

OPINION

Teaching awards important for students, instructors

Nomination forms are available for students to submit Professor considers teaching award highly meaningful

To the editors:

In a binding referendum in the spring 1989 campus elections, students voted to raise their student fees by 75 cents per semester to fund four \$5,000 teaching awards. The Students' Undergraduate Teaching Awards are the only awards in which the entire selection process is conducted solely by students.

Last year, more than 100 professors and teaching assistants were nominated for the award. And, from this pool, four

recipients were chosen. This year, the selection committee hopes that even more instructors will be nominated.

The committee strongly urges every student to nominate at least one instructor whom they feel is especially worthy of such an award. Nomination forms are available at the Union desk, Davis Library, the Undergraduate Library, the Campus Y, the student government office (Suite C of the Union), and Lenoir and Chase dining halls. All

nominations are due before Friday, Feb. 8.

The following letters were written by three of the 1990 recipients (the fourth award was given posthumously to Paul Brandes, professor of speech communication).

Tracy Lawson is a junior political science major from Hendersonville. She is chairwoman of the Students' Undergraduate Teaching Awards committee.

To the editors:

I have been teaching at the University of North Carolina for 25 years and during this period of time, I have been fortunate to have received a number of teaching awards. Each of these awards has meant a great deal to me, but the Undergraduate Student Teaching Award which I received in spring 1990 was the most meaningful of them all.

My primary reason for appreciating this new award is the fact that it was presented to me after 25 years of teaching at UNC-CH. To be honored in this

manner toward the end of one's teaching career validates not only my choice of a career, but also my approach to that career. I consider the teacher-student relationship to be a social contract. As a teacher I have the responsibility to give as much time, effort, and thought as possible to insure that each semester's class provides an optimal learning experience for every student enrolled. Students have the responsibility to take advantage of my efforts on their behalf.

Because this award is administered and funded entirely by students, it

demonstrates to me how much students do care about their learning experiences, both inside and outside of the classroom. As one of the first recipients of the award, I want all UNC students to know how appreciative I am not only of the recognition given to me, but also of the enormous amount of time and energy that they devoted to the selection process.

Joel Schwartz is a professor of political science and director of the Center for Teaching and Learning.

German instructor receives inspiration from recognition

To the editors:

"Shouldn't I be spending less time on teaching?" I have often asked myself this question since I have been a graduate student at UNC. Receiving the undergraduate teaching award provided me with a definite answer: "No way!"

Graduate students very frequently find themselves in a rather peculiar situation. While most of the time we want and are expected to finish our degrees as soon as possible, we are given the impression that teaching is only necessary to provide us with the financial means to do so. Thus, teaching becomes a burden which takes time away from one's studies.

However, what happens if in this environment of "publish or perish" one discovers that "research and teach" is closer to one's ideals?

I am lucky to be studying at UNC where the undergraduate students seem to share the latter ideal with me. The establishment of the undergraduate teaching awards clearly emphasizes the importance of teaching for the students on this campus.

I feel personally very fortunate and honored to have been among the first recipients of this award. It is very rewarding and encouraging to be recognized for something one likes to do so much. Now, my opinion on teaching

matters seems to be more valued on campus, and I have gained new impetus for my academic work as well.

I am especially glad that the students themselves gave me this sign of confidence and appreciation, since it is them who I want to reach with my work.

I would like to take this opportunity and thank everybody involved in the process of selection very much, especially the students who nominated and supported me. I will try to live up to your expectations in the future.

Roman Graf is a graduate student in the Department of Germanic Languages.

Instructor appreciates support of department students

To the editors:

It is indeed a great honor to be the recipient of the undergraduate teaching award. When I received the phone call informing me that I was being considered for this prestigious award I was of course delighted. I felt a great sense of appreciation toward my students for taking the time from their busy schedules to submit my name for consideration for a teaching award.

It was a magnificent tribute that I will always cherish. The submission of my name also gave me the opportunity to

get to know the members of the award committee. The committee conducted itself in a highly professional manner during the interview session, and it was truly a remarkable experience for me to be sitting with students who were questioning me.

It is very gratifying to be recognized as successful in doing what I enjoy, i.e., teaching. I care deeply about my students, as do all the faculty of the School of Pharmacy. This is evidenced by the selection of several of our faculty members for teaching awards.

The special enthusiasm of this class was an inspiration, and we developed a relationship that made me feel more like their mentor than their professor.

I would like to urge students to take the time to submit their favorite professors' name for a teaching award. Faculty members are personally concerned about their students and they, like all people, are grateful for recognition.

Khalid Ishaq is an associate professor of medicinal chemistry.

