

The Daily Tar Heel

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World's Smallest Violin

Students had plenty of chances to show support or opposition for a tuition hike and did not do it. So when UNC loses top faculty or when students cannot afford to come here, students have no right to whine after the fact.

Apparently \$400 is merely chump change. That's the message the Board of Trustees is getting from UNC students. Except for a small group of student leaders, most of the student body has yet to speak up about the proposed tuition increase.

At Wednesday's speakout, only 40 or so students showed up. And guess how many crashed the BOT's meeting on Thursday, aside from the four who had been asked to speak. Three. It's no wonder the trustees have a difficult time taking us seriously.

Such apathy is a huge turnaround from last semester's assertive response to the General Assembly's plan to slash the budget for the entire UNC system. Students united with faculty and staff to oppose the cuts. Campus leaders held a number of speakouts, rallies and even a trip to Raleigh so students could share their opinions with their legislators. They printed brochures showing exactly what the proposed cuts would

have done to UNC so those opinions could be well-informed. More importantly, a lot of students, not just those involved in clubs, student government and other activities, responded.

In the current tuition debate, few students have spoken out, either for or against the proposed hike. Unlike last semester's deluge of speakouts and information about the budget cuts, student leaders have not put forth much effort this time around to educate the rest of the student body about how the proposal will affect them. So it's not surprising that no one cares, because no one really knows what it's all about.

Still, a tuition hike is a tuition hike. And since students will be the ones who cough up the cash, it's not overly optimistic to think that they would have something to say about it.

To the few who have, congratulations. To the rest of you, we hope you won't be complaining if the trustees implement their plan—and you're paying for it.

A Definite Maybe

The Chapel Hill Town Council is beginning to mimic the autumn weather around here: Just wait a minute, and it will change.

For the second time in three weeks the council has decided to reverse itself when things did not turn out as it anticipated. In August, the council wanted to rescind its directions to the Parks and Recreation Department, and now—after it voted to allow five distasteful statues to be erected on Franklin Street next spring—it is opening public hearings on the decision.

Talk about bass-ackwards. There is something intense wrong when only three of the seven experienced town leaders thought there might be some public objection to having permanent monuments to violence installed downtown.

While revoting on the issue does open up the

pleasant possibility that the council will decide not to allow the artwork on Franklin Street, it is not fair to the Buy Back the Hill campaign to make them ride a seesaw of indecision.

Instead of losing credibility with Chapel Hill residents, the council members should have encouraged the Buy Back the Hill committee to change its mind on what type of art it would display.

Now the council looks like the boy who cried wolf. Anyone who makes plans based on decisions the council has made cannot be sure when the members have made a real decision and when they were just testing the waters.

Part of being an elected representative is taking public input and making informed decisions—in that order, not taking votes with your fingers crossed.

There is More to Summer Camp Than Kumbaya

Moses. Truly a great man. (The "river to blood" thing alone would land him lifetime employment with Quentin Tarantino). I'm pretty impressed by anybody who can shepherd thousands of people across the desert. It's hard enough to get people to walk to the bathroom without losing somebody. I know. I've attempted to be Moses. I've tried to transform sticks into magical creatures. I've led my people across the burning desert to the Canaan Cafeteria. I've even wanted to throw heavy stone tablets at my people from on high. I've been a camp counselor.

This is dedicated to all you wackos out there compassionate enough, energetic enough and maladjusted enough to shepherd our nation's youth through the desert of summer boredom for less money than the average death-row inmate makes. We're sick individuals, a special subspecies of humanity genetically predetermined to cheer, jump, sing and smile long past normal limits for homo sapiens. Such is our destiny. For those of you whose DNA says, "Counselor? Not me!" keep reading. You'll realize just how lucky you are.

Before strapping on that fanny-pack and grabbing that whistle, it is vital that any potential camp counselor be educated about the menagerie of campers out there:

The Suction-Cubs: These guys are always clutching onto somebody's extremities with the force of a Hoover vacuum cleaner. To get your arm or leg back, you have two options: 1. Call 911 for the Jaws of Life, or 2. Find some other counselor whose body is "cootie-free," and pass it on.

The JacknRogers: If you leave these little hooligans alone for five minutes, they've already stripped, broken the conch and stuck a pig's head on a stake.

The Leakies: Ever wondered how fast you are? Wait until one of these says, "Um... I gotta pee-tee." About then, you can put Carl Lewis to shame because you know that you have 30 seconds before the dam breaks, toilet or not. Note: Stay away from these little dudes in the pool.

The Oscars: Crying is a beautiful form of

expression. These guys see tears as something else... power. They don't get what they want... Action! Cue the water works! "Waaaaaaa!" "It's OK. Don't cry. You can be line leader now!" Cut! Print! That's a wrap! Good work everybody! Sooner or later, you'll catch on. Maybe you'll even use it yourself. "This is my paycheck? Waaaaaa!"

