

# The Daily Tar Heel

96th year of editorial freedom

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## Putting UNC students on hold

Today, the 195th anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of Old East, is a day to appreciate the University's past, enjoy its present and contemplate its future.

As the thousands of folding chairs that stretch from South Building to Wilson Library attest, a key figure in that future, Paul Hardin, will be formally installed as chancellor today.

In the midst of the throng of faculty, administrators, students and visiting dignitaries, a reporter from this newspaper will scurry about.

That reporter is lucky. He or she will be assured of getting quotes from Hardin because the chancellor is making a public appearance. Chances are, if that reporter had to ask the chancellor a question about a policy or an issue, there would be no quote, no answer, no response.

In his three months here, the chancellor has not returned a phone call from any University news reporter. The editor was granted an interview at the beginning of the year, and Hardin answered questions twice when reporters called him at home. That's the extent of communication between the student newspaper and the leader of the University.

One of the silliest lines the DTH has ever printed appeared in a story about possible tuition increases, a subject Hardin made an issue by discussing it with faculty members and mentioning it in an interview published in the Carolina Alumni Review. After informing readers that the chancellor was considering the increase, the reporter wrote: "But his (Hardin's)

### board opinion

secretary said Monday that Hardin told her he had no comment because he does not see it as an issue now."

We quoted his *secretary*. Roger Mudd, one of those receiving Distinguished Alumnus Awards at today's ceremony, certainly would laugh at that. DTH editors of days past probably looked down from above — or up from below — and shook their heads in commiseration at the blatant slap in the DTH's journalistic face.

The chancellor is a busy man. Most would agree he has more pressing things to do than return a phone call from a frantic student journalist. And Kevin Martin, student body president, has praised Hardin for his accessibility to students.

However, by ignoring the student press the chancellor is ignoring a large part of the student body — the part that reads the newspaper on the way to class but doesn't fit into the select group of student leaders with whom he comes into contact. Perhaps the DTH staff was spoiled by Hardin's predecessor, Christopher Fordham, who frequently returned phone calls from reporters.

The Daily Tar Heel's staff members take their work seriously and endeavor to maintain professional standards of accuracy and presentation. We expect members of the University community to treat the student newspaper fairly, and most do.

Administrators usually cooperate when approached by reporters. Of course, there's a measure of self-interest involved as well — speaking to the student newspaper is the best way to reach the most students.

At least one administrator on this campus hasn't learned that lesson yet.

## Dr. Ruth doesn't work here

We had a disturbing report last night. Apparently a man is calling UNC students and telling them that he is doing a sex survey for the DTH. This is not true. While the information gathered would no doubt be interesting, we don't have much use for random samplings of campus sex lives at this time.

For the curious folks making the calls, however, we have some suggestions on how to satisfy their voyeuristic urges:

- Take an anatomy class.
- Live vicariously through your

## Have a responsible rally

On any given Tuesday, most students at UNC would do anything to forget their homework and head up to a party on Franklin Street and bask in the crisp autumn air. Unfortunately, due to automobile traffic and school-work, "Tuesday night hedonists" often go home alone and watch "Moonlighting" and Morton Downey.

Be not sad. Thanks to the Carolina Athletic Association, a Homecoming Pep Rally — a throwback to those woebegone days of high school — is planned for next Tuesday. Plans were finalized after the town council approved two special ordinances on Monday night. The council voted to close the length of Franklin Street between Henderson and Columbia streets and also agreed to waive the noise ordinance, allowing bands to perform.

The party's planners realize that this decision sets an important precedent for future parties on the street. They are taking no chances this time, for they hope that the rally will be a family affair. This format could be a novel solution to a problem that has plagued past Franklin Street student gatherings.

The mood of the masses was vicious on August 31, 1986, the eve of the drinking-age change. An adolescent mob stormed the town to protest an unfair law the only way they knew how: by consuming superhuman quantities of drink.

"This was nothing but an excuse to get drunk," Roger Whittemore, then the manager of the Subway sandwich franchise, said at the time. "As midnight approached, people were mad."

Whittemore's shop was among the most severely damaged when stores were shelled with an assortment of rocks and beer bottles. The demonstration started when some students tried to attract the attention of some TV cameras that were shooting above the store. Thousands of dollars in damage resulted.

