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The Daily Tar Heel

86th year of editorial freedom

Word-of-mouth dangerous for South Campus dorms

When Ehringhaus dormitory was evacuated last week due to a bomb threat, the crowd of students waiting in the cool evening air for word to return to their rooms didn't share the serious attitude of the police searching the dorm.

"We were laughing when we walked down the stairs to leave," one resident said. "No one believed there was a bomb in the building." "I didn't know how to react, but at first I thought it was just another joke," said Dale Horton, who was working the Ehringhaus desk when the threat was made.

While most bomb threats don't result in serious consequences, it is necessary that residents and officials alike respond quickly and decisively. As Patrol Officer Ned Comar observed after the evacuation, "You can't just say, 'This is a hoax,' because the one time you say that could be the one to kill somebody."

Police said the evacuation took 18 minutes, which is commendable considering there are no fire alarms in Ehringhaus and the residents were alerted by word-of-mouth. But 18 minutes by almost anyone's standards is still too long. In Henderson Residence College, for example, a fire drill evacuation of the three dorms was completed in less than three minutes.

The 15-minute difference can at least in part be attributed to the fact that the Henderson residence halls, like all halls on North Campus, feature fire alarms, but Ehringhaus and the other fireproof highrises on South Campus do not.

The Housing Department is considering installing fire alarm systems in the South Campus highrises; the bomb threat of last Tuesday night should convince the department that alarms are a wise investment, even if they are never needed again.

Druids late, but no problem

The Carolina Circle of Druids was about 12 hours late in its celebration of the arrival of spring this morning when the members danced around the Arboretum at daybreak. Spring actually made its debut at 6:34 p.m. Monday. But for all of us who have suffered through a trying winter unique in its erratic temperatures, ice storms, power failures, and snow, the official arrival yesterday evening could not have come a moment too soon.

While the druids chose to celebrate today as the sun rose on the first full day of the new season, others of a more conventional strain began the rites of spring in anticipation days and weeks ago. When thermometers first broke the 50 degree mark, bicycles, shorts, tennis shoes and frisbees emerged from winter storage to make their welcome arrival on campus. Even before the break from winter was exacted, hundreds flocked to the sands of Ft. Lauderdale and Miami to meet long, lost spring on its journey north. And last week, when the truly warm weather graced the Carolina scene, the beaches of Connor, Cobb and Ehringhaus, to name but a few, opened for business.

Anthropology 41 classes are experiencing all-time lows in attendance with every day featuring a Carolina Blue sky — a phenomenon recurring in classrooms across the campus. And the windows of classrooms housing the hardy with enough willpower to resist the temptations proffered by cool breezes, sunny skies and tanned bodies, are open to provide at least a little distraction.

The signs are unmistakable — even to the uninitiated. We can finally pack the down parkas, alpaca sweaters and hiking boots away for another eight months. Duke Power bills will drop dramatically. We're in the clear. It became official yesterday.

Bringing up baby 'Short people' prejudice applies to kids, too

By JIM PROTZMAN

"Hey, you can't bring that kid in here." That inhospitable greeting was a good deal more straightforward than most we had received that day. "Oh? You don't allow children in your restaurant?" I asked.

"Right. And besides, this isn't a restaurant. It's a bar. You don't want your kid hanging around a bar, do you?"

"Well, actually, I don't mind that at all. We hang around bars quite frequently. Is there something wrong with this particular bar?"

"No, no. It's just that ... well, listen. I have customers who come in here to get away from things like kids, and ..."

"Things like kids?" I thought. It was too much. "I see. You're right," I said. "The kid probably wouldn't like the place anyway."

As we turned to undertake our search for more amicable surroundings, I caught the gaze of my year-old son. The enlightened cynicism in his smoky-blue eyes was both intense and intentional.

O.K. Pop. Exactly what is going on here? This is incredible.

Not even 2 years old yet, and I've already been thrown out of three bars. I somebody trying to tell me something?

What's wrong with me? Couldn't be my breath. Babies don't have bad breath.

Oh, it's probably my diaper. I haven't been changed for over an hour. Must stink to high heaven by now.

O.K. So I'll make a little fuss and you can fix me right up. No big deal. Nobody will even have to watch. He can look the other way and pretend I'm not even there.

After all, they do that anyway. I'm either ignored or laughed at: "Hey! What's the kid doing here. Ha. Ha. Ha." or "Look at that little runt, Mary. Why do people have to bring those pip-squeaks into places like this?"

