

The Daily Tar Heel

97th year of editorial freedom

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Teacher versus teacher

The saga of Gary Freeze continues. As an extension of his petition campaign on behalf of Freeze, a visiting lecturer on N.C. history, junior Gene Davis has claimed that the history department violated the American Historical Association's code of ethics for fair practice in recruitment. The department ran an advertisement last year for the position of assistant professor of N.C. history stating that candidates must have their doctorate by July 1, 1988. James Leloudis, the graduate student recommended for the position, will not get his Ph.D. until May.

The history department should be taken to task for unfair advertising. It should not claim that candidates must have certain qualifications in advertisements for a position if the candidates really don't have to have those qualifications. That's just common sense.

Davis justly points out that this practice can also discourage candidates from applying. The history department may not be legally bound to require those qualifications because the ad is not a contract, but it is ethically bound. In the future, it should follow its own rules.

Besides, this situation is easily avoided. All the advertisement had to say was, "candidates should have their doctorate by July 1, 1988," and the whole problem would have been solved.

But Davis' call to re-open the entire search process is too extreme. Freeze already has accepted a job at another

university, and Leloudis is only a step away from being confirmed by the chancellor. Nothing more can be accomplished at this point with either situation.

The irony here is that the people being hurt the most are the two teachers each side so fervently supports. What the protest has done, in effect, is create "Freeze versus Leloudis," an uncomfortable and unfair position for both men: Freeze is being pitted against one of his own colleagues, and Leloudis must start teaching next fall amid controversy intimating he is not qualified for his position. Students should consider themselves lucky that the history department had such a difficult decision to make, considering the quality of some teachers at this university. While UNC may have lost a good teacher in Gary Freeze, it seems to have gained another in Jim Leloudis.

What this whole controversy has pointed out, albeit in a backhanded way, is that students, both graduates and undergraduates, must be involved in the selection of new professors. Davis said this latest chapter in his protest is all part of that larger goal of eventually involving students intimately in the selection process. That goal is admirable. But those students upset about the loss of Freeze should work with all academic departments toward that goal, rather than making one teacher look good at another's expense. — Kimberly Edens

Companies out of control

Because of the cold, harsh winds that have blown over Prince William Sound, Alaska in the last four days, Exxon officials have been able to clean up less than 1 percent of the 240,000 barrels of oil that spilled from a stricken tanker. While the storm surrounding the area is going to have major environmental impact, the storm over the condition of the tanker's crew should prove even greater.

The tanker lost its oil when it hit a shallow reef Friday, while, according to the president of the Exxon Shipping Company, the third mate of the 978-foot tanker was in charge. He was not certified to command the tanker through the Prince William waters at the time of the accident.

Exxon's president had no explanation for why Capt. Joseph Hazelwood was not in control of the vessel. Results of a blood alcohol test given hours after the spill to Hazelwood, the third mate and the helmsman, should be back by Thursday. Now, the tests have taken on a special importance in light of news reports about Hazelwood's record of drunk-driving indictments.

Last September, Hazelwood was convicted of driving under the influence of alcohol in a New Hampshire

incident. His license has been revoked ever since. That conviction followed his guilty plea in 1985 to driving while intoxicated in New York. On Nov. 2, 1984 — four months after the incident which led to the 1985 conviction — Hazelwood's license was suspended after he stopped and refused to take a Breathalyzer test.

It is incredible that a man who is not allowed to drive a car is permitted to continue as commander of a 978-foot tanker. Exxon should have acted long ago to prevent this man from endangering other lives when he's already endangered his own at least twice. To allow a third mate who is obviously not trained to pilot a tanker through shallow waters is simply another example of the captain's lack of good judgment, following Exxon's similar lack.

Regardless of whether alcohol played any part in this accident — the biggest oil spill in North American waters — the damage was done long ago. Companies must take responsibility for their employees. How far their power should extend over their employees is debatable, but it definitely extends to this sort of limited, comparatively mild constraint. — Sharon Kechsull

Useless diagrams and Bad Haiku Theatre

Ian Williams

Wednesday's Child

stomach lining; stand like a vulture over his tiny little desk and make him write the letter "p" in cursive until the sun sets. In a matter of years, this:

I sure like Ho-Ho's

becomes this:

I sure like Ho-ho's!

