## **POINTS OF VIEW**

## Let's hear it for college's alcohol-free club

o blue.

No, even in the midst of
March madness, my cheer is not
for the Fab Four plus a Fife.

I'm rooting for a result that is much more important than whether U-M makes it to the Final Four.

makes it to the Finnl Four.

The University of Michigan just announced it will open a night club next fall that features music, dancing, comedy,—but no alcohol. It's the first college-sponsored alcohol-free nightchub in the state — and one of only a handful nationwide.

Ironic, isn't it, that the announcoment comes just a day after the school's long-time and successful hockey coach is charged with drunk driving and urinating in a public place. And only a few weeks after under-age

members of its basketball and football teams are apprehended taking beer from an Ann Arbor party store. And that's part of the problem. The message from adults — whether uni-versity officials or parents — is mixed

so, for a long time colleges and universities wouldn't own up to the prob-

Until the late '80s, they paid lip service to the fact that alcohol wasn't al-

vice to the fact that alcohol wasn't al-lowed in college dorms.

Meanwhile the kegs and cases were coming in the front dour, notices of drinking parties were posted on bulle-tin boards, and dorm advisors let stu-dents know they wouldn't interfere as long as a bash stayed behind closed doors.

It took a small group from our part of



Oakland County to get state universities and colleges to start assuming responsibility.

These folks had seen West Bloomfield High School's Al Dicken mobilize a whole community against student alcohol and drug abuse.

a ney had seen waiting rists at alco-hol and drug rehabilitation centers such as Henry Ford Hospital's Maple-grove residential center in West Bloomfield.

They had seen abuse of drugs and alcohol as the prevailing reason for arrests of local young people.

rests of local young people.

And they had seen local high school students win personal battles against drugs and alcohol, only to go on to a college and an atmosphere where they were all but doomed to fail.

I remember the terror in my own daughter's voice, as she tried to stay alcohol-free as a U-M freshman. "I can't even walk into someone's room on a weekend. It's always there."

First Oakland University, then Eastern Michigan University and U-M, and

now all Michigan's public colleges and winterstities offer the choice of an alection hol-free dorm room.

And every year, more and more sturned dents make that choice.

"I think it's great," Dicken said, of the new alcohol-free nightclub, "A lof way of people will welcome it.

"It gives people the choice. It's like" the alcohol-free dorm rooms. And the college is sending the message — you. "2 don't have to drink to have fun."

U-M has set a precedent for other state colleges and universities to follow. Go blue.

Judith Doner Berne is managing edi-tor of the Eccentric Newspapers. You can reach her at 901-2563.

## He's looking for a tow truck on the Information Highway

was cruisin' down the Information Superhighway, hitting 9600 baud, trying to push it to 19,200, when WHAM! I must have hit a digitized pothole or something, cause I was way out of control. Nothing but garbage scrolling down the screen and this beeping noise coming from the CPU. I hit the brakes, but they didn't work. I crashed. Hard.

I didn't even know where I was. Lost in cyberspace, stuck in an electronic gopher hole somewhere between the University of Minnesota and the Goddard Space Flight Center. It was not a pretty sight. The keyboard was locked up and even that old standby—[CTRL | IALT] | DEL |—didn't work. Lord knows what happened to that binary file I was trying to download. I rubbed my eyes, sighed and reached for the BERGEWING.

I rubbed my eyes, sighed and reached for the "RESET" button.

Nothing to do but reboot and start over.

While the Super VGA 28dp non-interlaced color monitor told me that the 486 SX was "checking extended memory, starting MS-DOS, scanning for viruses" and doing other high-tech stuff, I asked myself how an old newspaperman who started out with manual typewriters, linotypes and paste pots could have ended up stalled out and lost on the Information Superhighway.

The fault, of course, can be placed squarely on the shoulders of Greg Day and The Computer People. Greg, our local computer guru here at the O&E, and The Computer People — more formally known as the Information Services unit — are into stuff like fax services, voice mail and computer bulletin boards.

Because of them — and their counterparts all over the country — newspapers aren't what they used to be. The only linotype machine you'll find at this shop is the one in the main lobby—standing there like a dinesaur ear-



cass on display in a museum.

Come back to the "newsroom" and you'll see computers, video display terminals and laser printers. No paste pots, no copy spikes, no copy editors wearing green eyeshades and sitting around a horseshoe shaped desk. And you won't find any sahtrays. Smoking, in the newsroom of the '90s, is verboten.

ten.
So us old timers — the guys with the printer's ink on our foreheads, the flour and water paste dried under our finger-

nails, the nicotine-stained teeth — are learning to adapt. At least we're trying. And that's how I happened to be cruising the Superhighway in the first place. A few months ago Greg started up this thing called O&E Online — a so-called computer bulletin board. If you have a computer and a modem, you can dial into Online (for a small fee, of course) and read our newspapers right on your computer screen. But you can do a lot more. You can search back issues for sto-

You can search back issues for stories that, in the paper version of the newspaper, ended up on the bottom of the birdcage a long time ago, You can send messages to other "users" (a term I always associated with drug addiction until I learned more about computers).

You can play games, download files, check the latest stock prices or — soon to come — hook up to the "Internet" and prowl around other computers all over the world. And that's what got me into trouble on the Information Superhighway. You can search back issues for sto-

I figured if I'm gonna be a newspaperman of the '90s, I'd beter learn about this stuff, so I fired up the computer and the modem and logged onto something called a "gopher." That's a weird kind of computer located somewhere (you can never be sure just where you are when you're hooked up to a gopher) and you can get into computers all ever the world — from the Library of Congress to Los Alamos to NASA to computers in Istanbul or Poland that don't even speak English. I'm not sure what you're supposed to do when you get there. If I ever arrive I'll let you know. Right now I'm checking the Yellow Pages to see if anyone offers road service on the Information Superhighway.

Superhighway.

Jack Gladden is a copy editor at the Observer & Eccentric newspapers. His E-mail address is jack@oconline.com. If you send him a message, he'll try to figure out how to read it. But if you must use the old-fashioned phone, call 953-2124.









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