

The Daily Tar Heel

94th year of editorial freedom

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Editorials

The fat lady sings

It has been 94 years since a group of men from the Carolina Athletic Association published the first issue of The Tar Heel. When those men produced their last paper, they no doubt experienced the same melancholy felt by our staff today.

It's with great ambivalence that our editors and writers approach the 139th and final edition of the 94th volume of this newspaper. The past 12 months have been grueling and exhausting. But we've been having too much fun to stop and think about that.

This year's staff has been busy, among other things, creating a weekly magazine; redesigning the paper graphically to make it easier to read; bringing more of the world outside Chapel Hill to UNC students; and beefing up coverage of this vivacious campus. Some of us even went to class on occasion.

Because he is an elected official of the student body, the DTH editor is the one who attends the banquets, meets the esteemed visitors and receives the praise and criticism from the campus community. However, the cause for that praise is a dedicated staff of over 100 editors, writers, photographers, advertising representatives and production staffers that produce this newspaper. These are the people who sacrifice dates, parties and even academics for an institution they dearly love.

The DTH is steered by a core group of a dozen or so editors. The crew that

finishes this year of distinguished work today includes Randy Farmer, Kathy Nanney, Grant Parsons, Tracy Hill, Linda Montanari, Scott Fowler, Robert Keefe, Elizabeth Ellen, Donna Leinwand, Kathy Peters, Julie Braswell, Dan Charlson, Amy Hamilton and Brian Long. They join Ed Brackett, Dewey Messer, Stuart Tonkinson, Sallie Krawcheck, Denise Smitherman, Brian Gates and Kerstin Coyle, who also served in editorial positions during the past year.

One more editor who served admirably through the past year, Jill Gerber, will direct the paper in its 95th year, a year that is sure to be a successful one under her capable leadership.

The difficulties in letting go are twofold for us. In our time, we have acquired an appreciation of the tradition those before us established in building one of the country's finest college newspapers. In our efforts to further strengthen that record, we have enjoyed an experience that cannot possibly be recreated, for the spontaneity of a college newspaper is unmatched in any profession.

This is not to say it's all downhill from here. Many of our seniors are anxious to take what they have learned here into professional journalism; others hope to continue building on the paper's reputation. As for the past year, it has brought us some anguish, but mostly exhilaration at the thrill of publishing a quality newspaper. For us, there can be no greater feeling.

Smith Center not a morgue

"Maybe the fans didn't have fun, but the players did," said Coach Dean Smith following UNC's 94-85 win over Wake Forest Wednesday night.

Think about it.

For 40 minutes, the Tar Heels ran the court with the Demon Deacons not far behind. And for 40 minutes, 20,000 spectators looked as if they didn't care what was happening.

Granted, the game was a far cry from Sunday's cardiac-inducing overtime win against Virginia, but the crowd — alumni and students — was so quiet the officials' dialogue could be heard in the top row.

When you're ranked third in the country and only leading by a handful against a team with one ACC victory in two years, there is no cause for silence.

Sure, J.R. Reid's alley-oop slam and Kenny Smith's breakaway jam elicited some high fives and cries of "Awesome!" But the crowd reached its crescendo only when, in the second half an announcement was made that

the bathrooms (previously closed due to water problems) were once again open.

What is it about UNC fans? Maybe years of winning have left us complacent, or cocky, or both. According to logic, Wednesday's game should have been a blowout. It wasn't.

Why? Did the Heels play badly? No. Perhaps the fellas did let up a little here and there. Lord knows the fans did.

Here are a couple of things to think about before Sunday's game with Marquette. Remember last year when Marquette fans threw pennies at Kenny. Remember the volume fans generated for a national TV audience as the Warriors hung with the Heels for almost 40 minutes.

Logic dictates another win for the Heels. But, as you nestle into your seat Sunday, don't be too eager to light the victory cigar. Last year UNC won by two Kenny Smith free throws in the final seconds.

Think about it.

