

Opinions

Letters

Parking problem not security problem

To The Blue Banner,
An article in last week's **Blue Banner** was screaming for a reply. It was Darren Long's "Wake up, security."

In this article, Mr. Long claimed that security was responsible for him not being able to park in a convenient space. He said that he parked illegally because of this fact.

Believe it or not, Mr. Long, some people don't approve of parking in faculty lots, blocking steps, or using handicapped spaces. This is why these fines are illegal on the campus or state level.

You have security confused with parking. Not being able to find a space is not a security problem, but a parking problem. UNCA security is not in charge of building new spaces! Voice your negative concerns toward the political body of UNCA.

Contrary to Mr. Long's assumption, it is ridiculous to think that a "trade-off" exists involving parking tickets and the safety of the lots. Receiving a ticket doesn't automatically insure that a parking lot will be safe. The UNCA parking lots are no more dangerous or less safe than lots at

the malls or in downtown Asheville.

In the fall of 1990, a total of only eight breaking and entering/larceny offenses were filed. The break-in you wrote of was not reported. If you have a complaint you have to file it if you want us to do something about it.

Obviously, it is virtually impossible to prevent anyone from committing a crime. One of the most frustrating aspects of patrolling the lots has been apprehending the offenders. The lay-out of the campus affords a thief an easy opportunity to commit a crime, as most of the lots on the campus are surrounded by trees and shrubbery. This is an ideal setting for a thief to break into a vehicle. Moreover, the average time is less than two minutes for a break-in. The very nature of this offense makes it difficult to catch the thief.

In conclusion, I thank you for the over-exaggeration of the ability to find wrongfully parked cars by Parking Enforcement, but I don't think us "ticket tots" are as complete on ticketing as you imagine.

I have two pieces of advice for you: 1) Get your facts straight and 2) Hire a bodyguard to watch your car.

I hope this satisfies the reply you so desperately wanted.

Sean Helfrich
Atmospheric Sciences
Sophomore

Ecology club works for UNCA

To The Blue Banner,

The Ecology Club strives to educate the public on issues concerning the environment. This student organization meets every Tuesday at 5 p.m. in RH 216. The meetings are fairly informal, and anyone with interest is welcome to attend.

Some of the major projects the Ecology Club has been involved in include:

Bringing aluminum recycling barrels to the academic buildings on campus to provide the students with a convenient way to recycle aluminum.

Adopting a highway near UNCA to try to broaden community awareness of UNCA and the environment.

Sponsoring events such as last year's Earth Day celebration.

Bringing speakers to UNCA to promote education and environmental awareness.

This year the Ecology Club has been working on several new projects.

One of them is making the UNCA community aware of the proposed construction of a conference center on the last undeveloped bald in Asheville which lies just above the old tennis courts.

We feel there are better locations for such a conference center which would not increase traffic congestion on campus and preserve a thriving greenspace near campus.

The Ecology Club is also working with the SGA to bring you another environmental celebration in April, this time under the name of Greenfest. You can look forward to lots of entertainment once again, including a variety of bands and Environmental Jeopardy.

With the help of John Schoutz of the SGA, Melissa Hacker and Doug Meares of the physical

plant, June Ratcliffe of purchasing, and financial support from the Parents Association, the Ecology Club has purchased six bicycle racks which will be installed within the month of March.

If you want more information on the Ecology Club or would like to get involved, feel free to drop by one of our meetings on Tuesday at 5 p.m. in RH 216.

Sincerely,
Marjorie Meares, President
Chris Lawing, Vice President
Catherine Grooms, Treasurer
Peter Brezny, Secretary

From Wendell's Window



Wendell W. Thorne
Columnist

Well, the war is over.

I'm not talking about the war in the Gulf. In the war I refer to, there were no surgical strikes, no carpet bombing, no incoming scuds. There was never the threat of chemical weapons, nor was Billy Graham called in to help either side with its conscience.

