

The Daily Tar Heel

91st year of editorial freedom

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Another round

When state senators Thursday gave the tentative go-ahead to Gov. Hunt's drunk driving proposal, they temporarily ended more than two months of debate on the issue. However, before final approval of the bill can be given, the Senate should enact essential changes in the legislation. Because of ambiguity and questionable legality, both provisions covering the dramshop law and the mandatory license revocation should be eliminated.

In the two-day discussion, the Senate solved many of the problems in Hunt's original package at the same time as blocking attempts to delay the bill's final passage. The legal drinking age became the central issue. On Wednesday, the senators approved an amendment to raise it to 21, instead of 19 as was originally proposed. The next day, they wisely changed their minds. Approval of the amendment would have delayed the entire package's passage. The bill's cost would have to be tallied again and the bill itself returned to the shelves of the Appropriations Committee.

But the senators last week didn't find the time to address additional problems in the bill. Because of an agreement made before Thursday's vote, discussion on key amendments was postponed until Tuesday. On the top of this list was renewed consideration of Hunt's dramshop law. If approved, the law would make ABC permit holders selling alcohol not only to minors, but also to customers they judge to be drunk, subject to civil suits if these customers later caused accidents. To their credit, the senators limited the dramshop provision to coverage of sales to minors only.

However, even this provision is not needed. Selling alcohol to minors is already against the law. Instead of passing further legislation that would impose legal and financial burdens on businesses, the Senate should concentrate its efforts on improving enforcement of the existing law.

Another provision neglected in last week's debate mandates a 10-day license revocation for anyone refusing to take a Breathalyzer test or for those taking it who record an alcohol level exceeding .10. Some lawyers have pointed out that this proposal raises constitutional questions by mandating a punishment before due process of law is carried out.

Last week's Senate debate resulted in a bill that was a headline approach to solving the state's drunk driving problem. However, before Tuesday's vote, senators should eliminate the problems still existing within the package — dramshop law and mandatory license revocation. Only then can the Hunt legislation make a significant difference in ridding the streets of drunk drivers.

EPA cleanup

Anne Gorsuch Burford's resignation this week as head of the Environmental Protection Agency was inevitable. Now, after weeks of Congressional subcommittee investigations and newspaper headlines, the EPA inquiries will be able to address the matters at hand — the problems within the structure and goals of the EPA.

In the past two years the Reagan administration has succeeded in sapping the EPA's drive and effectiveness, first by hiring a director who fundamentally opposed the organization's mission. Second, by enacting the following policies designed to dilute the EPA:

- severe curtailment of federal inspections of suspected pollution sources and hazardous waste dumps,
- elimination of promotions and decreases in salaries,
- a two-year hiring freeze,
- elimination of the Office of Enforcement and Regional Enforcement Divisions.

As a result, the EPA became a fragmented organization at a time when the country demanded its expertise. Its informational base decreased, and its enforcement powers weakened.

It was this disorganization and rearranging of priorities that led the EPA into its current disarray. Congress is now investigating allegations of sweetheart deals and misuse of the \$1.6 billion Superfund targeted for cleaning up toxic waste dumps.

Until now, the Reagan administration has effectively ignored the need for a strong EPA, preferring to look the other way when more waste dumps appeared each year. The Love Canal, where 20,000 tons of chemical waste were dumped in the '30s and '40s and, most recently, Times Beach have been two examples. The EPA was designed to have the power to tell corporations when to stop dumping. But that just wasn't popular with Reagan, who seems to oppose any business regulations.

The Congressional probe into the EPA has one message. The EPA should not be a tool to carry out Reagan's wishes. It is a regulatory agency assigned to one of America's biggest headaches. It's time for Reagan to make a genuine commitment to the EPA and restore its confidence and respectability to its mission. The U.S. dumps won't be cleaned up until the EPA is.