Tar Heel Forum

Junk food, labels and commitment

Jim Zook
 Editor

Editor's note: On Monday, Jill Gerber assumes editorship of The Daily Tar Heel.

Student journalists are a peculiar breed. By necessity, they develop strong aversions to sleep and strong affinities to the cheapest of cheap beers. They get excited about middle-of-the-night false fire alarms and snowstorms, two things that make for good photos. And they generally miss a lot of classes, but they get to know their professors well during consultations about make-up exams and extended term paper deadlines.

When I first saw a copy of The Daily Tar Heel as a high school senior, I was enthralled by a story on Hugh G. Reckshun's student body presidential campaign. His pseudonymous campaign focused on dissolving Student Government; he became known for using a Black Label beer crate for head gear. As a high school editor used to writing on subjects like the Central High Glee Club, I found him a hell of a lot more fun to cover.

What I didn't see in that issue were the student journalists who wrote and edited and sweat and laughed and cried over that and every other story to publish this paper. I didn't see the ornery Royal manual typewriters that were broken more often than not; they have given way to the polite tapping of our ornery computer system. I couldn't understand the cantankerous moods of Horace and Mildred, the late, great Associated Press wire machines that have since been replaced by their descendants, Mo and Jo. If I understood those things then, I might never have set foot in this office.

But I did, a quivering freshman on my second day in North Carolina. The office was a madhouse as the staff busily prepared a four-section edition for the first day of classes. After timidly asking who I should

speak to about getting on staff, I was finally directed to the University Editor.

"Hi. What's your name? Where are you from? Do you have any experience? Here's an assignment. It's due by 5:30. Take off."

Welcome to the frantic, flustering, furious world of The Daily Tar Heel.

Friends of student journalists often wonder why someone would willfully subject themselves to the hazards of the job. Here's a few of those dangers:

■ Sleep deprivation: Unfortunately, I tend to make up for this by sleeping in class, if I go. My roommate never sees me during the day; the only way he knows I'm alive is because my snoring keeps him awake. A kick or a stuffed sock in the mouth usually does the trick.

■ Junk food overdoses: Time-Out, Hector's and Pizza Hut owe much of their profits to DTH editors and writers afflicted by late night munchy attacks.

■ Verbal assaults from angry readers and newsmakers: Personally, the least favorite item on the list, but it tends to stick with you longer than the pizza. There's an unending list of labels pinned on me and my fellow writers: liberal, conservative, Communist, Fascist, racist, pro-gay, anti-gay, pro-Carolina, anti-Carolina and a host of other things that would make my mother rise up in defense if she knew somebody thought such bad things of her "baby boy." And hey, you all know how tough Moms can get defending their kids.

As editor, the list of responsibilities expands. I have been asked more questions in the past year than in all 20 previous years

of my life combined. If it's a question about a campus issue, I'm supposedly an expert. But many other questions are posed about the job, questions for which I now have programmed answers.

John Doe: "Do you get an all-campus parking sticker?"

Me: "No. The administration heard my car is known as 'The Eyesore' and wouldn't let me have one."

Jane Doe: "Do you get lower-level seats for basketball games?"

Me: "Never. I'm eternally stuck in the upper deck's wedge section."

John Doe: "Then what do you get for being editor?"

Well, that question depends on the context. If John is asking about tangible benefits, the answer is a salary that equals about 40 cents per hour and a couple of sentimental things handed down from one editor to the next. If you think that's incentive enough to be editor, you're crazy.

But when phrased in a broader context, the answer to that question becomes much more difficult to put into words. Yes, my name goes on a list somewhere with Thomas Wolfe and Charles Kuralt. Yes, my chances for landing a good job are greater than if I had not been editor. Big deal.

Edwin Yoder, former DTH editor and Washington Post columnist, spoke of his collegiate successors when he wrote of "the special illusion of its youthful editors that all questions are answerable, exclusively, from their angle." The opportunity to experience that illusion with a group of committed peers, to give to the University in a way we thought might make it better — that is the essence of being DTH editor.

Jim Zook is a senior journalism and political science major from Little Rock, Ark.

