

The Daily Tar Heel

81 Years Of Editorial Freedom

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Susan Miller, Editor

February 5, 1974

Escort service is easy so why should you be?

As a general rule nothing will happen to a girl who walks alone at night across campus.

But there's no comfort in being the exception to that rule. Not when it means being the victim of an assault or rape.

So far this year there have been three reported and publicized rapes or sexual assaults on the UNC campus. There may have been more, but even one is too many.

Better lighting and increased patrolling in secluded areas are recent proposals to the administration in an effort to halt

attacks on coeds.

But students, as well as the administration, should do something besides express concern over the problem. The Campus Escort Service is one way.

But the service, sponsored by the Residence Hall Association, is not working as effectively as last year because of low student response. At present it is only operating from Kenan dorm. Lack of use by coeds ended the service in Spencer dorm last semester. Lack of male volunteers has practically ended service at the Undergraduate Library as well as plans for escort service to Hill Hall, Phillips Computer Center and Granville Towers. These areas remain unprotected, as does South Campus and the dangerous area around Kenan Stadium, where two rapes occurred.

The escort service cannot survive unless female students participate. A phone call to 933-7600 connects the caller with the central service in the undergraduate library. Volunteers at that number (and more are needed) will give the caller the service number in the area she wants to reach. The simple act of dialing a phone brings a safe trip home, if you live in an escort area.

But if you live on South Campus or at Granville Towers, you're going to have to wait until the service is set up. And that can't be done unless more males volunteer as escorts.

Enlisting as a volunteer entails giving up only two or three hours a week. So far few students have come forth willing to sacrifice this much. Rich Beaudry, escort service coordinator, estimated the service needs at minimum 180 more volunteers—and even that will provide only one escort at a time in each place.

Most UNC students like the free atmosphere of this University and are glad that the administration in recent years has been moving away from the *in loco parentis* attitude. Yet at the same time students seem to expect someone up there to do all the work in making this campus a safe one. Granted the administration should take measures to insure safety, but this doesn't mean holding students' hands and walking them to their doors. Students shouldn't expect this nor should they even want it.

The type of freedom we have at this University places responsibility on the individual. And it's up to individual girls to have the common sense not to walk home in the dark alone but use the escort service. And it's up to individual guys to volunteer their time to make sure there is an escort service in the first place.

The administration is attempting to do its part. We ought to do ours and support the Campus Escort Service. Take advantage of it before someone takes advantage of you.

Janie Clark

Discrimination at apartments

The following is a summary of a complaint handled by the Student Consumer Action Union. To protect the innocent, the names have not been changed.

Robert Botsch came to SCAU November 21, 1973 with a complaint concerning a lease he made with property owner Robert Oakes. Botsch had signed a one year lease for an apartment in Fidelity Courts. In the lease was a clause that said that given 30 days notice and approval of the leaser (Oakes) of any prospective sublettees, the leasee (Botsch) could sublet the apartment.

Due to job circumstances Botsch found it necessary to evict that clause. He contacted Oakes' secretary to find out the proper procedure for subletting the apartment. The secretary told him to send the prospective couple to the office to fill out the appropriate forms. On October 26, Mr. and Mrs. David Anuforo were introduced to Mr. Oakes as prospective tenants. Mr. Oakes let them fill out an application but told them that nothing definite would be known until Mr. Botsch gave notice that he was leaving. On Oct. 29, Mr. Botsch delivered his notice.

Having heard nothing from Mr. Oakes concerning the Anuforos, Mr. Botsch informed Mr. Oakes on Nov. 5, that the Anuforos were willing to move

student consumer action union

in Nov. 6, the day the Botschs wanted to leave; therefore, Mr. Botsch wished to sublet to the Anuforos. Mr. Oakes then informed Mr. Botsch that he did not wish to rent to the Anuforos since they were "foreigners" (the Anuforos are Nigerian), and Mr. Oakes had found foreigners to be dirty. Mr. Oakes then told Mr. Botsch that there were other people interested in the apartment. In fact, around 10 people had answered a newspaper advertisement about the apartment.

On November 19, 3 days after the Botschs moved, Mr. Botsch came to claim his security deposit. The secretary informed him that he would receive all of his deposit except one week's rent since the sublettees Mr. Oakes had found could not move in until one week after the Botschs had left. The Anuforos had been willing to move in at the time the Botschs left and no rent would have been lost.

Mr. Botsch then came to SCAU and

also contacted the Fair Housing Office in Greensboro. SCAU complaint investigator Franklin Drake contacted Mr. Oakes. Oakes repeated his anti-foreigner sentiments. He told Mr. Drake that foreigners were dirty and that he knew this because he had rented to some Pakistani people once. Mr. Drake advised Mr. Botsch to take the case to small claims court. Mr. Drake also volunteered his services as a witness for Mr. Botsch.