On the road in New England

By KEN MINGIS

New England is a good place to visit during Spring Break. While almost everyone else was packing up and heading home, or to sunny Florida, I took off on a five-day, 1,500-mile road trip to Rhode Island. I didn't get much of a tan, but I learned that it's sometimes good to put a lot of distance between yourself and your home.

I've never been farther north than New York City, and it's been five years since I was there. So when I climbed into my '73 Volvo on Friday afternoon, I had no idea what I was getting myself into. A lot of people had told me that northerners drive like maniacs, talk funny and are cold, insensitive people. I found out that a lot of people don't know what they're talking about.

The first leg of the drive up I-85 and I-95 is an easy one through wooded Virginia hills and small towns. The interstate gets you where you're going, fast, but it robs the surrounding landscape of its beauty. Virginia, Maryland, New York and all the other states look pretty much the same from I-95: gray, drab and flat. It's only on the winding two-lane roads, such as U.S. 1, that you can pick up the flavor of the small towns and rural farmland bypassed by the interstate. I managed to slip over to U.S. 1 once or twice along the way, and it showed me the difference between making good time and making good time.

The plan for Friday called for a 10-hour haul to Westport, Conn., where I was to spend the night with co-pilot Mark Ancona. We breezed through sunny Richmond, the temperature a record-tying 81 degrees. We ran into no traffic until we hit Washington, D.C., which somehow figures. While President Ronald Reagan and Congress have been haggling over defense spending and the budget, I-95 around the Capitol City has gone to pot-holes. The Woodrow Wilson Bridge has more holes in it than Reagan's economic plan. Traffic didn't stop altogether, but slowed to a 10-mph crawl. In the gathering darkness, we slowly made our way into Maryland.

Baltimore is notable for only two things: the (Francis Scott) Key Bridge, and a nasty chemical smell that engulfs the city (an odor something akin to that of stink bombs). You don't have to see Baltimore to know you're there, just sniff the air.

If Baltimore is less than memorable, the Delaware Bridge, which towers over the river of the same name, is incredible. It looks like a scaled-down version, in green, of the Golden Gate Bridge. The two-mile span is so high above the water that wind gusts are often a problem for drivers. Since the wind warnings were posted that night, I stayed in the middle of the four-lane bridge — it's a long way down.

Anywhere north of North Carolina, the word turnpike actually means toll. This wasn't the Tar Heel state anymore; here they charge to drive on the road. I don't know what they spend the money on, though — it damn sure isn't road repair.

As we were approaching New York, I noticed that the alternator warning light had flickered on. But, caught up in the view of the Big Apple at night, I ignored it for a moment. We were leaving the smokestacks and smell of Jersey City, N.J., when we first saw New York City, shimmering in the night. I-95 sits on the western edge of the lighted skyscrapers of Manhattan. The twin towers of the

You want to feel really alone? Let your car die on you when you're 600 miles away from home, have \$60 in your pocket, and are approaching the Bronx.

World Trade Center were the first buildings to pop out of the smog hovering over America's No. 1 city, a place so crowded with skyscrapers that it's a wonder Manhattan doesn't sink into the river. Brightest of all, however, was the Empire State Building. No longer the tallest part of the skyline, it's still the most romantic of the Big Apple's offerings. No matter where you're from, the New York City skyline, even at night through miles of dirty air, still stands alone as a monument only America could have built. It's big, bright, dirty and

the most violent part of the country, but I'd take my chances in Raleigh anytime, compared to the Bronx. I asked Mark what we would do if the Volvo conked out while we were still in the Bronx. The answer: run for our lives. Seriously. You don't walk up to the first person you see in the Bronx and ask to use their phone. Chances are they don't even have one, and if they do, I doubt they'll let you use it. The Volvo seemed to know what would happen to it if we abandoned ship in the Bronx; maybe that's why it held on a little longer.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Carolina athletes are students, too

To the editor:

I've always been very critical of the sportswriting style of S.L. Price. His coverage of events is mediocre at best, and his overuse of petty analogies is annoying to read. However, Price's poor sports writing was somewhat justified by his column "The price of glory," (DTH, Feb. 25). This column made it evident to me that S.L. Price is unaware of how the Carolina athletic program operates.