The Joys: These angelic creatures are wonderful. They make your life so much easier. You never have to yell at them or wonder if they are scheming to give you a "Wet Willy." They're perfect. They're great. They're boring as hell.

By the way, just one word can complicate any of these camper types: RITALIN

Now that you can recognize them, you'd better get inside their heads. If you go in expecting Psych 24 to save your ass, go work at Mickey D's. We have our own set of truths about the world, and kids have theirs, so strap on your sociology goggles, and study up on Camper Culture. Here are 10 Rules to Help You be "Cool at Camp":

1. It is more important to know the names of all of the Power Rangers and every kind of dinosaur that ever lived than the name of the President of the United States.

2. Band-Aids are magic. Even the slightest injury requires the peach-colored purple heart.

3. The decade called "The 80s" never occurred. Only ancients worship it. Educated people know, life on earth began in the 90s.

4. Polite requests are above the kiddie hearing spectrum. Instructions must be uttered like Gozer the Gozarian. "Get in line or suffer eternal damnation!"

5. Place in line is the Great Camp Chain of Being. To get ahead, beg your counselor incessantly.



TIM MINER
GUEST COLUMNIST

6. Anyone taller and older than you is a walking jungle gym.

7. Successfully trading chips for cookies gives you credit towards a business degree.

8. Life peaks at being able to use the diving board.

9. If a boy and a girl counselor are talking, they are dating.

10. Dr. Suess is the greatest literary mind of our times, and Walt Disney is the creator of the known universe.

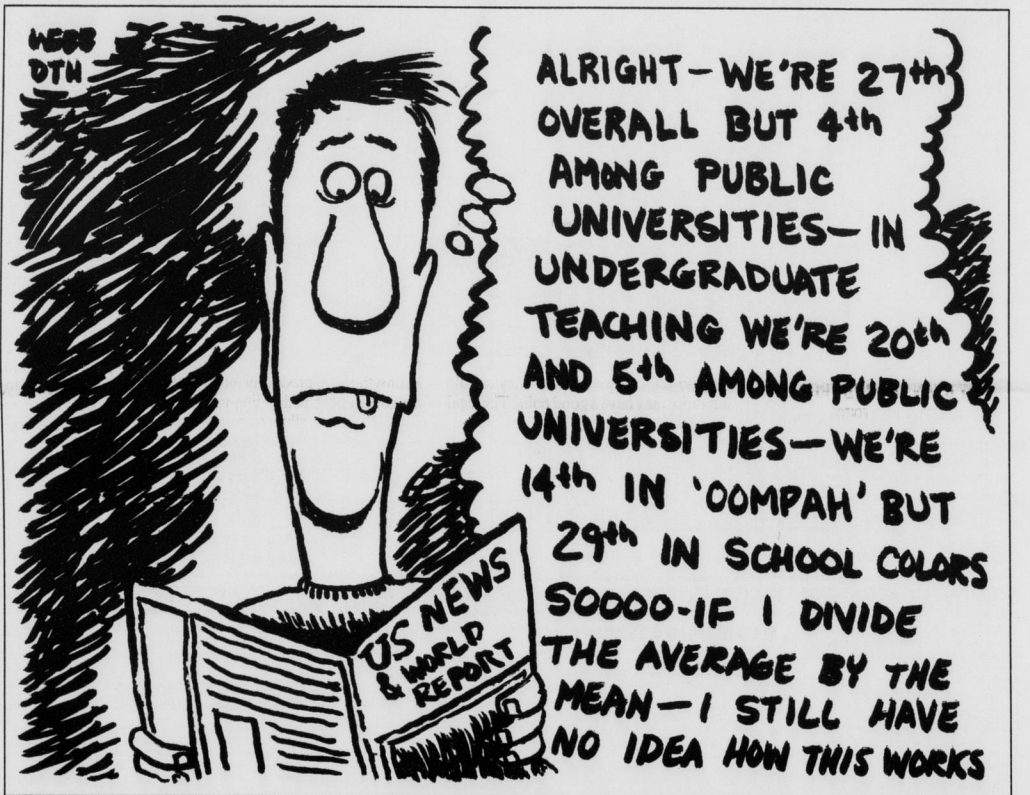
Your fellow counselors will probably be as motley a crew as the campers, you never know. You can be sure, though, that romance and hormones will be in the air. You'll hear, "Counselors shouldn't date," but you're still looking around and wonder, "Is it going to be Ms. Scarlet and Col. Mustard with the rope in the parlor, or Professor Plum and Ms. White with the lead pipe in the billiard room?"

Camp's not just for kids. It is the field of dreams for any college student. If you've ever wanted to juke 100 people and blow it by the goalie, but couldn't... go to camp. If you've ever wanted to be a trend-setter, leader-of-the-pack cool guy, but weren't... go to camp. If you've ever wanted to be a rap star, but haven't a chance... go to camp. Digi it, you're the dancing queens. Just remember, five-year-olds think Barney is cool, too.

