

Service Another Valuable Element of Education

If you've watched the news lately, you've undoubtedly seen our leading presidential candidates speak about the happy state of our prospering nation. When I listen to them, I get the glowing feeling that we're doing OK. Everyone has a job, senior citizens are going to get prescription drugs somehow, and soon, the only thing left for us to do will be to pay off the national debt to improve our international credit rating.

Are you skeptical? Read on...

Last week, the Children's Defense Fund sponsored a conference at Davidson College. Marian Wright Edelman, the organization's founder and president, spoke about the challenges that face children today and rattled off statistics that I found troubling.

These are from CDF's Web site:

- Every four minutes in America, a child is arrested for drug abuse.
- Every day, 1,540 babies are born without health insurance.
- Every two hours, a child is killed by a firearm.
- Every day, on average, 218 children are arrested for committing violent crimes out of the 3,044 children arrested during that 24-hour

RUDY KLEYSTEBUR
POINT OF VIEW

period.

Our country spends more in one week on our military than we spend in an entire year of Head Start programs, and we still can't meet the demand for them.

So maybe it shouldn't surprise us that in this century, we have lost more children to gun violence than we lost soldiers to the Vietnam war. The statistics are certainly troubling, but we've all heard similar numbers thrown at us before. It's often hard to sift out meaning and logical action from figures that are meant to affect you emotionally.

Sometimes, we need a simple, logical question to help us. Ms. Edelman measured the state of our nation with a question that should have been rhetorical:

"Can't we guarantee the safe passage of our children to adulthood?"

My experiences as a mentor in the Campus Y's big buddy program and, later, as co-president of the Campus Y, have taught me that

even within our own country, we'd be lying if we said we could.

Today, we can't guarantee that a child with an ear infection won't suffer hearing loss because he can't get a basic antibiotic.

We can't guarantee that a student will get the glasses she needs to see the blackboard in class and learn to read.

We can't promise that babies will get the nutrition they need to grow up healthy, even if their family can't afford it.

We can't say for sure that public schools are safe, equitable or even effective.

"The only thing," Ms. Edelman continued, "our nation will guarantee a child is a jail or prison cell after they get into trouble."

Here's Ms. Edelman's point. It's not that we can't promise any of these other things. It's just that so far, we've chosen not to. And that's where this becomes a political question.

We haven't yet found a way to feed, clothe, shelter and care for even our own nation's most defenseless populations.

We haven't found the need to ensure that our comfort in this country doesn't rest on the sweat and tears of people elsewhere. And we certainly don't think of ourselves as stewards to

equitable worldwide development.

So here's where I pose my question to you: What have you chosen to do with your years at Carolina?

Many college students today don't like to think about the problems in the "real world."

It's not that we're not informed; it's just that if we choose, it's easy to forget the problems of the outside world in the everyday mix of classes, clubs and keggers.

Some of us, after arriving at Carolina, choose to continue our high school practice of community service, for various reasons, and through various outlets.

Many do serve through organizations like the Campus Y, through fraternities and sororities, through events like last year's Project UNC or through activist groups like Students for Economic Justice.

But service without a coupled action for reform does little.

*We cannot wait, because Gandhi and Dr.

"Many college students today don't like to think about the problems in the 'real world.' ... If we choose, it's easy to forget (them) in the everyday mix of classes, clubs and keggers."

King are not coming back," Edelman said to the hushed room. "But we can do it, if we care, and if we are willing to serve."

College is a great opportunity to build on everything you learned in high school. Calculus builds on geometry and Faulkner builds on Frost.

So why not add one more element to your education, and let intelligent social awareness and action build on soup kitchens?

Ms. Edelman said last week that she "used to think, as an idealistic young person, that if you just told the truth, people would do what's right."

Ms. Edelman, we still do think that. And we care.

And we are willing to serve.

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'A Modest Proposal' for UNC

DAVID LAWSON
POINT OF VIEW

It is a sad sight for those who walk through this great town when they see the streets, the dorms and the dining halls crowded with teenagers fresh out of high school. These children, instead of being in a more structured learning environment, are free to move about the campus grounds without any real purpose, other than to consume massive amounts of Lenoir and Chase food, while annoying their busy elders.