The attitude of this year's crowd should be far removed from that of 1986. CAA president Carol Geer worked hard to get the party approved and her organization is intent on making this rally a success.

Unlike past affairs where drinking was allowed, the Franklin Street rally-zone will be alcohol-free this time. This should deter the riff-raff from other schools, who — according to arrest warrants — were responsible for most of the damage in 1986. There will also be 400 student monitors present. The students probably will arouse less hostility than the presence of the Chapel Hill police corps.

The CAA won a major victory when it was given permission to hold the party, for the town has not been most cooperative with students in the past. Please don't spoil it this time. Otherwise, Franklin Street will be closed to mixers forever. — Dave Hall

## A few skewed views from the ionosphere

Ian Williams

### Wednesday's Child

Needless to say, I hope everyone had a splendid fall break, and I shall make a solemn pact with God that I shan't ask a soul how theirs went — "How was yer break," like "How are ya" and "Whassup," is one of those hypothetical Styrofoam question statements that you can yell at friendly pedestrians while going 60 miles an hour in your car, so that you're halfway to Pittsboro before they open their mouths to reply. But I forget, we're in the South, and such pleasantries are the gentle chocolates of a North Carolina conversation.

To keep things interesting around here, I'm writing this particular little ditty thousands of miles away from the clangling blue DTH boxes, the stark morning linoleum of Hamilton Hall, the sterile claustrophobic carrels of Davis Library . . . yet unlike my other columnist friends who get to travel to other hemispheres and have wise conversations with natives who know better, I am drifting 37,000 feet over Barstow, California with Lenny, an organ salesman from San Bernardino. Cub Scout Jamboree capital San Bernardino is famous for all its little boys, and so is Lenny, if you know what I mean — as sexually open-minded as I am, I could see a few people not standing in line to swap plasma with this guy. I know his name's Lenny mainly because he told me, and also because it's embroidered on his shirt.

"But my friends call me Big Al," he said, which confused me, since he seemed to be neither. He works at the keyboard store in the mall, and his job is to play cheesy tunes on the organ to attract people to the store — sort of a Pied Piper of Crud. He says that all the ladies at the yogurt shop turn off the Oreo crusher just to hear him play "Born Free" with the Rhumba button on.

In a sense, Lenny represents what California is all about — no one there cares enough to want to mold you into a social norm. Which, basically, is a good thing. Racism (despite the occasional Chicano skirmish) isn't a horrendous problem, and the populace is generally nice and relaxed — but no "bad taste restrictions" also means you can get away with anything.

Lenny returns to his seat from the bathroom, and tells me that he always wee-wees mid-air because bladder eruptions are the number one cause of airline deaths. Mulling that heinous thought over, I decide that I have no choice. Stepping into the tiny bathroom, I realize that airline lavatories join roller skating rinks as the worst places for a guy to urinate. Girls can zero in and fire, but one patch of good turbulence and a guy is writing his name on the ceiling.

Out the latrine window, I can see the rolling plains of Iowa, and I reflect that no matter when I look out the window on a plane flight, I'm bound to have lived somewhere within seeing distance. Understand that I spent the years 1970-77 in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, so my whole pre-pubescent period is lost in a haze of Nehru jackets and Donny and Marie. But I was still cognizant enough to remember being miserable. From October to April, you might as well be living in Pt. Barrow, Alaska and the rest of the time, you slog through crippling humidity. To counter this, Iowan non-farmers stay inside, watch TV and become belligerently unadventurous.

Finally the lush rolling hills of Carolina come into view, and the plane touches lightly down amid the sharp, crackling colors of the airport forest in autumn. The plane lulls to a halt and the doors let in the sweet aroma of the North Carolina evening. Clarissa stands in her chair and faces me.

"We in Connecticut!"

"Yes, sweetie, we are," I smile, and give her a Kit-Kat.

Ian Williams is a music and psychology major from Hackensack, New Jersey, we believe.

## Readers' Forum

### Red Tide on the rise

To the editor:

A strange dichotomy exists at UNC; it seems that some students are willing to believe anything negative about the United States, but will believe nothing negative about communism.