The hardest part about being a camp counselor is coming home. Be warned, your friends think you're crazy. They want to dish about how so-and-so slept with what's-her-name and passed out after two beers, and the hottest gossip you've got is that Billy Joe wears car underwear and picks his nose.

You're going to feel the urge to cheer for no reason, you're going to realize that you suck at soccer, you won't be tall anymore, and your friends are going to ban the "C" word. But take heart. Somewhere, someone is singing "Boom-Chick-a-Boom," picking his/her nose, wearing car underwear and Pocahontas shoes, and telling his/her friends about the coolest person on the face of the earth... and that's you.

Tim Miner is a senior English major from Charlotte.



Questioning End of 'The War' Evokes True Patriotism

I suppose almost everyone has a favorite hero in the family. Mine is my great uncle who flew as a pilot in the U.S. Air Force in World War II. When I hear how he flew nearly as many missions as the Memphis Belle — bombing Wehrmacht Headquarters on the way back from one mission and going down in flames on the last — I am amazed. I am amazed at his courage, his honor and most of all, at his dedication to his country. My country. It makes me so proud, so grateful.

But remembering conflict does not always make hearts beat louder with pride, even in America. Although it is easier to reminisce about war with an eye for glorification, as with any remembrance of conflict there also lies a sense of guilt and possible shame.

World War II is often heralded as "The Great War" or even simply "The War" by Americans and the Allied forces. It was a real life metaphor for good winning over evil. Winning that war was accepted as saving the world from imminent doom.

But 50 years after the ticker tape has been swept off Times Square, some repressed issues from the dramatic end of that war are still battered down somewhere in the depths of the American national subconscious. The controversial decision to drop the atomic bomb has yet to be dealt with openly and honestly by the American people.

Some worry that questioning that decision would be undermining the integrity and heroism of the American effort in that war. But examining and even criticizing the decision to drop the bomb in no way diminishes the honor of American World War II veterans. It merely frees Americans to shed some possibly unhealthy illusions left over from the very end of that war.

Everyone knows and many remember how completely horrible the war was. No one escaped this horror; it was indeed a total war. It had to end and the bombs did that.

A month after the bombs were dropped a poll showed that 80 percent of Americans endorsed the bombing. But they did not know about radiation poisoning or nuclear fallout. They did not know about people melting. They did not know about the terror of nuclear war.

So few people knew anything about the atomic bomb before it was dropped. Even afterward,

the extent of the destruction the bomb caused in Japan was unknown to the public for years. The U.S. occupying forces in Japan were to seize any photographic documentation of the aftermath so that it could not reach the American public.

A year after the war had ended, Americans were shocked by a single magazine article that began to describe the horror of the bomb's destruction.

We are still shocked 50 years later. Now we have much more documentation of what occurred in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but we are no more willing to confront it. We try to resist any new evidence that suggests the bombing may not have been justified.

The evidence is becoming harder to ignore. Much of it indicates that the decision to drop the bomb was made by very few people who were more interested in finding out just how destructive their new weapon was.

The bomb was dropped on Hiroshima without any warning, and the second bomb was dropped on Nagasaki at a time when some historians say the Japanese were so close to surrendering that those intent on using the bomb had to rush to drop it before the war was over. They reportedly wanted to field test their bomb before they lost their chance.

This version of the end of World War II differs greatly from what the American public had come to accept from the government's official explanation of the events. The government presented its favorite justification for the decision to drop the bomb and refused to open the matter for discussion, even after gruesome accounts of the aftermath were published.

Apparently, even Hollywood was pressured to present the official version of the events in films set against the backdrop of the war.

America still seems to want to cling to the idea that dropping the bomb was right and inevitable, despite mounting evidence that suggests it may have been neither. Perhaps it is because dropping the bomb is seen as an American move,

rather than the decision of a few secretive and powerful men. America was grateful for finally having ended the war, fully believing the bomb was the only way to have done it.

The intense moral discomfort that comes with confronting the possibility that dropping the atomic bombs was more drastic than necessary has proved too much for many Americans.

The 50th anniversary Enola Gay exhibit at the Smithsonian Museum of National History opened this year after attracting much controversy over what the exhibit should include.

The exhibit's creators wanted to address all sides of the conflict and the bombing, including the victimization of the people of Hiroshima. This upset some veterans groups and government officials who called the exhibit un-American and anti-nuclear. They protested the exhibit so much that in the end it was whittled down to nearly nothing: just the plane sitting in a room, naked and without commentary.

Americans deserve more than prescribed patriotism. Veterans deserve more than government-issued respect. We owe it to ourselves to consider those parts of history which might not be comfortable to remember, because those are the parts from which we learn. Once accepted and understood, those are the parts which make our patriotism sincere.

Sukey Stephens is a senior journalism major from Cary.



SUKEY STEPHENS
RED WAGON



THE DAILY TAR HEEL

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