Saddam's aggression in the gulf merits severe punishment

The following is a reprint of a facsimile transmitted to The Daily Tar Heel from the Office of the Press Secretary at the White House. It is the text of the president's open letter to college students.

I armed men invaded a home in this country, killed those in their way, stole what they wanted and then announced the house was now theirs — no one would hesitate about what must be done.

And that is why we cannot hesitate about what must be done halfway around the world: in Kuwait.

There is much in the modern world that is subject to doubts or questions — washed in shades of gray. But not the brutal aggression of Saddam Hussein against a peaceful, sovereign nation and its people. It's black and white. The facts are clear. The choice unambiguous.

Right vs. wrong.

The terror Saddam Hussein has imposed upon Kuwait violates every principle of human decency. Listen to what Amnesty International has documented. "Widespread abuses of human rights have been perpetrated by Iraqi forces ... arbitrary arrest and detention without trial of thousands ... widespread torture ... imposition of the death penalty and the extrajudicial execution of hundreds of unarmed civilians, including children."

Including children. There's no horror that could make this a more obvious conflict of good vs. evil. The man who used chemical warfare on his own people — once again including children — now oversees public hangings of dissenters. And daily his troops commit atrocities against Kuwaiti citizens.

George Bush Open Letter

The brutality has reverberated throughout the entire world. If we do not follow the dictates of our inner moral compass and stand up for human life, then his lawlessness will threaten the peace and democracy of the emerging New World Order we now see: this long dreamed-of vision we've all worked toward for so long.

A year after the joyous dawn of freedom's light in Eastern Europe, a dark evil has descended in another part of the world. But we have the chance — and we have the obligation — to stop ruthless aggression.

I have been in war. I have known the terror of combat. And I tell you this with all my heart: I don't want there to be war ever again. I am determined to do absolutely everything possible in the search for a peaceful resolution to this crisis — but only if the peace is genuine, if it rests on principle, not appeasement.

But while we search for that answer, in the Gulf young men and women are putting their own lives on hold in order to stand for peace in our world and for the essential value of human life itself. Many are younger than my own children. Your age, most of them. Doing tough duty for something they believe in.

Let me tell you about one of the soldiers over there, S.F.C. Terry Hatfield, a young man from Georgia. He sent me a Christmas card. And this

is what he wrote.

"Mr. President, I just wanted you to know my soldiers and I are ready to do whatever mission you decide. Freedom as we know and enjoy has been taken away from another country and must be restored. Although we are separated from family, friends, loved ones, we will do what must be done ... We stand ready and waiting. God Bless you and U.S.A."

Terry understands the moral obligation that has compelled our extraordinary multi-national coalition to make this stand in the Gulf. To look this international terrorist straight in the eye and say: no concessions. To proclaim for now and for the future: no compromises. To bear witness by our presence to the fact that aggression will not be rewarded.

Terry waits thousands of miles from the White House, yet we share the same thoughts. We desperately want peace. But we know that to reward aggression would be to end the promise of our New World Order. To reward aggression would be to destroy the United Nations' promise as international peacekeeper. To reward aggression would be to condone the acts of those who would desecrate the promise of human life itself.

And we will do none of this. There are times in life when we confront values worth fighting for. This is one such time.

Each day that passes means another day for Iraq's forces to dig deeper into their stolen land. Another day Saddam Hussein can work toward building his



nuclear arsenal and perfecting his chemical and biological weapons capability. Another day of atrocities for Amnesty International to document. Another day of international outlaws, instead of international law.

I ask you to think about the economic devastation that Saddam Hussein would continue to wreak on the world's emerging democracies if he were in

control of one-fifth of the world's oil reserves. And to reflect on the terrible threat that a Saddam Hussein armed with weapons of mass destruction already poses to human life and to the future of all nations.

Together, as an America united against these horrors, we can, with our coalition partners, assure that this aggression is stopped and the principles

on which this nation and the rest of the civilized world are founded are preserved.

And so let us remember and support Terry Hatfield, all our fine servicemen and women, as they stand ready on the frontier of freedom, willing to do their duty and do it well. They deserve our complete and enthusiastic support — and lasting gratitude.

Rape victim felt mistreated by Student Health

Officials of Student Health Service at UNC-CH have challenged the truthfulness of my brief description of their services when I sought psychiatric treatment there as a rape victim. I will describe their handling of my case in more detail so that your readers can decide for themselves.

I was raped at knifepoint at 2 a.m. on the Tuesday before Thanksgiving 1989. I spent the next 41 hours mostly in the hospital and with the police. I requested an SHS appointment and got one for 3 p.m. on the day after the rape.