Little runt? Pip-squeak? How dare they?

So I'm short. Everybody was short once, and some

people are always short. Do they get thrown out of bars because of it? I doubt it, though I wouldn't be surprised in a town like this.

Oh, I'm not saying there aren't any good adults. Of course there are. It's just that the obnoxious ones give the rest a bad name.

I suppose that's what they think about us, though. A few of my friends are in their "terrible twos" and sometimes I can't stand them myself.

But me? I'm a good kid. So why can't I find a comfortable place to take a break and have a beer with my old man?

For parents and young children in an adult-oriented town like Chapel Hill, being thrown out of commercial establishments is frequently less painful than staying inside and enduring the anxious, glaring faces of threatened adults.

Indoor movie theaters become arenas for classic confrontations. Prompted by the presence of miniature human beings, conversations float carefully past our ears. The barely audible remarks are predictable:

"Oh, hell, Henry. We can't sit here. Don't you see that little kid there in the fourth seat? It'll probably scream the whole time and we won't be able to hear the sound. Let's move down front."

Children have become second-class citizens. Adults daring to associate with the little rascals place the credibility of their sophisticated manners in the balance. Liking kids is acceptable only in moderation.

This kind of discrimination is unproductive at every juncture. The children lose because they are denied the opportunity to mature in varied social situations. This deficiency creates a vicious, self-perpetuating cycle.

Persons without children are similarly deprived of invaluable interaction. Their discomfort and inability to deal effectively with children persist without resolution.

And parents themselves assume the broad range of reaction from guilt to bitterness. Their participation in social activities becomes limited by their ability to afford baby-sitters and to tolerate hostility. The pressure to defend their child's rights as a social being is



as unfair as it is insufferable.

"Well, kid, here's another bar, and it looks like the last one. Wanna give it a try?" He was indifferent, but I was thirsty, so we decided to go in. The likelihood of another rejection seemed too remote, the prospect of sweet suds, too appealing.

"Sorry, mister. We're just closing, but we'll be open again at six. Why don't you and your kid come back then?"

Come back then? By six, our bar stool would be a high chair and the end of the nightly news would be last call. Sorry, kid, but that's the way it is.

Jim Protzman is a graduate student in journalism. His son, Alexander, is in the toddler class at Colonial Preschool.

Letters to the editor

UNC students should be considered residents

To the editor: I agree wholeheartedly with the sentiments expressed by Alderman (Gerry) Cohen, but I think he may have missed an important point in favor of the right of students to vote here in Orange County.

The argument is put forth by the Orange County Committee that students will go home in four years and hence they will neither benefit nor suffer from the policies and politicians they voted for, nor will they be around to pay for the services they asked for. This argument fails to recognize that students never do go home. There will always be a student population in Orange County, and if today's student doesn't watch out for the interests of future students, who will? I suspect that neither the local citizens (who depend on the student dollar), nor the faculty and administration (whose reason for being here theoretically has to do with students) can be counted on to do so, either now or in the future.

Since the Orange County Committee chooses to lump all students into a mass category (as evidenced by the "fraudulent voter lists" they have come up with), I submit that all students have the right to respond to the

registrar that, as part of the on-going student group, the do intend to reside here permanently.

Read G. Gilgen
Dept. of Romance Languages

Phi Eta Sigma

To the editor: This past Sunday I attended the induction ceremony of Phi Eta Sigma, the freshman honorary society. After responding, "I will," to goals resembling something like "striving for a sound mind and healthy body," we were introduced to the main speaker, who informed us of the primary benefit of membership in Phi Eta Sigma. Holding a piece of paper before us, he solemnly explained that it was a transcript from the University of North Carolina (useful when applying to grad school), and that the words Phi Eta Sigma just beneath our name reflected our ability to adjust quickly to the college environment. Reassured that my intellectual pursuits would eventually pay off, I waited for the program to continue.

Next on the agenda was the election of officers. When nominations were called for, no one responded. Realizing that such a body of intelligent men and women would not commit themselves to positions of

responsibility without knowing precisely what was involved, the president explained the functions of the officers. They consisted of the organization of a course review and the upcoming year's induction. Quickly, six people were nominated. As the candidates left the room, we scanned their faces in the hopes of gaining some insight into the nature of their characters.