Carolina student athletes are driven to remain in condition throughout the year. Practice schedules are lengthy and rig-

orous. The training table, which Price views negatively, runs its meal schedule so that athletes have a place to eat a nutritious meal between practice and class.

Contrary to Price, there are no jock dorms at Carolina. Athletes live in all of the South Campus dormitories where they constantly interact with non-athletes. The reasoning behind their South Campus residency is that all of the facilities are located there.

My biggest concern, however, pertains to Price's comment, "An athlete at North Carolina gets up in the morning and

sleeps, eats and practices with athletes. When the weekend hits, chances are he heads uptown with athletes." What Price has said is a put down of the greatest aspect of college sports! Price doesn't realize the life-long friendships and memories gained through participation in sports. These friendships are what creates the tremendous unity that Carolina teams are so proud of.

Finally, by glancing through a "Carolina Basketball" brochure one can take note of an amazing statistic that UNC can be proud of. One hundred and

twenty-one of one hundred and twenty-eight lettermen under Dean Smith have earned their degrees. Read further and notice how many are now doctors, lawyers and businessmen. Price is a senior English major. When he graduates, is the water out there going to be warm for him? By the looks of his column and some of his other articles, he'd better bring his ice skates along.

Jeff Bradley
Ehringhaus

Take money out

To the editor:

It is beyond doubt that American firms doing business in South Africa are contributing to current conditions there. Although these firms maintain that they represent a progressive force in the country, in the past 20 years, government repression of black South Africans has risen concurrently with U.S. investments, and a U.S. Senate sub-committee found that U.S. investment in South Africa strengthens the ruling apartheid regime. American companies are contributing to large-scale racial oppression — even the U.S. Government admits it.

Pressure on the offending companies is a proven tool for changing their investment policies in South Africa, as shown by the withdrawal of the Polaroid Corp. in 1977 after prolonged pressure from stockholders and outside critics. Obviously, economic pressure is the most effective form of pressure that can be applied to a money-making venture, and already many groups, including universities, have divested all funds from companies doing business in South Africa. The larger the exodus, the more effective the protest will be.

The Association for Women Students finds discrimination in any form an affront to human dignity, but when discrimination escalates into blatant and undisguised repression, as in South Africa, we find it so totally unacceptable that direct and definitive action must be taken immediately. Divestment of funds is the most direct action that can be taken, and AWS urges the University to join with other universities, states, cities and church groups in sending to these companies the message that compliance with racism will not be tolerated.

Pam Parker
AWS

Concert not doomed

To the editor:

What does this H. Matthew Clement ("Lousy bands, no alcohol doom concert," DTH, March 3) want? He claims the Stray Cats are a poor choice for the Carolina Concert for Children. He says that an alcohol ban will bury the concert. And he calls the "childish activity" of a frisbee contest "ridiculous." Ease up, man.

Clement says the Stray Cats wouldn't be a big draw, even if we got them (and he seems to doubt we can). If we can get a big (and that's an understatement) name like Neil Young, it's highly likely we can get the Stray Cats and the others Clement suggests are "poor band" choices. As popular as the Cats are now, it's hard to believe they wouldn't sufficiently fill Kenan. (OK, I like the Stray Cats.)

Anyway, I don't think the concert's "doomed" merely because alcohol is banned. Alcohol is not allowed at UNC football or basketball games. I saw no alcohol at the Neil Young concert. I didn't see an empty seat either.

The point is that you don't need alcohol to enjoy sporting events or music.

(I won't say any more about Clement's close-minded comments concerning frisbees.)

