

# The Daily Tar Heel

96th year of editorial freedom

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## Denver sings 'Gimme shelter'

Buried deep in the inside pages of Tuesday's issue of The Daily Tar Heel was a short story announcing John Denver's Smith Center concert set for Dec. 15.

Denver, a well-known international artist widely recognized for his work with environmental and social groups, is performing the concert as a benefit for the Inter-Faith Council's homeless shelter and community kitchen.

The shelter, which has been in limbo for months now, stands to benefit from Denver's concert not only financially but also in public relations and recognition.

The shelter's situation proves that although most people want to be thought of as "charitable," few want the actual "charity" to be in their own back yards.

The shelter is now housed in the old municipal building on Columbia Street, but the building is in desperate need of renovation — about \$400,000 worth. The shelter has received a \$200,000 grant earmarked for the homeless from the federal government. The IFC must match the grant to complete renovations.

Reportedly, the IFC has raised the funds even on its tight budget, because the people at the shelter feel it must remain downtown to be effective. However, a Public-Private Partnership committee is trying to raise money

to construct a new building at a different location to house both the shelter and the community kitchen.

Perhaps if the partnership and Denver's promoter donated funds raised to the renovation fund, the municipal building could be renovated much sooner and better, helping more people more quickly.

Sophisticated and educated students that we are, we adamantly oppose apartheid, donate money to combat a child's hunger in Ethiopia, write letters to free political prisoners. But let someone mention the possibility of sticking a shelter for the homeless in our neighborhoods, and — God forbid! — what would the guests think?

Activists who are working to expose and change abominable conditions such as apartheid, world hunger and political imprisonment should be applauded for their efforts. But it should not take the work of an entertainer, an outsider, to publicize and remedy social problems at home.

Denver's concern for our community's homeless and the future of our shelter without a home is admirable and should be appreciated. Perhaps his holiday spirit of giving and helping those less fortunate will be contagious and prompt others to actively seek a solution for this vital part of our town. — Sandy Dimsdale

## People are more than statistics

Perhaps the most valuable service the NAACP provides is its watchdog role. The organization is almost always the first to seek out and challenge discrimination, bigotry and racism.

Given this worthwhile agenda, it's not surprising that on Nov. 1 the organization challenged the licensing renewal applications of 22 North and South Carolina radio stations. The NAACP joined the National Black Media Coalition in Washington, D.C., in filing a complaint against the stations, after a study by the coalition concluded that the stations had very few black employees.

All radio stations must be licensed by the Federal Communications Commission, and one requirement the FCC sets for licensing is that stations employ a certain percentage of minorities. The percentage — 10 percent, 5 percent, 12.223 percent, whatever — is based on the minority makeup of the surrounding area.

Obviously, the FCC, along with all government agencies, should actively work to stamp out discrimination. But by setting numerical quotas for stations, the commission took the lazy way out. Ordering stations to hire 2.6 women or 3.1 blacks is a dehumanizing

process, one that must make blacks or women wonder whether they hold their jobs because they are competent or simply because they fit nicely into the FCC's statistical abstracts.

Ideally, all employers would hire competent people — not black people, white people or female people. Ideally, all places of employment would provide a comfortable, color-blind working atmosphere. But in this imperfect world, the responsibility to police employment practices and to guarantee civil rights falls to organizations like the FCC and the NAACP.

The employment practices of the 22 stations called into question should be scrutinized carefully. Any signs of discrimination should be dealt with severely; the FCC should deny license renewal applications to stations with racist or sexist employment practices.

But the enforcement division of the FCC must look beyond the figures to the people and practices at each station, unless officials want the stations to hire people only because they fit certain categories. Quotas appease many consciences, but they are shortsighted and do little to promote understanding and education among races. — Matt Bivens

## Scrutinize Bush's selections

Imagine for a moment that you have just become the chief executive officer of the world's largest corporation, and you have to select the hundreds of staff members who will be your top advisers, policy-makers and public relations officials. These people must be meticulously interviewed and investigated by a team of high-powered lawyers to ensure the highest levels of competence and integrity. And you have less than two months to complete the task.

