

The Daily Tar Heel

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The Buck Starts Here

Gov. Jim Hunt will be signing Senate Bill 912 into law this morning in a ceremony on the Capitol grounds. Normally, this is the completion of any legislative action.

But this time, it is just the first step in a long, drawn-out battle that will take tremendous effort on all fronts.

Senate Bill 912, otherwise known as The Michael K. Hooker Higher Education Facilities Financing Act, calls for a referendum on a massive \$3.1 billion dollar bond package that will be used to renovate higher education facilities across the state. If approved by voters in November, it will be the largest bond passed in the state's history.

Now the real work begins. Voters are wary to vote "yes" for more debt. Oftentimes, they associate bonds with higher taxes. So it's up to those who will benefit from this bond to see that it doesn't die at the ballot box.

At the grassroots level, students must be proactive. The same amount of passion put into the tuition battle should be funneled into pushing for the bond this fall. It affects students just as much as a tuition increase would. After all, \$499,286,100 of the bond goes towards UNC-CH renovations alone.

Give friends and family the specifics of package and let them know just how dependent the funds are needed. Student leaders and organizations must maintain a high profile and sell the idea to wary voters.

Administrators, both at UNC-CH and within the entire UNC system, also have to step up to the plate if this bond is to succeed. UNC-system President Molly Broad must lobby voters and prove to them that the money will not be spent frivolously.

This issue died in the hands of lawmakers last year. She cannot let it die in voters' hands this November.

UNC-CH Chancellor James Moeser has to get on the publicity bandwagon and rally support for the referendum as well. This is his first true test of leadership as chancellor.

Finally, state lawmakers can't be left off the hook just because they cast their vote in the General Assembly. They must convince their constituents that the benefits of the bond outweigh its costs. It's their obligation to keep public universities in good condition. Don't let them forget that.

We're all in this together.
Let the battle begin.

Federal Power Trip

Score another victory for states' rights.

The Supreme Court recently threw out a key provision of the 1994 Violence Against Women Act that allowed rape victims to bypass state judicial systems entirely in order to sue their alleged attackers in federal court.

In *Bronzkala vs. Morrison*, the Court decided the law was an over-extension of constitutional authority on the part of Congress. They couldn't be more accurate.

The law became an issue in the courts when Virginia Tech student Christy Bronzkala sued two football players that allegedly raped her in 1994. The players claimed that she was invited to their room after a party and consented to having sex. A grand jury decided not to indict the two men, so Bronzkala went around the state and became the first woman to sue under the new federal law.

The provision was based on the theory

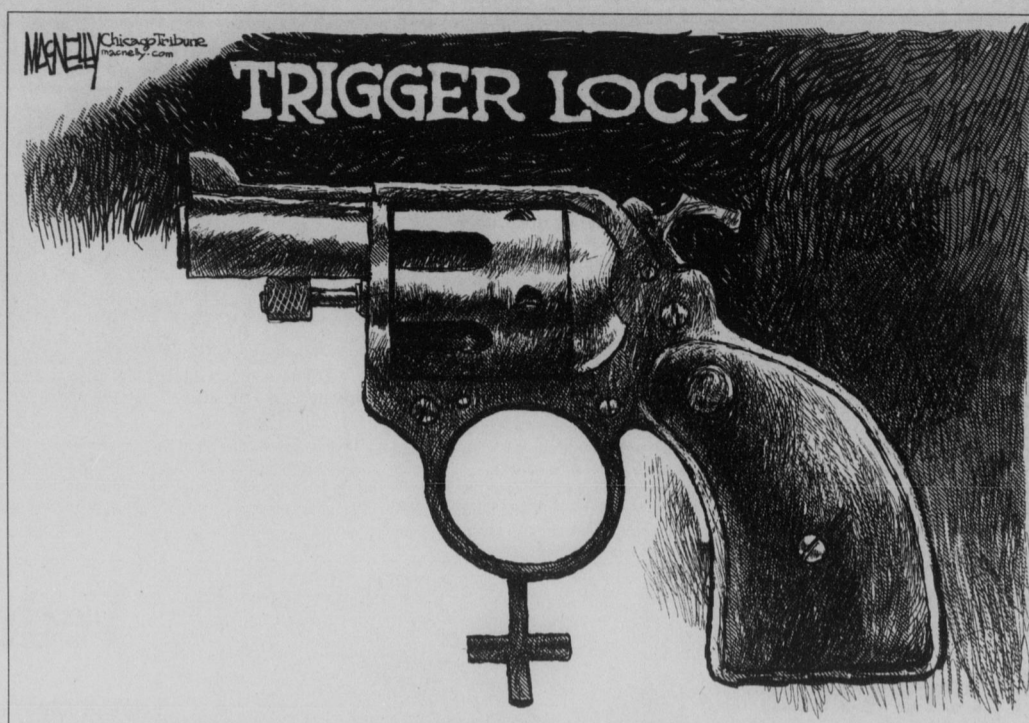
that a woman's ability to work and travel can be affected by violence, and thus gave Congress jurisdiction since it regulates interstate commerce.

