

## The Daily Tar Heel

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## BOARD EDITORIALS

## Purging the Binge

Anti-binge drinking programs should focus on teaching students how to drink responsibly instead of focusing solely on abstinence.

The crackdown on Saturday night's Brent Road party by Alcohol Law Enforcement is just another example of the misguided effort that administrators have taken to curb college students' binge drinking.

At a time when Harvard Public Health experts report that drinking among college students is increasing nationwide, the powers that be should shift the focus of alcohol education programs from eliminating consumption to promoting responsible drinking.

Two separate studies recently released by Harvard make it quite evident that the current approach is failing.

One of the studies found 90 percent of college administrators have enhanced programs to curb alcohol use in recent years, which is not surprising considering that several students have been killed in alcohol-related incidents on area campuses during the last two years alone.

What is surprising, and alarming, is the result that these programs seem to be having.

The other Harvard study indicates that rather than drinking in moderation, more students are either moving into binge drinking or complete abstinence.

These uncompromising anti-drinking programs need to be altered with the realization

that some students are going to drink, regardless of any information they are provided.

As it stands, students who choose to drink have virtually no information on how to drink responsibly, or how to care for someone suffering the effects of heavy drinking.

Here at UNC, we need look no further than the sexual education programs that are already in place to find an example of an educational program designed to work realistically. These programs educate students about sex, without encouraging it. Services such as making condoms available in every residence hall are realistic ways of dealing with and controlling an inevitable circumstance of student life. Similar steps must be made to address drinking.

One way to accomplish this would be for campus groups to utilize Student Health Service in educating students about responsible alcohol consumption, as well as what to do in the event of a binge-drinking emergency.

If administrators and the ALE really are concerned about the well-being of students and not just blindly enforcing a law, they will find a middle ground from which to curb college drinking. Until then, activities such as the over-policing of Brent Road will simply be exercises in futility.

KELLI BOUTIN — EDITORIAL NOTEBOOK

## Hangin' Around

The "No Loitering" signs in front of Copytron and Ben &amp; Jerry's will not do enough to keep loafers away.

The days of people hangin' around on the corner of Franklin and Columbia streets finally have come to a close.

All of us who have been intimidated by the leers of drunks as we attempted to buy an ice cream cone can breathe a sigh of relief.

And the people who have nowhere else to go can take the hint and head somewhere where they are wanted and can get help, like the Inter-Faith Council shelter or maybe even inside the businesses they have sat outside for so many days (to pick up a job application, of course).

But before those of you who have been prevented from buying a coursepack or getting your sugar fix get too optimistic about the implications of the "No Loitering" signs that appeared in the windows of Copytron and Ben & Jerry's last month, realize the problem is in no way solved.

So long as a cluster of benches remains

near the businesses, so will loiterers.

And when the loiterers choose to set up camp on the benches, as they inevitably will, there will be nothing the businesses legally can do to stop them from being there, as the benches are on town property.

To curb the threat to their businesses effectively, then, the stores must take the next step and ask the town of Chapel Hill to remove them.

Granted, the benches were placed there to promote Chapel Hill's small-town ambiance, but loiterers such as those who prompted the signs are not a part of the community's charm — they are a nuisance and a deterrent to would-be customers.

For Chapel Hill to continue to have a downtown it can be proud of, it is important that businesses be able to thrive.

If doing that means having a few less benches, so be it.

## Have Your Say

The Daily Tar Heel welcomes submissions from its readers for the Monday Viewpoints page. Guest columns should be 800 words, written by no more than two people and discuss an issue relevant to DTH readers. Submissions should be e-mailed to [editdesk@unc.edu](mailto:editdesk@unc.edu) by 5 p.m. the Wednesday before the column will appear. Publication is not guaranteed. For more information, call Editorial Page Editor Kelli Boutin at 962-0245.

## READERS' FORUM

## Columnist's Thinking On Women in Old East, Old West Outdated

## TO THE EDITOR:

Is Ashley Stephenson serious? I read her column, "UNC Officials Should Leave Dudes Alone," several times over, hoping it was a joke.

I'm assuming that since Ashley is such a champion of tradition, and UNC-Chapel Hill was traditionally an all-male institution, she's already started packing her own bedspread and stuffed animals and is either headed home "where a woman should be," or on her way to a women's college.

Both of these arguments were used in the 1920s when debates thrived around building a women's dorm on campus. Spencer, the first women's dorm, was built in 1924. I think it's pertinent to note that Spencer is now a coed residence hall. This information, by the way, can be found in back issues of The Daily Tar Heel on microfiche in Wilson Library — read up, Ashley, and maybe you'll learn something.

Like change is good — and necessary. As always, I am disheartened that attitudes like Ashley's still exist at UNC-Chapel Hill, but everyone is entitled to his or her opinion. I don't think I'm alone, though, in thinking that an "equality-minded" University administration is not a disadvantage to campus life, as she implied,

but a blessing. I was even more amazed that this column was actually written by a woman; maybe I'll open the paper tomorrow and find a column written by a minority student on why racial diversity on campus is a bad thing (Carolina was traditionally an all-white University up to a point).