Such a situation is facing President-elect George Bush. This January, Bush will take America's reigns from Ronald Reagan, and he will be relying on his team of advisers and officials to help make his administration a successful one.

Though still early in the selection process, scrutiny of and speculation over Bush's choices for the Cabinet and other high-level posts has been intensive.

As well it should be. Bush's initial appointment — for the position of vice president — has been widely regarded as a poor one. Even Republican leaders on occasion have lamented that, given the available options, Indiana Sen. Dan Quayle was not the best choice.

In addition, ethical considerations should be a top priority when screening candidates for these positions. Americans have lost confidence in the integrity of the federal government. The multitude of allegations surrounding Reagan administration officials and their high turnover rate has raised serious questions concerning ethical standards. Bush must be challenged to do better.

Thus far two high-level positions have been officially filled by Bush — Nicholas Brady will remain the secretary of the treasury, the post he currently holds, and James Baker, former White House chief of staff, will become secretary of state. These appointments are sound ones, and they indicate Bush's commitment to tested ability and experience.

Bush is expected to announce his staff selections sporadically throughout the next eight weeks. He should base his decisions upon such factors as experience, integrity and competence, rather than on political expediency. Otherwise, he will repeat the mistakes of the Reagan administration. America will be watching. — Louis Bisette

## Not exactly the break I was looking for

David Rowell  
Pardon Me

I'm on crutches now, and let me just say I am not happy. I suffered a humiliating injury right in front of the girl I'd like someday to be Mrs. Column, and what's worse, she had to carry me home. I cried quiet tears of defeat as she slung me over one shoulder, like a caveman bringing home fresh brontosaurus meat.

Our ice machine was broken that night, so with little option I packed my ankle in a box of Jello pudding pops. I don't think it did much good. When I woke the next morning my ankle had swollen to gigantic proportions. At first glance it could have had "Wilson" written across it. My ankle was so big it could have applied for its own statehood. After a visit to Student Health, I returned on crutches with the verdict that my ankle was either fractured, or it was going into labor.

It doesn't help that Student Health only issues crutches without rubber, without foam, not even handles! Instead they give you the deluxe Tiny Tim model. The idea is to take my mind off the pain in my leg and reverse it upward so that I can only concentrate on the excruciating pain beneath my arms.

I have always made jokes about how

small my room is. I'd take a picture of it and say, "Look, actual size." But now that I am disabled, my tiny cubby-hole with a sink has expanded to the size of Kenan Stadium. If I have to go over to my closet I'll pack a bag lunch for the trip.

Usually, when I'm in bed and the phone rings, the caller will let the phone ring for as long as it takes the Earth to make a full rotation, or until I get up to answer. Suddenly, two rings is all I'm given. I'll be over in the east wing of my room, standing much in the same way an ostrich does, when the phone rings. I bounce, crawl and catapult myself over to the phone — which has no cord whatsoever — only to hear the click of someone who probably only wanted to speak to a Laverne anyway. It makes my ankle hurt.

To my surprise, I was told that the injury was just what I needed. "Girls love a helpless guy," friends told me. "You gotta go out." So out I went, thinking my

crutches were going to put an end to my 21-year slump. I scoped the place out and saw all the Florence Nightingales in waiting.

"Can I help ya?" the bartender asked. I hung my head and answered loudly, "CAN ANYONE REALLY HELP ME AT THIS POINT?!" It was just subtle enough. Dramatically I maneuvered myself over to a spot that seemed very much in the public eye. The first hour passed slowly.

"All right," I told myself. "It's early. Be patient." Later, things really picked up and I was sure it was just a matter of time. That is, until a fight broke out and, in the confusion, I was knocked behind a pinball machine, unable to get up. I was discovered around closing time.