On January 8, 1974 at 9:30 a.m. the case came to trial. Judge C. Merritt was the magistrate presiding. Judge Merritt declined to hear testimony from either Mr. Drake or Mr. Anuforo. Mr. Oakes stated in court that he would not rent to "foreigners or foreign-looking people" because they were "dirty" and they cooked smelly things. He also told Mr. Anuforo that he had nothing against him personally. Mr. Oakes won the case because Mr. Botsch had moved out before the thirty days had expired.

SCAU contributes this column to keep the community informed. Our goal is to improve relations between business and consumers. Improved relations depend on understanding and cooperation from all sides of the community. If you have any questions about business practices in the area, call 933-8313 or come and see us in Suite C of the Carolina Union.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Stella Shelton

Shaney—not exactly a heroic canine

Recently, I read a short article in the newspaper about a brave collie who saved several small children from a burning house but died in the flames himself. After allowing my heart to return to its normal size, I could almost see writers of Reader's Digest and children's stories clamoring for the rights to that tidbit... even though the doggie wasn't too smart. I mean, did Lassie ever die in a forest fire? Obviously, the world of television and literature have had their share of such heroic canines.

But real world dogs aren't like that. For example, take one Shaney, a doggie who lived with my next-door-neighbors for 14 years. You math majors have already figured out that Shaney was at least 98 dog years old. Funny, she seemed older.

Shaney was a nervous, cowardly, selfish and generally mean little bitch all her life. She was mixture of chihuahua and Unknown Breed, which combined to give Shaney an appearance not unlike that of a brown and white wharf rat on stilts.

She was more or less a house dog, sleeping every night (and most of the day) in a wicker bed near the heating

vent in the Jeffrey's kitchen. When it came time for one of Shaney's frequent poo-poo's, she would stand near the door until someone came to her assistance. Or if no one was around, Shaney let out a series of irate barks that left no doubt as to what she had to do and now.

Once outside, however, Shaney promptly did her business in the yard. Ours.

Shaney got older. Once the Jeffrey's started going to their beach house every weekend, someone had to be solicited from the ranks to care for the doggie, who by now had a pretty set daily "routine."

Well, fifty cents a day didn't seem too bad. My instructions were to feed Shaney and let her out for a romp (hah!) and repeat same procedure at suppertime. Not bad. Shaney would eat—or rather, inhale—her special H and D Dietary pup food, report to our yard for her bm and come back to her own house, where I put her in the kitchen until the next chow-time.

But after a couple of years, Shaney was really a very old doggie. If I were a few minutes late for her 9 a.m.

breakfast, Shaney had generally already taken her morning constitutional on the kitchen floor.

I would clean it up and feed her. I had to hide a tiny pink "heart" pill in her food. (To this day, I think the pill was actually a placebo.)

When we caught her at it, we would chase her off to her own ground. But still our backyard was like a primitive mine field which left the shoes of the careless smeared with Shaney's indiscretion. (The back steps still bear the stain of a million frantic scrapings.)

Occasionally Shaney would be interrupted in mid-squat by a gray and black blur of claws and fur known as Mrs. A (for Alley), our cat. Even though she was bigger than a cat, Shaney was a true-yellow coward when it came to Mrs. A. Mrs. A, the fertile matriarch of a long line of felines that roam our block to this day, used to chase the chicken-dog until she tired of the game and went off to conceive another litter.

And speaking of conceiving, Shaney never did. Shaney was spayed—or "spaded" as folks in the "burg say. While a normal Shaney was merely obnoxious, a horny Shaney was intolerable.

And then the fateful summer of '72. Shaney was in her fourteenth year; I, in my nineteenth. Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey's took off to the beach one weekend in July.

"If anything happens to Shaney, it's PROBABLY not your fault," Mrs. Jeffrey's had reassured me Friday night. Shaney had been feeling poorly, you see.

Saturday morning found the Jeffrey's kitchen floor literally covered in doggie barf. I found it with my bare feet. Shaney was a very, very sick doggie. She could not even stand up. I called the Jeffrey's daughter, who had an employe of her father's rush Shaney to the veterinarian's. I don't know how much Shaney redecorated the interior of the guy's car in transit, but I do know the vet sent her home. Not much he could do. Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey's returned Sunday night.

To no one's surprise, Monday morning marked the Demise of Shaney. I was absolved of all blame, and Shaney was laid two feet under with all due rites.

Now, every time I see the brown dirt (nothing will grow there) and the faded red plastic poinsettia of Shaney's grave, I kind of miss her even though she messed up our yard and the Jeffrey's floor and got chased by a cat. I mean 14 years—or 98 dog years—is a pretty long time to live beside somebody/thing without acquiring some feelings.

But... what can you say about a 14-year-old dog who died of natural causes?

Letters

The Daily Tar Heel provides the opportunity for expression of opinions by readers through letters to the editor. This newspaper reserves the right to edit all letters for libelous statements and good taste.

Letters should be limited to 300 words and must include the name, address and phone number of the writer. Type letters on a 60-space line and address them to Editor, The Daily Tar Heel, in care of the Student Union.