An early afternoon appointment with the police ran longer than expected because they were having me re-enact the scene at the apartment, fingerprinting me and taping my testimony. I called SHS to say I would be late but that I desperately needed to see them. The receptionist said she wasn't sure about this, and she put the clinical psychologist on the line. The psychologist said, "We close up shop at five." I told her that I had been raped, that I was calling from the police station, and she said to try to get there before five. I was desperate and begging, and SHS was about to close for the holiday.

I got there shortly before five. The psychologist from the telephone conversation, whom I recognized from the name badge, was standing in the reception area. I said, "I'm Sara. Can you still see me?" She said, "Someone will talk to you briefly. We close at five."

Then the receptionist told me I had to fill out some papers. She gave me a student wellness survey — eight pages on how you respond to stress — things like: do you ever overeat? Then there were some questions about whether I had ever been sexually abused. When I got to that point, I started crying.

I couldn't do any more on the form. It was the first time I had cried since the rape. I was saying can't I just see someone, because with the time it would take to fill out the form, there wouldn't be time to see anybody. I couldn't be-

Sara Townsend Guest Writer

lieve the attitude of the people. They were all obviously unhappy to have me there — from the receptionist to the head psychiatrist, who just scowled at me. They wanted to go home.

Finally, they ushered me into a room with a social worker instead of a clinical psychologist. After about five minutes, she was buzzed on the phone. The psychiatrist wanted to go home and wondered if I needed medication. The social worker turned to me and asked if I wanted sleeping pills or tranquilizers. I had never taken anything like that, had never seen a psychiatrist before, and so I said, "I don't know, what do you think?" She did not respond.

So I said that the psychiatrist could go home. I didn't want anybody to be angry with me. We talked some more, but she had an appointment or a plane to catch, and so we made an appointment for Monday — five days later.

It is common knowledge that the first 48 hours are crucial to a rape victim. When I arrived at SHS, my rape experience was 43 hours old. This is the time when suicidal thoughts are strongest. I was afraid. I felt like this was my last resort, and I was being cut adrift.

I got through the next few days with the help of my boyfriend, my family, and a psychiatrist who specializes in post-traumatic stress syndrome. I did not want to see SHS again. They reacted insensitively and inappropriately. They did not know their mission.

By challenging the brief reference I made to them in my USA Today article, the very people who did not help me a year ago are now showing how little they care. I have been violated again.

Sara Townsend is a former UNC graduate student.



Transplanted Yankee traumatized by move to South's boondocks

John Ireland Guest Writer

It finally happened ... after years of casual joking, subtle hints and vicious threats, my parents moved me. Having been a military brat for the majority (about 99.9 percent) of my life, the idea of moving was not a staggering one. But this time it was to the black hole of civilization, the bane of all culture and decorum, the birthplace of such great Americans as Bubba T. Warfield XVII and Hank "I can shove two cans of Skoal under my bottom lip" Turnipseed ... it was the South. This place was more foreign to me than Germany and even Kalamazoo, Mich.

When my parents informed me of our little jaunt into never-never land, I, being the sophisticated, Northern gentleman that I am, did the only thing possible ... I cried, whined and begged with everything I had. With loving eyes and an open heart, my ever-caring mother turned to me and sweetly told me to "suck it up and be a man."

Two months later I found myself trying to cram all of our pack-ratted junk into the garage of a log cabin (imagine that) that looked like something out of my Walton-related nightmares. Yes, I have Walton nightmares, and even Gilligan and Cliffs visions. There is nothing quite like being lulled to sleep by the gentle sight and sounds of Bob Denver in a police uniform saying, "G'night John Boy."

But I digress. The day after I became a resident of Nebo (actually an offshoot of Marion), N.C., I reported to work at Camp Bud Schiele, my soon-to-be home in the boondocks away from

home in the boondocks. Now, up until this time I had never actually met an official Nebo or Marionite, and as fate would have it, my roommate was a fellow resident of Marion.

There we stood, face to face, the universe and everything in it was at a climax. Maybe all of my preformed thoughts of pick-up trucks, coondogs and hairy women chewing tobacco were simply the by-products of my Yankee-induced, Rebel paranoia.

I quickly stuck out my hand (that being the manly thing to do), and said a quick hello. With an extended hand, my roommate/first official Southerner said, "Hello. How are you? I am terribly glad that you chose this wonderful area to live in. It is quite beautiful here all year round and there are many wonderful people with which to interact." Actually, it sounded a bit like, "Howwwwwdy. How ya' doin'?" Boy, you an me are goin' to have a heap-a fun this summa, cuz there are sum bodacious women 'round these here parts."

My pitiful screams echoed off the surrounding mountains for hours.

John Ireland is a freshman English major at Montreat-Anderson College. This column was written for the HomeVoice, a publication sent to the U.S. troops in Saudi Arabia.