Let us leave the discussion of letting women live in Old East and Old West for a moment, and focus on who let Ashley Stephenson into the computer lab to begin with. For a university with a renowned journalism school, I have to say that your column, Ashley, was quite an embarrassment to the community at large.

First of all, your argument makes no sense. Why shouldn't women want to live in the dorms with the most "rad" location on campus and nicer rooms "without the usual chipped paint"?

After reading your thoughts, I can appreciate your longing for days of yore, but words like "rad" should probably remain in the capable hands of the Ninja Turtles. I did appreciate, though, your glibly addition of the adjective "stoopid-fresh." I've tacked that gem to my word list. Cowabunga, dude.

One last thing, Ashley — don't call me a chick.

Cynthia Eakes  
Class of 2000

The length rule was waived.

## Editorial Misinterprets Christians' Motivations For Football Prayer

## TO THE EDITOR:

I am writing regarding your Aug. 28 board editorial about prayer at high school football games. Although I am compelled to disagree with your position, I must commend you for this: Many critics of public prayer are quite derisive and condescending. You were not.

Nevertheless, you shortchange the Christian community in your assessment of the motivations for their prayer. In Jesus' day, Pharisees prayed ostentatiously to demonstrate their false piety to each other. Your quotation of Matthew 6 equated the football prayers with those of the Pharisees, effectively calling them hypocritical.

Public prayer certainly can be hypocritical. But a desire to take a stand for faith and a desire to resist a court decision that restricts free exercise of religion motivated the football game prayers. It was not to impress other Christians that they prayed, but to make a statement of faith.

Your main concern was that non-Christian students not be made "uncomfortable." But those students had a chance to make a statement, too. Their silence was just as much a statement of faith as the prayer of the Christian students.

Regardless of what we believe, belief

often requires taking unpopular positions. The non-Christian students took such a position by their silence. The Christian students took such a position by bucking the legal system and the media — two institutions that vigorously oppose their efforts and "bristle with hostility at all things religious in public life" (to quote Justice Rehnquist).

Perhaps most important is the notion that sincere Christians should never have to apologize or feel guilty for prayer, public or otherwise. It is my hope that Christians at Carolina and elsewhere will continue to "pray continually" (1 Thessalonians 5:17).

Jonathan Marx  
Sophomore  
Economics and Political Science

## Empty Seats Not Fault Of a Nonresponsive Student Congress

## TO THE EDITOR:

I feel that your Aug. 24 editorial, "Now Hiring," painted an inaccurate portrait of the efforts of student government.

Student government, like any other organization, is imperfect. Its work ethic, however, is very strong.

During the summer, while most students were taking some time off, a number of stu-

concert was definitely fun.

Spring Break came. Flying into Honduras was like flying into the heart of nowhere. The runway was a singular strip of pavement.

There were these little tin shack lined not too far from the runway. I didn't know what they were. Then I realized — they were homes.

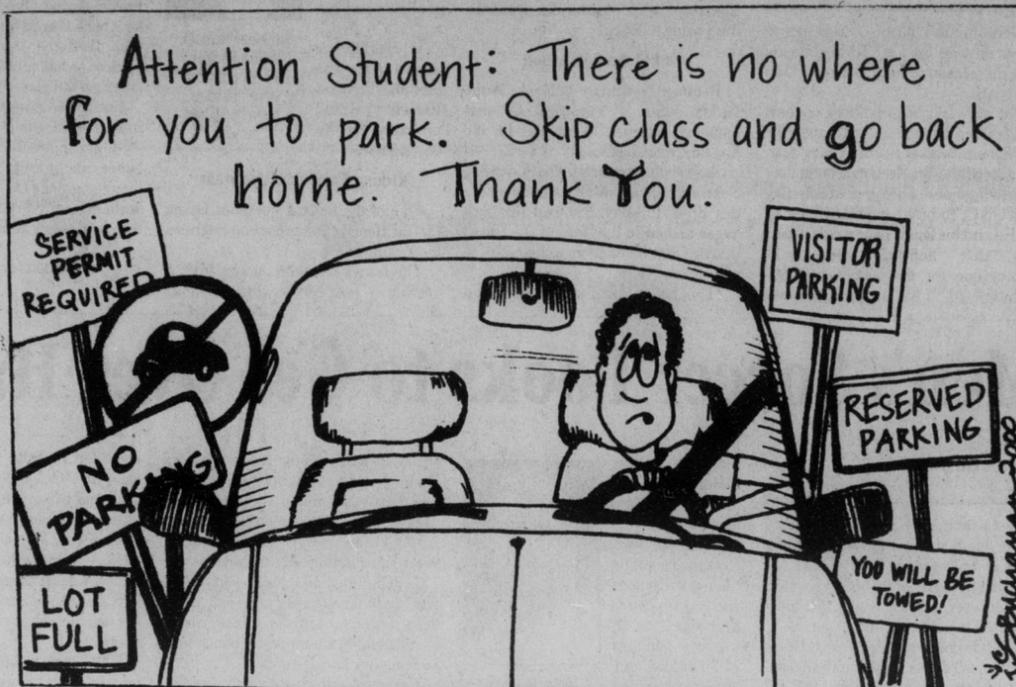
The experience was like a wrecking ball, coming at me full force with every breath I took at every site I saw. The natural beauty of the land was awe-inspiring, while the poverty of the country was heart wrenching.

