

The Daily Tar Heel

96th year of editorial freedom

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Hey! Don't trash those cans

Education through participation. The words neatly describe the goal of "Tarheel Aluminum Recycling Program" (TARP), sponsored by Students' Environmental Action Coalition.

Throwing an aluminum can into a bin may not sound much like participation, but that's all it will take to make TARP a success.

When students use the bins marked "aluminum only" that coalition members have placed in residence halls, they'll be participating in a recycling project and, group members hope, learning a lesson about environmental awareness.

The University accounts for 20 percent of the waste sent yearly to the Orange County solid waste landfill, which officials predict will be filled in nine years. Officials give the Durham landfill only five years before it, too, reaches capacity.

The University can do its part to conserve landfill space if students use the large bins marked "aluminum only" that coalition members have placed in residence halls.

If more people volunteer to be responsible for the bins, SEAC can

place them in the Pit, Lenoir and other highly accessible campus locations.

A 200-acre joint landfill site, which would be accessible to both Durham and Orange counties, is now being sought. With the new federal laws regulating liners for landfills, the cost for this project will skyrocket.

A comprehensive recycling program will save tax dollars in the years to come, but projects like TARP can do more than that. They also can help clean the air and preserve natural resources.

Recycling an aluminum can consumes 90-95 percent less energy than it takes to mine the ore that produced the can in the first place. According to a study by Worldwatch Institute, "Throwing away an aluminum beverage container wastes as much energy as pouring out a can half-filled with gasoline."

SEAC members say they are more interested in raising campus environmental awareness than in filling bins with aluminum cans. So next time you want to toss out that Diet Coke can, head toward the "aluminum only" bin, and stop for a second to think about the difference you can make. — Laura Pearlman

Fugitive should face justice

Campus activist Dale McKinley has been subpoenaed to testify before a grand jury investigating the disappearance of federal fugitive Eddie Hatcher. But McKinley shouldn't be in such a situation in the first place, because Hatcher should have already turned himself in.

McKinley had met with Hatcher the day before Hatcher's bond was revoked and he was declared a fugitive. Hatcher and Timothy Jacobs, both of Robeson County, were scheduled to stand trial Sept. 19 for taking hostages at The Robesonian newspaper in Lumberton about six months ago. The two have said they seized the newspaper to protest corruption in local law enforcement and violence directed at the Tuscarora Indians and black citizens, who make up two-thirds of the county's population.

Hatcher's attorney said he is shocked at the amount of energy being expended to find Hatcher, especially since very little is being done to correct the problems in Robeson County.

The attorney is right, to a degree — Hatcher is serving as a scapegoat and a distraction. He could quit wasting time by turning himself in and

insisting something be done.

Sometimes civil disobedience is the only way to bring change. Without the brave men and women who have dared to buck the system, schools would still be segregated, and this country would still be a British colony.

Living in the midst of the injustices and confusion in Robeson County, it must have been easy to get black and white permanently muddled. But Hatcher's and Jacobs' actions are not something to be brushed aside, no matter how commendable their motives.

In taking hostages, they endangered the well-being of innocent victims, causing crimes as serious as the ones they were protested. Their actions went beyond civil disobedience and denied others' constitutional rights.

Hatcher should turn himself in and face the consequences of his actions last spring if he wants the credibility that will truly make his message heard. He is obligated to fight the injustices in Robeson County, but he must fight them on legal grounds. Otherwise, the important points he has to make will go unheard or ignored by those with the power to make changes. — Sandy Dimsdale

Spike this killer chemical

A year after Reagan proclaimed the so-called war on drugs an "untold American success story," illegal trafficking continues to increase.

Rather than admit defeat, the State Department has come up with a novel proposal to destroy the true source of cocaine — the coca tree.

Government researchers have recently discovered an herbicide, appropriately entitled "Spike," that will poison the plants, which form the basis of South America's economy and, most importantly, its environment.

Presently, "manual eradication" — destroying the plants by hand — is the only method used by Americans and local authorities to combat the spread of the coca plant. Yet this method has been largely unsuccessful. Although narcotics agents destroyed record numbers of plants last year, the amount of coca produced rose by an estimated 10 percent.

In addition, the work is hazardous for the agents. The fields are often heavily protected and the traffickers, many of whom are much better funded than the local police, are not reluctant to kill intruders.

Yet the disadvantages of extensive "Spike" spraying would outweigh the benefits.

The herbicide was developed in a laboratory, under controlled circumstances that are unlike those found in a tropical rain forest. Many are concerned about the potential destruction of one of the world's key ecological subcontinents, fearing that the chemical will remain in the soil, move to other areas of the rain forests or "drift" during aerial drops.

Critics also point out that as the land is destroyed, farmers will simply migrate to new areas and grow new plants, eventually forcing officials to destroy more land.

And the economic impact of such a program cannot be understated; coca is the cash crop of most South America. The destruction of the plant would create a huge political backlash and lead to a massive economic collapse.