There were, however, some similarities between this war and the crisis in the Middle East. The principals on either side were hard-headed, tough-talking, brick walls, willing to allow a situation which evoked great emotions escalate up to and beyond the point of no return. But, since no guns were involved, there remained throughout the ability for both sides to get together and reclaim their words and work out a compromise. Which we did.

The war I'm talking about was fought between myself and **The Blue Banner**, and started over a difference of opinion concerning my favorite thing in the whole world - words.

You see, I wrote some comments about an individual who happened to be convicted for cocaine trafficking. In my copy, I used the name of this individual, as well as his mother's, who I am acquainted with. **The Banner**, having experience with legalities concerning my words in the past, and, unable to reach me by telephone, chopped the names of these real, breathing people out of my column. In my opinion, this action removed all the life from the column, and, I felt that if this type of arbitrary treatment of my words, which I hold sacred, was to be allowed, then I would rather keep them to myself.

The ensuing battle was heated and short, but the residual trauma was strong, and lasted for nearly four weeks.

I decided that, since my future in the legal field would forever find me in such situations, and that one simply cannot bury himself in a self-serving hole when these issues arise, I must attempt to find some middle-ground and force a compromise.

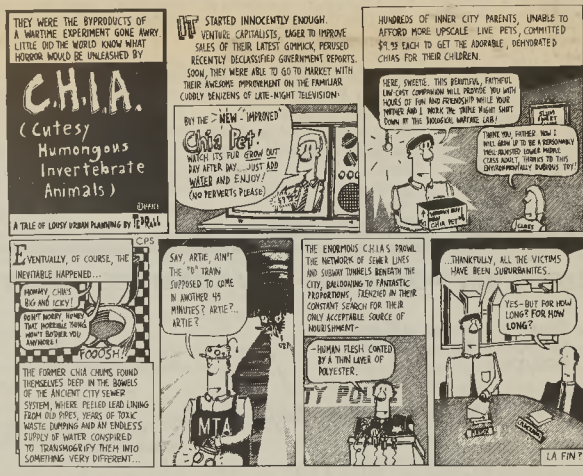
A truce was called and, without going into the details, well, I'm back.

When I started looking at the reasons for war, and how, without the weapons and troop size, our conflict was much like the one in the Gulf, I couldn't help but think that if Bush and Hussein would have just sat down at a table somewhere and swapped war stories and, perhaps, a couple of dirty jokes, this war and death could have been avoided.

But we all know that George wasn't about to have any of that (not that Saddam would have gone for the idea either), because, as I have said before, he needed to deflect our attention from the mounting problems here at home. To make matters worse, the government made Iraq out to be a major adversary so that, in the end when we eventually won, our victory would taste sweeter. Ha! We all watched as thousands of Iraqi soldiers threw down their weapons and crawled out of ditches, kissing the hands of their captors. Anyone who doesn't believe that this whole thing was a rout from the beginning is truly naive. The fact that George knew that this was in the bag from the onset is proven by his "stiff-armed" approach to Hussein. Sure, Iraq has been vanquished, but what does that really mean? There is another word for holding a non-negotiable stance - Stupid. And that makes us no better than Saddam, only stronger.

So, wave your flags if you want. Hail the allied "victory," you narrow-minded, insecure people. But remember that extremism is for hermits. Nothing can be gained from thinking in terms of black and white. Real progress is a shade of gray.

Express your opinion!
Write a letter to The Blue Banner, 208-A Carmichael Hall. Letters need to be in the office by noon Tuesdays.



You had to ask...



Steve Peake
Columnist

Mind you, I'm not a poor loser.

In grade school, the kid two rows behind me always won the class-monitor election, leaving me stumbling lamely into second place. I always held out my hand to him in a gesture of congratulations (though to this day I'm baffled at how he could afford to throw a campaign rally with a 25-piece orchestra playing "Happy Days Are Here Again," him being only eight years old, and all).