I'm having a really hard time getting around these days, and at the last minute I was going to let the editor substitute this spot for a political essay on the assessments of Eastern Europe taxation laws. So I hope my reading audience appreciates my efforts. Both of them better be reading.

David Rowell is a senior chemistry and English major from Fayetteville.

## Readers' Forum

### Poster thieves slight students

To the editor:

Squelching political discussion at Carolina seems to have become somewhat of a pastime for certain people, but this is ridiculous.

The Carolina Committee on Central America (CCCCA) has arranged for ex-CIA agent and author Philip Agee to speak at an educational forum during Human Rights Week. Unfortunately, as fast as we put up posters publicizing the event, some person or persons tear them down.

CCCCA feels that it is important that Carolina students have the opportunity to hear an informed, critical perspective on the CIA's role in foreign policy. We invited the CIA to send a representative to debate Mr. Agee. The agency, unfortunately, refused. Those who are tearing down our posters clearly wish to deny their fellow students the chance to hear what Mr. Agee has to say by preventing them from finding out about the event.

This attempt to spur thoughtful political discussion on our campus is unfair to Mr. Agee, who is traveling quite a distance to be here. It is unfair to members of CCCC, who have worked long hard hours to make this event possible. But most of all, it is unfair to Carolina students, many of whom may be interested in hearing Mr. Agee's talk.

JOEL SIPRESS  
Graduate  
History

### Swastika no Star of David

To the editor:

As a UNC student and recent returnee from a year abroad in Israel, I can certainly say that Ms. Jacqueline Muth in her presentation as part of Human Rights Week ("Palestinians and the West Bank") is misinformed when she points out that Israeli soldiers break into the houses of "innocent" Palestinians, beating the males for their "unspecified illegal activities." Weeks ago, Palestinian terrorists bombed a car in Jericho killing innocent citizens (a mother and her three children). When I was in Israel I saw the "innocent" Palestinians



throwing rocks at public buses that passed through their neighborhoods.

Ms. Muth also stated that the "poor" Palestinian children are sometimes picked off by the streets by the Israeli soldiers. She fails, however, to mention that these same children are taught by their parents to throw Molotov cocktail bombs at buses, cars and innocent citizens. What kind of peace are they promoting?

Ms. Muth ended her presentation with a slide of a Jewish star equaling a Nazi swastika. This analogy between Israelis and Nazis is obscene. The Jews of Europe greedily would have exchanged their situation for that of the Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza. The Palestinians were occupied while the Jews were burned in ovens.

Ms. Muth says that she is angry. I am angry, too. I want peace with the Palestinians. The Palestinians have rights; the Israelis have rights. Until they say no more terror, no more death, and finally agree to recognize Israel's rights as a national homeland for the Jews, there can be no discussion. But that right cannot be carried out through guns and lies. Bringing such Palestinian propaganda to our campus only distorts the truth and discourages peace. This battle for peace can only be won through respect and honesty, on both sides.

DANIELLE NIEMAN  
Senior  
Psychology

### No student fees for Agee

On Nov. 9, an act of appropriate \$200 for the purpose of co-sponsoring Philip Agee as a speaker for the Campus Y's Human Rights Week passed by voice vote in the Finance Committee of the Student Congress. It was approved by the full congress Wednesday. I strongly oppose the use of student funds to pay the remainder of this speaker's high price. It's one thing for campus special interest groups to sponsor a political speaker. But when funds fall short it shouldn't be left up to the student body to cover the difference.

The lamely worded proposal tries to justify this political shenanigan by calling it a chance for an "open forum" on the issue of CIA human rights violations. Obviously, the CIA cannot argue covert operations factually with Agee on this campus or anywhere. The proposal goes on to state that it has no political stance on the issue, but the passage of this one-sided endorsement would be extremely political.