That the State department would consider such a proposal, much less actually put it into action, shows how futile and desperate the war on drugs has become. Tossing aside more serious issues, such as the world's economy and the environment, the administration has resolved to stamp out the drug traffic regardless of the effect. One can only hope that the next administration will put the issue into better focus than this one. — Dave Hall

Readers' Forum

The day the game died at Wrigley

Dave McCollum
Guest Writer

Andrew Podolsky's column of Sept. 7 ("A tale of two baseball parks") rekindled some painful memories in at least one loyal Cubs fan on campus.

The article was a tribute to the beauty of Wrigley Field and to the Chicago tradition of "keeping baseball that lazy summer game it has always been." Podolsky heaped nothing but praise on the Chicago ballpark, citing its natural turf, its ivy-covered outfield walls and its fans as proof that it is one of a select few "real" ballparks left in existence. However, I can only believe that Podolsky's recollections of baseball at Wrigley Field are from a time in the distant past, a time when Wrigley Field was alive with passion and excitement, a time when Cubs baseball was a daytime delight, a time before August 8, 1988, the day the ballgame died.

For roughly a century, Chicago baseball has been a daytime sport (of course, the White Sox have played at night for many years, but Chicago's true baseball baby has always been the Cubs). Some teams have played under the lights since the '30s and '40s, when night baseball first became a popular attraction. Other teams, such as the Mets and the Blue Jays, have known nothing but night baseball. But Wrigley Field remained a moonlit ballpark. Then the tragedy began. In the winter of 1981, Herman Franks, then general manager of the Cubs, was replaced by a man named Dallas Greene, a Phillie in Cubs' clothing.

Greene made massive changes. First of all, he brought half of his team with him. There were ugly rumors that the team would have to change its name to the

Chicago Phillies. But the Cubs did improve, slowly. In 1984, after two years of work on the Cubs' farm system, Greene lost patience and decided that if he couldn't grow a contender, he'd buy one. He brought in the likes of Rick Sutcliffe, Ron Cey, Dennis Eckersley and Steve Trout from various teams and thus bought the team a pennant.

But the Cubs went no further. The San Diego Padres, another team born under the lights, served the Cubs a humiliating playoff defeat and went on to lose the World Series. Dallas knew the reason; he decided that if the Cubs were ever going to win it all, they could only do it at night.

Dallas Greene is now gone. His miracle team flopped in 1985, right after he signed all his new veterans to jillion-dollar contracts for five years apiece. The management finally came to its financial senses and canned him, but his legacy has lived on. Though the Tribune (which bought the Cubs from Bill Wrigley at the end of 1983, and gave permission to Greene to buy a pennant) may have liked little else about the former general manager, it decided that night baseball was a must.

And so it happened. That fateful day arrived at last. There were celebrations, bands playing, everything but a tickertape parade to celebrate the dawning of a new era in Chicago baseball. Some old bugger,

claiming to have been a loyal Cubs fan all his life came onto the field, and with a 3-2-1 countdown, he threw the switch. I couldn't watch. It was blasphemy.

The ballgame started. The field was bright as the first Phillie came up to bat. The tension mounted. The pitch finally came... Bang! The first home run under the lights at Wrigley Field was hit from a Phillie bat. I could barely contain myself while watching this ludicrous mockery of the tradition I held so dearly, so I went to a movie with my girlfriend.

As we drove away, we hardly noticed the clouds gathering above. Then suddenly, ahead of us, a splinter of lightning blazed down, as the sky exploded overhead. The rain began to fall. I nearly cried with glee. With the exception of the occasional sprinkle every month or so, the Chicago area had seen no rain since the middle of May. Now it came in buckets. Even the gods did not approve! We quickly switched on the radio to hear Steve Stone proclaiming that despite the rain delay, this ballgame would be completed. It never was. Tickets for the game had sold for as much as \$200 apiece, and those who paid got what was coming to them. Beautiful, beautiful rain.

The next day, of course, the first night ballgame was completed at Wrigley Field. I hate to break it to you, Andrew, but even in Chicago, "real" baseball is dying. But don't lose hope, yet — at least the ivy is still alive.

Dave McCollum is a junior chemistry and English major from Naperville, Ill.

Parking not an issue

To the editor:
Students' rights are important. However, there are some that are more important than others and some that I'm not sure are really an issue at all.

This is true of the so-called parking issue. I cannot believe that students actually think they should be allowed to drive to class — what an incredibly arrogant thing to think.

Of course there are exceptions, although I can think of very few of them. If a student lives five miles out of town, I think it is reasonable to give that student a parking permit. However, chances are that the student is not the average Carolina boy or girl and either will find alternate ways to get to school or be dropped off by a spouse or relative. Obviously, this is a ridiculous case.

Unfortunately, I believe that this issue is typical of the class blindness that infects this campus. As students, we are extremely privileged. All jokes aside, we have been given opportunities that very few others get, both in this country and in the rest of the world. That someone could actually get angry that he or she cannot drive to classes that their parents are probably paying for in the car that their parents probably paid for too is a little too much, especially when these same student "rights" are held up to the rights of faculty and staff.

