

To Our Distinguished Guests

This is a big week in the life of this campus of the University of North Carolina. Our first chancellor is to be installed and we are host to a great many distinguished guests who are visiting us on this occasion.

We would like to extend a hearty welcome to all our guests this week. We hope your stay will be a happy one and we also hope we can impress you with what you observe here.

In short, we want to make you, our guests, as proud to be here as we are to have you here.

One More Time

Once again we have a letter from the same student and faculty member who wrote last week concerning the mascot name change. Once again these writers exhibit a basic misunderstanding of a Journal editorial and once again we must assume they represent misunderstandings of the same type held by large numbers of the groups they represent.

The letter writers say they cannot fathom our point about sharing a mascot. This is because they still don't understand their own illustration involving Hampshire Hills.

From the February 22 editorial we repeat: "The example of Hampshire Hills choosing the same mascot as that of Clemson... is not exactly applicable in the case of UNC-C. Hampshire Hills following in the footsteps of Clemson is fine, but Clemson following the example of Hampshire Hills is ridiculous. The latter is what the writers of the letter would have UNC-C do by naming its mascot after that of Catholic High in Charlotte."

This Hampshire Hills example is just as applicable to new junior highs and senior highs which may pop up as it is to any other similar case the writers might dream up. The point is, and we hope we can make it understandable to all this time, that it is nonsensical for us to name our mascot after some high school. We should, however, feel honored if some new institution on any level decides to name its mascot after ours.

In regard to the animal aspect of the name change, we realize that rams and bulls are already strongly associated with other Universities in North Carolina. However, "being biologists", the letter writers should know that these two animals aren't the only ones which could be associated with the name Chargers. Surely biologists know that pumas charge. Certainly biologists can think of numerous others who also charge. (They'll probably come up with elephants, but we imagine that's to be expected after reading two of their letters.)

The letter writers end this time on a particularly noxious note and we can't believe they speak for any sane groups, least of all the groups they represent, on campus. They say they would like to see at least 314 votes in the mascot election, "...even if some of you have to vote twice." We also would like to see 314 or more votes in the election, but the letter writers should be thoroughly ashamed of themselves for advocating underhanded tactics at the polls. We have enough problems with dishonest elections; we most certainly do not need members of the student body and faculty supporting fraudulent voting.

We would like to see students and faculty members vote for the name Chargers, for we feel it is the best of the three. But if they will only vote honestly, we will be satisfied.

Bivwac Is Not A Regular Boy Scout Camping Trip

Editor's note: This is the sixth in a series of articles from former Journal editor turned soldier, Howard Pearre.

BY PVT. HOWARD PEARRE
FT. BRAGG, N.C. - Week No. 7: BIVWAC!!!

Bivwac is not a camping trip. You sleep in tents, all right, and walk around in the woods. But don't try to pawn it off as an ordinary Boy Scout camp out. Understand. No fishing gear needed.

Tuesday morning comes like most mornings come: "Get your... out of the rack!" You do and then pile into about fifty pounds of gear what you are going to carry with you to where it is you are going to camp out.

Then you march. Like you've never marched before, you march. Long, hard, fast, and all that good stuff you are carrying.

The process is simple: you get there, you stop, you set up your pup tent. In two minutes this is done because in two minutes they stop serving chow and you don't want to miss chow because you are hungry and you probably didn't eat breakfast because you felt tired after staying up all night playing poker because you knew you were going on bivwac the next morning and

You now have living quarters for the next couple of days. First thing after chow you get your rifle, your pack and form up for another four to five mile march. At the end you eagerly await a chance to prove yourself on the Army's sweetest training course: The infiltration course.

Infiltration course is about 150 yards long. Big holes with barb-wire around them (so you won't crawl into one) pockmark the area. logs stretch from one side to the other. These are for crawling over.

Twice you go through this. In the late afternoon (it's very cold) you climb up the wall at one end and low crawl (stomach, chest and chin on the ground) the entire 150 yards.

You say to yourself, "No sweat" because you know this time, at least, they aren't shooting at you.

You come to the first log. You line up against it as taught (parallel to the log) and place your rifle on the log so that the butt is resting on the ground on the other side. You then reach your arm across the log so as to do a kind of pushup jump over the log so you wouldn't get hit if they were shooting at you.

Now. You spring your body lightly over the first log. About

that time you realize there's a mud puddle on the other side banked up against the log. OH BOY!! "Darn," you say to yourself.

The mud puddle is about eight feet wide and about as long.

No way possible to get around it. You go through it.

Now you are wet. And you still got 15 more "Darn" logs to go over. "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

After this you know you get the same thing at night.

At night they shoot live bullets at you. The kind that kill. They come out of machine guns. Like it's loud and I'm scared and this is the first time I've even seen a machine gun and the damn thing's shooting at me!

So you climb over the wall the second time.

You keep down this time. All by yourself. Nobody gotta tell you! All of a sudden you're half way over the first log when you find out why they keep barbwire around those big holes.

The damn things explode! A quarter pound of TNT, you find out shortly, is placed in each hole. If you don't think that's enough to scare the Hell out of somebody you should have seen me clear that log, mud puddle and all that night.

Finished. It's 11:30 at night and you're tired and hungry and you'd like to get some sleep and really don't care for the idea of marching all the way back to bivwac area. What do you do? ALL THE WAY BACK.

Infiltration course is just about the roughest part of basic. When you are finished with infiltration course you mentally graduate yourself from basic.

Next three days and two nights you go through other arts of soldiering.

There's close firing where you play cowboys and Indians with blanks. Fun.

There's night fire where you are supposed to shoot at targets out in the middle of this big field. The good part is you can't see the targets. To me this seemed a waste of ammunition. Each man throws about 80 rounds down the field indiscriminately. Nothing about it will pass you or recycle you. Another of basic's "no sence" deals.

There's squad fire. This is where it REALLY gets deep. You "learn" that if you got eight men in a squad and you run across an enemy squad of eight men, each of your men picks out one of their men and shoots at him. Then (something I never did figure out) you shoot through a sheet, then run out to see if you hit the targets on the other side. Cute.

The third night you move. This is just after night fire and its cold and the wind's blowing and it's dark and you're tired and what do they say?

"Allright men. Pitch your tents!"

("Oh! Oh! Oh!")

Next morning you wake up at 5:15. That, believe it or not, ain't much sleep!

Striking the tents is kind of funny. You see it sleeted the night before. You pull out the tent pegs and poles and ropes and camouflage supports and all the equipment and the tent stands there. It doesn't move. You and your buddy try picking it up. It comes up but stays in the same shape. How do they say it? It's frozen?

("Oh! Oh! Oh!")

Hot dog! Last day! I have NEVER been more happy to see a place than when we halted in front of our 1939 vintage barracks. It was HOME!!

Enrollment Is Rising Here

There are 1,169 full-time students on campus for the Spring semester as compared to 1,052 last Spring. This full-time number represents a 10 percent increase over 1966.

The total number of students, full-time and part-time, has increased by 4.5 percent from 1,458 last Spring semester to 1,527 this semester.

The University lost fewer students because of academic ineligibility during the fall semester. In the 1965 fall semester, 131 students or 7.21 percent of the 1,815 students enrolled were declared academically ineligible. In the past fall semester only 38 students or 2.21 percent of the 1,715 enrolled were declared ineligible.



"I hope the installation is better attended by the students than was the Dukes of Dixieland concert."