maybe tell why the sun only shines during the day.

I just didn't understand what all the noise was about. People say Halley's comet is special, because we know when it's coming. We can plot its path. Well, sheesh — I know when the sun's coming every day, too, but you don't see me running outside every morning with a telescope, do you?

In my disgust over what I considered unnecessary excitement, I abandoned all thought about the comet as a waste of time. I was sure that soon everyone would come to their senses and join me in thinking about something much more worthwhile — like what the U.S. government can do to raise the salaries of newspaper reporters.

And then it happened. While unsuspectingly leafing through a book on trivia, I stumbled upon the awful truth about Halley's comet.

"Oh my God," I thought, my mind reeling with shock. "How can this be?"

For there, sitting before me in black and white, was a revelation far-reaching and shocking enough to shake the entire civilized world to its core.

Halley's comet is trouble. Bad luck. Evil. Horrid. A forecaster of doom.

Unsuspecting ones, get a load of this. In April of 1910, the same day that Halley's comet reached perihelion, (that's its highest, most powerful moment in the sun), Adolf Hitler turned 21 years old.

Yessiree, 21. Legal. Hitler. Halley's comet. And if that is not enough to scare you, it is certainly enough for me. I don't have to be hit in the head with a brick. That comet is bad news.

Who knows who could turn 21 when Halley's comet reaches perihelion in 1986? Amy Carter? Patrick Ewing? Wyatt Closs? Or worse, Frank Winstead? And on this highly charged comet-day with Halley's comet at its zenith, who knows what could happen?

The proper thing to do here would be to hunt down all approaching 21-year-olds and make mincemeat of them. However, I am not suicidal enough to suggest such a thing on a college campus. I can only hope that by alerting everyone to the dangers we face, adequate measures can be taken. I suggest strict monitors and possible house arrests be placed on the four people I mentioned earlier.

As for everyone else, all I can say is be careful. Trust no one. And duck when you see that comet coming, because this could get ugly.

Helene Calista Cooper is a junior journalism major and staff writer from Monrovia, Liberia, who recently quit using her bathtub cleanser.

To the editors:

A) I was just over at Lenoir Hall. Boy is our food service lousy. So I just wanted to write in and suggest . . .

B) Hey, whaddya mean, "God is dead?" Boy, sometimes you guys just burn me up. Ooow, now I'm fuming . . .

C) What do you mean, saying that only Chi Pisis are in the library on Thursday nights? Of all the nerve . . .

D) I, for one, do not view Zionism with the apparent lack of good judgment with which you view it . . .

E) I would like to compliment you on a recent editorial concerning the UNITAS housing project. From my perspective . . .

F) Well I — Miss Beverly Horne Price — would like to wish oodles of kisses and hugs to all my friends . . .

Your name here
Your address here

You see, folks, it's really very simple to write a letter to the editor. All it takes is a little bit of your time. But what's good for us is good for you, eh? Yeah, you bet it is.

Just one badly written letter to the editor can attract as many as four to five others — why, that's up to 500 percent interest!

So collect 'em all! Trade 'em with your friends! Be the first one on your block to have your ideas smeared in a daily paper by a linguistic orangutan! Come on, you'll love it! Live free, die young! Long live Che Guevara! Yeah!

Go ahead and say it. If you don't, someone else will.

(The preceding message was calmly brought to you by the Save Tom Camp A Whole Lot Of Undeserved Misery Society. Thank you.)