

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tom Gooding, Editor

Sexual Education Booklet Good Idea

We commend the University and all individuals responsible for the booklet on sex education scheduled to be released soon for the Carolina campus.

The booklet, entitled "Elephants and Butterflies," will be made available without cost to any student who wishes one.

The authors of the booklet made use of Dr. Karl Bauman's 1968 survey of the University's student community and other sources to compile the reasons for inadequate contraceptive practices among UNC students.

The study showed that a lack of facilities for obtaining contraceptives heads the list of reasons. The study also showed students may not know enough about reproductive physiology, contraceptive methodology or available contraceptive outlets.

Approximately 10,000 copies of the book were printed from funds provided by a Rockefeller Foundation Grant.

When he spoke to Freshmen last week UNC Chancellor J. Carlyle

Sitterson specified the population explosion as one of the problems facing today's world.

Sitterson said, "It is not the primary function of the University as an institution to correct the ills of society."

"It is the function of the University," he continued, "to educate and send forth into society graduates who are determined to improve society."

We feel that the introduction of this booklet to the UNC students will go a long way toward the education of graduates who can then improve society.

Morrison Residence College has already planned a "Sex Revolution Seminar" during the month of October and will use 600 copies of the booklet.

While we do not entirely agree with the University's method of improving society we feel that this booklet is a positive step.

We wish to commend the University for their progressive actions in the area of sex education and population control.

Tom Bello

Political Science 95 -- Take It

In speaking at the large rally last spring, I asked that the strike "be the beginning of an educational system built not on class attendance or grades, but... on the principles of free exchange of ideas, open expression of opinion, and learning through personal interaction and involvement."

Quite honestly, the free university was the most unsuccessful objective of the strike. Classes did meet sporadically for about a week, but students just did not take to the unstructured and uncredited courses.

Throughout this summer the idea of the free university stayed an important concern, for I feel the University should cater to the individual student in his own search for personally meaningful truth; should educate not by fear of grades, but by the interest of students to learn whatever they feel best. I quickly began to realize, what with the failure a year ago of the Experimental College, that the only way this freedom and flexibility could occur was to take regular courses with full credit and them "liberate" them: remove the onus of the grade and let the students do what they want, with only general guidelines and good resource people to facilitate this self-educational process.

I might add that although I do not believe that all courses should be so "liberated," I do feel that to achieve a healthy pluralism in the educational process, several of these type courses must be available.

Fortunately, I became aware of two intelligent and open-minded graduate students in political science. Their names are Tom Denyer and Skip McGaughey, and they shared many of my concerns about the too-frequent inflexibility of the institution. Unlike myself, they were in a position to bring their ideas to realization. They petitioned in the political science department to teach a course, and the political science department and Dean Dawson were

willing to go ahead and see how the course might work out.

As you might have seen by the posters, Political Science 95A is the result.

This course offers many fascinating innovations. First, those all-important grades will not derive as an inhibitor in this course's learning process. Second, Denyer and McGaughey will share teaching responsibilities with a select number of undergraduate students from all across the political spectrum and in many different areas of involvement. Third, the structuring and material of the course will be up to those taking the course. Fourth, there will be little, if any, lecturing; good, often heated, discussion

will prevail. And fifth, admittance into the course is virtually unlimited.

And as I said earlier, this course is fully credited.

Interested? As one of the undergraduates helping to instruct, I certainly am. This course could really go places. It could bring into the educational process virtually all the factions of the student community to see where we are at. Together, we all could share ideas about the various contemporary political issues that concern us most. Thus, we could all learn from one another by exchanging philosophies on the best modes of political activity. The course's structured spontaneity should generate

some exciting ideas and challenge each of us to see where we are as individuals. Hopefully, the freedom will provoke thought; the chaos, creativity.

With all the packaged education and stifling structure this University offers, it is refreshing to know that courses like 95A are allowed to exist. Even more than that, it is beyond exciting to know that never in the University's educational curriculum have so many different students been drawn together to exchange lifestyles and thought processes. For the first time since I have been at college, the student community has a chance to educate itself. Let's do just that.

Tony Lentz

I Shudda Stayed In Bed

I don't know how it happened. The day started out fine. You know, sunrise, a few clouds, breeze in the trees and everything.

All I had to do was go pick up my permit to register. That was it. That was all I had to do for the whole day, and then I could just goof-off. Read a love poem by Joseph Stalin, beat in my mind with a psycho-masochistic experience at the local theatre, cry in a beer because I didn't have a date...you know, the usual week-day stuff.

It couldn't have been the side of the bed I got up on, because I always get up on the same side. Maybe it was the ho-hum toothpaste or the greasy kid stuff.

I got the first premonition when I only put three pennies in the parking meter. Only take 15 minutes, counting the walk over to Memorial Hall. Just pick up the old card and run.

That's when I got a little feeling, like I should put a nickel in for a whole hour. Could get slowed up. But I just kept walking.

Ten minutes in line behind the desk marked "H-N" and there I was.

"That's right. Lentz, Tony M. L-e-n-t-z."

"Sorry. I don't seem to have that one. Check that desk over there."

"Lentz, Tony M. L-e-n-t-z. Graduate student."

She shuffled the cards.

"I can't seem to find it. You said L-e-n-t-z?"

"That's right. Lentz. L-e-n-t-z."

"No, it's not here. You'll have to talk to Mr. Brinson."

Mr. Brinson, I soon discovered, was out to lunch. 20 minutes twiddling my thumbs in Memorial.

"You're registered, all right...It's right here on the computer list," Brinson said.