But I know, your Spring Break — getting drunk in the Bahamas and hooking up with enough people to form a small nation-state, all while frying up a tan and gorging yourself on the cruise ship buffet — was far more fun than anything I did in a poor Third World country.

We spent the first weekend in a small town called Copan. We danced at a fiesta, made tortillas and explored ancient Mayan ruins. We then traveled on to help build a home for a family that cost a whole whopping \$700. Think about how easily you've blown a couple hundred of Mom and Dad's money for a month of rent, a new system for your car, a portion of sorority fees.

It's also the cost of a home.

The children came home every day after school with their little shovels and helped us work. The family didn't have indoor plumbing or a shower. They bathed outside in their clothes. It was saddening, but life is simpler. I



## For a Better Time, Try Volunteering

I'm a business major, so I guess for many of you that basically equates to "bloodthirsty capitalist pig."

It all began when every Christmas, Santa Claus (also known as Dad) brought a money-tree, glistening with green bills.

Because of that, I still believe that money grows on trees, and "materialism" probably should've been my middle name.

My other personal belief is that a job is something for someone besides me. Work and I just aren't friends.

So my involvement with Habitat for Humanity, which is free work of all things, is a long and twisted story.

But first you have to know Habitat isn't some tree-hugging hippie organization. We build houses for people who need them.

I discovered Habitat while competing in a pageant that required a "community service platform." I thought: "How cute! I'm going to add house-builder to my list of hobbies."

My first assignment was scraping paint for four miserable hours. But then I realized I was a volunteer — and didn't ever have to do that again.

Then, that itty-bitty, annoying part of me kept wondering what the house would look like finished. So I went back and ended up becoming a first-class paint-scraper and, eventually, a pretty decent roofer. By the end of the summer, I had earned some odd level of status.

I returned to school and saw a flier that said: "Habitat for Humanity: Apply for Honduras." I certainly wasn't the caring humanitarian society expected me to be, but I was pretty enamored with traveling. I thought, how cool would it be to have this experience on my résumé and on my personal checklist of "been there, done that."

Naturally, my impeccable skills at acting landed me a spot as one of 11 chosen to go. We worked seven months and raised \$23,000. The worst fund-raisers were cleaning up the Dean Dome and raking leaves, but our benefit

ANNE MARIE TEAGUE  
GLAMOROUS TRASH

didn't have my laptop, cell phone or even my curling iron. And the weird thing is, I didn't miss them.

I successfully mangled the Spanish language enough to communicate and still "estoy tratando." (In other words, "I'm trying.")

I came home from exquisite Honduran beaches to nine unwanted messages on my answering machine, finance homework to do and cold, rainy Chapel Hill. But when I looked at my shower, when I remembered the family's generosity, when I remembered the women hand-washing clothes on stone, when I looked at my car or the jewelry on my hands, I realized how lucky I was for all that I had and all that I had to give.

I'm still pretty much the same selfish person I always was, but I'm thinking about forgoing the MTV bump-n-grind, tan-n-fry, drink-n-get-high Spring Break again for a more contented week in paradise.

You have to take my word on this one. Check out Habitat for Humanity. The application process is in September.

The organization's only fault: It thinks only 13 people are needed in the Third World. So if you aren't chosen to go, don't worry. There are other ways to help.

Maybe I'll see you around in the Dominican Republic with Orphanage Outreach, where I'll most likely be teaching orphaned and abandoned kids English. For more information, check out [www.users.uswest.net](http://www.users.uswest.net).

Just think what those 30,000 International Monetary Fund protesters could've done if only they'd given a week of their lives to making a difference instead of spending a week in Washington putting on a show for the news media. Last time I checked, actions spoke louder than words.

Anne Marie Teague is a senior business administration major from Lumberton. E-mail her at [teague@email.unc.edu](mailto:teague@email.unc.edu).



The Daily Tar Heel welcomes reader comments and criticism. Letters to the editor should be no longer than 300 words and must be typed, double-spaced, dated and signed by no more than two people. Students should include their year, major and phone number. Faculty and staff should include their title, department and phone number. The DTH reserves the right to edit letters for space, clarity and vulgarity. Publication is not guaranteed. Bring letters to the DTH office at Suite 104, Carolina Union, mail them to P.O. Box 3257, Chapel Hill, NC 27515 or e-mail forum to: [editdesk@unc.edu](mailto:editdesk@unc.edu).

Michael Woods  
Student Body Secretary