Many professors live further away than most students. And many of the professors that I



have had bicycle, take the bus, or, "gasp," walk to school. When Matt Bivens mentions staff, does he include all of the staff? It does not all consist of administrators and their secretaries. Does he include the housecleaning staff, which, unlike the student population and administration staff at UNC, is all black, with one exception? They are picked up in airless buses somewhere up Airport Road — where I am sure they do not park the Hondas and BMW's that their daddies bought them — and are brought to work at 8 p.m. every morning to clean up after us poor students, who may have had to take the bus, ride our bike or walk to class. Give me a break!

Yes, there is a problem with student rights on this campus, but please, next time pick a real issue.

MARGUERITE ARNOLD
Junior
International Studies

Defeat depends upon the game

To the editor:
While Jon Rust's piece on "The Last Temptation of Christ" brought out some interesting and thoughtful observations, there was at least one misconception. The assumption that Christians, by vigorously protesting this film, are "self-defeating" their purposes is dependent upon the object of defeat.

If the protesters are concerned with preventing box-office success, then Mr. Rust is correct in his assessment. However, if these protesters are more concerned with upholding the dignity and character of Christ even at the expense of a hit film, then its financial success is a small price to pay. What is central to their debate, as they see it, is the denigration and character assassination of their Savior. Thus Universal Studios is confronted with a

group of individuals who want nothing more than their rights as Christians to be respected. This, perhaps, along with the recent pro-life demonstrations in Atlanta, may very well signify the burgeoning of a new civil rights movement.

HARRY BLEATTER
Senior
History

Letters policy

All letters must be typed and double-spaced, for ease of editing.

All letters must be signed by the author(s), with a limit of two signatures per letter.

Students should include name, year in school, major, phone number and home town. Other members of the University community should include similar information.

Oil development aids Alaskans

Last spring I noticed an environmentalist booth protesting oil development in the Alaskan Arctic Wildlife Refuge. As an Alaskan, I felt compelled to inform them about the reality of the situation. Now I'd just like to set the record straight.

Imagine a desolate landscape, a place far above the Arctic Circle in the state of Alaska. In the winter, temperatures dip to 100 degrees below zero, and fierce winds blow with a wind-chill factor of 200 degrees below. Ice and snow stretch as far as the eye can see, with no man or animal life to be found, except for an occasional polar bear. In the summer, this land comes to life. Tundra stretches to the horizon, and scattered plants and animals inhabit thousands of square miles. This area, known as the North Slope, is abundant with natural resources, specifically oil. Oil platforms and supporting structures coexist peacefully with the sparse wildlife.

Millions of dollars are spent to prevent oil spills and to contain them. The environmental record for the Alaskan oil industry is one of the best, many times better when compared to the disastrous spills caused by supertankers off the East and West Coasts of the United States.

One area of the North Slope has been reserved as the Arctic Wildlife refuge in this beautiful but desolate land. This was done during the '70s to appease environmental groups and to speed development. At that time, few people believed there could be any significant reservoirs of oil in this area, at least nothing compared to those at Prudhoe Bay.

However, geophysicists now believe that this area of Alaska may contain the largest

Marcus Higi
Guest Writer

oil reserve in North America, larger than all oil reserves in the continental United States combined. This represents billions of oil dollars, which are essential to the failing Alaskan economy (of which 70 percent depends directly or indirectly upon oil revenues). The potential oil exports could reduce the trade deficit with Japan.

As an Alaskan, I feel very strongly about developing this area for the benefits of the Alaskans and for the economic interests of the United States. Alaska is suffering from the biggest economic depression in recent memory. Many families have gone bankrupt, experiencing great economic and emotional hardship. They can no longer make ends meet, and alcoholism and suicide rates are higher than ever.

I tried to explain this to some students who were opposing oil development of the Arctic Wildlife Refuge. They spouted off the "latest" environmental figures, maintaining that there was only a 21 percent chance of finding oil (which is in fact quite good for the oil industry), and that the wildlife was being placed at great risk. These students have seen many of the beautiful pictures of Arctic wildlife printed by the Sierra Club.

Unfortunately, these pictures are misleading. In reality, the North Slope is a barren landscape with little wildlife. My father, who used to be employed by Arco,

is very knowledgeable about the region's economic potential. As a geophysicist who has studied the area, he believes that there is a vast reservoir of oil that hasn't been discovered.

These well-meaning individuals continued to maintain that I, an Alaskan, and my father, a geophysicist, are wrong. They cited a 1987 environmental study by the Secretary of the Interior. The secretary knows very little about geophysics, and he is merely regurgitating information given to him by others. Although I cannot directly challenge his information, I seriously question a Department of the Interior that has proven incompetent with Alaskan development concerns.

The environmentalists tried to accuse me of having no compassion for animals, which I found ridiculous and totally irrelevant to the issue. The question is, do they have any compassion for the 400,000 people who live in Alaska — people who know their state far better than environmental crusaders in North Carolina?

Alaskans are suffering from financial hardship, emotional stress, unemployment and destitution that accompanies economic crisis. Many have seen their whole life savings wiped out and their property taken over by banks, which are also failing. Outsiders have no business trying to dictate what should be done about Alaskan resources. Leave it to Alaskans, not to misdirected bleeding hearts desperately searching for a cause, to decide what is best for their state.

Marcus Higi is a junior biology major from Anchorage, Alaska.