Philip Agee is an ex-CIA agent who became "disillusioned" with the agency after 11 full years of service. After declaring his loyalty to the U.S. government, he fell on hard times and wrote a very popular book, "Inside the Company," in which he revealed a large amount of classified information. Since its release he has pursued the CIA with vicious

intent, naming thousands of agents and severely hampering the agency's effect. More importantly, he has jeopardized the lives of every agent he revealed. His name compilations are nothing more than "hit lists" for anti-American terrorists around the world. Shunned by the press, government and popular opinion in the West, he has been an honored guest in Cuba and Nicaragua — and strongly opposes U.S. foreign policy around the world. I have no problems with his opinion, but the methods this "conscience-follower" uses are disgusting.

I'd prefer not to help this man continue his subversion of our foreign policy by contributing to his cause.

SCOTT SHELTON  
Junior  
Political science

### Letters policy

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

The DTH reserves the right to edit letters for space, clarity and vulgarity.

### We goofed

In Wednesday's editorial, "Politics won't end epidemic," an otherwise lively and insightful piece, the name of the surgeon general was misspelled. His name is C. Everett Koop. The Daily Tar Heel regrets the error.

## Helping another person in a small way

Marguerite Arnold  
Guest Writer

I was sitting in Chutney's last night, drowning my school anxieties with a couple of friends. It is, after all, the time when I start to wonder whether school-induced psychosis is really worth it. We were all talking about school, how neurotic it makes you, boy isn't Christmas looking better all the time. Lost in our dreamworld only shared by those who have the opportunity to go to college.

And in the middle of our conversation, this tiny black woman lurched up to our table. She was poor, dirty, drunk, cold and hungry. And really lonely. She asked us if we could spare some money so she could get something to eat, and offered us two broken cigarettes in exchange.

It's certainly not the first time I've been exposed to America's underbelly. I lived in Washington, D.C., this past year, and the sheer amount of people living in the street is enough to make you cry, and I did. People who are reduced to mere lumps of dirty, cold and hungry humanity, who sleep during the day because it is too cold to sleep at night. People who do look through trashcans for something to eat, cigarette butts to smoke. People who live on the leftovers of our mass consumption society. But it's not just there. It's here in Chapel Hill. Hidden away in Blue Heaven we even have a homeless shelter and a soup

kitchen. The Southern Part of Heaven gets pretty cold on winter nights.

I only had five dollars on me last night, and three of that was for the beer, but I gave this lady all I could. She was so grateful for the \$1.50 I gave her. Standing there, by our table, with no coat, nowhere to go. She didn't say, "Hey white girl, what do you know about poverty? You're warm and clothed, and getting a college education. Why can't you give me more?" She said, "Thank you. God loves you." And I must admit, that even old agnostic me believed, for a fleeting moment, that He did.

It was at this particular moment that the bartender came up and grabbed her arm and told her brusquely to get out; he didn't want her in the restaurant disturbing the customers. She said, "Hey, man, these are friends of mine," and I nodded yes. I don't even know her name, but I am her friend. Somebody has to be. "She isn't disturbing you, is she?" he said. Yes, I wanted to say, she is disturbing me. It

disturbs me to see people in pain, robbed of their humanity. But you disturb me more. You can't just throw people away, and that's what we do. You can't just turn your head and walk away, or throw them out of restaurants and deny that they exist. They do exist. They are human. There but for the grace of whatever do we all walk. They are Americans, too. They are people, just like us.

Reagan may be able to say that they're all welfare queens, while they sleep on grates outside the White House. Meese may claim that there is no hunger in America. They may be able to look away, and walk away, and throw them away. But I can't.

And even though my pitiful contribution couldn't even buy this lady a Big Mac, and probably went to either that or something stronger to keep her warm, I know that it was important.

"Hey, baby," she said. "I'm 34, and ain't got nowhere to go," and she smiled at me with all her front teeth missing. "Please help me." Well, I'm 21, and I smiled back, and I did help, in my small and pitiful way.

Marguerite Arnold is a junior international studies major from Chapel Hill.