Later on in high school, I tied with the captain of the football team for the attentions of the class beauty, CherAnn Sherelike. I even went so far as to woo her with a volume of my own poetry (written under my pseudonym, "William Butler Yeats"). Again I lost the competition, and again I put my loss behind me (though to this day I'm baffled at how he could afford to take CherAnn to the prom in a Lear jet, much less how he crammed that 25-piece orchestra aboard, him being only sixteen years old, and all).

Such was the demeanor - of the gracious, experienced loser - I carried to the regional College Bowl competition at the University of Kentucky in Lexington this past weekend. College Bowl, of course, is the game touted as the "varsity sport of the mind," in which participants match their knowledge with students from competing schools. Though I wasn't a member of UNCA's winning team, I joined the squad the day before the competition, filling in for a regular team member who had to leave town unexpectedly.

There's little point in reshaping the relaxing six-hour drive, with me wedged like a comb-tooth into a van with 10 other people. I suppose

there's not even any need for describing the euphoria one feels when he swerves around the Flintstone-ish remnants of rockslides along I-40, skidding sideways from Tennessee into the Bluegrass State. These, after all, are experiences we already cherish.

No, the real story here is one of competition, of sportsmanship, of struggle. Perhaps, I began to think, my self-image as the perennial loser was yet premature. We were, after all, prepared.

I mean prepared. We didn't waste the time on the van. We had Trivial Pursuit cards. We had two books filled with "official quiz questions," whatever that means. We had an almanac. We had the collected works of Dickens, Homer, and Hunter S. Thompson (never mind). "What's the biggest organ in the human body," my vanmate asked.

"Skin," another vanmate answered correctly.

"What's the capital of Mongolia," asked another team member.

"Ulanbaatar," came another correct answer.

This explains the swagger we employed as we walked into the competition room in the bowels of U.K.'s Student Center. We were prepped. Or, in the words of certain assistant coaches, we were ready to play real good, heads-up Bowl.

Our smugness fell by the wayside shortly. The moderator, a slight gentleman with a vivid memory of the Coolidge administration, introduced the two teams to the audience, which, this being a preliminary round, consisted of nobody. "On the left, the champions of Shempington State, from Bayrum, Ohio," he said. "On the right,

the champions of UNKC, from Asbton, N.C."

Before we could correct him, he launched into a brief explanation of the rules. "No holding," he said. "When I say 'break,' you break. On knockdowns, go to the neutral corner and stay there." I should have taken that as an omen of things to come, but I was too busy gnawing my knuckles to notice. Then the game started. Badly.

"For a 5-point tossup," began the moderator, "name --"

A young woman from the Shempington team buzzed in. "Euclid!" she yelled.

"Correct answer," said the moderator. "For a 50-point bonus, name any color except red. Ten seconds to confer."

We watched as the Shempington team huddled and scribbled formulas on their scratch paper. At the last second, their captain cleared his throat and said, "Blue."

"Correct answer," said the moderator. "Okay. For the 5-point tossup, what's the --"

Shempington State buzzed again. "Wherever I am, there's always Pooh. There's always Pooh and me!" cried a young man in a turban.

"Correct answer," said the moderator. "For a 75-point bonus, name something wet." And so on.

We finally got one. "John Jay," answered our captain. The question was, "Name the guy besides Madison and Hamilton who wrote **The Federalist Papers**." Hot damn, I thought, we're back in this thing. "For a 75-point bonus," continued the moderator, "prove God exists, and show your work."

So it went, and before we knew it, we were out in the hall, signing some papers with Doug Lewellen. We shook hands with the Shempington State team, and they invited us to a party later at the motel. We went and actually had a great time. I gained the understanding that the competition wasn't nearly as important as the friendships that started afterwards. But I'll never understand how, given the size of the motel room, they managed to accommodate a 25-piece orchestra and a keg.