I think it is agreed upon by nearly all parties that this overwhelming number of young students living amongst veteran scholars is more than just an unnecessary nuisance. And it is also commonly thought that whoever could find a cheap and easy method of making these children sound, useful members of the University, would deserve to have a statue dedicated to him or her.

For my part, I have for several years turned my thoughts toward this subject and have maturely weighed the merits of quite a few schemes. A freshman-only sector of the University would isolate this group and leave the development of their social skills at the mercy of similarly underage peers. Forced labor would draw the ire of numerous campus organizations. And compulsory travel abroad for two terms is simply too expensive.

Therefore my conclusion is one that, instead of allowing them to drain food resources from the rest of the University, would on the contrary give freshmen the opportunity to contribute to the feeding of the upperclassmen. Thus, I humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection. We, as sophomores, juniors, seniors and graduate students, must unite for a greater cause.

We must eat the freshmen.

Of the 3,400 newly arrived, starry-eyed urchins who have not yet had their spirits crushed by the sheer strain of college life, an estimated 1,500 will put on something approximate to the dreaded "Freshman 15."

But now, this extra baggage is a benefit. An average female weighing between 120 and 160 pounds, and the average male weighing between 150 and 200 pounds, will provide 150 pounds of meat just between the two of them. This number is arrived at after subtracting bone, inedible organs, etc. With this being the case, most upperclassmen will be able to obtain all necessary protein for an entire semester thanks to just two or three freshmen.

Why not sophomores, you ask? Well, by the time a third semester rolls around on this campus, the majority of these returning students have worked themselves into a state of chronic fatigue, while the muscles within their bodies have become stringy and thus chewy and tasteless.

Adding to the detracting factors is my observation that many of these students are now with child or at least well on their way to it. To rob young, love-struck couples of an offspring that may become food for our own children is simply selfish.

Many of you may have your doubts concerning taste, texture and, of course, how this will affect the food chain, ecosystem, what have you. As a concerned environmentalist, I assure you that we are actually helping the welfare of our state. The need for pigs, and thus the problem of nasty river-runoff will be eliminated. Our younger comrades shall take their place, with-

out rolling around in mud all day and eating their own waste.

In terms of the plausibility of actually eating a student, the palms of the hand are a delicacy befitting a king, and, much like a chicken, leg, chest and wing (arm) meat, constitute a healthy and hearty centerpiece of an evening meal.

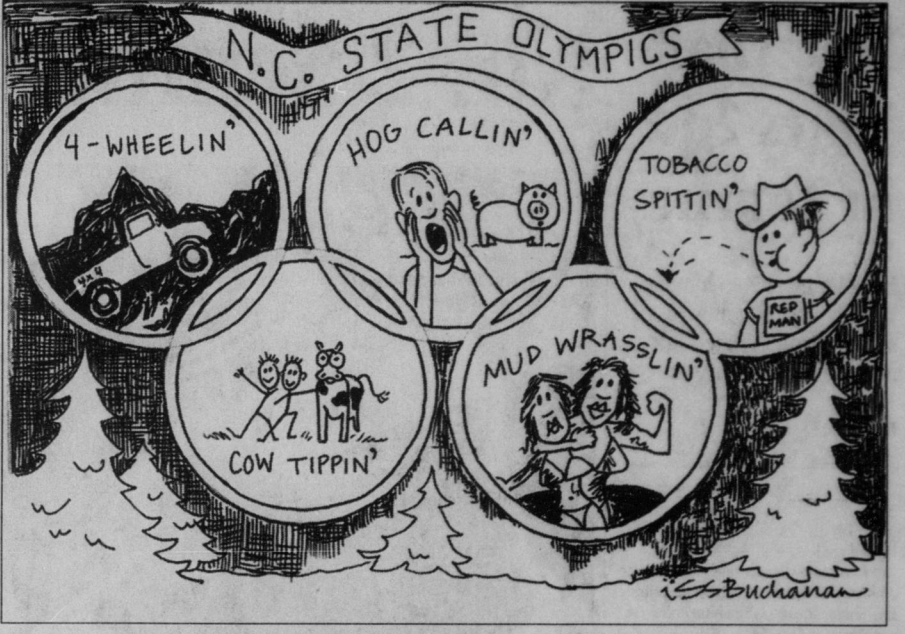
But the pressing question of how to avoid a revolt of some sort is one that certainly deserves answer. Our male specimens will be treated to a "Free Beer Social" that provides just that - all the beer they can drink. Of course, these drinks contain a knockout agent and render the young men helpless. The stronger elders, and those with a good bit of endurance and a good stomach, will then haul the bodies to a cow farm for a simple, painless anal electrocution.

