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# The Daily Tar Heel

86th year of editorial freedom

## Cleaning our backyard

As with many university communities across the country, Chapel Hill has long been considered a center for environmental activism. Recent protest has involved opposition to the development of nuclear reactors (the construction of nearby Chatham County's Shearon Harris reactor in particular), and the creation of Chatham's Jordan Lake. But confronting Chapel Hill residents today is a pollutant source in their own backyard: UNC's power plant.

Reaction against the plant, located on Cameron Avenue, has initiated the formation of the Southwest Neighborhood Association, a group of approximately 35 local residents concerned with the plant's output of soot containing sulfuric acid. The pollution, members say, periodically spreads a thin layer of the soot on nearby plants and houses. "This has been going on for years," said Rudolph Koster, chairperson of SWA. "There are toxic gases which may be harmful to our lungs."



Power plant smokestack

Power plant engineer Ray DuBose has been mindful of the residents' concerns. The oil-fired burner, which had been a prime cause of the pollution, has been shut down. But while much of the soot has subsided, lighter pollution may still pose a threat to the area, even though, according to DuBose, an air-filter system has been installed. DuBose estimates that complete pollution clean-up would cost the University \$1 million to \$2 million.

Such funding, if approved by the UNC Board of Governors, would require the vote of the state legislature. SWA members already have begun organizing a drive to obtain residents' signatures to alert University officials of their concern. Without support from the Board of Governors, citizens may never be assured that the power plant won't continue to pollute Chapel Hill skies. Until such support is guaranteed, thereby opening the door to legislative financing, the UNC community may be able to fight for other environmental causes, but it will generate little pressure for its own.

## Time of troubles

December may prove to be a very bad month indeed for Iran's Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi and his beleaguered government. It could prove to be much worse, however, for the massive Iranian opposition to his regime.

Last Saturday marked for most Iranians the beginning of the holy month of Moharram, the Shiite Moslem month of mourning and a time of tremendous religious fervor. And Moharram has been chosen by the shah's conservative Moslem opposition as the month during which its efforts to bring down the shah will be concentrated.

The response from the people of Iran in the days since has lent much credence to the opinion of many observers that the shah will face a grave threat to his authority in the weeks ahead. A general strike called for last week by Ayatollah Khomeini, spiritual leader of Iran's Shiites, has caused widespread disruption in Iran's cities; more important, the call by the ayatulla for a partial strike by the country's oil workers has resulted in a severe cutback in Iran's production of petroleum, its most important export. A number of analysts, in fact, believe that the economic problems a long-term strike might produce would themselves be enough to bring down the shah.

In the meantime, however, the shah will face a much stiffer test in the capital city of Tehran and in Iran's other urban centers, where violent demonstrations in the last few days have left hundreds or even thousands dead, and where guerilla activity has begun to increase significantly.

It is widely believed both within Iran's opposition and among more neutral observers that the climax of the current activity against the shah will come on Dec. 11, the holy day of Ashura, which marks the anniversary of the death of Hossein, a Shiite martyr and grandson of the prophet Mohammed. But it is certain at least that many more people will be martyred to the cause of opposition to the shah before a resolution of the troubles in Iran is reached.

## The Daily Tar Heel

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## The bleaker side of vacationland

# Christmas: the headaches of heading home

Don Woodard's

## 'Paradox Lost'

It seems like only days ago I was *wrastlin'* drop-add lines, and suddenly 'tis the season to be jolly. But where's the little Santa who glides down the snowy hillside on a Norelco triple-header? Where's the entire staff at WTVD who'd like to wish me and mine the warmest of season's greetings? (Realistically, don't you suppose there's one or two staff members who personally couldn't care less whether you have a pleasant holiday?) Where are the great aunts of this area who are supposed to be in search of presents (for great nephews) in the pajama departments of local stores?

Surely I've had my head in the sand these past few weeks. But while I may have missed most of the signs, the calendars don't lie; I will be home in 14 days. Christmas in Texas isn't much different from Christmas across the country, unless your Santa doesn't wear cowboy hats and his reindeer don't sport saddles. But like many out-of-staters who don't work at home in the summer, I have counted back to those early days in June and found I haven't been home in six months. (But then, my grandparents have been reminding me how long it's been and toss in the occasional "no-it's-okay-because-even-if-you-did-write-we're-so-old-that-we-probably-wouldn't-be-able-to-read-your-letters-anyway" line. They are good at these mind-dramas and often threaten to send my money to increase the impact of these guilt trips.) And for the simple reason that I didn't want to spend me undergraduate days at Fort Worth's TCU (go you Horned Frogs, and all that), I am destined to fly home. (Airplane...it's the only way to fly, arf, arf.)

I am not afraid of flying. (Although there was that time over Cincinnati when we flew through a storm so severe the pilot couldn't find a polite way

of saying "Hang on, for Chrissakes, folks. We're in for one hell of a ride.") But I dread the fact that I must take part in the Everyone and His Dog are Flying Somewhere for Christmas Fiasco.

