

# The Daily Tar Heel

97th year of editorial freedom

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## Taking down trees? Officials should stand their ground

The endless struggle between big business and the environment is taking center stage in Chapel Hill as local developers fight an ordinance designed to protect town trees. Their arguments against the tree ordinance are just another example of profit motive and financial interests overshadowing common sense.

A tree protection ordinance was drafted by a town council task force formed in response to local concerns about the declining number of trees in Chapel Hill. The ordinance would regulate developers through mandatory permits for work around trees, on-site supervision of development sites and fees for damaging trees. These regulations are needed to replace the development guidelines which do not adequately protect local trees and vegetation. According to a report released by town officials, trees are being destroyed unnecessarily as Chapel Hill's development increases.

Local home builders claim they represent the interests of future home buyers in Chapel Hill who may not be able to buy affordable housing because of this ordinance. These developers argue that tree regulations would make building affordable housing nearly impossible because of increased construction costs, but a voluntary protection program would be as effective as the mandatory ordinance because "protecting trees is good business." It is difficult to believe that if protecting trees ever conflicts with making a profit, developers will be eager to voluntarily sacrifice

the fast buck. Developers argue that the ordinance will mean a 1 percent increase in Chapel Hill housing costs, but they fail to mention the expense and hazard of damaged trees. If the ordinance is not passed, the cost to homeowners and town residents would be greater than the cost to developers. Trees damaged during construction could take two years to die, and these trees are safety hazards, especially during bad weather. Homeowners would be forced to pay for removal and replacement of trees damaged by a developer's earth-moving equipment.

Town council members should not allow themselves to be misled by the pleas of local development interests. The issue of tree protection cannot be measured through profit gains or net losses and the task force should be commended on seeing beyond this. Town development should be encouraged and supported, but not at the cost of the environment.

Finally, recommendations from the Appearance Commission, the Chapel Hill Planning Board and other town groups support the tree protection plan and are in favor of including University property in the ordinance. UNC officials should be encouraged to participate in the town's efforts to preserve the trees. With the destruction of the Big Woods to make way for the new Alumni Center, it is obvious that some form of tree protection policy is necessary. Granted, the University cannot be forced to comply with a tree protection ordinance, but we'd hate to have to go to Duke to enjoy a good shade tree.

## Bush fights scourge Plan to ban chemical arms on target

Although President Bush's address to the United Nations General Assembly Monday earned him only polite applause from the delegates, he deserves to be commended for focusing the world's attention on a disturbing issue — chemical weapons. At a time when as many as 20 nations may have the capabilities to produce chemical arms, Bush's call for an end to the "scourge" of such sinister weapons is right on target.

Bush proposed that the United States destroy all its chemical weapons within 10 years of the signing of a total-ban treaty by all nations capable of building such arms. In the meantime, he said the United States would destroy 80 percent of its stockpile of chemical weapons if the Soviet Union agreed to cut back to the same level within a given time frame. Bush also pledged U.S. efforts to improve the verification procedures needed to enforce a ban.

Graphic photographs showing the bloated and disfigured victims of chemical warfare have shocked the world in the past few years, primarily as a result of Iraq's extensive use of chemical weapons in its war against Iran. The American government was forced to face the fact that it was supporting a nation that had resorted to such appalling tactics. Still worse, West German firms were reported to have given Iraq the capabilities to make the chemicals.

This illustrates a significant danger of chemical arms — the availability to Third World

countries. Such nations lack the power of more developed nations and could choose chemical weapons as their ticket to strength. And some nations whose governments are suspected of endorsing terrorism — Iran, Libya and Syria — probably have the ability to produce chemical arms. Other nations can easily acquire the capabilities, as experts assert that component chemicals can be manufactured anywhere pharmaceuticals, fertilizers or pesticides are made. Thus, a worldwide ban is necessary.

Despite the merits of Bush's plan, however, the president and the U.S. government could go

still further. Making a total ban on chemical arms contingent upon the signatures of all countries with production capabilities would permit a single nation to stall or even strangle the plan and frustrate the rest of the world. Planning for sanctions against countries that reject the treaty, to be carried out by the nations which do sign, makes more sense than an "all or nothing" approach.

Opponents to Bush's proposal in the United States include conservatives who would rather see the United States continue to develop and manufacture chemical weapons to ward off threats from the Soviet Union. This sort of paranoia is unwarranted, given that the United States has more than enough weapons of a less horrifying — although no less inhumane — nature. Americans should support Bush's efforts to make chemical weapons extinct, and they should hope the rest of the world will support them as well. — Mary Jo Dunnington

## Despite the merits of Bush's plan, the U.S. government could go still further.

## The Daily Tar Heel

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Tidal wave from Hurricane Hugo.



Media wave from Hurricane Hugo.

## Just some stares and condemnation

I'd like to spin a yarn of horror and woe, a tale of love and betrayal set on the dark, haunting moors of Rite-Aid drug store right here on Franklin Street. There is no Heathcliff and Catherine, Jude obscuring pride and prejudice, just the tale of a lonely boy and his magical quest for a box of condoms.