That's a tenuous justification. If Congress is allowed to intervene in cases such as this because of lost revenue due to emotional stress, why not give them authority over divorce cases and family law disputes? There are costly emotional damages in these cases as well. Surely they affect "interstate commerce" as well.

Rape is a serious crime. But it's something states must keep jurisdiction over. Federal authority was stretched too far this time.

Congress should stick to the issues that it has authority over instead of attempting to usurp states' rights.

There are some things that the states can handle on their own. They don't need Uncle Sam looking over their shoulder.



Graduation Glory: Parent's Pride

I can still remember my college graduation day. Vividly.

It was an amazing day for me. On May 22, 1982, I felt I had paid my debt, in full, to society and my family. Done deal.

You see, I never sat down with my parents as I found my way through high school to discuss my future.

College, it seemed to me, was just expected. I would go. No questions asked. I don't remember ever discussing where I would look, apply, or attend. I was just left alone and expected to figure it out - and go.

Wait-listed at the schools my older brothers were attending (Tufts and Brandeis), I said, "No thanks" to both and headed to the University of New Hampshire.

I had no idea how I was going to pay for it, but I was going and I was not going to be anybody's little brother.

Four years later, after checking with my advisor and the university registrar about 100 times, I was set to graduate.

After three years in the wildest residence hall on campus, I had moved into an apartment just off-campus.

My father made it very clear, like only a father can, that he expected me to be ready to move out early in the morning following graduation day.

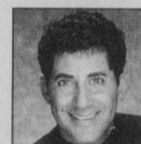
And he thought it would be nice if I hosted a pre-graduation brunch at my place for the dozen or so folks coming up to see me pick up my diploma.

I couldn't bear the thought of hosting an event amidst boxes and without adornment on the walls. So I left everything about my apartment as it was and hosted graduation day brunch for my family and friends.

It was a grand little event despite my father's anxiety about my move-out readiness.

Entering the mass event at the football stadium, my father surprised me with his bellow from the bleachers.

Amazing how you can hear your father's voice from among the thousands of dads



DANA ROSENGARD
TV GUY

graduate again. I'd earned this master's degree while working full-time, so finishing sort of snuck up on me.

I mentioned it to Dick and he said, "When's the big day? We'll come up to celebrate!"

It was graduation number twelve for my father; five kids combined had earned eleven previous diplomas and degrees.

I figured by now my father had had enough pomp and circumstance.

Wrong. Dick was proud.

And so up he drove about 250 miles to see me walk across a little stage, under a big tent, on a raw New England morning in May.

I'd rented an entire bed and breakfast nearby for a post-graduation celebration with about two dozen family and friends. Dick was proud.

Now I have two years to figure out how to mark the grand event here at Carolina.

I have no doubt Dick will be proud and down he'll come to have himself a quick cry of joy and pride.

I hope all the new UNC alumni felt the same glow from their parents this past Sunday that I know I'll feel in 2002.

What I also know, having done this three times already, is that graduation is the celebration of the completion of one process, not the end of your education.

Stay open to stretching your mind, learning and exploring. Degree candidate or not, there's always new stuff to learn.

What's the worst thing that can happen?

You can do enough to earn another degree and get the chance to make your parents proud again.

Dana Rosengard is a Ph.D. student in the School of Journalism and Mass Communication originally from Haverhill, Massachusetts, with many stops along the way in-between. He can be reached at danar@unc.edu for questions, comments, concerns or column suggestions.

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Even In Inclement Weather, We'll Play Ball This Summer

I could smell Sunday's storm five minutes away.
I was at a graduation barbecue for my friend Judith. Her parents had flown in from Germany and several of our friends had gathered around a table in her backyard drinking cognac and swapping stories.

Judith was right in the middle of telling a story when it hit me. My ears perked up and my nose pointed to the sky. I knew our fate immediately.

The sky was the same gray it had been all day and everyone was wrapped up in Judith's story. But we were about to get dumped on, and I had to warn the others.

It couldn't wait until the end of the story.

I pawed Judith, interrupting her. It's about to rain, I said. Some doubted me, others wanted to hear the end of the story.