Airport scenes are either too vague or too vivid in my memory. I am either running down long concourses with four bags under my arms and a ticket in my mouth and on the way to watch them close the door of my plane at the last second (want to guess which side of the door I'm on?), or I am sitting in a 25 cent-for-30-minutes television chair for eight hours in a Tennessee airport terminal.

The future isn't difficult to foresee. In exactly two weeks a Delta ticket agent will see me as the prime candidate to sit next to an elderly woman equipped with at least 24 pictures of the most beautiful grandchildren God ever allowed to walk the face of the earth. If the agent is particularly good at his job, he has seen to it that the woman smokes a cigar. A big cigar.

"Yes ma'am, they are the most beautiful grandchildren God ever allowed to walk on the face of the earth, and no ma'am, I wasn't planning to eat my crescent roll, go right ahead."

Meanwhile, from behind my seat, a 6-year-old with strawberry jelly on his hands has chosen me to play "guess who" with him. I am not in the mood, and stewardess, could I please have a napkin for my eyebrows?

Several hours later we have arrived at Chicago's O'Hare International where I will walk, nay, run the distance of 12 city blocks to catch a southbound plane that will take great pleasure in not waiting for my luggage. During the fast-tempoed interim I must manage to dodge fathers with crazed looks in their eyes who are dragging families of six to idling 707s. Young men and women are shoving flowers and books into my hands, and I say "Rama Rama" as I brush past them, forgetting that the Moonies, not the Hare Krishnas, are the current cult in vogue.

At last I have made my second plane, and find beside me another elderly woman who apparently isn't aware that a grandmother from Tabor City has already laid claims to having the most beautiful grandchildren. But this one has the decency to warn me that she occasionally experiences airsickness. It will be another long flight.

And finally, I am home. Two days later my luggage is delivered by a man from United who can't understand why I'm laughing as he stands waiting for a tip. Being the philanthropist that she is, my mother gives him a dollar.

And for the next two weeks or so, I will enjoy the supreme privilege of walking throughout the house in my underwear. I'll watch Richard Dawson verbally horsewhip a nervous bathroom fixtures salesman and his lovely-wife-and-children on the *Family Feud*.

And worst of all, I will face relatives who will probe into my future. Perhaps when they were 21 they knew they wanted to be butchers, car salesmen, teachers and the like. "What are they training you for at that college anyway?" And I will mention a few prospects on the horizon and could they please pass the dressing if they didn't mind.

Each day of vacation might seem to pass slowly, but suddenly—poof—a plane touches down at RDU. And the draw-out process of exchanging "How was your Christmas break?" begins.

I am reminded of my freshman year when it seemed that Thanksgiving would never arrive, much less Christmas. Now I am beginning to wonder where the time has flown. And this is the year-long story, half-told, of being lost in the senior paradox.

Merry Christmas.

Don Woodard, a senior RTVMP major from Fort Worth, Texas, is an associate editor for the Daily Tar Heel.



## letters to the editor

# Military's equality misleading

To the editor:

I am writing in response to the recent letter to the editor ("Go Navy," DTH, Nov. 29) by Ed Giles, chief petty officer of the Navy ROTC at UNC. Giles claims that the Armed Services may be the only field in which equal opportunity for women is given more than lip service. I'd like to offer an opposing viewpoint—that the Armed Services is only concerned with offering "equal opportunities" to women because they cannot recruit enough men to fill their quotas.

For decades men have been the prime subjects of militarization. The draft, the torture of basic training, death and permanent disability, physical and psychological abuse, the stockades and bad discharges, all the vital elements of winning wars—all have predominantly or exclusively had male victims.

Servicemen, despite their hopes, quickly realize the recruiter's deception and develop a dislike for soldiering. The extent of GI discontent is hard to measure, but the Pentagon reports over a million incidents of AWOL in the last six years. Although not all soldiers are unhappy with their military jobs, public mistrust of the military has forced the Pentagon to spend billions of dollars trying to make military service look desirable. Bonuses and guaranteed job training have enticed some young men to enlist, but the Armed Forces has only been able to meet its recruiting quotas by significantly lowering its enlistment goals and standards.

In the past few years, the Defense Department has begun to realize how useful women can be in satisfying its "manpower" requirements—and to offer them the same "opportunities" as it offers men. The atmosphere created by talk of the Equal Rights Amendment has been carefully manipulated within the military. Although the Pentagon's motives may appear to be idealistic, and changes are announced with a heavy dose of the rhetoric of equality, the main force behind many recent policy changes toward women is practical needs. Former Sec. of Defense Elliot Richardson said, "An important consideration in implementing the all-volunteer force is the potential trade-off between men and women. By enlisting more women, fewer men have to be enlisted."