I have spent over 25 years studying the programs used by the Communists in "education." Beginning in the 1920s and '30s, Marxist-Leninists realized an easy way to destroy America was through miseducation of its youth.

I had hoped that today's college students were better informed and more knowledgeable about politics, foreign affairs and history than my generation was. Yet as I sit here on campus as a graduate student once again, I am looking at no fewer than six posters advertising seminars by Communists. Oh, they don't say they are Communists — they claim to be land reformers, humanitarians, lay religious workers, clergy and Third World medical personnel — but do not be mistaken, they are Communists bent on the destruction of freedom and

democracy.

Recent speakers from the Philippines and Central America appeared at the School of Public Health. They were dedicated pro-Communist propaganda agents who twisted facts and even blatantly lied. Yet no one questioned their "facts" or criticisms of America.

I have visited or lived in several countries that faced internal "liberation revolutions" or external Communist threats. Many people who supported these revolutions thought that they would find

utopia in their homelands when the Communists took over. But if you ask the refugees from Vietnam, Nicaragua and Cuba or the people trapped in Eastern Europe, you will hear a different story — one of crushed dreams and miserable lives.

UNC students who gleefully swallow the propaganda of these so-called humanitarians and reformers will someday find they were just as wrong as the people who welcomed those Communist revolutions in other countries.

In our democracy, these Communist agents are allowed to speak out. It is the responsibility of the audience to realize what they hear is not true.

EVERETT LANGFORD  
School of Public Health

### Letters policy

■ Place letters in the box marked "Letters to the Editor" outside the DTH office in the Student Union.

## Crowded days for the doggies in the window

Matt Bivens

Associate Editor

built to handle roughly that many in a year. But in 1987, the total number of animals reached 7,007, and Sanford predicts that figure will reach 8,000 for 1988.

The bond issue, if approved, will obviously help. But new construction is a long way off, and unhappy cats and dogs are still packed into small cages, courting disease. What can the average citizen or student do to prevent overcrowding here and now?

Adopt a pet. If more people would adopt pets at the shelter, fewer animals would have to be euthanized.

The shelter workers encourage adoptions; but they also have serious reservations about giving dogs to homes where they won't be happy. They don't want to see the same dog six weeks later — or worse, 10 of her puppies. So don't run out and adopt a pet if you can't properly care for it. Students must decide whether they're prepared for the large financial and time commitment a pet calls for, and they should make certain their apartments — and their roommates — allow pets. Of course, dogs aren't allowed in the dorms, and the animal shelter won't let students who live on campus adopt pets.

Ironically, the adoption rate at the shelter is way up. More than one in three animals brought into the shelter finds a new home, Sanford said, a figure which is about double the national average.

Follow the town's leash law. Don't let your pet roam the neighborhood; that's how they end up in the shelter. An animal control officer eventually picks up loose pets, assuming they have been abandoned.

And make certain your pet has a tag with your name and phone number on it so the animal control officers can contact you. As Johnson says of untagged pets, "You know someone owns that pet. You know it. But it has no tag, so you have to put it down (to sleep). It's very hard."

Spay or neuter your pet. The shelter will not give pets up for adoption without first having them spayed or neutered. But no matter where you get your pet, have it sterilized. The shelter offers a cheap spay/neuter program, in which local veterinarians volunteer to perform low-cost surgery. It also has financial assistance and information on other programs available.

Spaying and neutering may sound cruel, but it is actually for the best. The old myth that sterilized dogs become fat and lazy, or refuse to guard property, is just that — a myth. Sterilized dogs are easier to take care of because they don't go into heat, or run around the neighborhood in search of assignations.

Don't ditch your pet. Don't even leave it alone for a weekend, and don't leave it with a friend unless you know that friend is responsible and will take good care of the animal.

It's tough for workers at the animal shelter to reconcile the overcrowding and the increased need for euthanasia with their love of animals. They can't take every little sad-eyed puppy or playful kitten home with them, much as they'd like to. That means it's up to the community to sterilize pets and keep them out of the shelter, to adopt those already in the shelter, and, in the long run, to vote "yes" to more shelter space. These are the only humane things to do.

Matt Bivens is a junior journalism major from Olney, Md.