Uneasy, I listened to the rest of the story while plotting the best way to save the monster German feast that Judith's parents had prepared.

As soon as she was done, we all worked together to break down the feast and take it inside. As soon as the last chair had been taken inside, it was upon us.

It rained all night.



BRIAN FREDERICK
EDITOR

Of course, sensing storms is a matter of survival when you grow up in Tornado Alley. At least, I'm sure it was before the days of the Doppler 5000.

This is tornado season in Kansas.

And I miss it terribly.

On a late afternoon in June, you can see storms rolling across the Midwestern plains a few weeks before they actually hit you.

The sky looks like rainbow sherbert. There are streaks of orange, green, purple and pink.

And as just as when you mix that sherbert, suddenly, the sky all becomes an ugly grayish brown.

The thunder that had minutes ago resembled the low rumble of a bowling alley suddenly crashes in your ear, interrupting your conversation. Halting your thinking.

The house shakes.
Unlike earthquakes, though, Midwestern thunderstorms don't catch you by surprise.

The light shows are quite extraordinary. A single stroke of lightning in the distance lights up the whole horizon. But only if it strikes near you do you witness, if only for a millisecond, its awesome power.

Soon, a battery of ice missiles patters the roof. (Much to the chagrin of auto dealers. Hail sales are a yearly ritual.)

The rain comes hard and fast.

And just as quickly as it erupted it ends.

Cool. Quiet. Wet.

Maybe, and it's always a slim chance, in the midst of that storm, a tornado touches down in the area.

Of course, you never see it, because if you're wise, you're down in the basement watching the weather on the tube.

Unless you're out driving on the open plains, or it happens to land in your neighborhood, you don't see a tornado. It always hits the other side of town, where the trailer parks are.

So, to finally answer your question, no, I've never seen a tornado. But I've

"been through" plenty of them.

(Ironically, the closest I've ever come to a tornado was when I lived in Los Altos, California. A fluke tornado hit less than a mile from my house. But it was after work and I napped through the whole thing. Of course, the only damage it did was to someone's fence. I'm still not convinced it was anything more than a big gust of wind.)

I have yet to sit through any tornadoes here in North Carolina. Hurricanes seem to be more destructive and less glamorous. The thought of millions of chickens and pigs drowning is not amusing like the thought of cows flying through the air.

Early summer thunderstorms are not quite as severe here as they are in Kansas. The trees muffle the echoes of the thunder and block out the flashes of distant lightning.

But Sunday's graduation storm swept me up and carried me back to Kansas.

Thunderstorms mean summer is here. Thunderstorms mean barbecue. I haven't yet grilled breakfast, lunch and dinner, all in one day, but by July, I'll be barbecuing my cereal.

Thunderstorms mean shorts. (Take note, Stewart, you don't want to get your pants wet when you frolic in the

puddles with Jill.)

Thunderstorms mean baseball.
Okay, I'm still trying to rediscover my previous affection for baseball. But it's not easy when your team is the Kansas City Royals. (Shame on Major League Baseball for banishing the small market teams to the basement. But that's another column.)

Trips to Durham Bulls and Tar Heels games are starting to erase my hatred for the American pastime. My little league team was named the Bulls, after all.

Maybe it all stems back to left field, during one of those hot, humid, late afternoon baseball practices in June.

Stuck in an irritating polyester uniform and a sweaty cap, I reeked of mosquito repellent cologne.

Practices dragged on forever because the coaches insisted on lecturing the batter after every single swing.

The giant wad of gum in my mouth always lost its flavor before the first pitch of the first inning.

No one ever hit the ball to the outfield when we were eight years old. "Look alive," I'd yell to no one. "Nobody on."

But I was content, because it was summer and that meant no school. I could just daydream, or more appro-

riately, dayscheme.

And then, as I'd be digging a giant hole in the dirt with my cleat, the air suddenly smelled musty.

I'd look up and notice that the clouds seemed lost. Some headed east; others west.

The sky would open up and dump on us. The coaches would huddle under an overhang while the kids played in the cool rain.

Minutes later, after the storm, we'd be back out on the field, sliding into every base and diving for every ball, because it meant more mud on our uniforms.

And so, another summer is upon us. For me, it means the new challenge of guiding the paper.

Our summer team is still working out the kinks. We're finding out who our sluggers are.

It's early in the season.

And I'm still stuck in left field, playing in the dirt.

"One down."

I'll let you know if I smell a storm coming.

Brian Frederick is a graduate student in Journalism and Mass Communication from Lawrence, Kansas. Reach him at bfrifred@yahoo.com.