Equal opportunity? In reality, women

are being used to fill the gaps—the vacancies that result because too many men have learned what opportunities there are compared to the drudgery the military has to offer.

Taken in by this recruiting hoax, women are finding themselves in the military, where in fact they get little useful training, perform "mickey mouse" chores (women are so equal and liberated now that they can do KP) and often are considered by servicemen as nothing more than government-paid prostitutes. The most frightening example of growth in the militarization of women is that the military now trains young girls in high school. In 1977, some 34,619 girls in high school ROTC programs learned military history, patriotism and the use of weapons. Is teaching the art of murder the role our educational system should play in society?

I would urge any woman who is considering joining any branch of the armed services to check out the realities of recruiter's promises before making any decisions. I would be glad to talk with any woman about her "equal opportunities" in the armed services and what she can actually expect to get when she enters that vocation.

Diane Spauth  
108 Purefoy Road

## Muddy spirit

To the editor:

I am presently a student at N.C. State, so you may wonder why I am writing a letter to the editor of the *Daily Tar Heel*. The reason is the following:

I came to Chapel Hill on Dec. 1 to go to the Big Four Tournament with some of my Carolina friends. I parked my car, a 1978, 280Z Datsun, at the metered spaces on Country Club Drive and left it there for the weekend. My friends and I went to the tournament. After Duke eliminated State, I decided I would pull for Carolina, since I had witnessed how obnoxious the Dookies fans were the night before. Bear in mind, this is no easy matter for a true Wolfpacker. Needless to say, I was upset when Duke finally won the championship.

Sunday, when I was getting ready to leave, I noticed some muddy marks on my back window. However, I thought

nothing of this. When I got back to Raleigh, I noticed my car had a new feature. The smudge on my back window was left there when someone jumped and landed on my roof, leaving a giant dent.

Undoubtedly, some drunk UNC student, seeing my State sticker, decided he would take out his frustrations on me. I can appreciate school spirit and the great competitive nature of the ACC schools, but what purpose was accomplished by this action?

I don't hold the actions of one maniacal bastard against Carolina. Every school has such mental deviates. But such destructive acts must not be construed as school spirit.

I ask any truly spirited Tar Heels with any information to please get in contact with the police because such acts as this should not go unpunished. Acts such as this can only hurt the reputation of a school, not help it.

Roger Murray  
N.C. State University

## Educational toys

To the editor:

Do you have the courage to seek the truth no matter how unpalatable? Are you willing to make a little greater personal effort to increase the rate of human progress? In this holiday season, or on other gift-giving occasions, no gift is greater than increasing humanity's stock of knowledge. Why not give an educational gift this year?

To solve the problems facing mankind we will need more than just emotional outbursts, more than love, kindness, charity and much more than promises candidates make while running for office. We will need knowledgeable people who are not afraid to attack complicated problems which lack obvious answers.

Perhaps your child, or one of your neighbors' children, possesses that faint glimmer of hope which can be nurtured into becoming a solution to one of humanity's future problems. You can give a gift which will pay itself back many times over. Give an educational toy, a book or some of your own time to someone special this year.

John E. Schulte  
Wall, N.J.

## Travelers beware, SLS says

(Editor's note: This advice is prepared by Student Legal Services, which maintains an office in Suite A of the Carolina Union. UNC students have prepaid for this service and may obtain advice at no additional charge.)

Many students will be traveling this Christmas season, so here are some selected tips for the holiday traveler.

### AIRLINE BUMPING:

Airlines overbook flights based on a computation of how many people will make reservations but not show up. New rules, effective September 3, 1978, require the airlines to seek volunteers to be bumped, rather than choosing people at the end of the line. The goal is to end involuntary bumpings. If you volunteer to be bumped, the airline compensates you the full value of the ticket coupon for that flight, with a minimum of \$37.50 and maximum of \$200.00. If there are too few volunteers, the airlines may still involuntarily bump, but still must pay the requisite compensation.

**PASSPORTS:** To travel in the great majority of foreign countries, you must have a U.S. Passport in your possession. If you lose your passport abroad, knowledge of certain procedures will speed replacement. First, report to the local police that your passport was lost or stolen and obtain a copy of the police report. With that report, proceed to an American Embassy or consulate. To get your passport replaced, you will need two passport size (2" by 2") pictures and a certified copy of your birth certificate. So, you should take these documents with you before leaving the U.S. Finally, take a U.S. friend with you to the Embassy to vouch for your identity or present additional identifications. The best advice is to guard your original passport carefully.

### FOREIGN TRAVEL:

Remember that when you leave U.S. borders, you also leave behind the protection of U.S. laws. This means you are subject to all the laws of the country in which you are traveling, which includes civil, criminal, and vehicular statutes. If you have a legal problem while abroad, contact a U.S. Embassy or Consulate. They will not provide you with legal assistance, but many times the Embassy has a list of local attorneys who can help Americans.

Student Legal Services wishes everyone a happy and safe holiday!