But I will say that organizing a concert is a big chore, and I appreciate all the effort being put forth to make it work. All you perfectionists can put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Gregory Noble
Teague

Pride of the ballers

To the editor:

As residents of Teague Dorm, we are taught to participate 100 percent in the Intramural Program. We pride ourselves in being consistent contenders, for all of the residents give their time and effort to make Teague the success that it is. However, we the members of the Teague A Ballers are proud of our one win (a forfeit) and four losses in basketball competition. Obviously, the Intramural Coordinators failed to catch our act in Woollen Gym since we were left out of the "Blue Heaven Classic Contenders" box (DTH, Feb. 24). Just one look at our "heavenly" moves would have assured us a bid in the loser's tourney — the Blue Heaven Classic. Hey . . . we want in!

Charles "Capt. Courageous" Crawford
Michael "Clear Out" Smotherman
Steven "Dull Point Guard" Woodruff

The housing crunch

Man sans dorm

could bring the housing problem under control.

The second problem is that there are not enough dorms to house all the students. The new dorm being built on South Campus is a beginning, but more will be needed to provide for the 1,500 students closed out each year.

I can't claim that these simple answers will miraculously solve the housing problem. Decreasing incoming freshmen could mean cutting out students that would do anything to come here — right up to "setting up a pup tent on the Hinton James tennis courts." Gathering money to build new dorms is no easy task either.

Perhaps a better source of money would be the Rams Club, who collectively helped raise the some \$30 million to build the "Student" Activities Center. It would be interesting to see if they are sincerely interested in donating money to the University or buying basketball tickets.

The housing dilemma is a problem that must be dealt with by the University administration. They must decide whether to continue the unfair practice of kicking needy students out of their dorms, or to take some sort of action, which unfortunately, is doubtful. As for me, I'm just a man without a dorm.

Wade Wilson
Stacy

Lottery a necessity

To the editor:

Once again it is that time of the year when currently enrolled students at UNC are a bunch of nerves thinking about the possibility of being kicked off campus. The lottery system as it stands today is not totally flawless, but it is the best procedure in deciding who is allowed to stay on campus.

Naturally, a university such as UNC must have a simple and quick procedure in deciding who remains on campus because of the large amount of students to be dealt with. A simple and quick procedure enables the students to make future plans concerning staying on or off campus. The lottery system as it is today is an appropriate unbiased procedure in determining who stays on campus.

The lottery system is a necessity. More than 8,000 students want to live on campus, but there are only 6,800 spaces available in University housing. Therefore, 1,200 students are going to have to seek housing elsewhere. Because there is no one individual or a group of individuals who can decide

who needs housing the most, the lottery system is the fairest procedure in deciding who gets housing, because names are drawn without knowledge of whose name will be picked.

Also, in order to accommodate the 1,200 students that will have to live off campus, more dormitories will have to be built, therefore causing the fees that students have to pay to go up. The lottery system makes expenses less for the majority of students and for the University.

The lottery system is not perfect and I am sure that there may be cases in which a student who desperately needs on-campus housing will not be able to get it. However, it is quite impossible to house 1,200 students when there is not any room to house them. Therefore, until a better procedure can be found the lottery system is a reasonable and fair procedure in deciding who stays on campus.

Carla Wilson
Morrison

Room to live?

To the editor:

On Feb. 28, many students were disappointed when their names were not chosen in the University housing lottery. As a member of this "select" group, I must now suffer through the hassles of apartment hunting. As I search for a place to live, I must take into consideration the additional costs I will incur as I rent an apartment.

While many of my friends argue that the lottery system is unfair, I admit that the annual drawing is the fairest way to handle the University housing problem. It is necessary to recognize that the problem is not the unfairness of the lottery; rather, the lack of much-needed dormitory space is the main issue at hand.

The Department of University Housing should prepare for the future so that students who desire housing would be guaranteed rooms. Plans for the construction of one new dormitory are underway, but this one building will do very little to alleviate

the problem. The housing department should plan to build more student dormitories in the near future.

