

**Point Blank by Larry Keith**



**'We Can Have A Wedding'**

"I know what we can do," said Steve. "We can have a wedding. Boy, that would be great fun. Listen, I'll be the guy who gets married and you can be the bride. Let's call some of the other kids in the neighborhood and they can be in it, too. It'll be great fun."

And with that, the game was on. Everyone rummaged through his attic and came up with an assortment of things to make the fantasy more believable. Steve saw to it that all of the "ushers" had flowers and Carol made sure the "bridesmaids" wore pretty yellow dresses. "Hey, this looks pretty good," said Carol. "I think I'll make Alice my maid of honor."

Alice giggled. "And we'll need a daddy and, Steve, you'll have to have a best man."

Steve chose Larry. "What about the preacher?" someone asked.

"Hey, let me be the preacher because I know what he said when my big sister got married last year."

So it was settled. Everyone went into the big room where the piano was to take their places, only they didn't know where their places were.

"Of course not," said Carol, "because we haven't had a rehearsal. You don't know where your place is until you've had a rehearsal. The preacher ought to know where everybody ought to be."

**--Putting Everyone In Place**

"Well, gosh, I don't really remember that part," said the "preacher." "At my sister's wedding I think all the boys stood on one side and all the girls stood on another."

"That's not right, stupid," said someone who had watched a lot of television. "You're supposed to have two boys and two girls on each side. And beside the husband is the best man and . . ."

"Hey, I thought the girl he was marrying was beside him!"

"That's his other side, stupid. Now beside the husband is the best man and beside the girl he's marrying is her maid of honor. It seems like the daddy stands there for a little while too."

With that straightened out, Steve said, "What about when everybody marches down the aisle? Let's put some chairs over there and make an aisle."

"I think," said Carol, "that each usher ought to march down with each bridesmaid. That's the way it's going to be at my wedding. The girl has got to put her arm in his so . . ."

"What!"

(Gary was the shy type.)

"I'm not letting some old girl get that close to me. I'm not so sure I like this game."

"AH, GARY!"

And that was settled, too.

"Who knows 'Here Comes The Bride'?"

"I do. Here comes the bride, big fat and wide . . ."

Everyone laughed, and agreed that "weddings sure are a lot of trouble."

"But a lot of fun," said Carol.

At last, the "ceremony" began. Well, almost.

"No one has come to our wedding, Steve," said Carol.

"But, Carol, it's just a game. How about if we bring Boxer and Boots and the hanster in? That'll be okay, won't it?"

"Yeah, I guess so, but when I have a wedding there are going to be lots and lots of people there. All my aunts and uncles and friends and maybe even my school teacher."

**--Steve, Best Man Are Missing**

Ready, at last. The ushers and the bridesmaids walked over to the stool where the preachers was standing so everybody could see him. That part went very smoothly except when Gary told Margaret she was holding on too tight.

Then Carol and her "daddy" came to the front of the "church" only to find that Steve and his best man weren't there.

"Well, nobody told us anything," said the best man.

"Just come on over now. I don't guess it matters when you come just as long as you come," Carol assured.

Time for the vows.

"Well, go ahead. Say something!"

"I don't know what to say. I just remember, 'I now pronounce you man and wife'."

The little girl who had watched all of the television told him flat out that he was the "worst old preacher I have ever seen and my preacher would always know what to say."

Someone suggested that to simplify things, "Maybe he ought to just ask them if they will like each other a whole lot and be good to each other and help them with their homework and things like that."

Everybody thought that sounded pretty good.

So while Boxer the dog eyed Boots the Cat, and while the ham-nibbled at a piece of lettuce, the preacher asked them if they would do those very things.

Both of them said, "I do."

Then, all the boys and the girls who had played dress up went home to eat supper and do whatever it is boys and girls do after they have played such a game.

Everyone, that is, but Steve and Carol.

"Don't y'all have to be home by 5:30?" the "best man" asked Carol and Steve.

"We're going home. Carol and I are going to our home."