God forbid that I should give away any great primal secret of manhood, and I realize that in this day and age we're all supposed to pretend in public that the "stork theory" may have some plausible elements, but there just comes a time in a boy's life when a long, cylindrical sheet of latex seems to be the best invention since sticky tape and sliced bread.

Personally, I always thought that condoms were pretty goofy-looking; completely unraveled, I marveled at the thought that anyone's genitalia was that big, and it seemed strange to me that something so hush-hush made the best water balloon in North America. Seriously, one condom can hold about a bathtub full of water, so that my friends and I would get on the roof and launch deadly prophylactic torpedoes on those infinitely less cool and mature than we.

Then, of course, in junior high there was the ubiquitous "condom ring" in every guy's wallet, a circular worn-out space behind our library card that was caused by sitting on an unused rubber for three years. It was there primarily as a tangible social statement, sort of a lubricated Mastercard of Manhood to be used just in case some estrogen-crazed 13-year-old with braces desperately needed emergency fulfilling behind the Ms. Pac-Man machine at the mall Video Palace.

I'm what the natives would call a Late Bloomer, which basically means I was pretty yucky-lookin' until about three or four years ago - but then came college, and away went puberty, and this delightfully strange thing called sex began to be more and more... shall I say, a mature and natural expression of deep-rooted emotion? Well, call it what you will, but the time came to use that little rubber thing for things more meaningful than water-torpedoing the neighbor's dachshund.

So here I was a few weeks ago, whistling down the street past the Record Bar with noble birth-control intentions and an itchy check-



Ian Williams  
Wednesday's  
Child

writin' finger. Entering the newly-renovated (and historically significant) Rite Aid Center, the first thing that hits you is the sound system that pumps these "adult contemporary" tunes down the aisles on what is called "Rite Aid Radio": ... well, that was Crystal Gayle with "Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue" and speaking of which, your eyes can be just as blue with Durasoft Colored Contact Solution located next to the enemas on aisle four ...

There's something magical to me about pharmaceutical products; I usually get lost and wonderfully bewildered wandering through the stacks of aspirin, antibiotics and douches, yet that day I had a purpose. I paced the aisles looking for the condoms, but couldn't find them to save my life - and I felt about as comfortable asking where they were as I would about the logistical application of suppositories, so I ended up at the counter holding naught but a Kit-Kat bar.

And there they were! Tucked far behind the register so that perverted little twits like me couldn't get their filthy little hands on them, was the Rubber Row, a display of hundreds of kinds of condoms in all colors, with ribbed edges, various forms of lubrication and "exciter appendages." And for some medieval reason, I couldn't pick out the one I wanted myself, I had to ask the cashier to get it for me.

Unfortunately, a girl my age was the cashier, and she eyed me suspiciously, as though I were selecting one of them to use on her. "Ummm ... I'd like those in that black box right there," I said, pointing somewhere on the display. Just like everything else, every guy has his favorite condom, and mine are those blessed with the unfortunate name of Trojan Naturalamb.

"Which one?" she squealed loudly, "Optima Rainbow Rubbers? Trojan Golds?" "God, no ..." I said, hushed, "the Trojan Naturalamb, there in the black box."

"Fourx Flavored Lambskins? Trojan Var-T-Pak? Main-Tain Staying Power?" she screamed, knocking over the contraceptive sponges. A line was beginning to develop behind me. "Oh here you go, the Trojan Naturalamb."

She took the box off the shelf and tried to put it through the electronic scanning price laser, but it wouldn't be registered. She tried again and again, and started to swear, and then called her supervisor over. "I can't get these darn rubbers to go through the laser, Mrs. Doolidge."

"Price check on Trojan stock #4562b, we need a register bypass," Mrs. Doolidge and after reprogramming the entire system. "TROJAN NATURALAMB \$8.79" appeared brightly on the color monitor in front of a crowd of 10 snickering customers in line. I felt my deodorant begin to be largely ineffectual.

The cashier looked at my I.D. "Will that be cash or check, Mr. Williams?" she snided, sensing her victory.

"That will be check," I murmured, checking around me for fire exits. After a long, bureaucratic display of various forms of official identification, I snuck, cat-like out the front door. Suddenly I was met with a barrage of noise, sirens wailing and lights flashing. Some hodad rent-a-cop from the Rite Aid High Intelligence Security Center dashed toward me, and the lord god Rite Aid manager himself ran out from his office in the back. A crowd formed a circle around me like Romans at the stoning of Stephen.

The manager tried to explain that my magnetic sticker hadn't been removed from my purchase, but I was livid and foaming.

"Okay, everybody!" I screamed, "My name is Ian and here are my condoms! Not long from now I may slip one of these puppies on and have sex! That's right, you're looking at somebody who may have already had sex, may soon have it again, and then not show any signs of stopping in the future!" And then hunched on all fours, I bolted out the doors of Rite Aid, barked at a guy in a wheelchair, peed on a fire hydrant and chased a 1974 Chevy Malibu all the way to Carrboro.