A second solution for this problem is to decrease the number of applicants admitted to the University. For the last several years, the Department of Admissions has been admitting too many students, therefore causing crowded conditions in dormitories or leaving many students without places to live. A decrease in the number of admitted students would free more space for students who want and need housing.

Steps need to be taken in order to provide living accommodations for UNC students. We have enough things to worry about without the added problem of finding a place to live.

Rhonda L. Lowe
221 Whitehead

Cos Cob, Connecticut. It's a quiet, little coastal town, just over the Connecticut state line. That's where the Volvo, its lights almost gone, finally coughed, sputtered and died. We were at a McDonald's (closed), it was 12:30 a.m. and rain was falling. We called Mark's father, got the car running and drove the remaining 20 miles to his house without headlights. We passed six cops. None of them stopped us.

The next day I replaced the alternator and got a chance to wander over the winding backroads of Westport and Southport. Both are small Connecticut towns that sit on the northern side of the Long Island Sound. They don't look anything like coastal communities in North Carolina. Here, whenever you get within a few miles of the shore, every house looks like a beach cottage. In Connecticut, every house looks like a house. Stately, many-roomed mansions, squat on huge green lawns that back up to the ocean. It costs a lot of money to live there, and it looks like it. But if I had my choice, I'd take Southport, Conn., to Southport, N.C., any day of the week.

The next day, Sunday, I struck out alone for Providence, which sits at the northern tip of Narragansett Bay. I-95 between Westport and the Rhode Island capitol, though it's still interstate, gives you a feel for the rolling Connecticut hills that rise on both sides and tumble toward the Atlantic coast. Providence looks like a cross between Raleigh and a small New England town. Row after row of colonial-style, three- and four-story houses cover the city; there are few skyscrapers rising above the downtown section. Instead, ethnic neighborhoods, mainly Portuguese and Italian, mingle together making Providence a big city that looks and acts like a town.

One of the best things about Providence is its proximity to Newport, 30 miles to the south. Newport is built on the real Rhode Island, for which the state is named. Surrounded by water, Newport, which will be the sight of the 1983 America's Cup sailing competition, is the home for some of the largest homes, built by some of the richest people in America. The most magnificent of these, a mono-

lithic, stone mansion with 70 rooms called "The Breakers," was built by the Vanderbilt family in the late 1800s. It's kind of like Asheville's Biltmore House by the sea. Like many of the homes built on the southern tip of Rhode Island, the Breakers has now been turned over to the state historical society. The big house simply costs too much to live in.

After a brief skirmish with rural Massachusetts (which looks a lot like rural Connecticut), I headed west on Route 6 for Hartford, Conn. Highway 6 is a two-lane, patched-up blacktop that winds its way through true-blue New England towns. Robert Frost would have smiled at the rock walls and birches that inhabit the wooded hills between Providence and Hartford. Each of the small towns along the way seems to have a lot of pride in their history. Each city limit sign also announces when each town was first incorporated. Windham, 1692; Coventry, 1712; and Andover, 1848, were just a few of the names and dates that made me realize how long these places have been around. It's a feeling you can't match in the South.

Hartford, the capitol of Connecticut, is plopped down right in the middle of the state. Billed as the insurance capitol of the country, it looks much like any other non-descript northern city. A couple of tall insurance buildings, a few wide interstate overpasses, and you've got a general picture of Hartford. After traveling through the backwoods of the state, another big city seemed out of place.

By the time I got on the road again on Wednesday, I had put 900 miles on the old Volvo. I put 600 more on it that day. More important than mileage, however, was the realization that I was a hell of a long way from home, and, in some important way, alone and on my own for the first time. As far as family and friends were concerned, I might as well have been in a foreign country. It's a scary but exhilarating feeling.

The best part of the trip is that I'll be making it again in May. And next time, I'll be staying longer than five days, too: I'll be working in Providence all summer long. I hope it's a long one.

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