The female specimens will be given unlimited access to a new kind of tanning bed, one that demands a lengthy stay, but yields a deeper, darker tan with no exposure to harmful, carcinogenic radiation. The comforting warmth will lull the subjects to sleep, but at the right moment, the heat is drastically increased, providing the perfect tan, right down to the bone.

Now, both male and female specimens arrive cooked and well tenderized, ready for our gluttonous enjoyment.

And, with any questions as to my reasons for this, in the sincerity of my heart, I profess that I have not the least personal interest in endeavoring to promote this necessary work. I have no other motive than the public good of my University.

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Sports Infatuation, Not Media, At Root of Violence in Society

JIMMY AUTREY II
POINT OF VIEW

Every time we turn on the television, we hear about how some scrawny little boy got picked on at school and responded by shooting down a dozen of his more popular classmates.

We hear about women being sexually assaulted by men in bars. We hear about gays being beaten to death by homophobes and about people getting road rage after some guy cuts them off in traffic.

The violent nature of our society has often been blamed on slasher movies and video games. Vice presidential hopeful Joseph Lieberman has made a big deal out of our need to "clean up" Hollywood.

What no one seems to pay attention to is the violent (and destructive) nature of sports. Our whole nation would be better off if college and professional sports were completely non-existent.

I know that I just made a ton of enemies with such a bold statement (especially at this University), but hear me out. Maybe I can un-brainwash all of you sports fanatics out there.

The recent (and justified) firing of Indiana University basketball coach Bob Knight is just more proof that sports bring out the very worst in people.

The psychotic Knight was fired for being physically abusive to his players, as well as for assaulting an assistant coach and a team spokesman in the past.

He actually went into multiple mindless rages because of a game where people toss an orange ball back and forth down a court.

Soccer fans aren't any better. There are constant reports from Europe of "football" fans having terrifying stadium riots. One of the worst stadium riots ever recorded happened in 1985. At the Heysel Stadium in Brussels, fans of rival teams were mistakenly seated too close to one another.

The result? More than 400 people were injured, among them 38 people who were kicked and beaten to death.

Are these petty rivalries really worth it?

Instead of eliminating violence from R-rated movies that young children cannot readily see anyhow, shouldn't something be done to take all this sporty violence off of television? I would personally start with the most annoying professional sport of all -

wrestling.

Robert H. Durant, a psychologist from Wake Forest University, recently did a study on the effects of watching professional wrestling on children. He went to a middle school in Winston-Salem and found boys physically hurting each other by imitating wrestling moves and even some boys who body-slammed girls and called them "bitches" and "hos." It's obvious he found the connection he was looking for.

The psychotic nature of sports fans is evident everywhere.

Parents of little league players tear apart their children's self-esteem by shouting out obscenities at their games. High school jocks are treated like gods, while their honor student peers are treated like outcasts. People scream until their throats get raw at ballgames (or in front of the TV), attempting to prove to everyone else just how "serious" of a fan they are.

Simply put: It disgusts me! Sports fans remind me of a pack of 12-year-old girls at an *NSYNC concert... they're completely irrational.

The power of sports over the psyche of their fans is undeniable. Just listen to the sounds on the hallway of your dorm during a ball game (and it doesn't even have to be a Tar Heel game). You'll hear a bunch of maniacs screaming their lungs out in rage because someone on their favorite team was fouled, cheated or whatever.

You don't see fans of "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" going into a hysterical frenzy when Buffy manages to stake a bloodsucker. And you didn't see "Dawson's Creek" fans toilet-papering trees when Joey decided to date Pacey instead of Dawson after last season's finale.

