

Point Blank by Larry Keith



Female Freedom Fighter

The life philosophy of Cheryle Leatherbury, freshman, is somewhat akin to that of Popeye the Sailor man: "I am what I am and that's all that I am."

Cheryle Leatherbury does not work at being an individual. It comes as easily and naturally to her as yoga exercises. Her uniqueness is not put on like the wild outfits she often wears.

And besides, how could anyone speak ill of a Shady Side, Md., native?

"But please," she asks -- and may the earth tremble if I don't do anything she says -- "don't call me a mod or a beatnik." Okay, Cheryle, darling. You are you. From your long brown-silver-

blonde-etc. hair to your sandaled toes you are you.

But who are you, anyway? "I'm somewhat who believes in complete freedom. I like the idea of being able to go where I want to go, do what I want to do and wear what I want to wear."

John Stuart Mill would have loved her for it. I'd just like to understand her.

"Not too many people do," she admits. "I haven't got too many real friends, but that doesn't bother me. I don't worry at all about what people think of me either."

"And I realize what a lot of people say when they see me: 'Oh, look at her. She must be promiscuous!'"

--It Began When She Was 15

Cheryle hasn't always felt this way.

"I guess I changed when I was about 15," she says, becoming serious. "I was a fairly conservative girl but then I had my reputation questioned wrongly. It was nothing more than the unjust gossip of one malicious woman. Anyway, I'm different now. I just don't care what people think."

"Their opinion doesn't matter. What does is what I think is right and wrong and what my real friends believe."

Cheryle lives with two much older room mates. - they are 26 and 24 - in an apartment here in Charlotte. Home is a long way off, even for her Austin Healey.

"Things are great for me now," she says. I have a lot of responsibility and I can make all of my own decisions.

"Back home, I would have to worry about my family image. Daddy is rather well known so I always had to be careful not to do

anything that would reflect badly on his reputation."

Father drills for water and mails daughter frequent checks.

"Dad doesn't want me to have a job and go to school, both. He believes that I can get more out of my education by not having to work. I agree with him too. But as long as he is sending me money the family still has some hold on me."

This is not to say Cheryle has never worked.

She has -- for a police captain no less. "I went in and got the job myself," she says proudly. "I was his secretary. He always told me what everyone else, does, though: 'Cheryle, watch yourself, you're going to get in trouble some day.' Well, I haven't and I won't."

You would expect Cheryle to be the restless type and she is.

"I can't stand to stay in one place for long. My room mate and I drive up to D. C. a lot just at the spur of the moment."

--A Thing For Yoga Exercise

And she has this thing for yoga exercises, too.

"Oh, it's great. The best posture is lying flat on your back. You being relaxing from your toes and move all the way up your body. There's a special kind of music that you listen to to make it even better. When it's over, I try to remember what I thought and any visions I might have had. I ask myself what they really mean."

As much as she "loves it" in Charlotte, she does have a few criticisms. People here aren't as friendly as she had heard they would be and there are too few individuals. She could name only two, other than herself, on campus.

"Of course, I'm not able to see what's inside people and that's what makes them what they are," she admits.

Cheryle would be much happier if she could wear slacks or jeans

to school, too.

"Some mornings I wake up and they're what I feel like wearing. I feel kind of restricted when I have to wear something else. I let my clothes fit my mood."

There is some kind of rule on campus which prohibits such self expression but Cheryle, and several others, are out to change that.

"We have someone in the legislature who is going to propose a bill that will let girls wear pretty much what they want, the same as boys," she reveals. "Also, we're going to start a petition. And there are several faculty members who say they agree one hundred percent."

I'd sort of like to see Cheryle Leatherbury in pants. It would be something different, but then, so would a knee length skirt and blouse.

Letters To The Editor

No Obituary Column So SP Uses Letter To Note Death

Mr. Editor:

As you have no obituary column, the editorial section will have to suffice for the following:

The Student Party was doomed from the beginning. It began in the Spring of '65 and split almost immediately, the dissenting group forming the University Party. The SP made a strong showing under the leadership of Tim Britton that spring, but under this same leadership in the Fall of '65, it failed to establish itself with the Freshman Class in any lasting manner. The SP was and remained the "old" party. Now the "old" students are leaving. The party has dwindled. As for this year, the elected leaders, Mitch Borden and Ben Horack, failed to assume the duties of their offices for various reasons. I was "given" the Chairmanship, as no one else was willing to assume the office. I tried to rally suhththrom former

party members, but those who were in a position to help the party failed to do so. Words of encouragement and empty promises are poor substitutes for solid support. I blame no person in particular but everyone in general. The efforts of a very few are to be noted. Charlene Crumpley and others did what I asked and what they could. To them I extend sincere thanks.

A party exists only through the spirit of its members. The Student Party had a spirit which was born in the heat of the moment and when that moment passed, the spirit began to die an inevitable

death. It is with regret and disappointment and I watch a sinking ship go down.