Letters to the editor

Students sacrifice willingly to cheer basketball team on

To the editor:

Of course every Carolina fan is ecstatic when Bobby Jones is lauded as ACC Player of the Week. But what about the little guys behind the team, the fans who wait hours for tickets and scream themselves hoarse rooting the Tar Heels to victory?

Putting aside modesty for the moment, we would like to nominate ourselves as ACC Fans of the Week. We've been with the team at each of their last five games, both at home and on the road. We delighted in the Tar Heels' home win over Wake Forest; we held

our breaths as Bobby Jones dropped in his spectacular four second shot at Duke; we marched confidently and proudly in the Beat State Rally, felt crushed when defeated, and were again elated over Carolina's triumph against Maryland.

The true measure of our dedication as fans, however, is evident from the supreme effort we exerted in order to attend the Wake Forest game in Winston-Salem on Wednesday night.

A Monday call to the Carmichael ticket office proved futile, and a subsequent call to the Wake Forest athletic office nearly followed a similar pattern—the game was sold out. Fortunately, not five minutes before our call, a Winston-Salem man had phoned saying that he had two tickets available for sale. After some wheeling and dealing with this gentleman, we were guaranteed the seats and told where to pick up the tickets the night of the game.

Another obstacle threatened our Tar Heel devotion—the gas shortage. Following two days of frantic searching we demonstrated

our dire need to one gas station owner by pleading could he at least siphon some gasoline from a friend's car into ours. Convinced of our desperation, he relented and filled the tank.

Wednesday arrived and along with it a six hour siege in the gym waiting for Clemson tickets, and afterwards, a quick getaway to Wake Forest. We made it by 7:15, but the water hose burst just across from the Winston-Salem coliseum. An hour was lost while the car was repaired.

The Carolina-Wake game began for us 11 minutes into the first half. It seemed as though we had barely sat down before the game was over. Carolina had won, and we were once more on the road.

Going to the game meant an overall investment of thirty-five dollars and a one day combined input of 24 hours for Carolina basketball.

Was it all worth it? Yeah... Hell yeah!

Polly Howes
Kathi Roberts
245 Cobb

Explain fuel prices

To the editor:

We used to read discussions in the DTH which explained rising consumer costs, especially meat prices, by invoking the law of supply and demand operating in a relatively free and competitive market situation. While that may or may have been the correct explanation, it was at least conceivable.

A similar argument is one of those used by government, the oil industry, and Russell Roberts to rationalize the increased cost of fuels. Other arguments have included the Arab oil embargo, and an increase in production and exploration costs for domestic wells.

But fuel prices rose long before the embargo took effect, and, due to "leakage," it has had very little effect anyway. Besides, only a very small percentage of our oil comes from the Arab countries. Production and exploration costs certainly cannot have gone up enough in the past year to account for the rise in fuel prices which has already occurred, let alone the even greater increases which are predicted in the next few weeks or months.

Fuel is supposedly being allocated regionally on a nationwide scale on the basis of last year's consumption patterns. This allocation, it seems to me, removes fuel prices from the realm of competitive bidding, eliminating the effects of the law of supply and demand. Fuel rationing would do the same thing. In other words, no matter how much the distributors and consumers might be willing to pay, their allocation will remain the same, since demand is held constant by artificial means.

My question, then, is: how can the law of supply and demand possibly be used to

justify increases, especially post-allocation increases, in the price of fuels? Without competitive bidding there is no good reason (as if there ever was one) for any further dramatic rise in prices, if one will agree that the embargo and production cost arguments are invalid. Perhaps your economics columnist could provide us with an answer.

Art Thayer
317 Vance St.

UNC men resent lack of attention

To the editor:

Within the last few days, while rejoicing over the fine quality of the events to come in the Women's Festival, I have heard several men make surprising comments concerning the Festival. Instead of viewing the events with open minds, as opportunities for all people on this campus, these men have been critical and even revoltingly nasty about several of the events.

Finally, today I heard the comment which I feel is the key to this resentment: One man, reading a poster entitled "Men's Liberation" and concerning the Warren Farrell speech, stated sarcastically, "Finally someone is paying attention to us!" Another exclaimed, "It's about time!" Their conversation ended in laughter as they read of Mr. Farrell's position in N.O.W.

It suddenly occurred to me that the men must resent giving up the spotlight to the female for two weeks; however, the saddest aspect is that because of this resentment, they are rejecting the best political, social intellectual, and cultural events to occur on campus this year. Perhaps Mr. Farrell does have a real message for them: that a real man is secure enough in himself not to have to worry about his masculinity, but only his humanity.

It also occurred to me that on January 31, 1974, a group of males planned an "all-campus panty raid," and called for total male support. There seems to be a message in this. Is this the level upon which the typical "Carolina gentleman" (and I use that word very loosely) thinks of women? From the reactions I have heard from males over the past week, I fear the answer is "Yes."

Lynn E. Wesson
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