Sports fans are uniquely obsessive about their teams to the point that I have to question their sanity.

But what is there to be obsessed with?

My first guess would be that people

identify with teams that they have some sort of tangle connection to.

Not! Professional athletes usually have nothing to do with the cities for which they play. More than 90 percent of the Tar Heel fans I know didn't even go to college, much less know someone that did when they first became fans.

Sports become dangerous when fans actually start to identify themselves with the jocks they see on the screen. The winner of these games is completely irrelevant in the grand scheme of things, but fans never seem to see that. They spend millions of dollars to watch other people (people whom they don't even know) play ball and have fun.

And when their favorite team doesn't come through, many fans go into a complete downward spiral. That's when we get hooligans vandalizing college campuses and picking fights with fans of rival teams.

My advice to all those socially concerned ladies and gentlemen out there is for you to stop adding to the problem at hand. Stop treating these meaningless games as if they are the second coming of Christ. Stop taking it all so darn seriously.

There's no logical reason for people to lose control of themselves over a stupid ballgame.

Boycott sports, and you make this world a safer (and saner) place for us all.

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Revisiting the Tuition Hike

DOROTHY BRACKETT
POINT OF VIEW

It's interesting how an issue can capture the attention and emotion of an entire university community, then slowly fade into the background until it is finally filed away with contempt under the title "Shit Accepted With Resignation."

One such issue is the war over last year's tuition increase. I'm sure nearly everyone, even freshmen, remembers the endless debate that continued day after day on the front page of The Daily Tar Heel, through the quad and straight to the five o'clock news with video clips of outraged students waving signs as the academic powers-that-be destroyed the purpose of a public university education. I know I had my fair share of hissy fits. As a card-holding member and proud daughter of the much discussed "lower economic strata," I raged each day for months about the injustice of it all.

At the time, fueled by the primal instinct to protect my pathetic bank account, I didn't understand the need to take money from the students in order to turn around and give it to professors who already made quite a nice salary, so I've heard. And constantly reading that the average annual salary of a UNC student's family was somewhere around \$80,000, followed by the necessary statement that, of course, for the lower-class student money from the tuition raise would be pumped into more grants and scholarships, just made me bitter.

Frankly, I didn't believe it.

Furthermore, I felt that if more funds were truly needed, then they should be received through taxes. After all, my parents and I pay taxes just like everyone else, and many UNC graduates are sure to contribute to the growth and prosperity of this state and nation.

However, I think it might be time to reexamine the whole issue.

Almost a year later, I still don't claim to understand the intricate logic behind every part of the tuition increase, nor do I know yet if I believe that a beneficial amount of the money is being used for more financial assistance. But I hereby resign my right to bitch and complain about it, at least for now.

The fact is, this year, on top of two federal grants, I

received a UNC scholarship of \$1,000 more than the one I received last year; those completely covered my tuition, room and board. My roommate's financial aid also increased substantially.

Yes, I am still bogged down with two hefty loans that will be used to buy food and books and other basic necessities of living.

No, I don't know if the increase in aid was a result of money garnered from the tuition increase. In fact, I'm almost sure it's not. But what I do realize is that, just as the original price tag didn't stop me from coming here as a freshman, the tuition increase didn't stop me from returning as a sophomore. I'm forced to admit that both our government and academic administrators seem to be doing everything they can to make sure that quality higher education can become a reality for anyone, regardless of his or her economic class.

Truthfully, looking back, I feel a bit guilty and ashamed of my passionate protests; underneath it all I understood that quality professors are extremely important in maintaining the prestige of this wonderful University I call home. As for my argument that the increased pay should come from taxpayers, I must admit that taxes can only go so far, and as it is, they are doing a very poor job of paying public elementary, middle and high school teachers.

At the same time, I do not intend to speak for everyone, only myself. If there are other students who truly are struggling more due to the tuition increase, then I reserve this space to angrily state that I've been deceived by those slimy bureaucrats once again. I'm sure one day I'll again be whining even more profusely as I'm repaying my loans, but I'll also know that it was worth it.

I encourage all others like me to reexamine the tuition increase and perhaps lay your protests to rest, or at least refile them under "such is life."

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