Bill Shuford
Chairman, Student Party

Collecting Exam Books Makes Game

Mr. Editor:

When in the course of a student's life in college he is treated as a child, a dishonest child compounded with a number and given only the personality of a letter grade, it is indeed time to re-examine some of the basic ideas of learning under a college system. I personally dislike to have some one think me dishonest in any respect, and can therefore easily despise a person under the title of teacher who has thoughts that I am about to cheat on a test. Before an examination is given, a teacher who collects the bluebooks and redistributes them has literally slapped me in the face by assuming that I am going to cheat. This is the one type of conduct from a teacher that encourages cheating by students because it becomes a game then. The "Honor Code" becomes a silly joke. We have started to preach one ideal and follow another. It smacks of a rotten stench from the entire University. Let's declare sides, choose up, we become the cheaters and the teachers become the cheaters. Education then sinks into the mire of distrust and learning becomes a game of who cheats best and doesn't get caught.

The best thing that the University of North Carolina at Charlotte has to offer is the personal relationship which can permeate thru a small class of students and a teacher. Nothing of any magnitude at any University can match this ideal opportunity for learning. And it tears at me mentally when this chance is not sized by students and teacher. The most foul of crime

is for a teacher in a class of twenty students to stand before that class as omnipotence and flout the thought of dishonesty upon them and then beat them with the whip of no-personal-contact. If a teacher doesn't like students, can't conceive of students as being human, living humans; and can proclaim before those students the statement that "I have no compunction about failing anyone of you." Then, dammit, that man shouldn't teach! A student who has the intelligence to enter college also has the intelligence to graduate from that college. I don't believe that a student can fail a course without the teacher having failed in a small way too! To my mind, it seems there is something badly wrong with a teacher, who half way thru a semester has smiled a total of three times and blushed on one of those; and carries a scowl the remaining time. If I had not seen the smiles myself, I would be extremely hard to convince that this man could smile. Laughter from him I believe is impossible.

Students, I think, should bring to class a quest for learning. No teacher except Violence can teach a person who doesn't want to learn, and then only with difficulty. But just as a student must want to come to learn, a teacher must surely come to teach! And if that teacher appears to have no concern for the students of the class then I ask him to stay home and lecture to the furniture of his house. For there, truly, he can have no "compunction" about failing the lounge chair for lunging thru the lecture and course, or failing the TV for talking while he is talking, or for passing the mirror because it gives back the image exactly as he has given it. Students, as this teacher it seems needs to be told, are not pieces of furniture of various size, color and description set in that classroom to dress his address.

A teacher, and to my mind that is a most honorable title and position, who resorts to uses his class as a sounding board for his own very impersonal voice has insulted the profession of teaching dastardly!

F. N. Stewart

No Alma Mater Here

Mr. Editor,

To my knowledge, UNC-C does not have an alma mater. I cannot imagine how we have managed without one in the past few years of our existence as a university. It seems to be an integral part of most graduation ceremonies I have observed.

At the installation of Chancellor Colvard, a beautiful composition by Mr. James Sutcliffe entitled "Academic Festival March" was dedicated to our Chancellor and written especially for this occasion. My suggestion, however good or bad it may be, is to adapt this composition for use as an alma mater for our university; it seems both appropriate to the cause and need.

I must apologize for my limited knowledge of music. For this reason, my suggestion may not be a valid one. However, it is worthy of consideration. It is my intention to open this matter to discussion among faculty, students, and administration in hopes that we might soon acquire an alma mater.

Candy Kimbrell

Student Members Pleased At Amount Of Participation

Mr. Editor:

We, as student members of the University Forum were pleased at the amount of student participation in this year's "Forum on the Arts" that took place on March 2. The afternoon seminars were particularly well - received by the students.

We feel that the annual Forum is becoming an integral part of university life on this campus. Since our university campus is in its tradition - making stage, it is our hope that the annual Forum will be a valuable and well-supported part of that tradition. Our past two forums have cast a statewide spotlight on our campus and have stimulated the interest of the surrounding community. Our visiting lecturers and guests also commented on the success we have realized in this relatively short time. One achievement of major importance is the close cooperation among the faculty, administration, students and community in

organizing and presenting the Forum.

While we would like to thank those students who took advantage of this year's Forum, we would also like to solicit questions, comments and suggestions for the coming March Forum of 1968.

Betty Ann Craig
Susan Osborne

Reader Knows 'Why'

Mr. Editor:

The reason that Forty - Niner was selected as our mascot is obvious. It was the best of the possible choices. As John Haywood pointed out in his editorial, Forty-Niner is not usually associated with 1949 or Highway 49 but with the courageous spirit of the original Forty-Niners.

An editor is entitled to his opinion, but he should not twist the facts to serve his purpose. Therefore, speak for yourself when

you label University students "immature" or "rinky dink."

In regard to Larry Keith, I would like to compliment him on his well-written column. I am sure he respects the primary purpose of

the University which is to disperse knowledge; however, I am also sure he means the "extras" give a much needed enlivened atmosphere to any campus.

William B. Keistler

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