Concert cash

To the editor:

I can't believe that town and University officials would ever consider the negative effects of concerts at the SAC with the revenue figures shown in Dan Morrison's article ("Genesis concert may foreshadow complications," Feb. 5).

If the University netted \$1.05 million from Genesis, they have almost paid the annual operating costs of the SAC with three concerts. I'm sure that traffic directors and fan vandalism costs don't even come close to this figure. What are these officials pondering? With such a revenue potential, they should think of ways to use the SAC every day possible and not about a ticket tax for bogus reasons.

JEFF SIMKO
 Graduate Student
 Chemistry



Mud huts, strange meals don't dampen enthusiasm of first-year teacher

Editor's note: The author is a teacher in the Kagonye Secondary School in Othaya, Kenya.

To the editor:

Greetings from the sunny mid-summer Aberdare Mountains of Kenya! I'm sitting in my stone cabin, writing by lantern light. I've got no electricity, running water, plumbing, etc., but no one does and I've learned to get by just fine.

The place is beautiful and the people very friendly. I cook on a camping stove — every day a stew of potatoes, carrots, onions, rice, cabbage and corn. Wasn't the usual fare at UNC, but it's all there is, so I'm real glad to have it.

Sometimes, when I stay at the homes of neighbors, they feed me other delicacies, like roasted goat stomach stuffed with intestines (no kidding). The most difficult part of eating that with a smile was that it smelled exactly like the slaugh-

terhouse where I got all those livers for the mitochondria research I did for Dr. Spremlili.

I'm teaching science and math and leading a Bible study in a small, 96-student community school, getting paid the equivalent of \$75 a month. It's very rewarding, especially the development work. I've managed to get contributions from the United States that will build a 2,000-book library, a student shelter and a rain catchment system. We're still hurting for a lot of basics though, like adequate classroom space and textbooks.

I came over as an "independent volunteer." That is, I came alone without any organization at all and found a few contacts that helped me get a job. I love it and wish I could stay at least another year, but for long, boring reasons I've got to come home in August.

The reason I write is in the hope that you could run some-

thing in The Daily Tar Heel that says any or all of the above, adding that if any graduating seniors want to take a year or two to do something fun, scary, rewarding, challenging and physically and emotionally exhausting, then they should write me.

Kenya needs teachers with a lot of initiative, independence, endurance and patience. Interested people need to buy their own ticket (round trip is about \$400), get a visa from the Kenyan embassy in Washington, D.C. and bend over for a few shots (typhoid, cholera, beaver fever, diptheria, tetanus, etc.). I can hook them up with volunteers, independent and Peace Corps, who will take them in, show them the ropes and help them find a job.

No guarantees, but finding a teaching position here is like looking for a Carolina t-shirt on Franklin Street.

I just wanted to tell the UNC seniors who have always

wanted to do something like this — and I know there are a lot — that they can. There are lots of great people here who would enjoy helping them get settled.

I know this sounds arrogant, but lots of volunteers do go home early because they can't deal with cultural differences, like going several weeks without a shower, living in a mud hut, sexist attitudes against women, constantly being stared at for being white, an unfair prejudiced attitude that all black Americans are elitist snobs — if you're not prepared to deal with these and many other surprises, don't write. If you can overcome these things, we're eager to help out over here.

STEVE HINDES
 UNC Class of '86
 Kagonye Secondary School
 P.O. Box 328
 Othaya, Kenya
 East Africa

Some random incantations of a DTHer's last day in office

This is not going to be your standard good-bye Daily Tar Heel, farewell speech. For one thing, it's going to be short.

Before and even while I was managing editor at The Daily Tar Heel, I too didn't have all day to read about some poor sap's miserable life with a newspaper. People who can't remember that ought to have their fingers surgically removed so they can't do any more damage to the readerships' sensibilities.

So let's talk about issues that are important to us as students. The ones that a light a fire under us, so to speak. A recent DTH poll suggests that such a discussion would be painlessly brief. So to compensate, let me suggest a modest agenda. All I want to tell you is a few neat stories, lay some gratuitous advice on you and, space permitting, reveal the meaning of life to you, the student reader.