"It evidently just forgot to spit out a card with your name on it. You'll have to go to Steele Building and talk to Mrs. McCrimmon."

Hike to Steele Building, and, you guessed it, I found a little sign on a chair-back.

"Mrs. McCrimmon is out to lunch," it said. "Be back at 2 p.m."

O.K. Keep the old cool. So I didley-bopped over to the great graduate convocation to get welcomed and

exhorted and like that.

I was pretty-near exhorted to death by the time I made it back to Mrs. McCrimmon. But I smiled anyway.

"All right. If you'll just fill out this form, I'll see if we can get you a card."

The sheet looked familiar. Parents name and address, social security number, brand of underwear and everything.

I didn't know then that I hadn't gotten a card for getting my ID card made. Or that one of my courses would be closed out when I got up to register the next day at 6 a.m. Or that I didn't have the little green sheet for registering.

At that point, I even felt pretty

Rick Gray

Tobacco Allotments Kill Small Farmers

The tobacco markets in the southern part of the state are beginning to close.

Another season of buying and selling is ending, and another winter is coming for the North Carolina farmers who live off of what they make by selling their tobacco.

Tobacco means something to a lot of people in this state. For many it is the only livelihood they have.

Blacks, Indians and poor whites throughout the state are bound to their one acre of tobacco. They own only one small plot of land, and a one or one-half acre allotment is all they can get from the government.

They take that land and cram it full of tobacco.

That way they make enough money once a year to pay all the debts they have incurred during the year.

And right across the road from that man with the one-acre allotment, who lives in a house with two rooms heated by an ancient oil heater, is the man who owns 100 acres of land, grows at least four crops, to buy that harvester that will triple his output in corn or soybeans.

But the man with the one-acre allotment has to sweat it out from year to

year, hoping his wife's back doesn't break, that his children don't decide to leave home, that his mule or 1937 tractor doesn't just quit completely one day.

If the price of the weed is high, he may be able to buy a new mule or tractor, but chances are that no matter which he buys it will be used, if not worn out.

He can't escape.

His tobacco brings enough money to pay his debts and maybe buy some shoes for the kids so they can make it the three miles to the school bus stop in the winter without freezing their feet.

And across the street the sons and daughters of the man with the 25 acres of the weed drive to school in a car of their choosing.

If the man with the one acre could grow more tobacco, his life would be different.

If the government would allow the man with the one-acre allotment to grow more tobacco, his children wouldn't have to worry about if they are going to be able to go to school during the spring when that acre of tobacco is being put out.

If there was larger allotment, there would be more money.

The original idea behind the allotment system is fine. It seeks to control the size of the tobacco crop and thereby control prices.

The implementation of the system is intolerable.

It punishes the little man, the tenant farmer and the sharecropper who have only one acre or two of land.

The less land you have, the less tobacco you can grow.

The more land you have the larger your allotment.

The larger your allotment, the more money to be made in growing tobacco.

The present system of farm controls are so archaic, so out dated, so special-interest oriented that they are totally eliminating the small farmer.

All the small farmer can do is live from hand-to-mouth, hoping that the grocer won't cut off his credit.

He makes his money once a year--when he sells his tobacco.

The rest of his land that could be used for growing other money crops is taken up by growing feed for what few pigs and cows he has and by growing food for his family.

He can do nothing but try to do the same thing year after year, living from one season to the next, praying for more rain but not too much, hoping that the prices stay high and the interest rates on his loans don't rise.

He has no where to turn. He lives solely on luck. One temper-tantrum by Mother Nature and his whole life is washed down the river or baked as solid as adobe.

And the government, each time they cut his tobacco allotment, put him closer to the final battle between man and nature.

Letter Festival Article Not True

TO THE EDITOR:

I must disagree with your article on the Love Valley rock festival. Particularly, I disagree with your statement that the events around Yagur's farm in 1969 were "spontaneous."

Mike Lang (the promoter of Woodstock) worked for six months, expending over five hundred thousand dollars (exclusive of talent) to set up that particular show. The movie was not shot "spontaneously;" it had been planned for months preceding the event. The record album was not a "spontaneous" occurrence: the sixteen-track tape was done by one of the best location recorders in the business. The cordial reception given the participants was not even "spontaneous;" Lang had worked for months to financially persuade the "locals" that the festival was in their interest (as it was). The absence of police, the outstanding performances by the talent, even the helicopters, all were planned.

If Love Valley was not another Woodstock, it was because the supposedly "spontaneous" latter event never occurred.

Sincerely,
Frank G. Queen

The Daily Tar Heel

78 Years of Editorial Freedom

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95A Offers Chance

Elsewhere on this page Student Body President Tom Bello suggests that those who can, take a political science course numbers 95A.

The posters for the course are up all over campus. They simply identify the course as "New Course, Contemporary Political Issues... Poli. Sci. 95A, 12 MWF." Bello says take the course.

The original classroom and time had to be changed because it was too small.

The class will now meet at 1 p.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday in Memorial Hall.

There will be a lot of people in the class. It will be a bit bulky for those in charge of the course.

But they will make the course work.

They believe in what the course represents.

Finally, there is, on this campus,

a course that offers students a chance to learn something instead of a chance to memorize and regurgitate what a professor has learned.

The course plans to investigate social-political change, electoral politics, sexual politics, poverty, violence and non-violence, protest politics, peace-war and race.

All that can't be done in one semester.

But what this course will do is start people thinking and talking about some of the contemporary political issues the posters talk about.

And while all of the issues will not be fully investigated during the semester, we're willing to bet that a lot of people in the course will spend the rest of their lives thinking about the issues.