To enable us, undoubtedly conscientious voters, to make wise decisions, the president called for comments from the floor. Remarks were few and to the point. They ranged from, "He's a warm person," to "She's my suitemate," to "He's a Morehead" to "He's in the honor's program." At this point, content at seeing that UNC's finest and brightest were quite adept at functioning in society, I left the room. I'm sure they'll all go far.

Andrea Schwartz
1023 James

Prophet: wasted space

To the editor: Chapel Hill's Myopic Prophet first began to impinge upon my consciousness sometime during the 1976-77 school year, as far as I can remember. I vaguely recall seeing his delightful columns for the first time and

thinking naively to myself, "This looks like it might be something entertaining, even humorous." But no. I read a few lines with dwindling hope.

As months passed, the Chernoff byline appeared from time to time and eventually I began to take hope, for it was always mentioned that our prophet was a junior, which meant that he must graduate before the passing of too many years. So I waited. Time passed, and the day approached inevitably. I looked in vain for letters of complaint, since Mr. Chernoff was obviously taking up space that could be put to better use, such as student body election trivia. To my knowledge, none came.

And then it happened. I decided to try to read an entire prophetic column, which few at this University, I would venture, have done. Now I am not writing this letter to complain about lost space in our venerable student newspaper, but to complain about being left utterly alone. Even though I could not recall the topic of the most recent column, the one I read, I mentioned to a few friends that I had indeed read it. The word spread. Not only my friends, but all who heard, looked at me askance, turned their faces and spoke not. I am left bewildered, lost in confusion. They have all left me now — all — and the sedge is withered from the beach.

M. F. East
Durham



THE Daily Crossword by John H. Hales

ACROSS: 1 Estate units, 6 Anathema to the dieter, 10 Grease the (pay off), 14 Viewpoint, 15 Away from the wind, 16 Synthetic spread, 17 Waste maker, 18 Veldt sound, 19 Temporary help, 20 Stock man, 23 Prior to, 24 Seth's boy, 25 Cover, 28 go brag!, 31 Tempt, 35 Ben-, 36 Turning part, 38 Spiced beverage, 39 Expletive, 41 Sandwich shops, 43 Opponents of Dems., 44 Record verification, 46 Term of address, 48 Bond, 49 Lozenge, 51 Wolfe of whodunits, 52 Say further, 53 Legend, 55 Literary initials, 57 Store worker, 64 Access, 66 Concerning Pentateuch scroll, 68 In - as a whole, 69 Mediocre marks, 70 Stage: Fr., 71 Eastern bigwig, 72 Being: Lat., 73 Slacken.

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Yesterday's Puzzle Solved: LINES PAPA PEP, ADIGE EXTIRPATE, TENON CLAMORING, HAN EVOGE SCENAS, SLEETS AMBY, SEAT BAIG POI, SGOVY SUIRO AUE, QOY BLUSR ROSE, ALA BRANE JESTS, TON REST JERP, BOSH DANREAL, YEARNIS EUBS ORO, EXPATRIATE UNSTOP, GAININTATE TROSE, GNS GLES SERIES.

Late performance criticized

To the editor: Last evening, March 15, I was among those privileged to enjoy a warm, sparkling, intelligent performance of poetry and story readings by Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee. As a long time member of the University community, I have seldom enjoyed an evening more, and those wise enough to invite this talented, gracious and courageous couple are to be commended.

However, there are two matters which troubled me. First, I was chagrined and ashamed at the relatively small audience in Memorial Hall for this event. What troubled me even more, however, was the late start of the performance, almost one hour after the scheduled time. This cavalier attitude towards the audience, which can only be attributed to the hosts who are responsible for shepherding the visitors, exhibits rather little sensitivity towards the many people who decided to participate in this event.

There may, in fact, be a connection between this too common rudeness of the hosts in failing to keep an appointment in reasonable time with several hundred guests and the paucity of the audience.

Daniel A. Okun
Kenan Professor of
Environmental Engineering

Go see advisers

To the editor: The signs that a cold and snowy winter will soon come to an end are becoming more evident with each passing day. The arrival of spring is accompanied by balmy days, singing birds, buzzing bees, term papers, final examinations and last, but not least, pre-registration for the 1978 Fall Semester and 1978 Summer Sessions.

It is not too soon to look ahead to the 1978 Fall Semester regarding your academic plans. The last two weeks in March is an excellent time to visit your General College advisor on the third floor of South Building for the purpose of assessing your problems and exploring course and major possibilities for the future.

Larry Rowan
General College adviser