And suddenly, we learned the first, worst lesson of our school career — it doesn't really matter what you say, as long as it looks good on paper. Now, in the age of computers, if a kid is forced to cross "t's" through recess, there's really something wrong going on out there.

Fifth Grade Poetry — This was a time when we already knew the basics of English, and the folks who were creative enough to end up teaching fifth-grade English tried to pool their artistic and semantic talents to make this a year to "branch out" and "find oneself" verbally. In Iowa, this meant the mastery of that dubious art form known as the haiku, whereupon hundreds of us kids were forced at gunpoint to write these 3-line, 5-7-5 syllable poems that the Japanese had given up on sometime in the Bronze Age.

"Let's see your first one, Ian," my teacher would drone.

The rabbit ran fast
 But gosh, the fox ran faster!
 Silence in the woods.

"That was a little morbid, Mr. Williams. Why not express yourself a little more? Use more vivid images!"

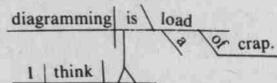
I like green soap
 I make my kitty eat it
 Urine sure tastes bad.

"Uhh... I don't think you've got the hang of it. Tell a little story, use emotion, and remember — five-seven-five!"

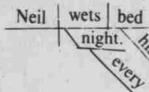
I drowned a bug once
 Do you know the sound he made?
 "Blub blub blub blub blub"

And with that, I was in the corner for the rest of the day, sharpening faculty pencils while the rest of my class slaved feverishly over their haikus, cinquains and poems about soybean fields written in iambic tetrameter.

Sentence Diagrams — Has there ever been anything more unequivocally useless that God has spawned, besides wasps and Smurf-Berry Crunch? Will we have to diagram our sentences for extra credit on tax forms and love letters? Unfortunately, I recognized the futility of this practice way early on, and dished up a few of these for my satanic seventh-grade English professor to grade:

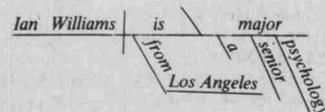


And of course, some insightful commentary on my peers:



And yet again, I would get the papers back with the giant red "See Me" scrawled angrily over my name, and yet again I would dream of master races of pubescent kids that are frozen in seventh grade and thawed out around 10th grade in a giant high school microwave ceremony.

Am I angry? Not really. We've spent too much time in classrooms for there not to be a lot of futile busy work crammed in our skull cases — perhaps it's just a pity that our young life's toil ends up as witty trivia.



Readers' Forum

SDI not the answer

To the editor:
 I was disturbed by Daniel Jolley's guest column ("Opportunities ripe to deploy Star Wars," Monday, March 23) praising SDI. I disagree.

Let me remind the reader that SDI, as proposed by Ronald Reagan (the "intellectual" giant who once erroneously stated that a nuclear missile could be "recalled"), was conceptualized as a blanket covering to protect the nation. After years of debate and research, we have seen a gradual shift in SDI's purpose from defense system to bargaining chip. Now there is pretty much unanimous agreement that SDI's costs will never outweigh its effectiveness. The Soviets could easily send rocks into orbit to disable these billion-dollar satellites.

By stating that the United States has 1,500 first-strike targets and that the Soviets will have 8,000 first-strike weapons by 1995, Jolley hopes to provide a reason for SDI: "If SDI were only 50 percent effective, it would make a Soviet first-strike a gamble at best." Not according to my statistics. Assuming that SDI could be made 50 percent effective (a very optimistic figure), 4,000 Soviet missiles would still get through to our 1,500 targets —

Why did Bush change his mind about the Contras?

I'd take those odds in Atlantic City!

Jolley also states that, without SDI, the only option for the U.S. president during a nuclear attack is surrender — do you actually believe that? You know our missiles would be off the ground before the incoming missiles even reentered the atmosphere.