First let me shed a little light on the dark, underside of graduation. I'm a senior, but I'm not graduating until some time in the next millenium, much to my professors' lament. I'm sure. So I can talk about all this somewhat objectively.

I got a late night (about 2:30 a.m.) phone call last week, from a high school buddy.

We were talking and, perhaps inevitably, we started discussing our plans for the future, that is the Post-Graduation Blues Search For A Real Life. And, as you may have noticed, the question, "What are you going to do after you graduate?" is just getting in season. Anyway, my friend seemed disturbed about the question, and more specifically, to be graduating without knowing an answer.

It bothered him not to have a concrete plan. I told him not to worry. Many of us don't have plans, and maybe that's better. My advice to him, I don't think, was particularly helpful or enlightening.

You see, my friend and I come from two different schools of viewing graduation. I think it is fair to say my buddy sees graduation as a commencement, or a beginning. The beginning of the fairy tale adventure. "The first day of his life." We've all heard it before. And he is worried because he doesn't have maps and charts plotting his way through this adventure.

I come from the "never mind that beginning stuff" school. The truth is, graduation is the end. The party's over. The end of the beautiful movie. Cut the umbilical cord. Ten-four, over and out.

If you thought the history of Roman

Randy Farmer Managing Editor

Civilization was boring, the cafeteria food too expensive, calculus tough, the dorm unbearable, you are in for a treat. After graduation, reality is here. And like a behemoth, he is eyeballing you with your plump, well-scrubbed faces and diabolically laughing, while saying "Mine."

And there is no real escape. This is not like standing in line at Spanky's. You can't leave and say, "I've changed my mind. I'll pass on this one. Check me on the flip side." No way.

And I'm probably in a lot worse position than many of you. I'm not a Morehead. I wasn't even considered. My professors think I'm brain-damaged or extremely lazy because I never turn in anything on time. I'm not in Phi Beta Kappa. I've got no contacts to land the big job.

Now I promised to give you some advice. I love to give advice, and suggest how other people should lead their lives. It's much easier than living your own. So here it is. We are solid on the college experience.

Perhaps oversold on it. We are led to believe that in four years we will have the time of our life, we will receive the wisdom of ages. Be at least familiar with Dante, Romanticism, the Quantum Theory. Make the closest friends you'll ever have. Decide, forever and ever, what you will want to do with your life. And have a perfectly wonderful time in the process. Bull hockey.

Those large expectations presume much about college and lead to a degree of inevitable disappointment. It presumes that education is something that happens and then it is over, done with. It's almost like getting struck by lightning — or like acquiring a car. Both presumptions are wrong. It also presumes that graduating from college means you are educated and ready for life. That's no more true than someone getting a driver's license and that making them Richard Petty.

Which leads me to piece of advice number two. Education never ends because growing up is never complete. There are no grown-ups. Even the older people we might consider grown-up because of their age are still struggling to understand themselves, their surroundings. Still learning.

Growing up is a painful, humiliating, brilliant and exciting experience. To be sure,

there is no one degree that can prepare you for the challenges that are beyond the protective walls of this University. To leave any university under the assumption that there is to leave under false assumptions. Our real education won't begin until we are out in the real world, testing our theories, actually trying to remember what our professors tell us about open-mindedness, tolerance, equanimity.

As for the meaning of life, there is none. Sorry. Zip. Nada. Zilch. If you think you've found one, be careful. There is no magic formula to guide you through life. A wand to wave. A short-cut to take.

There is no cure for loneliness, despite the causes we support. There is no opiate for true suffering. No solution to war. There is never too much we can do for others. We can never be compassionate enough to ourselves.

On living life, Kays Gary, a Charlotte Observer columnist, once wrote something we should consider. "I've never understood why people want to drive 80 m.p.h. to life in the slow lane." Wise words then. Wise words now.

Randy Farmer is a senior history major from Charlotte.