Oh. You were kidding. You weren't really playing. Your really are married.

Good luck, then.

**Letters To The Editor**

**New York Compared To Other Cities, Even Charlotte**

Obviously, Miss Kennelly never looked beyond "picture postcard" representations of New York City. Is there indeed "no grass" and only "a slight glitter" of the sun in the city? Speaking from twenty years of experience, I beg to differ with you.

Certainly, there are business districts, loading zones, and back alley-ways which fit this description. Certainly there are overcrowded traffic lanes. But so are there these in Charlotte, and in every city of the world large enough to be deserving of the title "city." When many people are packed into a limited area, this is the universal result; therefore, it is unfair to single out anyone metropolis for criticism.

Have you seen the streets near the Sir Walter Raleigh Hotel in Raleigh? Have you seen traffic backed up on North Tryon? Have you considered that New York streets were planned in days when there were not seething traffic problems? Have you ever seen the new freeways which are enabling the city to handle hundreds of thousands of commuters and visitors everyday? And how "logically" are Charlotte streets mapped out as compared to New York's system?

Yes, there are slum areas, tenements, eye-sores and "ugliness" in areas of New York. But here, again, you do not see beyond what you have been told. Have you seen the great work being done in slum-clearance? Have you stood and watched glittering new

apartments being raised near parks and recreational areas to house New Yorkers, and the leveling of ancient brownstone houses to build newer edifices, or leave space for wider streets.

Have you ever walked from one end of Central Park to the other or strolled along the River Drive? And have you, my friend, ever stood at the corner of Alexander and Independence Blvd., or walked up McDowell, Brevard, or Caldwell Streets in this fair city of Charlotte?

And as for air pollution, have you ever been to Chicago, London,

Paris, Los Angeles, Troy or Albany? Have you ever tried to breathe for three blocks surrounding Charlotte Memorial Hospital on a warm spring night when the sewers back up? Have you ever washed Charlotte soot off your windows, car or venetian blinds? I could show you soot in any city.

In short, have you ever noticed a few things which all cities have in common that enables the observer to distinguish them from suburbs, hick towns, mountain villages, and deserts?

Nancy Kohler

**Reader Is Upset**

Mr. Editor:

I am appalled by the advertisement of the "Charlotte Friends" which ran in "The Journal" April 12.

The alternatives to 1-A status that are offered are not easily attained, and by their offer they have lowered their faith to the level of the common draft dodger. To be a conscientious objector requires that the person have irrevocable religious beliefs which prohibit him from any act of violence.

To believe that the war in Vietnam is wrong is not sufficient grounds for the status of conscientious objector. Would these same people not raise a hand if their home, person, or family were

in danger? There are those who wouldn't but their numbers are small and they are to be respected for their great faith.

The person to whom this advertisement was directed does not fall in that class, for them the word is not CONSCIENTIOUS it is COWARD!

Charles E. Petty

**Scott Gets Endorsement**

Mr. Editor:

We the following students endorse Sam Scott for Senior Class president and urge all rising seniors to vote for him:

- Tim Britton, president of the student body
- Bud Stokley, vice-president of the student body
- Ellison Clary, editor of the CAROLINA JOURNAL.
- Bill Hodges, President of APO
- Ron Russell, treasurer of the Union
- Bill Shuford, chairman of the Student Party
- Patrick McNeely, vice president of APO
- Nick Stavrakas, senior representative
- David Cloninger, secretary of APO.

**V.P. Price Says 'Thanks'**

Mr. Editor:

I would like to express my gratitude for the support and vote of confidence given me in the past elections. As vice-president of the Senior Class, I assure you that your interests will be much in consideration.

Thank you, Jimmy Price



To see why Mr. Walker is smiling at his tennis players, look on the next page.

**LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS**



"BUT SURELY YOU REMEMBER ME, PROFESSOR; YOU SAID I WAS THE ONLY STUDENT YOU EVER HAD TO FLUNK BIOLOGY TWICE IN SUCCESSION."

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