In continuing to believe in SDI, Jolley and many others have not kept pace with scientific reality. Currently, the most realistic "star wars" program is a derivative of the Smart Rocks

system called Brilliant Pebbles. BP works on kinetic energy. A BP satellite is actually a cluster of miniature satellites under ground control that can be instructed to dislodge, seek out, and ram potential targets. Just as effective as SDI, but cheaper.

Einstein pointed out the conflict of interest between preparing for war and promoting peace. He also said, "Peace cannot be kept by force. It can only be achieved by understanding." But if you must have war toys, please

make them as inexpensive as possible.

JOHN MARTZ
 Graduate
 Social psychology

Letters policy

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

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

Don't rush four years in Chapel Hill

The Old Well. Many times I walked by it without even a glance. One cold March night, however, I stopped. I stared. I remembered.

Number 23, Michael Jordan, dribbles around two opponents, takes a half-step, palms the basketball in one hand and leaps into the air, his tongue protruding prominently. My heart pounds. I hear my yell echoing in my ears. He slams the ball home, on his way to a single-handed defeat of Maryland in a classic Carolina come-from-behind victory. Carmichael explodes.

The time is January, 1983. It is my freshman year. I have just attended a UNC basketball game — my first since immigrating from South Africa in 1982. I am now addicted to UNC basketball.

An avid supporter of Reagan, I majored in business, joined the College Republicans and the UNC Investment Club. I dressed in Alexander Julian and Polo shirts and dabbled in the stock market. I sneered at the misinformed vocal few who probably could not find South Africa on a map, yet constructed shanties on campus to prevent injustices they did not understand. I argued repeatedly with liberals who claimed they knew more about South Africa than I did and assumed that any white South African must be a racist.

Over time I became disgusted at the Dale McKinleys of the world who embarrass our campus. I grew weary of those who refused to hear the other side of the argument. Therefore, I stopped debating the issue. I wondered why they didn't go

Brent Callinicos

Guest Writer

somewhere else if they were so displeased with our college's administration. My belief in UNC, however, was not shaken. One learns in freshman economics that the demand for a product (at a given price) depends upon the availability of substitutes. For UNC, there are none.

By 1987, I had seen UNC lose the ACC tournament four times. I watched helplessly — again and again — as UNC was denied another NCAA Championship. I had grown to hate Duke. UNC's freshmen became younger and younger. I still clung to the beliefs of the Reagan administration, a view no longer shared by my fellow students. I stopped reading the increasingly left-wing DTH (except for the sports section), in favor of the Wall Street Journal. Not yet willing to leave UNC and lured by the thoughts of a higher starting salary, I decided to attend MBA school.

I'm 23 now and on the verge of graduating from the UNC MBA program, yet I'm still young enough to be carded. I am married to a beautiful girl I met my sophomore year. I have accepted a great job and have even purchased a house. I am faced with mortgages, pension plans, car loans and homeowners insurance. I have finally seen UNC win an ACC tournament, only to be eliminated in the

NCAA tournament by an inferior team. I still hate Duke. Kenny Smith, Steve Hale, Brad Daugherty, Warren Martin, Joe Wolf — all have come and gone. So too have all my friends from undergrad. We all promised to write, but we never did. The campus is without familiar faces; it is now time for me to go.

Although I am counting the days until graduation and the start of a long, prosperous career, I cannot be happy about leaving UNC. Just when I think I'll be glad to depart, I see a piece of memorabilia and a lump forms in my throat.

It's not as if Chapel Hill will even know I was here. I've done nothing out of the ordinary. I don't get written about in the DTH. The only proof of my six-year stay is a pair of names carved on a table at Troll's.

But, I will know I was here. Whenever I hear James Taylor sing "Carolina In My Mind," watch a UNC game in my new home (500 miles away), see the Old Well or the Bell Tower, tears will come to my eyes. Perhaps I will be looking up at the students of tomorrow from my seats in the Dean Dome. Perhaps my children will be fortunate enough to attend school here. My advice — don't wish your years at UNC over too soon, or they will be.

Brent Callinicos is a second year MBA student from Greensboro.

The Daily Tar Heel

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