Ian Williams is a music and psychology major from Los Angeles who is showing progress in the sexually deviant ward at the Correctional Facility in Butner, North Carolina.

## Readers' Forum

### Attack on Williams lacked credibility

To the editor:

I could not sit back and let someone attack my favorite column, Wednesday's Child, without a protest, especially when the attack was as insipid as Bob Northcutt's "Music critic needs to do his homework" (Sept. 25).

First, what is his credibility? What exactly is his involvement in the local and national music scenes? If you are going up against someone as well-liked as Ian Williams, you better know your stuff.

Furthermore, the fact that everyone who does like cruddy Top 40 when it comes out (it's not all bad, but generally it is) will cringe when they hear it 10 years later reinforces what Ian said. Wouldn't you much rather cringe now rather than suffer the embarrassment of someone finding A-ha in your tape collection a few years from now?

Third, Northcutt's second paragraph, beginning with "The first point that I think needs clarification..." actually has no point.

Northcutt should explain what songs we should take seriously when he says, "They are not, for the most part, to take seriously..." The fact that people with musical taste take music as a serious art, both dynamically and emotionally, directly contradicts his conclusion that songs (or is it recordings? How trivial!) "are a product, and that is all they are intended to be." That is why people make fun of Top 40 — because it is a mass produced bunch of glop that insults their love of music.

In his next to last paragraph, Northcutt stoops to triviality again when he criticizes Williams' prediction of forthcoming "albums

of all flavors and packages" by giving us the current stage of music format evolution (the album is being phased out? REALLY?). And yes, Mr. Northcutt, "it's easy to criticize others," especially when you are way off base.

JOE KENDRICK  
Junior  
Advertising

### Springfest price more than reported

Editor's note: Rhea is the governor of Henderson Residence College.

To the editor:  
I feel it is necessary to correct a gross misrepresentation of facts that were reported (due to no error on the part of the DTH) in Sept. 22's article that mentioned Springfest ("Committee awards Springfest funds, cuts Symposium budget").

The estimated figure that was reported was \$5,000 to \$6,000. Because the expenses had not yet been discussed at the time the article was run, the government representatives questioned were unaware of the financial commitment that is involved.

By the time security, a sound system, stage rental, port-a-johns, barricades, bands, a noise permit and Springfest staff and party shirts are considered, the expenses amount to a figure just under \$13,300.

This total does not include rain insurance, which alone incurs a tremendous financial burden.

The residents and government representatives of Henderson Residence College continually express the pride they feel in being

able to host this all-campus party every year at no cost to students. Yet, while much excitement is felt as plans are discussed for the 20th anniversary of this event, it is important for the student body to have an understanding of what we are undertaking. We would not trade it for anything, but for a successful function, support from the students (such as purchasing shirts, suggesting bands and corporate sponsors, etc.) is essential.

CATHERINE RHEA  
Junior  
Psychology

### U.S. soldiers fought to preserve the flag

To the editor:

I am writing in response to the letter entitled "Flag burners' rights are also protected" in the Sept. 22 DTH. I do not believe the Founding Fathers of this great nation intended for the First Amendment to be interpreted this way.

The people who want to burn the flag in protest say that they are guaranteed this right under the First Amendment to the Constitution as "symbolic speech." The flag is a symbol not only of the freedom in the United States, but also of the Constitution, of the Bill of Rights and of the Declaration of Independence. If this is true, then people who burn the flag are symbolically destroying that which gives them this "right." I see this action as contradictory.

We as Americans live in a society that relies heavily on symbols. If the flag is nothing more than a symbol, then what about the Cross and the Star of David? Do these people believe that these are little more than

symbols and their destruction means nothing? I do not believe these people would feel the same if someone burned a Cross in front of their church to protest the church's actions. The destruction of this symbol in such a manner would lead only to rage. Yet, under the First Amendment, is not this protest of the church protected? Furthermore, was the Star of David simply a symbol with no meaning to the Jews in World War II who were transported to the Nazi concentration camps? Their religious symbol then became one condemning them to death. How meaningful are these symbols then?

Part of a trip to Washington D.C. this summer included a visit to Arlington National Cemetery. Did the veterans who died trying to fight for the American flag die in vain? I wonder how the Marines raising the flag on Iwo Jima would feel if they saw a protester burn it in front of them after fighting to protect it? I hope the value of lives given in battle to preserve the flag has not depreciated. Tell the soldiers who died in the Revolutionary War that it is now acceptable to burn the flag in protest after they gave their lives for the independence the flag represents.

Also, how does this decision look to those soldiers involved in future military action? If the government will not fight to preserve the flag at home, what incentive is there for a soldier to fight to preserve the flag in a war on foreign soil? Several of the veterans I know say they never would have volunteered to go to Vietnam if they had known their government was going to allow the flag they fought for to be burned and desecrated 20 years later.

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Freshman  
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